

June 18, 1986

Dear Sylvia:

Buck and I both almost cried when I got this picture of Mimi. She looks so very much like our Marina. I love this picture.

Sylvia, I had such a wonderful time in New York. The very best part of it was seeing you again -- and meeting Roger. I'm like you are about him. I'm expecting some good work out of him. I sent him a copy of a document about Midgley. I hope he got it; and I hope it is helpful to him.

I know that you don't follow the assassination every day, as I do, but I want to tell you about one thing that happened yesterday. Billy Joe Lord, who shared the cabin with Lee in 1959, calls me every few weeks. He called me and talked about two hours yesterday afternoon. He claims he has written a play about Oswald, and in it he has told the truth that he has never told before. He is supposed to be mailing me a copy of it. I'll be interested in what he has in his play! I'll let you know if it does have any startling revelations (if he does send it).

I talked to Carol Anne this past weekend. Asked her about the condominium in your place. She did call about it, but she thinks it is entirely too much for her to handle. I don't want her to have that attitude. I'm sure that she and I together could swing it. I would feel so much better about her if she were there. I'm not going to give up on it yet.

Perhaps I can get back to New York this fall. I hope so.

Again thank you from the bottom of my heart for making the effort to come to Carol Anne's place on the hottest night of the century (I'm certain), for bringing Roger, and for having us in for wonderful Sherry and a visit with Mimi and Irene, and for the great dinner (and exciting -- not every meal do you get a floor show when a door falls on a diner) of pasta. That is my favorite dish. I love pasta of every kind.

I shall let you know about Bill Lord's play, if I get it. And, I'll let you know if I am making any headway with Carol Anne in buying the place...

Love to you and to Mimi
(and Irene, too),

Mary

*P.S. Moses is in his chair
and on his bed.*