

plates on their automobile. He avoided them and called Sargent Pitcher, who had them arrested for driving with stolen license plates.

Soon after Wyatt and Bromlee went off the commission payroll they came to Partin and told him they had been hired by the Labor-Management Commission to frame him. They said the Labor-Management Commission had arranged for them to obtain employment with the company that Local 5 was striking, and the plan was for them to sabotage company equipment (with the consent of the company) and blame it on Partin. They said that they had been promised immunity from prosecution if they became implicated in any way.

Wyatt told Partin that after they had been arrested on the license plate charge, Jack Martin, a private investigator who had also done work for Garrison and who Wyatt said had originally approached him on behalf of the Labor-Management Commission, called and asked him if he needed an attorney. Martin said that F. Lee Bailey would represent him without charge, and they could file a charge against Partin for kidnapping and false arrest. If he was interested, Martin told Wyatt, he should call a television newsman in New Orleans who could put Wyatt in touch with an intermediary to Bailey.

Wyatt called the newsman, who instructed him to go to the Fontainebleau Hotel in New Orleans and page Pershing Gervais. Wyatt went to the Fontainebleau that night and asked at the front desk that they page Gervais. Gervais, paged under the name of Sam Maxwell, appeared and introduced himself to Wyatt. They then went to the coffee shop and talked.

Gervais already knew about everything Wyatt had been doing for the Labor-Management Commission, and in fact, maintained that he had told the commission people they were not going about it the right way. Gervais said that the evening Wyatt and Bromlee had been arrested, Sargent Pitcher had called Garrison's office and asked who they were. Pitcher had talked to one of Garrison's assistants, who in turn, had called Gervais. Gervais said that he had instructed the assistant to tell Pitcher they were just a couple of narcotics users. (Harold Weisberg, JFK assassination buff and author, later told Bromlee that he had been in Garrison's office at the time and could confirm that Pitcher had called Assistant District Attorney Sciambra, who in turn, called Gervais.)

Gervais told Wyatt that the only way to get Hoffa out of jail was

THE FALL AND RISE OF JIMMY HOFFA
BY SHERIDAN DOUBLEDAY.

Harold Weisberg
Rt. 8, Frederick, Md. 21701
4/2/73

Mr. Walter J. Sheridan
4901 Edgemor Lane
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Mr. Sheridan,

A friend has sent me page 454 of your book that seems like it might be titled The Fall and Rise of Edward Grady Partin. It is comforting to see that through the years you have preserved those rare journalistic talents I first observed in your Gene Davis NBC White Paper.

Had it not been for the final paragraph, I might have been a little surprised at the first full sentence, which has Morris Brownlee (Bromlee to you) arrested on a stolen-tags charge for using the tags from his own car.

The parenthetical irrelevancy about me must be a new high, even for you. Aside from the correct spelling of my name, I doubt there is the contamination of a single accuracy. I know most of it is inaccurate.

It was not Garrison's office.

The call was not to Sciambra.

No call to Gervais was made in my presence, not have I any knowledge of any.

The purpose of the call was not to "find out who they were".

I am less positive about which of your boys I later discussed this with, but I'm reasonably certain it was Wyatt. In that conversation, the following ~~SATURDAY~~ ^{Sunday}, he had some interesting recollections of your plans for Rick Townley if Garrison ever got you into court. They were almost as interesting as what he had to say for six long hours beginning midnight the previous Saturday. He seemed to enjoy the tape recorder in front of him, so much he rarely touched the "off" button. Much of it was about you, beginning in Detroit. And about offers he said you made to him.

From what he told me about that Baton Rouge business, beginning by phone, from Baton Rouge, shortly after Morris was arrested, I can't really recognize it from this page of yours. Nor would one TV reporter and one from a newspaper, both in Baton Rouge, from what they told me the same day.

Unless Pitcher's integrity is like that of this page, your finks claimed to be Garrison's investigators. This is what Pitcher told me was the purpose of his call. I then spoke to him.

I say your finks not because of Detroit but because Wyatt told me you arranged their Baton Rouge connections and employment. He also told me about Partin putting up the bail and arranging the publicity, as these reporters also did. It mystified them.

The many walls of the Fontainebleau must have rocked with laughter when Gervais, who was better known there than the manager, rolled up to the front desk in answer to the Maxwell page! With all those other phones just around the corner, less conspicuous.

You are closer on the narcotics. Wyatt was a narc fink. He was pretty good at planting the stuff for a raid, as one federal agent admitted to me. Morris told me he used all of it, whatever he could get.

The night Rick Townley took me to supper so we could talk, he delayed for several hours and then, by the most remarkable of coincidences, picked, of all the New Orleans restaurants, the one in which you were. His frequent calls from the Roosevelt bar, he said, were in search of the woman who later joined us, an expert in horseflesh. From this page and what your finks told me, you seem to indulge different tastes.

Sincerely,