

Dear Diane,

3/21/73

From durance vile (and there very vile!) to playgirl of the Houston world is surely a bigger jump than one on the moon! And with a bad leg yet. It is one of your more spectacular bounces. Considering those of the past, this is no tiddly-winks jump!

Your letter seems a bit confusing, but the one thing I gather is good, and that, of course, please. I have just a few moments before going after Ldl, so this is a hasty response, without time to reread your letter or correct this one.

It seems that the next day you were going to the hospital for work on you and to a job for work on it. Quite a day, even for your recent record!

And what a variety in your social life. You've really got that part made. It is a small world that you found a former associate of Ferris in an Eastern pilot. He must be some older than you.

With all of this you are also the old (figure of speech, kid), patching it up with your dad and the very busy Scott all since your last letter. No wonder you didn't have time to write.

Houston Oilers? I take it this is their football team. My, my. You sure do it!

If I got breathless easily, this would take it all.

I had a notice the AFL-CIA had a number of representatives there. Considering this is Texas, should I assume he is with the gas and oil workers?

But if they are paying for your surgery, sounds more like the bank-robbers union!

When a broken leg (later a broken foot and now one on which you can walk without limping) makes so remarkable a recovery, do you think you need surgery? They ought to be using you for transplants on spectacular recuperations.

There are really very few people who amaze me. This is to say you are unique. No insult, compliment. You study to be a mortician, have this great trauma, and take your boards for a medical Radium Physicist and soar through with a 96. I always had a high opinion of your intelligence (not to be taken as approval of all the ways you've used it), but this far exceeds my highest opinion. You've gotta be something else!

When to all of this you add a relationship with a local judge and two legislators, aren't you a little ashamed to understate so when you ask only if things are not looking up? Looking is hardly the word and up has to be outasight.

You have the wrong kind of blacks for enemies. Four of them have only one 357 Magnum? If nothing else, this tells me the recovery of your jail-broken leg is more sensational than I'd dreamed possible. But thanks Caliban for those ever-present, ever-willing Black Panthers, huh?

Such things would surely keep you busier than ever. Even too busy to write down such inordinately complicated things as a couple of numbers. Calling this merely busy is a large understatement. I knew you were not always good with names, but numbers I thought you could handle, even with your shoes on.

When you come off this kick, I'll be waiting for what I've asked and I will regard your answers and your silences as meaningful.

Euphoria is great if it comes from reality, not pills or dreams. If you read this to mean that politeness only prompts me to give three alternatives, your make will be not a paltry 96. It will be 100.

Meanwhile, don't fail to tell me when you jump that ship cana down there in one, one-legged spring (which is better than pitching a buck across the Rappahanock). Or when you become the first woman accepted for the space program, despite the cutbacks.

Sincerely,

3-12-73

Dear Harold,

I'm sorry I've been out of touch for awhile. I talked with my Father downstairs here at the Y this morning. He was here in Houston, on business. My parents are genuinely sorry they screwed me up + hope things turn out for me over here. I had to move to another room, which costs more, as I got stuck with a roommate who was a real rip off and lived like a pig + I was + still am a neat freak. I'm straightening out things with Scott as what we had was just a misunderstanding between us. I had 3 jobs at once + lost them all and got ripped off for \$380.00 I had gotten paid. So that's briefly what has been happening. My leg is temporarily O.K., at least I can walk on it without limping. Have to go back to the hospital for a check up tomorrow. Am trying to find one job now + am waiting on a call about one while I sit here + write you here + now. I imagine the reason Scott never answered any of your letters is because he has just been busy as hell with other cases. I've been trying to get in touch with him all day long + he has been in court, not at his office.

3-17-73

Got a job working on a research project. I won't get my first pay check for 30 days though. It's costing me \$60.00 a week for my room at the Y plus meals + phone calls. I've been going out on a lot of dates - free meals. I'm going out with one of the Houston Oilers tomorrow night, an intern tonight + an Eastern Airline pilot last night (who knew Dave Ferrie) Also have been dating the AFL-CIO representative here. Right now I'm thinking about taking over this airline stewardesses apartment for a month until I can get on my feet enough to get my own place. I passed my National exams with a 96 avg. + am a Medical Radium Physicist + have a real good job. My orthopedic problem is being turned over to T.I.R.R. (Texas Institute of Research + Rehabilitation) + my surgery will be paid for by the AFL-CIO which I'm not really a member of. Get this! I'll be travelling out of town on weekends with the Oilers as asst. Medic when they have out of town games.

(OVER)

12 Oh yeah! A friend of a judge is trying to get my court case dismissed against me. And they want me to fly up to Austin in 3 weeks to talk to the 2 state representatives whom I campaigned for before I got busted.

Would you believe things are looking up? Jesus! I'm sorry I haven't written sooner but so much is constantly happening. Like being chased down the street by 4 blacks with a 357 magnum - that got taken care of by my panther guardians & will never happen again. It would take a book to write you what's been happening since I last wrote you. I swear! Things are starting to turn out though, they just keep me busier the hell.

Have to run off again - love to you & Lil,

Dave

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