

11/2/73

Dear Harv,

No unflattering intention, but if I were not too tired for other things I should be doing and with less time than required for a nap (have to go for Lili) I'd not be writing. I do have to keep up with the papers and haven't completed this a.m.'s.

I guess it is really Lili's fault. We were talking this morning about why Jim Eschen did not return my yesterday's call. She asked me why I hadn't phoned you. So, aside from a considerable curiosity about whether fans and fortune have changed Jim, I do owe an old friend an explanation for not having phoned him with a hot story.

Unless proximity to the seat of corruption corrupts thinking, it is because of the difference between a talk show and straight news. Sportswriters are more likely to be retaliated against.

And as other good friends who have reported on the tube have learned in recent years, the current taste is for youthful faces over good and experienced reporting. So, I did not want to put you in a position where you'd perhaps think of yourself less well or your employer might think less well of you.

The message I left for Jim was two words, "Jaworski" and "Ford."

As you know, I have no back to wall on either.

Among the things relating to Jaworski is CIA post (and now he decides whether to investigate or present) and his presiding over a whitewash that makes the Warren report read like J'Acuse.

Ford put a ghost on the public payroll to do only two things, both one: ghost for him. Before the book was a private Warren report for LIFE.

He sold government secrets for profit. He has them copyrighted. Even his publication of them does not let me get them. I've been trying for six years.

He had a fake FBI investigation of himself made as a leaker of secrets. In Whitewash II.

It is a disappointment to reach 60, start work at 3 a.m. (with no salary check), think of old and once-valued and respected friends and with no prospect of personal gain and a little of personal harm take the time to be helpful to them in the ways that make them comfortable, and then to just sit and wait for the unreturned call.

Give Judy and the others hugs for me, please. Is he big enough to think he is too big to be hugged?

In a few weeks something I have let a publication here should be appearing. If anyone gets interested, the interest represents no value to me. But if others see sense in it, as they should with proper presentation, I hope it is not late at night here.

I don't know who is still around. If you see any who were my friends, please "hello" them.

Best