

1 February 1967

Dear L.A.,

No one writes more enjoyable letters than you write. Thanks for the dope on the Lazy-Stray. I had the pleasure of his company only for a mere five hours and of course he was extremely well-behaved, except that I thought he would never leave and I had nothing with which to feed him. Fortunately my niece had dropped by and we had to pull a mild deception about having a mutual engagement elsewhere, upon which he finally realized that we were awaiting his departure. To his credit, he did then leave without further ado, apologizing for having taken so much time. I can see from your account of this man-who-came-to-dinner that it was a wise decision, not to encourage him to linger.

Why should you have to suffer him? Tell him about the many hotels in Dallas...But you and/or Penn probably are too much of a softie to do it.

It was great to see you in California, although the schedule was so hectic that I did not get the time I had hoped for, for a long quiet talk about the case and the latest developments. I'm glad you will be coming to New York but I don't think I can plan to join you for Macbird — The "Minority Report" is being replayed that night; on the 12th, the "Majority Report" (Lane vs Nizer Jenner and Seobey); and on the 13th I have to fill a speaking engagement at Columbia U. I got a copy of Manhattan East in the mail and got a good laugh from Rick Friedman's story. Maybe we can get together sometime during the visit.

Every time you write you are always so generous in your remarks about me, I get embarrassed. You and Penn are dear, good, warm, friends, and I value you both more than I can say. One of the few good things about this case is the wonderful new friends it has brought me.

Spent a long day with Mark Lane yesterday; we got on fine. No one can match him on the platform or in front of the TV cameras—he really thinks on his feet, is never at a loss.

See you soon, I hope,

Love to you both,

3/16/67

Dear Penn,

(1) A lady named Gladys Stringham, who is a Friend of the Mother in History has called me several times in the last few weeks. She is frantically worried that something has happened to Marguerite, because her telephone is disconnected and there has been no sign of her anywhere. I keep assuring Gladys that Mama is probably on a speaking tour in Outer Mongolia, and is definitely an indestructible woman, but Gladys gets more and more urgent. Finally I had to promise her last night that I would ask you if you know anything about Mama's whereabouts and safety. PLEASE REPLY OR GLADYS WILL CRACK UP.

(2) How many copies of my Index do you have? It is sold out and Scarecrow has decided not to do a second edition. I may have to call on you for a copy or so in an emergency. I am even taking back the copy I gave my Dad, if he can find it. He is singularly unimpressed by my authorship and will never quite get over his disappointment that I did not marry a rabbi and break fertility records.

(3) What else is new?

Love to you and L.A.,

As ever,