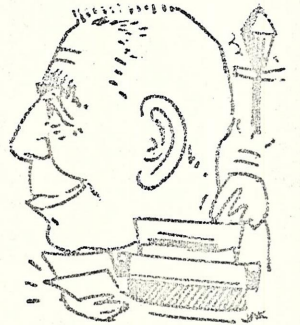


Bourbon Street Parade by Clint Bolton

Dear Kerry: I was delighted to get your letter and both Pat and I are very pleased you two are now living in Florida. It is a lot closer than Los Angeles and we ought to be able to get together now and then. I grinned when you said you were looking forward to a pad with a guest room. So are we. Currently we're hived up in a scatter on Burgundy until we can get into a house on Barracks. Pete Ricca is making available to us a house which started out in life as a double and is now a single. It has a lot of room and I guarantee you there will always be a place for you two if, as, and when you come to town...and we get into the above.



And that, my lad, maybe sooner than you expect. Last Monday night at Dixieland Hall who should turn up but Barbara "Motherwitch" Reid complete with a gent named Harold Weisberger, who is the guy who wrote "Whitewash" and other things rapping the Warren Report. He wanted to talk to me about you and your Marine service in the same outfit with Oswald. I referred him to (1) your book "Oswald" and (2) your statements to the Warren Commission. He told me that he had just obtained a copy of the book but had not yet read it and that he felt your interviews with Warren investigators had been mishandled or misinterpreted. (Pat had just arrived with the barking Piper. "Frog" Joseph was taking his big trombone solo on "Hindustan" and a couple of customers had a question or two so my attention was not exactly riveted.) Then Mr. Weisberger asked me if I had any of the "Idle Warriors" script and I told him no and explained that you and I had by mutual and thoroughly friendly agreement dissolved our pact as you were then on the coast and I was here and could do little for you as a literary agent. Mr. Weisberger seemed to think there might be some things in that work which (taken in context with material already dug up) would have bearing on the present probe into the Kennedy killing. Me, I don't think so but then it is a long time since I read the copy and as we both know it was episodic, dealt with your own Marine service in the Orient and was even written far prior to that fatal day in Dallas. But Mr. Weisberger may have something there. He seems to think that if you are questioned by "sympathetic" interrogators you may have something buried in your hot little head which even you don't appreciate in terms of present developments. Since you are a very bright guy and have a tendency to do a little do-it-yourself headshrinking every now and then I have the feeling you have reviewed all you know about Oswald and have applied all sorts of yardsticks to any and all conversations you may have had with Oswald. On the other hand, as I told the man, I can think of no reason why you would not be willing to talk to him or any other legitimate interviewer as it is my impression that you felt President Kennedy's death has never been fully explained and as a citizen and an intelligent human being you would want every avenue fully explored. I also prefaced that statement with my own disclaimer, "I haven't discussed the matter with Kerry for at least two years. What his present views are I don't know." So you know I did not commit you to anything. But here's the kicker. After this brief and far from conclusive talk Barbara and Weisberger left Dixieland Hall and almost immediately returned with one of Jim Garrison's investigative aides who had, obviously, been loitering outside, staking out the joint. He was introduced as Lynn Loisel (I may be spelling it wrong but the band had just been duked a fin to play "The Saints" and that music ain't low the way we do it at Dixieland Hall). We all smiled, shook hands and said the usual things and then...

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Aside from all this, Charlie Rotkin was in town in the golden end-of-October days shooting New Orleans from helicopters loaned him by Shell Oil and Willard Robertson through the good offices of Scoop Kennedy, the mayor's press aide at City Hall. Wish you had been here. I spent a day aloft with him and an aerial closeup of New Orleans is an exciting thing. Charlie is working on a USA sequel to his great book, "Europe: An Aerial Closeup," and it ought to be a good.

Shaping up is an interesting winter. Both jazz halls are going great and you would probably not know the old scene. The former Bourbon House is now The Embers. Even the Potato Head is being revamped. We're in the second season of fine repertory theatre at the Civic and several good touring attractions are booked for the big months ahead. You probably don't give a damn about pro football. I don't recall that we ever talked about this. But our Saints won their first regular season game last week and we play Dallas here this upcoming Sunday. We also have a very good pro basketball team and if that ain't all, we got a big, two-day car show coming up about a week from now. Piper wants to go to that!... Oh yeah... April and Cal Shook are back from an Ozark sojourn. Paul and Terri Pascual had a mad bash to celebrate his birthday and Clayton and I still play knock rummy.