

2/13/67

Dear Both,

A very happy and unusual occasion has me doing the correspondence instead of Lil. Dell has paid the royalty on the first 100,000 copies (so we know they've sold more) and she is happily and busily engaged in allocating it among our many debts. We are getting close to the surface. We'll be scavengers yet! I suppose the salutation should have included Batman and Robin, which reminds me that by now you should have received additions for your wallspace I think you will find not inappropriate. You'll know when it arrives.

So I asked Lil, when I finished the accumulation of other letters and she said would I write, "anything you want me to say?"

"Yes", she replied, "Tell them I'm glad I didn't cook their goose".

Take it literally and you are alright. She put a goose away for when you come. She fretted all day yesterday, not wanting to take it out of the freezer if you weren't coming and not wanting to have it stay there so late it wouldn't thaw. So now you have something I bet you've never had before, a goosecheck! Somebody forgot to mail a letter or your postal service is like ours. Yours dated 2/4 is postmarked 2/10/

You were right to cancel your flight to New York. I was leaving it when the storm began, Tuesday a.m. It was still an awful mess Friday when I returned. I couldn't take a plane above New York until Thursday, and by then the reservations were so tight I had to fight to keep one of the locals from keeping my week-old reservation that had already been preempted. And I mean fight. Two hours in person and a held by phone, else I'd still be up near the Canadian border. But I picked up what I hope is good news, and not from any of us but friends in the "trade". You and Award. Fine, I hope. I have come to wonder is there is anything good about a relationship with any publisher, outside private and weekly ones, that is.

Tried to phone Tom today in the time I was waiting to hear from Lil that she had heard from you. I wasted no time, for I had a dental appointment and then had to learn that the newest sign of approaching old age is but bursitis (I can live with that as long as there is someone near to help with the coat). He was not in, so I left a message asking that he phone me tonight. It is nine and he hasn't. Earlier I introduced him to some British correspondent friends and from one of them I learned that when he is around Tom lives at the same place, has an interest in jazz and is competent to record, having done a couple of jazz records, and and has since I saw him found something new having to do with a bank.

I've decided to do Manchester Machiavelli: The Unintended Unofficial Whitewash, and in a rush. I've a fourth of it drafted. Maybe publisher interest. My artist is too busy for III and I'm getting more stuff for it, which delays it anyway. Wheddy's think?

est,

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PENN JONES, JR., EDITOR

February 10, 1967

Dear Lillian and Harold,

We are cancelling our flight to New York due to advance weather warnings.

If we can come later, we'll just have to call you.

We faithfully promise not to come bounding into Maryland without calling you first from Texas.

Love,

P.A.

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PENN JONES, JR., EDITOR

February 4, 1967

Dear Harold,

I was somewhat interested in your impressions of Tom. It is very hard for me to be objective about him, because I don't like him.

Probably he is all right - except - I think he would double-cross his own Grandmother if it would help him in any way. I'm sure you know that he is working for the D.A. in New Orleans, which really shouldn't be repeated. If the D. A. can crack this case, good. He has been given two \$500 payments from the D.A.

He told us this very candidly, but said it was pretty hush-hush.

On one occasion he criticized Penn to me - not too badly, I've even forgotten what he said. But I remember being pretty snappish in my reply.

He is physically dirty. He wears a shirt (very often one of ours) FOR A WEEK. When he DOES take a bath, he takes it at 2:00 a.m. and wakes everybody up.

He is lazy, and it would take three people and a keg of dynamite to bounce him out of bed before noon or after.

He stayed with us maybe a week or longer the first time he landed here. Penn eventually said he couldn't stay any longer.. He eventually returned with the understanding that he was to help me (when Penn didn't need him). He was to help me set up a large new file, help with letters. And if I got stuck in the kitchen when the housekeeper wasn't here, he was to give me a hand.....Now not to wash dishes, just help me get the food in and out.

On one occasion I managed to get his attention for possibly five minutes about how we would set up the file. I gave up, hired myself some competent stenographic help, and let Tom go back to sleep.

There is no implication that he is suspect. None at all. He's not another Schiller or Lewis.

But he's just so arrogant and so wrapped up in himself - sort of the man-who-came-to-dinner type. I am beginning to feel like his step-mother, and a cruel one at that.

Am going to send this to Lillian, and wish you would either destroy it or put it somewhere out of sight. In his note to us, when he left for Washington, he said he would be back as soon as he could.

Maybe by then I can calm down, and be a little better hostess.

With friendship,

R. G.