

2/12/68

New York,

It was a very pleasant visit we had with you. Only the cold weather, made sharp in contrast to the warmth of your reception of us, made it less than perfect. On the way to the subway station we noticed a car parked at the curb, the motor running, and a man (may thought it was a woman) lying face down on the front seat. The windows were closed, the doors shut. I tapped on the window and got no response. We looked around for a patrolman or police car. None was in sight. We went to 14th Street. A police car going east on 14th Street ignored my signal to stop. As it was

to cold to stand on the wind-swept corner, May went
to call the police. After some delay she got through
and gave the police the location of the car. We
went down the subway stairs and home without
learning the outcome of our foray in good citizenship.

I have plunged into Vol I of Jester's writing. It
is terrible. But I would like to have it. Will you agree
to my having both "Vols." copied by Xerox? I
shall be much obliged.

What is the name of the book (and who is the author) in
which I'd find the story of the assassination of Warren's father?
Yours
S