

# ART HOPPE



SF Examiner

DEC 17 1972

## The Mimeo Season

DEAR FRIENDS and Relatives: My, it's that time of year already! And Dick, who's so very, very busy, has asked me once again to prepare this annual little mimeographed letter.

First of all, on behalf of Dick and Trish and Julie and Bebe and Timahoe and all our loved ones, let me wish the very merriest of season's greetings to you and your loved ones, regardless of race, creed or color.

Well, I guess you're all wondering what we've been up to this past year. Well, we've all been very, very busy. Let's see, the past year started in January when Dick sent me off to Africa all by myself. "Stay as long as you like, Pat," he said. He's such a dear.

So I went to Africa and saw many very interesting countries. It was very interesting.

Then after that we went to China, where we made many new friends. It was so interesting! As I said at the time, they really know how to cook real Chinese food there. And as Dick pointed out, they really do have a Great Wall.

Then we went to Moscow to make more friends. It was very interesting. We gave Leonid a Cadillac and he gave us a 28-foot hydrofoil. I do think it's so nice to exchange house gifts with one's host, don't you?

Then we went to Iran and Poland and Hawaii and Long Island and . . . Oh, so many very interesting places. Of course we spent most of our time at our winter place at Key Biscayne and our summer place at San Clemente. But we did manage to squeeze in a few trips to Washington. It was very interesting. If it weren't for the climate, it would be a nice place to live.

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LET'S SEE, what else was new? Well, in August Dick decided to trade in our old car. We got a new \$500,000 armor-plated Lincoln limousine. I just loved it. Of course, a week later the factory had to recall it. It made Dick just a wee bit grumpy. "Just wait," he said, "until that Ralph Nader gets wind of this."

But these things happen. And I guess our very busiest, most interesting time was during the fall. Dick sent me all over the country to open child care centers and bring flowers to poor sick people. "I want you to show them, Pat," he said, "that I care."

He would have gone himself, I'm sure, but he was very, very busy making plans. The one he was proudest of was a "down and out pattern," whatever that is. He's so involved in his work I hate to ask.

And he was very busy all fall watching over things. He watched the Redskins beat Green Bay, the Raiders beat the Jets, the Dolphins beat everybody, and himself beat George. It was all very interesting, he said.

We were saddened, however, by the loss in July of our dear, old friend, John, who went back to New York to practice law. We sure do miss him. Martha went, too.

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WELL, let's see. Spiro's fine. But Henry still doesn't seem ready to settle down. Much less get married. Dick and I will be spending Christmas in our winter place in Key Biscayne. I do think Christmas should be celebrated in winter places. It's so much more Christmassy.

Speaking of Christmas, I asked Dick if we could once again wish you peace during the coming year. "Certainly," he said. "After all, I still have my secret plan."

So here's wishing you peace and a very happy and prosperous 1973, '74, '75 and '76. And do let us hear soon your plans for the future and what you've been doing. I'm sure that would be very interesting, too.