Dear Harold:

This is to advise that we've found a copy of The Coven, and that I'll read it as soon as I can and let you know any effect over and above the anticipated nausea.

We could not find either Diabolus or The Sorcerers, for both of which the quest continues.

We did find another Fawcett paperback, Where Murder Waits, written under the name of Gordon Davis, copyright 1965, and blurbed as "a novel of Washington intrigue and Cuban violence by Watergate wonspirator and CIA agent E. Howard Hunt."

We also found two Signet paperbacks under the David St. John pseudonym: On Hazardous Duty, copyright 1965, hero Peter Ward, and The Venus Probe, copywight 1966, also starring Peter Ward.

In OHD, Ward "travels from Dublin to Paris on the trail of a defecting Soviet scientist, straight into the arms of two playful Parisian mannequins -- and equally lethal dangers."

In the Venus Probe, Ward finds a chick named Monique in a tourist trap and the blurb asks if she "was only an entertainer? Or was she the key to a wast demoniac [sic] plot threatening West, East, the outer reaches of space itself?...."

If you yearn to learn more about any of these, we can try to find duplicate copies or lend you these. However, they all seem to be pretty mature stuff and you'd probably better get Lil's approval or that of your physician before subjecting yourself to so much excitement.

All these treasures were picked up either at Woolworth's or at their main competition at Corte Madera, Ye Thrifty Drug Store.

Next stop, San Rafael. No effort is too much when it comes to doing justime to our favorite author.

Best,

idw