

19 August 84

Dear Robert -

Please forgive this yellow paper and red flair pen, but all my furniture, belongings, supplies, etc., are down at "Barnett II," as you so aptly dubbed my new "pad," and I don't even have a ballpoint pen left in the apartment. I just hope this vibrant "color clash" doesn't put your eyes out.

While waiting for the truck to return for the piano, I thought I would sit down (on the floor, of course) and dash you off a "lick and a promise" of a letter - though I won't be able to write you a decent one until next weekend, perhaps later. School begins tomorrow - on top of all this moving - so you can imagine what my schedule will be like until at least after the end of the month. I wouldn't even attempt a concentrated response to your letter of yesterday until the dust (and my head) can settle somewhat, but as I said, I did want to make at least a "promissory reply."

At my very earliest convenience, I shall complete and submit my membership application to the Augment Society. In the meantime, I want to thank you for mailing this form to me.

A copy of your letter is already on the way to Mrs. Brawley. I sent it out with the matel mail this morning. (I work part-time as a

desk clerk at one of the motels here, by the way.)

I'm very sorry about the "Xerox Gremlin" that nibbled Mr. Ed Milam's address away, but I must admit that the chief gremlin's name was Paul ("Haste-Make-Haste") Lawton. You'll find the complete address on the copy of the enclosed letter I received from him just a few days ago.

As you will note immediately upon reading Mr. Milam's letter and research, his genealogy is "homespun, hand-me-down stuff" for the most part, but his heart and intentions are quite noble - pure as a sunbeam. I feel guilty, in fact, for having been initially suspicious of his letter, but I am at least happy that I gave into my "second hunch" and called him on the phone.

I do write some (poetry, mostly), and will send you some samples of my "stuff" later on. Just promise to remember: Shakespeare left no descendants, so don't expect anything "à la Stratford On Avon." I'm a "Boggy On Black Swamp" sort, so prepare yourself accordingly.

"They" are standing here, ready to load the piano, so.... I would really rather write, but my brother has that "Well?" look on his face so —

Best regards to you and Miss Cara -
Paul

P.S. Now I'm at school. Any correspondence you send me for the next few weeks will reach me here: J. Sacastee High School | M. B., S. C. | 29577.