

informed the Commission that he had seen Jack Ruby at Parkland Hospital while the doctors were struggling to save the President's life. Her testimony corroborates that of Seth Kantor, the Scripps-Howard newspaperman who knew Ruby well and who you'll recall also saw him at the hospital. But the Commission disregarded these two witnesses and concluded that Ruby was not at Parkland Hospital. In any case, just after Mrs. Tice was invited to tell her story to the Commission, but before anyone except the Commission knew she was to testify, she began receiving anonymous phone calls. One caller, for instance, warned her, "It would pay you to keep your mouth shut." Then, one night, Mrs. Tice was awakened by a call. There was no one on the line, but suddenly the doorbell rang and she went downstairs to find she couldn't open her front door. She then went to the back door and found it was barricaded by a ladder. When she finally testified, Mrs. Tice described these events, but the Commission lawyer was not interested in reassuring her of her safety. In fact, he even encouraged her *not* to testify. Here is a witness who believed there was a connection between her invitation to testify and the subsequent efforts to intimidate her by anonymous phone calls and by barricading her house. There is nothing more serious in any investigation than an attempt to tamper with a witness, and Mrs. Tice told the Commission she was so frightened she "wouldn't answer the phone anymore." And what did the Commission counsel reply? Did he order an immediate investigation? No, he simply dismissed her.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this pattern of intimidation—if it exists—has official sanction?

LANE: I think some aspects of the effort to silence witnesses have the sanction of the FBI, the Secret Service and the Dallas police. Just to take one example: Mrs. Jean Hill, a Dallas schoolteacher, indicates she was intimidated—in a slightly more subtle fashion—by the Federal police. Mrs. Hill was standing very close to the Presidential motorcade on November 22. She told me that the shots came from "the grassy knoll"—in fact, she coined the phrase. She also testified to the Commission that the shots came from there. I first spoke to her in February 1964, and when I saw her again recently, she told me that after our interview, "the FBI was here for days. They practically lived here. They just didn't like what I told them I saw and heard when the President was assassinated." When I asked her for a filmed and tape-recorded interview, she refused. She told me: "For two years I have told the truth, but I have two children to support and I am a public school teacher. A school

authority said it would be best not to talk about the assassination, and I just can't go through it all again." Mrs. Hill added, "I can't believe the Warren Report. I know it's not true, because I was there when it happened, but I can't talk about it anymore, because I don't want the FBI here constantly and I want to continue to teach here. I hope you don't think I'm a coward, but I cannot talk about the case anymore." There is definitely an atmosphere of fear in Dallas surrounding the whole question of the assassination.

PLAYBOY: But many people did consent to interviews with you.

LANE: Yes, and those people are the real heroes of this whole affair. They're the ones who make me believe that there still is hope for the truth here in America. One of these people, S. M. Holland, a middle-aged Texas railroad man, told me in a filmed interview that he had witnessed the assassination from the railroad bridge. He said he *knew* that at least one shot came from behind the wooden fence on the grassy knoll. He told me that his statements during our interview might lose him his job but he added, "When the time comes that an American can't tell the truth because the Government doesn't, that's the time to give the country back to the Indians—if they'll take it." In my opinion, one man like S. M. Holland is worth a handful of eminent officials, when it comes to establishing the facts.

PLAYBOY: If witnesses have been intimidated—even murdered—for challenging the official version of the assassination, doesn't that place your own life in jeopardy?

LANE: Well, I hope not, because I'm not very heroic. In fact, I'm a bit of a coward. But I've become so publicly identified with this case for so long that if anything happened to me, it would only deepen and confirm suspicions.

PLAYBOY: Have you been placed under official surveillance in any way since you initiated your investigation?

LANE: Well, there are 1555 files dealing with the assassination in the National Archives; 508 of these were classified when I was there last, and some of the material can't be seen by anyone for 75 years. Of the remaining documents, so far I have discovered a total of 35 files—prepared for the Warren Commission by the FBI and Secret Service—dealing with nothing more than my speeches around the country. They make fascinating reading. One file is almost a complaint by a bored Secret Service agent compelled to listen to many of my lectures. He writes, "I enclose the seven reels of tape which we made of Lane's lecture here in San Francisco, and you will note that what he said in these speeches differs not at all from the testimony which he gave to the Warren Com-

mission." Lee Harvey Oswald was interrogated 12 hours without a taped or stenographic record of his statements, yet FBI and Secret Service agents can traipse around the country on the heels of a relatively obscure New York lawyer, tape-recording every word he utters. It's all a question of priorities, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they're still following you?

LANE: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any other trouble with the FBI or Secret Service?

LANE: When you're involved in a case like this, there's always the risk of succumbing to a touch of paranoia. I've tried to avoid that. But I was stopped once in 1964 outside my Manhattan apartment by two men who identified themselves as FBI agents. It was pouring, and I had a cab waiting. They asked me if I was Mark Lane and when I admitted it, they demanded that I hand over my attaché case. I refused, of course, and they then announced they had information that I possessed a file stolen from the office of the FBI. I said, "Oh, is a file missing?" and one of the agents replied, "This is no time for levity." I was inclined to agree, as I was getting soaked to the skin standing there—they were wearing trench coats—so I told them to have J. Edgar Hoover write a letter if he had anything to ask me, and not send his flunkies to accost me on the street and demand my possessions. I started for the cab, but they surrounded me—as well as two men can surround one man—and we almost had a little scuffle on the sidewalk before I was able to shove one of them aside and get into the taxi. I never heard anything more about their missing file. Our investigators in Dallas have been openly followed by uniformed Dallas cops, but that may be standard operating procedure there, so I try not to let it concern me.

PLAYBOY: Do you know if your phones are tapped?

LANE: An electronics expert examined my phone on three separate occasions, and each time he said they *were* being tapped. But I'd be surprised if the FBI *wasn't* tapping my lines, since they tap so many others. In fact, I'd feel a bit neglected if mine escaped scrutiny. They may have this apartment bugged, too, but we haven't bothered to check that out. We really don't care too much anymore. We've adjusted. But I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Hoover reads this interview before Mr. Hefner does.

PLAYBOY: Was there any Government pressure to prevent publication of your book?

LANE: Unfortunately, publishing companies are vulnerable to such pressure; many of their books are purchased in lots by Government agencies; a number of publishers are engaged in delicate

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