

Dear JL,

4/26/75

I can think of no more appropriate a way to discover what if anything the particular kind of pneumonia I have and typing have to do with each other than in reporting the truly touching phone call I received from Jones Harris. He was so deeply concerned about my health (and the spectro, on which he sought unsuccessfully to pump Lil) that he phoned before it was physically possible for me to have gotten here. He then phoned again some hours later, when I did speak to him.

(The college boys, by the way, practised the best medicine of all. You will recall that for breakfast, when I felt that after several days I ought to try to eat something, I could not finish half an order of toast. Lane's expressed solicitude had nothing to do with that. Nor my knowledge that prior to telling me the good reports he had received about my press conference he had asked Ted for a dub of the tape. I have never known Mark to be a souvenir collector. So, back to the boys. The one who organized the Maryland appearance had his van and a friend I'd never met. So we left the parking lot with this friend driving my car the organizer stopped us and gave us a couple of beers. After about 20 minutes I started sipping one. I not only held it down but after I got home actually felt a little hungry and since have had no nausea first with some plain crackers and cream cheese and then with a little cottage cheese.)

To continue this digression, which I think may further amuse you, those kinds collected a fairly large number of signatures on a reinvestigation petition. When they sought to present these in person to their Congressperson, liberal Democrat Gladys Spellman, they got a brush. So, they merely organized a campaign to keep all her phones completely busy for most of a morning. She soon received an invitation to present these petitions to her, in person, Monday. She'll provide a photographer for the event. Their talents, it appears, are not limited to medicine, college-boy style.)

It turns out that Jones was not present for your reading of my speech. When he said he had heard that I was going to tear up the peapatch with some of those so richly deserving, I said you had read it for me. He said that would not be the same because there would not be the same kind of confrontation. I mentioned no names to him, told him that for the most part I had avoided names, but that I was prepared for what I did not expect, despite from any of those mentioned. He did seem unaware that he is one of my peapatchers. I didn't think of this until I recounted his call to Lil.

Actually he did not let me say all I would have on the spectro. He professed interest in only what I had said at the press conference, but as I was going into this there was a digression and he never came back to this or let me. So, I told him no more than I did not know that what I had received is complete, that for a full understanding it would require a competent expert (I was leaving up to you, in case he tried to learn from you) but that in what I'd received I found no comfort for the official position. I also told him that when I have this written assurance of completeness I plan to give the whole thing away in a Washington press conference and he expressed approval, I told him that it would be far better in the end for it to be possible to put all these things into the contexts they require but that without help it is impossible for me. His interesting response was that he was well aware of this problem because after all he had just tried to compact two and a half years of collaboration with Peter Dale Scott into a half hour on TV. (They're on the WNET, public TV, show that was so kind to Hule, Hays'. I'd heard of this in NYC.)

It is, naturally, quite comforting to get these almost passionate expressions of deep concern over my health from one of whom I think, if you recall our Georgetown encounter, when you were present, and what I did to him and his New York Times "Imposter" deal on TV in DC, which you caught, I'd least expect it.

When he told me he'd be down in DC again in about two weeks and would then look me up I told him that the doctor forecast a long period of severely limited activity for me.

(The local doctor approved the treatment of the NYC man and when I told him that following the trip my fever was no higher, he took this as a good enough sign not to require a visit but told me to phone if I feel any worse. I don't. I feel a wee bit better and found that I can still sleep o.k. in my old recliner, as I'll probably be until that pain is gone. EW