

Perks Boulevard, Cold Spring, New York
10516

Dear Everybody;

I have never particularly liked form letters, but there came a moment when I realized that if I did not write to you all at once I might never write to any of you again, and then none of you would ever write to me again, and then I would be very lonely. Although review letters like this one usually arrive around Christmas, by next Christmas I may again be buried under mounds of work, so I thought I would write now.

Since two Christmases ago, when I last wrote to most of you, all sorts of things have happened. Tracy and I still enjoy our cozy house and each other. We have the inside of the house so filled with plants that we can hardly move, and the outside is catching up fast! We have also increased the elegance of our furnishing by the simple expedient of taking over much of Tracy's parents' furniture in Spring 1976 when they retired early, sold their house and bought a sailboat in which they are sailing around the world - at the moment they are waylaid in the Caribbean and having a lovely time.

Catharine, my then 14 year old niece, stayed with us through Op Sail last summer before returning to Vermont for her Junior year in High School. Although we missed her, it was also nice to be just us again. Her Junior year turned out to be her Senior year (by special petition) and she has just now left for a year with Youth for International Understanding in Belgium, the lucky twerp!

In the middle of last summer, I hatched a plan with a colleague of Tracy's from Lamont for a joint Geological/Archaeological research program in the Straits of Magellan, off the southern tip of South America, for December, 1976. I spent the rest of the summer in Junius Bird's office in the American Museum of Natural History, pouring over his notes and collections from the area and picking his brain for ideas of value to my research, and during the fall semester spent all the time I could away from classes continuing to prepare. Classes were over the 3rd of December and I left on the 6th, having previously warned my students that all their work had to be in on time. Between the 3rd and 6th I spent a day and a half in a committee meeting, graded all my papers for the semester and packed - pant, pant! I returned on January 13th, thereby missing the first day of the second semester classes, which may explain why none of you got Christmas cards last year. The field season, though short, was extraordinarily successful, particularly the three weeks we spent on the "Lancha Vikings," a pilot boat with a family resemblance to the Little Red Tug Boat, cruising the Straits of Magellan and Otway Sound. "We" were a three woman scientific team and a 3 man 1 boy boat crew and we really had a marvelous time together as well as getting an amazing amount of archaeological and geological research accomplished. The crew could not quite get over this group of "Gringas," who, after a full day of work might take off again for another three or four hours of research, or, at the end of a serious day's work, break into Christmas carols. By the end of the trip we had not only built up a large amount of mutual respect (at first they didn't believe that we respected them for their boatmanship just as much as they respected our dedication to science) but also had become friends.

Ce. 5. 6. 1971

Tracy could not join me in Magallanes, but stayed home working and being wined and dined by all of our friends - I think people feel sorrier for men left at home while their wixes are off doing field work than they do for women left at home while their husbands are off. . .

The Spring Semester, begun with a splash after no preparation and no vacation, was something of a nightmare, particularly as I spent it sweating about whether or not I would be appointed to a second term as an assistant professor - I was, thank goodness! The semester was saved by Spring Break, which we spent in the Virgin Islands with Tracy's parents. The sun, sea and sails were beautiful and much needed: without them I do not think I would have made it through the rest of the semester. Pat and Art have a 32 foot Westsail, the "Lovely", which accomidates four with no strain, and we wandered around the American and English Virgins in complete bliss.

This summer I have been working on a massive review paper, "Flint Knapping Experiments: 1838-1976," which I just finished and sent off the Current Anthropology. It should come out in July 1978, which will be nice. I now have a couple of small papers that I want to get out of the way before the end of the summer so that next year I can devote all of my time to teaching without worrying about publishing. Year after next, I get a sabbatical - wheeee-! [Incidentally, since "All work and no play. . ." I have also been concentrating on improving my tennis game (with TJ's help), encouraging vegetables and flowers to grow and otherwise amusing myself.

Tracy is still at Lamont, studying real earthquakes and creating miniature ones in the lab. Twitcho disappeared last summer, so we are left with our two lady cats, Tabatha Twitchit and Tiger, as our resident non-hominid fauna (we spent last weekend fumigating the 6-legged fauna. . .). We also acquired an outside cat last winter, at his insistence. He is a rather unattractive animal with a hideous voice whose most frequent soubriquet is Grungy Beast. We discovered the other day that in addition to all his other faults, he is two-timing us: he arrived with a flea collar on!

Much love to you all! If I don't take off again for South America Ill try to write to you each at Christmas - if you don't hear, it's not that we don't care, but that we have gotten ourselves buried under too many things to do again and can't find time.

Cheers,

Lucy (and Tracy too)

Dear Don:

A much delayed answer to your November note I did not get to see your friend Tom Miller because I dove down the west side of the Andes + raced back up again. However, I will save his name because one of these trips to S.A. I'm going to take some time for vacationing! I think you'll enjoy my flint knapping paper - it owes so much to you.
(over)

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I have also just completed a short report on my southern adventures for Nawa Packer - haven't yet heard whether that's been accepted. Yesterday & today I wrote the introduction & a Precis of a book I want to write - I'm going to submit it first to a friend who is an editor at Wiley-Interscience, and if they don't ~~not~~ want it, I'll try around. It is on the interrelationships between technology and ecology in the physical and cultural evolution of humans. I'm quite excited about it and think it would be great fun to write.

We are very fond of our little house. It is surrounded by trees so that even during this drought the grass has stayed green - it has slowed down growing, but the lawn mower (me) doesn't mind that at all. The one problem is that the vegetables don't get ripe very fast, but I'm going to pick our first tomato tonight. Last fall we planted a bunch of lilies and have been having a great time watching them come up and slowly turn color & then open (we had of course forgotten which one we put where...). The last one is out now and is a heady smelling, spectacularly colored large purple & white spotted individual by the name of "Empress of India" - ever ~~so~~ so elegant & definitely regal!

Much love to you from us both - take good care of yourself.

Love, Lucy (L)