

May 12, Saturday

1984



Dear Murray and Rosa:

This billet-doux has been resting underneath a heap of ms  
lo these many days and I must finish it off. Now, where was  
I?.

These cards, various Island environmentalia scenes, were drawn  
by Bessie Cammon's granddaughter and namesake, who works for  
me in house and yard on Tuesday mornings. She drew, and had  
them printed in packets, to sell at the island store. This is one of  
my favorites. I am enclosing inside a small poem Lael wrote  
in the front of the most recent "nothing" book" she gave me for  
Christmas. She sometimes hand-makes these books, with expertise  
and imagination. She is still into graphic arts at Seattle Cen-  
tral and likes the work. She, Hollie, Hollie's spouse, Murray, and  
their issue, Owen Patrick Macdonald, will all be out today, along  
with Jim and Liane.

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Another pause in the day's occupations... A halloo  
here, and in walked Lael from the 9:30 boat. We have  
been having coffee and gassing for close to an hour.  
She plans to enroll in a no-credit computer graphics  
Central, morning course for the summer and will try  
to find work at a print shop or some such of summer  
afternoons. She has done off-hours landscape gardening  
on Mercer Island and has accumulated a good reputation  
for that, too.

Now, I must stop this trivia and "make the mailman," as  
Shirley Risser used to say. I wanted you to know I  
am still writing despite interruptions and lapses of  
self-confidence. I have two collections of short stories  
I would like to see published, but have no notion  
where to approach, or how. And I am also making that  
which I like to call a final copy of "Blackjack Coun-  
try," with revision stops. Did I perchance tell you  
that I learned last October on a trip back to the Kan-  
sas farm where I was born, ~~I learned~~ that my grandfather,  
William Norman Price of Herefordshire, England, fought  
as a substitute in the Confederate army, having been  
hired by a wealthy Kentuckian during a trip with reg-  
istered Hereford cattle to America? I have written many

*over & out*

letters of inquiry, without receiving any documentary replies. I did pick up one William Price, who served in Kentucky Mounted Infantry. But a DRIBBLE PASSED down in the family says he was a gun-runner on the Ohio river. I can't seem to find his regiment No. A letter from the United Daughters of the Confederacy invited me on my say-so alone, to join their group of daughters. (1)

Love to you Both, and to Lane,

Maxwell