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Jack McKinney
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Dear Jack,

It was a pleasant surprise to read about you in a deposition in a lawsuit against him, JAMA and others that JAMA's editor said you did not agree with, the transcript is not clear, but I think it is what he said at their NYC ¹⁹⁹² press conference. If not that it was the JAMA article by Dennis Broo.

If you did no more than merely disagree, you ain't the Jack McKinney who was so fond of the Clancy Brothers.

To refer to what JAMA did as disgraceful is close to praising it.

But in a way it was helpful to me.

It enabled me to keep writing with the intention, not having any publisher, of seeking to perfect the record ^{for} history to the degree possible for me. I used that JAMA propaganda as the skeleton I fleshed out into a definitive overview of the JFK assassination and its investigations of about a quarter of a million words.

As you may remember, I never did any theorizing, about conspiracies or anything else about the assassination. I restricted myself to fact. Each of my books proves with the official evidence only that there was a conspiracy.

As I continued this work I started using the Freedom on Information Act. When the FBI in its judge-shopping was before the judge it wanted ^{in one of my earliest suits} it rewrote the Act through its mendacity and his willingness. That cut my use of the Act off. But not for long.

I did a book on the King assassination and I then became James Earl Ray's investigator. I conducted the habeas corpus investigation that got him an evidentiary hearing to determine whether or not he'd get the trial he has not had. What I produced ^{at the hearing} led the judge in refusing him a ^{trial} hearing to hold that guilt or innocence ^{was} immaterial! I've got the transcripts of the two weeks of hearings and I did exculpate Ray.

When Congress got interested in FOIA again, in 1974, it restored its original meaning ^{and expanded it} to the Act. In the Senate debates, it was Teddy Kennedy who saw to it that the record would show that it was the lawsuit in which the FBI rewrote the Act, mine against the FBI, for the results of its JFK assassination scientific testing, that requiring the amending of the investigatory files exemption to open FBI, CIA and similar files to FOIA access.

Then I really started suing them, still broke and indebt. Which for reasons not connected with my writing I am no longer. In all I filed more than a dozen suits and got about a third of a million pages. They will be a permanent free public archive at local Hood College, a fine small one here in Frederick.

All of this litigation coincided with the onset of a number of serious illnesses

and six operations several of which I was not expected to survive. I can barely and with some hazard use the cellar stairs. And that is the only place we have room for all those file cabinets. So, other than when I have help, for practical purposes I do not have access to those records. I do make them accessible to all ^writing in the field, even to that Jewrat Posner, author of the most thoroughly and intendedly dishonest of all the books. They can all use our copier, too.

What I say also accounts for my typing. I must sit with my legs elevated when I'm not walking. I can walk for about five minutes at a time.

What JAMA did made ^{me} a decent formula that did not require access to all those records possible. A friend connected with publishers said he'd do it and I've not yet been able to learn why he did not have it out last July, which would have been no problem.

Posner made the same approach possible and I had a book ^{of} about 200,000 words done two months after his was out. The friend said he'd like to do that. He did no editing and he eliminated 75-80% and then, after doing nothing for a while, ^{was} in such a rush typos went uncorrected, no table of contents was included and no index. But what remains leaves so little of Posner that in the six weeks since it was in the stores I've not heard a word from him ^{of} from Random House.

At 81 and so limited in what I'm allowed (or able) to do (I'm not to try to lift more than 15 pounds) publishing myself is out of the question. With the curse of the first still lingering I accepted any offer made. It was that or nothing. The JAMA possible book, NEVER AGAIN! is to appear in September. I was told last year. My own peer reviews, two historian friends, evaluate it as the best and most important. So, it has to wait.

In trying to perfect the record for history I've just finished another ^{u r} manuscript of about 250,000 words. It, as do all my books, document the media failures along with those of our other institutions. More than the others, however, ^{last} this one makes the case against named book publishers. I do not expect to offer it to any.

Not espousing any of the theories substituted for fact, I'm pretty much alone in the field. ~~Even~~ Travel is dangerous so I've not been on the college circuit for at least a decade and a half. The medicine that keeps me alive makes me a bleeder, resulting in the possibility that a slight accident can be fatal. So, I stay home and churn it out.

Case Open is the butchered rough draft. They said they'd retype it in New York. No editing. Just eliminating most of the chapters by far. I hope you find this slim remnant of it worthwhile.

I must say that for all the irresponsibility of so many, it was the shows like yours that made it possible for the subject of the crime that turned the world around to remain a topic of public discussion, what our society requires if it is to function. I do thank you for very much!

Best wishes, Harold Weisberg

Harold