

6 June 1975

Dear Harold:

Thanks for alerting me to Razinikov's review. I rarely read the Sun, so missed it entirely. Your copy is enclosed. All in all, I'm sure you've had much worse reviews.

No, you haven't sent a copy of the 1/22/64 transcript. We'd be delighted to have one, when it's convenient, and thanks.

We think you're right about Ron Nessen's apparent fade-out. We hadn't noticed it, but now that you mention it cannot recall any mention of him since during the Mayaguez incident. From beginning to end that was a very raw construct and it had to be obviously so to anyone who paid any attention to the way things happened and developed. Crude and barefaced in the extreme. If they didn't have trouble with Nessen in the handling of this fraud they certainly should have. He, at least, must have a fair idea what the media can be expected to swallow. I think the ~~explanation~~ explanation for the difference between the news handling, with harried reporters rushing into print with what they were told, and the way the columnists saw through it, is accounted for by the fact that the columnists had more time to think and check a few items against each other. The ~~honest~~ honest ones wrote what their common sense told them, the phonies followed the pack, which of course is what the administration was counting on. Of course, Nessen can take a vacation, but there's been no word of that. Certainly he'd need one after a mammoth snow job like Mayaguez.

A couple of days after I wrote you about the birds, both had disappeared. The nest apparently is empty, although I can't see clearly inside without taking the whole saw apart, which I'm not going to do. Since then, not a single one of these birds have been seen. When the big vanishing act became pretty certain, I recalled that the day before I first found them missing there had been an unusual gathering of these little birds in a tree nearest the former nest. For the first time, they were singing, a queer little song with two final notes reminiscent of a meadow lark. I was standing on the deck watching them and listening, when suddenly most of them began moving away, from branch to branch, until they were out of sight. Only one remained, the one I thought of as the cock. He turned toward me, filled his lungs, and got off a brief aria a bit louder and longer than the earlier ones, then turned and flew after the others. We've not seen a single one of them since. Be interesting to see if they come back next year. I'll try to remember to close up the mandrell casting and provide a tin can on a tree or something. That mandrell may look good to a bird, but with two cats on the loose the security problem would seem to be insurmountable.

Best,

jdw