

3/29/72

Dear Paul,

Shortly after we spoke a short while ago Thierry phoned and I read him the piece ~~in~~ in our local paper on his Sunday's Dodge, the narc. He then told me that her notes contain references to the lack of communication of willingness to work together by adjacent counties, by inference here.

You may show him this, by the way, with the obviously-needed confidentiality.

You will recall that I told you that when we are face-to-face, if something has not by then happened, I may be able to put you onto what could be a good story. What I repeated gives me concern, so I go into it.

I have a nephew who, caught up in the problems of today's world with which many good kids can't cope and with unusual but severe family problems has gotten into stupid and really inexcusable trouble. I finally got him to come here and talk to me (he was with me when we spoke yesterday) and the best he can and does say for himself is that what he did was childish and immature. I have had little to do with this kid for some time, so I may not be able to read him well. He could, for example, be putting me on and I might not catch it. I have known for some time that there is a serious drug problem at Damascus High School, where he goes -when he goes. Night before last, when my sister-in-law phoned the police because a car had driven over her lawn they asked her permission to search his car. Seeing no reason to object, she gave it. In the ashtray they found some pills and immediately jumped to the wrong conclusion, as she also did. She phoned my wife in some alarm and the next morning I got her to get the kid up, put him on the phone, and I got him here. He correctly identified these particular pills as prescribed medication for a girl he drives around from time to time, the apparent girl-friend of a friend of his.

I also wondered about this stuff, and I have long wondered whether a friend of his may be one of the pushers at that school. That friend seems to have no visible means of support. He is out of high school and not living with his parents. So, before my nephew could get here I went to the State police barracks, told them he was coming, told them I expected to try and pump him about drugs at his school and any involvements of which he knew, and asked them to contact the Montgomery barracks and to let me know what ever they could about his friend. I know they have a hake on him because the two have been in interstate trouble together and are presently under charges. I gave them my number, warned them he might be with me when they called and to pay attention to the way I spoke, went home and awaited the kid. Boy! is Dodge's notebook right!

Before I left the barracks I was given the name of the ^{State} Montgomery County Trooper who would call me at noon yesterday. He has not until this moment, more than 24 hours later, called. Then I got a pointless phone call from a trooper in no way involved and serving no purpose and I had to talk double-talk, but I got away with it. The kid didn't tumble. Then I got him to talking. The first thing I learned was the nature of the legitimate and prescribed drugs, so with his permission, because he knew the cops had it anyway, I phoned to save the considerable expense involved in all the lab work, which included sending the stuff by hand to Baltimore (they did this, needlessly!). I gave them the identification of some of the medicine, accurately, by the way, and the purposes of the other two. Any drugist could have identified them, but when I had the name of the doctor, see how simple it was? So, I phoned it in. I had a perfect cover for calling someone I would seem to know because there had been vandalism here and the kid could see the remnants. The guy I spoke to was in what they call a training session, so I left a detailed message. He is, by the way, ^{not} mentioned in the story. The narc was not in. Then, of all stupid things, he calls me back, and I have to double-talk again, but I repeat the message I had left and get away with it a second time.

And when does it hap en? At just the point I've got th kid telling me what he knows

about the pushers and their M.O.s. Assuming he told me the truth, and I have neither any way of knowing or any reason not to believe him, I come up with the names, descriptions, vehicle descriptions, method of hiding and specialties and collaborations between three different pushers and a means by which the police can trace back to the source of the heaviest pusher of horse. More about other things, the rather original means by which these guys are hiding their stuff and a general description of where. I have data on coming importations of grass, which does not worry me as much, but even to the sizes of the shipments and the timing, all of which he has overhead in a hangout the kids use, a soda shop or restaurant. Unfortunately, not knowing what Thiery told me, I had only the set of notes I typed, no carbon, and when Harbaugh asked for that this a.m. I gave it to him. So, I had a pusher on heroin, mescaline, red devils, amphetamines besides the data on hash and grass, and the approximate time it took the pusher to fill an order when he had run out, a general description of a supplier and where he keeps his horse in his premises and other such stuff.

Early this morning I went to the Frederick County Barracks to see Harbaugh, not the guy I talked to yesterday. I saw him, read him the notes, gave them to him when he asked for them, and asked him again to put me in a position to continue plumbing and pumping this kid, who gives every prospect of leaving home at the end of the school term if he is no longer in trouble with the law. I tell him that the Montgomery County State Trooper who was to have called me yesterday hasn't, that the dope I had asked on my nephew's friend hadn't been supplied, and I asked that they get these people in touch with me quickly, while I can still work on the kid (and I had hoped to keep him out of more trouble, which is not difficult to foresee), and he says it may be a couple of weeks!

As I had explained, one of the possibilities is that this friend of my nephew's may be a dealer and that my nephew may have given me good, solid stuff on his competitors. I couldn't begin to tell them all he had told me not related to this drug traffic, but without his knowing it this kid had given me a wedge to drive between him and his supposed friend, who has to be bad by any measure, whether or not he is, as I suspect, in this traffic. None of the story would have made sense to the local cops, because the offense was in the next county, Montgomery. There are no cops since Keystone days who would be as stupid as to do what this guy conned my nephew into believing. They give me what they can properly give me, I show it to the kid while I've got him turned on, and if he knows more than he has told me, especially about the guy who got him into all the trouble he is in and then squealed, and can you imagine his inspiration for spouting?

I hope enough of this makes sense, for I'm hurrying, expecting another interruption and to try and make tonight's mail. It is now after 3 p.m. and the Montgomery trooper who was to have phoned me noon yesterday hasn't, after I gave them the names of at least three pushers plus more than six hours ago, and with all the phones and radios they have, no word. By tonight, if not before, we can expect his friends to be working on my 18-year-old and if in trouble nonetheless unsophisticated nephew, and this opportunity will be gone. But what now worries me more, after what Thiery said, the the possibility that this professional incompetence of which "Wodge" made a record will get this kid hurt. All they've got to do is tail with carelessness and he is as good as fingered. His friend Bill knew he was coming to see me. It will be simpler than 2+2. So, you can understand why I am concerned and why I put it on paper.

Now the other thing I didn't want to talk about on the phone may be nothing but if it is something can be something that, in context of ITT, can be really something. You will remember that I asked you to get the original expose of Nixon's illegal slush fund when he was Senator and the Checkers speech. He got caught in an illegality, taking money, and his defense, of which Checkers was the drama, is that he was so broke he could not run his Senatorial office for the benefit of his constituents without that \$17-\$18,000. Now, that was after nomination, during the campaign. and what is the first thing he does after the election, when he wins and he is vice president? He goes out and buys a house I happen to have known quite well. It had belonged to a man I knew quite well, former

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Attorney General Homer Cummings. (Among the clients of this liberal New Dealer was Trujillo, and he is not the only lawyer in Washington I knew who represented Trujillo.) I knew Mrs. Cummings very well. This personal stuff has to be confidential. She would get drunk and call me all hours of the day or night, and 2 a.m. was not uncommon, as I'll never remember. She never met Bill but somehow developed a liking for her. We have a gift she sent Bill through me, a cut-glass salad bowl lipped in silver and with silver serving utensils. I could tell you more but there is no need to. This was a very large house, even by Spring Valley standards. It stood on a large hunk of land. I could take you there now, after all these years. It was at the southeast end of a dead end on I think Forrest St., on the circle turnaround, with large porches, a very large living room, etc. It had dangerous winders leading upstairs from the litchen, so you see I know the house pretty well. Mrs. C. fell down then at least once when she was atanked up. She was considerably younger than he, which gave me kind of a problem.

This is the house the destitute Nixon bought when he became v.p. The stories in the papers at the price at \$50,000. Never! Not that joint. Hell, the land was worth more than that, steep as it is.

I don't know why nobody was ever interested on the story then, unless it is the continuing mythology about the sanctity of the president and the vice president. But even with Ike that didn't hold then. Remember all that stuff about the bulls he was given, the tractors, the oil lobbyist (Jones, who I had helped investigate for the Senate in the 50s) who died in a California airplane accident during that campaign, with a big hung of a bank with him in cash -during the campaign? But nobody ever looked into Dirty Dick, whose dirtiness was by then established fact.

And having by the rottenest means been elected, while, remember, destitute, and having bought this home so far beyond his means while so impoverished, and without having ever practised law in his life except for the Office of Price Administration, in what he did there is practise law, suddenly he is a multi-millionaire.

Well, you can't get rich being a lawyer and doing nothing and have that considered crooked. Especially not if you also get elected President. But that deal on the house right after that tear-jerker about his poverty is, I would think, in a different category and subject to easy checking from existing records. Like Ike's bulls and tractors when he was President, like Pala with FDR.

You say, and it has to be ^{so} ~~sure~~ that there isn't a man in your newsroom who isn't aware of the possibility that there may be an effort to arrange for Dita ~~to~~ heard to die. I of course, agree, and I'd ~~not~~ be surprised if this current stink is ~~not~~ the only reason, or anything connected ^{only} with the spilling of the Chile beans. We disagree on the possibility of the reporting other than in the ellipsis we have had. I hope we can agree that maybe there might be a story on that poor boy and his house on Forrest Street in Spring Valley, and I think that from available records on that and adjoining and neighborhood property a fair value as of the time of purchase could be established, as could the sale price, whenever he sold it.

I'm sorry I won't have time to read and correct this. I think you'll get the sense, anyway. I am not sure of the full name of that Jones character, but I'm pretty sure his middle name was Price, if that is of any interest. He was very close to Ike, and I never saw any explanation I can recall that he was carrying corporate funds on corporate business when that large sum was found in his brief case during that Nixon campaign. If this is of any interest, perhaps I can be of some help. Let me know, but with the things I'm into and the people who are not happy about me, although I will talk about it by phone, I'd prefer no to.

Sincerely,