

Oct. 3, '85

Dear Tom,

Yesterday or the day before — the latter of course — I sent a letter to Bob Lawson urging him to let me know what he ever decided about publishing my book. And yesterday your letter came to tell me that the Board really is considering publication of my book.

I never have been able because of health problems and uncertainty to do much with revising "Instead of Bread." If I knew what was thought about the extra story or whether the unity of one story was considered best, I could work on "Instead of Bread" or not as I chose. I'm one of those who sometimes need a little sureness; at least in my old age I am.

If a novel the Furious Winter's Rages and Other Stories book were thought desirable, I would submit a third story to see what was thought then — "Call That Roosevelt Again," for instance, if you remember that short story I made out of a chapter in Fool in the Bend. This is a respectable detective story of no great consequence except for humor and character depiction, or a picture of an aspect of life during the Depression or of an inexperienced social worker's problems. In other words, besides those other things it's an individual ex-

perience,

Anyhow, that's the question with me still, a short novel or a short novel plus a little extra to make a fatter and still worthy book?

I just got home yesterday from a six-day hospital stay. I had an infection, cellulitis, that caused chills and fever. I had a very sore right thumb, making letter writing difficult. Some break in the skin allowed bacteria and fungus to get in. There was pus behind my right thumb nail. I was given Nafcillin, an infusion every four hours. Wearing, and hard on sleep. My white blood cell count was low, too.

Obviously, I am better now, but it's ^{an} illness which could be quite serious. I never heard of it before, but my father must have had it when I was seven. Had he not got a surgeon at the Santa Fe Hospital, Topeka, to lance it, he would undoubtedly have succumbed to blood poisoning.

The man refused treatment at first, ~~so~~ (my dentist father was not a Santa Fe man), but my father was desperate and prevailed.

"Oh, all right," said the surgeon, disgusted, "hold him." and his powerful big black orderly held. I went the lancet. My father jumped with

pain and surprise at the utterness of
 of it. Pus squirted a foot or two or
 three in the air. After that, he started
 getting better, and I kept my father,
 whom I needed.

Yes, I think there would be some
 people who would buy N. The F. W. R. if
 I sent out cards like yours. I believe
 I would do that, too.

Size cok iyi tesebkiirim ederim,
dostum. Literally, "To-you my-very-best-
 thanks I-give, my-friend," for the
 news, not perfectly certain though
 it may be.

Would you and Jeff like another
 four or five bottles? High quality,
 very cute, etc.

Love,

Ed