7/14/70

Dear Dick and Harodd:

I write you jointly to save time, for with my writing now, I have relatively little--not as much as I did before.

Enclosed for Harold is what Skolnick sent me in response to my latest letter.

Also enclosed for both is a memo on some other back measurements I did today. I say immediately to Harold not to become riled if I am unknowingly duplicating once again. I remember the last time I did this we had a little misunderstanding. In doing these tests, I'm not trying for anything earthshaking or original, and certainly I wouldn't take credit for being first. In fact, at the time of my last such test, Harold sent me a brief history of who has done what with this, which will help me give credit to those who've done it before me. It's just that I need the illustrative materials for my book and have to be able to say that I've done these things and have seen the results--so that I'm not relying entirely on secondhand info.
At any rate, I did these tests from what I think is a new aspect (if not, correct me, please.) The memo should tell some of it, and the photos will show more. However, this has changed my thinking on the whole picture of the neck/thorax wounds and tends to make it seem that the docs were more a product of their bungling incompetance than more conspiratorial things (although I can find no other explanation for the fragments in the neck). It seems possible to me now that the front neck wound was the exit of a small fragment a low velocity, so that it either dropped out or went very little further after exiting. Possibly it came out below the level of the shirt, was stopped by the shirt, trapped in the shirt and just lost. You see, I do feel there is a problem in postuating two bullets going into that area as far as not enough being left in the body. With this explanation, many things can still be accounted for. A bullet which would fragment in soft tissue still can have a copper jacket--which would account for the copper on the jacket and shirt. It could "Burst" just as Dick explains, with possibly the largest fragment left (still a small one comparatively) having enough energy to exit from the front of the neck. As I've said before, it has not been proven as to just what the front neck wound was. It certainly wasn't the exit of a high velocity bullet, an intact one, or a distorted one. It could very well be an entrance wound. But is just as well be the exit wound of a small, slow fragment.

To Dick, good to hear from you. On the pictures, Fred is sending me a whole batch, including Bothun, Rickerby, Cancellare, and others. I'll send these to you to put on slides and will request that you make slides for me also and any others who would want. Lifton's stuff should come any day--Nix film and Bond slides. When I get the Couch-Weigman enlargements, Ill sent those too.

As for the 399 fragment, "dey is somfin' fishy goin' on here." Harold swears he ran his fingernail across the base prior to loss of fragment and nothing was loose. Angel now tells me (enclosed letter) that the frag was insecurely attached.

What I meant to do with the Dillard photo is to notice how close to TSBD it was taken, for the angle looking up is so steep that it

probably was taken when Dillard was as close to TSBD as he could get from the car--thus at the top of the hill there, beginning the turn or into the turn.

To Harold, Archives says it has no copy of or original of original signed staement by Carolyn Arnold, or even a typed XXXX statement which she signed. Of all those affidavits, it only has the typed version printed by WC.

The quote of the week comes from Arlen Specter. He was at a news conference with Police Commissioner Rizzo over the recent rioting at Holmesburg prison here. Rizzo was asked if the rioting would have occured had all the prisoners been black. Poor Rizzo was stuck so old Arlen jumped in and what did the man who "solved" the assassination on the basis of a hypothetical question say? He snapped "That's a hypothetical question. It's immaterial." Thank you, Arlen.

Must go now.

Stay well,

Jim