



Carcassonne, 1970

JHG

3816 West Biddison
Ft. Worth, Texas 76109
October 10, 1970

Dearest Nell,

Thank you for your marvelous letter about the book; but I am so sorry to hear you still have the croup. Father George says his mother used to feed him sugar sprinkled with kerosene for the croup, but I don't advise it.

I really worried about your reaction to the book, Nell. I am such a clod, it looked beautiful to me, but I feared that with your much better eye and your much better taste you would be disappointed.

Now I have been sedated the last couple of days (since seeing the doctor on Thursday - Saturday morning now) so I don't know if I wrote you that they have rescheduled the surgery for November 24th. The pancreas heals slowly, and they want to play it a little safer to avoid the chance of excessive bleeding. But I am doing all right. The nerves in the arms are replacing themselves right on schedule (the ones damaged by lightning.)

I notice in some of the foreign photo magazines that Scrimshaw Press's book (title forgotten, but the one you showed me) is really getting rave reviews. I am going to order a copy. Frederick Mitchell and his wife remain very enthusiastic about Father George's photos and hope to do something with them.

I gave Father George the photography Annual with your reply to the technical questionnaire - a classic. He relished it as we did.

Now, love, I am going to have to leave for a week or ten days to go to the Philadelphia area schools. Black gangs and white gangs are apparently headed for clashes in some of those schools and I have been called again to try to calm things. I hate to go, and I cannot imagine that I can do any good now, but it has to be attempted. I need not tell you how vile things are, and even worse, how utterly helpless people seem to be; and in their helplessness they exacerbate the situation rather than calm it. And of course the administration is simply driving them into deeper confusion. It is insane, highly volatile and dangerous. If I can stop one cutting or killing, I have to make the attempt. All for now. Great love to you from all of us here, *John*