

13 March 1966

Dear Maggie,

The publisher tells me that my index left the bindery two days ago and will be available no later than March 21st, a week from tomorrow. I am looking forward to the pleasure of sending you a copy, after my Indian gift of the typewritten draft. With the hindsight of familiarity with the H & E acquired after sending the manuscript to the publisher, I am conscious of many improvements that I could make if I were starting out now to compile the index—that is milk spilled, however, and I won't brood about it.

Just don't buy a copy, please, Maggie.

I'm feeling in a slump, quite listless. Perhaps it is accumulated fatigue...or time of month...but I don't feel real elation about the index coming out...and I do feel some dismay at the thought of all the imperfections that I know about but others may never even discover.

Jones Harris, to my utter astonishment, turned up the other day at my office, on five minutes notice, and took me to lunch. I didn't know what to expect, as I had never formed any picture of his physical appearance from the disembodied telephone voice—somehow I didn't expect the rather beatnik, slightly unkempt, fairly youthful Harris-in-person. It was an uneventful encounter, stimulating neither any empathy nor rage.

I am very disappointed about the postponement of RAMPARTS from April to June. But Lillian writes that there is no loss of enthusiasm and no change of heart, which is reassuring. Everything seems terribly "quiet"—not a word from Penn Jones, Shirley Martin, etc. Your own letters are greatly missed, but if you are feeling anything like my lethargy, I can't possibly blame you for not writing. Much love,

But Joe Sherman was not asked to give the Commission his account of the conversation which had led him to publish the flat statements which he attributed to Sgt Cox; nor was Captain Kriss questioned to determine whether Cox's allegations were correct. Obviously Cox's disclaimer by itself had no value whatever.