

This is a job for STMs. Plural. Mine, deeply suspicious in general and of this one in particular, sees some of this as stacking. This is from that strange chick then in N.O. now you can see where. I made the copy for you and you may keep it if you'd like. If you have no interest, please return it for I may want a copy to take to a lawyer.

She is one of the most accomplished of liars, but of the many things she told me, all I tried to check out I found stacked. One way or another, she led me to much that is solid and some quite shocking.

She claims to have been CIA. Her reference to the box in Washington has to be to that. I don't know. However, there was such a box in WWII, No. 25, for OSS. She may say there is no censorship, but I felt it best to make no reference to Arlington, which is one of the places the CIA also gets mail.

It may be that you may see some ellipsis in this, so I give you no interpretations. The stuff about the leg is probably true. She has a major problem there, from an accident in which it was thought she had been killed and was being taken away in the coroner's wagon when they found out she was still living. Her left leg, I think is a solid row of stitches, rather clamp-marks, from the instep to the crotch. In 1968 it was back in a cast for a while. The other leg would be terrible were it not for comparison with this, the really awful left one. She had an enormous abdominal skin-graft. Her then boyfriend and she kind of blew my mind when she was telling me about the accident. He told her, "Show him your skin-graft. So he did. She took down her shorts and there it was, the entire abdomen from the navel into the pubic-hair area, which now grows no hair in the grafted area.

Barbara in my letter is Barbara Reid. She had a drug charge against her that was dropped before I met her. I met her through Rick Townley. I checked with a federal narc and he told me he was satisfied she was framed by an agent who planted the stuff to be found. If Dione (they spelled her name wrong so she did) is telling the truth, her account of the bust is consistent with a plant. However, she was on something whenever I saw her except the last time. I guess speed.

If she was not in the scene any more, I can't figure how or why anyone would want to set her up. Except that if she was, this is consistent with other things that have been happening. If she was, writing that box won't help-if it could have.

Remember the Smokey Cantor picture, or sketch? She broke off after I sent it to her. Remember the story about him? The other sketch was of a "Vic". She was living with a Vic she described as a desk sergeant in Braithwaite, La., about 40 miles south of N.O., in Perez' stronghold.

She has a shapp mind but she is not well educated. She is, however, quite expressive and can be breezy as all getout. She knows nothing about books and publishing. The night I turned her one I had a picture of all kinds of people, including everyone Garrison had mentioned. She identified all properly, which made me wonder. Had she memorized? Well, some time later she said she had a good joke about me: that in the early days of trying to get WHITEWASH published I had gone to one of "our" publishers. Which, I asked. She is bad about names-almost all names. Can't remember, she said, except that it begins with a "P". The first place I went when the contract was broken was Praeger, where I had a good intro to the director of special projects. I'd forgotten that Praeger did CIA work. She could not have known this without being told, and I hadn't. I asked her who did. She said Layton Martens. She used to go out with him, by the way. And with Perry Russo. The odds against this accuracy being an accident are great. So, strange as she is. liar that she is, there is much to credit her and I remain baffled.

She used a yellow legal pad and soft pencil. The smudges are from the creases.

All her earlier reference to her parents' politics have them farright. She was up on a forgery rap in N.O. the end of 1968. Ivon tipped me off in September. Tommy Baumler set her up for it, knowing she'd do it, and it wasn't necessary. She had had another accident, it was a real accident, and there was no need to fake employment to collect. The insurance company checked it out. I was with Tommy at Barbara's when he learned she'd been busted and was trying to reach him. I listened to all of it, on an extension, and I asked Tommy who he was trying so hard to get himself disbarred. He read me clearly and offered to pay her what he'd been offered and drop all claims to get the whole thing cleared up. This is one of the things I wanted to tell her father, who wouldn't drive 10-15 minutes to meet me at Moissant.

Alford was handling the case in the office. He offered to fix it for me, despite his later piety and pretenses, if she had helped the office or if she were a friend of mine. I had only asked him what the score was. I made no request for a fix and didn't accept the offer. Milton Brenner was her lawyer.

So, I know she's an accomplished liar, yet I know she can and has told the truth. I think I've told you some of the real farout. I know she was a narc fink and I know she is an accomplished X-ray technician. For some reason that now seems to be barred to her. She's never told me and I never asked. I know she has been on stuff, but I've no reason to believe it was ever horse. Not when I knew her. Some of those days were too long. She have shown withdrawal.

I can't ignore what seems like built-in self-destruct. Like the lawyer and the bail ready and she languishes.

On the other hand, I know from Philip Geraci and his mother that less than 24 hours after Ferrie died, she was the subject of police interest, red O'Sullivan and a Jeff Parish Sgt. Bourne. They held Philip incommunicado for a week and pumped him, including about her, giving him the least likely reason.

Mysteries.

But if you have the time and any ideas, I'd be interested in them.

Best, HW 2/8/73