

Dear Jim,

12/23/77

We were both happier after reading your letter of the 17th. It came yesterday

Cohen has recently been published in a number of psychological journals. He has written several books. Mike is a semi-retired radio newsman who had personal involvement in the CIA mind-bending national security as a young man of draft age. His last name is Conklin. I've sent you some carbons, I believe. Mike tells me that Cohen is abroad and thus I've not heard from him. Mike is extremely anxious for Cohen to make Peninsula efforts because he expects much of those records. My own belief is that they have been retrieved. Amazing what the supposedly security-conscious spooks do about keeping records. Snapp is a case in good point. So was this "Morgan Hall" character. Good you are too busy with your own interests to undertake this should Cohen ask it when he returns.

Wrona will be happy. I'll write him soon. You feel about your local colleges as I do about my own. I've not even spoken to them. I want the material available.

Your trip to Arizona ~~and~~ reminds me that in this area there has been very heavy promotion of a coming TV spectacular on UFO's. Must be commercial. I've not paid any attention, figuring that with attention it is not likely to be good. I don't even know when it is to be aired. Or maybe it is a movie and advertising of it.

Your account of the slow-raasted sirloin reminds me of how much I used to enjoy what cooking I did and the totality of amnesia about the details. At first it was only beef and then only barbecued. I made my own barbecue outfit in the mid-30s, when the stores did not sell them, and used it on a windowsill at 3 and H NW. Later it was chicken, cooked almost all ways. Today I don't remember any one of the recipes. I was reminded of this the other day in seeing one of my framed certificates as the Maryland cooking champion of some date in the 50s. It is not only a source of satisfaction, as you found from the reactions of your guests. It can be a great means of relaxing. But I'd have to start from scratch and what I do means too much now.

It could not have been long after you mailed your account of what the storm before some parts of California really had one from what was on TV here. Hurricane winds, too. Our weather had not been too bad. I mean for me. I got some work done today to get some exercise. Can't do as much and feel what I did other than in my muscles. But it does make me feel better, sometimes also good, so I'm pleased each day I can get out without feeling the cold too much. I'm adapting. I found the chain saw too heavy for safe one-hand use so I got an electric one. I keep it at the house and carry and drag large limbs and small trees to the house, 250-350 yards. The smaller wood gives more intense heat. Good for me to have to get up often to tend the fire. Mild nights it is the only heat we use. When he can a friend provides the larger wood, from our own trees that need thinning. And everyone likes a fireplace, not only Nixon.

We both enjoyed the acupuncture piece, as I believe Howard and Jim will. I find myself wondering from time to time if it could be beneficial to vein and artery obstructions.

Reminds me that our friend Mike Maio is just back from Szechuan, where he visited his parents for the first time in more than 30 years. How he was treated may interest you.

First the Chinese responded to his request so rapidly it caught him by surprise and at the holiday time of the year. Because his father is aging and is unwell he went as soon as he could. Not on a tour or with a group but alone. Each place he went there was someone waiting for him. All looked after him flatteringly and carefully. When he had layovers and said he wanted to look around, he was, in a car, without cost. His account is not of being watched but of being cared for - and about. He thought it was all wonderful.

April, sounds fine. We look forward to it. Lil is away even less than I and I am only when I can't avoid it. Lectures are extraordinarily scarce, too. April is a good time in this area. Everything comes to life, albeit with rain accompaniment.

Best,

