

8/16/77

Dear Les,

Having heard nothing from you I take ^{it} you have busy.

I have been, too. With records. The last the FBI's first batch on me.

These guys took their basic training in Munich.

Some of it was unimaginatively imaginative. Like having me celebrate the Russian revolution with a picnic of 35-35 people every year - at the wrong time. September not November. Actually it was the Jewish Welfare Board bringing Washingtonarea service families to a farm, with live animals, waterfowl, chickens and eggs hatching.

I have been building my walking capacity back up, little by little. This is why I write - after I boast. Less than a month ago I had difficulty walking to the end of the lane and back without risking wooziness. Today, a sticky one that has reduced my activity, I've walked 3 1/2 miles. Not all at once half to three-quarters at a time. I'll pass four miles if it cools off some.

By now I know every pine-needle intimately. So I've taken to carrying a transistor radio to hear, if you'll excuse the expression, news.

In this I've found out that I can also listen to tapes that way. Someone sent me the ABC treatment of the Playboy business and I heard it all while walking.

I'd like very much to be able to listen to the Redditt tapes and the Gil Noble show tapes. Before I get back to writing, as each day I hope to be able to do.

It would make more effecient use of my walking time and I'm sure would make it less boring.

Can you send me what you have dubbed so I can do this?

I'd also like to buy or borrow a copy of your SIA book. I've been doing very little reading until recently. I worked all the time, from getting up to going to bed. Now I read a little before falling asleep.

Of course if you've saved any wire copy on the craziness of the Ray/Kershaw/Lane operation that would be interesting, too. The wires are carrying what the papers I see have not. Today I heard Kershaw's dulcet tones as he explained how Ray filed and unfiled a libel suit against Playboy. Or how he got himself off the hook. Maybe Lane, too.

An odd Lane thing happened yesterday. A U.S. marshal was at Jim's house with a legal paper of some kind to serve on a Mr. Lane. The baby-sitter remembered that much to tell Jim.

Best to you all,