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Hazel Heckman
9022 Villa Beach Road
Anderson Island, Washington 98303
Thursday the Fourth

CA. 1986

Dear Rosa and Murray:

I meant to write (and should have written) you, on Tuesday morning early. The older I get the more I let time slip away and the more I write in my so-called mind. This machine and I are still not friends.

I am still overwhelmed, I want you to know, by the gift of OVER WASHINGTON. The more I leaf through it the more I am awed by the book. And the more grateful I am for the generous gift. Thank you very, very much. And for your work over the years, all of which stands proudly on a living room table. Except for "The Day of the Dead," which I have never seen, and "The Viewless Winds," which I loaned to my sister-in-law (late) in Kansas. Her daughter has made a classification of her great library and I will ask presently if Viewless is still on the farm, which is still in the family and being farmed by my brother.

Thank you, too, for the good lunch above the dome and for the "flow of soul and feast of reason." I wish we had been in a circle so that I could have heard everything that everyone said. I saw Roger at his office (as the storekeeper Jeff calls the coffee section) and told Roger he was missed, and apologized for not knowing he was invited. I told him Natalie spoke of getting us together again at their place and he was pleased. He says he would like to play his little original concerto for Leroy.

He gave me a wry smile and told me that he has taken a "job." One of the brothers in the White construction company down the hill from ~~me~~ left suddenly and the remaining brother asked Roger to help with carpentry on a project. White also hired two carpenters from town, R. says, and Roger works for \$ 6.00

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