

-2-

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,
Texas, 78756 USA,
October 19th, 1989.
512- 452- 0537.

Dear Joe,

I have your letter here dated October 1st, waiting for me when I got back from the NYC trip.

First what news I have. What do YOU have ?

I guess you know that John McCullum died as the result of going into a diaetic ~~own~~ ^{own} Chester Tregarden also passed away. He hopped it around two weeks ago. Some time ago he had been told he needed a heart operation because of clogged arteries or some such. Decided he'd go on a low fat cholesterol diet. He was coming home from a lifting meet, stepped off the bus of train and off he went.

I hear ^{me} ~~ad~~vedev, the Russian coach was relieved of his duties after the Greek (had in) Worlds championships. excuse used was the defection of a man named SULIMANOV, same as the celebrated Naim. This second Suly was from a Turkish region of Russia, won his division in a light class, same as Naim did. then defected.

I am also told you passed the info ~~that~~ Vic Boff and the famous Reverend were starting up a mag or news letter. How come this was ~~arrayed~~ ^{arrayed} to me? The key for some reason didn't tell this.

Also your request to me to keep quiet the demise of the RR & MS --- which I did --- was not a secret ~~as~~ you wanted it to be. First words out of MURDOCK'S mouth when he met me at the dinner were "Is it true that Roark is editing the MS news letter" or words to that effect. Now where did HE get that from. Not from me.

I am very sad that you did, finally decide to stop publishing your news letter. ~~sad~~ I felt this was just the sort of publication we needed. It at least told the truth, and at the most ~~was~~, again, told the truth.

As for what remains of my sub. I'd like this in back issues, preferably those containing my story. I'd appreciate this.

Trip up to NYC was smooth. One never would have known one was aipping along at 500 per, 30 thousand odd feet above the earth. Only thing wrong was the meal served which also served to display the homicidal tendencies of the choke who cooked it. By comparison, hospital food was a Lucullan feast.

The Downtown Athletic Club is the sort of place I could live in without the lightest prodding. Built around the end of the 1920's, it was, and still is, for wealthy bankers and their satraps and ilk. Comfort all over the bloody place; armchairs, leather covered, that fold around you in loving embrace and the sort of attentiveness from the staff that only tyrants and autocrats receive from their serants. This sort of attention gives the feeling of luxury and opulence that really isn't there. I was on the 1st floor with a fine and unobstructed view of the Hudson River and the Statue of Liberty. ~~Had~~ large enough for six ~~concerning~~ ^{concerning} adults.