

June 21, 1995

Dear Harold:

I am forbidden to go into the front office while Janice and Betsy are trying to get the new computer working. Hence no stationary!

Betsy's relatives were suitably impressed at her being cited in your book. Betsy bought me a first edition Dell paperback of Whitewash in Chicago at a Bradeis U. book sale! I never realized what good pictures it had. An excellent book and very well laid out.

Betsy bought a copy of Never Again! at Borders' in Northbrook-Deerfield suburb of Chicago. It was the most prominently displayed one in that section, turned so you could read the cover. Also, a copy of Selections. I forget to tell you, here in Louisville your book was displayed on a special table, with other good sellers. And the highest compliment, only 3 feet away from Rick Pitino's, the UK basketball coach. An honor you probably never dreamed of.

At the bar convention, I again spoke to Justice Lambert. He was an aide to Sen. Cooper, but also a good friend who stayed in touch with him until his death. In an offhand comment, he told me that Cooper would not have been involved in any sort of conspiracy to cover up the truth, but he would give top priority to anything that involved national security. He and I have become friends, he invited me down to his house in Mt. Vernon. Nice guy, I have a stack of info to send him, but I told him I haven't had time to write a letter explaining it all.

Gerry G. sent me the NYT review of Oswald's Tale. I don't know how I missed it, but I did. Been so upset over Betsy's father, who is now doing fine.

I was in Brooklyn, Michigan last weekend for the stock car race. My dad must be in pretty good shape, we didn't die from the 104 degree heat. I don't know how relaxing it is to drive 350 miles to a race!

Thanks for the books, check enclosed. Hope Lil is doing well.

We printed out a few pages of Waketh the Watchman. Hope to print it all out in a few days.

Almost through with Never Again. Slow reader, it has so much info that I can't really speed read it.

Betsy saw Oswald and the CIA at Border's. I will get that. I know you have not been too impressed. In this field, it is so easy to go off on the wrong track. The Mafia books made an impression on me.

Time to get a new ribbon. Let me know if the ribbon

I sent you work.

*Really as fast as I can, I remain your truly,
Bill*

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While waiting for a client, I write. Note the legal paper, I am getting as bad as you, using scrap paper.

Looking for an article about you to give to a friend, I found misfiled an article about the guy who fired me, Roy Whayne. He had a gold-digging girlfriend, and when he left her, she pulled the holdup on him. When she left, instead of laughing it off, he called the cops! Pretty embarrassing, when I showed the article to mom, she about died laughing. Now the old nut is trying to butter up my dad, who is still on the board. After 60 years, I think he finally realizes we would never screw him over, or his family! In fact, his father paid for my grandmother to have gall bladder surgery in the 1930's, or she would have died. Family businesses are always the most interesting. I think his wife liked the article a lot!

The only bright spot is, if he hadn't fired me I probably would not have had time to meet you, so maybe it all balances out. Plus my dad is still healthy, and we get to eat lunch almost every day.

Things have finally settled down at home. Betsy is back from vacation with her dad, and I'm sticking close to home for a while. I have not even had time to go fishing this summer, even though I have the boat in the driveway.

To show you how mediocre the economy is, the company now sells half the number of machines it sold twenty years ago. Part of that is the tractors are bigger, but a lot of it is the poor economy. But it does seem to be improving overall.

Saw some new computer games, one called "Reelect JFK!" It is a game where you try to track down his killers, but if you catch them he won't die. Kind of sick, but interesting. This is a different one than the one I told you about a few months ago, that one had Trail of the Assassins and Crossfire, plus a layout of Dealey Plaza/

Simpson trial interesting. The small gloves sure put a turn in things. Proves the old adage, don't ask a question in trial unless you already know the answer. I think the prosecution blew the case that day. There is something about this case I don't understand, I cannot put my finger on it. Maybe OJ is innocent and the police framed him. In LA, anything is possible. The DNA looks bad, but the incredible shrinking glove looks bad too-for the prosecution.

It will be interesting if Howard Bingham is called to the stand. A writer who specializes in Muhammad Ali, he sat next to OJ on the flight to Chicago. It might be interesting to hear about OJ's demeanor, Bingham knows him. I would think a killer would have a hard time acting normal on a 3 hour flight.

Fresj ~~XXX~~ out of ideas, so I guess I'll let you go. Say HI to Lil. Bill

PS Here is an article about Russia from a friend of mine who is a tractor expert.

PPs We lost the bill for the books, so I enclose a blank check. Let me know how much it was. Thanks!

PPPS Here are some of the pretty new lighthouse stamps.

Oldham Co. Era Jan 30, 1992

Greenwell arrested over theft of wallet

CRESTWOOD — A woman who allegedly held the chairman of Wayne Supply Company at gunpoint here and robbed him of \$500 in cash and a \$1,000 check, was arrested Sunday in Bardstown.

Linda C. Greenwell, 44, a Louisville native, was arrested at a relative's home near Bardstown Sunday afternoon by Kentucky State Police and the Nelson County sheriff's office.

She has been charged with first degree robbery, and is being held in the Oldham County Jail on \$50,000 cash bond, according to Oldham County Police Det. Sgt. Tom Swinney.

The robbery occurred about 1:30 p.m. Saturday at a Hawley Gibson Road home owned by 72-year-old Roy C. Wayne Jr., which he is preparing for sale, Swinney said. Wayne lives in Louisville.

According to police, Ms. Greenwell, an acquaintance of Wayne's, asked to meet him at the Hawley Gibson house to discuss some business. Once there, she allegedly pulled a .38 revolver out of a briefcase, pointed it at him, cocked the hammer and asked for his wallet. After allegedly taking out \$500 in cash, she asked him to disrobe; he refused.

According to Swinney, Ms. Greenwell then allegedly forced Wayne to write her a \$1,000 check, and sign a contract. Terms of the contract were not disclosed.

After Ms. Greenwell left, Wayne called police. After the investigation began, Swinney said they received information that Ms. Greenwell would be in the Bardstown area on Sunday afternoon, and contacted Kentucky State Police to arrest her there.

Relieved and lucky to be back in Kentucky

By John Seiler

Recently – in New York City,
I was looking for Bourbon – and my, what a pity;
The shelf where it should be was tiny and bare,
And the man in the shop said that he didn't care.

The traffic outside made a deafening din
As he told me he moved lots of vodka and gin,
And he wasn't a man of good will and good cheer
As he mentioned his volume in imported beer.

And he didn't think that it was too ducky
When I told this Neanderthal I'm from Kentucky
And that Bourbon is rather important to us;
He got kind of surly and made quite a fuss.

This man, whose handle turned out to be Bill,
Cared not a hoot for Heaven Hill,
And his bite seemed as bad as his sizeable bark
When I mentioned the wonders of Maker's Mark.

He felt Jim Beam unworthy and Turkey the pits,
And he didn't have much more respect for Old Fitz;
And he damn near expired – he was red-faced and smartin',
When I told him of Old Crow and Very Old Barton.

So if ever you're in New York City
And want to talk to someone witty,
Charming, pleasant, weak of will,
Don't shop the shop that's manned by Bill.

The Apple is big and it's crowded and smelly,
I was told to get lost by some guy in the deli;
And considered myself both relieved and quite lucky
When I got on the plane and flew back to Kentucky.

Louisville resident John Seiler, a poet in his spare time, is the former president of the old Stewart's department store and is now a business consultant.

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