

Mrs. Mary S. King
3801 Conn. Ave., NW, # 609
Washington, D.C. 20008

7/2/83

Dear Mrs. King

We have the same attitude toward books. For three years I spend mornings in walking therapy and reading. I can go about a city block and I have to rest a bad leg by elevating it. I do this at a local mall, where I can sit about every 100 feet. I use paperbacks, easier to carry, as a time clock, so many pages and walk again. All these books got to the hospital, if I go back there for a checkup, or to a local rest home for seniors.

Dr. Gerald McKnight, professor of history at Hood College, can use those books and is delighted at the prospect. He will be in touch with you separately and will pick them up when he can get to DC. (Hood was a woman's college and despite now taking men in is still largely a woman's college, and a good one. It is local and McKnight is a neighbor and friend.)

If you would like to use this gift as a tax exemption, which is proper, I'll provide an evaluation. Instead of giving my own I'll ask a book dealer and will give you the statement to support the claim.

I'm glad to get the Frost poem. The last stanza is one of my favorites (and I believe JFK's) but with the passing of time I'd come to think it is from "Lights of the City."

I think of it often as I try to keep my promises and, at 70, I also hope that I still have miles to go.

And that you do!

Many thanks,

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

June 27, 1983

Mr. Harold Weisberg
7627 Old Receiver Road
Frederick, Maryland 21701

Dear Mr. Weisberg:

I was pleased to have your letter. I often have overfilled bookcases and limited space. Books, to me, are not inanimate objects and simply discarding them is difficult. I always wish that they be used or at least read. Your accepting them is also helpful to me.

Books in other areas are enclosed, list attached. I have a copy of the list to go with the books. Any found not suitable for their library can be discarded or given to someone. At this point in time I am far from uninformed about my Government but since I am a recently retired employee perhaps I should be discreet and leave it there. I fully expect further publications from present investigators.

I do not have a car at present. The books can be packaged and shipped but if they could be sent for it would be simpler, as distance is not a factor. Please

Page 2 - Mr. Harold Weisberg

Let me know when someone will come for them or, if you wish, request that I have them shipped. If you send anyone give him/her a note or other verification of identity. I think I am still on more than one Dirty Tricks list and wouldn't want them to disappear.

I will never, ever, fail to follow what is being done and will be a staunch, albeit reserved observer.

Sincerely yours,

Mary S. King

Mrs. M. Stanford King

No. 609

3801 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.

Washington, D.C. 20008

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost