

Dear All:

Since Tyrell wrote a Christmas letter every year, I am sending you this. He died, as you know, on July 6. His younger sister, Adele, died in early November. Since his older sister, Lorraine, died some time ago, there is now no one left of that immediate family. Tyrell began getting warnings of his health condition in 1994 when he had to spend a week in the hospital after what was called a heart attack. He had a heart condition which lessened the circulation of blood, which turned out to be a good thing, though it left him dizzy all the time, because he also had an aneurysm in his abdominal aorta which might have burst otherwise. At the time he died, he had been smoking for 70 years, often two packs a day. I tried to get him to stop and he did go to a clinic for a week but soon resumed. In the last two years he was frequently in and out of the hospital emergency room. Each time he came back he started smoking again. Late this spring, when the doctors ex-rayed his heart, they saw cancerous fluid in his lungs. He went to the hospital two more times and then was under 24-hour a day nursing care in our home, with lots of additional care from hospice nurses and specialists, but each day we could see the cancer moving into his brain. When he died, he suddenly looked very happy, almost blissful, probably because the ordeal was over. Our granddaughter, Blythe, was here at the time and my assistant, Charlotte Rivers. After he was taken away, I took them both out to dinner where Blythe carried the conversation with considerable wit and charm.

Needless to say, it was a strain for me. He had a number of visitors toward the end, some of them house guests; and this house and its grounds require a lot of maintenance. I continued to run Atherton Press and to go to the conferences I had to go to, to keep up with the work of writing and publishing (including delivery of a paper about the globalization of the auto industry at the International Studies Assn. conference and papers at the annual meeting of the International Society for the Comparative Study of Civilizations, as well as attendance at the meetings of the American Historical Assn., the American Legal History Assn. and the association for City Planning History). My *Toward Holistic History* came out in February and I worked the rest of the year writing *The World's Earliest Cities*, covering not only 10,000 years before the Roman empire but also the preconditions back to the beginning of tectonic plate movements, ice ages and the evolution of man. It is now done except for last minute details. My next three books which I will publish next year—see enclosed flyers—were begun quite a few years ago. Many competing claims on my time kept me from finishing them before this. Next year I will also publish works by other authors.

Our daughters, Lesley and Tyra, were extremely helpful in their Dad's final weeks. Tyra was playing in a chamber music group in North Carolina when the final crisis came, and she came right home. Lesley took time out from her work as assistant to the president of the Carl Sagan Foundation to come help. Both had helped earlier that spring when their Dad was in the hospital. Our grandchildren, Nick and Blythe, also came. (Nick has one more year to go at the University of California, Santa Cruz and Blythe is in her second

year at Sarah Lawrence. Nick is deep into music-recording.) Lesley and Tyra made the funeral and burial arrangements and did a splendid job. Tyrell's gravesite is high on a hill looking down the wooded valley leading to the Pacific ocean. From the site the ocean's top is a great curve, the horizon of the world. He is buried next to a small tree and his grave marker says about him "Inventor" and "1916-2001". The service was at a funeral home in San Carlos which he designed. Tom and Wendy, two of his older children, spoke; also, Sammy, his daughter Linda's son; and Barclay Simpson. Wendy's daughter, Elizabeth, came and Tyrell's former assistants and friends at Simpson company, as well as other friends of the family. He was buried in his tuxedo, in which he looked very handsome, with his father's engraved gold cuff links.

Before Tyrell died, in June we hired a young contractor to turn one-half of the two-car garage attached to the living room end of our house into a second front hall and stairway so that we could add a chairlift. As it turned out, we could not get a chairlift to fit into the new stair and it now goes up the old stairway leaving the new stair for regular traffic. All of that construction was going on during his last weeks spent in our front study, and it was diverting for him since he spent much of his life in the construction industry. However, the details were not all finished at the time he died; some won't be done until after Christmas. I had that, all sorts of financial details, and a number of other details to attend to. I took time out on September 9 to go to New York City to a United Nations NGO conference which I attend every year as delegate of the International Organization for the Unification of Terminological Neologisms. I had gone to the opening day sessions on September 10 and was coming down the elevator of my hotel (right across the street from the U.N.) on September 11 to be greeted by the concierge asking us to leave the hotel and go home if possible. That hotel is where the U.N. delegates stay, and the New York police chief had called the U.N. immediately after the first plane crashed into a tower in the city. As it turned out, I could not leave because the airport was closed down. There were so many false bomb scares in the city, the subways and commuter rail lines were closed for awhile, as well as the bridges out of town. Each day I called the airline, and each day my flight was canceled. So I wandered around midtown Manhattan, mostly to bookstores. I got the last reservation to go out by train, which would have taken several days to reach the west coast, and was preparing to leave on Saturday when suddenly flights were leaving from LaGuardia airport again. I had to haul my bags two blocks at 4 a.m. to get to a taxi because the whole U. N. area was cordoned off, but I got the first plane taking off for the west coast. It was supposed to be a direct flight, but they dumped me in Minneapolis. I finally arrived home 13 hours later.

The rest of the year has been very busy. Lesley and Tyra flew in to spend Thanksgiving with me. We ate at the California Café at the Stanford Barn on the Stanford campus, the first time since I was married 56 years ago that we did not have Thanksgiving at home. It was quite cheerful anyway, and full of people. And we are going to have Christmas at home with an eight-foot tree and gift-exchange as usual. I am sure Tyrell would want to say Merry Christmas to you all. Corinne Gilb