

6/16/77

Dear Elaine (whose 6/7 is much more interesting than Bill's note about Dave's later call),

I've been assaulting the accumulation of a mere 5 days since I got home last evening, save when I ~~was~~ dozed off, and there remain some personal letters and perhaps 8-10 official ones on FOIA. Not yet touched. Plus a nice note from Sean Eagan.

Now what I really enjoy, especially when as now I'm pooped, is encouraging word about kids of great potential, which you and Jim and Kay have. So from their gymnastics to their music I thank E. When the ~~Lesar~~ wunderkind sets out a cup for me and recognizes me on TV I'm more pleased that when I get a withheld record.

We can kid ourselves all we want but where it really is is where these great kids will be in the future. Up the wonderful kids!

Of course I'm pleased that there are perceived values in what Dave took back with him. I cannot estimate either the completeness or the value of the nine cases you should have by now. There is more and it is beginning to dribble out. If I have not sent it I have a few Silver Shirt pages from DJ Criminal Division. Jim and I both have copies. I think I nudged the FBI on this. And when I was seeking something else after Dave left I found the grand jury transcript in this case. Not complete but the part the Assistant United States Attorney trusted me with for my protection in the future. For it that devout Irish athletic could have been disbarred. After all these years, with the clear recollections I have of how rough a period that was (eased a bit by Bill as Mata Hari), this remains a source of some gratification to me. Naturally I did not betray his trust. After a later career as war-crimes prosecutor in Tokyo he went to his reward. Meanwhile it might not be a bad idea if Dave were to learn whether the university can accept an unpublished grand-jury transcript or whether I'd better have faith in Jenifer and entrust it to her father. I don't need it. It is an original carbon.

There were many more of those booklets of Pelley's than the FBI returned. And other records. With what we've received from the Criminal Division I've caught the FBI in a rather large lie. They claim they gave all to the Criminals and I have the Criminals' memo on the return. If I do not know what it does or can mean in this property-oriented society all that was not returned was my personal, private property. Dave will remember my encouraging him to write to Jack Spivack, to whom I have copies he used in an article in a minor publication, perhaps New Masses. Which I'm sure the library of Congress has.

How big the "emoray Hole. But I'm reaching into it.

Today Jim told me of having been phoned by the hardest-hatted of the hard-headed FBI FOIA agents on one of my old FOIA requests. By this I do mean to include that my most recent request, of perhaps 25+, is much older than their claimed backlog. There is none of this I want for personal or literary purposes. You'll get it all.

Glad for Dave but sorry for me that our Chinese restaurant was shifting its location when we went to the calorie-laden local Italian restaurant. I, with my weight problem, also enjoyed it. Sigh.

My trip to Dallas was tiring, more because of the zany Kay caper, which meant that for the press there was no clock. It was also quite satisfying, as I think enclosures will show. So was the trip to Good Morning America (which I've addressed as A.M. America) on ABC-TV. If it did any good this is really to JL's credit because I'd turned it down until the local Dallas ABC people leaned on me, which led me to seek and follow JL's advice.

Dave may understand what it can mean that I returned with prints of two unknown Tom Dillard prints of Tom Dillard's unknown negatives of the damage to the curbstone. He no longer has the negative of the one Shaneyfelt used. His explanation is that probably the "federals" did not return it. Dave may also wonder that Hugh Aynesworth wrote not unfavorably (if not entirely accurately) about me. He did, really, try to help

Best to you all!