Dear Andy,

I just returned from two days in Coulee City, in the desert of Eastern Washington, helping Will Lund's sister Mary clean out his "Bunker" of an abode. Mary is a fine lady, a few years younger then me, and had flown up from Texas to settle Will's affairs, salvage family photos and the like.

It was a very emotionally exhausting experience. Will's crib was a vortex of clutter and chaos… four months of unopened utility bills and letters, stacks of books on every chair, piles of dirty laundry and the like. It was an "installation" of a man at the end of his rope. I knew things had been bad for him but seeing how he had lived really devastated Mary and I. Don Carver was along with me and the three of us served as moral support for each other.

It is true that Will had never quite gotten his feet back under him after 'Nam but it was the last few years that were the unkindest to him. Wilfred J. Lund at his best was the finest man I have ever known and he was my best friend for forty years.

I am sorry you only met him at the end of his decline but I thank you again for your kindness to him in his last days. I selected some photos of him from over the years and a couple of books. Mostly I have the remembrances of the good times and adventures we had together.

All best,

Jim Acord