

Bessie Cammon died a few weeks ago. Tho 88, she never grew the least bit old. She just went down like a tall tree. A great woman!

Hazel Steckman  
Anderson Island  
Washington 98303

Sunday, Aug. 10 1975

Dear Murray and Rosa:

I heard good things about you during a visit to the Press and lunch with some of the tribe the other day. Also, Myrtle James paid us a surprise visit here on the Island not long ago. We liked that.

I had a thought about the call from the lady at Tacoma General Hospital, who said she had talked to you. I wouldn't have time, nor interest ~~really~~, to do a job of editing. But I know who would if they are still of that mind. Unfortunately, I do not have the name of the lady who called. So perhaps you would pass the word along to her if you know.

Dorothy Barnard, who has an M.A. in English and who has retired from her job at Wilson High, edited Bessie Cammon's book and saw it all through the printing and did an excellent job I thought. She is an extremely careful worker and meticulous about punctuation, spelling, facts, getting photos straight, and all that. She is also a fine proof reader and typist. She has helped me immeasurably with this.

Currently (when school starts) she will be reading papers for the English Department at Wilson. Also, she goes in two days a week to tutor at the Hawthorne School Indian Center, as she did last year. But she could easily manage this. I told the lady who called that it seemed to me that they should look about for a

*I'm pleased to be joining you in the Spring with a Paperback of Island In The Sound. I had inquiry for the book from a rare book dealer & have no copy left.*

*the hospital people*

possible publisher before they stood the expense of editing. She said you had suggested they contact Bill James and I thought this was good. They have a ~~many~~ specialty item and it occurs to me that it may be hard to place. They may have to go into private printing. I may have told you that Bessie paid her private printing bill at Valley Press, Puyallup, by selling advance copies of the book. Her book has paid for itself. She sold all the first five hundred quickly and ordered a thousand more. Most of these are gone. I think her book is a good job. But she could never have done it without Dorothy's dedicated help. If you know the lady and could pass the word along, Dorothy's address is just:

Dorothy Barnard  
Anderson Island  
Wa. 98303.

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I am at work on a novel about my mother, and finding out how hard it is to write about someone in the family.

You will be interested to know that A. Island has formed a historical society and that the sole heir to Rudy Johnson, our bachelor milk and egg farmer, has given ~~his~~ house and furnishings, the barn, the water tower and all the chicken houses to the Society. There was no will. The heir (the only blood relative remaining) is a deaf mute niece in her forties, a Tacoman who lives with her elderly father. Her mother was Rudy's sister. As soon as the papers are signed and this is settled, I want to do a story for the Trib. about this, with photos. The niece, Elma Ruth Laing is also a kind of albino, an interesting girl who was educated in a special school in Cleveland. She is learning weaving from an Island weaver and the Society plans to fix up a weaving room for her in the old house. All interesting.

Love, Hazel