

Route 1, Box 10-A, Kersey, Colorado, 21 July 1970

Dear Evelyn,

No, I didn't design that card, but I did this one, and a whole series of these funny "little people"---don't ask me who they are, I dunno.

We are SO GLAD to know that you are on your way back. Even making allowance for the way Marie tells things, we knew that you were very seriously ill; and even though we didn't say much, our love and our thoughts and our hopes were with you constantly. Maybe they helped a little, along with those of our many colleagues who have come to know and love you in recent years.

The summer (synonymous with "the dig") is going well, and much too fast, here at Kersey. Joe and I walked down in the pasture Sunday evening, and noted, with fond recollections, the big trees along the ditch, where we had the chipping session two years ago. It was the first time I had been to the pasture this year! Right after we arrived June 8, the river flooded and was lapping at our kitchen door! With continuing rains and snow-melt, the river stayed high for a long time; and

even after it receded, the pasture was knee-deep in stagnant water --- AND MOSQUITOS! ---until just recently. There are still boggy, wet spots, and even where it is dry, the ground is so rough, as a result of the cows' tramping around when it was wet, that it would be disastrous to wander around with eyes focused on the boidies up in the treezies. So instead of wandering in the pasture, I have stayed here in my two rooms most of the summer, (1) writing on my book about ALBERT; (2) making pottery from clay they bring in from the dig; and (3) playing the guitar. As it happens, we have four guitars and three folk-singers in camp this year; and while I think the kids enjoy my style of playing, they like to DO their own thing, together. So, the gap gets a bit wider each year, and I doubt that any future summer can be expected to approach or resemble "the good old days" at Yellow Jacket and Cheyenne Wells. But that's the way it goes.

As for our crew and the general situation this summer, it is MUCH better than that unhappy arrangement two years ago. Perfectionist that I am, I can find some legitimate faults with our

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2/ 20-year old cook, seven months married to one of the dig students. But she is a good enough cook, so I just stay out of her way and keep my mouth shut. As long as everybody else is happy, there's no reason for me to complain!

In this wild, strange era when the opinions we form are prejudiced by what we read, hear, and see via the news media, we almost expect all young people to be dirty of mind and body, addicted to long hair, whiskers, and dope. And so, it seems strange, somehow, that we have a bunch of decent, clean, unaddicted, good-working students. We all get along well. So far as I know, there are no personal animosities now. We had a bad one for the first three weeks---a middle-aged once-divorced once-widowed physically ill mother of a teen-aged son. She just didn't belong and couldn't take it. But she needed the money. So old master tactician Joe persuaded her that field work was too hard for her (and indeed it was!); so, she went home to have two surgeries, and will work for Joe in the Museum next fall to finish out the time and money she had coming for the summer. And since she was the only potential problem all has been peaceful and quiet since she left.

The dig is producing lots of broken, scattered bone; quite a few scrapers, hundreds of flakes; no whole spear points and only two or three point fragments so far. Quite a different site from the one they dug two years ago. This one is just inside the fence, along the paved highway from Kersey. Last week Joe put two of the students on a new area farther west into the corn field. I don't know what's turning up there, if anything.

John Rohner, the museum technician (among other things) is coming up today to hold an afternoon session showing the kids how to do casting of points and other artifacts. Joe has been doing quite a bit of chipping this summer---doing it the intellectual way, of course, not so much trying to make anything in particular, but just driving off flakes by first one technique and then another, and watching to see what happens. Learning by doing, as I am learning about pottery by doing it. Given normal intelligence, anybody can be taught by somebody else. To me, it is a lot more fun to explore my own potentials, to see what I can figure out for myself instead of having

3/ somebody else figure it out and then tell me how. I've made several little "pots" and several pendants. I have you in mind for one of the pendants, and I'll send it along as soon as I get them fired.

Last Wednesday Joe flew to Chicago to do two seminar sessions as part of a course in anthropology, sponsored by the Field Museum of Natural History for screened and selected high and junior high school students of outstanding ability. He said he really enjoyed it. I stayed in Boulder to catch up with some of my homework. Marie came up and stayed in camp overnight Wednesday, which is the only night she has spent here; she usually comes up about one day each week, but goes home after "work." Our "weekend" is Thursday afternoon and Friday, and Joe and I go to Boulder. Some of the kids stay in camp, some go home, or wherever they choose. It's the first year we have left "our kids" completely on their own; but with this particular bunch of kids, it seems perfectly all right to do that. They are a sane, responsible group; we don't feel any need to "mother" them.

My hybrid jays are going into their post-breeding moult without having produced any crazy mixed-up



And our love to Don, too, of course.

4/ 2nd-generation hybrids. But since many birds don't reach breeding maturity until the second year, that doesn't prove anything. So, I'm on the hook for at least another year. Many hybrids are not fertile, and maybe these aren't; but I'll have to give them at least another year to prove it one way or the other. In the meantime, I hope they survive and stay with me. Dr. Olwyn Williams, an ornithologist at the university, kindly offered to collaborate with me on a report covering the first year of their lives. She has done a tremendous amount of research through the literature, and has written the report, using the information I have amassed through my daily observations. I have made tape recordings of their vocalizations (they speak Blue Jay, Steller's, and HYBRID!), and she has made sonagrams from the tapes, comparing the graphs with those of both parental species. I have provided photographs, one of which I think will be used as a color plate with the article, which is to appear in THE WILSON BULLETIN, journal of the Wilson Ornithological Society. So---I'm busy, and it's all very exciting. We send our love and VERY BEST wishes for your complete recovery.

Pat & Joe

