

12/12/71

Dear Paul,

Sorry we couldn't spend more time together, but I enjoyed the little we did and do appreciate your many kindnesses. One of the things I'd hoped to discuss with you is the possibility of help with your book if you proceed with it and have no other arrangements.

On the agent whose identity I sought, his probable address is 725 23 St. East, Seattle. He is supposed to have joined in 1964, to be young and black, and then to have been assigned to the Kansas City office. He is said to have quit after the "ing assassination. However, there are indications he retains some kind(s) of official connection(s).

I suppose it is possible that when he quit, if he did, that he was unhappy enough not to join the association. Or, perhaps it doesn't have black members?

All my info is second-hand, from a source whose dependability has not been established but who has provided information on which I had independent confirmation. This is not inconsistent with establishing credentials, to tell me what I already know but have not published, for it is known what I do know, to a large degree.

As I told your wife, HLM was pretty far out. I never had a chance to phone at the right time, so I just walked in. The receptionist remembered my face. + gave her a brief message and when she returned I was promptly ushered in. He wanted to talk about you as a crook, and he did wander a bit. He began by saying that he had trusted you as chief of security, that you had proved unworthy of trust, that you had joined a conspiracy to rob him, with the managers of his food subsidiary, that you hadn't taken nearly as much as the others (he used the word "millions"), and he had, therefore, given you a small settlement, the last two also his words. + never occurred to him that it is incredible that a crook be rewarded with a settlement, even a "small" one.

He asked me if I had a copy of the manuscript of Farewell America, and I said no, I had given him through you or your for him the one copy I had, that + had not taken time to xerox it, wanting to get it to you in a hurry, and that I had explained as soon as I had a copy. He insisted that I right then and there phone you and ask for a copy. + directed me to the phone in the small room off of his, the one with the bed in it, and he got out his little red book, handed me a steno pad, read your address and phone off, and nothing would do but that I immediately and in his presence phone you to ask for it! You were not home and your wife didn't expect you for more than an hour.

I explained that I had not accepted his invitation to see him then because I had had to leave for N.C. unexpectedly and ahead of time (the second part true), and that I had then blundered into what put me in a position to frustrate efforts to get the movie Farewell America out (also true). He didn't react, nor did he when I explained that this would have led to further defamation of him. I couldn't help thinking that even a dog wags his tail, has some way of saying "thanks".

He asked me if I'd care to write for him, and I replied that as soon as I finished up what I was working on I'd write. But I didn't leave empty-handed. He had his substitute secretary lend me with copies of his book and what he described as the most high-powered of his mimeographed stuff.

As soon as I could get to a phone after leaving, I phoned and left word for you that he is still calling you a crook. Yet he was so dispassionate about it, so calm and without anger, that I suspect it is something he does not believe but had dinned into him to the point that, as he begins to get senile, he just thinks he has to believe it.

I have another address that may or may not, I think not, be that of this former agent identified to me as "C", 135 Harvard East, Seattle. Many thanks and best wishes,