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Dec. 4, 1963.

Dear Tom:

Wonderful to get your letter yesterday, and so full of helpful information. I must rate you tops for fast action, too! I must say you could also have made a top-notch reporter-- a terrific eye for details, a fabulous memory (wish I had one like it!), and a fine gift for clear, straight narrative. Your letter from Fiji is most interesting. I copied some excerpts, so I can now return the copies to you at once.

We are thankful to know that Jennie's operation proved so very successful, relieving her of all that pain. That augurs promisingly in regard to her second operation, for it seems it should be just as successful. Oddly enough, we wonder if Dollika's sister may have the same problem. Doctors in Bucharest say she has some disease of the joints, basically rheumatic, and that it may not be curable. If only we could get her to the States, we believe she might get far better and more effective treatment, or an operation might eventually provide the answer. But the regime there has three times turned down her application for permission to migrate; so we just have to keep hoping we can eventually get that ruling reversed.

If you ever see the editor of the local paper, I wonder if he would mail me a copy of the issue with my "Saga of Tom Lamb" in it? I'd surely like to have one, as published in your home town newspaper.

I was much surprised to learn about your own heart operation. You never thought to mention it to me. It seems a marvelous thing -- how that put your tivker back into smooth thumping. What a wonderful boon! We're thrilled to know about it, and that it had such great results. You richly deserve that good fortune. No wonder you are as pert as ever.

I'm sending on your letter the the excerpts to Ben Hibbs. He's drafted for some crash project of editorial trouble shooting at the moment, but writes me he'll get back to Mr. Northing it before too long.

I feel like Art Winn surrounded by wolves -- only I am hemmed in by LAMBS....How do I get away? ....I don't...."They got me!"

What can a fellow expect when he's up against seven rams in a flock of eleven?

And as for the grand-daddy Ram, who could butt better, or be a better butter??

Right here I'll stop, before I stutter.

Many thanks, Tom, and cheers to you and all.

Yours,

