7 February 1967

Dear Shirley,

I'm sorry that I've been such a poor correspondent lately but I know that you understand how little time is available, between the job, the ms., and the host of matters that arise continuously in connection with the case. Today the whole city is crippled by a blizzard (with thunder and lightning!) that is really something dramatic to see, and I give thanks that I am able to stay indoors, as there is nothing in the office today that cannot wait.

My main reason for writing is that I had a visit last night from a man who has been corresponding with you and with Harold Weisberg, initials, J.S. He had phoned me several times suggesting that we meet; when I was able to make an appointment, he wrote saying that he had changed his mind, that to meet would create unnecessary complications and difficulties for each of us--a very friendly and fine letter, yet with an undertone of despair that "1984" had arrived already. At that point, I was prepared to let the matter drop. Then there were some episodes that caused Vince and me to decide to notify everyone in our group to be on guard against strangers offering breakthroughs--we had been contacted by several who were (at the least) con artists or cranks. In the course of making some phonecalls for that purpose, I heard that J.S. had been buying information, and I felt that despite his letter I should tell him also about the approaches that had been made, fearful that he may have been taken in by one of these con artists.

When I called him, he now wanted to reinstate our meeting. He said he might be in town last night and would phone me. Instead of phoning, he turned up here at about 9 p.m., in a state of considerable intoxication. He spoke very cryptically and some of the time incoherently. I must admit I was rather uneasy, as he is a huge man physically. He did not give any information except that he knew all the answers and that he was in touch with several Congressmen (I checked with one of them, to find that J.S. had exaggerated the "being in touch," which consisted only of J.S. having written to this man offering data in confidence, then failing to write again when the man invited him to proceed with his offer). He also made dire warnings of what would happen to me if I accepted his information--all kinds of horrors and dangers, including acid in the face. That, I might say, is almost identical with another man who offered ultimate answers for $50,000, but whose real purpose seemed to be to throw us into terror.

Fortunately, J.S. did not stay long and decided of his own volition to leave, apparently on the grounds that he did not wish to endanger me by telling what he knew. He claimed that he had already sustained one beating, with a broken shoulder. He lurched toward the elevator and departed. Frankly, I am not sure whether he was really plastered or just putting on a skillful performance. The whole thing was, like the several earlier episodes, surrealist and rather horrible. I want to urge you and Harold Weisberg, to whom I am sending a copy of this letter, to exercise great care if you continue to have any contacts with J.S. Something is very wrong here.

All the best,

Lyle