

The Kevins
P.O.Box 97
Boulder, City, NV 89005

1.18.90

Dear both,

First an explanation of my fancy paper. When I first began work on JFK I was broke and in debt and used all the paper that + could get that + could reuse. Then came the 1973 energy crisis and I became aware of the great amount of energy required in making paper. So I started saving the paper I'd have thrown away so I could use the second side for drafts, etc. I also began heating us with wood, first depending on the fireplace and then with a stove that sits inside it. Which, by the way, may have contributed to my still being alive because + had no tractor. If you remember how hilly our place is, I mowed it all by hand. I can't even walk on what + then mowed, it is that steep. Including after my first thrombosis, two or three years after that, when I still was not liquid, I was given a garden tractor, got a trailer for it for \$50, and only then could move the green and heavy firewood other than by dragging or carrying it. All that and my earlier exercise, going back to childhood, developed a good heart. They told me when they didn't expect it to pull me through the second emergency arterial surgery. They'd expected it to quit. So, I just had a repair job on it. And hope!!

I don't use the copier often because standing still has been a nono since 1980. Lil does almost all of it and I get things ready by clipping scraps of paper to what is to be copied indicating the purpose of the copies. Sometimes there is confusion, sometimes the copies are not good, and I save and use all of that. I think this particular one, which may interest you, is a copy I marked up to write my lawyer about. It just happened to be next in the stack so I'm using it. It is part of my effort going back to 1975 to get the FBI's records about me so I can if not get them corrected, which is virtually impossible, at least leave a few copies of correction. I'm sure the government purges their copies periodically so their files won't hold my corrections. Some of the things they've done are pretty bad. Barry Goldwater, at the request of a Senator who was a good friend, corrected the Senate Intelligence Committee's copies of such fabrications as that Jill and I annually celebrated the Russian Revolution with a gathering for 35 strangers at our home. We then fanned and I could not figure out the basis for that particular fabricated libel but Jill did. We then had a friend who when we last heard was not far from you, a cantor Jack Frankel, then with the Jewish Welfare Board. His wife, Vicki, was a Persian Jew whose father was an opera singer and had to flee. Then moved to France where, during World War II, Vicki was taken in by some nuns and became an underground courier. As a girl. Well, once when they were visiting us at the farm, then our home, Jack got the idea that it would be nice and relaxing, after the Jewish high holidays, if he could bring the Washington area service people and their families up to the farm. I then did what was long in the past and the Univ. of Md.

liked and copies, under the name, Old McDonald's Farm. I hatched our own eggs and everything we had was tame. Kid could come and see the eggs hatch. I arranged that for weekends so they could. They could play with the just-hatched chicks, gather eggs, ride the backs of our tame stock, etc., and had a wonderful time. You may not know it, but although they are the same time of the year, those holidays and the Russian revolution do not come at the same time.

Pleas excuse the typos. Getting close to supertime and we never had a chance to talk about my nefarious past when Art was doing news in LA and I was there. And we got to be friends.

Before Pearl Harbor I was CLICK's Wash. correspondent and did a series of exposes of Nazi cartels. I refer to some of this in my letter to the FBI, not for the first time, of course. By the way, if Art knew Lee Raschall when he managed KGO, Lee, who'd been with UP, as it then was, before it merged and became UPI, remembered me although we'd never met because working for a magazine I beat his pants off on the expose of Schering, the drug house. He was considerably older but he was always war, and friendly when I did his stations, TV and radio both.

Maybe the second side will get into another part of my past, when the old Dies committee framed me and they were really out to get me. I did my own kind of investigation. It established that the guy who did the framing was in their pay (I got all those records) and I took the grand jury away from the US attorney and got the Dies agent changed with two felonies. They refused to make any charges against me. If the FBI did not hate me earlier, I suppose that gave them all they've since needed for their hidden hatred.

I don't recall what else can be on the other side and I'm not optimistic about getting very far with these people, who could have been welcome in the Gestapo or the Stalin KGB, but I do make a record in what I send them of which they can't throw my copies away. They'll be with my files in the college archive.

I see on the next page, that I'll be suing, that the DJ borrowed me from the Senate and I worked for it for about four months, without it paying me a cent, on the then famous "Bloody Harlan" conspiracy case. Got along just fine with the FBI agents there and the one in charge, who sometimes needed some to ride shotgun with him when all the others were away on their own work, taught me to take his automatic pistol apart and put it together blindfolded before he would trust me to slink down inside the car and cover him, which I did. Fortunately, without ever having to use the weapon.

It has been ~~skating~~ chiding me for not keeping copies of some of my recollections but I can't stand still and filing is a real problem so I haven't. But I did write a bit about those days that might have interested you old reporters. Well, not old compared to me. Speaking figuratively. (And congratulations for winning that reporter honor with what

in my days in radio when I was in high school we used to call a "one-lunger." If you've not heard that, it meant a small, low-power station. We, I was an amateur with a home-made rig and I began with how the phrase came about, with a single tube, the one long. None of that would mean anything to you. My last radio work, by the way, was a news and special events editor of what was then the second good-music station in the country, copied after WQXR in NYC, WQW in DC, now WGMS. Last thing I did was report the Truman election with what I picked up from NBC-TV's harmonics on an FM set in my office, the AP wire and my own thoughts. Before the night was over I predicted Truman by 2,000,000 votes and was close, too. Worked about 36 non-stop hours on that.

Last I'd heard from you until recently was right after the accident to Jodi to which you refer in your 14th. It was when I wrote after that that I got no reply.

Oh, but remember I told you that I get all kinds of misaddressed mail? I got a letter yesterday addressed to route 8. We've not had that address for about a dozen years. Depends on the clerks, I guess. The old ones were great and the new ones are spotty and don't recall the past they didn't know.

No, I'd not heard that Hank Greenspan and Binion died.

The guy who runs Mutual used to be a friend when he was with NBC in DC. Comes from Rockville. Ron Nessen, he used to bring his boy, who was in terminal cancer, up to our farm for the kind of joy I describe above. He also used to cover, TV, my annual gift to Children's Hospital IN DC (did the same in Baltimore that was covered there but not by him) of massive eggs for Easter. Double-yolk goose eggs were about 3/4 lb. I'd used to hardboil them so they'd keep and the kids wouldn't make a mess in handling them and they did really enjoy it. I also arranged for the Balt. eggs to be flown there by the Civil Air Patrol which got publicity from it. Double-yolk eggs, by the way, don't hatch so it was no loss to us. Your former LA DA's mother was out far, Eville Younger. She had a hobby of decorating eggs and when we had such big ones after Easter we gave them to her. I'd still has one she made into a jewelry case. She was a nice woman. I knew her husband, GOP Congressman, only slightly. From an egg promo I arranged for the industry. Big success, but that is another story. He was in it. Came from an egg-producing constituency.

By the way, what was your news-spot award for?

I hear from none of the Californians I used to know when you were in LA. None from there, almost none from the Bay area.

Oh, remember Skip Hall? I interviewed him at the LA Veterans Hospital before it was levelled by the earthquake, over a three-day period and he got to like me. Garrison was after him then and Reagan had refused to extradict him. Skip agreed to go if I would go with him and have the next room, adjoining, with door. I couldn't and I talked him into

going and he did and Jim left him alone. I spoke to Jim first. Well, you may remember, when the House assassins were after him he spoke to you and said he wanted me to be with him and you and he phoned me, thanks to KGO. I wasn't able to drive to DC then. It was after the thrombosis. But I then could use the bus and I had a lawyer's conference that day anyway. I encouraged Skip to have a lawyer and he did, a cousin from Kansas. Well, the lawyer drove me to the Hill after our conference. I got to the session, which was late starting, when there was only one empty seat, ~~marked~~ near the door, and although I was as far away as I could, be as Skip looked around he spotted me and came rushing right up. That, of course, interested the press. What he said is hey, pal, after this shit is over, how about you and me having a few drinks? I agreed. Then when I saw George Gardner of the Wx Post looking at me, I signalled him, he came over and I asked him if he would like to join us, on a confidence basis. He was thrilled and after Hall got finished taking the Fifth he, his lawyer, the lawyer's woman assistant and George and I spent until supper bedding elbows and talking at the Sgoreham or Wardmann-^{ark}, I've forgotten which. Skip and his lawyer drove me how, to borrow some pictures, and the bastard stole them. Well, at least he was consistent. Picture of him and his cronies at the Home Key, when they were practising to invade Cuba. Before I knock off, did I ever tell you that Gerry Hemming still refers people to me? I don't know what those soldier-of-fortune types trusted me but they did. Gerry and Harry Howard were plotting to invade Haiti when I interviewed them on tape, at Hemming's place, with the tape running in the open they even carried their plotting out on the phone! Strange people. Even Robert A. Brown, who you should recall, asked me to co-author a book on the CIA which I refused to do. That was 1973. In return he did not keep his promise to ship me a Colorado (he was based in Boulder, I think) double-bitted axe. With what soon happened to me I was just as well off. If you've forgotten him, he is Soldier of Fortune Magazine, and some other awful stuff before that.

Not much new here except that I'm learning that everyone who has the operation I just had wakes up often at night and can't stop it. It happened to me nightly so I've been asking the many I know if they walk with me at the mall, most of them) and they all say they wake up, fall asleep, wake soon, etc. I've been up since 3 this a.m. and believe it or not, took a short nap at 4 a.m., after which, before 5, I went out and got the papers and read them before my walking therapy.

I'm glad that Modi got along as well as she has and I think I'd best read and correct this before mailing it.

By the way, if it is n't too much trouble would you see if there is still a cantor in the Legas near named Jack Frankel? He is, by the way, a character in Peon Uris' - I'm getting bad on names, the name of the ship that took Jewish refugees to Palestine is the name of the book. Jack was one of the fighters, from Brooklyn he was, who flew to Yemen to rescue the Jews who were so backward they were afraid of planes. Until they were persuaded that they were the biblical wings of the eagles to rescue them. Those Jews made one hell of a long desert march to be rescued, as I remember the story. Our best,

Hal

1/14/90

Hal & Lil:

So nice to receive your letter. I gather from some references that it indeed has been ANNUMS since!

Update on Jodi post accident: Yes, she did tumble out of our van while we were driving, falling clearly atop her head. Tried to adjust a door she thought was open. Very, very serious injuries ensued. Hemotomas galore in the head. 30 day coma and each night was supposed to be her last. She lost the sight in one eye...retina detached. But (God willing & smiling) she has otherwise recovered fully. Like all these things, its a severe test of faith and will. And it took years to today.

But, good friend, you too know all about pain, faith and will.

Glad to hear that Lil is still active in her tax business.

Also glad to know that young people are still calling on the credible researchers like yourself. If books remain a part of the far future, there is still hope. When I said no interest on my end, I guess I was really referring to media interest and audience interest here in the Las Vegas area. LV remains a sprawling fun town. It's a fast track always pointed to the future. The city, the state, has so little past. And those that pass through rarely put down roots, unless they're in gaming or hoteliering.

I trust you heard of the (almost) recent passing of Hank Greenspun of the Sun and the very recent passing of OC figure Bennie Binion. Statesman of all stripes turned out for the funerals of both and history was re-written before you're very eyes!

On the radio station and our GOLDEN OLDIES: Yes, it's a 50's/60's/mid 70's based format musically. 25/54 men and women our basic demographic. We are Mutual affiliated out of Arlington. Happy to say that 1989 saw us win the national best spot news award for radio from the Society of Professional Journalists (SPJ-SDX). We had to fly to the national awards banquet in Memphis to accept our award. So you see, we still do what's in the marrow!

Till next time, warmest wishes to you both.

Hal & Jodi