

1610 Enfield Road
Apartment 202
Austin, Texas 78703

Dear Sylvia:

Your letter, which was forwarded by Jimmy Lee from Dallas, really makes me believe more in ESP. One night about a week to 10 days ago I tried to call you and your line was busy. You probably wrote to me about that time.

I moved down to Austin the first of January with the new Governor of Texas, Dolph Briscoe. My boss, Charles Purnell, became Executive Assistant to the Governor and we moved down just before the inauguration. I guess I like it. I love Austin. But, I really miss Dallas and my books. I only brought about 300 books with me, all carefully chosen. The 26 volumes were a must, of course.

Right after I came down in January, Lincoln Lawrence called me at my apartment one night. He talked for about an hour and was extremely interesting and seemed to be very nice. He called a number of times, both to my apartment and to my office, and I became rather fond of him. He told me he was going to make a trip abroad to visit 5 or 6 countries while investigating the Kennedy assassination. He is working on a new "project" which he said would not be a book. In February he asked me for specific material which I had in Dallas. I told him I would make a trip to Dallas and get it and would send it to him. In Dallas, in March, I met Bud Fensterwald over a weekend, just before he got McCord out of jail. Nothing was even mentioned about the Watergate affair. I did pick up all the things I had promised to let Lawrence borrow and brought them back to Austin with me. The very next morning, Monday morning, Lincoln Lawrence called me and said he would send a courier to pick the package up. I explained that I did not have copies of the material and did not have time or facilities to reproduce them. There were two cassettes with recordings of Marguerite Oswald and of Oran Brown and some others on them which I did not have copies of. Also some correspondence (the copies of my letters, etc.) and some reports from Jim Garrison's office.

The next morning Lawrence called me again and said to package the material and put on the outside only the address "Citizens Committee, New York City." This I did and a man came to the Governor's Office and picked up the package. A couple of days later, Thursday, Lawrence called again and was furious. He said they had lost the package. I thought perhaps he didn't believe I had actually sent it. He assured me that he had proof it had reached Dallas but had disappeared from the plane there. I was stunned. Anyway, to make a long story short, we did (or he did) find the package. It had been sent to the Chrysler Building. He told me he had posted men at every

← in New York

entrance to a building (I think he said on 8th Street) that had a "Committee to Elect ...some mayorial candidate or other" Citizens Committee... When the package never arrived, he became suspicious and started trying to trace it and discovered it had "disappeared" from the plane in Dallas. But, he did get it and when he opened it he called to thank me profusely for all the material.

he said
"an
obscure
candidate"

Well, he apparently went to Europe. A month and a half passed and I decided he wasn't going to get in touch with me again. And, he had my things and I didn't have any clue to where to start trying to retrieve them. I did a little checking and was given the name of ART FORD, New York, former radio announcer, as the real Lincoln Lawrence. I got the Manhattan phone book and found an A. Ford, 33 Bank, and determined that that address was very near your address. Do you remember that a long time ago he told you he lived right around the corner from you? Well, I didn't do anything for a while. Then one day a package arrived with a bottle of French perfume in it. I waited another couple of days and then I used plain paper and typed a little note, with no return address or name on it. Just said, "I appreciate the perfume. I had about decided I wouldn't hear from you again. Thank you." Two days later, Lincoln Lawrence called three times before he reached me. He was direct-dialing and it was an unusual day when I was away from my desk several times. He would tell the girl who answered my phone who he was, just "Lincoln Lawrence", and that he would call again. Well when he finally got me, he asked if I had received the perfume. I told him I had and thanked him and never mentioned my note. I have never heard another word from him.

this was
very
unusual

As I said earlier, one night about a week to 10 days ago, I got to thinking about it and how he had been so emphatic before I sent the things that he was trustworthy and would get them back to me immediately... Well, I tried to reach you and your line was busy. I guess I "stewed around" about an hour and wasn't thinking about the time--an hour later there than here. It was about 10 p.m. and I picked up the phone and dialed the number in the N.Y. phone directory for A. Ford. It rang several times and a man finally answered, obviously roused from sleep, with "Hello... hello, hello." I just hung the phone up, but I could swear it was the same voice I knew as Lincoln Lawrence. Does any of this make any sense to you? Have you ever heard of Art Ford? Is there any way to determine who lives at 33 Bank and what he does? Can you offer any suggestions? If it were not for my job here with the Governor, which may prove impossible to continue anyway if I decide to ~~over~~ concentrate again on my "hobby", I would just call A. Ford and tell him what I think I know and tell him to send my things back...

Of course, there is the strong possibility that I'm completely wrong about Lawrence being Ford.

Well, on to other things... The "blob" is apparently gone, or so the Dallas paper said the other day. They used some kind of high-powered chemicals on it and it drew up and kind of crystallized... They called it bacteria or something. I'll try to find the clippings and send them to you. They haven't mentioned the other two or three "blobs" that showed up about the same time in Texas... just the one at Dallas. There were some long pieces about the Dallas one and shorter pieces about the two or three in nearby communities... then nothing for a few days and then a long piece saying they had finally controlled the one in Dallas by using chemicals.

The thing I am most interested in is the "remains" of the flying saucer or whatever it was in the 1880's or about that time that crashed in Denton or Dennison??? They are using guards to keep people away from the sight (and site)... They had something over the radio one night not long ago saying the material had been analyzed and was like nothing from this planet.

Do you have any idea where Paris Flammonde is now? He was at Stroudsberg, Pennsylvania, and I tried to call the number where he was and it didn't belong to him anymore. The lady was very nice and tried to be helpful but said there was no Flammonde listed in the phone book. She said Stroudsberg is a large resort community. Bud Fensterwald tried to call Paris after I told him my experience and Bud said he is obviously hiding out again. I wanted to talk to him about Lincoln Lawrence or Art Ford or whoever he is. It rather fits that Flammonde and Ford would know each other if Ford was once a prominent broadcaster. I am told that Eric Norden, of Playboy magazine, knows Lincoln Lawrence to be Art Ford.

Oh, by the way, be sure to get the July issue of Penthouse *Magazine*. There will be an article by George O'Toole, a friend of mine, in it that will be of tremendous interest to you. Write and tell me what you think of it. The July issue will be ~~about~~ out about the middle of this month, possibly sooner in New York.

One of my friends, commenting on the Watergate, said it just goes to prove that you can't keep a conspiracy quiet. I argued that this proves two things: a number of people were involved (haven't you heard that they had to keep the actual conspiracy in the JFK thing to a minimum?) and there is a big difference in coming forth to say, "I was guilty of a conspiracy because I thought it was legal," rather than go to prison silently and in coming forward to say, "I was guilty of assassination." One can hardly claim to think assassination is legal, like they can **claim** in the case of wire-tapping, etc. (Forgive this paragraph. The phone rang three times. On re-reading it, it doesn't make sense.)

Must get to work - Love

Mary

Mimi sounds like a dear!