

5/20/70

Dear Mary,

Fact is that while we have virtually no secrets from each other (I can feel punk without her seeing it, things like that), it is a rare thing when we read each other's mail. We departmentalize it. All having to do with orders and such inquiries, for example, go to her and I never see them unless she wants to discuss them with me.

That Lil read your letter is exceptional not because it was secret but because she doesn't really have time for that side of our correspondence. When we go to DC, I'll stop off at the post office, get the mail, and she'll scan it for me to tell me if there is something I should know. Or, if I'm away and she isn't, she'll read it for the same purpose and then phone. Thus, with me in DC today, she read yours of the 18th. There is one other possibility, depending up which of your letters it was. She knew I was disturbed about Jimmy, and if I was real busy at home, as with someone here and to be here for a while, if she got the mail at the mailbox that morning she might have decided to read it to see if there was news in it. However, if I have to make a guess, I think she saw and felt my reaction about the Harrods, because she knew of my experience and I told her they had treated him shabbily, and she may just have read it. Nothing wrong with it, for that is the way it should be with husband and wife. But it nonetheless is rare here, for there isn't time, if for no other reason. So, should there be something you might want her to know, if it is not obvious in the letter you'd best tell me. My practice, when possible, is to answer the mail immediately to keep it from accumulating, and by the time we get to talking it may well be out of mind.

I think also Lil may have recognized I was torn between telling you things about others and not telling you. This is a bad situation and I see neither an end nor resolution, some being what they are.

Glad to get the clips. If the souvenir is unclear it is better than nothing. And I'd not seen that account on Skolnick, on whom I want to keep tabs. He can't help us and he can't hurt us and he is unconscionable.

Forget about Waynes. I got it and wrote. "o response.

We can't close up shop and go there, much as I'd like, for a number of reasons. Lil can't fly, we haven't the money (if we did I'd go to Chicago and stop Skolnick) and there is much too much to do--and I get a little farther behind daily. Thanks, though. But I thought you were coming here? Your housekeeping is not a factor, but I doubt you have earned the honor against some of the stiff competition I've seen.

I remember the incident of the priest but had forgotten the name. I've not seen the book.

9 p.m., haven't read the a.m. paper yet, have the other mail to do, so for the present, best to you all. From both.

Sincerely,

4406 Holland
Dallas, Texas
May 18, 1970

Dear Harold (and Lil):

Gosh! Lil, I didn't realize you were reading all the trivia I pour out to your dear husband! But, thank you for not demanding that I stop "crying" on Harold's shouder... When I read Harold's letter the other day, in which he said you were reading the mail and read aloud one particular paragraph I wrote, I said, "My gosh, I bet Lil thinks I'm terrible writing all the silly things I do to Harold." My husband laughed and said maybe he'd better start censoring our mail...

Harold, I am enclosing a Xerox of a dipping which appeared in our papers a week ago. Also, a little souvenir... I walked into an office last week and saw a framed "thing" on the wall. It was the program for the dinner that was supposed to have taken place in Austin on the night of Nov. 22, 1963. I took it off the wall but couldn't take it out of the frame so I Xeroxed it through the glass and it didn't come out too well but thought you might be interested.

I haven't had time to check on the Mayhew clippings (the continued piece from page 27) but I shall.

Lil, why don't you and Harold close up shop there for a while and both of you come down to Dallas for a visit with us. We have an extra bedroom (now that the children are all grown and gone) and you could get a good rest. We would do our best to show you both a good time. I am without any doubt the world's worst housekeeper but Shirley Orr, Gary Schoener, Tom Bethell and Bob Cutler have put up with me at various times and seemed to survive... I do wish you would consider it.

Harold, do you remember the funny little priest, Thomas Cain, who acted so strange at the hospital? Well, I found in my things a little book bearing his "approval" on behalf of the Catholic Church, published in early 1963, really attacking the Kennedy administration and alleging that Kennedy wasn't really a Catholic... It is a fascinating little book. Have ~~me~~ you ever seen it?

My "boss" just came in... I'll get this in the mail...

Love to you both,

Mary