

May 9, 1969

Mrs. Troy Kennedy
Red Rock Trading Post
Shiprock, New Mexico

Dear Mrs. Kennedy:

I have been intending to answer your nice letter for a long time, but the days seem to be very full for me now and I just do not get all the things done in a day that I should.

First, I am very pleased that you like the book and I want you to know that a copy is coming your way with my compliments very soon. I had so many obligations on the book to many sources that I ran out of the extra copies I ordered some time ago and I just have not reordered. The book seems to be going very well, which of course is good news for me.

The reason that I have not been over for a long time is that Miss Forster is very frail and I cannot leave her alone, and in addition to that, for the past $2\frac{1}{2}$ years I have been on crutches, which makes my getting around very difficult. However, I am hoping that within the next month or two I can find someone to be with Miss Forster while I am away, because I do want to come over for a rather extensive trip around the reservation. I want to bring over a book for Sam Ahkeah's family. Can you tell me the name of his son, the one that works, I believe, at the uranium refinery? I could turn this book over to him and he could take it out to Mrs. Ahkeah.

We are both very anxious to have news of how Mrs. Francis is getting along. I have a couple of coats that I am sure she or her daughters could use and I tried to get them over to you in the winter, but I seem not to have accomplished that

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either. I wonder if you know that Mr. McGee's daughter was for a while working at the University of Texas Press. This was a very strange coincidence and she was very much excited when she found the Red Rock pictures.

I do want to have a talk with you about all the news and happenings on the reservation and I will drop you a note when I see that I can make the trip. In the meantime, my very best wishes to both of you and I assure you that your long-promised copy of the book will be on its way soon.

Very truly yours,

Laura Gilpin