

P.S. Some day I am going to write a story about the right kind of boss. I know him well. His men never struck, because they didn't have to. When he sold his interest in the corporation and came to Washington an almost embarrassing number of them followed him, because they liked him. Here, they had to strike, because their union policy was dictated by a group in Seattle. But they picketed apologetically, and went clam digging with "the boss" on free days. I'd like you to meet "the boss" some time. He's my husband. And I'm proud of him, too.

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