

11 November 1974

Dear Harold:

Perhaps you might want the attached carbon, which was included along with its original in your mailing from Memphis which was postmarked with the Memphis zip code area number on November 4. For what it's worth, your latest enclosure was dated 11/2, and this Memphis mailing was beaten here by days both by your mailings from Frederick dated Nov. 4 and 5.

All three mailings convey your great sense of accomplishment during the visit, with a corresponding uplift in your spirits clearly apparent. We are deeply happy for you, and for both Jims. At the same time I take seriously the remark by the big reporter about what's going to have to be done about you sometime. I do see your point that it won't happen, because of your successful tactic of playing everything straight and making it too dangerous for anyone to carry out such a job, but I think he was leveling with you, in his mind, and that he did not do it impulsively, but only after thinking it over. And over. My hunch is that -- based on the impression I have had of his reporting through the years -- he figured it was the least and quite possibly the most he could do for you. I may be wrong about him, and hope I am, but if I haven't made the point with you before I should make it now: all reporters go through a stage, and many never emerge from it, where they identify themselves with the establishment, fundamentally if unmentionably.

You might be amused by the the windup of our house repair project. Walt and I got assorted jacks under the old substructure and raised the downhill side of the house three or four inches before putting up the three new auxiliary posts and their supporting braces. We knew this probably would affect the roof, which is the original tar-and-gravel job dating from 1958. When we finally got up nerve enough to go up and look we found it had wrinkled and buckled in several places, with breaks where the material had become too dry and brittle to survive such unaccustomed activity. There was no wagn of rain, so we decided to leave it alone as long as possible in case a warm day of sunshine would cause it to settle back into place a bit, but on Thursday it suddenly clouded up and rained gently for three or four hours. Leaks all over, with the STM dashing madly about placing pans and buckets (she wound up with about 20) while Walt and I frantically tried to cover up ~~the~~ topside with plastic. In the afternoon it stopped raining long enough for Walt to go down and get enough new plastic (a roll 10' x 100') to recover the whole area. This was laid on and weighted down with boards, and we're now waiting for roofers to come and submit estimates for a new roof. The ~~only~~ ^{old} one was supposed to give out two years ago, so we've been living on borrowed time, it seems.

In the meantime we got the job on the house all done, corrected most of the sag and since then I've been busy making doors and windows work which ~~never~~ stopped functioning the minute the house was raised, and even have a couple of cases where ~~hink~~ they were balky before and now work perfectly, without my doing anything.

The STM is now recovering from the bedlam which prevailed from Monday through Friday, with the thumps of sledhammers, the incredibly loud groaning, creaking and popping of strained timbers, and the unpredictably sounds of power saws and drills interspersed throughout. She spent most of the time trying to read and file, wearing ear plugs. Best,