

Monday Morning 8/27 1979

Dear Rosa and Murray:

I have tried to call you, at the wrong times.

I wanted to say that "coffee table" size as it is, I carry "South on the Sound" with me everywhere I go. I think I had better improvise a protective jacket to protect the white stuff. I don't carry it just to show it off, although I do that, too. But it is such wonderful reading. I was right there at the beginning with Puget and Vancouver et al, rowing and landing and wondering where the waterways led. It's suspenseful, beautifully descriptive, and witty as well as graphic.

I hope you are as happy with it as I am, and I am sure you are. Rick has a copy and we talk about it together. Our Island medic, Gail Burg, plans to buy a copy for her Uncle's Christmas and I have promised that you will sign it when you come over. Incidentally, his name is Wm. Godsey, the name having come from the Old World custom of making f's look like s's, his ancestors were named Godfrey.

I also wanted to say how happy I am about Lane's Laurel Morgan, with her laurel wreath on the announcement. I wrote Lane. But I have also asked Lois Scholl, who, at 88, is as busy as ever with her quilts and dolls, to make one of her Alices for Laurel, whom I hope to meet some day. Laurel chose just the right parents and grands.

I am winding up my Iowa packet, having changed my mind half a dozen times about what to include. I may have told you that after having sought out three of the award winners and read them, I almost backed out. I read one story that I considered a genuine short story. And I felt awfully out-of-date.

