

Friday morning  
9 July 1965

Dear Mrs. Field,

You will understand, I know, if I tell you that I am sitting here in a state of shock, even after the passage of twelve hours. Your two packages were waiting when I arrived at home last night. As luck would have it, I had a commitment that I could not possibly break—to see my niece off on her first flight to Europe—but I did have a few hours before plane time. I opened the large flat package and the first thing I saw—I forget now which of the photos it was—were three men, two with weapons, one with a hat, and a possible fourth man. This was before I had read any captions or used the magnifying glass. I very nearly fainted—not with surprise, for nothing could have surprised me less than the fact of those assassins hiding there on the grassy knoll behind the concrete—with a sense of incredulity there here at last was physical evidence to confirm what one was convinced had really happened, and with a sense of rage and anguish for everything that has happened since that photograph was made.

I called Joe Lobenthal at once, since it was through him that I had been put in touch with you; upon hearing that the photographs had arrived, he dropped everything and came over at once. He too saw the three men, as clearly as I did. He was good enough to drive me to the airport, where something like three hours passed in what verged on total unreality—I could not force my mind away from those photographs, even for more than a brief intense hope that the plane would travel safely, bearing my precious niece, who has recently lost her father and then her mother.

There was no time for food or thought of food; I returned near midnight with a splitting head, still weak in the knees, and phoned you, as I know your housekeeper has already told you. I shall try again tonight; but meanwhile, I just had to put this on paper, to try to tell you (and I really can't find words) how grateful I am that you sent me the photographs. I don't know how to thank you—perhaps I will do better when I calm down. I will try to reach you on the telephone tonight or tomorrow.

With heartfelt gratitude,