

Mr. Les Whitten
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Dear Les,

After thinking about it for several days I've decided to write you because you love Jack and because he is started on making a laughingstock of himself on national TV on a 90-minute "special" on the JFK assassination.

Couple of days ago a writer I've never met, Eric Norden, phoned me to say that he is doing this. He gave me the names of two producers that mean nothing to me and of two women researchers or investigators who also mean nothing in terms of their ever having done any work in the field. I agreed to help him, cautioning him that I'd not be part of any frivolity or ripping off of the public mind. He is to come here Friday to go over some things I said I'd let him have that interest him and can make good TV.

My only recollection of him is that he is one of those, if my recollection is correct, who commercialized Garrison with some stories of that sad period. I am pretty sure he did something for Playboy then and probably other things. To the best of my knowledge he not only has done nothing since, he is not at all familiar with what work has been done. He certainly hasn't kept up with the books. *Oh his closed records.*

That night I got a phone call from one of these two women, from California, where she lives but where there is no relevant information. She asked me how to get in touch with a series of persons all of whom come from the incredible nuttiness of the former editor of the smallest Texas weekly, Penn Jones. Fine guy but really nutty. Those names for prospective witnesses with time and money to be spent in locating, interviewing and filming them is so laughable I won't take your time for any but one, a woman who went by the name of Nancy Perrin Rich although she was remarried and Perrin was dead and she's remarried at least once since. A nonstop liar, police fink, reputed whore who conned Garrison and a guy fired by the CIA under the name of Woods who under the name of Bill Boxley was working as an investigator for Garrison. The more attention she got the more she made more up and by the time Boxley had Garrison just punting to get some more indictments, including of long-dead Perrin, I blundered into part of this in November, 1968. In speaking to Garrison's chief investigator and the lawyer he liked most I learned that they also were apprehensive but could not make a dent in what Jim believed and wanted to do. Garrison's investigators except for Boxley were professional police and good at that but lost in this field. They asked my help and I returned after a few days. I worked around the clock for about a week, with the cops doing leg work for me like getting rental and death records, etc., and, when I got copies of what Boxley put on paper I went ahead with a detailed analysis of Boxley's fabrications based on Nancy's fabrication. I gave it to this lawyer, Moo Sciambra, early on a Sunday morning, he went over it and with the chief investigator, Louis Von, they confronted Garrison at his favorite and remarkably public hideaway, the New Orleans Athletic Club. After a couple of hours Moo phoned me at Garrison's office where I was doing other work while awaiting his call, said, "Hal, you've done it! I'm coming over to take you to my home for a good Italian meal." On the way there he told me I'd saved Garrison from being disbarred by the Supreme Court, the kind of thing one who is not a lawyer remembers. I suppose some Clay Shaw issue was before the Court. It was a great Italian meal, from which we dove to the A.C. where Garrison asked me what I suggested about Boxley. I said call him back and let me confront him. He phoned Boxley, then in Texas, Boxley refused to come and Jim fired him. There was another character working with Boxley from the stinking magazine Confidential, temporarily living in a house he rented in the French Quarter. After spending some time at the A.C. with Garrison and his people I went to this guy's house in the French Quarter and he had already decamped. This is just to give you and, if you choose to speak to him Jack, a notion of the nuttiness his people are into, stuff that was laughable in 1965-6 and ridiculous as soon as serious work was out.

I did not work on any of the other names I was asked to help locate but except that Garrison didn't go ape over them they are all like this, baseless, sick or fabricated. One was a cop who may or may not have been simply wrong but in any event that part is at best peripheral to anything on this subject.

Can you imagine what the FBI would do with a transcript of this kind of show, where they'd send copies for information, the laughs they'd get and provoke at Jack's expense? This is nonsense you couldn't even get the National Enquirer to go for. Besides which, as any such reports would certainly show, Jack's staff consists only of nonexperts. Nothing like beginning with ignoramuses, with all the money involved, which also suggest allegations of scavenging all around.

Eric is to be here Friday. I'll let him see what I promised, and like all others he can have copies and like all others he can go through my records but I'm not about to be personally part of any such fecal TV "journalism," particularly not on this subject.

This is not the only nutty or irresponsibly stuff in the works but there is a job being done by a first-rate British journalist I've been helping, with a reasonable prospect of syndication here. This will make Jack look even worse, I've also helped a communications major with his master's thesis which is a documentary that appears to be pretty good and for which he seems to have a cable deal. How will Jack like to be shoved up by a college kid? (If this was not in the can already, with a prominent Washington anchor's voice, I'd suggest that Jack would be better off latching onto it.) I also do not know if he has a contract.)

Jack is, I know, hung up on the mafia stuff that was fed to him by Ed Morgan for just the results it got. I won't argue that with you but I do tell you it is utterly irrelevant except that it launched one of the major disinformation the CIA wanted launched. Even on that Jack may look silly because John H. Davis has a book to be out by then with much more on this and none of it will stack. But Davis has a rep and it will appear to be substantial. He's got scads of records, mostly FBI, from me, Bud Fensterwald and others. And surely it will be promoted heavily. Yeah, I know about Schein's book, just reissued, and whatever his rep or persuasiveness it is still greasy kid stuff and not tenable. Other books also have pushed this disinformation. (I've not even read Schein's)

Something else I think Jack should have in mind, if you speak to him. There is going to be much interest because this is the 25th anniversary, and because there is going to be so much on it. You can expect competent reporters like George Gardner to be assigned to the spectaculars and boy will they have fun!

I'm not taking any initiatives and don't expect to but I do expect that George and others will phone when the stuff is out. If you want to speak to me I'm generally home from my early-morning physical therapy by 10 a.m. and am generally home the rest of the day. Thursday morning medical appointments but I should be home after lunch. And Friday, I think afternoon, Eric will be here.

I don't intend to even appear to be putting you on the spot and the only reason I write is because of your feelings for Jack. If you don't want to talk to him I'll have nothing more to say about this.

Hope your work is going well, without hosting,

Hed