

ML  
Mrs. Lillian Weisberg  
Coq d'Or Press  
Hyattstown, MD

August 11, 1967

Dear Mrs. Weisberg:

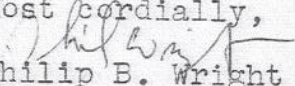
This is an outrageous length of time for a letter to go unanswered, but what I was up to, first, was getting my qualifying exams out of the way, and then, having accomplished that, finishing my doctoral thesis this summer because of my spot on the salary schedule this fall. It's part of the academic complexities of life. Please understand and don't interpret my failure to answer sooner to a lapse of interest in the subject matter of great concern to us both.

Well, it's very easy to buy all three varieties of 6.5, either through the mail or at your local gun store (the one with 'register communists not firearms' on the front door). Then, if you want the cases, just take a pair of pliers and twist off the bullet, or ball, portion of the cartridge, pouring the powder down the drain, or, more dramatically, lighting with a match in an ashtray. A few specks at a time makes a fun game out of this until you get used to the fact that without enclosetment there is really no danger.

There's a great deal of things about this rifle business which it would help, I think, to get under Harold's belt, to use the western metaphor. So, why not drop by sometime and we'll take a 6.5. and run up to the friendly shooting range. Also, we'd like to buy you a drink.

If you have time, I'd like to know what you people think about Garrison. Can make up my mind. It's like flying saucers. But one thing that's certain is that the media's whitewash has elements of panic about it. All the big guns (no pun) including Sewareid blasted away as if the whole thing were, so to speak, a plot within a plot within a plot. You've got, incidentally, to see Macbird. A classic.

Lots of luck with your incredible schedule, and we sure hope the truth will out in our time, in spite of Warren's dark saying.

Most cordially,  
  
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