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## Dear Gail and Bonnie.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1969-02

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Last day of Feb 69

Dear Gail and Bonnie:

Ad in the Cassville paper -  
lumber company - says get your  
bags here for sand bagging  
against the flood! They really  
expect it over there.

Certainly doesn't look like <sup>now</sup>  
a flood for the Rock, does it? I  
suspect my good neighbor is doing  
his wonderful bit about that. Did  
you really meet the man-Ginwald?

T+G came in book form  
unbound - to be corrected.

O Lord, it's beautiful. Selling price  
will be \$4.98 - I'll buy it  
I don't know. A stroke of genius -  
Jonathan in his second explanation  
of title has it: "Tongue and Groove  
(if you're a carpenter)" The phrase  
I had taken it from was Lawrence  
Durrell's "Tenderness and Gristle" -

wish I'd have thought of the other.

Last week your senior citizen  
poet missed a step coming out of  
a store and the sidewalk remind-  
ed me rather forcibly. Nose  
and face bleeding, glasses had to  
be sent in to be replaced - or  
the murrings ground out - they  
can do that if they aren't too bad.  
Today we go to the doctor - I  
pray Al. doesn't go back on his  
original idea to ask for Transjuni-  
zers.

BQ sent a check for Feb. payment  
with no funds behind it. Al took  
it to his bank to cash it - we gave it  
several days - apparently not a long  
enough wait because here comes the  
letter from the bank returning the check.  
Al was furious & on the phone said  
to BQ: "I'm sick of you.", adding  
"Come tomorrow by noon with the cash  
or I'll take it to a lawyer and



the district attorney." "To-  
morrow" was Saturday and lo,  
here comes poor R with the cash—  
\$85. If he doesn't pay the taxes  
I'll have to and then I can't see  
what else to do but foreclose.

O me.

But it's coming spring,  
nicht wahr? Had to get new  
drapes for the living room out  
there. So went to Sears.  
Something new for when you come  
again.

Don't let me bother you too answered  
as I'll be seeing you soon—un-  
less, of course you have plenty  
of time which I suppose is not quite  
the case.

Happy March—  
Louie