Whitewash I: The Report on the Warren Report by Harold Weisberg, Frederick, Md., 224 pp., $4.95; *Whitewash II: The FBI-Secret Service Coverup* by Harold Weisberg, Frederick, Md., 250 pp., $4.95; *Photographic Whitewash: Suppressed Kennedy Assassination Pictures* by Harold Weisberg, Frederick, Md., 296 pp., $4.95; *Oswald in New Orleans: Case for Conspiracy with the CIA* by Harold Weisberg, Canyon, 404 pp., 95¢.

Harold Weisberg's four books are a series of honest and penetrating studies of what the Government and its agencies did or did not do, and what the Warren Commission might have done had at least one responsible official sufficient interest or courage. Weisberg writes with intense passion, and his books reflect the intensity of a man thirsting for justice with a guardian angel sitting on his shoulder. These books are filled with cold, hard fact that destroy any illusions one might have about benevolent paternalism in Washington, the misfit assassin and the "magic" bullet—the 6.5 millimeter bullet that the Commission says went through Kennedy's neck, Connally's chest, shattering his fifth rib, smashing through his wrist, and finally lodging in his thigh—and then, fell out of Connally's thigh and wedged itself under the mattress of a stretcher in the Parkland Memorial Hospital, where it was later found. Yet, this bullet, for all the damage it had done, magically remained almost as fresh as a pristine bullet fired into a wad of cotton. According to Weisberg, the "Warren Report" is not only erroneous but intentionally misleading. Weisberg shows that some of the witnesses lied, including Marina Oswald, Lee Harvey Oswald's Russian wife, who was, in fact, held prisoner by Federal agents for three months without the benefit of an attorney. Howard Leslie Brennan, the Commission's star witness, who the "Report" claims saw Oswald fire the rifle from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository, was unable to circle the correct window in which three Negroes were watching the motorcade, and which is directly beneath the sixth floor window from which the assassin was supposed to be firing, did not identify Oswald in the police lineup, and then admitted to Commission member McCloy that he had not seen the rifle discharge, the recoil or the flash. The "Report" claims Cecil McWatters, the bus driver on whose bus Oswald rode for four minutes going back toward the Depository after having walked seven blocks away from the Depository, identified Oswald, though McWatters declared that he identified a schoolboy, not Oswald. William Whaley, the first Dallas cab driver to be killed while on duty since 1937, claimed that Oswald had taken his cab to two different locations, though he was unsure which, near his rooming house—actually five or more blocks past his rooming house. Whaley identified Oswald as the No. 3 man in the police lineup, although Oswald was actually the No. 2 man. Later Whaley declared under oath that he had signed a blank piece of paper for Jack Ruby's friend, Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander, before viewing the lineup. Helen Markham fingered Oswald as the triggerman in the murder of Police Officer J.D. Tippit, but after she listened to herself in a conversation with Mark Lane, the attorney Oswald's mother hired, on tape, admitted that she lied to the Commission. Assistant Counsel Wesley J. Liebeler assured her not to worry about it because no one was going to give her any trouble.

Weisberg demonstrates through careful research and analysis that the witnesses who would invalidate the Commission's single assassin theory were either not called, or were dismissed as unreliable. Only 94 of the 552 witnesses appeared before the Commission. According to Weisberg, "About a sixth of all the hearings had as few as a single member of the Commission. Most had but the Commission lawyer, empowered to administer oaths, the stenographer and the witness." Some important witnesses, such as David Ferrie, who died of natural causes naked in bed with a sheet covering his body, including his head, Col. L. Robert Castorr, a close friend of Gen. Walker, Loran Hall, William Seymour, Lawrence Howard, and Mrs. R.E. Arnold, who stated that she thought she saw Oswald on the first floor of the Depository about 12:15, were not included in the Index of the "Warren Report," and H.L. Hunt's son, Nelson Bunker Hunt, turns up in the testimony but not in the Index. Yet, in a classified document in the National Archives, the FBI indicates that it interviewed Nelson Bunker—who is Nelson Bunker Hunt. Weisberg also points out that the curious and unprofessional behavior of the Dallas Police was never called into question, and Ruby's request to appear before the Commission in Washington—not in Dallas—was refused by Earl Warren. Mrs. Sylvia Odio, who was visited by the "False Oswald" gave a description of a "Leon Oswald" that parallels the description given by Perry Russo, apparently of Ferrie's roommate, but Mrs. Odio's testimony was rejected on the basis of Dr. Augustin Guitart's diagnosis that she "suffered a very serious emotional breakdown," and in the fall of 1963 "was not physically well." Dr. Guitart, as Weisberg points out, is neither a physician nor a psychiatrist—but is a physics instructor at Xavier University in New Orleans. An eye-witness to the Tippit killing, Domingo Benavides, who was twenty-five feet from Tippit when the gunman shot him, testified that the gunman was not Oswald, but a "Latin type" and had "wavy black hair." Benavides was not taken to the police lineup because he was not sure that he could identify the killer—and did not appear before the Commission. Benavides was sure, however, that it was not Oswald.

Further, the Commission did not have complete access to the CIA files as the "Report" claims. Weisberg also points out that Emmett J. Hudson, the groundskeeper of Dealey Plaza, testified that the three road signs along the right side of Elm Street facing the Triple Underpass had been moved, that the hedges and shrubbery on the grassy knoll had been trimmed, which means that "all the projections and points essential to photographic analysis" were destroyed. This means that an accurate reconstruction of the crime would be impossible. Yet, the Presidential limousine was not used in the Commission's reconstruction of the crime, and the car that was used "was not an exact duplication." In fact, the seats were not the same height, and Connally's stand-in was not the same size as the Governor. Thus trajectories and angles of fire in the reconstruction are meaningless. Further, even before the members of the Commission had an opportunity to examine the

many photographs that were taken at the time of the assassination, pictures were returned to their owners without copies being retained. This seems to be a curious way for the investigative agencies to act if they were serious about conducting an honest investigation. For instance, Mary Moorman, a witness to the assassination, whose first picture shows the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository, was never called as a witness, and the Commission was not interested in her pictures. Other witnesses, Mrs. Muchmore and Orville Nix, took pictures, but their photographs were returned without copies being kept. Another witness, Robert J. Hughes took 8 mm. movies at the corner of Main and Houston at the time of the assassination. The Hughes film shows no one in the window of the sixth floor of the Depository, the window from which Oswald was supposed to be firing. It also shows the Presidential motorcade at the same time. A single frame from this film appears in the evidence as Exhibit 29 with the caption "Picture was taken moments before Assassination." Yet, oddly enough, even this single frame is cropped to exclude material, and the film itself is not in the Archives nor is it in the Commission evidence.

Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas dress manufacturer, was standing on a raised concrete abutment on the grassy knoll facing the Depository, taking pictures of the Presidential motorcade with an 8 mm. Bell

and Howell movie camera. Zapruder, unlike any other witness, watched the assassination through a telephoto lens, saw the President get hit, and "grab" his neck. Weisberg astutely points out that Zapruder's testimony indicates that his film had been tampered with, and that Kennedy had been hit before frame 207, before the President began disappearing behind the Stemmons Freeway sign, although any shot before frame 210—according to the FBI—could not have come from the Depository. This means that Oswald, even if he had been in the sixth floor window of the Depository, could not have fired the first shot. Further, Weisberg points out that the Commission used a copy of a copy of the Zapruder film, including blurred slides from it, when the original was available from "Life" who purchased the film for $25,000. Recently, Weisberg learned that Zapruder "actually sold the right to suppress his film." Weisberg also calls attention to the fact that frames 208 to 211 were missing from the evidence, that frame 207 "has a bluish alteration," and that frame 212 was spliced. Interestingly, it was the FBI who numbered the frames. In the evidence Zapruder frames 314 and 315 were reversed so that Kennedy's head moves forward instead of backward, giving the impression that he had been hit from behind. Hoover casually explained it as a printing error.

Unlike the members of the Commission who were busy men without adequate time to devote to the assassination, Weisberg employs all 26 volumes of the testimony and evidence, though he complains, and rightly so, about things like Marina Oswald's nail file being entered as evidence. Weisberg has also studied many of the formerly classified documents in the National Archives that he pressured the government into releasing. The testimony and evidence the Warren Commission published is quantitatively tremendous, poorly organized, and complex, so that Weisberg's books ought to be studied rather than merely read. They must, however, be read in their order of composition because Weisberg, especially in **Oswald in New Orleans** (with a foreword by Jim Garrison), assumes the reader already knows what pains the FBI and the Secret Service—not to mention the CIA—have taken to coverup the greatest scandal in the history of the United States. When Weisberg tells the detailed story of Oswald and the "False Oswald" in New Orleans, it is the inside story of an intricate web of associations linked closely with the CIA, from Gordon Novel to Clay Shaw, David Ferrie, Ricardo Davis, Sergio Arcacha Smith, Carlos Bringuier, Kerry Thornley, Dean Andrews, and back again to Guy Bannister, a former FBI agent, who, like so many others linked to the assassination, died in June, 1964, of a heart attack. It is also in part a story of Garrison's investigation, headed by the quiet and mild mannered Chief Investigator, Louis Ivon, whose excellent work on the assassination—aside from heading the normal investigations of the office —has largely gone unsung because he avoids publicity. In fact, after Chief Investigator Ray Beck left the D.A.'s office, Louis Ivon became Chief Investigator for the Orleans Parish D.A.'s office in December, 1966, before William H. Gurvich, Secretary and Treasurer of his brother's detective agency and night watchman service, volunteered his sophisticated photographic equipment to Garrison, and made his unsuccessful bid for the Chief Investigator's

position. Among other things, Weisberg points out that Arcacha's Cuban Revolutionary Council, which had its office in the same building as Bannister's detective agency, was located at 544 Camp Street. This is the first address that Oswald had stamped on his "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" leaflets. Bannister and Arcacha, a former Batista diplomat, were old friends. When Arcacha, Ferrie, and Gordon Novel allegedly burglarized the munitions bunker in Houma, Louisiana, they stored the stolen munitions in Bannister's office. Ironically, Arcacha, who has been charged with a bill of information, is under the protection of the Dallas Police and Jack Ruby's old friend, Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander. Kerry Thornley, a former marine buddy of Oswald's, who has been indicted on three counts of perjury, was one of the only two men who claimed Oswald was a communist. The other, Carlos Bringuier, a Cuban attorney, debated Oswald on WDSU. Yet, there is nothing to prove that Oswald was a communist, or even a Marxist. Weisberg points out that Seth Kantor, a long time UPI reporter, noted that Oswald claimed, "I'm just a patsy," and George Meller, a member of the Russian community in Dallas, told the Dallas police that the FBI told him that Oswald was all right. Assistant Counsel Wesley J. Liebeler, questioning Oswald's marine buddy, Nelson Delgado, inadvertently made the point that the novel, **Animal Farm**, a book that Oswald was particularly fond

of recommending, was anti-Communist.

There is so much in Weisberg's books that is based on fact, not speculation, that is based on clear sighted analysis, that the only way Washington can tolerate him is to ignore him, and to hope, by applying pressure in the right places, that everyone will do the same—which may well be one of the reasons why Weisberg had to publish three of these books himself, and why all of the books are difficult to find.

Reviewed by John Joerg