

Dear Mark,

5/23/85

This has nothing to do with the litigation but I send it on the off chance that someone attempts to embarrass either one of us on the basis of it. I got it in today's mail from Jerry Ray, James Earl's brother.

As you can see from the reference to me as 63, this is rehash of earlier bullshit. I made no reference to international bankers of trilateralists, about whom I know nothing, and I did not consent to an interview. This is one of the few dirty tricks by those who wanted ~~xxx~~ access to my records and this is one of the few people my wife would not allow in our house again, a decision that preceded this article, which was a surprise to us when it first appeared.

It was probably in 1978 when Price phoned me and asked if he could look at the records I'd gotten. Anybody can and has so I told him that. He came with his wife and a hypochondria, real or imagined, the like of which surprised me. He took a local motel room, although he said he lived in Alexandria, and it was all backache and agony, real or pretended. I told him that access to the records was not the same as taking my time and if he wanted to take my time I would expect to be paid for it. He said he wanted background. In all the monster wasted three days for me. Unpaid.

As I recall the earlier form, he actually made me into an antisemite.

To refer to Price as a swine is to defame pigs.

Sincerely,