

Dear Jenifer, If you are like I am, you like to know that little things have meaning and give others joy. So I write to tell you of a little thing that happened last night that reminds me of one of your kindnesses that on each occasion of her use, does give "Lil DEC 24 1977 something she does not often have, a moment of feeling warm and of knowing that someone wanted this.

You once sent her an attractive portfolio of pretty notepaper, the kind that requires no envelope. She has few occasions to use it. Last night she had one. She wanted to write a woman who was one of the few who while a total stranger tried to help me with Whitewash. This friend married and moved abroad. She returned home for her mother's funeral and has been kept here by endless, distressing delays. She seems detached and alone. So, Lil decided to invite her up here, in part because when I have been in DC this friend has not be available by phone. When Lil got the paper and started to write the note, she commented on two things - that you had thought of it and how nice it is.

This also means much to me because there is so little pleasure Lil gets these days. She is more than just realistic. We have had years of what amounts to federal persecution, going back to 1955, when the helicopters began the ruin of our very promising and then successful poultry operation. (The government even fixed an old friend of Lil's, a then retired farmer who was a helper on the farm we had and in whose house she had played as a girl, his girls being her friends. After the first trial, which we managed to win, he confessed it all and then never came back. His "favorite nephew," an FBI agent, did it.) Lil is inclined to be more realistic and more practical than I. For this and other reasons, one being that our society stacks things against women and she has been denied the reliefs I have gotten, she takes our present and very bad situation worse than I do. So, your simple and inexpensive thoughtfulness does much to both of us.

Based on a long history that justifies it, Lil now believes that nothing good will or can happen. When I worked out the deal with Dutton she said it would never come to pass. When I signed and returned the release she still said she did not believe we would get the check. And when I got it she said she didn't think I could do it even though she knew and assumed that I often do what others cannot.

When I knew I was getting this settlement, and I was satisfied that Dutton also wanted it so I was confident, I tried to get her to agree to two expenditures prior to applying it to our bank debt. She requires special shoes and hasn't bought any in years. She also has bought no clothes of any kind in years. It took me from that day about a month ago until last evening to get her to agree to buy shoes and some underclothing. She did not agree to work on the roof so I did not press it. Typically, she did insist that I get one of the new, small chainsaw so that I can keep up with the growth of the trash trees and work them up for firewood.

This also gives you an idea of how oppressive she finds the debt we carry in ways so magical and mysterious I wonder how we manage.

It may also explain the bitterness I guess is sometimes unhidden, as in my last letter to Bob Treuhaft. (In response I get the files I had sent and no answer, not even the question any California lawyer can answer on the statute of limitations.)

I'll be waking Lil soon. After breakfast I'll be taking the check to the bank, a real Xmas present. With it we will have halved our debt to it in these six plus years we have been here, to about \$12,500. Considering that in all this time only Oswald in New Orleans, for which I got not a penny, and Frame-Up, on which I was gypped, have appeared and she has worked only part-time. So, I am both satisfied that we have done well under the circumstances and still can't see how we did it. Preparatory to waking Lil I put together what I'll be taking to the post office and I saw the note she wrote. This reminded me, so I write to explain and to thank you again.

This is not a hint, please. She has much of the portfolio for she has little occasion to use it. She has used it twice recently. The other time I was not around. She invited Ian and Cris McDonald for next Sunday and they are coming. She is fond of both so this means a little more of the pleasure that is scarce for her.

It is just that I want you to know that you did bring her some good moments and that we both appreciate it. And it fits the spirit of the day. Our best,