

pot luck and exited. My ears still ache. Melissa wondered what her baby thought.

You know how welcome you both are, performance or not. The monthly Island newspaper (A. Isl. Home-owners News Letter) comes out the first of the month, with a calendar of upcoming events. If you would consent to appear on the calendar, we would be very happy to have you, either on a Sunday or a Saturday night, when I would bed you down.

You could drop me a card or call. 884-2112

I'm about winding up the prolonged agony of this manuscript re-write. I came across a good poem in The New Republic called "Revision." Sent it to Ann Johnston, but told her to save it for me. Meanwhile, I'm sending a comment from New Yorker, in case you missed it. I mean a "No Comment."

Take good care and don't let that Trout Lake Lochnessie get you. /

Love,

Aazel