

Dear Jo,

11/3/74  
Exhaustion hardly describes my physical and emotional state and success that of my/Jin's work in Memphis. However, for a while I was euphoric, for the challenges<sup>were</sup> that enormous and the meeting that successful. I'll never be able to make any kind of record of all of it. Lil feels inadequate for drawing me out in taping what I can recall, so on the phone sessions may be here soon who can, I may delay talking it out. It ranged from aborting the hardly hidden State intent to try the case on Bud and the CIA and more and contemporaneously on me to feiling copouts, which required forcefulness and caused even more unpleasantness. One of the greater joys was kidnapping each of the State's rebuttal witnesses. Without exception and despite the fact that each one was a surprise witness, we were able to make each guy. The last two, where I was loaded for bear, not nice, were so dramatic they decided to call me more and rested. One improvisation may tickle you. We learned just before lunch, when he had almost completed his direct testimony, that a Hantam v.p. would be used against us. With the courtroom locked for security, the trip to and from the motel almost half the available time and Bud entirely ignorant of publishing and the possibilities we had, where could we have privacy? "Let's visit our client," I said, and we then adjourned to Ray's cell where I briefed Bud as best I could in 20 minutes. I was prepared, so we were able to use this means of reading into the record and for the press to hear the worst of Bule from his secret grand jury appearance and that the man he was supposed to be working with his defense! Was enough! best *ll*