

Mr. Earl Slater
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10/30/91

Dear Earl,

Unbelievable as it is at my age and in my condition, I started 12 hours ago and having ended a chapter, with a little time before supper (which is, like bed, early), I write you about what might, just might, have some prospect. I did not begin it for that reason, as I explain.

Some of the Secret Service agents who were to have kept JFK alive and didn't and about whom some harsh things were said took it very hard. I've defended them several times on talk shows, first after the Manchester indecency of saying that if the driver had not been an old man JFK would be alive. Impossible in that cul de sac and an outrage.

Some time ago one of the agents on that White House detail was in touch with me. He kept saying he'd come up from PG county but he never did. After the

despicable Donahue/Henninger book appeared I started talking to him about that. *out of*

errata They say that an agent, George Hickey, killed JFK by accident. It is a lie, a literal impossibility, but St. Martins went for it with an initial print of more than 100,000 in hardback. I think 135,000. *Harsh* will tell you that is large. I tried to encourage him to get Hickey to sue but psychologically Hickey was in terrible shape. But a daughter got in touch with me. There was only one lawyer I knew who would take the case, as he did, and he stays overloaded. But she did go to him, he did take the case, I was deposed in it a month ago, and then something I cannot understand happened.

The statutes of limitation in the various states are different. There were three in which the delays had not run the statute and suits were filed in them. St. Martins is big and wealthy and influential, if that is a factor, and two of the judges sent their cases, where clearly the statute had not run, to where it was close and there the judge held that the publication date was not the real publication date and dismissed ^{that} the suit. And the other two. There will be an appeal but it does not look promising. In court it would be open-and-shut, alas.

I am outraged so, having just finished another manuscript I went to work on this one. If it is never printed, when I can get it retyped I'll give Hickey a copy. I tear ^{up} that egocentric ^{author Donahue} swine, and to call him that ^{degrades} pigs, who made all this ^{up} into tiny pieces, had + think that I see to it that enough of them stink.

I've about 35,000 words done, I'm not finished, and will I wind up on St. Martins! They were terrible. They knew Hickey's emotional state and their excuse for going ahead with the book with no peer review is that he did not respond to their letters. As from their investigation, by a blabbermouth who blabbed where a dear

~~My~~ friend of my youth was, and he sent it to me. Will I ever use that with the disgraceful sanctimony from St. Martins, which did not know this was kicking around in, of all places, Jerusalem!

It will be no big trick to eliminate from this most of what proves the government did not do its job and that is what blocks most publication- criticism of the government in books. I'm not tailoring this because I intend it as a record for history but there is not much of that in it and that little can I think easily be edited out.

But this is in a way a man-bites-dog switch: the first critic~~s~~ defending a Secret Service agent! a man he has never seen or spoken to! And from whom he has asked nothing.

I may write the agent who was in touch with me and see what he thinks about this and if he wants, tell Hickey he'll have a copy when I can get it retyped.

I'm not taking ~~Mark~~ Mirsh Goldberg's time with a copy but if you think this could interest him, feel free.

I'm behind in the retyping but I'll get it done soon, hopefully.

Best,

Harold

Goldberg mentioned that another book^o was coming and the market would not sustain two. I think that was a Livingstonian stinker of cheap porn of a woman who claims she was LBJ's mistress. Punk. I finished with it long ago. I've not heard of a single person who bought it. Livingstone published it.

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