Faced with a necessity to get back to writing, I brought downstairs copies of three finished manuscripts of novels, including THE HOUSE WHERE MEN LIVED with a view to re-writing one of them at least.

Yesterday was the annual Fair day here. Roger brought over his calliope from Music Center at Villa Plaze, where it is being used as a reward to piano students who have done well. They are allowed to play it. But it belongs once a year to the Island fair, and he played it there last night. Now it goes back to Tacoma for an appearance at the opening of a new Safeway. It has worked in that capacity for a year, now, sometimes in parades.

Roger has been a great help to me this past year. He is busily into piano and sometimes old pump organ restoration for the Center. He has remodeled his chicken house with old, scrounged glass, has a middle music room and a well-equipped shop, and has the place full of instruments in process of restoration. These include two very old player pianos and a parlor grand. His pride and joy, which he owns, after years of wanting a grand, is a nine-foot concert grand Chickering, built in 1855. He traded his antique Triumph roadster for the instrument. Since acquiring it, he has completed composition of a piano concerto.

We had an interesting experience last summer. Having "seen" (through her mother's eyes) the KOMO show made last year of the Island fair and Roger's work, a blind girl with a degree in harpsichord from Lewis and Clark, wrote him a letter in braille asking to visit the Island and "see" if he was real. I helped him to play host. She, Rebecca Riese, of Portland, came with her mother and grandmother, played all of his instruments, both at the Minimart and the Chicken house, and has asked to come back.

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Now, I will finally settle down to a dissertation about your comments on the manuscript, which all appeared to me to be very valid. I will do whatever I can. If I run into a real snag, I may call you and ask you to set a time when I can come out and talk to you.

Love to Lane, too. I thought her piece in The Weekly about Cuba was fine. Dorothy saved it for me.

Hazel

I forgot to say that I was very disappointed in not seeing your Eric Graves. As I wrote you, he was retiring the following week, was then on "holiday," but they were all most cordial and his co-worker tried very hard to find the Menzies material. We loved seeing the Museum in any case. We did not get back to London, we were driven to Heathrow, 12 miles out, on September 6, where we missed our plane, through no fault of our own. We were properly confirmed several days previously and were in line an hour and ten minutes before departure time. By the time we could fight our way through the queues of angry people to Brit. Airways departure station, our plane was gone. We were put on stand-by, caught a plane to Toronto, waited 2 hours, and caught an Air Canada flight to Vancouver, which arrived 6 hours after we were due to be met by Liane. My second cousin from Herefordshire called Jim from London, but Liane had already departed. She finally gave up and returned home, having no idea

what had happened to us. Jim had tried in vain to have her paged after he had the call from London. We called back and forth, worried about Liane, finally got a taxi and then a crumby motel room, following a hassle because all we had was English money and American Travelers' checks, neither of which the taxi driver would accept (he finally took my personal check) , and came home by bus the following day. My Fircrest Travel agent is trying to get us a bit of sompensation, or at least an apology, from British Airways.

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