

5/17/72

Dear You,

No, not on Wallace!

I have two things in mind. First, the return of my irreplaceable negatives of the Altgens picture that Jim asked for so Clancy could make him an enlargement. It has been six months. I don't want them lost. They cost me what for me is much. Please return them insured and well protected.

Second, anything you can tell me about Le Provençal (bet. Poydras and Perdido), its clientele, especially the more famous political figures, if any, who use(d) it. I presume it is a rather fancy, quiet place and an old one.

I no longer get the N.O. papers, but from the few clips I am sent and the few things I hear I would expect some situations have deteriorated or look less favorable. Including political.

One rather strange thing, out of character, that may interest you. I was lunching with Jim at the Roosevelt the day before I left, right before Thanksgiving. Monk Zelden, with whom I had chatted for a few minutes before Jim arrived, came over, excused himself and asked if when I had a moment he could speak to me. I did, on the spot. He asked if after we finished I could go to his office for a minute. I did that. My recollections are not clear on the specific things that interested him, but he seemed to have areas of doubt about the case against Jim and wanted to be sure a recent Supreme Court decision, I think White (whatever it was, it was known to your people) was kept in mind. He also wanted to borrow my copy of the affidavits, which I had gotten from the Department of Justice, and make xeroxes. I loaned them to him, sending them insured as soon as I got home. I asked him to keep them in the envelope in which I'd gotten them. A long time passed and I heard nothing, so I wrote him. I have written him twice and get no answer. He still has this set of affidavits and the envelope in which DJ sent them to me. I can't figure why he does not answer, why he does not send them back. All he has to do is give them to his secretary. She does everything. Because of this history, I have not sent him what I later got, the unsigned charges against Jim, distributed up here long after the hassle about the leak down there. Even the name of the grand jury foreman is missing from this set. It not only is not written in, it isn't even typed. Maybe if you see Monk, you may be interested in asking him why he hasn't returned this. His reaction might tell you something. You could say that I had written you about something else and asked you to speak to him if you see him.

Because I know I am the only man in the world not busy, I do not expect much. But age does not reduce childish persistence in hope. So, I hope!

Best regards to everyone,

Sincerely,

P.S. It was not only nutty, it was personally hurtful within my family to send that incompetent Sanders to question my step-brother about what the old gal said. What she said was no more than an embroidery on what I had written. I had gotten flack on this earlier. Two weeks ago my step father died. Jack was at the funeral. He hobbled away (he is not in good health) when he saw the car in which I was drive up. Of all the ways in which time was wasted, that was on less likely to hold the capability of producing results. And, it didn't. There were none to be produced. Except in an area never raised, and I had explored that earlier and told you what there was. If it is all over now, at the time it caused my mother needless distress -wherever the notion originated.