

Bakersfield, California
September 18, 1967

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

I went down to the library on Saturday afternoon and took a look at that picture in Willis' exhibit. There was a man in that picture, to the extreme right, who looks like Jack Ruby. The man was hatless and I believe he was wearing dark glasses. It showed the right side of his face. I do not know whether this is the man whom you had in mind; but it was the only one whom I could pick out who resembled Ruby. If any one had told me that Ruby was in the picture, this is the one I would have chosen.

There was another picture in Armstrong's exhibit 5300 B - the man in that picture is the man that I saw out here in '62. You know by now that I did not have just a fleeting glance at that man but I turned around and looked directly at him. He was as close as 6 feet from me. My first view of him was from the back. When I came out of the classroom, he was standing next to the wall with his back to me. I was to his right so when he turned around, I had a view of his right profile. I could never forget the way he looked. Of course, I only saw him with his hat on. He was wearing a top coat as I told you. I've often wondered about that coat - was it to attract my attention or did he have something concealed, something that might have been too obvious without the coat. After having read so much about his manhandling of women, I am left to wonder. Anyway, I did not continue on to the parking lot. When we left the building, he was still standing there, and he continued to glare at me as we passed by him.

Mr. Weisberg, I am enclosing a clipping from our local paper. This appeared in our paper after I had written to my mother and also my brother Jim who live in Arkansas. I told my brother about all of this that had been going on out here. I told him about the people across the street, about the girl with the camera, etc. Is there some way that you can determine whether this writing is fraudulent? I believe it is. Marina is living in Dallas and from what I can learn from people whom I know there, she has never moved. Have you ever heard of anything so ridiculous?

And here is one better: Last year when I was visiting my sister in San Diego, I told her just what was wrong with me. (Everyone thought I had suffered a nervous breakdown. I told them that I was suffering from shock at what I had learned. Well, it all sounds so mysterious and people are given to apathy - they're just too lazy to think for themselves.) Well, I told

my sister that my mail was being opened. She said to me, "You know, that's odd, I have thought my mail was being opened." So she brought me some of her letters which did have the appearance of having been steamed open. So when I came home, I wrote to my sister and I mentioned that I had finally gone to the police and I said, "Perhaps they don't know that my grandmother Warren was a Kennedy." A few months later, when I was in the hospital, I was watching an old Ward Bond movie on television. I didn't watch the show too closely, there was always so much distraction, but this much I recall: There were about three brothers in the movie, young politicians. Their name was Kennedy. Well, I didn't think too much about it. Hank, one of the Aids, said to me, "This is kinda interesting, the Kennedy brothers, isn't it?" Then a man in the movie said to one of the women, "And who could have more influence than the granddaughter of Laura Kennedy." Have you ever heard of so many coincidences? Another coincidence is the fact that my maiden name was Warren. Chief Justice Warren is a former Bakersfield boy. I have pondered this, especially after I read in Mark Lane's book an account of Ruby's volunteered statements. At one time he remarked that 'it had something to do with you, Chief Warren'.

If I hear from you again and if you want to know more, I can send some memos that I typed up last year. You'd be surprised at how many people are afraid to talk about this. One man told me that he did not want to become involved in anything like this. Those who would help are not in a position to do so. And so it goes. I say thanks for such men as Harold Weisberg.

Yours truly,

H. McNamara
Helen E. McNamara

9/18/67

Dear Mrs. McManara,

Thank you very much for your letter of 9/16 and the two enclosures, which arrived today. I have read them in haste because I have to leave for a few days. They do tell a remarkable story.

At the moment, I am already too deeply committed to announced work to do anything with them. I've just finished the rough draft of the fifth book and am working on others.

There is one thing in your letter you should not say or feel: "...my pride has forsaken me". There is nothing in what you wrote to give any reason for you to lose your pride.

Do keep your spirits up!

Thank you, again, for your time and trouble.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

September 16, 1967

Dear Mr. Heisberg-

I am sending you the memo. You will find that it is more than a memo. I am including other data for you to ramble through. If you are interested in obtaining more information, I will send you all the facts.

This is not a plea for help but I know this is the truth. It is all so shabby but my pride has forsaken me - no longer do I care. There are some very interesting 'coincidences' that I want to relate to you. Then you will know how very big this thing is.

This is Saturday. The P.O. closes at noon.

Yours truly,
Mrs. D. McManan

It was in the spring of 1965 that I became the object of some sort of harassment, anonymous telephone calls, etc. At least, it was at about that time that I became aware that something unusual was going on. There was only one reason that I could think of that would be responsible for this and that was a property hearing that took place in Texas in 1960. I knew there was something fraudulent about that hearing - I had made my suspicions known at a later date. But I could not believe that they would be concerned about my ever doing anything about it. Perhaps they were concerned...

There were several incidents that caused me to wonder whether something was going on that concerned that property hearing. Finally I wrote to the District Attorney in Tyler. He did not answer my letter; however, only a few days after I had written to the DA, I began to receive anonymous telephone calls. When the calls first began, I thought it was children playing around, but then it became obvious that someone was trying to get my attention. At first the party would call and then hold the line until I would hang up, and then it tapered off to ringing on the hour, etc. The telephone never rang when we had company which gave me reason to suspect that it was someone in the neighborhood who was doing the calling. Then the young couple across the street began to act strangely. The woman seemed to be trying to get my attention. I could not imagine what was going on. It seemed rather ridiculous, something like one might read in a book.

Actually, I knew nothing about the people across the street except that they had moved there in 1964 and that they were possibly from Texas. This did not mean anything. The couple next to them were from Texas and had also moved here in 1964. The only thing that I had ever thought strange about them was the fact that they kept to themselves, the two women never even spoke to each other and they had been living there for a year. I had never thought anything about their being there, but if there was anything to the way they had been behaving, I wondered what it might be. So I began to reflect back over past events:

It was in 1960 that I was in Texas for that hearing. One of the attorneys who had just recently joined the firm of Wilson and Spivey, the attorneys who were to represent us, was a former United States Attorney. Everything seemed unusual to me at that court hearing. They had brought in a judge from another county who seemed as confused as I. He even stated as much. The attorneys just stood around and finally one of them asked the judge whether they might present their briefs for his decision. The judge agreed. I was told that it would probably be a couple of months before we would know the decision. In April, two months later, I received their letter - the judge had ruled against us. I fired off a letter to them and told them exactly what I thought about the way in which they had conducted the hearing. I stated that the judge could base his decision only on the

evidence as it was presented to him. And I said more. I knew they had acted to protect Mr. Smith who had illegally disposed of a portion of the property. This was evident from the contents of their letter. I did not do anything more until May of 1962....

Then in 1962 I enrolled in a Real Estate class at the Bakersfield Evening High School. It was then that I began to suspect what they had done. Mr. Magnus, our instructor, explained how fraud could be effected. I thought about a paper that I had signed in 1960 while I was in Texas:

This goes back to October of 1958 at which time this oil property became valuable and the Oil Company was trying to locate me. Mr. Stovall of the Pan American Oil Company sent me an Amendment To Oil, Gas And Mineral Lease for my husband and me to sign. I replied that we would sign the Lease as soon as we could have it examined by an attorney. In the meantime they replied that perhaps we should wait until after the hearing and then we could sign it. (They needed our signature then - not after the hearing)

My husband and I signed a contract with Wilson and Spivey in March (Mar. ") 1959. They were to represent us for an interest in the property. It took them a whole year to obtain a hearing date. Finally a date was set for February 24, 1960. They requested that I be there. And this is where the papers that I signed come into effect....

I was to be in Tyler by 9 o'clock February 23, 1960 - one day before the hearing. Therefore, I had to leave here Monday morning, February 22, 1960. On Saturday night, February 20, we received a Special Delivery letter containing the Amendment To Oil, Gas And Mineral Lease with instructions for my husband to sign the lease before a Notary but that I should wait until I arrived in Tyler at which time I could sign it. And then they requested that I take the document with me. We did as we were told without suspecting anything. Mr. Spivey brought this instrument to me for my signature while we were in the court room. It was folded. I did not examine it. How stupid can one be!

So this was what I thought had happened, that I had signed a Grant Deed....

On about the 5th of May 1962 I wrote to my nephew who lives in Dallas and asked him to send me the name of a good attorney. My nephew answered my letter May 12, 1962 and sent me the name of an attorney, one whom he knew and who was highly recommended. I wrote to the

attorney May 19, 1962. He answered my letter May 24, 1962. One evening shortly afterward, when I was leaving the classroom I saw a strange man in the hall of the school building. When I walked past this man, he glared at me and then made a move to follow me. I turned around and looked directly at him. He backed up against the wall and continued to glare at me. I returned to the classroom and waited for someone so that I would not have to walk to the parking lot alone. When I arrived home that evening I told my husband about the incident and said that I believed the man had been sent there to intimidate me because I had written to the Dallas attorney. I never did write to the attorney again - not because I was afraid but because I thought they were all in 'cahoots' back there. Now I am sorry that I did not write again because I have learned since that my mail was being watched.

Now I began to think about that man in the school building. I remembered him perfectly. He was wearing a top coat and hat. I had thought it rather odd that he was wearing a top coat on such a warm night. Suddenly I knew who the man was. This had occurred to me before but I had dismissed it as absurd. Now I was sure - the man was Jack Ruby. At about this same time the news media began to refer to a certain tragedy as having occurred March 26th. I will not go into all of this but it was this incident that had first caused me to wonder whether something was going on. Anyhow, March 26th was the anniversary date of my marriage to Mr. Boone, the Texas oil man. I was still thinking about the man whom I had seen in 1962. I was positive he was Jack Ruby. If he was hired to come out here to 'scare' me, then he must have been hired to kill Oswald. I must admit that all of this upset me terribly, but I could not stop thinking about it. The coincidence of the other date made me wonder about the assassination so I brought out my old divorce papers and stamped right on the back was the date: the 24th day of November 1944. It was November 24th that Jack Ruby had killed Oswald and I had not suspected a thing! I wondered about these two incidents and whether there might have been a collusion of interests among all the attorneys and someone who might have wanted to eliminate our Attorney General... from power. If there was anything to it, they definitely wanted me to know it. Why? And if so, it must have been 'speculated' as early as 1959-60. I recalled another incident regarding that date, November 24th:

In 1960, when I was in Texas, Mr. Steger asked me about certain conditions regarding my divorce from Mr. Boone. I told him that I had signed papers early because everything was by deposition and there was a time limit. (I was in the service) He suggested that we go over to the Court House and take a look at the records. He told the girl at the desk to pull a certain file. He looked through the papers and said, "This isn't worth the paper it's

written on." Then the girl pointed to a certain date and said, "Take a look at this." The date was November 24th. I did not know what it all meant.

Finally things began to look so suspicious that I told my husband about my suspicions. My husband talked to a county detective who came out to see me. The detective did all the talking, trying to convince me that my imaginations were unsound. I was not convinced of anything. My husband insisted on my going to the doctor which I did. By this time I needed some medication to help me sleep.

The following is just a memoranda of a couple of incidents that took place concerning the telephone calls, etc:

In September of 1965 a friend, Mary Arnold, stopped by for a visit with me. Mary has a little granddaughter, Leslie, who at that time was kindergarten age. (Mary had visited me at another time during the summer at which time she had Leslie with her) Well, after Mary had left, which was about 5pm, I received a call from a woman who wanted to know whether I had a little girl named Leslie. I said that I did not have and then she said, "Well, I don't want you to think I am crazy or something but we found this little girl up here on Niles Street and she said her name is Leslie McNamara and that she goes to Hort Kindergarten. When we found her she was being picked up by an old dirty couple in an old dirty pick-up." I expressed my concern and suggested that she call the other McNamaras' listed in the book, that there were only a few of us. She said she would.

Later that evening the telephone rang again and my daughter answered it. My daughter said that some woman with a Southern type voice wanted to know whether we had a little girl named Leslie. I told my husband that that was going a bit too far. So I called the other McNamaras' and inquired whether they had received a similar call. None had. So then I called the Sheriff's office and reported what had happened. The desk sergeant agreed that it was a hoax and said that I should report any further calls of such nature.

On Monday morning I called Hort School and inquired about the child, Leslie McNamara. I talked to the principal who confirmed the story. I told my husband that I did not believe the story. He said he would call the principal at his home which he did and the principal still verified the story. But I still did not believe it so I made some inquiries on my own. My children were attending St. Lawrence School. Hort School is just above St. Lawrence. There never was a little girl named Leslie McNamara attending Hort School.

Then one day I decided to call the Sheriff's office again to find out whether there was something that could be done about all the calls that I had been receiving. When I dialed the number, nothing happened. This was repeated several times. Finally I did reach my number. I was advised to call the telephone company and put in a complaint about the telephone

annoyances. I dialed the number of the business office but the telephone did not even ring. A girl came in on the line and said, "Whom are you calling?" I said that I was calling the business office. She asked whom I wished to talk to and I told her I wanted to talk to the supervisor. She asked, "What supervisor do you wish to talk to?" I told her that I just wanted to talk to a supervisor. She then said, "Oh, I'll give you a supervisor!" A few seconds later a woman came in on the line and said, "Mrs. McNamara, (I had not given my name) I understand you're having telephone trouble." We discussed the matter and then she said, "Mrs. McNamara, do you think your telephone has been tapped?" I said that I had thought so at one time. And then she said, "Well, you know they have a little electronic device now and all they have to do is point it at you and they can hear everything you say. In fact, there could be a little portable truck parked across from you monitoring all your conversations." I asked whether that was legal. And then she said, "Of course it isn't! In fact, it's a Federal offense, but they do it all the time." And then she laughed. I knew I was not talking to a telephone supervisor. I recognized the voice of the woman as the one who had called about Leslie McNamara....(The woman who owns the house across from us did drive a portable truck. In fact, she was over there every day for about a month and left the truck parked in the front lawn. She was painting the house - did it all by herself. This woman bought the house in 1964 and was leasing it to the couple who are still living there. And this was what was odd - or coincidental: The woman whom I talked to on the telephone had repeated the exact words spoken by a neighbor just previously.....Marge (my neighbor) and I were standing in front of her place discussing the matter of the telephone calls, etc. I mentioned that I believed my telephone had been tapped. Marge said, "You know, they have a little electronic device now and all they have to do is point it at you and they can hear everything you say." So this woman had repeated those exact words which would give one to believe that the portable truck that had been parked across the street was equipped with an electronic listening device. For what reason would one go to all the trouble if there was not something BIG behind it?) About an hour after I had talked to the woman at the telephone office, a man called me. He asked about telephone trouble and then he said, "Well, we have a little device that we can attach to your telephone and we can find out who is giving you all that trouble." He said he would be out the next morning to service the telephone....(I talked to a telephone official last year who told me that they do not have such a device and they do not tell their customers any such thing.)

The next morning I advised my daughter not to admit anyone to do anything to the telephone. Then I went down to the telephone office and talked to a supervisor. The supervisor said there was no record of any such call. She advised me to have our telephone number changed and unlisted. When I arrived home my daughter said that the telephone man had been there. He said that he had an order to service our telephone....I made a mistake there. I should have allowed them to service the telephone and then reported it to the telephone company.

So not only was my telephone tapped but there was an operator somewhere who could intercept my calls. This has confused the telephone officials who have been very solicitous in the matter. They have recently given us a new line which was probably a waste of time.

There are many things that I could fill in here; however, I am going to skip some of it. There was something that happened in December of 1965, perhaps it was only coincidence, but it upset me because of its significance. It was this one incidence that disturbed me so much that I became ill. Finally, I had to go to the hospital. At this point I did not care what happened to me. I was in the hospital four weeks and the doctor sent me home. He said there was nothing wrong with me. Of course, I did not tell him anything - it was all so complicated and I had made up my mind to forget it. This was not easy. How can one perpetually be reminded of something and then forget it!

When school opened in September of 1966, I again inquired about the child at Hort School. I already knew that such a child did not exist, but when I inquired about her at the Educational Center, they did have a card which indicated that she had been transferred the latter part of October 1965. In October of 1965 I had made quite a 'fuss' about that incident. In fact, on October 20, 1965, I wrote a letter to Governor Brown. It was only coincidental I suppose that the child was transferred at that particular time. (The Kern County Sheriff's Office treated this matter as though it were a common thing for a principal of a school to take part in such a hoax)

In September of 1966 I talked to Chief Fote who seemed most anxious at that time to help me. He said he would put his top investigator on the job. I do not know how much investigating they did, but the last time I talked to Chief Fote, he had changed. He said to me, "Mrs. McNamara, your telephone has never been tapped." He might as well have called me a liar because the telephone man told me that if what I had said was true, that my telephone certainly was tapped. And I did not fabricate that story. Mr. Fote said they could not do any more. I asked him whether he thought the job was too big for his office. He said, "Wwell, maybe it is. We have done all we can do." When my husband came home at noon that day, I told him what Chief Fote had said. I was terribly upset and just plain 'mad' at the whole bunch of them. My husband thought that I should talk to someone, consequently I landed back in the hospital. I told my husband that this was exactly what 'they' wanted to happen to me.

In April of this year I wrote to Mrs. Marguerite Oswald. I had decided that if I could not talk to anyone else that I would talk to her. Mrs. Oswald received my letter and called me one evening. After I had talked to her, I thought, 'I'll bet that ole informer will be across the street tomorrow.' She was. She was there again the 26th of April. This was only another coincidence but on Friday night, April 28th, a

young girl from our local parish was bludgeoned to death in a nearby laundromat. April 28th was my former husband's birth-date. So even though these are only coincidences, something significantly tragic seems to happen after I make an effort to do anything. It would appear that I am indirectly being threatened, indirectly and significantly, but nothing that would give me recourse to the police or news media....

After I had become suspicious of the couple across the way, I could not help wondering what their interests were. Every time I saw the young man I would have a certain thought. He appeared to be a restless young man. When he first moved there in 1964, he was unemployed. So one day last September he was standing in the front of his place. I looked over that way and wondered about him. He was a slender, blond fellow. I looked out the window and said one word: assassin! He turned around sharply and looked directly toward our house. He stood there a few minutes and then walked around to the back. About a week after this my husband suggested that I go up to the Chancery and have a good talk with a Monsignor there, a friend of mine. He said he would call and make an appointment for me. This was on a Sunday. The next day my husband placed a call from the office but had it charged to our home phone. The operator called me about 10am and said Mr. McNamara was placing an out-of-town call and was it all right to charge it to our telephone. This would have been the only way for anyone to know that a call had been made. About an hour later the woman whom I refer to as the informer was across the street. Then on Wednesday I went up to Fresno to see the Monsignor. When I came in that evening, the two women across the street were standing in front talking to each other. (By now they had all become quite 'chummy') The next day, Thursday, the informer was again across the street. Then the next day, Friday, the Marneys' moved. They moved quite hurriedly, exchanged places with someone. The young man who lives there now was a friend of Marney's. He resembles Marney quite a lot. The Ronald Marneys' are no longer listed in the telephone directory. There is more to this than what is down here on paper. For instance, the woman who used to drive the portable truck is never around any more. I have not seen her since July of last year at which time I made it known that I knew she was the woman who had posed as a supervisor. Instead, there is another woman who makes her calls across the way. This is the one whom I refer to as the 'informer'.

There definitely is something going on out here in our fair state. One might assume that it is politically steered. An investigation into the activities of these people will reveal what group they are connected with. I already know.

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THE COINCIDENCES:

It was in January of 1959 that I requested Mr. Holotik to assist me in clearing my title to some oil property. He employed attorneys Wilson and Spivey to represent us. My husband and I signed a contract with the attorneys March 2, 1959.

Lee Harvey Oswald applied for a hardship release from the Marines in the summer of 1959.

Although we signed the contract in March of 1959, it took them a whole year to obtain a hearing date. I received a letter in June of 1959 stating that they had filed suit several weeks earlier - yet, the records show that suit was filed October 21, 1959 why the deception?

A newspaper reporter called on Mrs. Oswald in late October and told her that her son had defected to Russia. Why so much publicity about a 'nobody' as he was later referred to.

In February of 1961 Oswald had first informed the American Embassy in Moscow of his desire to return home.

In 1962 - the first of May - I wrote to my nephew in Dallas and asked him to send me the name of a good attorney. My nephew answered my letter May 12. I wrote to the Dallas attorney May 19, 1962. He answered my letter May 24, 1962. Shortly afterward I encountered a strange man in the school building where I was attending an evening class in Real Estate. This man, whom I had never seen before, made an attempt to follow me. (I later identified him from magazines pictures as Jack Ruby) I never wrote to the Dallas attorney again.

In May of 1962 the State Department first acted on Oswald's request to return home. It had first come to their attention May 8, 1962. And they became a bit irritated when it took so long for the transactions.

In August of 1962 I wrote to the attorneys in Tyler and requested a copy of the proceedings in the court hearing. Mr. Steger, answered my request August 8, 1962.

In August of 1962 the FBI contacted Oswald for the last time.

The first observation that I made when I read the Warren Report was the characterization of Oswald. He seemed to resemble a description that I had given of my brother in a letter that I wrote to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in 1945. I have recently requested a copy of the letter but the letter is not in the hospital files.

Officer Tippit was killed in precisely the same manner in which my step-father was killed.

Then Jack Ruby shot and killed Oswald on November 24th, a documented date in my life.

There are many more incidents. Perhaps it is all coincidence. However, none of this would have occurred to me if it had not been for the harassment, etc.

One might conclude from what I have written here that I suspect there is a connection between all this and the assassination. That is exactly right. There are far too many coincidences for one to think otherwise. As for Jack Ruby, I am convinced he is the man whom I saw in 1962. When I first talked to Mr. Fote, he made the remark that if there was anything to this that there was a lot of brain work behind it. I replied that I was positive the man was Jack Ruby and that they would probably make a move to eliminate him after had identified him. That was in September of last year, about the latter part. A move for a new trial was granted Ruby October 6th. He was then rushed to the hospital and later died - of cancer?

I read in one magazine, either Newsweek or the Times, an account of Ruby's activities preceding the assassination. At one time he made a trip to San Francisco in the spring of 1962. This information is not contained in the Warren Report.

None of this would ever have occurred to me if my attention had not been drawn to it. At first I did not know what to make of it. I am not a suspicious person and therefore had never thought anything about a conspiracy among any of these people. It would not have made any sense. And it still does not. But the evidence seems to be there. Oh, I did think about the litigation matter when I heard of that sad event in Dallas. But this was only because of my own experience with Texas officials. My opinion of them is not one that would merit an award. So when I heard the news I thought 'they will do anything down there'.

To ascertain whether or not there is basis for suspicion here, one would have to review that case. That is what I have been doing. It is difficult to obtain any kind of counsel; however, I have been able to acquire some information. There was so many strange things on that day in 1960. At one time Mr. Steger and I took a walk down the hall. He made the remark that it was too bad that we did not have the same judge who had granted my divorce. He said that he was a fair judge and we would have had a better chance. And then he said that the judge who granted my divorce was sick that day - that he was home in bed with the 'flu' which was the reason for the other judge. Then he remarked, "This ole kook doesn't know anything." Then Mr. Steger opened a door and we walked through another courtroom. The room was vacant except for a judge who was sitting in his chambers. The two men exchanged greetings. The judge said, "Goodmorning, Bill". I wondered why we went through that room but I did not ask any questions. I had never seen that judge before but I have seen him since - via television. He was judge Otis T. Dunegan, the same judge who had granted my divorce from Mr. Boone! Did he think possibly that I would recognize Judge Dunegan and 'blew my top'? And this honorable man was a United States Attorney! This was not the only incident that day...

I had never read too much about the assassination prior to 1965. Like so many others I was complacent enough to accept the findings of the Commission. It was unpleasant to read about it and all the evidence seemed to suggest that Oswald was the lone assassin. I was still of this opinion when my attention was directed to other incidents. However, after I began to read magazine articles and other media, I began to form another opinion. There were so many coincidences written into the Report.....

This strikes me as being ridiculous: Life Magazine February 21, 1964, page 74B, column 4 - the Oswald's had moved into a small apartment, 'it had a small yard with a few trees, and its window shutters were painted green'. Now reading that for the first time, one might just skip over it, especially if he had no reason to suspect anything. How many people would pay any attention to the window shutters and just what bearing could that have on anything? It's just plain silly. The window shutters on our house are painted green, and so they are on many other houses. But how many people have had so many other coincidences? Oswald had been employed at one time by a Mr. Robert Stevall. And there was a Stevall on the Dallas police force. In fact, he was the officer who found the photograph of Oswald. Are these two Stevalls any relation? If so, the photograph could be well explained. And there was another Stevall - the one with the Pan American Oil Company in Tyler.. ...I just wonder whether the window shutters on that apartment were painted green...Oh, well....

There are some other coincidences that I would like to mention; however, I am keeping that out of the mails. There are newspaper clippings - one especially, that I believe is fraudulent.

If all the coincidences mean anything, then I wonder about another significant incidence... In August of 1963 I went up to Sacramento to visit my brother's family. I did not tell anyone that I was going. On Sunday, at about 1pm, I called home to talk to the children. Assuming that my telephone was tapped at that time, that would have been the only way for anyone to know that I was away. Later that Sunday afternoon my sister-in-law and I were in the back yard and a large dark car drove by. The occupants in the car seemed to be looking for someone. They drove by slowly, turned around and drove by again. My sister-in-law said to me, "Someone must be looking for you, Helen". I thought nothing about the incident then but have had reason to think about since, especially since I have learned that my telephone was tapped. One might have wondered what I was doing in Sacramento alone and without any of the children. My sister-in-law believes that someone was checking on me - to see where I had gone.

Shyer

9/13/67

Dear Mrs. McNamara,

Your letter of 9/11 made exceptionally good time reaching me. However, there is no special delivery out here in the country. We still go to the country store to pick up our mail.

I am looking forward to getting your memorandum. Ruby is one of the larger mysteries. I would like to know more about him that I've seen in the Commission's material, and your information could be quite interesting.

You mention a property hearing in Dallas. If you believe that accounts for the man you believe was Ruby following you, would you include what you think is pertinent about it?

Also, while I am not in any way suggesting that this man was not Ruby, there are pictures of several men in Dallas who bear a remarkable resemblance to him. I am confident these men in the pictures are not Ruby. Therefore, when you see a good picture of him again, study it closely. If you have a set of the Commission's hearings available (as perhaps in your library), look closely at the right-hand side of the eighth picture in Willis Exhibit 1. There is a man who looks very much like Ruby, partly cut off in that picture.

Ruby had a commercial interest in pretty women. He also, in my belief, was not a homosexual but was bisexual. I do not know whether this has bearing on what you are recording but thought, for whatever it might be worth, I'd tell you.

I'm looking forward to getting your memo. Thanks for writing.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

Bakersfield, California
September 11, 1967

Mr. Harold Heisberg
Hyattstown, Maryland

Dear Mr. Heisberg:

When I wrote to you in August, I stated that I know the truth about the assassination. And this is what I maintain. It would take someone who is interested enough to study the facts to unravel the mixed up conspiracy.

No, I wasn't in Dallas that fateful day in November. I haven't been there since February of 1960. I am a Texas veteran. You may check my Army record. Some of the material that I can furnish might answer some of the questions you have posed. November 24 is a documented date in my life. In May 1962 (about the 5th) I made an inquiry into the results of a property hearing back there. The latter part of that same month I encountered a strange man

711
who made an attempt to follow me.
I have seen pictures of that man. He
was Jack Ruby. I went to the local
police in September of last year and
revealed what I know. Jack Ruby
is dead today.

This is a long story and I have
resolved to get the story to you; and
I have made of it typed. At least, I
have completed a memorandum.

Please allow me to send this to
you.

Yours truly,

Helene (Boone) McManara
1025 Valencia Dr.
Bakersfield, California

93306