

JDW:

6/23/78

Your June 20 is more than I need re Avery, because it is in itself enough and because 2/20 has not gotten back to me. If the Enquirer does, which is not probable, they'll use their own.

Your caution re Hinckle and Turner is sound reasoning, so sound there is no point in running ~~any~~ risks absent information not now really worth your time.

I'm sorry not to have as good a reaction as was indicated by my contact. It is a hell of a good story and had the making of a docudrama. I'd rather have the stuff risk being unused than risk having it misused. Avery et al have some knowledge from the bit they did for the WxPost. No point in encouraging any competition if they have gone no farther or seen no other possibilities. They may have some knowledge of the White/Hall note I do not have but I have more than 15,000 records I suspect they do not have.

Idl has and has looked and looked at the pictures of Jennifer. "Beautiful," she said, having so much less reason that I to know that the ~~best~~ beauty was not merely physical. If the Simon Legree (who will yet defend himself) relents she may include something. She intends to. (She has much taped dictation to complete in time for me to have it when I leave 6:30 a.m. Monday for more battles with the FBI and its like-minded counsel. (I have not kept you up to date on some of these legal matters that might have interested you because I believe there is much more to your Hospice work than the satisfaction you get from it and the deep feeling of making a return on a valued, a precious advance. The idea is getting more and more good attention, not for what I see in the metropolitan shopping news but from what I hear on the radio as I walk.

There is something hauntingly familiar about the excellent shot you ought not include in parens when you call it a prothait. It is fine photography. I am sure I never met or bumped into Jennifer during your Washington days and reasonably certain that the face triggers some dim recall of another.

My personal recollection is more a combination of the blithe spirit entirely in the air over the sands and the (seeming) proud and happy grandmother of the picture with the jolly little boy. This is my recollection, not any defect in the two good shots. I think it is a bit more of the face above the bare feet and the suggestion of the expression with you and the child. It is much clearer of the afternoon at Paul Elder's than of that embarrassing night when I relaxed for the first time in so many almost totally sleepless days and nights and fell asleep awaiting your coming at your home. I also have the impression that of her being a bit slimmer at Elder's, but that means nothing.

Aside from embarrassment over not being able to stay awake my clearest impressions of the night at your home are of the commonplace out there, of that fantastic wall of fog coming up and to and engulfing the bright as we drove over it, the nature of the coast close to your home and of what I am not putting you on in describing as an ~~infinite~~ incredibly gracious person. Also very soft-spoken.

As I've probably told you I am a consultant for the DJ in my suit against it and am to be paid for that work. I've not let it intrude any more than was necessary into the other work. But having come to a point where I could complete a rough draft of the memo expected of me, not close to 200 typed pages, I decided to ~~force~~ force the draft and have the rough typed by the next status call, which happens to be the next working (for normal people) day, Monday. Then I'll see if, despite the good rate of pay, whichever is finally decided on, I want to be relieved of the need to condense and rewrite. Meanwhile, the situation is one in which I've turned the tables, getting this done in time for JL to use it. This is possible because, when the DJ grew embarrassed over what I was sending to it,

it asked that I do this via JL. Meaning he has first use of the work DJ is to pay for- and will use it against DJ.

I suppose I should be a little insulted that they gave me a petard and did not expect me to hoist them on it.

They are even to pay Lil for the typing time. I've forgotten to keep track of all of mine but I'm sure I have records of at least 750 hours. When the judge heard that they had backed off on their offer by more than half of what they told Jim they's pay she was aghast and doubled that as a minimum --without a word from me except an affidavit in advance on what I am paid on consultancies. (No trickery- I said I'm not paid for most.) But I have gotten up to \$500 for reading and reporting by phone on 60 pages and not only once \$300 for ph one consultations that require no real work. Would there had been more - I'd have an assistant!)

In any event, the work calls strongly and I must return to it because it is now the next morning.

I've rushed on this to save you the extra time of more Avery checking because it is not necessary. If any developments I'll let you know.

Lil had no chance to include what she said she wants to last night or this morning so she'll probably write you after this DJ chore is off her back.

You mentioned Elaine's letter. I can imagine what it says because I know how they feel about you. If she told you what they told me you'd still be blushing. And they love you too- not just respect and admiration.

Best,

20 June 1978

Dear Harold and Lil:

Your mailing of the 17th just came in, and I've been meaning for several days to send you the enclosed snap shots.

The "portrait" was taken long ago in Washington, but Jenifer's appearance never changed much -- no wrinkles, and the grey streaks in her hair merely made her look more distinguished.

The shot of her traversing a dune at White Sands National Monument in New Mexico was taken perhaps 10 years ago when she was in her fifties. She had succumbed to the magic of that place, where kids go wild and adults are not far behind. Car after car would drive up with families hot, tired, dusty, hungry, cross and quarrelling. Then screams of excitement as the kids discovered the fluffy white gypsum sand and their parents found themselves running and leaping about with the kids.

The shot with young Jimmy Mattos and his mother, Lilly, was taken in Sunnyvale six years ago when she was 59. Except for more grey in her hair, she looked exactly the same as long as she lived.

She was camera shy and hard to photograph, and these three shots come as close to bringing her to you as any I have.

The Mas were here just the other day. Gil had been to the Far East to inspect his listening posts, and Lilly and the kids joined him here to visit their families, including me. One day I took them all out to my sister's ranch between Napa and Sonoma, and the kids not only SAW real live peacocks, they collected enough tail feathers to supply all of Falls Church. They also saw a new-born calf, personally met and fed three horses, and even saw one of those silly nests the kildeer establishes on bare rock with a few pebbles around four speckled eggs. After these adventures, we all drove up through the ranch, which occupies a grassy valley between forested ridges, and as we negotiated the bumpy old bulldozer track in the Rabbit young Jenifer asked my sister candidly, "How," she wanted to know, "do we get out of this mess.?" I thought Cille would burst, trying not to laugh. She said later that night that her husband, D.E. Alexander who is the strong silent Western type and a past president of the National Cattlemen's Association, kept saying over and over, "I don't know when I've seen such a cute little girl." They both were much taken with both children, as Jimmy is now eight and handsome in the same clean-cut way his sister is.

The next day the whole family came here along with Pat Senter, a woman who used to know Gil when he was first coming round at 12 or 13, and who hadn't seen him since. She was just as charmed as Cille and her husband had been by the whole family. We had Mongolian barbecue out on the deck for lunch and everybody was very well stuffed before it was all over.

I've been doing some work on the files, and hope to get them cleaned up and off to Stevens Point within a few weeks. Light at the end of the tunnel and all that sort of thing. In the meantime I've been doing more volunteer work for Hospice, as required, and even was used recently along with another survivor to tell the annual board of directors meetings "what Hospice meant to us." I had myself fairly well organized, stuck to understatement, and it apparently went well. "There wasn't a dry eye in the house," one Hospice friend said afterward.

She certainly was exaggerating, because there were Bank of America and other solid types there along with the nurses, doctors and friends of Hospice. On the other hand, a motherly visitor from Santa Rosa, a nurse who is forming her own Hospice group, ran me down afterward and accused me of ruining her makeup.

And last night five other family survivors and I spent the evening with a seminar Hospice of Marin is conducting this week for learners from Jacksonville to Seattle. They did the same thing for a seminar last January but we all were too new to say much. But last night we had five people opening up and telling many of the little things and ways in which Hospice helped not only the patients but their families. The two dozen visitors kept us for an hour afterward, asking questions. Among them was a doctor, an oncologist who is medical director of a new Hospice being set up in San Diego. She asked me to come down and tell our story to her crew in a few weeks. I've got to the point now where this is not as traumatic as it once was, so I'm looking forward to it.

You were kind enough to ask about the cat whose illness was telephoned while I was with you. Unfortunately he turned out to have aplastic anemia, with his blood producing neither red nor white cells, and I think it was from Kennett Square that I had to tell the vet to put him to sleep as there's no known cure for this in cats. He was the one Jenifer had taught to ring a bell to get in and out of the french window to the deck from the dining area, so he's sorely missed. However, I still have Sootyfoot, who really was Jenifer's favorite and who is a very independent and self-contained cat. If one has to survive alone, he's much better equipped than Pokey was. Pokey was unusually dependent for a cat, and would have suffered loneliness. Sooty patrols the premises, brings in enough game to keep us both fed, and gets very talkative around mealtime. He's very handsome, silvery with grey stripes and probably part Siamese. We got him 10 years ago from Mrs. Weiss, the Neow Meadows lady, while he still was a kitten. She said someone had dumped him near her place and that she had wakened up one night in her sleeping bag on her lawn to find him nestled under her chin. We brought him home, and the first thing he did was to go out and come in with an enormous rat that I'll swear was bigger than he was.

I have a beautiful letter from Elaine Wrone to answer, as well as some stamps I had Gil pick up in Asia for the two Wrone children, so I shall have to knock this off for now. Good to hear from you, and I still remember with pleasure the visit with you both.

Best,



jdw