

Dear Js,

10/31/72

Having just finished making notes on changes in the Ray habeas corpus petition proper and found error on the first page of the revised factual memorandum to be attached to it - with 46 more usch pages - and knowing that in the mail there is a legal memorandum, I've suddenly too weary to work any more tonight. I could have written a book with less trouble than this long-delayed business is getting down and the end is not yet here.

So, before retreating to Peter Dale Scott, what "il and I think is very funny from a letter from her second sister. Lil is the oldest of three. Hazel has become a genealogy buff. Her family, of course. Considering that they are older than the country on both sides of the family, that is no simple interest. In saying what "il hates even to think about (going back to the heyday of the DAR, no doubt), there is the possibility of Indians, too. On her father's side, of which I know little, the paternal first ancestor in this country same with Cornwallis. I never knew her father, who died when she was a child. On her mother's, first governor of Maryland, Declaration and Constitution signers, trivialities like that. Once when I first knew her "il mentioned some of this stuff and then clammed. Except for one wing, Civil-War era.

So, today Lil got a letter from Hazel about a number of things that were of no interest to "il and a lecture on not being interested enough in "history". Meaning Family. Involuntarily ~~xxx~~ Lil learned more from the parents who raised her than Hazel has from her pursuit. And then a string of things of which "il should be proud and aware, etc., all but one well know to Lil.

That one: THEY used to own the White House. Yup, and Lafayette Square, too.

LOOK what they did with it!

Wilhous soiling the family tree!

That old Davidson (I t ink) should be hanging by the toes at the north east guard gate!

It brightened Lil's day. She been laughing about it intermittently since.

There is a story I like better. It comes from the most reactionary of her family-association family, a real right-of-Goldwater nut. He used to visit us when he was compiling The Family History. Lil's maternal grandmother's side. They are Tablers. Originally Doeblers. From Germany. It was in the early 1600s that Johann either got here and came down to these parts from Pennsylvania, according to John.

He prospered and procreated abundantly.

I guess it was a grandson who had a large estate and many slaves. Not far from here.

The old boy found his favorite son laying one of his slaves. That wouldn't do. He sold the slave. The boy searched her out, bought her back, and married her. How the hell he did it I can't imagine in those days, but he really did. John Henry, who hasn't gotten over it and never will, says it is so.

Father Tabler disowned him and sent him forth, penniless. Except for whatever the kid had stashed. So he and his black wife made their way to West Virginia and apparently started a whole damned county.

Probably the most concentrated and most numerous branch of the "escendants of Johann.

Only, not in John Henry's OFFICIAL Family History.

Couldn't have that in, could we? John Henry asked.

Why not, Lil asked right back. True, isn't it.

Well, yes, but nobody would like it and nobody would get or even pay attention to the family history, and it is so important for all of the family to know all about its ancestors.

All? (Lil)

Well, almost all (John Henry)

We're had very few visits from him since.

Damn that L'Enfant!

Mine never spoke of ancestors or relatives. I can remember a little, like wonder when a cousin in Russia said she didn't need help any more, later cursing the government not for her lack of need but because her children got opportunities, education and split the village. Eons ago, both sides were in Germany and unless someone stopped in Hungary going southeast, the one thing of which I'm relatively certain is there is no gypsy blood. Cossack, maybe. They had and took "rights". Hope you think it is funny, almost owning the White House. *W*

10/31/72 Last night I used the Craig to tape for fun, for the first time, and we both enjoyed a replay before retiring. In fact, I enjoyed the program so much I forgot to watch for the half-hour point. It was highlighted in the paper as a show on New Orleans jazz. It was more one on one musician, shown throughout.

Old-fashioned jazz has been one of my hangups since youth. I suppose intellectuals today would call this a bit decadent. Also, real folk music, not today's whining and incomprehensible groaning which for the most part, as I've heard it, has been monotonous. With some exceptions.

Someplace I have original pressings of what should be collectors items today, even Jellyroll Morton, Pinetop Smith, names I haven't heard for years.

So, I laid work on the "ay papers aside to look and listen. Lil listened while she worked, but the sound had to travel too far for real enjoyment. That's why we listened to it again later, this time with me working, where the sound didn't have to travel as far, Lil sitting in front of the Craig reading.

She chided me gently for the intensity of my work in New Orleans, for I never indulged this "cultural" taste there. In fact, only three times did I hear such music there. More, and I look back on this with particular regret, I declined Dean Andrews' invitation to join him in a jam session the night of the first Saturday in November 1967. He said a cat was coming down from Cincinnati to blow a hot horn with him.

There is a copy of Preservation Hall, or was, on Bourbon Street. It was called Dixieland Hall. I went there to talk to Kerry "hornley's mentor, a boozier, former reporter, farrightt ego-ridden nut of the kind who'd attract "hornley. I picked up good leads that Garrison never followed. One, which he denied to me, is that Dean Andrews had brogught Lee Harvey Oswald to the Hall. The manager told me that, true or false. If true, it is a different Andrews-Oswald relationship than testified to.

The second place, not known for its jazz, sounded best to me, a bar, the Club Toulouse, in a hotel at Toulouse and I think Bourbon. That was an unusual thing. The owner had a N.O. jazz combo on Sundays, set off by black religious singers. I don't know if you know how close the two kinds of music are, the root of the jazz in the indigenous religious. But even today some of the religious singers would not have an association with liquor, so the entire group did not appear at the bar, despite the compensation to the church. The owner had heard this group singing on the street and propositioned them. I went there to keep an appointment with a source and was pleasantly surprised at the music. Except that the drinks were \$1.50 each.

The last was the time of my very last work in N.O. before the Shaw trial. Sciambra, who was both lazy and without self-confidence in such matters, asked me to interview Jaffe, manager of Preservation Hall, about some time Sciambra had gotten. It could have been important. I was leaving town the next day, already ticketed. It was a cool night for N.O., a busy one at Preservation Hall, and I waited and waited for the manager, who never came because he had the flue. Short conversation with his wife and others, who included more good leads never followed. And I took in some of the music. Of course, I couldn't help hearing it outside the small hall. The players were all old.

E. Lorenz Borenstein, Larry, Trotsky's nephew and a wealthy Quarter entrepreneur, owns Preservation Hall, among many properties. Barbara Reed, a sort of non-malevolent right-wing Madam LaFarge of the Quarter, appears to have some basis for her claim that Larry stole Preservation Hall from her. In her strange bathroom in the strange, ground-floor apartment on St. ~~Phi~~ Philip near Decature, probably a home once rebuilt into a store and then re-converted, she had the Governor's official blessing made out to her for starting this museum to the past, the original concept.

Larry also owns the Vaucresson Creole Cafe, around the corner from this Hall. He is always busy. He was immediately injected into the assassination investigation but a right-wing CIAer treated extensively in COUP but out of FRAME-UP, William George Gaudet, for an innocent reason, but as part of the spontaneous and non spontaneous right-wing effort to make the whole thing look like a red plot. Larry had sold Jack Ruby a painting years earlier. Had it not been for Tom Bethell I'd have been onto this earlier and onto it deeper. He had been asked to do this by Garrison, gotten nowhere, and Jim had asked me to look into the nutty part only, the false lead by Gaudet, some link between Ruby and Larry. Tom, a friend of Larry, was so indignant I figured I'd better leave it alone, with all the other things to do. After some information on Gaudet and his activities was accumulated, I didn't have time.

It is not impossible that Larry knows what he has not disclosed. He surely knows everybody. When I was last there, also a bad time for talking to him, I was interested in what even Mary thinks he may know first-hand, getting hot money, bonds, etc., into Mexico. He keeps his family there. They were coming the next day. This time I had a former right-wing kid with me. He was driving me around, had been helpful as a source on the right. Larry and I were just getting down to talking when Bethell came in, looking as dirty as ever, untidy, and what he had not, haggard, hollow-eyed. I didn't leave town on that trip, 11/71, for some days, but never found Larry again, not with his family back in town for a holiday, Thanksgiving. He just wasn't seen at any of his businesses and I wasted time trying to find him. Mary is an old friend of Larry's, from her youth. I went to Dallas from N.O., spent Thanksgiving with Mary and Buck Ferrell, and both believed Larry had the knowledge I sought. Buck was in a position to know, too. He was friends with some of the Marcello people from his youth in the Quarter and had been importuned to go to work for them in legitimate businesses because they felt they could trust him, that he'd not skim. They were right. Buck would not have, and he is a good businessman, despite lack of education.

The hearing of the music I used to like so reminded me of these things of which I wanted to make skinny notes for possible future use. Don't know if it interests you. The wheels within wheels in New Orleans have never turned as they should have because there was never anyone to turn them. I never really had the time. Every time I moved then, they took me some place I should have gone. Almost never nowhere. Almost nobody would not talk. Even enemies. N.O. is that kind of place. Those you'd expect to be unhelpful were helpful. Aside from time, biggest problem was Garrison and his and his people's incompetence and initially the time it took to be polite to him.

It helped to have no interest in Shaw!