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Dear Harold and Lil,

I have written so little this year that the typewriter is slow. I just saw a miracle! A robin flew in front of me, and I saw it hit by a car in the oncoming lane. It got up and flew away! I am not very religious, but I see miracles all the time. Many involve race car drivers that walk away from terrible looking accidents. One is very funny. A guy named Gene Lee Gibson was driving at Salem, one of the most dangerous tracks in the world, near here. High banks, like Daytona, which it borrowed its high banks, 30% plus. Driving a supermodified, a most fast and dangerous car. He was cut off, went over the high banks and through the guardrail. We all thought he was dead. Track announcer asked for a prayer. Prayer worked in record time, Gene Lee came up over the highbanks on foot, and punched the guy who wrecked him in the mouth!

✓ But I do want to discuss some serious matters. You asked me to send Carol Pepper some material, which I shall do in the near future.

I have not yet printed out Whoring yet.

Is it OK if I also send it to Jerry Ray? *No*

✓ Also, who is your literary executor? It seems unclear to me. Is Hood? As you may recall, Hemingway's literary executor released and edited Islands in the Stream after his death, just a few years ago.

✓ Also, did you sign the codicil adding Clay Ogilvie as an executor? I sent him a copy months ago.

As far as Bob the FBI agent, I agree with him on the Gulf War illness and TWA 800. By the way, the FBI gets around the TWA matter by refusing to issue a final report.

RE Vince Foster, I disagree. I think it is a classic case of clinical depression, he went from Arkansas bigshot to a little fish in the ocean. When the Wall Street Journal started attacking

him personally, as they did in a big editorial, "Who is Vince Foster"? I feel he felt he could not resign and be seen as giving in to pressure, but he should have quit and seen a psychiatrist. However there may have been monkey business in moving his body and taking files from his office.

Egotistical as it may seem, I have toyed with the idea of running for the House or even Senate, with my contacts in the highway, coal and heavy equipment business. But I swear to God, I would rather be beat up by a motorcycle gang than to put up with the crap in Washington.

As far as your Medicare problems, all I can suggest is send me a copy of your bills and we can look at some of them and see if they are "normal".

Very interesting funny noise in the house.

Did you know the world's most sophisticated spy network is right there in Frederick, at Fort Meade? Called ECHELON, it can hear any phone conversation in North America, illegally. Remember how I said the base had the weirdest antennas I had ever seen including Key West? When we drove by it a couple years ago. By their own admission, they can hear baby monitor walkie talkies anywhere in America. The little 5 watt things people get to see if the baby in the next room is crying.

In one case, a Midwest mom was on the phone and discussing the play her son was in. Not a very good actor, she said, "He really bombed last night!" ECHELON heard it and put her son on its terrorist watch list. For the word BOMB.

I KNEW when I saw those antennas that they were used for something. I thought it was to communicate with our nuclear sub network. On the East coast.

Like you once told me, you can see a lot if you keep your eyes open-

Don't know when we'll get up there, Betsy just started a new job. I'll be a better boy and write more often. Say HI to ECHELON.
Love, Bill *Bill*