

Copy of letter to AutoWeek Editor after sending him another ESCAPE
ROAD piece (on a DKW found in the Los Angeles River in 1937)

Roger Barlow

MOTION PICTURES

Dear George Levy,

Fred Astaire once did a number, "I Can't Dance". Well, I have
trouble spelling.

I make the best Gazpacho this side of Botin's (Madrid.)
But I can't spell.

I can drive a motor car with consummate skill and verve.
But I can't spell.

I overhauled a Wilson gearbox, on my hearth, just for fun.
But I can't spell.

I'm a damn good photographer, according to Ansel Adams.
But I can't spell.

I love dogs. Some kids. Beethoven and Tijuana Brass.
But I can't spell.

I'm a good quick shot on quail or grouse or pheasant.
But I can't spell.

I'm a charming lover, or so my wives have told me.
But I can't spell.

I'm modest, though not to a fault, as you can see.
But I can't spell.

I can even write.
BUT I CAN'T SPELL.

So I'm devastated because I misspelled devastated^{at} in the second paragraph
of "THE DEEK FROM THE DEEP". See, I can't spell.

And there are those who are unkind enough to point out that neither can
I punctuate. Hell, it's hard enough to write without having to chew gum=
or worry about whether to use a semi-colon or a comma...all at the same time.

Of course, I can't dance. Too. Also. Either.

Regretfully,



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