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Thu 9-08-77

Harold Weisberg:

Have you published since Post Mortem?

Ray escaped immediately after three TV showings within 24 hours on June 9 and 10. Captured on the 13th, you were on ABC Good Morning America on the 15th.

You fielded Steve Bell's despicable preprepared disruptions quite well. What's in it for you, you scavenger? Preprepared script.

On Aug 30 Bell's substitute, Tom Jerrold (sp?) ran head on into Willem Oltmans.

"Am I being interviewed, or are you making a speech?"

"When I came on your ABC show last March, the next day George de Mohrenschildt agreed to testify before the House committee and the same day he was killed."

"I just gave you a very important piece of information, and instead of following up on it you read another question from your prepared text."

"Everybody is petrified, and for very good reason. I told how I brought de Mohrenschildt up to the point of agreeing to testify and he was instantly killed. Do you think I want to be dead before my 11:00 o'clock press conference?"

"Everybody is petrified. Onassis had commissioned a thorough investigation, so they killed his son and Onassis stopped, very quickly."

Wish rd taped it. Inquisition, not interview. I'll send you a copy of 9-22-77 TCI (Penn Jones) with my own petrification displayed.

-Your fan,

Art Cherry

8-22-77

Henry Morgan was blacklisted, driven from the country, and imaginatively pushed around for quipping that "any man with ambition, integrity--and ten million dollars--can start a newspaper." Uncowed, he's back now--one of many hopeful signs.

Even the superrich can be quickly overcome when caught flirting with the truth. Several NYC ventures, most notably "PM," attest to that verity. Marshall Field III easily could have gone on forever if not gently and not so gently dissuaded by his social set peers.

"Friday," an antidote to slick Luce poisons, cost Dan Gillmor a cool million--all he could afford.

Like Field, Ed Keating could have gone on forever with Ramparts, so they simply took it away from him in a sophisticated operation.

Don't count on conscience-stricken unearned money, just "ambition, integrity"--and a shoestring. Mom & Pop shoestrings seem to work the best.

George Seldes and his wife won a million faithful with 521 issues of "In fact," a two-cent shoestring. Despite support from the president and vice president, cabinet and Supreme Court members, and very powerful senators, "In fact" was totally blacked out in the omnipotent American press.

Ralph Nader told Seldes, now in his 87th year, how he had stumbled on a dusty pile of old issues in a library closet during his freshman year in high school. "It was the moral equivalent of finding a lost treasure," said Nader. Immortality can be reality when extended to the living.

Inspired by Seldes, I. F. Stone and his wife survived their best shots for many years, prevailing today as an unfettered voice on the most prestigious New York Review of Books. "Ambition, integrity, and a shoestring" can be effective--although Stone had to go to England to publish his "Hidden History of the Korean War."

Cedric Belfrage lost incipient American citizenship when called to direct the denazification program in the British zone. He and James Aronson, the U.S. director, were overcome by the Gehlen Org and John McCloy (Warren Commission) so they simply pooled their talents and shoestrings the National Guardian as an antidote to Rocky's nazification of the American press. It thrives today under a confusing palace coup new left reorientation.

The exiled Belfrage was not allowed to attend scheduled testimonials to his last book, "The American Inquisition, 1945-1960," a couple of years ago. It will be even harder to keep him out this time, for the Aronson-Belfrage history of their history will be published by the Ivy League press of Columbia University. Watch for it.

Like Stone, Philip Agee had to go to the mother country to get his "CIA Diary" published. I got my first copy from Canada, hand delivered by an agent ludicrously disguised as a letter carrier with no other mail, not even a truck. He loped away, darting behind a car in a neighbor's driveway and simply disappeared. Magic.

Agee's book was ultimately picked up stateside despite their best shots and its ripples are causing tidalwaves on the seven seas.

Just four months before J. Edgar's "three shots rang out" in Dallas, an obscure weekly editor by the name of Penn Jones Jr. received the Elijah Parish Lovejoy Award for Courage in Journalism. Editor and Mrs. Jones supply us with the TCI bottom line: Ambition, integrity, a shoestring--and courage.

not hit either the limousine or its occupants. Since a bullet struck the curb injuring James Tague next to the railroad overpass, I can only assume this was another wild shot similar to the first one. It more or less corresponds to frame 250 of Zapruder's film.

Some investigators believe John Connally was struck much later than the former governor believes, despite his confusing testimony. He heard the first shot, then turned to his right to see the president. Failing at this, he began a turn to his left when the bullet struck, knocking him into his wife's arms. Examination of the Zapruder film confirms Connally's belief, which is illustrated by his dramatic change in posture beginning at frame 289. This is precisely where the fifth shot is heard, 7 seconds after the first one.

Frame 313 is absolutely chilling even without sound. When synchronized with the Dallas Police tape, truth is seen and heard. There were two shots to the head, fired from different locations in Dealey Plaza, striking Kennedy again almost simultaneously at frames 313 and 315. They even seemed to sound like numbers two and three. Just 1.4 seconds after John Connally was wounded, John F. Kennedy was dead.

The entire seven-shot sequence took 8.4 seconds (because of a very minor speed differences in the tape and my projector, a more accurate chronology is not possible). Although this is a longer time span than most theories suggest, it can be reasonably documented. Others with more sophisticated equipment can duplicate and improve upon my work. As private investigators have been saying to Warren Commission supporters for years, why do you demand new evidence? There's nothing wrong with the old!

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T C I

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

This unsigned letter by one of our friends is, in our opinion, a very important letter. Looking back over the years, we can now see that there had to be literally thousands of such encounters as the one outlined in this beautifully documented piece. Again, I apologize to my friends for being so backward or so slow in catching on to what was taking place.

As the writer says, they intended to keep it a secret. The military has the training, the discipline, the philosophy, the personnel and the finances to maintain the secret. When all is combined with the sniveling connivance of industry and the mass media--the combination is one hundred percent lethal.

We have had sufficiency of evidence beginning with November 22, 1963 to convince most everyone.

Thu 7-21-77

Penn Jones Jr.:

Hey! Tomorrow is publication date of TCI. I can hardly wait. That first class mailing definitely relieves the agony of anxiety.

You lamented on July 16 that you should have known the bastards were taking over despite victory in WWII. Penn, it was a secret!

Reinhard Gehlen didn't do it all by himself. He was serendipitous.

I'll try to reconstruct some four dates of personal experience:

1. November 1942.  
Eight Nazi generals of the German armistice commission to Vichy France's Morocco were turned over to Georgie Patton at the posh Miramar beach resort and casino at Fedala north of Casablanca.
2. December 1944.  
The Battle of the Bulge as viewed from Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, Zone of the Interior.
3. March 1945.  
Chicago as it looked to a combat engineer soldier.
4. April 1945.  
Little Dog Fala bursting from the house at Warm Springs and streaking as if possessed to mournfully howl on a hilltop.

1. November 1942.

Some of us thought we had a prize. Patton took them from laced-together shelter-halves behind barbed wire and fawned all over them as noble peers, comrades. He also fawned over the Sultan up at Rabat and the pronazi French. Shell Oil provided lavish offices atop a skyscraper in exotic Casablanca. Georgie lived the good life, but not in the headlines.

2. December 1944.

Genuine panic swept the Pentagon. Marshall & Co. were not to be denied. Nearly all of the entrenched station complements were swept out and to debarkation points instantly. The emergency logistics of control was a marvel to behold. Within two weeks familiar names began popping up on the daily casualty lists.

More importantly, in terms of TCI, there were some 40,000 Nazi POWs at Leonard Wood at the time. They were not just Good Germans, they were Nazis, fullblown, dyed in the brain. Many of us found the deference accorded them in precise chain of command order a bit shocking, but it afforded easy discipline. Also, it was flat out "orders."

Now hardly any of those arrogant beasts ever returned to the Fatherland, except to visit. Of course some were fitted into the Gehlen Org back home. What the hell, now that I think of it, they were ALL fitted into the Gehlen Org, most of them right here in the Zone of the Interior. An infrastructure right at hand, surely taken into consideration when we formally surrendered to Hitler's former head of Foreign Armies East -- Fremde Heere Ost. With their acquired stateside friendships and language acquisition it was another bit of serendipitous Gehlen luck; that is, Allen Dulles-Schroeder Bank luck.

3. March 1945.

On a 30-hour pass to Chicago my older sister inveigled me into a lengthy luncheon at the swanky Kungsholm restaurant. A regal stranger joined us. It had been pre-arranged, but as a stranger to both of us just a bit mysterious.

The stranger who had sought the rendezvous was a Midwest blueblood, with proper Ivy League credentials and all, a charter member of the Old Boy network. He was an oldtimer, going back to WWI Navy Intelligence, a founder and still a power in the shadowy Navy League. The regal no longer stranger advanced no clue as to my sister and me, but quickly made it clear that I was The Guy. I was to be recruited for a mission of service to my country.

No, thanks. I'm only an emergency civilian dogface. Just as soon as the lights

go back on all over the world, any contribution from me will be from an antimilitary viewpoint.

Well, that was the point. He wanted to talk about civilian life. Was it not true that Jews and Negroes and other lesser guys had all managed to avoid any contact with combat?

No. We were all in it together.

He refused to accept that and gave me a lawyer's pitch, trying to lead me into concessions that would reinforce his obsessive delusions.

Look, he said, you are young and intelligent. You can go far, but you'll never get anyplace unless you accept reality. You know damn well you never saw any niggers at the front; or Jews, either.

I replied that we had run battalion after battalion of Negro engineers through our mine warfare training. Right at that minute many of them were under fire. Mine warfare was not exactly a cushy assignment. Those guys might be working with mines for many years after the armistice. There were billions of them all over hell and gone.

Jews? Maybe some have been forced to develop survival instincts. Look what's been happening to them since 1933, and before. Aren't they more victim than culprit?

That's a bunch of hogwash, sheer propaganda. Don't you see?

So I recited the cleansweep and ongoing casualty lists since before Christmas. Hardly any of those guys happened to be Jewish. Lots of guys tended to gravitate into safely cushy jobs. The jobs were there. Most assignments were downright happenstance. In any event, Jews have no monopoly on gravitation.

Say! Why me? I'm obviously not the guy you're looking for.

I know all about you, he said. I'm in the Navy League!

No matter. We know what's going on. We have to, or "they" will take over. I'm not kidding!

Jesus! Someone must have mixed me up with someone else. You have the wrong guy. Sorry about that. We'll pay for our own lunches and drinks.

No! I don't have the wrong guy. You're just exactly the guy I'm looking for. You just have to mature a bit. I was radical in my youth, too. Everybody is that's worth his salt. You just have to mature a bit. You have to look to the future. Somebody is going to have to look after all those GIs who'll be coming home.

Pop! Suddenly, it dawned on me: Henry Cabot Lodge! I'd met him in passing in Tunisia, Colonel Lodge winning his Senatorial spurs with a combat record. On one of my trips to the Engineer Corps home base at Fort Belvoir a mysterious command came through that whisked me into the presence of Senator Lodge. It was my first exposure to the smarmy atmosphere of being treated as a VIP, but it is indeed heady stuff, wholly surrealistic.

Lodge was gracious and leisurely. How did I get into the landmine business? It is not a "business," but they tagged one officer and two noncoms from every combat engineer battalion in North Africa at the time -- to learn the business in Tripolitania. We got the business, alright. Those guys were experts.

Yes, I know, he said. (Cheese, he knew a lot more and was very well briefed on

nondescript little me.)

Those British, those Anzaacs: Did they try to convert you to their point of view--to socialism? No, but they seem to expect it. It's in their official orientations. It's accepted as a promise. Yes, I know, said Lodge. What was your quarrel with a briefing officer back in basic training?

(As if he didn't know.)

Well, the jerk was violating every one of our official tenets. He told us that Russia was the enemy. That certainly contradicted OWI and all official pronouncements. He said he was going to turn me in.

Yes, I know. It didn't hurt you, though, did it? No sir.

He led into it gradually. As a "returned GI" himself, Lodge had set up a subcommittee to look into that subject. He thought I could help--if I just matured a bit.

So there in Chicago, months later, it all flooded back. They hadn't given up on me. That Midwestern Old Boy had been given my scent and was holding the point, leg up.

We'll have to leave. I only have 30 hours, mostly on trains. He'd fix that. How about coming up to my place for dinner? Bring anyone you want. Bring your sisters and your mother? Okay? No, but thanks.

To conclude the March 1945 skit with the earlier but prescient Lodge episode, the Senator sent me a whole damn case of straight whiskey via Top Priority. It was the unobtainable I. W. Harper, so I was a certified social lion.

4. April 1945.

Someone was monitoring the arsenic course. They were ready when Fala began howling. Within days Leonard Wood had been invaded by stealthy Top Brass. It was all very very hush-hush. Something was up, but nobody was talking. Guys would be whisked away in the dead of night and return with their lips sealed.

My turn came. I was too junior, but had been holding down a job that called for a rank or two higher in the T.O. Gentlemen, there will be no questions. Is that clear? That's not a question (laughter). You have just over 24 hours to convert. All of your lessons plans are obsolete. As of 0600 tomorrow you will be Crowd Control Specialists.

I never learned whether there was any challenge in other briefings (omerta), but I stood up.

Sit down. No questions.

Frozen erect, trembling. This was brass, man, and you know how we were shaped into the disciplinary mold of military courtesy. Heads turned. All heads turned. Impasse.

Alright! Just what is it?

Sir: Where are we going to find the Crowds to Control? (Audible murmurs. Would they shoot me?)

That's a good question. I was just about to answer it (untrue). There will be all sorts of agitators out there stirring up "returning GIs." Full circle, to the bottom line.

T C I

8-24-77 Wed

## Underwriting human rights

Editor of the Times:

As the eyes and ears of a nation of dependent sheep, a herd of 300 editors and broadcasters gave a standing ovation around the Fourth of July to the latest fashions in human rights sheep's clothing on display in the seat of government.

Lansdale promoted human rights by mounting human heads on pikes to win hearts and minds in the Philippines. Scrupulous observance by the other side of the 1954 Geneva accords drove nearly a million to follow the virgin south into the embrace of Cardinal Spellman, with Lansdale providing the bounty for human heads and ears and for pouring sugar into gas tanks.

Casting covetous sheep's eyes at Castro's sugar, Lansdale proposed that Operation Mongoose win Cuban hearts and minds by launching human rights starshells from submarines to manifest the Second Coming (waggishly dubbed Elimination by Illumination).

Colby's Operation Phoenix arose out of ashes to restore human rights by paying bountiful rewards for extermination.

Photogenic, he was assigned to win Maj. Gen. Goldwater's heart and mind by displaying exotic health-altering gadgets on national television.

Daniel Schorr was

to  
Cyrus  
Spider  
Vance

Napalmed  
human  
cinders  
but this  
is family  
dinner  
fare

abruptly purged for recording Colby's threadbare sheep's clothing.

Colson forged cables to retroactively condemn President Kennedy to death. Liddy's Operation Intercept adapted McNamara's computerized electronic Slegfried line to the Mexican border.

When the Times carried detailed exposure of Arizona nakedness in full last March, over 500 drug-smuggling licensed pilots in Phoenix hastened to cloak their leader in Man of the Year sheepskins.

With the Gehlen Org in place, Brzezinski will restore human rights to oilfields once managed by the late George de Mohrenschildt's father.

The hearts and minds of 3,400 nuclear weapons scientists at Livermore are ecstatic as born-again Carter cuddles their long-denied neutron bomb as his very own cookie cutter, a quantum jump over Ford's Mayaguez daisy cutter.

Orwell's 1984 Newspeak, designed by British intelligence to "diminish the range of thought," presaged Carter's emphasis on a 1984 mandate.

Joseph Pulitzer's 1907 retirement credo just doesn't translate well into Newspeak. It comes out as somehow underwriting the human rights accruing from some \$3,400,000,000,000 in rapidly compounding domestic debt.

ARTHUR B. CHERRY,  
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The cui bono  
bottom line

Mankind, Crucified on a Cross of the Lord's Gold Entrusted to Old John D.

To: To whom it may, or not, concern, except as otherwise noted herein or Not Otherwise Indexed by Name hereinafter designated as NOIBN.

Of: Light writing for Labor Day 1984 typed in September 1977 as a Big Brother Bombast (BBB) boomerang.

1. 8-24-77 enclosure hits the Carter Christian Crusade (CCC) for Human Rights Horrors (HRH) accorded his royal humbug (hrh) a trained aide to Nazi General Reinhard Gehlen--Zbigniew Brzezinski--associate of the Rock of David's international trilateralized liberation of Iron Curtain natural resources such as oil but not limited thereto after loosening the greedy grasp of the enslaved natives with Cute Carter Cookie Cutters (CCCC) by Negating negative Neutrons normally (NnNn) with no disastrous Derrick damage (dDd) to destruct our way of life (owl). Zbig's paltry predecessor, Heinz the K, was not an associate just a lonesome hired hand cowboy riding the nuclear bomb range for Nelson the Big Brother in charge.

Other relinquished chores are now directly directed with the direct direction of Cyrus 'Spider' Vance not Bert, I am proud of you Lance but Cy the Spyder Vance (himself) boss of all bosses as Chairman of the Rockefeller Board of Trustees over not under the indirection of even the Chairman of the Board of Directors directing the direction of the Board of Directors in turn under the direct direction of his very own Board of Trustees who in the formal chain of command table of organization are obliged to be responsible for responding to the direction of Vance himself as the Chairman of the Board of Trustees and by virtue thereof boss of all bosses of Rockefeller servants so you can see that the public image projection of Vance as a bumbling Carter errand boy vainly striving

to fill the gigantic seven league boots that transported Superkraut on a seven seas magic carpet that skyrocketed him to a job right in the Seat of Government at David's personal piggybank is a Spyderweb designed to disguise the engraved pinnacle at Pocantico Hills where it is writ in bronze by Professor Irwin Corey who is admittedly the World's Foremost Authority in the professor's hieroglyphic hologram that Vance actually advanced from apprenticeship as Chairman of the Board at the bank to the pinnacle as boss of all bosses in command.

Last week Carter was beginning to tend to feel inclined to somewhat lean or possibly even tilt in the direction of directing himself to trim, cut, or/and even slash 8.8% down to 7.05% bare bone austerity not 7.04% for example so the 4.8% last fall which rose the averages down to 40% above probably should not fall too high below this fall so Prof. I. Corey rests his case.

2. Mom & Pop journalism testimonial: 8-22-77 citation of Penn Jones on the first anniversary of his TCI, "The Continuing Inquiry," wherein its publication date memorializes the killing of President Kennedy. A 555-word analysis of 1940-1977, with a glance back at the killing of an editor in 1837. A vengeance bound Bobby was gunned pointblank 62 days after Rev. Andrew Jackson Young instantly became the finest public servant a then discredited Georgia politician has ever known for maneuvering Martin his mentor into perfect bullseye position at a Memphis balcony railing for the Destroy King Squad of the Atlanta bureau. It was a blessing to him.
3. Anonymous letter in the August 22 first anniversary edition of TCI, coupled with ten pages to follow, no doubt will run in The Reader's Digest while the world's blinking authority, Dan Rather, voiceovers the CIA-CBS TV special. Avuncular Walter Cronkite will blink along.