

Note re FBI's personal records on me

4/30/78

There was a pleasant reminder of the farming past this evening. That reminded me of other vicious material in the FBI's files.

Because I did not want Lil to make supper (she overdid the outside work yesterday) and because I wanted to restrict myself to a salad, I suggested the nearest place where a decent salad is available, the Ponderosa.

While I was getting my salad there was a light tap on my right shoulder. With it I heard a woman's voice saying "I'll bet you don't remember me." It was a smiling, attractive young woman who then said "I'm Joyce." The fact was familiar, in a way, but I did not identify it.

She then referred to how much she used to enjoy coming to watch eggs hatch. Then I placed her and she continued talking about those joys when she was a kid.

She is Horace Thompson's granddaughter. Horace is the helper who was told it is no crime to lose his memory on the witness stand by a nephew who was also an FBI agent.

There was other pleasant conversation, not relevant for this immediate purpose. Joyce is now a teaching assistant, wanting to go to college but with two kids, the older one in 4th grade.

Day before yesterday we went to the Damascus funeral home. Lil's aunt had died, several months after Lil's last uncle, her husband.

Both times we saw Ward and Belva Rose. He is undoubtedly the supposed source of the FBI's report, whether or not he said it, that Lil and I used to celebrate the Russian revolution. His is the only name that can fit the space and the other identifications also fit him, almost alone.

Both times Ward could not have been more friendly. So much so that I find myself wondering whether the agent had embellished a bit in those reports. Not that Ward would not have been capable of making something like that up. (I made him restrain a wandering peacock. That bird, in mating season, was a screeching terror. Even Ward was afraid of it.)

Both times we made the trip with Lil's cousin Shirley Rivers. Her husband, Bud, I think Wesley, is probably one of the others who had nasty things to say then. He had been an FBI clerk, was a virulent racist, and may well have been a member of the KKK. Others in the area, including some county police, were in the Klan. It was a racist area. Very strongly so.

After he left Hyattstown, when he was a Wackenhut guard, Bud remained friendly, as he always had been to my face. Since we used to meet and chat at places like the shopping center near his home he had two strokes.

Driving this last trip I started to tell Shirley that he father had refused to give me a good character to the FBI. We had always been good friends. They hit him at a time when he was mad at me, the one and only time. (That was over my complaint that two of his sons had gypped me on a repair to the truck, which led to out-of-town problems when I was delivering. They had tried to put the wrong grease seal it, had had to batter it with a sledge hammer to make it fit in the space, and it soon enough gave me trouble. He later found out I had told the truth and we were and remained friends again until his death. He used to spend more time with me than he did with his own brother. The older son of the older of these two brothers, with both of whom I again became friendly, came up to me at the funeral home. Again with pleasant memories of coming to see the eggs hatch. He is now married, with his own home and kids. When I asked him if he remembered how he liked to play with the goats he laughed and said he has one for his kids.) Shirley and Lil had a good laugh over the FBI report. Shirley knew her father and knew that before the boys shaped up they were not as the father was in the family business.

Never recognize the content of the FBI's files from these people today! (If ever.)