

1/2/73 If I had the notion that these notes are deathless, I'd note be using left-over 3M "intermediate" sheets for a carbon to you. They may at some time be of some value in other ways, as if I live to a ripe old age and go in for other and lighter writing, not easy for me and no probable market. They are in part dictated by concern for the future, when all of everyone's work will be evaluated by others who will have little way of knowing whose word is dependable, who had valid experience to draw upon, etc. While the attacks on Garrison and Lane were louder, none ever daring to do it to my face and my work having attracted less public attention, the files of most of the "critics" will contain much that can have the effect of undermining future confidence in my work and judgement. The vigor with which I have undertaken some things will add to this, particularly to the ivory-tower lot. So, in large part, addressing this long in advance is part of what I have in mind. Another thing is educating Howard to the way things are and work. He is exceedingly bright but divorced from the rough and actual contact with the kind of people involved in such events. The timing is easy to explain. It is more than we've both been under the weather. I have also had a series of new problems to face, all the result of dishonesty, negligence, etc., by others. The Williams defect, if it is that and is sustained in court, will be an enormous blow to us because there was as close as one can get to an open-and-shut case for damages to our poultry and farming operation. His silence of three weeks does not persuade that the government may not have a legal basis, for if it does, there is a fairly solid suit against him. I have no such thing in mind, but he doesn't know that. So, I have had the need to escape as reading would not permit, unless there were something to seize the mind, as for a short while The Plot to Kill the President did. (Lil finished it a sleepless night.) I look back now and realize that instead of digging all the time I should have done as Muriel Ruckeyser later counselled, made detailed notes then. They could have served literary and historical purposes. But I'd write and sell enough to keep going and spend the rest of my time in such endeavors as those noted. Had it not been for the war and changing feelings of obligations, I'd have had a helluva Dies book. Now I can't even take time to find what survived. I know all my copies of the committee's vouchers the Ten got. I had carbons, but I gave some of them away earlier, to others, and I can only hope I had some filed by subject. In any event, don't feel you have to enjoy, approve or comment. I wanted to make the notes and get away from the more pressing things for a while, and dashing this off served that purpose, in itself worthwhile, if you know what the anxious feeling can do.... That was the damndest thing, that tug-boat story. You should have seen and heard the House that later voted the other way. It howled at Hoffman. Unlike the nastiness in the papers, his colleagues had both liking and respect for Marc. When Cannon revised his book of rules, Marc was one of the few he asked for comment before finalizing. I knew Cannon, too, and I was there. The GOP leadership of the day made a stalwart effort to get him to become an official Republican. (He was the first man to win nomination on three tickets, including theirs.) Lil was a secretary for him for a while. Wadsworth, then Minority Leader, wanted her to go to work for him when they finally gerrymandered and passed a law to get Marc at the same time. He'd make a great book, in which I could jot begin to say all I know. Some of the people are today the epitome of The Political Establishment, like Katie Loucheim, whose personal life is entirely her own. But I think she'd be embarrassed if stories of her entertaining a left-wing Congressman, a Rabelaisian priest and a major Mafia figure, known as such, were to be reported. And it would do no good. Lil and I were usually there, I about all the time, and it was Tommy Luchese, a soft-spoken, ultra-polite and always considerate man. Walter Louch was, at least then, rather much of a dud. Anyway, I've worked my way through that and now must get to another and unpleasant things I think will be slightly easier to address. HW

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