

22 November 1970

Dear Mary,

It is seven years today and though my radio or TV have been on since 9 a.m. no one has yet mentioned that this is the anniversary of the assassination. Nor is there a word on the subject in the NY Times, although the Sunday edition weighs about three pounds. There was a short piece in the NYT on Friday, titled "The Real L--H--O--" and written by Priscilla Johnson McMillan, which moved me to write the enclosed letter to the editor (which assuredly will not be published).

Harold Weisberg has made me a conveyer belt for the transmittal of his copy correspondence—a dubious habit in which I have also indulged, by sheer contagion. Maybe we should all send copies of letters to HW for him to forward to someone else, as a regular practice? He, better than anyone else, should know if sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander. But it would not be worth the eruption—I withdraw the suggestion.

You will be overjoyed to know that Jolly Roger Craig married safely in New York and proceeded to make a very favorable impression on Trent Gough and Paris Flammonde, both of whom telephoned me to praise Roger's modesty, dignity, and other sterling qualities. I received this electrifying information with utmost scepticism. Meanwhile, Big Jim the DA of Orleans Parish also arrived, to promote sales of his book via the usual radio and TV circuit. He had 45 minutes on Friday night on Barry Gray's radio talk-show. I got back from a night meeting at the UN in pouring rain just in time to hear him. Now, don't faint, Mary, but he really acquitted himself rather well—by staying off the subject of the WR and the Shaw trial almost completely, and devoting himself to the history of American policy in Indochina, JFK's relations with the CIA and the Pentagon, and similar broad questions. Thus, he had little opportunity to misstate the evidence or to send my blood pressure up. He is next scheduled for the all-night Long John talk-show at midnight on Tuesday the 24th. I will try to stay awake for it, but we are working at such a really brutal pace now—several night meetings a week, on top of quite long days of debates and desk work and then Saturday mornings to top things off—that I may not succeed.

Harold's dissertation on s--t is rather precious. Will you make a xerox of it for me? I have an ulterior motive for this request—that is, to coax a letter out of you, hopefully containing good news about Jimmy Lee's health and a report on your own activities, news and views. Allegra joins me in sending love and kisses to you and all the Ferrells, also to Arch and the Kimbroughs.

As ever,