

July 15, 81

Dear Murray and Rosa:

Your letters are always comforting, as well as inspiring. This one also informed.

Aside from an Ellegood note a few days after I took the manuscript in, three quarters of a year ago, yours was the first concrete evidence I have had that it has not been consigned to the ash can. Don wrote, then, that both he and his wife "loved" the book. They're from Oklahoma, you know. At first, I went right to work on a collection of Northwest short stories that I have wanted to get together. One of these is KATE BADEM, which you read and liked.... But, then, being really dissatisfied with this book that had gone in, I set to work, with carbon, on a drastic revision. I am still about that, as time allows.

May I digress, and tell you about our past two months? Early in April, we were faced with the necessity of prostate surgery for Earle, a situation he rejected until, because of cataracts, he failed his drivers' license test. His wheels are his legs you know. He consented to go for the former surgery if he could also have a lens implant with the same hospitalization. The first surgery was May 7, at Doctor's Hospital, the second, same hospital, on May 13. I brought him home on May 14... Two weeks later, he started falling, for no apparent reason. When he lost his ability to walk, even to sit up, I called an ambulance and took him in to TG, with his original doctor's (since his stroke) cooperation. They did brain scans and x-rays, thinking he might have had another stroke, and finally came up with the fact that he probably had some kind of infection from the first surgery, gave him a week of physical therapy, and I brought him home. He seems to be improving, his implant is some kind of miracle, he passed his drivers' test beautifully, and amuses himself by sitting in his chair and reading book titles half across the room, and by looking at houses across on the mainland that he has not seen for years. He also walks, and drives.

May I again digress? I followed the ambulance into town, close behind, in the Mercedes. At the intersection of South 66 and Orchard, in a pouring rain, the Mercedes was hit broadside by a man without job or insurance. He took off, ran two blocks, and was brought back by a 19 year old girl student at Ft. Steilacoom. All he could say was that he was sorry. We let it go at that. We carry no collision insurance, inasmuch as blue book value on a 19-year-old Mercedes is \$300, if totaled. It wasn't totaled, just \$1800.00 out of pocket at Carstens Body Shop. I don't have it back yet. They found two doors and a little fender at Aurora Wrecking in Seattle, on a wrecked '62 'cedes, and used my undamaged leather upholstery. I came out with a skinned elbow, which has healed nicely. *I shook a little.*

Back to book: I am not at all surprised that (A) reader raised the question about U. of Wash. Press. I had thought of that. If it has to be peddled around, I would certainly say U. of Okla., which turns out good work and lots of it, would be the better house and that it might be more acceptable there. I am surprised that Stegner read the book. (Stegner's photo is on cover of the new San Francisco magazine and he's featured therein.) I am still

July 18, 1954

Dear Murray and Rose:

Your letters are always comforting, as well as inspiring. This one also informed.

Aside from an O'Leary note a few days after I took the manuscript in, three paragraphs of a year ago, yours was the first concrete evidence I have had that it has not been contained in the book. You wrote, then, that both he and his wife "loved" the book. They're from Oklahoma, you know. At first, I went right to work on a collection of Northwest short stories that I have wanted to get together. One of these is KATE HARRIS, which you read and liked.... But, then, being really dissatisfied with this book that had gone in, I set to work with caution on a drastic revision. I will tell about that, as time allows.

May I discuss, and call you about, our past two months fairly in April, we were faced with the necessity of prostate surgery for Marie, a situation he rejected until, because of osteoarthritis, he failed his driver's license test. His spine and his legs, you know, he considered so for the former surgery if he could also have had the impingement with the same hospitalization. The first surgery was May 7, at doctor's hospital, the second, some two weeks later, on May 13. I brought him home on May 14. When he lost his ability to walk, even to sit up, I called an ambulance and took him to the hospital, with his original doctor's (since his stroke) cooperation. They had brain scans and x-rays, thinking he might have had another stroke, and finally came up with the fact that he probably had some kind of infection from the first surgery, gave him a week of physical therapy, and I brought him home. He seems to be improving, the impingement is some kind of miracle, he passed his driver's test beautifully, and amuses himself by sitting in his chair and reading book titles half across the room, and by looking at houses across on the mainland that he has not seen for years. He also walks, and drives.

May I again discuss? I followed the ambulance into town, close behind, in the Mercedes. At the intersection of South 66 and Orchard, in a pouring rain, the Mercedes was hit broadside by a man without top or insurance. He took off, ran one block, and was brought back by 30 year old girl student at the store. All he could say was that he was sorry. We let it go at that. We carry no collision insurance, inasmuch as his book value on a 19 year-old Mercedes is \$300, if totaled. It wasn't totaled, that \$1300.00 out of pocket at Carsten's Body Shop. I don't have it back yet. They found two doors and a little fender at Aurora, bleeding in Seattle, one wrecked, the other, and used my insurance to get another upholstery. I came out with a skinned elbow, which was healed nicely. I'll tell you more.

Back to books: I am not at all surprised that a reader raised the question about the "Warrior" book. I had thought of that. It is not to be published around, I would certainly say U. of Chicago, which seems to be good work and lots of it would be the better house and that it might be more acceptable there. I am surprised that someone would read the book. (Someone's name is on cover of the new "Frontiers" magazine and he's featured therein.) I am still