

Tuesday, May 7, 1968

The second time in the life of the District of Columbia when residents may vote; by voting today in the so-called primary we may vote in November for President.

Dear Boris:

We have been very remiss in not writing you earlier to thank you for your notes from California and for the kodak pictures. The one of you and Bill is really excellent. It was right after that that dire things began to happen to the District of Columbia and the passage of time has in some ways been very meteoric (or at least so it seemed); and then again it seems as if it had been a millenium between then and now. The situation here is worrisome--there is still to come the "Peace March" and only heaven knows what it will bring; but so far we here in this specific area have been untouched and are quite all right. Of course if anything starts again the Federal Troops will be brought in, and our proximity to the Capitol is our good fortune.

I think we shall long remember that fateful week beginning January 31. The President's speech that night with its two bombshells of news; on Tuesday morning Bill--with no advance indications whatsoever--suffered a severe heart episode, followed by fever, of all things; his temperature was really very high for a person of his age; then flu developed and probably pneumonia. I say probably because the doctors were taking no house calls in the disturbances after the assassination of Dr. King. Antibiotics were made available by Saturday morning, as the city began to rear its head again. The doctor said "flu or pneumonia, whichever it is, will yield to the antibiotic". As eventually it did. But for two weeks thereafter he had such an agonizing, wracking, wrenching cough that one wondered how he survived that.

The weather has staid very cool here--our furnace still runs all nights and some of the days, but the flowers and color everywhere has been stunning. Our own side garden is a harmonious mixture of lavender wisteria and Talisman roses, rich in both size and hue.

David Kahn continues to be a nuisance. We have never replied a single syllable to any of his entreaties or attentions, but the stream continues. Today there is a package. We arent even opening it. Bill turns over his letters to an attorney to answer. The May number of Popular Science magazine has a re-write of his book, they call it a condensation in their own words; and there is a photograph of you ~~axam~~ and one of us. Drat his soul! I wish he had been the subject of a spyhunt and had been wiped out--Rubbed out, I believe is the proper term in that world!

We hope you have a very happy summer. We are so sorry we did not have a chance to see more of you. All our love,

*"Cryptology's only millionaire" it says.