

May I tell you a story for you to share when you lunch next with Mr. Hoover?

While we have heard a great deal concerning the failure of the FBI to protect the President of the United States with even the most elementary of precautions in a right-wing southern city in which it was known he was confined, it was my fortune yesterday to witness the direct opposite for a change—a triumph for the FBI!

My yard houses eight dogs. Yet, agents Perry and Long walked into it without hesitation. So did Mr. Perry walk into it without hesitation. Or was it Mr. Long? Mr. Long (or was it Mr. Perry?) said clearly that he liked dogs and that dogs liked him. Mr. Perry (or was it Mr. Long?) had a troubling fit but explained he had given up cigarettes for good.

Therefore, in face of such circumstances, I think it behooves all of us who have heard rumors that the FBI failed in failing to take into consideration the habits of Mr. Perry the dog and to hold in our hearts eternal gratitude to Mr. de Snow Hoover that he has set the pattern for men such as themselves of what it takes to come to get about with Mr. Hoover. The FBI is the best!

62-109060-3798

ENCLOSURE