

Dear Hal:

This will be *THAT* letter long promised; it will make Mr. Grimm thrash about unmercifully within his sarcophagus; since it is stylish to do so, as one Mr. Manchester was wont, let me begin in appropriate prose:

ONCE UPON A TIME: There was a little gal from the East Side of Chicago; her name was Joan Lucille Lundberg. She was bright, but inhibited by the brutality of this awful life; so, she left home to become a Stewardess with Mohawk Airlines, operating out of Denver and environs.

Miss Lundberg was an unusually handsome specimen in her early twenties, just as she remains today in her early thirties. (Even Mohawk officials were amazed that she migrated to them and not one of the majors.) During the course of meeting/greeting/seating the fleeting, she met many a stolid Californian; she succumbed to the lure of sunshine and cinematic psychoses and arrived in the National Insanitorium (Los Angeles) and settled down in Miami Beach West, Malibu Beach.

While on an evening outing in Summer, 1956, she met a young politician named John Fitzgerald Kennedy - at a swill bin along Malibu row; they hit it off rather infamously, so to speak; this "relationship" floured to most sensuous heights for the next four years, to the enormous chagrin of Mr. K's spouse, who infrequently accompanied him on Democratic Partying trips.

Ultimately, they went their separate ways, he to fame, her to fortune. She met and married a wealthy scionist (sic) by the name of Fremont Bodine Hitchcock, the 2nd, a saucy and well-sauced millionaire from San Francisco. Their marriage had ~~its~~ literary merits, alternating between the front pages, the society columns, the gossip bylines, and various police blotters; it was never dull, but neither were their respective weapons.

During the Republican Convention of 1964, the Hitchcocks turned their palatial

Pacific Heights home over to the Barry Goldwaters. (As a matter of fact, there sits a lovely cigarette case on the table before me; it is inscribed as follows: To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hitchcock In appreciation for their kindness during the Republican National Convention, 1964, From Senator and Mrs. Barry Goldwater and Family.) (Further note: Goldwater escaped from the mob on several occasions to play around with his portable radio gear; his broadcast point was in Woodside, some 30 miles south of San Francisco, at the residence of one Amory J. Cooke, whom you now know as Jack Cooke of the Hearst Corporation.) In the interim period, the Hitchcocks decided to split the blankets all round. The now ex-Mrs. Hitchcock retained the original vaude-villain of American Law, Melvin M. Belli. Having this exponent of loudmouthisms and onetime Ruby-in-the-rough proponent as her lawyer, Mrs. Hitchcock came very close to losing one of the more generous out-of-court settlements on record; my acquaintance with this ripened flower child came from this proximity with the originator of Psychomotor Epilepsy; my gallantry could not be held in tow once I found out she was about to be conned, bilked, and swindled out of several million dollars because of Belli's gross activities; I then switched her to other "legitimate" counsel just in time; these are the same lawyers I am recommending to you if and when litigation/confrontation becomes necessary to obtain your rights in all areas.

Back in 1964, Mrs. Hitchcock's father became Chairman of the Finance Committee for an old friend of the family, Charles Percy; that relationship continues. I have spoken with her father during a recent trip he made out here; I expressed the opinion that Percy was, right now at least, in an ideal position to make a meaningful move toward the nomination in 1968, which I believe tantamount to becoming the next President. I suggested that the JFK controversy might be a useful wedge in acquiring pinpointed public attention; he didn't particularly grasp the meaning, but that's because I would not press the issue at length.

This is a story without any apparent end or moral; it does say something about the ironies and coincidences that happen to too few in this world; BUT how does one decide which is irony as against conscious pursuit?!!

Best Personal Regards,

