

3 April 1967

Maggie, dear...

Many thanks for yours of the 30th and reassurance about the listing "Oswald, notebooks," which is a load off my mind. I am so glad you have some secretarial help; I've worried about the merciless way you have been driving yourself. I should not have added to your burdens by asking you to arrange the flowers for Bill; that was thoughtless of me. But I am most grateful that you did manage—thank you again.

Bill phoned yesterday; it was a joy to hear him, sounding quite like his usual self, and to learn that the prospects appear excellent, in terms of the success of the surgery, and that his morale is so high. We had a longish talk.

Ray called also, on Friday night, I think. He will be here the weekend of the 15th and if I can manage it I will go on the march too. Vince is coming to New York at the same time, undoubtedly for the same purpose. Now if only you could get here too...it would be a lovely reunion of (most of) the class of October '65.

My cold is not quite gone and I find myself on the depressed side, probably because I am temporarily "at liberty" on all fronts. I finished my gigantic report for the office, and Bobbs-Merrill has no demands to make for the moment, and my review of the Manchester book is also out of the way. Forcing my way through his dense noxious gasses of prose was an ordeal, and while I generally do better writing negative reviews than positive ones, this one was a tedious chore in which I took no pleasure. I was not really satisfied with the end product—I guess my vocabulary of scorn is just not equal to the likes of Manchester—but Arnoni intends to use it, as is, in the May or June issue.

In the mail tonight, together with your letter, was one from Harold W., from whom I had not heard in quite a long time. As usual, it is something less than crystal-clear. He refers to a "Carbo speech"—I suppose he means Castro? (Did he ever come through on the infamous scarf?) With his letter to me, Harold enclosed a copy of his 3-page single-space diatribe to Plucky Pierre Salinger, who is hardly worth the trouble. Ditto Charles Roberts and his ridiculous "book."

Harold's second enclosure has me puzzled and worried. It is a barely legible thermofax copy of an Allen/Scott column from the Oakland Tribune of 2/24/67, headlined "CIA Subsidy Probe to Include Refugee Aid." It discusses, among other matters, several CIA publishing projects, including one "handled through a publishing firm, entailed the preparation of a comprehensive index by subject and name of the hundreds of persons involved in the commission's investigation. For writers and investigators doing research on the assassination or the Warren Commission's probe of it, the index is the only accurate guide available, although those using it have no knowledge of the CIA's role in its preparation." Later on, the column says that the "CIA-financed index lists many FBI and CIA reports and working documents of the Commission, now on file in the National Archives." I don't know what to make of this! Until I got to the last quoted excerpt, it seemed to me that Allen/Scott could only be referring to my Subject Index, which is being used by researchers—and I know of NO OTHER index. But my Index does not cite and Archives documents, much less the working papers of the Commission. So: Is there an index in use about which none of us know? Or do they really refer to my Index? If so, am I to understand that Scarecrow Press is in league with the CIA? Or do Allen/Scott merely wish to give that impression, without specifying the name or publisher of the Index?

Much love to you, and to all my friends chez vous.