

Dear Jim,

6/27/73

Lil, who is this family's headache expert, enjoyed your 6/24 before I did. She read it as we were driving from the post office this a.m. On the owed migraine, since I have apparently become virtually immune to any kind, after a youth in which they were a remembered curse, perhaps it would be better if you owe one to me. I am sure you can do without one!

Before I go after Ed Williams, who reads faster than any of the speed-reading courses claim is possible, perhaps you had best have time to react to the five pages I have sent you from the book the name of which I've forgotten.

I take your description of this writing, as of that we know to be Hunt's (and he may yet be my very good friend!), to be of a male chaubenist pig, a real sexist. That I would think would fit the author of the other 44 or so.

The error about Hunt's Bay Figs book was unintended. I was aware that it is in galley, and I suggest that the deliberate leaking so far in advance of pub date is atypical, therefore has an ulterior purpose. See my earlier ^{of today} memo on the GL-Bender.

I take the blurb on Leigh James not to preclude Hunt and to be consistent with it, with his own dreams coloring and changing subtly. If it turns out to be, what would interest me is the reason for his avoidance of credit for this extra outpouring. Must have been some kind of reason.

It would be awkward for me to retrieve the file to get the name of the book in question, not one of the two you found at your library (many thanks!) Lil has a new bookkeeping account here for the first time and the only relatively uncluttered place is the living room, where HR has my WR file that is in a file drawer on a chair and the rest scattered over the very large hearth. He is revelling in some of my old military files because when I mentioned I wanted to consult something I remember that was in dead storage and described, he couldn't wait. He has found it. Also, my Dominican files are at least five fat envelopes! Discouraging! (I remain persuaded that also may have been a Hunt exploit. It has all his kind of fact and logic.)

Hope you got your road tended to before this week, the way the hearings are going. I'm several days behind in mail and book orders, two on the papers. Howard and I divided, times to him. I have both Post's clipped, he one Times. He laid a china clip aside for you. It will be a dupe but I'll enclose. I take it no cars got bulldozed, no babies steamrollered. Your county/road problem is not unique. One of the more expensive developments near here, with more than 20 feet roads and magnificent brick gutters does not qualify for county maintainance, so those richies get snowed and iced in regularly. (We are on a mountain.) The quality of the roads in that development is better than that of what the county does, too. Your association plagiarized the motto of our county, Comitatus Nihil Fecit. At some point I'm gonna have to sue them. (Also for what they didn't do here, but most for what they won't do after what they did do.) They and I have a different coat of arms, crossed swords on open mouths rampant on washed stones.

My newer riding mower (1954 model) zonked out last night, so the hay crop will grow and grow while I chew away when I can with a 20" walker. Bad for another reason. Gave me time to take the city boy around to show him what dewberries (still green here) are. I forgot that is when the chiggers find me most attractive. As you may remember, while they are not really chosey about where, they have an instinct for man's greatest vulnerability. Finally heard from John Ray today. Must answer when I can do other work. Best,