

Sunday, December 9th

Dearest Faith:

Such long, newsy and informative letters from you. I can see you (I mean SNCC) are starting at the beginning, when you speak of "a core of twenty people or so registered in each county." That's so few, I'd have supposed there were many more than that before you even got there. It must take great courage, as well as the poll tax, for them to take the step.

The hours you keep! I hope you won't work yourself to the bone. That way, you wouldn't do yourself or anyone any good.

I think I didn't tell you, but a couple of months ago I found I was running a low fever. The doctor, after a series of tests, traced it to a tooth (or bone) infection, which I am now going to Dr. Ferholt to clear up. But last Tuesday one of the spots flared up, Dr. F. supposedly fixed it on Friday, and it's been hellish ever since. When I spoke to D. on the phone today she said he had done a poor job for you, and I just wish I weren't such a coward and could bring myself to leave him. It's a question of ripping out five teeth or scraping the bone to get rid of the infection.

(She) I'd hoped to see Deb today, but she was sick. Went to dinner at Sardi's last night, had lobster, and that was followed by ptomaine poisoning. What with my own substandard condition, I won't have her here for a sort of birthday dinner, as I'd wanted to, but we'll combine them on Christmas Eve. She's also going to bring her friend Allen. I wish you were going to be with us. Do you know what you will do on Christmas Day? I hope someone has you to dinner.



Christmas has crept up on me suddenly this year, and I don't know what I'll give anyone. What would you like? Or what do you need? Clothes? Food? Money? Something to read? Do please let me know, but quick, if you have any ideas. I told Deb that since I'm going to Switzerland, with a side trip to Italy, in February, I'd be happy to get a few coins that I could spend there....

Today <sup>+</sup> learned what an idiot I was in writing to you about Swami Nikhilananda. I seem to have thought Albany and Atlanta are the same thing.... (Well, I'm OK at some things.)

The weather is stinking here - cold, windy, and snowy. Would you like a sweater? I must go take some aspirin and get some dinner.

Much love,

Daddy