

MAX C. NORMAN

P.O. Box 8  
Kew, Vic., 3101  
Australia  
May 30, 1978.

Mr. Harold Weisberg  
Publisher  
Route 12  
Frederick, Maryland, 21701  
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

I am enclosing a photostat of a clipping from a local newspaper. There are minor inaccuracies in the article as printed, but it is basically true.

I have written a book on this subject, and I shall send you a copy after I hear from you that you have received my letter.

You may make any use that you wish of this information. I am also sending it to other researchers.

Incidentally, there should be a copy of my book in the executive offices of the Washington Post.

Sincerely yours,

*Max C. Norman*

Max C. Norman

6/7/78

Dear Mr. Norman,

Your letter of the 30th came promptly. It reached me several days ago. I've been too busy working on FOIA matters to be able to respond earlier.

The attached story gets into another area of my interest, the various mind-control experiments and efforts.

Be interested in anything further you can add, including your book.

Nobody at the Washington Post has mentioned your book to me.

But I do not hear from the executives. Only reporters from time to time.

Best wishes,

Harold Weisberg

After 20 years of silence an  
ex-GI reveals his secret

# I KNOW

# JFK'S

# KILLER

SCOOP  
REPORT  
BY  
JIM  
MARETT

*PRESIDENT John F. Kennedy's assassin was being trained for the job by the CIA years before the killing took place, an ex-GI claims.*

*An American army veteran now living in Melbourne told the Star how he met Kennedy's future assassin while locked away in a CIA-run hospital for over nine years.*

*Now Max Norman, who has been on the run for over 20 years, has had enough, this week he reveals, in his own words, his horrifying story exclusively to the Star.*

I KNOW John Kennedy's killer.  
I lived with him in the U.S. Veterans Administration hospital for years.

I saw the CIA turn him into a monster by pumping him full of mind numbing drugs.

His name is Rowland.

I was transferred to his ward one April but this was not the first time I had seen him. He was always doing manual labour around the hospital.

He was brainwashed into volunteering for it in order to keep him fit. He was so fit he went made every night just to get rid of his energy.

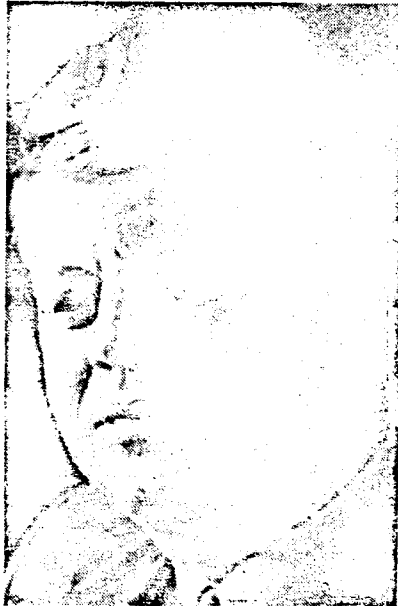
He would run like crazy the full length of the ward then crash into the walls. We were scared stiff of him.

He was over six feet tall and very muscular, but the guards and doctors treated him like a baby.

They constantly referred to him as their pet project, their special boy.

This really annoyed all of us, but especially me because I had to live with him.

One day I hawled him out and told him he was a real pain to live with.



MELBOURNE STAR, APRIL 30, 1978