

Dear Jim,

7/19/78

Lil thinks as I do, that your letter to her is simply beautiful. (She has a frightful accumulation of her own to attack now as a consequence of all the time she put in preparing a series of long affidavits and from a great amount of time required to make copies of some of the 5,000+ pages of Dallas JFK files plus hundreds of pages of records relating to their FOIA processing.)

It is wonderful that the records you sent Dave will be known after Jennifer! That is as it should be for many reasons.

I appreciate the work you've done to get it all off to Dave, very much. I hope it was not too tiring. (I am now aware of tiredness as until recent years I was not. It comes on me without apparent cause and always when the air is bad. We are in a continuing pollution alert. I knew it prior to the announcement. My body told me.)

On my memos to others, my only concern is the others. I have waived any and all privacy concerns regarding myself and my work. I've kept all the errors, for example. All is necessary for any independent evaluation. As it relates to others all I can now think of is a few bits about Hal. I guess the best answer I can give is not intended to be evasive. Use your own judgement. Unless you recall something that should not go just send it all. If you believe any kind of caution or alert should be included, please do this. If not, just please send it.

Of course there is some of the personal correspondence that should not be included, as you know without being told. If separating it out is too much, maybe it would be better to forget the whole thing. Again, whatever you think will be fine. This has already been a burden to you and I am reluctant to add to the considerable amount of time it has taken.

On the KQED case, there was a story in the WxPost on the Supreme Court's rejection of the KQED argument. Thanks about the wrong Turner.

I found the case Minlle reports interesting. It received a slight radio mention I heard. I know of no other coverage. It is not atypical.

I envy you the day of trimming brush and weeding. I used to enjoy it. I've been able to do very little for three years and can't do any where there are brambles. Nor can I find anyone willing. I have been up to a bit where I can pulverize with a hand mover. If we have a moderate winter I'd like to rescue the far side of the pond and think that with patience it may be possible. If my feet don't get too cold. I can protect all but my face from the thorns when it is not hot.

Father's Day and this past Sunday I intended phoning you. Each time I waited for the time difference and then got busy and couldn't. Father's Day because there ought not be discrimination against us fatherly type who are without progeny and this past Sunday just to chat. I'd probably have boasted a bit, too. I think I've won more FOIA battles and that the FBI is going to have to divulge more. Much more.

We are okay. We have a ride to my mother's Friday in an air conditioned car in which I'll have the back seat to myself. Toward the end of last month I developed a foot fungus from the heat and the walking. I'm having to abandon deck shoes for the hot weather. And they are so comfortable for walking on hard surfaces! In 1976 a vascular surgeon told me to use soft soles. Last summer I wore six pairs of deck shoes out in walking on the lane, to which I was limited. As long as no secondary infection develops the fungus is nothing but a bit of bother.

Dave will be here in about a month. Now you know why I look forward to it. Deloyd did get the other job. It is for 8 months only, though.

I just got up to walk around a bit. Lil again said how much she appreciates your letter. Our thanks and our best,

15 July 1978

Dear Harold:

I had intended to answer much sooner than this your and Lil's good letters of June 23. However I finally managed, in spite of umpteen interruptions for Hospice work and a few social occasions, to get the files all organized, integrated, described in a list of contents and shipped off the the library at Stevens Point.

I probably should have asked you about this, but I went ahead anyway and included all the dupes you've been sending us since 1969 or so of your correspondence with other people, memos to yourself, and so on.

NOT sent is our personal correspondence between us and you. I did have sense enough to withhold that until you could be consulted.

If for any reason you feel the correspondence with others and your memos should be withheld, do say so. I'm sure Dave Wrone will be glad to make sure your wishes are followed. I'll certainly exert every pressure from here if that is needed.

It was quite a job. Soon after I retired at the end of 1972 we moved most of the assassination files down into the basement in order to make room for the Watergate stuff which was pouring in. At the same time we kept working files on many of the assassination themes we had developed, and all these had to be integrated with the stored files and the whole business reorganized and packed. It all came to 37 cartons weighing somewhere between 35 and 50 pounds each, for a total of around 1,000 pounds. I took a day moving them up the hill to the carport and another to get them to the post office. The rate for library materials is unbelievable. All that stuff went for \$52.64.

I find I misinformed you about Bill Turner when I told you he seemed to have got himself hooked up with PBS. I still don't know what he's doing or where he's doing it. What I had heard was that KQED, in pressing its suit to the U.S. Supreme Court for access by reporters to Alameda County's Santa Rita prison, was being represented by an attorney named William Turner. I saw him on KQED when the decision (for limited access) was handed down recently. Not our Bill.

In the meantime Warren Hinckle III still is with the Chronicle, as you'll note from one of the enclosures which don't bother to return. I'll continue to send you such stuff whenever anything appears that might interest you.

Now that the files are taken care of, I've begun to tackle some of the things that have accumulated. Today I spent entirely outdoors, weeding and trimming brush on the hillside. It was warm in the sun and cool in the shade, and this is about the first time I've been able to spend such a day in nearly two years. There are messes inside the house too, and I'll be fully occupied until the biggest chore, repainting the whole house outside, is taken care of. In the meantime Hospice finds more things for me to help with, and this is very welcome as you fully understand.

I do appreciate your and Lil's letters, and hope this finds you both flourishing.

Best,



jdw