

10-26-67

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Enclosed clips and other items will reassure you that I am still enjoying the view and have not been completely overcome by the confusion current in Area DIH.

Carl, I really appreciate your offer to write to Rabeau. I would not know if it would help or hinder, and am still of opinion that we should attempt to get me out of Indian Health.

Program Appraisal Committee recommended that all Areas consider hiring a Public Information Officer. Doctor Robertson is a man who would not want a woman in this capacity. This is a matter of psychological maturity. Bullying him into accepting me would not help him, nor you, nor me.

Your interest, however, is helpful. There are few people to whom I can turn for so much comprehension. Not even Keeler. You are very important to me at this time, just as a friend.

John Rathbone of Civil Service, in confidence, confirmed for me that his audit of my desk caused him to report me performing at Public Information Officer GS-9. He agreed that Doctor McBrayer had managed to cut my position down from GS-11 to GS-9. Rathbone realizes that Robertson is now attempting to cut it down to the present Public Information Specialist GS-7 (trainee status) level. I did not tell him that Robertson is bent on making a clerk-steno out of me in order to assure the classification, for I am trying to ignore this, myself! (This business of a news reporter being able to type is confusing. First, you have a hard time getting them to assign you a typewriter, and later you find it hanging around your neck.) As of Monday, my Secretary was assigned full time to the man with whom I have shared her. It would take me three months to train another for the very specialized typing required for multilithing "Talking Leaves." But we have not had a newsletter since Robertson arrived. He still talks as if we were going to produce one at any time, but cannot come to grips with it, and does not want to turn loose, because then I would be functioning as a Public Information Officer! But you do not need to know the ghastly detail, nor the iniquitous manner in which such developments are brought about. Small memories save me. Once, after a heinous ~~xxx~~ session which on the surface appeared friendly, I realized that I was understanding for the first time why the Navajos <sup>get</sup> together to chuckle when they discover ~~the~~ the trader ~~was~~ cheating. In their religion they do not feel they have to pound on the counter; that such a one eventually is taken care of by the forces of evil which he is courting. They just work harder at their own mental reaction, to be quite sure they are not sucked into doing likewise.

Charlie's calling Bruce Cafky was good. All Bruce did was admonish me to get in ~~there~~ and fight, and I did. Won 30%; lost 50%; 20% area still to be known. He also repeated his recommendation to his Dallas office that I would be a good choice for them, and a help to him in his district, particularly, *if they hired me,*



I have applied for Federal examination to qualify for interviewing medicare type clients in Joe McCain's organization. The examination is to be held in January. If Social Security can classify me correctly for what I do for them, it would be best to go to them, despite the waste in the public relations and newspaper, radio and TV work of the past years.

Sid Carney was at OIO and I met his wife, whom I like. He, surprisingly, encouraged me to send him Form 57. This would be a way to salvage the work in Indian Health.

In the June "Talking Leaves" which Robertson would not clear, I had a brief story on Carney sent to me by Les Towle and to whom I gave credit. IHAD's reaction was: "Let BIA do their own public information. That's not what you are hired for!" All the other stuff he did not clear was equally surprising to me.

When I called Joe McBride, Sr., to see if he would serve as a reference for Carney, he was keen on the idea of my serving BIA from Anadarko. His enthusiasm was so gratifying that I almost cried, for I am being brought to a point here of doubting my own abilities.

Without uncovering above, I wrote to George Cross and Dr. Holloman asking them to scrape up some research funds and borrow me from PHS for a year. If I could get away before Robertson completes his plan to undo me, and give him a year free of me as a problem, a lot of things might clear. At least it is a way for me to avoid being wasted and frustrated. PHS funds, we learned too late, cannot be used for study in Journalism schools. But surely there are some other funds which could be used to do a study in public information in public health. It is timely.

I am sending you news item on Shriver and a book for kindergarden. I was tempted to send you a box of crayolas to amuse your staff. There is a note for you inside the cover. You would have been impressed with OIO's Indian Achievement Day. I was, in more ways than La Donna's wise use of Shriver. I wish you could have been on hand when Ray Parr emceed Sigma Delta Chi's tribute to George Cross Tuesday night. George is handling himself so well. Did you know that he and Cleo were attendants in my wedding? They are one of the few couples who comprehend my divorce. They have been so loyal that my pride in them is deeply personal.

Malvina Stevenson gave you an important plug in Tulsa paper . . . a note about your looking plump and healthy. I was glad for McAlester Country Club! ~~who watches you on television and when you come home with the same kind of interest they~~ That gal is a real friend. I would love to know her through you. Good luck to you and your staff.

*Sula*