

March 15, 1967

Mr. Marquis Childs
1028 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Childs:

Your column in this morning's Washington Post justifies me in expecting that you answer two questions:

Have you read every word of the Warren Report and carefully examined the 26 volumes?

Have you read my book or books?

If you cannot reply to both of these questions unequivocally and affirmatively; if you cannot assure me that you read my book which I personally delivered to your office, compared it with its sources which are 100 percent this Report and those 26 volumes and found serious factual error in my book, then, sir, you are a literary lickspittle and a disgrace to a once honorable calling. Your slanders demean you. When you refer to me and to those others who say the Commission did not do the expected job as "those in this country who have exploited the Kennedy tragedy for profit", you, with one exception, lie. Mark Lane is the only one who can be said to have made a profit.

But had you with regard to this matter the slightest shred of integrity, you would have acknowledged that the profit has gone to Congressman Ford, who put his name on a book he did not write and on a story for Life, each of which was his own private Warren Report; to Governor Connally; to the wide assortment of former Kennedy associates down to the nanny; and above all to Manchester, whose take looks like \$3,000,000. These and more like you who, with little work, write from the top of the head, are the ones "who have exploited the Kennedy tragedy for profit".

You bewail the lack of "solid evidence contradicting the Warren Commission findings" and say that "until it comes to light, the exploiters who would discredit the report serve a dubious cause". Here, sir, you betray your own ignorance. One would think a man of your reputation, position and experience would have a higher concept and a deeper respect for the function of a writer in a democratic society.

Any time you want to test my knowledge of the Report and those 26 volumes, especially in comparison with yours, arrange to debate me on this subject before your peers at the National Press Club. Until then, shame on you.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg