Dear Ed,

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"A Heritage of Stone" is the title of the foreword Carrison wrote for a collection of legal writing titled "Crime Law and Corrections". It is a truly excellent bit of witing and he writes magnificently. He tainks this is his best. To me it is excessively pessimistic. I have no doubt the feelings he expresses in it are genuine.

I have seen no announcement of this book. I'd appreciate copies of anything you see on it. I had seen but a reference to his book scheduled for appearance this coming fall.

In retrospect, just about the only question in my mind is whether what I discovered by accident was "Boxley's information". Given the relationship between them and the character of each, it is possible Boxley was feeding back what he knew Garrison wanted or even that Garrison told him and he then went out and contrived what he knew Garrison wanted, having, as he does, or thinks he does, doped it all out in advance. I took Salendris along because if I say day Garrison says night, gave Salandris what I wanted himmto have, and he presented it. He got a little far out in so doing, regretably, but a terrible think was avoided. I doubt we'll find any realistic presentation of this in Jim's book.

The representation in Fenn's III, as I recall that sickening thing, is crap save for the receipt of a telegram by Brawner, mover put in Jim's files, thought he may have a copy, going back to before the Baytof Pigs. That does exist. When I confronted Joel Palmer, who immediately blew New Orleans, though he was then just getting established in lavish quarters on which he wife was then engaged in rather extravagent refurbishing, he did produce a xerox of that wire. There remains much mystery of the Perrin-Perrin Rich business, but not slong the Boxley-Jones line. That Perrin phoned the State police is baffling, but he did. He was not delayed getting to the hospital, given this error in his phoning. Boxley switched for the time of arrival at the hospital the time he reached the ward, efter extensive emergency-room treatment. The rest is like that. The original morgue book is unaltered. \* have exemined it. It is done by hand. It is like a ledger book. The witnesses were shown only the pictures they were wented to see, and they deny much of what they are said to have reported. That so-called "communications equipment", according to the landlord, was no more than a pile of empty beer cans and stacks of cigarette butts, and no such person is recorded as having and any such apartment. The disappearance of the building, the second time with Nancy, as I taink Penn feiled to point out, is part of a large area reconstruction. The same is alreadybt true of another area, without sinister significance. The Jones Printing Company is gone, as is its building. "e is dead (Hurricane Camille, no more). The Camp Street Bldg (544) may be down by now, too... When I consider the work that could and should have been done and wasn't, I get even sicker. Fractically the entire job remains to be done, despite that enormous investment of time and money, for virtually nothing was done in N.O. save when I was there, the reason for my being there. And then I could get no meaningful help. So, I worked slone and did learn much. But nit enough.

Hurriedly.

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