

FEB 19 1973

Dear Js, While the weather has turned much colder, it has also dried out a bit. So, I've been spending part of most days outside taking down trash trees, chopping them up and hauling the firewood to the house to help save the fuel oil. Takes a hunk out of the day, plus two hunks taking and fetching Lil, etc. With Cesar here yesterday afternoon and evening, I'm a bit more behind than usual. And with Hil deep in taxes, I spend more time on the papers because she does not have time for them. God! what a curse most of it is! I'd almost forgotten. When I've been tired or didn't feel like doing things requiring concentration, I've been reading Kirkwood. Gave me a couple of ideas I'll get to but in every way a terrible book.

Today's locust was a bit much, so I'm not trusting myself to do some of the things to which I should attend. Not intended as unflattering. I'm clearing a downhill slope, which means carting the stuff uphill and working it up first, all by hand. However, I've a several-day supply safely in the house if we get a real storm and loose current. And, if I can get that slope plowed in the spring, we'll have a garden. We and the animals. I'm cutting the tress off at ground level and marking them with stakes, so we'll just work around them. As I can I plan to border them and make plantings of perennials. Taking the stumps out is a bit too much for me without equipment. I've done it, as you probably did as a boy. Couple more locats, couple brier-patches, and that part is ready for the plow. Already have some dwarf fruit in it, so it will be a broken-up garden! But when we'll be tending it (?) by hand, not much difference.

While catching my breath I read the clips with your 2/13. The Jan. NYT WG stories add a bit and I'd not seen, thanks. The Hoppe? Who can do justice? Lil has read and they are in an envelope for Howard.

Before the fatigue really set in, I wrote the letters to Dione and her lawyer. I'm not at all certain I can figure the present situation out and knowing her to be a liar, I can't be sure of what she says. The coincidence on timing of her bust, however, is remarkable. What I have always done is play her straight and see what outs. Hil is as baffled as I.

Stennis: there is so much of that kind of crime in Washington now I have not followed the story and haven't clipped it. It can be just streetcrime. If there were to be political crime of this sort, there are more suited targets, if what you say is true, as it is. For example, unless he has moved, Mulbright backs up on a park. The papers here say what you have read about the police complaints. He appears to be teetering, or was at last report. The medics were honest enough and prompt enough in their honesty. The surgery was nocturnal, it was on the pre-daylight news, and soon afterward there was the report that what was suspected wasn't there. Which really means the condition is unchanged, not good. Guess they still remember JFK! The old boy seems tough enough. The description of the wound seems remarkably like that of LHO, only not quite as destructive in its path.

Dear Old Lady: I'll sure be glad to stop the crawling. Cramped as I am for space, I can't use the good typewriter table we have behind my desk or I'd not be able to get there, not since my hurdling days. So, I have to use a small drug-store one, and the plywood top is already so splintered I've been afraid to do the obvious, put a couple of strips of light lumber on each outside. When I get steam up, I really give it to the carriage-return lever, too! Every couple of minutes I just automatically center the Hermes

again. Minor interruption in concentration, but sometimes annoying. Thanks! But I must admit I can't do out what you've contrived. I rarely get into a hardware store not because they don't have things I should have but because I can't buy them, so if it is something at all new, I've no idea what it is. Lil got some anti-skids for the bathtub, but they are pretty, and you didn't say these are, so that's out. That lineup of nos, nails, screw, bolts and permanence, accomplished exactly what you plotted, more perplexity. But we'll soon enough see. AND use. Thanks also for the stamps. I may have enough to last until they arrive, but with no mail tomorrow, the chances improve. Your cover labelled "answer" was, I thought, on the anti-walker, so I peeked before giving the note to Lil. I think she'll like much, thanks. The only salt-and-pepper ~~shakers~~ we now use are those nifty Canadian walnut ones shaped like acorns you gave us. We both like them lots. This means that I've laid aside the first-rate peppermill the late Fulton Lewis, Jr., made for me one Xmas. He was better at cabinetry than anything else. I know a bit about walnut, by the way. The farther north the better the quality. Had a friend, Dane/Thai, nephew of the ~~experts~~ Copenhagen police chief who risked his life to save so many Jews, who was a lumber exporter. Rather log exporter. I had lined up quite a few trees for him when he ~~and~~ had a stroke and had to quite before he finally died. Great guy. The stuff is incredibly expensive if it is good and handled properly. Worst more abroad than at home... These little things are really kind and we do appreciate them. They mean even more when the rich have been so miserable and exploiters.... Sorry about using snippets of 3M paper on some of the copies. Grim days lie ahead and I have to husband what I've paid for. Where I've had doubts about what you'd do it you mounted, I've used but little tape not to complicate your work. There hasn't been much in the papers lately. The POW stuff has been mostly schmalz... There are two Ed who write me, one in Canada of whom you know and a near-Chicago writer some of whose notes I've sent recently. Williams, in Canada, phoned the other night to say he has the French reprint of L'Aurore (he didn't know I knew of the Romero thing) and an add on the "identification" of two as Watergators. He'll probably send xerox if you want a dupe. He says Mae Brussel has been writing about that, too. Natch, with the WG preposterousness. Haven't seen that, but the carbon to Walter tells you what I've learned. Hope you don't mind this paper too much, but there is no cookie to crumble. Our best and our thanks, HW 2/18/73