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Dear John,

You ask about your father as we knew him and begin by saying what I never observed in him, "There was a private side to the man beyond which you could not go." I suppose that from time to ^{time} that this can be true of just about all of us, I recall nothing like that about him.

We all change with the years and their pressures and I suppose the last time we were together was about 1967, 25 years ago. So this could have developed without my having any knowledge of it. I knew him only as a forthright man who seemed not to hold anything back. But again, they can have been because we were of the same age, with similar interests and beliefs.

As I now recall I met your father through people at CLICK magazine. I was its Washington correspondent. I think it was through Allan Chase, now probably retired if alive, when last I saw him an eminent medical writer, or H. Robert Rogers, then editor, later the man who made a success of the failed second good-music station in the whole ^{in D.C.} country, and later manager of the National Symphony.

He then had Realfilm, in New York, wanted to help the war effort, and I was able to get him a strat through a wonderful woman who took great interest in young people and in getting them useful inside the government, conscientious people, not clockwatchers, people with ideas. I've forgotten the agency. It may have been the Office of Price Controls. But after that all he did, all the connections he made, he made on his own. My recollection his employment then is not clear but I have many clear recollections of the time we spent together socially. I think that Lil, who is still asleep, would agree that of our friends of our age Sidney was our dearest friend of that ^{period} people, a man who loved, who earned ~~was~~ loved, a very bright, witty, thoughtful and caring man. *Will, too.*

He stayed with me until he got quarters of his own. At one point, I'm not sure when, I got him a scarce room in a hotel that one of Lil's brothers had taken over and made a success of right downtown. Either he had his own room there for a period of time or Ed always found one for Sidney when he needed it.

We both went into the army about the same time, did not see each other for a while, and next thing I knew your father was a Navy lieutenant in the same shop in OSS to which I was assigned. I assume from my next recollection that he returned to Navy active duty.

It was a weekend night and your father, as dusty a man as I remember seeing this side of Africa, showed up with several members of his crew. Lil could always improvise good meals in those days and did.

It seems like the Navy had goofed, sending an invasion force forth from the Virginia capes area without photographing it. Your father, using his own camera and film, did that for the Navy ^{and} if I recall correctly was criticized for doing it. Probably the lower photo-

mac area too. He probably violated some ~~reg~~ regulation, almost inevitable. although I do not recall that he was at all apprehensive about having done what needed to be done,

He tended to be impatient ~~just~~ with stupidity from people he knew were not stupid.

I am pretty sure we first met in either New York or Philadelphia. Lil may first have seen him when he knocked at the door and ~~she~~ said he'd invited ^{him} me. In those days that was a regular experience for her. But from then on he stayed with us whenever he wanted to or needed to, wartime accommodations not always being available.

We dined ^{together} often in those days. Sidney liked to drive out ^{to} near Rockville, to Normandy Farms restaurant, then in the country, in the summertime. He then had a convertible, I think a ^{fast} quick, nice ^{hot} summer days.

There were places where I was connected that he liked. I remember a story about one that may amuse you.

We had an Italian friend, Pete Monti, who served us the finest Italian food we ever got. We were always seated at the family's table in ~~the~~ the back, were served copiously, and like us your father thought the menu was simply great. He told me this story later.

Once he wanted to get Louis deRochebeau of I think the March of Time on a good mood so he invited him to Pete's. Only as your father told me, the food he got was rather ordinary. He was, of course, disappointed. The explanation is that Pete always cooked for us and his other old friends, then hired chefs for others once Pete got on his feet. I don't know why this story sticks in my mind. It may have been because of your father's reaction to his disappointment when he'd never had other than the very best there and when he needed the best for business reasons did not get it.

My recollection is that despite his brilliance and really keen observation your father from time to time trusted people who were not worthy of trust. I think some took advantage of him. He knew almost everybody and was always willing to arrange a meeting.

We knew him as a dear friend, a man of beliefs that meant something to him, both ~~is~~ tolerant and sometimes of short patience, incisively and instinctively very bright, widely informed.

I've been writing this very early in the morning, caution keeping me in the house with a film of icy snow on the ground and a windchill too low for me to go out into. I've felt myself dozing ^{momentarily} ~~momentarily~~ as I thought so if anything is not clear, ask me. If I did not say it above, I'm sure Lil will agree that as of that period we loved your father more than any others of our age.

I remember Kathy's wedding and my acute regret that it was unwise for me to go to it. As a girl she ^{was} both beautiful and very bright. I remember the cartoons of that family she drew almost daily, in effect getting her started as a coming novelist when she was about eight. Remember she used to post them on the kitchen wall just inside the door. I remember that I had a collection of thick-leaded color pencils from wartime need and gave them to her for her sketching. I'm getting bad on names but I'll try to remember hers in the event

I see a review by her.

Seems to me last + heard from your mother Cathy was also a bird lover and feeder.

Your mother was a fine photgrapher of them in particular but also of other wild life, including frogs. I still remember some beautiful frog pictures she took.

and a very fine, patient and tolerant young woman. She must have found it trying that often Sidney could not do what he'd said he'd do, like being home for supper at a particular time and then finding that impossible, as well as his long absences on business.

I was waiting for him times he was anxious to get home on time and couldn't, in his office and elsewhere. Your mother seemed patient about it. Lil was, too. Even when without having informed her I had invited people for supper and they got there before me!

Another way of putting this is that it is a reflection ~~xxx~~ of how fortunate we both were with our wives and what our work demanded of us.

You ask what your father was interested in. In general, as was true of many of us, political and cultural matters and what in general was going on in the world. I am sure that like ~~us~~ your father was what in these days was sometimes known as a "premature anti-fascist." Imagine, people thought and acted that way! I was rather surprised to learn later that he had an interest in handworking. I had a few inexpensive power tools I was no longer using and took them to him at Fairway Close. But I have no recollection of seeing anything he had built. Whenever I visited he had no time for using those tools, those and the ones he already had.

You ask questions related to what our History would have been had JFK not been killed. Nobody is Merlin, who remembered the future. But my belief is that JFK became an entirely different man and President as a result of what he experienced and learned during the Cuba Missile crisis and that he had decided on peace and taken some meaningful steps toward achieving peace. I think none of the ensuing tragedies would have befallen us and that instead of being a bankrupt gendarme to the world we'd be a happy, at least reasonably prosperous people, with a sounder economy and a considerably reduced military. We'd have much less of a drug problem and culture, young people with better educations and perhaps wider interests. There are things he did as well as what he said that indicates where he wanted us to go. His problem would have been his opposition, not his policies. I think he'd have been one of our best if he'd lived to complete the first term.

I've rambled. Please remember me to your mother and sister when you are in touch with them. Next time I respond to a question I hope I'm noy as drawsy.

our best,

Hardy

Why also was wonderful
to me.