

Sunday 6/22/80

Dear Art,

Thanks for making a stout package. The camera got here in good shape.

Hope it worked OK for you. I've not used it since 1971. Not that I recall, anyway.

We enjoyed your visit, brief as it was. We'd never met Jodi and were glad to - lucky you.

Terpil was a familiar name. I have a file on him that includes the charge in 1979 that probably accounts for the trial reported in your clip. Also a longer WxPost story on him.

Too many of the CIA types turned his way - and caused much trouble or added to it.

I've mislaid your phone numbers. Maybe Ed, who is still asleep, has them.

When you have occasion to write again, please include them.

I've gotten word that DJ/FBI are planning to do a number on me, all or part in court, so I have much more work now getting ready for this unknown unknown project.

The day your camera came I had a close call. Probably coincidences but with word of a planned number it made me wonder. I had to go to DC, so I parked my car at the Greyhound station, locked it and got the bus. When I got back and unlocked it I had the impression that the car was not locked, although I was sure I'd locked it. I turned the motor on and it raced full throttle. I thought the pedal was stuck and tried to pull it up with my shoe. That didn't work so I tried by hand, and when the pedal was loose I turned the key and killed the motor. When I couldn't reattach the pedal to the linkage I got a mechanic. He thought that business was odd and he found that the spring under the hood was off, with one end broken off. Could be from rust but the rest of the spring is perfect. Seems odd that both would have gone bad at the same time, after I parked the car for the day. If it had developed while I was driving could have caused an accident and any accident can be quite serious for me because I take medicine to keep my blood from clotting.

Also strange, I got a mailing from EPA yesterday, alleging that it was reported to them that I handle dangerous materials and there is a law ... They used my middle initial, which I've used as an adult only in applying for government job 30 years ago. They also had an address I've not had for five years, Route 8. I've asked for explanations because it looks like it can be a hassle, Cointelproing.

The early morning is beautiful from my office window this time of the year. The sun comes up through the trees behind the pool and the birds come to feed on the paved surface where I feed them the night before, on the curve away from the kitchen door. At about the same time a little chipmunk dashes out from under my car and in quick short dashes runs darts from one place to another where he apparently gobbles up the feed fast.

Hope you like it in San Diego. I remember it as an attractive place, with the two universities having beautiful campuses. That was my last trip out there. You took me to the airport on election day 1968 and I went to N.O. - trip on which I blew what Garrison and Boxley were up to with Bradley et al. George Abbott and his group had me out there and never got around to paying me - even for my books.

Clearer of all I remember the flight down to SanD from LA. You took me to the airport, I asked about the weather from the reports, they said it was OK and then the trip took four hours - with the stretch unable to land at San D or back at LA because of fog. We were finally landed at Miramar through the mountains and the fog that was to the tops of them! What an experience! We could see the field at the airport OK but they wouldn't let us land because of the limitations on the stretch jobs, which since then I've disliked!

Hope you do get back with the boy. Our best- and goof luck with FCC.

Tuesday, 6-17-80

Dear Hal & Lil:

Back at work today, following a grueling FCC hearing but a wonderful trip thereafter, which began of course with a lovely but all too brief stopover at your lovely spread.

I can't tell you how much Jodi and I appreciated the calm and fun moments we spent together.

After we left you, we went on to Gettysburg...spent the night... then did some minor sightseeing, before setting off for Jodi's Bucks-County-born country, then onto my diggings in the Bronx (of all places).

We ended things off with a bang (literally), getting caught at National in DC during the Sunday rain, hail and lightening storm. It took us 15 hours to get back to San Diego...could have made it to Europe and back with more ease!

Hal, your camera enclosed. I again thank you so much for the use, especially during our stop at Jodi's home in Bristol...I have a color roll in right now and am keeping my fingers crossed that I used it properly...By the by and FYI, turned out there was no black and white in it after all.

I insured the camera for \$200.00, so, check carefully to make sure all is as it should be.

And - while at my mothers, I came accross the attached item and thought I'd pass it along. Frankly, I'd never heard of either of them but who knows what other things they've been involved in?

Again - best to you both and thanks for your hospitality - next time its our treat.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'JH' or similar initials, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.