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10/18/01

Dear Joan,

Thanks for the xerox of my memo. My copy is a flimsy carbon,
Boy do I remember the problem that typing was!

One of your attached notes is "Under the aspect of history
you might consider the breadth of Jim Garrison's investigation, not
to mention his personal courage." I was there. He had no real
investigation. I believe him too long when each time I chided
him for the obvious b.s. he was spewing out he told me he was an-
swering fire with fire. Nobody had to do a thing to him. He did
more than enough to himself. I wound up wondering if he was nuts
on this. No argument on the courage. If that is really what it was.
But he hurt nobody who counted, only people who did not. The net
effect of what he did was to fortify the government fabrications
on the inside as each of his outbursts was easily refuted, exposed
as fabrications. The net effect was a damaging blow to truth and
to being able to seek the truth.

Your second note is "I confess to being disconcerted by your
~~contradicting~~ ing what you told me about: Andrews admitting to you
that Shaw was Bertrand- your conclusion it was Kerry Thornley at
Jones Printing/ Waklter Sheridan's friends are given to retracting
but you?"

I think the Thornley problem may be in your notes. I'll go
over both for you, as best I can recall after more than 30 years
that brought their own difficulties. I remember both clearly.

I spent a Saturday afternoon in Andrews' office in, I think,,
the Palais Royale Building on Canal Street. Unusual office. The
reception/secretary room was quite large and Andrews' office was
smaller than closets I have been in. Not large if not small desk, his
chair and two other plain wooden chairs, with not much air between
all this little bit. We had not been talking very long when we heard
a door open and then the click of woman's heels on the floor. Then
a woman entered his office. He introduced me to his niece, Pat
Young if I recall the name correctly. She reached over and gave me
a kiss on my cheek and said, "I'm glad to meet you. You are the
only one who treated my favorite uncle fairly."

The reason for her visit, she said, is that she's gotten the

Washington Job and was leaving for Washington on Monday. I asked her what agency and she replied that was secret~~ed~~, she could not say.

I jump ahead a bit, not Andrews, that coming summer, at the end of the school year, there was some kind of gathering of those regarded as the best high school students along the east coast, on our civilization. I am among those invited to speak to the kids.

They ate in the school cafeteria, the seniors in^a faculty eating place. Moments after I sat down in comes ~~Pat~~ Pat Young with a well dressed man. I went over, smiling, and greeted her-"recruiting?" She did not answer. Instead she introduced me to the man with her, a psychologist whose name was mine or something like mine. That was at the Walter Johnson high school a bit northwest of the DC city limits.

After her brief visit, when Andrews and I were talking again, after a couple of interesting phone calls, when he was talking about Garrison's case, he came to a point I do not now remember, and he then said, "Hal, if the giant gets past that he is home clear."

That is the way he told me Shaw was Bertrams. Not that he was an assassin and I never believed that he was or could have been. I knew that from several sources, including a step-brother, a doctor, who's lived there since World War II and gave me details, the detective, one of the detectives who made the court-authorized search of Shaw's home and from an FBI report, which specified he was sado-masochist. Even when I knew nothing about Shaw I had no faith in that Garrison tale. From the first. *see below*

On Thornley, what I know I said and I think I said no more is how impressive Jones and his assistant, Myra Silver were, in their identification.

First i^{when} Interviewer Jones ~~was~~ Silver was not there. I had about a hundred miscellaneous pictures, four of Thornley-one with a very bushy beard and mustache. I handed all of them to Jones. I told him I was not asking him to make a positive identification after all the time that had passed but to select any pictures that looked like or suggested that man.

He picked out only four- the four of Thornlet.

Later I interviewed both at Silver's home in Metairie, a N.O. suburb, and have that on tape somewhere. Separately each picked out only those four Thornley pictures.

2

Impressive but I had questions, chiefly would Oswald have had anything at all to do with Thornley.

Thornley testified that when they were in the Marines together and he red-baited Oswald, Oswald never talked to him again.

My work in New Orleans had nothing to do with Shaw. I was trying to learn more about Oswald. But I did one investigation for that office, not at Garrison's request, at Sciambra's. To go to Omaha and interview a man who had known Thornley in N.O., which he'd left left when he lost his girl friend. Got his address from her. As I remember the name - ^{Phil Boettner} just slipped my mind. Maybe it will come back. Aside from his regular job he edited a small poetry magazine.

We got to be friends. corresponded for quite a while. Last I heard from him he and his wife were in Israel. Not Jewish.

He had had a correspondence with Thornley, whose letters were those of a real stinker of a man. He gave me the letters. The one I remember most is Thornley's pride at almost putting the eyes out of a man who had objected to Thornley's abuse of a woman. (Those letters and some of those related files are among what was stolen when a Medicare fraud had me in a nursing home with no need for 10 weeks. I am certain the thief was an off-duty Baltimore cop who had earned Gil's confidence and mine and that he stole what he did for another bastard, David Lifton. Lifton and Thornley had been pals in LA.)

Thornley was connected to some silly small political groups with a small publication to which he submitted crazy articles. I think that Oswald might well have equated Thornley's political beliefs to those of the nazis.

Of course I could be wrong on this but that that was and is the way I felt and feel. However, the positiveness of the Jones/Silver identification is beyond question and is firm and without any question.

Back to Garrison, I told him about my first Jones interview and he had no interest, I had Sciambra with me on the second, still no Garrison interest and I had both interviews on tape.

I gave him a perjury case against Bringuier but that was below him.

It may not be pleasant but Garrison was a plagiarist who made his own and baseless additions to what he stole. Both the Wash, Post and the Times of London began their stories saying this but more politely. Once Garrison called it to my attention-twice.

First he had one of his detective who also drove his car pick me up and take me to his home where Garrison was writing out a speech in longhand. He wanted me to hear ^a it. He did not tell me where he was to deliver it. Then he got to where he fluffed a line he liked very much and laughed when he struggled with it. It was about Johnson and people considering him guilty.

After we both got finished laughing, for different reasons, I asked "Do you have a copy of Photographic Whitewash?"

"Would not be without it," he replied, turned around and got a copy from the shelves behind his desk. He gave it to me and I turned to page nine, where I wrote about suspicions of Johnson. The line Jim was plagiarizing and could not get straight because it always broke him up is, referring to Johnson, "No matter how pure his motive, no matter how humble his gathering of fagots (if it is humble he is), they stoke a witch's cauldron and he is thought Macbeth." *Fagots, Shaw*

"That's a good line as you use it. Write it down so you won't fluff it," I told him.

A little while later I was speaking at the U Cal at Berkley when two students came up and told me I had to leave promptly because Garrison was speaking in LA that night and he wanted me there. They told me he had a table for me and some of my friends, as he did. I did not care about another Garrison speech but they insisted, practically carrying me to a car and then to the Berkeley airport, when they handed me a shuttle ticket (one way) and put me on the plane. I took a cab to where he was speaking. It was to the Southern Cal press ~~assassination~~ annual convention.

Sure enough, it was that same speech and sure enough, when he got to that line he fluffed it. He was not a bit embarrassed by plagiarism and most of what he said about the assassination began as plagiarism and then was expanded with his own imagination.

When I read and correct this if I think of more I'll add it. If you would care to be specific I'll address that.

- Not only do I appreciate the xerox of my memo, my carbon copy, if I did not say it above, is with the archive-to-be at Hood College, where nothing is in order, and I can't drive safely any more.

I do not know what you will be saying and I do not know what you know or believe but referring to Garrison merely as courageous is not adequate.

He was also crazy and if he brought a single new fact about the assassination to light I do not remember it. He overloaded the public record with innumerable fictions and he misled and confused glibly caring people.

He began with the assumption of Oswald's guilt while preaching his head off about Oswald's innocence. When I asked him about that he told me that it was just a technicality in his case and I was fool enough to believe him.. He asked me to be what he called his "Dealey Plaza expert" ^{on that trial} and, having taken his word when I should not have, I agreed..

Then there came a time when he went to court to be able to present some of the official "evidence" to his jury. That led to a Washington lawsuit.

After supper one night Bud Fensterwald told me to come down fast and to meet him at a HotShope on the Virginia side of the Potomac Bridge "and bring a toothbrush." When I met him there he had some of what we'd face in the court room the next day. One was a lengthy legal motion and the other a lengthy report by a panel of unquestionable medical experts convened in secret by the DJ. We divided the work up; Bud and his partner would handle the legal part and I would handle the alleged medical fact. We worked until about 3 a.m. By then in that day when underscoring pens were not yet available, I had used a crayon pen to underscore all that was factually incorrect, all that was dubious, all that had to be challenged by our medical expert we'd not see until breakfast before the court began, Dr. Cyril Wecht.

Garrison sent a staff lawyer, Nouma Bertel, and I sat next to Bertel for the entire morning session. In it the big thing for us was Wecht's magnificent performance. He understood the purpose of my underlining and gave very impressive testimony about those points. Just before the end of the morning session the in-court phone rang. It was for Bertel and most of what he said was "yes, sir." When the session ended and we went to Fensterwald's office he told us he had been ordered to do no more. I tried to phone Garrison but neither he nor anyone in his office would take the call. It

he had been ordered to drop the case where it was, I believe that we had a good chance to win. ⁽¹⁾

I did not sit with him at the afternoon session and when the judge, a Republican, son of the Republican majority or minority leader in the House ^{Charles H. Halecki} took the bench I walked up and asked to be recognized because both sides were misleading him and thus the people. He did not recognize me so I sat down and almost immediately he handed down his decision: we had won. He ordered the federal government to display all that evidence, rifle and other things, to the Garrison jury.

I was sure the government was going to appeal and that it might even have its appeal ready. I followed them, I think with Jim Lesar with me, and sure enough their appeal was ready and they filed it.

With that in disgust, I left for the parking lot in which I'd left my car, got into it, and was not even out of that lot when I heard the real shocker.

I usually kept the car radio tuned to the Washington all-news station and almost the minute I got in the car the hourly CBS news went on. The first item was Garrison's statement that he was abandoning the case he'd filed because it was all a CIA plot against him.

I could not believe it! He dropped the case he had won! And the case he filed was a CIA trick against him!

As soon as I was home I phoned the office and told I think it was Sciambra that I was not going down to be his Dealey Plaza expert and that they could all go to hell, that it was crazy and the dumbest of dumb mistakes. He begged me to keep to my schedule, which had me on a Sunday ^{morning} plane in a day and a half. He told me that what was so crazy was not Garrison but his assistant, Charley Ward, that they were still going ahead with the case and they needed me spend Sunday with the lawyers who would do most of the courtroom work, Al Oser and another lawyer at large as Garrison, 6'6", who I think was named Wardell, a nice guy.

I did to try to help them open and handle the case and when that long and painful day ended I told them they would lose, that they deserved to lose, and that they had betrayed the people most of whom care. I also told them I would not be in the courtroom in the morning when the jury selection began and if they had not told me by Thursday that they were ~~not~~ going to proceed with the case

they had outlined to me I'd be on the Thursday noon plane home.

And that very night I began writing what appeared as the second part of Post Mortem. I was not in the courtroom at all although the New York Times reported I sat at the counsel table, they made no changes in the case they had gone over with me on Sunday and they did lose because they had no case at all and they began with the assumption of Oswald's guilt, which they all made out they did not believe..

Oser, later a judge, as his father had been, did the best he could do when they had no case at all. I used what he did to and with Pierre Finck in Post Mortem and in NEVER AGAIN! He tore the medical evidence up rather effectively and made it without any real question that the autopsy doctors were ordered not to do a full ~~up~~ autopsy and had not done that but they had no conspiracy case and no case at all against Shaw.

Garrison had no case at all. In his own way, Andrews had told me that the first time I was with him. What he told me is that in "ovember 1966" the "giant" walking into his office, chatted for a moment and then threw a copy of Whitewash on his desk and told him he should read it. He was telling me that Garrison began not with any case against Shaw but with what I had done with Andrews' Commission testimony.

I won't take more of your time or mine but there are these things I believe you should know because you put your reputation on the line when you do a book and when it is about a Garrison, you should know all there is to know.

He was a fine and often principled lawyer but on this he was irresponsible and crazy and perhaps, as you seem to think, courageous.

But I think, alas, that nobody did more to help the official miscreants than he did. And to make the Report seem to be credible.

And how much more crazy and irresponsible could he have been to plan to call two men who had no connection at all, one dead for more than a year, the actual assassins from the Grassy Knoll? And not to listen to his staff, who got me to prove the impossibility of that stupidity if not insanity.

There is more like this that I do hope you know about, like his support for the fake French spook book he retitled to Farewell America. That I'll soon be writing about and I'll appreciate anything you have on it. Good luck and best for your book,

Harold