

Oct. 19, 1969

Dear Sue,

I hope that you don't mind my addressing you as Sue. Sorry that I don't have any nice notepaper since this is more of a thank-you note than anything else.

I greatly enjoyed the brief time we spent together. Very frankly you have a sharp mind and an extensive knowledge of this case and I feel that there is much I could learn from you. As is always the case a trip such as mine to Dallas couples fine experiences with regrets, the regrets typically deriving from the desire to have spent more time talking to certain people, etc. In this regard I regret that we spent so little time in discussion, but I must confess that I have never had a 10 day period pass so quickly.

I would very much like to return to Dallas again although realistically my heavy commitments and present lack of a reliable car make such a trip unlikely in the near future. It is amazing that I did not even get a chance to meet Paul Rothermel, of whom I think a great deal, and ended up interrupting his work with a surprise phone call. In any event, if any chance to visit Dallas arised, I will take immediate advantage of it, and then perhaps there will be more time for a sharing of ideas.

The work you, Mary, and Arch have done is of highest caliber and I trust that you will continue with it. In any event I wish you the best of luck.

Warm regards,

Gay Schoener

October 19, 1969

Dear Arch,

I hope that you do not mind my addressigg you as Arch. I got to think of you as almost an old friend during my brief stay in Dallas. I very much enjoyed the time spent with all of you and feel that I picked up not only factual material but some more basic understandings of certain aspects of the case. The work with your chronology and the guided tours were particularly helpful.

In addition to the material I left with you, I hope to be able to find time to assemble and send down some more which may interest you. Paul Hoch will be mailing Mary copies of his memos, Dick Bernabei will be sending his stuff on the rifle and the ammunition, and George Rennar will send a set of his correspondence with Alvarez on the subject of the CBS special. By the way, I never got a chance to tellyou that I was never a paid consultant for them, but helped them based on their promise of honesty and impartiality. This was misjudgment on my part, although Robert Richter (associate producer), the man with whom I worked, did his best to live up to that promise. Perhaps in the archives you noticed his name on a number of the charge sheets--he worked hard. Tink Thompson, who helped them far more than I did, was appalled at the final product as I was and I guess we all were. After the series concluded I made this abundantly clear in a letter to the editor and in numerous radio appearances including those on CBS-affiliate radio.

I certainly hope that I can find some way of returning to Dallas for another visit, but that possibility doean't look too likely now. In the meantime I hope that some similar purpose can be served by sending you moree documents, etc.

Please convey my regards to your wife. Thanks again for everything. Best wishes.

Ray Schoener

October 19, 1969

Dear Mary,

Please give my regards to everyone. I can't thank you enough for all you did for me in Dallas and for the fine time I had with you. I learned a lot and enjoyed myself besides. I think that you, Sue, and Arch are fine people and have a serious interest in getting to the bottom of this no matter who did it, and that attitude is, unfortunately, not universal among critics. The work you three have done is amazing in the areas with which you have dealt and I hope that the archives will merely add another dimension to it rather than stand as an imposing obstacle.

I made good time coming home until I got about 50 miles north of Kansas City when I blew my engine. After standing by the car with the lights on for an hour in the 40-50° temps., I decided to set out walking, since it was apparent that no one would stop. I spied a light and assuming that it was a house walked away from the road. After tearing myself up a bit on briars and getting a bit wet and muddy, I reached one house, but the presence of an angry dog (and knowledge that prowlers are sometimes shot in the country before questions are asked) caused me to find another house. Its occupant, an ex-con who looked like an ex-con (i.e. the state police stopped us because we looked suspicious) drove me into the nearest town, which was quite a small one. We finally got the car towed in, and two mechanics told me what I had already guessed--that major repairs were in the offing--with a minimum likely figure of \$75 and the sky as the limit. So, 400 miles from home, cold, muddy, with too much gear to carry, and the promise of a 2 day indirect bus ride plus long distance calls and a return to the town, I sat down and pondered my fate. I decided to trade the car (worth only parts now, since the engine was shot, and with other problems anyway) plus \$125 for a 1954 Chevy. The price was high, but given the situation, I was lucky. So, after having blown the engine at about 10 PM, I was on the road by 2:30 AM with my stuff packed in the roach-like car I had just bought. I drove straight through and made it to Minneapolis OK, and the car looks like it will perform OK, although its grotesqueness is hard to believe. Thus I will start work tomorrow and the matter is settled. While the final outcome is not exactly peachy, bear in mind that the situation was pretty dismal no matter what I had elected to do, and given the 400 miles distance to Minneapolis, nothing else could have really worked out. If the car makes it through the winter (if it doesn't start during the cold I have had it) then nothing too bad will have been lost. Right now I feel lucky to be home.

By the way, the guy who sold me the car was a state policeman. While we were riding I brought up the assassination just in case he knew anything and lo and behold he did know something. According to him, Jess Curry stopped in the town for gas about 6 months after the assassination, as he was apparently taking a road trip for his "health." He said that LBJ was behind it, and that he had to quit because of a syndicate which controls things in Dallas.

Fortunately I was greeted by good news when I got home. I not only passed all my prelims, but had relatively high scores on them, so that is one less hurdle done away with. Unfortunately one of the big professors in Psychiatry Research is pressuring me to work on a project which is just beginning, hinting all the time that maintaining my office here may depend on my helping him, since during my internship there is no real justification for an office here. So, it looks like I will be loaded down, since in addition to a 40 hour week with patients I will have to do work at night and on weekends. Sometimes it is bad to be a good student. Maintaining the office with its stationary, typewriters, etc. etc. is a must.

I will write later in the week after I get a chance to sit down, and send you some things. I just wanted to send you this short note of thanks, although it is grossly inadequate as a means of conveying my feelings. Best wishes.

Gary