

SEP 30 1971

9/29/31

Dear Js,

We're having what, if it had a name, would be called ~~mess~~ papoose summer, the hot spell not expected before the cols spell after which we have warmth again. It is hot, and it felt good to work up a real sweat. We have five acres. After the extensive area in trees is ignored, we still have much grass to mow. And all my mowers have been cranky, broken or both. I have a product of adept cannibalism that I use for the rougher areas because it is small, old and tougher than the new stuff. It can take what would wreck a new one. Today, with the proper blend of words, jerking and luck I got it running, first time in six tries, which means we had grass over a foot high in some of the rougher places, and ran it until the gas was gone. By that time I was soaking wet and coated with an itching layer of minced weed, chewed grass, fine seed, and an unseasonal dip into the too-cool water invigorated. But ten minutes after emerging I'm still sweating. It is a little annoying and a little refreshing and invigorating. A good feeling.

Except for a minor annoyance, the damnedest allergy you ever heard of. It will last less than an hour. Came on me in WWII. When the air temperature gets at all cool, when my entire body is wet parts of it itch like fury. Long ago I had it checked and was unwilling to believe the diagnosis. So, I just let it wear off. Ever hear of one like that?

Not conducive to concentration, tho. No insult intended, but this and the short time before supper and the short time after that before I have to monitor the Frost show again (Bishop again, even after I asked for equal time and got no answer), I want to answer you long and enjoyable letter.

First, Jen's. It has been many years since I tried to sleep with the heat you describe. In the mid-thirties I worked a wwing shift. That was before air conditioning and even fans were a luxury. And in the ~~late~~ 1939-42 period, when I was free-lancing and living in a slum area, when I'd work through the night, I remember only too well how hot and noisy downtown D.C. could be.

Lil read both letters. She smiled when I told her you suspected I was volunteering her, because I wasn't. But it is ~~the~~ not the first time such suspicions have been expressed. Infrequently they are correct. We'll probably discuss it later. She is trying to finish the penultimate chapter of the end of PM tonight. (And I have to go over the last and see about making it into two.) The ~~swatting~~ knitting business should be good tomorrow. We go to D.C. for our annual checkups, two hours' knitting time. And she'll be tagging around with me with little else to do thereafter.

Both of you sound like different people. You've snapped back fast. Will you (I hope) have reasonable hours for a while?

The clippings require no response. They are what Lil has clipped thinking it would interest me and of these, what I do not want that I think might, in various ways, interest or amuse you. As to the effectiveness of the letters, if we measure that by tangible results (rarely the intent if sometimes the hope), then they were not effective. But a phone call to the Times did do some good on Attica, and some black militants have made some public demands incorporating the publishing the fact and the content of tests not anywhere indicated as having been made.

The new evidentiary material is covered in the notes I sent you that, rewritten where you suggested and elsewhere, are part of the last chapter. It is color pictures taken by the FBI and never acknowledged. I hope to get the color positives tomorrow. I have the b&w 4x5s and prints now. The quality is terrible, but they may be enough for my purposes and they are a fine leaning post. If the book gets any attention, I lean heavily, and they support the weight. Thanks for the offer of help, but there is no urgency, as I explained in what I mailed earlier when I had to go intotown.

Belli: Something similar happened in NYC, without Ehrlich, I think. I'd heard of the fiasco. Lane always got the setups, including those I set up, not intending him to benefit!

John Christian had some kind of connection with him, which doesn't discourage the suspicion. I was in Calif when he had JG as a guest. I think Bailey was also there. Your taxi driver story is accurate. Hal did something on it. He was excited for a while. I never had any faith in it, but I don't remember why. I suppose his in-court record is ample proof that he is not as stupid as on the subject he has behaved.

The account of your father is very entertaining. As a boy I knew such farmers in the east. Except for the interest in music and education. My own had ~~xxxx~~ an attitude not uncommon among Eastern European Jews. Leaving the children to the wife and never saying a favorable word to any of the young, considered a form of discipline and proper upbringing. As a consequence, we were never close and often at odds. He'd brag about me to others, though, as I learned after his death. But if he ever praised me for anything, I have no recollection of it. I can remember only one time we did anything together, just the two of us, and that was before I was 11, for that is about the age at which we moved from Philadelphia to Wilmington. He took me out to Willow Grove, a suburb with an amusement park and a band stand. Spuda was conducting. What I remember most clearly is what happened to my left hand when I put it out the car window to play with the rush of air and another car passed in the opposite direction. He may have taken me there other Sundays, but that is the only one I ever remembered. Good cause, too!...But I knew a bit of farming before I became a farmer. I used to love to help one of Lil's uncles who had a dairy farm and we raised hogs on share with another of her uncles. I was never trusted with any but the commonest labor: carrying the milk to the filter/cooler then used, while even children were trusted with the milking; scrapping the hogs, leaning on the cradle to take them out of the scalding, helping hand them, taking the entrails to the women to clean, tending the fires, and stirring the lard. That, as you might recall, can be a heavy shore, for it can't be stopped without danger of scorching.

Your account of the doctor who prescribed castor oil reminds me of several things. Everybody did in those days. It was part of the eastern understand of good health practise. You could go into any city drug store and get a doze hidden (never well) in something less unpleasant, like a drink of some kind. My own mother used to do us with regular laxatives. From my earliest recollection I never needed any, not to this day, but we got 'em, all kinds, depending on what was then held by some authority in highest esteem. I recall agar-agar very well.

Your town was a metropolis compared to Lil's, to which we later moved. At the time I bought out land and started clearing the 50 years growth, there were, as best I remember the actual count, something like 100, including infants and the infirm. There were probably more babies and kids in her childhood. They all left as soon as they could. By the time we came here, four years ago day after tomorrow, the town had developed suburbs and counting the rural areas, must have had about 130-150 spuda. But it supported and still supports two churches, Christian and Methodist (Southern and reactionary). In Lil's girlhood they had a great Christian preacher who got his house and something like \$10 a week, when they had it. When we first moved there, another great character, a former tap dancer who was a good friend. I used to take him whenever I had to go somewhere in my truck, just to get him out of town. And I liked him. Lil can remember the trips into Frederick with her granddad, with whom she lived as the oldest of her mothers' five kids when the father was killed. He'd hitch a horse to his broom (brougham), and in three hours or so they make the trip that now takes a little over 10 minutes. If they dozen on the way home, the horse did okay.

When I was a tyke, we lived in almost deadcenter Phila, exactly four (very long) blocks south of the then A's ball park. Across the cobbletoned street was my mother's best friend, an elderly Welsh woman who my mother (and I) called Mom, her husband, a third her size Pop. He made my kites for me (they never flew because he sued dowels), and in his back yard, when the population of the city was 2,000,000, my sister used to find an occasional snake to throw at me when I teased her past tolerance. He'd taken me to the ball game once in a while, too. Tiny, jolly fellow who never failed to get drunk on a Saturday night and was never, drunk or sober, ever unpleasant. He was a skilled finished in a cabinet shop and did well until Grand Rapids got around. He always grew

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morning glories, and when the snakes were scarce and intolerable, they always supplied my sister with caterpillars that found their way down my back. Their next-door neighbor, whose name, Moore, I still remember, after almost 40 years, was a different kind of weekend boozier. The cops would come for him in their wagon. The ambulances were wagons, too, in those years. He'd go down the alleys turning over the garbage pails, and once in a while, when he was real exhuberant, he'd roll in the horse manure with which the streets were always supplied, save when the women were repotting flowers.

Stopped for several things, including the enclosed letter to a black woman lawyer and setting up for Frost, who has Bishop again "because he was so great". You should have heard it! I did tape it. Somehow, the left channel on my Wollensak isn't recording, so I'm doing the opposite of what one does, I have the whole sickening mess going onto the right, from which I can later dub, and I've got the Sony ready. I'll go out for each commercial and will get Bishop on that.

While I don't disagree with what you say of Kh and the Chinese, I think that doesn't exclude what I noted. I take a simpler view in reaching an analysis, the one I did contemporaneously and haven't found reason to change. Kh. needed no missiles in Cuba for either his own defense or an attack on the U.S. Che and Raul did go to him and ask him to keep the treaty. There is no way to defend Cuba against a determined US attack. And there was no way Russian prestige or Kh's position could survive an attack not defended. Doing nothing meant the end of USSR credibility, the end of meaning to its promises. What else could he do? But when I've finished what will not have to be a much-smaller TIGER, you'll see all of it. I think the time came that this transcended his domestic problems. Chinese defiance of USSR under Kh wasn't new. Mao did that when he had but a handful- and proved he was right. Carrying your religion analogy a bit further, the Russians have been more Catholic than the pope. ...Do you think the USSR concession to China were to buy it? How about Sakhalin, then, and parts of Finland? I think it had and served different purposes.

The present Chinese situation is less clear. We may know more after a while, but I don't see how they can lose, whatever happens, and that is enough explanation for me. They waited until they had a defense capacity, a reciprocal terror weapon. I presume they are concerned about the USSR, but I don't think they really expect an attack or that one is likely. Diplomatically, especially in their part of the world, this is an important move, with much potential for them. And look at the difference in the UN.

The Russians, by the way, never gave anyone missiles.

Mandel's is an interesting point on the Kh burial. But it can always be changed, and it is a different reading, that the present power is more conservative and intends it to be known and understood. Mandel's point on the typical Russian attitude, assuming he is correct, is not in any way inconsistent with what I postulate, for Kh told nobody and went outside his diplomacy to carry it off. We have all been prejudiced by the pro-JFK/pro-US-Always Right propaganda. He was never hysterical, always on the initiative. But because this was so daring and dangerous a move, in which he trusted nobody, he also didn't let the people in on it.

I'd better go to the Bishop junk and skim the clips until the break he follows to be sure to get it all on the cassette. Best to both,

