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1/11/72

Senator Charles H. Stenholm  
Senate Office Bldg.  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mac,

Not long after I got advance warning of Burke Marshall's breaking of his word to you I almost cut my thumb off. This slowed me down a bit so that those things I felt I had to do took more time than they would have. Not until last night, when the discomfort in the thumb made me stop typing, did I have time to think, and that followed what I did as soon as I stopped typing, listen to Dr. John K. Lattimer, the man who has yet to say a truthful word or do an honest thing in all of this, the well-established sycophant whose ignorance of fact is as irrelevant to him as it seems to have been outside Marshall's consideration (in the best face I can honestly give this).

The end product of all of this is too terrible to think of. I try and make sense of it and I cannot. There was no need for anyone to see this material at this or any other time, much less now than ever because there was absolutely no pressure for it and in all only four men made new application. Mine dates to November 1966. And of these four the only one who does not meet the requirements of the contract is the only one to have been given access. With some care, all of this was fed in advance to Fred Graham, and from what I have learned from him, we may not yet have seen all the evil possible.

I am aware of how paranoid what I will say will sound. But if any one thing of which I have been able to think can in any way explain the doing of the unnecessary and that in the worst of possible ways, it is the setting up of Teddy. In his name, and this is not in any way changed by his personal silence, he has just uttered what may be his most famous last words. If anyone bears him evil intent and desires his hurt, there cannot be a better time.

On their own or under orders, his people maintain as total a detachment as possible. I write them expecting and getting no answer, simply because I owe it. I can ill afford the time or the worry. This may yet kill him. Ignorance never accomplished any good.

When you offered to speak to Teddy, my instinctive reaction was to leave him out of it, as I think you will recall. As of that time, I was certain this bestserved his personal interest. I cannot in good conscience tell you I would like you to speak to him. I just don't know. I do know that what has happened can't be excused or justified, is as disassociated from reality as anything can possibly be and on the basis of anything I know is entirely beyond rational explanation. I can't conceive of Marshall being any kind of conspirator, and I do not suggest this. I do suggest that at some time he will consider suicide when he finally learns what he has done, no doubt based upon misplaced trust. That he would give Lattimer, who is less qualified than you, exclusive access to this material is perhaps the single, most insane thing in a long series of them, Lattimer hasn't even read the medical testimony. He is a urologist and can't qualify under the contract. He is the only sycophantic medical man of whom I know.

You know I have never sought to pressure you to do anything. I have merely made a few offers to show you what I have, and I have let it go at that, I am not now going any

farthur, unless the expression of regret does.

Whether or not anything now happens, in time you will be horrified at what you have not seen and its possible meanings.

Do, I am asking nothing of you. This whole thing depresses me much. I have these few moments before going to the doctor for the changing of the dressing on my injury. My sole purpose has been to try and express the fears I feel, the hope that what I have tried to do of which I have not said anything herein may have some influence on them, so that if you can think of anything you may be aware of what troubles me.

Best regards to everyone,

Harold Weisberg