

11/24/68

Dear Jim,

As a remarkable coincidence, I took a picture of where the Jensen Air Lines plane ditched as I first landed at your airport. I've been telling my wife the sensation of going through the bottles of the soup and this time I had a camera set for it. Nice to know I wasn't there.

Time's real when you're going from LA to San Diego, and the 30 minutes time was multiplied by 12 before we finally landed. Fog again, and midway up pm. Two passes at San B, no good. They close the LA airport while we were landing, landed by radar between invisible mountains (save for the very tops-what a sensation) at what must be the longest landing strip in the world, at Miramar.

Trip extended as I spent an explicit hour in the desert at one of the world's real-time men in Dallas. Very successful. Will tell in conference again. I am again there. Can't say anything now, but tale should lead to something.

Your magazine file arrives in my absence. I've just begun to hit the back of lectures and haven't yet typed a word. I'm in LA because of the return, what work there. Love you!

Sorry I didn't get to do your show, but when you learn what I learned and get it that time to see that you the suppressed pictures of Vercelli's literature (contributing to the cause), I hope you will agree I did right to go. I also saw the real, and I hope you see, the difference in the air. There is a junior version on an air station in San Diego, where we saw it for several hours.

With thanks. Hope we get together next time, and that is for sure.

Sincerely,

Herold