

Mrs. Ruth Abbott
7416 Holly Ave.,
Takoma Park, Md. 20912

3/7/91

Dear Ruth, thanks for your letter and the booklet and several papers remembering Sammie.

As you can see, skimming these things before I lay them aside until I go over them carefully has my mind on the past.

I'm sorry I can't drive that far. It hasn't been wise for me since 1977 and I have not driven out of Frederick in almost 15 years. But if you ever get out this way, we hope you'll have time to stop off. We are almost always home and I avoid night driving because of glare that makes it unsafe for me. We hope you do some nice day when you'd like a drive into the country.

Of the fine illustrations Leckie used I regret the absence of two. One that awesome painting (I think he told me he hadn't finished, Hiroshima, and the slogan, if I remember it correctly, White Man's Road Through the Black Man's Home. Simple but so very effective, so typical of One-of-a-Kind Sammie!

My interest in having what you sent is more than personal, although it is that. It also is because if it had not been for Sammie I'd never have been able to publish what grew into the basic work (of fact, as distinguished from the fiction that pretends to solve the case) on the JFK assassination, one of the major turning points in our history.

I sent the Post obit to friends and researchers and scholars along with a note amplifying the foregoing.

Their files will thus reflect how indispensable Sammie was in it as will mine when they are a permanent archive at local Hood College. What - just got will go into the files after I read it and will be there for the future.

Please remember me to the children and tell George that only recently I was reminded of the night he was in the NY Channel 5 studio audience when, after a rather rough hour and a half of taping he was the first friendly voice. It was a real relief! I was green at it then.

We are about as well as we can be. For the first time in years - have some part-time help and I'm writing again because this student can do for me what I can't do much of for myself, search the files for the documents I need. I can handle the stairs only a few times a day and I can't stand still in front of the file cabinets. With about a third of a million pages of once-withheld government records, the only place we have for them is the basement.

Thanks and our best to you all,

Harold