

Dear Dave,

2/2.90

This is an incomplete copy of what I've mailed you that I'm not wasting.

We don't know what is carried by the foreign papers but aside from that I've heard nothing of any other reporting of what the Post does report.

That they report it is interesting, as is the fact that for most of their readers they leave the significance out. Very few will put it all together.

I don't know ~~xxxx~~ whether some of my recollections of the past that in some instances were not essential to the note I was making would amuse or interest but I thought a few might.

Just getting to New York for the Pfizer Science Comes To the Farm Exposition was an adventure! It was a helluva storm.

One of the food editors I refer to, the one whose name I remembered but would mean nothing to you, introduced me to the man who ran what then was famous, The Forum of the Twelve Caesars, probably the fanciest restaurant in New York then, and they bought from me for a while. On several occasions when I was there he introduced me to some of those who were famous. To others, at least, and he asked me if I could get and raise for him authentic Roman Geese. They are a very obscure but separate breed. I went to much trouble and in Canada found some from which I could breed. By the time I was able to tell him I was prepared to provide some he'd lost his interest. Interesting, able guy name Joe Baum. The outfit was a big one, Restaurant Associates, - think. (Just sold)

Those geese go back to the time, before it, really, that Rome was invaded by some Germanic people, I've forgotten which. They got to Cataline Hill. Rome then used watch dogs and the savages penetrated past where the dogs were staked. But the geese, these Roman geese, did sound the alarm and the invaders were repelled.

Too bad Lil was so ill for that Pfizer affair. It was quite something, all the most prominent in food and our display of our dressed poultry is what attracted most attention and slowed the scheduled tours of the editors, in small parties, up to the point where the Pfizer people asked me to see if I could sort of push them along, take less time with them.

They did have live animals in that Waldorf ballroom! What I remember best is a Holstein steer weighing a out a ton with a fistula in his belly. They could unscrew a plate and remove what he was digesting and analyze it, their scientists could. That is the kind of farm they had, with many, many chickens of their own on it.

^{The duck, the duck}
Sparrow did kill the deal Collins was ready to make for Whitewash. Steve Barber, who was a friend, the conservative Washington correspondent of the conservative London Telegraph, told me he had the intelligence connection I report. He was an Oxford recruiter. That Oxford provided spies on the other side is not mentioned in any of the many books on ^{the duck, the duck} ~~the duck, the duck~~ spying. A dear friend, Sidney Kaufman, who among other things produced an Emmy for NBC-TV, got friends of his in Europe trying to help me. The woman who tried with Whitewash and got Collins to read it was the Baroness Laura Sudberg. Sidney told me she had been the mistress of many famous Englishmen and was really J. Arthur Rank's brains in the movies he produced. He also left a copy with a woman friend of his at Fischer's in Germany. Too bad she never thought to try to reach me through him when she got no response from me. I did think meet her later and she told me what I noted. She was my source, in any event. Sidney's wife, who also became a dear friend, is the daughter of James P. Warburg and the famous Broadway actress, Kay Swift. Warburg was a liberal Democratic essayist and I think a banker. He helped land of the Polaroid invention get started and left Andrea, Sidney's wife, his interest or part of it.

I'm about to take Lil to the bank and to supper. Some time I must remember to tell you a few stories about Sidney and his adventures and exploits. He was wonderful and a very able man. And a fine, fine friend. Best,