

Dear Js,

7/10/72

At the moment I can't tell if we're about to have another thunderstorm if it is the zenith of the eclipse. A couple of minutes ago, coinciding with the apparent onset of a storm, all the neighborhood dogs started howling simultaneously. One could have set the others off, of course.

I'd worked up the kind of sweat Jim may recall from farm days mowing grass by hand where it has been impossible for weeks. Good healthy feeling. But did it drip off! I've gotten some of the old-fashioned red bandanas, big as a woman's scarf, to tie around the head and catch the sweat to keep the glasses clean. It was wet as from the wash when I took it off. Ah, the luxury of isolation! took off what little clothes I had, got the portable radio, and while Lil slaved at indexing wet out into a web chair in the shade and listened to the convention news while just dripping away. Almost drizzled, in fact, from the nose, ears, occiput - wherever it could drop from it did, and I was aware when it hit flesh elsewhere. When I had slack the output, I went into the pool, with the radio on the edge, and if it can be said of 185 lbs, wafted back and forth in the shallow end, narrow way, about 20 ft., which meant that my head would go under only about twice each crossing and I could hear what for lack of invention of a better designation is called "news". If it was not enriching to the ear, it was refreshing all other ways. But I'm still a bit tired, do before getting to (no offense, friends) more important correspondence, acknowledgement of Jim's 7/5, his apology for the CIA complex on the Peking Man. Understandable. And it is not only in places like museums, colleges (Buzghoorn, remember?) that the scholars work with intelligence. If I didn't tell you, when I was in OSS, our office had three geographic divisions. Two were headed not by political scientists by anthropologists. Because they were politically mature, they were better than pol. scientists, too.

Correction of this error doesn't change my feeling about intelligence involvement. I mailed a response and a carbon seeking more on Greek Heritage before getting this. That part didn't figure in me belief.

I also mailed the completed TMEP this a.m. Lil blocked it before assembling and adding collar and buttons. I know she included some kind of note, for she typed that while I was getting packing materials together. It is going parcel post, so this may precede it.

Many thanks for the thoughtfulness of the stamps. I buy a roll of 100 when I need them, and even 3 bucks is a strain. This are in Lil's desk so she has a separate supply for her mail, less voluminous than mine, and doesn't have to come to me for stamps. Our offices, by the way, are at opposite ends of the house. I'm northwest, she's southeast.

The Hoppes are great. I know know the Js didn't invent some of the names I'd not seen earlier. After Lil read them I put them in an envelope for Howard. Nothing new on that mess, fortunately. I think it will help me with a suppressed desire to become a hermit by almost eliminating the feeling that I need to collaborate with others and share knowledge with them.

Hope the enclosures will be close enough to self-explanatory.

Thanks,

5 July 1972

Dear Harold:

Further our 3 July memo on the search for the relics of Peking Man, herewith a hasty correction:

At the top of page 2, strike out the line where it says: "The two men who made the recovery were later CIA agents."

A recheck indicates I must have been collaborating with Herr Freud when I wrote that, as we can find no overt substantiation for it.


Both were working for the Army at the time, one an anthropologist who is now a research associate at the American Museum of Natural History in New York and an associate of Dr. Shapiro, and the other was a geologist with the Army at the time and is now connected with Harvard, it doesn't say in what specific capacity.

In my experience such specialists in museums often work closely with the intelligence services because of their specialized knowledge, so I suppose my subconscious just was trying to make it official.

Anyway, strike that, as the late Sen. McCarthy was so fond of saying.

These poor slobs from the groves of academe have a tough enough time in any case without my contributing to it.

Best,



jdw