

Dec. 27, 1967

Dear Sylvia —

The local book shop produced my order for your book just before Christmas — it was maddening. I had 8 house jewels for 5 days with an additional 4 and 2 in local motels. Today — all have returned home and my house is settling back on its foundation. —

It was possible, of course, to observe your great and generous gesture in including me in your "credits". Actually, I am painfully aware of being only a source of trouble which detracted from your time and energy.

Needless to say, I am literally staggered by your comprehensive account — but not surprised. Since it is very slow in the office this p.m., I'm beginning my first complete reading with great interest. Several friends are standing in line and urging me on so that they may have the benefit of your superior effort.

Farrison becomes more of a puzzle daily, doesn't he? Still think he is serving (me)

as a pressure valve - he seems to heat up his case to correspond to the heat generated by critics of the WR, etc. I would love to believe he has something and will do something - but I just can't, somehow.

As you surely know, you are ~~most~~ most highly honored for your great energy in behalf of justice - justice whatever the consequence may be.

Please let me know if ever there is any small role I may assume in assisting you in any way - I know the bottle will not now be put aside however tempting it may be.

the best of everything in the coming New Year and thanks again for everything -

Sincerely,

Margaret

Summers

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