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Seattle, WA 98107

3 Nov 71

Dear Sylvia,

I see I'm going to have to fight with the post office again. My least favorite pastime, almost.

I think my neck is waking again. That's the only part of me that is. My really least favorite pastime is job-hunting.

My trip was delightful, & lasted twice as long as I anticipated. It was a joy & a constant source of entertainment to stay with the Fennells. If I had to pick one person whom I definitely did not want for an enemy, it would be that most formidable of humans, Mary. And Buck is just the salt of the earth. Larry & Bill were fun, too. Anyway, I love them all.

After a while, I think I'll take Mary in on my little literary-pretensions secret. Since she doesn't put all her stuff down on paper at all, but relies instead on a prodigious memory, I want to have a lot of goodies prepared so I can ask the right questions, & to justify the time I'll have to take of hers.

I spent many wretched hours with Arch Kimbrough. His health is still quite delicate, but at least his heart has stopped skipping beats. If you have not seen his study of LHO's finances, let me know & I'll have him send you one. He thinks he will be completed by the end of the year with adding the material he has to that amazing chronology, & he's going to send me a copy. Oooh. Arch also gave me the Grand Tour, which was interesting. His biggest virtue is that he has everything systematized, listed, cross-referenced & speculated upon endlessly. A good associate.

I saw quite a lot of Boxley, who is doing very poorly trying to sell land for one of these New Mexico-Texas subdivision speculation outfits, a big & influential one. Boxley is a likable guy, though he shows serious lapses in judgment. According to Mary, he opened up to me more than he has to anyone else, so he might be a good source of information.

I met Al Chapman a few times. He was pleased to hear from Mary that I had once subscribed to the "Kingdom Digest," the periodical put out by that anti-Semitic church in which Chapman has been ordained. True, but it was under an alias (which Mary didn't tell him). Fortunately, I didn't have to talk politics with the man. He is bright, agreeable, & totally out of his mind.

Sue Fitch & I got along quite well. Oh, I just poured out some of that incredible & world-renowned Kemner charm & she, being a reasonable human being, melted. I exaggerate, of course. Sue is potentially a valuable associate because she knows lots

of prominent Rightists. I have asked her if she can dig up any busy Barista literature, etc. (I still think that's a good lead). She knows Walker, but was hesitant about introducing us -- they are close friends but once in a while they go into a snit. She is going to send me a lot of "conservative" literature. She used to send it to Fred Newcomb but he returned one of them with a lot of fey + opposite marginalia, so she thinks he's a Communist, despite my best efforts to paper it over.

I never did get to meet Walker. I used my letter of introduction ~~to~~ from the local Major Coordinator of the Birch Society, + the Dallas GBS honcho spoke to Walker, but he wouldn't play. Maybe next time. I didn't believe the demands on my time in Dallas -- the only person I talked to, other than Cuffs, was George Butler.

Then there's Penn. He's the same old Penn, all right. My dominant memory of Penn is one night in Annona (you know, 10 mi. from Clarksville) when I matched him drinks for drinks -- cheap Bourbon -- + he won hands down. Big Daddy is quite a guy, all right.

Anyway, I came back with some good memories, interesting information + new friends.

By the way, Penn is going to publish Roger Craig's book. I saw the introduction +, although it is trite (analogizing the US to a patient, talking about surgery necessary, etc) it is fairly well done.

In LA I stayed with Fred + Marilyn. They were their usual warm + funny selves. Fred is still doing a lot of solid photographic research. I came away with a lot of ~~photographic~~ xerox goodies there, too.

I spent an evening with Hifton + his current buddy, Bill Corrigan. Hifton is totally cut off from the grapevine, which irks him terribly (I threw him a few Weisbergisms). I guess Paul Hook + I are the only Cuffs who talk to the guy. Paul doesn't gossip + I only do for ~~self~~ ulterior motives. He was chastened at your hard feelings, of course, + felt everyone had done him wrong. He is planning a trip to Dallas, during which pudgy little Corrigan is going to be climbing trees. It was my sad duty to inform him that he probably would be unwelcome at Mary's (she dislikes him greatly). You should see David since he got his wig. He says it is necessary for p. r. reasons because of his book. Oh, yes -- his book. Two years ago he told Fred he had 400 pp finished; while I was there he said he was hurrying to finish 200 pp. for a publisher. I have never spent so long a time being diffident.

I spoke at length with Bradley. I like him. He is even beginning to change politically, since that whole Rev. Brice was forgiven with gusto by McPintire. While at Bradley's I typed out some interrogatories for Bradley to submit to Tom Thornhill, the only member of that weird little Nazi gaggle I met. Also, I may be testifying for Bradley at his massive defamation suit (for booze sake, don't tell anyone). I met Thornhill at Fred's in 1968, & he told me the following story: at the first meeting of the Bradley Defense Committee, McPintire was speaking, & said that Bradley couldn't have killed JFK because he was in El Paso with these people, gesturing to a man, wife & daughter. The daughter stood up & yelled "He was not!" McPintire slapped his hand over the mike, snarling off "Get her out of here." The family was hustled offstage & disappeared. How about that?

Thornhill also denied using an alias. His NOOA office alias was Dean Ray. I told Bradley. I may even act as go-between, Bradley to Bodley. Bodley will not stick his neck out, since he is still scared of Big Jim, & just generally paranoid, but I think he'll come across with information. Subpoenaing him would be a waste because he'd just run. They'd never find him. But I told Bodley that Bradley would get a copy of the memo I sent you yesterday & he said that was all right.

Bradley's biggest problem now is the investigator's privilege against testifying about anything learned in the course of acting in the capacity of an official investigator. That lets Thornhill, Burton, Goffe, Turner, Lane, etc., cop out. But the privilege only applies in California where the information would be privileged under the laws of the US or California -- so Bradley's lawyer is trying for a court order.

It was kind of fun in LA, especially for one who, like me, believes that sometime forgiving & forgetting in a spirit of generosity, kindness & charity is a rotten way to do things.

It looks like Bradley will cooperate with the magnum opus, too. So now I'll try for Tom Bethell.

Tomorrow the world.

I shall be writing at greater length on the material you sent me, but now I would like to say that I am delighted that Kriscom Morgan isn't a DA.

Best,
Haze