

Dear Harold:

16 November 1998

I got your photocopied letter to the your disciples with the note that suggests that you did not find the note inside that stated that your manuscript was *not* re-titled. The note that had the following statements in it:

I have prepared a care package: old and retyped manuscript, old (unreadable) diskettes for Hoax, Case Open, and Hosty Pudding. (I have been able to read these diskettes into a different format and will be re-formatting them in the future.)

I have made a strategic decision not to proof the retyped manuscript (has a few images in the wrong places, which can be corrected after you read it. I do this to rush the work back to you rather than take up your time waiting for it to arrive.

I am enclosing two chocolate bars of very fine quality as a treat for you and Lil' (if she enjoys chocolate). Try not to each too much of them at one time. They are a treat for when you are feeling depressed and need to treat yourselves.

I hope you remember to put the photographs aside for the "Badly Reasoned" manuscript (my pet name for the manuscript enclosed) so that we can include a better copy in the manuscript.

Your title page and additional chapter arrived weeks after your initial mailing of the manuscript.

I kept the formatting for the header as "Badly Reasoned" because (1) your title wouldn't fit in the header as written; (2) it would taken time to reformat the header and I wanted to get it off to you a soon as possible; and (3) I'd hoped that you would consider adding it to your title as I list below:

BADLY REASONED
"BLOODY" JFK ASSASSINATION "SCIENCE" IS SCHOLARLY HOKUM

As you may have forgotten, your title page is printed as you wrote it: **"BLOODY" JFK ASSASSINATION "SCIENCE" IS SCHOLARLY HOKUM**. I did not change it one word. You gave me two choices and I took the one at the top of your page. If there was not a choice, your typing or the extra line was very suggestive that it was a choice of one or the other.

Maybe you should take a moment and reflect about our relationship. I am one individual who has visited your personal archives and found you to be an engaging individual despite your periodic outbursts of bad temperament. I am the one that has never taken advantage of your good will. I have typed your manuscripts (at no cost to you), mailed them back (at no cost to you), faithfully edited your returned comments into the texts (at no cost to you), resent the edited manuscripts and made distribution of them to your disciples (at no cost). I have adopted you and Lil' and faithfully transported you to and from where

ever you wished to go when I was in town (hospital, stores, doctor's offices, etc.). I have sent you gifts and treats while running the risk of being accused of having ulterior motives. They don't exist. You don't have anything that I need; I can go to College Park for Assassination Records.

Face it, I am not a two-faced Lifton or Livingstone or any of the many other characters that you believe betrayed you. I am just one of the few people in your life that has come along to befriend you and Lil'. I do this to atone for my own sins that I may have perpetrated upon others in my own life. By doing something for you and Lil' I may make some amends before God when we meet. There may not be any free lunch in this physical world but it is not in the physical world that I will profit.

Take a moment a savor the possibility that there is somebody in this world that is concerned about you and Lil' as two human beings and not as a JFK assassination investigation expert and wife. You and Lil' are just two eighty-five and eighty-six year old people, respectively, that I have decided to reach out across this nation to befriend. I have nothing to gain but your begrudging gratitude for a job well done and a thank-you for caring for the two of you, despite you cantankerousness.

Enough ranting, I will be accompanying my wife to Bethesda, MD the week of 14 December 1998 and hope to visit you and Lil' (both out of the hospital by then). I expect to fly on Tuesday, stay in Bethesda that night at my wife's Hotel. The next two days, Wednesday and Thursday I hope to visit you. I will return to Bethesda Thursday night and return either Sunday or Monday with my wife, Jan, to take you and Lil' out for a crab cake lunch before leaving for Idaho Falls, Monday afternoon.

I hope you found the copy of *Whitewash* I enclosed in your "Care package." When I had last seen you, you asked if I wanted a better copy of *Whitewash*. I had just brought up copies of *Whitewash* to restock your shelf. My initial reluctance to accept your offer was that I thought that you were implying that my action was a ruse to acquire a copy of *Whitewash* from you for free. My motive was pure. By returning that poor copy of *Whitewash* I bought from you last year, It enabled me to accept your book as a trade not as a freebie. Thus, the returned book.

I noticed no reference to the returned diskettes either in your note, nor references to the chocolate bars, nor the ARRB Final Report. Did the box arrive in good shape? As I stated in my note, the diskettes were returned after being read. As soon as I format them for distribution, I will send you a hard copy and the rest of your disciples as electronic copies on CD-ROM.

Enough blathering for now, we'll chat when I see you at home, later. When you see Jerry, tell him I have finished typing up to Chapter five of *Honorable Men*. I hope to have the thing completely re-typed by the time I return to Frederick, MD.

Until then, Best wishes to both of you.

Clay

