

We have just looked at Public TV's version of de Antonio's Point of Order, his editing down of the TV footage on the Army/McCarthy hearings. More than McCarthy in it sickened. The commentary, the unquestioning presentation of Cohn, etc. Nixon/Whitehead's impact shows. Anyway, it left me in no mood to work, read, or do anything but go to bed at 10 and not be as tied in the a.m. Then Lil's sister called and as they were chatting while I was just sitting, smoking and thinking back over those black days of evil, Lil started telling her sister a story you might enjoy. Perhaps retelling it might lighten my mood. Yesterday we went to an 80th birthday party for one of Lil's aunts. The McDonalds were coming and were going to swim while we were there. They stopped at an orchard, things like that. By prearrangement if they were delayed they were to change, swim and make themselves at home. The weather turned bad. This a.m. we found tornados had struck a short distance on both sides of us. Ian, who was in shorts and was catching a cold, decided to change into slacks. He had a pair in the trunk. He did, put his shorts in the trunk and closed it before he realized that his car keys were in those shorts. What a pickle, huh? I told him I could have someone pick the lock if this friend, near Camp David, was home. Ian had me call good old conservative who said he'd drive the 15 miles as soon as he put some shoes on. Ian knew I wasn't putting him on when I said this guy did it for the AEC and others, that he was not a crook but, among other things, a professional locksmith. I had never seen a lock picked before. On the new cars it is not easy. But unlike the fiction, where absolute silence is necessary, Herman did it by feel, while chatting with us. He then told Ian not to put a magnetic case for a spare key & showed him a safe hiding place on his car. HW 8/13/73

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