

Rt.8, Frederick, Md. 21701
5/31/68

Larance
Dear Jim and fellows,

My more recent work in N.O. has taken me into a never-never land that may be the missing link yet seems to be unreal. I wish I could tell you about it, at least in sufficient detail to make it comprehensible, but for a variety of reasons, only one of which is the pledged word, I cannot. If it is right I have the company involvement. If it is partly-right I have more than enough.

The more unreal it seems, my checkouts of what I can in the available time stack it up, solidly. My main witness is life a wreath, yet each effort at confirmation of the essence (there are peripheral lies) yields confirmation. Some day I'll be out there again and I'll give you fellows more of this, if we can get an evening together. Until then, I hope you can take it on my word and do a few things to help with it, in the strictest confidence, for at least one person involved may still be working for the company.

For the moment there are two things on which I'd like your help. Except for you there, please tell no one but Steve Burton, in the event he can help before he leaves (after our conversation I wrote him a long letter for which I didn't have time but which I thought I owed him). Something can be done about one aspect after you get this letter. As soon as I can I'll prepare the second.

Godfrey L. Kirkpatrick, now 32, of New Orleans, went to the Glendale Academy. According to his mother, she had to go out and bring him home when he was taken ill. According to other evidence I have, it seems as though he was there long enough to get to know celebrities well or want out again and made their acquaintances. He is the graduate of a military school (brilliant record), where he sustained permanent brain damage in a football accident. Since 15, schitzo.

The part of his life of which I get traces shows him to be a man of cultural interests, a poet, not bad; excellent at sketching; excessively patriotic. Witty, entertaining, yet an incredible fuckup who never did anything right and had a incapacity for being at the right place at the wrong time and thus the possessor of information that could hurt him. He was often institutionalized, then released. He had been confined for a while. Had Jim not made a date with me for this past Sunday that he did not keep, I'd have seen him that day, with a friend who he is said to trust and who would have encouraged him to talk to me. Jim agrees I should see him. The immediate problems here are time and dough, mostly the second. It is agreed that on my next trip I will try and see him, I think twice, with each of two people who do not know the other, each of whom thinks he can be turned on for me. Incidentally, I get perfect checks through these two. From one I learn names in his life, from the other I get confirmation, and they do not know each other. The names may be important, too....Tracing out what I learn of the camp from these sources I did get information I did not have, and it stacks.

KIND
So, to begin with, I'd appreciate what you can learn of him from the Glendale Academy. I think his address when he went there was 1740 Jackson Ave., New Orleans....~~kind~~ of guy he is? He had a socially-prominent wedding- to a pregnant lesbian! He is homo, may swing. On the second part, I will try and get you a copy of a sketch he had, with many phone numbers and names. Perhaps you can speak to these people and see what they know. If I cannot make a good copy, I'll send you a tabulation. Perhaps both.

This guy is known to have said he was going to kill Garrison, and as an act of patriotism, and for Bobby Kennedy. When he is over the line, he is this way, but is still a non-performer. He tried to kill his unarmed mother but couldn't carry it off even when he tried hard. Rational, he speaks of his love for her. I have her medical bills and her statement. She still loves him.

He may, and I think he does, have vital information about the assassination. The problem will be getting it from him, where he is and as he is.

He seems to be quite a piano player and a hobby is boating. I will send you a picture, if Jim's office does it, two to begin with. I expect to get others. As a boy and as a young man, he had a resemblance to Oswald. They were close to the same age. As they grew older, they looked less alike. It is only in some views that there was this resemblance, for certain features, like the noses, were unlike.

I know you all stay busy, and I would not ask this if I did not regard it as important. The rest I cannot now tell you. Hope you can get on it soon. Whoever he knew and whatever you can learn (especially if he wrote anyone out there) could advance us quite a bit.

He may well have been company. There is at least an inference that drugs, like LSD, were administered in overdoes and that under that influence ~~were~~ other measures, possibly more permanent, were taken. However, his current letters are lucid, with a new emphasis on Jesus previously foreign to him. I have copies.

Thanks for anything you can do. Whatever you get, please send it to me only. On a different aspect of the same case, where there was a specific agreement (not for selfish reasons) that I'd handle all of it, a witness no one was prepared to question was called in and questioned. No one knew a single thing about him to shake him with, and they fortified his self-confidence, helped him destroy, in the office minds, a cooperating witness. He was called in again and I got an astounding lead and fit from him and enough to shake their confidence in him - a little more, too. With all the work that is to be done there, and when it was known that six days later I'd be there, I have the deepest misgivings when something like this happens.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg