

2113 Eighth Street Apt. 2
Berkeley, California 94710
August 8, 1967

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

You don't know me or my name, but I know you and yours, as I have been meeting for the last few weeks with the Hal Verb group here in the Bay area. We (a friend and I) had read your first two Whitewashes, plus some other literature on the subject, during last year, and had spent quite a lot of time discussing and analyzing the assassination. Then we saw an ad in a Berkeley paper, about Verb's group, and called the number listed, and within a few days were meeting with them.

It was something like a relief to find that this subject is not confined to seperated individuals only, and that there is communication among those who cannot just forget. But it is with something like rage that we learn that those who work the hardest and offer the most are so unappreciated that they are constantly pressed for funds and/or moral support! Ye Gods!

Of course, as fate would have it, and not only to your detriment, we are among the poor poor, and cannot possibly send off a check or money order toward your next book, as we would dearly love to do. But, now that we know how it is, I think maybe there are some steps which can be taken to accomplish that end and involve more Americans in what must become their personal effort if the tangled mess is ever to be openly untangled. Since I have nothing but the most nebulous ideas in this direction, I will say no more at this time. But I did want to send you a word of greeting, to say that more and more people do read your books and do join in the search and do know who Harold Weisberg is. So, on that score, Hello. On the other one, don't hold your breath, and don't count on miracles, but know we do care and do feel some responsibility to assist your work, which is becomming our own.

There are two questions which I wanted to ask you, to which there may not yet be any answers, or the answers are unimportant, but are still looming as "bugs" in my mind. One of these is: did anyone ever trace down the "epileptic seizure" case in front of the Depository, which created such a diversion? The other is, what became of the person who was arrested in the Dal-Tex Building just after the shooting? If you ever have time to write me a letter, I certainly would like your opinions or answers to these.

Be of cheer! I am too cynical to believe it is inevitable that Truth Will Out, but, at least, I can assure you that you are appreciated by a growing number of sincere people. Don't stop.

Most sincerely,

Peggy Irving
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