

20 Jul 71 - I mean Aug

Dear Harold:

You don't know it yet, but you're reading someone else's mail - this part is intended for Lil. I'm doing it this way so she won't have to bother answering, because I assume you may be writing anyway (!) and can include her reaction. This is about the afghan. We were both delighted with the thought and know her work must be beautiful, judging by her typing and clean clipping. But - you knew this was coming, didn't you? - we can't and musn't accept. Twenty-five years ago Jimmy's mother made us an afghan which for almost all that time has been stored in mothballs. We simply never used it. This is a very sad thing, and it would be awful to add another to the same suitcase.

However (aha, you didn't know this was coming), if Lil feels like doing it, it would be a great pleasure to us to have a baby blanket. We've been trying and trying to think of something really special to give a very special baby, now just over four months old. Her name is Jenifer and the other child in her family is her brother Jim. Feel free to leap to the natural conclusion! Here we are with grandchildren, without having taken the usually necessary step of having had children of our own. Their parents, each with perfectly good families with which they have an easy, happy relationship, consider these two to be our grandchildren. So you can understand why it would mean more to us to have a baby blanket than an afghan, even if we could use one.

This is not to be taken in any way whatever as a request, but if - repeat IF IF IF IF-Lile/ would enjoy doing it, we would accept with the greatest pleasure. If her answer is yes, please let us know what size of yarn to send, and how much. And how many colors.

I'm baffled by your description of the blanket Lil's working on now because I can't imagine how a name and date could be crocheted or knitted. Or is it embroidered on the blanket after it's finished? The name is Jenifer Mattos. We'd settle happily for initials, J M, or J H M M (for Jenifer Hui-ming Mattos).

Incidentally, we understand how relaxing and satisfying this kind of "work" can be. We both did a lot of weaving before 22 Nov 63.

The rest of this will be mostly odds and ends, to dispose of a little pile of notes before we find ourselves on the far side of the moon again - graveyard shift coming up in two days. This would be a good place to explain the silence at this end lately. On August 8th we went on this shift, theoretically for three weeks to cover the vacation of a man who normally works it. Nothing too bad about that except the idiot who makes out the schedule dropped into the middle of it a split week of our normal shift, 3 to 4 p.m. What makes this so difficult is that it results in the jet travel syndrome, the outer shell on one schedule and the inner workings on another, and before the inside can adapt and catch up with the outside, you're spun around again. Living, breathing yo-yos. On second thought, make that just breathing. The first "week" in August in effect was nine days without a break, and the "week" we're starting now is eight days. What appears on paper to be a two-day weekend actually turns out to be only one day, because coming or going you have to spend one of those days sleeping. Now we find we've been given another six-day "week" on the graveyard. Beyond that, deponent knoweth not. What deponent does know is that it's JUST AWFUL to get out of bed, wash face, brush teeth, and start cooking dinner. Having to eat it is even worse.

I will admit without any quibbling that our life would be easier if it weren't for the fact that I don't drive. I have a big fat mental block about that, and I'm just the kind of person I wouldn't want to have on the road. But I'd still want to keep the same hours, so ...



How did you know I do "an enormous amount of work"? I do, I do, but how did you know 3,000 miles away? We both do, and not only on what we want to do, either. Now that I'm thinking about it, it's <sup>(surpr)</sup> surprising how little we have done. Now and then something goes to the cleaner's or we have to have radio or recorder repaired, but otherwise we seem to do it all. Even haircuts, believe it or not, because we both like better what I do than what they do.

I'm rambling. Let's see what I have on these scraps of paper.

What does F Post stand for on clippings? As to the clippings themselves, we thank you for all of them, even the cartoons. (You remember the one of Dulles leaning out of the picture frame watching Nixon creep past, saying That's MY boy? We almost sent you the same thing, but <sup>(this)</sup> this extra one, sent ours to Ed Snow.) Anyway, of the ones you send we think we're going to keep only a few but usually find we need all of them and discard only one or two each time. At the moment, the one that comes to mind is Kenneth Crawford's reconstruction of Kissinger's trip, particularly what he says about Chou only once having to consult with anyone else, and that one time was on the wording of the announcement. It seemed to us both that its flavor was Chinese, and this might account for what we felt was Nixon's discomfort in reading it. Anyway, your clippings fill in a lot of little chinks like this. Thanks, too, for the Sidey piece in Life on the Lincoln room bit; had one but needed an extra.

Still on clippings: when the Panther thing began in N.O. we started a file on it, but I was getting so snowed under that a line had to be drawn somewhere, and this was where. Wish now I'd kept it since you might have use for it. (Eighty or ninety percent of the stuff we have probably is garbage and never will be of any use to anyone, but how is one to know?) I check the NYTimes index as the papers come in and have seen nothing on the trial except at the end (a lresdy sent you), but that doesn't mean it isn't in the paper, just not in the index. Have alerted Beady Eye Clipping Service, Inc. (Western Division). The next issue of the Times coming up is 27 July so you can see how far behind I am. With our lovely new postal service it now takes seven or eight days for them to come in; used to be five. They don't always arrive in chronological order, either.

Last week we stopped in at Accurate TV to ask about your problem of communicating with the sheriff, spoke to the owner, Mr. Granlich. Had typed out your description of the situation, so he could understand the problem. Mr. G said he'd hesitate to give you any advice without knowing the actual terrain, but he did feel rather definitely that you couldn't depend on the equipment you described, without a roof antenna. In your place, he would ask at the sheriff's office for their recommendation.

We also asked about a hand mike for your little Sony. They have a Sony mike which he says is good, a condenser mike (whatever that means) with its own battery, one penlight, and with on-off switch. \$16.95. One you can have for nothing, but not as good, is an extra we remembered we have which will fit your machine. (We have two others and don't use this one.) Does not have its own battery but has switch. Now that I'm thinking about it, was that your problem? - that your Sony didn't have its own mike?

There is only one Olam listed in SF directory, Olam, D.E. The parents? Listing does not include the abbreviation Jr. 522 Athens Street, telephone 334-5285.

In the last mailing we included transcript of excerpts from KPFA discussion on Pentagon papers, and in filing it I realized I'd forgotten to scratch out the first quote, which reappears in its proper place later. (Was at least half-asleep when I typed it.) The excerpts I took were mostly on the omissions and one on China because this is what we'd been talking about; both sections of the discussion of course range over much more than this. If you think you'd be interested in what

there might be on the same thing in the second half of the discussion, say so; I'll be rehearsing it again the next time I iron, probably. Of course this would again be out of context. If you'd like the whole tape dubbed it wouldn't be too much trouble, but it will cost you two hours to listen to it.

On smoking, or rather not smoking: how do you do it? I've tried the same method - do I actually want this one or do I just think I do? - but obviously without the same determination. I can cut down but not out, and my problem is usually less, and scarcely ever more, than one pack. When you make it (see, I didn't say "if"), let us know how it feels. Really want to know. Is the trip worth it, and does one reach a point where the going is downhill? Does Lil smoke? If not, that might be of some help.

I think this does it - at least it takes care of the things I remembered to make notes on - and besides it's lunch time, 10 p.m.