

Dear Js,

3/23/74

Having ignored the Ides, I look for and find other auguries of March! I look for the good ones, thus see no others.

One day before the official arrival of spring, having survived all the many late freezes, the first jonquil was full and now there are a number, soon so many that "il will brighten the house with them and I do hope brighten her own outlook with them. She has already forced some forsythia in the house, the phlox shows color, the first of the hyacinths showed color yesterday. The trees awell and are about to burst into color. some of the bushes are beginning to leaf, mallards are nesting at the pond and some of the wild onions need cutting already.

Coinciding with this annual and beautiful rebirth are a few encouraging signs. Bud, whose only real forte is sort of lobbying, has finally done what he has promised to do for months. He went and saw Wolfson and appears to have encouraging news. I am to fly to Miami soon, with the indications that he will be willing to finance an archive at a college. Unfortunately, it will not be possible to begin to make the arrangements until Thursday, which will seem long in coming. That is further unfortunate for Jim's hopes because he wants me to go to Houston with him for the Foreman ^{deposition} and to do some further investigating, what I had originally recommended and Bud had pretended to agree to while not and while not really intending to. (This forced me to rethink and to encourage Jim to a more restricted and entirely independent line, one for which I already have him well prepared and for which on his part he has done more than any lawyer I know would have to prepare himself. He must strike out on his own and despite the Foreman wiles, experience and lack of scruple is able to handle this.)

I suppose it is still possible that I may go to Dallas and Houston from Miami but I don't want to except for one thing: face to face with the old bastard because I see a fine movie in the work I have already done on him and watching could help that. The lemming in Bud alone has prevented more than I have done and while there is more I could have done on Foreman, I believe I have done more than enough and that Jim has done more than enough where he has followed it up.

The slowness of the local college in following up its expression of interest and the possibility that its conservative board may look askance on Wolfson's past are my immediate concerns. Yesterday I wrote the prof who is conducting the seminar trying to hasten things. I had a notion that I had embarrassed Bud enough two weeks ago when he was here to trigger his conscience. I had not set out to embarrass him and avoided any expression that could be so interpreted, but I indebted him heavily again by providing what he needs all over again and I guess by reminding him that I am really responsible for all he has done to date on this case. So when he went to see his son in N.O. after the first of the Nashville court appearances he stopped off in Miami and with Wolfson on the way back. We are to make the meeting arrangements with the lawyer who was to have been here months ago.

Wisconsin has committed itself in writing. It wants my stuff for an archive. I am daily more convinced that opting the small local college is better and I want it because it can make other things possible. (If something like this could have developed 7 or 8 years ago much could have been different.)

In fact, I am so encouraged I celebrated by sleeping until 5 this morning! What is promising from one of the students I met for the first time yesterday and something I got her and another, an older one to understand, are that encouraging.

To date I have met a half dozen. All have been pleasant and smile easily, which is very good for me. Especially the next to the youngest I have met. She smile automatically, and there is little here to cause smiles, so that in itself is very good.

What is surprising is the number rather the percentage of this small sample of women who married too young. Two had children before they were 20 and are over 30. The new one yesterday, childless, is 27 and divorced. Society has a way of losing up the lives of women but that these are going ahead well is encouraging. Two seem to be happy and their

husbands seem to be at least content for them to go for their degrees after they are 30. The older one yesterday is on the honors list. (Lil reads these things, I don't, so maybe more are.)

The 27 is going to stay here for a master's degree. She says she wants to help me. There will be ways. I'll have a thesis for her if she is willing. And this is the kind of development I have long wanted, what I had hoped for from all the many young men students I met and never eventuated. In fact, except for two, Howard and Paul, all have been acute disappointments. In some ways, brilliant as he is and competently as he has researched, Paul still disappoints.

And in these two of yesterday there is already a willingness not to take my word for anything. They have progressed to the point where they have serious doubts about much of what they have read, the more popular works of criticism. They can see where there is error in it. I have told them not that my work is not accurate but that they must not accept it as anything else blindly and they seem to be willing to be critical.

Both have taken subjects that are too large. One N.O. the other the autopsy.

The 27 says she would like to do field work. Would it have been an asset to have an assistant when I was doing it! There is more than can be done, but the financing is not at hand. She may have thought "Another male chauvenist pig" when my immediate response was "Do you know shorthand?" I then explained that there is no field work outside of libraries that I consider safe for a woman and that when I do it, it is at such a pace that I can't make the notes I'd like to. They understand this because I have told them that when we get to some topics we should tape because too much is not on paper.

There would be no m.c.piggery if one or more of these could develop into a research assistant and if oneworking on the King assassination were prepared enough by the time of the hearing and later, hopefully, of the trial, she would soon learn that her role would not be inferior in any sense. But this I do not think will eventuate. That one I have not yet met.

But imagine local research projects, each taking one of the aspects that need further exploration or at least working up and getting organized on paper!

After my experience with the Jaffes and the Burtons, who I suppose you know of, and many others you probably do not, disappointment with these women is not likely. Those men were that disappointing.

For me the important immediate considerations, aside from some promise after all these years, is these are fine people and so far all very pleasant. And they work well. Yesterday, after initial conversation, I gave them what they wanted from the files, showed them where to return it and get more, and did my work while they did theirs. They-one-stopped once to ask a single and very good question.

The other mother, whose entire family is down with the flu, came to borrow my Roger Craig file. That one needs a paper done on it. and the 27 is bringing another Monday, the first day after the Spring break. I address them Tuesday, when I do hope to get to meet the administrative wheels.

While I have not yet been to the college, I do have a notion that from the prof and from the admiration the students have of those above him, I am hopeful. The future can be better if no deal is made because there is interest and I would imagine that it will increase, that future seminars will attract more students who will be building on what has been done.

And it is about time some women's minds were put to this! There have to be more STMs.

Best,