

1) Morong - orig-  
2)

THE CONSPIRATORS

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F O R W A R D

The following pages are a copy of notes found in old National Geographic magazines which I found in a second hand book store in Omaha, Nebraska. The date I found them was March 16, 1973. They are incomplete and in the nearly two last years I have been unable to find any more of the missing notes.

The facts they reveal do not agree in any sense with the official record of the Kennedy Assassination as documented in the Warren Report. In the opinion of authorities who have read the notes, they do not appear to be in any way related to the real facts of the assassination.

However, critics of the Warren Report all agree that the assassination couldn't have been the work of one man. Their facts contradict the official report and are in basic agreement with these notes.

Approach these notes with an open mind...  
and draw your own conclusion.

February 22, 1975

Adam B. Morong

Why not  
more  
talk?

no date

JD as in  
Tippit

New Orleans, on arrival here just before noon. Our entire group \* met today-at the request of Ilja. At the late evening meeting we discussed only slightly what he referred to as plan k. I \* met J D Harper there for the first time. I assured him to be a party financial backer. He made a large deposit in a local savings and loan on our behalf. It was opened in the name of one of Clay's businesses. Only Georgio had access to the money. All local expenses were to be met from this account. Dallas and Miami were to be handled as at present. VIKTORI is to be the ID. Costrano is to handle the funds in Miami and Hube is to handle Dallas. We played poker until the early hours of \* the morning. J D was the big winner but I made a little. Very muggy weather lately. I don't feel well when weather like this although should be used to it. Met again this am. The shooting was discussed in

USSR  
Cooperate with  
others in such a project  
& risk by pay up, never.  
for any country's agency

how much  
in all

Killers would  
never accept this. And  
conspirators are  
targets ?

Saying a Texas trip was  
planned does not mean  
Dallas + up / recall  
Dallas not necessarily  
planned

general terms. It was decided to use two gunmen to insure no slip up. Leroy was being paid by us here as a hired gun. Ilya agreed to supply the other whom I assumed would be an agent friend of his. Or at least a fellow secret agent of his country's. Leroy demanded more money because of the importance of this contract.

J D raised him to \$5,000 in advance plus another \$20,000 which would be paid to him in Mexico. Leroy accepted this. J D mentioned that he had over 100,000 from his superiors for this operation. He assured us that all of us who take part in this contract will be well paid. He expected the shooting to take place in Texas.

? when  
Plans were being now discussed for a presidential visit there even now. JD's backers would arrange it said JD. when and if we went to Dallas where we had an effective organization, cube would handle local arrangements. If here the present group would take care of the details. JD would be in Dallas or Austin but always in direct contact

with me. J D gave us a number where he could be reached in Dallas. Call 1 pm only, let phone ring twice, hang up and call back. 694 3 56 771 291 TX D 2 We played-poker and this time I was a big winner. Found out Ilja can speak poor Polish and Lithuanian. He said he served in those countries about 1946. I guessed in the Soviet army. He drinks heavily but doesn't seem to ever say anything important. We agreed to meet in two \* days in the same place.

Attended Fairgrounds with Leroy. He is an enthusiastic horse player and seems to win. I never cashed a single ticket. He paid our way and treated me to a dinner and drinks later. I never knew his last name although I knew him now for more than four years.

Today's meeting postponed \* by Ilja. We are to meet tomorrow.

met today. Only parties involved in plan k. I met  
Clay for the first time today. Leroy insisted that he  
 H T D  
 be permitted to pick the time and place. Recommends  
 Washington. Says he will need only one shot. He  
 suggests that Ilja get him out of the country in a  
 submarine. Ilja said this was ridiculous. His  
 country would not involve itself that far. Leroy  
 would have to make it to one of the cities where we  
 had groups who could assist. He is too stupid and  
 slow witted for that. Our pilot asked for more money  
 and got a part of what he asked for. I'll have to  
 start putting the bite on J D for more. These men  
 did almost nothing for their pay so far. I am thank-  
 ful for our rich backers. I wonder \* who in Texas  
 stands to gain the most by this shooting? Something  
 to think about.

Unlikely because  
 JTR almost never  
 exposed. There except  
 with heavy organized  
 guard & many people

Both parties impossible then:  
 fly in to Cuba &  
 consult my Cubans, who  
 would certainly have  
 reported it. But why  
 would any one expose  
 himself to co-conspirators  
 like this

I and Georgio flew to Cuba today on orders from Ilja  
 to get the opinion of the Cubans on this matter. The

Flew legally or illegally? got to take off with  
 FAA approval drunk? (Cuba flew with a drunk pilot)  
 drunk

show on  
a beach on  
which a plane  
would land on  
Cuba. If he  
had a car, why did  
he not wait for  
them when they  
were to have  
landed? And if  
they were to contact  
Cubans officially,  
why did they  
land clandestinely  
and with all necessary  
danger?

pilot was drunk and landed us on a beach nearly forty  
miles from our meeting place. We had to contact Lazaro  
by phone and he was mad as hell about the whole deal. \*  
I got the impression that the Cubans want to break off  
with us. Lazaro himself drove us to a small farm about  
one hour straight inland. It was a dumpy looking place  
but very beautiful and modern inside. Four young girls  
about twenty two or three years of age were there and  
seemed to live there. He said they would take care of  
us until he would return. He said he had to consult  
someone. He talked to someone on the phone. My Spanish  
was much too rusty to learn anything. I gained nothing  
by listening. He left saying that he would return with  
a final decision for Ilja in a day or two. \* He asked  
us many personal questions about Ilja but we honestly  
knew nothing. I don't trust these Cubans too far.

\* JRLCVE \*

The girls drove us to a small town by the sea this  
morning. They had a cabin cruiser and took us out in  
it. Two armed men <sup>went</sup> with out with us as helpers. Our

pilot got drunk again and talked more than ever before.  
I found out he served in Korea but in the infantry. He was a BAR man and had been wounded. He was from New Orleans all his \* life. We had a real wild time with the girls. The pilot screwed all four of them but two is all I could handle. The helpers joined in and we had a wild orgy. We stayed out until almost night. The helpers \* said they had orders to return us before dark. All of us wanted to stay out all night long.

Lazaro came and woke us up before five am. He said we were to relate this to both Ilja, Clay and the Orleans group. It was their final decision in this matter. They would supply no money and no people. We were not even to contact them in any manner. Their contacts and agents on the mainland were not to have anything to do with us. But they would assist with any escapes once we got to Tampico or to Mexico City. He wished us luck and said we could enjoy our stay in Cuba as long as we wanted. I asked him



for some money to help pay for our trip. He gave me \$820 which the pilot and I split without letting Georgio know about it. Two of the girls left with Lezaro. They will probably be questioned to find out if they could learn anything from us. We partied all afternoon and evening with the other two. The pilot promised to take one of the girls to America with him and marry her. She certainly was willing and let only him enjoy her from that time on. Georgio and I took turns screwing the other one.

Enjoyed ourselves two more days. Girls were a lot of fun. The whole stay was a ball. A very nice paid vacation. We had a little trouble getting enough gas for the plane. They wanted to give us only enough to get to Miami, the cheapskates. Finally got enough after the pilots girl called someone on the phone. We will have one more night of partying and leave tomorrow.

We took off for New Orleans today. The pilots girl really put on a fight to go with him. She grabbed a knife at one time and went after him. He finally quieted her down by explaining that the plane couldn't handle her extra weight. He promised to return for her the same day. I think he is serious. She is pretty but a paid whore if I ever saw one. \* We stole everything we could from the house. Landed near Morgan City with no problems. Georgio's wife came out for us and drove us to New Orleans. The pilot stayed in Morgan City. He had some business there with the plane. They dropped me off at a bar I frequent. I just remember the pilot has all the stuff we stole from Cuba. I'll probably never see any of it. \*

I talked to Ilja on the phone. He said that he would like to take Leroy out to a firing range to see how good he was. I got a hold of Leroy and we picked Ilja up. We went out to a deserted spot on the Gulf. Leroy fired

exactly one hundred rounds at floating cans. He never missed. Ilja was very impressed. He said Leroy would do.

Ilja called me today to his hotel suite. It was a very swank place. There was a tough looking young girl about fourteen or fifteen running around in her panties only. He said that was his daughter but he introduces all his girls even the black ones as his daughters. She was on dope and didn't seem to know what was going on. Ilja didn't want to talk there and we went to a nearby cafe. Ilja told me that he had full confidence in Leroy. But this shooting had to be done right and he would use his own gunman. He stresses over and over that Leroy was not to know of the other gunman.

Nothing today worth writing down.

I called Ilja today. The girl answered and said that he was out. I could hear him snoring distinctly. I

said that I would call back tomorrow. Or he could call me today yet if he wanted.

I met with Ilja today at his suite after he called. The girl was not there. Ilja said the best plan would be to shoot from two different locations independently. One mans shot would be the signal for the other to open fire. Two would be certain to succeed. His gunman would be Ilja's problem and no concern of ours at all. But we would have to cover for Leroy and get him away from the scene. Ilja would get them both out of the country. Local assistance would be required to confuse the investigation immediately after the shooting. The organization was present here in New Orleans. If the shooting would take place here, it would be easy. But a shooting site anywhere within five hundred miles would still offer no problems.

Ilja and I drove to Dallas to meet with J D and the Dallas

group. \* We arrived late at night and went directly  
to Rube's club. He was not in although we were  
LJH  
expected. \* We had a few drinks and left to locate  
1-  
motel rooms. I picked up a rental car for my own use.

I called J D at the number he gave me back in Orleans.

It was busy four times but I finally reached him. I told  
5  
him of the Cubans quitting. He seemed to know all about  
it. He said we were better off without them as they  
could help on the escape part only. They knew nothing of  
the shooting, only that we wanted to get some of our  
people out of the US. Everything was working out just  
fine, he said.

Met with JD, Rube and Ilja in Ilja's motel room. Two  
b  
men were with Rube and none of us wanted to talk in  
front of them. Rube and J D both vouched for them as  
7 party members in the Dallas group. Ilja and I both  
insisted on a meeting at a different time. I felt at  
□ |  
the time that the two with Rube were police. We agreed  
to meet tomorrow. Rube, JD, Ilja and myself only.

One page of the original was left out when duplicating.

said a final no to that. Ilja said that Rube could  
get out at this point. Rube agreed to do his part as  
he was told. Ilja then told us that he had to go to  
Mexico City for a short while. He put me in charge of  
the overall planning. \* J D would handle all the funds.  
After Ilja left I asked J D for more money in keeping  
with the added responsibility. He promised me more  
later. JD, Rube and I went over what we had so far.  
Ilja's gunman would shoot first. We assumed he was a  
professional assassin and we most likely would never meet  
him. His shot would be the signal for Leroy to open fire.  
Leroy was to shoot until the target fell. We figured he  
would need only one shot. It would be my responsibility  
to get Leroy into position and to get him away from the  
scene of the shooting. We would meet with Ilja right  
after the shooting and he would get the two gunmen to  
Mexico. This was the general plan. Local help from the  
party organization may or may not be used. We weren't  
too sure. All of us parted in a good mood. Things were  
shaping up. \*

J D called me today. He said his superiors had decided to separate the Dallas group completely from the Orleans group. The Cubans in Miami with whom we also worked closely were not in on this anyhow. He repeated that we were not to communicate in any way with the Orleans group. I had the feeling that he didn't trust them. I have always found them dependable and didn't understand. We might need them yet.

Nothing the last three days. Don't know if I should go to the Rubes or not. I live only two blocks away now. It wouldn't be suspicious.

Nothing today at all.

I've begun to hang around the Rubes club. For about five days now no one has contacted me. Rube and I never talk to each other in public. It surprises me how many police officers drink here. Rube seems very good friends with them all. It doesn't seem to me very

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smart.

J. D. came to my place today. He gave me \$4,000 but I had to pay Leroy out of it. He mentioned that Rube was getting the same. I don't know what he did to earn it. Rube and J D appear to be old friends. Rube doesn't seem to be in this for the money. He really enjoys the plotting. I noticed that J D had Arkansas plates on his car and a license frame that said Texarkana. I always thought he was from Austin. He often talked of knowing Lyndon Johnson. But he could be boasting. Everyone in law or politics around here says they know LBJ. Wonder if I could find out who J D Harper really is through legal associations? I could take him for a small fortune. Worth thinking about. \* K \*

Leroy came to see me today. I gave him his money. He took me out of town for some shooting. He had a box of cork whiskey stoppers with him. About twelve miles out of town, he threw them in a creek. He and I shot about

fifty rounds each. He missed three times. That's about all the times I hit, mostly lucky shots. He is well worth his price. I feel he would kill anybody for fifty bucks. Also seems to enjoy what we are planning. He hates the state of Texas profanely. Especially the state police. He wanted to know when he would go to work and about his escape. I told him that the plans were being worked on right now. We only had the vaguest idea about the time and place. This Leroy knew from nothing. Only his part. He still wanted the shooting in Washington. He must be familiar with that \* city.

*And no suspicion  
of hit was known?*

My room seemed to be ransacked today as I returned from breakfast. Too many of my things in the drawers were in different places. I could not find anything missing.

The pages of the magazines holding these notes were still stuck together. Nobody saw them. Who could it have been? Probably never know. \*\*

I waited in my room two straight days not hearing from anybody. I saw only the colored cleaning woman in that time. The phone rang once but somebody hung up before I could pick it up. Probably nothing. But never know.

J D came today with some more money for me. I got a raise but only a part of what I asked for. I asked him for more. He promised to see what he could do for me.

I told him that I was moving about two blocks to a much nicer place. He said okay and to let him know my new address and phone.

Rube called me today. He had a party meeting to attend and wanted to know if I wanted to come along. I said no. I packed this evening and moved to a new apartment.

I called the Rube and told him but will have to wait until tomorrow to tell J D.

I called J D to give him my new address and phone. He also changed phones. Shoprite DT 498 3 39 852 114 The time 3pm. Ring twice. Hang up. Call back. He said that

*Earlier but  
refers to Dallas only*

he had no definite news for me but that his superiors were pleased so far. They expect to arrange an opportunity for us in Austin, Dallas or Houston very soon. He preferred Houston and so did I. More ways to escape there and closer to Mexico or help from pilot at Morgan City. I sure would like to know who JDs superiors are. It would be a once in a lifetime opportunity to blackmail somebody really big.

I called J D at his new number. He was there. I could hear a lot of traffic noise in the background as if he was right on a busy street. He said that I should begin to arrange a local cover for myself. I was to get rid of anything that could tie me to New Orleans. He said that Rube could arrange everything I needed and that he had discussed this with him. This was just in case I should become a suspect. I'd bet that he would turn purple if he knew that I wrote all this down. My memory is so poor that I have to. He also said that a definite date was being planned right now. It would be late November at the

*He would not  
remember these  
simple things? This  
is an effort to  
explain the best case  
of notes nobody  
would make if  
this were real*

earliest and would be now Austin or Dallas or both. The newspapers had this information in the papers but he said this was released too soon. Many wanted to cancel the trip entirely.

Spent all last week establishing new identity. Moved again. Rube got me papers and cards of Mexican wetback who died in jail a while back. No one in Dallas knew the name and he was positive it couldn't be traced. The police couldn't find any next of kin or anyone who even heard of him. I found a job. Actually pays well. I needed a truck for it and bought a second hand van in my new name. Rube got me a drivers license and papers for the truck. The whole deal looks okay to me but hated to go to work. I am surprised how soft I got in only four years. \* J

I moved to my apartment by SKU. Many students living in the building. I am friendly with many of them. Weir do bunch the whole lot of them. It seems the wealthier they

are the more communistic they are. Discuss politics a lot with them. They make a big point of the fact that they made Kennedy president. Their reasoning is that he carried New York by adding the Liberal vote to the Democratic vote and this enabled him to carry the country.

*Nobody would in any way like this could be this copy or know so little*

Without this liberal vote which they say was communist Kennedy would have lost. I looked this up in the almanac and damned if the Republican vote for Nixon wasn't bigger than the Democratic vote for Kennedy. The Communist Party did put him in office. It seems to me that no Kennedy ever did anything honest from the bootlegging old man to the kids. It wouldn't surprise me one bit if someone beats us to him. He must be America's most hated man.

I am bowling with a bunch from work with their team. I even go to church regular. For the first time since my wedding. I didn't know when to stand or sit but watched what the other people were doing.

The apartment next to mine is occupied by a real weirdo

bunch of America haters. They really hate the president and may just beat us to him. If they do I will tell J D and Ilja that they worked for me. I'll get my money one way or another.

Harper called me and then came to see me. He brought my money up to date. He recommended that I invest some in municipal tax free bonds. Isn't that a laugh? It could happen only in America! He said the final date would be known to him in only a little while. Caution was required by his superiors. I asked <sup>him</sup> ~~them~~ who they were. He laughed and said they were good patriots. Something very amusing there. What?

\* L J D visited me again. In very cheerful mood. Paid me extra for apartment, truck, etc. without any argument. He told me not to be seen around Rube's club anymore. He said he was in contact with Ilja again....he let slip a name ending in K O F F....and that

this end knew more about the planned trip than that end. He said that if not for the escape problem, this end could handle the whole affair much better alone. He was expecting some information hourly.

Entire week was very dull. I hate my job. But my bowling \* improved\* a lot.

J. D. came to see me. He has a brand new Lincoln. We went riding in it. I noted his license number was 567492864395583 T. We didn't discuss anything important.

Later I was unable to trace his number.

Rube called today. It was the first time in a long time. He was very gabby. He kept bringing the conversation around to counterfeiting. He asked me if I knew how to counterfeit. He asked me if we used phoney money. Or if I could get my hands on some. Or if I knew anyone who could. I was puzzled. I could see no purpose to his questions. I said no to everything and told him that we'd better stick to what we were planning. He seemed



real nice. He said he could get me a better job a better apartment or fix me up with all the broads I wanted. I told him that I would take him up on his promises when our present contract was finished. He was a very likeable and friendly person.

My apartment seemed searched. It was only a fair job.

But key objects were moved. I checked my notes but they were not touched. I won't live long if they are ever

found by the wrong people.

JJ \*

J.D. Harper and Rube came to see me together in J D's car. They took me for a ride. The car was driven by one of the detectives that was with Rube a while back. He drove us out of town a long ways. All three men looked worried. J. D. said that Ilja called him. He said that a man from Dallas had tried to infiltrate the New Orleans group. His name was Oswald and Rube said he knew him slightly. He wasn't sure the name was correct as the man used different names with different members of Rube's group. They all considered him a harmless phoney.

*Agony of me  
suspect?*

*silly*

J. D. said they dispersed the entire New Orleans group. If the shooting site just happened to be in New Orleans, we would have to start all over with new people. J.D. said that they were sure that this Oswald made the contacts on his own. He was known as sympathetic to communist causes but not as an active member. He was known to have contacted communist organizations by mail in the various locations in the U.S. None trusted him. J. D. said that Ilja wanted us here in Dallas to acquaint ourselves with Oswald and to find out what he was up to. We were to get him into our group if possible where he could be watched. He might just be an FBI plant. I asked to join the Dallas party group and was told to keep my identity separate. I asked for more money than I was getting. Harper angrily refused. He said I didn't earn what I already got from him. Rube later that day gave me \$218 on his own. Rube told us he would have this Oswald checked out.

Rube called me on the phone this afternoon. He said Oswald was a pinko nut. He was known by many in Rube's group. He defected to Russia and returned with a wife. He was openly pro communist and headed a pro Cuba group that was as phoney as he was. Rube said that he was not a FBI plant although Rube knew that he was in touch with the FBI. He didn't seem to bright. He went on to talk about counterfeiting again. I again told him that I didn't know the slightest thing about it. He said he wanted to talk to me in person. I told him that we were better off not being seen together.

Rube called early this morning. He asked me to come down to his club. I didn't want to and told him so. But he kept insisting so I went down and met him. I always did like him. A little shot who would like to be a big shot is how he impressed me. Generous and friendly but hates politicians. Could be something personal. The visit

turned out to be a waste of time. \* He boasted about the women he could have anytime he wanted them. He said he had more pull with the police than any one in the whole city. He bragged that he could have a person killed in this city and no one would touch him. Seemed full of bull. Maybe we can get him to just walk up and shoot the president. I had a suspicion that he was feeling me out. But for what reason? He gave me a case of whiskey before I left. Also gave me the names of two entertainers who lived in the same block that I did. \* Easy picking he said. If not just let him know. I put the bite on him for some money. He gave me two fifty dollar bills. He joked that if I could print them only half as good as that I would never need nothing from no one. He was still on his counterfeiting jag. He must think we print our own money and papers. Returned to my place and got completely drunk. Not a smart thing to do.

J. D. called way before breakfast. He was really mad.  
\* He knew about my visit with Rube. He also said to get  
rid of my Louisiana driver's license and a key from a  
New Orleans motel. He must have been the one who had my  
rooms searched or even did it himself. I must trust no  
one. He said the slightest slip up and I was through.  
When he finally cooled down he told me that he was told  
that the president would visit Texas Nov. 22 or 23 and he  
would have a parade through Dallas. The newspapers had  
been reporting this all along but J. D. said that a lot  
of what they were reporting was told to them just to  
confuse possible hostile demonstrations. He said he  
expected all the facts today. He told me to stay by my  
phone and he would get in touch with me. I meant to ask  
him for more money but then felt it wasn't the proper time.

Rube called. Harper didn't although I waited. Rube  
wanted me down again. We talked about Oswald. Rube said  
we could forget him. He said he knew him better now and  
he had money and family problems enough to keep him busy.

He asked me to come down again. He said there were some people there he would like me to meet. I begged off although I honestly would like to spend the evening with him. I'd like to tap him for some easy money. I have to keep after these moneybags.

Use \* to TX and H n, next notebook

Harper came over in his new car and he took me for a long ride. He said the president would visit Dallas on November 22. He had informed Ilja of this. The dates and times were definite but he didn't have them in his hands as yet. He said that Ilja had all the escape plans in Mexico completed. He said that Ilja wanted Oswald on the payroll for the smallest amount possible. J. D. seemed surprised by this request. Ilja had nothing to do with our operations here. His job was to supply a haven for any of us who wanted to get out of the country. J.D. felt that somehow Oswald had talked to Ilja in

person. Or they knew each other from somewhere else.

And how did Oswald know where to find Ilja. Ilja always called us from Mexico; we didn't know where to reach him.

J D suspects that there is much more to this Oswald

character than we know. Harper said that Ilja told him

that Oswald was cleared by his embassy. Whatever money

J D gave Oswald would be repaid to Harper by Ilja. Ilja

told Harper that Oswald may go along on the escape after

the shooting but this was not definite yet. J D seemed

worried and wanted to know all I knew about Oswald. I

told him all I knew which now seemd very little. We both

agreed that Oswald most likely was a plant of Ilja's to

spy on us. We agreed that he was not to know anything of

the shooting we planned.

Rube visited me today. He said that the shooting would be

right here in Dallas. J D must have talked to him. He

gave the opinion that we would all go down in history for

Would + could  
mean happen



what we were about to do. I told him if all goes as  
planned history will never hear of us. He seemed  
deflated\* by my \* remark.

←

J. D. asked me to meet him at a downtown parking lot  
as soon as possible. When I got there he looked shaken.  
He said it was this ~~guy~~ Oswald. He had done some checking  
on him and was really worried. He said Oswald was  
married to a Russian who was here with him. The Russians  
paid him while he was there. He was in contact with both  
the Russian and American embassies. Ilja knew him and had  
vouched for him. He came into our group here in Dallas  
at exactly the wrong time. Harper was certain that he was  
an informer but for which side. I suggested that we talk  
to the Rube about this as he knew Oswald best. J.D. said  
he would call Rube and the three of us would get together  
on this.

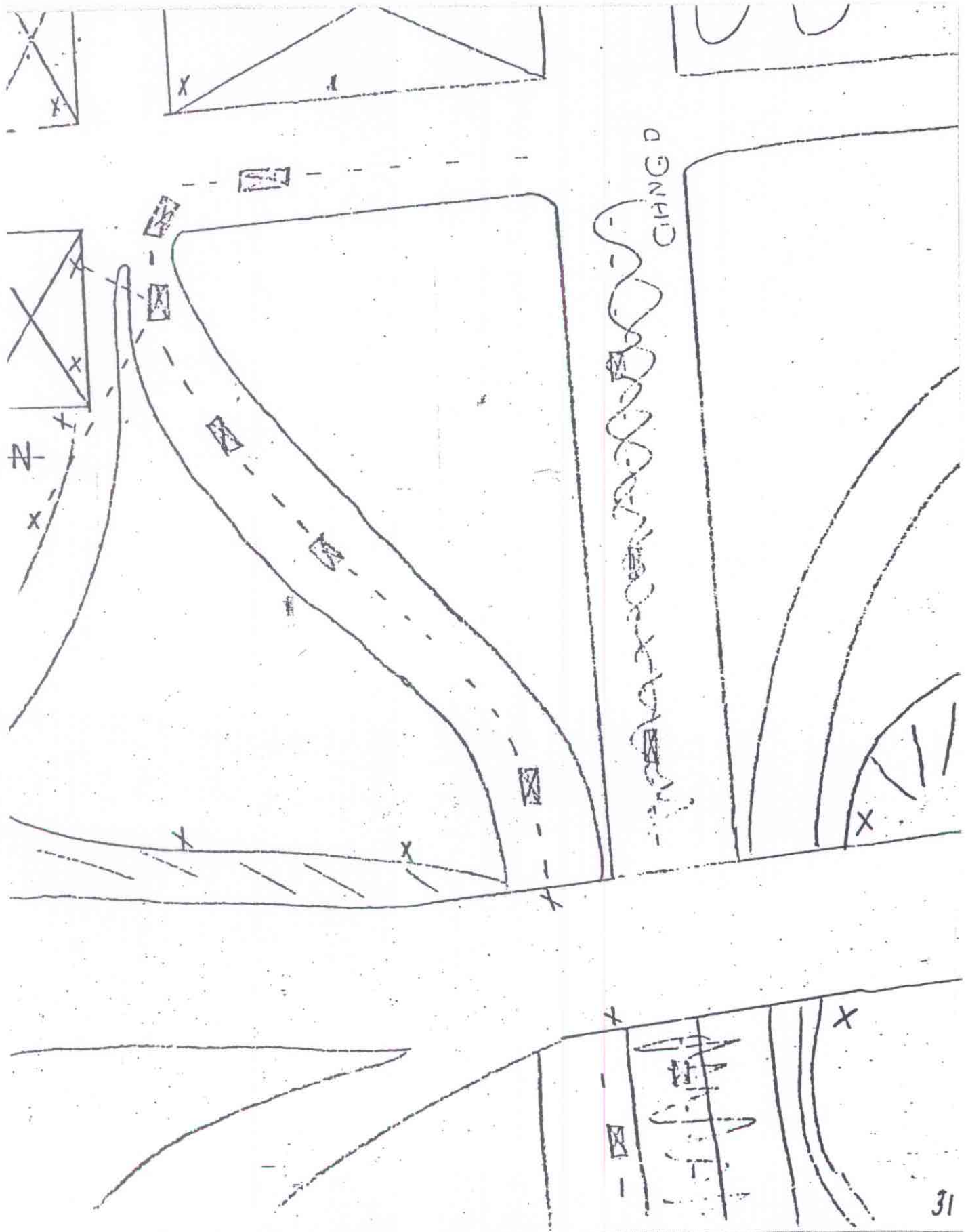
*Russian  
embassy in  
Moscow*

J. D. called. He still sounds all spooked out. He said



Rube couldn't get away. He asked us to come and meet with him at his club. He said it was as safe as anywhere. Harper picked me up in his car, Oklahoma plates this time, and we drove down to the club. We met with Rube and discussed this Oswald situation from all angles. As a spy of Ilja's or an informer for the FBI or CIA. Rube laughed at us. He said he had Oswald checked out by detective friends. He said that Oswald had to trust us not the other way around. He said he could have Oswald arrested for attempted murder if he wanted to. He found out from his police friends that Oswald tried to shoot General Walker. The police traced the gun to him, they picked him up, he signed a written confession. Then they were told to release him and to turn the records over to ~~EYEXXN&EEX~~ who had nothing at all to do with homicide investigations. He said Oswald spent less than two hours at the police station. Rube joked that Oswald had more cops in his back pocket than Rube had in his. He was an in guy. I took that expression to mean that Oswald

no gun found



couldn't be touched here in Dallas. We all agreed that Oswald didn't know anything about our plans. He knew us only as a group with pro communist feelings. If he knew anything at all it was from Ilja who certainly was no fool. We all agreed that Oswald was no threat to us. We would not let him know of our plans. We broke up with all of us feeling much relieved.

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#1

J D called. He was very enthusiastic. He would have the presidents complete schedule this afternoon. With maps of the whole parade. There was to be an important last minute change in the parade route. He also said that Ilja was in town with his gunman. They would meet with me probably tomorrow. I was to make sure Leroy wouldn't accidentally meet the other gunman. No problem. Leroy didn't even know my present address. It is essential that Leroy does not know of the other shooter.

- I met today with J. D. Ilja and the gunman at my apart\*

ment. The runner appeared to be a foreigner. Can speak English but very poorly. Ilja said his name was Smitty. J D had a map of the parade route section that we were interested in. It was drawn crudely in pencil. No street names were on it but I recognized the plaza area. There was a dotted line showing the route the president and his escort would take. Also there were about a dozen tiny x's which J D said were the best spots to shoot from. He wanted the shooting from two opposite directions. We began to discuss more definite plans. Ilja brought up the point of using a bomb but Harper and myself didn't want anyone else to get hurt. J. D. said that the president would use an open car for certain. It would be easy enough to hit him. We agreed that the best spot for Smitty and Leroy would be above the crowd and on the outer fringe. We would prefer a spot just before or just after a turn where the car would be slowed and moving straight. J. D. said all his marked spots on the map fitted those terms. We decided to work on the final stages by going over the route in

the morning. \* Smitty stayed at my place with me. He ←  
didn't say more than ten words all evening, just ate and  
drank everything in sight.

PRTSO \* VP DX \* N

Early this morning Smitty Harper Ilja and me followed  
the route marked on the map that J D had. We used my old  
van as less likey to be noticed than Harper's Lincoln.  
We looked for the best ambush spot. This is where local  
help would be needed. Someone would have to get our  
gunmen in and out of probably two buildings on the route.  
We noticed many good spots. Smitty noted them in a  
notebook. J. D. got real mad at him for doing that. I ←  
wonder what would happen if he knew that I took down all  
the happenings? I hate to even think about it. The best  
spot according to Smitty was as the presidential auto  
completed a turn toward the underpass. This underpass  
was on the bottom of the map. It was the last of the  
marked spots. Smitty favored it the very first time we

drove the route. The auto at that point would be exposed \* from every side. Smitty favored a shot from in front from the tracks area. All eyes would be on the president and away from his location. It would be easy for him to get out of there. I couldn't see any place on this side of the tracks to place Leroy. I couldn't say that aloud as it was important that each man acted alone. We stopped before the underpass pretending we had motor trouble. J. D. quickly got behind a partition in the back. Perhaps he is known around here and is afraid of being recognized? Smitty walked up to the tracks. He looked over both sides. A fence and some bushes right in front seemed to attract his attention. He came back to the van. He asked us to drive over the last part of the route toward the underpass. \* He went back up to the bushes. When we returned after driving the last leg he got in. He said he had a perfect spot for the ambush. He said he would fire from some bushes and be concealed by the bushes and a fence. He could then walk across the tracks to his car or would park his

They would wait a minute or so for at least one more man, maybe two. They would be driven to Mexico City where arrangements for their escape were in someone else's hands. After tonight we would not see Smitty again.

J D came to my apartment today bringing Leroy and Rube with him. I didn't like to have them around here. But the details concerning Leroy's part had to be settled. We could forget Smitty who left my apartment early this morning on business of his own. He would operate alone now. J. D. told Rube and Leroy that the shooting would take place right after the automobile carrying the president made its final turn toward the underpass. It would slow at that point and be exposed from all sides. I showed them the exact spot on the map. We began studying the map for a suitable spot for Leroy. There were many good vantage points. We decided on a building across the street and straight behind the automobile. It was in a direct line and straight behind from where Smitty

would open fire. We climbed into my van. All except  
J.D. who said he had something important to take care of.  
He again went over the route with the last turn toward  
the underpass getting the most attention. Leroy  
noted many spots that were suitable. He settled on the  
spot this side of the underpass already selected by  
Smitty. I had a difficult \* time talking him out of it. ←  
He then suggested a building to the side and almost even  
with the automobile. It had many open windows and  
looked to be a warehouse. Rube said that he knew the  
building well. In fact this Oswald guy we'd been  
checking worked there. He suggested that perhaps we  
could use him in our plans. I didn't like the idea of  
involving any more people but we needed help in getting  
Leroy in and out. We had to get a rifle in before hand  
as Leroy couldn't be seen carrying one the day of the  
visit. We had to be sure that he could get to a window  
without being stopped by anyone in the building. We  
decided to go ahead with plans to have Leroy shoot from  
that building or from its roof. Rube was also asked to



check out the possibility of getting Leroy into another building directly behind the automobile. Also a second spot somewhere on the underpass away from Smitty. All these alternatives would have to be checked out for the one which jeopardized us the least. We went back to the club. J. D. Harper was there. Leroy left after we told him to stay strictly by his phone. We would let him know what we decided as soon as possible. I showed the map to J.D. with the different locations which we were \* considering \* for Leroy. He Rube and I went over the plan at least a dozen times. We were sure that Smitty would do his part. Just because of the slim chance that he couldn't Leroy was in this. Smitty's only shot would be Leroy's signal. Leroy would fire the amount of times necessary. \* His escape would be our problem. He knew us and couldn't be caught. We discussed having one of us with Leroy. We could shoot Leroy and make it look like a murder suicide. Rube liked that. However we were sure that we could get Leroy out of the country with out any trouble. We then talked with Rube

about getting Leroy into the nearest warehouse building which had a clear view of the presidential route. It was the building Leroy liked the first time he saw it. Rube said that he could get a hold of Oswald today. He was sure that he would cooperate. All we wanted from him was to get Leroy into the building, to the roof or to a window facing the presidential route. He would also have to get a rifle in and hide it a day or two in advance. Rube left to see Oswald right away. We were to meet at my apartment after Rube talked with Oswald.

Rube didn't call back last night but called early this morning. He was very cheerful. I think he enjoys this plotting. Rube said that Oswald agreed to everything. He guessed immediately why we wanted a rifle in that building. He would stop in the club after work to discuss this with us. I told him not to tell Oswald anything more until J. D. and myself got there. I called J.D. and told him about these last plans. He didn't like having Oswald in on this. I explained to him why Oswald would be very

valuable to us. J. D. said to go ahead with these last details as time was getting short. J. D. picked me up that evening and we went to the club. I didn't like this being seen together so close to the date. J. D. went in and came out with Rube and Oswald. We then drove to a shopping center parking lot. Oswald said he had experience in this type of \* operation\*. He said he had a military rifle that couldn't be traced. He said he bought it out of town and used a fake name. He said he would be willing to be the tripper man if we wanted him to. He either guessed whom we were planning to shoot or Rube told him. I told him that we had a professional gun man that was trained for this job. But he had to get into a building and into position to shoot. He would have to have his rifle smuggled into the building in advance. Oswald said that all the employees were planning to be on the steps in front. Only one or two would be in the building most likely at the lower floor windows in front. Leroy could walk right in the back and he would meet him there. Oswald would then take him

*He should  
would use an  
from his weapon*

upstairs to his floor. He would have an open window  
screened off with cartons and the rifle hidden there.  
He decided to use the Oswald rifle as it could be left  
there. If discovered before we had a chance to get it  
out, Oswald said it couldn't be traced anyhow. We  
talked this over and all of us agreed to this. I was  
amazed at Oswald's grasp of the situation. We had  
thought him to be a gullible clown but he knew what it  
was all about. We told Oswald to go ahead and get his  
rifle into the building and let me or I know when it  
was there. It was settled that Leroy would open fire  
from the sixth floor warehouse window after he heard  
a signal shot from me. I would tell Leroy that I would  
fire once from the railroad tracks to attract attention  
in that direction. I would aim but being a poor shot I  
would most likely miss. He being the marksman would  
shoot until he saw the president fall. We expected the  
president to be standing at this point. Leroy would  
then drop the rifle and get out of the building. He was  
to walk out front or back whichever seemed best. He

*Why not 2, 3, 4, 5, or  
better spots?  
not remember to  
possible*

*No reason to*

would walk about eight blocks North where I would be waiting. If unable to leave the building without arousing suspicion, his story was to be that he noticed all the empty open windows and went there for a better view. Oswald was to wipe the gun free of Leroy's prints although Leroy would wear gloves just in case, and hide the rifle again. He was to drop three or four old shells for later confusion. He was to pick up and get rid any shells Leroy left. He was then to go downstairs, get to a different floor, or mingle with his fellow workers as soon as possible. He was to stay there in the building as an employee who belonged there. If the gun was discovered and somehow traced to him, he was to say he had it there meaning to drop it off after work for repairs. He could honestly say he didn't shoot it and didn't know who did, \* W- are sure each will do his small part. The shooting will surely succeed. Oswald if suspected can easily lead the investigation in the wrong directions. It would be impossible to convict him of any



crime on the little circumstantial evidence that would be there. He could take a lie detector test to prove he didn't shoot anybody and didn't know who did. Oswald seems to really enjoy his role. So does Rube. J. D. is scared stiff and he's the least involved.

I called Leroy over to my apartment. I went over the plan with him. We drove out to the warehouse and I showed him where he was to enter and from which window he would shoot. He didn't like the idea of using a gun that he was not familiar with. But I explained the problem of getting him out with a gun or the problem of concealing his gun with the risk that it would be found. He went along with my plan all the way. After I was

sure he knew his part, I drove him back to his place. Rube called me and said that Oswald told him that he had his rifle and plenty of cartridges hidden in the building. Rube said he was worried that Oswald knew him.

L POTR \* JJ

\*N

Rube suggested that after the shooting we find some way

*Not a shooter  
would do this*

to dispose of Oswald. I was able to convince him  
that Oswald was in no position to implicate us. \* ←  
I hate to admit that J.D and I talked of getting rid  
of Rube as unreliable. I never did really understand  
why he's in this.

We met this evening at my apartment. J.D Rube  
Leroy and me. Oswald came in a few minutes late.  
We went over our plans over and over and over. All  
of us were satisfied with the plot. Harper said he  
would leave the state tonight on business. He told  
us that the rest of our money was handy and he persona  
would pay us. The biggest historical happening will  
happen tomorrow. And the ones of us who planned it so  
long and patiently won't even get to see it. I'd like  
to be in the plaza tomorrow with a movie camera. We  
had a few drinks and then everybody left. I hadn't  
heard a word from Ilja last few days. I guess he's  
careful not to be connected with us. Tomorrow we  
will give this country a new president.

We made history today although I wasn't there. We got rid of one president and created another one. How much a few dedicated men can do! I went to the supermarket parking lot hours before the time. I heard of the shooting over the car radio. The news came a few minutes later than I \* expected. \* The president was shot and wounded is all the first reports had. The announcer seemed confused. They weren't sure where the shots came from. Our plan worked to perfection. Connally was hit. Why? Some mistake. Maybe a personal grudge of Leroy's. I can hear sirens from here. I didn't hear the shots. In about six\* minutes Leroy came walking past. He walked slowly looking the scene over. He made sure he was not followed by anyone. Not as stupid as I thought he was. He looked real calm. He put a foot on the guard rail and pretended to tie his shoe. Looked around very carefully. He then walked over to my van and got in. He said it was done and done right. I asked about Oswald. He said Oswald walked down with him after hiding the gun. They didn't meet anybody. Last he saw Oswald was getting a

*He would not have  
seen this*



soda from a machine. No one had seen Leroy enter or  
leave the building he said. He asked me how I got there  
ahead of him. He thought I fired the first shot and had  
a longer way to go. I told him I had the van parked  
closer and just now got here ahead of him. We began to  
drive to the meeting place about two miles or so away  
where we were to meet Ilja and Smitty. Leroy complained  
all about the gun as I drove. He had practiced with a  
Mausser and he expected us to provide one. He said only  
one shot hit the president. He said the president was  
falling forward when he hit him. He said my shot had to  
get from the front and he was surprised at my accuracy.  
He said one of his shots missed everything and that the  
sights of the gun were so far off that he was lucky to  
hit the target. He had meant to shoot once and get out,  
but the gun was off target. I asked him about Connally.  
He said that was an accident due to the poor gun. He  
seemed, now that I think back on it, to know it was  
Connally he shot. He was too expert to hit his target  
and then say he accidentally hit another man next to it.

Why? Both would  
mean flee together

Why?

When we came to the meeting place with Ilja, Smitty was already there. They had a this year's model new station wagon with Baja California plates on it. It was extremely dirty and muddy and a Mexican was the driver. They left the very second Leroy jumped in. Ilja gave me a V for victory \* sign\* with his fingers. I drove to the Rube place. He wasn't in but I mainly wanted to watch the news on TV. Kennedy now was dead and Connally was in serious condition. They reported the shooting by a man and a woman from the underpass. By a blackman from the book depository. They had very little in the way of facts. I went to my apartment. I destroyed the maps we had plotted on except the original in J. D. s hand. It is the only thing I have left that I may be able to trace to him. May have use for it some time to shake him down. I thought of every way that I could be connected with the shooting. I seem to be completely in the clear. I can just sit still. Rube and Oswald can't talk. J D and Ilja certainly won't. I have a suspicion that Smitty and Leroy are on their way

Did not

to an unmarked grave somewhere south of the border. I'll  
have to watch my step that somebody doesn't total me out.  
I must get the rest of my money & get out of here. I  
have over \$10,000 still due me. I destroyed all my  
phony identification and I will go from now on by my  
real name. Just heard that Oswald was captured! It  
came on the news just as I was writing these notes. Why  
did he leave the building? He was supposed to stay right  
there. \* Why did he shoot a police officer? They will be  
able to get on our trail through him. What happened?  
I don't understand his actions at all. Now I have  
something to worry about.

Nothing on news today except speculation. Oswald didn't  
say anything. At least it wasn't being reported. They  
think he shot Kennedy. Fine. If he keeps his mouth shut.  
I went to Rube's. It's completely safe for me to be  
around. Rube was worried that Oswald might just talk or  
let slip information about us. He said something would  
have to be done to make certain that Oswald won't tell.

anything. I assured him that Oswald wasn't in any position to stool on anybody. \* Rube said he wished he knew that \* for certain. I told him to just go about his business untill something definites happedned. We could do something stupid when we may not have to do anything at all.

The news confirmed that the gun belonged to Oswald. They somehow traced it to him through a box number and a phoney name. As long as they are after him we are safe. If he just keeps his mouth shut. Rube called and said the Oswald problem would be solved tomorrow. He mentioned his influence with the police. He hinted that this wouldn't be the first guy found dead in his cell in that jail. I asked him to just play it cool and not do anything. He told me to go F\_\_\_ myself and hung up. I think he's the bigger threat. \*0

49

The damn fool did it! Right on TV! What stupidity.

\* \* \* \* \*

I can hardly believe it. Why? Ruby's more likely to blab than Oswald. He knows more too. All the time, all the patient planning and all the money wasted by one rash act. One quick tempered act by one foolish man can jeopardize us all. I plan to get my ass out of here as quick as possible. Everything is coming apart at the seams. Will Ruby and I be the next to go? \*P

Madness. Right after the shooting of Oswald, J. D.


himself called. He wanted to meet me as soon as possible at the Sprint parking lot. I thought he might have a trap to total me out, but I'm really no threat to him.

He owes me the final payments and I risked the meeting with him. We talked in his car (just J. D. and myself).

He wasn't worried about the Oswald incident at all. He said Ruby didn't know him or me by real names and he was sure he couldn't tell the police much if anything. \*\* ←

He considered this whole operation closed. He said he had my money in his possession but not with him this minute.

\* He told me he was hired for another operation and

wanted me in on it. This would be our seventh in four  
years that I knew him. He told me he would have the  
details after a meeting \* in a day or so with his   
superiors. I told him to definitely count me in. He  
left after promising to call me again as soon as he had  
more detailed information. \* \*R

Nothing today. I stayed in my apartment and watched  
TV all day. All speculation about Ruby and Oswald was  
completely off the facts. We will never be caught.

Checked all my items and packed today. When I leave  
here I must not leave any traces. Even washed walls and  
furniture.

Nothing again from J. D. Did he skip with my money?

Never was cheap and not the double-crossing type.

Nothing on Ruby. He will probably keep his mouth shut.

J. D. finally called today. He told me to leave here and  
go to New Orleans. He had an apartment over a bar in

Algiers. He gave me a key and the number of the place,  
65479 TES pctrnea 22 He said there might be some one  
there but it was big enough for the two of us. I was not  
to contact anyone I knew in New Orleans. I am sure no-  
body knows me in Algiers. He would meet me there as soon  
as he could finish up some loose ends here. I asked him  
for my money and he said he would bring it down to my  
place and pay me in full. He didn't show up today at all

J. D. came over today with my money as he promised  
yesterday. He said some last minute business came up  
and he couldn't get away. I left for New Orleans  
right after J. D. left and drove to Corpus Christi to  
look up an old friend of mine. I couldn't locate my  
friend at all and wasted half a day trying to find out  
any information about his whereabouts. I slept in a  
motel on the edge of Port Arthur. Chilly for this time  
of year.

r

i

v

e

I arrived in Algiers in a cold rainstorm. I checked in with the landlady and received a wrapped box from her. She demanded two receipts from me for it. There was no one in the apartment although the refrigerator was full. I opened the box and it contained a completely different set of identification for myself. I was to change my identity again. Plus the number to reach J.D. here in New Orleans. There was a note to call J.D. immediately. 3769 449 56 0839 When I called J.D. ← himself answered. He was mad as hell. He wanted to know what took me so long to get here. I told him about my stop in Christi and that I didn't expect him here ahead of me. He told me to do exactly as I was told or he will \* have no more to do with me. When he cooled off ← he said his superiors were very pleased with our Dallas operation. \* No one besides Oswald was even suspected ← He said that his superiors told him that there were influential and powerful people who would make sure that Oswald alone would get the blame. Nothing else would be considered or investigated. He said this was just as



clean as our other operations. No conspiracy would  
be considered and absolutely nothing that would  
implicate any party member would be heard. He said one  
more shooting was desired by this group for sure. But it  
was likely that two more would be needed. \* \* \* \* \* R

His superiors had it ordered and J. D. already had a  
gunman he knew. He would use me in the same manner as  
in the past. The money was to be about a fourth of  
what I was paid for the last operation but still better  
than any price I got before. It would be one shooter  
only and expected to be an easy one shot deal. I would  
get the shooter to the target and J. D. said he didn't  
give a damn if this so and so gets caught. \* \* \* \* \* ←

The target would be here in the deep South most likely  
Mississippi. Only I and the gunman would be in on this.

I asked about Ilja. He said Ilja was back in his  
country and would never be seen or heard from again.

Dead already? He said he would call me again soon. ( I  
sure would like to find out who he is. Or his  
superiors. It would be worth a million to me )

I went on a bar hopping spree all day long. I would have liked to go to the game today but too risky. Stayed joints around here where nobody knew me. Picked up by hooker named Big Bottom Bertha and took her to my apartment. We screwed all night although she was like screwing a cow, I was that hard up for nooky. She was so drunk by morning that I just put her out on the porch behind the bar and called the cops to pick her up. I took back the thirty dollars I paid her plus sixteen more that she had. I must stay out of the area where she hangs out or she will probably total me out.

Stayed in downstairs joint this afternoon and evening.

Picked up a couple of drinking buddies who seemed to be merchant seamen. It turned out they lived in a room right next door to my apartment. We played pool until late and planned a fishing trip on the Gulf tomorrow.

They have the use of a \* boat and the gear and will take me out with them.

I relaxed fishing today with the buddies. It turned out

They were high on dope and said they were married to each other. When we got way out on the Gulf they started shooting something into their arms with a needle. Then they took all their clothes off and engaged in all kinds of sexual perversions. They didn't even seem to realize \* that I was there enjoying their performance. We ← stayed out until nearly dark. We went out to BBQ chicken joint and then the bar until really late. Real wierdos.

? I put my money into my savings account here. It is almost large enough to retire on. One or two contracts after this one should do it. J. D. called me to say that he would be out of town for a while. He said he will contact me when he returns. \* \* ←

Got a real pleasant surprise today. The other user of this apartment came back. She was about thirty and less than five feet tall. She had a figure like a dream but homely face. She was about the most foul mouthed woman I ever met. I don't think she ever said one whole

sentence without using profanity. A real tough babe. She told me right off that if I wanted to shack up I would have to pay all her booze and food bills. She said if I wanted a sample she would let me screw her right there on the kitchen table. I agreed to her deal in one second flat as my tallywhacker was already standing straight up. Except we made out on the couch real proper. She was a sex fiends dream and really let herself go. I went out for food and pin and then spent all night and most of the next morning screwing her. I felt like I lost ten pounds that night and she asked me if I had any friends that would like to take her on for fifty a nite. I learned nothing about who she was or where she fitted in here.

J.D. called this noon. He said he was back to stay. He said for me to stay in my room untill he got there. He asked me if Babe came back to the apartment. When he told him she was he laughed and said I better get some friends to help out with her or I wouldn't ever be able

Ruby? in 1963?

to walk again. I watched for him and told Babe he was coming. She was half stoned on her pin and watching TV bare assed. J.D. arrived in his same car but now had Arkansas plates on it. He said another shooting was now definite. Only the place was still in doubt but he expected it to be in Mississippi. He had the gunman lined up and briefed. He mentioned he was just out of a pen or was just about to get out. I don't now remember which. He said he was dumber than Oswald and would have to be guided all the way. J. D. mentioned that the gunman wasn't too good of a shot and would have to get close. That would be my job. He had Babe take a shower and then he took her into the bedroom. I watched and he didn't mind. He was hung like a donkey and I'm sure I could recognize him by his tallywhacker alone. He really had Babe squealing. I wish I was only half as good in that department. She made him promise to come back as soon as possible as she was crazy about him. I noticed he gave her fifty dollars.

J.D. sat on the couch with a drink and Babe on his lap  
still trying to get her worked up again. Babe was bare  
and J.D. only had his pants on. I asked who the target  
was and he said I didn't have to know yet. I asked if I  
would be wiser to use two gunmen. He said this target  
would be easy to get and two men would not be needed.  
He changed his phone # 8137 539 56 4296 call 2pm  
exactly, let phone ring three times, hang up and call  
right\* back. He said we may have to wait a long time or  
very soon, he himself didn't know for sure. He screwed  
Babe again this time with her sitting on top of him. They  
could really make some hot stag films. Real operators.  
I got all worked up and took her right after he finished.  
He left saying that he would call me probably tomorrow.  
I went out for steaks and gin and Babe surprised me how  
well she could broil the steaks. She didn't eat anything  
but steak, although she made hot buttered garlic bread  
a big salad and a baked potato. Cooks about as well as  
she screws and she's the world champion at that.

J. D. called today. He said I was to change identity again. He would get the necessary cards and papers for me. \* \* \* I stripped down the van and simply abandoned it by some other junkers. That was my last Dallas connection. But that is all ancient history now.

\* S

T R U Q M T use \*

I went fishing early am with the two merchant seaman. One name is Dominic and the other is Joe. We fished only and did well. We went up to my apartment after the fishing trip. Babe fried enough fish for me but wouldn't give the other two anything at all. I think she knew them both. They ignored her and we played poker. We got good and drunk while Babe cussed the hell <sup>out</sup> of the three of us. I'm amazed at her knowledge of profane expressions and the many ways she can mix them up.

Nothing at all today. Just screwed all day long. Getting tired of Babe already.

Went fishing with Dominic and Joe. They got high and

screwed each other the whole trip, really disgusting pair but otherwise likeable.

The papers J.D. promised me were brought up to my place by the landlady. She said she was surprised to see me still able to walk. She must know Babe. The I D is Cuban. I destroyed all the I D I had on me before the new one by burning it in the sink. I called J. D. on time and asked about buying clothes and a new car. He said not right now.

J.D. called in person. He spent all afternoon in the bed with Babe. I didn't know it could be done so many different ways. He got me so worked up that I took a turn with her when he went to the can for awhile.

Spent all day playing pool with Joe and Dominic. They got a ship and will leave next morning. I think that I will miss them. Queers clear through but enjoyable company.

Babe was gone when I woke up. I asked the landlady and



She told me that Babe's rent here is paid for by J.D. and he visits her here regularly. She has other clients to take care of and is here about six days in a month.

Lonely place without the seamen and Babe, although I sure needed a rest from Babe. A man would need a cast-iron tallywhacker to keep her satisfied. What a woman!

I bought a second-hand typewriter today. I began typing the notes as my handwriting can hardly be read. I have been typing all afternoon and got almost nothing done. My spelling is terrible. I should buy a dictionary and look up the words I'm not sure of. But then I would never get done. The historic facts are more important. I am recopying the notes without any correction even though I am not sure now if they are in the right order. I will keep the hand written note books in my safe deposit box.

I will keep the typewritten copies hidden here in my magazines and suitcase. My wife will be notified of this when I die and she will get the money. I'm sorry I

abandoned them now. But there was no other way. I wanted to be somebody big and have a lot of money. This was the only way I knew. She will be shocked but rich.

I spent all day typing. I didn't even drink anything. It looks terrible but it is the best I can do. I can't ask anybody for help. I must be about eight grade level in English. The facts are what counts though. Or no one will ever hear the truth. I got tired and went out and got drunk by myself.

Typing today very dull and boring. I am having trouble reading my own handwriting. Also coffee got spilled on one of the notebooks and smeared the ink. I am placing the typed copies in old magazines and I am keeping them locked in my suitcase. I will hide them when I am done and leave the location in my safe deposit box. I am careful to destroy the carbon each day and hide everything.

J. D. has big eyes.

I slept nearly fifteen hours straight. Typing surprises

me how exhausting it is. It looks like a snap when somebody else is doing it. The landlady told me that she heard my phone ring three or four times. She thought I was out. I can't describe how tired I get doing this. How in the world can typists do it all day long. It would drive me ape.

J. D. called today. He was hot about why I didn't answer my phone. He knew I was in my room when he called. (Landlady) I told him I must have drank too much and passed out. He said all right but just be sure to lock myself in my room when I drank heavily. He didn't say anything important just wanted to talk to me. He only gossiped. He asked about old friends here. I told them that I lost contact with them as I was told. He was satisfied. He seems to know everything that goes on. Must be very smart or have smart superiors. I sure wish I could somehow learn who he is. Or who he is working for. They must be rich and powerful. \*T T \*

*How a typist for  
such notes?*

Nothing today. I went over my typed copies and they look sloppy but better than my handwritten notes that I can hardly read. I won't correct them and type them over for all the money in the world. I wish I could hire a good typist.

Played pool in the bar with a stranger almost all day. Picked up a pro in the bar and took her to my room. Not one tenth as good as Babe but capable and all business.

*must be small notebook!*

I called J. D. to ask for some money on account. No answer. Typed up one more notebook.

Spent today watching TV and reading my old magazines. I am surprised at \* how many really old ones I have. Must be about two hundred. I like the old advertisements especially the cars.

S P L U V    \*\*    \_ L C D E \_    U U U

J. D. called. He said the target was to be a Mississippi businessman and that he was practically unknown. I would have to learn to identify him from some pictures that J. D.

had. The punman was contracted. He was a local boy from Orleans. The time and place was not definite but he spent weekends at a resort with a young girl. It would be easy to hit him at the resort. Or on the way to it. He said the landlady had some money for me. I asked for permission to buy a Cad. He said nothing showy and it would be better to get a hot car that I could abandon if necessary. He preferred that I use a cab to get around.

Nothing. Notes almost typed up to date.

Spotted two of old group sitting in their car talking. Maybe didn't disband completely but in activities of their own. I would have liked to talk with them.

I decided to risk a phone call to the pilot. Don't think he will recognize my voice. I can feel him out to see if it would be safe to meet him. I didn't get an answer although I tried four times.

Nothing at all today.

I went shopping for some heavier clothes in a second-hand store across the river. I typed all afternoon.

I have two more of the notebooks copied and have three more to go. But there isn't much to a page and the books are small. I wish I was done with this damn job.

Went to New Orleans to a movie and ate at a old restaurant on Canal.

I rented a car in the phoney name and drove clear to Houston for a basketball game. I ~~MADE~~ made the rounds of the bars and picked up two girls looking for a good time. Spent all evening dancing to country music and then went out to dinner. I dropped one girl at a bar but took the other to a motel. I screwed her a couple of times but she was too amateur to be much good.

Drove back to New Orleans and didn't bother to return <sup>it</sup> the car. Just left a few blocks down the street.

J. D. called but only gossiped, mostly about the wild things Babe could do in the sack. He said she should be

back anytime now. I got a terrific hardon just  
talking about her.

Had to have a tooth pulled today. Whole side of face  
was puffed and even the ear on that side hurt. It was  
a relief to get rid of it but hated to see it go. The  
rest weren't very far behind according to the dentist.

Absolutely nothing today. I was hoping that Babe  
would show up but no such ~~XXX~~ luck.

I played a little pool downstairs. Otherwise nothing.

I tried to reach J. D. I called \* the precise time but  
no answer. \* \* \* \* \*

The landlady had some money for me. It was in the same  
type of package as before. Also some articles clipped  
from magazines and newspapers. They all dealt with  
Oswald being guilty and acting alone. I feel sorry for  
his kids and kin though. But we are completely safe and  
that is what counts.

I got a call from J. D. He was very cheerful. He told me that he came upon a present for me. He told me to see the landlady. To add to the surprises today, Babe came back. When I went to see what the landlady had for me, she gave me the keys of a like new '57 Chevrolet parked in the alley. I took it out for a spin and it ran like a brand new one. A real cream puff of a car. The papers showed it belonged to me complete to my current cover and address. When I returned the landlady gave me a new driver's license \* with my fake name on it. I called J. D. right back but I didn't get an answer. I took Babe for a spin and we parked in the park. We screwed in the back seat like a couple of teen agers.

I took Babe for a little trip of about two hundred miles North of Orleans and almost to the Mississippi border. I spread a blanket in some trees and screwed her just a little off the road. We drove around just any way we felt like but Babe drove too slow and cautious for me. She made me



nervous. The small towns up state were real friendly  
and beautiful. I must pick one out to retire in after  
a couple more hits. We drove back to Orleans after  
stuffing ourselves with some of the best B B Q ribs I  
ever tasted in my life in a dinky cafe. We were so  
tired that we didn't screw that night .

Damned if Babe wasn't gone when I awoke this morning.

All her stuff gone too. Damn it to hell!

Nothing today. I called J.D. on time just to gossip  
with him but got no answer.

I am typing in my apartment again. I noticed this late  
that I stupidly didn't mark any page numbers or keep  
any dates. I am not sure after all this time has passed  
that the sequences of events are in correct order. I  
simply wrote things down as they happened. Very sloppy.  
For the record, today as I type this copy of my notes of  
the last three years plus a few months, I have learned  
that I have less than five weeks to live. Today is Jan

2nd, 1971. It will be the only date to appear anywhere  
in these notes. I will get away from the notes for just  
these few lines. I made arrangements for the killings  
for the money. I have killed four people by myself, the  
rest were by hired guns. I have been desperately poor  
all my life and lost my family and wife over money.  
They are better off abandoned by me than what I could  
provide. I am writing this to let the people know the  
background of the killing that was my most important. The  
killing of Kennedy. I never learned who J. D. Harper  
was or who he worked for. Smitty and Leroy, Oswald and  
Ruby whose name I even spelled wrong until I saw it in  
the paper, are all dead. Ilja I'm sure is dead too.  
I always felt that LBJ was one of J. D.'s superiors and  
that Ilja was an agent of the Soviet Union. Oswald  
never shot anybody although we knew he tried once. Ruby  
killed Oswald on his own. I felt that Leroy tried to  
kill Connally but I can't even guess why. I also can't  
make a guess as to the shooting of Tippit. I never knew

or even heard of him. I was only one spoke in the wheel and I know only a few people in the whole operation. One remark made by J. D. now seems important. He said after the shooting that there were powerful forces in the government who would make sure the true story wouldn't be told. Reading the books and stories after the shooting reveal how true that statement was. The evidence was twisted completely away from our group. Oswald couldn't shoot a razorback in the ass at five \* paces. Especially not with that mail order bargain he owned. There were two gunmen whose real names none of us knew. They were hired guns for the purpose. I can't explain Oswald's conduct after the shooting. He was supposed to simply stay in the building as an employee who belonged there.

I also have to apologize for the sloppiness of these notes. But the facts they reveal are most important. Perhaps my wife will never show them to anyone anyhow. She will be to ashamed.

Back to my notes.

W W W

I made all final arrangements with the trust department of the bank for my wife to get the four safety deposit boxes. I have a boat rented and I will go out on the Gulf for the last trip of my life. I will weight myself and simply go over the side. I am sure J D will destroy every sign of my existence here in Orleans and I will simply disappear.

T G K Y F G U poi

←  
\*X X

Finished typing the notes except for a few pages that I should be able to knock off easily in the next day or two. I intend to try to reach my friend in Corpus Christi. I will drive over in the morning and allow all day for the trip.

\* \*\* \* \* \*\*

I called J. D. and told him I intended to total myself out. He was surprised and against it until I told him how little time I had left. He said that he would cover for me here so that there would be absolutely no trace of my life here. I told him for the first time honestly

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