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473-8186

Route 8  
Frederick, Md. 21701

April 22, 1968

Mr. William A. Emerson, Jr.  
Editor, The Saturday Evening Post  
641 Lexington Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Dear Mr. Emerson:

Gratefulness is hardly the feeling my letter of March 31 inspired in you, and it certainly is not the appropriate one. But there is one thing I can say for your letter of April 11: It was written. That is more than followed my letter on that mixed thievery and lickspittlery by Thompson.

I think it is possible you misread my purposes in writing such letters and investing the time they require. If there is but one thing I can do, it is to leave a record. That, believe me, I will do. It is to be an archive in a major university, with all my files.

Forever thereafter Americans will be able to see who served the country in time of great crisis and how. Those files on the press will be particularly illuminating. Your failure first to respond and then to make even pro forma denial will have its own kind of eloquence.

There was one immediate result of my letter: Someone now has the kindness to address my magazine correctly - by hand.

However, it is wrong to consider me a "reader". That I now am not and will not be, not while you so debase the sacred responsibility of the press in a country such as ours.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg