

October 15, 1959

Dear Mother,

Painting is coming along very well, with only part of the trim around windows, the garage and back doors (second coat), and part of the west wall cinderblocks still to do before I am finished. I doubt whether all together it is more than one day's work. Undoubtedly I'll finish this weekend.

Bill Baum arrived Tuesday morning (I wasn't there), and phoned about dinnertime to wangle his invitation. I told him that I couldn't see him before Thursday, 8:00 p.m.--it is 7:30 now, and I have not seen him. He didn't seem to be aware of anything different. I wonder how long this can last? Undoubtedly there'll be much more to write before I finish this.

Tuesday evening I went off to the movies to see the "Diary of Anne Frank". I met Helen Van Court (a friend of Evelyn Roat's--she's a clerk at the P.O., also flies, and was in the swimming class with me a year ago) immediately, who asked me to join her and a flying friend, a Mrs. Chin. Among others there, Braulio and Beatrice Iriarte, and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Sr. (she's an attorney--member of AAUW, and a very charming and alert person). The movie was long, but I guess that it is really an epic, as claimed. Have you seen it?

The length of a circle, deduced from the formula to obtain it, obviously means the circumference. That is what happens when people try to invent "simple" expressions for things that have explicit names. Obviously the orbits of these things never are exactly circular, and the matter of figuring the length of the circumference of an ellipse is not a simple matter (elliptic integrals).

Last weekend was shot doing business with a photographer from Phoenix sent up for MADEMOISELLE. It is confidential until January, but I am to receive one of the 10 MADEMOISELLE merit awards for the year. We were deluged by telegrams addressed to the "Public Information Officer", Naval Observatory, Flagstaff, asking for background information on me and my work for a "feature" article. I was simply too busy to do anything about it, but wrote that I would try to do something this week, if they wished me to do so. The answer was a telephone call from New York, arrangements for the photographer from the agency in Phoenix, plus some more specific information on just what they wanted. I got three single-spaced pages off to them last Monday morning, airmail special delivery, as requested. I have been officially notified, but asked to keep it secret. I suppose that means as far as the press and the general public is concerned, for obviously Art and Joe know through the telegrams and operations at the Station, and the Halls know. As far as I know, nothing is connected with it except the write-up in the January 1960 MADEMOISELLE, plus any possible prestige connected with it. In due time, I'll tell Mary Lou Torgerson, if they don't look after that themselves. In this small town, it should be worth a story. I can't say that this hurts my feelings, for



every little bit strengthens my hand in Washington. Miss Riffield telephoned the Director of the Almanac Office (I presume Woolard, but she couldn't remember the name), in attempts to get information when they did not get immediate reply to their telegram. He seemed to think well of me, but didn't know much about what I was doing, I gather. She also telegraphed the chairman of the astronomy department at U.C. for information, but got no reply from there.

The Pedersons hit complications in their plans to build--they are having trouble selling their house without taking too much beating in price. They've decided to wait until a better time of year and try again.

Bill Barn arrived Tuesday morning (I wasn't there), and phoned about dinner on Friday morning. I told him that I couldn't see him before Thursday, 8:00 p.m.--it is 7:30 now, and I have not things are settled between Bill and me, and I think we can still be friends. I was very grateful for his rational reaction to my decision and the reasoning that led to it. He was quite upset and disappointed, it was plain to see, but he also has enough wits about him to realize what has to be done. I went off to the movie to see "The Day After Tomorrow". I met Helen Van Court (a friend of Evelyn Root's--she's Bill's own maternal situation is still unsettled, the divorce suit is being tried on his complaint--Shelly has not filed) and discussed further questions of who is right and who is wrong. A very charming and alert person. I already well already.

The schedule for the weekend involves finishing the painting, a good bit of ironing, vacuuming the joint in preparation for company, and some writing of various descriptions, if I can find time for it. Ichiro Hasegawa will be here next Friday night (a week hence) for a couple of days. I'm planning toward a dinner for him Saturday night. Kent Ford is all worked up over trips with his girlfriend, and wants to include a whole gang in. He asked Marge (Hoag) whether Art and I could go, according to Art. I don't see where the time is going to come from. I'm back to observing Monday evening, even though it is only for an hour or so, and there is a AAUW meeting that I want very much to go to on Tuesday.

Off to errands and lunch. Then there is a colloquium at Lowell. I saw a "feature" article. I was all information on me and my work for a "feature" article. I was all too busy to do anything about it, but wrote that I would try to do something this week, if they wished me to do so. The answer was a telephone call from New York, arrangements for the photographer from the agency in Phoenix, plus some more specific information on just what they wanted. I got three single-spaced pages off to them last Monday morning, airmail special delivery, as requested. I have been officially notified, but asked to keep it secret. I suppose that means as far as the press and the general public is concerned, for obviously Art and Joe know through the telegrams and operations at the Station, and the Hallis know. As far as I know, nothing is connected with it except the write-up in the January 1960 MADAMOISELLE, plus any possible practice connected with it. In due time, I'll tell Mary Lou Ferguson, if they don't look after that themselves. In this small town, it should be worth a story. I can't say that this hurts my feelings, for

Love,