

8/11/67

Dear Shirley,

Your Saturday-the-something letter arrived today. Lil is carding and I'm answering, unless she decides to add something.

Bring your bathing suit. "o, we haven't moved in, but once in a while we have to go there and maybe Lil will get one and we can go just to relax and enjoy.

Either Dulles or National Airports are closer than Friendship (Baltimore). There may be less service out of Dulles, but it is more likely to be nonstop.

Let us know when you'll arrive where and we'll be there.

Some of the stuff you've been rereading I either never knew or forgot. I'll show you the originals, if that is the right word for this kind of phoney evidence, of those rifle pictures. I have prints.

Liebeler's phrase on the change-of-address card is better than yours. + use it: Well, we'll throw that on the pile. Closequote!

We both enjoyed your letter. "il laughed and laughed. This does not do it justice

We are both looking forward to the help, which was attractive enough without the added blurbing. Our typewriter shop has the right kind of "oyal nonelectric, and the other help is much more important at the moment than the mechanical craftsmanship.

Best regards;

Saturday, August the
somethingth, 1967

Dear Harold and Lil:

Thanks so much for letting me know the blow-by-blow activities. I do appreciate it so much. I'm not sure whether any action is expected of me at this point (such as buying an airlines ticket) but I presume you intend to let me know exactly when I can be of the most use. That is all that is important to me at this point.

Your settling-in sounds exciting but exhausting. Hope the drapes get re-lined and in place soon. With all the stone-throwing you're doing these days, I can't think of anyone who needs drapés more than you people! A glass house sounds gorgeous, though.

As far as my coming while you're in a state of turmoil, nothing could faze me. We live chronically in that condition. As soon as we get one mess cleaned up, we start another one. We're remodelling an old farmhouse (Sam was born here, so that adds fillip to our efforts). Everything we drove a nail into promptly fell down and disintegrated so that we always had to do something else before we could do the job we'd started out to do. I can't think of any kind of mess that you could be in that was not an improvement over our particular chaos. I really mean this -- that you are not to apologize or be reluctant to have me come because your accommodations are less than ideal. If you need some help with papering (walls), painting, plastering, joint-compounding, concrete-pouring, or anything else in the common-laborer line, I'm your man! Not that I ever intended to be -- it just turned out that way.

All this is simply to tell you that I can work on the mailing list and the index while hammering is going on around me if that's the way things are with you. I would simply adapt myself to whatever the situation is at the time I find myself in it. I'll roll with the punch; and if you can do it, I can. I'm not God, exactly, but I do like to see order arise out of chaos. It may take more than six days for me, however. And none of that resting on the seventh, either!

I really was upset to learn of the condition of the package I sent. It was prepared for mailing in the same way that I sent material out from the office for years and years. Should I have sent it in tube-form, I wonder. Of course, what went out from the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri was innocuous. Could that have anything to do with it? I don't mean to be paranoiac about this, but one can't help getting nasty suspicions about a few things, can one? I'm half-way joking but not all the way.

For the last week or so, I've been re-reading the testimony and affidavits of the police who assisted in the arrest of someone in the Texas Theatre. It's almost as if there were two people (suspects) taken from that place. Gerald Hill's testimony, especially, is interesting.

I am completely fascinated by the fact that all the Marine records say Oswald was 5'11", and yet he shows himself to be 5'9" on countless

job applications. Who was this man who shrank himself two inches? I don't believe a man who has been described officially by the Marines as 5'11" would call himself 5'9". Who came back from Russia shorter than when he left?

Also, Harold, if you really study the pictures of "Oswald" with the weapons, you will see that the legs of the man in the less-publicized picture are much longer from the pants-crotch to the feet. Look then at the tall man in the Pizzo Exhibits. The expression of that body from the waist down is more like that of the body of "Oswald" in the "B" picture. The ring on the hand in the "B" pose shows up very clearly and I cannot detect it in the "A" pose. This is very probably old stuff to you, and I am belabouring a point that you passed a long time ago.

A lot of hanky-panky went on in New Orleans. Holmes Exhibit No. 3-A shows the change-of-address card dated October 11, 1963. This is blithely tossed out because "Oswald" simply was not in New Orleans on that date. Besides the handwriting is too neat. But someone with that same handwriting re-addressed a letter to Marina from Magazine Street in New Orleans to Irving, Texas. The letter had been written on September 29, so all this forwarding had to have been done when our boy was supposedly in Mexico and then back in Dallas in time to stay at the YMCA the night of October 3. Whew! This letter is Commission Exhibit 75, Vol. XVI, p.241.

Another peculiar thing in New Orleans. Lt. Martello supposedly got the address, 757 France Street, from the Murret woman (really a daughter of the Murrets) who came to the police station to straighten things out for Oswald. Now, Oswald might have given the address as France, rather than French; but the Murret daughter (whose family had lived there for years) wouldn't have. This would be nit-picking except that this same mistake of France Street appears on the State of Louisiana "Interstate Request for Reconsideration....." filed by Oswald in April of 1963. He got it straightened out to French Street by May 7 and their records from then on show it correctly until he started using Box #30061. All this is Hunley Exhibits in Volume XX. This error then pops up again in August -- months after Oswald himself was writing it correctly. The address on Hunley Exh. 1 is in Hunley's handwriting. All I could find in the way of questioning of Bobb Hunley is an affidavit simply identifying the signature on the thing as his. Which means nothing to me. I want to know where he got that address as France Street. Or where Martello got it. And wasn't it foresightful of (my space-bar is in need of a dose of salts) Martello to copy all that Russian writing from a paper found in Oswald's possession and to "inadvertently" retain a picture of him. It got mixed up with his notes, you will remember. Martello jabbered about Dr. Leonard Reisman (sp?) at Tulane University and the possibility of Oswald's being connected with him. The Commission seems to have made no pursuit of this even though Mrs. Murret said that when Ruth Paine (my favorite ogre) was at their house she had mentioned knowing Dr. Reisman. Why, also, weren't Mrs. Ruth Kloepfer and her daughter(s) questioned since they had been with the Oswald's for at least one social evening when Ruth Paine was there, too? This was the evening when Ruth described him as

"the genial host." What about Mrs. Paul Blanchard, whom Ruth Paine had contacted to go check on Marina because she, Ruth, was worried about her? Why wasn't she questioned? Is this Mrs. Blanchard related to the Paul Blanchard who wrote "American Freedom and Catholic Power"? (Apropos of nothing in particular). Anyway, for my money, a big yawning gap occurs in the New Orleans inquiries. And what about the Realpey-Plaza sisters, Marguerite and Victoria. Dean Andrews identified them in Pizzo Exhibit 453-B and said the third one is someone he knows but can't think of her name. He says a strange thing or two (understatement of the year!) On page 338 of Volume XI he says, "The only other thing that shook me to my toes--you have the other part--the Secret Service brought me some things. They don't have the complete photograph. They have another photograph with the two Realpey sisters. They are actually in the office, and that shook me down to my toes pretty good." A couple of paragraphs (my spelling is getting bad from reading so much Oswald writing) down, then, he says "Yes, I have her file in the office. Uncle is a warden at the Parish Prison here in New Orleans." No follow-up on this that I can find. Holes, holes, holes!

There are a couple of strange things about the letters from Russia to the Oswalds (Vol.XVI). June Lee Oswald was born February 15, 1962. In a letter from Erick dated January 28, 1961, he says (p.185): "How is June? She will be one year old soon. Quite a big girl!" Now, I fail to see how a child who wasn't born until February, 1962, could possibly be close to a year old in 1961! Can you? This occurs on the second page of a two-page letter, so it may be that the second page really belonged to another letter. I could buy that as a mistake, but on p.151 is a letter from Eleonora and on page 152 one from Anita (Zieger sisters, probably). Each note starts, "Dear Marina, Alec, & June Marie." The date is November 22, 1961.

The "Historic Diary" is a strangely worded thing. It is more Germanic in sentence construction. It is different than anything else that is supposed to have been written by Oswald. There is a foreign flavor about it that is not mere carelessness. You will notice, too, that the diary has April 31 as his wedding day. Thirty days hath September there ain't no such. That was 1961. Then, I noticed that he did the same thing the preceding year. It also gives April 31 days. It's as if the whole diary were written at one sitting of the writer and he would ~~written~~ make the same mistake in one sitting, whereas if it had really been written as it occurred day by day, or at least period by period, this error would not have appeared twice. This mistake shows up just once more -- in his passport application of June 25, 1963 (Cadigan Exh. 10). Incidentally, this is the first time that I can find his height again becoming 5'11" after all the other 5'9" descriptions he has given. Marina's name appears on this document as Prossakava instead of Prossakova. After all the forms he filled out with her name written the latter way, it is strange that he spelled it with an "a" on this document. His mother's name he has as Margret. Yet, all along, he has heretofore written it as Marguerite. We know he couldn't spell worth a damn, but he was reasonably careful on official documents.

Like Marguerite, I could rave on and on; and I think I will do just that. You can read this in fits and jerks when you have time (or pitch it into the nearest round file without bothering).

Your revelation about the pictures (Hughes, I think) showing the motorcade and the crucial windows at the crucial time opens up whole new vistas. Norman, Jarman and Williams (sounds like a vaudeville team or a law firm) then become willing or unwilling accomplices. The question is which? Charles Givens is easy to figure. He had a little trouble in the narcotics line, so he would be easy for the police to coerce. He puts Oswald at the scene at the right time (he had ridden down in the elevator with the other boys but went back up for his cigarettes that he had left in his jacket pocket; earlier in the questioning he had said he hadn't worn a jacket that morning but had worn a raincoat because it was raining).

In Mr. Latona's testimony (Vol. IV, p.43) is a list of those whose fingerprints were checked against the latent prints on the cardboard boxes. Williams, Norman and Shelley's names are not on that list. These were good prints, but they were not Lee Harvey Oswald's, so Mr. Latona testifies. Was this ever pursued? I can't find anything.

What I really want to know is whether the fingerprints of the corpse that was buried as Lee Harvey Oswald matched the fingerprints of the Marine, Lee Harvey Oswald.

Back to Givens: On page 321 of Volume VI, Mr. Sawyer says some mighty potent things! Start reading about two-thirds of the way down on that page. The last sentence is the most provocative: "He wasn't accounted for, and that he was suppose(sic) to have some information about the man that did the shooting." This stinks -- especially when you read that Revill just happened to see Givens in the building and asked him who "Mr. Lee" was.

How many Betty Mc or MacDonalds are there? The index has: Betty Mooney MacDonald, Vol. II, 38, 442. Page 38 is Mark Lane's telling of the suicide of Betty MacDonald in the Dallas jail cell. Page 442 is Ruth Paine's testimony of a Betty MacDonald at the party at Everett Glover's where she also met Richard Pierce (roommate of Everett and a worker at Magnolia Laboratories). Continuing with the index B.M. MacD.: Vol. IX, p.258 and 265. Page 258, DeMohrenschildt also places Betty MacDonald as perhaps the librarian at Magnolia Research Laboratory. Page 265 has our Georgie, in talking about Betty MacDonald, asking if she is Pierce's fiance and adding that that is how he remembers her. Still under B.M. MacD. is Vol. X, p.25, where Everett Glover establishes Dick Pierce's coming to the party with her. Vol. XI, p.439, still under Betty Mooney MacDonald, is Warren Reynolds' story of his being shot in the head. Nancy J. Mooney's name is presented to him. When you look under Nancy J(oe) Mooney in the Index, you are told to see MacDonald, Betty Mooney. So that's what I've done! There was talk that she had been a stripper for Jack Ruby. Going on from page 439 on into 440, it seems that this story is not true and poor Reynolds gets a preaching directed at him from Mr. Liebeler for harbouring such thoughts. He must have been shot for some other reason and it had nothing to do with the assassination, so goes Mr. Liebeler's line. One last reference in the Index to B.M. MacD.: Vol. XIII, p.351-352. Andy Armstrong denies knowing either a Nancy Jo Mooney or a Betty MacDonald who worked at the club. He did remember a girl named Nancy who was a waitress.

So all this really says that, according to the Index, Betty MacDonald and Nancy Jo Mooney are one and the same. So did the Magnolia Research Laboratory's librarian commit suicide? That ought to be easy enough to find out. Was she any relation to Luke Mooney of the Dallas police?

One other thing about the MacDonald deal. Michael Paine is asked if he knew a Florence McDonald (Vol.IX, p.452). He answers that he knows Elizabeth MacDonald, he thinks. Liebeler asks, "Who is she?" M. Paine says, "She was a friend of--she would come to these madrigal groups and I think she was a friend of either Everett or of Pierce or something like that." "Betty" is, of course, a nickname for "Elizabeth." So we've got her singing with Ruth and Michael Paine.

Enough.

Let me know when you know anything else. Don't bother to answer this diatribe.

Sincerely,

Shirley Orr