

October 26, 1977

Dear Don:

Damn it all, Don, I've been meaning to write you ever since I phoned you - and intended to phone you again to see how you were coming along with your shingles, plexiglass jacket, etc. And I never do. Shameful of me - but anyway, how are you? I do so hope you are doing much better - we need you, friend.

I'm still trying to adjust to life without my Helen. Guess one never really does, does one? But it has to be done, at least outwardly.

Talked with our eldest daughter tonight, and she remarked that Helen was very much with us all, watching and enjoying and sparkling her eyes at our goings on. Curious, that all four children feel that way, as do I, for none of us have ever been to church, have no conventional beliefs - but just a deep inner assurance that she's still with us. Do you have that feeling too, Don? It's a comfort, in a way. But, you know, having lived most of my life in the desert, with Indians and wild animals, etc, I have seen so many evidences of this that I can't laugh them off. Nor do I want to.

After all, I find pipes with bent rods!

Jane proceeds with her thesis. She is now down to the sites themselves, after running lord knows how many variables through the computer, with results which please me, at least, for they say what a good field man would say from observation. But so much faster and so much more detail. Skeptics tell her - but Julian told you what to put into the machine. They don't know our hard-headed Jane!

Hope to sell my business this winter, and go to archeology full time. Writing the Pinacate report, lecturing, doing silverwork;, ojala!

Might even do a little getting around, seeing friends here and there. Let me know how you're doing - a postcard even?

Best, amigo,

Julian

CC.5.2.20