

139 Vinsant St
San Antonio, Texas 78235
Monday, 27 December 1971

Dear Don:

Thanks so much for your Christmas card. It reminded me that I had not even answered your letter of 24 June. Please forgive this discourtesy, but things have really been hectic here too. In fact, Mariwade is still writing our Christmas cards! We thought it would be so nice to be stationed here in Texas where we had so many friends and relatives. It is nice, in fact, just a little bit too nice. Mariwade has a brother and his wife statined at Fort Sam Houston, and a nephew and his family stationed at Randolph AFB. She has still another sister stationed in Florida, and I have my family in El Paso. It seems that at least once every week or two someone new comes to town to visit one of the three familys living here, and this is always an occasion to get all of the three familys together. Then, of course, we had to visit my parents in El Paso, and they had to visit us here. We were just begining to settle down when an old friend of Mariwade's family, an 81 year old widow, was in a car accident and broke here clavicle. She lives alone in a trailer in Boerne, Texas. We visited here about 10 days ago and saw that she could not possibly fend for herself, so we bundled her up and brought her in to live with us for a while. Well, Aunt Jane, as we call her, is a spritely old gal who managed to give us many hours of pleasure. She filled us with remarkable stories of the early days in Texas, and of her interesting experiences in some tiny village in the Phillipines where she lived with her husband for a few years. He was in the Army. She told us of the native custom of smoking the dead for many days before intering the remains in caves. She even had a photograph to prove it. Aunt Jane is very self reliant, so we thought it best for her to return ~~home~~ to her trailer park before she lost this self reliance, and became too dependent on us. We took her back yesterday, but will pick her up again for a family reunion we will have at our house on the 30th.

I'm sure that all of this holds little interest for you, but it does give you some idea of what I have been doing since moving here.

~~Friday, Lat~~ Last Friday, Christmas eve, I was cleaning out some of the junk from our storage room and found a box containing the obsidian that a friend of mine sent me from Ascencion, Island. I don't know whether it will be of any real use to you, but it is in fairly large cobbles. I'll try to get it repackaged and sent to you this week. I surely hope that I can get it off this week, for

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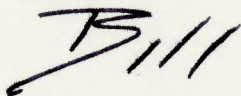
I leave for Alaska on the second of January. It is a business trip for the Air Force, but it will give me an opportunity to visit my son in Fairbanks. He is attending the University of Alaska. We got a call from him on Christmas day, and he gave us the good news that he made three A's and one B this semester. This is his first year at Alaska. He has been to Johns Hopkins, and to the University of Maryland in Germany. He's a rather independent kind of a soul and got sick and tired of the campus life at Hpkins so dropped out and got a job as a janitor at the big radar site in Thule Greenland. He stayed up there for over a year before he came out., but when he did he was eager to get back into the academic world. He talks as if he will go into veterinary medicine, but only time will tell. He is majoring in biological sciences. He took comparative anatomy last semester, and that is what inspired him to go into the veterinary field. Next year he takes an introductory course in anthropology, so maybe that will spark his inteest in anthropology - who knows?

Well, Don, thanks again for your letter and card sorry I didn't respond sooner, but perhaps I can do better in the future.

Say, you asked if you could send me anything to keep up my interest in flint working. Well, I don't think I could tackle the actual work at this time, but you did mention that you would hve some publications out soon. I would appreciate very much receiving reprints. You also mentioned finding some red obsidian at Glass Butte, Oregon. I've never seen red obsidian, and would appreciate your sending me a small piece of it if you still have some left. I would like to have it for my very modest collection of interesting things.

Best wishes to you and yours for a prosperous and productive New Year,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Bill". The letters are stylized and slanted to the right.

W. K. Douglas