1 November 1966

Dear Ray,

We are definitely operating on the same beam—I was up until 2 a.m. this morning (as I wrote Maggie, with sundry other bits of news which she perhaps will share with you) with a writer for The Reporter, pointing out that concentrating on a mere demand for the autopsy photographs is a most dangerous gambit and potentially a fatal trap. He was looking for a springboard for his article on the WR and I did what I could to persuade him to debunk and place into proper perspective the missing autopsy photos and to focus instead on the many, many other conflicts, omissions, and perversions of evidence, making it clear that the critics will accept no half-way measures and no contrivances but will insist on full answers to all —ALL—outstanding questions. I think that he was somewhat impressed by the arguments I presented and I feel sure that he will not in any case echo the Cohen/Keating/Pike/Goodwin outcry for one mosaic in a whole galaxy of missing pieces.

Perhaps I will write to Pike—where should I address him?

Vince tells me that LIFE is out: the word came from above—Nothing doing. I guess he got that from Professor Thompson. But it may only mean nothing doing for Thompson—while LIFE proceeds with its own plans. Will let you know if I hear anything more on this.

I should have written to you without waiting to hear from you—I would have but for the fact that I have been on the sick list, last week, and there hasn't been a free moment for weeks, it seems. I did want to write to say how warmly I feel about you and how much I welcomed the time we were able to spend together. Not only was there a growth of affection on my side but—what is more rare—a feeling of complete trust and confidence, in Ray the person and Ray the researcher. I think you have done some of the most valuable work on the case, with unfailing care and responsibility of approach. You are certainly one of the major assets to our whole group and I know that both Vince and Arnoni feel that same confidence and regard.

With warmest affection, and I'll be writing at greater length the moment I can,