

10/1/71

Dear Gary,

The enclosed copies of a couple of letters to crooked "critics" is not intended to nudge you. Your situation is different. You are on the edge of insolvency all the time, they are all well off. Penn told me that if he can keep his losses to \$200 a week he and LA can live well indefinitely. All the members of the San Diego committee I met have good jobs, in some cases with man and wife both having them.

When Lil finally told me how broke we are, I suddenly came to understand why she has been having all the recent trouble with her hiatal hernia, and for that I can hate those swine. I really think that right now, when next I hear from Paul R., I'll ask him to file against Penn, even if I do not collect. And if the disgrace send him to the hospital, he and we will both be better off. Can you imagine how unmanly it makes me feel to have to have sit back and taken this kind of crookedness from so many-in silence?

The problem with the publisher is worse, and that I will address after this or after the mail comes, but I must do it today. I finally got a copy of the contract yesterday, after asking for it repeatedly. We had to go to DC, Lil opened the package when we left the PO, and after the first couple of sentences I took it away from her and locked it in the trunk on the ground that reading it while we drove was bad for her eyes. The trunk not only kept it away from her, but I had a good excuse: it would not be loose when our car was in the parking lot in DC. We went there for our medical checkups. So far, okay. I have an enlarged prostate, which I'd suspected, but not, according to the doctor, prostatitis, or chronic prostatitis, whatever it is called. My lungs don't sound like the smoker I am, my heart and pressure are normal, despite everything, so ...

Even that rascal, sick Bud owes me the money in phones it cost me to get Ray as his client. When I asked for the money he said he didn't have it. Then he took Hammond to Europe on a futility, and he has done a fair job of lousing everything up since. Except for the little I can now do on the Ray case and the spectro suit, where I'm latched to him, I stay away. I do work with Jim, on the understanding that it is between him and me only.

We enjoy each of Ned's visits more and like him more each time. He is a wonderful guy, a very decent one. He told me you will be reading the last part of PM. I hope you have the time. Lil has typed all but the last chapter. I'm going to break that into two, for it is too long. Then I'll mail them to Ned. She has completed one more since he was here, but since he had skimmed it all, I'll not mail it until I have it all, saving the time of packaging and the slight extra cost of postage. All these trivialities we must always have to keep in mind, a helluva way to live as to work.

Cyril has not come through and has been evasive on the thing he promised: sending me pages of the definitive texts on spectro and neutron-activation tests, which makes me think, since he has never told me he plans to file for the pix and X-rays after the 29th, that he has taken hold of him, too. Hope not. But he has responded to repeated reminders of his promise to do this with nothing but what I don't need, praises for my dedication. We are a strange lot.

In my reading and cutting of PMI, from which I've not yet cut too much, I've done the first 100 pages. I wonder what shape for work I'll be in after today's nasty chores. This distateful mess floods memory with all sorts of unpleasantness, like Maggie Fields, after getting me to abandon WWII and go out there to get Liebler off Lane's and their backs, not contribution a penny of her many millions to the cost and on my last trip, when Steve Burton hadn't even arranged a pad, not even offering her basement or the attic of that \$250,000 home! Is "strange" the word? Best regards,