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## BETWEEN the LINES

By Sherman Shore

### Something Not to Try Again

ANYBODY foolhardy enough to strike out alone across the Atlantic in a skiff hardly big enough for a bit of catfishing on the Yadkin probably deserves some recognition for succeeding.

The fellow who did it is Robert Manry, a copy editor on the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who made it from Falmouth, Mass., to Falmouth, England, in 78 days.

There were folks who called him a danged fool, but they probably were thinking of the wife and two kids he left behind to go off on a crazy jaunt like that.



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He concedes that, despite a few misadventures, luck was with him. He might try it a dozen times again and end up as nothing more than a waterlogged hunk of fishbait.

As it was, he was once knocked overboard by big waves, had to repair a broken rudder in mid-ocean, was awakened by a submarine, met up with three Russian fishing trawlers, was served a feast by a passing Belgian ship and went through a series of weird hallucinations during the two and one-half months at sea.

But he had begun the voyage confidently and he ended it triumphantly, amid the glare of television cameras, the cheers of well-wishers and the arrival of his wife (by plane) to join him on the final leg.

The next step was a natural for a newspaperman—a book about the adventure. It's being published Wednesday by Harper and Row under the title, *Tinkerbelle*, which just happened to be the name of Manry's boat.

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SAM LEVENSON, who stopped teaching high school Spanish to become one of the country's greatest wits via radio and television, is also joining the ranks of authors.

He has a volume of pithy, pungent observations on the American scene, called *Everything but Money*, coming off the Simon and Schuster presses in September.

"I was raised," Levenson says by way of personal introduction, "in a section of New York that was called a slum by sightseeing guides and a depressed area by sociologists. Both were right . . . I never felt depressed or deprived. My environment was miserable; I was not.

"Ours was a life of plenty — plenty of relatives, neighbors, boarders, janitors, cats, dogs, cockroaches, hugs, slaps, books, music, weddings, illnesses, politicians, superstition and junk.

"I went on my merry way being merry simply

because I did not know any better. I had no idea, for instance, that I was entitled to a bed of my own. It was obvious even to an ordinary kid like me that the more kids you slept with the more fun you had. I figured that was what they meant by bedlam."

Comparing old and new family relationships, Levenson has a field day:

"When I was growing up, mama visited the school only when sent for. Now a mother's attendance at the school is better than the kid's.

"The mother drives the child to the corner and keeps his body warm in the car until the bus picks him up. If a child smelled fresh air, he'd get the bends. For this child, gasoline fumes will some day bring back fond memories of school days.

"Today's child also knows where his mother is. All he has to do is read the note on the family bulletin board: "Darling — If I'm not at the PTA or the Save the Children luncheon or the Homemakers meeting, I'll be at the hairdressers. Start defrosting at four. If I'm not home by five, start joyful family living together without me. Your loving mother, Mary Harrington, B.A., M.A. cum laude."

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AS A STUDENT at Cornell University, Edward Jay Epstein began a thesis on the Warren Commission and its probe of President Kennedy's assassination.

He set out, as he puts it, to answer the question: "How did the Commission go about searching for such an elusive and many-faced quarry as the truth?"

He interviewed five members of the commission and 10 members of its staff and went over all available documentary evidence. When he got through, he had what he feels is more doubt than truth. He also had, not a thesis, but a book, *The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth*, which the Viking Press is releasing June 29.

Epstein said he found for one thing that two FBI reports on the assassination had no part in the commission's report or in the 26 volumes of evidence and testimony published by the Commission.

In these two FBI documents, Epstein says, the description of the President's wounds is in direct contradiction to the official version of the autopsy results in the Warren report.

Epstein also believes, on the basis of his study, that more than three shots were fired — and that one person, using the bolt-action rifle of the type reportedly used by Lee Harvey Oswald, could not have fired four or more shots within the few seconds in which the shooting actually took place.

He also cites the fact that the coat worn by President Kennedy has a bullet hole through the back at a point which would have been between the shoulder blades. The Warren report describes the fatal shot as having entered the back of the neck, emerging at the front through the left collar tab.

All in all, Epstein makes out a credible if not altogether convincing story, with discrepancy heaped upon contradiction all along the way. It may not be completely convincing for the simple fact is that amid all the reports, rumors and conjectures, the actual truth may never be known.