

7/29/70

Dear Gary,

In and of itself, that business of Bud, of which I wrote you yesterday and sent you copies, was enough to trouble me. In came following several other unpleasantnesses, so the effect was synergistic. However, as the day wore on, my own ideas began to take form, if my explanations of why he did such a thing did not and do not satisfy. I just can't tell myself anything that I can go for. It is unlike him, doesn't make sense. But, for whatever reason, he also, apparently, was up tight about it, so I ask myself what he was telling himself, and I have no answer.

The last two times I was there, each time for most of the day, he either was out of the office or out of town. The first of these two times, the young men working there asked my opinion of Sprague's article, and I told them, shocking them a bit. The second time they came to me and said they had reread it and I was right. I can conjecture he regards this as subversive. But I suspect it is that he resents my being right so often, every time there has been a conflict in judgement between us and there has been a determination.

Topping it all of was a strange one. I got a phone call from a man from whom I've not heard in years. He had been in touch with Bud by mail, asking the prospects, and one of the few things Bud enumerated as among those he expected to make good changes for us is the Skolnick suit! When, immediately, I had told Bud was involved in it, his reaction was that, in effect, I was jealous and he couldn't keep up with the friction between the "critics". This borders on the irrational. Of the things Bud did mention to this guy, none was the suits I had or am filing. This can be because they slipped his mind, but it can also be his appraisal. In any event, I take it in the context of the long delay in reading the drafts I've prepared, about a month. Two haven't been looked at, one is two weeks overdue and not done, as of last night, and the fourth, the one Bud says he will handle (and I'll not change this), on the spectro, is now being retyped with any consultation with me. If he departs from what I had on paper we can be in trouble. I had assumed he'd speak to me after editing. I was there, three times, for this purpose, among others.

The suit on the pictures was to have been done last week. On the appointed day I was there and it wasn't. The day it was next to be done, ditto. I was to have gone in today, but yesterday I decided not to go in until invited. I got a call from the fellow working on it about 10:30 last night telling me Bud has put him on other things and he'll not have it done this week. So, now I'm to go in Monday. Aside from all other considerations, I also have work to do and have to plan it, any my work does not include Sprague-like chickenshit. I told him when I came in Monday I wanted all the drafts back, read or unread, that I had already said we'd lost precious time, and that I would waste no more. We had discussed this earlier. I said as Bud was free to assign his order or priorities, so also was I, and I regarded it as important that these suits be filed promptly, explaining why, to their apparent agreement, which may be one of the causes of the present situation. I'm a month late.

The plan, which was really Bud's, a variation of mine that I agreed is better, was to file one every so often. It is he who has prevented this. I had wrapped it all up in one big suit. He persuaded me to change the approach, and I did it all over. Much work. These should be separate suits. He is right. But they also should be filed while things are hot inside DJ and before the climate worsens.

So, you have this brief background, in case there are future unpleasantnesses. I hope there will not be. When I am in DC I will bring back all these things.

There should be editing other than mine, both as to legal form and heat, for my stuff should be cooled off. More than a month, though, is too long to await it. I'll then go over each, have Lil retype each, and, when I have the filing costs, which begin with \$15.00 to the court and I do not know what to the marshal for service, and things like that, I'll file them, each also requiring a trip to DC.

This kid, Jim, has a high regard for the suit on the pictures. He sees its values and says it should win. I think I'll pull a switch and file the Ferrie one thereafter. Different areas, different defendants, different issues.

Aside from lousing up my work schedule and wasting my time-I've got five trips to DC in this already, the slight cost of each a great financial burden to me when I have no resources- there is the needless load this places on Lil, who will not be faced with a large typing job, all at one time.

And the first of the emergencies I could anticipate came yesterday. The end of the tailpipe fell off as I returned from the trip to town to mail the check to Bud. So, last night I had to make arrangements for having it and the muffler replaced today. I've been driving with it defective for more than a month. Meanwhile, I have the original battery in the car. It is six years old. I should have replaced it during the pre-winter preparations for winter last year. There were days then I couldn't start it, was thus immobilized until I could get help. It has had a bad cell for a year, but I've been making do, with some misgivings.

One thing that surprises me is my own reaction, telling me that I have changed. Not long ago I'd have been in white heat over that insulting bit... I find myself wondering what he could have meant about joining my creditors, what he could have imagined or been told, for while my debt is, for me, great, it is to but a very few people, almost all to the bank and printer and dentist, who is an old friend. The truth is that in the area of our work, people owe me money, not the reverse. I shall not spend time worrying about this, but I have to assume he has been fed some kind of poison or has dreamed it up himself.

Meanwhile, I think we had enough come in yesterday so I can still pay Paul for the xeroxing, as I'd have done when he did it had he responded to my request for the amount, so I could (and then we had to spend the money on other things, like feeding those who visited), and still get the muffler and tailpipe. As soon as Lil is up and about I'll know.

Well, this is one way for a man with anxiety to live, but I do not recommend it or such "friends".

By the way, are you not a member of Bud's committee? If you are, why not write him an innocuous letter inquiring about his appraisal of the Skolnick suit, so we can get a reading on his present thinking-and capacity for learning.

From your silence, I assume you are not going home for a vacation this year. If you do and know your schedule, let me know if you can come here and double-check me on some of these things. While I take a non-lawyer's view and do not regard this as essential, I do believe it is desirable.

Sincerely,