

Telephone Call from Leo Sauvage 28 October 1965

Sauvage called to thank me for the "extradordinary document" (notes of conversations with "Mr E"), <sup>Melvin Eisenberg</sup> again expressing his "envy" that I was able to get him to discuss the case. He had recently encountered Dwight MacDonald again at a luncheon; like Stamm, Sauvage has the impression that MacDonald has experienced a volte-face with respect to the Warren Report. He was very friendly, remarked several times that something must be done to get an English edition of Sauvage's book before the public. Sauvage had obtained the Sylvan Fox book, with some difficulty (it was not available at a number of large drug-stores but he finally found a copy at Doubleday's), and thus far was favorably impressed. He was curious to know my impression of "Mr E;" and I told him that whereas after my first conversation with him in July I had thought that he was fundamentally honest, I now questioned that, and found it hard to reconcile his evasive and specious "explanations" with either honesty or integrity.

Telephone Call from Jones Harris 28 October 1965

Mr Harris explained that he had been bitterly disappointed to miss the Sunday seminar; unfortunately, he had become seriously ill and had undergone surgery in Boston. He was now recuperating, back in New York. Ed Epstein had filled him in a bit on the Sunday meeting and Harris would like very much to meet Mrs Field when she returns from Paris, if she has any time in New York. (He does not feel that he will be up to a trip to Philadelphia with Mrs F and me.) One of the first things he did on his return was to get Sylvan Fox's book, about which Epstein had told him, and to call Fox. Harris thinks the book is very good and very helpful; Fox told Harris about my comments on the two James Martins, and Harris was inclined to question my statement that there were two. He still believes it may be one and the same person. I pointed out to him that one was a lawyer with a daughter (G Senator's

testimony) while the other was a hotel-keeper, without children as I recalled; but that in any case, both James Martins were acquainted with Jack Ruby.

Harris was very anxious, he said, to buy a typescript copy of my index, as well as a published copy later. I told him that I had only one thermofax copy and was still making a few additions, so that I would find it difficult to provide a copy. He was very insistent, but we left it at that.

The most interesting item Harris mentioned was his recent conversation with a Texan <sup>Lenn Jones</sup> who is the editor of a small newspaper or journal and who made it a point to look Harris up on a recent visit to New York. This editor has never lost interest in the case, and is especially interested in the "peripheral crimes." According to him, the Long Beach (California) newspaper man who was shot accidentally by a policeman in that city was among the reporters who entered Ruby's apartment 11/24/63 and "it is amazing how few of those men are still alive today." The two Long Beach policemen who were involved in the accidental death of that reporter have both been separated from the police force; one of them is still in a state of acute emotional disturbance if not irrational.

When I mentioned my conversations with "Mr E" Harris seemed to feel that I had not taken the right approach and that I was, as Mr E suggested, intolerant. He advised me to approach such persons as if on a fishing expedition, "going along" with them, who knows, one day they might drop a piece of important information. I am very sceptical of that approach and, as I told Harris, in any case I am personally quite incapable of playing the part he advocates. He said that he has learned to wear a second and false face, during his visits to Dallas, and that his main interest is in those investigators or critics who have gone there and "lived" there--which, he is convinced, is the only way of making a breakthrough. At the same time, he made sure to emphasize how much he respects my knowledge of the H & E, saying that he no longer said of himself that he knows as much about the volumes as anybody--now he adds "anybody except

Harris apparently has a battery of telephones at his side. When I mentioned my concern about Ed Epstein because of a news report of a fire in a Cornell dormitory in which a Dave Epstein had been injured, Harris immediately called Ithaca and as I waited on the line reached EE's professor and learned that EE was okay, and that the other Epstein was expected to recover. Harris reacted to the news about the fire as I had—with quick worry which he considered reasonable rather than "melodramatic."

Our conversation had to be terminated when another phone rang, with a call from the "British Embassy" that Harris thought he should listen to carefully "if it was not a gag." Consequently I did not have the opportunity to call his attention to the "Dave Lane" and "McLaine" references (Warren to Ruby in 5H), which the Texas editor may wish to investigate in connection with his study of the peripheral crimes. I will do so on the first occasion.

29 October 1965

Harris called and I called his attention to the "Dave Lane—Alfred McClain" dialogue. He agrees it is fascinating and may involve peripheral crimes. Talking later of his normal occupations, Harris told me that he has done a spot of many things--produced DOUGH RI ME (?) some years ago, has done some writing, but his real love is research in 16th century literature. "Take my word for it, Shirley," he said, "Shakespeare didn't write any of the plays or the sonnets." The real author, according to Harris, is someone who could not afford to have it known...  
.....So much for the Bard of Avon.