

Comstock

Dear Lou, /von

4/10/79

Don't be overwhelmed by my fancy stationery. I use it for friends only. After service calls on my copying machine.

There is quite a stack of copying to be done here. When my wife gets to it I'll enclose some copies of FBI records for you. There may be innocent explanation but the records appear to be unusual and by now I have read more than 100,000 pages of the FBI's. In fact I have quite a few thousand more than this figure.

If I knew Comstock I do not remember him.

Other records make it clear that the FBI had a source inside your office. Maybe more than one but at least one. I'm pretty sure not Bethell. From the records I've seen I'd guess it was someone not working on the "probe."

As of my last information you were a policeman and had gotten your promotion so I'm just letting you know.

I'm not even asking you to respond. However, I have arranged for all my records to be a public university archive and the original copies of these records will be included. If there is anything you would like included please let me have it. I am not editing or censoring history.

When I say inside source I don't mean Jack Martin, who was in regular touch with Regis Kennedy, or John George Wyatt, who was also in touch with the FBI or any others like them. I mean pretty clearly staff.

Despite serious circulatory problems first diagnosed in 1975, after the damage was irreversible, I still get up early. Most mornings it makes me think of New Orleans because of a liking I never took time to indulge when I was there. As you may recall, I worked. A Washington FM station has an old-time jazz program at 5 a.m. and I listen to it.

Otherwise I've heard little. Yesterday I had a letter from "in Brown. He finally passed the Miss. bars and has opened an office in Laurel. Some months, maybe a year ago, I heard from the kooky Turner woman, from Houston. Before that I heard from her a number of times from the Houston jail. Never could get a straight account of the charges but she did time. Wound up, as I recall, on the funny farm then.

If you ever see Fenner Sedgebeer tell him what he may get a kick out of, how his picture wound up in FBI files. First time I was there, just before I was taken to the plane to return home, Fenner took me to some Oswald places of interest. Last was Pena's Habana, where he took some Polaroid shots for me. El Estupides Bringuier came running out of his joint snapping away from a half-crouch with a 35mm camera. He took some to the FBI, with the claim, a unique "complaint," that I was taking pictures of his store. And the FBI accepted and filed them. I have xeroxes.

Hope things are going well for you and your family.

Best wishes,