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DIAL GR 5-3322

P. D. BOX 70

PENN JONES, JR., EDITOR

MIDLUTHIAN, TEXAS

September Something, no doubt

Dear Harold,

About every ten years I get so mad about something that I could explode or have a fit on the floor. Poor Penn usually has to listen to my rantings. But, unfortunately, he is not at home at the moment.

The reason I am so cock-eyed furious is that I am partially through Popkin's book. How COULD he be so completely unscrouplous? THE VERY IDEA! He ought to be ashied of himself.

Get a load of this: "Thomas Buchan," in his otherwise far-fetched work" That one I can swallow.... "Mark Lane, for example, in his uneven RUSH TO JUDGMENT"..un-even it might be, but Professor Popkins relies heavily on Mark's legwork. And to cap it off, here we have "Harold Weisberg's noisy, tendentious WHITEWASH."

Does this nut think he is the only person in the world who can write? He's beginning to sound like a Time magazine critic, and not a very good one at that. So far, he has treated Eptein with some respect, but I'll bet you 2¢ Epstein ends up as being "a sweet, but rather idiotic child, writing an innocent thing which he really knows nothing about."

Well, maybe I can settle down now, having gotten that off my chest.

So far as the information you requested, Penn would be thrown out on his ear. But we have ayoung friend visiting us (very knowledgable kid) who will try Monday morning. We told him, "Look dumb. Look like a college kid, which he is, and do the best you can."

Thank you very much for the kind things you have said to us and written to us. Meeting you was a great experience. We both agree that as of this date, you have far the best book. Angled differently from ours, but still much better.

I was somewhat amused - and somewhat pleased - when you referred to me as candid or straight forward. I didn;t realize I possessed these qualities. What you may have meant, and were too kind to say, is that I can ask extremely personal questions.



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All right, if we're getting into the Candid Department, when we read your book, we agreed it was excellent, even if it did knock out the old eyeballs. But I told Penn at that time, "Here is a guy who is absolutely crazy about his wife." Penn agreed. Our further conversations with you proved that to be so true.

Good for you, my dear, Penn and I have very much the same thing going in that department. Penn is such a decent guy - good husband, good father. Completely honest. Tremendous courage.

Well, the next time you and Penn get together (and this is supposed to be funny), I am going to stop off and stay with your wife.

Maybe I could help feed the geese, or fill in somewhere. I am terrified of geese, as a child I was once flopped (or flapped?) by one. But I am willing to throw some corn over the fence.

I am glad that you two came in that morning. Was it 5:20? And if your wife ever askes what I looked like you can reply in all honesty that so far as my hair was concerned, I somewhat resembled a Zulu.

Please think a little more about your sub-title. You have two choices on the one you have chosen.

- 1. You are going to catch hell from the critics. They are going to pa give you the "too cheap and flashy" treatment.
- You may very well pick up new readers the people who read who-done-its in bus stations, drug stores, that type of person. Well, in the long run, that is the type of reader you need. Critics and scholars are going to read it anyway.

Our very best wishes to you and your wife. And please come to see us.

With friendship,

R.G.