

1/22/71

Dear Lou,

I was able to make a copy of my letter to Bob Scott from that pink tissue. Here it is. I also tried to phone him as soon as we finished talking.

He is now working a late shift, beginning 8 p.m. his time, which is 11 ours. So, I learned what time he usually gets up, have his home phone (he lives in an L.A. suburb, Agourda, 889-3174), and have place a call for an hour after his usual getting-up time. If I complete it, a little over an hour from now, and get to speak to him, I'll add to this or enclose a further note. I'm not taking time to get batteries, as I said, for my stock is of the wrong size.

I never kept any secrets from you, never hid my beliefs or feelings, and I never minced words or gilded over. Check your files carefully. I'd be surprised if you do not have more than a copy of this. I wrote this, I'm certain, after you told me you'd not heard from him, and I'm also certain I was in touch with him before December on it.

Believe me, Lou, tired as I am and pressed for time, I phoned you when I'm pressed for time and have a court deadline - and am not a lawyer - only because I want to help where I can. I've been working late again, getting up to work at 5 a.m., and am under injunction not to. I don't think you can realize how much I've aged and wearied, especially in November, December 1968 and January and February 1969, which you should understand.

On O'Sullivan and what relates: as you know, I will neither press you nor later abuse you. Nor will I be in any way unfair to him. His interest, if there is nothing to what now seems apparent, lies in my knowing everything I can, and this includes those Intelligence Division reports Moo promised and then fell silent. On the other hand, if there is anything to it, your interest, your personal interest, if there should be anything to it, also includes my having this stuff and anything else there may be, I do not expect to ask again. And I will tell you anything I can make of it.

If I make no claim to infallibility, and I do not, I also make no apologies. I'll stack my record, including on understanding, against any. I also tell you this is something that should be followed. I told you O'S recruited LHO into the CRPC cadets. LHO is not the only one. He also got to be a captain, and as a simple test of how much he had levelled with you, check your notes against this and what I earlier told you, about what amounts to the virtual kidnapping of Philip Geraci within less than 24 hours after Ferrie's death, and make up your own mind. So far as he personally is concerned, all of this can be innocent. I do not have to tell you about pressures. But he did lie, if not perjur himself, and he did know Ferrie very well, and he above all knew that Ferrie and LHO did know each other, and he had to have known what he told the Commission he did not.

I have no need for more material. My problem is to get time to write up what I have and have had.

The name of the bartender who knew one Clay Bertrand is Eric Trunback. Moo used to know him.

On the question of levelling with you, another about whom you should be asking yourself is G. Wray Gill. I don't for a minute think he has. Another, naturally, is Martens, and I am aware of the potential here. Another is Voebel. Each had what for him was good reason not to, and of each I know at least part of what, from what I have reason to know you know, each held back.

Sincerely,