

Mr. Greg Stone  
c/o 1314 N. Harvard Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Ca. 90027

6/5/86

Dear Greg,

What you sent that is postparked LA with the zip 90052 and stamped June 2 came today and I respond immediately for two purposes: to inform you and <sup>to</sup> make a record of the deliberate and prejudicial dishonesty of the LAPD in its report on and thus in its investigation of the RFK assassination. I begin with a brief explanation because this may well be disjointed and I'll not take time to do any rewriting, although I will read and correct and I'll ask <sup>him</sup> to.

After one of my twice-weekly blood tests early this morning I went to the nearby mall for my daily walking therapy and I pushed myself too much, so I was overly tired when I left. I then had a number of chores that took me out in the kind of hot and muggy weather in which I'm not supposed to be out. The little bit of driving (for normal people) they required was too much and it left me more tired. When we got home after lunch I opened your mailing and thumbed through the several sets of papers stapled together, looking for titles. When I came to the papers that have my name in caps at the top of the first page I read <sup>them</sup> it. It gives me reason to believe that I know at least one of the reasons the LAPD is stonewalling on its disclosures: it fears being seriously embarrassed. If as I believe it is fair to assume this prejudicial and deliberately distorted and misrepresented account of what is barely recognizable represents the investigating and reporting of the LAPD, it certainly can be and ought be embarrassed. Both accounts conclude with a gross lie that certainly prejudiced anyone reading them against me and anything I might say.

I'll address this first and then I think I'll make a full account of what actually happened.

I have never asked anyone to arrange paid TV appearances for me, I've never been paid for any TV appearance (or radio) and have no reason to believe that this is their practise, but I was without means and what must have happened is that this unnamed "investigator," a Sergeant Robinson or Robertson, asked me to come out and I told him that I was able to travel only when I was, as is normal, paid for lectures and that I had none scheduled in California.

I did not take the initiative in making contact with the LAPD and had nothing I regarded as a real reason to. What happened is that Art Kevin, then on the news staff of KHJ-TV (where I'd made a number of unpaid appearances) either told me that his sergeant asked <sup>for</sup> me to phone him and gave me the number or, after speaking to Art, the sergeant phoned me. What follows is the actual account of what is represented in the records disclosed to you.

I was in New Orleans, staying at the Fountainbleau Motel on Tulane Ave. I was, to the best of my recollection, early on a Monday morning and I was returning home on a midday or early evening plane that day because I had an (unpaid) TV appearance to make up. I'll digress a bit because it reflects what has been my practise with regard to those assassinations about which I knew nothing and my efforts to avoid anything that might be at all inflammatory.

I had agreed to do a number of shows for a fellow named Hightower, son of a then AP correspondent, on then Channel 14 in Washington. When Martin Luther King was assassinated I cancelled out to avoid anything that might in any way be inflammatory and only my wife knew that I'd gone to do some work in New Orleans. At the time referred to in the LAPD distortions and misrepresentations I was due to make up such a TV show and to be at the annual convention of the American Booksellers Convention in the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. The TV show and convention coincided in time and I went to the TV studio from the convention. I had with me my wife, a woman who produced a syndicated radio book-and-author program (Author's Roundtable) and Mark Lane, whose "Citizens' Dissent" had just appeared. I believe that Lane was then living in New Orleans. And on this show, to my face, he pulled his own distortion of what Garrison had told him. (That was inflammatory as it turned out as I now recall that very night, when RFK was killed, I dressed Lane down during a commercial break, he replied that after the show was over he'd punch me in the nose, and I told him he didn't have to wait, which was the end of his bluster. And when Bobby was killed I refused to appear on that show the next night along with him and Jack Anderson because of that kind of inflammatory self-promotion - I didn't want to be part of it.)

Going back to that Monday morning, as had been my practise I breakfasted as soon as the coffee shop opened, was packed and was about to leave for Garrison's office when the phone rang. It was Jones Harris, son of the recently deceased actress Ruth Gordon and the theatrical producer Jed Harris. Harris was my source, and he was not in any sense what these reports say, my "informant." He was my source only because of the story he told me. He hadn't been a source for me on anything, ever. Jones told me he was at the motel and asked me to his room for breakfast. I told him I'd eaten and was about to leave and he asked me to come up so we could chat and then leave together. When I got to his room he told me that he was in New Orleans because he had an interest in a boxer who'd fought there that weekend. And we just talked. During the course of the conversation, in which he represented himself as a Bobby Kennedy man and closely connected with some of his staff, he talked about a statement Bobby was quoted as having made in Warsaw when questioned there, that he had seen all the Warren Commission material and agreed with it, words to this effect. I knew it wasn't true. Jones then said that he had lied because, as Jones claimed to

have been told by Kennedy staffers, "because there were too many guns between Jim and the White House." I had no way of knowing whether or not this was true but I did think that Garrison, who had not yet disclosed himself as the kind of irresponsible he was, ought to know about it. I also wanted time to learn whether Jones could or would add anything to it, so instead of taking the bus or a cab and despite the fact that it was a hot morning and my loaded attache case weighed about 35 pounds, I suggested that we walk there, a long, long walk, and he agreed and we did. I then told Garrison what he'd told me and I presume they talked.

It <sup>was</sup> not and I did not tell this sergeant that it was a joint meeting with Garrison and me of any "informant," <sup>which</sup> ~~what~~ has a special meaning to the police. I have a very clear recollection of many details, including the enormous size of the breakfast a man no larger than Harris, who is not at all large, put away before my eyes, in his room, from room service. With the coffee shop and restaurant no more than a minute away and where he could have gotten the same food for much less.

Jones did tell me that he didn't want to be identified as the source of his story and until 11/73 I never did tell anyone he was the source. I'll come back to that. Aside from this I do not recall having heard anything else about the RFK assassination in that period of time other than what was published and aired. My first knowledge of it was when Matt Herron, a superb photographer and a (then) New Orleans friend who worked for himself and for Black Star phoned me to ask me if I'd heard. I was asleep when he phoned and I'd not heard.

From time to time I did get calls from reporters who asked if I'd heard anything. Art Kevin at KHJ was a good personal friend and I told him this too-many-guns story and I'm sure also told him that I had no confirmation of it. (What did tend to give it some credibility is the fact that what Hobby was quoted as saying was actually a physical impossibility, or it was a very big lie and that causes wonder.)

Then a little while later I <sup>either</sup> ~~either~~ heard from Art that this LAPD ~~sergeant~~ sergeant wanted to talk to me about it or the sergeant phoned and told me that he called because of what I had told Art. I'm inclined to believe the former version but it could have been that he gave Art the number at which he wanted me to phone Jim. I'm certain that I told him what I state above and that I could not disclose my source without his permission. As I now recall I agreed to seek his permission and to get back to the sergeant afterward and I believe I did, repeating that he declined to be identified. I'm pretty sure that if I had really believed what Jones had told me I'd have pressed him on it, perhaps identified him so the police could question him, but I now have no independent recollection of this.

It may very well be that this happened as the report states, on 3/10/68, which is a little less than a month earlier than my present recollection. But it is definitely

not true that Jones did not tell me this story until I saw him in New York after Bobby was killed. It is not true that Harris gave this info to the RFK campaign staff, it is the other way around. I do not recall that he said anything about the attempt being made in a mass of people.

Getting back to the representation that I repeatedly asked them to arrange paid TV appearances for me in Los Angeles, at that time I had no particular interest in being there. I was, as the report does indicate, working on a JFK book that, when it ultimately appeared, was titled Post Mortem. I was also working on Oswald's <sup>career</sup> New Orleans to learn what more I could about Oswald there. If it was on June 27, 1968 as the second report indicates, that I told Robinson or Robertson that Harris refused to permit me to identify him, I may even have been back in New Orleans then. If not I was preparing for that trip because I have a very clear recollection of an interview I conducted about 30 miles from Baton Rouge on July 4, who was with me, what we did, how I got there, etc., and I am certain that I do have notes on all of that. I had no planned work that involved California and I've been there only once since then (ca. 6/68) when I was asked to make speeches at two San Diego universities, and my recollections of all of that trip, which ended in New Orleans after a side trip from there to Dallas, are exceptionally clear in a number of details. I left Los Angeles for New Orleans election day and Art Kevin drove me to the airport.

I may or may not have described Jones in that early period as the police say I did. The one clear recollection I have is that aside from his professed interest in the JFK assassination the one thing we had in common is a strong dislike of Mark Lane. I have never had a high opinion of Jones' work and I've strongly disagreed with some of it. I remember him also as a cheap skate, despite the wealth he inherited, and that I'd had to dun him repeatedly for a small sum he owed me. I do know that in time I came to dislike and distrust him and I finally did blow him and this story he'd told me, in the presence of a witness, I believe Jim Lesar.

It was at the commemoration meetings Bud Fensterwald had arranged for 1/73 at Georgetown University. I'd refused to attend a number of times and finally agreed when Bud promised me that I could say what I wanted to. I then chided those I regarded and still regard as irresponsibles. And I did not attend the sessions when I was not to speak. I sat outside and met with those I wanted to speak to, like friends not involved in this work and some who were, like Sylvia Heagher. I was sitting, I think with Jim Lesar, near the table at which admissions were paid when I had the chance to needle Jones into his admissions, basically that he was never a JFK man, had always been a Nixonian (and if he didn't use that word, he did say that he'd always been for Nixon) and that he'd made the whole story up. That was at about the moment when the Yippies were carrying on and when as I recall Sherman Skolnick's people upended that

table while this woman, a stranger to me but known to Bud, was sitting behind it. There was also an effort at theft of some kind that I'm not now clear on, by the Skolnicks. As I recall it, that woman also ran off with the money she took in for the gathering.

Why, it might be asked, would the LAPD ~~conceive~~ contrive such a prejudicial misrepresentation of so simple a matter? An obvious explanation is to influence others, including immediate superiors and their superiors, and to have nasty stuff to flash to others, to discredit those who had or might be expected to in some way raise questions about its work in this major crime. That is exactly what the FBI did and the embarrassment to the FBI, which is known and doesn't require the FBI's secret cautions, could be enough, if it had no other reason, to lead the LAPD to stonewall disclosures today. One of quite a few examples of what the FBI did was to tell LBJ, when he got interested toward the end of 1966, that my wife and I had annually celebrated the Russian Revolution with an outing for "about 35 strangers" at our home. Our <sup>unfurnished</sup> home then was <sup>on a</sup> small farm where I worked a very long day seven days a week and we never had that many guests and never celebrated the Russian "evolution or anything else not personal and <sup>then</sup> involving <sup>only a</sup> very few people. My wife finally remember <sup>ed</sup> what the FBI had converted into our alleged celebration of the Russian "evolution. But can you imagine the impact that fabrication had on LBJ and his White House, on the AGs and their assistants to whom, within a short time, copies also were sent, even to the lawyers representing the Department in my FOIA litigation?

We then had a friend who is a rabbi, was a real character in the Uris book Exodus, and who <sup>then</sup> was with the Jewish Welfare Board ~~then~~ in Washington, where he was the rabbi available to military personnel and their families in the Washington area. His name is Jack Frankel. His wife's name is Vicki. Both were fine people. Vicki was the daughter of an opera singer who had to flee Iran, then I think called Persia, because he was a Jew. He fled to Paris. I don't know what happened to him but quite the opposite of any "red" taint, as a young girl Vicki lived in a convent and was a messenger, as a kid, for the anti-Hitler underground. (I suppose the nuns also had to have been <sup>in this</sup> involved.) That Jack was a rabbi ought end any question of Communism. Well, they used to visit us often and once Jack got the idea that it would be very nice if, after the rigors of observance of the high holidays, usually September, not November, he could offer the people he served and their kids a day in the country with what was very attractive for kids. So, the religious gathering was converted by the FBI into a celebration of the Russian Revolution. Because this is so raw and I have pictures Jack took - I tell you what they did. I suggest that the actuality underscores the FBI's viciousness.

We had what by then was rare, a virtually self-contained chicken farm. I hatched my own eggs and sold table eggs and dressed poultry to the consumer, individual and fancy restaurants. When I learned how attractive it was to kids to see eggs hatching I arranged for hatchings to be on weekends and many neighborhood <sup>and area</sup> kids came to see it and to handle the fluffy just-hatched, including waterfowl. Everything was tame. The kids, and I mean particularly those the rabbi brought, got a real kick out of seeing eggs laid, gathering them, riding our tame stock (usually heifers or a cow) and playing with everything. I had wild Canada geese so tame they took bread from my mouth without biting me. And from the mouths of the children not afraid of them. It was a delight to the children and their parents and they brought their own food for their own picnic, of which we were not part. They were, in fact, all strangers to me other than Jack and Vicki. This thing was so attractive that once when, as then was commonplace, a University of Maryland professor was there (George Quigley, himself a farmer), he got the idea that duplicating it nearer the metropolitan area would be a fine thing. The University Ag school did that when he took my idea and practise back and they called it Old McDonald's "farm, of something like that. How indecent to convert this, the only occasion on which there ever was any number of persons at our farm, and it was an annual event for Jack and Vicki, into an alleged celebration of the Russian Revolution!

The disclosed FBI records, and they are far from all, the existence of others being indicated in what was disclosed, contain quite a few such fabrications. Disclosure of them ended abruptly once I filed under the Privacy Act for correction, a filing it violated the law not to disclose in its general JFK assassination disclosures. This I am certain has two parts: first the agents processing and disclosing the records believed what they read in them and knew it was hurtful to me; and then, when they learned it was all made up, they feared disclosing anything else that could disclose the FBI's evil.

How many prejudicial distortions and misrepresentations like this will it take to be seriously embarrassing to the LAPD and to raise questions about its performance as well as its diligence and honesty in its RFK assassination investigation? What better reason can it have for stonewalling and unnecessary and unjustifiable withholdings in what it discloses, like my name after they've disclosed it in any event?

I've never done any work on the RFK assassination and never pretended to, but I have read Houghton's book (in which I am unnamed and not recognizable from his version either, as I recall it) and I did publish excerpts (in facsimile) of a to me strange and improper in-camera meeting involving also the chief judge and I assure you that the disclosure of the actual underlying records could be em-

embarrassing. For one thing, although it is clear that all involved were letting the others know they were going to make any access as difficult as possible, they also made a record of their decision to preserve all the information and evidence. Yet in spite of this the police, without any real need or real justification, did destroy what they assured the judges they would preserve, and some of it is basic evidence that can be interpreted as questioning if not refuting the police lone-assassin "solution." Am I not correct in thinking that they say they destroyed the hotel kitchen ceiling panels and a pistol they test fired? (Sirhan's counsel was not present.)

Police, from my examination of what most people might find an incredible number of once-withheld records disclosed under FOIA (I must have at least a third of a million pages, largely FBI), tend to think in terms of the immediate, especially with regard to what can be embarrassing. From what I've published and from this attempt to discredit me even when I had no involvement in the RUK matter at all, I think it is clear that the police anticipate embarrassment and will (if they haven't already) hoke up all sorts of other explanations to hide the fact that they want to withhold what they fear can be embarrassing. They may get away with it. But based on my experiences I do believe that if they do get away with this, in the end there will be disclosure of what <sup>then</sup> will be even more embarrassing to both Los Angeles and its police, and <sup>to</sup> those involved in any withholdings that are not essential. These things do have <sup>to</sup> way of getting out. And they do discredit (and if you want illustrations, up to and including the President (LBJ), I'll provide them.

As I indicated at the outset, this is off the top of the head and not at a good time. I'll now let reading it wait until tomorrow. (It is now almost suppertime.) If you want to make any use of this, please feel free to do so. If any of the people with whom you may be dealing out there have any interest and want to question me, I will answer any questions they may ask and perhaps asking me questions will bring more back to mind. If anyone does, I am almost always home from my daily walking therapy at the nearby mall before 10:30 a.m. our time. I get there at 7. The only exceptions are infrequent, medical appointments and short errands.

If you haven't done it, may I suggest that you permit others to see what the LAPD recorded about them? I do not suggest that all is intended to be prejudicial, but based on my examination of similar FBI and other records, I do believe that a fair percentage of what has been disclosed to you is at least angled.

Keep trying. It serves history and the basic interests of a free and representative society, especially because, as I never hear others say, political assassination is the most subversive of crimes.

Best wishes, Harold Weisberg

