

Harold Weisberg  
Rt. 8, Frederick, Md. 21701  
4/2/73

Mr. Walter J. Sheridan  
4901 Edgemoor Lane  
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Mr. Sheridan,

A friend has sent me page 434 of your book that seems like it might be titled The Fall and Rise of Edward Grady Partin. It is comforting to see that through the years you have preserved those rare journalistic talents I first observed in your Gene Davis NBC White Paper.

Had it not been for the final paragraph, I might have been a little surprised at the first full sentence, which has Morris Brownlee (Brownlee to you) arrested on a stolen-tags charge for using the tags from his own car.

The parenthetical irrelevancy about me must be a new high, even for you. Aside from the correct spelling of my name, I doubt there is the contamination of a single accuracy. I know most of it is inaccurate.

It was not Garrison's office.

The call was not to Scisabra.

No call to Gervais was made in my presence, nor have I any knowledge of any.

The purpose of the call was not to "find out who they were".

I am less positive about which of your boys I later discussed this with, but I'm reasonably certain it was Wyatt. In that conversation, the following ~~MEMORANDUM~~<sup>Sunday</sup> he had some interesting recollections of your plans for Rick Townley if Garrison ever got you into court. They were almost as interesting as what he had to say for six long hours beginning midnight the previous Saturday. He seemed to enjoy the tape recorder in front of him, so much he rarely touched the "off" button. Much of it was about you, beginning in Detroit. And about offers he said you made to him.

From what he told me about that Baton Rouge business, beginning by phone, from Baton Rouge, shortly after Morris was arrested, I can't really recognize it from this page of yours. Nor would one TV reporter and one from a newspaper, both in Baton Rouge, from what they told me the same day.

Unless Pitcher's integrity is like that of this page, your finks claimed to be Garrison's investigators. This is what Pitcher told me was the purpose of his call. I then spoke to him.

I say your finks not because of Detroit but because Wyatt told me you arranged their Baton Rouge connections and employment. He also told me about Partin putting up the bail and arranging the publicity, as these reporters also did. It mystified them.

The many walls of the Fontainebleau must have rocked with laughter when Gervais, who was better known there than the manager, rolled up to the front desk in answer to the Maxwell page! With all those other phones just around the corner, less conspicuous.

You are closer on the narcotics. Wyatt was a narc fink. He was pretty good at planting the stuff for a raid, as one federal agent admitted to me. Morris told me he used all of it, whatever he could get.

The night Rick Townley took me to supper so we could talk, he delayed for several hours and then, by the most remarkable of coincidences, picked, of all the New Orleans restaurants, the one in which you were. His frequent calls from the Roosevelt bar, he said, were in search of the woman who later joined us, an expert in horseflesh. From this page and what your finks told me, you seem to indulge different tastes.