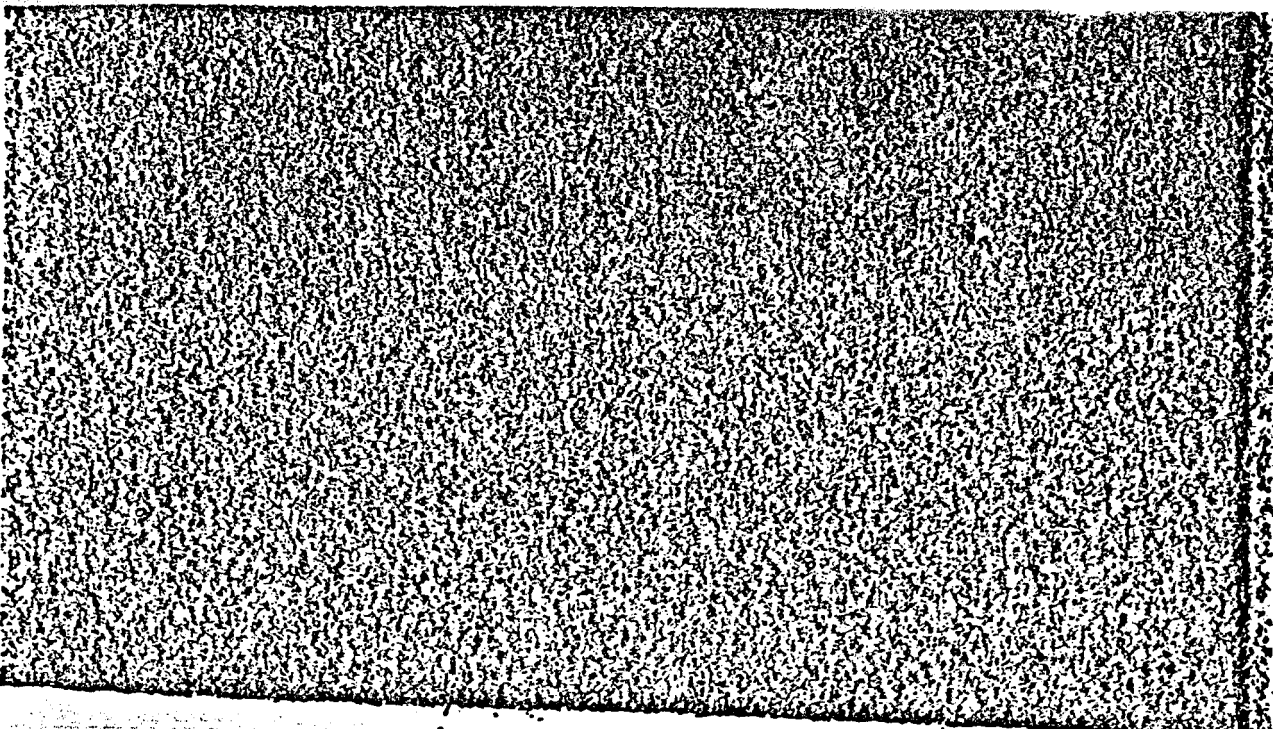


TO SENATOR ROBERT F. FENNER
MEMPHIS

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, including the number "10" and some illegible characters.



W. J. ...
presents

NO. 1 OF A SERIES... "LET'S ANALYZE"

The Overlooked Factor, Or-

A. IRLEND J. DEZ W. COUS

W. J. B. - DEATH

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A. IRLEND J. DEZ W. COUS

(It must have been about 1932. A friend and I were on a hike one warm spring day. We stopped along a creek to roast some marshmallows. It was a windy day, the fire got away from us and started to race across a field. We high-tailed it for home along the creek bed. At a point where a woods lay between the creek and the road, we went through it to Platt Road. Looking back we could see that the fire had jumped Edgewood Street and was heading toward some houses. Some people were already fighting the flames. Got around the block so as to appear that we were coming from the direction of our homes, we joined the battle. We were a couple of scoty looking eight-year old boys by the time the fire was extinguished. No homes were damaged and we were immensely relieved. We assumed that no one knew how the fire started. However, a few days later I was at another friend's house near where the fire was. His father got me alone and asked, "Have you learned a lesson about starting fires in dry grass?" "Yes," I replied, "but how did you know it was us?" He smiled at me and said, "It was obvious, you two were badly shook-up. You even ruined your jackets being in the flames." He was so right.

were shock-up and our excited behavior clearly showed it. Has something like this ever happened to you?

He left the building in a hurry, heading east. Seven blocks away he boarded a bus. It was the wrong one. The bus he wanted was the next one behind but he wasn't thinking too clearly. He did, however, realize that the bus he was on was heading right back to the scene of the crime. Some passengers were talking about a shooting. After riding two blocks, he got off. A short distance away, he got a cab. Five blocks beyond his destination he left the cab and hurried back. After a quick visit to his room, he headed downtown. On the way an officer stopped him, asked a question and for an answer . . . received four bullets! The distraught killer kept going. Removing the tell-tale spent cartridges from his platoon, he dropped them along his trail. This made seven empty shells in all, traceable to weapons belonging to him, littering his trail; plus one rifle hastily concealed behind some boxes at the scene of the ambush. The rifle still wore unwiped fingerprints. He had used a paper

wrapping to get the dismantled rifle into the building undetected and it was likely his intention to get it out of the building the same way, but the paper wrapping was still there too. His frantic flight soon ended and he was apprehended in a theatre. Someone had seen him enter and had called the police. Although per-^{son} a killer was loose, they didn't know his description. This guy or suspicion because he had hurried into the movie house without purchasing a ticket. Although he must have planned this crime, had something unexpected happened? Had something gone wrong? (Are you not familiar with someone who, because of a rifle had his life ruined?)

As he was being taken down to headquarters, he remembered an evening a couple of years back. He had spent considerable time writing an important letter. His thoughts were bitter as he sought the right words. "What a lousy, rotten deal. How's an intelligent guy supposed to get a good job? They always ask those dumb questions, 'Were you in the Service? What kind of discharge?' Okay, we'll let you know. 'Yeah, they'll let me know, stupid for

He wrote carefully, "I shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice to a born-fied U.S. citizen and ex-serviceman."

He continued, "I ask you to look into this case and take the necessary steps to repair the damage done to me and my family." As he licked and pressed the stamp, he felt relieved. "Things will be better," he reasoned, "when they realize their mistake and give me an honorable discharge like I earned and deserve. Damn them, wasn't even anything I did while I was in the Corps. They got no right whatsoever to ruin my life by defaming my good name." (Have you ever goofed and had to apologize because you had taken something for granted?)

The squad car was nearing the station. He looked down at the polished cuffs containing his wrists and tried to figure out what had gone wrong an hour-and-a-half back. Everything was blurred. He wished it were only a bad dream but he knew it was reality. "God," he thought, "I'm really in trouble. What happened? I know I was on the right target. That car was just creeping along. It was an

expert rifleman who evaluated the factors concerned. His words, as recorded in a subsequent report, "An easy shot. . . . an almost stationary target while he was aiming in, very little movement if any."

(Did you ever throw a stone at a moving freight train and wonder why the stone appeared to curve and hit well back of where you aimed?)

It was determined that the car was traveling 11.2 M.P.H. 16,426 feet per second. The distance the fatal shot traveled was 265.3 feet. The average velocity of the bullet computes to 2,014 feet per second. Dividing the distance by the bullet velocity gives the time interval the bullet was in flight, .1317 seconds. This multiplied by the car velocity gives the distance the car moved in the time the bullet left the muzzle and reached the car, 2.163 feet (Roughly two feet, two inches.) Using simple plane geometry, correlating the relevant factors, angle of fire, distance between and relative heights of the heads involved, discloses that when the trigger was squeezed, the cross hairs were focused on the

of a different man; a man sitting just ahead of the President; a man who, about two years before, had received a threatening letter from an embittered ex-Marine concerning a dishonorable discharge. (A witness riding in the car behind testified that "The President was directly behind the Governor." (Governor John B. Connally of Texas, sitting in the jump seat.) Further proof is that the bullet that went through the right side of Kennedy's neck struck Connally in the right side of his back and as was noted by the Governor, "Exited about two inches toward the center of the body from the right nipple of my chest.")

Some day a few of you hunters who are reading this may have the opportunity to experience a shot similar to this one. Maybe you'll be on a ridge when a deer bounds away below or on a high bank when a duck takes off from the edge of a marsh. When (the chances are good) you rump shoot your deer or rattle the water behind your duck, you might become curious about this particular shot. If that deer is about 265 feet away and you're shooting down hill with a rifle that has a muzzle velocity of about 2,160 feet per second, here's what you must take in your account:

1. If your rifle is sighted in (level) at 265 feet and you're shooting down at a 15 degree angle, to hit your point of aim (if your deer is standing still) you have to hold three or four inches low.

2. If, however, your deer is moving away at 11.2 M.P.H., it gets involved. As Mr. Newton set forth, "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." What happens to the upward motion of your barrel when you apply counter-acting pressure on the trigger? Human coordination also enters in. Your brain is heavily burdened for a few seconds transmitting messages:

"Keep your sights in good focus!"

"Keep the proper lead."

"Keep the vertical hair on target."

"Keep that barrel coming up."

"Hurry up, he's getting away!"

"Up-up, over a little, now don't spoil it by jerking."

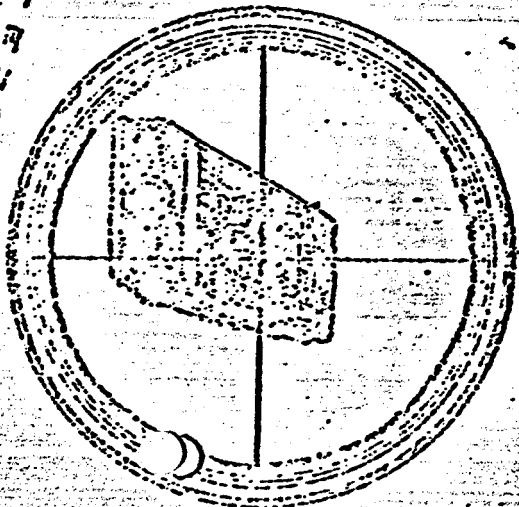
"Okay, now a nice smooth trigger s-q-u-e-e-z-e . . . bang!"

If you did it right, a clean kill. If you missed, chances are the message to the other arm, "Keep that barrel moving upward" failed to

getting through. You slowed up or stopped your upswing for a fraction of a second while concentrating on a good trigger action. Every tenth of a second that deer loping along at 11.2 M.P.H. will have moved 19.7 inches.

Analytical reasoning necessitates careful examination of every relevant detail. Assuming nothing. When putting together a mystery puzzle, the first place you look for is the motive. This piece we've had. What might have gone wrong and why; how this could explain the killer's frenzied flight falls into place. Marina Oswald's intuitive feeling that led her to believe that her husband, "Was shooting at Connally rather than President Kennedy" fits in. In all of the biographical material compiled on Oswald, is there one statement recorded suggesting that he disliked Kennedy? True, he was never overheard expressing resentment concerning his discharge, but would any man be likely to discuss with anyone something as debasing to his character as a bad discharge? Is it not conceivable that this irrational thinking person, having lived in frustration since childhood, could have decided that, "Someone is going to pay for my

OSWALD'S VIEW
AS FATAL
SHOT WAS
FIRED?



OSWALD WAS SO CLOSE TO THE TARGET

276.67 feet

210.4 feet

265.3 feet

OSWALD'S VIEW
AS FATAL
SHOT WAS
FIRED?

25.5

1 (STONE ON STREET)

APPROX. 2 feet

OSWALD'S VIEW

OSWALD'S VIEW

OSWALD'S VIEW

OSWALD'S VIEW

OSWALD'S VIEW

RELATIVE VIEWING ANGLES FROM ONE

RELATIVELY SHOWN IN ONE VISIBILITY
OF A SECOND SEQUENCE

LINE OF SIGHT AS TO

400 feet

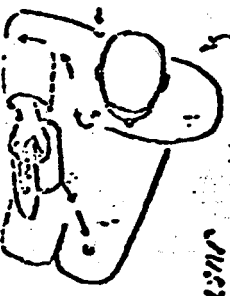
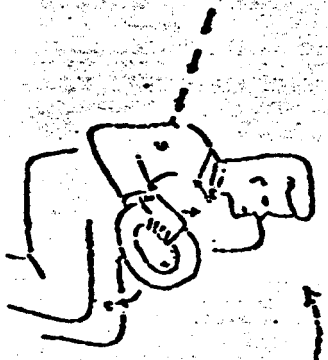
550 feet

137.65 feet

TO THESE WHO ARGUE THAT COMMONLY
WAS HIT WITH A SEPARATE BULLET (BY AN
ACCIDENT) AS HE WAS IN THIS POSITION

AS RELATIVELY VIEWED
FROM ABOVE

JUST ONE QUESTION



WAS ANSWERED
EVIDENCE
GIVEN

misery"? Although the man he could have selected, the man whose head the cross hairs focused in on, was in no way responsible for this stamp of ignominy nor in the position to remove it, had he not been asked and was he not within convenient range?

Many authors have published their versions concerning the death of our 35th President. I've read a half-a-dozen of these. The first book published, a carefully compiled report of only the known and substantiated facts, is the one I have used for reference. Some of the subsequent books have rebuked and challenged this report. I endorse a man's right to print what he thinks. However, I endorse even stronger a man's duty to adhere to truth. Way-out, imagin^g mystery novels are good reading and hurt no one as long as they stick to fictional characters. But, to hypothesize and suggest that a man or men conspired to kill another and to do this without one honest shred of substantiated evidence is not right. Their implications say, "John F. Kennedy, in word or deed, did something that caused someone to hate him." I resent this.

Perhaps someday a military commander who respects the memory of President Kennedy will take the trouble to illustrate what happened. This will involve letting a group of military trained riflemen shoot at a simulated moving target. I could suggest he set up a couple of silhouettes representing Connally and Kennedy, putting the bull's-eye on the one in front. None of these riflemen will have reason to be embarrassed. All of them will hit about the same distance back from their point of aim. I think this would have a good effect on the morale of the Country. There's been a lot of needless distrust and suspicion stirred up concerning President Kennedy's death.

A few words to two U of M engineering students, several civil engineer friends, a professor of science acquaintance, and many well-qualified friends who were interested and concerned. Thanks for the appreciated help, I needed it. The Skipper also sends down his thanks. When the Man upstairs tapped him on the shoulder and said, "It's your turn, Jack, are you ready?" He was sad, he'd planned on staying around a little longer. He knew, however, he

was beyond his authority to challenge the decree of the Almighty and he replied, "If you say so, but could I ask when, how and, most important . . . why?" The omniscient Voice answered,

"Son, just a short ways ahead, around a bend in the road. Death will be quick and merciful with but a few seconds of pain involved. Why? Rest assured, you've done your best for your fellow man. You will be well and long remembered. You're leaving behind a family who loves you dearly, friends who have deep respect for your courage and ability, and millions of others who were fond of you and were at ease during the months your steady hands commanded the helm. They will all miss you. No one will ever harbor any hatred in their heart toward you, Mr. President. You've never given anyone reason to wish you dead. Death will come as a result of an inadvertent miscalculation. A mixed-up, vindictive person who has ignored My teachings is waiting in a building just ahead. It's a long story. I'll explain it to you later."

"Alright, Sir," he replied, "I'm ready."

The Suppositions

1: Oswald Intended to Kill Kennedy?

- (A) What was his motive?
- (B) Did he have an analytical mind?
- (C) Was he versed with time and motion problems?
- (D) Was he experienced in shooting at moving targets?
- (E) How was his skill as a hunter?
- (F) Did he have the equanimity of an experienced killer?
- (G) Did he, when the suspenseful, climatic moment of action arrived, calmly line up the cross hairs correctly knowing that the bullet and Kennedy's head would rendezvous at that predestined point of aim?
- (H) Did he know beforehand how fast the car would be traveling?
- (I) Supposing you suddenly found yourself witnessing a violent scene: A beaver killer is chasing an unarmed man with a knife. You have a rifle. The factors are such that to hit the killer, you must zero in

2. Oswald Intended to Kill Both Kennedy and Connally?

- (A) What were the motives?
- (B) Did Oswald aim again after Kennedy slumped from view?
- (C) Was not Connally still visible after Kennedy slumped?
- (D) Why was a live cartridge still in the chamber?
(The distance the average rifleman is found to shoot behind his point of aim at the distance Kennedy and Connally were both wounded might shed some light on this supposition.)

3. There Was a Conspiracy to Kill Kennedy?

- (A) What was their motive?
- (B) Was Oswald the type of individual others would involve in a plot of this consequence?
- (C) Was he ever seen conversing with unknown persons?
- (D) Did he ever receive any unexplained phone calls at his rooming house? Any unexplained mail? Visitors

(G) If this bullet did strike a bone or something else in the Governor's body, why wasn't the bullet that was found deformed? (They better check that X-ray machine that showed no bone damage in Connolly's chest. Sounds like a malfunction somewhere.)

(F) (That stands for fallibility.) Why do some men take the American public to be so gullible and stupid?

4. Oswald was involved with others in a conspiracy to kill Connolly?

5. Oswald acted alone and his intention was to kill Connolly?

There's one last little piece of the puzzle I'd like to mention. Haven't found which way to turn it to make it fit. Some psychologists will fit it in. Supposing someone accidentally bashed in your car. You catch him near the accident, the paint on his bumper matches paint on your crumpled fender. What would be the normal reactor to this situation? Would it be, despite the convicting evidence, to let it? Or, would the normal rationalizing response be something like "Yeh, well, so what? The insurance company will put you on another fender in a couple of days."

in not much time for comprehensive questioning of
... was fatally shot. 'Naturally' he denied any
... killing Kennedy or wounding Connally, but one
... Over when Dallas Police Captain, J. W. Fitz
... had been killed, Oswald's response was
... "He said people will forget that within a few days
... I am another president."

... interpret this evasive response in words that we

...