

Easter eve, about 9 p.m.

Dear L.A.:

I'm tired of typing manuscript, so I'm breaking it up by taking time out to send you a note.

My cat, who likes to assist me in typing, is lying full length and sound asleep in front of me. He's a Halloween cat, being the only all-black one we have or have ever had. He's about half grown and already feels that he owns me. Yesterday he came up with a new trick. I was sitting on the edge of the bed, bending over to tie a shoe, when he landed on my back and slid right on over my head. I don't know which of us was the more surprised.

I'm sure Harold has told you about our geese, of which we have 9 Canadas and one Emden, by name Konrad Maximilian Weisberg. Konrad came to live with us almost a year ago when Harold was in New York and Konrad made himself unwelcome at his then home by reason of the fact that he learned how to milk a cow and found it a wonderful game. Since we had disposed of all our stock except for the Canadas, Harold wasn't too happy to meet Konrad; however, he finally accepted him as a member of the family, and this year Konrad and one of the unmated Canadas are keeping company. It will be interesting to see what happens.

This past week we have had to go out twice to bring back some of the geese when they decided to visit the farm next door. Now that the man-next-door no longer has cattle, he has fixed the fence, doing a much better job on it than he ever did when his meadow was cow-populated. For some reason, the geese have no difficulty in getting out, but can never find their way back. They will stand at the fence and call to let us know they're not at home. Well, being a nice, skinny little fellow, Harold thinks he has less difficulty getting under or over the fence than I would, so he is the fence-crosser in the family. Anyway, the fence is so tight he has difficulty getting either under or over the barbed wire and sometimes get snagged. The first time the goose beyond the pale was the only one we have which can fly, Crackle by name. The only thing about it is that she can fly only one way - out. That was one time I was sorry I'm not a camera buff because it would have been worth a roll of film to have a record of Harold trying to show Crackle how to fly back. I found it funny and Crackle found it uninteresting and, I suspect, agrees with the critics who think him paranoid.

Now that spring seems to be of a fair mind to stay around for a while, I'm getting very impatient to get outside and do some thing about the cleaning up I didn't do last fall. Of course, I don't know when I'm going to find time to do it, but I'd like to. I find it very uncongenial to spend time indoors when the weather warms up, so from that standpoint I prefer cold weather when I have no desire to go out. My first airises have bloomed and gone. The tulips are showing buds, as are the hyacinths. The pussywillow's catkins are all silvery and fuzzy, but they don't have much opportunity to show off because it is a very popular resting place for birds.

because it is a real beautiful house for people.
and Pop just petered out and has decided to go to bed. He has
been getting less than four hours sleep a night recently and is
tired. I can't remember when he ever went to bed this early, so
he must be close to the end of his rope.

I really didn't intend to get carried away when I started
this. I guess wordiness is catching! and I sure have been exposed
to it these last few years. I don't know what I'm doing. I
don't know if I'm doing it right or not. I don't know.

Hope you and Penn are well. And we're certainly looking
forward to your trip up here.

By the way, our mutual girlfriend, Philomena Koppelman,
called the other day and told me she was going to call Garrison's
office. Trying to dissuade her is a waste of time, so I just lis-
tened and said nothing. She called back that night and spoke with
Harold. She did call Garrison, but I don't know what happened.
It's getting to the point now that when Harold hears her voice on
the phone, he gets slightly apoplectic, so I don't ask questions
about what she has told him. She did tell me that if I got a call
from her girlfriend, I would know the FBI-Mafia-Psychotic Ring had
done her in, also the police.
That's it for now. Have a pleasant Easter. We're looking
forward to seeing the new baby who is six months old and unviewed
as yet.

The opera was wonderful this afternoon. Can't say as much
for tonight's offering.

Cordially,

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