

Dear Susan - last night I did speak to Thursday 14 July 1966  
Grandpa. He sounded as though he had taken his friend's death  
pretty much in stride. He asked about you, Diane, also Ruth  
and was business pretty bad? (in the heat). I  
said airily that I had other things on my mind  
than how the business was going - and he didn't  
pursue his awkward questions. Arnoni did not  
call back - at least, he did not reach me, because  
I had a long phone call from Ed - then called Diane  
to tell her about Siegel's death (she was entertaining  
Manny's sister and child, husband too I guess)  
and she was fine herself. her car in a bad way.  
He had a pneumoencephalogram test on Tuesday  
- practically major surgery - and has been  
very sick with headache and vomiting ever  
since - so that was another long phone call.  
Today he has still another test, which requires full  
anesthesia. Isabel is not taking it too badly  
(but not too well either). Will continue this later  
hoping you don't mind the chopped-up letters too much.

Friday 1.30 pm

A lot has happened since I wrote the above almost 24 hours ago. Weisberg was in town yesterday, called me twice at the office, I was out both times, and the girl mangled the messages completely; and, as I learned only this morning, she never even told me that Arnoni had called yesterday, too, leaving the insane message "will not be in tonight." When he called me again this morning, he told me that she had mangled his meaning so badly even while he was on the phone that he knew that any attempt to straighten her out would be hopeless. But, returning to the events of last night: first, I got a phonecall from Lifton. He told me that a chart that Ed had requested (for his Esquire article) had been made by Ray Marcus but that Ray would not make it available if it was to be given to Epstein--he like certain others is in such a rage with Ed that he will not lift a finger. (Lifton called primarily to pick my brain some more about Hidell, since he was about to have the telephone/radio interview that he had called me about last week.) Anyway, I called Ed to tell him that he could not have the chart he needed; and Ed told me something that put me into such a rage that I could not sleep all night. He had called Vince the night before, apropos of the Esquire article in which he intends to mention the Salandria articles. He said Vince was most cordial and friendly, couldn't have been nicer. Not only that--Vince told Ed that he had found at the Archives (1) the Secret Service report no 767 re Hudkins/Sweatt/Oswald/FBI payroll and (2) the reports of the FBI agents present at the autopsy, who said that the wound was below the shoulder and that the bullet did not go through! Vince said that he had given both (1) and (2) to Jones Harris a few days before! Jones had never even TOLD Ed of those crucially important documents--he had kept them a complete secret from Ed, and Ed was in a real rage against Jones. But I was equally enraged about Vince: After what he wrote and said to you and me about Ed and Jones, the only merit of his hostile position was its apparent sincerity. How in the world could he then disclose and give those documents to these very two men that he accused of the most sinister connections and motives? (He also sent copies now to Ed.) And how could he neglect to notify Arnoni, who had been of such unfailing help and support to Vince, especially during the "bubble" business when we had reached an agreement that he would get a copy for me automatically of everything he obtained from the Archives, and when he had sent me a microfilm of 4 documents, 2 of which were a waste of my money? I never expected him to act in such a disgusting manner. I don't expect any special thanks but I did care

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after speaking to Grandpa on Wednesday night. The weather is finally cooler, after impossibly hot and humid days. Arnoni says we "must see each other soon" so he can give me the present he brought for me from Puerto Rico, which, he added, is merely symbolic. "So was mine" I retorted; silence; change of subject. He said that the two Cubans were supposed to come to dinner at his place tonight but Juarbe (the "son") got violently ill and was taken to the hospital, with what seems to be a heart condition. More later.

*In next letter,*  
*How you having fun? Do enjoy Rome and read*  
*I send love and kisses and Allegra sends*  
*Kisses too Sylvia*

FOLD  
 DON'T USE TAPE OR STICKERS TO SEAL  
 NO ENCLOSURES PERMITTED  
 FOLD SIDES OVER AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP AND SEAL  
 FOLD

AIR LETTER • AÉROGRAMME • PAR AVION

MISS ANTONI PRET  
 PIAZZA FONTANA  
 ROME ITALY 06

302-441-2111  
 NYC  
 JUL 15 1966  
 K...

POSTAL  
 NATIONS UNIES  
 ANNIVERSARY  
 UNITED NATIONS

afterwards. Meanwhile, I have obtained an advance copy of the NY Review of Books article by Popkin. It is too long to copy and send you and I can't get another for a week. It mentions my Index only in a footnote. It is a very long major article, utilizing Weisberg's material to a considerable extent, and paralleling many parts of my manuscript, with respect to the two-Oswalds and the impersonations, and especially the Odio episode, but adding everything up into a ridiculous "conclusion"--that Oswald was impersonated by a double, but that he was also guilty; and that he planted certain evidence against himself to confuse the scene! While the article has many useful things in it, and is quite denunciatory about the Commission, it also has its absurdities, for which I suspect that Popkin will be attacked and ridiculed. Anyway, to return to the fabulous

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*Are you having fun? Do enjoy Rome and send I send love and kisses, Allegra sends Kisses too Sylvia*

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AIR LETTER - AEROGRAMME - PAR AVION  
 DO NOT USE TAPE OR STICKERS TO SEAL  
 NO ENCLOSURES PERMITTED

MISS ANNEA DRET  
 ALBERGO Fontana  
 Piazza Trevi 96  
 Rome Italy

302-641-2500 (NY)  
 JUL 15 1966  
 NEW YORK

UNITED NATIONS  
 ANNIVERSARY  
 1945-1966  
 NATIONS UNIES

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Maybe I will add some more to this later in the day, or tomorrow. Lex is feeling somewhat better now. I haven't heard from Diane since I called her