1-/22/72 Jim, Before I get back to the Hanes Papers, let me continue with a few fun suggestions for New Orleans.

Stay off Decatur after dark, especially late at night. Most of the rest of the Quarter is probably no worse than it was. Several of the one-way streets are fixed for strollers, and if May has never been there, I think they'll enjoy it.

Take her, if she thinks she'll like New Orleans coffee (cafe au alit) to the Morning Call, which lo ks more like a dive and is at St. Peter, or to Cafe du "onde, a block away, toward canal, where you can sit outside even in this weather. But she'll miss the expert pouring there. And those beignets! May, with your weight problem! But she is slim and may enjoy one.

The best hamburger, and it is really more than that there, is at the Steak Pit. "t is owned by a fag named Payne. If you go there, ask for him and although I doubt he'll remember me, ask him if he has heard anything about Godfrey Kirkpatrick. After you eat. With their hamburger dinner they used to have a pretty decent onion soup. Bourbon St. (Iôve forgotten some of t e addresses, but there is a phone book.)

Orestes Pena is in the 100 block of Decatur, accross from the Customs House. He usedto go to bed about 4 a.m. and not get up before noon. He is rather mercurial. Please go go there, tell him you are my friend and that I asked you to find out how his wife made out after their auto accident (when I was there last November), and how the baby is-boy or girl, e If he shows a disposition to talk (and he can be a bit paranoid), listen. I'd like to know what craziness Bringuier (whose place is now Casa Cuba and is closer to Canal) is up to. Pena has been a good friend to me, tell him I feel this way, and that I asked you to inquire about his, his wife's and the baby's health. He also owns the Greek Club, on the same side of the street farthur from Canal. It has some murals done by a fag artist who I could never get by himself and try to turn on, a guy who told Orestes that he'd seen Shaw and Ferrie or Oswald there together, I forget which. These two joints, the Habana and the Greek Club, ate tough. They are also used by locally prominent gays for picking up foreign seamen, the Greek Club clientele attracting those with an affinity for men from the eastern "editerranean, etc. Orestes lives above the Habana. "e also makes regular collections from his other places. I've forgotten how many he has. There is usually a-language barrier with his barmaids. However, if he is not there, ask if he is asleep. If he is not, theyhave a signal that will bring him down.

You might want to see "ringuier in the living flesh. He turns on easily but is not as big a dope as he and his politics make him seem. He can be sharp and cautious. I'd just tell him that you wanted to meeet the man who took a poke at that RedTraitor Oswald to begin with and see what happens. Two of the better ways to turn him on are to foul-mouth me in any way that seems expedient, just so it is bad, and to praise Red Friday. If you can't bring yourself to say anything else about it, you can always say that it is a remarkable achievement for a man who is an immigrant and for whom English is not a native tongue. If you have a camera and he still has Spanish porno in the window, take a souvenin picture and include it. The last time he saw me in daylight he triend to attack me and would have hadI not been with a detective, so I never had a chance to get this shot. "espite his protestations and his connections with the zany religionists like Hargis, he is a sex commercializer. If you get him to talking, be a bit racist, especially about black and Jews and see if he has any literature he'll give you, esp. if you can get his confidence enough to get the anti-Semitic, about which he is very careful. No reporter I know could ever get one from him but he imports it from South America. If you remember his Oswald story(and it is false!), ask him to retell it. If he does and there are any discrepancies, note them as fast as you can for me. I'll tell you the story sometime.But he met LHO more and earlier than he says.

It was going downhill when last I was there, but Maylie's, not in but near the Quarter, was once a world-famous little restaurant. Its most famous dish was boiled beef. They used to have a good and inexpensive family cookbook. If you go there, please get a new one or two for me, depending on how cheap they are. (I had a rather good day there, turning on three reporters at one time, all for a while helpful, until JG turned them off. I can tell you that one, too.) The new generation is fascist, so careful with the talk.

Most of the advertised places are tourist bait. See if Bud can remember the French restaurant on the second floor near a place he wanted to go to that was closed that night. He finally chickened out on me on one of the roughest things I've ever had to do, blow the Boxley-Turner operation, and I was really beat. He wasn't feeling so good, either, although he was just an observer. So, he said he needed a good meal, as we did, and he had a place

in mind. If he can remember that place, this was within a block of it and there are not that many second-floor French restaurants. This one also had a superb buffet and exquisite service, a real thing. May would enjoy this if you can find it. It is on the Canal side of the Quarter and on a street near a corner, running parallel with Canal, as I remember.

If you go to the Bleau, whether for Gervais or not, there is ample free parking there, an advantage, and it is safe in the dark. If it is early-supper time, don't be afraid to ask the hostess if Gervais or Zelden are there, as they used to be often. They had a very good inexpensive hamburger. If you want something better, the trout almondine (well boned) and the oysters Rockefeller used to be pretty good, better than average.

The local prawns are good if you don't mind getting messy, but I always went to the places best for them, a part of town I know least, lakeside, with others so I don't remember the places. Moo can tell you if you'd like to take May for some of them. There was a particular place he wanted to take me, and we drove there for it, the Wednesday after the King assassination, but a race riot was expected and the whole town closed up. We wound up in a bar, a neighborhood joint, where the food, including the prawns, www was first-rate.

Much-married Marge Kirkpatrick was a wonderful hostess to me, provided me the best working quarters I ever had. Garrisonx and Ivon flipped when they heard I was going to live with her for two weeks. Godfrey is her son, and he had been allowed to escape from an insane assylum to kill Jim. Instead, he assaulted his own mother. (He has serious brain damage.) She is at 1740 Jackson. I've forgotten the phone. Call her and tell her I asked you to ask how she and Godfrey are. When last I saw him, July 4, 1968, although he is much younger than I, he was quite weak and looked like he was not for long. He is under observation if not restraint "for the security of the President", Kelley would never admit which.

Call Jesse Core for me. If he invites you, go. Use his St. Charles office number, day time. Just tell him I ask you to find out how he is. Fine conservative southern gentleman (in public relations) who was very helpful and of whom I'm fond. Tell him I still have a few of the Commander's wooden matches, enough to light the fireplace for this year. His wife is an editor with Hodding Carter's press. Jesse was p.r. man at the ITM the day of LHO's picketing, a friend(without illusions) of Shaw, was Garrison's first campaign advertising manager, etc. Don't tell him,but when he took me to a day-long lunch when I was there last time, he introduced me to a courtly scion, story-book type, who was an associate of Kyer Lansky, at the Commander's Palace (A good, oldOfashioned eating place in the Garden District, not cheap, on Washington to the left of St. Charles as you drive from the center of town.You may enjoy just talking to some of these people. Jesse is liable to be taking long, drinking lunches. I have a xerox of the LHO leaflet he got and gave to deBrueys, who couldn't have cared less, despite the WC's use of it as an exhibit. Jesse was in the WDSU footage before the feebees decided to improve it. He is one of the proofs of the third man with the picketing that day.Gave me a good description, told me how he personally chased him (he thinks). If hunting season is i, he may be after ducks.

There is what used to be a fine Italian confectioner on the street away from canal next to St. Peter, just off Decatur. Their lemon glace used to be the best in the osuth, their spumoni pretty good, and they have the typical Italian hard pasteries. You might want to take May there for snack if you are walking around.

Larry Borenstein is the nepthew of Bronstein/Trotsky (don't remind him-he is a millionaire and looks like a fat slob always). He owns Prsservation Hall, where some of the best if not now the best New Orleans jazz is played by aging and aged black musicians nightly. It is around the corner from his Vaucressin Creole Cafe, if you like inexpensive Creole food. I think that is on Royal. He wanders around much, may be visiting his family, which he keeps in Mexico City(and this may also be a cover), and may not be easy to bump into, Phone and say you want to see him. Tell him you are a friend of mine. Now after I asit saw him, Mary told me that he could probably give memarundown on smuggling hot money and the like into Mexico. They are old friends from Mary and Buck's days in the Quarter. He may be interested in their personal tragedies. Istarted to talk to him about what Ray could have taken into Mexico in tires and for whom when first Bethell came in and then a lawyer he wanted me to meet. Then he had to go off on soke business and we were never alone enough for me to carry it on with him. If Mary's hunch is right, this may be delicate and not easy, but Larry knows his way around. He is a sharp cat. Bethell is a waste of time.

Not far from there, if you want a fancy place to eat in the open, especially for a beef lunch, is Le Banquette. They fly their beef down from Chicago, It is on a corner.

It alsois not cheap, but the beef is fine. Moo took me there. Owned by a friend of his.

When last I was there, Lorraine LeBoeuf was acting as Jim's secretary. Be sure to say "hello" to her for me, and to the girls (Lorraine is much older, very conservative, dedicated to Jim-or was). If you want to see Jim, speak to Ivon or her. Jim may want to take you to lunch when you leave word that you are working with Bud and me. There is no telling when he'll be where. Or if. Whether or not he says, Ivon knows. Steve Bordelon is usually the driver. If you see him or Lynn Loisel, please give them my best regards. All were kind to me, repeatedly. All are plain-clothes cops.

Harry Wheeler used to be in charge of narcotics prosecutions. I spoke to him about the Canadian stuff. If you have time to speak to him, please ask him if he has thought of anything since I did. This was almost a year ago. Andask if he has any word about Cotroni family intrusions in his territory or the Buffalo Mafia family, I've forgotten the name. If either has, I may have some leads for him. And I'd like to know. The New Haven deal that so closely paralleled the Ray thing was Cotroni.

If there ia naything you want from the newspaper morgues, speak to Warren Mardelle and tell him you want it for me. He'll probably still remember me because the editor took me there in person and told him to extend the courtesies. He has never charged me for anything. Both papers same ownershio, same bldg. Close to Broad but tricky to get to. On Howard Ave.

If you call Marge and she says anything about a chick whose name will come out like Day-Ahn, you know nothing but listen with care. She was an informant for me and for the narcs, farout, and a friend of Marge's Godfrey, although Marge didn't know it. I've not solved that riddle yet, but this chick led me to much. She met Marge through me. Marge is a bit flakey. She used to have the sticker Register Communists, Not Guns near her front door.

Larry has a gift shop if it interets May, but it is likely to be expensive and you have a good chance of getting the cheaper Mexican stuff there. If May wants some trinkets, begin at Chartres and St. Philip, walk toward Canal. As you do, on that corner, on the right as you go and on the side toward Canal (can'treally use east and west there), is a second-hand shop which has good stuff and junk, not expensive. In that the next block, past the corner and on the opposite side, is a shop run by a woman. She had decent stuff at reasonable prices. When you get to Jackson Square, turn left opposite the square. Several good places there, including an old family operation where they but and sell and olso do their own metal-working. Nice brass, copper, etc. You both might enjoy the artists plying and painting at the Square. It has been redone since I was there. (Especially from there to Canal, stay off Decatur at night.)

Call Dean Andrews for me, just socially. He won't say anything. He is in the Maison Blanche Bldg, 8th floor. Tell him you are my friend and that I asked you to hit him with five. He'll know this means phone him. Ask how he is, the status of his case and if you don't reach Monk, ask how Monk is and ask him to needle Monk to return my affidavits, but tell him if he is interested he can have copies made. If you can get to visit him you should.

If you want to talk to Sal Panzeca, phone him and use as a pretext my reminder that he promised to send me a xerox of the copyright page of the Dell edition of Whitewash that he has. If you want to talk to him, tell him you'll ;ick it up. He really did all or almost all of the real defense work on the Shaw case. Tell him I'm genuinely sorry he didn't make it for judge. I am. He'd be a real improvement. He is smallm sharp and stays busy. He is with the Wegmann firm, likes to handle their travelling work. He'd never have been on the Shaw case except for Garrison's insensitivity to the feelings of other and inate arrogance. Ican use that xerox. He may tell you the present status of the civil suit. Ask.

You may want to get Bud to call Guy and give him a plausible excuse for not taking Guy upm on the meeting between the three of us and Raul that Guy had set up. You may want to go through with it. What is in Frame-Up is enough knowledge. I don't think he'll tell all, but it is not impossible especially if it is a denial. Use Jerry Cohen as the total source. Be sure to say this is all I know and all I said. Raul Jr. is a rough cat. I presume Sr. is andmay be with Marcello. It is not usual for a state trooper to live 100 miles from his station and there are many unusual things about that Baton Rouge barracks, where he was assigned. There is no State barracks in Orleans parish. The next one is in St. Tammany's, accross the lake.

Be careful if you make any inquiries. This is delicate, can be dangerous. One of Leander Perez' children is Joyce Gelpi. Don't know her husband's name. Ivon should know and be able

give you a rundown. You won't know why. But this can be a lead and the husband's and her connections, especially with the political and racist extreme, would interest. Also the sons, esp. Chalin. They are lawyers. Leander Jr was DA in Plaquemines. If you have time, call a lawyer, Ben Smith, and tell him you'd like to talk to him for me, and do with his the same thing. He knows the Perez' as no other lawyer outside the family does, dared fight them, was persecuted by both Leanders. Ben is a decent, dedicated and fine lawyer and human. I started to talk to him about this the Friday before O'Hara appointed him openly as the special prosecutor. We were interrupted, never finished.

Ivon: I wrote and asked for a rundown on LePavillon and he never answered. See if you ona get it. We do need it, much. If you see Jim, tell him we need this. Including did old Leander stay there. It is between Paydras and Perdido, flanked toward the river by a small street the name of which I've forgotten. Not far from Carondelet. There are two bars at the end of that short street on Perdido, Anything on them might interest. I couldn't get to this until the end of my short stay there, and then I was clogged up by a lunch with Jim and seeing Guy in the last minute. Don't underestime Guy. He is bright and knows. If he seems like he has been drinking too much, don't think he doesn't know what is going on. He handles it as few do. If you call him, his Girl Friday is Alice. She may not say, but she generally knows where he is.

Now daylight. I'm going to get the paper, then breakfast, then walk. If I think ofanything, I'll add.