

4/10/12

Dear Diane,

Your warm letter of the 13th came here yesterday, on the ice of the season's coldest weather (got up to zero a little after sunrise), blown in by near hurricane-force winds, making the effective temperature real cutting cold, and just a little before a lawyer with whom I had a previous arrangement to work most of the day.

The freeze made everything late, the morning paper by four hours, the mail by a couple, and even the lawyer by a couple of hours. My old car seems to have been the one that started without groans or complaints. I read your letter as soon as it came but have not had a chance to write until now. I write to let you know I got it, will do what you ask with Scott, to thank you for the kind things you said, and to encourage you to try to calm down a bit. Maybe this is not easy under the circumstances, but it would be better if you could. I think it may be worth the effort.

In order to be able to write Scott as soon as possible, I'll first send him a relatively short letter and then I'll write him in more detail. I'll also write you when I can, answering your letter.

As I was reading your letter, it occurred to me that this might be a good time for you to practise your Hebrew. As you may recall, I had no trouble with it and, in fact, I got an appraisal of it from a genuine scholar. He told me it was a biblical Hebrew that you write.

You asked me to tell you the story about your father. Well, I guess it was about September, 1968 that I learned, in essence if not in detail, from Louis, that something impended. I guess that is when he learned. He told me by phone. I was at Barbara's when Tommy phoned his office from there and got your message. I was then on the extension, with his permission, as I was when he later spoke to you. For the moment I'll skip my subsequent conversation with him. Later I spoke to you, but by then you had some kind of arrangement with Milton. You may remember I told you that under the circumstances I felt you had to listen to him, not me. I guess this was in December. At that time, meaning when I spoke to him, I was in Little Jim's office. I had spoken to Big Bill, who was handling that case. You may remember that he quit later. Maybe it was in January, about the time of the inauguration. Anyway, Bill had some tough work to do out of town. I had spent a long day with him and his associate trying to help them understand aspects of what they were into, and I had earlier made arrangements for them in the city in which they were to work that he couldn't believe and didn't until he had to draw upon them. Guess it blew his mind, for all he had to do was make a call to the number I gave him and he had all the help in the world. So, he had a friendly feeling toward me when I spoke to him. I then knew things I could not discuss with you because of Milton and the attitude you expressed; so I made other arrangements. This began by seeing to it that I'd have a couple of hours at Moissant before plane time. Once that was certain, and knowing that he was only minutes from there, I phoned your father. I told him that there were some things I knew that he should, that I felt it was important for him to know them, and that I'd arranged my transportation to give us ample time. I told him I'd be at the ticket counter on the airline I'd be using as I now recall two hours before plane time. I may be unclear after all this time on other details, but on the central thing I am clear and will never forget it. He said he could not meet me, even with a couple of hours to play with, because he had to go to mass! Where I can't be sure is if I offered to take a later plane. I think I did and I know I would have if he'd asked me to. I repeated that I considered it very important and that with all the things I had to do I'd arranged this free time because I regarded it as important that he know what I would tell him. He just would not do it. I don't know why. At the time and since I've wondered if it was because of what he'd been told by someone who once made a trip to Jackson with me in a Fiat sports car I had. In brief, this is that story. If he had seen me, there would have been no problem for him and no need for Milton and Tommy was already committed to be very generous, probably because he didn't have too much choice. Keep your spirits up and I'll write further as soon as I can.

Sincerely, Harold Weisberg

What impended: charge of forgery vs her. Barbara-Reid. Louis-Iwon. Milton-Brener. Little Jim-Alcock. Big Bill-Alford. Out of town + Dallas. Associate = Oser. Someone who once made a trip to Jackson (State insane assylum) with me in a Fiat sportscar-Dione, put this way so she won't be as mad as she could be with her family. Her father behaved very badly. Tommy Baumler, her lawyer in a legitimate damage suit, put her up to needless forgery. He promised me for my silence to get the insurance company to drop the charges if he dropped the claim, and he agreed to pay her the insurance company's offer in settlement before all of this, I think \$600.00. Tommy was terrified about being disbarred, which was a good possibility. Alford offered to drop the case. I didn't ask it. I had merely asked the status. HW 2/18/73