

Bible college in Minneapolis and who has spent a year or so in Costa Rico with the Peace Corps. She visited here a few months ago, with a new Islander, a young trained concert pianist, Dena Parrish, who married a friend of Rick's, produced a child, and is now separated, but wants to stay on the Island. She has started pre-nurses' training at TCC, commutes, does house and garden work for me when she can find the time. Rick's girl's name is Melissa Mohlberg. Her family, old-time Scandinavian farmers, were written about in a Jan. Geographic, with a picture of their Melissa. I met her and liked her. We're getting a few good, young families over here, the right kind.

I would, of course, like to meet your Mary Bartlett and Paul Dorpat. Any friend of yours.

I think Bruce's book on salmon is a real classic. I haven't the entire book, but have read the excerpts and the reviews. It should do well.

We have, currently, a lousy ferry schedule. We only go in when Earle has an appointment with one of his doctors, and I have so far been able to take Roger Russell (the harpsichord maker) with me to help out. Roger, a genius of sorts, has made many innovative devices to help me care for Earle. And Earle likes him, too. He has composed a piano concerto which is being presented up at the Riviera Country Club Saturday night. We won't be able to go, but he has dedicated it to Earle. He plays piano, Dena Parrish is on Roger's little harpsichord, and the boy from Lakes High who works for us on Saturdays is on his set of drums, for which Roger has composed a special number. He thinks the kid is Symphony material. Jeff Lovejoy.

I want to know more about your photo history of Tacoma. Is it in the works yet? Seems to me you recently autographed a new pb of Skid Road. Right?

Don't worry about us, It's only one day at a time and we manage. Jim and Liane come often and are of course fine help. And the girls come when they can and are a breath of fresh air.

Heaps of love,

Hazel

Please forgive
types - I
hurried.

Did I send you a
copy of Ramona Mikes'
poem, The Runner? If
not, I want to. -

H

1982

Dear Rosa and Murray:

Is it possible that your note to me, of Feb. 15, remains unacknowledged? I used to do better. It was Durer's SMALL BUNCH OF VIOLETS, and went into the album, in which Hollie's steady stream of art print cards live. She has a penchant for these and they're all well-chosen.

You were having colds and dental problems. I hope these are gone and forgotten. You seem, according to the Muted Bugle, to keep inordinately busy. Are you still at Ft. Steil? I hope so, for the students' sake. A Kathy Galbraith called me day before yesterday about this Allied Arts evening at Booksellers. For an inconsidered moment, I thought I might come in, mainly to see you kids, for I asked at once if you would be there.

But I can't. Earle has gone into a wheel chair, and we also have an electrically-operated lift-seat chair to get him to his feet and into the wheel chair. He falls frequently, even so, can't seem to use even his right foot any more. He is thin and looks, and is, very ill. But keeps his good spirits for the most part, with a bit of help from me and other friends. People (Islanders) have been more than kind.

It takes a long time to get him going in mornings. But I get in a few licks at my manuscript revision most days by letting other necessities go.

I have resigned from the board of Historical Society because I can no longer attend. Rick still wants you to come, and wondered about September or so; they don't usually pot luck in the summer. Rick is being married on May 22, to a 25 year old girl who attends a




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