

Foreword

This is a first-person book because today that is the only way I can document it, and it does require documentation. Unusual documentation, documentation that makes it Specter against Specter. It is a strange position for me to be in because, as the result of about a dozen lawsuits against the government, mostly against the Department of Justice and its Federal Bureau of Investigation under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), I obtained about a third of a million assassination and assassination-related pages of government records that had been kept secret.

But the years take their toll.

Persistent government dishonesties and completely false claims to "national security" and judges afraid of the FBI or afraid that disclosure of what the law says: The people are entitled to know what their government does and other really irrelevant fears exploited by the government that first invented those fears. They were not real but they made using FOIA to obtain JFK assassination records largely a waste of time.

For some years, until the FBI's and other blatant dishonesties triggered the Congress to return the law to what it was intended to be, a means for the people to learn what their government did.

After I again began trying to use FOIA, more than 25 years ago, beginning in early 1980, my doctors expected me to die -- three different times -- I had to rethink what I could do to continue to make a factual rather than a so-called "theoretical" record for our history. I had this obligation for a number of reasons. The one I here cite is the credentials the FBI gave me with the courts stymied by the FBI's perpetual perjury, I decided to go head-to-head with it and lo! The FBI blinked!

I could have given the federal court my charge in the form of an immune lawyer's filing but instead; I put myself under oath and made that unequivocal charge. That made me subject to a perjury charge if I lied.

This meant that before that court, either the FBI or I was a perjurer, or a felon, perjury being a felony. It also meant that the Department of Justice, which was also the FBI's counsel, could charge me

with perjury – if I lied. But instead it told that court that I "could make such claims (sic) ad infinitum" because I am "more familiar with events surrounding the investigation of President Kennedy's assassination than anyone now employed by the FBI." (Civil Action 75-0226).

With even less than that assassination knowledge – and this fabrications by those who imagine themselves Sherlock reborn, concoctions that are dignified by referring to them as "theories," which they are not – I had to find some way of making that knowledge available to all.

At our ages my wife and I could not continue being the country's smallest publishers, which we had to become in order to get the first book on the Warren Commission and the JFK assassination published. It stunned me that the first book on a crime of such magnitude got more than a hundred rejections, without a single adverse editorial opinion.

For all the respected pundits, scholars, historians and other forms of professional and journalistic brilliance in this big land, to the best of my knowledge, not one of these geniuses, not one of that multitude of geniuses, not a single one of the many newspapers which consider themselves omniscient and look down on deprecate others, told the people what the assassination of any president is, besides a murder. In this country, in our society, is a de facto coup d'etat.

I believe I was alone until a few, very few, friend agreed and say it.

An impartial comparison of Kennedy and Johnson and of their policies and administrations discloses that there were great and violent differences. Even though Johnson became President only because Kennedy selected him as his vice president. One of the major factors in that decision was Kennedy's certain knowledge that Johnson and some of policies that were not Kennedy's policies. Johnson appealed to a different part of the electorate. Johnson appealed to those to whom Kennedy did not.

After, the Cuba missile crisis of October 1962 Kennedy the hawk changed radically. In that unprecedented crisis in which the world could have been incinerated he became a dove, Johnson became even more of a hawk. This happened to be what his wealthiest backers wanted and which many got richer from.

But the grim, the very anti-American refusal of any publisher to consider publishing the first and both factual and accurate book on so subversive and costly a crime is the very disturbing and grim reality I then faced.

That book, *Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report*, remains the basic book on fact of the assassination.

(It was completed the middle of February, 1965, five months after the Report appeared and two months after the Report's appendix of 26 large volumes appeared. In the 35 years since then I have not received a single phone call or letter from those on and of the Commission complaining that I had been unfair or inaccurate in what I wrote about him. Not from Specter in particular. About whom I was more severely critical than of any other.

The most conservative of the Commission's members, Senator Richard B. Russell from Georgia, encouraged me until his dying day. He told me that he regretted not being able to help me. He was then suffering emphysema, a terminal illness. There is a fuller account in one of the manuscripts I have written as a record for our history, *Senator Russell Dissents*. It is also included in the lengthy manuscript I have written about Norman Mailer's indecent attempt to exploit and commercialize the great tragedy of the de facto coup d'etat, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

I also was old, weak and ill and I wondered how I could continue this work.

But in 1992 the shameful debasing of a large and respected magazine, the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, which published a series of disgraceful fictions about the President's autopsy, showed me what I could do to make some of the information I had available, by writing book-length manuscripts. I would not at first edit and then print. But I did make them available to authentic scholars and to others.

Several are and have been used by them in their own work, in books and in shorter writings, in their appearances before scholarly organizations and in teaching.

Two were published by accident. The first, *Case Open*, exposed the dishonesties in Gerald Posner's *Case Closed*. Any trash that is written to support the official assassination mythology has a good chance of being published but not what exposes that fiction for what it is.

My manuscript was about eight hundred pages long. What remained after it was butchered before publication in 1995 was 178 pages. I agreed to the publication of this wreckage because that remnant would inform some people and the full book remains for scholars of the future. Fact is that the flimsy remnant, without any review copies being distributed, without an ad or any kind of publisher promotion, sold out rapidly yet was not reprinted. I wondered what led the publisher to publish a book he made none of the basic efforts to sell.

However, in the book I wrote severely about Posner and the dishonesties of his mistitled book. I referred to him, among other things, as a shyster and as a plagiarist and I documented my criticisms.

He spent three days here making what copies he wanted of all my records. But I never heard from him after I exposed him and his whoring with history, his commercializing a false account of the assassination. That, of course, made him welcome to publishers anxious to do the government a favor from which they might in the future benefit.

Despite the severity of my criticism of Posner, he was not able even to make a pro forma denial. It was all factual.

However, when his book was reprinted in paperback, he eliminated the grossest, the most blatant and the most effective of plagiarisms. He also omitted his thanks to me for the help and hundreds of documents he got here.

And before long, he came out with another of his whorings with history, his effort to validate the completely false – the impossible – officially claimed “solution” to the assassination of the black preacher and Nobel laureate with a world-wide reputation, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

It happened that I was the accused assassin's, James Earl Ray's, investigator in an effort to make the legal system work, by getting him a trial. I did the investigation for the *habeas corpus* effort, which succeeded, and I did the investigating for the two weeks of evidentiary hearings in the federal court in

Memphis, TN. It was predestined that it would fail. But the unrefuted record we made did exculpate Ray. We proved that with the official evidence. We proved that Ray could not have been the assassin.

I have a copy of the official stenographic transcript of those two weeks of hearings and with them I proved that Posner did whore with our history, using fabrications instead of the official evidence.

Which he knew I had and he could have had, could have copied and owned and used.

Whoring with History is the title of the manuscript I did on Posner's *Killing the Dream*.

In not much more than five years, I had about thirty book-length manuscripts of factual analysis and comment on the books of the extreme right and left. I was and remain the only man in the middle. Then I got pneumonia. I recovered from it rapidly but the local hospital sent me to a nursing home, saying it was a medical necessity. Too late, I learned it was not. That "home" never discharged me and I could not just walk out because I had to assume that the hospital had a reason even though they had not shared it with me. However, after three months I learned there was and had been no reason and I then discharged myself.

Then I found that our home had been entered at least three times and that the over-stuffed file drawers in my office were no longer overstuffed, that much had been taken from the seven four-drawer file cabinets and I know that files are also missing from them.

Years ago, I had made an agreement with an excellent small local college, Hood College, for it to get all my work in return for preserving it as a public archive, with all having access to it. So when I asked Hood College to take at least the file cabinets in our basement, those holding all the great volume of government records, mostly those of the FBI, and also a great volume of my own work, of my research and writing and of all those FOIA lawsuits, it did that. Moving all those records took two trips with a large commercial moving van. Hood College has them in a secure room adjacent to a researcher's study and anteroom on the fourth floor of its Hodson Library building.

Those who did the robbing also helped themselves to some of these books that are my records for history.

The hundreds of thousands of pages in our basement helped me very little because I have no helper and it has not been safe for me to use the stairs to the basement since 1993. Now those records are safe and soon will be accessible to everyone.

As I write this rough draft, I am eight-seven years old and, hopefully, in less than three months, I'll be eighty-eight.

But the result of this document thievery is that I no longer have records, mine as well as those of the government. I will be unable to search for them, as have hundreds have over the years. Those who would use them over the succeeding years will also be unable to read or get copies, too.

I am also missing some of the books for history's record that were boxed in my office and elsewhere on bookshelves. How many were taken, I do not know but the spaces in which they were are now largely empty.

However, they and the books I printed were all based entirely on the official records and the Commission's Report and its published appendix of twenty-six large volumes of an officially estimated ten million words. To the best of my knowledge, mine are the only printed books that come from the official records only, with no so-called "theories" which are not that at all. I used them extensively in what I printed, with a large number of them in facsimile. It is on these records that I will base my comments and criticisms of the book by Senator Arlen Specter and his flack. It has the utterly inappropriate title that proclaimed that Specter allegedly had and has a *Passion for Truth*.

When I heard his title, before I saw his book, that title reminded me of former New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's book. As with Specter, I had much knowledge of Garrison and his work.

Garrison titled his book *On the Trail of the Assassins*. To my knowledge, that is one trail Garrison never took.

Here we will see whether the passion Specter says he has is for truth. Specter's title *Passion for Truth* (William Morrow, New York, 2000). And his book is to record and report his *passion*.

Aside from the fact that all of my printed books are unique in being based entirely on the official assassination records many of which I rescued from their official hiding, from all those FOIA lawsuits

(listed on pages 461-463 of my *Never Again*) and what I obtained from them, I also did some investigating in New Orleans and in Dallas. Most of that investigating was checking on the official records. Most of my interest in New Orleans was about Oswald and I did learn more about him. My interest in Dallas was much wider. It included interviewing several of the doctors who did all they could do to try and save the President who, for all practical purposes was dead in Dealey Plaza.

FBI corruption and other dishonesties, including the omnipresent perjury, its record in my earlier FOIA lawsuits, were called to the attention of the Congress. Not by me. I do not know by whom but I believe it was some of Ralph Nader's people. The earlier form of the lawsuits in which the FBI got away by, in effect, saying that it should not be punished for its perjury, felonies, because I knew more about the Kennedy assassination and surrounding events (Civil Action 75-226) is credited by the Congress with leading to the decision to pass the 1974 amendment to the Freedom of Information Act. The Congress saw the perjury as a violation of the original Act. The amendment restored the original intent (*Congressional Record*, May 30, 1974, page S 9336). It was almost as though the Congress was amending the law so I could re-file my suit.

Which I then did. My lawyer, Jim Lesar, was the first at a federal district court, in Washington, the morning of the day the amendments became effective. He wanted to file the first lawsuit under the amended act and he did.

This validation of criticism of the official account of the assassination that was a de facto coup d'etat did not change the intense prejudice of the media and many politicians in their determined opposition to any criticism of the false Report and in their belittling of the critics some of whom did the work that was really work that the media and the politicians should have done and none did.

All of the media failed, failed their country and failed themselves.

If this sounds extreme, wait until you have finished reading this book. There will be here, for the first time unless those to whom I have given copies publish them first, documentation of the most awful agreement in a country like ours, not to investigate the crime of the assassination, made as soon as Oswald was killed and it was known that with Oswald officially the only assassin, there would be no trial.

This agreement was on the highest level and not a word in the part of the documents that will be published in this had any truth in it.

As none of the media told the people.

This and more like it were not included in Specter's *passion for truth*. Yet most if not all the documents that appear in what follows were available to him. Getting them was a struggle for me but if his Commission did not have some of them, and some it did not have, that was because it did not want them.

And its diligent investigators, which is how Specter described himself, did not ask for them either.

This as well as much of what follows may appear to be strong, perhaps unfair or exaggerated to some so before they get to the documentation of a word about me and the experience that I used in the private, unofficial inquiry that had no official help. Largely a lone inquiry in which I met and was to a degree helped by many fine people, too many to name and at 87 and after all I've been through, more than I could possibly remember.

Like Specter, I am a first generation American. I am the first member of my family, going back to Adam and Eve so to speak, born into freedom and, unlike Specter, as we will see, I believe that, in Frost's words, that gave me "promises to keep."

As I believe I kept those promises with my work on the political assassinations on the 1960's, those assassinations that turned this country and the world around.

Some of my experience did help. I was a reporter, an investigative reporter, an investigator for the United States Senate and then a Senate committee editor, and in World War II, I was an analyst for the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the forerunner of the CIA. I was also used as a trouble-shooter by the OSS, beginning with my first assignment, to see what could be done for a crew of soldiers the OSS was going to parachute behind Nazi lines in France when they were convicted after a scrap they had with the militray police. The head of the OSS, General William *Wild Bill* Donovan, believed that although the

appeals made for those men who had volunteered for an assignment they'd be lucky to survive had all failed and they were serving time, that they were not guilty.

My assignment to that awaited my security clearance. Once I was cleared I undertook that assignment. Six weeks later, based on what I did, those men were free and, in the OSS headquarters and some of the components, when others had failed those jobs were referred to me. I am happy to be able to remember that I failed in none, including one for the White House.

Beginning with my first book that was completed about five months after the Warren Report was published and continuing through all ten of my printed books, I did not have any complaint from any of those of whom I wrote so critically, that I had been unfair or inaccurate in what I wrote about them.

Not then and not ever.

During all that FOIA litigation, the Department of Justice and the FBI, who I was suing, even talked a federal judge into appointing me their consultant because they allegedly needed *my* knowledge!

I never thought that in this country a plaintiff could be put to work helping the defendant, but that did happen and the Department of Justice, which provided counsel in that litigation, assured the judge it was necessary for them to be able to comply and she agreed with them! (Civil Action 75-1996)

So I worked for the Department of Justice for the second time. The first time was when it borrowed me from the Senate to assist in one of the more sensational cases of the 1930's, in a case in which the defendant's came from what was then known as *Bloody Harlan* county, Kentucky and its coal area.

The assassination of any President is the most serious and subversive a crime. The people expect, and have a right to expect, as thorough an investigation and as definitive and dependable an investigation of it as is possible. As my unrefuted work leaves without any question at all, there never was any real investigation of that crime and none was intended. Documentation of this follows.

Despite what Specter says in his book.

The closest thing to an investigation, contrary to what Specter says, was a failed effort outside the official propaganda that was touted as an investigation, to make it appear that Oswald was the lone assassin.

To a large degree, the proofs I am able to retrieve and present herein were created by Specter.

Here he will speak in his real voice, not as he speaks in his book.

As Specter and his flack wrote his book, Specter is a hero in almost all he says and does, especially on the Warren Commission. What he was on the Warren Commission is in sufficient detail for the reader to decide what he then was and what his account of it is.

He is well-known to the major media of Pennsylvania, particularly of Philadelphia, where he lives. Two days before the JFK assassination anniversary the largest and most influential Pennsylvania newspaper, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* ran a long story on Specter by Peter Nicholas of its Washington Bureau. It had a headline across the entire top of page 10, *Specter in Spotlight Again Amid Election Controversy*. This referred to the dispute over the counting and not counting of votes in the presidential election in Florida and to Specter's successful efforts to yet public attention in that controversy.

The subhead reads, *After Two Kennedy Assassinations, During the Hearings on Clarence Thomas-- He Was There*. (Note the long dash in the heading).

Nicholas says Specter is a publicity-seeker. His more polite words, which means this are, "In the span of a 20 year. Senate career, Specter has been a magnet for publicity of all sorts."

He was not referring to what is usual and is not wrong for those in elective political jobs.

But in situations that are created just for the publicity they create, a public need is not served. The public also should be able to believe that all these publicity-seeking efforts are dependable, truthful not just the grabbing of attention.

Shortly after that Florida fiasco had settled down a man who had a wealthy man who had left the country to avoid prosecution was pardoned by Clinton in virtually the last minute. The Republicans launched a campaign to wipe that pardon out, claiming that Marc Rich had bought his pardon with his large donation to Clinton and another large donation to the Democratic National Committee. *NBC*, for

the first half hour of the *Today* show of February 14, featured Specter who, most of the time, sought to present himself as a Senator who wanted more information. When asked about something he said that was his opinion, he was asked why that should get attention, why it should be believed.

Straight-faced, no visible special expression as he replied, well, *there is always my record for integrity.*

Indeed, there is! And it is examined in this book as it has never *been examined before.*

The part about his heroic service to the Warren Commission.

The first publicity item in the subhead on the Nicolas story is the Kennedy assassination. We examine that, although in much less detail than is possible, in what follows.

The last item in that subhead refers to what Specter did to the lady law professor, Anna Hill. That made Clarence Thomas a justice of the Supreme Court, a position for which he was widely regarded as unsuited. In Ms. Hill's reluctant testimony, she included the allegation that Thomas used pornographic home movies. Those kinds of films were then just beginning to be available in the sources of rented home movies. Specter pilloried Hill in questioning of her, seeking to make her appear to be dishonest, to have made her testimony about Thomas up, that it was untrue. The venom with which he did that got Thomas approved, first by Specter's committee and then by the Senate.

But in this Specter made no investigation at all, investigating being one of his claims to fame. He says in his book.

Specter had almost no work to do to have a dependable investigation.

The FBI conducts investigations of nominees.

But neither Specter nor his committee asked the FBI to conduct any such investigation of Thomas. Indeed, there then were so few places that rented such films that the investigation could have been conducted by phone, asking, using the title of the film, *did you rent [the title of the film] to Clarence Thomas?*

With the question of truthfulness, certainly a prerequisite for a nominee for the Supreme Court, the minimum required was an investigation of Thomas' truthfulness in denying he had and used such films.

But hotshot investigator Specter, for all his experiences as assistant district attorney in Philadelphia and then as its district attorney made no such investigation at all. Nor did he ask for one. He did better with his assault on Hill, getting much national attention for it because in addition to the extensive newspaper coverage, it was telecast live from coast to coast.

Specter's was a service to the Republican president who nominated Thomas and to all those who do not regard women as equals or who do not like them in relatively high offices.

With approved Supreme Court nominees serving for the length of their lives and with Thomas very young for such an appointment, Specter's failure to do what he boasts in his book as being so great at and so determined to do it when needed, his failure to do the minimum his responsibilities then required in conspicuous. If possible, a determined and dependable investigation.

If, as we now, thanks to Specter, have no way of knowing, Thomas was not truthful, then the responsibility for having a liar on the Supreme Court, with all the prejudice that can be expected for that, is Specter's.

And, Thomas may set a record for the length of Supreme Court service.

Or, a liar sitting in judgement?

The Kennedy assassination, meaning Specter's account of his importance in the supposed investigation of it and in the Report on it by what was known as the Warren Commission, is one of the five parts of Specter's *Passion for Truth*.

It is the only part we examine herein and, when I began in the belief that I could address all that I believed required being addressing, I soon learned that was too lengthy and not necessary for people to make, their own judgements of Specter and of his book.

And, of course, of his integrity.

His Passion

And his Truth.

But in preparing to write this book, I began by highlighting what I believed warranted attention, particularly for truthfulness, the holiness Specter stakes out for himself in this book. So, in addition to this record for our history that this book-length manuscript is, there is another record, the Xeroxes of all the individual pages of this book, stapled by chapter. That I was able to handle and highlight better than I could the book. For me a heavy book of 576 pages. One of the blood and circulatory problems I have makes me vulnerable to skin tearing and bleeding. This has happened fairly often at the beginning when my weak hold on a large book let it slip and tear my forearm for about two inches and after the bleeding stopped, that sore took as much as two months to heal.

It is for this reason that my highlighting was on Xeroxes of each chapter and part of a part. That highlighting exists as a guide to others telling them that the underlining was because I found something wrong, mostly unfactual about what was highlighted.

In the text I refer to robberies of my records, official records and my own work. That included copies of some of these books that I have been writing to leave a better record for history of this assassination. Particularly because the assassination of any president is a de facto coup d'etat. I regret that these robberies appear to be aided by the electronic surveillance of my home, including of my office.

It has not been safe for me to use the stairs to our cellar since early 1993 and I have not been there since then, since the last of my falls in going there. So I have used odds and ends of space in the house not the its cellar, for documents and books and these book manuscripts.

Just before beginning this book, a representative of the Hood College information office was here, with my long-time friend, Gerald McKnight, who had just retired from head of Hood's history department. He is familiar with my work and its filing. The Hood interest was in what it might use as representative of the archive when official announcement of its opening is made. I had suggested what is referred to in the text as the Katzenbach memorandum and related documentation as an example of what is unique in our history. All those records were in my office. They were on my desk and in several

cardboard boxes that could hold file folders, about three inches of them. Two weeks later, when McKnight wanted to see some that for years I had kept on my desk to be convenient for those who came to learn more about the JFK assassination, we were astounded to see that they were gone! We then searched the other places where the relevant records were in the only space available when I obtained them, in one of those boxes.

They were all gone!

The only way I knew for anyone making a hurried robbery to be able to pinpoint those records is by having heard our discussion in which I pointed them out. I was able to replace almost all of them from copies I had provided to others.

Then, on a day I had medical appointments at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and my wife and the woman who care for us part-time were also away for a large part of the day, we were robbed again and those replacement copies were stolen. Again the only apparent way that anyone could know we would be away that day and could know where to look for those records, indeed, for anyone to know that I had replaced most of them, was having heard where they had been and by examining the stacks on my desk.

We live on the side of a mountain, near its base, and in woods. We have only a few neighbors and only one of them might be able to see uninvited visitors but both man and wife work away from home and could not see any when they were here.

Being so heavily limited by my doctors and my physical conditions and by my age plus being robbed of documentation for a book I was writing are not the usual handicaps of most writers. These situations provide their own additional considerations and concerns during the writing and, probably additional problems that do not help the writing. However, they alone do not account for the roughness of this writing.

Without these unusual handicaps my writing would be rough because it is hurried so that I can get as much on paper as is possible for me now. It may not be used by those who want this part of our history to be correct and fully understood by our people. But if it is not on paper it cannot be used if there comes

the interest in the subject that the nation requires and must understand to prevent such dangerous, such subversive adventures from being inflicted on us again.

So, for me, getting it on paper is more important now than polishing what is on paper.

We now do not know how many of these books (records for history) there are because, with speed my consideration, and I made no list. The copies themselves constitute our list. So, we have no way of knowing what was stolen. However, those we can now account for are no more than one friend told me he had or knew about four or five years ago.

The title of Specter's book is *Passion for Truth*. Whether it is an appropriate title for the book can best be judged after reading it. It should be a safe assumption that Specter does not give these simple, every-day words any special meanings. To help in deciding this, there is what the thesaurus says about them:

passion: violence 17n; vigor 571n; affectations 817n; warm feeling 818n; excitable state 822n; suffering 825n; desire 859n; love 887n; anger 891n;

passionate: fervent 818adj; excitable 822adj; loving 887adj; irascible 892adj;

truth: demonstration 478n; truth 494n; maxim 496n; probity 929n; oxfordoxy 976n

truthful: true 494adj; veracious 540adj; trustworthy 929adj

This foreword would not be complete if I did not include my belief that, for all the many and justified criticism of our governments, this remains the one country in the world in which I could have survived doing that and be able to continue it after thirty-five years of exposing it and its people who are named.

Compare this with Great Britain. There the Official Secrets law would have done me in.

Governments are people and people err.

Exposing that error becomes a duty for those who can do it. Our Founding Fathers gave us that duty and they sought to protect us when we did what they wanted done.