

Mr. Bruce Milner  
109 Richardson Blvd.,  
Black Mountain, N.C. 28711

9/29/86

Dear Mr. Milner,

I've never had police training and I had no training at all for my investigative reporting but what I've learned from experience makes me wonder about modern police training because you have not applied a basic question to assess the credibility of your anonymous source who claims, if I understand you correctly, to be a former member of the mafia and that he has documentary proof of a mafia contract on JFK. From my experience, and I can't tell you how many are like what you report, I believe the basic question is, "Is this reasonable?" Assume for a moment what I doubt, that this man is a former mafia type, do you really believe that if there had been a mafia contract on JFK it would ever be put into any kind of writing? It is not reasonable. You may have some fun with this guy, who seems to have that purpose in contacting you, or he a strange type himself, and you may sharpen your police skills a little with him, but you'll get nothing substantial. However, if you want to meet with him, and that might be fun, don't give up. I've had people most reluctant to meet with me who wound up doing that. I remember once that may interest you, clearly a KGB defector. He'd call me from time to time and it soon became apparent that he had a special hatred. I didn't believe what he was saying and instead of trying to con him, which is a possible method, I decided to be both honest and vigorous in disputing him. In the end he suggested that he'd like to meet me and it happened that within a day or two I had to go to a place about half-way between where he said he lived and here. So, I suggested a simple thing, that he meet me in a very public place, a large store, and I told him I'd carry what then was my latest book by which he could identify me. We did some shopping together - it was a hardware store and I was getting some seeds for my wife and he did the same for himself, so, knew he didn't live in an apartment - and as we walked, shopped and talked one of us suggested lunch, and we lunched together. He kept trying to persuade me that another KGB defector was a plant or a phony. He had nothing other than personal animosity and perhaps a bit of jealousy because the CIA had gotten all from him that he had and had little use for him. I could have learned who he is if I'd hidden and watched as he left the parking lot and gotten his tag number but I kept my word and made no such effort. I don't expect to hear from him again but if he wants to speak to me again he'll remember that I told him he could watch me leave first. In any event, he clearly was formerly KGB and he overcame his reluctance and did meet with me. So, pay attention to this character if you want to meet him and he may, if you use the correct approach, agree. However, because I believe he is one of the strange ones, unless he is sick in the head he may not want you to learn that he is a phony. People do, for some reason, seem to like to associate themselves with major events.

I doubt you'll meet former FBI SA Quigley again but his testimony is inherently without credibility: that it is normal for communists to want to be interviewed by the FBI. This is one of the reasons he won't talk. If we are to believe the testimony of his own kind of nut, Carlos Bringuier, then there is something else about which Quigley could talk. He said he was alone when he interviewed Oswald. Bringuier, who was in the police station at the time, said there were two FBI agents.

Your mention of Bill Greer prompts me to tell you a story that, in part, I've never told to protect those former Secret Service people. Bill Manchester's nasty book had just appeared. In it he blames Greer and Roy Kellerman for JFK's death, omniscience that Manchester considers himself. He said that they could have taken evasive action, which he never spelled out, once the first shot was heard, and he said that if Kellerman had been younger he would have. First of all, no evasive action was possible because there was no place to steer that overweight limo, which had very poor pickup because of the weight of all that armor. There were people lining both

curbs and who could steer a hairy car at them? The north curb was right below a steep knoll and thus nowhere to go and the left curb bordered a flat, open area, and going there did not make evasion possible. After this terrible business appeared and was getting attention, I asked what then was an all-talk radio station in Washington for time to respond to these libels and got an hour for it. I did defend them and criticize those who seek to glorify themselves through such disasters. At that time or at an earlier time, I made one of two appearances I made at the University of Maryland in 1966 and 1977. Aside from the story I'm about to tell, it may amuse you how I can have a clear recollection of these among so many college appearances. Well, once it coincided with a world series game and the other time it coincided with the first

fraternity-sorority conference on sex. Stiff competition both times! But I had full audience and I'm reasonably certain that the time I'm getting to the kids went out to classes or for supper and then returned. It lasted quite some time. At the end there were some students who wanted books autographed, and a table had been set up for this off to the right of that large meeting room. They formed a line. I notice one rather attractive woman student, slightly taller than most, moving to the back of the line as others came up and was mustified. Until there was nobody else. I could then see her clearly and I could see she'd been crying. She said she wanted to thank me for the kind things I'd said about her father. I tried to make light of it and said she had the advantage, she knew who her father is. She said it was (he's died, too) Ray Kellerman. I told her that I'd spoken only the truth, that those men were more distress than most of us because they could not have done anything and because they were closer to the President. Before she left she added the hope that the time might come when they could safely say in public what they were saying in the privacy of their own homes and circles. Obviously, I didn't ask her what that was.

If Greer didn't tell you, he took the assassination and what he may have taken as his own failure so hard his ulcer got so bad it forced his retirement. I am without doubt, as on so many appearances I said often, that these two men were among the most dedicated public servants who could not have done anything and who, it was obvious, were in dangerous work for which they deserved better than cheap shots from self-seekers.

There is no actual recording of that part of the motorcade. There was a phony that was analyzed and found to be a phony, subsequently admitted to have been. One of the Dallas radio reporters, if you'll pardon that word, made it up for a quick sale. The analysis was done at Bell(Ma Bell) labs in upper new Jersey.

Please excuse the typos. From my earlier letter you know the explanation.

Best wishes,

Harold Weisberg



Sept 26, 1986

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

I promised myself I would not bother you anymore after requesting your autograph, but you're books are very thorough and agreeable to me. By the way thanks for the autograph! I have been researching and simply digging for info on J.F.K. Assassination for about 7 years. I've become obsessed with the subject. I have run out of sources.

I am a State Police Officer here in N.C. and some of my acquaintances have led me to some very interesting People. One of my instructors in Police School was Quigley who interviewed Lee Oswald in New Orleans. He doesn't talk too much about the event, I wonder why <sup>HA!</sup> <sub>HA!</sub>. One of my dearest friends, who died March 1985 was Bill Greer, who was the limo driver during the assassination. He was a very good person to me. He had some very interesting information and artifacts he shared with me.

I've tried to contact John Connally and Jim Garrison, but with no luck. If I could just get their autographs, I would be a success. My dream is to compile a book with an update of information, pictures etc. I think I've got a good start. I have had some brief contacts with other authors but am really not very impressed with their work. Some of the theories and crap that they have published should be in the categories of Comical. I have had some



Correspondence with James Earl Ray, but he doesn't write much as he stays pretty busy trying to get paroled. But he does write. Being interested in the assassination. I have got various ads in local papers in the Asheville area. About 2 months ago I received a call from a man who states he is 57 years old and recently moved into this area from Miami, Fla. He says he was a one time member of the mob and has some documents concerning a contract on J.F.K.'s life. He always calls me here at home on Sundays at 6:00 pm but won't give me his last name or phone number. I am convinced that he is legitimate, or else a top notch expert on the Kennedy Assassination and the mob. I hope I don't eventually end up like J.D. Tippitt. I really don't know how to treat a situation like that. I've never told this guy that I was a Police Officer, but I sure would like to see what he claims he has.

Do you know where I could get a soundtrack of the motorcade? I have films etc. but have never been able to get a soundtrack. I am interested in listening to the shots. Well I'll close for now. Any new information that you can recommend would be greatly appreciated.

Thanks.  
Bob Milner