

April 5, 1975
Alexandria, La. 71301

Mr. Clarence Kelley, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
The Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Assassination

I am writing you in an effort to get you to reopen the President Kennedy Assassination Case. Feeling that I share the views of millions of Americans do, that the Warren Commission fell far short, I believe I am on firm ground even though I am not qualified to take exception to the report. Too many prominent defense lawyers have gone on record as stating that with the evidence presented in the Report, that no one could be convicted on those grounds. Or if nothing else, to hold this for future referance.

My reasons for making this request of you are quite simple, but it takes a long story for me to tell it like it is. To make a long story short, I heard and saw a few things, and spoke to a couple of people in September of 1963 that I shouldn't have, one attempt has already been made on my life. I have reason to believe another attempt is going to be made, that the principle subject of my story was doing business with the American Nazi Party and the Central Intelligence Agency, and that former New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison was a bigger crook than U. S. District Attorney Gallinghouse found him to be, that the American Nazi Party had the motive in Mr. Kennedy's murder and one Doyle Higgins was their instrument.

Why have I waited all these years to tell my story? First, I thought the Warren Commission, and then the Garrison Probe would have wrapped it up. Second, I am like the rest of us good U. S. Citizens, as long as it aint my oxen getting gored, I don't want to get involved; in early March 1975 twice in the early hours a car pulls away from the house after the dogs go to raising hell; then I get this letter from Mr. R. L. Wilson from the Internal Revenue Office inviting me to discuss the advantages of paying tax liens of \$1700.14 and \$46,965.33 for the years 1972 and 1973 plus penalties and interest, as against taking up residence at Levenworth, Kansas for a while; and me the owner of two small bankrupt companies in a small town; it aint no way I gotta be born dead; I pick up the paper March 11, 1975 and see what the American Nazi Party is still going strong; I read in the paper lately that there is going to be a 10 billion Dollar trade deficit, so we got to use less oil and gas; I read where Germany has got more gold than any country on earth; Senator Mansfield says it costs 10 Billion Dollars a year to keep the U. S. Army in Germany to help protect those poor defenseless reformed Nazis from those bad Russian Comies; then on March 14, 1975 came the straw that broke the camel's back; the U. S. Army was boarded a plane at Charleston, South Carolina; this said Wac was formally an old maid high school teacher in New Orleans, whom I tried to marry for the last four years, bound for a two year assignment in Worms, Germany on the Belgium Border. (When do the Russians take over Belgium? I must be behind the news.) The thought of committing hari-kari enters my mind, but I think the better of it and take the haki-saki route. Between drinks all I can think is the Kraut making good time with my ex-girl friend; I make one of the few good decisions of my life, that I better go to looking for

me, another old paid school teacher; hello many, good-bye to the
vac; out of sight out of mind. On with the story.

September, 1938, while enrolled at Bolton High School Alexandria, La
as a freshman I had a classmate by the name of Doyle Higgins. This
fellow was a lot taller and heavier than me, and two to four years
older. Never did associate with him as he was sort of a loner. He
apparently left Bolton in the spring semester of 1941.

June 1942, I graduated from High School and hitched hiked to New Orleans
and got a job as a welder helping build the famous "Setting Ducks" of
World War II, the Liberty Ships. The Bright Lights of New Orleans got
into the eyes of this seventeen year old country boy and have been in
them ever since.

March 1943, I entered the U. S. Army and was quickly introduced to a
wonderful gadget known as the '08 Springfield 30 Cal. Bolt Action rifle.
If I would have ever had to use this Jamup Jannie for real or be given
the choice of it or a muzzle loader musket, I would have took the musket
at least you could get off one shot. The only way I believe I ever
qualified with this thing was that they must of already had a reservation
for me on a boat for New Guinea and then not want to send a replacement.
Fifteen million men used this thing in basic training in
World War II and how any of them ever believed the Warren Report is
beyond me. And it was supposed to be better than the Italian Army Rifle
that Oswald allegedly used. How do you get off five shots in that short
of time? They should have given Mr. Garand the Congressional Medal
Honor for inventing the M1 for replacing that thing. I wonder whether
it ever dawned on the Warren Commission that the rifle and spent shell
could have been planted in the Texas Book Depository Building. How
do you get off shots that fast with a bolt action and take aim again?

July 1948, while farming by myself, I was busted and tried to borrow
\$300.00 from F. A. Morgan, local bails bondsman and hear-say loan
shark. No luck. It would be eighteen years before I spoke to this
again.

January 1960, one night I parked up my taxi and went out with a woman
from Baton Rouge who pulled up on one of our cab lots wanting to know
where she could have a good time. Next morning she has me call a number
in Columbia, La. and ask for "John". "If his wife answers and asks
you want to talk to "John", tell her you want to see if he can help
get a job with the state."--"But Baby, give me his last name so I can
put a handle in front of it. You know when when you come to somebody
with your hat in your hand?"--"Look you bastard I was good to you last
night. Are you going to do as I ask or-?" "O-kay baby don't get shot
up." I get hold to "John" and I tell him "John your big mama wants
talk to you." as I was told. Talking about a big mama, whew! After
lending her \$10.00 and putting her on the road to Columbia, we said,
good-bye. I checked on the phone number I had called a few weeks ago
and it was John J. McKeithen, Public Service Commissioner, Northern
District, State of Louisiana. This man was to be governor of Louisiana
from 1964 to 1972. I didn't make positive identification of this woman
until in the governor election of 1963 when she went on TV to speak
big "John". She was to be Louisiana Commissioner of Administration
1972 to 1976 and then be elected Secretary-Treasurer 1972 to 1976. She was
Mrs. Mary Evelyn Dickerson then, now Mrs. Mary Evelyn Parker. Mr. K
the reason I am telling you all this junk is that it is the only real
reason for someone trying to plow my head off in 1966, that I can
figure out.

Why would Doyle's mother give me a bogus phone number and address?
Why has he been dodging me all these years? I don't stink that bad.

January 1966, I put my cab back on the run, since I was now released by the doctor and all insurance companies involved had paid up. Barbara had now straggled back to Alexandria and was working in the P.A. Morgan Bonding Company home office as the owner's secretary, living with her mother, the proud mother of a child born recently which she had conveniently put in my name, which I had finally had agreed on after she agreed not to press me for support, which she has not done to this day.

Mid-March 1966, one late evening when I came in the drive there was a phone number for me to call. I called the number and since it was after 5pm I drew a blank. Next day I called the number in time and get Mr. Morgan himself. He wants to know who the hell I am treating his secretary like I do, and wont support her baby. How could I treat a nice girl like that, her baby etc. I tried to tell him that Barbara meant nothing to me not I to her, but he wont listen. I got hold of Barbara at her Mother's house and asked her what the hell she was doing with me to Morgan, she swore that she couldn't understand it, that she told him I meant nothing to her. Anyway I asked her what I had done to him for him to be pickin trouble with me. She swore she didn't know. I didn't believe her then and I don't believe her now.

April 20, 1966, About 9pm Morgan made his play. At the cab lot across from the bus station. He emptied his gun at me, and later the Chief of Detectives dug a bullet out of the seat where I had sat. It wasn't my time to go that night. (See enclosure) The days that followed were rough for me. Rapides Parish D.A. Jene Pharis refused to bring the case out of city court where it was a nice oceanor and bring it into district court where it would be a felony if indicted. The thought of Morgan getting away with a little fine and suspended sentence made me blow my top. Finally, I collected my senses and did a little thinking and hit upon Jim Garrison. Remembering what had happened between him and Morgan in 1964, and now that he was conducting and investigation into the Kennedy Murder, I decide to do a little trading.

May 16, 1966, I called Mr. Garrison Office Mrs. Leblon, his secretary, explained my situation to her, that Morgan had everybody in his hip pocket in Alexandria after he tried to kill me, that Mr. Garrison knew Morgan for what he was, that maybe he could help me there, that maybe I could help him on something that was important to him. After checking with Mr. Garrison she gave me an appointment for the next day at 10am.

May 17, 1966, Found me in Garrison's Office before 9:30am. Later I was joined by an attorney from Baton Rouge for an 11:00 Appointment. We sat ther in the waiting room until nearly 4pm biting our fingers. Mrs. Leblon finally gives the attorney an appointment for 10 am next day, and tells me that she's sorry but Mr. Garrison cannot interfere with the D.A.'s jurisdiction in another parish. I tell her that was understood yesterday, there would be no interference, that all I needed was a little information that could help me. "I am sorry Mr. Van Gossen, he cannot interfere." "Mrs. Leblon would you let me see him to discuss something else not in Rapides Parish thats a lot more important than that?" "I'm sorry Mr. Van Gossen Mr. Garrison cannot and will not see you." "Good day Mr. Van Gossen." Bourbon Street

Back in Alexandria I was at row's end. I see the editor of the Town Talk, Adrie Laborde; Senior District Judge Walter Hunter; Chester Wells, political ally of Gov. John McKeithen; Wallace Wagner, 8th District Political axe of Gov. McK. and a legislature Sargent at Arms and tell him to tell Mrs. Mary Evelyn Parker that a Cab driver that loaned her \$10.00 and made a phone call for her back in 1960 needed help. I must have reached someones' ears, as Judge Hunter called the Grand Jury back into session.

June 29, 1966, Morgan was indicted for attempted murder. In the days that followed a phony \$12,000.00 offer to take a walk was given to me with Wallace Wagner the intermediate. I've always known I was stupid how they figured I was stupid enough to fall for that, I'll never know. Talking about taking a walk, I'd have took a five to ten year walk to the penitentiary. At any rate, I tried to keep close tabs on Morgan next few days, since I smelled a rat. I was to see his car parked in front of the Murrell Clinic and Hospital four times after 5pm. I thought this odd as Morgan had allegedly suffered a stroke recently; was under the care of Dr. Freidman, whom was in no way connected to Murrell's Clinic. Actually the place had been more of a nursing home for old men than a hospital. So what says, I they are good friends. Dr. Murrell had been Parish Coroner upon appointment by Gov. McK. when the elected Dr. Owens Died. The payoff was set for Friday Evening July 1 after 5pm, and what a payoff it was to be.

July 8, 1966, at 5pm straight up, I was in a local bar room that I went to a lot, and got a long distance call from Dallas from Barbara. I was now on the outs with her, so I ask what in the hell she wants, had Morgan ran her off, or did she need money. she wants to meet me in Mobile, Ala. on Sunday the 10th, as she has something to tell me. I tell her to go to hell and hang up. At 5:30pm, while still in the bar it came over the news that Morgan had shot himself in a suicide try. A few minutes the news came that he had died. (See Clipping) What struck me as strange was why a Frist National Funeral Ambulance, that was once owned, was called from fifteen blocks away, when the Hixon Funeral Home two blocks away, that buried him, had an ambulance in. Then I wonder about his old drinking buddy Dr. Murrell; what I saw in a wax museum collection; five years ago a man tells me he saw Morgan's twin brother in Hot Springs, Arkansas and he don't have no twin brother; his next door neighbor was a long time detective on the Alexandria Police force; a U. S. Postal employee risks his job a month later to call me aside in a bar room to tell me that Mrs. Morgan has been getting a lot of mail from some where in Mississippi since Morgans death. I like to know who really is in that coffin.

March 1967, me and Barbara patched up our differences and became fellow travelers again. To tell it like it was, she promoted \$1,000 and a Buick from a local business man, and I am busted so I am ready to travel.

April 1967, we land in New Orleans with me going to work as a welder and her for Heberts' Bonding Co. While living with her she told me she had told me before about Morgan. That me and her were just a pair of hitch hikers on the road of life. She also tells me that had he have seduced me, it would have been easy to get out of for the simple fact that too many people knew that I carried a gun in my cab like so many drivers did at night. She said he would have had the witnesses to get a justifiable verdict on self defense grounds. She knew about my appointment with Garrison, told me that Morgan blocked it by calling up Gov. McK. threatening to expose Garrison for having been a homosexual before marriage. She now denies the latter part of this. Even had the bluff

had been made I don't see how it could have mattered, since this mud was thrown in the 1962 D. A. Election in New Orleans. All I can say is he had his own reasons for not seeing me. The plane that Dave Ferrie flew from Dallas to New Orleans, November 22, 1963 made a stop at Alexandria, La. Why didn't you question this stop and see what I had to say? I know someone for fact who will swear that Clay Shaw was a homo in the latter Forties. Garrison said Dave Ferrie was one. Homo here, homo there, homo everywhere.

December 1973, one of my drivers at the Yellow Cab Company Alexandria La., Hillary (Heavy) Myers, a seadish thugish looking person, reported to me that a person he had never seen before in his life approached him in a local bar and offered him \$2,000 to knock me off. When he asked the man what he had against me the answer was "He's just a no good chicker S.O.B. Does that answer your question?" The driver first got about it, then days later he decided to tell me about it, so I could be on the look-out. His description of the man doesn't match one I know of. The first thing I did was laugh at the low price tag. "He must don't want me very bad if that's all he'll pay." "Are you kidding? Some of these jokers will kill you for less then \$500 when they are busted." Maybe he is right.

March 17, 1975, 2pm, I get to meet New Orleans D. A. Harry Connick. He politely informs me that he accepts the Warren Commission Report as final, and will not reopen the case under no circumstances.

At 3pm same evening, I get to see FBI Agent Kane in the Federal Building in New Orleans. Mrs. Kane informs me quickly that the Kennedy case is marked "closed", but to give her whatever information I had, that she would take notes on it, and file it for future reference if ever the case was reopened. I guess Mrs. Kane was just being courteous and following FBI procedure in hearing me out. She did advise me against going to Dallas, Texas and I can easily understand why the people up there don't want to hear nothing about it after they allowed Oswald to be shot like a sitting duck by Ruby. Would I be insulting the FBI if I ask why the door was left open while I told Mrs. Kane my story? Everybody that had an office in the hallway could hear every word I said. Twice I caught another agent in the doorway listening to it all, the first time that I caught sight of him was when he hit the door so I turned around so he could get a good look at me. He seemed to be more interested in my story than Mrs. Kane. Is this standard FBI procedure? No wonder people are scared to talk to yall. I got to find me a good bar room.

March 18, 1975, at 3pm after sobering up, I pay a visit to D. A. Jim Garrison's office at 720 Carondelet. I leave his secretary with a note with my address on it, requesting an appointment. I had her write on the note that I had the same information to give him now that I tried to give him on May 17, 1966, if he was interested. I tell my attorney about this and off the record he tells me that I made a bad mistake going to Garrison's office. I get the impression that even out there office too many cut-throats, pushers, pimps, and punks still owe someone a debt.

March 30, 1975, an article appears in the local paper about Garrison Clay Shaw that makes me out to be a liar. Mr. Kelley, It just says in the article says from 1967- to 1974 (seven years investigation) I heard as early as April 1964 that Garrison was digging into Oswald's New Orleans doings and first remember reading it in the paper in 1965. Shaw was indicted in 1967 after a long investigation. Who ever wrote this article had to be on Garrison's Payroll. Not defense lawyer. the jury is

cleared Garrison must have been made up of people that didn't know a pinball machine from a juke box, and though a bookie joint was where you bought cheap books. they still got \$70,000 bribery money that was given to an honest Police Captain by mistake. Everybody in New Orleans knew he was guilty but the jury. That is the law. It crosses my mind that Garrison and Clay Shaw could have gotten their heads together and that 5 million dollar law suit that the rich boys in the Truth or Consequences, Inc. and put them in the middle. I don't put nothing past Garrison.

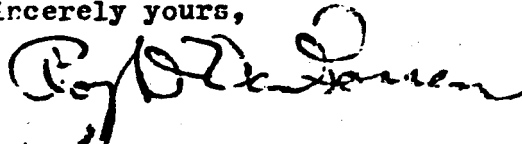
April 2-3 1975, I went back to New Orleans to locate Doyle Higgins. I could have found him it would have saved me the trouble of writing this and you reading all of this. I checked the South Carolina address again, Checked with the Cumberland Corp., Checked with the Stan Weber Realty one says to call the other one, the other one tells me call the first one, the first one says it is the other, I give up. I takes a title and abstract man to run this down and I don't need to you I aint one. 9am April 3, after nearly ten years of trying 861-0500 finally answered "Mr. Doyle Higgins, please?" "You got the wrong number --klunk! It crosses my mind that this is a coincidence, that it had happen after going by the local FBI Office and Garrison's Office.

This completes my story, and I realize when it is all added up, there is no concrete evidence. But if it will help to reopen the Case I will gladly swear an affidavit to it and take a lie detector test to verify it. I realize that it seems I am seeing Nazis and homos behind every bush, but if you see something a certain way, tell it the way you see or don't tell it at all is the way I look at it.

I would appreciate it if its legally possible for your office to inform me if Doyle Higgins has been cleared all ready or is cleared in future. If so I would like to look him up, if you can tell me where he is at, buy him a drink, apologize, and get the hell off his back. Also I would like to know as soon as possible whether you can use any this stuff. If you don't use it, I would like to send it to the Congressional Committee Investigating the CIA Involvement in Kennedy's Murder

In closing Mr. Kelley, I hope that the way I have told my story has not insulted you or your intelligence. I repeat, I've tried to tell it the best I could in my own way.

Sincerely yours,



Roy D. VanGossen
P.O. Box 909
Alexandria, Louisiana 71301