

California, if. 92320
February 26, 1967

Special Agent-in-Charge
Federal Bureau of Investigation
1340 W. 6th Street
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir: Re: Assassination of President John F. Kennedy

Referring to my letter of February 21st, regarding the above subject.

I apologize for becoming so impetuous on February 23rd as to telephone my friend, Assistant Sheriff James F. Downey, and in our conversation I requested him to check with your office to ascertain whether or not my letter of the 21st had been received by your office. He promised me then that he would check with your office and call me back at 1:00 P. M., the next day; however, I have been waiting at home ever since for his call, which has not materialized. I therefore assume that your office has instructed him not to communicate further with me concerning the matter.

Actually, the only thing about which I am concerned is the failure of your office to receive my letter, and if I were assured of your office receiving it I would cease my efforts regarding this subject, as I know from past experience how efficiently the F. B. I. works.

However, there are so many almost unbelievable aspects and occurrences involved that I cannot but be apprehensive, even as to my personal safety.

For instance: I hid my file of the correspondence which I directed to Smith Griswold, Chief of the A. P. C. D. in Los Angeles in 1957, following the infamous "Friday the 13th" under a bottom bureau drawer in my bedroom; and about a year or so later I found that it was missing. Which leads me to feel that someone may have entered my home and removed it. My residence at that time was 4520 Second Avenue, Los Angeles; and in my correspondence I used the fictitious name of "██████████" so as not to jeopardize my employment with Los Angeles County. I did not give my name to the two individuals with whom I had conversations regarding my correspondence; so they may not have known my true name -- it is possible that they may have recently called at the above address, which I believe is now occupied by a middle-aged negro man and wife. Checking with them might reveal the identity of one or both of these individuals.

The attorney, Robert M. Bushnell, to whom I showed my letters before mailing them to A.P.C.D., died, I learn, on October 17, 1966, from a supposed coronary attack. I do not recall whether or not I gave him copies of any of them, but, if so, they might be found in some location at his home, 4541 Don Diego Drive, Los Angeles, if his widow has not destroyed them.

All of the above, of course, may only be conjecture, and I give it to you for what it may be worth. If it is found to be erroneous, I shall appreciate it if you will inform me as soon as possible, so that I may set my mind at rest.

Yours very truly,

FOO/S

ENCLOSURE ██████████