

1/3/71

Dear Shirley,

Hope your card, which we were both glad to get, means you are both okay.

We are, just more pooped than usual, and a little more broke and a lot older.

The 1970 "declassification" has been completed. I plan to begin making a meaningful inventory of it beginning tomorrow. I hope I can complete it before the tax business gets heavy, so Lil can retype it. The list the Archives sent is of numbers only, and they mean little. I'd like to be able to buy every page, but we haven't the dough.

I am disturbed at having heard nothing from Mary for so long. Have they any new troubles? I hope not. I'm tempted to call her tonight, but because I have to reverse the charges, I always hesitate. We've had only one real letter from her since she was here. She was then talking of coming back with Buck.

I haven't time for much, for I couldn't sleep last night and I've been at it since since 4 a.m. Lil is making supper, so I'm writing for her. She begins tax work tomorrow and has other things to do to get ready.

I did call Mary. She's not in.

I've got an attack of bursitis in the right should. It was getting better when I used a mattock to make a hole for our annual living Christmas tree, so I can plant it (we I to do it now, it would be in a foot of snow we've just had!) But the jarring set me back, and I've done too much typing already. So, I close with our sincerest best wishes to you both.