

8/5/72

Dear Jerry, if I know you, you will assume that my purpose is to needle you. If you are
at all capable of thought and reflection, you should be able to realize this is not the
case. The illustration is that I have not really bothered you about those things to which
I have addressed myself and you haven't. However you take it, I nonetheless tell you that
entirely by accident, when I'll and I went to Washington for a number of purposes, including
a meeting with Ed and Jim on the day habeas corpus petition (as Jim, who was late but there
will confirm), entirely by accident there was a phoned conversation between Bob Smith and
Cyril's secretary, Mary Beth Welch, without intending to eavesdrop, could not help but be
overheard. It turns out that you and Sprague are the experts who will be consulted, aside
from Bob, etc. Can you really conceive yourself in such a role? Can you really conceive that
with any serious and unselfish motive and purposes Cyril would consider getting together
with such a collection of factual ignoramuses? Open your eyes and your closed mind, man,
before it is too late and you have yourself to live with. I am doing nothing with or about
this, as will ultimately be apparent to you. By (Bernabei) happenstance I also know that you
involved Milton, who you have ever reason to know is the closest thing we suffer to a raving
maniac. If you prefer not to believe what I have told you and Sylvia. My sole purpose in
telling this short time is to help avoid your becoming a Milton. But if Cyril has clicked
up to you and Sprague, how deep in the rumour pile is he? I lament your plight and what I
presume is your blind, ignorant and entirely unthinking stubbornness. With regrets, Harold