

28 December 1968

Thornley (?)

Dear Kerry:

Worms, worms worms! Nothing but worms! All over the place! In everything! The postman delivers things that look like letters but they are actually just more cans of worms that I open. And I do believe each one is named A. Edward Horsey.

C Got a letter from Harold Weisberg telling me about a nasty rude phone call to the place he was staying in New Orleans. He wasn't there and his host was on the receiving end of a lot of stuff from a man who identified himself as one K. Thornley. The same person had phoned his home in Maryland to find out where he was staying in New Orleans.

O But. Horsey had told me Harold had called him, returning a call Horsey swears he did not make, and that Harold told Horsey about the call from Thornley. According to Harold, he had returned the supposed call from Horsey before he got the call from Thornley so therefore could not have told him about it. So -- how did Horsey know about it unless he did it himself? And it was not the only one intended to give the idea it was from Thornley.

Like I said: Worms.

P You tell me about Salandria's curious calls that include one he thought was from Lifton. Horsey had told me he phoned Salandria there and asked if Salandria had tried to call him here in St. Petersburg and that Salandria had said not. If Horsey had told the truth, Salandria would not have thought it was Lifton calling from California, would he? More worms.

I have a particular fondness for people who grok. Anyone who has the ability to grok just can't be all bad.

Y It has been so peaceful and quiet here with Horsey out of town. I don't know whether he came back to spend Christmas with his parents or not. If he did, he sure behaved himself. So far as I am concerned, that is.

The last time we talked on the phone - you and I - I had a sudden thought that if he did have some way of knowing of what was said over my telephone line, I would most likely not hear from him again after he got a report on our exchange of information. And I haven't heard a whimper.

There has got to be some way to get a description of Ed's car and the license number. He knows our car and would recognize it if he should happen to be home. I will have to get a friend to do the dirty work. Please be patient for a week or two.

Nothing like having your name changed before your eyes and without your leave. But what a strange name: Garrison Probe Thornley. Fantastic. So typical of the police types in Tampa, the ones I had any dealing with when I lived there. Bunch of cretins. I am inclined to agree with Norman Mailer's analysis of the police. They are useful and handy at times, like when you are moseying down the street, minding your own business, and an insane squirrel comes charging out of a tree for the sole purpose of biting you on your big toe before it zooms back to its nest. Then is when a policeman is desirable. You can call him to send the mean squirrel into the Positive Absolute. It is not legal for a citizen to discharge a firearm in a city. You just can't shoot anything in the city limits - whatever part of the anatomy the city limit is.

Sorry about that poor humor but the very thought of the Tampa police scrambles me.

You are likely to observe many, many Michigan license plates. People from that state are drawn to this part of the country like iron filings to a magnet. They are all over the place.

A couple of days before Horsey told me about your terrible lie about letters to and from Smith, he had been full of a desire to do all kinds of GOOD things for you like giving you a radio, making a plea over the radio for financial help, and so on. It was strictly his own idea, no implication of authorization by anyone and no mention of donations' having come from anyone else.

He could not have received any contributions for you from Thompson since he was not in touch with him while he was here if I understood Sylvia correctly. If I misunderstood her, I hope she will let us know. I am sure there was nothing by mail.

Thank you for all the material you enclosed. While I may not like some of it,** I appreciate it. The "Stoned Sermons" - great. I like the kerrygrams.

Enclosed is the paper as you wished. I fired up my trusty 3-M and photocopied the article.

Hope you had a good Christmas. A suggestion: If and when you get a tape recorder, there is a difference between rim-drive and capstan-drive. If you want to play tapes recorded on other recorders, you will need capstan-drive. It maintains a constant speed. With rim-drive you can play your own recordings but others sound like a run from Donald Duck to a deep growl and back again. Same thing if anyone else tries to play your recordings on one with capstan-drive.

**What I didn't like was what I was learning about the Great White Father's doing what comes so naturally where any other race is concerned.

If you got your radio for Christmas, you and Cara might want to hear Bob Ruark's guest Monday night, the 30th. It will be Ivan Sanderson talking about monsters - not any we know - like the Abominable Snowman, U.S. variety.

If any official type ever read some of my correspondence, I am sure I would be whisked off to the darkest dungeons for eternity. I am equally sure I would be in the best company. I take a dim view of the methods used by my leaders, whoever they may be.

So far as I know, there have been no prowlers around here for a long time with one glaring exception. One night, shortly after Horsey hove into sight, as I was talking with a friend on the phone, someone tried the front door at the very same time that someone tried the back door. No; I did not go out to see who or what it was. I'm not brave.

This has run over to Sunday and that is long enough so I will stop here.

Here's a wish for a much better New Year than the last one for you both.

Sincerely,

cc: Sylvia Meagher