

Dear Joe,

2/5/92

The magnificent jumbo citrus fruit you sent ~~as~~ as oranges and I believed to be tanglos are, if I understand the enclosed Florida Department of ~~citrus~~ citrus story in today's local paper, tangerines. Well, whatever they are by they are the best in flavor and appearance.

I learned this very early, even for me, this morning thanks to a new "first" in the odd life I lead - a three a.m. TV interview that lasted almost three hours!

A Fort Worth TV station has a reporter and cameraman working the Washington area for nightly news shows to be followed at week's end with a longer roundup. They wanted to come up tonight after supper, an unusual hour except that they are from out of town and working intensely. I explained to the reporter that because I cannot help getting up early I must get to bed early. How early? he asked and I said by eight because I am up by two of a little later. How about if he come at 3 he asked. Three A.M. I asked, he said yes, so I said sure, come then.

To attempt to get more rest I retired earlier than my usual early last night and my body, mind or both in combination refused to be tricked: I was wide awake at 1 ~~0.0~~! As usual the WxPost was here at 2 when I drove out for it and before this TV crew came I drove out and got the ~~xxx~~ local paper, on which I usually spend little time. But not to get into any work or serious reading I'd have to lay aside any minute, I went over the sections of the paper I never look at, including ^{its} food section.

When they finished filming and had their equipment packed up a little after 6 I knew they'd be hungry and too early for any Washington appointment so I took them to a restaurant near here. I then learned that they are greenhorns, not hicks. Around here hicks know what there is to know about the country and its products but they did not know what scrapple is. Never heard the word, either, and the cameraman was a pleasant young black. When I explained what it is they tried it and decided they like it. So now you know that Texas is really another land.

They were friendly outlanders. The reporter knew what he wanted to learn and went about that well. After the drive of about an hour from D.C. he was wide awake and alert but by the time we finished and got to the restaurant the cameraman was dozing off awaiting his eggs and scrapple. They had a full day planned in DC for today. I doubt they'll make a three a.m. appointment for tomorrow! Me neither!

But for those of us who start early, I still do not recommend 3 a.m. interviews!

Best,

Harold