

Sept. 27, 1997

Dear Lil:

*no ens,
he phoned*

This is the typewriter I had repaired. As you can see, it does not make as black as letters as your Sharp. Thanks for your letter, but I had it repaired anyway because it is useless printing ZZZ's. I have another identical typewriter that I have used a littel more. It had the same problem. So I just sprayed it with WD 40, an oil. It fixed it!

I will send you a few more ribbons for your Sharp. It becomes more of a challenge every day to find old typewriter ribbons. I finally found someone to repair my copier. In a country where you can buy heroin on the street, we ought to be able to get typewriter parts.

So let me know one thing. DO YOU WANT ANY OF THE CORRECTION RIBBONS FOR YOUR SHARP?

Gee, looks like that margin could use an adjustment.

You know, when we first came up there, I told Betsy that you were a little more skeptical of me than Harold. I told Bets that I would have to earn your trust. I hope I have!

As I told Harold, if I ever write a book, I shall title it "As plagiarized from Weisberg". He said go ahead, everyone else has.

It is a beautiful day today. It is Sunday, the date above is wrong. As I told you, my offer still stands on this typewriter. But frankly, it looks like your Sharp may be better. Is it a daisy wheel, or does it use an IBM ball like this one?

I have an enclosure for Harold. I was able to get the Waketh epilogue to print out. I sent directions to Wrone. Actually, Janice got it to work. I know nothing about computers. Sad but true.

We may try to come up in December. For a short weekend. I know I am a fool for not coming up and studying with Harold for a week. But work beckons.

Man, I wish I had a typewriter like this in college. I need the correction feature.

Hope you all are well. And thank you for all you two have done for us. Now I go cut the grass. Not nearly as much fun as writing you! Take care. Hope you forgive me for sending Harold that Playboy a few weeks ago. I don't actually endorse nudity, it just comes with the articles.

Love, Bill and Betsy and Ruder the dog.