

AUG 13 1972

8/12/72

# 24

Dear Js,

Shoulder permitting, this day will begin happily, as our start into yesterday's, if not the very beginning, did with enjoyment of your letters of the 6th. Don't know where you found the time, but grateful.

Bout 2 a.j. yesterday what I suppose is bursitis in the right shoulder hit me. It has eased only intermittently. Last time I went to the doctor for it a medicine that gave my secret ulcer its only really bad time. I <sup>g</sup>ew and healed it without ever knowing, so secret was it. I got over it then with what is understated as Draconian self-treatment. We went to the 50th wedding anniversary of cousins of mine, spent the long night with those of the family I never seen, wonderful humans, all non-intellectuals, ate and drank as I hadn't in years, got neither a bellyache nor a hangover, and, of course, stopped taking that damned Darvon(?). So the shoulder gradually eased off and the ulcer behaved, and this is the first bad attack in 3-4 years. Got me up again too early today, which is why I'll enjoy responding to your pleasure-giving letters if the shoulder behaves.

I was physically unaware of the sudden onrush of the years until a 1968 trip out there. I'd been arrying more luggage all by myself than a pair of college kinds did without complaint and really didn't feel it. But the night I saw myself walking up onto the platform one of the few times I saw any of my TV appearances, that one taped, I knew. So, rather than being depressed by it, I began a program of exercise, the details of which I'll spare you save for two: I get to where I could do 15 fast pushups, which I thought was good for the arms and shoulders, and to where I could kick like a ballet dancer, straight legs way higher than head-top. The latter led to a fall that led to a blackout, but too fast to be conscious. The former was proscribed because it was said to be damaging to shoulders. In fact, they also told me to stop the deep knee bends I remembered from high school because science now tells us we survived what is damaging to cartilage. So, I walk, and I enjoy that, save for the manhood-symbol dogs of the right extremists who are our majority.

Days we go away I pick up the mail at the postoffice, which is nice about it. Lil started reading your letter as we drove, but the road noise grew, she had to talk louder, and I finally told her to stop because the throat-strain became obvious. But I could hear her chuckle, occasionally see a smile out of the corner of the eye, and I knew, as she later said, how much she enjoyed it. As I did last night, after taking care of the more disagreeable chores. I do them promptly and try to forget them.

It is, I must protest, but an oversimplification to condense my words into STM, for I am certain I could not have ignored other pretty conspicuous qualities, if that was the one appropriate to the letter and work then in mind. Instant case, she is the writer of the pair, AND the careful observer, with such graceful accounts of the animal who tolerate you at least ~~as~~ as well as "ours" do us. It is a delight to earn and enjoy their trust, the one regret we have being the certainty that in the end they'll be lucky to survive it. They thus learn to trust humans, who kill them, now for lust, not the depression-day need I escaped as a city boy who had nothing to hunt.

Lizards are rare here. Snakes are not. We don't kill most and, in fact, despite the handicaps I've been able to keep the brush and weeds on the outskirts of our 5 acres down enough so that the poisonous ones haven't shown since we've been here. Coppers are not uncommon. Two rattlers were killed less than a thousand feet away about four years ago. I've seen neither in our 5 years here. I don't like any of them.

As the area fills up with people, the deer are forced higher up the mountain. "ever see them, but occasionally see tracks in heavy snows and sometime the nibble branch-ends. The year were moved here we had one doe who lost a leg to a hunter. Sge's gone now.

Our experiences with dogs and cats parallel, save instead of walls as a young man I had tall tress to climb to bring down the timid. Once at the farm we counted up to 28. And all had names, individualities and, like yours, rarely named in orthodox fashion. The closest to a dull name was one of the less-dull cats, Lil's favorite of the time, Spotsy. She thought she was Lil's mother. She got human-like ailments. I recall one sinus attack for which I took her to the vet when she had musuous hanging three-four inches. She was tormented each time her time came close, feeling the obligations within her and understanding that she felt she bore to Lil. I could write books about some of them, and the pain of helping them survive a man-given epidemic of feline enteritis, then unknown near our farm, we'll remember forever, as the particular kind of suffering it brought. By combining my knowledge of theoretical chicken-immunizing with the vet-friend's knowledge of the available vaccines,

AUG 13 1972

we evolved a fairly effective method of immunization. It was based on my estimate of when inherited immunity began to wear off. If I was too early, the vaccine didn't take. If too late, the bug was ascendant too soon. The last of our farm cats disappeared two weeks ago. We gave him to one of Lil's aunts, who grew so attached to him she won't think of owning another cat, Sacrilege to her. She is a farm woman, so you know the attachment.

We brought two with us. One, appropriately named "explorer" by Lil, got it out of this curiosity. One cold day he decided to explore the warmth radiating from a parked car's engine. When it was started, he was in the fanbelt. The last is the one who was frustrated because he could never persuade the birds or rabbits to trust him. He loved them so, just wanted to play with them. The two problems we have with birds are boys who kill for no reason but killing, and do it near enough to torment Lil, who has lectured them on it, and their illusion that they can fly through the house, which breaks their necks. Ours is close to all-glass, a special delight in a forrest of pines +. The first to do this lay near the kitchen door once when I was away, and that cat sat there patiently with the bird so softly held in the mouth,, meowing and pawing at the door so he could bring it in for Lil to heal.

At the far, the birds and cats sort of worked things out. There was a fence near the house. The house side was Open City. Birds were safe there, could and did clean up after the cats and came to be fed their own food. But on the other side of the fence, they were unted, the prize, invariably, as was every other prize, brought to the back door for demonstration and then proud eating.

There is almost nothing foreign to its natural diet Lil hasn't been able to get animals to eat, and from her hand. First I recall is a mongrel dog a then seven-year-old nephew had. He gave her the improbable name Thelma and was much attached to her. She ate carrots when Lil hand-fed them. Based on her own reading and thinking, Lil has her own dietary concepts. I respect them when I can't understand them, and they have a good record. So, animals to whom vegetables are freigh ate and prospered on them. But in all cases, if I recall correctly, it began with Lil's hand, trusted that much.

It was my special joy to tame the honkers. They got to where they'd eat from my mouth without biting me. In fact, careful not to. They'd bring their young to the fence behind the house and got through their ritual motions to ask for feeding of the young. I have all kinds of pictures of this somewhere. I think the last were taken by (Founding Father) Dick Whalen when he came up for me to succor him on the SATeVePost piece of the end of 1966. He has just done the Nixon expose.

Jim describes a bpyhood of throwing mallards into the wind, with a description of their awkward landings and uncomfortable flights. Are you sure they were real Mallarrns? Sounds more like Rouens, especially from the "fat" descriptions. They are indistibguishable except for size and flight characteristics. Rouens are normally flightless, although I've seen ours god 500 feet. From a hill and a running start. One of my delights in farming was to breed a sport into them. A pompom on the head. Eisenhower got some from me and raved about them. In fact, the last day of the San Francisco convention in which he was renominated I had a visit with a personal message from his farm man who told me of the pleasure he got from the crate he got from us, and two days after the convention we had the promised letter. (He was also a fan of Lil's recipes, read them with interest and had his secretary write her about them. He loved to cook and was good at it. I've heard tales of his stew from Secret Service men who investigated me because of this relationship. If I never told you about security when I delivered the ducks, remind me.)

The promise of the coming day is visible, so I'd best forget this remembered joys and get on. Aside from enjoying your tales, I find you comments on the east and its people informative. Helps my limited understanding very well. The first one to give me an insight was a White Russian, an intellectual, a fine scientist, a man of fine family- rabiits coming around now-one sitting in carport looking at me- who fled east. He got to be an undersecretary of agriculture equivalent under Sun before coming to the US. I got to know him as a college freshman when I did a feature on him for the morning paper. The friendship grew. He trusted me with his copy of the Tanaka Memorial. I did the first writing on it of which I know, for the old Phila. Ledger Syndicate. I was a syndicated writer before I could vote. Later I was to do my own research and I DID predict Pearl Harbor and everything that accompanied and followed absed on trust in the genuineness of this document and my own analysis, which included an enormous tracing of the method with which it had to then been followed. Artemy Horvath had a brother who fled west and became a close friend of Einstein's in Berling He

AUG 13 1972

was the first to give men any personal insight into the Chinese people. I got little from school friend who were always very Americanized and consciously acted like and spoke like the rest of us.

Finley asked for the return of his copy of The Parallax View. I can send you mine after I read it. But the postage will cost almost a third of the book. It is a new (June) Dell release and should be available. I'll get it and give identification. By Loren Singer and No. 7050.

I've new Hunt info but must treat the source with confidence. He still has a phone service, as of yesterday, that the press hasn't discovered, and mail service not at his home. I know of other office addresses now. I suspect the Mullen agency has had long CIA connections. I enclosed a quote from TIME, which has started coming to us without subscription, which is the most likely explanation of his role I've seen yet. That is, for the White House.

On the trail pictures, I feared the cost for Bud, who is wealthy and like all those who inherited it I've known, sometimes generous, often chinchy. I had copies made with idents removed. If they are entered into the record, they can't be identified. If papers use them, they'll be covered by the papers' existing contracts, I guess and hope. My hope for an innovative approach to the petition isn't founded. It is not going to happen. I will still have much work to do on the petition to whip it into shape, hold it in line and get the required content in. The phrase is inappropriate, but this is our one shot. I could have written a book in the time I've spent on it already, and more lies ahead. The case I gave to begin with is so good that ordinarily it would prevail. But not in a political case, a political climate, and where so many bigs will be hurt, so I want it overwhelming, with something in it for everyone, so that a judge can sieze upon one tbing, one being all that is necessary, that can be his figleaf.

The thing with the Post has taken an unfortunate turn, as I learned by accident yesterday in lunching with Paul Valentine. He had been given a copy by the reporter who wrote the piece. It is actually 35 pages, exceptionally long. Paul said it is a good pice but "I was surprsied to read about the red-baiting of the '40s". I told Smith this in confidence. His justification for including it is dual. I began by saying I would discuss political things in the hope he would ignore them, just for his understanding, since he obviously was thinking of understanding me better. Then I made it explicit: nothing political and nothing about anyone whose name I used without an ok from any such person. Fearing possible AP reactikn, for example, I did not name you. But I found out late Thursday evening that he had spoken to my Bantam friend. He has done much work on this. His representati of one of the incidents the truthful recountung of which could be hurtful confronts me with the wuandary, will it today be hurtful, as I suspect. I phoned him, he read it to me, and in a rational world it is not bad. It is accurate. He feels it necessary to an honest writing. I'm going in Tuesday because I fear the consequences in many areas, given their circulation, ot see rather than hear what it is. I really don't think it is necessary, really think that if it were the perspective would be different, i.e., I've had my own experiences with being framed, and I think he is including it in anticipateion of reaction if he doesn't. Not legit. reaction but the kind that domiantes our lives today. However, a good piece of that size in such large distfubition kight be helpful. I'dl would rather have no story than anew mebasassmen so I've told her the decision is hers and I'll bring home a xerox for her to read.

By a remakrable coincidence, she noted in the obits yesterday the death of her former boyfriend who was the lawyer for a fascist who figured in one of the earlier incidents in my career of political adventures. Here 'til was a real Mata Hari and it enabled me to more than survive. I was able to prepare myself by thinking in avdance and I actually won, ~~didn't~~ didn't just come out unbloodied. I think to this day I am the one to get a House UnAmerican agent convicted. Smith doesn't go into that one....Can you begin to image what she has suffered through marrying me?

I've just started her mate. The soap-operax references bring back the past. I knew of Young Eidder Brown, byt she was not one of Grandmas favorites, so I didn't hear that. There was a girl named Sany on one, and could she find love with a titled Englishman. The only one I really liked was an evening show, before the news days, at 7 p.m., Easy Aces. Woodman Ace, one of the wittier men, still around (think I sent you a piece recently) wrote and acted in it. But I fear that early an anti-intellectual intrusion into the content of radio is one o the reasons we have the kind of deparaved society we have. We'd have it anyway, but that kind of thing with mass communication made it worse.

Your charming account of the symphonic cats reminds me we once had a goose who'd sit on Lil's lap (as the cats often did) and look at TV. She had to learn to daiper him.

I can't now, with the red glowing, go into the dogs, but they were all wonderful, and ask you note, with clear suggestions of (impish) reincarnation. One in particular, Chicha, who gave her life to save our geese from a pack of wild dogs. She did save them while I, exhausted, slept through the commotion. Her mother was the warmest animal I ever knew, in an appreciative way. She had been abandoned on us and while I feared she'd become a chicken killer (I then ranged pullets), she in fact became their defender. We adopted her the morning I saw that little bench-legged beagle chase a Dalmatian and a German Shepherd each with a pullet in the mouth. They killed a half-dozen before she got to them, and I didn't hear that because I was listening to some symphonic music while I cleaned eggs.

We never read Cold Comfort Farm, but BBC did a magnificent show of it. Saw it on Public TV, so we know what you write about.

I've not yet had a chance to go over STM's add to the Hunt bio. I think this is going to become more of a story. Heard on TV last night that a federal judge ordered the suit to proceed.

McG emerges from the Wagleton flap a less clear character. I'm inclined to credit the staff blaming. I can't say which is the more likely to have been politically successful choice, but I can say there was a viciousness to some of the staff work. If this is The New Politics, god save Us. Manckiwicz in particular. I'm including some clips you may not want to read in the next 3rd class mailing, in case you want other things on this for you noodles rather than files. Time's treatment, for example, and a couple from Post. All those who lead the pack behind the trika are no longer wolves but horses! Including the sanctimonious Rowan. You should have seen/heard him on TV on Tom's Gotta Go!

In what I mailed you yesterday, there was a letter to Ray. What I wanted to see for himself and what I've not spelled out to the lawyers is very obvious to me. Valentine, who covered the minitrial and is reluctant to accept my views because he and all the other competent men missed what was going on, agrees that Foreman a) was not serving Ray's interest; b) was serving another interest; and c) that the whole bit about stipulations was entirely unnecessary. We have this situation that is so simple yet is undetected and not understood by the lawyers: Foreman brings Ray a stipulation to sign, saying it will save his life. Ray demurs at some of the provisions. OK, Foreman says, sign it show I can show good faith to Canale, tell me which ones you won't go for, and I'll bargain. As Ray nixed, Foreman crossed out. But Canale kept copies, one of which Frank published. One of the needless provisions has Ray actually confessing to that with which he was not charged, the actual shooting. That is one of the provisions he refused. When he just wouldn't go for all the confession bit, they had to simplify into the voir dire that was finally used. Now the question is why did Foreman try so hard to extend the confession into one of committing the murder when it wasn't necessary? Why, after he failed in the stipulation effort, did he try the same thing in court by a more indirect way, saying there was no conspiracy, which left only Ray as the seemingly confessing murderer, the ploy Ray killed in court? It is possible to presume he did this for the government, to "solve" the crime for it. Percy is too dominated by the lust for the acquisition of money, for which he will do anything. I think he did have another and a paying client. I have other things bearing on this, not the least of which is that he had to know there could be no literary income from either the public domain or the nothingness of the Ray "story". This is what I didn't want to spell out. I think it is one of the keys. Foreman is also a racist. And this has become an unavoidable intrusion into other work I'd like to be doing, like the finishing touches on the master of PM.

Thanks for finding the time for what we both enjoyed so much.