

January 4 1980

Dear Rosa and Murray:

I am overwhelmed by your kindness. I had in no way expected a book as a gift, only your autograph. Which, in addition, was a true gift of words, and happily appreciated.

Irene Price, one of my all-time favorite friends, as well as relative, my link to the Kansas farm, and a long-time admirer of your work, will be most gratified. When I mail the book next week I will include one of your charming "Blessed Birds" and tell her how this all came about. A happy day!

This makes my fourth copy of PUGET'S SOUND. I have dispatched two of them, unsigned, to Shirley Risser of Port Angeles, and to Sandra Kincaid of Oysterville, a talented, independent, self-reliant, forty-ish individual I hope you will meet some time. She is a competent writer and journalist, who wrote features for some time for a Santa Fe, New Mexico paper and lived in Taos. She just may (I hope) live in Rick Anderson's house during his nine-month sojourn in Norway. She is, I think, working on a book and it would be nice to have a fellow sufferer on the Island to rap with.

My own copy of PUGET'S SOUND awaits your signature.

I think, I hope, I am almost through with my own voluminous opus, which I have called, tentatively, "Land Where Our Fathers Died." The Lord only knows how the powers may view the brew. Whatever comes, I am going back to fiction, maybe more Picket Rock stories, the only kind of work I have ever done that gave me a feeling of creativity.

Profound thanks for the book, the autograph, the mailing, your promptness, the bookmarks, and your years and years of encouragement and support. They mean more than I can ever tell you.

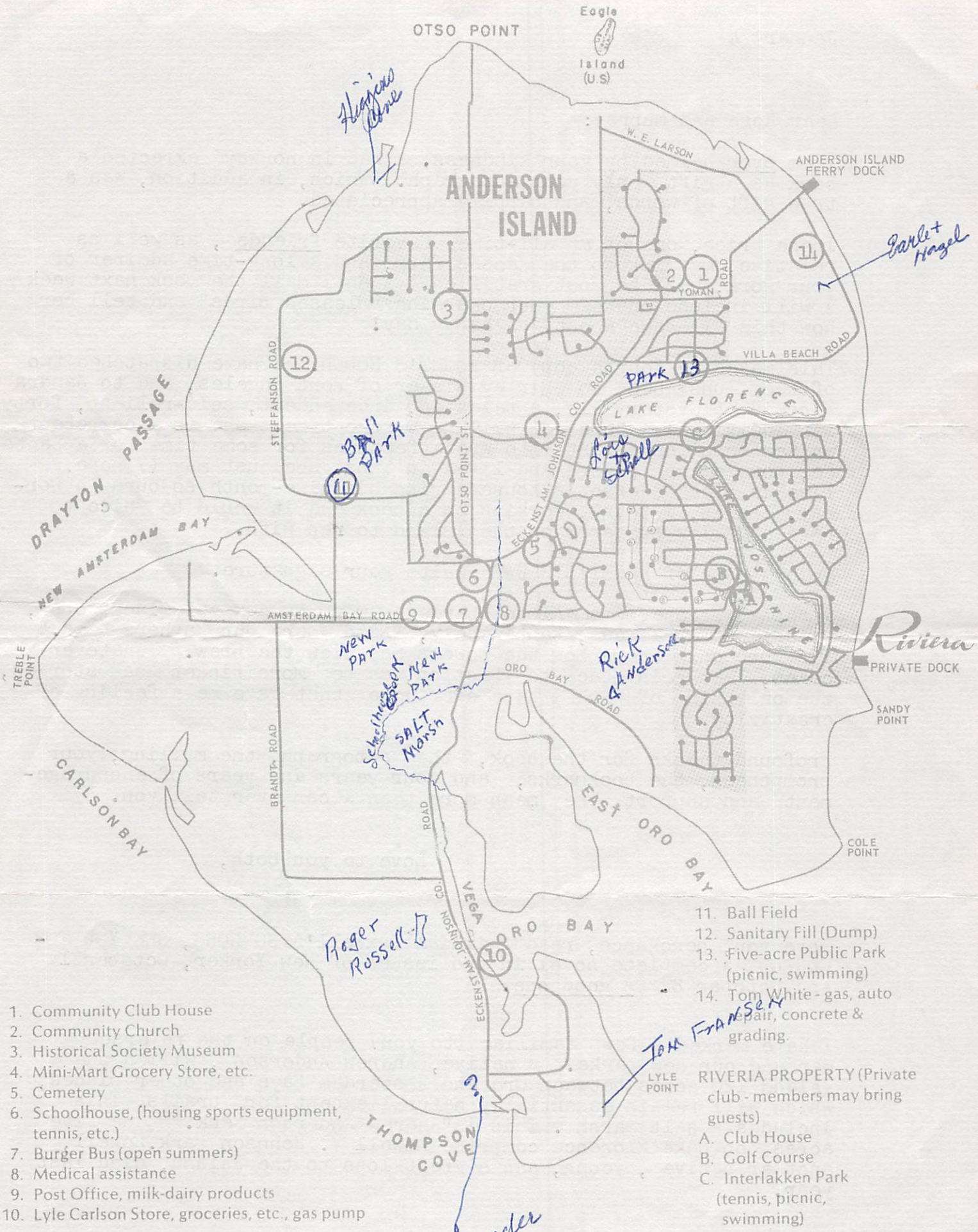
Love to you both,

Agel

Have you, perchance, read William Maxwell's SO LONG, SEE YOU TOMORROW, a complete novel in two issues of New Yorker, October 1 and October 8? A good one.

I have marked a few familiar (to you) people on the reverse map and our new parks. A native, Andrew Anderson, willed the Island 120 acres between Oro and Amsterdam Bays and other places, which will remain essentially natural except for trails. This includes a salt marsh. This is "Andrew Anderson Park." The five acres on Lake Florence comprise "Lowell V. Johnson Park." Lowell, another native, young, and a great loss to the Island, died last year.

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Join the Anderson Island Historical Society!

Alexander Wallace, maybe