

5/14/83

Dear Howard, *Bray*

When I thought of ~~sending~~^{sen}ding you a copy of this letter, which has nothing to do with anything at all funny, I suddenly thought of a true story that is not inappropriate and may amuse you.

When I was a soldier in OSS, in its Presentation Branch, made up largely of Hollywood and Madison Avenue types, I was one of the few who'd had even basic training. Most, including our first sergeant, had never stood in any formation-
ever. So, when we had to form up, I was kept in the front rank to tell him what to say and the others to do.

Oss was embarrassed and decided that every soldier had to have at least basic training. One of these men was the editor of Click when I was its DC correspondent. He got axed for publishing my cartel and other exposures.

He was sent to one of OSS's secret instalations near Quantico and it just happened that I was sent on assignment to another one nearby, with a first lt. as a driver (I was a private) and a civilian photog. That was the real OSS. The private was actually the boss!

Knowing this was about to happen. I went to a fancy French bakery of the day, on Penna. Ave., NW, *Beu's*, gave them a hacksawblade and asked them to bake it in a nice cake.

Everybody enjoyed the comic-strip joke and we had a nice little party with that cake.

I don't expect to wind up in jail and if I did I'd not be able to do much with a hacksaw blade, so I'm not asking for it.

Best wishes,

AE