

17 April 1966

Dear Penn,

Jones

I've been waiting for you to ring my doorbell but I guess I should give up. Seriously, I've had occasional news of you through mutual friends, so I know you are alive and thrashing—but I have missed hearing from you personally.

Listen, sweetie—Have you heard anything about Little Lynn, Karen Carlin? One of ~~my~~ ^{the} California operatives called the other night and said she had heard that Little Lynn died, but not from a very reliable source. Any truth in it?

Any other developments about which you feel able to write?

I know there was recently a safari to Dallas by quite a variety of searchers-after-truth, some incognito (source: Jones Harris). I'll bet that was really SOMETHING.

When my \$\$ is in better shape, I'm going to telephone you and have a long gossip. Keep up the good work, on Lt Butler etc., which I am reading as fast as it arrives. You'll have to get some more awards, when your conferees in the field of journalism finally wake up to the way you are carrying on alone where all of them ought to be working like dogs and asking questions high and low.

With warm affection,