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September 14, 1966

Mr. William A. Emerson, Jr.,
Editor, The Saturday Evening Post
641 Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Emerson,

Despite a "publisher's" obligations and requirements I have completed the rough draft of a sequel. I call it WHITEWASH II: WHO DID IT. It tells the story of the whitewashing, taking the first book considerably forward and, in its own way, is perhaps more shocking. It is thoroughly and I think very interestingly documented with the kind of documents very few people ever see. It does name names.

I have to integrate two of the earlier chapters, one of which one of your people saw. Should you hear that some of this material has been improperly used, it is true, but I am satisfied the Post had nothing to do with it. You will probably be seeing it and hearing about it, if you have not already. Two weeks ago I saw some of the stuff that was being broadcast. I never expected this kind of a violation of my trust. But there is more, and I shall, because of the subject matter, continue silent about it.

When I have gone over these two chapters I'll have the rough draft. I expect to be in New York within the next month in connection with the taped TV special of which I wrote you. If you'd like, I can bring this material, including the documentation and photographs.

With what I now have I think there remains little doubt that Oswald could not possibly have been an assassin, of which there was official knowledge, which I also have unquestionably documented. It is now fairly apparent that he had some relationships it is not pleasant to contemplate.

Between the two books, I am satisfied there remains little of importance that can be added until we have a means of identifying the real assassins.

Especially because of the Manchester book, but for other reasons, I hope you will be interested. The second book does not duplicate the first. If you are interested, I know I can trust you and you can Xerox copies of my documentation for your own study with but the restriction of confidence and your promise to give me the copies if we come to no understanding.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Weisberg