

2/9-last night was like you guys  
are when you come back from the  
long trip to the other side of the  
moon. I started ketting real sleepy  
after a late, light supper of a  
salad only, was dozing in the chair  
at 9, when I got into bed and fell  
asleep immediately. Unlike other  
nights, when I awaken between 3-4  
and now usually go back to sleep for  
an hour or so, I was dead until  
6:45 a.m. This kind of thing, rare  
as it is, leaves me groggy and weak.  
And with unclear recollection. So,  
if I didn't tell you in a note, a  
few of which I recall writing to  
you and others last night, Wil was  
pleased with the pictures of the  
kids with the blanket because,  
despite the unclarity making prints  
from slides (and many thanks for the  
thought and the trouble), they make  
clear that two cute kids were  
enjoying it, and what is more  
important in life than that kids  
be happy and enjoy? The immediate  
reason for the fatigue and I suppose  
the emotional callapse was my  
success as my own lawyer in the  
suit for the smallest of the many  
debts owed me bywholesalers of my  
printings. In this case, by the  
time the case was called, I think  
I had the lawyer I had been fight-  
ing on my side, in part from fear  
of what would happen to his rep  
if a layman beat him in open court,  
as I had a fine chance of doing.  
On my side, my fear was that first  
by being my own lawyer I'd have  
the judge, who was and will again  
be a lawyer, sticking up for the  
claosed corporation of the Est.,  
and that in my ignorance I'd make  
some blunder and be unable to  
refute a crooked citation. I called  
the lawyer on the way up in the  
guise of asking him for when the  
case was set. Obviously, though he  
seems not to have realized it, the  
clerk of the court was the best  
source. He was friendly and we  
chatted, and I told him the truth,  
that I had found in my files new  
proof, and that I had what seemed  
to me to be the definitive answer  
to the claim of the running of the  
statute, an open admission of the  
debt within the statutory limit,  
also true. So, he started to be  
fatherly with me (though I am the

age of his older brother, who was my high-school and college classmate, and counselled me to accept a settlement. I said Wake, what is your honest appraisal of my chances? These guys all seem to be unable to cope with openness. He said good-50-50. I said only good? He said at least good, but you can blow it. Right, I said, So why don't you settle, he asked. I said because every time you personally talk of settlement you offer me a lower figure than the last I've rejected. If you don't want me to beat you in court, where I know I run the risk of blowing it, come up with something real, not the silly stuff you have been talking about. And if a

layman and a former report for the paper that will be covering beats you in court and proves your client is a crook, what will it fo to them and you personally and their business relationships and their social lives? He gave me a figure I rejected. He finally got to one I would accept if Lil would, and I said add to that my actual court costs and if my wife agrees, maybe I will. But at this point I make no promises because of all the work and aggravation you have caused us and because I think I have a better than 50-50 chance in court. You get your client to ggree to a decent settlement consistent with my chance in court and if my wife says settle, I'll settle. I'll get there early so we can talk. So, I got back in the car, we drove the rest of the distance and Lil laughed when I said it is up to her, saying she knew I wanted the blood and the flesh of the courtroom victory, so go for it. I surprised her, for she was right, I did want it, by saying that in our shape this should not control. She never did give me a direct answer, and the next morning, in court but before the hearing, they did show up, Jake asked me about settling, I said let me ~~have~~ hear numbers, he came up with about 2/3 of what I could prove without questions, about half of what I was suing for, agreed with his client present to pick up the court tab, and I asked Lil, who was sitting down Madam La arging elsewhere, and we never got into the courtroom itself. We came home with a check that this a.m. will go toward the payment of that part of our annual instalment on the principal I could not give the bank last year. It is a hell of a way to spend time, but it is a gratification, abd much as I'd have enjoyed the challenge in court, I am content to make the payment to the bank because of one other thing I had estimated to be the case, that I didn't learn until afterward, from Jake, that if he lost his client had told him to appeal to the higher court to bleed

me. And then a victory would have been a net loss to me. As it turns out, in my dealings with this lawyer I have radicalized him a bit, after a stern lecture about what has alienated kids, like his nephew. He has taken the case of blacks about to be put out of their homes for a spur of an expressway and likes the suggested slogan of White Man's ~~home~~<sup>road</sup> Through the Black Man's Home and in my presence wrote a friend of mine who has done much work in this field for help. Maybe I told you, but while Lil is making breakfast, I thought you'd enjoy the story if I hadn't. I haven't yet read the ~~letter~~ letters, but I'll spend the day catching up. Enjoy the other side for the coming stint. Best, HW