

Nov. 5, 89

Dear boys,

I've been thinking. It's almost Christmastime. If you should happen to have an order from around this area for Of Texas and Birds, I wish that you would allow me to send it collect, ^{for you, in reply,} or if you like, at your expense. As I told Stuart, I have been divesting, left and right, rather than leave it to my survivors or executor. And in this way, I can be sure of the fate of certain things. You know that presenting such a rare and valuable work of art and of writing to me, an aged stranger, was rash! I have had the pleasure of seeing and enjoying it for a while, and believe that you should think hard and wisely about the above. I only regret that I am beyond ^{the age,} not strong enough, to have it exhibited here (a backwater at best), and in

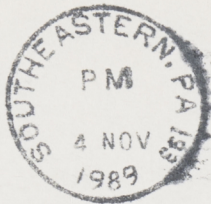
middling health. It's a pity to waste the opportunity for the Book to become known through someone more public and active?

I picture you as deep in your archaeological project, and — I hope — letting the rest of the world and its variegated upheavals and uprisings go by.

Gratefully,
Eric Ford

P.S. The Calvin Tullin piece on Johnny Jenkins last week told me far more than I ever thought to know about the rare book game in Texas. Rather scary?

AFad
206 Pichering Apts.
Newtown, Pa
18940



The Gentlings
402 Boland Street
Ft. Worth, Texas
76107