

6 June 1981

Dear Harold and Lil:

Some more bay leaves, this time drier as I picked them several days ago. Let me know if you prefer them fresh. I'm trying to remember to try bay leaf tea, but thus far haven't managed to remember.

Many thanks for yours of May 28 with its very informative enclosures. Not much I can say except to agree that this indeed was a close one and that I understand some of the adjustments you are having to make and that you're making them with your usual decisiveness and courage. One does what one can.

Sorry to hear about Martin Waldron, I never met him but had a much more favorable impression of him as a reporter than I was able to muster for a good many of his colleagues on the Times. He's another example of something I've always felt, that Southerners often bring a special integrity and capacity for penetration to their reporting. Even those who put up a brave redneck front often surprise one with their instinct for the guts of a situation or story, a sensitive quality often missing among reporters from other parts of the country.

Enclose is what has appeared here on Jimmy Ray. If you have the opportunity you might pass it along to Dave.

The next two weeks I'll be working full time as the other part-time guy is going on vacation. Consequently I've been concentrating on getting ahead of the weeds, brush and general pruning needed outside and keeping abreast of the housework. The mornings are foggy and cool, so it's not been a problem with the weeds, and the afternoons are beautifully sunny and clear but rarely hot. During the afternoons I've been making more trivets, this time to be sold for the benefit of Hospice of Marin at their annual Hospice Holiday fair late this coming autumn. I plan to have quite a collection accumulated, so that if they sell well (all the good ladies at Friends of Hospice which conducts the fair for HOM's benefit seem sure they'll go like hot cakes) I hope to account for several hundred dollars. If they don't I can always give them away to friends, as none ever has refused one yet. Since taking the part-time job I've not been able to do as much volunteer work for HOM as usual, so this enables me to contribute in another way. Today when I went down into the breezeway under the house to start up the table saw, a doe and two ~~xxxx~~ spotted fawns were resting in the sawdust and gave me a very nasty look as they took off down the hillside.

Also I have been spending some time with my sister, who lives on a cattle ranch between Napa and Sonoma about 50 miles from here. Her husband, for many years one of the leading cattle breeder in this part of the country, is 87 and has had a number of small strokes which have robbed him of most of his memory and left him disoriented. They've got him in a good rest home now, so things are a bit easier on that front.

Otherwise, all fine here, busy and well.
As always, my very best to you both,

jdw