

7316 - 13th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98107
22 May 69

Mrs. Sylvia Magher
302 West Twelfth Street
New York, New York 10014

Dear Sylvia,

Regarding Fortas: De mortuis nil nisi bonum, but a little gloating wouldn't hurt.

Please forgive the "" key, but my typewriter is being repaired and one makes do with what can be scrounged.

Larry Haapanen's address is P.O. Box 3146, Kingsley Field, Oregon 97601. Oh, yes -- he's a lieutenant. There are 3 mail deliveries a day at the field, so he prefers it be sent there.

Larry has discovered that Crisman is in saucer cultism up to his armpits. He once offered to show Ray Palmer a cave in Burma he had encountered while a fighter pilot (the Colorado Personnel Records Center has no record of his ever having served at all), said cave being a source of the (now the damn key has broken completely) nasty old Deros and their evil craft. How about that, sports fans? Crisman also appears to be the author of the "Florida Letters," a series of missives by an ~~anon~~ pseudonymous ex-Navy man who said he saw the Navy teleport a battleship.

UFO's are one of Larry's three big interests (the others being organized crime and, of course, the JFK case). I heartily commend Larry to anyone interested in reasoned opinions based upon extensive research. He has read a lot on the topic of UFO's and, I think, can be considered a bit of an expert. I do not know what he will reply to your friend, but it won't hurt to try. I do not believe he is in contact with NICAP or any similar group.

The topic of UFO's is an interesting one, and one which I should study some day. Even when the purveyors of little green men are removed, there are some puzzlers. The existence of all those gorgeous nuts plying their pathology (I include in this category everyone who claims to have met UFO inhabitants) should not obscure the existence of serious and responsible people applying valid intellectual tools.

Yes, I know of Fred Newcomb's Dealey Plaza research; I saw his "Last Train From Dealey Plaza" slides when I visited last. He is one of the three working on the clearinghouse plan.

Fensterwald's answer to my "mash note" was a stuffy letter asserting, for the record, apparently, that he had every reason to believe I wanted him to do so -- but there were two others involved in the planning, one of whom distrusts Fensterwald's judgment, so this is another one of Bud's lies. I sent Fred Cook a letter about the whole mess, and suggested in passing that he examine the Committee's Boxley and Nagell files and see for

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himself how Bud is spending the money. Perhaps some of the board members with honor and critical intelligence could curb the nonsense.

I may have caught him in yet a third lie, too, this one regarding his buddy William W. Turmoil. As far back as FMG II Bill was touted as writing a book on Garrison for Award. The blurb with his 1/68 "Ramparts" article repeated this. I wrote him about a year ago and asked; he replied that it was due before long. When Larry and I visited him last September, he said he was expecting a shipment from his publisher momentarily. A subsequent letter asking about it, and a Christmas card doing the same, went unanswered. Then one of the local people sent Award a blank check asking for a copy. Award's reply was that they weren't publishing a book by a William Turner.* When Bud was here, I mentioned that, to the best of my knowledge, no critic had ever lied to me, with one possible exception. Bud leaped at that, and was taken aback when I said Turner. I explained, and he said that Award had rejected it, and it was in the hands of another publisher (I neglected to ask which one). I let it drop, but I doubt the story very much. If Turner had really been expecting copies from the publisher, yet it was subsequently rejected, it would have been in the face of substantial capital outlay. Any change of plans that late in the game could have meant only that pressure was applied. If there had been pressure against Award, and it worked, "Ramparts" would still be howling. Also, any book on Garrison, regardless of the viewpoint, would be substantially different after the Shaw trial than one written before.

It would seem this is the imaginary volume Flammonde says he saw in that one-paragraph "review" in his book.

And to think that I once avoided factions as if my life depended on it! Ah, those dear, naive days.

Regards,



ps My typewriter should be back soon, so my next letter won't be quite the contest this one is for the reader.

* A subsequent letter to Turner mentioning this episode likewise went unanswered.