22 July 1967

Dear Shirley,

Today is my birthday, 46th, and I am spending the day (like the preceding four days) holed up (holed up? a Schiller/Lewis expression, I am disgusted to say) with the page proofs of Accessories, from which I am putting together an index for the book.   I had exactly 20 seconds of self-pity, but cured it by kicking myself real hard in the seat, figuratively, and reminding myself how very, very fortunate I am—solvent, no serious ailments, good and loving friends, a good job, a comforting cat, and a book about to come out.

I'm breaking a very strict rule, not to lift my eyes from the indexing, to read your letter and send a very brief reply...I daren't take more than five minutes. Even if I am brief, please know that I read your letter with the usual fascination, enjoyment, and appreciation. I am only sorry that I have turned into such a bum correspondent, and rely upon your understanding of the awful, unending workload.

I had missed CE 521 but have now examined it carefully.   According to Ball, the "T" marks the spot where the man who shot Tippit was when he exchanged looks with Markham, while Markham was on the opposite corner. See 3H 312. Now I am more confused than ever.   One thing seems certain: the radio log, including the verbatim transcripts by the DPs (CE 705) and the FBI (CE 1974) are doctored, as they do not mention this accident or the other one that Mentzel went to...I only wish there was still time to mention this in my book (the Mentzel accident call omitted from the radio log) but it is much too late.

Are you at liberty to indicate what on the Castorr tape excited you? Have you come to agree with Harold now that Castorr is not Col. Caster of the Exhibits?

No! I did not hear that Larrie Schmidt is dead! Is he dead? When, where, and how?   PLEASE send me anything you know about this.

Forgive me for being abrupt, I would like very much to comment on each of the subjects you discussed in your letter, but I just must get back to the indexing —a horrible, endless plain torture.   All my love,