

later 4/17, from the needless and annoying dept.

Two more calls to your office and no answer. This morning Bob knew I was trying to get in touch with you, if not Bud.

Still more, from the well-intentioned and really fine people:

A year ago Bill wanted the old, seasoned oak in an old shed I wanted to get rid of. Good stuff originally, hearts of veneer logs. He started to take it down and never came back. In the interim Anita got hepatitis, which was enough of a problem for him/then. But she did get over it, and when she did, I reminded him. He asked me to see if I could get some-one to finish the job of taking it down. Aside from my work, the cost is minor, about \$25 as I recall. I had the young people who did it separate what, in their opinion, had possible value. All the rest I took up to the house and either sawed up and burned in the fireplace or fed in by the full length when I couldn't saw, meaning a bit of trouble and care-and time, the thing it appears I alone have to spare.

Some time back I mentioned it to Bill. They wanted to go skiing that weekend, so the hell with me. And every weekend since? I mentioned it in a note to you, no response. I mentioned it to Bud last week and he said you'd come up in a station wagon, as in the end you may do. But right now it is killing flowers and grass where it is difficult to get grass to grow. So, with a few appropriate words from my wife yesterday, I restacked it as best I could and got it off of all the flowers of which I know, anyway. No, this only took a half-hour. But in that hour, which winded me, although it should not and until now ~~never~~ would have, I could at the very least have dug the hole I need to plant my mailbox. I have been without one for a month, thanks to the incredible negligence of the county. I might have gotten the whole damned thing installed. I won't know how long it will take until I do it.

At any time during the winter, when it was raining or there was snow on the ground, I could have set the damned thing on fire in perfect safety, had none of the work I had to do myself, and would not have had to advance or waste the small sum that for me is a big one. I would have had no problems then, none now, none residual, for there is now a stack of boards I can't leave where they are, can't use in the fireplace, can't stack anywhere without more time and/or cost and possibility of danger from snakes and bees, and I have developed a sting allergy and have taken the shots.

I know Bill is really a great guy. I like and respect him. But is it material?

If May's training included this kind of condition, I again ask you to ask her what the reaction of the sufferer can be anticipated to be. It may help you understand, for this kind of thing must and is going to come to an end. There is too much that can't be avoided to consider tolerating what is totally unnecessary and really without excuse.