

## Is he 'allergic' to her people?

Adapted from a recent online discussion.

Dear Carolyn:

My boyfriend is super blah around my friends and family, but turns up the charm around his groups. People say he seems "unengaged." I chalked it up to nerves at first, but we're going on two years now - and when I ask, he just says relationships need to happen naturally.

I'm starting to feel like he really couldn't care less about developing friendships with my crowd. Aside from saying, "Just fake it," what can I do?

Madison, Wis.

So many variables here. Are your friends and family local, or do you see them just through occasional visits? What about his? And if your good friends are local, are they integrated into your life, or are they people you just see on your own occasionally, like once-a-month lunches? How about his friends?

As a result of his detachment, do you see your friends less than you'd like? Or do you share friends with him that you prefer, meaning any distance from old friends originates with you?

Is he otherwise solicitous of you, or do you feel you're close to him only because you make it convenient for him to be?

I'm trying to see whether you're with someone for whom your life (beyond him) holds little interest — or whether you have a good relationship and he just doesn't click well with people from your "past." It's weird to refer to family that way, but I hope you get what I mean — people you've outgrown. To explain what his blahs say about him, it matters what your friends and family mean to you.

**Dear Carolyn:** I'd say he's attentive in most other respects. He doesn't keep me from my friends - but I sometimes have to decide if I want to go to gatherings alone, or stay home with my fella. Everyone is local, but I've grown distant from my old group. His friends are around a lot - I've incorporated myself into his life.

And I enjoy it, but I'm resentful that it doesn't go both ways. The only result of his detachment is that my crowd gets the impression that he's not into me, or excited to be with me

I just don't feel like he's made any effort to determine if he clicks with them. He just looks bored and I feel like the girlfriend who keeps talking about how great her boyfriend is, and everyone else is not convinced.

Some relationships need to happen naturally — love and friendships, for example. But those loves and friendships bring us into the company of each other's loved ones. With these people, we either try, or we give a thoughtful reason not to — we don't detach and "look bored."

He seems to like this deal, where you accommodate and he doesn't. And, he seems rude: He insults your family and friends, embarrasses you, and justifies both with a pseudo-philosophical excuse for not trying. Does that sound about right?

Either way, you can't ignore your resentment. Call him out, whole truth. See what his answer says about him, then decide if he's who you want.

Read the whole transcript or ioin the discussion live at noon Fridays on www.washingtonpost. com/discussions.

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW. Washington, D.C. 20071. or tellme@washpost.com



NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

#### **REPORT FROM WEEK 849**

in which we asked you to create new homonyms - words spelled differently from, but pronounced the same as, existing words. While academics tend to use "homophones" to describe these words, we went along with the permissive definition of "homonym" in The Post's dictionary. So just relax and enjoy, huffy people.

CS



**Glock-n-Spiel: Common** action-movie scene in which the villain has a gun aimed at the hero's head, but rather than just pulling the trigger, he delivers a long victory speech about his <mark>superio</mark>rity, which proves fatally <mark>wrong seconds later.</mark> (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)

winner of the pantyhose-faced see/hear/speak-no-evil soft sculpture: **Ho-maid: The role of a traditional wife.** (Judy Blanchard, Novi, Mich.)

Hi-deaf TV: Commercials. (Steve Offutt,

S-cargo: Snail mail. (Don Hauptman, New York,

#### HOMOPHONING IT IN: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Adhear: A jingle that gets stuck in your head. (Craig Dykstra, Centreville

Altarnates: Mistresses. (Sneha Kannan, Cambridge, Mass.

Fundrazer: Bernie Madoff. (Russ Taylor, Vienna

Untennable: Listen, no amount of plastic surgery is going to turn you into Angelina Jolie. (Michelle Stupak, Ellicott City)

Newsances: Tweets. (Kevin Dopart. Washington)

**Buyou: The source of Louisiana** political success. (Kevin Dopart)

Blahg: An online chronicle about scrapbooking and kittens. (Kevin Dopart)

**Brewedmare: Where a Clydesdale** comes from. (Russ Taylor)

Eyesickle: The coldest of stares.

Jungster: A freshman psych major. (Pete Morelewicz, Washington

Webcaste: The new elite in Bangelore. (Russ Taylor)

Peteat: Small-busted. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

Ouizel: A devious Frenchman. (Ann

Martin, Bracknell, England)

**Demanned: Unstaffed.** (Kevin Dopart)

Assistense: Your mother-in-law's visit to "help out" with your new baby. (Lois Douthitt, Arlington)

Herpeas: The result of sharing the wrong pod. (Craig Dykstra)

Expyre: An old flame. (John O'Byrne.

Dictater: Mister Head Potato. (Tom

Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

**Epidermiss: A centerfold.** (Craig

Whacks eloquent: Kills softly with his song. (Craig Dykstra)

Aquaducked: Waterboarded (Chris

Suckcess: A Pyrrhic victory. (Tom

Manshun: A convent (also known as

Fourplay: (1) Tiger Woods and three hackers. (2) Tiger Woods and three

**Habitchuation: Chronic** complaining. (Chris Doyle)

hookers. (Mike Gips, Bethesda)

a virginn). (Tom Witte)

Sacks: A clothing store in the alley off Fifth Avenue. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

**Whizdom: Successful potty** training. (Bob Dalton, Arlington)

**Moetivate: To inspire others to** action by twisting their noses. yanking their hair and knocking their heads together. (Marbury

Whorenet: A prostitution sting. (Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.

Wethered, Greenbelt; Kevin Dopart)

Maehem: What transpired after the invitation to "come up and see me sometime." (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

**Dudey: Extremely limited social** responsibility, such as turning away from others while belching. (Kevin Jamison, Gaithersburg)

Jeanealogy: The history of one's physique as reflected in choice of pants, from paint-on hip-huggers to dad-slacks. (Dion Black, Washington)

**Foursight: Absentmindedly putting** on glasses when you're already

wearing contacts. (David Kleinbard, Jersey City)

Pleisto-scene: Happy hour at the senior center. (Barbara Turner, Takoma

Robbury: The costs hidden in a 2.000-page health care bill. (Jim Noble, Lexington Park)

Diet-titian: The Italian painter famous for his skinny nudes. (Barbara Turner)

Beau tie: The short leash you keep your man on. (Cheryl Davis, Arlington)

**Boomeringue: The results of** cooking egg whites in the microwave. (Craig Dykstra)

Musturd: Baby poo. (Craig Dykstra)

Prophet-sharing: Bible study.

(Beverley Sharp, Washington **Bootie call: What you might get** nine months after a booty call.

(Larry Yungk, Arlington) Egg yoke: Umbilical cord. (Beverley

**Boredello: A cathouse where** everyone looks and acts exactly like your wife. (Dion Black)

**Next Week: Dead Letters,** or The Year in Adieu



want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational discussion at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational.

> DON'T BE PRICKLY: The Dancing Cactus.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



### Week 853: It's easy as DEF

**McDeath:** The new Bacon Half Pounder with Cheese

here's a full moon out there, which means it's time for yet another neologism contest, this one suggested by Amazing Rookie Loser Craig Dykstra (with his own example). This week: Create a brand-new word or phrase that contains a block of three successive letters in the alphabet; the series must go forward in the alphabet, not backward.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a cute little solar-powered Dancing Cactus, donated by Rick Haynes of Potomac. "Dancing" is a bit of a stretch, but put it on a sunny windowsill and it will move and wave its arms at you. It is also as smooth-skinned as a, um, as a non-cactus. Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style

Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Loser Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener (Fir Stink for their First Ink). One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Feb.

1. Put "Week 853" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published Feb. 20. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next

week's results is by Tom Witte; this week's honorable-mentions subhead was submitted by both Pete Morelewicz and Kevin Dopart.

# The broadcaster and the G-man, fans of each other

HARVEY FROM C1

not be revealed."

Witte)

An unlikely start

The Cold War beginning of the Harvey-Hoover bond was an incident from 1951, when Harvey was 32. The son of a police officer from Tulsa, Harvey had already made a name for himself as a radio and TV commentator in Chicago, specializing in human-interest stories and strong opinions delivered in shirt-sleeve English. He routinely hammered officials for being lax on security, in particular those in charge of the Argonne National Laboratory, which conducted nuclear testing 20 miles west of Chicago.

After wrapping up his television broadcast on the evening of Feb. 5, 1951, Harvey set out to prove his case — and make some career-enhancing headlines for himself.

Harvey guided his black Cadillac Fleetwood toward Argonne, arriving sometime past midnight. He parked in a secluded spot, tossed his overcoat onto the barbed wire topping a fence, then scampered over.

Breaking the law in an act of participatory journalism, Harvey planned to scratch his signature on "objects that could not possibly have been brought to the site by someone else," according to a statement later given by an off-duty guard who accompanied him. The signature would stand as proof that Harvey had easi-

ly defeated the lab's security. But seconds after Harvey hit the ground, security officers spotted him, documents show. Harvey ran until, caught in a Jeep's headlights, he tripped and fell. As guards approached, Harvey sprang to

his feet and waved. Guards asked whether Harvey realized he was in a restricted area. "Harvey replied no, that he thought he might be at the airport because of the red lights," one report says. Harvey told the authorities he had been headed to a neighboring town to give a speech when his car died.

On the drive to the lab's security office, an FBI memo says, "every once in a Harvey while. would remark that his car was stalled out there and he would like to have a push."

Under questioning, Harvey eventually dropped his cover story but refused to elaborate, saying he

wanted to tell his tale before a congressional committee. Guards searched his Cadillac and found a nickel-plated .380-caliber Colt automatic. It belonged to a naval intelligence officer whom Harvey had brought along as a

witness. The search also revealed a four-page, typewritten script for an upcoming broadcast. Harvey, it turned out, had planned from the outset to feed the nation a bogus account of his escapade: "I hereby affirm the following is a true and accurate account," the script began. "My friend and I were driving a once-familiar road, when the car stalled.... We started to walk.... We made no effort to conceal our pres-

"Suddenly I realized where I was. That I had entered, unchallenged, one of the United States' vital atomic research installations. . . . Quite by accident, understand, I had found myself inside the 'hot' area.... We could have carried a bomb in, or classified documents out."

Word of the stunt soon made headlines. The U.S. attorney for Illinois empaneled a grand jury to consider an espionage indictment. The Atomic Energy Commission suggested privately that Harvey might avoid prosecution if he praised the com-



THROUGH THE YEARS: Harvey, left, and Hoover maintained a long friendship.

to suggest he was being set up. An FBI official noted in one memo that "this looks like a publicity stunt and I don't think we should carry the ball if we can avoid it."

mission's profes-

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worked to kill

tion, and Harvey

went on the air

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reports

Congress

investiga-

Agents conducted interviews, kept tabs on developments and sent updates to Hoover and his deputies in Washington. But the bureau avoided taking sides, apparently waiting to see whom public opinion would favor.

Two months after the incident, a federal grand jury officially declined to indict Harvey.

Nothing in Harvey's file suggests Hoover did anything to help. But Harvey appears to have been grateful for something.

Efforts on Friday to reach Harvey's son, Paul Harvey Jr., for comment were unsuccessful.

### A friendship forms

In April 1952, Rep. Fred Busbey, an Illinois Republican and longtime friend of Harvey, asked the FBI if he could bring the broadcaster by to thank Hoover. "You will recall that Harvey has a history of emotional instability," said an FBI memo analyzing the request, adding that Harvey appeared to be rehabilitated and was now 'very effectively anti-Communist."

Records of the Saturday morning meeting show that Harvey acknowledged he had acted foolishly. Harvey told those present that he had always considered Hoover a great American but that, seen in person, the director far exceeded his expectations.

So began a friendship that continued until Hoover's death in 1972. In the years that followed, Hoover autographed a photo for Harvey, who in turn devoted entire shows to Hoover's heroism and mailed Hoover copies of his commercial recordings on LPs.

Neither man was restrained in his praise of the other. "You were never in better form," Hoover gushed to Harvey about one of his broadcasts in May 1958, and again, in precisely the same words, in February 1959.

Harvey wrote to Hoover in January 1957, saying, "From some future pinnacle, if the Republic has survived, history will record that it was largely due to your vigilance."

In 1963, Harvey dropped by FBI headquarters for a publicity shot with Hoover. Harvey praised the director as "a champion of right-thinking people everywhere," and added that he appeared to be in excellent shape, as well.

A 1957 letter to Harvey from FBI Assistant Director Louis Nichols notes, "For a number of years, you have been kind enough to send me your daily copy."

"All of us in the FBI," Hoover wrote in one note, "count it as a great honor to have you as one of our closest friends."

When Clarence Kelley took over as director in 1973, Harvey's love affair with the bureau continued without pause. Harvey mailed Kelley a swatch of cloth in 1974 and asked him to sign it so it could be sewn into a quilt for his wife, Angel, that would bear the signatures of all the people she most admired.

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**ON WASHINGTONPOST.COM** Join in the debate: Is there anything scandalous about Paul Harvey's chumminess with J. Edgar Hoover? Check out Philip Kennicott's Cultural Rewind discussion group at washingtonpost.com/groups.



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