2 5/14/70 Notes on getting access to Ray affs.

When, for the second time, Bud got no return call on who would let me see these, I just went down there, forst to Mitchell's office, entering through the open door of his executive assistant. It led to the main reception room, into which a secretary Jeney Kemp, invited me. It was empty, except for her and a middle-aged black man sitting next to her. It is an enormous office for a reception room, about the size of a modestly-priced two-stry house. Of all the places to sit, she escorted me to a sofa on the right side of which is as small enad table, with a lamp. There was one magazine on it, Newsweek dated 5/11/ It was carefully laid out open, although it is difficult for an open magazine to remain on that end table when opened. It was the only magazine. It was open to page 47, to the story on the Blackmun approval! I doubt if the purpose of so obvious a thing was to call attention to the only other story on that page, "LBJ on Assassination".

Miss Kemp didn't have the slightest idea what to do when I gave her a copy of Mitchell's 5/6 letter saying he directed that I have access. It told her the failure to include ar angements had already cost me two wasted days plus 200 miles of driving and suggested the boss' word should mean something. When she was getting nowhere, I suggested she mmight get a lead from what Mitchell left out, that he wasn't responding to a letter but to Civil Action No 718-70. With that she phoned the Cilil Division and after speaking to someone there, directed me to it.

There were three secretaries in the large reception room of that division. Imogene Combs, on the left, was busy with an open small bottle that emitted a feminine arome, perhaps a scented nail polish. Mary Lundberg, in the middle, seemed to be the senior (though the youngest and miniskirted prettiest).

She did some phoning, but the letter didn't seem to do her much good because, as they all complained, the precise of omitting initials from originals blinded them when they had to trace back from originals. So, I told her the sets of initials on the copy began with those of Ruckelhaus and the court papers contained David Anderson's signature. She phoned him. Then there was silence for a while, save for out chatter, picking up with their comment that I was the first serious business ever to walk through those dooors. Everyone else was some kind of nut, like people looking for lawyers aginst the Veteran's adm. They have a man, it turns out, who takes all such calls and callers because he has a way of getting rid of the, One problem they recalled was from a woman who sent her slacks to the President to complain about how poorly they wore. Another case was a man who wanted his fingerprint made, so this specialist made a print of a single for him and thus made the caller happy. Other such pleasantries.

Finally, she got a call for me to go to Mr. Cella in the Criminal Division. I told her he was out ill and no one had returned the call made to him about 9:30 a.m., as Anderson hadn't returned the call made to him Tuesday by the time I had to leave town. More phoning and I was told to go there and see Koffsky, chief of legislative and special projects. I said I would, but after having been whipped around the way I'd been for so long, I wasn't about to leave that office unless Mr. Anderson personally took me by the hand. Here or earlier I let them know the division had filed several papers to which I had to respond very shortly, and if there was no fulfillment of Mitchell's letter I'd just as leave record that in court and go on from there. Mary left for a while after this and returned with the message Anderson was goin for the files. They she got a call and told me she was sending a messenger for them. She did, a guy unjacketed, but with sort of updated Rudolph Valentino-style Spanish pants. While he was gone she said that when the file was there I'd be taken to a conference room accross the hall where Anderson would remain with me while I examined it. After she returned she took the file to Imogene's direction, to the east or northeast, through doors leading to Ruckelhaus' office (he passed through several times, talk, dark haired, in pale yellow shirt, no jacket, but never nodded, acknolwedged, etc.) Reminds me, we had small talk about the Freedom of Information Law and the girls made no secret of the fact it is a special kind of cuss-word there. After some time passed she got a cal and tehn told me there was a "policy decision at the highest level" to decide who would show the file to me. I took this to be either within

the office or as between Civil and Criminal Divs. I must have waited an hour in this well appointed reception room, sitting on a leather arm chair, nice, rich brown, back to R's off, facing one identical except for shade, making me think it had been reupholstered. There was a similarly-covered sofa against the wall wall, ever which was a painting in which somber greens predominated. To me it was blobbs, mostly smeared greens, none pleasant, a a small patch of an almost-bright yellow. On the facing wall was another, irrigated painting. Possibly supposed to be flowers. Very cultural. I dozed off several times.

When I left the office during the highest-level deliberations, to use the phone, walking past the entrace to R's from the ante-room, on the same wall and next to it is the office shared by Carl Eardley and Irving Jaffe.

Notes on the file, when I finally got to see it, are separately, in the form of an inventory. But for emphasis I note that the largest words stamped on the envelope, large enough for even my eyes to make out as it was carried past, are "FILE COPY". It turns out that what they call the "file copy" is anything but the original file copy, of copies of what was sent to Britain and almost certainly is the set returned from Britain. It now <u>is</u> the file copy. And it is annotated in a way that proves it was annotated <u>after</u> return from Britain, the markings eliminating any possibility of doubt that it is a file of invetigative character. Those new, added, handwritten notes eliminate any possibility except for court use in Memphis and are consistent with what was presented at the minitrial. So, not only is Kleindienst a liar, so is Mitchell.

If I were to make a guess, I'd say that with what now would seem to be typical thoughtlessness but with what may have appeared to(and appealed to) whoever made this real smart decision that they'd best not show me their original file copy, the copies of the originals, because they knew I had a letter from Lyerly (also pretending State had no file copy) saying the England file had been returned to them. They had no way of knowing I could see significance in the added notations.