

10/2/72 The note I did last night reminded me later of another incident involving that girl. Some day I may do a novel based on her. This is a note of a humour incident and bears on the rather unusual knowledge she had for a kid...She had called me about 4 a.m. one morning, right after the King assassination. "Get decent. I'm coming right over." She'd left me about 2 a.m. I showed, shaved and dressed in the half-hour it took. It was still dark when I hear her Honda wheeling into the courtyard of the Fontainebleau. My room was courtyard level (later took a picture of her on it right where she parked it). Matter of fact, it was Good Friday. She brought me several things, including a color picture represented as and at least resembling the TSED. When she coffee shop opened we breakfasted, then more interviewing, then the phone rang. It was "ou Ivon. He knew or guessed she was with me. He was in the coffee shop with Jim Alcock. We sat, coffeed and chatted about all sorts of thing. CIA was heavy on her mind. She could not or pretended she could not recall the name of the local station chief. After a while she excuse herself to go to "the little girl's room"(she is 5'7"). She walked toward it until she was in the corridor then came back with a broad smile. "That reminded me. His name is Leake". It was, too...In a short while Ivon and Alcock wanted to know is she'd be willing to take us to the location of a Cuban camp she had visited. That, if it happened, was five years earlier. I'd been questioning her on it and had the impression that it might have been true, but not as she'd told me, and that she was not certain where it was, only in general, and needed more prodding of the memory. But they persisted and she said only that she wasn't sure she could. We left to get into Alcock's car, a Lincoln. One looks like all the rest to me. "Well!" she exclaimed, "what are you doing with ___'s car." Blew their minds. It had been the car of the pusher she correctly named. While they were still gasping she asked, "Can you still smell the stuff every time it rains?" Also true. There had been an effort to locate the spot that smelled of heroin every time it got wet. The police never found it...We drove across the lake but instead of letting her say "try this" or "look there", they were impatient and drove in and out shell-surfaced roads as they desired, which accomplished only the waste of the day...Once when I was away and contrary to agreement they hauled in one Raul Navas, friend of hers and Philip Geraci. Didn't know what to ask him, so all they got wasa defwmatio of her. I was furious, told Sciambra and Garrison both off, and got Ivon to call Navas in again, for my questioning (taped). As I worked along Ivon got the pitch and scammed. I had Raul, clearly gay, to describing the seduction of Philip by a man clearly Mario Bermudez, Shaw's pal and partner in deals. At this point Boxley entered and at the point where I was clearly going to get the name made wild signals to me not to go further...Later I interviewed Philip's parents and got confirmation on this and other things proving Bringuier perjury. When the father died, Philip returned and

again Garrison violated his agreement to leave that trio entirely to me, called Philip in under a DA's subpoena, which is unenforceable, and Philip just ignored him. I got into it, saw the family lawyer, laid out Philip's real situation, made a deal with Alcock so I could assure that if he spoke honestly to me they'd leave him alone, then insisted that the lawyer be present at the interview to look out for kid's interest. Happened at her home. There Philip was accompanied by fearful overprotective mom, dominator. He blurted out a story of having been kidnapped by a Jeff parish deputy who'd handled him as a juvenile offender and a man clear Fred O'Sullivan, vice squad, N.O., the man who recruited LHO into CAP and perjured himself before WC on Ferrie. Philip was held for a week when Garrison was hot on Ferrie, before Ferrie died, out of Garrison's jurisdiction-in his own uncle's home. Mother confirmed entire thing. All on cassette that tore and I've never repaired or had time to transcribe. He also told me of relationship with Bringuier, etc., enough to convict Bringuier of perjury. Details of homo. escapade when runaway-when Bringuier sent him (I had part from Jeff parish records). Other intriguing interests in O'Sullivan, to whom Ivon was attached and always blocked interview. Including then. I wanted O'S called in and questioned about this. They refused. So, I also had to look into him a bit, little bit because of time limits, etc. It turns out that he was taken into the vice squad by one of the sickest redbaiters, a close friend of Banister, Hubert Badeau, not Jeff DA's chief investigator. Badeau wrote a vile book on red sex. I have a copy. It is the most filthy thing I've ever seen. He even finked and framed his own brother. O'S had been a captain under Ferrie but claimed no knowledge and no vice-squad interest because Ferrie's offense was in Jeff Parish. Not from Garrison I now have the N.O. sex squad investigative reports and witness statements. So, riding into the setting sun, the towering figure of Jim Garrison blew another one. I can't think of a single one he didn't blow. Not intended as my pun/joke. HW