

Nov. 3 Jan 1978

Dear Rosa and Murray:

Thanks for your handsome Fishing Smacks card. I'm slow replying. I handed it to Rick Anderson, inasmuch as these historic things are his project, and he just returned it. He says Sunday, Feb. 18 would be lovely and that the City of Tacoma, The Spanish discoveries & explorations, or Nisqually, or anything you say would be super & interesting. You add real class to these occasions, you know, & they're the only really good things we have on the Island. We can always get Norman Anderson or Gordon Alcorn to talk about their pet projects but you're our true historian.

BUT, you must not push yourself. I know well how that goes and how frustrating it can be to constantly have to deal with things that have to be dealt with but that pertain to just everyday living. Routine chores. As the saying goes, "The older I get, the harder I work, the longer it takes, the shorter it lasts and the less it means."

Did you find your cider? I wish they would put names instead of just numbers on those TCC buildings, like HISTORY or MORGAN. The girl was nice when I finally found the place, after carrying my jug about for twenty minutes or so.

I know what you mean by ex-marines. Ex-anything military. The man who bought Ehrlicke out is an ex Lt. Col, the SOB who split the little 70-yr-old A. Island church is a retired Lt. Col, \*who got a "call from God" while flying up from L.A. to "Go to Anderson Island and Save Sould," their chief supporter is a retired lt. col. Harold calls it "the military takeover." Among the three, they really messed up the Island as a nice little community.

I was surprised about Lane. But, as you say, she'll be ok. and ARGUS may not be. Will you still do entertainments? I read reviews of ILLUMINATUS and it sounds crazy. Reading the reviews is the nearest I come to seeing anything, except an occasional good play on Channel 13.

Fine about your "civilized" dog. The neighbors dog isn't. He chewed a gaping wound in our young Cayuga drake's throat and chased the rest, except Mr. Johnson and his favorite hen, over the bank for their first swim in Puget Sound. I discovered them thru my field glasses taking off for the Narrows, ran down and called. They turned and came back. My dulcet voice! Mr. J. and the girl had landed on a ledge half way down the bank in thick brush. The swimmers found Mr. J. for me. Earle called Dorothy and the Hansens. They rushed over and we persuaded Mr. J. to slide down the bank into our arms. So all ended happily. Even the young Cayuga responded to the medication Willet left us.

Again: don't push yourself. If things are bad in February, don't come. Just give us a few days notice to get the word around.

Love to Lane, too,

Hazel

THEY WERE NOT THERE

I think the first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the smell of the sea. It was a salty, bracing smell that I had never experienced before. The air was crisp and clear, and the sun was shining brightly in the sky. I looked out over the water, and I saw a small boat in the distance. It was a simple wooden boat, and it was moving slowly across the water. I watched it for a few minutes, and then I turned back to the car. I saw that the driver was looking at me, and I saw that he was smiling. I got out of the car, and I walked towards the boat. I saw that the boat was a fishing boat, and I saw that the fisherman was holding a large fish. I walked up to the boat, and I saw that the fisherman was looking at me. I saw that he was a young man, and I saw that he was wearing a simple wooden hat. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me.

When I saw the boat, I felt a sense of peace and tranquility. The boat was small and simple, but it was a part of the sea, and it was a part of the life of the fisherman. I saw that the fisherman was a young man, and I saw that he was smiling. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me.

I saw that the fisherman was a young man, and I saw that he was smiling. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me.

I saw that the fisherman was a young man, and I saw that he was smiling. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me.

I saw that the fisherman was a young man, and I saw that he was smiling. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me.

I saw that the fisherman was a young man, and I saw that he was smiling. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me.

I saw that the fisherman was a young man, and I saw that he was smiling. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was holding a large fish, and I saw that he was looking at me. I saw that he was smiling, and I saw that he was looking at me.

*[Handwritten signature]*