

Knoxville, Oct. 14. 1.00 pm.

Dear Prof:

I have not hurried to write you about my trip to Chattanooga after I learned you were going to Houston, ~~but~~ Today I am humbly expecting another wire from Kenyon, but will close this out in time to catch the 2.30 plane west.

I arrived in Chattanooga at 11.30 am Friday and left there at 9.00 am Sat. I didn't get the meteorite but I did find out a thing or two. I was with Jones within an hour after I arrived and he soon contacted Parks. Jones did not mention my name at all, and Parks told him readily enough that he had been to Harriman with Kenyon when he got the meteorite but he didn't say anything about it, except that Kenyon was supposed to have it and that it was for sale.

Kenyon is a broker's salesman and was supposed to have an office right in midtown, but we couldn't find him there and he didn't come in all afternoon. They said he lived way up on Signal Mountain without a telephone but he wasn't there nor did his mother know where he was. I decided last thing Friday, just before bus time, that I would make a good job of it while there and try to see ~~hi~~ Kenyon next morning, but at 9.00 am, which was the last bus I could catch to get back here for work Sat. afternoon, he still hadn't showed up. I left a note with his office giving my name and address and asking him to get in touch with me.

It was nearly midnight Saturday night that I got a wire from Kenyon saying that if I wanted to buy a meteorite to call him at such and such a county number. The wire had been filed early in the evening and I was pretty sure that the number he gave was some neighbor's phone where he probably parked waiting for me to call, and I decided against trying to reach him that late. I filed a night letter to him last night, however, asking him if he could bring the meteorite up here for me to see and possibly test. They said at his office that he was sometimes rather ^{late} getting to work in the mornings, but that that was the surest place to send wires and letters. I didn't much expect ~~another~~ an answer before noon, but it ought to be here by now.

Parks told Jones of another meteorite he ~~know~~ of there near Chattanooga, but we fooled away so much time trying to contact Kenyon that we didn't have time to trace it down. I have the name of the man and his address for future reference. Parks described this one as being quite soft, like magnesium inside. May be a stony meteorite, alright.

For your files note the following:

E.L. Kenyon, care Sims Perry Long, 111 West 9th St., Chatt.
Mr. K. Ramsey, Harrison, Tenn., the reputed owner of the stone.

I think there is little doubt but that Kenyon has the meteorite and is itching to sell it, from what I heard of him down there. Jones suggested that if there was any further trouble in the deal that you contact him yourself direct and let him get after Kenyon. I think that would be a good idea, not that I am trying to pass the job along, but Jones knows the town and Kenyon and could probably make the deal better than I. Wait until you hear from me again, however, before writing or wiring Jones. I still think Kenyon will wire me today or to-night. I'll probably write you again tomorrow, and will give you any other details I think of.

Sincerely,

Bunch.