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10/3/66

Dear Jack (and Hi, Shirley!),

Some day, I hope soome, I'm going to be able to afford enough transistors! Knoecked off work early tonight when at 10:30 I suggestly realized you had Jake the Fake on. Real quick I grabbed my mere eight transistors, and you had no signal. I did hear you in almost entirely insudible snatches of the kind of question I'd expect of you on that magic bullet, but only snatches and none of the answer, if that is what you got.

Couple of weeks ago one of the discount houses had a special on an AM-FM set with 15 transistors. By the time I got there, the supply was gone. Before my first appearance on your show, when I wanted my wife to hear it, same thing. I want the FM for when I'm working, for music, which does not interfere with my writing. As soon as the money which is so painfully slow starts coming in from the wholesalers, who owe me a tidy sum, I'm going to be able to get you desipte reception conditions! We are in a fringe area for everybody on a.m., in a velley.

Jerry can't do anything to me face to face. I'd love to have heard him when I wasn't there! But I suspect that by this time you are getting close to the expert class on this subject and probably caught him up on some of it. The tough thing is when he misquotes, his face shining like a zealots, and all that college professorship making him sound like an oracle when he is just a plain liar. One has to know the subject better than he does, and that requires an intimate knowledge. If he said anything real nasty, over and above a violent and personal dislike (which I pray he has), I'd like to know about it.

He's not much when he has opposition. If you can get WNEW-TV in NYC, Ch. 5, they just told me tonight they're airing the "special" we taped 8/29 on Saturday night, the 12th of November. I know the young philopophy professor Tom Catin (phonetic) who phoned once when I was with Shirley can get in wherever hex lives in the hills. area, if you are interested. Jim Bishop wzz is Ac, and Fern Jones (a wonderful and remarkably courageous Texas weekly editor, if you can ever catch him when he is in this part of the country), Leo Sauvage, your tonight's guest and Mark Lane and I are one it.

Before I say goodnight perhaps you'll be interested in this anecdote, true: I'd been filling my belly with fresh Cohen meat, as I'd promised publicly the night before if the glib falisities were to flow as unembarrassedly from his mouth as burps from a baby, and the very nice people at WNEW had been suggesting I might ease off during the breaks and xwthreading of fresh tapes, when they emptied the cameras just as I really walloped him. Politely, I think. I can get a bit wrought up on this subject, as you have not really seen. I told him I would not have the assassination of an American president or its subsequent official investigation addressed with flippancy. I was still pretty angry when the producer came up and said, "Now, Harold, Jerry is not really flippent. You shouldn't say that." To which I replied, "I thought you'd have less objection to an understatement. If you prefer, next time I'll call him a liar." I did, too, and he was when he said the bullets taken from Tippit's body were traced to the pistol. Sorry I cannot get you tonight. If anybody in your business can cope with this guy, it's you. Thanks and best to you all.

Another tale for a ps: I was late coming back from NYC Friday night because I left the window down and some stalwart citizen pushed my car into a cab zone from which the police towed it away. I'm told the toll is upwards of \$25.00. It took about two hours after I got to the pier on which they stow these impounded vehicles. I was standing in line, tired and wondering if I'd stay awake for 250 miles when a sergeant came up to me and asked my name, not in any unpleasant way. I told him and he smiled and said "I thought so." We'd never met, so I asked him how. He remembers me from the night of July 23 when WNEW aired my two hours against four lawyers on the Alan Burke show (that was my roughest, but virtue triumphant and all that). This cop and another sergeant who soon appeared were very, very nice. When I bailed the car out, I was charged only \$10.00. So, I'm happy. Who says there is no bonus in your field? Well, I heard you on the car radio fine. You had a free-style. The woman who called in with that touching case of wanting to adopt her husband's illegitimate child has what I think can make a wonderful, human, important (and profitable) magazine piece. If you could get her in front of a tape recorder you might find that with your easy style you will end up with what could make a fine article by just editing. I think you'd need only a lead. She could preserve her anonymity. Her personal tragedy and her personal decency and towering humanity are good copy and you'd handle it the right way.