

11 August 1978

Dear Harold:

Thanks for yours of the 6th. I have the enclosed few clippings and shall attempt a brief reply to update things.

Very shortly after my last to you the Wrones called, and we must have talked nearly half an hour. Dave agrees with me that your correspondence with others might well be withheld for the time being, and as I understand it he proposes to see that this is done until and unless you insist otherwise. I respect your willingness to have this stuff made available now, but suggest you think it over and talk it over with Dave when you see him.

In the meantime he says he and Lesar are working out details of a ~~CHENEX~~ scheme wherein you will control your files for say five years, and he suggests that I follow something like the same procedure. Sounds like an excellent idea, and I look forward to getting this information when he sends it along.

I think I remember a story out of St. Louis which may be the one you mentioned, and that I sent it along to you. I shall of course send you anything like that if I see it. I cannot get wire copy now. I've been in the AP office only twice since I retired, both times within the past year, and cannot ask anyone I know there to watch for such stuff for a number of reasons. The chief of bureau and his next-in-line both are anti-Guild finks who would take a keen delight in clobbering anyone they found trying to help me in such a way. I have no entree any longer with UPI, either.

To get back to the Wrones, Dave is trying to figure out some gimmick to wangle enough expense money for me to make another visit there and perhaps do some more taping. If it happens, I would borrow my sister's VW camper and save some expenses that way. The camper also would enable me to deliver some violins left by my father which my sister and I (the only survivors) don't know what to do with. When I was telling her about how the Wrone kids perform, she got that gleam in her eye, and when I had finished she said with typical relish, "My God, that could solve the problem of Dad's violins." The kids soon will outgrow the miniatures they are using, and while these may not be the best violins in the world they at least could serve until the kids found something they wanted to use permanently. Our father began as a country fiddler, never had a lesson in his life, but taught himself to read music. He wound up directing the town band and even at one time a string ensemble. He played or experimented with violins, five-string banjos, guitars, trumpets, trombones, and even with some of the woodwinds. One of his violins was his father's and probably is around a hundred years old. Another he bought in 1914, as I remember. The third he made himself, and it looks astonishingly good. Not bad for a dirt farmer. Anyway, my sister and I have dithered for 25 years about what to do with them, being unable to sell or give them to just anyone. When I told her the Wrones are both interested and grateful, she said fervently, "You've really made my day." She knows all about the Suzuki method and thinks it's wonderful.

The Mongolian grill continues to function well, and this coming week will feed SEVEN people at once. That's the record thus far. The very best to you both, jdw