

Rt # 7, Frederick, Md. 21701
10/2/67

Dear Miss B.,

Your letter of 9/28 warrants something that today I should not take time for, a consoling answer. So, I use this minute to recover physically from the slight physical exercise, to which I have grown quite unaccustomed, to recommend that all chins stay up and tell you a story that may make you laugh at our expense.

For some time, for reasons too complicated and incredible to go into, it has been a really urgent necessity that we move. Some months ago we found another beautiful spot, like from a movie. We bought it, getting beat out of \$2,000 in the process. Then we engaged a number of craftsmen to make a few simple repairs. To date they have not been completed. By getting our lawyer after the kitchen cabinet we finally got him to perform -incompetently. The electrician hasn't been back in a month, probably because he is a neighbor, having no job closer to home. So, we decided the hell with it, we'll move into the house and camp.

Last week I engaged a local man to do the moving. He was to call me Friday of Saturday, do the moving over the weekend, and in advance come down and see what we had while he examined a stand of locusts (for posts) in which he was interested. When he didn't show by Sunday I phoned him in the late morning.

"Can't do it today", he said, "No help". So we set the moving for 9:30 a.m. today. I went about my other end not too simple affairs with accustomed gusto, planning to stop close to 5 p.m., when I'd have finished a minor addition (in length. Wow! is it hot!) to the completed manuscript of POST MORTEM. Here I am breezing away when someone pulls in. Then someone else. There is my mover, his fiancee-assistant and his barber-brother. It turns out he has a stake-body truck, no tail gate, and he'll get started and finish the rest this morning. So, we load on what is most easily reached and we're off. He is ~~in~~ in a hurry because he has a 7 p.m. meetings. What goes down the cellar or in the various rooms he'll take care of first thing this a.m. I drop all and load the typewriters (all but this old junk), with my wife's desks (two hats, two desks) and we are off. We dump everything wherever we can - everything being real heavy and bulky - and as he leaves I say, cheerily, not expecting the impending disaster (some of John Kennedy must have rubbed off on all of us), "See you ~~at~~ 9:30". "No, you won't", he replies, "I'm too busy. Get someone else". Fortunately, I had decided that this would throw us too late into the night to try and move the essentials, like bed and food. So, there I was, part moved, work crippled, no fit place for my overabused, everloving! That is also the way it is now. We have been busily engaged in packing up what we had expected them to do. I think I have improvised something that will get us out of the crisis before the next instalment. It happens that the man whose property we bought had been a manager of a moving company. I phoned them, they had a last-minute cancellation, and in a couple of hours a couple of professionals and a van will be here. I hope. I'll have to put the bed together after dark and a couple of things like that, but we'll make it.

Now something like this couldn't happen, but it did. The rascal also asked for twice as much as the movers charge, couldn't really load his truck because it had no tailgate, and left us a mess we'll have to move (at my expense) before we can start. He hasn't reckoned with my wife, two-checkbook Lil. But he will Pahdnah, at the Double X!

Sweat it out, kid! You have already picked up enough dope to indicate you have some friends. I suspect you are the local character to the local yokels, anyway. Get ready to sue the insurance companies if they retaliate and hope that when virtue is triumphant it will double your accounts.

But it is a very strange affair. You'll get to the bottom yet.

Just noticed I'm tying on tissue! See how I am. I'll make you a clean, nice and crisp photocopy. Good luck,

9-24-67

Dear Mr. Weisberg:

Thank you for your letter and interest. - It looked like I was behind the wheel. Blood on the floor there and a crack in the windshield above the steering wheel. The steering wheel itself was badly twisted back toward the dash but I had no bruises in chest or forehead from that. There was a fresh tear in the carpeting on the passenger side. - There were no witnesses. The police said they heard the crash.

By chance I knew the ambulance driver. He had been monitoring the police radio. He told his sister in law that there were calls out on my car at least 30 minutes before the crash and that there was an early report of a young man or boy running from the scene. He later hedged on this but did not deny it. (If true it could be the young woman: short hair, blue jeans, tall.)

I have found out the following that happened during my black out period. The car was seen parked behind a saloon downtown. The young woman went in, made a phone call, came back out, talked to police who she said warned her out of a yellow zone. The car was next in Webb City, Mo., 3 miles away parked on a side street. The Webb City police came up to the car and asked what was going on and specifically what was wrong with me as I was sprayed across the seat. She told them I was sick. (I assume unconscious since she had to answer for me.) She admits to all this. And she says that then she drove us back to Joplin and turned the car over to me. Minutes later, by her timetable, the crash occurred about 3 blocks from her house, *I having picked up 5 police cars!*

This I remember: earlier in the evening she had lent her car to two young men and a girl to take to the drive in movie in Webb City. They left about 8 o'clock. I did not know them. (Her explanation of the phone call and the trip to Webb City was that she was trying to check up on her car. She was parked on the side street to wait for these people to show up. They did not so she came back to Joplin. It is a little early to start out looking for your car if you have lent it to someone to go to a drive in movie in another city. So maybe the Webb City incident is an indication that I was given a fixed drink and taken over there under some circumstances peculiar enough to arouse the attention of the Webb City police. - But a fixed drink would not explain blood on ribs behind the wheel a short time later.)

The police are telling the insurance people that I was drunk and running. I was not charged with either. My lawyer got this across and when the case got into the hands of the city prosecutor he was very nice, agreed to recommend a fine of \$50. and I could plead Not Guilty. So now all I am stuck with is a damaged reputation and coming trouble with the insurance company. They've not been here yet, which worries me.

I've only had hard liquor twice this year, once too many. I don't pass out. I've never had a blackout concerning the main lines of what I have been and what I have done. There are several other very odd little things - but it would take pages to tell them and I can't see what significance they could have. - Besides we do say that the whole thing