

Room a bargain at 50 a night, but with the usual littlebullshit taxes attached.

meal at the dinner was ok, but not worth the fifty dollars charged. Someone must be making a HELL of a profit. First course a fettucini alfredo, roast beef --- very good --- followed by a cheese cake with beer and wine tossed in gratis.

I sat by the reception table and collared ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> as I came in. First up was Grimek, booming like the queen Mary coming up channel, fog horn blasting away. John looks marvelous at 80 years of age, going along like a house on fire.

Marvin Eder came in next with lady ( wife ) and looked the best of the lot. He is now 58 and if he had told anyone he was in his late thirties he would have been believed. His wife, dressed in a very plain but expensive silk pale cream sheath --- a ~~qual~~ <sup>qual</sup> dead dress --- and with a nice and tasteful diamond necklace around her sternoclaviculars, testified that Mar was doing very nicely with his plumbing and heating business --- trucks and thirty odd men working for him. Thank you.

Marv very effusive and nice shaking my hand and hugging me. Same old wide smile and manner. Always was a nice kid.

Sales Bacon there too, looking a tad older but still the same. But he did seem a lot quieter than usual. Ed J. Binville, now close to 73, was ok but appeared somewhat frailer than when I last saw him.

Pete George came in not too long after. He had had an 18 hour flight from Hawaii, straight through, and had been napping to catch up on his snoozles. He is now 60 --- where did all the bloody time go to --- and the same old Pete, slim, trim and but for hair thinned out a little, the same old Pete. He too seemed to be pleased to see me.

But perhaps the one who looked best of the lot was Frank Stranahan. He must be well into his sixties, but straight and slim as a lance. He now lives in Florida. His old man sold the Spark Plug company he owned and Frank and family inherited themillions. All he does now is invest his money and at ~~seemly~~ intervals count it. He eats nothing but raw foods and for his dinner had a plate of almonds and bananas. Sat next to me on the dais and we chatted about the stock market and days gone by. Last time I saw him was when Hepburn and Eder got into a bench pressing contest at Agg's gym, when the only others present were me, Joe, Abe and Frank. And where did THAT time go to.

Flight back was smooth, we leaving at 11.30AM and getting back at 4PM in Austin.

Yes, it is sad that we have lost a man of McCullum's writing skills, and just as sad that mine too have been lost. No one seems to want to know me now in the mags, maybe I speak too plainly not only for my comfort, but for theirs. I guess I know too much and worked for the WTONG person. At least, that is the impression I get, as to why I aint being honored at the Old Timers bash. Why am I always the bridesmaid and never the blushing bride. At 78 I wont have to ask that question much longer I guess.

Ciao.

best

PS. I sent you two Brit mags. All I have. I can find no more. As I promised. If I do come across any more --- doubt this --- they shall come your way.