

Wednesday

Dearest Faith,

Shai said that a lady called today -- someone who had just come back from Albany -- and reported that you were O.K. Good to hear.

We got an elegant letter from you on Monday BUT you forgot to send us page two! If you find it around the office do ship it on to us as we feel ~~as if someone had taken a stab at it~~ so unfinished -- like reading ~~that~~ part of a serialized story in a doctor's office. And, we naturally hang on your every word.

I have three small requests to make of you:

1. Please date your letters -- or at least put the the day of the week on them
2. Let us know if ^{the} the food all carried well -- if package contained the kind of stuff you want, and if you want more. If so, more of the same -- if not, what? Betts wants to send you a package -- so please speak up.
3. Please let me know whether you received the ten dollar bill I sent you last week, and if the enclosed \$10 reaches you O.K. If all ~~was~~ went well with them I shall continue sending you money this way -- if not, I'd better send postal money orders -- right?

I'm sorry to hear that the three boys were arrested and hope that they are not being roughed up in jail. We were very interested in your account of the highschool rally (letter 1) and of your working with the movement office (as far as it went in letter 2!)

Things are going along famously here. Shai is really being a doll. Very cooperative. Your pet looks super. I clipped and bathed her and she is shining like a seal baby. ~~Her~~ Her head is completely healed and almost covered with hair -- also no sign of any breast tumors. Laddy and Bop seem to have dropped into a sort of armed neutrality -- no spats for several days -- knock on wood. Penny is sassy as ever. I clipped her ~~in~~ too and she is very fashionable, and completely aware that she is, I'm sure.

Ann Durrel (the Hold editor) pulled a fast one on me. I called to say the ms. would be ready soon (hah!) and she said "By the way, did I tell you that we are trying to hold the books down to 41 pages of text, ~~in~~ now?" I could have killed her because I had been paring and hacking for days as it was. I've not looked at it this week but I shall get back to it soon.

Myron is lumping all my books together into a set or group (series is a dirty word) and is high=pressuring the el.ed.dept. (elementary education) to sell them in packages of six with multiple choices -- he expects to sell about 200,000 of them this year -- I hope he's right. Many tense, high-level meetings -- pretty funny -- with Stu Daniels and Ned Baron (our evil adv. manager) side-plotting to sabotage everything Myron is doing so as they get the credit. At this point Paul Andrews and Bob Verrone have got into the act and we're having an interdepartmental meeting on Monday that should be a humdinger -- rather like an island full of bull walruses

staking out their territorial claims on a Northern Island in the spring. And there your mother will sit, the complacent dowager walrus -- waiting to see who wins. Amazing!

Charlie may have remembered to tell you that ~~Ellen~~ Ellen Dammond called me and tried to egg me on to call Penny's people. I said that I would be happy to do so if you asked me to. I was not that brash, but you had said to let it rest and I did what I could to keep Ellen from fermenting. She asked many searching questions about how I felt about your Southern exposure and I trust I was both civil and sensible -- but she doesn't make it easy.

We miss you very much -- particularly at the twilight hour -- I'm alone and Shai won't be home until ten. It seems like a great deal of house for me and the pets.

Good luck, and keep well.
Love

Madre