

11/13/69

Dear Once and future friends,

This is not a letter that will ask you to do anything or that, perhaps, you may feel for a while you should answer. It is merely to say hello. You have been on my mind lately, along with others, as I've had more time for my mind to wander while occupied with mechanical tasks. I've been taping correction on final copy of still another book that may never see the light of day. "Final copy", as you know, means retyped first draft here. When I finish this and reread it, adding a few notes, I'll do the final part of my three-part study of the autopsy. If anything can turn on some of those who abdicated and whose abdications have been facilitated by some of the more mercenary and irresponsible among us, I hope that will do it. I have some of the most shocking material yet for it, including a copy of what was withheld from the Commission itself.

I don't get very far into anything without having cause to lament poverty. In this case I could have gotten color pictures of this evidence but the cost would have been \$200, so I had to content myself with xeroxes. I have them, and I may yet get the pictures. I know how to relocate this if the opportunity presents itself.

Partly it has been the release of my mind, partly an anniversary that has given me time to reminisce and directed the reminiscence. It was just a year ago that we were in Dallas together. You then, as it turned out quite accurately, detected that I was more nervous. I wasn't aware of it. This grew until it became a problem that I think is now under control. I suppose the various frustrations conspired and the multitudinous pressures combined. It has not been and is not an easy period. I've had to slow down considerably, though I do more than a day's work every day.

One of the more depressing things is what has happened to other people, to friends who have been less than that, some great people who have lost contact with reality, some who do nothing, others who do bad and unkind things. Like Penn, for example, who has owed me \$150 for some time and not only will not pay it, justifying himself with the illusion that I am some kind of an agent. A while back, when a student who had become a buff wanted a set of the 26 and a print of the DCA film, both of which Penn has in surplus and sells, I offered to settle this debt for the lesser value of the two, and Penn's response was that to me these would be some fantastic price, like \$500 or \$1500. The cost was not only a blow to me, to think so much had happened to this wonderful man, but we were denied certain technical services that were available to that young man for the summer only. Owing ~~me~~ me \$150, Penn cuts me off his mailing list and tells people he did it because I didn't pay the subscription. Knowing I have and have had no income, he can still travel the world. That such things could happen to one like Penn is deeply troubling, for his is a noble soul. I mourn a very sick friend. Each of the frequent times I am pressed with a need for money and wonder where I may get it, this grief returns as I think of him.

I have, of course, heard nothing from Dione and I have not written her. As I work on other things with which she is connected, I endlessly wonder about her source of sources, for an astounding amount of what she said is so, yet it is not possible to believe hers is first-person information. In the past year there have been frequent cases where I have come across names so much like those she used, so close it is incredible... The last time I heard from you, she had told you the FBI was going around spreading nastiness about me. Immediately, although it was hard to believe, I wrote the Attorney General. His reply was that this is against policy, but he was referring the letter to Hoover. Since then, although I have asked for it, there has not been even a pro forma denial, which does tend to credit D., who nonetheless could have made it up.

Once in a while I hear from Moo. I expect him here in the not distant future. He wants to come when there is snow. That is in tonight's forecast, but the weather is so warm it will soon be slush.

The glory of the season in this part of the country is fading with the falling leaves. As I look out the window up the mountain in the bottom of which we are, the remaining traces are dulling, though still with color in the rising sun. The wild ducks have returned, remembering, as they do, that I feed them. A pair that hatched out here this past spring is so tame they come up to me as I feed, getting as close as ten feet. Maybe by the end of the season they'll be eating from my hand. One pair of a covey of quail frightened in the spring by shooting boys, has remained. With their brood they are as large as the entire covey was. They are often around, and we enjoy it and them. Little by little the migrants are returning. Pleasure.

I spend part of each day in physical activity, trying to slow onrushing age and restore lost tone to the muscles. Today I expect to take down some locusts. It is a kind of satisfaction, and it is fun to do. But the knees do not respond. I think it is probably in the legs that a man ages first - and feels it more. Something happened to me knees the night I fell down at your place. The blow has been diagnosed as arthritis, but I wonder if it is.

In the near future I expect to be filing a suit against the government for some of what they are suppressing. There is always the chance good will come of it. Despite universal suppression and Jim's and Vince's opposition, the suit this past winter in Washington was quite important and the ultimate yield will be considerable. It is one of the most important things we have done. The tragedy is it could have been so much more.

Saw Bob Outler in Boston several months ago. He told me of you and Jim and him poring over and planning what could be done with the changes in the West plot. Which reminds me, if it is still possible, I'd still like a set of contacts of the pictures you took in Dallas. Perhaps you can no longer get them, if the negatives were sent to England. I was in touch with Black Star in NY a month ago, trying to get a picture they promised to send, but they have been silent. This sort of thing no longer bothers me. If there is too much of it, there is also more than I can do, so I do what I can. It's like Omar said about cash.

Breakfast is ready, then I'll return to work. I wanted you to know I do think of you fondly, recalling your many kindnesses, and hope some day we meet again. Best regards to everyone.