

Dear Bill, *rum 7/22:*

7/25/97

The white mule I used to get when I was down there on the Harlan case was fine. Got it in mason jars, too. Not surprised that there are still those who make it.

During World War II when we lived in Virginia, which had state stores and rationed the hooch, I used to get a quart of ~~blended~~ ^{blended} bourbon for our guests with Lil's monthly ration and with mine I got the most honestly labelled product I can remember. It was Singing Sam corn whiskey. The label warranted that the whiskey in that ~~bottled~~ ^{bottled} bottle was not more than 30 days old. *Should have used US*

Thanks for the other ^{notes}clippings. The one on the Ray bullets being missing makes me think I remember that inside the FBI they ~~never~~ ^{never} existed. It knew the truth and wanted no proof of it. So, as you'll see at the least hinted at in the paragraph of the Frazier affidavit used to get Ray extradicted, it says they could make no comparison because, falsely, there were not enough points of distinction. My recollection is that they thus avoided any testing of that rifle, rather an test firing. I think I recall that they did not even run the standard swab test, to see if it had been ^{fired} since the last time it was cleaned.

I supposedly got all the lab records and I recall no such notes in them.

Never knew or heard of Robert White.

You do not have to catch fish to enjoy fishing. Not that catching some ~~is~~ is not better, and then eating them. But my recollection of fishing is that the mere act is relaxing.

More later, *Harold* ^{of the eels}

I used to enjoy fishing but when ~~it~~ ^{she} became their ~~patron saint~~ ^{patron saint} I gave it up. If there was one within a mile, as soon as her hook that I baited for her was in the water that ~~the~~ eel had it. And they swallowed hook, line, sinker and feet of it. I once caught an eel near Wilmington that pulled me in the canoe in which I was. And one on the Chesapeake on a crab line that scorched my arm, it was that strong. God 2-3 inches in diameter and a yard of more long. Back to that Ky. hooch. One Friday night when I was with a then local friend and two NLRB regional directors and we'd been fishing on Norris Lake and I got drenched, after about a quart we decided to go into LaFollette for a steak dinner. I wore ^{burned} pajama bottoms that would not join in front, a sweat shirt that was too small, and a woman's wrap-around robe. As we walked along the LaFollette main street from where we could park those two NLRB types hollered "Look at him!" and pointed. I made it to the Fox restaurant, which had good steaks and we enjoyed. But none of us got even a bite that day. But Norris Lake was beautiful despite the rain. Named after the Senator who was the father of the Tenn. Valley Authority which built that public power system. Gotta tell you a story ~~and~~ about him and Lil one day.