Nic Tom Averill.

Indeed, I was not in the least mad. I was a little concerned lest onefoishness be added to the roster of Stan's shortcomings; but all years ago a J E gal named Mary Spessard—accent on the first—paid a visit to somewhere in the East. I believe it was to Pennsylvania. She returned home announcing to all and sundry that in the Eastern states she had been called Speesard—accent very definitely on the second syllable. The town never forget it. In that Colorado phone call Haulky Reeshay reminded me of it! Here I am called both ways and pay no heed to it. New Yorkers of the name, accent the second syllable. It's easier to say, especially over the phone, but J E would have none of it. I'm sure.

I'm curious about the retired shoe salesman. Could it have been Keith Hemenway? He was an executive with a shoe manufacturing firm in Maine. It is possible he considers himself more of an authority on Stan than anyone else. He's been with Stan and—I think a Cowan.
boy roomed together for their first few months at KU. Keith's copy of Home Journeys is full of his personal notes and comments. I know this because he lent it to Peggy Allen and he asked my help in getting it back. I really know Keith only by what others have told me.

When Peggy wanted names of J C persons she could interview about my brother and his photos I gave her a letter to the Montgomerys. John D. and Mary Tij they were off to Helton Head, S C. so Mary Tij turned Peggy over to Keith. Several months later he wrote me for her address. She had not returned his book. I called her. She was apologetic. She wanted to peruse all those personal notes and simply had not had time to do so. She agreed to return the book.

Some time later I got another letter from Keith. I had promised to write something about my school at Fort Riley for my book Diane Jeffries was doing about Gray County Schools. I had been as dilatory as Peggy Allen and Keith was prodding me for time. He said if I couldn't get material to her within three weeks it would be too late so he would write something about the school in my stead. That set me down at
my typewriter pronto. What he could possibly know about my school was beyond me. But he also thanked me for helping him get back this Rome Hanks.

The other possibility is that the retired shoe salesman was one of the Cowans. I think all the Cowan boys worked in their father's shoe store at one time or another. I know nothing about any of them.

What puzzles me is why he should ask about Stan's belief in God. What earthly business could it be of his, or was he implying that you were promoting someone who—being agnostic or whatever, did not deserve to be so honored? Oddly enough a literary agent asked me the same question. He was curious because Stan's obvious familiarity with the Bible didn't seem to jibe with the—

ambience, would you say—of Rome Hanks. I couldn't answer. I know he believed in a Power beyond the human because when something alarmed him about his health he would phone to ask me to "pray to St. Luke" for him. The more I think about that question the more I doubt that either Hemingway or Cowan was the bel-

ligereat questioner. He must be someone I don't know. Hemingway is, from all I've heard,
a bit eccentric but not in that way.
I sent the brochure you gave me to June Miscof in Seaside. She was devoted to Stan, good to him when he needed it most and deserved it least. She was delighted to hear about your program. I think she is the one sincere friend he made in Oregon.

If you get any inkling as to who the belligerent man was do let me know. Ronhanks obviously disturbed him!

Cordially

Powelah Connell

Mar. 9, '30

Arrived. I was gone.