

Dear Athan,

8/2/84

After I wrote you 7/29 and placed the letter in an envelope, apparently because I was out of stamps and intended to get some from my wife when I got up from my desk, the letter and the envelope got immersed in one of the many piles that, unfortunately, are always on my desk. I just blundered on it while trying to make some room to arrange some copies I'd made for you in more or less chronological order. I'm sorry not to have responded sooner.

I've been preparing an memo for you to go along with copies and I've been working on it when I had time. Another rainy day on which nobody comes and I'll get it done.

But I'm expecting another writer in a short while and on Saturday a doctoral candidate and if it does not rain tomorrow I must work, as best I can now work, outside, on necessary chores the boys who help me have not gotten around to all of the growing season. Takes me forever, is good for me, but it does reduce the time I can spend at my desk.

Hoover'd

I do not recall whether I sent you copies, some time ago, of the FBI records in which when he'd made a gross error, the hierarchy convinced him he had not. It had to do with my writing that he had said the reason Oswald hadn't shot while the motorcade was approaching on Houston St. is because trees blocked his view. Now it happens that the one and only place without trees was Houston St., and I printed a Secret Service photo to show this. His flunkies told Hoover that because after the motorcade turned off of Houston it was in a park and there were trees in the park, so the Director Was Right.

I've had no response from those to whom I wrote about copies of Hoover's breaking all relations with the Dallas police because they'd told the truth about Hosty, the Oswald agent, who said they had no reason to believe he was violenceprone - after Oswald delivered a letter to the FBI in which he threatened to blow it and the Dallas police up. I'd given copies to Earl Gols, when he was with the Dallas Morning News, and he did a story. A Dallas friend believes he has a copy of the story, so at the least, after vacations, we should have that.

Best wishes,

*H. A. Holt*