

## Rasputin Mule Farm

Joe R. Huie, Head Wrangler  
(501) 637-2611

HOME OF COBBS BELIEVE IT OR NOT  
1996 World Champion High Point, Gaited Mule  
Great Celebration Mule Show  
Shelbyville, Tennessee

WYE MOUNTAIN BRANCH  
Billy Roy Wilson, Swamper  
600 W. Capitol, Room 149  
Little Rock, Arkansas 72201  
(501) 324-6863 or (501) 330-2667

June 1, 1998

Professor Mike Tigar  
The University of Texas School of Law  
727 East 26<sup>th</sup> Street  
Austin, TX 78705-3299

CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Mike:

Congratulations again on your great victory out in Colorado.

When you were assigned to the case I told my friends that you were a real, sho 'nuff trial lawyer, and would conduct yourself in the highest traditions of the profession, while giving singular devotion to your client's interest.

You covered yourself and our beloved profession with glory by your conduct inside and outside the courtroom.

Word has gotten around that I know you (word spread in part by me), and I'm wont to tell Mike Tigar stories. There may be a few embellishments, but I'm a poet as well as a lawyer; and, anyhow, Mark Twain noted that is hardly anybody who doesn't tell a "stretcher" now and then (except maybe Aunt Polly and the "widder").

Yes, indeed, I'm bad to get all swoll up and pridefully announce, "I knowed Mike Tigar back before international fame punched his ticket."

Meanwhile, back over here in the Outback. Sadly, your friend, Kenneth Starr has covered himself with infamy. He was conflicted when he accepted the appointment as IC, and his serious conflicts have multiplied. I am profoundly disappointed. My disappointment, however, is not primarily in him -- when he accepted the appointment he was seriously conflicted, and one could not expect much from him (I didn't expect him to be as bad as he turned out to be). My primary disappointment, however, has been in the federal judiciary. There will always be rampaging sheriffs, prosecutors, and other agents of the government. Our Founders

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knew this full well, and one of the primary reasons we were given lifetime tenure was so that we would not succumb to political passions of the time. Unfortunately, political partisans here in the Eastern District of Arkansas and on the Eighth Circuit have embarrassed the federal judiciary. I have noted these embarrassments in two or three opinions I have written explaining my recusal in Whitewater cases. Needless to say, I did not win the "judge of the year" honors at the Eighth Circuit Conference last summer, and am unlikely to win it in the future.

I came of age in the south when federal judges were setting aside the prejudices of their youth, and rendering courageous decisions in the Civil Rights battles. This caused me to form a deep admiration for the federal judiciary. Unfortunately, this tradition is not being followed today and I am sorely disappointed.

Pardon me for fulminating in a letter that I started solely for the purpose of commending you.

I would be much obliged if you would give my warmest regards to Jane. I look forward to meeting her. You must keep in mind that I'm a little bitter that you robbed me of a clerk who would have brought me fame as a legal scholar. Saying this puts me in mind of a true story that I feel compelled to relate. My mother was born in 1895, the daughter of a circuit ridin', whiskey hatin', shoutin' Methodist preacher. This was back when the Methodists were the primary force in America in supporting prohibition. They studied the Bible regularly. Using my mother's intimate knowledge of the Good Book (she almost had it memorized), I would call her for appropriate quotes. Friends from around that state would call me when there were getting ready to give a speech and ask me for an apropos Biblical reference. I would ask them to let me think about it. I would then call my mother, get two or three quotes from her, on the spot. I would then call my friend back with the references to the Holy Writ. I developed quite a reputation. Unfortunately, when my mother died in 1982, my bubble was busted (sic). It was kind of like when Tom Sawyer was asked to cite something from the scriptures when he had won the prize for memorizing the most.

So, I would have probably been discovered once Jane moved on. Nonetheless, I still look forward to meeting her and seeing my buddy Mike Tigar once again.

Kudos,



Wm. R. Wilson, Jr.