

Dear Jim,

6/28/83

I'm a bit keyed up from something I just did so instead of going to bed, it being that time, this note having to do with one of LaHais's beaus, his statement that I could comply with discovery in the time it took to prepare six affidavits from February 4 to the date he gave in June, some 125 days. As I think I told you, doing the actual arithmetic, without his inflations, it comes to about 5 minutes a day to draft those affidavits. But I never keep time, as you know. So I estimated that when I write my output is five to six pages of this small type an hour. Today, which was not a good day for me and I was tired and planned the afternoon nap that I didn't take, my output justifies this estimate. If he makes an issue of it, which I doubt but he is crazy enough for anything, you'll know.

I was home from the morning's therapy about 10:30. I visited my two male neighbors of my age, discussed last night's Oriole's game with the one who lives alone, gave him some Post sport sections I'd been saving for him, discussed the coming winter's wood and how, if I'm not here, it is to be stacked, and a few other things. Not as much time at the other house. Then home, changing into cooler clothing, etc, going over the mail finishing the morning paper and things like that. Only then did I pick up LaHais's last reply, which says it was filed on the 23rd and I got yesterday and read it. I do mean for the first time. I marked it as I read it, spoke to Lil and went into my office to draft an addition to the affidavit I've been working on.

I was supposed to stop at 5 so I could take Lil to Kmart's before going to the China Pearl for dinner and because we wanted to be home in time for the Oriole's pre-game show. In thinking about this later I asked Lil and she and I are in agreement that it was about noon when I started by the reading. It was a little after 5:30 when she stopped me by reminding me I was a half hour late. I'd stopped for lunch about 1:30, when Lil likes to have it, ate lunch, returned to work, and had several interruptions in the form of phone calls. In this five and a half hours, which include lunch and those other interruptions, and finding some of LaHais's citations and reading and checking them, also quoting them, which slows me down because I am not a touch tyoist, I did almost 23 pages. If I figure a half hour for both lunch and these interruptions, which probably took more time, it comes to over five pages an hour including the time it took to get and read LaHais's citations.

We are really indebted to him for one, as you'll see. I'd forgotten something he had stated, and is it helpful.

The game was postponed, rain. I was looking at ^{La}eagen's press conference when I got a phone call so I didn't get much of it. I decided to read and go to bed, but I remember what I'd intended to close with, so I came to do it and that is what keyed me up.

For my age, tying sidesaddle and all of that, getting up when I remember it, which was not often, and walking around as I'm supposed to and all that, this kind of output is not too bad for an aging man who has a few other problems.

Before illness it was much faster. I once did the draft of a book that is 25,000-30,000 words that I gave her on ^{La}ane on a weekend when I was also preparing for a trip to New Orleans Monday morning early.

While I've been doing this we've had a racoon on the windowills eating the sunflower seeds the birds wasted. When Lil told me he'd taken the lid off the five gallon pail in which we keep them outside the kitchen window, I knocked on the window, thinking it might frighten him away. He came up to sniff at the glass on the other side of my knuckles. We took the pail inside, but I can hear him still prowling around, not bothered at all by the lights.

Best,