







When Bud phoned me this pm to tell me of the arrival of something I'd been expecting, I inquired about his trip to Houston, having just gotten an envelope from him mailed there ${ }_{\text {a }}$ He didn't know what I was talkinga about, not having been out of Washington for two week and then not having been in Houston (andthe contents much more current than that anyway, both prepared after his last trip).

The mainla envelope bore his DC return address but neither stamps nor a DC postmark. It has two Hpusdon cancellations, both pale, Between them Nov and an 8 and an M can be discerned. There are four stamped "Air Mail Speciel Delivery" stamps on the fach. There is a postage meter stamp for $95 \phi$, the meter No. PR 5y5536. The envelope was unglued lengthwise and almost entirely unglued at the flap, to which a short piece of Magic tape had been added. Although the end of nthe envelope away from the flap is not stadk as fast as one expects on manufacture, it is stuck much better than the rest of the envelope.

My postoffice stamped this envelope on receipt, its practise (and I presume the stamdard one) with special-delivery envelopes. It is , arked as having been received at 6:15 asme today by the special-delivery section. I picked it up at about 8:30 anm.

One of the strange things is that there is no sign of either stamps having been present and removed or of Bud's postage meter.

But thinks he mailed this Friday, Thursday was Thanksgiving.
What I mailed him Friday had not reached him by adbout 3 p.m* today
Now there is no airport here, no air mail from Washington here, as Bud knows. He also knows there is no special delivery out in the country. Washington is only 50 miles away.

By a coincidence that seems less than remarkable, what was supposed to have been mailed to me from NY Wednesday has not yet reached me, and recently five letters, all mailed on different days, reached my publisher in a single mail delivery.

There will be a formal complaint to the chief inspector of the Post Effice Dept., who Bud knows, but because we discussed this on our phones, there is what would seem to be a reasonable presumption somebody will not be surprised.

Why Houston is a mystery. There is a thing about Houston, When my baggage was incrcepted in May 1968, when I left "inneapolis for Kansas City en route to New Orleans, on a plane that didn't go to Houston and whose next and terminal stop was at Dallas, my baggage was found at the Houston terminal, and in the possession of a differern air line. At least, that is what Braniff told me. and this seems like a peculiar take for them to have invented.

Most ridiculous of all, the contents of the mailing are public papers, filed in court! Somebody got very little,

I hope it will be possible to trace the meter, but if it is at a post office, which also uses them, it will mean nothings



## Mail-mine 4/14/71

Jerry took Michele to lunch today. She told him that the second Bandy show had gotten the largest mail and more calls than any other and that she had forwarded the mail to me.

It hasn't yet arrived. It is more than 2 weeks.
By coincidence, I got something Bernabei had sent $3 / 8$ yesterday, without cancellation and with the flap resealed with rubber cement that had not been allowed to dry first.

