

12/31/68

Dear Paul,

A hasty note to explain the enclosed unread draft. It will be largely self-explanatory. Yesterday I opened the grave on the executive sessions. I regard it as the most culpable thing I have yet discovered. Instead of typing notes I ~~xxxx~~ decided to draft that part of the book. I'll not be able to read it until sometime after the trial. It upset me so much I could not really work last night. But on arising early this morning, I decided to do it and felt like it. These perhaps 5,000 words are done before mail time. I will now go out ~~with~~ for it, do what it requires, and then make copies for you of what I got, if there is time. If not, I will as soon as I can. And I'll tell you what else I saw yesterday, which is not important.

Please keep this entirely to yourself. I am sending it to no one else.

Shades of Orwell!

He wrote Rankin's script. I think I'll so title that chapter!

Hurriedly,

Harold Weisberg

Add Excess - Os Agt

Script by George Orwell

The Director of the Archives sought to content himself with the mere statement there was no transcript of any executive session of January 22, 1964. It is a proper bureaucratic conceit, or at least the accepted one: he did not, in his own eyes, misrepresent; he merely didn't answer, didn't tell the truth. I have given him proof there had been such a session. There was no admission from which the information could be elicited. He bessed the book to nothing.

When I asked him for the bills covering that date he did not respond. He simply ignored the request, and for an unconscionably long time, even after I repeated it and called to his attention.

So, at last to the library of the year appeared at the archives and asked for the files covering the court reporting services. They are two, not listed in either the so-called list of basic source materials, the gibberish that passes as a bibliography, and the files list, not much more meaningful. This I publish in *SO T. TADAL*. One is headed, "Presidential Commission, Reporting Services", the other "Ward & Paul, Reporters".

It seems as though Senator Russell's recommendation carried weight. The firm of Ward & Paul, an experienced, competent one, got the job at the going rate. Jesse Ward, Jr., a well-known figure on Capitol Hill to my own knowledge for more than 25 years wrote the Chief Justice a letter setting forth standard terms and conditions, accepting the offer. The other applicants were ignored, for the files.

To what might be recorded as standard conditions, and added the offer to deliver all the stenographic notes, and the recordings (they need datebooks) to the Commission, regularly, for destruction. Whether or not this was stipulated verbally, not in any connection to the reporters, the files do not reveal. Hopefully, the reporter is expected to keep his original notes and to be able to testify in any subsequent legal proceedings in the name of his firm.

The files also disclose that Ward was as good as his word - sometimes better. Each days proceedings were delivered the following morning, each accompanied by a printed receipt form. Rankin stipulated the few people authorized to accept the transcript of testimony - and his staff counsel were not so trusted - and each such transcript is covered by a receipt. That dated January 22, 1964 is particularly interesting, not alone because it is the first. It is Receipt No. 3001. It reads, "received from WARD & PAUL (blank filled in with the word) nine copies of transcripts of proceedings before (blank filled in) the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy". The printed form continues, "in re" and there is another long blank to which was typed "TOP SECRET", then, again printed "held at Washington, D.C. on", with the date added, "January 21, 1964".

What is especially fascinating is this: according to the printed transcripts and everything else I can find, there were no "proceedings before the President's Commission" before February 3, when Marina Oswald was the carefully-selected first witness!

There was, however, an executive session that day. If the Commission got nine copies of the transcript, this provided but two for the files and any other purposes, once the seven members of the Commission each got one. Even this scant number turned out to be too many/for the penypinching Rankin, who on May 4 wrote Ward and Paul, "This is to inform you that as of this date on the depositions only the Commission will require a total of six copies rather than the ten" with which it had begun. What about that plaint of the members that each one stayed awake to the wee small hours after his regular busy day sedulously studying the words of the more than 500 "witnesses"? With one copy available for the witness' perusal, even with none for the staff there were still two ~~xxxxxx~~ members who could not have seen the transcripts. It is certain there were file and staff copies. It is also certain that the pious plaint of the members is a public-relations fraud, as other of the files make as ~~xxxxxx~~ clear.

Well, aside from the other required form-filling on Receipt No. 3001 for the stenographic transcript, the name of the recipient, Julia T. Eide, the deliverer, Jesse R. Ward, Jr., himself, and the time, 8:55 a.m. (and a.m. is not specified), there remains a single significant addition. In the middle of the form, where there is an abundance of blank space, these words are typed:

"also, Reporter's notes, master sheets, carbon paper, waste."

There it is. Everything is turned over to the Commission for destruction, and not even a single staff counsel is entrusted with this responsibility. If there is a question about the testimony, there can be no answer. Even the dictabelts were shredded. And there were questions, some anticipated and eliminated by the reporter. For example, attached to the June 8 receipt for the 69 pages of the June 8 deposition of William Kirk Stuckey, the newspaper and radio reporter who had personal contact with Oswald in New Orleans, is this note, typed on half of a sheet of the specially-printed ditto paper used for the transcripts: Note to Lil- we will use photocopy)

"They spoke of Commission Exhibit (Stuckey) No. 4 ask having been marked for identification, but nowhere was this done. It was not clear where it was marked, if it was. So I made no mention of it, either, in the transcript or the index. Perhaps you will want to check it. Al Loda"

It is true an accommodating reporter who eliminates "questions" in advance.

Should there remain in the reader's mind, after my assurance that Ward contracted to deliver his reporters' notes, dictabelts, carbon paper and miscellaneous trash, every scrap of it, to the conscientious Rankin so the pennypincher could assure himself of the proper destruction of the original material, a rather unusual diligence when the subject-matter of the inquiry was the murder of an American President, I present this typed note: Lil- we'll use a photocopy

"2/7/64 - 10:30 a.m. Mr. Elmer Moore of Secret Service took all ~~the~~ as waste material delivered by Ward and Paul to date to be burned with other

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matter at the White House under the supervision of White House Police. Julia Eide".

Does it sound like a palace plot? It was the norm, the regular functioning of this Commission. All the imperishable records perished by the flame, in the White House whose occupant took it over only because of the murder being "investigated".

Is there a question about the testimony? That has been resolved. Whatever the Commission wanted the record to show, that it shows, and there is none to gainsay it, not even a mute gray ask to oppose it.

But everybody does have to get paid, and there must be some kind of a record of the payment. With the contract providing for a page rate of compensation to Ward & Paul, every page for which they were paid had to be tabulated.

Their first bill to the Commission was for \$4, 629.75. This covered the month of February, as well as the first item, "Jan. 21 & 27, Orig and 6 copies", a total of 208 pages at the Page Rate of \$2.50, or 520.00. These were executive sessions. From January 21 through February 27, all items were marked "DAILY Delivery save one. After the transcripts of "Feb. 4, 5 & 6", the dates of Marina's original testimony, there appears this notation "RUSH Delivery (A.M. Session of the 6th only)". Perhaps, some time in the future, our analysis will tell us what there was in Marina's testimony of that Thursday morning that excited this great end, for a penurious man like Rankin, costly extra service. On it, the page rate went up from the \$2.55 for the ten-copy sets of transcripts to \$3.05 - and Rankin is the man who refused to spend pennies for copies of the pictures of the President's murder. I doubt if it is the last thing she then said (IH103), that her late husband, the accused assassin never said "anything against the leaders of" the United States government.

Were it the afternoon session, then the reason would be obvious. Those numerous lies to which she glibly testified, known as lies to the Commission, pleased it no end. For example, of the rifle she had ~~xxx~~ already to, and the government she could not identify, she had the headline-grabbing formulation (IH119):

"This is the fateful rifle of Lee Oswald".

I could also have had interest in those few unwelcome things she blurted out, like her exclamation about the paper in which her husband had allegedly carried the rifle to work the morning of the assassination, "It wasn't brown before", ^(1H120) ~~ix~~ Thus she made public what had been hidden, that the FBI's "work" on that "evidence" had entirely changed its character. About the ammunition with which her husband allegedly shot the President, "I never saw any shells" (1H120) While she did lie (1H123) and utter those words so prized by the Commission, saying "In New Orleans "He told me when we were in New Orleans that he was a Communist", which he certainly had not, for he was virulently anti-Communist, she could not resist adding, "but I didn't believe him, because I said, 'What kind of Communist are you if you don't like the Communists in Russia?'"

XXX To her Lee, the Russians were "fat, stinking politicians", and the American Communists had "betrayed the working class", but she had testified he told her he was a Communist.

When we stop to wonder what might have been in the rather large number of pictures skinflint Benkin could have bought with the \$107 extra he paid for that "RUSH Delivery" of her Tuesday morning testimony, each picture costing but pennies to print, we know only that he regarded it as significant. The question "why", temporarily, remains.

But there remains no question at all about the last item, or of the January 22 executive session of the Commission, for which at great cost all those Texas officials, busy and important in their own State, were so urgently flown to Washington a month after what they were asked about was in the papers but the very moment they showed signs of official cognizance, or making an official record of the possibility Lee Harvey Oswald had been some kind of agent of some federal intelligence service.

After all the other items in this bill, out of chronological order here it would have been the second item, there is this one for "Jan.22", the

change in page rate requiring a separate listing:

"No write-up (reporter's notes confiscated by Commission) pages estimated". Then, this session that began at the end of the working day - a little after the end of the normal one - was estimated to have taken 30 pages, much less than it undoubtedly did, for which Ward & Paul charged at the fantastically cheap rate of \$0.825 per non-existent page, giving the highly-paid reporter, ^{and} the company, between them, a mere \$24.75.

There are few court reporters willing, had this one gotten all \$24.75 of what was billed, to sit around beginning supper time for several hours, pay car fares and things like that, for what to them ~~is~~ is such a small sum. Ward & Paul had the office staffs standing by, with those who do the actual typing, those who do the duplicating, etc., ready to rush the whole bit through, for ~~this~~ this transcript didn't begin until well after the time of the day the usual ones ended, and it is no cinch to deliver a competent transcript first thing the following morning. Ward & Paul burt, but they burt in silence.

Only this mute bill, of all the enormity of that vast literary quicksand of the estimated 300 cubic feet of the Commission's still-existing files, tells us what happened to the executive session of January 22, 1964, where the Texas officials dropped everything to tell what they knew or had heard of Oswald as a federal agent.

The words were never typed. The words that were recorded were shredded then burned - in the White House tenanted by the man who became its occupant by the murder ~~xxxxxxx~~ thus "investigated" by those to whom he, personally, had assigned the task. It is a more than usually ghoulish facet of the MacBethian drama. Therefore, I hasten to add, not for the first time, that I do not believe him an assassin, do not believe he ordered the murder, was in any way connected with it - save as its beneficiary. Unfortunately, this did not overcome his political instincts. He did not recall the injunction for Caesar's wife and the cleanliness of her skirts, which is also applicable to the President of the United States, particularly when he takes office through the

having "investig ted".

There remains no ghost to haunt, only the faggots I have gathered,
and they will stoke a witch's cauldron!

The words no longer exist.

There is no record.

What the Texas officials gave up their valuable time for, to rush to
Washington to tell the commission, leaving all their other locally-important
responsibilities behind and accumulating, has long since disappeared in the
shredding machines and the fine grey White House ashes.

What they told the Commission, Lyndon B. Johnson's Commission,
about Lee Harvey Oswald as a federal agent, is as safely disposed of as
Lee Harvey Oswald. Dead and buried. Sif e Sif Sager, really. There is no
corpse to be exhumed.

Shredded, then burned.

"Reporter's notes confiscated by Commission"!

What more fool-proof way of proving Lee Harvey Oswald had not
been federally-connected than to confiscate the notes of the evidence these
conscientious public officials had presented, then keep the security-covered
reporter and firm silent - for breaking silence would ruin the business and the
career and could have led to federal prosecution and close to automatic
conviction - and then shred and burn them, with no single copy ever being
typed?

The inappropriate language of the bill suddenly becomes very
appropriate, prescient:

"No write-up".

Belatedly, the verdict having been rendered, history having been
re-written, as without this Shakespearian fragment it could not have been,
there is this write-up.

The Commission did have an executive session before it held a single
regular hearing. At that session, so dramatically called for after the end of the

working day, for when the busy members of the Commission required their evening meals, the session for which they had to cancel their other obligations already made, it did receive what evidence Texas had on Oswald as a federal agent. At that session it "had" Texas, and it never stopped having them.

While I was awaiting the answer that never came from the federal government, I did have a chance to speak to Henry Wade. He is nothing like the kind of ogre the Commission makes him out. He is and looks like a plain man, disarmingly so because his countrymen's appearance and manner, which are natural to him because that is what he is at heart and in spirit, hide obscure the keen mind that makes him a successful prosecutor, with a high rate of conviction in which crimes of violence are more than usually common.

Habitually, he gets to his office on the sixth floor of the new Courts building, two blocks from Dealey Plaza, where the crime of the century was committed. He offered to meet me there any time beginning 8 a.m. ^{any} that morning. I was there the week beginning on November 10, 1968, he is that informal. Earlier, we had been in correspondence, a correspondence here made public for the first time.

It was necessary to immobilize Henry Wade to frame Oswald, so he was immobilized. His public record of the time of the assassination is one of himself framing Oswald, but that, too, was contrived, as I ~~learned~~ learned in speaking with him.

Our meeting began with his proud discourse on the hunting prowess of the Wade family. He and his son had been in a party of 21 who had been ~~xxxx~~ must have been deer-hunting. Of the seven bagged, the Wade's got five. The pace at which I was then and since going denied the opportunity of typing full notes on this pleasant interview with a straightforward man who, had he been able to prosecute Lee Harvey Oswald, would have changed history. But what he said is imperishably preserved in my mind.

~~On the basis of what the police had told him, he was satisfied~~

part of the work for which he had been hired! He had a long and not unfriendly phone conversation the morning of Saturday November 9, 1968, when I was in New Orleans. He then agreed to spend a day with me on my return (I left the next day for Dallas). Twenty days later, true to my word, I sent him photocopies of the suppressed Executive session comments about him, gave him my schedule for returning to New Orleans, even where I would stay, very close to where he lives and teaches law. I phoned him his free day, Saturday, December 14. He had by then changed his mind. He refused to see me. There was nothing to discuss. The dialogue he had earlier conceived was a national need was no longer important.

So, history will write the epitaph for Leon D. Hubert, Jr., who teaches law but will not face the record of his own practice of it when his President is murdered and he bears his own share of the responsibility of faking the official accounting.

Henry Wade is no Leon Hubert. He is a straightforward man. He was ~~in~~ with the Commission. He was not intimidated by J. Edgar Hoover, who tried, ~~xxxxx~~ sending special agents to Wade with transcripts of his own record as an FBI agent during World War II in Latin America. Hoover doesn't shred his paper. He saves it for blackmail. But Henry Wade stood firm, as the public record shows, in his testimony before the Commission, in which he said it was possibly for Oswald to have been a federal agent of some kind with no adequate record of it existing.

He believed, on the basis of what the police had told him, that Oswald was guilty, and he so said, publicly and wrongly, for ~~xxxxx~~ what he said ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ before Oswald was murdered, his murder being possible only because those same Dallas police made it possible, might have made it impossible to try Oswald. He was not alone in the emotional storm of the moment in his error. And he would have prosecuted - save for that murder, which also led to the creation of the Warren Commission, which could not have existed without it. We did not argue the fact. Perhaps some day he will find the time to look at the fact for himself, not through the eyes of such men as Jesse Gurby, then Dallas police chief.

(By an odd quirk of the writer's fate, I had to leave this rewarding interview with Wade to keep an appointment with John Pilger, prize-winning reporter for the "London Daily Express", which has the world's largest newspaper circulation. With his photographer, my good friend, frequent New Orleans host and general credit to mankind Matt Herron, we had a date to interview Curry. The former police chief had recently left employment with Private Investigator R.S. Donham, who had been Melvin Belli's investigator in the Ruby defense, and had just moved into his new offices in the still not-quite-complete Texas National Bank Building. Nothing had changed for Curry, who, with nostalgia, looked back on the old days, when he was top cop, not chief of a bank's security. Nothing he had done was wrong, none of the many lies he told were false, none of the inconceivable things to which he had testified in any way seemed unreal to him. Nothing improbable is improbable to the man who demands what didn't happen be believed, who insists that what did happen didn't, the man who above all is responsible for the murder of Oswald and the rewriting of history that enabled.)

I asked Wade about the interrogations of Oswald. He was blunt and to the point, and, like everyone else, including Curry, said you had to know Fritz to understand it. Will Fritz was the police captain and chief of homicide November 22, 1963. My understanding of Fritz tells me that he is the man who saw to it that there was no record of any of the illegal questionings of the accused, conducted over his protests, in a way that would have been exculpatory at a trial and might have prevented a trial. I know him as the man who made notes of his interrogations, as he swore, and then destroyed them, without any official eye blinking at it. I also know him as the man who subsequently typed up a report on these interrogations which was then quite unabashedly, altered and yet was considered evidence. Fritz, as Curry and Wade make clear, has his own way of working, and he worked that way.

Wade, as prosecutor, had wanted to interrogate the prisoner. He found the conditions in Fritz's office impossible, with too many people there, with an

atmosphere that prevented any meaningful interrogation, one in which the prisoner himself could not be in the desirable frame of mind to respond or even be willing to. In his own quite and very direct way, Henry Wade painted a simple, clear picture of total chaos.

He could not question Oswald under these circumstances, with all those unnecessary people falling all over themselves. There were resorts: local police there, FBI agents, those from the Secret Service and the Postal Inspector's office. Everyone but the garbage collector in that smelly space, with the over-guarded, handcuffed prisoner charged with the worst crime in the history of the country, and they were expecting him to talk?

One might be led to assume Fritz knew better, that he designed the set to close the prisoner's mouth. Henry Wade did not say or suggest this, and it may not be the case, but it fits the scenario perfectly.

That Wade did tell me, however, makes clear why Oswald had to be killed no later than he was.

"I had arranged to question him at 4 p.m. in the Decker's office", he said.

Henry Decker was the sheriff. It was into his custody that Oswald was being moved when he would be permanently closed. In Decker's care, Wade would have seen him alone, in quiet quiet, where there would have been none of the turmoil Fritz maintained.

Wade might have expected Oswald to break down and confess. I suspect he would, with little difficulty, have established his innocence.

In any event, Wade had and still holds a positive belief, ~~Wade would have pursued in questioning Oswald~~

It is entirely contradictory to the official fiction of the assassination. He could not have been allowed to pursue it - in questioning or as prosecutor in open court.

This is how he put it in a very honest letter he wrote me October 10, 1968

"I have always felt that there was an accomplice or someone else involved".
 He also said he did not agree with all the conclusions reached by the Warren Commission".

UNLIE. That November morning in his office, over strong black coffee
 pottery
 supplied by his secretary, in heavy mugs, he was more pointed. He was satisfied
 John Kennedy had been murdered as the result of a conspiracy. If, on the basis
 of what he had been told, he was convinced Oswald had been a member of it, he
 also was persuaded there had been a conspiracy. The federal government was
 determined to say otherwise, to insist the people and the world believe
 otherwise, and they rewrote history to do this. The Commission never had any
 other intent, as much of my writing proves. The opening of POST MORTEM does it for
 the first time from their suppressed files.

More, Henry Wade, unlike most prominent Texas Democrats, was not
 opposed to John Kennedy. He is one of the prominent politicians who was not
 unwilling to be associated with the President's name and was openly and willingly
 part of the official welcome to him. Unlike the mayor and other elected officials,
 this was not obligatory with the prosecutor. Henry Wade did it because he
 wanted to, not because he had to.

So, with a liking for the victim and the conviction there had been
 a conspiracy to kill him, Henry Wade could not be allowed to prosecute, not
 even to question the accused.

He wasn't.

He also believed Oswald had been some kind of federal agent, a
 position from which he has never retreated, despite considerable pressure.
 This, in itself, was more than enough to require he be kept out of the
 official investigation.

He was, by Oswald's murder, and by the shredding and burning of his
 words and those of the other Texas officials who dropped ~~their~~ everything to
 rush to Washington ~~and~~ at Washington's bidding and record everything they knew

and had heard, about what the federal government avoided when it was public, when it was in the press, about which all the investigations were framed in advance where they were not eliminated to begin with, about OSWALD Agent Oswald.

John Kennedy's favorite book of the Bible is mine. In Ecclesiastes it is written, "There is a time and a place for everything".

This was the time of "reporter's notes confiscated by Commission", the time of "No write-up", the time "Mr. Elmer Moore of Secret Service took all" the notes of the reporter, all his carbon paper, as the wasted pages, all the waste of various kinds " to be burned at the White House".

A time to be born and a time to die;

A time to sow and a time to reap that which has been sown.

A time to shred and a time to burn.

A time to frame.

A time to hide.

A time to make "acBath of a hack

A time for a coup d'etat.

And a time to preserve the coup d'etat.

There is, indeed, a time and a place for everything.

January 21, 1964, was the time the succession of Lyndon Johnson was in jeopardy, the time when federal involvement, whether or not involuntary, in the murder of the President, became ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a matter of official federal record, a record for history, a danger to the coup d'etat that began at 12:30 the afternoon of November 22, 1963, in DeLoe Dealey Plaza, Dallas Texas, where the bright warming sun shined after a raining, dreary morning, with the popular young President murdered in the middle of a friendly wave at the unexpectedly large and warm crowd crowds in the heart of enemy territory.

It thus became the time for the shredding and burning of the evidence.

And the evidence was burned - in the White House.

J. Lee Rankin, formerly the same federal government's top lawyer as its Solicitor General, was equal to the task. In fact, he had anticipated it, arranged in advance for everything to be nice and neat and clean-automatic. All the basic record of 100% of the testimony was, as he saw to it in advance, in a manner one could not expect of a lawyer who knows all evidence must be original, all notes preserved, dutifully consigned, on a regular schedule, to the American gas ovens.

Rankin was equal to every task, overcame every obstacle, met every crisis, unobtrusively. He has become a silent man. When I wrote him personal challenges, he avoided them. He never replied.

When I published a book PHOTOGRAPHIC WHITEWASH, where for the first time I published what I had resurrected of the suppressed official evidence not yet destroyed the irrefutable proof that he saw to it that the vital photographic record of this Presidential murder would not be in the official files of the investigation, not shown to the members of the Commission who were to deliberate and tell us what happened, he had no single word of public comment.

Instead, that book was subjected to a pressure none can survive. Try and buy it anywhere. Wholesalers ordered it and promotional material, then refused to ~~even~~ distribute the promotional material and refused to fill orders for the book.

Rankin has friends, too. Backscratching friends. He shielded the inexcusable record of the FBI; ~~WASHDC~~ It has the major responsibility for the framing of the evidence that framed history as it rewrote it. He tolerated what should have rent a cast-iron gut. In fact, he was part of it.

And the book exposing him is and has been unavailable, save to those very, very few who could write to me for it.

His record is public, over his own name, in his own hand, and it is as unknown as though it had been official suppressed by the official book burners.

In the first John Kennedy murder United States, books need not be burned.

The American way is more subtle as it is more effective.

It burns evidence.

And it sees to it, quietly, efficiently, effectively, that the unburned books are unavailable, which is better than burning.

But burning was not Wankin's only answer.

Our examination of the files on the rewriting services is not complete.

If the files are - and today who can say - there remains perhaps a greater scandal. Elsewhere I discuss at some length the transcript of the executive session of September 16, 1964, the Commission's last, at which some of the disquite disquieted members recorded their misgivings at the content of the Report that was then about to be published. They made a record for history for themselves - or at least so they thought. In those passages I detail what was said that no longer exists, show with photocopies of the once "TOP SECRET" executive sessions how it was all corrupted, how it was not, in fact, a transcript, certainly not a Ward & Paul transcript.

With the bills - and remember, everybody gets paid - in my hands, I sought one to cover, no matter how inadequately, no matter at how reduced and unprofitable a rate, the executive session of September 16, 1964, the historic one in which the members of the Commission disagreed with the conclusions prefabricated to bear their signatures and with them the weight of their eminence, the persuasiveness of their reputations.

There is none!

From my page by page, receipt by receipt, bill by bill examination of files "Presidential Commission 10" and "Ward & Paul Reporters", the last hearing was that of Marina Oswald, at the Belle Air Station Sunday, September 6, 1964.

There, too, the members had had and expressed the deepest misgivings. Marina had changed her story (but the Report was not changed). However, there was the subsequent and last testimony of ^{John P} ~~John P~~ Gallagher, the FBI's spectrographic expert who was never asked a question about his still-suppressed spectrographic analysis

of the faked "ballistics evidence" of the assassination, that of the bullet and fragment fragments allegedly used but never proved to have been used in the murder. His September 15 testimony is published (1521756), but the bill for their taking of the deposition is not through. Appropriate, for can one imagine the integrity of an investigation that takes only incompetent testimony about the most basic evidence, from a witness who is careful as the FBI's firearms expert, Robert Frazier, was careful to do, as I brought to light in WHITMAN (p.), then asks no single question of the one competent witness, the man who did the work, made the study, and then doesn't even call him as a witness until after the entire massive Report has been not only written but set in type and ready for the press rolling.

So, we have no record of any official reporter making any ~~xxxxxxx~~ official record of the Commission's most important deliberations. There is no bill in the files.

There is nothing to say there was "no write-up", there were no notes to be "confiscated by Commission", no need for shredding and White House ~~xxxxxxx~~ burning.

If there is an error in any of the bills or receipts, a crime has been committed. Every one is sworn to before a notary public. Most including the one above cited, by Bird & Paul's long-time manager, who I knew well 30 years ago. He is Wayne Birdsall. The March 10, 1964 bill, covering everything up to and including the end of February, was ~~xxxxxxx~~ sworn to before Anthony S. Featnyck (right), Notary Public, D.C. March 11.

It is with the rewriting of history, with coups d'etat, with the framing of the dead Brexifuses and of all the living and those yet unborn with them as it is with the skinning of cats. There is more than one way.

This Commission, this Kenkin, this government, signed its cats its own way.

It had a time for sowing, and it sowed lies.

It had a time for reaping, and it reaped crops of bigger lies.

What a crop!

It had a time for burning - what a stench!

And it had a time of fakery.

What a scandal.

Like nothing in our history.

To the historte exposed faking of evidence in the murder of the President, which means the counterfeiting of the credentials of the Johnson regime, it added the burning of the vital evidence - in the White House - and when that was not enough, it then added fakery, the elimination by rewriting of the intolerable record that the members of the Commission were not in accord with the conclusions prefabricated in their names.

A time, indeed.

It is a time halfway between Hitler 1934 and Orwell 1984.