

THE MIDLOTHIAN MIRROR

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PENN JONES, JR., EDITOR

January 27, 1967

Dear Sylvia,

Have letter. Will write.

Re Tom: "Are you completely sure of him?" Hell, no, he just sort of landed here. And I'm beginning to feel like his step-mother, and a cruel one at that.

"His stuff is very interesting." It sure is. He got it all from Penn.

"Lots of strangers are getting in touch these days." Right, honey, right.

Tom is so damn self-centered he COULDN'T be playing a part.

His big No. 1 interest is always Tom. And I think you know, Sylvia, that I am one of these nuts who even likes ~~Ed~~ - not much, but some....

LIFTOK - Sp. P.

But Tom gets on my nerves; I don't like him; and I wish to hell he'd settle down with somebody else.

So far as his being trustworthy. Probably. He's working for the D.A. in New Orleans, has had two payments of \$500. He's intoxicated with it, first money he ever saw in his life. Former background, according to him: Graduate of Oxford, taught school, has been in this country four years.

The D.A. thinks he's going to crack the case. Power to him. But the D.A. business is strictly hush-hush. I wrote Shirley about this same line today. Talked to her last night, and her spirits seem fine... Was so afraid the World-Journal-Tribune thing would grind her down..After all, she's pretty much alone in Oklahoma.

Back to Tom. He's traded on Penn's friendships, but I guess that's all right. Never read the Report until he got here. The first time he landed here, he stayed with us a week, and Penn finally told him to move on. We could get no references on him other than Matt Herron, (Black Star, and a fine man).

I slipped Tom \$7, which was all I had in my purse, and Penn slipped him \$10.*

* But we didn't tell each other at the time.

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He asked us to write BBC, and Penn did. Along comes an airmail back, and they say they don't know much about him.

That sort of did it. If he'd been real big, we'd have had something about his excellent credentials...Penn told me if Tom called, to say that he could come back, but that he'd have to help me on letters, clippings and filing when he was not busy...Penn further added that since I was doing so much of his filing, his research, etc. it was stupid for me to be in the kitchen when our housekeeper was not here, and that if I got stuck in the kitchen, Tom was to give me a hand.

Now, mind you, Tom was not to wash the dishes. He was just to help me get the food in and out. We do have an enormous amount of overnight company.

I relayed this to Tom when he called. He came back.

Sylvia, where this man is concerned, I am not objective at all. He is physically dirty, he wears a shirt (usually one of ours) FOR ONE WEEK. He is extremely lazy. It takes both Penn and me to get him out of bed before noon. Or maybe 1:00 o'clock.

He's arrogant about everything. Finally, after persuasion, threats, harsh words, I got him to listen to me about how we were going to set up our files. For ten long minutes, he half-way listened. I got a secretary for myself, and let Tom sleep on.

We turned on all the utilities in the garage apartment, and moved him up there. The next morning he was back in his trundle bed in the house. The garage apartment "smothered" him.

You can see I'm not objective about Tom.

On the better side of things - it was great to see you in Los Angeles, and everything we've ever said about you still holds true. Maybe, to sum it all up, we're so very proud of you.

We'll be in N.Y. on Feb. 11, and if Penn doesn't call you before then, we'll get together. We're going to see MacBird with Rick Friedman, Editor and Publisher, Ph. Plaza 2-7050. Want to go with us? Call Rick. He did a funny rebuttal on the N.Y. newspaper thing in MANHATTAN EAST. If you can't get a copy there, we'll send you one.

Thanks for being such a wonderful person. No kidding.

R.A.