

Dear Sandra,

Firstly, thanks for having me out. I had a great visit. To get out into the greenery, watch baby ducklings on the lake; see your yard awakening to a late spring.... It did these tired old eyes good. Even both legs of the bus trip felt like a vacation.

On the trip back to Seattle I reflected that the three of us met over twenty years ago in Alaska and our lives have turned out so well in such different ways. You and Andy have made a go of it and live in one of the loveliest houses and settings of any of my friends. To be welcome in your home, to watch you fitting Robbie with a prom dress made me so happy. What an honor.

And that bag of provisions! It would have allowed any of the encircled armies during the battle of Stalingrad to hold out another month. I just finished unpacking it before walking up to the library to check my mail and it is definitely The Large Gourmet CARE Package. Thanks **so** much. I won't need to leave the Starlight for a month. And it **was** a lot heavier than I thought it was in your kitchen last night and changing buses downtown and getting up the stairs to my room I was really glad you talked me into using the folding cart.

Ah yes, the cart. The cart is the best story in this letter. I dragged it from Fourth Avenue down to Occidental Park and stopped on a bench to rest a bit and write a note to Tom Putnam. It was nearly nine o'clock and groups of homeless were gathered at other benches around me; laughing and talking, sharing smokes and drinking from paper bags. And I noticed how my cart with the bulging black garbage of provisions topped by my ratty duffel bag with the broken zipper matched what everyone else had. I fit in better than ever.

As I finished my letter a couple of fellows came over and offered me donuts from a bag and asked if they could roll a smoke from my can of tobacco. We talked a bit about how unseasonably cold it was for this late in spring and agreed it would be warm by noon. *One of them had a cart like mine.*

I walked over to S. Jackson, left my note for Tom, and walked down to First to catch a bus out to Ballard in the fresh morning sunlight feeling pretty good about myself.

But wait, it gets better.

The cart, with my duffle ^{bag} bungeed across the top ^{sp?} thorwardships, was about as big as I could manage on the bus but did. The next stop was Pioneer Square, always a busy one, and about a dozen people got on. A frumpy lady about my age wearing **about** five skirts and carrying a garbage bag and a shopping bag full of cloths took the bench seat across from me and a heavy-set man past retirement age in a dirty cowboy hat sate down next to me. The lady (toothless) smiled at me and asked loudly "Where did you come by that cart?". It took me a longish pause to reply and then I said "A friend loaned it to me."

"How much did it cost?" she asked. I said, "I really don't know mame."

spelling?

Real — sandra

Andy bubba
galore putnam
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luksch putnam
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Andy
munger
bubba
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How much did it cost?

spelling?