

Jan. 5

Guyo darling:

First of all, I want to ask if Happy is behaving himself and why not.

Getting into New York was quite an experience this time (nothing ever seems to go according to schedule when you fly United). Actually, it wasn't United's fault. We left Denver on time, at high noon, and the captain informed us when we were under way that we had strong tail winds and would be in NYC (in the New York "area", he said) a half-hour early. Seems there was some snow and sleet over Kennedy airport and only one of the many runways was in use. Actually, we flew over the New York area for two hours before we finally came down. Ten minutes longer, according to the pilot, and we would have gone on to Baltimore.

The Martins weren't at the airport but my name was being announced over the speaker system as we came in, and I called Ralph at home. He said they decided not to pick me up and go on to Manhattan (they had tickets to another show) and had cancelled plans for the evening. I called Dick Akagi on the phone to ask whether he wanted to see Lorraine Hansberry's "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window" which had just moved to the Henry Miller theater. Dick said sure, and that he knew where the play was. I got to Manhattan's Eastside terminal at 8:30, curtain time, and couldn't get any transportation. I finally found a bus for a partway ride and got to the theater 15 minutes late. But Dick hadn't arrived. He finally got there 30 minutes later, having waited 45 minutes in front of the wrong theater, the one from which Sidney Brustein had moved. These knowitall NYorkers.

Sunday, I had brunch with Jack and Ginny Wodell in their suite at the Sherry-Netherland. It was bitter cold but Jack had a rented car and wanted to show Ginny some of Manhattan. I directed them down to Wall Street, the Battery, Greenwich Village and such and they dropped me at 2 p.m. in front of the Maypers' ~~xxx~~ apartment (the Wodeels were on their way to the airport).

I watched the pro football game on TV with Vic, who had watched all the games on New Year's day and the Saturday



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which followed. Mrs. Mayper made us lunch (all the comforts of home). Sunday night I saw off-Broadway's "The Knack," Couldn't talk Mrs. Mayoer into going. She only goes on matinees when she doesn't have to leave Vic alone, I guess.

Monday I had lunch with Ed Schumann, who used to run the Art Theater Guild chain, and Marge Martin came in and we had sukiyaki. We saw "Fiddler on the Roof."

Today I had lunch with some United Artists guys who say there's been a change on the How to Murder Your Wife trip which is now scheduled for New Orleans, but that there will be a trip to the Los Angeles area for Greatest Story Ever Told on Feb. 8. Will tell you more when I find out about it.

Called Bob Tsuda and I'm going over to have dinner with him at the NYTimes building in a few minutes.

I just finished my Friday column so I'm right up to date.

This afternoon I went up to the USIA office uptown for a special screening on the JFK film, "Years of Lightning, Day of Drums." Very good.

Ralph is coming in tomorrow for "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground."

Love,

Larry

Bow-wow to Hagg