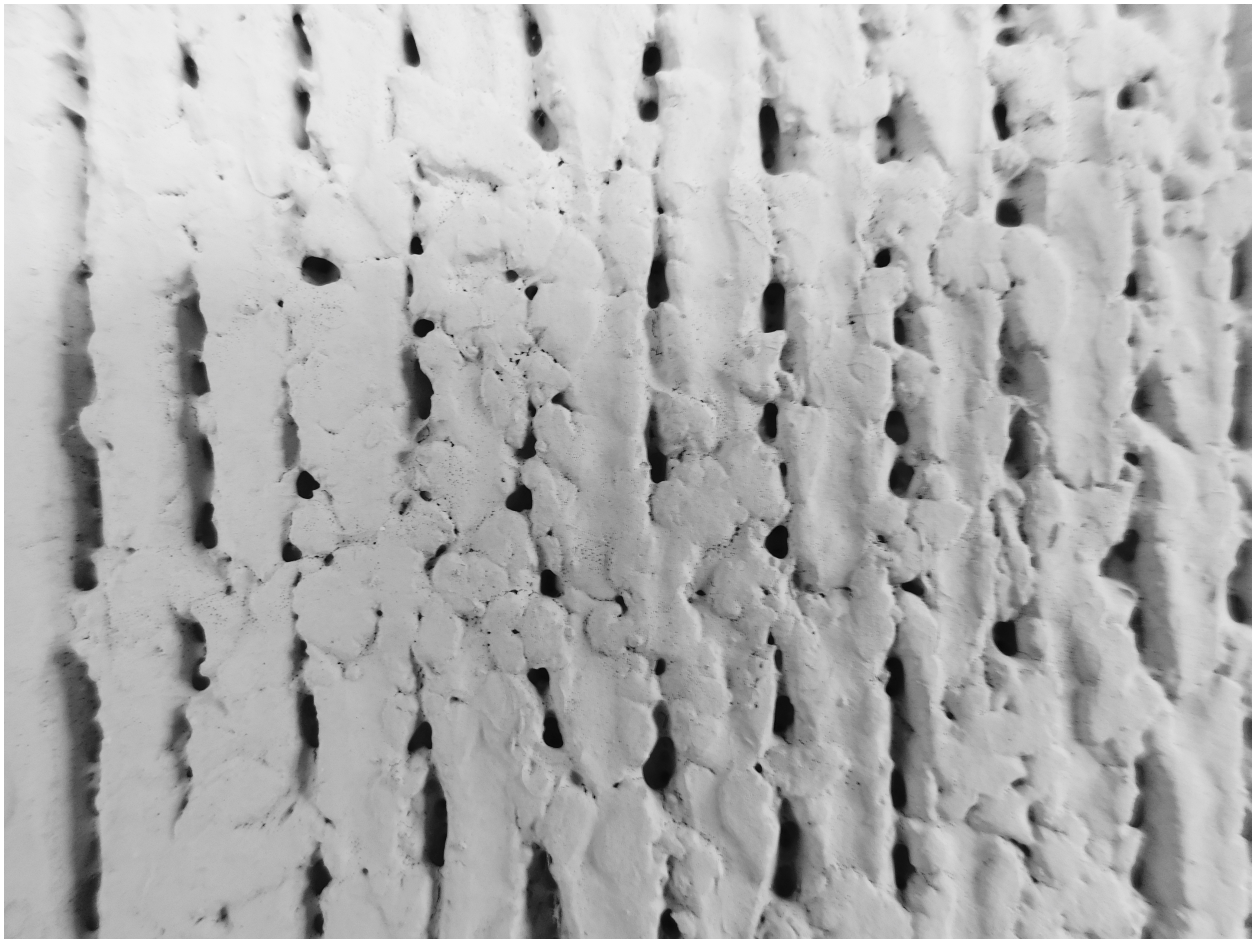


How to Fix the JFK Lie in 30 Seconds

by Archer Crosley



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Prologue

Intro

What you read here is my view of the assassination as I get into the head of the man who coordinated the assassination of JFK. This is easy for me to do as I am the man who did so.

I am real, but not real. Some might call this fiction. I call it truth if what I say is so. Who can know? I'm sure I will get some of the facts of the case wrong as there are so many facts to master. Retreating back to 1963 is a world into itself, no less complex than the one we inhabit today.

If I speak as if I am sometimes me and sometimes not me, but a third person acting somewhat detached, it is because I was afflicted with two people living inside me.

Why JFK?

Why should we talk about JFK?

When the ruling classes in our government killed JFK and got away with it, they learned that they could get away with just about anything; consequently, they embarked upon a fifty-year trek of non-stop lies and fabrication injecting America into foreign wars that benefitted them, the ruling class. How did that work out for you, soldier? What has happened to the country's infrastructure, civil contract and economic base? Are you better off than you were fifty years ago? What will your healthcare be in twenty-five years if these same ruling classes continue to lie about the benefits of government-run single payor?

When your government robs you by shipping jobs offshore, permitting non-stop mergers, building idiotic walls as make-work projects, tossing bombs on countries that would prefer to live in peace, enabling CEOs to receive 75 million dollar golden parachutes for running companies into the ground, failing to create a responsible

drug-policy that prevents your children from becoming addicted to Meth and Xanax, it affects your health.

Since JFK's death the United States has been on the warpath in Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan and now Syria. Not only does your country fight physical wars, it fights abstract wars as well. There has been a never-ending succession of wars against crime, drugs, littering, illiteracy, hate, violence, you name it since JFK's death. These wars costs big bucks, your bucks. Ultimately the money is transferred to rich corporations who stand ready to fight it, and why not? They lobbied Congress to fight the war to begin with. Frankly, they didn't have to work too hard to get Congress to pass the legislation because it was their immoral corporate policies that created the dire economic conditions that necessitated the war to begin with.

In his own way, JFK understood what he was up against. Born into money, he understood that money as an end in itself is empty.

The Goal

The goal of this book is to provide a working, rational, superior alternative theory to the Warren Commission's findings. This theory will have to be modified as new facts emerge. Since my goal is to provide a superior theory as to what happened during the events on 11/22/63, I must necessarily speculate, and I have done so by injecting my thoughts into the principals involved in the assassination. I do not see this as anything more extraordinary than what a police detective would do in the course of his or her work. This is a murder investigation after all; should we criticize the police detective for taking literary license by placing himself in a suspect's shoes and thinking what he or she might have done. Attorneys do this all the time in a courtroom. Connecting the dots via speculation is absolutely necessary to developing a better working model as to what took place; otherwise what we are left with is what we have today: a broad morass of unrelated facts which are nice to talk about. I'm not interested in talk.

Finally, we should approach the Kennedy Assassination in this manner because, as Einstein said, imagination is more important than knowledge. It is imagination that leads is to develop a higher platform upon which we can stand to see further and farther.

Myths

Approaching the Investigation

Much of the problem in approaching JFK's death is in our belief system and the myths that we have been subjected to. These myths are extensively promoted by the mainstream media who are heavily invested, politically and economically, in establishing and promulgating the lone assassin theory. On this page I will discuss many of these myths.

What is a Conspiracy?

The word conspire has its roots in the latin word *spire* which means to breathe. In a conspiracy two people are breathing or working together. Indeed, every single person on planet earth exists because of a secret conspiracy unless, of course, your parents placed an ad in the New York Times the night you were conceived.

Conspiracies Require Too Much Expertise

According to Warren Commission zealots, conspiracies require too much expertise to be carried out.

Is that a fact?

When I was 47 years of age, I went out to eat with a friend at a local restaurant for my birthday. On the way to the restaurant, I got a call from my secretary who informed me that there had been a leak in my office. So, my friend and I went to the office which was on the way to the restaurant. We parked out front; and as I walked up to the front door, I could see my secretary, Angie, mopping out water through the front door. "Jesus Christ," I cried aloud, "another flipping thousand bucks down the drain." I moved into the office and surveyed the damage. "What in hell's name happened," I asked Angie. She gave some excuse I can't remember. I can't remember because no sooner had the words escaped my mouth when fifteen people popped out from behind the counter and screamed, "SURPRIIIIIIISE!"

Jesus Christ, I had chest pains. What on earth is going on, I asked myself. I had to lean back against the counter to catch my breath. I was shocked numb. When I moved

around the counter, there must have been a hundred people there. Where did these people come from? Where did they all park? Across the street? I hadn't seen one car. I hadn't seen one person. I had been truly blindsided. It was like I had been shot by a bullet.

There are seven billion on the globe which means nineteen million birthdays every day of the week. Assuming that 1% of those are surprise parties with a 90% effectiveness rate, this makes for a hell of a lot of successful surprise parties.

Now, if you still believe that conspiracies can't happen because they require too much expertise, then you need to get on the horn to Mossad, the CIA, MI6, the Army Rangers and the Navy Seals and let them know that secret missions can't work because they require too much expertise. Obviously as believers in secret missions they are wasting their time.

You might also want to speak to the Justice Department because they have been filling charged of conspiracy against American citizens for the past quarter of a millennium.

Conspiracies Can't Happen Because Someone Will Talk

No one is going to talk if they are motivated not to talk. If the stakes are high and people are promised with death of body and family should they talk, no one is going to talk. You may not care about yourself, but you will sure care about your sister, brother, parents and children. Plus, there are fates worse than death.

Conspiracy People are Nuts

Yes we are. Only a crazy person would argue with zealots who pretend to be sane people.

Years ago, Robert J. Ringer wrote a book entitled *Looking Out For Number One* in which he pointed out that when you as a sane person argue with crazy people, you are one who is crazy; you are the one in a cage. So, yes, we are crazy. We are crazy because we argue with crazy zealots who believe in a crazy story.

But, never mind that, we are conspiracy nuts.

The Aunt Edna Principle

I wrote a book years ago that perhaps three people read. It was entitled, Aunt Edna. The gist of the book is that America's leaders can't tell America what really happens because the shock would be too much for them. I used Uncle Henry and Aunt Edna as a metaphor. Uncle Henry has died, but we can't tell Aunt Edna that Uncle Henry has died because the shock will be too much for her and she will die. I don't know of any physician who recommends withholding information. Nevertheless, our leaders ruthlessly employ the Aunt Edna principle. No one used this debunked principle more than Gerald Ford who covered up the Kennedy Assassination, promoted the Lie and then pardoned Richard Nixon. Still, Gerald Ford is held in high regard, and I imagine that is because he spoke English in a folksy, down-home manner. People thought they were listening to a friend. Well, all I can say is this: Friends don't lie to you.

National Security Will Be Compromised

If Congress baked a cake, the ingredients would not be revealed to the American people because national security would be compromised. Rarely does anyone in the national media ask how that could occur. Consequently, over the years, because Congress never gets the ass-spanking it so richly deserves, Congress covers up everything. In the case of the cake, Congress does not want you to know that the Secretary of State's son was paid three million for the flour, the Speaker's wife ten million for the sugar and the Senate Majority Leader's alcoholic son two million for the vanilla extract. Why, if the American people knew the ingredients, our country could come under attack. So ruthlessly has this canard been employed that Americans are harassed, maimed and killed for threatening to expose the truth. Trying to explain to inhabitants of Mayberry that our true national security resides within the Bill of Rights and that violating it in order to protect Congress represents the true threat to our national security often falls on deaf ears. Why? Mayberrians are too busy watching Matt Lauer bake brownies with Martha Stewart.

You're Hurting The Kennedy Family

Not surprisingly, it was Gerald Ford who used this attack against Warren Commission conspiracists. According to Ford, Mark Lane and others were hurting the Kennedy family by raising objections to The Lie. Well, to begin with, the President was a public official, not just a private citizen. The American people have every right to challenge the Warren Commission. Second, would any sane person use this type of argument to dissuade a private investigator from looking into any matter? I think not. In this

case, the ramifications of John Kennedy's assassination go well beyond his personal sacrifice.

Our Leaders Are Good People

Yes, many of them are, but many are not; and many just don't care. Americans should never confuse themselves for their leaders. Unfortunately, many Americans actively choose to take a Pollyanna view of our government and so violently adhere to a feel-good fairy tale like the Warren Commission report.

Our Leaders Would Never Kill Anyone

Sure they would. There is simply too much power in the Presidency to prevent assassination. The only way to mitigate this is to move toward a parliamentary system like they have in England.

Detective Work

Credentials

In Elie Wiesel's book, *Night*, he states that early on in the Holocaust, Jews, who had escaped from the concentration camps, went back to their villages to relate what was going on. They were not listened to. Why? Why would people not listen to men and women who were half-starved, filthy dirty, toothless with sore-ravaged skin? They were not listened to because opposing them was an elder with fine clothes, glib voice and unblemished credentials who persuaded the people that such happenings were not credible.

People are impressed with credentials and degrees. The Warren Commission was chosen to exploit that human tendency. They succeeded in selling their bill of goods.

Justice

What is justice? Unfortunately, to many people including our leaders, judges and attorneys, justice is a result. They view it as a landing zone, a place where the discrepancies and disputes arising within society are evened out. Consequently, many people entrusted with dispensing justice view themselves as King Solomon holding a giant ladle with which they will dole out the gruel and goodies of the world. The followers in society, of which there are many, tend to go along with this flawed world view; and so if they come up on the short end of the stick, they cry: "Justice has not been served." Justice is seen as a physical balance within society.

Justice is a process not a result. As long as the process is fair, we will never fear the ends. As long as the process is unfair we will always rue the ends no matter how satisfying they may initially appear to be.

Truth

What is truth?

This is a question I had to ask myself as a child, not because I wanted to but because the question came looking for me. When one of the pillars of your developing identity

is kicked out from you, you ask questions - a lot of them. Question asking becomes a habit. You're always thinking; and so it takes you a lot longer to answer when people ask you something. If you do answer, it's to mess with people's minds so that they leave you alone while you think.

Is truth out there sitting in the ether? Or is truth merely what we say it is? Is truth lies agreed upon as so many politicians and lawyers believe or is truth an independent entity? Well, as instant replay has shown us, truth can be independent of what we see - and quite different.

Lawyers and politicians are generally bachelor of arts degreed english and history majors. For them truth is often what they write. This is reinforced in their English composition class when their instructor asks them to come up with a better ending, a more convincing ending. When they get to law school and then court, they learn pretty damn quick that the most effective lawyer is the one who can weave the best story. A lawyer's skill is dependent upon selecting facts and putting them together just so. If he wins, well, that is truth right there. Truth for the attorney is not so much an independent entity from himself but an extension of himself. He is the truth.

For a person who is trained in the sciences, though, such a view is confusing and abhorrent. A scientist is trained to be a skeptic, to see truth as an entity separate from himself. The scientist's goal is to probe at that independent entity, never confusing himself with it, to be as objective as possible so as to ascertain a truth. As such, one scientist is never the final word as with a DA or as with the Warren Commission. All scientists must have their work verified by others to be accepted. Those scientists who are found to be non-objective are vilified; their careers suffer. On the other hand, those lawyers who get convictions, rightly or wrongly, are lauded; they are held up as supermen.

For me the difference between the two approaches was never brought into starker contrast than the events of Ferguson, Missouri in which a boy Mike Brown was shot and killed by a police officer. This is not in dispute. What is in dispute is how it happened. As the events unfolded, people fell into two camps. The left supported Mike Brown; the right supported the police officer. Both sides could not - and still to this day can not - comprehend how the other side can take the position they do. To the left, the truth is obvious; to the right, the truth is obvious. How can people disagree with each other?

It has to do with how people approach the truth and what it means to them. To people on the right, and I would not be surprised to learn that many of them come from the sciences, truth is an independent entity that exists in the ether separate from oneself. Truth is not what we say it is but something to be discovered. To the people on the left, truth is not separate from oneself but an extension of one's self. If we say it, it is the truth.

Think of the left as a giant blob that gobbles up everything in its sight. Do you remember the Star Trek episode in which a giant paramecium was gobbling up huge sectors of the universe? Think of the left, our giant blob, that way. Now imagine that blob coming to Ferguson and eating it. Ferguson becomes the blob; the blob becomes Ferguson - they are one and the same. So if the blob says - hands up, don't shoot - that is the truth. It is the truth because they - the blob - Ferguson - say it. To the left - there is no Ferguson out there in the ether. Ferguson is them. And since they have spoken the words - hands up, don't shoot - it is the truth.

So when the Warren Commission speaks - Oswald did it - that is the truth to them. It is the truth because they - the Warren Commission - are the truth. In a way, it's similar to what Italians said about Mussolini - Mussolini is always right. And why is he always right? Well, because he says he is. It's a self-reinforcing paradigm much like that closure clause you find in the Bible - another reason I don't go to church. And whosoever should speak against this book will be damned forever.

Do you remember how Jim Kirk tricked false gods into shutting themselves down? He would say: Why does God need to resort to cheap stunts?

Truth can never be self-reinforcing; it must always be open-ended.

Sudoku

Do you play Sudoku?

Sudoku is like a giant Rubik's cube of sorts. The player or participant is invited to look at a square as shown here. The goal is to fill in all rows and columns with numbers ranging from 1 to 9 without repeating a number in each row or column. You also have to do the same for each nonad - a collection of nine squares - that resides within the puzzle.

You are given a few numbers to begin, but still the puzzle can be quite challenging.

The Kennedy assassination is a giant Sudoku puzzle but with a million different squares and variables. In solving a Sudoku puzzle you have to keep your mind on two things at once - what numbers can go in a square - and what numbers can not go in a square.

No one has contributed more to the understanding of the Kennedy Assassination than the investigators themselves. By avoiding certain aspects of the story, they speak volumes. By hiding information or by doing shoddy work, they let us know where the gold might be hidden.

You have heard the last words of Lee Oswald. They are posted on the internet on many sites. I've read them from time to time over the years never once questioning their validity.

These words supposedly spoken by Oswald are a fantasy from the mouths of Henry Wade and the DPD. They are hearsay. **There was no audio or video recording of Oswald done by the DPD. There were and are no formal transcripts. There are no signed statements.** Yet this was a city courthouse with access to paper, tape recorders and court stenographers. If the DPD needed a video recording, they only needed to walk outside the door to borrow any number of news cameras available, yet no recording was done.

Why was this not done? Maybe they didn't want to know the truth. Or maybe they did hear the truth and didn't like it. At any rate, by not performing the most basic procedures required of them, they revealed much about themselves and in turn the truth.

Interrogation and The Lack Thereof

What one notices quickly when reading Warren Commission testimony is the lack of aggressive, persistent and intensive interrogation of witnesses. When interrogating a witness it is important to aggressively ask questions from all angles and at multiple times so as to ascertain reliably and precisely what is going on. This was not done.

It takes strength to risk appearing foolish by asking seemingly foolish questions that often reveal the most valuable information. Perhaps these interrogators wanted to look good rather than do good. What the Warren Commission needed were pit bulls, lawyers with attitude, not lawyers who were looking at a future Senate run.

The Double Standard on Circumstantial Evidence: Smearing Oswald

Warren Commission apologists enjoy pointing out to conspiracy theorists that circumstantial evidence is not compelling and can not be used to detract from the official story, yet no stone went unturned in developing a circumstantial smear campaign against Lee Oswald. Indeed, the smear campaign was instrumental, camera ready and oven baked before Oswald got back to the courthouse.

He was a wife beater.

He was a communist.
He posed with guns outside his home.
He hit his mother.
He was a loner.

It makes you want to compose a song like The Joker

Some people call me the assassin yeah
Some call me the lone nut
Some people call me Alek
Cause' I speak of the pompitous of Marx
People talk about me baby
Say I'm doin' you wrong, doin' you wrong
But don't you worry baby don't worry
Cause' I'm right here at home
Cause' I'm a loser
I'm an abuser
I'm a commie
And I'm a zombie
Watchin' my movie in the dark
I'm a hoser
I'm a poser
I'm a CIA brown-noser
I get my lovin' on the run
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Original lyrics are by the Steve Miller Band.

Occam's Razor

Occam's Razor, otherwise known as The Law of Parsimony, is a simplistic and flawed principle when applied to events in the real world. Occam's Razor is taught in many disciplines including the field of medicine. With regard to the field of medicine, Occam's Razor states that when trying to sort out what is going on with a patient, the simplest solution is what you should be driving toward - the solution with the fewest moving parts.

The problem with Occam's Razor is that many people reverse the principle by stating that the solution with the fewest moving parts is the best one. Unfortunately, this is not always true. The world is much too complex with too many nooks and crannies to support such a statement.

Ultimately I had to reject Occam's Razor as a viable method for practicing medicine and making sense of life. I developed my own principle, the *Marble in a Maze*. In this

principle, life is a marble falling downward into a maze which is a pegboard of nails sitting on end. The nails represent the questions you ask. Where the marble goes depends upon the questions you ask and what the answers are. The marble goes where it goes; you can't force it, nor should you into a category. Life is what it is. Life is open-ended.

Occam's Razor was for me a principle of constriction that forced me to jam facts into a chosen paradigm or model no matter how silly these facts fit. Furthermore, in the world of Occam's Razor, two mutually exclusive events were unlikely to happen at the same time. A person is unlikely to have a urinary tract infection and a cold simultaneously. Accepting such is a violation of Occam's Razor which states that the answer with the fewest moving parts is generally the best.

The problem with Occam's Razor is that people *do* get two things at the same time - every day of the week.

Occam's Razor may work fine if you are Isaac Newton trying to develop a theory of gravity, but it does not work practically if you are working with patients. Nor does Occam's Razor work well when investigating the Kennedy Assassination. Unfortunately, the members of the Warren Commission followed Occam's Razor diligently when constructing their theory. One man, one bullet. To them that was the strongest theory.

Finally, let me say this: Occam's Razor can work but only if the solution is correct. The solution still must be compatible with reality.

Notes: This definition of Occam's Razor comes from Wikipedia: *Among competing hypotheses, the one with the fewest assumptions should be selected.* People, of course, are going to have their different takes on what Occam's Razor really means or what William of Ockham *really* meant.

Right and Left

People don't know their right from their left. Now, if you thought that they did, you would be wrong. This makes understanding what happened in the Kennedy Assassination more difficult.

Compounding this difficulty is that people also can't distinguish anatomical right from left. So when people point to a man's right hand when they are facing him, many point to the hand that is opposing their right hand. It reminds me of the movie, Full Metal

Jacket, where the DI says to Pyle: "Are you kidding me, Pyle. Are you telling me you don't know your right from your left?" Sadly, many people do not.

I try not to place too much credence in what I call right-left testimony.

How Lawyers Think

A lawyer and a judge think in an 'all or none' fashion when looking at evidence. So they will decide first whether evidence is acceptable to be considered for whatever reason. If the evidence is deemed unacceptable, it is given 0 points. A doctor does not think this way at all. A doctor may not like a piece of evidence, or he may find it not entirely credible; but if he does so, he won't typically give it 0 points. He may give it 33 out of 100 points, or he may give it 72 out of 100 points. So for a doctor the evidence is always there which might make for a messy painting up close but a more accurate image when viewed from afar.

Chain of Evidence

One thing we have learned from the Kennedy Assassination is that chain of evidence means nothing except when you want it to. Why should a police officer have to mark a shell casing at all if it is possible for someone in the evidence room to bogus up a marking? So much trust is imbued into this flawed concept; we suffer under the delusion that it is possible to achieve a chain of custody that is uncorrupted, yet we know of many cases where it has been possible to corrupt evidence. So why discuss the concept at all? Ultimately, we must have faith in the people who are conducting the investigation.

If we evaluate the evidence in the case based not upon the evidence but upon the character of the people reporting and handling such evidence, we arrive at a completely different conclusion.

Lifting Minutia Out of Context

Lawyers love to pull minutia out of context in order to win the case. This is how the OJ Simpson case was won. They used a parlor trick to elevate the non-fitting of the gloves to be the defining context of the case. Of course, the corrupt, spineless government, not desiring to see more rioting in Los Angeles, was on board. Never mind the wealth of evidence implicating OJ Simpson. The next time such a case

arises, the authorities need to understand that an immoral act can not result in a moral end. In other words, it is better for Los Angeles to be destroyed by rioting than to permit a guilty man to go free. As you can see, the living conditions for the black community have worsened in the interim. Had Los Angeles been destroyed by a correct Simpson verdict, the authorities would have been forced to confront the real causes of our inner city problems.

The Purpose of a Trial

The purpose of a trial is to arrive at the truth. The purpose of a trial is not to win the case. Unfortunately, the legal profession has been persuaded to accept the latter as true. What has ensued is deceit, trickery, law-breaking and a gaming of the system in order to *win* a case.

Which Is The Best Evidence In This Case

Normally you would expect that the best evidence would be objective evidence such as fingerprints, hair samples, paraffin testing, pictures, ballistics. One would next trust subjective evidence such as eyewitness or earwitness testimony. Unfortunately, this case, the Kennedy Assassination, isn't your typical case. When politicians get involved, truth often finds a strange exit. When the people conducting the investigation stand to gain or lose depending upon the findings, truth can often be found not at all.

Eyewitness testimony has been shown to be faulty, but that does not mean that all eyewitness or earwitness testimony should be painted as suspect or false. There are no simple rules to such testimony. All witnesses must be carefully questioned and investigated; we must know as much about them as reasonably possible. Good eyewitness testimony can be superior to tainted objective evidence. By listening to people talk, the way they talk we can often read between the lines and get to a greater truth. Likewise, the interrogators themselves offer clues. By listening to the Warren Commission counselors as they ask their questions, what they key in on, what they avoid, we can see what is important to them and therefore to us.

The Official Story

Why The Official Story Exists At All

At times it's hard to blame the powers-that-be. They must be extremely frustrated with the apathy of the American people. In truth, no nation lives inside a Frank Capra movie more than the American people. The idea that our nation is a good nation that can never be in the wrong is so heavily ingrained into the American psyche through flag waving, the movie industry and peer pressure that only a severe military defeat will wake America up. Frankly, the regular American people are good people. What Americans refuse to believe is that their leaders can be so greedy and treacherous to the other peoples of the world. But they are; and since they control the media, they cover it up through their mainstream propaganda while spinning fanciful tales like the Warren Commission Lie. The key is to keep that Frank Capra movie rolling.

Why Was John Kennedy Killed

John Kennedy got in the way of the elite's money and perceived security in life. The ruling classes had a vision for the world that JFK neither shared nor prosecuted.

What Did The Warren Commission Think?

I apologize.

For all these years, I had been so focused on what I thought happened in Dealey Plaza that I never bothered to ask what these folks on the Warren Commission believed other than that Oswald did it.

Here is what I discovered in a nutshell. Oswald was the lone assassin. Oswald fired three bullets at the President and one missed. The Commission was not sure which bullet had missed 1, 2 or 3.

It's a beautiful theory when you think about it because it gives them so much flexibility. This is what I love about our government - it can do a good job when it wants to.

After killing the President at 12:30 PM, Oswald went back to his boarding house in Oak Cliff, changed clothes, picked up his gun and walked a short distance around Oak Cliff

where he was confronted by JD Tippit, a Dallas police officer. Oswald shot Officer Tippit at 1:15 PM, then ran down to the Texas Theater where he was captured at about 1:50 PM, less than 90 minutes after killing JFK.

The Unofficial Story of The Warren Commission

In my mind, I have movies; and in one of these movies I see the Warren Commission members sitting around a table talking.

Allen Dulles: Come on, Arlen, you've got to be kidding me. Is this the best you can come up with?

Arlen Specter: I think the single bullet theory is a good one.

Earl Warren: Hmm.

Arlen: Well, there's more. Hear me out.

Lee Rankin: Proceed.

Arlen: Oswald, an itinerant loser, kills President Kennedy as the lone assassin from the sixth floor of the TSBD, then goes home to nearby Oak Cliff to change and pick up a gun. Oswald then meanders aimlessly around the streets of Oak Cliff where he runs into an officer, JD Tippit, who presumably has pulled him over as a suspect in the President's murder. Oswald kills Tippit and then runs chaotically and unseen down to the Texas Theater where he waits to be arrested 80 minutes after killing the President.

Allen Dulles: Well, we're running out of time. Let's run with it.

Gerry: We'll just have to repeat it.

Arlen: Our anointed successors can handle that.

George, Rachel, Matt, Shep, Morning Joe: We'll volunteer.

The Unofficial Story: What Really Happened

Oswald crashed into Dallas from a far-away planet-of-sorts called Oak Cliff in order to kill President Kennedy.

It's phenomenal when you consider what a superman Oswald was. Not content with racing to all vantage points of Dealey Plaza in order to shoot from all directions, he was such a shining star people could see him with total clarity six floors up and a full block over. Yes, there he was standing atop the depository with his cape flowing in the wind presumably safeguarding the citizens of Dallas.

But that was Dallas where Oswald, let's call him Alek, no, Clark, had super powers.

Back across the Trinity River in Oak Cliff - or its real name, Krypton - Oswald, let's call him Kal as in Kal-El, had no powers. He had become just a regular fool. My gosh he couldn't even get out of the taxi in front of his boarding house. The moron had to walk back three or four blocks. And for what purpose? To pick up a gun, of course. Everyone takes a gun to a movie theatre. I know I do.

That must have been the red kryptonite working. And then, to assure invisibility, Oswald, excuse me, Kal, took a stroll through Oak Cliff where he ultimately decided to clock a policeman - hey, nobody will notice that. Finally to assure freedom of movement he moved into a movie theatre where he was captured.

Yes, I hear you, you say. But what about his ability to avoid being shot by the DPD? Surely he managed to avoid that. Doesn't that destroy your theory?

Me: Well, isn't it obvious why Oswald was able to stave off being shot? Clearly some of the policemen had just come from Dallas, across the bed of the Trinity River. They obviously dragged Terran elements with them which rubbed off on Kal temporarily giving him the powers of Clark which is why he said: I am not resisting arrest.

When he got back to Earth - Dallas - Kal became Clark and was in total command of his senses when in the Dallas Police Station in the hallway he was able to ask for a lawyer, Mr. Abt, and his rights. Who but a superman would have even heard of Mr. Abt?

Certainly not me.

You: Yes, but if he had gained super powers again, why couldn't he break out of the jail? And how was Jack Ruby able to kill him?

Me: Well, they must have kept him in a special cell lined with green kryptonite. And as for Jack Ruby, clearly that was Mr. Mxyzptlk.

Why Oswald Went to Mexico

Have you ever wondered why Oswald wanted to defect to Cuba? Well, I know why. Do you remember the show, Leave it to Beaver? It ran from October 4, 1957 to June 20, 1963.

I think Oswald got depressed and angry because the show was cancelled thus prompting his desire to defect to Cuba.

Oswald: Marina, they cancelled a perfectly good show. Why, I tell you, this country isn't good for anything any more.

Marina: Now, Lee.

Oswald: No more of that. We are going to Cuba and that is it. I'm going straight to their embassy in Mexico City tomorrow. I'll take care of the shooting in Dealey Plaza when I get back.

Marina: The what?

Oswald: Mmm, nothing.

And now you know the rest of the story.

Oswald's Clue

Lee's intelligence was measured at 118 which is pretty damn good, nothing to be ashamed of at all. Given that at the time it was measured Oswald was undergoing a lot of emotional torment in his life, his IQ was probably a full 10% higher. Emotional trauma and deprivation will cut down on anyone's performance on a standardized test. So, I would expect Lee's functional IQ was around 130, maybe a bit higher.

If it's one thing the military is good at, it is in placing people in the area they need to be. So it's not surprising to me that they gave Lee a job in their intelligence operations. The military needs smart guys in intelligence. The CIA needs smart guys in intelligence.

Now Lee's detractors want you to believe he was a dumbass, a screw-up who was allowed to stay in Russia only because he tried to commit suicide; and that he was always assigned menial jobs. That sounds convincing, but how does a dumbass become fluent in Russian so quickly? Dumbasses can barely speak one language. Lee must have been pretty smart to have become fluent in Russian in so short a time. He sure fooled his future Russian wife who thought he was a native speaker.

Do you agree? I do, and what I've always been hoping for all these years is that Lee was smart enough and paranoid enough to leave us a clue in case anyone did try to make a patsy out of him. It would be fun, right, to know that Lee could get back at me and the CIA from his grave? What do you think?

He was smart enough, but was he paranoid enough? Or did Lee's desire to belong outweigh any distrust he may have harbored. The CIA would have trained him to be

wary, but was he a naturally suspicious person? Me? I'm always thinking of ways I can get screwed. What about Lee?

Let's play a game out loud. We will assume that Lee was paranoid enough to leave a clue. What kind of clue does a smart guy leave?

It would have to be public so people could find it - all the time, any time - yet not obvious except when pointed out. Otherwise, the CIA could take it down or remove it.

What would be the purpose of the clue? Given that we can't predict the future and can not know possibly what will happen, Lee would want to impart information regarding a person who he had contact with to demonstrate unequivocally that this is the person one should look at if anything should happen to him. This makes sense to me. If you were shot and left dying on the floor, with a few minutes left and a pencil nearby, you would write down on the floor the name of the person who shot you. My guess is that the clue contains the name or visage of Lee's CIA handler, someone he thought we should look at.

The clue would have to be unambiguous and specific. A person looking at it would not be able to say: "Ah, well, it could be this. Or, it could be that." How about a confession naming names. I reject this. Too obvious.

Another option is a picture that a third party would take, at Lee's secret behest, of Lee and his handler - me. This is doubtful, though possible. Lee would have to bequeath the picture, but to whom? If he suspected he might be set up, and knowing who he was dealing with, he would not put his family in a position to be murdered.

How about a letter to the editor of the Dallas Morning News? Actually, that might not be a bad idea. Perhaps he did write one under an alias.

Dear Editor: I live at 1026 North Beckley, and there is a pothole in the sidewalk that has been there ever since I moved in. I was assured by the city that this would be fixed. The other day I tripped and fell into a bush, by George. This caused me much pain, truthfully. I am hoping that this problem can be remedied quickly as my goal is to be a cook. I had planned to attend school at the Culinary Institute of America.¹ Now, I will have to put that on hold.

Sincerely,

JD "Oswald" Ruby

Or maybe Oswald placed a classified ad:

¹ Yes, the Culinary Institute of America, founded in 1946, has been with us quite some time - longer than the Central Intelligence Agency.

Wanted: Old Carcano rifle with shoddy construction. Sight must not work. Only serious offers please. Call Alek at 555-5555.

What do you think?

It seems plausible to me.

Who

Who Killed JFK?

One of the problems in assessing who killed JFK is that we, you and I, or rather you, did not do it. We are the detectives. We are the people coming in later trying to figure it out. Warren Commission apologists love to attack we detectives as conspiracy nuts because we propose so many different theories. Well, of course, we do; that is what detectives do. We theorize and must necessarily do so because we didn't kill the President. Attacking a JFK Assassination investigator because he or she develops various theories that don't work out is as ludicrous as attacking a local detective for developing theories as to why a local crime may have occurred.

One of the reasons so many theories have been developed regarding the Kennedy Assassination is because of the sheer volume of people involved. John Kennedy was not a hermit who lived in a cave in the Ozarks; he was the President of the United States. Many people interacted with him, and he had developed many enemies who wished him harm. Investigating the Kennedy Assassination is like traveling back in time where you encounter a different world with different people. Making sense of our own world is challenging enough; going back in time to get to know different people is even more challenging. Compounding the difficulty in investigating this crime is the fact that John Kennedy was the President of the United States. It is only natural that people want to feel important also, and so people may innocently exaggerate and confabulate their accounts so as to make themselves feel more important. Too, some people with something to hide may even lie or withhold vital information.

Did the CIA Kill JFK?

Let's try to be fair. If they didn't, they sure had a funny way of hiding it. Sometimes I wonder if there were more CIA men in Dealey Plaza than overseas. I'm joking, of course. Certainly the CIA had motive to kill JFK as they felt betrayed by him in the Bay of Pigs, but it goes a little deeper than that.

The CIA is one of the principal arms in dealing with foreign affairs; the other arm being the State Department. Think of America as a boxer. The left arm would be the State Department, the right arm - the power arm - would be the CIA. We lead and jab with the left, we punch their lights out with the right.

Anytime the economy of the United States is affected by a foreign government, the CIA and State Department are going to get involved, and rightfully so. In the post-WWII

pre-Vietnam world, America's main focus was on the Caribbean Rim and Latin America. The CIA had been heavily involved in propping up dictators and overthrowing unfriendly regimes throughout Central America for decades; and then along came Castro. Castro coming to power created enormous difficulties and stress within the local United States economies in the Caribbean Rim - Miami, New Orleans. Castro's coming to power not only upset the imports but also portended a possible threat to future economic relationships should his brand of communism spread. It was only natural that the CIA get involved.

In a nutshell, this is what happened. The CIA, who really works for Corporate America - surprise, not you - decided to stage a coup to overthrow Castro. John Kennedy chose not to give full support to the coup. Many CIA personnel lost their lives. In addition, many businessmen who backed the coup, were enraged. If this were not bad enough, subsequent to the Bay of Pigs Disaster that occurred in 1961, Kennedy chose to enforce a hard embargo on Cuba. It's important to understand that this embargo was not a naval blockade but an economic blockade; moreover, it only applied to US companies. Throughout all these years, Cuba has always been free to trade with other nations. The result of these fiascos was intense CIA hatred for Kennedy. They wanted him out; their backers wanted him out; but they weren't the only ones.

Did the Mob Kill JFK?

To answer this it is first important to understand that mobsters are first and foremost businessmen. That we call them mobsters does not make them any less of a businessman. They are only mobsters because we have drawn a line in the sand and said: Anything on this side of the line is illegal.

That stated, when Castro came to power, he not only affected legitimate businesses but illegal businesses as well. But even if there had been no casinos in Cuba, the mob still would have taken an interest because if the local economy is depressed due to imports denied, the local illegal economy suffers as well.

Compounding the Cuban issue is the fact that the President's brother is going after them. So, it's only natural that the mob is going to reach out. And who do they reach out to? Their friends in the local business community who they live with, who they associate with. And they in turn talk to the CIA: Something must be done.

Many Warren Commission apologists attack conspiracy theorists because too many culprits have been identified - the Mob, the CIA, Castro, Cubans, Dallas Oil Men. This is false criticism because the CIA, the Mob, the Dallas Oil Men are not mutually exclusive groups of people who never commingle. They are wealthy

businessmen who represent the local economies of New Orleans, Miami, Dallas and Houston, and they know important people in Washington who control the CIA.

Did the Israelis Kill JFK?

Yep, the tale keeps getting stranger; and believe it or not, the Israelis have a beef with Kennedy also. Now you would think that the Israelis would be the last people who would want to kill John Kennedy, but if you thought that you might be wrong. In a nutshell, the Israelis wanted the nuclear bomb, and JFK denied them - thus the rub. It doesn't end there. The Mossad and the CIA are like brothers of sorts - they grew up together. As our CIA - it was only formed post WWII - was growing, so was the Mossad. The two brothers had an arrangement. And let's face it - the Israelis had a lot of experience in spying and subterfuge. They were pretty good at blowing things up as well. Plus let's not forget all the prominent businessmen in Dallas who supported Israel strongly. Yes, many were Jews.

An Important Note: It is not anti-semitic to note that Jews and/or Israel may have played a part in the assassination just as it would not be anti-Christian to note that Christians and/or the United States may have played a part as well. There is good and bad everywhere. There are good Jews, bad Jews, good Christians and bad Christians. Too, just because someone calls himself a Jew or a Christian does it mean they have any inkling about their faith nor a desire to abide by its precepts.

Did the Cubans Kill Kennedy?

Well, which Cubans are we talking about? Are we talking about Castro and his supporters or are we talking about his Cuban enemies in the United States?

It is difficult for me to accept Fidel Castro encouraging the wrath of the United States. If I'm Fidel Castro, I want to spend my energy consolidating my power in Cuba. The very last thing I want to do is give the United States a reason to attack me. Now, perhaps my enemies might want you to think such, but I would rather cool it.

Fidel Castro had no shortage of enemies and justifiably so. His coming to power destroyed and disrupted many lives. It was only natural that groups arose to defeat him. One of the groups that arose was initially one of his supporters, the DRE - the *Directorio Revolucionario Estudiantil* or Student Revolutionary Directorate. Beginning in 1954 they began as enemies to Fulgencio Batista - thus collaborators with Castro. When Castro came to power it was not commonly known to whom Castro would ally himself - the West or the East. When Castro declared his allegiance to the Soviets and the East, the DRE promptly if not somewhat comically switched sides.

The DRE was not the only Cuban group in town. The CIA is very good at throwing money at a situation and so were busy little bees at creating many, many groups. This is not to suggest that all groups were controlled and manipulated by the CIA. There were a lot of groups with many players. Cubans had come to settle in New Orleans, Houston, Tampa and, yes, Dallas as well. For the most part, they all shared one thing in common - they hated Fidel Castro and anyone who enabled him. Unfortunately, that had come to include John Kennedy.

Did Lee Oswald Kill John Kennedy?

Finally we come to Lee and ask if he was the lone assassin. As you may have noticed I referred to him as Lee and for a specific reason - he was a man, one man, one fragile man - not an organization, not a superman, not a deity or an anti-christ. By constantly referring to him as Lee Harvey Oswald, we have dehumanized him and thus elevated him to the status of a superman who might just be able to pull this assassination off. And yet, we know in real life that no one referred to him casually as Lee Harvey Oswald. Not once, I wager, did anyone say to him: Say, Lee Harvey Oswald, can you hand me that screwdriver? Most likely people just called him Lee. Evidently they saw him as a man.

Did the Warren Commission Kill JFK?

Did the Warren Commission kill JFK? Absolutely. By failing to do a competent job, by clinging to a flimsy story even to this day, the Warren Commission and their adherents are as culpable as the the murderers themselves.

Did the American People Kill JFK?

Did the American people kill JFK?

Any American who continues to violently throw their hard-earned money at the Walt Disney Company without giving one solitary care about history, JFK, 911 or the non-stop war machine of a 4th Reich that America has become is as culpable as the JFK murderers themselves. What we have seen in the past 50 years is an acceleration in the dumbing down of Americans to a point where average people don't know even the

most basic of facts. Most Americans are too consumed with hip-hop, Lady Gaga and the Super Bowl to comprehend that Columbus discovered America in 1492, not 1942.

Lee Oswald

Lee Oswald

It's not just that Lee Oswald was not the lone assassin but that no man who ever lived could have been the lone assassin - unless of course we know someone who can transport himself instantaneously through space to different vantage points so as to fire bullets at President Kennedy.

Who was Lee Oswald

Much has been written about Lee's psychological make-up in the attempt to get into the mind of the assassin. This seems peculiar because Lee Oswald was never convicted of the assassination of John Kennedy. Everybody wants to get into the mind of Lee, yet not one single inquiry is made into any of the other men who might easily have been accused.

Now, if any of us knew skipping school in order to visit the zoo might be used against us some day, the zoo might have to shut down for lack of patronage.

No event in Lee Oswald's history has been left untouched in order to understand his personality.

It's safe to say he had troubles during his youth like so many other people in this world. It's also safe to say none of this is relevant in a court of law. You can not in any fairness link any event in childhood to the the killing of John Kennedy years later. Yet we engage in this fruitless exercise. We are obsessed with Oswald's personality.

Given that, I will tell you what I think.

I believe that Oswald's identity was on shaky ground. His childhood life was extremely frustrating to him, having moved so many times until his stint in the Marine Corps. His mother while not physically abusive was psychologically controlling constantly reminding him what a burden he was to her. He sought escape from that cruel world through his imagination. Like many people, he imagined great things for himself - a heinous crime. And like many people in similar circumstances he imagined himself as more important than he was - another crime. Perhaps this is a protective mechanism the mind engages in to restore a little piece of sanity. Surely, everyone needs a retreat.

And so he lived in two worlds, the real one and his fantasy life.

When living in the real world, he functioned competently as he was an intelligent man. After all, he learned Russian with so much proficiency so quickly his future wife, Marina, could not discern he was a foreigner upon first meeting him. Many others were equally impressed with his fluency. This seems consistent with his intelligence scores.

Still, he had a chip on his shoulder. He never got the recognition he thought he deserved. He had this emotional need to be accepted, to be recognized. It was this aspect of his personality which set him at odds with his fellow corpsman in the Marines. It was this aspect of his personality which set him at odds with other people. He didn't quite fit in - which is why he was described by one acquaintance as a man who wanted to belong to a group that did not want him.

But was he a violent man? Was he a sociopath?

In reading the Warren Commission testimony let me say, as an aside, I'd be more comforted if Oswald had met one normal person in his life, someone who had absolutely no connections with intelligence, the petroleum industry, the underworld or the military. It seems as if Oswald was a babe-magnet for connected people. How is it possible for a man of such questionable skills and stature to meet so many intelligent people of importance?

Many of these people testified about Lee Oswald before the Warren Commission. Their reports seem credible until you dig into their past history, their connections and where they ultimately ended up in life. You begin to doubt their testimony. You ask yourself whether they have a dog in the fight.

The further you get into Lee's mind, the further you get away from it. You look for that one clue that will turn the tide, that will reveal the truth. And you never find it. It's a maze of details, and the big mistake is to get trapped within it to begin with. Oswald said as much to his brother after he had been arrested. As his brother looked into his eyes, Lee said to him: "You won't find anything in there, brother."

Our identities are complicated with many nooks and crannies within which we sequester our emotional pain.

Was Oswald Used?

We have to give the CIA credit for one thing - they are good at profiling people psychologically. And they saw in Lee a man, no, a boy, they could use. Let's face it, Lee at twenty-four was not much more than a kid. And he was impulsive, somewhat mercurial, a class clown. You can see it clearly in the few pictures from his childhood. He loved to ham it up before a camera.

This is an ideal person to use. Wanting to belong, he would do whatever they told him to do.

The powers-that-be have been playing this game for centuries. They are cowards. They get young people to do their dirty work and then hang them out to dry. They label them as wife-beaters and violent people. Leading questions are posed by Warren Commission investigator-criminals on cue. It's important to highlight events they know possess no relevance in a trial.

Not surprisingly no Warren Commission investigator asked these questions: Was Allen Dulles a serial philanderer? Yes.² Did he personally kill John Kennedy? No.

In retrospect today we could ask the following questions: Did Allen Dulles kill 58,000 men in Vietnam by facilitating a needless war? Yes. Did he personally kill John Kennedy? No. Did Allen Dulles via, Kermit Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt's thug-grandson, hire street animals to depose the democratically elected Prime Minister of Iran, Mohammad Mosaddegh, thus setting in motion all the turmoil we know today in the Middle East? Yes. Did he personally kill John Kennedy? No.

As to why Allen Dulles' personal life was not investigated is anyone's guess. Oh, but we know why. All efforts had to be spent on smearing Oswald in order to seal his fate as the lone assassin. Oswald was a wife beater. It's logical he killed the President.

Arlen: Let's hone in on that.

Gerry: Another good idea. I learned that trick in law school.

² One can read Stephen Kinzer's book entitled, *The Brothers: John Foster Dulles, Allen Dulles, and Their Secret World War*. Suffice it to say that Allen Dulles makes JFK look like Jesus. Here is a link to [Amazon](#).

Me: Say, did you know in one [study](#),³ seventy percent of men who beat their wives also abuse their kids? And yet no one accused Oswald of being anything less than a loving father.

So was he a wife-beater and a violent man?

I don't know, but I'd be surprised if you said no. I'd be surprised if I said no. I'd be surprised if any one on earth said no.

It's what you call a witch hunt. You whip people into a frenzy within the court of public opinion.

Of course, that is a misnomer as there is no such thing as a court of public opinion. Lawyers like Arlen Specter should have known that.

Courts were invented with rules, regulations and standards precisely because witch hunts were so unfair. We see it today in the cases of celebrities who can be roasted in the middle of the public square before even one word of rebuttal is issued.

"String him up."⁴

Such was Lee's fate.

He wanted desperately to belong to a family that cared for him.

He thought he had found that family in the New Orleans cabal.

He was wrong.

He was too young to know his personality and have insight into it. Such only comes with years.

Was Oswald Superman?

Any interpretation of the Kennedy assassination must involve a consistent view of Oswald's personality and temperament throughout the entire saga of the assassination.

We can not have it both ways.

³ On the Relationship Between Wife Beating and Child Abuse (From Feminist Perspectives on Wife Abuse, P 158-174, 1988, Kersti Yllo and Michelle Bograd, eds. -- See NCJ 119043)

⁴ Spoken outside the Texas Theatre after Oswald's arrest.

We can not attribute to Oswald superman status one moment and loser status the next.

This applies to all assassination theorists on all sides of the equation.

If we read Oswald's record in the Marine Corps we see a man who performs competently, but not exceptionally, who does not have excellent leadership skills, and who acts at time impulsively and carelessly.

He is not a man of low intelligence, and he does appear to be more well-read than the average Marine.

Clearly he has a chip on his shoulder when he challenges superior officers.

Is this the type of man who people will follow in a collaboration to kill the President of the United States?

I think not.

Given that Kennedy's fatal blow was delivered from the front,⁵ and that Oswald was stipulated by the Warren Commission to be in the TSBD, we must conclude that a collaboration took place. Given Oswald's demeanor and temperament, it is much more likely he was employed not as a leader but as a participator, an order taker, and because of his strangeness - ultimately - a patsy.

Which is what he concluded for himself.

Oswald's Diction

If you listen to Lee speak, you will notice that his speech seems off. One might conclude that Lee was intellectually challenged. This is a false conclusion to make. Oswald's speech may have been off because of repeated ear infections as a child. He had a mastoidectomy at the age of five or six indicating that he may have suffered repeated ear infections. If so, this would have affected his hearing and given him an inability to hear words correctly. If you can't hear correctly, you can't speak correctly. Remember also that Lee was born into a world where antibiotics had only recently been discovered. That he passed his Marine Corps physical means little. The hearing tests performed were most likely basic screening tests.

Robert Oswald, Lee's brother, speaks clearly. Robert had the same mother as Lee; he grew up in a similar environment if not more challenging. There would be no reason

⁵ The overwhelming consensus of doctors who treated President Kennedy at Parkland Emergency Room.

for Lee given his IQ to not speak clearly unless he had suffered a mild to moderate hearing loss as a child.

The Dallas Police Department

Things were done differently by the police in the days prior to JFK's death. One good thing that came from JFK's death was that things had to change. His death highlighted those inadequacies and methodologies.

The Old Way: Tommy Lee Walker

Here lies the tale of [Tommy Lee Walker](#).

In 1954 a young mother named Venice Parker was attacked in Dallas, Texas. She had her throat slit. Despite having her throat slit, and despite the medical personnel testifying that she would have been unable to speak, a Dallas police officer heard her state that a black man had attacked her. Venice Parker subsequently died. The city of Dallas went wild with hysteria and spoke of a "Negro Prowler". Four months later, despite a lack of physical evidence linking him to the attack, a young man named Tommy Lee Walker was picked up and ruthlessly interrogated based upon a *tip*. He signed a confession, then quickly recanted. Despite reasonable alibis and testimony from friends, Tommy Lee Walker was convicted, sentenced to death and executed. Who was behind all this?

The DA was Henry Wade. The man doing the interrogation was Captain Will Fritz. Do these names sound familiar? They should as these were the same two men interrogating Lee.

In a strange way, I don't blame Henry Wade or Will Fritz because this is the way things were done prior to John Kennedy's death. Justice wasn't a process but a tool to achieve an end. Of course, many still view it as such, but the world has come a long way in the past 55 years.

Corruption: How Does It Come To This

The Philadelphia 76ers have had some great teams over the years, but they have also had some of the worst. In fact, they may still hold the record.

Roy Rubin's Sixers were 9 and 73, but that was about to change.

In 1972, the Sixers acquired George McGinnis who had been a star player in the ABA. He was an early LeBron James - tall, huge as in thick, mobile with a good shot. He was a new breed of basketball player - a hybrid who could do a little of everything. He was precisely what the Sixers needed to turn things around.

Teams need guys like this - not only for their skills but what they can add to the team mentally and spiritually. A reporter one day asked him how the Sixers could have gotten so bad. George McGinnis replied in so many words: Some guys cut corners so long, they don't know they're cutting corners any more.

It was true then; it is true today. It was true in the Dallas Police Department for many decades as Dallas evolved through this century.

Corruption is not an event but a process, a way of doing things that has become warped and thus distanced from normalcy. Just as the Sixers had become corrupted through laziness and cutting corners, so had the Dallas Police Department. Why bust your ass asking questions, performing interviews, recording testimony, collecting evidence, building a case when you can cut to the chase and get a conviction much faster by planting a gun, falsifying evidence, manufacturing evidence, browbeating people into confessions which is what the Dallas Police Department did for so many years. And, yes, all of them did so to a more than normal degree - many a little, some a lot. And they all did it because the people in charge, Will Fritz, Henry Wade and others encouraged it, looked the other way, possibly even demanded it.

Corruption became the methodology. It's like this. If I take a bucket of white paint and pour a little bit of red paint in it, what color do you get? Do you follow me? But it wasn't like the DPD thought or even knew they were doing wrong. They weren't corrupt in their minds. Who thinks that way? This is the way it is, I can hear them say. This is the way police work is done in every major city.

And they were right. So, when Warren Commission apologists claim the DPD could not possibly have collaborated on the Kennedy Assassination, I would say to them and you that the DPD didn't need to even speak one word. Their job description had already spoken for them. Laying down a gun was as commonplace as writing a report. Falsifying testimony - making up what a dying witness said - was okay as long as you got the collar.

The ends justifies the means.

How Do Officers Get Persuaded?

How is it possible to get officers to do bad things?

1. The leadership creates a climate. Getting the collar is emphasized over the process of being fair, of respecting the Bill of Rights. You - as a higher up - can merely say at a meeting - now, we are under a lot of pressure here to make a conviction. We're going to look bad, right? We need to get together, right? Let's get this done.

2. You hire people who think like you.
3. You give promotions to people who *get things done*.

The CIA

What Is The CIA?

The CIA is the private army of big business. The CIA works for us, not you.

Why Should the CIA Be Shut Down?

The CIA does not follow the Bill of Rights.

What are the Principal Crimes of the CIA?

The CIA murdered innocent Americans who did their civic duty in reporting on the criminality of the CIA.

Checkmate

If you accept the Warren Commission conclusion that Lee Oswald planned and assassinated JFK, then what you are stating is that it was possible for one lone man to do so. Given that, it was also possible for another lone man to plan and assassinate JFK and set up Lee Oswald as the patsy.

The Director

Who Planned The Assassination?

Every mission needs an architect. Who planned this mission?

I am an invisible man. You will not find many pictures of me, nor will you find too much in the way of history. I am known but unknown. I am a quiet, methodical man who prefers to stand in the background. I am content with my role in life. I am quiet, affable and soft-spoken. I integrate quietly and effectively with others without calling attention to myself. I ask a lot of questions, sometimes to the point of being annoying. I am careful with my money and my circle of friends. Not just anyone is going to befriend me. I like old cars and a simple life. I don't show off, and I believe that expensive cars are for other people - not me. I like baseball because it is a traditional sport. Tradition is reassuring to me. I reserves my adventuresome spirit for knowledge and books. There is scarcely any subject that I do not find interesting. I like to learn from everyone. And I am not averse to associating with bums. I can go uptown and downtown. I am no snob. If I have a fault, it is my penchant for constructing names and aliases. Being much more intelligent than the men I supervise, I require intellectual stimulation. So I construct names to amuse myself. I toy with you. I challenge you to discover me. All men secretly want to be recognized.

The Face of the Crime

My face is sitting in front of you. I have revealed myself to you by the choices I have made in planning the assassination. These choices are a reflection of my persona shaped by my own personal experiences. Who I choose, the tools I choose, where I choose to carry out my operations reveals a unique imprint of my face. No other man can duplicate this.

My Psyche

I have an empty heart at times. I hide that emptiness.

Only a man with an empty heart can ruthlessly lead people along, use them, then expend them when necessary. Oswald was a young, confused man who only wanted

to belong to something bigger. Tippit was an innocent man. I used these men then had them executed when convenient.

What can produce such an empty heart? It begins with an insult to the soul that leads one to seek a school that indoctrinates one into believing that some lives are worth less than others. I am at times a bitcoin, a man who has abandoned his religion to a doctrine of emptiness. Bitcoins come from all religions and all walks of life. There are bitcoins who were Christians, Jews, Muslims and Hindus. They live for nothing except nothingness. They are devoid of soul and feeling.

I am a little different, though, than most bitcoins. I do what I do because it is my job. In truth, part of me is kind and decent. I can switch back and forth between normal and abnormal, light and dark just as you would switch on a lightbulb. This came about because of my family upbringing which was traumatic to my soul. It split my personality into two parts. Whereas most people have a fused identity I very much have two people living inside me, one kind, one dark. This allows me to compartmentalize my life, to hide within corners, nooks and crannies. It also permits me to compartmentalize life itself. No one really knows my pain; that is hidden away for eternity.

What Do I Look Like?

There is a widely circulated picture of a man who has been implicated as Oswald's handler. Supposedly his alias was Maurice Bishop. Is this my face? No, this is a pitch man for Camel cigarettes. In my mind, I am shorter, 5-7 to 5-8, and somewhat stocky. I am darkly complected but not severely so. My hair is coarse. My grip is firm one. If I am overweight it is only because I am slightly older. As ex-military I retain a measure of military physique and look. Having spent time in warmer weather and liking it, I am prone to wearing Hawaiian print shirts or loose pull-overs. I wear casual loose-fitting clothes when I can. Shorts are preferable. I prefer to look like anyone. As such, there I stand, hiding in plain sight.

Who Knows Me?

Many people met me; they just did not know what I was doing. Oswald met me. Tippit met me. Jack Ruby met me. Allen Dulles himself met me. None of these people knew what I was doing. Why would I reveal who I was or what I was doing?

All Men Make Mistakes

I was a talented man, but I was a man. Like all men I made mistakes. The key is knowing where to look. Somewhere in the photographs you will see me. I won't be wearing a neon sign, but I am there in the background, the last guy you would suspect.

Who Do I Work For?

I am CIA. When the CIA has a problem, I am the guy they turn to. I fix things. Politics are for others; I want no part of that game. I don't understand politics. I do, but I don't.

What Did I Think of the Mission to Kill JFK?

I rarely gave my opinion regarding the value of a mission, but in this case I felt it was important. I knew, of course, that the uppity-ups would not listen, but I spoke my mind anyway. I said to my contact: Look, I'm going to plan it, but it's not a wise idea. The very act will poison American society for 75 years. My contact asked how that could happen if it was all covered up. Me: It's the act itself that spills the poison. The killing is the poison, not people's realization of it. My contact listened and said that the uppity-ups wanted it all neat and tidy. I nodded but knew in my heart that a tidy wrapping was not a wise idea. You can never fully hide a crime, I told him. There is always a thread leading back to the true perpetrators. No, what's needed here is openness, a total FUBAR of openness with plenty of red herrings, blind alleys and false passages. The only way to avoid detection is to hide in plain sight in the midst of a million and one perpetrators. And so Dealey Plaza was just that, a who's who of criminality assembled to be the scapegoat. What we needed was a fake story behind the fake story.

Where Can You Find a Picture of Me?

I'm a shadow, a ghost. My family has some pictures, but they won't reveal any. The CIA won't show you who I am or was; I was far more important than an ordinary station chief. I was a fixer, a man who got things done. No, the pictures are gone. Likewise, the internet, except for some old pictures of little utility, has been scrubbed. Nevertheless, I'm there in the background in somebody's home picture, an ordinary guy eating a slice of pizza, sitting, thinking, staring, planning.

The Media

The Media

The media relentlessly murdered the truth. It does so today.

Do any of you know C.D. Jackson? Does the name ring a bell? He was a CIA guy, a friend of Allen Dulles. He was also the President of Time-Life who bought the Zapruder tape and locked it away until it was safe; and many people believe the film was altered. Coincidence? Sure.

The real truth is we don't have an independent media at the national level. The guys at the top are bought off. They are bought off in the way they are promoted up the ladder. It doesn't take a genius to figure it out. To get along, you go along. You see, our top guys in the media think they are being patriotic by selling us fantasy. Yet their fantasy keeps coming back at us.

The 911 attacks were CIA blowback. The explosion in drug addiction post Vietnam was - and still is - CIA blowback. The destruction of the Middle East and the ensuing diaspora of Muslims is CIA blowback. The failure of Caribbean countries resulting in massive immigration to the United States is CIA blowback.

Ben and Jesus

How many of you knew that Ben Bradlee, the editor of The Washington Post, the so-called champion of truth and Nixon-hater extraordinaire, and James Jesus Angleton of the CIA were good friends? How many of you knew that Ben Bradlee's wife and Cord Meyer's⁶ wife were sisters? How many of you knew that they all lived in the same neighborhood and were all good friends? Would this be important for you to know?

Why didn't his prominent coworkers tell you? They all worked at the Washington Post. They all knew Ben Bradlee. Furthermore, why didn't they resign their posts knowing that such a conflict of interest existed between their paper and the people they were investigating?

⁶ Cord Meyer was a high-level CIA operative primarily involved in running Operation Mockingbird, a program designed to influence domestic and foreign media. His ex-wife later went on to have an affair with JFK. She turned up dead on a canal that runs through the Washington area. Some suspect that she was murdered because she was going to "run her mouth" about who really killed JFK.

My staff knows who all my friends are; in fact, they make it their business to know. I can assure you that it would be highly improbable that Ben Bradlee's staff and friends did not know who he hung out with. Was it important to know that the editor of the Washington Post was tight with the CIA in view of the fact that the Watergate break-in was conducted by a lot of CIA guys?

Was it important to know that there was no love lost between Ben Bradlee and Richard Nixon?

In truth, the Washington Post has long been suspected of being a CIA listening post.⁷ If this is true, how likely is the Washington Post able to deliver the truth about the JFK Assassination.

⁷ Ben Bradlee was also a boyhood friend of Richard Helms, another prominent CIA operative.

Connections

Did People Know Each Other?

Much effort is spent by researchers discussing the question of whether two potential conspirators knew each other. Did Lee and Tippit know each other? Did Ruby and Lee know each other? Did Ruby and Tippit know each other? There are many people throughout the Kennedy Assassination story who have claimed that they have seen any of these two eating here or hanging out there. Well, let's say they did; what would it prove? I know a lot of people who have done things they regret; that doesn't mean I helped them. Now I agree, if you have a tape of any of the two laughing about how they are going to kill President Kennedy, that might be significant. In that event a good lawyer might still be able to get them off.

If you are planning a mission, you might be better off if a few of the conspirators did not know each other. By compartmentalizing the mission, you prevent conspiracy nuts from making connections that you have already ensured do not exist.

Was Tippit In The Loop?

Who was in the loop and who was along for the ride?

Did JD Tippit know he might be peripherally involved in John Kennedy's assassination? You must ask and answer this question for I certainly have. In this case I chose to tell JD nothing. Should JD back out, there will be nothing for him to tell. The mission can still proceed as Lee is in the theater. An anonymous tip can be phoned in of a suspicious man in the Texas Theatre. If JD gets caught with a wireless radio from Collins Radio, well, he got that from his friend Carl Mather.

Was Lee in the Loop?

Well, you certainly wouldn't tell a patsy that they were going to be the patsy unless you wanted the mission to fail. But if I know Lee is going to be the patsy I certainly don't want to communicate that to anyone else who does not need to know lest they tip Oswald off out of sympathy. It seems safe to say that Lee was told a tale. He was instructed to go to a specific location beside the depository where he would be

transported to an unspecified location to await future instructions. I want to keep my patsy as completely in the dark as possible. I'm telling him nothing. Any extra information I give him creates a variable I do not wish to create.

So, why was Lee shot if he didn't know too much? Lee was smart enough to know he had been played. Somebody that smart might figure things out and talk.

Was Jack Ruby in the Loop?

His own best friend, Ralph Paul, stated that Jack Ruby was probably the last person on earth you would trust a sensitive mission to. Jack Ruby was nothing if not impulsive.

Now, after Lee was captured, it was essential to kill him. If it was essential to kill Lee there was evidently some fear that Lee might reveal some clues. As I have stated previously, though, Lee, as the patsy, was kept in the dark as much as possible. What could he reveal? Well, for one, that I picked him up and transported him to the Texas Theater contrary to the official story.

Well, then why didn't he? Well, maybe he did. All the information you have seen over the years about Oswald's last words are hearsay. There was no recording nor any official transcripts. The only words you have ever heard Oswald speak publicly after the assassination were those in the hallway as he was being transported from one room to another. Everything else is fantasy.

Interestingly, Jack Ruby was in the hallway as Lee was being transported through the hallway. Was he there to kill him if given a clear shot? This seems a safe bet given what we know did happen. Plus if Jack Ruby was distraught on Sunday, he was probably more distraught on Friday and Saturday.

So, what did Jack Ruby know? Was he just used for mop-up? Or was he instrumental in planning the assassination? Well, if I'm the planner of this mission, what specifically do I need Jack Ruby to do? I don't need him to get the lay of the land in the Depository; I've got Oswald for that. I have Tippit to be the reason for people to hate Oswald even more, and I have other people to take care of Tippit. So what is Jack Ruby to me? Ruby could not have known too much or else he himself would have been executed. Still, Jack Ruby was used to kill Oswald; therefore, he must have known me.

Most researchers agree that Lee was supposed to die at the Texas Theatre. That he was able to avoid death presented a problem. How and when should Lee be dispatched? That night a conference was undertaken and Jack was asked to do the deed. I needed someone who could get access to the police station, someone who

had the guts to do it, and someone who could be convinced to do it for a higher motive. This does not necessarily mean that Jack knew any of my plan leading up to the assassination.

But he was called. Asking a man to commit a murder in broad daylight is a heavy thing to do. Money is not going to sway him as he would be certainly in jail for the rest of his life. So Jack Ruby was swayed by something more valuable - immortality.

What Swayed Jack Ruby?

It's been tough for the Jews for the past 2000 years, and Jack Rubinstein, aka Jack Ruby, was a Jew - or at least in name only. For sure he considered himself one.

Like all Jews he had experienced anti-semitism in the land of the gentiles; and like most Jews, he had a fervent desire to see the establishment of the state of Israel.

Israel to the Jews represents a sanctuary a safe haven where they can never be gassed again.

Jack Ruby had reportedly even smuggled guns that were destined for Israel. Jack would do anything for Israel. He wasn't a rich man; he wasn't a particularly successful man. So when I approached him and told him that if Oswald lived he might reveal the names of associates who might implicate Israel, Jack was sold.

Here's the way I pitched it: Jack, this guy, Oswald, is liable to say anything. He might reveal names, Jewish names, that will hurt us, Jack. This is going to hurt the entire state of Israel, Jack. We can't have this guy blame the Jews, Jack. Everyone is always blaming the Jews. We can't hurt Israel, Jack. Can you help us? We need to take this guy, Oswald, out now, Jack. For the Jews. For Israel, Jack.

What About Abraham Zapruder?

Back in the 60s and early 70s people were led to believe that Abraham Zapruder was some kindly old man who stumbled upon Dealey Plaza that day with camera in hand to film John Kennedy. An image comes to mind of a gregarious Fred Flintstone dressed in Bermuda shorts and a Hawaiian shirt with family in tow. Well, as it turns out, old Abe was a little more connected than that. Abraham Zapruder was a dressmaker who had an office in the Dal-Tex building which sits right next to the Depository. His one time co-worker in Dallas at a former company, Nardis, was George deMohrenschildt's wife.

He sat on the Dallas Council On World Affairs, reportedly a CIA-sponsored organization, one of whose members included George Herbert Walker

Bush. If that weren't enough, he may have even attended the same congregation as Jack Ruby.

Well, we have to be fair here. Associations don't mean causality. There may have been many other people with offices at the Dal-Tex building who were in Dealey Plaza that day. Having worked once with the wife of Oswald's friend is no crime; and up to that point Lee had committed no crime nor was suspected of such. Given that the building was owned by a couple of Jewish guys, it may have been the case that the Dal-Tex building was a place where Jews were welcome. It makes sense that people of a particular faith would stick together and support each other. As for the Dallas Council On World Affairs, we would need to know how many people were on that board and if Bush and Zapruder even met. Even if they did meet, meeting is no crime.

Still the suspicion of Abe exists. Some people think he was a spotter for the the assassin. One guy even thinks he was the shooter himself. I suppose it's possible for Zapruder to have been a deep-cover operative, but why do I want my operative so visible? And why do I want the assassination filmed at all if I want to promote the idea that Oswald was the lone assassin? The film will show the truth.

Could it be that Zapruder was asked to shoot the film out of vanity? Was it possible Kennedy's murderers, my bosses, so hated the President that they wanted to personally enjoy seeing Kennedy get his? Or maybe, because the stakes were so high, they wanted to be assured that Kennedy was fatally wounded?

If Abraham Zapruder was asked to shoot the film, it seems again a safe bet that he was not told what was about to pass. Again, compartmentalizing a mission is the key to its success. People don't need to know why they are being asked to do things.

But maybe not.

What is most peculiar about Abraham Zapruder is that he was not a professional photographer, and yet the movie which Abe took is astonishingly good for an amateur. What makes it more exceptional is that he only flinches slightly as JFK's head is nearly blown off. Why doesn't Abe hit the deck as did the Newmans, as did the three men on the stairs, as did an individual across the street? Is this how a normal person might react? Why does he stop filming immediately after JFK's limo goes under the overpass? A normal person would keep filming the mayhem in Dealey Plaza. Furthermore, when Zapruder stops filming he is staring right at the corner of the stockade fence where it is reasonable to suspect a gunman has fired. From his higher perch, he can see clearly what is going on. What does he see? If he can see over the fence from his vantage point, the assassins can see him. If they can see him, why do they not run him off that perch beforehand? If he remains on that perch it is because they, or I should say I, want him there.

What this suggests is that Abraham Zapruder was recruited to film the assassination. But why? Perhaps to gain certainty about what happened during the assassination. I

would need such information to phony up the autopsy results to better suit the story he wanted to tell.

If Zapruder was recruited, he would have to be trained to film under duress. He would have to practice filming as substitutes for JFK's head were exploded before him at random intervals.

What this suggests is that there was a place for Zapruder to practice. Indeed, this is precisely what happened. I created a full scale a replica of Dealey Plaza. This was a highly choreographed assassination, and the stakes were high. No expense was spared.

How Does Uncle Georgie Fit In?

It must be tough for people born into wealth to face the prospect of working for a living. Such was the fate of George de Mohrenschildt, Oswald's mentor and friend in Dallas. Born in Russia into wealth, George became a bon vivant and ladies man as his principal occupation in life. I suppose to be good with the ladies you have to have a little larceny in your heart. Lying and making up stories out of whole cloth sure doesn't hurt. Such skills, while not useful in the real world where hard work and integrity are required, seem to mesh nicely in the word of government subterfuge which is where George de Mohrenschildt found himself. In short, anything that comes out of George de Mohrenschildt's mouth must be taken with a grain of salt. Surely I knew this and planned accordingly.

If George de Mohrenschildt told me that Lee Oswald was a patsy I might be inclined to believe that Lee Oswald was the ringmaster. The real significance to George de Mohrenschildt in this tale is the amazing number of CIA operatives and connected people he had met in his life. It's difficult for me to believe that George de Mohrenschildt would knowingly harm the husband of a girl whom he used to bounce on his knee. As for trusting a man who regularly slacked off possibly because he felt menial labor beneath him, no sane planner would take such a chance. George de Mohrenschildt was like so many of the others involved in this operation - a deeply flawed soul who could be easily exploited.

What Does Ruth Paine Know?

What does Ruth Paine know? Ruth Paine was only 31 years old in 1963. She was smart but not old enough to fully comprehend the scope of the entire mission. She,

like many people in their early 30s, was an eager dupe that the corrupt leadership used to accomplish their immoral goals.

Was the DPD In On It?

Did the DPD set Oswald up? Like many other people involved in the Kennedy Assassination the DPD was used. I told you I was a pretty smart guy; I knew the souls of men. I knew that the DPD would be intensely interested in solving this crime. When a crime is committed and the flour hits the fan, nobody wants to be the guy blamed. People only need to be guided and nudged in the right direction. The President has just been shot. Here is a solution that can solve all your problems. People will buy that solution quicker than one of those weight-loss machines sold on infomercials. You too can get washboard abs in just five minutes a day. The solution sells itself.

DPD Worker: "Hey Boss, there's a guy out here who says we can blame it all on Oswald. All our problems will go away."

Wade and Fritz: "Do it!"

How About Buell and Linnie Mae?

Were Buell Frazier and Linnie Mae working for the CIA? Well, they certainly weren't in the loop, but it is definitely possible they were used or coerced into giving testimony. Their testimony was certainly important in incriminating Lee Oswald. Buell, of course, stated that Lee had brought a package to work and Linnie Mae, Buell's sister, stated that she saw Lee place a package into Buell's car before they left for work that morning.

I don't think Lee took anything to work that day. I don't think he carried so as much as a baguette. Lee wasn't stupid; he would not have implicated himself.

So, were Buell and Linnie Mae delivering untruthful testimony?

Why would they do this?

Were they willing CIA operatives, on some level? Was their testimony coerced? Or both? Or maybe their testimony was elicited with a little friendly help?

People are suspicious.

Suppose someone had approached Linnie Mae months prior to the assassination with a proposition that went like this:

“We have a friend who is the husband of a girl who is living with us. This fellow has arranged a confidential job downtown, but he does not have a car. He needs a driver to take him from downtown to Irving and back on weekends. His company will pay \$1000 for any inconvenience, and \$500 up front. Is your brother Buell available? I know you said he was living in Huntsville. If he wants to do it, he has to have his own car, and he can't ask any questions. Also, he would have to begin one month before our friend. What do you say? All of this must be confidential. If you tell anyone, the deal is off.”

What do you think?

Suppose after the assassination, the FBI leaned on Buell and Linnie Mae and said:

“Look, we don't want you. We know it was Oswald. We have all the evidence we need. We know he brought the rifle in that day. Are you sure you didn't see a long object? Maybe an umbrella? It was raining that morning. Think. It's be a shame if Oswald got away with it. The entire nation is looking to you for help. Can you help your country? We don't want to put you in jail for twenty years for being an accessory to murder. I'm sure you don't want your name smeared as an accessory to the murder of a President. What do you think? Couldn't he possibly, just possibly, have carried in a package that looked like a rifle. Maybe he brought in some curtain rods? Maybe you heard him reference that days before?”

The Mission

Constructing the Mission

When Edgar Allen Poe wrote The Raven, he thought about it first. He asked questions. What do I want to write about, where do I want to go, what should the ending be? Then he wrote the ending. Any good writer whether he or she is writing a novel, a screenplay or an article goes through similar steps.

A mission is not much different than a piece of literature or a fine piece of furniture. Planning and thinking about your work of art will always produce better results; consequently, everything about the Kennedy Assassination has been meticulously thought out beforehand.

I spent a lot of hours in my library thinking about this mission. I read a lot of books. I was in the Playgoers Society in college. I knew a lot about how a play should be structured.

What is My Endpoint?

My endpoint is to have Lee die at the Texas Theater.

To accomplish this end I must unequivocally ensure that Oswald get to the Texas Theater. I must also ensure that he stay there. He can not be permitted to get spooked and leave.

The simplest way to get Lee to the Texas Theater is to drive him there directly. I'm the only man with a direct link to Oswald so I will be the man who drives him.

Who Will Kill Oswald?

The police will kill Oswald. They will be conditioned to believe that Oswald shot not only the President but also their beloved fellow officer JD Tippit. This will elevate their passions into a witch-hunt euphoria which will ensure success of the mission.

Why Will Oswald Go Along?

Lee will go along because we have carefully groomed him. We will play on his romantic desire to be a secret agent involved in espionage. We will play on his desire to be a bigger man in history. As we drive him to the Texas Theater we will play up the secretiveness of the operation by talking into a wireless device (walkie talkie). We will justify this morally because of the greater good that will arise from this. We will justify our actions because we are fulfilling Lee's dreams by cementing his place in history.

Why Must JD Tippit Die?

Lee Oswald must be convicted thoroughly in the public's mind so that questions are not asked. While John Kennedy's death is tragic, the public can understand and even justify a politician being killed. The public is much less forgiving when it comes to killing a police officer. Additionally, many people did not like John Kennedy and will be glad that Oswald killed him. They may even be sympathetic to Oswald. By having Lee kill a police officer, we can lessen any sentiment for Lee.

Who Will Kill JD Tippit and Where Will He Die?

Tippit must die at a place equidistant and walkable from both Oswald's boarding house and the Texas Theatre. There must be sufficient space between the three points of the triangle - the boarding house, the kill zone, the Texas Theater - so as to allow us to get our people in position.

JD Tippit will be killed by a professional assassin who will look like Lee. Tippit will signal from Top Ten Records when he is there. He will be told where to go and what street to drive down. Once the call is received at Top Ten Records, Tippit's assassin will begin his slow walk west to east down 10th Street.

Why Must Tippit Travel to the First Synch Point?

It is necessary to ensure that JD Tippit is near where he is supposed to be visually. Wireless communication does not secure where you actually are. By having Tippit go to the first synch point at the corner of Beckley and Neely, we can be more assured that Tippit will arrive at the second synch point at the same time that our man, our fake Oswald, is arriving back at the boarding house. It is not totally essential that Tippit and

Fake Oswald arrive at the precise same time, but it helps. Having Fake Oswald sitting in his room at the boarding house for an extra ten minutes creates an undesired variable.

Why Not Have Tippit Pick Up Oswald at the Gluco Station?

This option was considered and ultimately rejected. One, they might talk. Two, there is no way to do a concealed drop-off. Lee would see Tippit and Tippit would see Lee. Placing a hood over Lee's head might prove suspicious to either party. Furthermore, having a drop-off runs the risk of citizens noting the drop-off. Conceivably Tippit could do the drop-off, but there are advantages to him not doing the drop-off and going through the motions anyway. 1. I can drive by Tippit at the Gluco Station unbeknownst to Tippit, to ensure that he is there. 2. I can speak into the wireless to Tippit to instruct him to move to the First Synch Point. Not only will I ensure that this is done, but by speaking into the wireless in cryptic language I will further sell Lee that something "important" is happening.

Why Must Tippit Proceed to the Second Synch Point?

The timing must be good so that Tippit's drive and his killer's walk down 10th match up close enough to 10th and Patton. Tippit's killer will walk from east to west; Tippit will drive from west to east. Furthermore, getting Tippit into the Top Ten Records gives us an opportunity to have Tippit get rid of the wireless radio at a predesignated location near Top Ten Records. We do not want that wireless radio found in his car when we kill him.

How Will I Ensure That No Citizen or Hero Attacks Tippit's Killer?

This will not occur because I will be there in the background watching it all. I will make sure that Tippit has died; and I will shadow Tippit's killer to ensure that no citizen-hero impedes him.

How Will Tippit's Killer Escape?

Tippit's killer will walk down Patton to Jefferson, up Crawford to behind the Texaco Station, where he will dump Lee's coat. Then he will enter one of the various parked cars, lie down in the back seat and be driven away into oblivion never to be seen again. There will be no run or walk down Jefferson. Just as no one will notice Lee walking from the boarding house to Tippit's kill zone, so no one will notice Lee walking or running down Jefferson.

Who Will Spot Oswald Slipping Into the Texas Theater?

I will have an individual who will do that for me. He will say that he saw a suspicious man enter the theater. He will follow that man. Of course, no such man will exist. That man will be a phantom.

Why Won't Oswald Get Spooked and Leave the Texas Theater?

Lee will not escape because I will kill him if he tries. If I have to kill him, I will move to a contingency plan. I will say that the man, Oswald, was acting suspiciously and erratically. He was waving a gun, claiming to have killed the President. I will have a man positioned inside the theater to handle that contingency. As to why this contingency plan is not the superior one that should be the primary plan: Oswald needs to be vilified conclusively so that the assassination story is not seriously challenged.

How Will I Throw the Dogs Off the Scent?

I will sprinkle the crime with red herrings. I will watch in comfort as the snooping dogs get stuck on bogus issues.

The Staging

Everything is preparation in life. It's the Boy Scout motto: Be Prepared. With good preparation you can get a better result. If Oswald is to be the patsy, all must be prepared. Competent cooks and chefs always have their ingredients ready. They don't go rushing around at the last moment. Everything is pre-measured and in a separate container. They proceed when ready.

Assassinating Oswald's Character

I decided that Lee Oswald would be the patsy for the Kennedy Assassination. It is important that Lee be convicted so thoroughly in the public mind that an investigation is moot. An investigation is the last thing I want. To accomplish this I must thoroughly destroy Lee's character. I will paint him as a wife-abuser, a communist, a homicidal man. I must also portray him as a somewhat chaotic personality whose life is disintegrating. No one must see Oswald as caring. Definitely no one should see him changing baby diapers; maybe in a few decades such might be allowed, but for now a menacing man holding guns will suffice.

It is also essential to establish a chain of evidence linking Lee to the alias Alek Hidell and the Carcano rifle. Oswald ordered the rifle under the alias Alek Hidell. He posed with the rifle - in black pants, of course. He had the rifle at Ruth Paine's house. He carried that rifle into work on 11/22/63. He had the wallet containing an ID of Alek Hidell on him when he was caught. The Carcano was found at the TSBD.

How neat and tidy. Have we ever seen such evidence in a case? How will I get all this evidence to fall together? To accomplish this I must bake a cake, but this is no simple cake. I need help - chefs, assistants and tools. Just as you need collaborators to kill a President, you need collaborators to set up the patsy.

The Sous-Chefs

I will give the Oswalds a "friend" who will monitor their comings and goings. What the Oswalds know, the friend will know. I will use my men in New Orleans at the Reily Coffee Company who will guide Oswald along. They will, of course, know nothing

about the master plan. My assistants in Mexico City will also be kept completely in the dark so as to seed confusion in Oswald's brain.

The Layers of the Cake

Bottom: I will give a young and eager Lee a series of dead-end jobs at our CIA-friendly companies. He will be instructed to do average to below-average work to ensure being let go. This will help foster the notion of him being an itinerant loser. To draw him in and make him feel important, I will give him an alias. I will use the alias to order weapons, or I may decide to let him order the weapons - the point is moot. When I get the weapons, I will have Marina take gag pictures of him with the weapons. As life moves prospectively there will be nothing for him to suspect. If no discord exists in his life, I will make sure it does through my sous-chef who has been inserted into Lee's life. I will manipulate his wife into a state of unhappiness, causing arguments where none should exist; and if perchance Oswald strikes his wife, I will make sure everyone in the community knows about it and sees it.

Middle: To keep his mind busy, I will move him down to New Orleans. I will tell him he is to help out on another operation, the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. He is to hand out leaflets. I will tell him I want to see what response we get from pro-Castro people who might be living in the area. As Lee is an ostensibly fervent communist anyway, he will be quite convincing. When he is done in New Orleans I will ask him to go down to Mexico City to apply to live in Cuba. This will effectively paint him as pro-Castro, anti-American and definitely not someone who the CIA would employ. To cement home this image, I will have him take a pot-shot at someone who would be considered anti-Castro, General Walker.

Top Layer: The top layer will be Mr. Hosty who will be "watching" Lee. Clearly Oswald is one bad dude as the eyes of "the Feds" are upon him. Attention, America! Stay clear of Oswald who is armed and dangerous. He is Public Enemy Number One.

My finished product will showcase Oswald the violent loser, Oswald the violent commie, Oswald who is wanted by the FBI.

Preparation

Prep is everything when it comes to doing anything. I knew how important preparation is to success. I know how the British prepared for the Normandy Invasion by collecting British citizens' old vacation photographs of the French beaches. The British wanted to know about terrain they might encounter. They also wanted to have soil samples to estimate how much weight those beaches could hold.

Ballistics

I only thought I knew about ballistics; but I was in for a rude awakening. After talking to experts in ballistics and rifles I quickly realized that I had known next to nothing. What did I learn? Number one, a bullet shot at supersonic speed is going to produce a sound regardless of whether you place a sound suppressor on the rifle or not. The sound is made by the mach cone as it passes the listeners ear. The best way I can explain this is that the sound at the leading edge of the bullet has compressed to the sound of a crack. That sound is made by the speeding bullet not some explosion of gases inside the rifle barrel. So, if you are listening to a speeding car come at you, you can hear the whirring high speed sound it makes. As that car goes faster the pitch gets higher and shorter; the absurd limit of that is the sound barrier where you hear a crack. What this meant for me was that a silencer on a rifle firing a bullet at supersonic speeds wasn't going to eliminate the sound.

The other thing that I learned about high-powered rifles and their bullets was that they didn't create a shock wave that would knock things over. Still the public thought bullets could do that. That was okay with me. I thought I might be able to use that to my advantage. I play off people's misconceptions. It works every time.

Finally, I was not worried about people being able to say with certainty where the bullet was coming from. That's a Hollywood thing. The noise is coming from the mach cone that is passing over them. Plus, there will be some echoing. As for pigeons flying off buildings being an indicator of where the bullets were coming from: That's nonsense. That's just where the mach cone hits the pigeons ears. I could shoot that bullet from the Triple Underpass and make those pigeons fly off.

[Here](#) is a link worth viewing.

The TSBD

Anyone can shoot anyone anywhere. The trick is to get away with it. I thought about John Wilkes Booth jumping off the stage at the Ford Theater. Well, that is not what I wanted.

It did pique my interest, though; and I do have a devilish side to me. Maybe I could incorporate a theater into the scheme. But how to do it. The TSBD was not your ordinary building.

The TSBD is not a modern building. It was built over a 100 years ago in typically crummy fashion considering today's standards. It had two service elevators in the back, east and west, back to back, one operated by push button control, the other by hand peddle. It was the old style of elevator where you had gates on the inside and outside that closed in an accordion fashion. You could see out and in as the elevator went up and down. If a gate was open, the elevator was stuck on that floor; you could not bring it down. Near the elevators just to the west were a stairwell; but it was not a modern stairwell. This stairwell was not totally enclosed; and it was a skinny stairwell. You would walk up from floor 1 to 2, in an "90 degree" manner, walk out a door and into the next floor, then have to walk around the wall to your left to reach the "90 degree" that went from floor 2 to 3. The floor was wood, so you could hear stuff that was dropped above you, things like shell casings. In some portions the floor needed to be replaced. That was what many of Lees co-workers were doing on 11/22/63 - fixing up the floor boards on the sixth floor.

Not all floors of the TSBD had the same floor design which is to be expected. The floors on the bottom were more for office, the floors on the top, 5th and 6th, were for storage of books. That was what the TSBD was for. Orders would come in from different places, the orders were taken and filled. Workers like Oswald would go get the books, bring them to the first floor where wrappers would prepare them for shipping. There was a loading dock in the rear on the north side where books could be shipped out. The main entrance was on the south side facing Elm Street. A pergola and grassy area was to the west; the Dal-Tex building was to the east. Parking was to the west of the loading docks near the rail yards. You could get there by walking down an extension of Elm Street that went straight in front to the TSBD. Alternatively one could go around the block via the rear of the building.

Now, there was another elevator and stairs at the TSBD, but they went only up to the 4th floor. They were located on the south side of the building, below the *Oswald Window*, but down, of course.

The Oswald Window?

What I Figured Out

What I could see right away after talking to Lee was that the TSBD was not the Pentagon. Nobody required a passcode or a security clearance to get anywhere. There were no locks; and besides, this was 1963, not 1984. Maybe in the future, I reasoned, when Big Brother is watching every move, it would be difficult to get people in about out. I felt comfortable that with a combination of lax security, absent locks, poor memories, peoples innocent desire to feel important plus the DPDs fervent desire to catch a killer and avoid embarrassment, it would be possible for people to "forget" a few inconvenient facts. And if that wasn't enough, I could always count on Henry Wade and Will Fritz who knew how to put a killer away. These were good men, not a bunch of pussies. I could easily do what I wanted at the Depository.

The Way The World Was

In the world prior to John Kennedy, blacks didn't have it so good. It was a bigoted world, and it still is thanks to the New World Order. Maybe this was another reason the NWO wanted to get rid of John Kennedy. Who does this guy Kennedy think he is, they might have asked. In the world of the past, blacks were intimidated by authority. It must have been fresh in the minds of every black man and woman in Dallas what Henry Wade and Will Fritz had done to Tommy Lee Walker less than a decade prior. Perhaps some elder members of the black community had approached Bonnie Ray, Harold and "Junior" and said to them: "Now, this is the white mans fight. It's got nothing to do with black people. You just tell them what they want to hear and go home." Could anyone blame them for listening?

Who Would Set The Table?

This was an important decision for me. To answer this question I had to ask other questions. What would Lee believe? Was Lee smart enough to figure out that setting up a decoy sniper's nest on the sixth floor would implicate him? If he was, could I alleviate his concerns by saying: Look, Lee; we will set you up in Bolivia incognito? What about his wife and kids? Would Lee care about them? Wouldn't Lee want to see his kids again? If Lee knew an assassination was to take place, that he was helping, that he would be implicated, would he buckle and deliver a tearful confession and goodbye to his wife thus jeopardizing the mission?

I felt most comfortable telling nobody anything. This was the safest approach. Still I had to play devil's advocate and criticize myself. This was easy to do for me because there had always been two people living inside me - more so than normal people. I pretended that Lee had gotten caught and had denied being involved. I even imagined Lee stating that he had been framed. I thought about this - a lot.

If Lee shot the President on his own, I reasoned, he would only try to escape to avoid being caught. He wouldn't care if people knew that he did it. If he was caught he would just admit it. He wouldn't deny it. He wouldn't say he was a patsy. John Wilkes Booth didn't care that people knew he did it. He only ran to gain sanctuary. John Wilkes Booth was a zealot. Zealots run but they take credit. On the other hand, a crazy person doesn't run; a crazy person stands there. The only person who would say that he was a patsy would be a patsy. Did John Wilkes Booth say: I'm a patsy. Do terrorists say: "We're patsies"?

Suppose, I thought, Lee lived to speak what he knew. That could be curtains for me. No, I was better off if he knew almost nothing. If Lee got caught, I would have to kill him. I was glad I went through this thought exercise because it led me to consider the option of Oswald getting caught.

Still I was uncomfortable. Why would Lee leave the Depository after the President was shot? Why would he leave work? Regular people would ask this. Lee would ask this. Won't I be suspect if I leave, Lee might ask me. I had to consider this. If I was going to make Lee the fall guy, how would I get Lee to the Texas Theater? Perhaps I could say: "Look, Lee, you are part of this, and people are going to figure it out. People are not stupid. We are going to extract you, give you a new life, a new alias. Marina and the kids will join you later." I liked that idea; it would play into Lee's fantasy life of wanting to be a part of something bigger, his desire to be a secret operative.

Given that, though, Lee would have to know something. Lee's not an idiot; he's just romantic and a little soft-hearted - too soft hearted and kind to be ruthless like me.

I had to think further: "Lee won't know that the President has died at the time he leaves the TSBD. He will only know that the President has been shot at. It might seem logical to him that he should leave work to avoid being questioned. Still it would occur to him that he would have to answer questions sooner or later. Lee would be smart enough to know that suspicion would eventually fall upon him. Was he ready to leave his former life completely? No, that won't work. He'll only leave work if he feels a vital part of the mission is left undone, if he feels he is needed for something else prior to returning to his former life with Marina. He'll never leave his kids. So, in convincing him to leave the TSBD, I must tell him that he will be extracted to a point of rendezvous where the team will brief each other, share data before returning home. That's it. When I say that word, rendezvous, Lee will be sold. People are excited by French words; they sound sophisticated, exotic and secretive."

Why a Decoy Nest?

Why would a decoys nest be necessary? This is a question that Lee would ask me. The decoy's nest exists to take people's focus off the Dal-Tex building. I couldn't run the risk of people immediately pointing to the Dal-Tex building and flooding its

entrance. Nor could I have people thinking that it might be the source of the assassin's bullet. I needed people to be focused elsewhere.

The Trick

The trick was to set up the sniper's nest in the middle of the day, in broad daylight, when others are all around you. How do you set this up in a short space of time? How do you plant shell casings and a rifle? What if someone walks in? What if workers don't leave on time? What if a worker comes back up? What about the worker's below who might hear things? How do you get out of there without attracting notice? How do you get in there without attracting notice? What about the elevators and the stairwells? The task seemed daunting to me. Even if I was to kill the President, how could I do it let alone set up Lee? If I couldn't do it, how could Lee?

Breaking the Problem Apart

Whenever I had a tough problem to crack I would sit down and try to break it apart. One of the reasons we can't solve problems is because we try to do too much at once. A problem is like a journey; sometimes we have to break it apart. The sniper's nest was such a problem. I realized that I was trying to do too much at once. So I broke the problem apart into tasks.

- Set up the nest. Easy. Lee can arrange the boxes during the day. He can open the window just before going down for lunch.
- Plant shell casings. Lee will plant the shell casings, but not the ones fired from a Carcano. I'll switch them later.
- Plant a rifle. Lee will plant an Argentine Mauser Calvary Carbine, a 37-incher. I'll switch it later. It looks practically the same as the Carcano. If anyone reads the inscription on the Mauser, we will ignore that testimony.
- Keep workers away. If I hide the evidence well enough, there will be no need to keep workers away. And if someone comes up on the sixth floor during the shooting? No problem; we'll get that testimony twisted into a state of confusion in

post-production. I can count on Henry and Will. Besides they will be motivated to find a killer.

- Getting someone up and down the stairs and elevator without being noticed. Not necessary and too risky.

Note: I'm a CIA officer. I'm in the business of information and information manipulation. That's what I do. I collect it in various ways; I store it; I manage it; I twist and spin it if need be; I send it out for publication when I need to.

Sound Effects

Before making any decisions I had to collect evidence. He had to know what people might hear in Dealey Plaza when the shots went off. So he had some military friends do some mockups. Today we can just go to the internet to hear sound effects, but I did not have the internet. If I had, though, I might have viewed some videos. First the sound of a [Mauser Kar98](#), next a [buffet](#) of various rifle bullets. What if someone were on the floor below; would they be able to hear the shell casings hit the floor? Would they hear that clinking noise? How does a shell sound when it hits wood? How about [ceramic](#)?

What I Decided

After careful consideration weighing the pros and cons, I decided to do nothing. Yes, I could have walked up to the sixth floor, hung around the window and thrown some shell casings. Yes, maybe, I could have done it unseen, but I was not a gambling man in that sense. Plus, I knew that when it comes to evaluating evidence there is a natural hierarchy when it comes to positives, negatives, false positives and false negatives. I knew how people thought and how lawyers thought. Seeing a man on the staircase who is not Lee is a positive and pretty strong evidence. Not seeing Lee on the staircase is a negative and less strong. Plus, I knew that the authorities, when given the narrative, would be able to dismiss what they didn't like as either false positives or false negatives. Furthermore, if I threw in a bunch of red herrings and hoodoo about chicken bones, fingerprints of people who had no business being there, conflicting testimony about sounds heard, junk science about bullets causing structural damage, so much the better for me. No, I thought, it was better that nobody be up there, especially Lee. I decided to let him hang on the second floor. I would handle any loose ends in pre and post-production.

For a fleeting moment I thought about having Lee drop shells and stand by the window.

I couldn't do that. If Lee did that, he wouldn't be on the second floor in time. I needed him to be on that second floor in that lunchroom. That is what would sell Lee that he could never be implicated in the assassination. Otherwise Lee would get suspicious.

It's a damn good thing I was a little older. Otherwise I wouldn't have been able to fool Lee. I hated to waste a good guy like Lee, but no one would believe a doofus could kill the President. I needed someone somewhat intelligent, and, well, the stakes were just too high. Besides, technically he was committing a crime. Technically, he was guilty. It's not like he wouldn't get something out of it. He was going to achieve an immortality the rest of us can only dream about.

What About What People Saw and Heard

I knew damn well that it didn't matter if people saw anyone at the window or not. What did I care? And if people confabulated to exaggerate their place in history, so much the better for me. If they saw a figure, well, that was Oswald. If they saw a figure wearing a different shirt, so what? They didn't remember right. If people heard the rifle bolt, so much the better. Shell casings hitting the floor? Hey, that was a bonus for me. I didn't even think of that one. I won either way.

Training the Assassins

I knew that if he was going to pull this mission off I would need to have my assassins practice. In no way was I going into Dealey Plaza on a lark. Where to do it? That was the question.

I racked my brains. I needed a secure place where casual intruders would have no access. The location ideally should be as close to Dallas as possible, I said to myself. I needed the assassins to be as acclimated as possible to the local environment. This is where my love of baseball had contributed to the planning. I knew full well that baseball players fared less well on the road; I also knew that a newly traded-for-player would have an initial slump after joining his new team. The reason for that is that their brain has difficulty acclimating to the new environment. The little new things in the environment act as ripples in the player's mind, throwing it off kilter. The color of the seats, the different signage, the layout of the park, all the little things that we ignore, contribute to this effect.

No, I thought, I needed them near Dallas.

I had looked at several sites in Texas and made comments.

Camp Wolters near Fort Worth. Military base. Good proximity. Secure, but how do I control the servicemen? How do I control nosy majors and colonels.

Thurber. Abandoned town near Fort Worth. Too close to the highway. No high buildings.

Bracketville. John Wayne shot the Alamo there. No.

Camp Stanley. CIA base. Next to Camp Bullis in San Antonio. Possible. Too far away.

Crystal City. Abandoned internment camp for Japanese-Americans, German and Italian POWs during WWII. Deep South Texas. Too far. One positive point: D.H. Byrd, owner of the TSBD, owns a factory there.

Kenedy. Same. Abandoned internment camp for Japanese-Americans, German and Italian POWs during WWII. Deep South Texas. Closer but still too far.

Karnes City. Morris Jaffe owned some Uranium mines there in the 50s. Maybe they have large cranes? Maybe, but still too far.

Seagoville. Again, an abandoned internment camp for Japanese-Americans, German and Italian POWs during WWII. Better. Very close to Dallas. A little close to the highway, but there are 800 acres. Now used as a minimum security prison. Not bad. I can control the comings and goings. I can also build on a section of the land.

I liked the idea of using a prison to train. I had experience of sorts with a prison during the war. How much more secure can you get than a prison? Nobody had to know why we were building these structures. We would be taking them down anyway.

And so I made my choice, then changed my mind to something completely different and unexpected.

It was the perfect location. I would bring in Zapruder as well to practice filming under duress. I'd explode objects before him as he filmed. My goal was to get him to film smoothly without freaking out.

Dealey Plaza

What Happened in Dealey Plaza?

It's almost a waste of time anymore to discuss what really happened because the official version has been debunked so thoroughly. People might think you were crazy if you even tried to talk about it. Nevertheless, it's there; and the authorities are still lying to young people. I have enclosed a schematic of Dealey Plaza in the appendix.

What Was Oswald's Purpose in Dealey Plaza?

Lee's job was to reconnoiter Dealey Plaza and the TSBD. He was to take note of the comings and goings of the employees and their habits. At the appropriate time he was to set up or facilitate the man who would set up the sniper's nest. Then he was to go to the lower levels and wait.

What Was Not Oswald's Purpose in Dealey Plaza?

To shoot at President Kennedy. Lee had no experience as a sniper; and if he did, I would not have made him the patsy.

Where did the Shots Come From?

I'm the planner, and I want to maximize my chances of a kill. I can't manage too many locations at the same time as that will create more variables. Still, the President must die. I will use the Dal-Tex building. I will also have men in front in the vicinity of the grassy knoll. The TSBD will be a decoy to lead the investigation away from the Dal-Tex building. I will use other decoys as well.

The Con

Lee understands that today is the big day. So after arriving at work, he goes up to the sixth floor as per my instructions and begins to set up the sniper's nest. There are a lot of books to be re-arranged. It takes Lee several hours to accomplish what needs to be done. Lee has his regular tasks to perform as well. Lee understands that the sniper's nest has to be set up just so; there can be no screw-ups.

No shots will be fired from the TSBD at all. I had already decided that it would be too risky to have any assassin shoot from the TSBD then get out of the building without being seen. Plus, what would happen if the assassin fell down and broke his ankle while trying to escape? It would be a monumental feat for any human being to shoot, then escape in the time it would take the police to start converging on the TSBD. No, I thought. This would introduce a variable I do not want. I am nothing if not conservative.

What I have not told Lee is that what Lee is setting up is a trap for Lee. Lee understands that no shots will be fired from the Depository, but he does not understand that the sniper's nest is his trap. By allowing Lee in on the idea of the TSBD being a decoy, Lee is less likely to suspect that he might be set up. I decided long ago that Lee would be used to be not only the patsy but also the logical person to set up the sniper's nest. In this manner his fingerprints would be all over the boxes. The real sniper's nest would be in the Dal-Tex building. The Dal-Tex was better suited, I thought, because it had a better angle at the kill zone; plus, it was comprised of individual private offices that could be controlled. Why take the risk of having co-workers walk in on a sniper's nest at the TSBD when a private room could be closed off and prepped thoroughly in advance at the Dal-Tex building?

Lee sets up the boxes, plants some shell casings and then just before noon walks over to a box that he has been instructed to open. He opens the long box and pulls out the Mauser rifle. He takes it over the opposite corner of the sixth floor and sets it down behind the boxes. I told Lee that this is to be the weapon that will be used. He is to lay it there and the assassin will find it. After accomplishing this task, Lee heads down to the lower levels to watch the President's motorcade come through Dealey Plaza.

What I have not told Lee is that the Mauser will not be used at all. The Mauser will be switched out later for Lee's Carcano. I have also not told Lee that shell casings from his Carcano will be switched as well. Since this is the ultimate con, Lee must buy in thoroughly to it by having him handle the murder weapon and set the shell casings. This will excite him enhancing his emotions thus clouding his reason. All confidence men employ this technique of clouding reason by enhancing the emotions. Emotion is the enemy of reason.

- - -

I constructed an alternate scenario. I would not allow Lee anywhere near the sniper's nest beyond arranging a few boxes. Instead, Lee would assure that no one could gain entry back to the sixth floor via those elevators. The "sniper" as well as the weapon would be "placed" within the sixth floor. How would they get there? Well, that's magic. Magicians don't reveal their secrets. However, I thought to myself: It won't be a Mauser that will be placed. Why mess with a fake? Instead, I will have "the sniper" lay down a Carcano and authentic shells. The Carcano will be a duplicate of Lee's rifle. The duplicate will be machined out by a gun shop I use for special occasions. Everything will be duped out to perfection including the serial number. Isn't this how magicians pull off many of their tricks - through duplicates and special assistants. Is it really that hard to secure an assistant's entry into the building? After laying down the duplicate rifle, which will be carried up on another day, perhaps after hours, the assistant, dressed as a government official would blend into the background as others ran up to the building to search for the assassin. Why would it be so difficult to disappear into the background?

I thought long and hard about these two scenarios. Both had pluses and minuses. The benefits of having Lee place a Mauser meant that there would be no need for a special assistant. The downside would be the need to switch the rifle and bullets. What if someone looked too closely at the rifle? The second option of using an assistant had the benefit of placing the Carcano and the shells; the downside was running the risk of using another fallible human being.

How Did The Shell Casings Get There

Lee placed the shell casings there. He was in the building. He was on the sixth floor. That was his job. Of course, Lee, not being a professional sniper, made a few mistakes. He placed the boxes too close to the window. After raising the window, he placed the Mauser by the stairwell and calmly walked downstairs.

How Many Shots Were Fired? Where Did They Come From?

Theorists are obsessed with the number of bullets fired and where they came from; it bothers them that they and we can not know with absolute precision where every bullet came from and who shot it. Why this would be bothersome is curious. The Warren Commission had no problem fabricating a scenario; so why should theorists? The not knowing with absolute precision can be viewed as a door not an impediment. We can

make up a story as good as the Warren Commission, and if our story fits the fact better, so much the better for us.

What is safe to say is that John Kennedy was shot from both the front and the back. That is where the money is. That is what knocks the Warren Commission down for the ten count.

Now, let us get inside my head. I had already timed out the speed of the motorcade and how much time he will have to get clear shots at John Kennedy. This amount of time was borne out by the Zapruder tape. As Elm between Houston and the Triple Underpass is only a short 5 -10 second ride at motorcade speed, each shooter will have two good shots at Kennedy. Assuming two positions front and back, this will yield four good attempts. The shooters will not be using automatic rifles or machine guns as this would automatically throw suspicion away from a lone-gunman theory. So, assuming that one of those shots will miss, this would give a hit rate of 75%. I am not a man who gambles loosely with his money. I will want better odds than this. Having two shooters both front and back will give me better odds; thus if one shot misses I will attain a success rate of 7/8 or 87.5%. If two shots miss, I will attain 75%, unacceptable, but no worse than if one shot misses with two shooters. I will go with two shooters fore and aft. Eight shots will be fired. To achieve four bullets heard, two of the rifles will fire subsonic bullets with a silencer.

This number of shots is borne out by what people have noted.

Shot Commentary

You can click [here](#) to see the shots in spreadsheet form.

1. Sounds like a firecracker which is what a supersonic crack sounds like.
5. The shot that strikes nearby James Tague who is standing under the Triple Underpass. The shot had hit a curb first.
7. The shot that strikes the manhole near the south curb of Elm Street.
8. The final shot. This occurs as Clint Hill is climbing upon the back of the President's limousine. It is difficult to determine precisely which Z number this occurred at because Mr. Hill slipped a little in climbing aboard the limo. Plus, he was under stress and was most likely undergoing time distortion. This shot, while subsonic, was heard by Clint Hill and Emmett Hudson, I believe, only because it whizzed right by them. Clint Hill states the shot had a different sound than the other shots. I arbitrarily selected a Z frame between Z350. At any rate, the shot missed. It could also be that neither man heard this shot at all.

I have highlighted in red the shots that hit the President, John Connally and James Tague. The shots that make sounds are underlined. The timing of the heard shots is as follows:

Heard Shots

Heard Shot 1-2: Z180 - Z229 = 49 Z Frames or 2.67 Seconds	Actual Shot: 1-4
Heard Shot 2-3 Z229 - Z313 = 84 Z Frames or 4.59 Seconds	Actual Shot: 4-6
Heard Shot 3-4 Z313 - Z326 = 13 Z Frames or 0.71 Seconds	Actual Shot: 6-7
Heard Shot 1-3 Z180 - Z313 = 133 Z Frames or 7.26 Seconds	Actual Shot: 1-6
Heard Shot 1-4 Z313 - Z326 = 146 Z Frames or 7.97 Seconds	Actual Shot: 1-7

Why people got confused: The first heard shot missed; it was perceived as fireworks. 2.67 seconds passed; all seemed okay; then Governor Connally's hit was heard; then 4.59 seconds passed; then the shot that killed the President was heard. A split second, 0.71 seconds, after the the third shot, the fourth shot was heard. Because it was so close to the third shot, some people only heard the fourth shot as part of the third. People who were standing at different distances or had different sound wave patterns coming at them because of the buildings and geographical terrain, heard a distinct fourth shot. Plus, once the shot struck the ground, the mach cone stopped, thus terminating the cracking sound for the people sitting or standing to the fore of the bullets path (the crack of the rifle being caused by the bullet speed itself).

As it turns out, at least four of the shots missed; thus my concerns about missed shots and the difficulty at hitting a moving target from a distance were correct. As I well knew, precision sniping in 1963 is a Hollywood thing.

From Z180 to Z313 there are 153 Zapruder frames or 8.5 seconds which is about what I had anticipated. I gave myself a margin of error, but the kill zone was in those 8.5 seconds. I had calculated that he could not begin the shooting too early or too late. I had carefully marked off the area and had positioned people in the area as markers to give the shooters guidance.

With regard to the acoustics, I had already planned for 3 shots to be fired which would give a lone nut 2.5 seconds to reload. Given that 8 shots are to be fired, he must silence four of these shots. This will be accomplished by silencing one shooter fore and aft. Now, of course, a silencer is not perfect; and at best it only reduces the sound; still, something is better than nothing. Any extra shots heard can be controlled by propaganda and lies.

One tricky part of creating the shooting scenario was figuring out who would shoot first, the front shooters or the rear shooters. Complicating the shoot was the Stemmons Freeway sign which would provide an obstacle for the front shooters. There would be a blackout or gap in access for the front shooters. I decided to use this to

my advantage; I felt that this gap would give the front shooters time to reposition. The rear shooters would not have to reposition as much because they had a straight shot down Elm Street for almost the entire length of the street. So, I decided that the front shooters would take the first shots, the rear shooters would take the second round of shots giving time for the front shooters to reposition.

Listed above is one shot I have termed the final shot. This was a gratuitous shot but greatly informing. We might possibly see the muzzle flash in the Nix film.

Note: The first heard bullet was perceived as a firecracker. The second, third and fourth heard bullets were heard by others as a tap-pause-double tap. Additionally, if you are unhappy with the windshield shot coming in with the neck shot and want to switch it to the Tague shot, I have no problem with that. You go, girl.

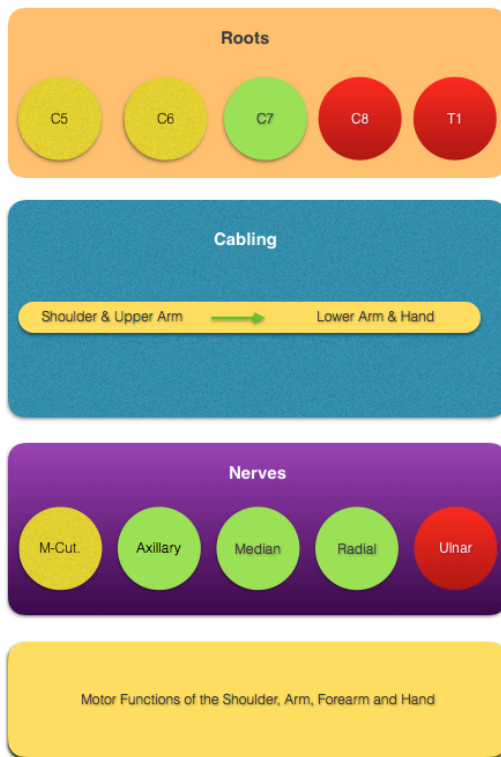
The reason the first heard bullet was perceived as fireworks is because context overrules reality until context has shifted. The people were not at a firing range but in Dealey Plaza to enjoy the President. As such, their minds were not programmed to hear gunfire. When the first bullet went off, people interpreted the sound within the context of what they were expecting. Once reality set in and the context had shifted via their visual perception of a President in trouble, they properly interpreted the shots as gunfire.

The First Shot That Hits

Many theorists believe the first shot came from the front into the President's throat. This might be the case, but I do not believe it is. With the bullet entering the neck at a downward trajectory and coursing through vital structures, the President's blood pressure would have dropped precipitously. He would have lapsed immediately into a state of unconsciousness. Furthermore I find it extremely unlikely he would have been able to lift his arms, flex his arms, clench his fists. The missile would have coursed through the President's brachial plexus or spinal column causing much damage. There is no such thing as one for the road or one for old time's sake. Nor does the concept of having enough juice left in the tank apply. If the nerves are broken, they are broken.

Upon the bullet entering the skin, the President would have first felt pain which would have sent an impulse to his spinal column within milliseconds.⁸ It doesn't seem possible that the reflex arc could have transmitted an impulse to the effector neuron before the bullet tore through the brachial plexus given the speed of the bullet. Given that reflex speed is 215 milliseconds, the bullet would have to beat the neuronal impulse by getting from the anterior portion of the neck to the brachial plexus sooner.

⁸ I first calculated these times at supersonic speed, 2200 feet/second, and then backtracked 1/3 to 700 feet/second to attain subsonic speeds. It doesn't matter in Dealey Plaza because the distances are relatively short.



Assuming that John Kennedy's neck is 6 inches in diameter, the bullet is traveling at 2200 feet per second and the brachial plexus is about 1/2 of the way into the neck, we arrive at an ETA of this:

$3 \text{ inches} / 2200 \text{ feet per second} = 3 \text{ inches} / 2200 \text{ feet per second} \times 12 \text{ inches per foot} = 3 \text{ inches} / 26,400 \text{ inches per second} =$

$3 \text{ inches} / 26,400 \text{ inches per 1000 milliseconds} = 3000 \text{ inch-milliseconds} / 26,4000 \text{ inches} = 0.11 \text{ milliseconds}$

In other words, given the wound that was discovered at Parkland, the bullet would have torn through John Kennedy's brachial plexus in 0.11 milliseconds (0.33 milliseconds subsonic) thus rendering it inoperable on some level. True, it didn't hit the entire brachial plexus, but it would have hit something.

Now, there is every reason to believe that this bullet carried the same destructive force as the bullet that caused the head shot at Z313. There would be no reason to believe that the bullet that hit the neck did not also cause blowout damage internally; thus the concept that the bullet magically slid through the brachial plexus without causing collateral and peripheral damage seems not credible.

What seems more credible to me is that the first bullet to strike John Kennedy was the bullet in the back at the T3 level. Striking below the brachial plexus, this hit would allow John Kennedy to react by lifting both shoulders, bending both arms and clenching both fists. I believe this bullet struck at Z215. Given a minimum reaction time of 215 milliseconds or five Zapruder frames, this is why you see both arms visibly moving up at around Z224 but perhaps earlier - we can not see due to the Stemmons sign. As the shoulders move upward and the arms flex, the President is then hit in the throat by the front shot which then causes him to rapidly lose consciousness.

I do not believe the President is raising his arms because he has been hit in the throat. Had he been hit in the throat, he would not have lifted his arms at all.

Note: We can see in Z220 that Mrs. Kennedy has turned to JFK and is looking at him.

I Have Been Hit

These were John Kennedy's last words on this earth, and they may have been his most important words. If the bullet had come through the back and exited his throat as the Warren Commission stated, he would not have been able to utter these words. We know he stated these words because [Roy Kellerman](#) sitting in front of Governor Connolly stated he heard those words spoken in a Boston accent. This means that John Kennedy was first struck by the bullet to the back; it also means the bullet to the throat came from the front as the doctors at Parkland thought it had.

The bullet to the back of JFK is listed at entering at somewhere between T3 to T1. Even if it ricocheted up to C7 to come out the neck, it would have had to pass through vital vessels. JFK's blood pressure would have plummeted instantly. He would have lost consciousness, and he certainly would not have been able to say: I have been hit.

Once blood pressure to the brain falls, people lose consciousness. I've seen quite a few people faint over the years, and not one of them has stated prior to fainting: "I'm going to faint." They just do it. I've never in 35 years heard anyone relate a story where they said they were going to faint prior to fainting. Now, people can say they feel lightheaded or they feel as if they might faint, but I've never seen one who said it actually do it. So, when you're in the maelstrom, you're in it.

Note: Much has been made of the fact that neither John Connolly or Mrs. Kennedy heard JFK say anything after he had been hit. One writer even suggested that nobody heard him say anything. Roy Kellerman's clear testimony rules that out. I'm not sure a negative testimony overrules a positive testimony. It certainly does not in the field of medicine. Still, this does not make Roy Kellerman's testimony valid, although I obviously believe it is valid. As a regular person, Roy Kellerman had been brought up, like the rest of us, to be straightforward. Politicians and their wives, however, are a different breed. Politicians are conditioned to automatically and internally ask themselves: How will my answer impact my future? The Warren Commission was clearly committed to a single bullet theory. A shot through the throat would rule out JFK saying anything. Had JFK spoken, this would present problems for the Warren Commission. And it is clear that the powers-that-be had a copy of the Zapruder tape that evening prior to John Connolly's video interview. Now, to be fair to the Governor and Mrs. Kennedy, it is extremely probable that they were the victims of tachypsychia and extreme stress which does alter precise perception of events. Roy Kellerman, who had not been shot and whose back was turned, was feeling stress but on a lesser level. Of special note, is Arlen Specter's odd focus on Roy Kellerman's testimony of what he heard JFK say upon being struck by the bullet. I got the impression Arlen was trying to elicit conflicting testimony.

Governor Connally's Wound

I believe that Governor Connally was first impacted by the bullet at Z229. It takes a minimum of 5 Zapruder frames for the body to reflexly react which is why we see, and he feels, his first reaction at Z234.

President Kennedy brings his arms to his throat visibly at Z225 but probably at Z224 or a frame or two earlier. I believe the bullet that first struck President Kennedy hit at Z215. If so, he would react at Z220 by announcing that he had been hit. His arms would begin to raise. It would take another 5 to 10 Zapruder frames for his arms to be fully abducted, at which point, the bullet that strikes Governor Connolly slides under JFK's abducted right arm.

The time it would take the same bullet to travel from President Kennedy to Governor Connally, generously assuming a distance of 6 feet and a bullet speed of 2200 feet per second, would be $6/2200$ or 0.002727 seconds or 2.7 milliseconds which is 4.9% (15% subsonic) of one Zapruder frame. What this means is that the Governor should be reacting at about the same time as the President if they were shot by the same bullet; clearly he is not. The idea of a delayed reaction to the bullet is ludicrous as is the notion that Governor Connally being a Texan is naturally stoic. What is more credible is that the bullet that struck Governor Connally came under President Kennedy's arms as he was lifting them thus permitting the bullet to enter Governor Connally's right chest area. Also notice that Governor Connally in the interim is holding his Stetson; and there is no visible blood on his hand.

Mr. Abraham Zapruder

I debated whether to have a film record of the assassination. I knew all too well that future generations would have access to technologies which could crack the case. As far as I was concerned, the less information future generations had the better.

On the other hand, I would need a film for one principal reason - I would need to have a precise record of what happened so he could tailor the autopsy results to fit his shot scenario. Also, I knew that regular citizens might be filming the assassination. I wanted to know before they did precisely what happened. Another reason to film was to occupy the perch near the stockade fence. I knew that anyone standing on that perch would be able to see movements behind the fence. Any other photographers standing on the pergola side would be run off. I wasn't as concerned about photographers standing opposite the pergola because they would not be able to view critical information. How did I know this? Because I had built a full-scale replica of Dealey Plaza and had practiced the assassination to exhaustion.

I chose Abraham Zapruder as the man to film the assassination. No one would suspect a dressmaker.

A darker reason for filming the assassination had been suggested by my superiors. The big shots wanted a film. They despised John Kennedy so much that they wanted to watch him get his; they didn't want to just read about it. I told them firmly but with quiet tact that they shouldn't allow emotion to cloud their judgment, that they should take the path of those Jews, the Nakam, who had gotten revenge on German soldiers by unemotionally and anonymously executing them, but they would hear none of that.

The Umbrella Man

The story of Umbrella Man that the federal government wants you to believe is, of course, a total joke, and it shows you how stupid your government thinks you are. They trotted this guy, Louie Steven Witt, out after, what, 14 years, with his umbrella, to state that he was raising the umbrella as a gesture of protest to the Kennedy family because Neville Chamberlain had used an umbrella during WWII and Joe Kennedy was



a supporter of Hitler. Huh? What birdbrain thought that up? Of course, no one on the 1978 House Investigation intensively questioned Mr. Witt regarding his knowledge of history, his educational degrees, the basis of his fervent disgust at the Kennedy family, his voting record, his political activities, his associations, nothing. They just swallowed this nonsense

whole as they made small jokes.⁹

Was Umbrella Man a shooter? Was the umbrella a secret gun of sorts? I find it difficult to believe that anyone could shoot out of an umbrella with accuracy. Plus, if the projectile exited the top, wouldn't that produce kickback and torque on the umbrella that would be noticed? The concept of an umbrella as a weapon is fascinating but not compelling. That the CIA admitted it makes it less so. No, the umbrella as a weapon is just another dog bone.

⁹ Indeed they did. When asked for a demonstration of the umbrella, they suggested that Mr. Witt point the umbrella the other way. Ha ha; I'm laughing my ass off. Never mind that the NWO hijacked our country and fought a war where 58,000 Americans and millions of Vietnamese died.

What is possible is that the Umbrella Man and his accomplice were framing the shot for the sniper. If you see where they are standing, they are aligned with each other at a ninety degree angle from the curb. From the sniper's nest in front, they frame the kill zone for the snipers from the grassy knoll. The Accomplice, or Walkie-Talkie Man, has his arm raised, the Umbrella Man has his Umbrella raised. I can not pinpoint the exact Zapruder frame, but it is probably very close to when the President was first shot, Z217-Z219. Also of note is that the height of their extended right arms (including the umbrella) are about the same. Could they have been providing a minimum low trajectory for the shooter.

As to why the kill zone would need to be framed, I am not precisely sure; but it may be that even the best snipers can get lost when they are too focused through the scope. Known landmarks are always helpful. When looking in a microscope, which is a sniper scope of sorts, a doctor or lab technician can reorient within the slide by finding the edge of the slide. So it may be that the raised arm and umbrella help keep the sniper in the ballpark.

The other theory is that these two clown were signaling to the shooters that a hit had taken place. It could also be that they were signaling that the halfway point of the mission had been reached. If you will notice the timing of the volleys as I have listed them above, the halfway point has been attained at the point that both men have their arms raised. I thought it essential that the shooters not blow all their bullets in the initial stages of the President's ride down Elm. This raised hand signal would be visible to the shooter teams' handlers fore and aft who would indicate to the shooters that the half-way point had been reached.

Rear Shot Diagram

These are rough approximations of the rear shots. The shots progress on the diagram from left to right. The break in the third arrow is where the bullet goes through the President's limousine. I have not broken down the bullets into particular shooters because I believe they were lying down next to each other on a platform well back within the room. I soundproofed the room and had a special platform constructed. The only place this could have taken place was the Dal-Tex building. Floor plans and information on the Dal-Tex building was not readily available to me. The most logical place to fire the shots from would be the sixth floor.

Front Shot Diagram

These are rough approximations of the front shots listed above. Please don't hold me to any precise measurements here. I'm only illustrating the progression of the shots going from left to right. The last shot was a gratuitous "screw you" shot that was totally unnecessary. I chewed out the shooter afterwards; and well I should have because it may have revealed a muzzle flash in the Nix film.

Who Were the Assassins?

The assassins were Israeli. I decided not to use CIA men. The CIA operative's judgment and ability would have been clouded by emotion and their personal hatred of John Kennedy. I wanted anonymous soldiers, and I wanted the best. Thirty years of fighting the British and the Arabs under the Mandate in Palestine had sharpened their skills. Additionally, by using Israelis, no guns, weapons or men could be legitimately traced to the CIA. Blaming the CIA would be another dog bone I was happy to live with.

How Did the Assassins Disguise Themselves?

No matter how hard we look, we have difficulty seeing the assassins. We can stare at the Moorman picture all day and only think we see them; but they are there; they have to be there. How did they do it? How did the assassins avoid being seen and caught? That was what had perplexed me from the beginning. How do I disguise these front assassins in broad daylight, I asked myself. Like most men of my day, I was in awe of the great Houdini. Houdini was the most famous escapologist of my father's era. Scarcely a person alive had not heard of Houdini. A student of all books and disciplines I could absorb, I read the books of Houdini to discover clues as to how to disguise my assassins and how to get them out of there. As a boy I had studied magic but not on this level. So how was I going to do it? How was I going to let you see nothing while doing everything? A magician never reveals his secrets, but in this case, I might have to make an exception.

The grassy knoll behind the picket fence is dark at certain times of the day, but it's not that dark; and I knew full well that a person couldn't just do what they wanted back there with impunity. Any person might be liable to look over and say, "Hey, Johnny, what are you up to back there?" Compounding the problem for me was that the assassins could be spotted from the rear as well. There were workers back there, and there was a two-story tower that a Mr. Lee Bowers worked in. Oh, yes, I checked him out too. Getting caught was not on my agenda. I was far too careful for that.

Somehow I had to create a sanctuary out of thin air. I realized I had to become an illusionist, an early-day David Copperfield. If I could create a sanctuary, I could keep prying eyes out - before and after.

Most magic tricks, but not all, rely on deception. To achieve deception the magician often resorts to props or technology. Now, this can bother adults because we are still kids at heart. We want to believe in magic; we want to believe in crazy, fantastic stories that involve superhuman feats like the *The Oswald Did It Story*; and so when someone comes along and tells you the secret, disappointment sets in. Is that it, we scream. Yes, that's it.

Many days, I would sit near the reflecting pool in Dealey Plaza and reflect. That's what people do at reflecting pools. I would stare at the tree line on the grassy knoll and notice the daylight gap between the tree and the fence. How was I going to have a man stay stationary to get a good shot if the man could be seen at the gap line? Every day, month after month, I ate lunch out on that plaza and stared. I couldn't figure it out. Time was getting short.

I thought it out the way I always thought out a problem. I would openly discuss the options no matter how silly they sounded. In this way, all assumptions could be challenged. I thought like this: Well, we could put a man on top of the grass in a camouflage grass suit. Or we could build a false fence in front of the real picket fence thus giving us a compartment within which to operate. Or we could build an invisible suit. Or we could hide a man inside the bush that sits in front of the retaining wall. Or we could construct a matte painting simulating the daylight gap and place that immediately behind the picket fence. Or we could build a hole into the grassy knoll within which our man will operate. Or we could shoot from that sewer drain near the Triple Underpass. I calmly wrote down all options. I had pages and pages of possibilities, yet none seemed workable. What's wrong with me, I asked myself. Why couldn't I figure this out?

I had to consider the technology required to hide the shooter, the ability to remove that technology in 30 to 60 seconds, the angle of the shot, the height of the shot, whether I could get two shooters in front, the feasibility of the shooters getting away. Would this work, I asked myself. Was there too much technology here? Could it be done? How could I prevent a passer-by from seeing what we were doing? What would they see? What about muzzle flash? I would need to construct some diagrams, some art work.

What I needed, I said to myself, is a man in the air who was invisible. Gosh, I thought, if only I could place a man in a tree. It seemed impossible at first. How would I do this, I asked. And would it work? I wasn't sure about placing snipers in trees. It looks good in Hollywood, but in real life, not so good. Various militaries had tried it over the years without success. It was essentially a suicide mission because egress - getting away - was nonexistent. Still, I thought, this isn't a military mission. No one will be firing back with guns. And if I can contain muzzle flash and smoke, so much

the better. The snipers would not leave their nests, I reasoned. They would enter the nests before dawn and exit after dusk. To conceal them further, mesh netting with a matte painting of leaves and branches would be used. Each night for several nights the snipers would ascend into the nest to prepare it, to secure it. On some days, the snipers would remain there all day to see how visible they were. All angles of the sun would be scrutinized. All angles of visualization near and far would be checked. I thought that it just might work; and if it did, Houdini himself would be impressed.

I went to bed happy. The next morning I was disconsolate. The tree idea is stupid, I said. I couldn't put a guy in a tree. What I needed was a guy at the fence line wearing a sniper's shroud. His weapon would have to be painted green, brown and white. The shroud must have similar colors. I could have him stand on a makeshift platform that I could stow away in a false-topped station wagon parked nearby. Forget the platform. I just needed the guy to be boosted up two to three feet. The step stools, guns and shrouds could be placed in the false compartment of the car. I'd create a diversion by having some people run down the fence line.

All these options ran through my mind. There was one other idea, though. What if I hid my assassins in plain sight?

I graded out my plans with regard to the following categories: occlusion, egress, occlusion of egress, technical barriers, explaining away a mission gone wrong. The last category was important. How would I prepare for men getting caught? How likely would my excuses and lies be accepted? For example, if the men in the tree were caught, how would I explain that? Could the snipers be shot dead and blamed upon a cabal of three men who tried to hijack democracy? Obviously plans would have to be made in this event.

Which approach did I ultimately take? Which would you take? Which would Houdini choose? I consulted his library. Ah, there it is, I said. Houdini on Magic , Edited by Walter B. Gibson and Morris N. Young. Copyright 1953 by Dover Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Let's see what tricks you have up your sleeve, Harry, I mused. I would often talk to the great men of the past as if they were my personal friends.

Grading It Out

This is how I graded it out on a five level scale from 0 to 100, 50 being average, 25 being poor, 75 being good. I didn't like what I saw, but I had no choice. Kill Certainty is what swayed me.

<u>Location</u>	<u>Triple Underpass</u>	<u>Stockade Fence</u>
Hidden-ness	25	25
Egress	25	50
Height	25	50
Kill Certainty	25	50
<u>Totals</u>	<u>100</u>	<u>200</u>

The Kill Shot

The kill shot came from the President's right front from snipers hidden in plain sight behind the stockade fence to the sloping side of the grassy knoll. The snipers were women dressed in plain clothing using shrouds. The rifles and equipment were stowed in a false taillight in a car behind the fence. The equipment was placed well before the President's arrival. To control muzzle flash the latest technology was used.

After careful consideration I rejected the other plans. It was tough to do so, but there was no way to elevate a man in a tree and disguise him effectively. I wasn't wild about the shot from the stockade fence either, but it did provide flexibility. What I could do, though, is what I did do; I created a diversion like Houdini would have done to distract people away from the corner of stockade fence. I had a man running down the picket fence so that people would see him. Like a master magician I moved my right hand through the air while my left performed the sleight of hand.

If you reverse the kill shot from the back of JFK's head you arrive at at the corner of the fence. I realized early on that I would need height. I could not take the risk that some citizen would obstruct my shot of JFK. As it turns out citizens did indeed try to walk down the pathway from the knoll to the street.

Incidentally the *smoke*¹⁰ from the Wiegman film is right at the tree level close to the height from where the fatal shot was fired.

NCDC - National Climatic Data Center
US Department of Commerce - Weather Bureau
Surface Weather Observations
Dallas, Texas (Dallas Love Field) NOV 22 1963

Time	Temp	Direction	Knots	MPH
1055	57	SW	10	
1130		WSW	12	14
1155	63	WSW	13	15
1230		W	13	15
1255	67	WNW	17	20
1330		WNW	17+25	
1355	69	WNW	19+26	

Does The Kill Shot Match Up With The Evidence?

Reconstructing the President's head at Z312¹¹ is challenging and deceptive because we must manipulate a human skull in three dimensions along several axes. Here we are only interested to know if a shot from the stockade fence can work. If we look at a 2-D map by [Roberdeau](#) it does not look possible; however the Zapruder frame at 312 is deceptive as is the Moorman photograph. Unfortunately a 2-D photo can not see around corners.

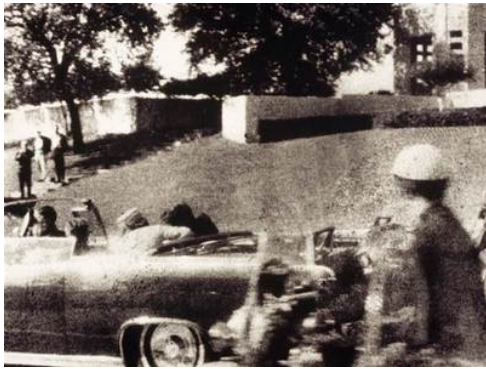
Much of what we accept depends upon where precisely the bullet entered the President's brain and his precise angulation to the entering bullet.

¹⁰ I always hate to undermine my own arguments because it makes me feel like a loser. Still there may be an entire load of nonsense going on regarding the gun smoke seen by people at Dealey Plaza that day. First, a rifle doesn't produce as much gun smoke as a Hollywood rifle does. The gun smoke is often produced after many shots let alone a few. Furthermore, there was a fairly stiff wind in Dealey plaza at the time of the assassination - approximately 15 mph from the west. Perhaps this is why JFK was constantly adjusting his hair that day; thus the smoke would dissipate fairly quickly. Furthermore, I have to believe that a professional sniper would have taken muzzle flash and gun smoke into account beforehand. Incidentally, the muzzle flash that a real rifle exhibits is nowhere near the muzzle flash seen in a Hollywood movie. Hollywood accentuates that flash because it looks cool.

¹¹ I have read sites where the Moorman photograph has been correlated with Z315. I do not comprehend this assignment.

We all like to think in our world of computers that we can know things precisely to the millimeter, but we can't. We make assumptions. We state that we know exactly the spot where JFK was shot in the head. We state we know precisely where Abraham Zapruder's camera was positioned. Yes, we say, we know he was precisely at a 90 degree angle from the President's car. But what if he wasn't? What if he was one degree off? What if he was five degrees off? What if the President did turn his head counter-clockwise 2 degrees while Abraham Zapruder was actually three degrees off perpendicular? It makes a difference.

The view that is presented in Z312 is a deception of sorts, a product of imprecision, false assumptions plus the inherent illusion of projecting a 3-D image on a 2-D surface. We know it is a deception because if JFK was turned to his left as much as people claim, we would not be able to see an almost full profile of his face which we can. We can see his ear, his nose, his right eye socket. We do not see his chin because it is obscured by his wife's hand.



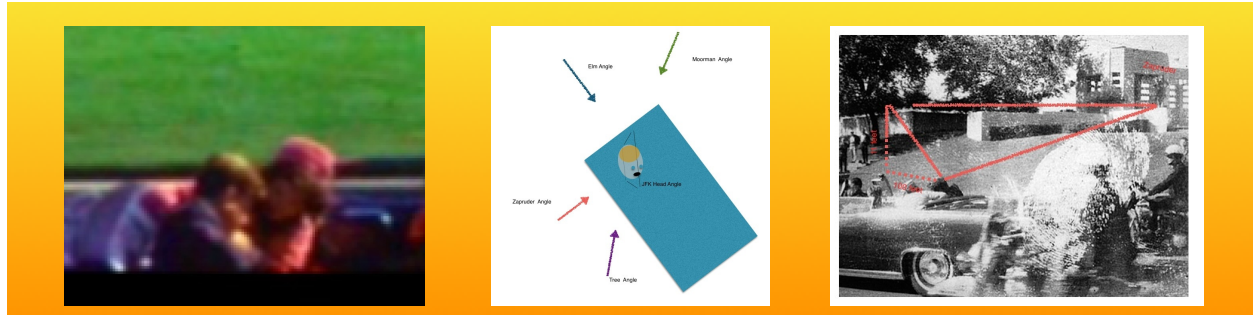
I contend that JFK's chin is lateral to the vertex of his skull and that the sagittal plane of his head points outward to his right. I contend that Abraham Zapruder caught him a few degrees off perpendicular. These together give the false impression that JFK was oriented with his gaze thirty degrees to the left. The downward trajectory of Abraham Zapruder contributes to the illusion as does sun glare, shadows and lack of great resolution.

Up Close

Notice here the almost complete profile view. I do not believe that JFK is turned 30 degrees to his left. You can clearly see his nose, right eye socket. There appears to be almost no foreshortening which you would expect to see if he were turned. His chin appears to be covered by his wife's hand contributing to the illusion that his chin lies to his left of the vertex of his skull. In reality he is listing to his left pulling his chin out of the frame toward you as the vertex of his head moves inward into the frame.

Thus the sagittal plane of his head is not moving into the frame but coming out

toward you. This is not obvious because his body is listing toward his left. Also contributing to the illusion is that Zapruder has not caught him in full profile as JFK's head is partially turned to his left by about 5 degrees.



Why Does the Fatal Shot Not Cross Over

The shot does not cross over if you take into account what I have mentioned previously. Plus, a crossover will not happen if you strike a glancing blow which as it turns out may conform well to the autopsy findings. It seems as if the right posterior of JFK's skull was completely blown out and not just as a circular hole. The flap that is discussed seems to be a flap with nothing under it. In other words, the autopsy suggests a complete blowout of not just the occiput but of the right temporal portion of the skull as well - thus a glancing blow seems possible. Take a look at this [diagram](#) in the appendix.

What About Exit Wounds?

Where is the exit wound from the frontal throat shot? Who knows? In light of the Warren Commission's inability to explain its theories adequately, why are conspiracists mandated to a higher standard? Perhaps the throat shot was stopped by the cervical vertebrae. Perhaps the head shot did a Specter-esque ricochet off the occipital bone and exited superiorly. One magic bullet is as good as another.

Why Were Only Three Shots Heard?

Many people heard more than three shots. It was the national media that chose to put out the propaganda that three shots were heard. I knew full well that public opinion had to be shaped to hear only three shots, and so the story of three shots was reinforced over and over. Many people were pressured as well to "hear" only three shots. The fact that they were pressured indicates collusion. Not all people were in on the propaganda scheme, but enough were and right from the beginning. Some resisted.

Why Are Skull Fragments Found Fore And Aft?

I don't think you need to be Leo Szilard to figure out the answer to this, but it certainly wouldn't hurt. Considering all the force vectors in play regarding the President's brain at the time of impact, a scattering of skull fragments is exactly what you would expect. Bullets vary, but most fired by a Mauser 7.92 x 57 mm S Patrone (a random weapon chosen to make a point) weigh 9.9 grams, or about 150 grains. Let's use 10 grams as a convenient number.

10 grams doesn't sound like a lot of weight, but when you multiply it times 2200 feet per second, you get a lot of momentum that's going to be applied to the skull of JFK.

Next let's look at the speed of the President's vehicle. The President's vehicle was moving at 8 miles per hour or 11 feet per second. 5,280 feet per mile times 8 miles per hour = 42,240 feet per hour. There are 3,600 seconds in an hour, so you get $42,240/3,600$ or 11.733 feet per second.

A fragment ejected superiorly and to the President's left will still move downstream relative to the impact zone. Some fragments are smaller than others, so it is safe to say that some will be traveling at higher velocity. Given the elasticity of the brain and the inability of the skull to allow complete egress of brain through the President's right occiput (or front if you are a Warren addict) under extreme and sudden compression, it is reasonable to expect rebound of brain tissue exiting superiorly (through the entrance wound) and to the President's left. You would expect a parabola or umbrella distribution much as you see in a fireworks display. Furthermore, because the President's limousine was moving at approximately eight miles per hour, there will be a shift or bias of the particles downstream and to the President's left (because the impact of the bullet came from his right). What you would expect is an elliptical distribution of the brain fragments with a bias to the left and well downstream.

The Harper fragment was found 100 feet away; the Burris fragment was found 70 feet away. Assuming a speed of 11 feet per second, the fragment would have been airborne for 9 seconds for Harper, 6.5 seconds for Burris. Is this possible? How much did these skull fragments weigh? And how long does it take for any fragment to return to earth? The parietal segment (disputed) in the Harper fragment was 5 x 7 cm. Given a parietal thickness of 0.58 cm and a bone density of 1.75 gm/cm³ we arrive at a

weight of 35 grams. If all the bullet's energy were cleanly transmitted to this segment we would arrive at a velocity of 629 feet per second. To arrive at this number I used a momentum conservation equation as follows:

$$2200 \text{ feet/second} \times 10 \text{ grams (bullet)} = 35 \text{ grams (Harper fragment)} \times 629 \text{ feet/second}$$

Only a fool would attempt to calculate with precision the efficiency of energy transmission to the skull let alone any specific fragment due to the complexity of the skull, the irregularity of the compression, the unknown factors contributing to pressure alleviation via egress of brain tissue. Still, let us say that 10 to 20% of that bullet's momentum were transmitted to the Harper fragment, that would yield a vertical ejection speed (we will assume the vertical) of 62.9 to 125.7 feet per second. To arrive at how long a vertically ejected ball spends in the air, we can get a rough estimate by dividing the speed of the object by 32 (gravity acceleration), then multiplying by 2. Thus we get an airborne time from 3.9 to 7.8 seconds. Multiplying this by 11 feet per second, we come up with 43 to 86 feet.

The formula is this:

$$\begin{aligned} (T) \text{ Time Spent in the Air} &= \\ 2 &\times \\ (V) \text{ Initial Speed} &/ \\ (G) \text{ Gravity (32 feet per second squared)} \end{aligned}$$

The reason we multiply by 2 is because the trip has an upward and downward component.

$$T = 2 * V/G$$

Is this not close to what we see? Given that you agree, I think it's unreasonable to take any fragment and line it up with anywhere. Now, what we can do is carefully measure these fragments and backtrack all the vector forces to determine where the likely bullet came from. If the fatal bullet came from the rear it should reveal quite a different pattern than if it came from the side or the front. I would expect a bullet from the rear to produce a more elongated pattern farther to the President's left than if the bullet came from the President's right front; however, paradoxically you might even see less of a shift downstream shift than a bullet coming from the front as much of the brain tissue would be ejected from the entrance wound in the rear. Computer modeling and experimentation should reveal the correct answer. It's time for these physicists to get on the stick and quit wasting their time on fruitless and unethical missions to Mars.

The Kennedy assassination is far more important because a country led by the Fourth Reich won't get ten feet past the moon. Now, if any of you physicists out there believe that I have seriously screwed up these equations, please let me know so that I can make amends.

You may email me at thejfklic@gmail.com. Thank you.

Note: Many researchers have stated that the Harper fragment, discovered by Billy Harper on 11/23/63, is occipital bone. This is not a particularly big issue for me at this point. I can easily see how any bone fragment can be manipulated to go anywhere. If we can get a bullet to go through both the President and the Governor unscathed, we can surely get a bone fragment to go where we want it to. Compounding the above calculations is the wind effect which was significant that day in Dealey Plaza. The wind was moving from the west to east at 15 mph. This would tend to favor the lone assassin theorists; however, wind patterns are complex. Winds move in gusts and different flow patterns can be seen at different heights. Plus Dealey Plaza is a bowl of sorts. At Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, when the flags atop the stadium were blowing in toward home plate, you knew it would be a good day for hitting home runs out.

How Did Oswald Get Out of Dealey Plaza?

I personally drove him out. Lee could not have walked to the Gluco bus station - too far at 1.8 miles. It would have taken 35 minutes to walk it. Plus, I did not want to take any chances. The success of the mission rests upon Lee getting caught; hence this valuable asset must be protected at all costs every step of the way. I am not going to trust this to Ruth Paine; the two might talk and figure it all out. Up to now they have been compartmentalized.

At the appropriate moment, I moved down Elm, picked up Lee and took him quickly out of Dallas. Lee trusted me. I drove him down the Stemmons Freeway, across the Houston Street viaduct and by the Gluco gas station.

Ten minutes later, I pulled right up to the Texas Theatre and let Lee out. I watched him buy a ticket and enter the theater.

Why Was the Wrong Rifle Found in the TSBD?

Not much happens in the Kennedy Assassination unless I want it to happen. It was essential for the con to have Lee lay down a Mauser which was duly noted by two people who knew their weapons. This was not a deal-breaker for me because I

had access to the evidence room so that the switch could be made. The rifles are so similar that who but an experienced person would know.

On the other hand, maybe the wrong rifle was not found at all. Maybe what was found was an exact duplicate of Lee's Carcano. Maybe the officers who saw the weapon got confused. Maybe they saw 6.5 mm stamped on the weapon while they were thinking Mauser and their minds put that together as 7.65 Mauser. Or maybe the machinist screwed up when duplicating Oswald's rifle and accidentally used a part from a Mauser in which the label 7.65 Mauser was embossed.

Every mission has its screwups.

Did Oswald Bring a Rifle to Work?

No. Lee would not have brought a rifle to work on Friday, Thursday or any other day. Lee was too smart for that, and I knew it. Not only would Lee not bring a rifle, he wouldn't bring in anything that remotely resembled a rifle. That a rifle was found is indicative that the rifle was brought in on another day.

What About Oswald's Palm Print?

Lee's palm print was supposed to be on the Carcano. It was his rifle. Just because his rifle was found there does not mean he shot it, especially if it was a duplicate. Once the rifle was switched in the evidence room or in Will Fritz's office, it didn't matter.

What About the Bullets Recovered From the Bodies?

I had already arranged for a bogus Carcano bullet to be placed upon the stretcher of John Connally. Second, the bullet fragments that came from inside the bodies were only identified by chemical analysis, a now debunked methodology of junk science that had been used by the FBI¹² for decades. The theory behind chemical analysis of bullets is that as lead is heated and then cooled into a bullet's shape, the formation of the lead leaves a particular chemical signature; accordingly one can trace the bullet back to a run of bullets being manufactured. This has been proven false.

¹² This is not meant as an indictment of the FBI. Everyone in every field uses junk science. Medicine pioneers junk science.

The logical extension of this fallacy is that bullets made by different companies for different weapons may have the same chemical signature. For example, if two separate bullet manufacturers buy lead from the Acme Lead Company and then reheat and re-cool the lead into different shapes it may be entirely possible to obtain chemical signatures that are similar. Furthermore, is it not possible for one generic bullet manufacturer to make bullets for many types of weapons out of one shipment of lead?

What About The Recreations and Animations?

There have been many recreations and animations over the years. The best known animation is the Dale Myers animation. Recently I watched a laser recreation done at Dealey Plaza by a panel of experts. What? Another panel of experts? Haven't we had enough of these people? I think so; but just in case you think expertise and titles are necessary to speak the truth, let me inform you that Albert Einstein was a nobody when he developed his theories in 1905-6. And when I say nobody, I mean nobody. He graduated from a third-tier University; he was labeled a lazy dog by one of his professors; and he was working in a patent office. So much for experts. I've hired plenty of experts to do stuff at my house and my office - for computers, accounting, plumbing, roofing, you name it; and I've spent the last five years fixing the mess they created.

Expertise mean nothing.

Now, at the beginning of this laser recreation one of these *experts* started bragging about how they had recreated Dealey Plaza to within an inch of the way it was on 11/22/63. Well, solidier, an inch is a big deal in the world of bullets. Just ask any veteran of a foreign war.

Why Didn't The Secret Service High-Tail It Out Of There?

This was a concern for me from the beginning. How was I going to prevent the secret service from hauling ass out of there after the first bullet is fired? As it turned out this was a legitimate concern as bullets were heard very early on. If the car suddenly sped up, the mission would become much more difficult. What to do? I thought about this extensively. Because the mission was compartmentalized, I could not tell the Secret Service what was going to happen. I had to figure a way to calm my fears.

Why did the driver, William Greer, not accelerate after hearing shots.

Why did Roy Kellerman not instruct the driver, William Greer, to move after hearing shots especially in light of his testimony that it was raining shells within the car? Well, it turns out he did. Well, then why didn't William Greer move instantaneously? He and Kellerman have been vilified mercilessly by conspiracy theorists for over 52 years now. People want to know why human beings are not perfect, and these people demand an answer. Conspiracists point fanatically to a lit-up taillight on the Presidential limousine.¹³

None of this was perplexing to me. Having been in combat, having been fired upon, I knew all too well how humans react to acute stress. I had read extensively about the [flight or fight response](#) and the time distortion that occurs under stress what we know today as [tachyspychia](#). I knew how I had reacted under stress. I knew that under stress time speeds up and slows down all at the same time. My favorite author on war besides Napoleon was Clausewitz. Clausewitz had stated in so many words that war takes on a whole new meaning when a bullet whizzes by your head. I had laughed when I first read that because many years prior I'd had a friend who had made me my first screwdriver. As my friend added the vodka to the orange juice, he said: "It gives a whole new meaning to orange juice." No, I thought, the Secret Service wasn't going anywhere. I estimated correctly that a [freeze response](#) would set in. Their perception of time would immediately distort due to the overload of hormones and neurotransmitters flooding their system thus giving him the five seconds he needed.

As it turns out, I was correct. One only needs to read the testimony of [Roy Kellerman](#) to the Warren Commission. It's easy to sit back in a room where no one is firing bullets at your head; it's quite another deal when you are the one being fired at. But from where? The Secret Service did not have the luxury of knowing. If they sped up, would they be walking into a bigger mess? This is why the freeze response has evolved in the human body and every other organism, for that matter, over millions of years. It's about survival.

What Really Damns The Warren Commission

Yes, you can postulate and justify a shot to JFK's head from the rear. What you can not explain with this trajectory is that the larger hole was created to the rear. A high-speed rifle bullet carries a huge amount of momentum that forces and compresses the

¹³ That the rear taillight is lit up at Z313 is more indicative of a freeze response than conspiracy. Greer, like anyone else in that situation, was most likely conflicted - fight or flight. Quite frankly I don't believe William Greer or anyone else near that Presidential limousine was deliberately thinking; they were on auto-pilot. On another note, can you imagine how ludicrous it would be to approach someone to be the driver of a limousine in which a passenger would be shot with a Mauser rifle. What sane person would grant permission?

skull. A rear shot would have forced the brain and skull to the front and blown a huge hole in the front of JFK's head. To postulate that the front of the skull was made of iron and allowed for rebound of brain tissue out the rear is laughable. It is the force of the bullet transmitted to the brain tissue and skull that creates the exit wound.

The Decision

Why I Nixed The Underpass Shot

Elm street descends ever so gradually to the west from 430 feet HASL at Houston street to 406 feet HASL at the Triple Underpass. The Triple Underpass has 24 feet of clearance. The gradation is a very low 3.81 degrees. It is deceptive because it appears greater to the eye. Plus, the assassin is shooting not at the ground but at a head five feet off the ground.

I gamed out a shooter at the Triple Underpass. I looked at the numbers and was disappointed.

Location	Z Number	Distance to Triple U-pass (feet)	Sniper Angle (degrees)	Ground Height	JFK Sitting Head Height	True JFK Head Height	Sniper Height	Relative Sniper Height
				HASL	5 feet	HASL		Feet
Houston		428	-0.67	430	5	435	430	-5
Reference Point	200	305	0.19	424	5	429	430	1
JFK Head Shot	313	245	1.64	418	5	423	430	7
Clint Hill	350	225	2.29	417	4	421	430	9
Triple Underpass	463	0	90	406	3	409	430	21

The sniper angles were too low from the Triple Underpass. The reason why a sniper gains height is to be able to get above obstructions so as to get a clear shot. A downward angle of 0.19 degrees at Z200 was unacceptable. An angle of 1.79 degrees at Z313 was equally unacceptable. Who could know ahead of time if the President would not move a bit over to his left to sit closer to his wife? Who could guess what Governor Connally's movement would be? Who could know ahead of time if the President would not choose at the last moment to sit to the left of his wife? No, I thought. I needed height.

I looked at the elevations at the corner of the stockade fence.

Location	Z Number	Distance to Sniper	Sniper Angle (degrees)	Sniper Ground Level	Sniper Rifle Height	True Sniper Rifle Height	Ground Height	JFK Sitting Head Height	True JFK Head Height	Relative Sniper Height
		Feet		HASL	8 feet	HASL	HASL	5 feet	HASL	
Houston		291	-0.2	426	8	434	430	5	435	-1
Reference Point	200	172	1.67	426	8	434	424	5	429	5
JFK Head Shot	313	120	5.24	426	8	434	418	5	423	11
Clint Hill	350	110	6.74	426	8	434	417	4	421	13
Triple Underpass	463	166	8.56	426	8	434	406	3	409	25

Well, I thought, these numbers were better but not great. I still had a poor angle at Z200. True, the angle was better at Z313, but not good enough. I still had the same problems as before. Plus, I needed to know the angles from the top of the windshield to JFK's head. Five degrees wasn't enough for me. Furthermore, what about the lousy angles between Z200 and Z313. These were terrible. I had to be able to shoot over Governor Connally's head.

Even more troubling for me was the possibility of a missed shot at Z200 or thereabouts. With a sloping trajectory of 5/172, the shot would drop 1.16 feet for every 40 feet of horizontal distance. Given that the trajectories listed above were for 5 foot head shots on the President, a citizen could take a shot in the gut. Can't do it, I said. I knew the American people might tolerate a President being shot, barely; an innocent citizen was another thing altogether.

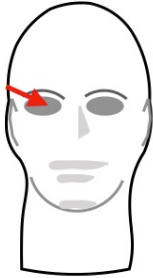
I also looked at the slope at the Z313 site. I examined the slope of 11/120. If there were people by the roadside on the opposite side, they would be fairly close. Let's see, I said. At 26 feet away, the shot would drop by 2.38 feet, a shot to the pelvic area if the shot missed. If I added a foot for street level differences, it could be 3.38 feet. But who could know if someone would bring a chair to sit in. I had to think about all these things.

Well, I thought, if I used a high platform, I could get three to five more feet of height. That would help my odds. Still maybe height wouldn't matter as much because the "guys" would be shooting from JFK's right side.

What Would Happen If The Front Shooters Were Caught?

Had the front shooters been caught I was prepared to move to story number two: Lee had been working with a gang. I had it all diagrammed out. Still, it would not have mattered one bit. The President would be dead and the subsequent investigation controlled and rigged. Instead of one set of lies, I would introduce another set. The key was to assure the President's death - that was paramount over getting caught.

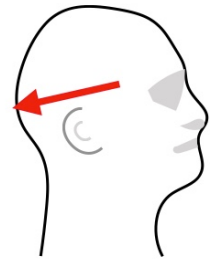
Skull Dynamics



In planning the assassination I had to do some boning up on human anatomy. If I was to prosecute a lone-nut theory, I knew that there could not be shots that could be reasonably attributed to the front of JFK's body and head. Now, of course, I knew I could explain almost anything away; still it would help if I could keep all shots to the right side of JFK's head. It would be more challenging to explain a left frontal entrance wound. So, I whipped out my anatomy book and diagrammed a possible shot to

JFK's right parietal bone.

The adult human skull is approximately 22 cm in the sagittal plane. The bi-parietal distance was 17 cm. One half the bi-parietal distance was 8.5 cm. One fourth the bi-parietal distance was 4.25 cm. I knew that if his shooter aimed for the midpoint of JFK's right occipital region he should be okay. **The angulation should work, I thought.** I drew a diagram.



An Important Consideration

Just as important as the mechanics of the shot was who I was employing. If I was going to use Israeli assassins I had to consider morality, not usually a consideration when the CIA is involved. I laughed to myself about that. Morality is important to the Jews; they acutely understand that we live in a moral universe. Jewish theologians over the centuries have stressed being in accordance with God. I understood this but I also understood the reality of the world and how treacherous it could be; I recalled when David Ben-Gurion was asked about the immorality of an action that was taken by Israel against its potential enemies. Ben-Gurion replied that he while he believed in a noble world, he also believed that the Jews should be part of it.

Another Point

In this picture below at Z465 you can see the corner of the Stockade Fence. I had to lighten the picture a little to demonstrate how open the area is. The picture was taken by Abraham Zapruder, of course, and he was standing at a camera level a few feet above the height of the fence many feet away. Imagine what a person half the distance would be able to see. It is important to note that your eye is far superior to a camera lens when it comes to adapting to shadows. That someone would take the risk of walking around behind there with a rifle seems absurd. This was another problem I had to consider.

Note

Try not to go berserk on the precise numbers above; they are pretty close. The point I want to make is that the trajectories from the Triple Underpass are poor if you are planning an assassination. Any planner has to take into account the ramifications of a mission gone wrong. What would have happened if Mary Moorman had taken one in the gut because the sniper screwed up. Even the best swimmers drown. There is no way anyone could possibly explain a TSBD shooter causing a head-on gut wound to a citizen standing sideways to the TSBD; some things aren't possible, although I wouldn't put it past Arlen Specter to have made a run at it. No, I think early on, the I realized that a shot behind the Stockade fence, while possible, was loaded with enormous risk. Not only was the trajectory suboptimal, the ability for the shooters to egress without being detected poor.

Tippit's Charge

I will begin in Oak Cliff.

JD Tippit sits at a Gluco gas station in North Oak Cliff. He is facing the oncoming traffic coming from Dallas across the Houston Street Viaduct. The time is 12:30 PM on 11/22/63. He is waiting for instructions. Sitting beside him in the front seat is a wireless communicating device that was given to him by his friend, Carl Mather, of [Collins Radio](#). JD has been instructed to not use the police band radio. He has also been instructed to not move from his location despite what contrary instructions must come from the police radio. He understands the essentiality of picking up this man. Indeed, he has practiced this very important route that he is about to take.

He listens to the radio. The time is about 12:37 PM. He hears that the President has been shot at in Dealey Plaza. He does not move. He waits. He is nervous as the stakes are high. He doesn't know what the mission is about in totality, but he knows that the consequences for not following through will be disastrous for him. This he agreed to accept when his handler approached him. His handler needed someone reliable to carry out some as yet unspecified instructions. He is in the dark here. Precise timing was stressed to him.

JD was the logical choice. He knew Oak Cliff like the back of his hand. He had done security at the Texas Theatre. He had worked at Austin's Barbecue. If anyone could navigate the streets and back alleys, it was JD Tippit.

The time is 12:45 and JD is getting a little restless. Finally he receives a call on the wireless. He is told to move to the corner of Beckley and Neely. JD acknowledges then accelerates the car down Lancaster Avenue.

Across town, on the other side of Oak Cliff, on Zang Blvd a man, Fake Oswald, rides in a cab driven by William Whaley. The cab moves from Zang to Beckley. Fake Oswald says little as the cab passes 1026 North Beckley, Lee Oswald's boarding house. Four blocks past the boarding house Fake Oswald calmly asks William Whaley to stop. He doesn't curse or say, "Damn it, now I have to walk back." He just says that this will be fine. The time is about 12:50. Fake Oswald gets out, begins walking back up Beckley while watching carefully as William Whaley moves south away from site. Once assured that Whaley is out of site, Fake Oswald returns to the corner of Beckley and Neely and waits.

The time is now 12:54 and JD Tippit is somewhere near the corner of 8th and Lancaster. He radios his position to police dispatch and then moves down 8th toward Beckley. One block before Beckley he Y's over to Eighth, north on Crawford,

then west on Beckley. He arrives at the intersection and waits. JD is not entirely sure why this is necessary. JD only does what he is told. This mission like many other small tasks he had had carried out before is on a need-to-know basis.

What I did not reveal to him was the absolute necessity to synch JD's arrival at the intersection with Fake Oswald who is also standing at the intersection. JD is not even aware that such a man exists. The synchronization is complete. This will be verified by another man - my assistant. Fake Oswald will now walk back to Oswald's boarding house while JD will drive to TopTen Records. The time to accomplish each task will be approximately five to seven minutes.

As Fake Oswald moves northward up Beckley, JD moves southward down Beckley to 10th where he turns westward over to Adams, south on Adams to Jefferson where he parks to the West of Top Ten Records. He places the wireless radio in between the seat and then moves into the store.

JD has been instructed not to use the wireless radio anymore. He is to use the phone in Top Ten Records. JD does not understand why he can not communicate wirelessly, but he has learned to not ask questions. He walks into the store, familiar to him, right up to the phone. He makes a call, listens then hangs up. His instructions are now clear. He is to place the wireless device at the drop zone nearby. Then he is to drive to the destination point near 10th and Patton. He has been instructed to drive down 10th slowly where he will receive instructions from a man walking down the street.

The time is now 1:03 PM.

At the same time at 1026 North Beckley just a few moments after JD makes his call, a police car appears outside and honks twice and then leaves. Fake Oswald hears the two honks of the horn and moves outside. His landlady, Earlene Roberts, hears the horn as well and watches Fake Oswald leave the boarding house and wait at a stop sign. Fake Oswald is no dummy and so he watches the window until Earlene Roberts leaves. He then moves away down the street out of view then disappears into eternity.

At this point the second synchronization has been completed.

What I have not revealed to JD is that the hard-line call from Top Ten Records was necessary to establish his physical presence so that the next stage could proceed. It was absolutely essential to time out JD's arrival at 10th and Patton and the man he was to meet. Having a man walking up and down the street might arouse suspicion - an unwanted variable to me. Plus, since the man must necessarily resemble Oswald, and police descriptions are sure to be out on police radio, the presence of citizen heroes listening to police scanners must be minimized.

The trip from Top Ten Records to 10th and Patton is normally minutes by car. Quickly JD staircases east on Jefferson, north on Bishop, east on Sunset, north on Beckley, east on 10th Street.

As JD moves east, a man with bushy hair resembling Oswald walks out of a safe house near 10th and Marsalis. He walks slowly. He is waiting for JD Tippit. Why not? He knows JD and JD knows him. This little routine has been practiced, and people in the neighborhood know JD. They have seen him there. It's not his assigned area, but they know him. [Acquilla Clemmons](#), a neighborhood resident, knows him. [William Scoggins](#), a cab driver sitting in the neighborhood, knows him.

JD moves down the street slowly. He is not suspicious of anything at all. He does not turn his police lights on nor does he call for backup. He approaches the man who is moving east as JD slowly move west. The man is to his right on the sidewalk. As JD rolls down the passenger window, the man rests his arms upon the window frame. They talk. What are they saying?

Well, here is what I think they said in so many words.

Tippit Killer: Hey, JD.

Tippit: Hey, what's up?

Tippit Killer: Well, JD, I have good news and bad news. Which do you want first?

Tippit becomes nervous.

Tippit Killer: The good news is that everything worked out great, and we thank you. We will compensate your family well. And we will look after them.

Now, Tippit really becomes nervous.

Tippit Killer: The bad news, JD, is that I am going to kill you right here. Now, don't reach for your gun. I can kill you right now. But you did good, so I'm going to give you a soldier's death, a clean death. I'll give you a chance to get out of your car. You'll look like a hero. Hell, you are a hero.

And so JD does. But it's not a real chance, is it?

Tippit dies and this completes a crucial step in the assassination of John Kennedy.

After killing JD, Tippit Killer, cuts through a lot and walks down Patton toward Jefferson. He takes a right on Jefferson toward the east and the Texas Theatre. At the next corner at Crawford he cuts behind a Texaco Station and ditches his jacket. Or he calmly hands it to a waiting man who carefully places it underneath the wheel of a car. Tippit Killer then climbs into a waiting car, lies down and is driven off never to be seen again.

Commotion follows, a crowd gathers, just as it had at Tippit's kill zone. The police arrive and a manhunt is underway.

The time is about 1:20 PM.

I climb in my car and make my way down to the Texas Theatre. I arrive and walk into the theater. I am not recognized because I had either already bought a ticket or I have arranged for an inside man to let me in. I know who Lee is. I can either slip Oswald's gun nearby his seat on the floor, or I can hand it to an operative who is working for me. This would be the same operative who is under orders to shoot Oswald at any time should Oswald get spooked and decide to leave the theater.

Shortly thereafter, reports begin to come in about a man fitting Oswald's description, possibly the killer of Tippit, having entered the Texas Theatre. The police converge.

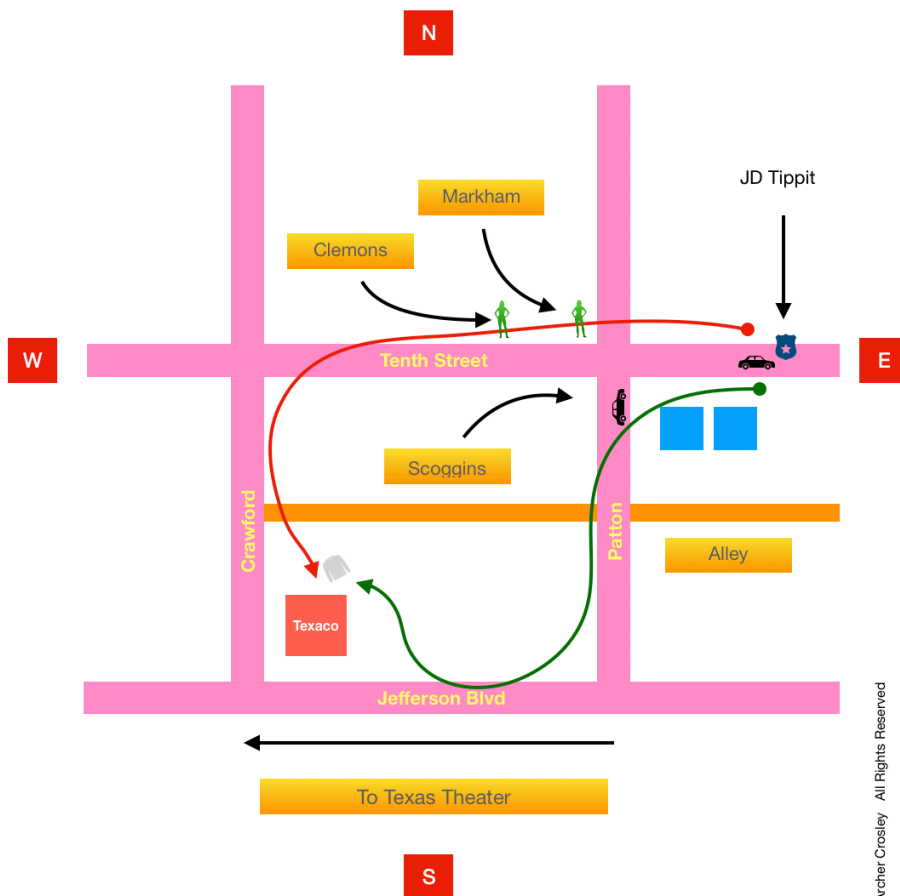
The rest is history.

Killing Tippit and Escaping

Here is how Tippit Killer escaped.

Think of where Tippit was shot as being on the northeast corner of a giant block that is in your neighborhood.

After shooting Tippit, his killer moved counterclockwise around the lower end of the block. I took the other way around the block and met Tippit Killer halfway behind the Texaco. I took the gun and the light-colored jacket. Tippit Killer was sequestered away into either a car or a pre-arranged building. The light-colored jacket was placed under a car. I, dressed like an ordinary citizen, melded into ordinary humanity. When the police showed up, I pointed to the jacket and said: Hey, what's that? Then I slipped away and went down to the Texas Theater. Here is a diagram.



Tippi's Killer (green) walks halfway around the block on the bottom. The Director (red) walks the top half of the block. They meet behind the Texaco station. Alternatively, the Director could have walked through the alley connecting Patton and Crawford.

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This drawing is not drawn to scale.

Oak Cliff

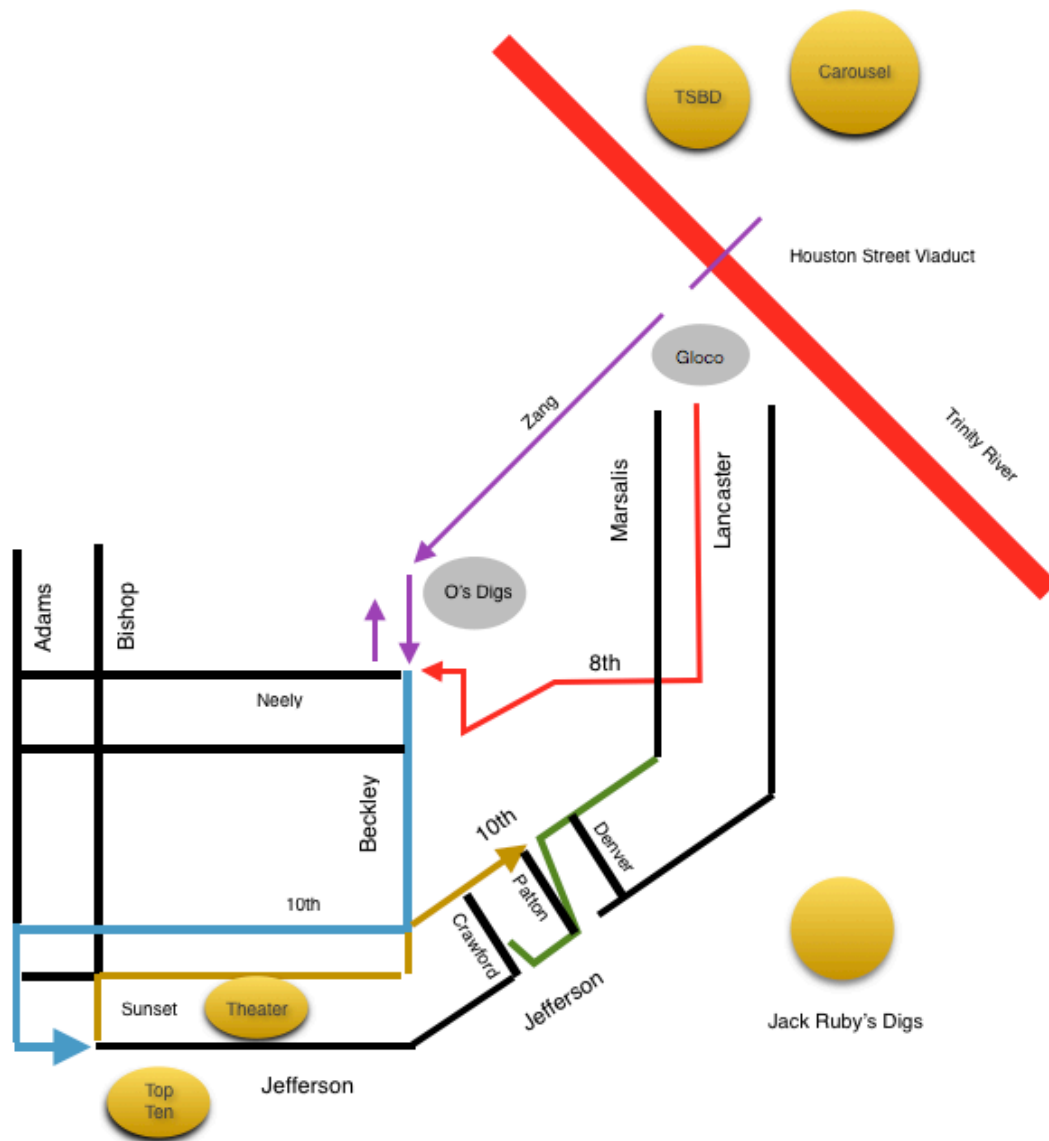
Oak Cliff sits just to the southwest of Dallas. It abuts Dealey Plaza. I have enclosed a picture so that you can see how close it is. A person can travel from Dallas to Oak Cliff within minutes.

Oak Cliff is where the money is in solving the Kennedy Assassination. In golfing parlance, you drive for show and putt for dough. Transposing this metaphor to the Kennedy Assassination, Dealey Plaza is the show, but Oak Cliff is the dough. Oak Cliff was from where the Kennedy Assassination was staged. Its principal players, Jack Ruby and Lee Oswald lived there. The CIA was there also; so were the Cubans. To understand the Kennedy Assassination you must understand Oak Cliff.

Street Maps

Street maps can be disturbing to the mind, especially to the casual reader. Instead of just giving you a street map, I want to illustrate several points.

- Every important point in North Oak Cliff can be walked within fifteen minutes. It's not a city like New York overrun by people. Oak Cliff has a residential feel to it.
- There are two main arteries that run through North Oak Cliff - Zang and Jefferson. Think of them coming together as a football readied to be teed up and kicked to the left side of the page. The top of the football connects to Dealey Plaza, the bottom connects to the Texas Theatre where Oswald was caught.
- Lee Oswald lived on the laces; Jack Ruby lived on the opposite side of the laces. JD Tippit was shot near Jack Ruby's neighborhood.
- Top Ten Records sits just down the street from the Texas Theater on Jefferson Blvd. where most of the businesses are.



Purple: Fake Oswald's path from where he entered Oak Cliff in William Whaley's cab.

Red: Tippit's Path to the First Synch Point at Beckley and Neely.

Blue: Tippit's Path to the Second Synch Point at Top Ten Records.

Yellow: Tippit's Path to 10th and Patton. This is a conjectured route.

Green: Tippit's Killer's path after killing Tippit

As you can see here, the simplest mission is to just get Lee to the Texas Theatre by driving him straight from Dealey Plaza. Once this is accomplished, the rest is gravy. It's a simple task to do because nobody yet knows who Lee is. He's just a regular guy. Once he's in the theater, then you can let the world know - which is exactly what they did. The beauty of the Texas Theater is that it is a sound-proof bubble; Lee has no idea of what is going on outside in the real world. He hears no sirens, no radio reports. Isn't it odd that nobody said anything to the patrons inside even after they knew the President had died? I would think in that day and age, certainly not in our jaded day, the movie would have been stopped and an announcement would have been made.

Tippit is only employed to be killed so as to turn the public and police against Lee. Once accomplished, Lee stood no chance.

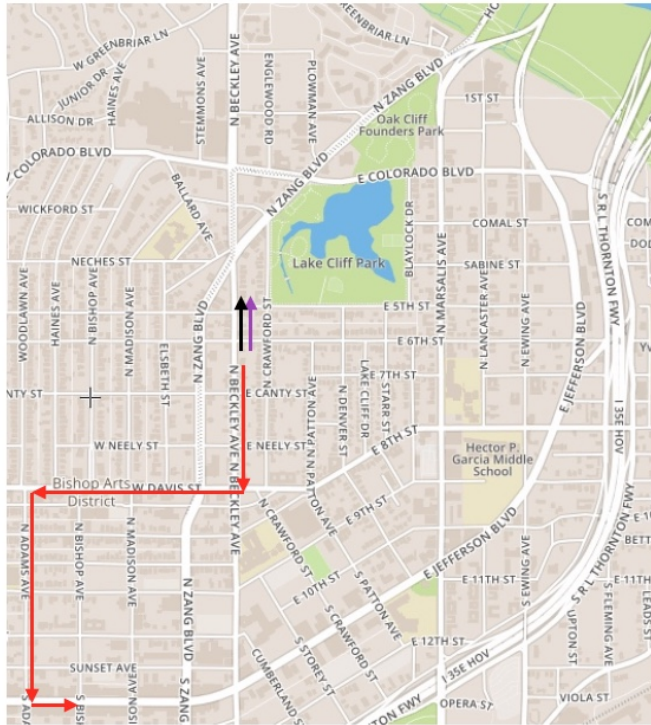
A Series of Diagrams

Here is a series of diagrams to help you better understand the sequence of the handoffs that are occurring. If this seems complex to you, remember that people who work for the CIA are team players. These guys grew up playing team sports; many were in the military. What looks difficult to a conspiracist - we tend to be loners - is a piece of cake to a CIA guy.

M	=	Me	=	Black
FO	=	Fake Oswald	=	Purple
T	=	Tippit	=	Red
		Tippit's Killer	=	Blue



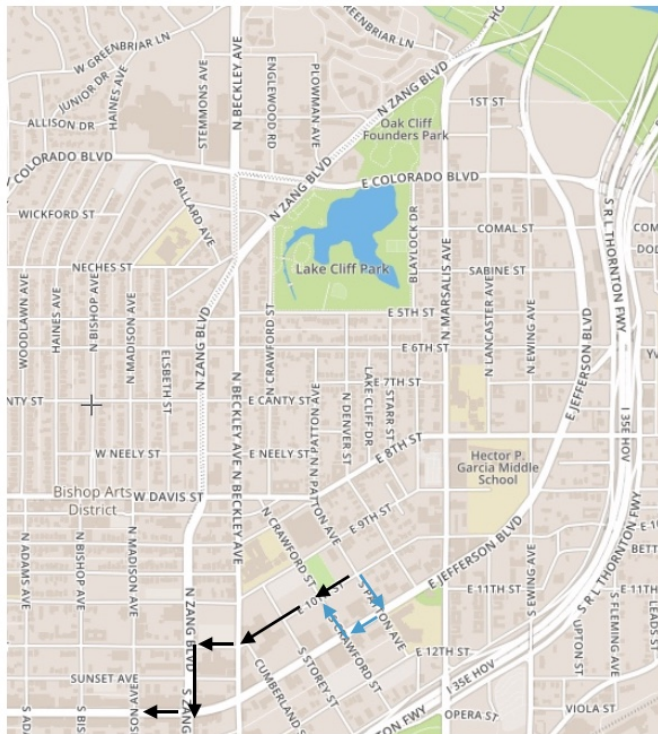
Everybody meets up at Beckley and Neely.



Tippit goes to Top Ten Records; I and Fake Oswald, not together, go to Oswald's Boarding House.



Fake Oswald exits into eternity. I go to 10th and Patton. Tippit's Killer emerges from 10th and Marsalis. Tippit goes to 10th and Patton.



Tippit's Killer goes to Jefferson, then Crawford; then he exits. I move to Crawford and 10th, then to the Texas Theater.

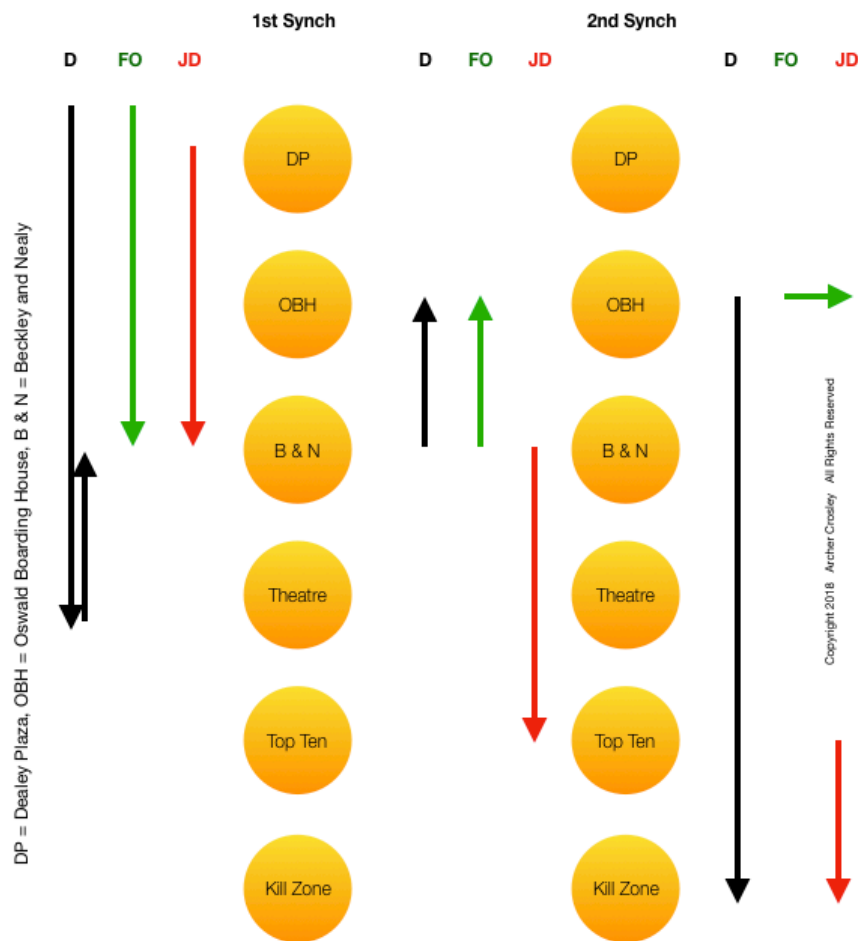
These maps was made with OpenStreetMap. © OpenStreetMap contributors.

The Handoff

M	=	Me	=	Black
FO	=	Fake Oswald	=	Green
T	=	Tippit	=	Red

DP	=	Dealey Plaza
OBH	=	Oswald's Boarding House
B&N	=	Beckley and Nealy
Theater	=	Texas Theater
Top Ten	=	Top Ten records
Kill Zone	=	10th and Patton

This diagram simplifies the handoffs that occurred.



D = Director, FO = Fake Oswald, JD = JD Tippit

Who Was JD Tippit?

JD Tippit was a Dallas police officer who was shot and killed around 1:15 PM, 45 minutes after John Kennedy was shot.

The Warren Commission's findings tie everything up into a neat little package for the casual observer. Oswald kills Kennedy, takes a bus and a cab down to Oak Cliff to stop at his boarding house, picks up a gun, walks through Oak Cliff, shoots Officer Tippit who has alertly spotted him, then runs down to the Texas Theatre where he is captured. It sounds pretty good. Case closed.

There are many attempts to smear JD Tippit as a dirty cop who was collaborating with either Jack Ruby, Lee Oswald or others to kill John Kennedy. I think JD Tippit lived in the real world and was trying to make a buck like everyone else. He certainly was not the epitome of a corrupt cop. I used him as I did so many others. Whether he ate breakfast with Lee or Jack is irrelevant.

The Tippit Timeline

I'm going to summarize the important times that are known regarding Oswald and Tippit in Oak Cliff. When looking at these times it is important to remember that time was more malleable in 1963. There were no cellphones and so not everyone was on AT&T time or Sprint time. It was not uncommon for people's clocks to vary as much as five to seven minutes. One of the excuses you could use as a kid if you were late for school was that the clock at home must have been running late. And you would be believed because it was probably true.

12:30 President Kennedy Shot

12:30 to 12:45: Tippit spotted at Gloco Gas Station North Zang Blvd.

12:54 Tippit reports he is at 8th and Lancaster

13:00 Fake Oswald shows up at Boarding House

13:03 No response from Tippit's radio: Possibly inside Top Ten Records or stopping James Andrews's car on 10th Street.

13:00 to 13:02 Honking Horn outside 1026 Beckley - Oswald's Digs

13:07 Oswald seen inside Texas Theater

13:09 to 13:15 Tippit killed

13:30 Johnny Brewer spots Oswald outside Hardy Shoes

13:50 Oswald captured by Dallas Police.

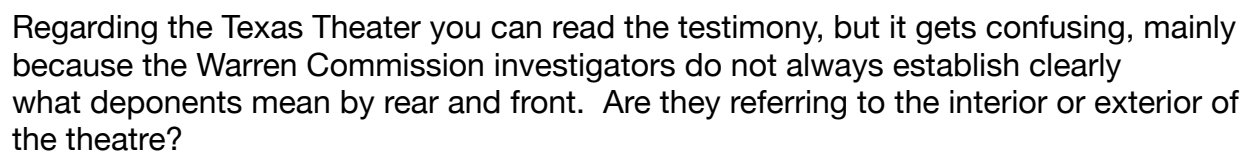
Fake Oswald and JD Tippit are too close in geographic contiguity to be an accident. The honking of the horn outside 1026 North Beckley and Tippit's call from Top Ten Records are too closely positioned in time to be an accident. We can get too hung up on the actual times because of the malleability of time in 1963. Tippit may have been killed at 13:15 on one person's clock and 13:09 on another. This can work for us or against us.

Where Was Tippit's Car Outside Top Ten Record?

One of the workers, Luis Cortinas, at Top Ten Records states that Tippit was parked on Bishop with the car pointed north. I doubt this. If his car was on Bishop, Tippit would either be north of Jefferson or south of Jefferson. Why would he go the long way around to get south of Jefferson? Whether he was north or south of Jefferson he would not have had to peel out making a hard turn left heading north on Bishop as he was already on Bishop. Therefore I believe Tippit was parked west of Bishop pointing east. Top Ten Records sits to the east of Bishop.

Incidentally, Jefferson was divided by a median strip and the parking each way was slanted in the direction of travel.

Even the Theater Has Twists and Turns



We are strange, we human beings. When we are inside a theater, the front of the theatre is the screen and the rear is behind us. If we walk outside the theater the front is clearly where the marquee is, and the rear is where the rear is. Compounding this confusion is the unique arrangement of the Texas Theater. The screen does not run parallel to the street as it does in most theaters but perpendicular.

After you enter the theater, you turn to the right to enter the viewing room and screen.

Johnny Eagle-Eye Brewer

Oswald's saga within the Texas Theater begins with Johnny Brewer, shoe salesman at Hardy Shoes. Sometime around 1:30 PM, Johnny Brewer, the manager of the Hardy Shoe Store on Jefferson Blvd looked into the alcove of his store entry and noted a man who looked suspicious. While police cars roared down Jefferson with sirens blaring this man looked into the store. This seemed suspicious to Johnny so he took off after him and followed him into the Texas Theatre where he ultimately pointed him out to the police who had joined him at the back of the Theater. This is the official story.

I have a few questions. Was Johnny Brewer the only employee in the shoe store that day? Were there other customers? When he went off after Oswald, did he lock up the store? Did he ask the other customers to leave? He said in 1964 that there were some IBM guys in the store at the time. What did he mean by that? Did he ask them to leave? If he did lock up the store, how much time did it take him to do so? What about the cash register? Wasn't he worried about theft? Wasn't he worried about being fired for abandoning a store in order to play policeman? If there were other employees in the store, who were they? Did they see Oswald? Did the Warren Commission interview them? How long was Johnny gone? Wasn't he afraid of going after an armed man? How did he know Oswald hadn't bought a theater ticket 10 minutes earlier, walked down the street, lost track of time and was walking back and for a few moments decided to look at shoes? Maybe Oswald had seen the movie before and was killing time? Could he see Oswald clearly through all the shoes that were in the window? How high did the shoe display go? Were there posters on the window? What about glare on the glass? Hardy shoes faces the southern sky with the sun overhead. Maybe Oswald had already heard the sirens and had stared at them for a few moments prior to stopping at Johnny Brewer's store. Does Johnny Brewer routinely follow citizens who do not respond appropriately to police sirens? Finally, did Johnny Brewer miss his true calling in life? How does a shoe salesman become observant to the point of noting people's clothes and features to the point of being able to point them out in a darkened theater with eagle-eye accuracy?

Furthermore, it's not a crime to walk into a movie lobby. Maybe Oswald wanted to get out from under the sun. Or maybe the man walking in was not Oswald. Or maybe there was no Oswald at all. It's true that another employee, Julia Postal, testified that a man that Brewer saw had ducked into the theater, but there is good reason to believe that her testimony may have been coached.

Approaching Oswald

Lee Oswald was sitting in the back of the theater in the center section, five seats in, three rows from the back. Police converged from the front and back of the theater. There were other patrons in the theater. As stated previously, the police came up the aisle from the screen as you can see in the above diagram. They checked two clients up front and then approached Oswald from Oswald's right. Now, Oswald was pointed out to them by Johnny Brewer, the shoe salesman, so they knew who they were after.

Nick McDonald approached Oswald from Oswald's right. Nick McDonald had his gun holstered. This is the official story, and I am not planning to debunk that. I just have a few questions.

The police knew Oswald was armed and dangerous; so why would you approach with your gun holstered as Nick McDonald testified? You would only approach like this if you knew Oswald had no gun unless, of course, other policeman standing behind Oswald had their gun trained on him ready to shoot should he make a break for it. Is it standard operating procedure to approach an armed and dangerous man as you would a postal clerk? If the police knew Oswald was their guy, which is a reasonable conclusion, given Johnny Brewer's testimony, and if the police felt he had just shot the President and was potentially armed and dangerous, why wouldn't the police clear the other patrons out while taking cover behind some type of barrier? Why approach at all?

How did the police in the back of the theater know that George Applin, a patron, or any of the other male patrons were not the potential assassin of JFK and JD Tippit? Those police officers report no vetting of the other male patrons. Nick McDonald does not relate calling out to the other police officers that Oswald was their guy; so how did the other police officers know that the other male patrons were not their guy. The police themselves testified that the theater was dark even when the house lights were illuminated.

The Fight

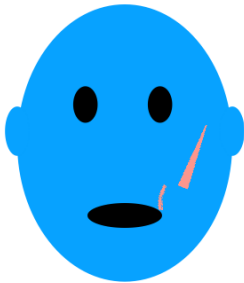
It has been reported that Oswald resisted arrest at the Texas Theatre. According to one of the arresting police officers, Nick McDonald, Oswald punched him in the forehead, knocking his cap off.

If Oswald punched Officer Nick McDonald, why is there no evidence of injury on Oswald's hands? There is no evidence of abrasion or swelling on Oswald's hands in any of the numerous pictures taken of him from his arrest to his death. There is no mention of any injury to his hands in the autopsy report. There is no mention of him remarking to his mother or brother about his hurting hands. Any practicing physician

can tell you that a skull is as hard as a wall stud and is likely to produce abrasions and swelling. Boxer's fractures are not uncommon. No evidence of hand injury exists. This is important as the head injury to Nick McDonald by Oswald's punch is used against Oswald as having resisted arrest.

Nick's Cut

Officer Nick McDonald states that while he was struggling with Oswald they both fell backward and to Oswald's left onto the chair. This is believable. Officer McDonald states that the lesion was caused by Oswald's gun as McDonald was wresting it away from Oswald; according to McDonald the gun came up and scraped him along the face. This account seems less believable as McDonald's left side of his face would be to Oswald's left. What seems more plausible is that Oswald's bracelet on his left wrist cut into McDonald's face as they were falling backward. Oswald would have placed his arms in the air to either give himself up or to defend against the right-handed punch that McDonald obviously delivered to Oswald's left peri-orbital area.



Another point about this cut is that it appears to have come from the top down, not the bottom up. If the gun had caused the cut, from the bottom up, I would expect it to be thinner at the bottom than the top. It makes more sense that the bracelet, causing the cut from the top down, caused this lesion.

The Melee

During the scuffle, after McDonald punches Oswald, they both fall to Oswald's left and McDonald's right which is precisely what you would expect if McDonald threw the first punch. If Oswald had thrown the first punch and missed or hit, you would expect Oswald to move forward into McDonald. At any rate, the two fall into the chair and numerous officers and hands move in. It's a melee of hands. In a dark theater, it is inconceivable that anyone could see a gun being handled. Evidently, though, one was fought over. A misfire was heard. But did Oswald pull the trigger at all?

Oswald's Amazing Pants

How was Lee supposed to hold this gun in his pants so effortlessly? How does a gun slip into a waistband at the hip and stay there at the ready? I can't imagine anyone comfortably sitting in a movie theater with a cold piece of bulky metal jammed into their side. So if Oswald had a gun where was the gun stashed?

What I Think

There was no Lee Oswald running down Jefferson Blvd. There was no Lee Oswald in front of Johnny Brewer's store. Johnny Brewer took off by himself down to the Texas Theater and did what he was asked to do. He knew nothing more than that. If I'm the planner, I don't want any fake Lee Oswald running down Jefferson and have him run the risk of getting tackled by a hero. I just need a local vendor to walk down to the Texas Theater, follow a script, walk to the back, meet the police and point a specific man out. Quite frankly it wouldn't have mattered if Johnny Brewer had pointed out an old lady. The DPD already knew who their man was.

Had Lee Oswald resisted arrest, he would certainly have been shot dead; that is standard police procedure and justifiably so. Yet Oswald was smarter than your average bear and so lifted his hands and said, "I am not resisting arrest." To be fair, perhaps Nick McDonald interpreted that as an aggressive move and so clocked Oswald over the left eye thus delivering the mouse noted in subsequent photographs of Oswald. They went down and back to Oswald's left at which point numerous police officers reached into secure Oswald.

A melee broke out as other DPD officers moved in. It was a sea of hands and arms. It was so confusing in there who could tell whose arm belongs to whose body? Indeed while Oswald was being cuffed an officer started to cuff another officer. During the melee, a voice was heard: I have the gun. Even officers aren't sure who said that. And what does that mean? Does I have the gun mean, "I grabbed the gun from the suspect" or "I have the gun here; take it and place it into his hand"?

What people have testified to next is that during this struggle a gun clicked and no bullet came out. A definite click suggesting a misfire was heard by many people. Is this important, or is this subject made moot? Who could ever prove who attempted to fire the gun given the darkness of the theater and the number of hands in this melee?

At any rate, Oswald was arrested.

Parkland

Postproduction

A mission is not completed until post-production is completed.

The next step for me after the Texas Theatre was Parkland Hospital to see what was going on over there. While I was traveling to Parkland which was only minutes away, I was calculating the events that had transpired and what I needed to do to tidy things up.

At Parkland I took a look at the Presidential limousine to inspect the damage. He also spoke to key people who might give me some insight that I had not gained from my personal observation at the TSBD just 90 minutes ago. I had heard the shots, and they had gone pretty much according to plan. What I could not control were where the bullets had hit and the damage that had been done to the limousine.

I had already gamed out various shooting scenarios so I had a good idea in my head already how I would need to fabricate evidence should the need arise.

Gaming It Out

I had decided go with three bullets early on in the mission. Indeed, this was one of the first decisions. A lone nut can't realistically get off more than three shots, four at the outside. Any fool can divide. With only 10 seconds to operate within the kill zone and 2.5 seconds between each shot, that gives a marksman four hurried shots - maybe. That was why I had four shooters, two fore and two aft, with half the shooters equipped with subsonic rifles (bullets) with silencers.

To be honest, my career with the CIA was not my first choice. The CIA was where life led me. If I'd had my preference I would have been something else - perhaps a mathematician. I was always good with numbers, and in another life maybe I could have been Leonhard Euler or David Hilbert; but this was his life here and now. I would have to satisfy myself with pretending to Euler or Newton. That was okay with me; I knew I wasn't at their level. Still I dream.

And so I pretended I was as brilliant as Euler when I gamed out the scenarios of the kill zone. I arrived at a little formula to entertain myself:

Three shots = Number of Body Part Hits + Number of Separate Limousine Hits + Misses - Ricochets - Alignments.

Whether JFK was killed or not was immaterial. What I needed to do in any event was assure that all wounds and hits to the limousine conformed to a three-shot scenario. The missed shots that hit the street or other people would have to dealt with later. To combine various hits into one I would use the techniques of alignment and ricochet. It didn't matter to me how ridiculous the ricochet or alignment was, the public would initially accept what the authorities told them. They always do.

As for the evidence itself, I would control that by cleaning up the limousine and the bodies. Any fragments in the limousine would be collected and sequestered away. Any fragments in the body would likewise be sequestered away. In this manner none of the bullets could be traced to a gun, bullet type or a manufacturer. In place of this evidence I would place a bullet that could be traced to a Carcano and by extension Oswald.

The Windshield

I stared at the windshield of the President's limousine and wondered what to do. Having a through and through hole there just would not do. I suppose I could have explained it away on a missed shot that went through the windshield. But I'd rather the hole go away. I may need that missed shot to explain other things. I wasn't worried about the many people at the hospital who actually saw the hole; that testimony could be easily dismissed. What I could do was transform that hole into a crack.

Note: I have had numerous cracks in my windshield over the years as I am sure you have had as well. I have sat as a passenger in many vehicles in which the windshield has been cracked. Never have I mistaken a crack for a hole. If people at Parkland saw a hole in the windshield, that is probably what they saw.

The Films

That very afternoon, I had my daily rushes to view. It was a good thing to have a quality film to be taken of the assassination. Of course, this was never a problem, nor was its procurement. We had our men everywhere. It was a good thing that I had arranged through my operatives in Los Angeles to make fake Secret Service badges. I had been able to supply these to my people to keep as many other filmmakers out of Dealey Plaza as possible.

As I viewed the film I winced when I got to Z313. I viewed each frame carefully to make sure that a lone-nut scenario could work. The fatal shot had occurred pretty much where I had expected it would.

Over and over I stared at Z312. I was amazed yet not amazed that JFK's head appeared as if it was turning to his left. How was this possible? I knew that since the fatal shot had come from the front (my snipers told me which shot had hit), it would seem logical given the direction of the bullet that the bullet would exit through the left rear of JFK's skull. Yet it had not for I knew exactly what the real autopsy results were.

To answer my own question, I went back to my library and selected out a book I had read years ago on art and perspective.

I knew that cameras when they took a picture were projecting 3-D images on a 2-D surface. As such, a photograph can sometimes be deceiving. I took models of a human head and took pictures in various profiles and angles. I also took the pictures at the same elevation that Zapruder was in relation to JFK's head. Then I compared these to JFK's actual head at Z312.

Instantly I knew where the problem was.

Because Zapruder was higher than JFK, his film could not capture properly JFK's degree of listing to his left. The film therefore captures JFK in a near profile view. Thus one's eye is fooled into believing that the axis from the vertex of his skull through his spinal column is near vertical when it is not. Moreover if Zapruder were slightly behind JFK on a horizontal axis running perpendicular to Elm Street, the front of his head would be foreshortened giving the impression that JFK was looking to his left.

Now, JFK's head may indeed be drifting to his left, but that may be a moot point with the vertex of his skull to the left of his chin. A glancing shot from the knoll would stay to the right side of his head.

As I studied the frame, I thought about Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall where Lee used to work.

Note: The Warren Commission had us believing all these years that Lee was working at a bunch of dead-end jobs at obscure places like the Mayberry Rubberband Company. One gets the impression of Lee emptying waste baskets or cleaning toilets. In reality, places like Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall were photo-shops of sorts where images were cleaned up, touched up and redone. The CIA farmed out work to Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall.

Postmortem Analysis

Why did I use four shooters instead of one or two. I am always my worst critic.

First things, first, why would Americans be surprised that the CIA would kill their own President. Toppling governments is what we do.

I enjoy talking to myself. I have done it ever since I was a little boy.

Look, I said to myself, if I had gone with one or two shooters, what would have happened if one had a bad day? I would have reduced my success rate to 0 to 50%. Unacceptable. I needed security. Plus I can't control weather, the crowds, sun reflection. All these can affect the shot. I needed multiple angles. If I had used one shooter, I could have fired only four bullets. You can't mix subsonic and supersonic rounds in the same rifle - it doesn't work. I needed 8 shots. With four bullets, my miss rate goes down 25% with each bullet. With eight bullets, my miss rate goes down 12.5% with each bullet. If I use just two shooters with four bullets a piece, I would gain greater ease in setting up the mission, but what would have happened if one had a bad day. Even the best can have bad days. No, I needed to spread risk. What about the assassins behind the fence? Did I take too much risk there? No, I had that covered. I had plenty of fake agents who were instructed to shoo people away from the knoll. The assassins were not going to get caught. Nobody was going near them. Nobody was even going to get close. If someone thought they saw something that person would be hustled away. We had done the camouflage perfectly as it turned out. People walked under that area all day and suspected nothing. Houdini would have been proud. Thanks, Harry. As for Tippit, that was just gravy. Once the President was dead, the rest was mop-up. It wasn't even necessary for Tippit to die. Had JD gotten spooked and high-tailed it out or gotten into some accident on the way to 10th and Patton we were prepared to send our man down to the Theatre anyway. Lee was dead the minute he walked into that theater. It's too bad; he seemed like a nice enough guy; smart too.

Wrapping It All Up

After gathering all the data, the evidence, the postmortems I wrote up a brief report. I knew that a consolidated message would have to get out as soon as possible. I looked it over, dotted an i, crossed a t, then shredded it. I needed a beer. I reached into the refrigerator. My role was nearly over. The political uppity-ups would be doing their magic now. As I sipped my beer, I said to myself: The more you get into Dealey Plaza, the more you want to get out of it.

The Hard Evidence

Hard Evidence Found On Oswald

Wherever hard evidence relating to Oswald is found, controversy exists. Whether we are talking about bullets, wallets, shell casings, jackets or a bus transfer ticket, strange holes exist. One can only throw up one's hands in frustration. Evidence comes, goes and reappears when convenient to the Warren Commission.

All of this evidence is moot, though, if you accept that I am setting Lee up by placing wallets, shell casings, guns and jackets where they need to be. Why is this far-fetched? If you believe that Lee killed JFK alone, why isn't it possible for someone else to do so and set up Lee as the patsy? Doing so does not require any amazing level of coordination, nor is it inconsistent with the facts of the case.

Why is not possible for Fake Oswald to bring Oswald's gun, wallet and bus transfer ticket from the boarding house to wherever it needed to go?

After Tippit was killed, why is not possible for me, *who is standing in the background, to ensure that the deed is done*, to throw down Oswald's wallet? While Tippit's Killer moves down Patton to Jefferson to Crawford to behind the Texaco, why is not possible for me to take the short cut, meet with Tippit's Killer, take the gun and the coat, plant the coat behind a wheel and wait for the cops to show up?

What transpires between Tippit's Killer and me is a simple exchange. This is what we do. This is what we go to school for. We have made information exchanges many, many times. Tippit's Killer is delivering a gun and a coat. The two men have already pre-arranged a drop point that they already know is secure. To be on the safe side, a spotter exists to look for intruders and innocent passers-by. It's not even necessary that I meet with Tippit's Killer. Tippit's Killer gets there first and lays down his gun and the coat; I arrive there second, pick up the gun and wait.

To you, such an exchange looks as difficult as catching a pass from an NFL quarterback, but you are not a practiced professional. You'd be worried about a million different things; you'd give yourself away in a heartbeat. But you are not us.

When a cop shows up, after a few minutes, I point to the jacket and said, "Hey, what's that?" Then I move on to the Texas Theater to ensure that Lee's gun will be discovered at the scene. I may have even handed it to Lee. I could have easily walked up behind Lee, leaned over, and said: "Here, Lee, this is for your protection, just in case. Wait here, I'll be back in five minutes." How did I get in the theater? I imagine I bought a ticket. Or maybe my assistant let me in through the back door. Then I move on to the

DPD to plant the bus transfer ticket and bullets in Oswald's clothing. Obviously Oswald's real wallet had to disappear.

None of what I mention above is inconsistent with the facts; and it does not require any amazing level of coordination.

Pathological Liars

I thank the Lord I have not encountered too many pathological liars in my lifetime. I have met a few.

At first a pathological liar is amusing, then angering, then annoying, then time-wasting. I have learned over the years to simply disregard a pathological liar. I hold no emotion toward them. I walk away. Maybe what they say is true; maybe it isn't.

With regard to JFK and his death, the government has proven itself to be a pathological liar; and so I walk away.

Often I forget this, though, and I find myself trapped in arguing a point which revolves around the government's assertion that a piece of evidence exists just this way. For example, today and yesterday, I have been struggling over the throat and neck shots to JFK. I review the autopsy photos yet again. Again the evidence does not add up. *Why can't I figure this out, I ask myself. What is wrong with me?* Then I have a moment of enlightenment. I ask myself when these autopsy photos and x-rays were released. On the internet I discover a motion through FOIA to have the records released. *And that's just the motion, I exclaim. So the government has had this information locked away for over 25 years on the grounds that these records belong to the Kennedy family!*

Well, why should I trust the information? Why should anyone trust this information?

So, this reinforces my initial modus operandi to rely on the government and the police force as little as possible when it comes to evidence that I feel they have a vested interest in altering. Now, this does not mean that everything the government says is a lie; it only means that I can not determine with certainty if it is a lie or not. And it does not mean that I can not cherry-pick like anyone else. The Warren Commission cherry-picked; so why are we the critics not permitted to do so?

So what can we, the critics, rely upon with greater confidence?

1. Data the government can not fake or has a difficult time faking. These would be things like the dimensions of Dealey Plaza.

2. Testimony that citizens gave. I may not like the testimony of Harold Norman hearing the shell casings hitting the floor; but at least I know he gave that testimony. I still reserve the right to say that the government pressured or influenced him to say that.
3. Objective evidence that has not been under the government's exclusive control.
4. Data the government uses or accepts that contradicts their own case. This may seem strange, but there is great utility here. For example, the government's acceptance that a bullet traversed the neck. Now, the government would have been better off by denying it completely and calling Malcolm Perry a complete liar, but they didn't. By not doing so, they painted themselves in a corner. Not being medical people, they probably thought they could lie their way out of it. Yet how does a bullet traverse through vital structures yet still permit the President to say: "I have been hit"

What evidence can I have less confidence in?

1. Data that the government ignores or hides. This would be testimony ignored, not sought or not recorded properly. For example, Lee was not recorded when he spoke to Fritz and Wade. Thus I discount everything Lee was supposed to have said; and to this day I actively refuse to read it. Why would I want my brain polluted with lies? Do I drink from a tainted water supply?
2. Data that the government delays or refuses to release.

As you can see this does not leave us much to go on, but it is enough to make some reasonable conjectures based upon the following:

1. How human beings act and react.
2. What seems logical and illogical.
3. What people's possible motives could be.

So what I have tried to do in this discussion is place your mind in my mind as I plan an assassination. I've used the evidence that I feel I can rely upon which isn't much. I try to not use government-influenced evidence unless I can have high confidence that it was not tainted or manipulated.

Applying What We Know to the President's Wounds

What we can know with a greater sense of reliability is the following:

1. A bullet went through the President's neck.

2. A bullet went through the President's back.

3. A bullet went through the President's head.

What happened internally must be tossed out. We citizens had no control over the autopsy, the report, the x-rays. All this talk about beveling of bullets, fracture patterns in the head, bullet fragments is blather over data that can be manipulated. Maybe it's true; maybe it isn't. Who knows? What is difficult for the government to fake are events observed by people outside the government's control. The government had to conform somewhat to what people had already observed at Parkland and at the scene; the government had to get inside the right ballpark. Beyond that, though, the government was free to manufacture what they pleased.

So, detractors from the frontal neck shot scream: Where is the bullet? Well, I imagine it was lodged in the President's spine. Who would know? Did we get x-rays that were revealed to us in a timely manner? Are the x-rays we were finally shown the President's? I think it's safer for both defenders and detractors of the Warren Commission to save ourselves much grief and uncertainty by rejecting as much government-controlled evidence as we possibly can.

Quite frankly, I would prefer that Warrenatti state that Lee and a friend got together and did this rather than cling to a lie backed up by potentially manipulated evidence.

The Great Houdini

For those of you who doubt that I could disguise a shooter behind the stockade fence (actually two), do me an answer: How did the great Houdini make an elephant disappear at the Hippodrome? He did it night after night in front of thousands of people from greater angles than what existed in Dealey Plaza that day; and there were more people at the Hippodrome than in Dealey Plaza. Furthermore the people at the Hippodrome were closer.



Assembling the Pieces

First, I had to make some decisions. I already knew from the get-go that the assassins would not be Americans. I didn't want any nervous Nellies with a conscience. No, I wanted foreigners who had no emotional pull toward an American President. Second, I decided the front assassins would be women. Women are more ruthless. Men are emotionally soft and weak. Plus, I will dress them in regular clothes behind a shroud so that when they are ultimately seen back there after the fact, no one will suspect. They will be seen and interpreted as one of the crowd.

The trick would be to disguise the shooters in all dimensions. How would I do this? How would Houdini do this? I thought hard. I knew the essential techniques in magic - distraction, concealment, technology, showmanship - but this was a tall order.

I had heard of a new field called holography that had been emerging in the past 15 years, but that technology seemed not yet ready. Through my reading of Houdini, I learned that he had explored the illusion of [Pepper's Ghost](#) which involved the use of mirrors to create ghost-like images. I'm not sure how I could get a mirror in there in

Dealey Plaza. Still the idea of imagery piqued my interest. I had been to the seaside resorts where they would have a [House of Mirrors](#) in which a person could get lost trying to find others who were also lost in a maze of glass. Gosh, suppose I could find a fabric made of translucent reflective material that could reflect the environment around it in a dispersed way so as to not reflect back a focused image of anything in particular. That's what I needed. I could create an invisible sanctuary. While I was exploring this idea, I was also reading about matte painting. Hollywood had been using matte painting for years. I loved the movie, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, done by Walt Disney, and so I read how Walt had used matte painting by [Petter Ellenshaw](#) to accomplish this. I wondered whether a sheer fabric with a matte painting of leaves and branches might help. So I had various mockups drawn up with many types of fabric. I experimented.

As the months went by it seemed possible that his idea might work. I had access to a ranch where I could test out his technology. No expense was spared. The Israeli assassins were brought in at least six months ahead of time. They were not leaving or communicating with anyone. Before selecting them, I told them their mission was pass or fail. Pass meant life; fail meant death. If they could not handle that, they were not chosen. Once there at the ranch they were told their mission and why they were doing it. They were also made to understand that their mission and its eternal secrecy was a one-way street. They would be unequivocally executed should they talk. Their family members would be executed as well. Should they talk to a son, daughter or friend in the future, that action would engender a death sentence for everyone. In return for maintaining secrecy, everything in their life would be taken care of. Should they fail, their families would be taken care of financially.

I wasn't overly concerned about compliance as these men and women had been psychologically profiled extensively. I had learned over the years that good people do good work. The key is to first select good people.

Fitting the Pieces

As the technology was being prepped and perfected, I had prototypes of the sniper's nest tested. I had dummies placed behind his high-tech shroud. Strobe lights simulating a muzzle flash were inserted as well. Then I sat back at the reflecting pool and watched. I watched on sunny days and cloudy days. I watched on rainy days. I watched at all times of the day. Then I would walk around the site and stare. On other days, I'd bring unsuspecting friends along for a picnic under the trees. I activated the strobe to see how people in the plaza would react. On a few occasions I shot blank rounds. I wanted to know if people would immediately look anywhere near the sniper's nest. I'm not a gambling man. I am but I am not.

What Technology Did I Find?

I visited textile firms and had constructed a sheer netting that was comprised of translucent fibers of varying shades of green, brown and white. I consulted chemists, physicists. I experimented with these fabrics until I could get one that was invisible to the eye at a distance of greater than 10 feet. The fibers were constructed in such a way that light was reflected away from the viewer no matter where the viewer was standing. The translucent fibers also allowed the natural browns and greens of the surrounding foliage to enter and reflect out but in a way that did not reveal a human figure behind the netting. Just as a magician will use an invisible silk string to hold cards in the air, I used invisible fibers to conceal my assassins. What I realized is that 100% occlusion equals 100% egress.

What is Magic and Why Does It Work

Magic is the performance of the impossible and making people believe it.

Magic works principally because we desire that it work. As human beings living in a finite world, we need to believe in invisible forces that defy our worldly laws. We want magic to be real because if magic exists, maybe magic can fix our problems as well.

The Elements of Magic

The elements of magic are concealment, distraction and showmanship. It's that little extra touch on the trick at the end that makes magic come alive. It's an encore of sorts. So when I had those guys run down the fence line, that was distraction and a little showmanship at work. Getting an operative to point to the sixth floor didn't hurt either. Hey, what's that up there, says the operative. Imagination will take care of the rest. People need to believe.

Making an Elephant Disappear

Now, this is how I may have done it. But first, take a look at Mary Moorman's photo again. We know the shooters are there; they had to be. But where are they?

Magic.

How was the trick done?

The trick may have been accomplished by constructing special automobiles to be positioned behind the stockade fence. Because there was no place to hang a shroud or matte print, I considered embedding special telescoping rods into the corners of the cars. I made up some prototypes. The rods were thick enough to telescope out to a floor-to-top height of 10 feet; they were also thick enough to contain a thin mesh netting. The netting pulled out of the interior of the tubes and clipped on to the adjacent tube like a modern cordoning band at a movie theater or airport. In this manner I could create a sanctuary for the assassins. A horizontal slit was provided to project the rifle.

The set up and take down of the netting and tubes could be accomplished in 30 seconds. A tension spring existed within the tubes to rapidly retract the netting.

I thought about going low tech and have assistants manually hold the netting on posts. I would need three or four assistants for that. They would be needed anyway to deconstruct the scene. The netting, posts and rifles would be stashed within horizontal compartments secreted behind false tail lights in specially constructed vehicles.

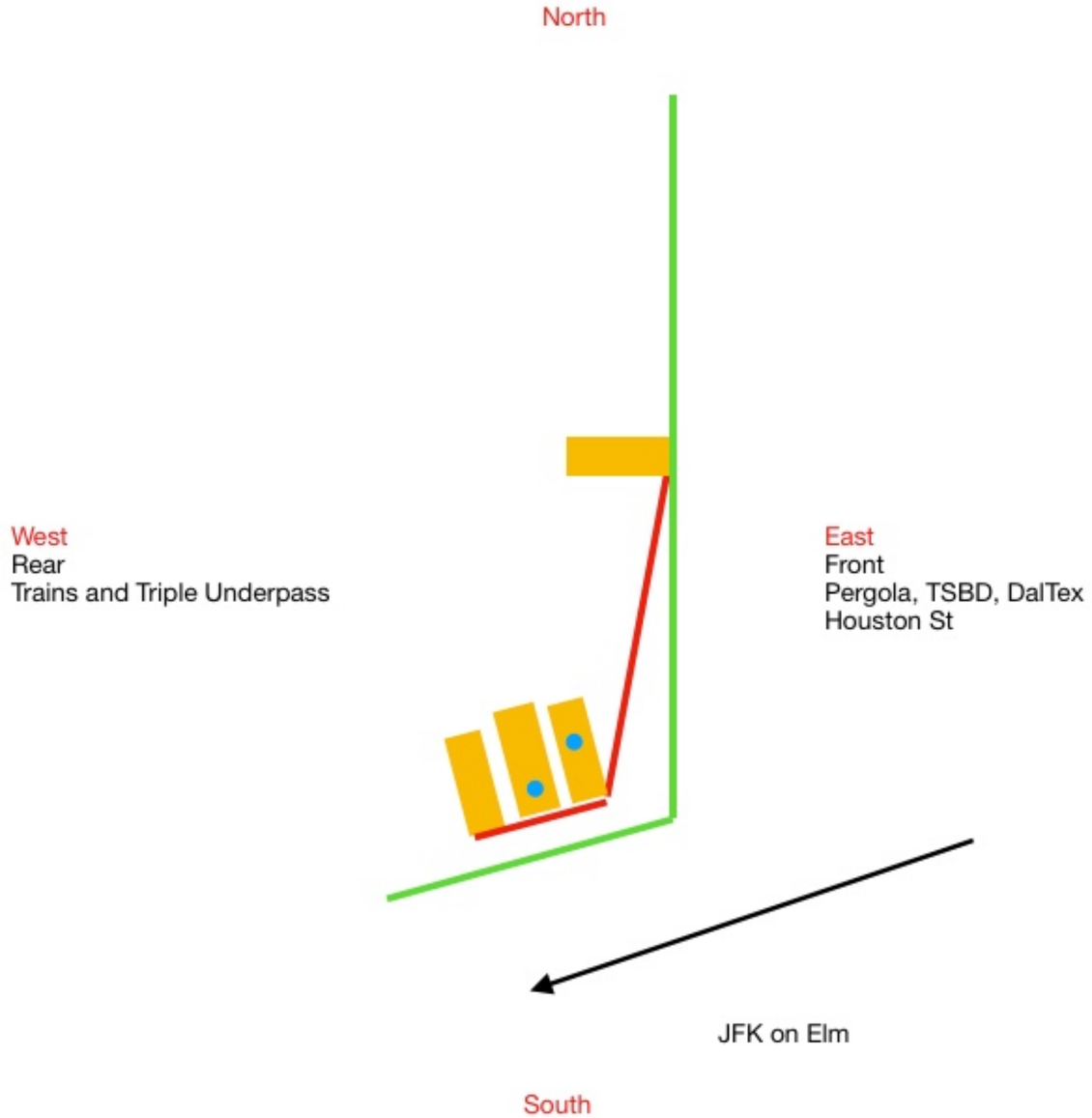
To allow the assassins to gain height advantage, they would stand on tops of the vehicles. This would give them 9 to 10 feet of vertical rifle height. A flip up or portable rest bar could be constructed to allow the assassins to steady their rifles.

I tested the angulation of the netting extensively. Set up and breakdown was rehearsed to exhaustion. I knew that people could come charging up the knoll in two to three minutes. Breakdown must be accomplished within one minute without flaw.

I diagrammed the stockade fence from behind.

The green was the stockade fence. The orange blocks were the cars. The red was the netting. The assassins would stand on the car tops. They are the blue dots. It was a prelim map. I had toyed with the idea of a separate easily collapsible platform for the shooters, but I was not sure. Sometimes, low tech is better. I debated whether I should place netting to the rear and north.

I felt that with two shooters and three to four assistants, the breakdown could be done in time.



I calculated the angles. I wasn't sure if it could work. In this scenario, the shooters would be anywhere from three to five feet behind the small trees that sat inside the stockade fence. This would not give them the height to shoot over the small trees, but it might give them an angle to shoot between the lower branches of the small trees and the fence. What advantage does that give me? I'd be better off just having the shooters stand up behind the fence and take my chances on being seen. Maybe I could fit them with camouflage.

I was flummoxed. What in hell's name was I going to do. I had to figure this out.

I had to balance out not being seen, stowing the rifles and deconstructing the scene, getting away and optimal setup and kill-ability, as I termed it.

Nothing seemed to work. Except for stowing the rifles. That was easy. I was going to create false compartments behind the tail lights of specially made cars abutting against the fence. The compartments would be four to five feet in length and 6 to 8 inches in diameter. The rifles could be stowed safely in 30 seconds. I could easily stow the netting in there if need be. The assassins and assistants would dress as normal people, and they would be trained to act as if they were the first to stumble upon the knoll. That's why I was including women on my team. No one would suspect a woman as an assassin. The problem was not in stowing the gear; the problem was in how to get them to shoot in concealment.

I went over all the options again in my head. I again raised the idea of placing female snipers in the two trees. I knew it was a stupid idea but I felt obligated to review it. Possible. I thought about shooting through the fence via holes. Too low a trajectory.

I had to consider people who might have cameras. I couldn't have anyone snapping a clear picture of an assassin leaning over a wall. I couldn't control every picture. If I were in the future and could look back, it would be easy, but I wasn't. "Hmm, what would you do, Harry," I asked myself.

Harry: "I would make the pictures moot. People can not be permitted to take a photo of you doing the trick; that would destroy the magician's mystique. Photos must be made moot. Who cares if you have a photo? Your photo will show what we want you to see, nothing more. Concealment is not everything in magic, but it is its first rule and law. Did I allow people to see me escape from the Chinese Water Torture chamber? You bet your ass I didn't."

I laughed to myself.

Well, I thought I could use a periscope rifle. Invented in 1914-5, the periscope rifle was used at Gallipoli and during trench warfare in Europe. It wasn't terribly accurate, but I wasn't asking for my sniper to hit a guy 1000 yards away. We are only talking 100 to 200 feet here. With my own machine shop, a little ingenuity, and much practice, it might prove to be the ticket.

"What do you think, Harry," I asked

Harry nodded.

Beware Warrenatti!

Back in the day, not so long ago, in the 70s and 80s, doctors could look at certain syndromes and physical associations and suspect strongly the existence of a genetic basis behind them. They couldn't precisely prove it; but they "knew" it was there. In time, technology advanced and the human genome was mapped. Soon these doctors suspicions were confirmed. Time caught up. So will it happen for the Warrenatti who vigorously defend the indefensible.

Sides

Every meal has its sides. The Kennedy Assassination is no different. The trick in this case is to figure out which is the meat and which is the asparagus and potatoes. It all tastes good, but some are more important than others.

Collins Radio

Collins Radio is not Emmett's Fixit Shop in Mayberry. When we hear the name Collins Radio we think of a repair shop in our local town. Collins Radio was in 1963 a major, major defense contractor working with the federal government. Today the firm is called Rockwell Collins. I excerpted below some introductory material from Wikipedia. You can always go to their page.

History

Founded in 1933 by Arthur Collins in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the company produced shortwave radio equipment for both the military and scientific community.

The company became a principal supplier of military radio and navigation equipment.

In the post war period Collins Radio provided flight control instruments and radio communication devices. During the space race, the company provided equipment for astronauts to communicate with earth stations and visa versa. Its equipment was used for Projects Mercury, Gemini and Apollo, providing voice communication for every American astronaut traveling through space.

Rockwell Collins

After facing financial difficulties, the Collins Radio Company was purchased by [Rockwell International](#) in 1973.

Shenanigans

Check out the internet [here](#) to read about some of the shady past of Collins Radio when it came to Cuba and a boat named Rex. This is what makes the Kennedy Assassination so fascinating. It's the gift that keeps on giving. Just when you think it can't possibly be true, it becomes even more so.

What I Know

The Collins radio connection between both Oswald and Tippit via Carl Mather is a false passage. I set this up as a trap. The connections are too obvious, too enticing, too irrefutable and too unprovable with regard to collusion; hence much energy is wasted going down this rabbit hole.

The Hobos

What About The Hobos?

What about the hobos walking around aimlessly behind the picket fence? The hobos were thought to be E. Howard Hunt, Charles Harrelson and Frank Sturgis. Or alternatively, they could be Chauncey Holt, Charles Harrelson and Frank Montoya. They sure look like those guys, so it seemed reasonable to me years ago that these guys were culpable. Plus, Charles Harrelson murdered a federal judge, John Wood of San Antonio; so it seems possible that Charles Harrelson might be a hit man. I had heard years ago that he had claimed he fired the fatal shot.

Still, why would three supposed killers not have a reasonable escape plan? I don't believe that either of these three guys would be that stupid to hang around after taking the fatal shot. Maybe they were planted there as a red herring to throw you off the track. Or perhaps they are lookalikes to tease us, to make us look like fools, to take our minds away from the real killers.

At any rate, 26 years after the assassination, the DPD released the names of Gus W. Abrams, Harold Doyle, and John F. Gedney and said they were the three tramps. Sorry, DPD, you're a day late and a dollar short even if you are right. You'd need a

mortician to verify their claim. One was dead, and the other two had aged considerably.

Aliases

Alek James Hidell

Why'd I choose the name, Alek James Hidell, for Lee Oswald? This name was not your standard CIA issue name as this mission, the assassination of the President, was clearly off the books. I chose that name for Lee specifically to draw him into thinking he was an important secret agent. It was a name a lay person might identify with. What does it mean?

The name Alek means the protector of man. James is equivalent to Jacob. And it is important to note that, according to the Bible, God changed Jacob's name to Israel. What does Hidell mean to me and to Lee? Was it just a sergeant who had wronged Oswald in Oswald's mind? Did I give Oswald the name as a messianic mission of sorts to confer upon him the idea that he was protecting the world via avenging the wrongs that had been inflicted upon him? I certainly would have had a dossier on Oswald. Perhaps I chose the name Hidell as a motivator for Oswald, to give him strength. Me: "Here, Lee. We will give you the name, Alek James Hidell. By using this name, Hidell, you will have control over the man who wronged you. You will use his name to avenge the wrongs that have been done to you." Or is Hidell an acronym like this:

H: Haganah (Defense)

I: Irgun

D: David

E: Eretz Ysrael

L: Lehi (Jawbone - a weapon used by Samson; or Lohamei Herut Israel)

L: Lohamei (Fighters)

What do you think? At first I was thinking this instead:

H: Herut (Freedom)

I: Israel or Irgun (Organization)

D: David

E: Eretz Ysrael

L: Lohamei - (Fighters)

L: Leumi (National)

I think the former is the best. Haganah, Irgun, David, Israel, Lehi are all fighters for the land of Israel.

It makes sense to me that the job for killing John Kennedy would be farmed out in part to an outsider as an outsider would not allow patriotism to the US Constitution or its traditions to deter him - or her. Additionally, it makes sense to farm the job out to the best and most experienced at the game. The "Anonymous Soldiers"¹⁴ had thirty years fighting the British under the Mandate in Palestine to perfect their skills.

I think it made sense to me. Blame the killing on white bigoted oil men who will have no physical connection to the deed. In this manner everyone comes out a winner. If anyone tries to blame the Jews they can be labeled as anti-Semitic. Plus the killers will be long gone in Israel anyway. Who is going to find them? Extradition? Forget about it. It's an ingenious methodology when you think about it.

Maurice Bishop

Why was the name Maurice Bishop chosen? The name Maurice comes from Mauritius, a Roman who defied Rome and became St. Maur or Saint-Maur. The modern name is Seymour. A bishop is an overseer, a person who overlooks things. I chose this name because the name had to be off the books and because I being an intelligent man, and much more intelligent than the men I supervise, need intellectual stimulation. So I construct names to amuse myself. Nicknames are an amusing diversion for me.

James Andrews

James Andrews is an individual who claims that he was stopped by JD Tippit presumably after Tippit had stopped at Top Ten Records as Andrews was heading west on 10th Street. He claims that Tippit was agitated, that he stopped him, looked in his vehicle between the seats of the car, then took off.

¹⁴ A term used to describe the Jewish paramilitary groups who helped create the modern state of Israel.

Is James Andrews a Red Herring?

It's difficult to know the significance of this event. Was James Andrews confabulating to enhance his place in history? Did I insert James Andrews into the equation to randomize the movements of JD Tippit? Is James Andrews CIA? We know very little about James Andrews except for reports that he worked in the same building as Roscoe White, another man who had been implicated in the assassination by conspiracy theorists. Of course, working in the same building is not a good reason to suspect someone. It would be helpful if we had more information. Until then, if I were you, I would discount the story of James Andrews completely while, of course, always reserving the right to bring him back into the equation if more information is forthcoming.

CIA Safe Houses

It's not unreasonable to believe that a CIA safe house exists in your neighborhood given the paranoia of our government. Given that our government can justify anything these days out of imagined threats to national security it's not unreasonable to suspect that the kindly neighbor down the street who says he works for Prudential is really working for the agency.

There were many CIA safe houses in Dallas and Oak Cliff in 1963. A few of these houses were very close to where Lee Oswald was living. One was practically in his back yard; actually it was in his backyard if we can believe one former government operative. I'm not kidding. Another was near the Dallas Zoo which may have struck Oswald as ironic being how he loved to skip school as a child to attend the zoo. Why did these CIA safe houses exist? I'm not sure; I'm not in the CIA, or maybe that is what I want you to believe. It seems reasonable, though, to accept that vital people, guns and weapons can be stored and hidden there if necessary.

The larger question is why a CIA safe house should exist at all. A country that needs to carry out covert acts against its own citizenry or needs to protect its citizenry because of immoral actions it has undertaken abroad needs to rethink its mission. What do you think, soldier?

Sylvia Odio

I am playing with you. Maybe.

Seriously, I wish I could tell you that I was responsible for the Odio affair, but I was not. Fidel Castro was responsible for that.

I had framed Lee as being in the Russian and Cuban embassies in late September of 1962. When we reported that after the assassination, it only took Fidel a few hours to figure out what was going on. Fidel for sure did not want to be framed for the Kennedy assassination. So he set up the Odio affair. Sylvia's dad, Amador was a prisoner on the Isle of Pines. My best guess is that Fidel put pressure on him and his daughters to go along with the story. And that story is what we call the Odio Affair.

The Odio affair sowed doubt on the idea that Oswald was a friend of Fidel, or else why would he be soliciting funds to overthrow Castro. The story neatly took the pressure off Fidel who had no desire to tangle with us again.

Plus it sows doubt as to whether Oswald really murdered JFK, because in the Odio affair, Oswald appears to be working with JURE whose leader, Manolo Ray, admired JFK.

JURE was a Cuban anti-Castro organization that Sylvia Odio belonged to. It was *Fidelism* without Fidel, still leftist, too much for the taste of the CIA, but an anti-Castro group nonetheless.

The use of the name, Leon, was a nice touch, I admit. Leon Trotsky was and is, of course, the most famous Leon in history. Leon Trotsky was a dissident commie living in Mexico City, just like Leon Oswald.

Did the Odio Affair Bother Me

Not really.

I understand that hunters and their dogs need to be thrown a bone or two. As Porfirio Diaz once said: A dog with a bone neither barks nor bites. If I can throw some red herrings onto the trail, the dogs will follow false paths. This is much better for me. The more muddied the waters, the better it was for me.

I'd rather have you distracted and going down a few blind alleys.

Cubans

The Cubans, like so many other people, were thrown into the mix by me as red herrings, people to be used to achieve an end. Cubans were used in New Orleans to pick a fight with Oswald as he handed out leaflets for the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Cubans were used in Dallas by letting it be known that they had been stashed in CIA safe houses. Cubans were used in the Odio affair. I knew well that few Americans would care to discern the difference between pro-Castro Cubans and anti-Castro Cubans. All one would need to say is that Cubans were in Dallas; the public's imagination would take it the rest of the way. And if someone should ask too many questions, well, it wouldn't matter because it was a win either way. If the pro-Castro Cubans did it, it was payback against Kennedy for the Bay of Pigs invasion. If the anti-Castro Cubans did it, it was payback against Kennedy for failure to support the Bay of Pigs invasion.

El Chico Restaurant

As police sirens are wailing throughout Oak Cliff, a man sits in a car in Oak Cliff. The car sits in the parking lot of the El Chico restaurant on the corner of Zang and Davis, not too far away from Oswald's boarding house and the site of Tippit's murder. The car is a 57 Plymouth with license plate PP4537. The man and his car are noted by a nearby mechanic, a Mr. TF White, who works across the street at Mack Pate's garage. The man looks suspicious, so Mr. White walks over to investigate. The man in the car turns toward him. Mr. White notes the model and make of the car while writing down the license plate. A few days later, a local reporter, Wes Wise, is doing a story on the assassination and runs into Mr. White who tells him that on the night of the assassination he saw Oswald on television and recognized him as the man in the car. Mr. Wise tracks down the car, and it belongs to a Carl Amos Mather of Garland, TX who also happens to be a friend of JD Tippit. Mr. Mather also works at Collins Radio, a CIA contractor. A Hollywood writer could not have written this better.

To summarize, we have a man who looks like Oswald, but can't be Oswald, sitting in a car, near Tippit's murder scene, that is owned by a man who is Tippit's friend and who also works for a company that contracts with the CIA. To top it off, the FBI does its best to bungle the investigation of this lead. Coincidence? No.

Questions

Why would a fake Oswald, a professional, be sitting in a car near Zang and Davis just a few blocks away from Oswald's boarding house at 1026 North Beckley? Why would a professional be nervous? Given the number of CIA safe houses in the Oak Cliff area, why have a fake Oswald be seen at all? Why not wait a week until things cool down? Why not disguise the fake Oswald by having him shave his head or grow a mustache? Did I screw up? Was I overconfident? I could have used any car; why would I use a car that could be linked back to Collins Radio? Was there something unique or special about Carl Mather's car whereby another car would not do? Was Mather's car specially rigged with necessary radio equipment that made the mission possible?

Was Carl Mather In On It?

In no way am I going to tell Carl Mather what I am up to. I've been in the CIA long enough to know that loose talk sinks ships. Carl Mather is just another guy who is used by me.

Oswald Sightings

Someone who looks like Oswald isn't strong enough evidence to prove anything. In my neighborhood alone there are at least three guys who look like me, and I am 6'3" and bald. Imagine how many guys are out there who look like Oswald. I'll bet you can walk five minutes from your house today and find a guy who looks like Oswald. Plus, acting nervous or suspicious isn't enough. Many people are naturally nervous. I'm always waiting to be carted away even when I've done nothing.

TF White

How is it possible for Mr. TF White to note the license plate and get a full-face view of fake Oswald simultaneously? If the car is facing him head-on, he's not going to get a clear look inside with the interior of the car being darker. Plus there would be glare on the windshield as TF White would have been looking northward as the sun in the southern sky was beating down on fake Oswald's windshield at 2 PM on a sunny day

in Oak Cliff. If the car is pointed at 45 degrees he is not going to get a great look at either fake Oswald or the license plate; he would have to maneuver around, yet he stated fear of provoking a potential killer. Furthermore, how does a 61 year-old man get such remarkable vision and memory? I can't remember my license plate from my driveway to my living room.

Two Eagle-Eyes Is Too Much

Mr. TF White represents the second eagle-eye in Oak Cliff in the space of an hour. The first was Eagle-Eye Johnny Brewer. Is there something in the water in Oak Cliff that gives people remarkable vision and attention to detail? These people must have missed their true calling in life.

How Was The Trick Pulled Off?

One of the fun things in magic is trying to figure out how things are done. The essential technique in magic is distraction. I keep your eye focused here while I manipulate things over there. If I am anything, I am a magician. I have to get someone to write down the plates of Carl Mather's car at the right time, then arrange for that information to be delivered to the right people. In many magic tricks this requires the use of a co-worker who is in on the trick in some way. If I can get a plant from the audience to help, so much the better. Fake Oswald is my plant who is acting suspiciously. While your mind is focused on him as the real deal, another operative who is in on the trick is not suspected at all. Why? Because you are too busy looking at fake Oswald. You've never looked at his other operative at all. And so I can stage a little show. One of my men drives up in a 57 Plymouth; another writes down his license plate. Thank you.

Why I Constructed the El Chico Incident

If the Tippit murder is the Rosetta Stone of the Kennedy Assassination, the El Chico Incident is seemingly the Rosetta Stone of the Rosetta Stone. Solutions like the El Chico Incident don't come this easy. If I were you, I would distrust this gift despite its deliciousness.

I constructed the El Chico incident to cement a false connection between Carl Mather, JD Tippit and Oswald thus leading investigators down a long rabbit hole of endless, unprovable conjecture - an empty, bottomless well of nothingness, which is precisely

the point. A dog with a bone neither barks nor bites. If we are going to assume that the Kennedy Assassination was meticulously planned, then we have to assume that false passages and trap doors were planned as well. All good planners include traps in the design of their schemes. The Pharaohs did it in designing the pyramids; I did it here as well. I had to; the stakes were too high.

Oswald's Curtain Rods

Oswald's curtain rods are one of the more mysterious parts of the JFK Assassination saga. If Oswald was planning to kill JFK why would he bring scrutiny upon by himself by having anyone remotely see what he was bringing to work? Then there is the question of whether he brought anything to work or not. Some saw a package; others did not. At any rate, Buell Frazier, who drove Oswald to work that day, states that the package fit well underneath Oswald's axilla as he carried it vertically cupped inside his hand; this would tend to rule out a rifle. Buell Frazier states that Oswald told him the package contained curtain rods. There aren't too many household items that are linear and 2-3 feet long. Try as hard as you can and you can hardly find anything that fits the bill. Boards, a collapsed tripod, a sawed-off shotgun, a baguette, an umbrella, a small baseball bat, and, of course, curtain rods - that's about as far as it goes.

Most landlords do the repairs for their tenants. It's difficult to believe that Oswald would undertake this himself. Why would Oswald invent a story that could be easily challenged? Why would he run the risk of having others at work see him taking an object up the elevator? Furthermore, a rifle is a bulkier, heavier object than a bundle of curtain rods. Suppose Buell Frazier had reached around into the backseat to adjust the package? Suppose the package accidentally slipped and hit the ground? Taking this into account, it therefore seems unlikely that Oswald would have brought anything to work that day. Assassins carry out their daily routines; they don't bring scrutiny upon themselves; they don't create problems. Since no curtain rods were found sitting around the sixth floor, it seems safe to assume that Oswald did not bring curtain rods to work.

So is Buell Frazier fibbing? No, not necessarily. When the FBI comes calling, it's an intimidating experience. When the FBI has a narrative in place that needs confirmation, new memories arise. It starts off innocently as a *'Perhaps that might have happened'*. In short order it evolves into a *'Yes, I think that is definitely possible'*. Our brains are an amazing tool; they exist to ensure our survival. The mind sooner or later concludes: *Well, maybe Lee did have something to do with it. I certainly don't want a killer to get away. I think it's best to be helpful. So, yes, I do remember him bringing a package that day.* When all is said and done, the confabulated memory becomes truth. The confabulator himself is convinced, as are we.

Confabulation

What is non-organic confabulation?

Non-organic confabulation is when we mix memories or fabricate memories without the intent to deceive. We either insert events that did not happen or we insert events that happened out of time. Sometimes we get our stories mixed up and take the ending of one story and tack it on to another. Everyone confabulates to a degree; some more than others.

Why do we confabulate? Partly to fit in, partly to survive, partly to alleviate boredom, partly to feel important. What is important to note is that the confabulator is honestly convinced that what he says is so.

Buell's Memory

In the case of Buell Frazier, is it possible he is confabulating the memory of Lee and the curtain rods? Perhaps another acquaintance of Buell's had been talking about getting new curtain rods. Maybe that acquaintance was a co-worker at the TSBD. Perhaps on another day Buell was hanging with Lee at Ruth Paine's home. Maybe the sun got in Lee's eyes and he got up to adjust the curtains. Maybe the curtain rod fell. Maybe Lee picked it up under his arm and took it to the living room table in order to fix it. Maybe on another trip into work on another day, Lee flipped a paper bag filled with clothes into the back seat of Buell Frazier's car.

Did this happen? Probably not as precisely laid out here, but this is how confabulated memories begin.

Dessert

Every meal needs a sweet dessert or two to finish off the meal.

Oswald at the Window

Let's play a game. I want you to stand to the side of a busy street during the daytime as cars are going by. I want you to identify the features of the people in the car as they go by. Most likely you can't because the inside of the car is relatively dark compared to the outside. Now, I want you to walk down the street where you live. Pick out a house eighty feet away and stare at an open window. Try to identify any structure within the house. Better yet, have a friend stand near the window of his house as you stand eighty feet away and try to identify how many hands he is holding up. Try to identify the color of his shirt.

Racing Oswald

You are going to race Lee Oswald as he tears down a staircase. You will represent Marrion Baker, the policeman who encountered Lee in the second-floor lunchroom after the assassination. A shot will be fired to commence the race. Lee will run approximately 100 feet to get to the stairs on the sixth floor, 100 feet to go down the stairs (60 feet diagonally descending, 40 feet horizontal), 15 feet to get into the break room on the second floor. The grand total is about 215 feet. Lee however was not able to run in a straight line; he had approximately 20 stops, 5 per floor, because of the peculiar old-world staircase design. Let us conservatively estimate that each stop takes 1.0 seconds of time. This creates 20 extra seconds of handicap for Lee.

Marrion Baker was outside the TSBD as the shots went off. He immediately got off his bike and headed into the TSBD. The distance he had to travel was approximately 165 feet - 45 feet to get from his bike to the Oswald-Baker axis point at the TSBD, 100 feet inside the TSBD and 25 feet to get up one flight of stairs. Marrion Baker had a few obstructions along the way, but not too many. He had about five. The front door, the inner door (where Roy Truly ran into his back), the stop at the door to the stairwell and the 1/2 landing 90 degree turn on that stairway to the second floor. Let's add another stop at the doorway to the second floor. This gives him 5.0 seconds of handicap.

Take a look at the numbers below and you will see that Marrion Baker beats Oswald to that lunch room with plenty to spare. And that is the key point.

Now, this is, of course, assuming that both Lee and Marrion took off at the same time and that neither one dawdled around. I estimated that the time it took for Lee to admire his handiwork (surely he looked to see what had happened after he shot) plus hide the weapon equaled the amount of time for Marrion to assess the unfolding situation in front of him. This model also assumes that Baker and Oswald were moving at the same speed, which seems reasonable; and that Baker and Oswald traveled the same distance across their respective floors. I figured that the boxes on Oswald's floor canceled out any walls and people that may have held Baker back on his floor.

Of course, this is all moot because the clinical picture reveals that a vital witness, [Victoria Adams](#), who was on that staircase, did not see Lee. Furthermore, when you look at the case prospectively from my point of view, no planner is going to take the risk of having Lee getting caught on that staircase. Lee is not a professional assassin. Lee is to be framed. If I have him seen on the staircase leaving the decoy scene which I have him set up, why would he knowingly ever leave the TSBD knowing that such a lack of presence would bring scrutiny upon him? Lee is not stupid; his IQ is, conservatively, 118. He will only leave if he is comfortable that there is no way to connect him with the sixth floor, which is why he was hanging out on the lower levels in full view of many people who did see him there. This is why he left the TSBD; he was conned into feeling comfortable that there was no way anyone could link him to being on that sixth floor. I hear you, babe; you're saying that if Lee was so smart, how did he get conned? We all get conned. The Madoff victims got conned; they were smart people too.

Additionally, I didn't factor into the equation the placement of the rifle on the northwest corner of the TSBD. The rifle appears as if it could have been placed by Martha Stewart herself so neatly and carefully was it positioned. Was there a gift card with a bow as well? Had Oswald placed that rifle there, it would have taken him at least an extra 15 to 30 seconds. Oswald may as well have taken a boat to China to place that rifle.

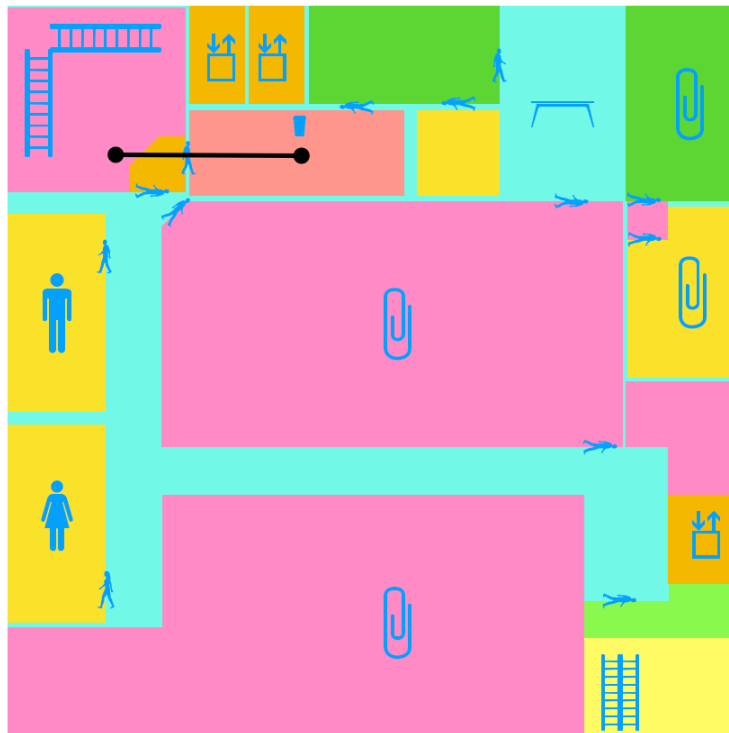
Note: The TSBD is about 80 feet by 80 feet when you look at interior dimensions where people were likely to walk. A direct diagonal is about 100 feet. This distance across the TSBD by both Baker and Oswald is moot because both have to travel approximately the same distance. Oswald most likely had more obstructions; Baker was unfamiliar with the layout plan so was probably hindered by not knowing precisely where to go. Quite frankly, I'm being charitable to Baker here because Oswald was more likely to not walk in a diagonal across the floor due to the many books.

	Baker	Oswald	Comment
To Oswald-Baker Axis	45	0	feet
To Stairs	100	100	feet
Stairs		100	4 levels; 25 feet per level; 6-2
Stairs	25		1 level; 25 feet per level; 1-2
To Lunchroom	0	15	feet
Total	170	215	feet
Relative Difference		45	Oswald will always have 45 more feet to go.
Stops or Slowdowns	5	16	Oswald has to stop at each corner of the stairwell.
Walking Speed	4.4	4.4	feet per second as 3 mph
Jogging Speed	8.8	8.8	feet per second as 6 mph
Traverse Time Walk	38.6	48.8	
Traverse Time Jog	19.3	24.4	
Stops Time	5	16	1 second per Stop or Slowdown
Corrected Traverse Time Walk	43.6	64.8	
Corrected Traverse Time Jog	24.3	40.4	

I Got To Go

One of the more interesting pieces of the JFK Assassination saga is the elderly man who has to go to the bathroom moments before JFK gets shot. He walks up to the front steps, where Marrion Baker will enter just a few minutes later, at the Oswald-Baker axis point and encounters Danny Arce, an employee. He asks if he can use the bathroom. Danny Arce shows the elderly man where the bathroom is, returns to the front of the building, then sees him exit before the shooting begins. Personally, if JFK was coming I would have peed in my pants. Anyway, what makes this story interesting is not so much that it permits a stranger into the TSBD at a critical time, but where the

bathroom is located. I have enclosed a diagram. As you can see, the bathroom is located on the second floor around the corner from the vestibule that leads to the second floor break room where Lee reportedly was. I contend that this elderly man was there to confirm Lee's presence in the second-floor lunchroom. After Danny Arce leaves, the elderly man walks over to the door, knocks twice. Lee answers, and the man says: Five minutes. Lee closes the door, and they're off to the races.



Houston

Elm

Elevator



Office



Oswald Baker Contact



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Who was that elderly man? Well, it could have been me.

Truth and Doom

What Doomed the Warren Commission?

What doomed and dooms the Warren Commission is the evidence not integrating in a cohesive, holistic way. For too long its members had their way with the American public through lies. People like Allen Dulles, Gerald Ford and Arlen Specter had been thoroughly brainwashed by their elite schools that if they told a story, no matter how badly manufactured, they could get away with it.

These elite members of society believed that they were the best that America had to offer. They believed in awards, credentials and class rank. In a way the Warren Commission fooled itself. What they failed to employ were the skills of common sense they had lost upon entering this bizarre, inverted world that exists in the higher levels of our government. In short the Warren Commission members became immersed and lost within their own propaganda. They could not see what outsiders could clearly see - that the facts and evidence did not come together.

Finale

In Memory

Why is the Kennedy Assassination so important to talk about and investigate? People have died off and soon everyone will be dead, so why bother?

One, we send a message to the perpetrators that they can never rest - even in death.

Two, we stop the Frank Capra film from rolling.

Three, we deconstruct the shaky platform upon which our modern world now resides. By doing so we build a new one, who knows, perhaps one that will lead to a world that John Kennedy envisioned. Perhaps he understood that an America dominating the world was unworkable.

His death should count for something.

Just as people must eventually confront their demons and deconstruct the false platforms that have led to their non-productive behavior in life, countries must do the same.

People believe what they choose to believe especially when they are emotionally invested in an outcome.

The Warren Commission adherents can never accept that the Kennedy Assassination was a conspiracy. They can not because they are emotionally invested in that vision of the future which rests upon the Warren Commission findings. And that vision is America the Empire tear-assing all over the world, saving the world, controlling the world.

The wealth of the Warren Commission adherents is dependent upon a global empire headed by America. They beat their chests as the best and the brightest. They - without humility - call America the most powerful nation on earth. They refer to the President as the most powerful man on earth. They make fantastic sums of money even as people in their own countries go hungry; hundreds of millions of dollars per annum is chump change to them.

Oswald did it. He had to have done it. He had to have done it because a conspiracy would have meant that they - the powers that be - did it.

Oswald was their sacrificial lamb. Like Jesus, he died for their sins so that they could rule the world. Oswald as the lone assassin is as essential to their survival as Jesus as the lone savior is to a Christian's salvation. Just as you will rarely get a Christian to renounce the fantastic feats of Jesus, so will you rarely get a Warren Commission adherent to renounce the fantastic feats of Oswald.

He had to have done it. Yes, the world is safe and secure now - thanks to Oswald.

Oswald becomes bigger than life.

The Murderers

The Murderers

Here are the people who murdered the truth.

Earl Warren

It's hard to comprehend why a man would throw his legacy away on a lie. He did some good things in his life; sadly, chairing the Warren Commission was not one of them.

Allen Dulles

The former head of the CIA was a real piece of work. Allen Dulles is the epitome of a bitcoin, a man who has completely abandoned his religion. Supposedly he was raised as a Presbyterian. Whatever church he may have attended needs to be de-chartered.

Gerald Ford

Gerald Ford will be remembered for one thing - selling out the truth and putting America on a course of non-stop war and murder. He did it all for his own personal glory. No one should enter the Gerald Ford Presidential Library. This man had the guts to insinuate that critics of The Lie were somehow hurting the family of John Kennedy or his legacy. If a member of my family were murdered and a friend discovered evidence suggesting that someone other than the convicted party had done it, I would want to hear that evidence.

Arlen Specter

Arlen Specter, in my opinion, was the worst of the bunch. He devised the idiotic 'single bullet' theory. Why this man's law degree was not stripped is astounding. As one great man said: If you are going to be stupid, at least be correctly stupid. Seriously, Arlen must have gone into a closet to guffaw after presenting that idea.

Henry Wade and Will Fritz

Here they are - Abbott and Costello. These men ruthlessly looked out for themselves and their place in history.

Perhaps many of you think that I am being unfair by labeling these men murderers of truth. Well, I could have called them far worse than that. Regular Americans died in doing a civic duty in bringing the truth to light. These men defended and ruthlessly promoted The Lie. They received as punishment far less than they deserved. On the contrary, they were rewarded in this life for their actions.

The Heroes

There are so many heroes that it would be unfair to name any lest someone be left out. Many of these people were either murdered, maimed or harassed. Many others took great risk to stand up to the federal government and The Lie. The CIA and their shills in the main stream media adamantly deny that any witness could have been bullied or murdered by the federal government. One only has to read through the history of The Lie to know the truth.

The first heroes, though, have been standing in front of us all along. These were the people who ran up that grassy knoll minutes after the assassins' bullets were fired.

Now, if you watch any shooting on television these days, you will notice that people unequivocally do not run toward gun fire; yet in this one extraordinary case they did.

Like a mother who will risk her life for her child, these brave people placed their own lives at risk by charging up that hill. They did not know what was up that hill, yet they went. Instinctively they knew in their hearts that something precious was stolen from them. These heroes led the way.

The Defenders

Why Do People Defend the Warren Commission?

I know why, yet I don't know why.

Some people defend the Warren Commission to stake out a position. Any issue will have its defenders no matter how crazy. Others defend the Warren Commission because they place the objective evidence of the Warren Commission in high regard; they do not accept the objective evidence as tainted.

Why The Defenders Are Wrong

The defenders, in my opinion, are errantly lifting the objective evidence out of context, making the objective evidence the defining context of the case and thus turning the case on its head. Why is this wrong?

In medicine, a doctor performs a history and physical exam first. The history will get you eighty percent of the way home. After performing a history and physical the doctor will run a few tests to help him. It is these tests that take him the rest of the way home. It is important to note that the doctor's lab tests and x-rays almost always rest within the context of his history and physical.

When a lab result or x-ray is completely at odds with the history and physical the doctor should seriously question whether a lab error has been made.

If the Glove Does Not Fit, You Must Acquit

This was the absurd rhyme heard during the OJ Simpson case, and it was a classic case of lifting an obscure piece of objective data out of context and making it the defining context of the case. Was Simpson gifted ill-fitting gloves? Had he gained weight? Had the gloves gone through a soaking? Apparently nobody cared.

Ill-fitting Gloves

Everyday of the week doctors are confronted with lab data that does not fit the clinical picture. These doctors are forced to make a decision about that data. Frequently data is errant because blood is drawn at the wrong time or the blood is drawn improperly. Sometimes the machines are not working well that day. There can be any number of reasons why the data is bad. All of this assumes, though, that the lab has a vested interest in being truthful. But what if it did not? What if the lab was controlled by someone who had a vested interest in seeing lab data come out in a specific way?

Rejecting the History

Generally speaking, doctors do not reject history out of hand when arriving at a diagnosis. Most of the history is seen as relevant in some way. Yes, some clues are better than others; but rarely does a doctor say: I actively reject this or refuse to listen to this. The Warren Commission actively chose to reject people's accounts of what happened. They pretended that such comments were never made.

The Discrepancy

The crux of the Warrenatti's case rests upon physical, objective evidence in the form of ballistics, autopsy results, bus transfer tickets, identification badges and such. The crux of the anti-Warrenatti's case rests upon people's testimony and what seems logical to a normal person. There exists a discrepancy or incongruity forcing one to choose a side. What the Warrenatti would have you do is see the objective evidence as the defining context of the case thus forcing you to place people's history within that context. The anti-Warrenatti would have you do the reverse. So who is correct?

The anti-Warrenatti are correct because the people's history is of broader base and less susceptible to manipulation. When the base is greater, risk is spread. Redundancies exist to check outright fabrication. The objective evidence while seemingly more reliable has less reliability because of its narrow scope and lack of redundancy. All objective evidence is ultimately subjective anyway because of its susceptibility to human influence.

Appendix

Dealey Plaza

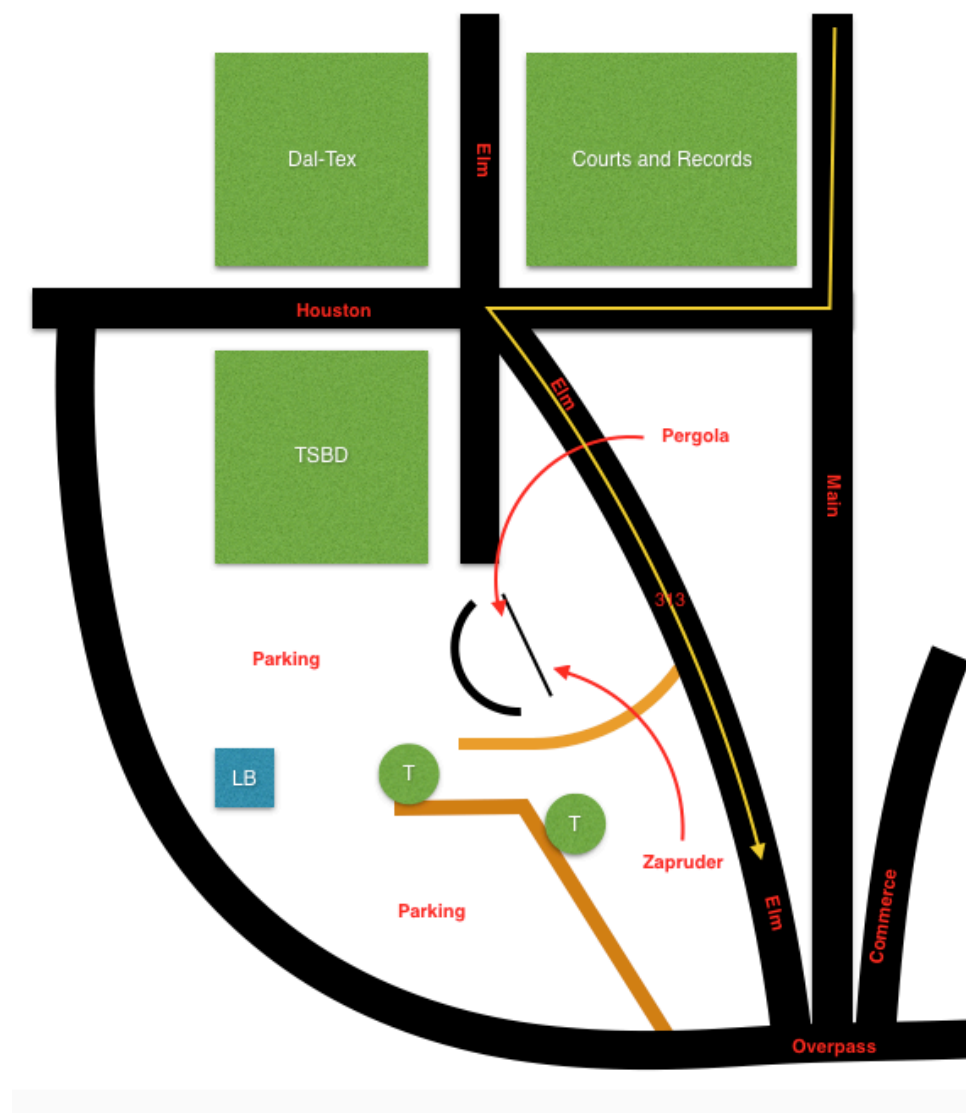
Here is a schematic of Dealey Plaza. It is not drawn to precise scale, although it is close enough. You can put away your protractor. It's purpose is to show the general lie of the land and the buildings.

LB = Lee Bowers

T= Tree

313 = Fatal Head Shot

Yellow Arrow = Motorcade Route



Dealey Shots

Shot #	Zapruder Number	Location	Shot Location	Site of Shot	Bullet Type	Hit/Miss	Heard
1	180	JFK's left	Front	Front South	<u>Supersonic</u>	Miss	Yes
2	215	JFK's back	Back	Dal Tex #1	Subsonic & Silencer	Hit	
3	225	Windshield, JFK's neck	Front	Front North	Subsonic & Silencer	Hit	
4	229	Connally	Back	Dal Tex #2	<u>Supersonic</u>	Hit	Yes
5	268	Main Curb, Tague	Back	Dal Tex #1	Subsonic & Silencer	Hit	
6	313	JFK's Head	Front	Front South	<u>Supersonic</u>	Hit	Yes
7	326	Elm Street Manhole	Back	Dal Tex #2	<u>Supersonic</u>	Miss	Yes
8	350	Miss	Front	Front North	Subsonic & Silencer	Miss	Possibly

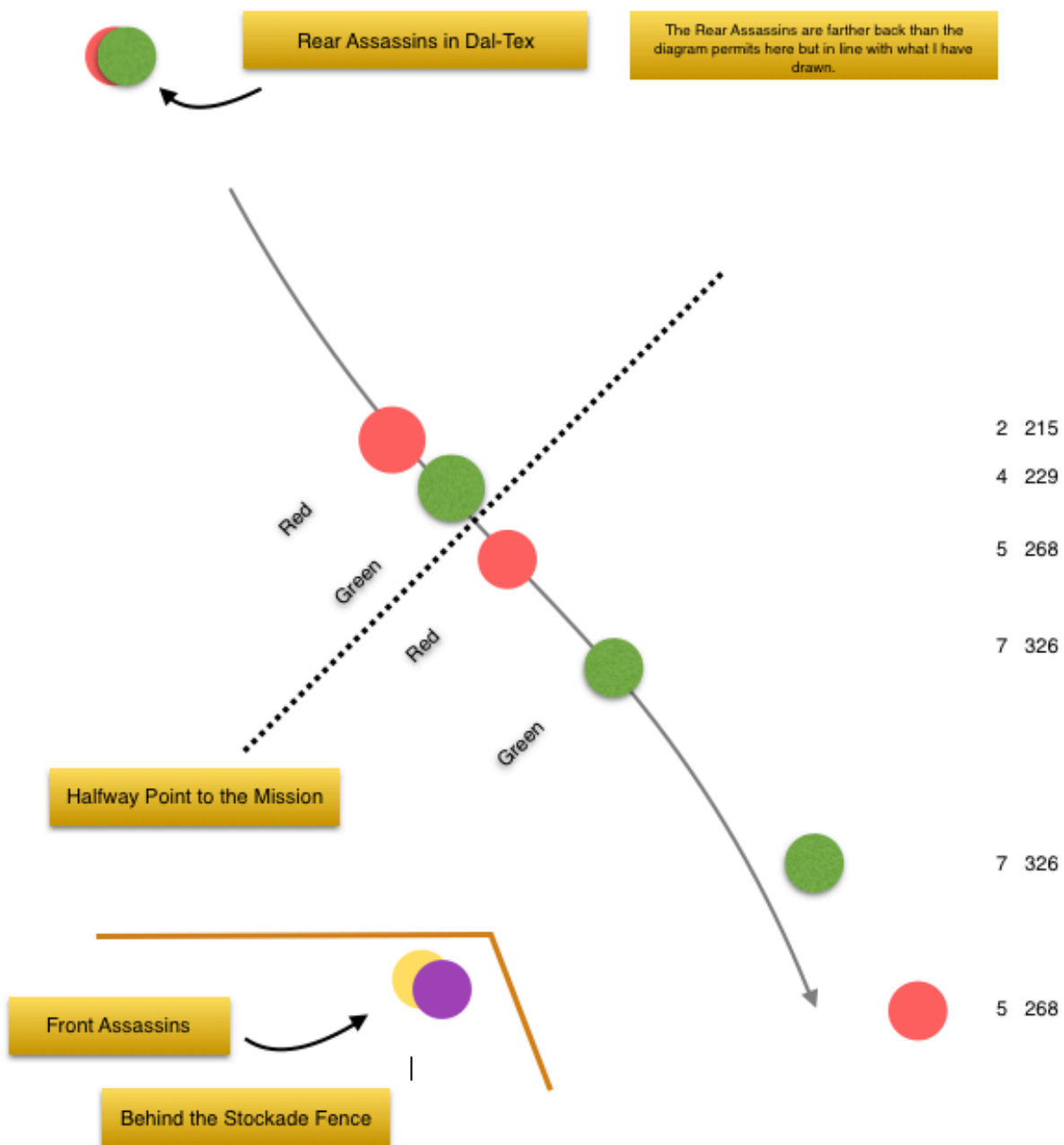
Rear Shots

Red	Z215	Kennedy's Back	Sub	Shot 2
Green	Z229	Connally Back	Super	Shot 4
Red	Z268	Tague	Sub	Shot 5
Green	Z326	Manhole	Super	Shot 7

Notice the alternating choreography between the rear shooters. Also note, that rifles typically do not fire well when different types of rounds are fired. So a shooter will typically use either subsonic or supersonic ammo but not both. A supersonic rifle sound can not be silenced; it is the mach cone of the bullet that causes the crack of the rifle.

The break in the Z268 shot is if you choose that as the shot that hits the windshield.

Click [here](#) to return.

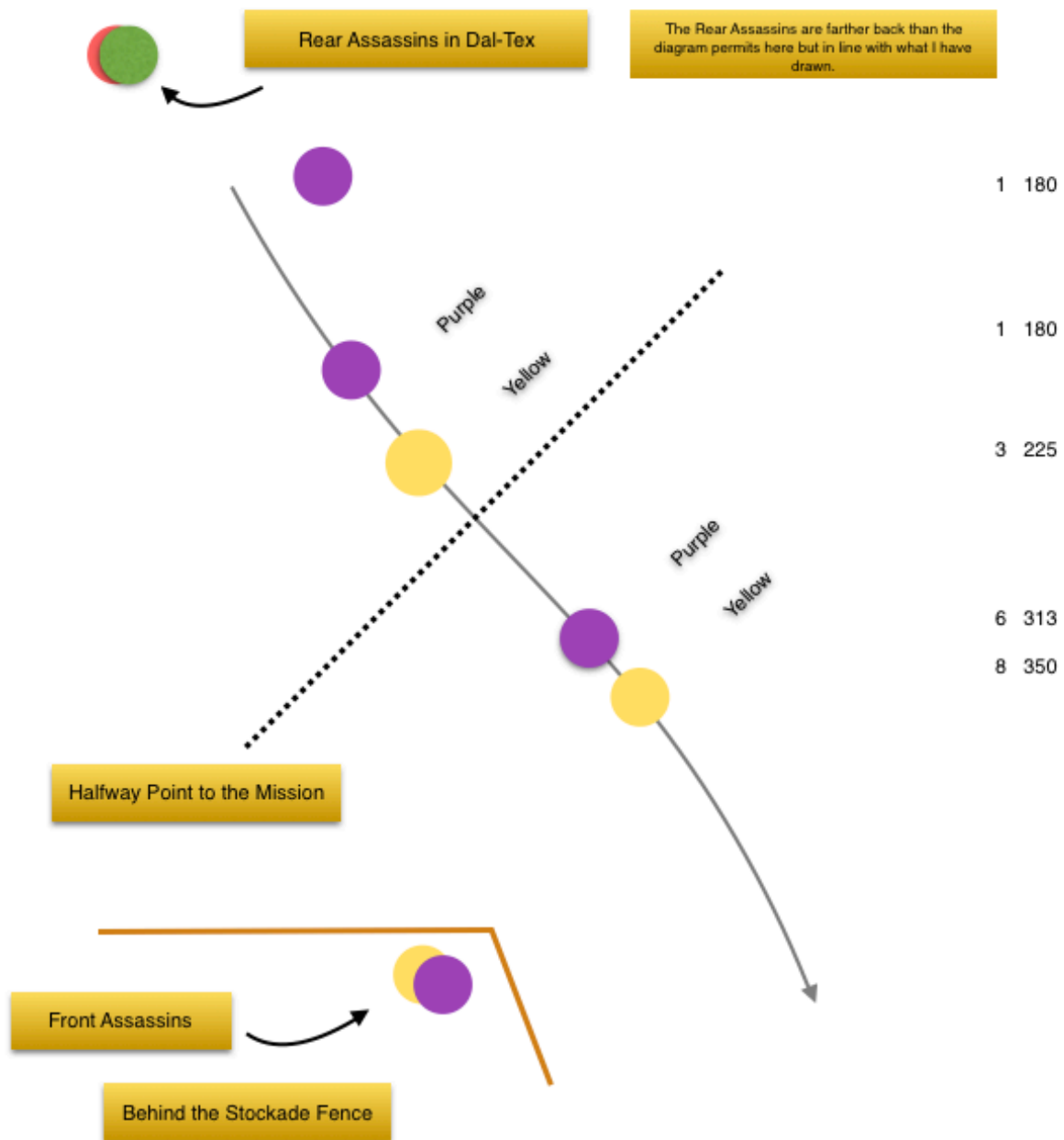


Front Shots

Purple	Z180	JFK's Left	Super	Shot 1
Yellow	Z225	JFK's Neck	Sub	Shot 3
Purple	Z313	JFK's Head	Super	Shot 6
Yellow	Z350		Sub	Shot 8

Notice the alternating choreography between the front shooters. Also note, that rifles typically do not fire well when different types of rounds are fired. So a shooter will typically use either subsonic or supersonic ammo but not both. A supersonic rifle sound can not be silenced; it is the mach cone of the bullet that causes the crack of the rifle.

Click [here](#) to return.



Together

Purple	Z180	JFK's Left	Super	Shot 1	Front	0
Red	Z215	Kennedy's Back	Sub	Shot 2	Back	
Yellow	Z225	JFK's Neck	Sub	Shot 3	Front	
Green	Z229	Connally Back	Super	Shot 4	Back	2.67

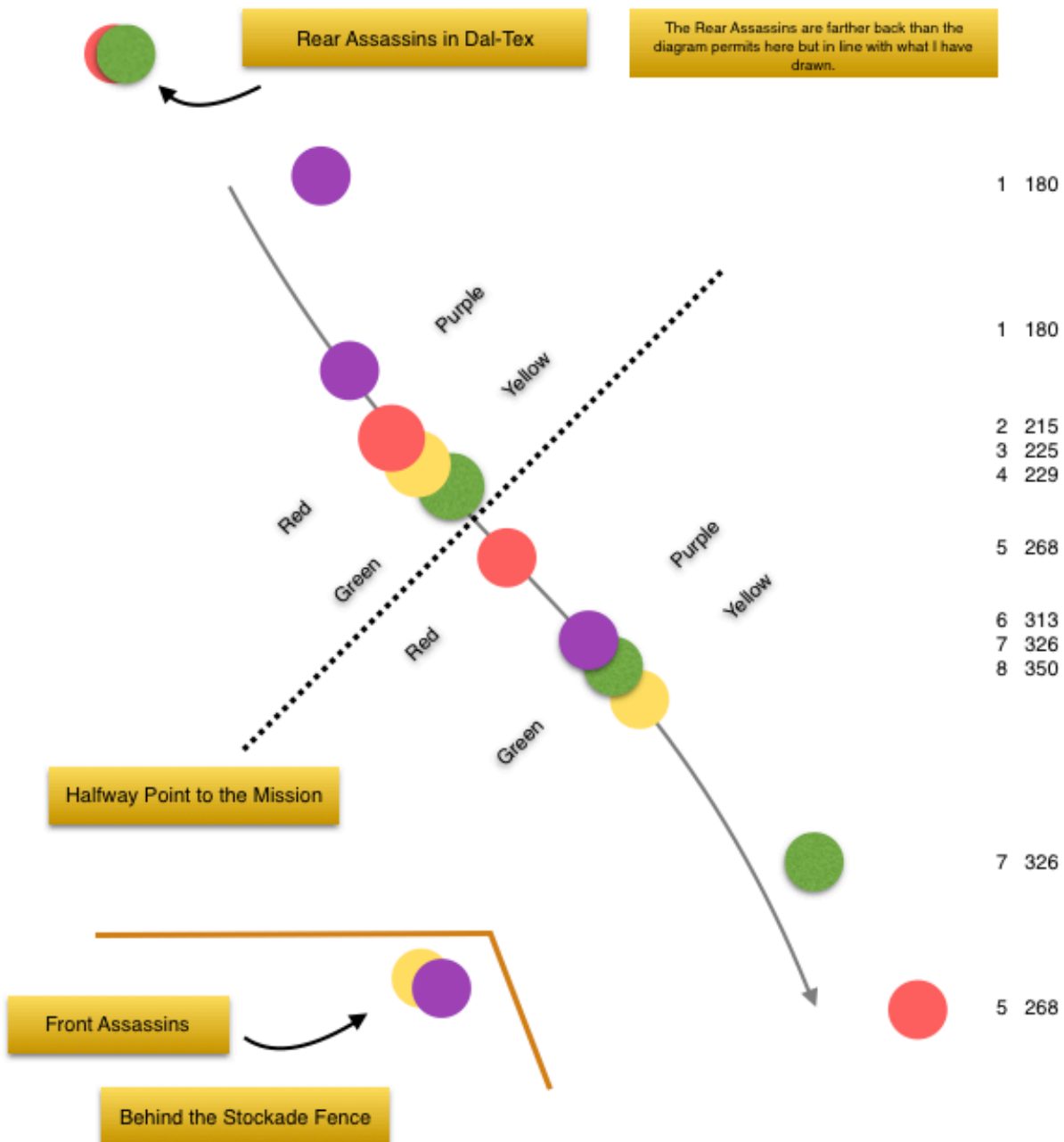
Red	Z268	Tague	Sub	Shot 5	Back	
Purple	Z313	JFK's Head	Super	Shot 6	Front	7.26
Green	Z326	Manhole	Super	Shot 7	Back	7.97
Yellow	Z350		Sub	Shot 8	Front	

Choreography

I figured to not get too complicated on this or else I would screw up the mission. I didn't want to be too clever by half. So, I decided to use the Umbrella Man and his accomplice, Walkie-Talkie Man, as indicators for the half-way points in the mission. I thought about having the shooters' handlers communicating by walkie-talkie, but this seemed too complicated. Instead, I decided that the two spotters, the men behind the four shooters, would serve to steady the shooters and give them general guidance as to the half-way point of the mission. The spotters would look for when Umbrella Man and Walkie-Talkie Man elevated their arms together, at which point they would say to the shooters: "Half-way point." This was to prevent any shooter from shooting both bullets on either side of the half-way point. Of course, I knew that when Umbrella Man and Walkie-Talkie Man elevated their arms, it would not technically be the half-way point. But I had to account for the reaction time of the spotters. It would take 150 to 250 milliseconds for the spotters to say, "Halfway Point." At that point the half-way point would be reached.

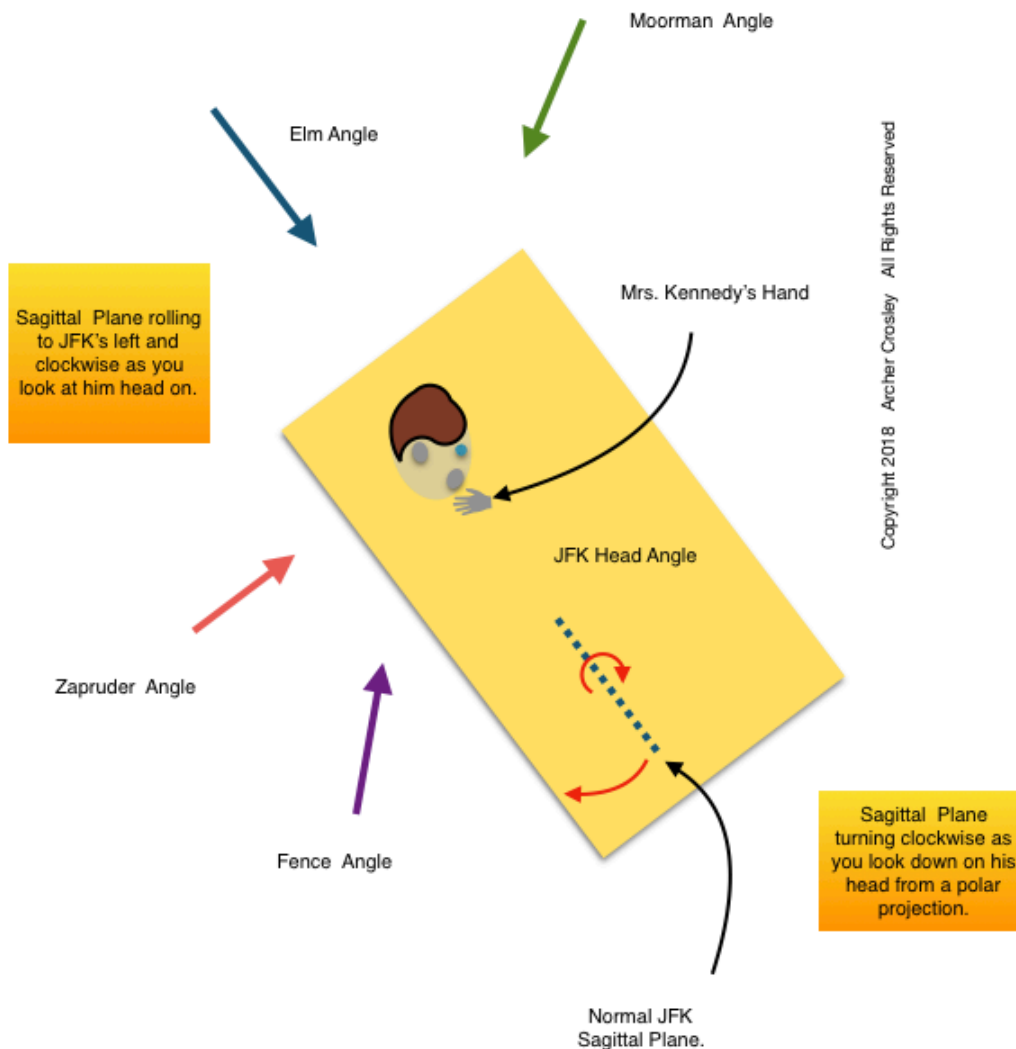
The heard shots occur at 0, 2.67, 7.26 and 7.97 seconds. Tap, pause, double-tap. This is confirmed by Mr. Lee Bowers who was an ear witness. You can listen to his confirmation [here](#).

The detailed maps of Dealey Plaza above were adapted from the Don Roberdeau map.



Why the Front Shot Does Not Cross Over

This diagram demonstrates why the bullet does not cross over to the left side of his head. His head is tilted to his left side with his chin lateral to the vertex of his skull. Mrs. Kennedy's hand is acting as a fulcrum for his head. Thus the chin is supported in a stationary position lateral to the vertex of his head. Click [here](#) to return.



Oswald In New Orleans

Since this was not the glamor part of the mission, I had originally given it a lower priority even though I was first re-attracted back to the Kennedy Assassination via Harold Weisberg's book: Oswald in New Orleans.

Here is a timeline of Oswald's movements in relation to US relations with Cuba. I find these striking and connected.

There were three strikes that convinced the CIA, and the PTB (Powers That Be), to take out JFK.

For brevity I have included them in this spreadsheet that follows.

Dates	Events				Oswald
2/16/59	Castro takes formal control of Cuba	1/20/61	-704d		
10/19/60	Soft Embargo of Cuba	1/20/1961	-93d		
1/20/61	JFK Inaugurated	1/20/1961	0ms		
4/17/61	Bay of Pigs Invasion	1/20/61	87d	1 Strike	
2/10/62	Hard Embargo of Cuba	1/20/61	386d	2 Strike	
10/16/62	Cuban Missile Crisis begins	1/20/61	634d		
10/28/62	Cuban Missile Crisis ends	1/20/61	646d	3 Strike	JCS 10/12/62; Ellsbeth Street 11/4/62
4/23/63	Johnson gives inkling of JFK trip	1/20/61	823d		Leaves for NO 4/25/63
6/11/63	Stand in the Schoolhouse Door/Wallace	1/20/61	872d	4 Strike	
9/15/63	JFK trip officially announced. Approximate date.	1/20/61	968d		Oswald returns to Dallas on 10/3/63
11/23/63	JFK Assassinated	1/20/61	1037d		

Strike 1 is the Bay of Pigs, 87 days into JFK's presidency.

Strike 2 is the "hard embargo" on 2/10/62, 386 days into JFK's presidency.

Strike 3 is the resolution of the Cuban Missile Crisis and the institution of JFK's "No Invasion" policy on 10/28/62, 646 days into JFK's presidency

At this point the decision was made to solve the JFK problem.

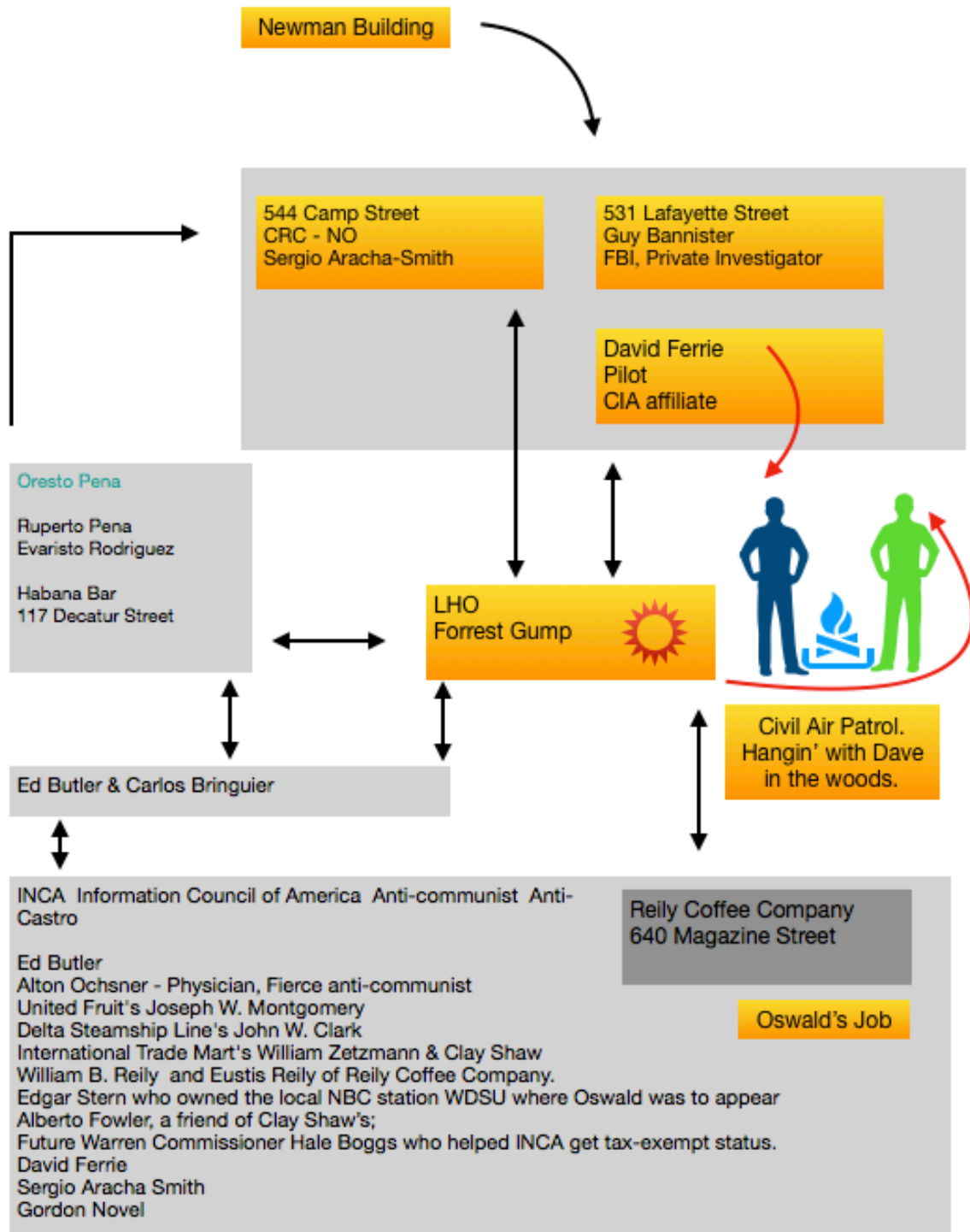
Note how Oswald abruptly leaves (he was not fired) Leslie Welding and goes to work at JCS on 10/12/62. He moves into the Elsbeth locale on 11/4/63. For those who will say

that Oswald began JCS before the Missile Crisis was resolved I will tell you that our CIA and State Department know exactly how things will play out before we the citizens are permitted to know.

On 4/23/63, LBJ gives inkling of JFK trip in November. This was interpreted by me to "get my ass in gear." Thus Oswald was moved to New Orleans abruptly so as to further cement his credentials as a communist.

When the trip is officially announced to the public in September of 1963 (I chose 9/15/63 as an average date), Oswald was brought back to Dallas for the home stretch.

Oswald's Acquaintances In New Orleans



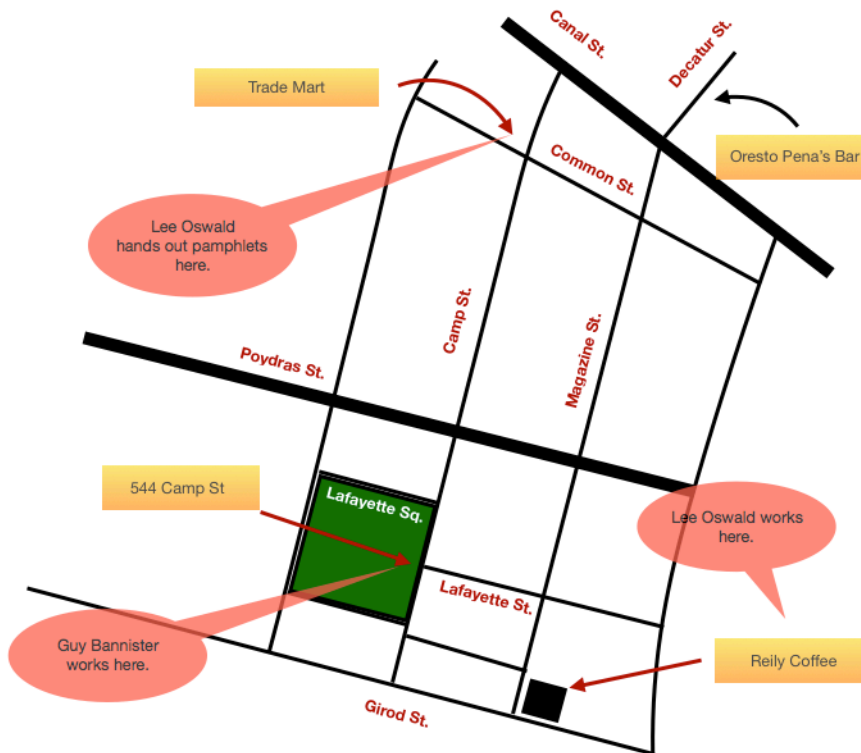
The Warren Commission wants you to believe that Oswald was Forrest Gump wandering through the streets of New Orleans. Yep, there he was walking amongst CIA guys, FBI guys, anti-Castro revolutionaries and communists. Apparently, he didn't know anybody. As a child in the CAP, he never saluted the commanding officer, Commander David Ferrie. He never would have remembered his first commanding officer just as you never remember your first grade teacher.

Maps of Oswald's Locomes in New Orleans

Forrest's, excuse me, Oswald's place of work, the Reily Coffee company, was a block away from Guy Bannister's office. Around the corner inside the same building, the Newman Building, was the street address, 544 Camp Street, found on Oswald's Fair Play for Cuba pamphlets. The Warrenatti make a big deal about how the two addresses were not connected via an inside corridor. Well, they were connected via the outside corridor known as walking outside twenty feet around the corner.

Three blocks away, Oswald handed out the pamphlets in front of the Trade Mart. Around the corner from that stood Oresto Pena's bar on Decatur Street. If you, as a tourist, have walked around the French Quarter, you have walked farther than Oswald.

If you walk down Magazine Street, you can get to Oswald's residence, 3.5 miles away.



Judyth Vary-Baker

What are we to make of Judyth Vary Baker?

Her story is too good to pass up, yet we may have to pass up too good a thing as too good a thing can be too good to be entirely true.

I think she is an extremely intelligent individual who worked for the CIA and still does. She knew Lee Oswald, David Ferrie and Mary Sherman. When she speaks, the CIA speaks. When she embellishes, the CIA embellishes.

What she gives us is the closest we will get to an admission from the CIA that Oswald was CIA.

Her story effectively bundles Oswald, David Ferrie, Alton Ochsner, INCA and the CIA into one tight bundle. This is quite a story. At the same time, however, she intentionally discredits her story by embellishing it with easily disprovable or suspect details. The result is a story that yields the truth to the conspiracists yet not much more. Her story can be easily attacked and ridiculed by the Warrenatti. It's a clever way of revealing truth without doing so.

So why do it? What does the CIA get out of it? Perhaps an easing of pressure from conspiracy cranks who are more likely to be mollified and less likely to agitate. Or maybe the CIA desires to control a story that will come out anyway.

Is her story a trap for conspiracists to fall into?

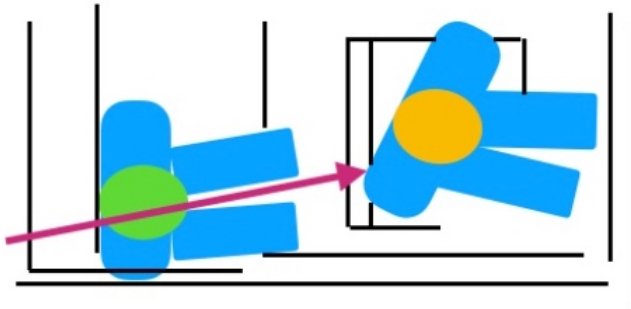
There is no compelling reason to disbelieve the guts of her story, that she, David Ferrie and Lee Oswald were working on some crazy program to kill Castro. The science doesn't have to be right; the only thing that counts is whether they believed it might work. There is no necessity to any of the three having possession of awards, degrees, or Presidential Medals of Freedom. This would have been an operation off the books; better it be done by young, impressionable people with nothing to lose. It is also not necessary to have a sophisticated lab or teams of people with white coats as the best research more often than not comes out of a garage.

The Reily Coffee Company appears to be a safe home for CIA folks. Both Oswald and Vary-Baker are highly intelligent people. They seemed to have found each other.

PS Oswald had to be doing something during those five months in New Orleans. Handing out pamphlets took three days. That's leaves a lot of free time.

The Magic Bullet

This is a diagram of what Warren Commission adherents want you to believe, that John Connolly was sitting one foot to the left of JFK inside the Presidential limo. It was necessary to promote this for the single bullet theory to sell.



Reality shows this not to be the case. There are a few images on the internet upon which you can draw parallel lines - the edge of the car and various points on its occupants. What you will discover is that the occupants are aligned with each other. Yes, there are minor differences, but the differences balance out. Most importantly, the vertices of their skulls match up pretty well. Most people's heads sit directly above their spinal column

when sitting.

This dispels the myth, churned out by Warrenatti, that Governor Connally was sitting about a foot to the inside of JFK. They needed that to make their single bullet theory work. Of course, their pet theory could still work, but any theory must comport with reality. If you are going to be stupid, be correctly stupid.

Here is an important image, perhaps the most important image, just before the shooting. The two red lines are parallel. One represents the side of the car and the other the crowns of the skulls. Generally speaking, most people's heads sit directly above their vertebral column when they are in the sitting position.



Horizontal Angulation

Another problem with the single bullet theory is the horizontal angulation. The vertical angulation, of course, is ridiculous in spite of Warrenatti attempts to stretch JFK's neck to the length of a giraffe.

Let's look at the horizontal angulation. The red dot is JFK's neck. The diagonal edge of the green triangle is the bullet's tracing. The apex of the green triangle is JFK's adam's apple. The black bar at the bottom is JFK's back.

You are looking down on JFK from a polar projection.

I did this on a scale of 1/2

Back bullet mark 1/2 inch off midline; 1/4 inches here

Average neck diameter is 6 inches; 3 inches here

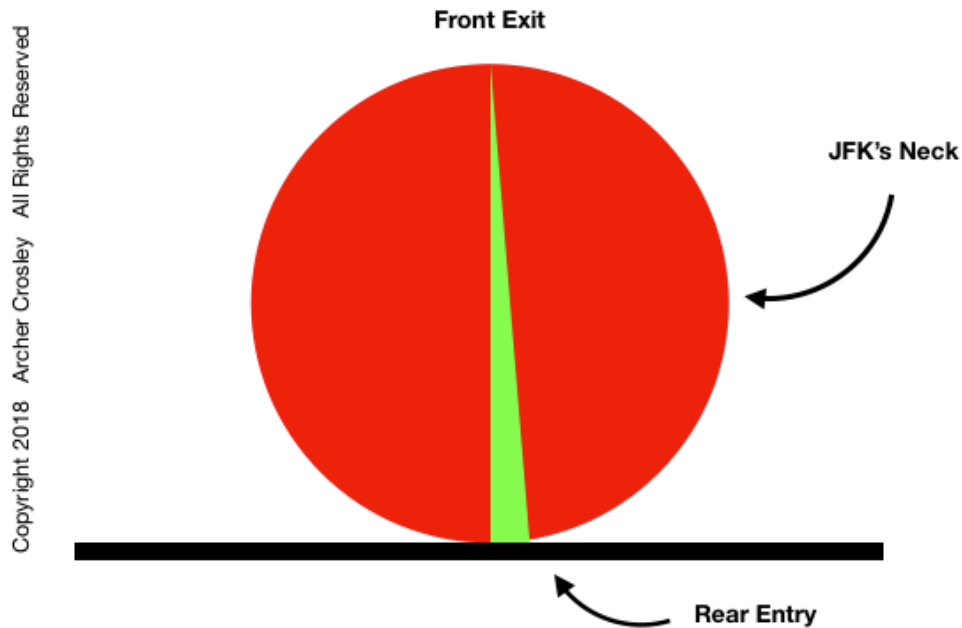
This diagram is based upon the anatomical location of the Warren Commission's entrance and exit wounds.

The angle is 5 degrees. This is consistent with the degree of angulation coming from the TSBD if you accept Warrenatti gospel of a sole TSBD shooter at Z313, but not earlier at Z230. I'm being generous.¹⁵ Given a horizontal five degree trajectory, the bullet would then travel 0.25 inches medially leftward for every 3 inches forward. Assuming that the Governor was 2 feet in front of JFK, this would yield 2 inches of medial movement into the vehicle. Thus if the Governor was lined up with JFK you would think the bullet would enter the Governor on the left side of his chest, not the

¹⁵ I'm being way too generous. The degree of angulation from the TSBD is 10 degrees at Z230. This would make it even more likely that a magic bullet traversing JFK would strike Governor Connolly in the left chest, not the right. And it doesn't matter if the Governor is turned to his right like a cork screw.

right. Yet the visual evidence does not suggest that the Governor was sitting slightly to JFK's left.

Note: If JFK were twisted to the right, in order to get the bullet to not drift laterally from JFK's right to left, the shot would have to come from directly behind JFK. Ah, but this can't happen, right? Unless, of course, someone was in the Dal-Tex Building. Umm, never mind.



Was Jack Ruby Involved?

So was Jack Ruby in on it?

Look, there are things I can not possibly know. This is what I think happened based upon the events that have been recorded. The thoughts of Jack Ruby are my thoughts as I, as Jack Ruby, would have thought them.

Okay, so was Jack Ruby in on the plot to kill JFK?

No.

As his many friends would tell you: Jack was the last guy you would bring in on a caper so important and delicate. Jack Ruby, had he been born fifty years later, would have been diagnosed with Attention Deficit Disorder. He was too frenetic, too impulsive, too undisciplined a thinker.

Jack Ruby was a person you used. He was not a person who could work with a team. That's why Jack ended up where he did. Oh, he was a smart guy. He just wasn't a team member.

And so he was used.

Oswald didn't know Jack Ruby, but it came to pass that Jack knew Lee Oswald. If Lee Oswald knew Jack, Jack never would have allowed Oswald to see his face on the night of 11/22/63 when Oswald "met" the media. I never would have permitted it. Why would I take the risk of Lee screaming out: *Jack Ruby, you bastard, you set me up. Or: Get me out of this, Jack. Tell them I'm innocent.*

That Jack was there at the DPD indicates two things:

1. Lee did not know Jack.
2. Jack was prepared to kill Lee that night.

Jack Ruby's attorney thought the idea absurd that Jack was sent to silence Lee. I think not.

Something was eating at Jack all day. And it sure wasn't the shock of JFK's death. That's the nonsense the Warren Commission wants you to believe.

Jack Ruby had been dreading this day. He had hoped his involvement would not be necessary. He had been recruited well beforehand to solve a potential problem should the need arise. He was told the gravity, not the specifics, of the mission should he accept. There would be no backing out. If he accepted and was successful, his family would be compensated. And he would have done a good thing. He would be able to redeem his life. If he backed out, failed or spoke, he would be killed. Either way, he would be a dead man.

There was a chance he might never be called. If called, though, he would be told what to do.

He accepted.

Jack wasn't sure what was going to happen, but he wasn't stupid. Something with stakes this high had to involve the President. So if he asked people if they were going to be there for the fireworks, he was just using a figure of speech.

Why would any assassin tell Jack Ruby anything? Jack Ruby knew nothing about the plot.

When JFK was shot, Jack was shocked like everyone else. Then he began to think.

His first concern was whether JFK was dead. If he wasn't dead, he figured he might not get called but get caught up in it instead. What happens if my name gets mentioned? So he went to Parkland.

JFK was dead. Jack felt a little relief.

His relief turned to concern when he heard that a killer had been identified. He became mortified when he learned that the killer, Oswald, had been captured alive. Sometime in the early afternoon, Jack was told what his mission was.

Kill Oswald. Jack was to use his police contacts, work his way into the building and kill him.

Jack threw up. He scrambled to get details. He went to the DPD. He spoke to his friends at KLIF radio. He talked to reporters at the Dallas Morning News.

Jack had heard from his buddies at the police department what had gone down. He heard about Tippit. Jack instantly knew that Oswald was supposed to have been killed at the Theater but had managed to get caught alive.

Jack became emotionally unhinged. He spent the day erratically going here and there. He closed the club. He took out money to pay off debts and settle up. He called his brother and sister in Chicago. He visited and spoke to his sister, Eva, in Dallas, many times. He wept openly in public. He tried to sleep at his sister's place but threw up instead. He was going nuts. He knew killing Oswald was the end of his life as he knew it that day.

There must be a way out, he thought.

He went to synagogue later that night. He spoke to his rabbi hoping to get guidance for a problem he could not explain or reveal. While there at synagogue, he met me, who held Jack's hand. I spoke to Jack at length.

I reminded Jack that we are all called by God at some point to sacrifice ourselves. I reminded Jack that he would be doing a noble thing for the Jews. I told him the story of Abraham who God had commanded to sacrifice his son, Isaac. If Oswald talked, I told him, people would blame the Jews for JFK's death. It won't matter, I told him, that Christians were involved. People would fixate on the Jews. Such a fixation would harm Israel. I pounded this point home again and again.

Jack agreed.

His life had been a failure. Jack had big dreams as a boy. None of those dreams had panned out. He had wanted to be a big shot. Instead he was tagged with a name like Sparky which infuriated him. It reminded him of his volatile personality which had gotten him into so much trouble in his life. Why couldn't I have been given a cool nickname like, Tex, or Spike, he said to himself. Instead, he lamented, I got named after a stupid flipping horse from a cartoon.

Why couldn't I have been born normal, he asked God. Why couldn't I be the one who had three kids, a happy home and a life as a respected doctor? Instead I run dead-end nightclubs dealing with white trash and hookers.

He confided all this to me I listened patiently. This is your shot at redemption, Jack, I told him. All your pain goes away.

Jack agreed.

And so he went to the DPD that Friday night to kill Oswald at the midnight conference. But a combination of not getting close enough and a lack of guts gave him pause. To be honest, a part of him identified with Lee Oswald. He's a schmuck and a chump like me, thought Jack. Just another guy who is being used.

Jack Ruby was a tough man but not a cruel man. The girls who worked for him at the Carousel Club loved him. He in turn loved his mother in spite of her not being the ideal mother-of-the-year when he was young.

He was hardly the ruthless businessman. Truth be told, Jack was nearly broke. He was always borrowing money. He was a soft touch in return. Accounting was not his forte. Jack knew he was a lousy businessman, he said to himself. This was true. He couldn't even keep a decent ledger of his expenses. When it came time to do his taxes, he would dump receipts out of his pockets onto the desk of his accountant. His accountant would throw up his hands in frustration.

Jack laughed and reflected on the comic reality of his life as he stared at Oswald. I need to wrap things up first, he said to himself.

He wanted to see people he loved one last time as a free man. Most importantly, he wanted to say goodbye to Sheba, his beloved dog. Dogs were important to Jack Ruby. He could throw a man down the stairs of his club, but he could not stand to see a dog mistreated.

And so on his last days as a free man, he wrapped up his affairs. Then he said goodbye to Sheba, buttoned up his coat, adjusted his hat, then walked into the police department garage.

What About the Autopsy and Ballistics

As you may have already guessed, none of my theories and ideas match with the autopsy and ballistics reports. As we used to say in the 60s: “No shit, Sherlock.” The autopsy and ballistics reports produced by a pathological liar, our federal government, are pure fantasy and not to be relied upon or even considered. Indeed, trying to reconcile any theory with these fabrications will only produce unhappiness and a further escape from the truth.

The Big Picture

Let's take a look at the big picture that has been with us all along.

Now, the Warrenatti want you to stay focused on the small picture - ballistics, wallets, postal money orders.

But let's take a look at the big picture.

It comes in the form of Dean Andrews who testified on July 21, 1964.

I want you to listen to what he says. Here is his Warren Commission testimony.

He talks a little funny, like a normal person.

He is being interviewed by Wesley Liebler, an attorney for the Warren Commission.

Mr. LIEBELER - Do you mean to suggest by that statement that you have considerable doubt in your mind that Oswald killed the President?

Mr. ANDREWS - I know good and well he did not. With that weapon, he couldn't have been capable of making three controlled shots in that short time.

Mr. LIEBELER - You are basing your opinion on reports that you have received over news media as to how many shots were fired in what period of time; is that correct?

Mr. ANDREWS - I am basing my opinion on five years as an ordnance man in the Navy. You can lean into those things, and with throwing the bolts--if I couldn't do it myself, 8 hours a day, doing this for a living, constantly on the range, I know this civilian couldn't do it. He might have been a sharp marksman at one time, but if you don't lean into that rifle and don't squeeze and control consistently, your brain can tell you how to do it, but you don't have the capability.

Mr. LIEBELER - You have used a pronoun in this last series of statements, the pronoun "it." You are making certain assumptions as to what actually happened, or you have a certain notion in your mind as to what happened based on material you read in the newspaper?

Mr. ANDREWS - It doesn't make any difference. What you have to do is lean into a weapon, and, to fire three shots controlled with accuracy, this boy couldn't do it. Forget the President.

Mr. LIEBELER - You base that judgment on the fact that, in your own experience, it is difficult to do that sort of thing?

Mr. ANDREWS - You have to stay with it. You just don't pick up a rifle or a pistol or whatever weapon you are using and stay proficient with it. You have to know what you are doing. You have to be a conniver. This boy could have connived the deal, but I think he is a patsy. Somebody else pulled the trigger.

Mr. LIEBELER - However, as we have indicated, it is your opinion. You don't have any evidence other than what you have already told us about your surmise and opinions about the rifle on which to base that statement; is that correct? If you do, I want to know what it is.

Mr. ANDREWS - If I did, I would give it to you. It's just taking the 5 years and thinking about it a bit. I have fired as much as 40,000 rounds of ammo a day for 7 days a week. You get pretty good with it as long as you keep firing. Then I have gone back after 2 weeks. I used to be able to take a shotgun, go on a skeet, and pop 100 out of 100. After 2 weeks, I could only pop 60 of them. I would have to start shooting again, same way with the rifle and machine guns. Every other person I knew, same thing happened to them. You just have to stay at it.

Think about this.

Does a professional baseball player take batting practice?

Does a professional golfer practice?

Does a professional pianist or violinist practice?

Except for Alan Iverson and Lee Oswald, does every single professional on Planet Earth practice?

Yes.

Thank you, Mr. Andrews.

Afterword

There are many websites, threads and books that I consulted in writing this book. To credit and footnote them all is impossible. Can this be reasonably done by anyone? Who is to say who should be credited with any one specific theory. Any number of individuals could reasonably claim to be the first to have constructed an idea about JFK's death. Because something is in print does not mean that its particular author was the first to think it or write it. Like many people my age, I first read Mark Lane's book, *Rush to Judgment*, many decades ago. I have not read every single book since then, nor do I care to do so.

In the course of reading, individual phrases are going to be embedded innocuously into one's subconsciousness. At no time have I intentionally lifted out paragraphs or sections of another's written works. In fact I have tried as much as possible to not read JFK assassination texts for fear of innocently doing so. I desired my writing to be original. In some cases in this text, I have borrowed paragraphs from Wikipedia and have noted so. I also parodied the lyrics from *The Joker* by the Steve Miller band and have credited them.

I think it is fair to say that if you have a website, I have probably looked at it and considered your views.

Photos were utilized from the Warren Commission report, the Zapruder film, the Nix film, the Mary Moorman photo. The Mary Moorman photo is out of copyright. The frames from the Zapruder and Nix films fall under Fair Use.

Note

Any opinions and theories expressed in this work are those of the author as relates to the Kennedy Assassination. They are opinion and theories, not facts.

This book is constantly updated and amended on a daily basis. The edition date is noted at the bottom of the book. The contents in the book reflect my opinions on that specific date.

04/15/2022

Each revision of this book is overwritten upon the original.

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