

2/2/71

Dear Henry (and I'm sure you won't mind my sharing this with a few others!)

At about 2:45 p.m. today our local FBI agent, complete with your assistant, after previously phoning, returned some material I had given him about some of the most extreme of the extremist groups. This I had expected, having bumped into him in the post office a week ago. However, what surprised me is what I'd forgotten:

Your bullets—those so obviously and ghoulishly planted in DeLoey Plaza.

He returned them, too, and in so doing read from these handwritten lines he had on top of the three-inch thick stack (and took the note with him). He said he had been told to tell me it had been determined that this bullet had nothing to do with the assassination, approximately.

Dear friend, need I tell you that you can now go to bed at night perfectly secure, knowing that your ever-faithful, never-failing FBI is on the job?

I was not exactly speechless. I said that of course, this is what we had believed, but that we had deemed it a particularly nasty kind of ghouliness that, because of this nature, ought not be ignored.

Were I faced with the choice, I'd not know whether to laugh or to cry.

But these crazy bastards had it all figured out, that we'd cooked up some kind of booby-trap, etc.

But, I suppose they did photograph and do whatever else they considered necessary, if only to protect themselves from some kind of later charges by me!

Anyway, is it not nice to have the FBI assure us of what we'd told them, that this bullet, clearly, could not have been used in the assassination?

Realize, friend, that this qualifies both of us as not less expert than the FBI. We didn't even have labs to make tests, experts to make appraisals, microscopes, various analytical equipment, comparison files to consult, none of that fabulous ~~xxxxx~~ science.

Guess we've pretty good, to figure all this out without all that great science.

Meanwhile, would you rather go to Atlantic City or by bus?

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg