May 28, 1968

Mrs. William Jerome
1740 Jackson Ave.,
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mrs. Jerome,

The material you loaned me has been copied and by now, I hope, has been returned to you by registered or certified mail. The picture is at the photo shop and I'll send it when it is copied.

After seeing you yesterday I met with Mr. Garrison. He is gratified you understand it was not disinterest that kept him from responding sooner. I also discussed with him my request of yesterday morning that you send me by registered mail anything of interest you find. He prefers that I handle this end so that all the information will be in one mind, and I am conducting other related investigations, as you know. I will supply him with a copy of everything

Today I spoke to Mr. Ivon, who has been out of town. If he does not soon arrange for the copying of the framed picture of Godfrey, he may ask a friend of mine, a professional photographer who lives near you, to do this for us. The photographer is Matt Herron. Do you think this picture would be appropriate for a cover when I have xeroxed all the poems?

There should be other pictures showing Godfrey's interest in sailing, including one of him with a young woman, taken by another woman. Do you have any knowledge of this? Also, the picture you gave me of him on a boat is, I think, not of him in the role of an actor. It seems to have been taken in New Orleans. Do you know of any other sources of pictures of him?

Have you thought of Jane's last name? Could Barbara's have been Brent? Have you any records that might provide the answer?

In addition to the documents you will send me, I hope you can soon prepare the list of his confinements, by institution and date, of which we spoke. I think this can be important to him, Mr. Garrison also thinks it will be avluable.

When next I am there I hope to be able to accept your invitation to visit him, with you.

Again, out thanks for your fine help. In the end, I am confident, you will, as the result, know much more, largely because of it.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Weisberg