

2/18-Dear Js-This is an FYI footnote that like so much of what I send FYI needs no acknowledgement. It has been a broken-up week and that kind of day, with a number of disagreeable things with which to contend. They are increased but not painful trouble with the tumb are not conducive to creative writing, so I've been cleaning up things and then, with an hour before leaving for Lil, decided perhaps the most relaxing thing would be to resume reading Khrushchev. These are not imaginary problems, as a former farm boy can understand when I say that the one I have just won was vs the county, from its engineer to and including the governing council. They had thrice raised the road level in a few months, thus effectively making the road a dam, with much damage, the correction of which I could not begin to afford. So, I did some of the things my young friends do not understand: I took after the people who caused or abdicated, involved the county attorney in guilty inaction, then got a contractor who I was sure would tell the engineer, from whom he must get contracts that I had hired him (as indeed I did, yesterday a.m.) that my case was airtight and he was sure I'd sue and make a real stink. Involved is one man just getting over a heart attack and the pointed letter saying they all knew what I had to do in my own interest, they having left me no alternative, plus the contractor, did it. One member of the council has been here secretly (can't see the road from the house) and the entire council is coming here when the snow is gone. I also have real good pictures, and I've told them what they show. But what a helluva way to have to waste time. It will end with some kind of stabilized stone being put in my lane now and a blacktop surface when weather permits, which won't be until warmer weather, when that plant re-opens. The cost will exceed a thousand dollars, and you know I don't even have the \$125 I committed yesterday a.m. for payment next week! Well, such are the intrusions into work, and I think you can see why after coping with all of them and today another lying letter from the publisher atop that

Ray mess, and Lil so tired she lost her voice from fatigue yesterday, I turned to reading. I have just finished the Kh. chapter on the Khavkov disaster in WWII. Not until after reading it was I reminded that hundreds of relative I have never known must have perished there, not my point. Kh's account of being called to Moscow and his fear that he'd be liquidated to save Stalin's self-esteem, Kh having anticipated and urged against the cause of that loss of more than 200,000 soldiers alone, is something few will be able to really understand in full, including me. It reminded me of a much more minor, relatively insignificant position in which I was, in N.O., where Garrison called himself and acted as God. I opposed him out

Loud, denounced him to his face but indirectly, as by addressing myself to Moo Sciambra when it had to have been Garrison's doing he did, and that included doublecrossing me and jeopardizing an enormous amount of work. I've heard stories of Jim's boys roughing up those who antagonized him. Boxley was in mortal terror when he got fired, and he fled so fast he left all behind. He actually expected to be killed with his own pistol, that had mysteriously disappeared. Joel Palmer left in as great haste. Steve Jaffe did get it a couple of times, I'm told, not as badly as he could (and may I ~~say~~ say that save from anyone by JG should) have gotten it. There is no comparison between my situation and Kh's, but I think I understand this better than most from that experience. I never expected anything to happen to me, so I never gave any such thing a second thought until later. It can back when I got the most graphic descriptions of Boxley's terror, after all his Agency experience. Kh could not dream of doing what I did, making myself explicit to those ~~work~~ I knew would feed it back to Jim. And the more and the sooner I was proven right, the more intense his dislike of me, which troubled me only insofar as it impeded the chances of deterring the larger insanities. If I never told you, by early 1968 it got to the point where I'd go to his secretary as soon as I got to N.O. and was reasonable certain he was not in and pay my respects and then forget he lived, as much as that was possible, doing my own thing my own way...The deeper I get into Kh the more persuaded I am of its genuineness and his basic honesty. It is a remarkable and I think important work. And he was a remarkable man. It makes me even more confident of the analysis I made of the Cuba Missile Crisis. I am looking forward to reaching that

part and what I will probably reach soon if Lil is delayed at the office, the turning around of the Nazis in the Ukraine. That will bring back memories of OSS days, when a colleague and I posted the shifting battle-lines daily on a millionth map, if you know what that is, surfaced with plastic that permitted rubbing the crayon markings off with cotton. It soon got to be a part of our shop that everyone visited every morning. We had two sets of line, our communiques' and those of the Nazis.

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