

24 June 1972

Dear Harold:

This will be another grab bag attempt to clean up odds and ends lingering from your mailings going back into last month. Both of us have been working against extreme fatigue which has accumulated and which no longer can be ignored.

Following our six weeks on the graveyard shift which ended in mid-May, we took three weeks vacation and spent the first week mostly in bed, trying to learn how to sleep again and generally recovering. During the last week of the vacation, which was spent entirely at home trying to catch up with various things, and not succeeding, I had an annual physical checkup and the doctor found some hypertension for the first time. Nothing alarming, but it was there. He had me go back several times to check it and never found it again. However in the second week back at work, this time on the night shift as night supervisor, I had a particularly bad night and was unable to sleep much. The following day, while eating lunch before going to work, I developed a pain in the chest, vague and impossible to assign to any particular location or organ beyond saying it could have been either the stomach or the heart. I slept an hour and got to the doctor, who again could find no hypertension or other irregularity but told me to take the rest of the week off. He also said I should get out of this business, which I've known for many years of course. After two days of rest I went back again yesterday. No hypertension, no bad heart, nothing that couldn't be explained by accumulated fatigue, said the doc. Go back to work Monday, he said, and if things don't ease up let me know.

Jenifer is tired, too, so if we don't write as often or as promptly as we once did, you'll understand, I'm sure.

You very kindly have offered in recent letters to send us copies of various things -- the Media papers, a new book (extra copy) like the Billiken Courier, and some other stuff. Because we cannot handle what we are trying to take care of as it is, there is no point in spending time and postage on such things. We are trying to cut down, not expand, and we do thank you for your thought and generous offers.

Some time back you asked if I could get copies of the Vancouver, B.C. paper on Gervais. I've never seen it here at any of the few places that feature out of town newspapers, and assume there must be some difficulty about it's getting through customs to the extent that it's not worth the bother in relation to the minuscule demand. The Vancouver papers are not known as crusaders, of course, but they might have had names that would have been useful and other routine material. Your idea of getting Ivon to ask for them sounds much more promising. They hardly can refuse an official request.

Also, as I mentioned in a note yesterday, I do not ordinarily see the LA times. I should ~~mk~~ make a point of it, but in nearly all cases it's one of those things that I simply have to eliminate.

Regarding Gervais, somehow I am not much stimulated by "Double Double Cross," although it is accurate and pointed. IN some way it lacks direction in terms of personality. This is pretty feeble as a suggestion, but cagey Cajun might be something to toy with.

To revert briefly to the Zuckermandl card and the earlier note beginning "Can Mr. Weisberg translate," we were struck by the common air of mockery both seemg to carry. We quite realize the difficulties about Shea, particularly in regard to your birthday and to having an knowledge of suburban Washington. However, you r birthday is hardly a state secret and readily obtainable by anyone who really goes after it, and Shea always could have friends in Rockville to do chores for him. Actually this sort of thing is extremely easy, especially if an apparently innocent practical joke is involved. In giddier days we thoroughly confused and disoriented a certain European couple I have mentioned by having mere acquaintances mail prepared postcards to them from various places arround the country. They were convinced from the evidence that came in the mail that we were on an extensive vacation tour. On another occasion we reversed the process and mailed scenes of other places from Mill Valley ourselves and brainwashed them into believing we were on still another tour, and on both occasions stayed at home working except to go to the post office, at which time we took care not to go by their house. What I am driving at is that a motel owner, a casual acquaintance, or almost anyone can be persuaded without any difficulty at all to being a party to such deception if it can be presented as a friendly and harmless prank. Most appear celighted to do it,x I'm not saying Shea did anything like this; I'm saying he or anyone could do it.

I regret that Hoppe hasn't recently dwelt on Gen. Hoo Dat and his coterie of charming characters in East Vhtnng. The irony of this series was that while Gen.Hoo Dat, commander of the Loyal Royal Army, was fighting the dreañ Vetnarian guerrillas, his own brother, Gen. How Bot Dat, was commanding the guerrillas in West Vhtnng. Heart interest was supplied by their sister, the famed Vhtnngian cinema star, Miss How Bot Dem. 100 per cent American realism was supplied by Gen. Hoo Dat's American adviser, Maj. Gen. Manfred Zapp. There were others, but this will give you an idea.* The Americans were always beging fleeced of millions of dollars, while the Vhtnngian leadership spent most of its time making the proper reservations on the French Riviera. The sad thing is that the reality outran the fantasy, of course. Not even Hoppe could fantacize more amusingly than what was going on.

Four years ago Hoppe had another notable series on Garry Boldwater, Boy American. It defies description.

Many thanks for sending the material about 3M's coupon deal. We are strongly tempted, but actually use so little of this paper that it's hardly worth tying up that much money under the circumstances. These are that our stationer has trouble getting it from 3M (who is very picky and choosy, apparently) and the source is uncertain. The one time I have gone to the local 3M branch in SF, they sold me a ream of rejects and I had unending trouble with it. So what it boils down to is that I prefer not to commit myself for some reason I can't quite fathom. Our copier is actualy a very primitive Sears thing that happens to use 3M paper. Works quite well for our limited purposes.

Many thanks for everything, all the highly interesting and informative copies, and the tape of Felix Greene's interview with Chou. We'll keep the tape until we need to dub something for you, as it seems to work perfectly well.

Best from us both,

 jdw

* Horrors, I almost forgot that wily strategist, Gen. Pak Opp Ngo, whose elusiveness in battle has served both sides well.