

1/21/70

Dear Jack,

You've been on my mind for some reason lately. With a few minutes before having to leave on a chore (I'm still going on the same work at close to the same pace), this belated letter.

I think possibly it is because Paul Rothermel has left Hunt that you came back to mind. I got to know and like Paul, thanks to you. Let me tell you what I think I never did.

With the letter you sent me, I knew he wanted to see me. However, there were two problems, aside from time, which remains a problem: I didn't want to go there hat in hand, and I hadn't the funds. However, in November 1968, I got hold of something that was going to be published that was an enormous defamation of the elder Hunt. I was then on a speaking trip (I've never had an invitation from your city, but I have spoken in Dallas and been well received). The closest stop was New Orleans. While there I phoned Paul. He told me that if I'd wait an hour, any time thereafter I got to the ticket counter at the airport there'd be a round-trip ticket waiting for me. He said to let him know what plane I'd be on and he or someone else would meet me. By coincidence, I had a British correspondent friend also going to Dallas, and he wanted my help. So, I used only the ticket. While in Dallas I met Paul handed him what I knew he'd want (and he was glad to get it) and got to interview some of the people I'd always wanted to speak to. Hunt offered to see me but, foolishly, I suggested that if he had only limited time to spare, he might better want to spend that time seeing the British correspondent, who I knew wanted to meet him. As it turned out, this guy got bogged down and couldn't keep his appointment. So, although I did him a considerable favor, and he was gracious (if nothing else came of it), I didn't get to see the old boy.

Since then I've done a few more things for him, through Paul. For example, I've gotten from the Warren Commission files all but one of the documents mentioning him and his family of which the Archives knows and more in number than they knew they had that I got on my own.

With Paul gone, I no longer have any contact there.

My own work continues. I have completed two books of a trilogy on the autopsy and what relates (and, although this is not a commercial subject, it is the essence) and have the third researched. Can't get them printed. I've completed a very large, two-part book called COUP D'ETAT (and the title was stolen after I copyrighted it) dealing with all three major assassinations in the first half and the King/Ray case in the second. I've done most of the research and a little of the writing of AGENT OSWALD. And many other things. One of the autopsy books is the most thorough exposure of Ramsey Clark yet. I'm surprised some of those who are not fond of him have not heard of it and had the interest to see that I can print it.

In this more recent work I have come to the strong belief that if genuine conservatives do not do something about those calling themselves conservatives but actually the worst kind of fascists, the most vicious racists, and the most

unabashed commercializers of conservatism, they will regret it, more than I can make you understand until you see what I have on the awful things they did and said. They made serious threats against the President and others, many of them. One even took credit for the murder I have no proof he was connected with. Most managed to mess up the already messed-up investigation even more, constantly feeding bad tips they made up out of plain air, wasting enormous amounts of FBI time and big hunks of taxpayers money. Believe me, they made this stuff up, almost without exception, and where there was the faintest association with reality it was clearly contrived, known to be false, and purely for attracting attention to themselves and enhancing their chances of commercializing on it. Disgusting beyond the capacity I have for condemning it.

We are okay, tiring from what we have undertaken, deeper in debt, aging more rapidly than we should, feeling the tensions, but going down the same road with a firm step.

But it is a lonely road.

Thanks for everything.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg