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Sunday, May 6 th 1984

Dear Murray and Rosa:

I very much liked Murray's modest and sincere-sounding interview in the Trib and also the photo. Very distinguished. I have it loaned out at the moment but with a string attached for return. You certainly have every right to look back on your great bulk of published work with pride and satisfaction in both research and writing. I salute you. BOTH.

Believe me, I know how much Rosa contributed, not just in research, but in chores and support,

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And now it is Monday morning, May 7 th. Is it valid to say that a writer's block, whatever that covers, may also occur in the midst of a well-meant communication? Darkness set in as I sat here and looked at the page. I had meant to tell you how much your support and more has meant to me over the years since I called you (from someone's house) to ask your help. I don't suppose you remember us all, Murray. Nor do I. I had just come out from Oklahoma and had met Mary Boze and Ruth Derby. Ruth was supporting her blind husband and two children with her confessions stories. Mary wanted to write, as I did, and, I suppose, to publish, as I did. Had you not realized that I had a spark of talent, and said so, I probably would not have continued. I will spare you any dissertation concerning the traumas undergone by the few with whom I have kept trace down the years, except to say that Mary, since her son's sudden death has withdrawn, obviously, from both writers and writing. Ruth didn't. She married again, after Guy died, and lived the rest of her life in Arizona and California. We two kept in touch. She had another prolonged session of caring for an ailing spouse, much as I, later, became involved for 19 years of Earle's traumatic continuation, but kept on writing. I appreciated and respected her. Her recent death. (which I heard about, very unexpectedly at a potluck here on the island; from the president of the Island Historical Society, who happens to be the ex-husband of Ruth's daughter, Lorna; who lives with his second wife here, just up the hill from me) hit me hard. What a long involved sentence!

Sorry  
I know better

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