

1/10/69

Dear Friends,

We've been having kind of unusual weather for less than a day. It got up to above freezing yesterday, for the first day since I've been home, seems like. Nights between zero and 10 above have been common. All the neighborhood kids have been enjoying skating on our pond. Practically no snow, though, and I cannot say I regret it, beautiful as it is. Contending with glazed country roads is enough.

The office has apparently changed its mind about the necessity of my being there beginning well before the trial. I'd planned on Wednesday. Bud, who filed the DC suit on the pictures and X-rays, insisted I be there. Moo seems to agree. The hearing on that is 1/17. I expect to meet whoever will argue the case from down there at the airport, bring him here for the night and boning, then delivery us both to the District court the next a.m. I am hoping they will get out of the Hippodrome to get to the nitty gritty, the autopsy notes, which were not burned (I've got the receipts for them, to the White House and within it). Indications are they will. It is against the interest of one of my unpublished books but if they are going to go into it.....

I do not know when they will want me to go there. I am content at the delay, for I've done practically none of my own work at all, and for months. I've finished the memos of prospective witnesses, have 7,500 words of one done on the honorable the Attorney General (and just do not feel like going back to it tonight) and soon must begin packing up those files I'll take. Can't take 'em all, and what I do take will have to go into the cabin. I've gotten five shoulder-strap airplane bags for openers.

Moo just ~~called~~ called. They'll keep me busy here for a while. At least all of next week. They've invented a function; substitute for subpoenas! I'm to get without subpoenas what they cannot with!

There have been some interesting developments in the case of "Farewell America". I've been investigating that by remote control. Tell you when I'm there, but I am now convinced my suspicion is ~~correct~~ correct. What I have is enough to be fairly persuasive in a book. Of course, that is not enough for court, but then that isn't there-yet. I think it may well be ~~xxxxx~~ as part of a play for a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ mistrial. I believe that was one of the purposes of the operation.

Betsy had hoped to get a room for me but couldn't. She and others are still trying. Much as I like to stay with you - and appreciate it - I fear it is an imposition. I may be depending on it in the end, but I am trying to make other arrangements. I can remember when I ran a hotel in a two-room apt.

A Calif reporter friend I encouraged to make his reservations early told me today he had them -until first day of Mardi Gras, for the motel was sold out by then.

Apparently the burglary of the office was pretty thorough. I'll tell you about that, too. What a scandal!

Finally finished my medical checkups yesterday. All okay, and the doctor still doesn't know why I have those dizzy spells. Still have a tender spot on the head and a scar, but the more serious damage seem to be a bursitis condition in the right knee, under the cap.

Best to you all,