

New Address: Rt. 7, Frederick, Md. 21701 301/473-8186

11/25/67

Mr. Michael Mooney
The Saturday Evening Post
641 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mike,

Now I know why you went out of your way to tell me you personally had nothing to do with the Post's affair with Thompson. A whore lustily plying her trade at high noon on the portico of the White House is more honorable than anyone connected with this book and its flackery.

I read the Post piece on the way back from California several days ago. I heard Thompson on the Jack McInney show on WCAU last night and this morning. That wretched, obscene so-called scholar, trading on his degrees to merchandize the production of others, not only seems to take credit for it, as in the Post, but actually did on the radio.

Now if no one else on the Post knows this, you do, and I would like to think that someone there would not only want to be decent for a change but would recognize the character of what you have gotten into, a shabbiness that may well frustrate the eventual acceptance of truth.

On the subject of decency, perhaps this is a consideration foreign to the Post. I recall so well the deal we made when you sent Dick Whalen to me when he was lost and all your money and the competitive advantage you sought over Look and the Manchester series was in danger. You and Dick agreed that in return for my rescuing him on the autopsy and related matters you would give me proper credit. It came out real good, that I was a disgruntled chicken farmer.

However, this incident also put you in a position to know that even his claim to discovering the double head shot is not Thompson's. You may recall that I persuaded Dick to persuade you to come down so I could show you things in the Archives. For his own reasons, Dick cued me out, and I blundered in with the equipment I had promised to have to show you things just before you left. But I did show you this. Had I not you'd still have known it because I also published it a year ago (WHITENASH II, p. 221).

Before your story appeared Dick begged me not to do to him and you what I had done to Knebel and Look. Because of your editorial and the fact that the story did mark an advance I swallowed everything and was silent. I even kept secret the monumental incompetence of Dick's not getting the pictures and X-rays when he could.

In what I read in the Post and what I heard Thompson fraudulently claiming he discovered on the radio, I find only two things not in my published work. One of them also was my "discovery" that I saved in my publication for the fifth book, SCOT MONTGOMERY: THE SUPPRESSED KENNEDY AUTOPSY. It has been written for several months. It will be published when I can risk the added debt. However, I told Thompson's colleague about it a year ago this past summer, and I gave copies to others working in the field, all in confidence, to help their research. A copy also is in the Life files in which Thompson worked, on the same basis, as Dick Dillings will tell you.

This refers to the FBI reports on the finding of the pieces of the President's skull by the student Harper, south of the assassination site and where it could not have been exposed under the official story.

The only other thing not already in my published work is that of Ray Marcus, who offered it to me to use, as he did every other researcher, with credit. This is the dip in Connally's shoulder at Frames 237-8 of the Zapruder film. I still have Ray's material in the envelope in which he mailed it a year ago this summer. Ray also told Thompson about it, personally. He told me this when advance copies of your issue appeared in Los Angeles while I was there.

Aside from literary kleptomania (about which you also are aware and about which you know I have maintained silence so that we may ultimately get the truth to the degree now possible to men), what has Thompson added, for what purpose have his promoters used the Post?

For a very skilled merchandizing of a designedly dishonest formula that may make Thompson wealthy, frustrate truth, can be acceptable to the discredited government. He and the Post can now be pointed to and the "critics", whose work he uses but of whom he does not consider himself one, can be disputed, with you and his book as "authority". What it all adds up to, all in defiance of the readily-available and entirely incontrovertible evidence, is that Oswald really was an assassin, he really did kill the President, and there was no conspiracy. The hurting government now need only say they were really right, except that maybe Oswald might have had help from those with whom he had no connection (the Epstein formula reheated with the fired of others, chiefly mine). And all can now be forgotten, the country is safe, God bless the dead President, and lets worry about the Hippies or taxes or anything else.

What kind of editing is there on the Post when it says there were three assassins (this limit possible only because of the avoidance of those shots he acknowledges missed, one of which appeared previously only in my work) with accomplices and there was no conspiracy. Or should I ask the question about integrity?

All of this is outrageous. On the personal level it cannot in any way be justified. This is not a case of using the same material and reaching the same or similar conclusions. This is a case of his having nothing not already published (save his prefabricated error and speculation in the name of "hard evidence", not unintentional), having plumbed the Archives and come up with only what I had and used and nothing I had and didn't use and nothing I didn't have, and he labels it all his own finding or his own discovery. If you heard or can get the McKinney tape, which I listened to until 2 a.m., you can hear this for yourself. On the level of national interest it is absolutely beyond description or vilification.

I write you instead of Mr. Emerson because you should be aware of most of this and because, despite the inexcusable Whalen affair, I do not think you are a crook. I hope you will want to do what you can by way of rectification, should that be at all possible, and that you will give this letter^{to} and discuss what you might recall with Mr. Emerson, who is probably unaware of any of it.

Regardless of how it came to pass, this is a disgraceful thing for the Post to be involved in. I had thought better of it.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg