

20003

19 August 1967

Dear Boris:

Your last letter, dated 22 July 1967, written from Sandhmm, evoked many very pleasureable memories of our all-too-short (for us) visit with you and your dear Annie. I found my emotinns a bit too much, and besides that I was expecting to see Bo, who had promised to come to see us. He did come on 27 July and he and I had about a 2-hour private talk, almost entirely devoted to his telling me of his sad experiences with Edith and how happy his children seem to be away from their mother.

What I am about to tell you in this letter is not new to you and I have Bo's permission to convey to you the gist of our conversation. (Bo looked worn out from worry about the whole unfortunate experience.) He told me jokingly about the indefensible action of that judge who, in view of Bo's unwillingness to post an unheard of amount of money as a bond to insure his presence in court in a purely civil process, forced Bo to surrender his passport. (When I told my own lawyer about this high-handed action by the judge in a civil action, he was horrified, saying that what the judge did was clearly illegal. (I did not ask my lawyer to intercede in any way.) Well, the judge came to his senses after about four hours, returned Bo's passport, and set a time for a hearing. This never yet has been called and I think the judge himself was pretty worried about his action. And as of now, it appears to me that the judge will drop the whole matter as if it were a potato a bit too hot for him to handle and that he wishes now to forget to whole nasty business.

While I am writing this letter I'm waiting for a call from Mr. Dobler who is supposed to bring me Bo's copy of the David Kahn book to read during Bo's trip to South America. I have had very little contact with Kahn and thank my own cautious nature for having nothing whatever to do with Mr. Farago, who for several years made a complete nuisance of himself by his persistence in wanting me to allow him to come to see me or even to talk with me via telephone. Elizebeth talked with Farago the last time he called up (several months ago when he was in Washington) and when he wouldn't tell her how he obtained our unpublished and unlisted telephone number she gave him a verbal dressing down, in which procedure she has notable prowess. He returned to his home (New York City or some suburb of it) and wrote her a most ungentlemanly letter. That ended our relations with Farago for good.

Now back to your letter. I won't say anything about the birthday celebration insisted upon by Gunnar and Kirstin, for I can realize how you felt. Both Elizebeth and I hope that you will sometime soon feel up to taking a holiday in the U.S. If you come we shall want you to stay with us a few days in Washington. I am glad that you feel able to continue working in your old field for that is a great help to assuaging your grief, and I can only reiterate that keeping occupied is the thing to do. Now that I feel so much better (much more like my old self) I can do things I just couldn't or wouldn't do when I was so very ill, so much so that I didn't seem to care whether "school kept" or not. But I really never give up and only I myself know how much of a struggle it was to keep going, hoping that I would get better. I still have to watch my step, for I don't really know why I became so depressed or what it was that lifted me out of the awful depression.

You seem to be mystified by what Farago said about you. Lifting data out of context is one of his faults. Despite our rather rough treatment of him, he tried hard to be fair in his treatment of me. For this I give him credit. Although his book as a whole has numerous errors, it will be popular because he has compiled a lot of interesting stuff. The errors will not be apparent to the uninitiated -- and that's O.K. with me.

Elizebeth and I keep busy with our books and bringing certain matters up-to-date. I am fortunate in having that to fall back upon. Also, so many things concerning our house and its contents, things I neglected for several years keep me occupied. I have to take a fairly long rest after lunch (sometimes just for an hour but often for two, even three hours.) This means that when it's time to turn out my bedside light I'm wide awake, which gives me time to do a fair amount of serious study. I'm planning to do an article for the Proceedings of the U.S. Naval Institute and am gathering material for that. Also, I'm planning to write an account of Daniel (Chapter V in the Old Testament) and the "handwriting on the wall". Why was Daniel able to read the writing, whereas all the Chaldean soothsayers, magicians, etc. attached to Belshazzar's Court were unable to make any sense out of that writing?

It has been a bad winter here and a bad summer. Elizebeth wants very much to get out of this large house and out of Washington altogether. But despite the terrible climate I want to stay put just where we are, at least until my book collection is brought up-to-date. We go out very little these days, because I don't like to travel anywhere any more, even by automobile, or perhaps I should say especially by automobile. I don't recognize Washington these days -- so many changes have been and are being made. Too many automobiles, too many people, too much excitement living practically next door to the Capitol. I prefer, now, that people come to visit me in our cool home. Most of my former colleagues have either died, resigned or

retired from NSA and I don't like to go out there any more. Thirty or forty miles travel at 60-70 miles per hour seem to be too much for me. I can't get my license to drive because of my medical history of coronary illness. The authorities are getting much tougher these days -- and rightly so. Becoming a casualty on the highways is a rather poor method for halting the population explosion.

Bo asked me to let him have any extra copies I may have on Crypto A.G. and its predecessors. You have asked me to let you have for the Crypto A.G. Library any extra copies I may have on books devoted to cryptology. I am keeping both requests in mind, but I must tell you that the General George C. Marshall Research Library wants these duplicates, if I want to include them in the Collection when they take it over physically. The Internal Revenue Service has gotten tough too. No longer is it possible to keep valuable books and manuscripts willed to any institution of learning until one has actually died. You must turn these things over physically before you or your heirs can claim a deduction on your income tax. Between the irregular or even illegal things that IRS is doing these days, and the dreadful messes that the highly-touted computers are doing to us in the way of erroneous billings for things paid for, even by checks which have cleared the banks, people in the U.S. are getting fed up and are aggravated by sheer frustration. Of course, it isn't the computers that cause the mix-ups; it is the incompetents who run them. I think that department stores especially are fed up. They were sold a bill of goods and are realizing now that instead of saving them money they are losing money fast. I have issued a ukase to Elizebeth not to pay any bills until 3-6 months have passed.

Saying which I will close this lengthy letter by sending you our best love and reiterating our invitation to visit us.

Sincerely,

P.S. - When Mr. Dobler failed to appear I phoned Bo's office and learned that Mr. Dobler had gone to the seashore for a short holiday and would be back on Monday 21 August.

Boris C.W. Hagelin,
c/o Crypto A.G.
Zug, Switzerland

Bill

for a call from Mr. Dobler who is supposed to bring me Bo's copy of The ^{David Kahn} ~~Farago~~ book to read during Bo's trip to South America. I thank my own cautious nature for having nothing whatever to do with Mr. Farago, who for several years made a complete nuisance of himself by his persistence in wanting me to allow him to come to see me or even to talk with me via telephone. Elizabeth talked with Farago the last time ^(several months ago when he was in Washington) he called up, when he wouldn't tell her how he obtained our unpublished and unlisted telephone number she gave him a verbal dressing down. He returned to his home (New York City or some suburb of it) and wrote her a most ungentle manly letter. That ended our relations with Farago for good.

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