

2/19/70

Dear Gris,

With no problem at all, and very little delay, your letter of the 15th got here today. I've been having much needless post office troubles. It has been a stupidity rather than an evil thing.

It is true we have passed the two-year forwarding period. Likewise, it is also true that it is no more trouble to forward it to me than to return it to the sender. But that is not the only alternative. And god knows how many letters have not reached me, with my address in all those books as "Hysttown".

Only first-class mail is forwarded. Now it happens my mother-in-law has the same address we had. So, from the joy of our move, all except first-class mail has been delivered to her, me c/o her. No problem. I asked that they do the same with first-class mail, and they agreed to. And, under the regulations, they are required to. Sometimes they do, sometimes they do not.

You have but forgot our "new" address, since 10/1/67: Rt. 8, Frederick, Md. 21701.

I'd certainly welcome the contribution. And do we need it. I even save stationery and use whatever old paper I have where it is not too declassified.

Spent most of today in a garage while my car was being repaired. In the mail was a copy of Penn's third, from a friend. He has outlived me. It is so sick, so wrong, so inexcusably irresponsible. He just hasn't been able to take the pressure and, I fear, has become paranoid. I assure you he is doing things you'd never have expected of him and I certainly didn't. The nastiness he has written about me (which, to his knowledge, is also false), is minor. He has owed me money for three years, acknowledges it and refuses to pay it, justifying it to himself on the ground that I, too, am some kind of agent. He is insane on Boxley and the Rich stuff. I have the pages of the morgue book, I have the autopsy pictures, Boxley twisted what he didn't invent (like that radio equipment began, in his report, as engineering equipment and got converted, but it actually was a pile of beer-can and cigarette butts). The only man denied all of Boxley's story, and the only picture Boxley showed them was the "arrest" pictures. Penn finally caught up with part of the reality, as his new book shows. At the beginning there are three men arrested behind the morgue, Sprague's contrivance, at the end four behind the post office (which is accurate for three, as I established and told him), two blocks away, and there were no arrests of these men. They were bums, winos, and smelled it as much as they looked it.

His dedication to Craig and Boxley is touching, if irrational. Craig lied and Boxley is, at best sick. I tried to get them to drop the CIA charge from the release but didn't succeed, for I never believed it and have no reason to believe he ever was CIA. I don't know. He could be, but I saw no purpose in any release and no purpose in hurting him needlessly. It is the opposite of what Penn says. He also believes someone on the staff was feeding Jim some kind of funny pills that made him the creature of the staff. This is Boxley's story, and I was in the office when the Garrison-hating TV stations called Sciambe to laugh at it with him, after Boxley phoned and told them. ...That whole thing is so far beyond belief, but it is awful to find a man who would be so good and is so brave so very wrong and so very hurtful. As I wrote Penn, I mourn a sick friend.

But thanks, and please excuse the haste.

Sincerely,

Griscom Morgan

Rt. 1, Box 275

Yellow Springs,

Ohio 45387

February 15, 1970

Dear Hal:

I hope you are alright. I mailed you a check in contribution to your work and received the letter back with the notation that you had moved and left no forwarding address during the prescribed period of time. Knowing that a variety of things might be the cause, some of them sinister or misfortune, I want to know how you are and whether I should again send the contribution.

Fraternally



Griscom Morgan

2/22/70

Dear Gris,

Your very welcome kindness arrived today, and, in addition to appreciating it very much, it also comes in time nick, for I'll need it this coming week to finance a short trip. We are running that close, alas. With a few generousities like this, our not-easy lot would lately have been worse. My wife, who is and has been a major part of my work (it is no exaggeration to say that without her I could not have done what I think I have), has temporary employment. It will last a month and a half more. This costs us the index to my longest work to date - temporarily only, I expect. But that, unfortunately, is also vital, for the few reserves she had stashed away, without my knowledge, were consumed in meeting the quarterly interest on our debt. God knows where that for the next quarter and the payment on principal will come from.

It has been one of my deeper regrets that no college has seen the value my files will have in an archive, no university press has seen the significance of the work, historically as well as currently. From talking to me, our letters, my books that you have seen and will and hearing me speak you cannot understand the breadth of it, what I have found and done. I cannot now go into it, but I do tell you (and you alone, please) that I have what the Commission had denied it. You may recall that when I spoke before your group, I said our major concern was more important than the unsolved murder of a President - that it is the integrity of our society. The most basic evidence was denied the Commission and I now have significant portions of it.

However, I also have to first, protect it, and second, not dry it up. I hope, expect and am, in various ways (all time-consuming), working to expand it. This is not as impossible as it may seem, but the slightest injudicious use of some of my materials, the collateral significance ^{of which} may not be recognized by those who may become aware of it, could end these prospects. It is not alone the desire of a writer wanting the exclusive use of his own materials, which is not unusual or exceptional, that impels me to ask those with whom I entrust some of it not to let anyone else know it. It is partly to prevent out-of-context or merely sensational use (which one of our brethren is currently trying) but more, to make further successes possible.

With the best intentions in the world, people share what they have, and without intending harm, others blab. Thus it gets around. Some of the most significant has thus found its way back to me from the far side of the country. Need I then tell you how many had no need to know also knew, and that I have been entirely unable to carry that aspect further? The intelligence practised against us is incredible. So, these are some of the reasons for the injunctions.

Probably tomorrow I will package and send you, insured, two of the three parts of my work on the autopsy and what relates. I am now returning to this area and plan to write the third part next. I'll probably make what was originally the third part the second part of POST MORTEM. I'll be sending you what is now called I and III. The appendix is missing from I and is incomplete in III. When you have read it, please package it securely, insure it and return, book rate. I will then send you COUP D'ETAT, a title once stolen and about to be again, for the copyright is meaningless if you are without the resources to enforce it. You may find these works a bit diffuse, and without doubt a commercial publisher would, but given the unwillingness of any to consider works other than of sycophancy on this subject, I regard it as more important than commercial acceptability to have

what I regard as a more complete, in-a-context work. Others may disagree with the context, but ultimate determination will have to await the unravelling of history. I do it as I see and understand it. If I err, there will be no doubt about it, for I am pretty explicit.

I plan suits against the government on the suppressions. With luck, the first will be filed in two weeks. The absence of my lawyer is all that now delays it. I am working on preparing the others. Possibly the first may result in some unlatching. May I say that, as indicated above, without suits I have already done some unlatching. I cannot exaggerate the significance of the results this far.

It is never comfortable (and it is contrary to my character) to ask friends to make no mention of my work. However, it is also uncomfortable telling the truth about some of us. So, + nope you will, for the present, be content to take my word that it is best to take no chances with loose talk and tell none of the contents of what I'll send. POST MORTEM was done the summer of 1967, believe it or not. POST MORTEM III was done before the Washington trial, for which it provided the factual basis. This is the Garrison suit for the autopsy materials. What was testified to there is what I discovered in the data this suit forced out of a secret file. But that is not all of it, and if there is any spreading of this, there will be no more without court action. With no funds, that is a major problem. It is not easy with resources. III was done more than a year ago. I did most of COUP (I) right after Bobby's murder, the second part immediately after the Memphis minitrial. In between times, I have been continuing research and investigation (they are not identical). This includes a certain amount of contact with some would call "the other side". It involves no compromise at all and has been quite productive. So, I've been busy, though I have aged immeasurably since the pleasant evening-night-early morning we spent together. I felt compelled to spend much time (and substance) in New Orleans, doing what was not being done. I could not complete what was, to the point I carried it, very successful. It may yet have public significance. It expands our knowledge of both Oswald and the forces materially. And the people. A certain amount of it may yet find its way into a book, though I did not plan it that way. Had there been any real investigation (and, to you alone, investigators) there, there is little doubt in my mind we would have learned more. ...There is so much to do and so few doing anything...

Again my sincere thanks, and to your wife, too, for did she not make it possible? And forgive the typos; I no longer take the time to read and correct letters, for I spend that in other work.

After you have read the newer books, do not feel that you must write me about them. However, I will welcome any opinions. Please, also, remember that they are first drafts. The time required to revise a manuscript is as great as that required to write another book. Or, the time required to expand the record by that much. So, I do not indulge this proper writer's vanity.

My best and my thanks to you all.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

Griscom Morgan

Rt. 1, Box 275
Yellow Springs,
Ohio 45387

Feb. 4, 1970

The letter that miscarried

Harold Weisberg
Hyattstown, Md. 20734

Dear Hal:

Thank you for your full and good letter of the 20th of Jan.

I was pleased that when I had decided to make a contribution to your work, and then changed my mind when I found how much repair of my car would cost, that my wife said she would dip into her savings to make this possible. So I will inclose a check for \$35 for your work.

I would like to ask as a possible favor that you send me the zerox copy of ~~some~~ of your books as you could send and have me return when through with it. Perhaps this could happen ^{in sequence} with more than one of them, thus enabling me to see what you have developed without tying capital up in more zerox copying.

I have a high regard for Cyril Wecht, and if Vince was running contrary to his understanding with regard to the X-rays it does not seem right in him.

We are all of us tried and found wanting to one degree or another, and in one way or another. Most people have not the thoroughness and persistence to stick with a thing till they have thought it through adequately, and so stop short and go along with what is inadequate or wrong. Very rare is the person who is able to carry a difficult project all the way through. I've been finding this true of the mechanics working on my car. My father in his engineering work found this to be generally the case, and one of his major objections to the Corps of Army Engineers is their rather general lack of this quality necessary to good engineering. Their real forte is political maneuver and propaganda in which they are thorough.

I don't know what you are referring to when you wrote of the "Washington trial". I do want to catch up with what has been happening.

I think you can count on me to act in a disciplined way with regard to the volumes I'd like you to let me have access to. I am deeply committed to disciplined associated endeavor as contrasted with irresponsible ego-trips and going into action that might harm or discredit the cause without careful consultation and clearing of the action. My one question as to the conditions you ask with regard to "no use, direct or indirect be made of it" is whether this means that I should not make reference to it with intimates with whom I have been the only avenue of study and contact with the case. I can agree to this, but want to be clear with regard to it.

In regard to non-violence, it is a negative phrase. In the positive attribute it is as Ghandi called it, "truth force", and its power even where there is no morality has been proven many times. Thus an associate in India is the only man that can be trusted in his province.

his enemies have tried to kill him, his work has been robbed and exploited, but he is the one person that even his enemies could trust, so he has become the focal point of hope and progress. The old wealthy corrupt cast has joined the Communist party in power, and he remains a standard of disinterestedness that the common people can trust. Even if he were killed his influence would continue to grow. For there is no other person or focus upon whom people's hopes can grow, and his work has proved itself --as a way and a standard. So it was with Jan Maserik in Checkosllovakia. His death was not a defeat, even though the Stalinists lied about it as the establishment lied about Kennedy's.

Best wishes,

fraternally



Griscom Morgan

Thanks for your letter of Feb 19th. It was foolish haste that let me use the old and wrong address. I didn't think about the possibility I'd gotten the wrong one.

The detailed evidence you have on Penn's tragic fixation helps, and its tragedy hurts.

Well, if you can let me see a little of what is in your current work, I'll be devouring it with interest.