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March 2, 1969

Eng. Boris C.W. Hagelin,
c/o Crypto-A.G.,
Box CH 6301
Zug, Switzerland

Dear Boris:

Your letter dated 9 February 1969, written from Minusio, reached us a couple of weeks ago, or more, perhaps. Forgive us for the delay in replying to it.

We were very happy to learn that you are quite well; I (Bill) am a great deal better than when you came to visit me in George Washington University Hospital. I told my doctor that if he didn't get me out of there right away, he would have a dead patient on his hands. He acted promptly and I got home. The details of how or why I felt that I ought to get out was that I was convinced that the treatment that I was getting where there was quite wrong in my case. I think my doctor felt the same way, but he didn't dare speak up, he being a member of the faculty of that hospital, which is in the category of "teaching hospitals." But enough of that. I agree with you that it is much better to have a lot of work to do rather than have too little.

And now for a question which I hope you will be able to answer. It is about what to do about the first draft of the Boris Hagelin Biography, which I wanted to write but just couldn't because I didn't feel too well. I had to make up my mind, because you were waiting for answers from me and I couldn't come to a firm decision. At first, as you know, I thought I would stay somewhere in or near Zug and become an expatriate. To do the latter I just couldn't face; only rich men and nitwit motion picture stars can do this with psychological impunity. I still think that the United States is the best country in the world -- for me at any rate. I could go along for a couple of hours in stating my reasons, so I thought I would do well to come home. Now, the question is what do you wish me to do with that handwritten draft? Shall I keep it as it is, or do you want to give it to somebody to do the necessary editorial work? I think that only someone with actual experience in the kind of work you do, and the kind of machines you produce, can do a good editorial job.

I am in touch with Bo. A few days ago we had a very

hurried telephone conversation because he had to leave for some personal affairs within five minutes. I hope to see him and the children sometime soon. He and I are on excellent terms, but in my last conversation I asked him a question to which I thought he knew the answer, but he didn't, and I felt a bit sad when he added by way of comment: "You have seen my father at least three times in the very recent past and I haven't seen him for five or six years."

I keep active by certain kinds of exercises, and by walking outdoors when the weather permits. Although it has been cold, there are only a few days now and then when it is difficult for me, or almost impossible to walk, when cold winds were keeping most people indoors. I realize that I am getting old. Elizebeth has been very patient with me, but she has been feeling quite well for some time. She has become quite adept at mislaying things and I join in the hunt for them. The only difficulty I have in this respect is that I mislay my eyeglasses, but generally I go immediately to the clothes I wore the day before and there they are. Our children and grandchildren are well. I hope you and all of yours are well and in good spirits.

I can well imagine that you would like to get rid of that beautiful apartment in Menton. I think you are wise to get rid of it. I have read about how the Cote d'Azur has fallen from grace.

Please give our affectionate greetings to your oldest sister-in-law, Edith, who reached the good old age of ninety on the 22nd of February. Congratulate her for me.

Sincerely,

Bill

William F. Friedman