

12/19/73

Dear Jim,

When one morning's news tells me that the federal government seems to have installed a local prosecutor and that Charles Colson has found Christ (I guess Christ is getting old, too), then I know why we are having a heavy blizzard.

(Moo has always wanted this experience, or at least so he has often said. Tell him, please, that it would be no act of friendship to include a "Wish you were here" card!)

Christ, it seems, knows exactly when to seek out the sinners: when they have nowhere else to go and when he can shin 'em up a bit before the judges.

If He can take a Colson, then He is indeed all He is cracked up to be.

And if a Colson can seek out Christ, then he is a better and certainly more practical lawyer than I ever figured him to be.

All of which is to say that anything can happen and perhaps down there they'll yet say it isn't so.

But if they don't, then you'll have time for many other things.

I saw Jim Brown a little over three weeks ago. He says you are getting back to where you were and are beginning to look like it. Hope so. Those tough infections are hard to whip. Particularly when they visit in times that are otherwise so stressful.

In one of my other lives I was an early expert on stress, in the so-called lower forms of life. Actually, I found their social ~~standards~~ standards and the organization of their society rather respectable. My dirt-farmer's work was quoted by the PhDs when they got together to talk about what they didn't know anything about. Much of this can be extrapolated. For whatever it is worth, I suggest that man is often entirely unaware of what stresses him and how it causes predictable reactions, physical, emotional and behavioral.

(And you are, I am confident, among those who considers himself expert on my behavioral patterns. But for whatever it is worth, I was in a TV studio with Mark less than a month ago, he manufactured the expedient when truth would have served his purposes better, and no blood poured.)

We become, in varying degrees, like Pavlov's dogs. Or old fire-horses. I'm old enough to remember them, too. In our minds, without our being aware of it, there is the equivalent of the drooling on the sounding of the bell. Or the flow of adrenalin that ends in the impatient hooves. ...

I was able to follow the criminal trial, more or less and after things happened, from clippings provided by friends who resubscribed to the N.O. papers. I could not afford it. I think I detected an exquisite ~~subtlety~~ subtlety. Whether or not I did, other things that have since transpired and of which I have evidence in hand impel the belief that the change in counsel had other advantages. Bud and his supposedly hep client appear to have missed it. I think Bud will now confirm that one of those with whom you began was cozy with the feebs. To the point where ~~he~~ <sup>his associate</sup> crossed the thin line of client's interest.

There remain, I suppose, several other proceedings. Tax and civil. Because it seems that when I see the sun you see the moon, I have not been in touch with you on these. I have tried to interest others. They were without interest. But if they come to anything, you may want to remember that on one I have what I think others do not have and on the other have done what I know others failed to do. Do you remember that I told you when you had not told me that the tax people had targeted you? I had a good source. This was in early 1968.

When I saw Jones Harris at Bud's fiasco last month, I figured the time had come to see what happened if I got him mad enough. So, I did. What happened is that in his anger he blurted out that he was never a Bobby man and was always anti-Bobby, that he even worked for Keating and against Bobby and for Nixon. And he bragged that he went to New Orleans only to hurt you as much as he could, that he was secretly working with the Shaw team. He claims success for his efforts.

I do hope that things now go well for all of you, that you have as good a holiday as one can today, and that somehow the coming years may be better than the beneficences of our Glorious Leader and his supporters as well as his self-proclaimed enemies permit.

Sincerely,