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Mr. Harv Morgan
2504 Toro Canyon Rd.
Austin, TX 78746

Dear Harv,

If I did not thank you for the nice Xmas card and the enclosed letter, please excuse me. Largely it came from my immobility and sitting at right angles to my desk. Just found it in a stack in which it did not belong.

Had a call from your son, who seems to be bright in addition to pleasant. I'd hoped for a visit but he has not gotten here since the 11.

I'd like it if you moved near or to the DC, but remember if you do, the winters are like those you had in Cleveland, much more severe than in the Bay area. They didn't make any real difference to me until I was 80 and then that worse weather was a little inhibition. But there is much that makes this a fine area, much that is available in this area that is not available elsewhere.

That was a fascinating account of your movie career but I regret I'll not see it. Haven't been able to sit as required in a movie for 25 years and never got cable for the TV set because I took so little time to look at TV. Mostly only what kept growing less and less like news.

You did have a fine year from that account. Lucky to be mobile!
and well!

More and more of my relatively immobile time is taken up by our medical needs, which are growing in both of us. The kidney dialysis that is supposed to be saving my life is draining me, taking more of it, making more and more of it useless because it so drains me I dare not write in that condition. There has been talk of shifting me to a different mode that is not so exhausting but so far no step toward preparing my body for it. The aged body that so far has had,

if my memory can be trusted, six operations for it. (More than that many operations for other purposes, all, to now, successful.) Lil also grows more feeble, less mobile, too. But her major of many difficulties was the blood clot on her brain when the hospital let her fall. I fear the expectable consequences are going steadily and are not likely to be reversed. She often cannot distinguish between truth and what isn't, etc. So far as I know, nothing can be done to help her but I/we keep trying. But from what the neurosurgeon told me in advance, at her age the operation can appear to be successful, as ^{hers} was, but the tissue does not return to the brain it had been. Her's had been a fine one. ^{brain} It is almost like mush now. Almost no interest in reading, etc. Hard, very hard, and painful.

Hope you can make it again. And Brian, too. He seems to be a fine and an able young man who is a tribute to his parents and how he was raised,

Best,
H. A.

Dear Hal,

Sorry this is so late in getting out but I've been as busy as a bee in an orange grove.

I managed to get a small part in a movie called "On The Borderline". I play a scruffy, bible-quoting manager of a seedy motel along the Mexican border. It s used primarily as a place for bad guys to stay while they smuggle wetbacks across the Rio Grande. If it ever plays in your local theater AVOID it at all costs. It's an absolutely terrible movie. The only thing good about it is that I get killed in the end trying to protect the leading lady from the bad guys. She's played by Marley Shelton, the girl who played the blonde teenage daughter in "Pleasantville" and was Tricia Nixon on "Nixon". A really nice girl who only took the part because it was her first chance to play a leading role. - A bad career choice.

It was a great, friendly crew except for the jerk Director who had flare ups with all of the crew; the light people, the sound crew, the cameramen, the special effect man, the stunt people, etc.---Everything had to be shot and reshot. - The final day we started at 10:00AM and he didn't release us until 4:00AM the next morning. He had to do it that way because it was the last day that the technical crew had contracted for and they ALL refused to give him another day.

As a result everyone was tired, sweaty and wasted when we wrapped it up. I went home and slept until 4:00PM and woke up with a miserable sore throat and chest cold that I'm just getting over. --Sooo - that's my excuse. - Forgiven?

Other than that it's been a great year. I spent a month in Ireland and London, a week in Mexico and a long visit with my son, Brian, in Washington DC.

It was really great to see you again after so many years and have the chance to meet your wife.---My son sent me some pictures of our visit and he said that he was also sending you some. I envy your peaceful setting at your home. Brian is trying to get me to move up that way. Who knows, I might just do that.

Warmest regards,





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