

Mr. Howard Fast
One Mountain Wood Drive
Greenwich, CT 06830

10/22/90

Dear Howard,

I'm glad you did not regard my letter as an intrusion and that it seems not to have bored you.

But that you got it, how you got it, is a mystery, as you'll see from the fact that it was returned to me, unopened, by the post office two days before your letter came.

Your publisher added your correct address but perhaps the wrong zip.

The mechanical markings lined through do not appear on my envelopes.

We knew Julius and Rena as uncomplicated, caring and warm people. We'd heard that he was ill, but not that your sister was. Julius was a bit uneasy about his days in the American Labor Party.

I was broke and in debt when, after more than 100 rejections, internationally, for my first book, which was the first book, on the JFK assassination, I needed a decent suit in which to travel and speak. Julius sent me to a friend of his from whom I got a very decent factory reject for \$4.95 and then Rena altered the trousers to fit me. I had published the book myself and it became a best seller but I didn't have a decent suit to wear in radio and TV studios or before college audiences.

And because they knew I was rescuing five wooded acres from years of neglect, they gave me a leather outercoat that someone had abandoned with them to wear in bad weather.

We knew them as good people.

Best wishes,

Harold Weisberg
Harold Weisberg

HOWARD FAST ONE MOUNTAIN WOOD DRIVE, GREENWICH, CT 06830

17 October 1990

Dear Harold,

Thank you so much for your long and fascinating letter. It brings back a time that is so completely gone that only wisps of memory survive. So it goes in this country, where the nation's memory is never much longer than twenty-four hours.

Both my sister and her husband have passed away; he eleven years ago and she a year later. But good of you to mention them.

Thank you again for your long and thoughtful letter.

Sincerely,



Howard Fast