

Dear Jim,

12/22/76

This is to brighten your Yuletide., from the fraction of my personal files that came from the State Department today. Today? Not because the covering letter was not written four months ago. There is nothing else in it that is at all brightening.

With all I've heard and seen this is fantastic.

But maybe I can go into the business book of Records with one who travels to the far corner of the earth to be hospitalized for an unnecessary appendectomy.

The official garbage ransackers were gathering mine before you were born. With the patriotic collaboration of a landlady who regarded all my books as ~~xxx~~ proof of faithfully reported subversion. Books and all the mail I received from federal agencies. (Do you suppose spooks never heard of press releases?)

Now who do you suppose was in the garbology business before World War II?

If you have guess ~~me~~ maybe you have a glimmer of why Clarence the Kelley has not responded to my FOIZ/PA requests.

Of course the State Department's files do not tell me this. Nothing in them from the FBI. Only that there was nothing bad in my garbage.

Or in my mail. The reported mail cover was not enough. You know, all those Moscow agents in the Post office. So they had my landlady watching it, too, hence the subversion so explicit in my receiving official U.S. Government mail.

All those who worked with me had high opinions of my ~~work~~, my cooperativeness, my willingness, my dedication. (One whose name is ~~made~~ even remembered my devotion - ah! don't tell Kelly - to the Constitution. Is there anything, except maybe the Declaration of Independence, that is more dangerously subversive than the United States Constitution?)

no do not be overwhelmed by the spooks, who were equal to all confrontation with fact. Confronted with my having received only "excellent" efficiency ratings they inferred about those who gave me these ratings. Including the head of Ehhheads for Eisenhower. Oh, well, I suppose that can be understood: Ike had a Rusky pal name Zukhov. QED.

Until I read these formerly secret records I never realized how great a danger I really was to the nation's survival. It is faithfully represented by that directly quoted statement of one in the White House who would entrust (I tell you her) life to me and would stake that life on my word. Now I know why I was fired.

Did I say I was fired? Not from these records! Not a word in them on that. So I was never fired. Not that they do not have newspapers stories (not provided me) on me and my nefarious career. Or the major one of that day, having to do with that case.

Now that the passing of some 35 years have mellowed me I can better understand the meance I really was. According to one report because I actually wrote the Gpvernor of the Holy State of Virginia. (What would the records not show if it was reported that he ~~AGREED WITH MY COMPLIANT AND ORDERED IT RECTIFIED!~~) The State took part of an empty lot I owned, using it as a summertime garden. But the taking means a sheer drop of 8-10 feet for the kids who played on it wintertimes. How fortunate I am that the files do not record the agreement of the state to add a fence to the top of their wall, so no little kids could smash their heads on concrete. What would they not have done to me in the State Department for that offense- protecting kids from the negligence of the State?

I've only skimmed this crap. I'll read it word for word, in a state of semiShock. But I can tell you that NSA has some interest in me in the 1950s when I farmed. But I can explain that- I raised Rhode Island Red chickens. Deepest subversion, no?