

Dear Bd,

12/19/72

While you are off in the Barbadoes, where you discharge your obligations to the principles you profess, your client (where the state will be answering the judge's show-cause order) and society in general, I do not want to embarrass you by having this letter opened by Carmen or anyone else. What they learn of you on their own ought be enough. Unlike you, I want to be able to do what needs be done when the answer comes, with the few days there will be for response.

Arch was unable to respond to what I said, so he took the high road of seeking to make mischief. It seems that in the field in which we share an interest and particularly among those who are singularly without legitimate personal accomplishment in it, there are a number of cardinal crimes. One is to be ethical and to expect others to be. Another is to understand where understanding is lacking. Another is to be generally right where others are more often, some always, wrong. And still another, with some the worst, is to be able to do what others can't and don't.

Among those of you with means or wealth, it is another crime not to be wealthy and not to kiss your asses and tell you how great you are, your self-conceived greatness being an inalienable right that comes with the wealth not the result of personal achievement. It is almost like inheriting a kingdom. You have come to suffer several of Garrison's illnesses, one being the ownership of the subject, your ~~right~~ right in your case because you are this self-conceived big brain and somebody died and left you rich.

One of the tragedies of the so-called critical community is that those who have the capability of doing the work that needs doing are without means or, as in my case penniless. Another is that those who could make much possible and haven't the ability are misers or spend their money—that little a percentage that they spend—in self-promotion.

In your case, you are further galled because you have pissed away what for me would be a vast sum and have nothing to show for it except a little bit of cheap and false personal publicity. Being the kind of guy you are, we could never have good relations because I was right at the outset in explaining to you in considerable detail just how that brainstorm of yours the CTIA could not possibly succeed. No parent is proud of an abortion or a mongolian idiot.

On my part, I was wrong to trust you personally, as I did. I did believe you to be genuine and a man of principle. So, I agreed to work with you personally, trusting you, with the clear understanding that neither I nor my work would have anything to do with the CTIA. It turned out to be a bit worse than I'd expected. My belief is that it would be a futility. You and your nuts converted it into an instrument of evil, it and you collectively making it the successor to Garrison in destroying the credibility of those who did do meaningful work. So, I confess being a fool.

You are the counterpart of Arch, to a degree in miserliness, although your characters are entirely different. You are capable of small personal generosity when they mean nothing significant but are decent gestures, but Arch is incapable of even that. Arch did not have to get Mary to ask me to go down there to see about working out some kind of alliance, and I took no such initiative, but he did. Before I could get there he worried about what a couple of bucks in my slight costs would do to his \$50,000,000.00 and he changed his mind. Arch did not have to tell Mary to tell me that when FRAME-UP was remaindered he would buy them for me, a matter of at most \$1,000, an inconsequential sum for him as for you, but he did. Somehow, when he makes this offer and I trust him, I become the villain. Thus when the time came, and I was in the worst financial condition of my 60 years and he was the wretched miser he is and backed out on his own, voluntary offer, ~~izEsczaz~~ I faced another and an unnecessary crisis.

It is, I think, solved. Jim had told me that when he told you, your response was you had to get someone else to put up the money. This is typical. You have money, so someone else should spend it for you, this book and the work behind and since it being the one chance you have for personal fame. Thereafter silence. So, I've gone deeper in debt, have the required ~~despit~~ made, and if all else fails, have Jim's word that the end of next month, he'll borrow the balance and lend it to me.

It sure is great to have all of your rich people to do all the noble, unselfish things you do, in your own minds if not with your wealth. This brings me to the thing to which you reduced it all, friendship. You have redefined the word, also typical of you and of the rich in the critical community.

As you have always been when I've complained about the unprincipled things you have

done, you were unable to make factual response, for I was accurate. I did write the truth. Instead, you sought to kid yourself with this note, added to a partial ~~xxxx~~ copy of a page or my letter to Arch: "Harold, what you write to me about me is one thing. What you writeto others about me is another. Don't let your frustrations and bitterness carry you away. friends are difficult to make, but so, so easy to lose."

You actually believe such vacuuous, self-serving nonsense. You actually believe you have been a good and worthwhile friend to me. Just as you are unprincipled in your personal dealings while you are not, unless I am a bigger fool than I confess being, basically an unprincipled man. There is something about a longing to do something worthwhile about the assassinations that makes maniacs of the rational, there is the corruption of this lust that makes crooks of the honest. However, you have made an issue of this alleged friendship. In what I know from experience will have to be a futility, I take the time to let you examine from outside the self-comforting distortions of self-justification just what this alleged friendship and its acts of kindness and generosity that exist in your mind only have meant. And for one who subsists in poverty, please remember that the sums you waste are more than I have to live on or work with.

In about September of 1968, when you were about to go off on a nice European vacation, you had just come back from New Orleans glowing with the comfort of finding Garrison "in better contraol than ever-really on top of things". I told you it couldn't be so, that he was crazy and getting farthur from reality all the time. You asked me to go there and check again. I hand't been there since july. You also asked me to arrange to spend the first two weeks of December working with you there. "o, don tmake arrangements for a place to stay, just for work. We'd stay in a hotel or motel together, to be able to work better. When I could not arrange the stop for the fare of the ticket to the west coast (for which those noble souls have yet to pay, although they had assured it and a small honorarium), you were this real generous man of wealth. ou gave me \$100 on which to perform this mission for you. That did take care of the extrâ fare, the extra parking on my car - and nothing else. So, at the end of a tiring three@week trip I did your bidding, being stuck for all the other costs. You never offered to pay them.

ou changed your mind about the December trip, but you never told me. So, I had made the arrangements you'd asked me to make, and I was stuck with that, too. Meanwhile, Garrison was even crazier than I'd thought. I asked you to come and see for yourself. I had to used the paranoid Vince to reach the paranoid Jim, and you, Vince and I went together. I was able to prevent that incredible stupidity he and Boxley had hoked up, helped by Palmer. You were a mere bystander. Here you are, this rich lawyer, and you were but an adornment where tough work was to be done. Nor did you pay any of my expenses. You did do two things that helped my spirits. Once when you were going to the Herron's with me for dinner, you got me a bottle of Scotch. It helped when I was working until 3 and 4 a.m. which you and Vince slept in comfort. And after we had reached the crisis point, you did take me to a fine French meal. It was a welcome luxury but no more. You did nothing to help and you were content to exploit me, impoverished as you knew I was. Great friendship, rich meaning, to increase my indebtedness so you can tell yourself how great you are!

Then you said you'd handle an FOI cas for me. You told me what you wanted me to do. It took two long, hard months in which I could have drafted one ~~xx~~ of the books I have reasearched. (It also took about this time to do what another of your brainstormes required, trying to straighten John Nichols out-another book undrafted.) It also took about \$70 wasted in copying paper, or the way we live, a month of groceries away from us. You then changed your mind, and this was all wasted.

Well, not quite completely wasted. Despite our agreement that you would not put anything from me in with your CIA files, you were a real honorable lawyer and put the client's files inwith your CIA's, making extra copies of some that I have, had when I could not get my own back. Some ethics, some friendship!

You were right to change your mind, to separate the cases. But you were wrong not to know enough about the law when you directed me to do what I, truting you, did. The cost in wasted time and money was mine, not yours.

The first suit was for the Ray affidavits. You did a fine job of editing and contracting the letters I suggested to ~~Kirk~~ Mitchell and Rogers, but rightly or not, I've had the feeling you were unhappy that the lawyer didn't think of these, the client did, and they turned out to be the right touch and the harbinger of victory. That victory, by the way, came when you were out of town, as now, when you are needed. If you are to do your work.

You were not only away: you had not told me what to do if anything came up in your absence. It did, and I did what had to be done: talk Bill into going before the judge and asking for a summary judgement. We got it. That is, your legal record is embellished by a rarity, a summary judgement against the Department of Justice. You had as much to do with it as with discovering the wheel.

If it is easy to err in guessing what is in the mind of another, I believe each of these things feeds your resentments, that I see and do what you neither see nor do. So, instead of happiness at what fell into your lap, you hold a secret resentment. There are too many evidences of it not to recognize its existence, whatever its cause or causes. For your sake, I hope you come to see and understand it.

The second split-off case was on the spectro. You said you'd take it to the Supreme Court and I let you do it your way, even if I disagreed. I did the draft of the complaint in a form you did not prefer. I have no objection to your doing it your way. Now as then I admit either approach could be justified and there was no assurance either was right. However, when all the fact was in front of you, you were not content with fact. There are these notions in your mind that substitute for fact. You have never done enough work to know what the unquestionable fact is. You do not read the solid works, preferring those nutty things which are closer to your preconceptions. So, if it has not been costly, there was factual error in your complaint. I told you about it. Knowing, on the first opportunity you duplicated the error. Whether it was accidental or the persistent of faith in your inventions of what you want to have been the fact, I don't know. I believe the legal research and the preparation of the appeal was Jim's. The factual work, all of the investigation and research are mine. So, what is yours, except this indefiniteness you seem to consider "friendship"? And, of course, the for you slight costs of the appeal. For this you are getting a good, solid, precedent case. It can't do me any personal good, as it can't hurt me personally if we lose. I happen to think that the coming decision will be our way. You and your law career will be the only possible beneficiaries of a victory. In all other areas, it is unselfish, and particularly does this relate to the considerable work Jim and I did. You will be its beneficiary. I don't begrudge it and I'm sure Jim doesn't. However, the least I think we are entitled to expect from you is appreciation, not resentment and exploitation.

You had agreed to handle a series of these cases after you had asked me to do the great work of preparing for a monster, all-inclusive one. You elected not to handle the next, so I did it alone. Superficially it was a loss. In actuality it was a great victory, producing more information than all your CIA's effort and I'll include all of Cyril's, if you can still call his "effort". The problem is that by this time you had established yourself as so untrustworthy it could not be shared with you.

You went off and filed suits of your own. The first is at best a duplication of Kaiser. Meanwhile, you don't know what you have when you have it and don't know what to do with what you have when you do. You have and have not recognized significant material on the JFK assassination. Then you filed for the Mexican pictures, and you won. What did you get? So far, nothing. Not even a principle, a precedent. At the same time, if you had to make a choice between the two sets of related and withheld pictures, naturally, with your unerring instinct, you went for the wrong ones. Not that you could not in the same complaint have asked for both. But by this time you had reworked your personal definition of friendship and cooperation and didn't seek help. In fact, you kept the whole thing a big secret until afterward, thus denying yourself the available help. You have this ambition to do something on your own, and it drives you to all sorts of waste and foolishness, like your "answer" written on the bottom of that part of a page of my letter to Arch. It answers nothing, addresses nothing, is but an additional self-deception.

Your concept of "friendship" is to steal the work of others while keeping whatever you do a tight secret. Everything you have stolen you have ruined. In no case was the theft accidental. It has never stopped. The most recent case was your egtripping in Philadelphia, where you went to speak to perhaps 100 students and knowingly, deliberately falsely presented as your own what stole from me and promised not to use or misuse again. At the same time, trying to even before a meaningless audience, to pretend to yourself that your cadaver breathes, you lied and said the CIA had handled all my FOI suits. Your "friendship" takes strange forms, ranging from theft to ruin. I fear the ultimate hurt will be greater to you, the longer in coming to see after the hunt. not few, one is enough to typify "friendship".

If the number

Your great friendship has often been demonstrated with money, that thing which seems to be of greatest import to those who have more of it than people need, particularly in their dealings with those who lack it. There was a time when you had asked me to go to your office to confer with you. It coincided with one of our regular financial emergencies. I had to borrow money to pay the bank my regular interest on my indebtedness. I was late only because two checks were late reaching me. They covered what I needed. I went to see a friend who does not regard friendships as an argument or a boast, knowing he would lend it. He was ill and at the doctors. I waited until the last minute, then walked as fast as I could to your office, getting there a few minutes past the appointed time. I told you I'd have to leave early to see this friend and get the money before he left downtown. You asked how long I'd need how much and I told you until I got these two checks that had been authorized, a matter of several weeks. You offered to lend me the money. I did not ask for it. When the first of the two checks came, about two weeks later, I drew that sum against it and left it for you. I got it back with a letter that would disgrace a sadist, a vile note in which which some indignation you proclaimed that you would not join the list of those to whom I owe money. The fact was and is you don't know if or to whom I owe or owed what. There is nobody you know to whom I owe a cent, and there never was anyone within the critical community from whom I had borrowed anything. The converse is the fact, and the better off those who owe me money are, the more they owe. That was obscene. You never answered my response, and you did cash the full check which I was able to send about the same time. I had earned the two checks and they were in corporate processing. I can believe you are the miserable bastard this one incident makes of you, so I do make a friendly gesture to you, suggesting that you ask yourself how you could do so wretched a thing.

I had already learned about you and money. There was the time I asked you if you would agree to certain simple and not unusual conditions if I could get you Ray as a client. You considered it impossible, but I did do it. It took much effort and some cost. When I got one of the phone bills it cost me I asked you if you could pay it. I didn't have the money then and I didn't want my phone disconnected. I had not asked you for the earlier costs, but that \$55.00 I just didn't have and it was overdue. Your response was that you didn't have the money. You also have no shame to pull one like that. But at the same time, when Mary was worried about our condition, you told her not to worry, Happy Harold is getting all he deserves. Happiness is having generous, thoughtful, considerate "friends" like you! Much more of this has come back to me that you may realize, generally from those who actually believe you.

This is true in other areas, like the insanities you speak when you get before a minuscule audience or an open mike. One show of which I was sent a tape by a remarkably uniformed and indiscriminating buff had you and Flammonde and Sprague on it. It is neither insult nor exaggeration to terms what you all said "insane". There you presented your CTIA as the investigators on the Ray case and Flammonde its chief investigator. All of you collectively couldn't find public hairs in a whorehouse and Flammonde wouldn't see them were he in bed. What is more material is that one of the conditions of my getting Ray as your client was here involved and breached as in one costly futility after another you violated it, never getting anything except what I told you how to get.

I had earlier raised with you the question of your taking Flammonde to England when the agreement's provisions included that I would be the investigator, a condition to your benefit, as were all the others. You said, and you told Bob and Jim, that Flammonde's publisher paid the expenses. Flammonde had no publisher, no book contact and no book project, as he made explicit on that show. Ask yourself why you demean yourself in such unbecoming way and how you can bring yourself to designate such things as "Friendship". Or why, when the crime was committed in Memphis, you did your great investigation in England.

You also have not lived up to the other parts of our agreement, "Friend". And not one was selfish of me.

On Ray and the investigation not made and made impossible by your not keeping your word, a characteristic I find close to undeviating on this subject (and I put it this way because I just can't believe it is typical of you in other areas), I could go on and on. I will enumerate just a couple of very obvious things now relevant and not irrelevant to your references to frustration and bitterness.

Poverty is not a frustration for me. If my wife has not adjusted to it and ought not be subjected to the abuses of the rich like you who inflict abuses, I regret to say that I have. I go from emergency to emergency without worrying about each succeeding one until it is upon me. The frustration comes from having to undo or try to undo the ceaseless harm done by the nuts, of whom, today, you are the leader, and of the enormous waste of time. It was a frustration to have so much waste in New Orleans, to waste all the work in preparing for the lawsuit you designed wrongly, and for much with Ray. Were I really bitter I could do a book that has commercial possibilities, an expose of the criminal community. Could I have fun with you alone had I this disposition. I could vent bitterness. Ego is a healthy thing if there is basis for it and if it is controlled. I rejected an offer from a major publisher who would not touch the fact of the case to do a "short, sensationally-written book" on what I had done on the case. (And I could not have done it without demeaning you, could I? But I could have used the money and the writing was but a couple of weeks work, an amount of time you have wasted for me rather often.) You are the one who is hungup, who has every reason for frustration and bitterness coming from your inability to do anything in your own right, with all your money, and your unvaryingly poor judgement when confronted with an opportunity to do something that required at most small sums of your money and were required by the proper pursuit of the obligation you undertook in accepting Ray as a client. I'll itemize a few. One of the reasons is to let you see that I do have cause for feeling frustration and bitterness if I believe I do not, and that you are the cause.

More than three years ago I got and gave you a copy of the offer from Hue to let me have all of his files and all of everyone else's, including Hanes', Foreman's and Hooker's. You said no, not worth it. When I kept pushing and then Jim did, when it was too late,

you sent Jim, without enough time, after there had been all this time for purging them, and when he was already too busy doing work you as the lawyer should have been doing. He got me only some of what had been offered me. You had seen Hanes but got nothing. I confronted Hanes and got him to offer me his files. You again said no. This was when Frame-Up first came out. I suggested to you at the time of the civil suits that you get the papers then put into the record, but again you said no, not worth it. So, Jimmy got them on his own, a better lawyer than his lawyer, and we just got them, too late to include anything in the petition. Last May I got an agreement from Frank to let ~~xxxxxxx~~ you have everything he had, subject only to the approval of Doubleday's counsel. I'd learned that you were too damned cheap to send me around to do the investigating that needed doing until there was an emergency, so I made this arrangement for you and I immediately phoned you. With your unique genius in such matters you told me it was great and you would do it and then proceeded not to make an inexpensive phone call or write a letter. Until too late, when Jim did it in your name. I could have gone to New York and accomplished this, as I there accomplished other things in which you failed, a subject to which I'll return.

What really addresses friendship, generosity, frustration and bitterness in this matter is my telling you I had zeroed in on certain key evidence and should get it. It required 500 miles of travel and two days away from home, in addition to photographic costs. You reached the heights of generosity. "I'll go to \$50.00" is what came from that overflowing, friendly heart. That was a bit too much, broke as I was. I did it, and at not a cent of cost to you. But you are, as I've said, passed of a unique genius. These are important evidence, and you do need them, as only a fool would not have known to begin with. I did make some available to you, I did take the time and drive an aging car I can't replace the extra miles to get it done. Jim repaid me the cost of that photographic copying. When he wanted more of them, I also let him have them, but my not getting the copying done cost much more. Now how great can friendship be, how total a dedication to the law is there when you would not pay the costs of getting evidence any uneducated viewer or Perry Mason had to know you needed? I didn't ask you to pay me for my work, either, and you never have. And I had no inheritance with which to subsidize you.

So, you are this great friend to me, and I'm going to lose so much to lose this valuable friendship? You have the gall with this partial record only to say something like that? You are utterly shameless! No matter what unconscionable thing you have done, I have maintained a public silence. Whatever insults your sick ego have required I have ignored except in unanswered letters to you. In writing Arch I told him he was not unique. Another wealthy miser making promises upon which others are forced to depend and not

keeping or intend to keep them.

There is another way of measuring this overflowing friendship you have extended to me. I did have and do have urgent needs. There are people who do owe me money. There are others who owe me money where there is no doubt, where even fraud is involved. Here you are this great lawyer and this great friend. I asked you to help me find a Baltimore lawyer to handle our damage suit against the government. It would not have been a great cost for you to pick up your phone and speak to those you know or the one to whom you sent me. For me the cost was great. It began with letters, then a trip to Baltimore, then other trips to Baltimore, and after some months refusal for a reason other than the one given.

You have a New York associate and you know New York lawyers. I spoke to you about the money Dell owes me. If I don't know how much it is, I can make a case out for close to \$50,000 and I have such evidence as their affidavits in other proceedings and copies of editions they have never acknowledged printing. You know my work well enough to know that when I told you I had a pretty fair collection of proof there is at least a reasonable chance I do. But your vaunted friendship is such that you would do nothing. You didn't have to, but when you wouldn't you ~~sought~~ not make noble claims as you now do.

You know ~~lyerly~~ in State. They do own me money. The statute may well have run on it, but if it has, it is also possible that there remains a basis in their violation of their regulations. I could, of course, go camp on his doorstep. I could write him letters that would accomplish nothing. I asked of you only that you phone him and ask him if he could find five minutes for me. That also you would not do. Even if what I have in mind is impossible, you could not do this simple thing and you call yourself "friend"?

Bud, you could be a very valuable friend. Your record of incompetence and immaturity and irresponsibility in the things in which we have been engaged together is not the real you. You do have a good head. But it is the creature of a sick ego. You are driven to things that even today I really believe are foreign to your character. But on every opportunity to be a friend you refused to be, ranging from simple things like making a phone call that would have cost you nothing to breaking your word, stealing, and beating me out of small sums. And then claiming that you are the poor one. (I also heard of your telling others that I put on a pose of poverty whereas I have ample money. Moscow gold, I presume?)

But you have not been a friend, not by any rational definition. With friends like you one has no need of enemies. My loss is that I haven't enough enemies. From them at least I sometimes get something of worth and I do know how to figure them.

You may wonder why I take this time. I don't plan the expose I referred to and if I did I'd have no need of letters to remind me. With you the recollections are clear enough, as they are with Garrison, who also owes me money. The material is so rich that forgetting some with all of you will leave too much. Perhaps I feel the emotional need to unload after provocation by that outrageous little seemingly polite and modest note that you may feel you can copy and send to others (which bothers me not at all, considering those who heed you). I really hope that if it is too late, you will detach yourself from this sick ego and do what it is possible for you to do. Not the dream stuff you live with and imagine is the reality. Not by exploiting Jim and me to do your work. And not by miserliness in areas of need and childish indulgences and extravagances where there is no possibility in the Ray case.

I conclude with that. I have done certain work. You have not paid me for it. I regard it as my work, my property. Therefore, I want back what I have let you have and no use of any of it without my permission. I am not saying I will not under any circumstances permit it to be used. But I am asserting my right to my own work. During this time, aside from the vanities and personal extravagances, you have wasted what for me are large sums of money. It is your money and you have every right to do with it what you will. But it is not a license to steal, and if you use my work, as you have in the past, without my permission and when I have wanted you not to, it is stealing. What I can do about it if you do may be a question. You have my word I will make the effort if it comes to pass. It would be better to return my Ray work to me and ask for whatever you may feel you will need. If you ever do the work of preparing a real case for court. When you call the record of which the foregoing is only part "friendship" and say it is valuable, that is a bit too much. And I'm sorry my typing is worse than usual. My wealth and miserliness are such I am using second-hand ribbons that jam... And I offer the unsolicited opinion that if you do not put your head together on this, the time may come when it will be impossible and impossible to live with.

You do not enjoy a monopoly. I got Ray as Bud's client on Bud's agreeing to certain simple conditions, all of which served Bud's selfish interest as if he could detach himself from an inordinate ego he'd realize. Bud has not kept the agreement, has not done any real work on the case, hasn't even mastered the basic facts, has, in fact, hindered what could be done and is entitled to no credit for what has been done. Yet the situation is such that he alone can get credit. The reality is that Lesar and I have done all the work, and it has been an enormous labor. I stay away from Bud, deal with Jim only. But the last time I heard from Bud he grumbled because Jim is no longer content to live off his wife for Bud's glorification! She makes enough for both of them, he complained. Of course they can live on her income, if not as they would like and young people should. But should Jim give up his future to make Bud a fake great man? Should he not be beginning to practise law, stand on his own feet? Not as Bud sees it. I have gotten not a cent from my work, haven't even recovered all my expenses, and have had the past six months loused up by the need to be available to do what Bud should be doing and for which he is not equal. That will now end, with the completion of the habeas corpus petition. It is less good than it could have been because of Bud. We do not have for it what we could have had because of Bud. We have what we do have in it despite Bud. And he is wealthy and will be the beneficiary of the work Jim and I have done. To this day, poor Ray thinks that Bud has done all this work!

When Jim learned more than a month ago that FRAME-UP is now being remaindered and he realized that as the Ray case progresses copies may be needed, without telling me and without my asking him, he told Bud. Bud's immediate and principled reaction was he had to get someone else to make a gift of them to me. The total cost would be about \$1,000. Wealthy Bud, the beneficiary, couldn't do this thing that would benefit him. Someone else should. Well, when I now have to find some means of adding to our debt of about \$35,000 just so we can survive on the most elemental level, I can't now borrow for the remainders. Jim, who is without means, has volunteered to arrange the financing for me. How or when I'll pay it back I don't know, but somehow I will.

Harold - what you write to me about me is one thing.
What you write others about me is another.
Don't let your frustrations & bitterness carry
you away. Friends are difficult to make, but
so, so easy to lose. Bud

Dear Jim,

12/19/72

Bud did what for him even is a really dirty thing with part of a page of my letter to Arch. He copies that part and added a seemingly rational, reasonable and polite note to it and sent it to me. If he has not given you a copy and you want it, I'll be glad to provide it.

I did not want to respond before he was leaving for his rich-man's Xmas holiday, I did not want it to be on my mind, and I did not want to mail it to his office where it might be opened in his absence, to his embarrassment. So, I'm sending it to you with the request that after he gets back and when there is no Ray emergency as is possible when he takes off with papers to be filed after answers are prepared, you hand it to him.

If you want a copy, I've made a carbon I'll hold for you. I just don't want to put you in the middle in any way. The letter doesn't, but your having read it might. If he protests, well, you will not have read it.

You have an idea of the nature of my objection from the note I wrote you, asking that all my Ray work be taken out of whatever office.

I am unconcerned about any distribution Bud might make of his self-serving note appended to what the uninformed might regard as excessive comment about him and his record. Of the people whom whom he is likely to communicate, the only one for whom I have any regard and respect is Mary. I may send her a copy. I've made it for her. I'll have to decide whether or not it may trouble her. She has more than enough troubles without it. But if Bud does anything (the last word I had is that she is a CIA director), not letting her have a copy might be worse.

The rich ones are a real curse. The poor of us help each other in what ways we can and for the most part observe normal ethics and morals. The rich somehow come to believe that they own everything and everybody and everybody's work. But doesn't begin to understand how rotten all of his behavior has been. He really thinks everything is owed him, as he thinks he has unique understanding that obviates work or fact. He and Arch are not alone. I can think of no exception, and others have been very rich, if not richer. How rich is a Hutton & Co. partner?

There is nothing in my letters to you or Bud that withdraws permission to use that of my work that has already been used in the petition. But after he calls abusing and exploiting me acts of friendship, I expect reasonable pay for use of any other of my work. I don't expect him to do it. So, I don't want the work used. Not in any way, not in the keeping of copies or providing them to CIA nuts. You may keep it and if there is what you tell me is a legal need for it, then I'll consider whether to let Jimmy have it, not Bud.

Bud's timing for this latest insult was as bad as it could be. I had just borrowed the second part of about \$1,000 I don't know how or when I can repay, just to keep going. And he has been a cost to me, a cheap, chiseller's cost. I did not remind him of pretending poverty to me and inability to repay my real costs for him while paying his kids for made office and CIA work, but I'm almost sorry I didn't.

Before taking this out of the machine, I'll see if the mail is here and if there is any letter from any of the Rays or about them. It is about time for reaction. I've had about enough on the end, too.

Silence.

Dear Jim,

12/16/72

Bud has xeroxed one paragraph from the letter I wrote Arch and added a bit of patient, avuncular advice, "...Don't let your frustrations & bitterness carry you away. Friends are difficult to make, but so, so easy to lose."

I guess I should take the advice of my so-so friend and not let any part of me be carried away. Like to court.

So, I am asking for everything I have given you or Bud on the Ray case. You, personally, can have any of it, but not for use without my permission. This includes interviews, memos, etc. I think this is something you lawyers call work product. As Bud's "friend", I owe it to him to see that he gets the experience of doing a little work.

It is that carrying away part that I find touching. Like in carrying Flammonde away to England to "investigate" the Memphis crime while there is no money for the essential investigation, none for what was done, not even for all the expenses. "o, I don't want to be carried away, do I. So, please recapture all of this.

This way I can also avoid feeling bitter at Bud's endless thefts. If he can't steal, I can't be bitter. So, his is good advice. Please see to it that he can't steal any more so I won't be bitter.

It is understandable that Bud has to steal. He can't afford riches. What with that estate in Western Maryland, a plantation of some sort down in Virginia and the spread over in Arlington. Even if he has no other property, this is a considerable burden. Poor man.

And then all that made work for his family. Naturally he had to pay them for doing nothing. That is another reason why he can't pay the people who do his work for him. I think we should shed a few tears over this poor man who has thus far this year had to suffer as it Sweden or Sweden and England before now, when he has the agony of the Barbados.

When I look back on my good fortune of the past year, I realize he is right in telling me I ought not be frustrated. My Hyattstown property is uninsured because the tenant who pays no rent damaged it with fire and I, selfish bastard that I am, instead of repairing it with that money, gave it to such unworthy causes as that of my bank and my insurance companies. No, I have no real cause for frustration. Just the day I last saw you, after I left you I went to one who by Bud's definition must be an enemy and got a \$750.00 check from him. He is a real enemy: he knows I don't know when or how I can pay it back. This is a real terrible character who let me have what I need to keep afloat he had just had to cash in his retirement to meet large, unexpected business expenses, something I didn't know until after I left him. A man can be fortunate with his enemies. The borrowing before this, just a couple of week earlier, was for a mere \$250.00.

I guess if I really take Bud's advice to heart I gotta get rid of all my "friends". They eliminate my need for real enemies.

And, of course, I'm a money-grubbing mercenary. So, I will insist on payment for my work at the going rate in the field. Until then, it would be much better if none of it was where temptation could reach it. I hope you will please see to this. And I mean all memo, such as those locating and describing pictures, on witnesses, on the case, the evidence. All. Let's not contaminate this poor, abused man, this nobleman of purest spirit, this embodiment of Darrow by inflicting my unpaid work on him.

If he doesn't like it, he can straighten it out with me. If his client doesn't like it, he can straighten it out with his client. Remember those imperishable words, "Friends are difficult to make, but so, so easy to lose". Especially if they do your work for you and you screw them first and spend the rest of your time insulting them.

Have a nice holiday. Barbados should help! Let me know if you connected.

Best to you both. And Dick.