

Dear Js,

10/1/72

Sometimes I can't do things the way I'd like. One of these came to mind a few minutes ago. I don't remember if I ever told you the rest of the story that led to asking you about Smokey Cantor and sending you two sketches, one represented as him, the other as one "Vic".

The right name of my source is Jim Gochenaur. At least this seems to be. He says it is his name and I've written him under that name when he was at 135 Harvard Ave. E, #405, another address I'd have to look up, and now at Waukesha, Wisc, 416 Jackson Ave., employed by Pingle Associates, 391 Main St.

He claimed friendship with a black former FBI agent and to have gotten to see and speak to Elmer Moore in the SS Seattle Office. What he attributed to this former black agent is pretty consistent with what I know and adds little to it except on the King case. Moore was also little but confirmation.

Jim, however, could not have made up what he told me. Who and where Moore is, what he could have said that I could confirm. And that Hosty is in the Kansas City office, where this black agent identified to me only as C had been assigned. There was later, when I had to play my hand -and I'm not checking the files - the feedback of the right other initial.

What he attributed to Hosty is what I knew but couldn't and can't prove, with but a single detail dubious.

There came a time when he did two stupid things: talk to Sprague (he later said that C directed him to); and tell me he was scared for his life. Oh, yes, he also sent me a picture of a man he said is an ONI man. And had been in Dealey Plaza. That is too much to check and a bit much to begin.

I'd asked Jim Schmitt, if you remember him, to do the basic phone book and city directory work for me. He's returned to Seattle. Jim hasn't yet. So, I had to do it a different way, check for former FBI agents in Seattle. C is not a member of the Society of the former. So, through a friend who is, I got the rundown. There is but one man who fits the description. He is black, named Carver, and is security officer for the university there. So far, all stacks. Time passes and I write Jim a brief note asking him about the man by name and his job, in a sort of cute way. I've forgotten exactly. He came back with the other initial.

He says, intermittently, after long lapses, that he will write everything for me but he hasn't. Maybe sometime he will.

Now there was another remarkable coincidence. Just as Jim knew much that was not known and had it right, so there was this strange chick in New Orleans, then 21, former friend of the young man who was in Bringuier's when Oswald was, etc. She fed me much garbage on which I didn't bite and pure manna when I climbed the mount. It was there. I meant ambrosia. She knew all sorts of farout things, including about me, that part she attributed to Layton Martens. Who knows? In any event, I learned much from her and by checking what seemed reasonable, which did lead to much and significant. She claimed to have been CIA, that I seduced her from it (what a plot!) and even came up with pay records proving it (I think she forged them). Then I wasn't going back to N.O. After quite a lapse of time she started writing me. I don't know if it was loneliness or other needs or tricks. She has artistic talents, made us some attractive Xmas-tree ornaments. Tells me all about her visits to her shrink, how she is kicking the hard stuff, etc. Suddenly, out of the blue, she is no longer in N.O. No advance warning.

By the way, she was, without doubt, a narc fink, local. She told me and I found her there. Once she came to my motel when she knew I was leaving to help me pack. She left on her Honda, and when I got to that bldg, there it was outside the chief narc's office. She came out and we chatted.

So, this big switch. She went to Braithwaite, La. (38 Bazile), where he was, she said, housekeeper and baby-sitter for his the daughter of a police sergeant named-Vic. Big heart throb developed and suddenly another phttt. Back in Metairie.

Her letters were rarely responsive to anything. So I sent her this Vic sketch and asked if the face were familiar (no name). No response. I reminded. No response. So, I decided to kick it. Respond or don't write. She hasn't written since, which saves much time. But isn't it a kind of coincidence that of all the names she said she was with a guy named Vic and instead of just saying she'd never seen anyone who looked like the sketch she didn't answer? Thought you might enjoy a little mystery. Best,