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February 6, 1969

Dear Betty and Powell (*estrilled*)

At last the Galapagos books have arrived and I will send you a copy almost immediately. I think the delay was caused by the longshoremen's strike on the east coast. I am rather impressed by your staying up to see the Tonight show, and I don't believe Powell's missing his first appointment was worth the end of the Tonight show. But your loyalty and friendship were very touching.

This weekend I am going to San Francisco for the Sierra Club Board meeting, and as soon as I return, snow or not, I am going to the Smokies and will hope for the best. So far, as far as I know, there's been no winter there. I did get a copy of Ron's falcon picture but I have not seen his evening grosbeaks. I'll take your word that they are marvelous.

I am having my flash equipment rebuilt to solid state circuitry at an outrageous cost but I think it is worth it. I will also have an electronic device built for the motorized Hasselblad, the circuit diagram for which was sent me by Greenewalt.

Perhaps Powell's hernia, the repair of which he has brushed off so lightly, had its origins in those sweaty swamp expeditions in Minnesota when he helped me carry all those heavy pieces of equipment. This must be an occupational disease of bird photographers.

The wedding we went to was not Pat's, it was Steve's. He and Kathy found they were temperamentally too much alike and eventually parted ways. His new wife is entirely different. I think this time the experiment should be more successful.

If you detect anything peculiar about this letter, it is because it has been dictated. That's something I am not very expert at as yet.

Best to you both.

Affectionately

Eliot