

Deone T phoned me tonight.

7/16/77

I have not heard from her for more than a half-year. Oddly enough for reasons I did not go into and without giving any clue I had mentioned to source Mike today that once a decade ago I'd wondered about having encountered one to whom drugs had been administered. I have a tape of her telling me it had been done to her and with precisely the drug Mike found in the new records.

That after all this time I hear from her on the day the papers have the new CIA-drugs story is quite a coincidence. She claims not to have seen a paper and to have no interest in such things. Had thoughts for the sabbath, she actually said.

She said she wanted to stay away from such things and largely she did, with the exception of could she write a book about those in the Phoenix program. I recall no prior mention of that. And of course none of this could be real.

Not a single profane word. Not a single coarse expression of the kind that used to be inevitable. No single raising of the voice. I found myself wondering if she were under some kind of pacifying agent it was so unlike her.

What was like her is that she just talked and talked without once asking anything about me. Or what I've been doing. I just let her ramble in inconsequential personal chatter. Her puppy, her school (Rice and she is getting two engineering degrees), her bookmobile service, her apartment. No reaction when I mentioned the today story. No interest. No leads from her. No others from me except with one reference to the past I asked if she'd heard from any we knew and she said she had not and did not want to.

Her story is that she is living well from two government sources, social security and I gather VA or something similar. She has an 85% physical disability and a 100% mental disability, two such providing her money. School is \$4200 a year. Her apartment under this is supposed to cost her \$2.00 a month only. In this one her living room is an art studio. And oh yes, can she land a plane near here, a Cessna? This is what led to the one N.O. ref when she said you know who taught me. She had years ago said Ferrie had. Licensed to fly with such disabilities?

When she gave me her address and phone she said not to give it to her parents or any who know them. No reason for this but she said it. Then she added they are busy suing each other because they want to put her away, allegedly under the influence of a wealthy brother-in-law.

Only the content was not reasonable. It was spoken with great reasonableness and calm. But the coincidence of this call after so long a silence, not even a card, on the day the CIA's drug work is a big story - and after I'd made a reference to the past on the phone and of a non-identifying nature. If the odds against coincidence are long there was nothing in the conversation indicative or any special inspiration for the call.

Crediting most of what rattled off and out is not easy.