

11/15/73

Dear Phil,

We share tiredness but mine is enjoyable. Yours comes from changing from a night person? Mine from getting out on the warmest November day I can recall, 80°, and eliminating some problems with a large locust I had felled - 180° wrong. Good for me but I feel it, so I'll go to bed earlier because I'll be up by 5 a.m. anyway.

I hope the distaff side will not regard a theory I'm about to repeat as male chauvenist piggery, but as I ~~am~~ have become aware of the years (when I saw you I was still oblivious to them) and as I do not get to do the physical things I know I should and then I feel it, I think. My thought is that nature intended the male to lead a vigorous physical life. More, when he does not, his intellectual acuity suffers. ^{And} mind and body, and male's body has its own needs. Exercise. Not calisthenics.

You would get a laugh to see this Paul unyan at it! My immediate need was for some stout and fairly straight locusts to use to repair a wier (small dam, city feller) the thoughtful county broke and hasn't repaired. It supplies water to our pond and we have tame wild fish in it. Armed with my trusty 15" ~~pruning~~ saw, a machete and a worn-out ax, I have taken two down. Locust is a hard, durable wood. The second one was a good 75' tall. It hung is a cluster of maples, binding it at the butt end against the stump. ^{It} was cut free but who can move all that weight?

Well, I finally realized the friend who could. Archimedes! So, I trimmed out a post-length branch about 5" thick, used the stump as the fulcrum, and believe it or not, all alone, with only my 60 years to help, I walked that damn thing right out of the maples! Exultant, I then trimmed more out because I was enjoying it and because it has to be done, so I'm tired, too.

I don't know the kind of life you lead, but if you do not walk, I strongly recommend a brisk one, enough to make the lungs and heart work and tire the legs if they are not used. Good thinking time. I can get an all-news radio station in Washington and I can ignore what does not interest me, so I walk with hearadio, nace from the bad dogs, and think. Thinking is easier away from the typewriter, where there is so much to get on paper. You won't have the scenery I have, but the walk is good anyway.

St. John (his son's name) is one of Hunt's pen names. He is his own hero. He lives vicariously as the cheap heroes of his cheap novels, never realize they are tawdry, shallow characters because he really does consider himself a deep thinker. I will have much and much not published on him when I work my way to him and that of which he is part in my book, which is more than officialdom indicates.

You are an expert and I'm not, so I hesitate to dispute even part of your analysis. Until he testified I feared what you fear. As I watched him and paid close attention to the actual words, I got the very strong impression that he is depressed but also that he has an "operative" deal with our Glorious Leader, NOT the CIA. He covered both much more than was realized but he also pulled the plug on one area of CIA work that was promptly covered up.

His last novel, Berlin Ending, has Willy Brandt as the Russians' top agent in Western Europe. I have had access to the galley of his immature, dishonest and incomplete rewriting of The Bay of Pigs (Give Us This Day). Incredibly bad stuff and incredibly bad spooking from his own definition. Tad Szulc has a biography of him coming out (The Compulsive Spy) I suspect it will serve CIA interests and that they fed Szulc. From what I observed not in Szulc's reporting before he retired from the NYTimes and in a Sunday mag. piece he wrote I figured he had to be with the Agency in some way. Reading his Bay of Pigs and Dominican books persuades me of the accuracy of my analysis. Complicated business but bratifying when it works out.

LBJ pulled a couple of good ones about Ford. Yours is accurate. It describes him well and is the best credentials he has now....You are perceptive on the Congress but optimistic about the Supreme Court in particular and any in general unless you are an ultra in the south. Those once good are almost all now terrified. I've been having my experiences in Freedom of Information suits I've filed...Bed time. Best,

12 November 73

Dear Hal,

Many thanks for your long letter of 16 October. Am not really surprised to learn that you are doing book(s) on the Watergate mess, and all luck to you. You'll need it, I dare say—but of course one does what one must do, or he is no man at all...

I was interested, too, in your remarks re: the Garrison trial. I had in fact (as you appear to have somehow suspected) read the TIME account you refer to and was taken aback at such blatant editorializing in a news story. Glad to have your own comments. Garrison seems to be the type of person who either makes of others fast friends or bitter enemies. I've never heard of anyone being indifferent to him.

On Ford: LBJ is quoted somewhere as having said he (Ford) had "played football too long without a helmet." For some reason this amused the hell out of me. That is, the remark amuses me; Mr. Ford does not. But it is not surprising that Nixon chose him. Congress meanwhile wheezes along. The judiciary (I mean to say the Supreme Court) seems the soundest branch of the govt. at present. The legislative branch is certainly the most saddening, even though it lacks the spectacular arrogance of the executive.

Too, a word about Hunt. Yesterday I read a ridiculous book ~~xxx~~ called On Hazardous Duty, by "David St. John." Well, I don't know how Hunt's other books are, but this one is a waste of trees. Neither author or spy-hero 'Peter Ward' ~~xxx~~ have much presence at all. When I saw Hunt testifying on TV the thing that was most apparent to me was his seemingly depressed state. Had I been in charge of his care I would have placed him on strict suicide precautions. His testimony was a cut or two above the prose in this one book I've read, but both seem to confirm that this man does feel his country has abused him, that his own view of Commies vs. Good-Guys is intellectually sound and morally pure, that he himself is a vague sort of tragic hero, and that if he were dead he would be remembered (at least among his CIA colleagues) appropriately. But I would guess that now, with the lesser sentence, the fellow will take heart and perhaps write up a bunch more Peter Ward penny-dreadfuls, and waste a bunch more trees. Anyway, he is an intellectually shallow writer-thinker. I wonder how many of these kinds of people our intelligence agencies hire?

I must stop, my friend. I'm too tired to collect myself well. I have gone from working nights at the hospital to working days, and I seem not to have adjusted to the different hours yet. Having worked nights for ten years... But the change has put me back in touch with the Institute's basic programs—something I sorely needed. The thing is, I'm too damn tired ~~■~~ at night to do any of my own work!

Bob
Heil