

1969

IF YOU CAN'T DANCE, YOU
SHOULD AT LEAST BE ABLE
TO DO A HAPPY HOP!



Sept 15
And it shouldn't
be

Dear McGee's

Have the best intentions everytime I get a letter from you to answer immediately so you will write back--your activities are so exciting. Am glad to know when your viking story is coming out since I have haunted the book stands and thumb is worn out from thumbing to the title pages. Don't know whether I wrote you about the question I asked a psychic reader or not about evidences or traces of vikings in this country--was verrry interesting. My sister was with me so when we got home, we both sketched the place we visualized during the man's answer and you would be surprised at the similarity of the sketches--and without talking about the location first, you understand. Now all we need do is find such a place and the evidence is there. He said an archeologist would have to verify the find, but it was there, so it would be accepted.

As to your question about a retreat--write John Cox, Apache Junction about the Quarter Circle U. Stoney said he didn't know about price or if it could be sold, since to hold forest permits, there must be a least 20 acres of commensurate property. However, there are many nice cabins, houses-whatever, for sale around the mountain--most with more than an acre of ground and most built for the same reason you want one. Am anticipating your visit to hear what all you have been doing since I haven't written and you don't mail monthly newsletters

Haven't even heard about the McGill story you mentioned but don't always get to read the papers even. You did write about the Florence Quad map and Marlowes stone maps, but don't forget that most of the roads and trails we now have follow pretty much old trails that were in existence before present history begins. With/major upheavals contours remain the same, don't they?

Bought two books in Denver this summer you will be interested in seeing--10th and 26th annual report of
But

Bureau of Ethnological etc. Cost me two pair of shoes and a purse but since my tennie runners were still in good shape, made the sacrifice. Besides, I broke a toe on a beach unsafe for surfing up by Santa Rosa when I thot the ocean just might get my niece and me when I wasn't even trying to surf! Did you ever taste ocean water--sure is salty.

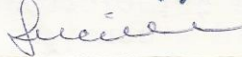
Must dig out from under Cowbelle paper work but felt I must also get off a hasty note to let you know I heard your plea for solitude

Did Jack get his neck straightened out in time for Labor Day frolic? Around here people just ebbed and flowed like the tide--you wouldn't believe it, couldn't myself and I was trying to put up peach jam too. Supposed to make a steak fry in the mountains outside Kingman that weekend as Cowbelle presidnet but gave that up when I wound up with four unexpected houseguests and nine for Sunday breakfast.

Oh, boy -second installment someother time.

See you in October.

Sincerely,



p s Enclosed clipping--explains some of what takes up my time. Notice we have a dog named McGee? Wasn't named after you all but his real name is D'Artagnan which was shortened to Dart and just try hollering that and see what it sounds like!

