

For delivery to location against Reasmit Hissom
DC 4/4/70

Harold Weisber
April 4, 1970

In recent years I've made many speeches. I never write them out for two reasons: I don't have time and they don't come out as well if I read them. But today, to me as it is to you, is an important day. I have only 10 minutes. I can't begin to say what I'd like to in this time. The book I've written on this subject has more than a third of a million words.

But there are some things I do not want to forget. So I have taken the time to write them down. If I do not deliver them as well as I might extemporaneously, I hope you will take it as a token of my respect for the purpose for which we are gathered and for those of you who have come to serve this purpose.

The kind of evil, the terrible crime we commemorate today, is not new to me. Before many of you were born, I was part of a Senate investigation of Bull Connor, Birmingham's vicious-dog and fire-hose man. That was in 1937. In 1967, 30 years later, after four intensive years investigating political assassinations, after writing my fourth book about them, I sought the help of the man martyred two years ago today.

He never answered.

In that fourth book I forecast his assassination on the basis of hard evidence in my possession. I knew that some of the most murderous extremists of the extreme of the right extreme plotted to kill him. I have their names and some of the proof of some of the other frightful crimes they committed.

But it is not alone Dr. King who would not get interested - not reply in any way. Not one of the many black people I have written has ever replied.

In all the years I have been speaking about these political

assassinations, this is the first black audience that has invited me. There is not much I can say in 10 minutes, so let me talk briefly about two things - of law and order - for it is a real, live, hot issue, if not the way Tricky Dick parlayed it into the Presidency, and of black abdication.

I go into black abdication in my book on the assassination of Martin Luther King.

After I finished the first half of this book, knowing the amount of debt I had already accumulated in this work prevented my printing it, I began trying to get black people interested in what I had learned. I made a real effort. I can't remember all I tried, but let me give you some.

Dr. Ralph Abernathy, the man so proud of a shot to the moon, was not interested in the shot at his friend, the man he called the black prophet. I tried him several times.

Among the vermin under the rocks I turned over was the man who attacked Nat King Cole. So, when I had the chance, I showed his beautiful, wealthy widow, Maria, on whose TV show I had appeared several times, some of the suppressed official evidence I had dug up, some of which I will read to you. She invited me to her expensive Hollywood home and she wept when she read it. She would speak to people, like Johnson, of the Johnson Publishing Company, and the SCLS's Los Angeles representative. He would call me the next day. He didn't. I knew Johnson and his people would not because I'd been down that road months earlier. Nobody from the Ebony Washington office would come to my home to see what I had or invite me in with some of it.

On the other end of the political spectrum is a fine, brilliant, principled black woman lawyer, Flo Kennedy. She likes

and respects me, calls me "one of a kind".

And has done nothing. Hasn't looked, either.

I didn't write the widow Coretta King, fearing it would be but another great pain to her. But my lawyer did. And two months later, he got an apologetic letter saying the matter had been referred to her New York lawyer. That was months ago. Silence. Not a word since.

A year ago I was in New York and spoke to the Reverend Kirkpatrick, the SCLC representative. He was coming down to Washington that weekend, to honor Dr. King. He said he'd stop off in Philadelphia and pick up Reverent Bevel and on the way back, on a Sunday, they'd see me. I sat and I waited. They never even phoned to say they were not coming.

Ten months ago I met the dignified, respectable, impressive-looking Whitnew Young, socially, in New York. He did confirm my suspicion, that the black leaders were practicing self-blackmail, afraid that St. Edgar the First, the only indispensable man in the history of our government, would destroy your fond memories of Dr. King by publicizing details of his personal life gathered with your money and mine that might better have been spent on breakfasts or clothing for children who have neither. I asked Mr. Young if there was any use Hoover could make that he hadn't already. Drew Pearson was fed it and printed it. The White Citizens' Councils, too. It was in, excuse the expression, "True@ magazine, and countless other places. There have been private shows for Southern legislators. So, Mr. Young agreed to look me up when next he was in Washington.

I guess he hasn't been here in ten months.

Friends of mine approached friends of the Reverends Jackson and Bevel in Chicago about a year ago. More silence.

More than a year ago, I gave this book to the fine young man who then headed my local NAACP. He told me it is the most frightening book he had ever read. He spoke to his predecessor, who had gone back to Howard to earn a law degree. That man, also a fine man, phoned me twice, and twice I invited him to see what I have. The first time, when he asked what he could do, I asked him to ask some of the Howard law faculty to file lawsuits against the government so we could bring to light more of the suppressed evidence. When he called back, he said all he had spoken to are afraid.

I spoke to Marion Barry several times. He just stayed too busy.

Sammie Abbott told me to call Reverend Fauntroy. I did, four times. More silence, He didn't phone back once.

Sammie suggested Clifford Alexander. With the experiences of which I am telling you, I didn't. But then I heard his noble words on a TV show several weeks ago and I wrote him. He hasn't answered.

In its prostitution of the judicial process, government abused several fine black men, making them into what I fear history may regard as black Judases. Among them is the Memphis friend and associate of Dr. King, a man with him when he was murdered, the Reverend Samuel Kyles. He is with the majority of these ~~friends~~ friends all made a little greater by this friendship. He, too, has been silent.

There has been one exception: Dick Gregory introduced me to a publisher - who just will not touch the subject.

If this is not all, is it not ~~enough~~ enough? Where is Black manhood? Where are the brothers, the lovers, where are the

revenge-seekers or the justice-lovers, those many black men who should want to do what they can to end this endless slaughter of every one who can provide leadership toward peace, toward the belated return to those from whom it has been stolen of otheir fair share of the fullness of our rich life, for the return to their denied children of what is supposed to be their inheritance, their rights, too?

Hoe many more Malcolm X's, James Chaney's, Medgar Everses, Ralph Featherstones, Fred Hamptons and so many countless, uncounted others must bleed in vain, their blood not even fertilizing the good earth? Yes, and Martin Luther King's, too. Have they no brothers, none with the simple manhood of brothers, none who will say "Thus far and no farther" or "This must stop"? Or do what must be done to bring out the truth and let the people know it so they may do what they can do - so there may, so much too late, be an end to this endless slaughter of black leaders as soon as they become leaders, popular leaders.

Congressman Conyers has a fine idea. He wants national commemoration of the birth of Dr. King. I think it would be more appropriate were it to be this day, the day of his murder. This would be more befitting for, in remembering it through the years, we might also feel a deep pain and a great shame because Malcolm X was murdered. And James Chaney and his white brothers. And Medgar Evers. And remember the Featherstones and the Hamptons and the so many too many others, all dead only because of what they stood for.

When no black lawyer would, I got a white lawyer to file a suit against the government, to get the suppressed evidence in Martin Luther King's murder. This is to say that evidence St. Edgar permitted to be gathered, which is not at all the same as all the evidence.

And among the reporters who considered this is of no interest, not fit for you to know about, are 100% of the black reporters. Three whites were there at the press conference. But not one black. This is not because they didn't know about it. Time, place and subject were announced on the wire services.

The suit is filed.

Now, it would not be proper to call the Deputy Attorney General of the United States a world's-record, non-stop liar, so I do not. After all, he is the deputy to the Number 1 law-and-order man, the Attorney General, the man who would swap American "liberals" for Russian Communists, an idea originating with his wife, who is straight from "Gone With the Wind". And if Mitchell is not next to God, he is right next to the President from "Checkers", the man who rode what he calls "Law and Order" into the White House.

I can't tell you who did kill Martin Luther King. I can tell you who, from the official evidence, did not pull the trigger. That is James Earl Ray. He was extradited from England to face, again I ask you to excuse the expression, "trial" in the United States. Instead of a trial, there was a deal.

In England there was this trial, and there was evidence presented by the United States government, and it was public.

I want that evidence to compare with the promise of evidence in the non-trial in Memphis. Ray's court-appointed lawyer said he'd first have to "check me out" with the FBI, the same FBI that represented the side against the man he was allegedly defending. So, I tried from the court. Believe it or not, for the first time in history, that court no longer has any of the evidence. They gave it all to the United States Government.

For six months, probably because there is a law that requires prompt and meaningful answer, the Attorney General didn't

reply to my inquiries. Then I got a lawyer. And Richard Kleindienst, Deputy Attorney General, replied. They have no such records, he said.

Now, this is the same Department of Justice that prepared this same evidence to present in court in London. They claim they do not have even their file copies of what they produced in court.

So, thinking maybe the State Department, which forwarded this same evidence to the British court, may have kept copies, I wrote them. They did reply, saying nothing about their file copies. But they did confirm that they had, in effect, kidnapped the only official records in Great Britain. And what did they do? They gave them to the Department of Justice, the same Department of Justice whose Kleindienst says they have no such records.

"Kleindienst" is German. It means "little servant". Little he is. Servant - yours, mine, truth's, justice's or "law and order's" - he is not.

So we do need some law and order - from the government that clamors - for white, suburban votes.

We need it from the number one law enforcer, St. Edgar the Indispensable. I told you he knew about this plot to murder Dr. King, by those who found the Klan too tame. Now this was not because of his own great diligence; it was because a local police department gave it to him. These fascists were planning violence against blacks. A police informant set a tape-recorder trap and the fascist spilled his guts, bragging. He blue-printed the assassination of John Kennedy, which happened just the way he said it would two weeks later. He told of his pal who had been following Dr. King for miles and miles but just hadn't been able to get close enough to knock him off and still get away. This man actually took

credit for murdering the President, but he is not black and his name is neither Seale nor Hilliard, so he wasn't arrested and charged.

Here are the suppressed FBI reports on this - those I've been able to get.

Let me read just a bit of a couple of them:

(read)

So, it is not just of these threats against Kennedy and King of which the great, the one and only, Law-and-Order Hoover knew. He knew about the killing of those innocent children in that Birmingham church.

And he has done nothing.

Unless you call bugging King something.

Or calling King the country's biggest liar something.

Or calling the Panthers the greatest danger to the country something.

Or leaving fascists alone something.

Law and order is great. Let's have some of it - beginning with Hoover, Mitchell, Nixon - and Kleindienst. Let's have some of this law and order where it is most lacking - in the government.

Let's begin our demand for it with demands on leaders to do something about these political murders, especially the one we mark today. Whitney Young and Ralph Abernathy and Roy Wilkins as well as the militants can agree, I would hope, that these crimes can and must be solved, that government must do it, must end the endless frame-ups, the fake solutions, must find and punish those really guilty.

Let the abdicating black leaders hear a loud, insistent cry for action, not platitudes, not excuses, not unmanly evasions. If we do not want vengeance, we do want justice. Make them demand

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it - like they mean it. There are some things we should all be able to agree on, things that have no race, no color, nothing to divide us. On these let our voices be heard, together, in unison.

Let us have a little law - for the people, not against them.

And a little order - for the people, for justice.

Let us do those things we can so the murder, that awful crime against all mankind that we recall today, will not have been for naught.

An end to silent, cowardly leadership!

An end to disgraceful official lies!