

7/11/68

D. one Turner

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Because Deyahn had indicated both pain and discomfort following the change in her cast day before yesterday, as she had then asked, I phoned her yesterday when my appointment with Martin McAuliffe gave me an hour and a quarter with nothing to do at noon. I picked her up and we drove to a drivin for a snadwich.

She said she had been visited early that morning by an FBI agent who showed his identification and, on her request, his driver's licence. He is, she says, Robert Seegar, of McLean, Va. He was interested in Kerry Thornley. Among the things she says she was asked are had she ever gotten a letter from him on government stationery and had he ever phoned collect.

She also said he had showed her a transcript of a conversation between me and the Southern Bell about her calls. What she said is consistent with bugging, for it was accurate, and I have no recollection of having told her that, ^{or when,} although I might have.

She says Kerry is her friend, will not tell me how she met him, that he gave her a Xeroxed copy of the typescript of his testimony (of which she promised me a copy).

She says the man to watch out for, Jim's and my greatest enemy, is 5'10", about as heavy as I am, with gray hair and moustache, wears a bow tie and is CIA.

If I want to blow minds, go to the Masonic Temple Bldg, 333St Charles, room 1514, open the door, which will be barred by a chain from the inside, then announce myself.

She asked me why ^{Dad and Frankie's girl son} Morris Brownlee might be following her. I told her he is working for Grady (Whitey) Partin, and explained who he is and his connection with RFK and Walter Sgeridan and expressed the opinion that he knows or would know so much about Partin he might get killed. She said that might explain it and that I should should know Matt Ford. I do not and Louis doesn't.

She also said she had heard a tape of an apparently bugged conversation between Ray and a Dutchman who could barely speak English, made in Belgium, indicating that the payoff was there.

I phoned this morning to tell her my tentative plans for leaving tomorrow, to ask how she feels, and while we were talking she called to the maid not to answer the door (having told me that she wanted to see the car driving up). She argued with the maid, saying she just didn't want the door answered. There was no knock on the door that the phone picked up, no bell that rang. In short, no real reason to believe that anyone was there. I told her that my recent work indicated she was potentially vulnerable in an area she had never indicated understanding (meaning from her lies and their possible consequences) and repeated that I would not undertake to discuss this with her piecemeal. She says she cannot get away and I said that is the way it will have to rest for I have no plans for returning and will not talk to her under any other conditions. She pretends I had not made this clear on advance and on my arrival, that she had not said last week that it would be possible this week, and that it is not possible. I think it possible she suspects. I gave her a hint this morning by indicating I had seen Philip's parents, without so saying.

Dione Turner was a police narcotics informer who became one for me. She was as talented an uninhibited a lair from time to time as I've ever known. But she also told me the truth much of the time, all that I checked out stacking. She told me the office marked in red was that of the CIA base in New Orleans. Whether or not that is true, it was the only door in that building that was a solid door marked ring to enter. I have pictures of me in front of it taken by Matt Herron. She did know the name of the base chief's name and it was not common knowledge. Not their overt domestic contact office. I have no idea whether she made up what she said about me being surveilled. She could have, including names.