

Thursday; 19 Oct. 1961

Tim, dear,

There is no such thing as an error-free book. In the first five minutes, and at random, I found three errors in mine.

Yes! I actually have the book (one copy, more to arrive next week) in my hot little hand. I had been told that it was due on the 25<sup>th</sup> but warned of probable delay by 2 or 3 days. Then, on Tuesday the 17<sup>th</sup>, as I was pounding out a report after lunch, in walks a messenger with a package. Inside, almost wholly unexpectedly (I had had one cryptic hint in a phone message), was Accessories.

You can imagine the excitement of the last 2 days, which you will experience for yourself in a very short time. What a mixture of feelings! Prominent among them, the sensation that this creature, the book, really has nothing to do with you — that the author's name is not really your name, but one like yours.

I like the jacket, after all — I'm pleased with the general look of the whole book — the 3 errors are not too serious. What else can I say? except that a copy will go to you the minute I get a supply. I rely on you to be absolutely frank after you have read it.

Yes, it is great about the postponement of the trial. Now, if only the Grim Green Pypmy will give his over-active tongue a vacation — say — till April 1st next year — we can breathe easy. I'm panting to see Six Seconds. When? when?

I doubt CBS will sue you. They let me call them "housewags" and "trained poodles" in print, without litigation, or even a reply. Wish I could be with you Saturday in Washington. Beware of police clubs — you owe it to your book to be free to do the radio-TV work. Yes, do let's tie one on to celebrate the end of our labors,

Phase One (or is it Phase Eleven?).

I'm glad you did not attribute Aron's editorial to me, as so many people did.

I wouldn't have been so easy on Garrison.

Even Harold Feldman has "reprimanded"

TMO — of course, Harold Weesbury sent

a 5-page masterpiece of abuse and denunciation (I haven't seen it yet).

And Maggie, a "more in power than in anger" letter, every word predictable

except one sentence in which she actually acknowledges, for the first time, that there

is reason for misgivings about Garrison's witnesses and the so-called "evidence" he has advertised.

Shirley Martin's 21-year-old beautiful daughter was tragically killed in an auto accident.

She called me to ask what I knew about it but then we got into still another terrible scrap,

a really ugly one, on Garrison. I am really appalled by the devices he employs to

justify Garrison, not only to me, but to himself. I give up! Never mind. Let's be

glad about our books and hope they will help force an official retraction of the WR.

See you soon, pal.

Sylvia