

12/16/68

Dear John,

I have just returned from New Orleans, more than usually tired. I ignore most of your letter of 12/5, for there is nothing to be gained by an exchange of insults.

These things are beyond question. When you intruded at KGC early this year, as I asked you not to and warned you against, you cost me \$350.00. You then said when you got your settlement you would pay me.

Before I left on this last trip, I told you I could not make it without the fare being taken care of. The real purpose of the trip, as you knew, was the opposite of your diatribe, to background those of you out there on what I could not put in writing or on the phone. With those not in hiding, I did this. You then said that by the time I made the trip you'd have your settlement and would assure me the difference. Without this I would not have made the trip, could not have. Without looking it up, that comes to about \$125.00 more.

On the books: please account for those not in storage. I will at some point have to settle with the publisher on them. It is the norm that transportation costs on returns are paid by the returner. As you know, I am without the funds for their return. You can send them to me whenever you'd like, but let me know so I can be here to receive them or make the proper arrangements with the trucker.

The size of the order, let me remind you - the entire idea - was yours.

I still await the return of the manuscript copies of Oswald in New Orleans and Coup d'Etat.

All these many things you did - what do they add up to but more waste of my time? Among these noble contributions, how well I recall the attempted booby-trapping by Charlie Banks, and your repeated assurances that the film and a tape would come to me in a month. That was almost a year ago.

What happened to that great fear of yours that would have you in Canada in October?

The things that is least nice is your record.

Sincerely,

Harold

December 5, 1968

Dear Hal:

Your misguided missal reached me today; as I have always feared, you have now placed me in the same category as you have Lane, Turner, etc. et al ad infinitum; sorry, but I reject your slurs.

Instead, it's time you got a few things straight - from a thoroughbred's mouth; while I have spent the better part of two years endorsing, praising, and promoting one Harold Weisberg as the "Quasimoto of the National Archives", as the man having made the most comprehensive, exhaustive, and meaningful investigative writing on the murder of John F. Kennedy, I have concurrently witnessed this same Harold Weisberg consistently being his own worst mortal enemy; what is even worse, I have seen a man named Harold Weisberg nearly destroying that which he has given his every waking and sleeping hour to, second to none. You have done for your real enemies what they could never have managed against you on their own. You have become an island unto yourself, so remote that only the very few know of your existence, and even less care.

Let's get our relationship straight: I don't owe you anything - and vice versa; there are no outstanding obligations on my part or vice versa; rather than having capitalized on one Harold Weisberg, as you are stupidly given in self-delusion; I have instead invested and lost not only time, but considerable personal funds; not one dime have I recovered from my relationship, albeit I accepted those factors on aligning myself with your cause; not one book of yours have I sold or collected on whatsoever; the commercially and politically unacceptable OSWALD IN NEW ORLEANS, books sit in storage in San Francisco, at my expense; tell me which shipping outfit to call and I'll have them returned to you, collect.

That Madam Joan Lundberg Hitchcock has become your personal advisor on my financial affairs is indicative of your gullibility; aside from the fact that she knows from absolutely nothing about my personal life, she is herself the most incredibly stupid spendthrift on earth - and she is blowing her children's support money, not alimony; "the evidence" you referred to is founded on fancy not fact, which doesn't speak so well for your "objective" analytical powers; I think, Great Chronicler of Truth, that you were seduced by the total sham of her shallow existence/substance - and perhaps were smothered in the warmth of her mortgaged hospitality.

No, Mr. Weisberg, it isn't very nice; but, then, neither are your attitudes.

Sincerely,

John