

Dear Paul,

1/31/98

Your 1/27 admission that you volunteered your wife <sup>w</sup>without asking her reminds me of what may amuse you both.

During the Great Depression things in Washington at least were a little different. Everybody tried to help everyone he could as people went there looking both to help the country and to <sup>get</sup> a job. My wife found that I had invited people she'd never heard of to stay with us overnight when we had but a small, two-room apartment. Some became and remained friends, many we never heard of again. Before then, when some of us men lived together, it was like that, strangers overnight.

Before World War II, when I was Washington correspondent for what was then the third largest picture magazine, Click, for a story I was ~~was~~ doing to popularize ~~stilk~~ silk substitutes, I made an arrangement, probably through the show's flack, to use the star of a show then at The National Theater in Washington as a model.

The show was the then <sup>sen</sup>sational success, the Olson and Johnson Helzapopin. Possibly before your time? I never went to see the show but I can guess what her role involved when I say the young woman who modelled women's underwear made of cotton for the story was known in the show as "The Boomp-daisy Girl."

A New York Post correspondent friend had a nice old house he let us use for the pictures. After the big-time photographer <sup>the photo</sup> got ~~that~~ he wanted, that girl ~~is~~ with her girlfriend in the show, went with us for a bit of relaxation. She during that time said that what she missed most was a good, home-cooked meal. <sup>of</sup> I invited her. <sup>of</sup> Gave her the address and the approximate time so they could get back to the theater in time, did everything but tell my wife!

So, late the next afternoon, came a knock on the door and she opened it to look at two beautiful young women who said "Hal invited us for supper." Not too happy about not having been told, "I invited them in and returned to preparing the meal but twice as much. Fortunately, I was not all that much longer getting home. And it was a good and a pleasant meal that those girls really enjoyed. As they told me when I drove them to the theater.

I am anxious to get the Hersh ms. retyped as soon as possible not so much because after retyping it can get placed but to be able to go over it and pick up any mistakes I made in the ~~last~~ rush. <sup>Hope she says "yes"</sup>

From the storm we got heavy rains and some flooding, not us but the area. We were spared the snow by the mountain, which seemed to have kept it on the west side. And Casablanca? My hearing was not up to it and before long I turned it. I can hear what I can't comprehend. Best,

*Herold*

January 27, 1998

Dear Harold,

The Hersh-crap has plummeted off the bottom of the NY TIMES top 10 list. it did not move up to "fiction" where it really belongs!!! The stuff is such garbage and NOT history at all. People do these things for \$\$\$ and the principals are all dead and cannot defend themselves. A really cheap shot!! I am negotiating with my wife to do your clean draft typing - seems I volunteered her time without consulting her. She is mulling!!! She was my secretary and can decipher most rough drafts (mine were always PR) and she was an English major and teacher so knows sentence structure, etc. She "sold" the first 11 computers when we were at Westinghouse. The entire marketing and sales crew was at a national conference in Houston when a guy called in from Kentucky about one of our ads. No one was available to talk to him and she remembered the cardinal sales rule: ask for the order!! Which she did and sold the division's first units!! The division went belly up with \$13 million in orders without a product!!!! Just after the division manager, a top man in selling light bulbs, told the leading salesman who was 400% over quota ~~to~~ to "get off the ship" if he didn't like selling Nothing!!

Good to hear Verb told you his health problems since I have not yet found the "horse's mouth" letter. he did write that he had a bad case of the flu before attending Lancer97.

Yes, CASABLANCA was a great one - had Bogart in it - and good to see again even if visitors involved. I did note, too, that the weather sort of spared your area and slammed the NE!! Minnesota is getting the freaky stuff. Unseasonal heat then severe cold and ice and snow. But, they expect it. Any bad weather for you is bad for getting around and to your appointments.

My visit to the Tampa-area showed me what's under water and what's not - there are many cattle farms along the way - McArthur milk!!! The pastures are under water and the mixture with fresh cow manure penetrates even with closed car windows!!!! I will have to buy some acreage and then build a place. I do want an orchard and room for a garden if I can lick the nematodes!! My son is doing well/we shipped an order to Peru and Guam and he had several orders from the Army. I wrote you that he got an order from the Pittsburgh Pirates. He bought a home so I have to readjust my thinking which makes it a lot easier.

My fake flu here has kept me from having to accept lousy meal invitations. Some of the brighter residents want to meet ~~again~~ and are confused as to how the CIA, outlawed domestically, ~~is~~ so prominent in this case.

You're right - when we were kids, it was snowier and colder and we, too, walked a "cool" 2 miles one-way to school - a one-roomer, perhaps the last in the state!! When we butchered hogs, the final item we wound up with was "grammels" - a word not in today's dictionaries. Mom used them for everything, meals, lunch sandwiches, etc. Just mix with some kind of spread and WALLA!!!! She even canned much of the stuff.

Best regards, etc. Paul H.

*Paul*

P.S. With Valentine's Day coming and all my little relatives and friends, I'm busier than Christmastime!!!!!!