

March 2, 1964

Dear Family,

At last I've a few spare moments to sit down and tell you all that has been going on in the last couple weeks or so. (But, darn it, I had made up a list of things to tell and now can't find it, so...).

What fun it was to see Dave again, if only for a short while. The meet, as you must have heard, was a real exciting one -- haven't cheered so much since high school days. Afterwards Georgette, myself, D and two of his freinds went to dinner (hilarious, naturally) at Chez Dreyfus, which I had understood to be a fairly good restaurant (by whose standards I now begin to wonder) -- the waitress was such a numbskull that ~~she~~ I'm surprised we ate at all. I do hope that Dave didn't find our party too much of a drag (though I haven't heard from him one way or the other as yet). We calculate that in all there must have been about 100 people in attendance (which is a heck of alot for our small place). The group was really varied: from Scotland to Nigeria, Harvard Law School to the Harvard Square gang (a bunch of bums, as far as I am concerned) -- but they all seemed to mingle quite well. Fortunately Judy had the brilliant idea of moving all the furniture out of our bedroom and into G's room so that there was space for dancing. I do hope that we have fulfilled our entertaining commitments for a while as our apartment just can't take that kind of a beating too often without caving in. It sure was a ghastly place to look at after everyone left. Not only were empty beer cans and crunched potato chips profuse, but the place was just ~~xxx~~ plain dirty from mud that people had tracked in. We literally swept the whole mess out five times before even thinking of washing the floors. Ugh!

As you can imagine, we have been very much involved in the civil rights movement here in Boston. (We unfortunately can get only incomplete reports on what is going on in Cleveland, though it sounds as though things are not exactly quiet there either.) The three of us attended the last rally just before the school boycott last week. Dick Gregory was pretty good, but by the time he finally arrived to speak, everyone was pretty much exhausted and so couldn't appreciate him to the full. Theodore Bikel also spoke and was very good.

Louise Day Hicks, the leading light on the Boston School Committee, has been making a real ass of herself all over town. She has appeared on several TV shows in debate, and, like a typical hysterical woman, argues so illogically that after a while she isn't even fun to listen to. After working with NSM, it makes us wonder which "culturally deprived children" these are who are receiving "even more attention than the average Boston schoolchild". They are such blatant lies, at least as far as our experience has shown, that it is incomprehensible to me how the Committee can be so blind. The next project, it is rumored, will be a NAACP-sponsored rent ~~ri~~ strike, like the one which was so successful in New York City. This is really an exciting time to live, n'est-ce pas? If only it will all end in at least a somewhat better world.

Mom, we tried the new curry recipe which you sent along about a month ago -- I must have done something wrong (or maybe I didn't), but the stuff was awfully dry -- sort of like cereal without milk. Haven't heard from Nan yet. I opened a savings account with my tax refund for the government and it now has \$200 in it! I feel so rich. Jaye Robinson called the other night when I was out -- Judy talked with her I guess -- Jaye says she is living right around Harvard Square somewhere (though I couldn't find her name in the phone book). So I'm still waiting for her to call back as I've no way to get in touch with her until then. I've really been busy in the office of late, especially in the afternoon. Mr. Sander went out of town for a few days, leaving me with a 50-page manuscript to type up for him, plus a 30-page cut-and-paste outline for a speech he will be giving and which I have to put together. In the meantime, he hasn't finished grading his exams yet (grades were supposed to be out last Friday) -- and we had so many irate students in the office then that, at last report, he had locked himself in at home so as to finish the exams in peace. I don't expect to see him around for a few days and will have to face the students alone.

So glad that the weather has taken a turn for the better again, though it will be at least a week before all the snow disappears. There are daily traffic jams in the same places -- they never learn! Time to fumigate our back porch and prepare for spring. We had a bomb scare here at the law school last Friday. Guess there's nothing else of excitement for the moment. Hope you are all well. Sounds as though the P-burgh plans are finally under way.

Love,
Pat