

Js, Some time back I noted the coincidence of hearing from the strange girl who'd been an informant for me in N.O. while other seemingly not ordinary things were happening. She said she had moved to Houston, was in mortuary science school (yup!) and doing well through hard work, and if I'd be near there, she could put me up. Big apartment, etc., nice old house. And why didn't I write to her? I figured maybe she was lonely in a strange town, but I didn't because she had grown entirely unresponsive. But when I saw the decorations she made by hand for me several years ago hanging on the Xmas tree, I felt a bit guilty and did write her. Well, the letter came back today: unknown at that address. I checked it. No error in typing, right address, according to what she'd told me. However, the address is a good address. She didn't fake that. It didn't say moved, left no forwarding address, either. Maybe some time when I want to get more important things out of my mind I'll write her at her folks home and see what happens.

I wanted to make a note of it and with the other things, if you recall them, I thought you might find it amusing. Not nearly as much as if I'd been able to tape some of the farout stuff she did in N.O., that is, her accounts. Some began at 5 a.m.! (I've had no experience with such things, but I think she was on speed, and I rather suspect that Clarence Giarrusso, then chief NO.P.D narc, supplied it. She told me she finked for him. His office was then in the basement of the Courts Bldg, where JG is on top floor. I went down and lol there was her Honda by his door and there she was, too. I'd figured she was telling the truth on that, so I was ready when she smiled and asked if I was checking up on her. No, I said, I had a picture to show her. And I did, of a man she said she knew well as CIA. Until she said she didn't recognize the picture, I didn't identify him by name. Then I did. She said not him. That July 4 I drove her to the boobyhatch in which he was confined, and she even knew his preference in beverages (malted, and only chocolate). You should hear the part of her and his mother I was able to tape after a guy who had been an FBI informant (I'd been staying with him) left. This girl would say to the mother, Marge, "You used to have the sofa over there", things like that, and it was true, but Marge had never seen her. The details on former roomers! It was mind-blowing. It blew Lil's when she transcribed, too! What she could make out. That guy did have a CIA number in his pocket the last time he felt his brain-damage trouble coming on him when he was out and he turned himself in at Charity Hospital. But he could not have been CIA. I found interviewing him fascinating. There are voids in his recall. I had all his writing and had read, most of his sketches,

12/31/72

Dear Dione,

For a week I've felt a little guilty about not writing you when you phoned and asked me to. I don't really have the time now. But I can't walk past the (living) Xmas tree, see the decorations you made and sent, and not be reminded.

I guess the real reason I didn't when you phoned is because you both lied and sought to deceive in that conversation, and I'd hoped all of that might by now be behind you. Also, I asked you to write me about something, you said you would, and you didn't.

The last time I saw you, a year ago just before Thanksgiving, you also lied to me. As in the past, I didn't tell you you were lying. I let it pass. That was after you made me pretty conspicuous by calling up the motel and leaving no messages when asked, when you said you were taking me to dinner and let me pay the check (as I'd intended anyway).

I never told you, or at least if I did I don't remember, but from close to the first I recognized that you were feeding me an awful load of b.s. I also recognized that some of it was quite reasonable. If I did not tell you, I had Bourne's juvenile investigation of you and Philip and remember it well enough to know that Philip called his gang The March Mauraders. If I did not tell you, I interviewed both his parents before the father was killed and got much that you did not supply and I suspect might have. I think I did tell you that I made a deal to protect Philip, kept it, did protect him, and he also told me much, including some things I did not know and did not suspect. By and large, my judgement was good on what to check of what you said to me. There is nothing I decided to check out that I could that did not stack. Some of it led me to what I had not believed could have happened but without question did.

So you won't have reason to think I'm returning the compliment by giving you b.s., I did not believe your stories about flying with Ferrie and never checked them or your tale about helping him reassemble or repaid an old plane in an abandoned building. But I did believe your Bringuier stories involving Philip and my belief in them does not rest on his confirmation but on receipts between the two of them that I have, dated.

So far as your driving across the lake to the camp is concerned, if my memory does not fail me, I think I have the name of the neighbor who loaned you a pickup truck. You also gave me his name, in an entirely different context. Does it begin with an "H"?


What seemed credible to me I proceeded with on my own and in my own way. When I last saw you, I asked a simple question of you, that you separate the b.s. from the reality, on the rest. When you said what I did not and do not believe, that you were "afraid of Layton 'n 'em", I did not hassle you. There was and is no way your separating fancy from reality with me could hurt you, and you have every reason to know it. From the first I have been aware that you could have been improvising on what you had heard. However, there are some things not in that ~~the~~ category, and it is not by accident that I am not here specific. You pulled some pretty tall ones (was it speed?), but I never said you were lying and I never did anything to suggest I didn't believe you, even about chasing cars. I don't think that as of now you know what I did and did not credit.

Another thing I do not believe is that you did not get the last letter I sent you at Metairie. You said this when you phoned. You do not know why I sent you the sketch. If I do not know why you wanted to avoid this, I did have a reason. You have no way of knowing it.

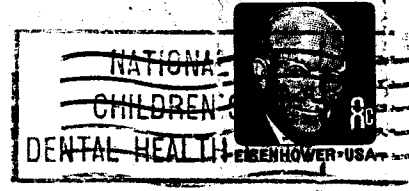
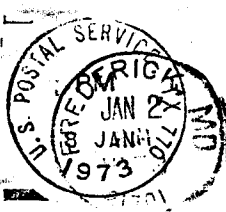
On the other hand, you did a number of foolish things that could have hurt you. In each case where it was possible, I protected you. If you were not aware of it then, in retrospect you should be. Off the top of the head, I can think of at least three. The fact is that what could have happened to you did not. When you were busted on the forgery rap, you do not know to whom I spoke and I knew about it months in advance of the time you were dragged off without breakfast. I did tell you I was with Tommy Baumler when he phoned you about it. I was on the second phone at Barbara's.

What I am saying is that you have no reason not to trust me and every reason to trust me. When you do not, I have to ask myself why. The closest thing you ever said that could explain this is quoting your shrink as saying you can't make meaningful relationships. Maybe he did. I do not think "can't". Maybe won't or fear to, but not that it is impossible. I never pursued this, although I did spend a night drinking with Dr. Head. His liquor, his smoked oysters, his home (in the second floor, rear, uptown side Napoleon, river side St. Charles, 11/68).

Communication is two ways, as I said before. I really do wish you the best.



HAROLD WEIDEN
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FREDERICK, MD. 21701



Return to sender (with arrow pointing to the return address)

Not at this address

**Returned to Carrier
For Correct Endorsement**

Miss D. Turner
Apt. A
2814 Alban St.,
Houston, Texas 77006

- Moved, left no address
- No such number
- Moved, not forwardable
- Addressee unknown

OSM