

4/2/68

Dear Mr. White,

If I were to guess, I'd say FBI, not post office, but it would be only a guess. Weird things happen. I pay no attention, for I'd do nothing else if I did. And not only to the mail. I was in New Orleans several weeks ago. I got a pretty good clip when I'm there, and all of Jim's staff, knowing I'm in my fifties and doing this four years now, wonder how I do it. I usually do not tell them what I'm about to do unless I think they should know in advance, which isn't often. This particular time, I decided 11 p.m. what I'd like to do the next day, phoned a woman who's offered to help and who knew something about what I was interested in, and made no mention of it to no one. The next morning when we got to where we were going, four people were sitting waiting for me. One was in the window peering through the partly-drawn curtain (one of the women recognized him), the other three came out of the building and up to me in rapid sequence.

A man I wanted to interview (who has no home phone and called me from a pay phone), called me two weeks ago Sunday. I was in the dining room at the motel and took the call on one of a battery of house phones in the lobby. He was to join me there in a half hour. He didn't. I sent someone who knows him to see him where he works (waiter) and he was terrified. What happened to him immediately after the phone call I can only guess. How is also just a guess, but my presumption is that the motel at which I stayed is well-bugged or an appreciable portion of the operators moonlight on the job.

There was a time when we mailed out pairs of books, tied together, each in an envelope, to save packaging time. Almost without exception the second one never got through. Each envelope had a printed return address. Each book had my name and address printed in it as publisher. Regulations require the P.O. to attempt to salvage the scrap in such undeliverable mail. When other things that should never happened coincided, I finally made formal complaint to the P.O. Their investigation turned up not a single missing copy of any book, not in any of the post offices to which we mailed them, not in any en route, not in any nearby. The inspector said he just couldn't understand how not one was found, but not to worry, it was just the normal condition, that he could guarantee the P.O. now gave the worst service in history.

I sent the ms to ~~WOTWASH~~ WOTWASH II to my agent in England as I wrote it, chapter by chapter. When I had enough retyped at one time I sent it insured at the lower rate. When there was a single chapter, first-class, air. Not a single first-class chapter reached him. Earlier, I sent him about eight letters having to do with what related to the publication of my first book in England and the coming competitive books. One day I got a cable reading "All your letters just arrived". The delay cost me British publication, which I lost by just four hours.

Same thing happened with Germany, with both a major publisher and a major magazine. Letters from the publisher to me and a friend who acted as agent were never delivered. The ms sent the magazine never reached it. None was ever returned.

Delivery of the ms of Oswald in New Orleans was delayed long enough for pressure to be brought to bear on Dell. They broke their agreement, never paid the advance, etc.

I think perhaps this is enough to answer your question, but if you want more, I haven't exhausted this late-20th specification of American freedom. And the more of it there is, the more I am determined to do what I can to establish the truth of this awful national tragedy and its consequences.

If you know a dependable newsmen it would be interesting to get a rundown on your strange correspondent. Have you checked him out in the city directory? Or phone book? He may be connected with nothing, may be a queer one who does this sort of thing uninspired, unlikely as it seems.

A year ago this past November I phoned Seth Kentor several times. He was to attend a preview of a TV show I was on but didn't make it. I had a picture that might corroborate his testimony to show him. After a few calls I left him alone. I think he likes his job and knows the attitude of his employer. I was much and favorably impressed by his testimony.

This is the terrible thing: good people are afraid, regard their personal circumstances and benefits as more important than the needs of the nation, than the requirements of society and membership in it. I can understand it and am without complaint. Only regrets.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

WITHERSPOON
and ASSOCIATES

PUBLIC RELATIONS • ADVERTISING

321 SOUTH HENDERSON • P. O. BOX 2137 • FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76101 • EDison 5-1373

3-31-68

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

Thank you for your lengthy and most interesting letter. As soon as I can find time from my busy work schedule, I will attempt to answer it in detail.

However, right now, I'd like to tell you about an example of "whitewash" I've discovered.

I've written several "Letters to the Editor" to local newspapers concerning the cover-up of the Warren Report. They refused to publish them, and I have seen no others either. However, back in January one of the local papers published an editorial saying the Report critics had to be wrong, because Bobby Kennedy would never have allowed a whitewash. I immediately wrote a letter to the editor giving five or six logical reasons why the Kennedys might have gone along with a coverup (to hide their own blunder, for instance).

The paper published this letter (probably because it was in reply to their editorial).

Four days later I received a very weird letter from a man about 400 miles away. (see attached copy A)

Now how did this man in Corpus Christi learn of my letter so quickly. Does he subscribe to a clipping service? Does he subscribe to numerous newspapers, just to write page-long letters to people hundreds of miles away who write letters to the editor?

Or could it be that the FBI keeps a file of such letters to the editor and turns them over to this "correspondent" to do a hatchet job on the writers to try to frighten them into ceasing such activity? This seems the likeliest answer.

Mocking the style of his letter, I wrote him a reply (see copy B). This brought an immediate response from him (see copy C).

Now let me point out that my letter to the newspaper was on plain white paper, with my only address a Post Office Box. My only correspondence with this man was with plain paper and envelope,

and I did not put any return address on either. The letter published in the newspaper gave only my P.O. box. Neither the phone book or city directory lists my post office box with my name. In fact, my name is not listed in the phone book (although about 14 other Jack Whites are). In the city directory, my company affiliation is listed, but nowhere in the city directory is our P.O. box number listed. In short, there is no possible way that this man hundreds of miles away could have easily learned my identity merely from my P.O. Box, which is all he had to go on.

Yet note the address on his postal card. He has my company affiliation and even my correct title! The only possible way he could have learned this was from the Post Office Department or some other government agency.

It is strictly against postal regulations to give out the names of box holders! So evidently it took orders from someone higher up, like the FBI maybe, to reveal my identity to this man.

I wish I knew some way to have this investigated quietly. I'd like to know if our "secret police" are resorting to this sort of thing.

By the way, do you have any evidence that your mail is being "covered" or tampered with?

I'd like to know what you think of my mysterious correspondent.

I'll try to answer your letter next week after I finish wrestling with my income tax. (Gotta support the work of our FBI, you know!)

Sincerely yours,


Jack White

(A)

FREE ADVICE
ON
ANY SUBJECT

JAMES D. FARR

P. O. BOX
CORPUS CHR
TEXAS -- 784

THE WAY I READ IT
IT SAYS "TOO MANY
SIX-PACKS."

MONDAY NOON, JANUARY 15, 1968

DEAR MR. WHITE:

HAVE READ, AND RE-READ YOUR "LETTER TO THE EDITOR" IN THE FORT WORTH PRESS, IN LAST THURSDAYS EDITION.

I THINK YOU ARE THE MAN I AM LOOKING FOR--I LIKE YOUR STYLE WRITING, AND THE WAY YOU THINK.

HERE'S THE SET-UP. I WAS IN THE TEXAS HOTEL WITH OSWALD THE NIGHT THE KENNEDY'S WERE THERE. WE OVERHEARD AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND HIS WIFE JACKIE - HE WAS EXTREMELY JEALOUS OF HER AND ONE OF THE GUARDS (SECRET SERVICE MEN). AS THEIR VOICES RAISED WE HEARD HIM INCLUDE LYNDON JOHNSON, AND TOLD HER THAT HE DIDN'T WANT HER TO DANCE WITH LYNDON ANYMORE--THIS MADE HER Madder THAN EVER AND SHE TOLD HIM THAT SHE WOULD DANCE WITH LYNDON ANYTIME SHE WANTED TO---AND HE COULDN'T STOP HER.

OSWALD DIDN'T KILL KENNEDY. HE WAS OUT TO GET JACK RUBY AND THAT'S WHY HE HAD HIS RIFLE THE DAY OF KENNEDY'S VISIT TO DALLAS - HE WAS LAYING FOR RUBY WHO PASSED ALONG THAT SAME ROUTE, AT CERTAIN TIMES AND CERTAIN DAYS. YOU SEE, OSWALD WAS PIMPING FOR CERTAIN GIRLS WHO WORKED FOR RUBY--EVEN GOT SOME OF THEM DATES WITH TOP BUSINESSMEN IN FORT WORTH. RUBY FOUND IT OUT AND ORDERED OSWALD TO LEAVE HIS GIRLS ALONE, DENIED OSWALD PERMISSION TO CONTACT THE GIRLS, AT ANYTIME. I WON'T GO INTO DETAILS NOW--BUT I HAVE AFFIDAVITS--SWORN TESTAMONY OF JACK RUBY'S TOP GIRLS, OF SOME MOST RELIABLE BUSINESSMEN IN FORT WORTH AND DALLAS.

NOW, WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING JACKIE SHOOTING HER HUSBAND, AS THEY RODE ALONG--SHE HELD THE PISTOL IN HER LAP, ~~OUR~~ OUR SHOTS WITH TELESCOPIC LENS FROM TOP OF THE SAME BUILDING OSWALD WAS IN--THE WAREHOUSE, CLEARLY SHOW HER GUN AND ACTION. SHE HAD HIM LEAN OVER TO TIE HER SHOE LACE, SO THE SHOTS ENTERED HIS HEAD AS TO APPEAR HE WAS SHOT FROM STREET LEVEL, OR SLIGHTLY HIGHER. THE EFFECT WAS PERFECT AND FOOLED EVERYONE.

RUBY KILLED OSWALD TO GET REVENGE, AND TO HAVE AN ALIBI FOR HIS ACTION.

YESSIR, JACKIE DID THE ACTUAL KILLING--THAT'S WHY THE WHOLE THING HAS BEEN COVERED UP--TO KEEP HER CHILDREN CLEAR OF SCANDAL, TO SAVE MILLIONS SHE'D SPEND OF THE KENNEDY MONEY TO FIGHT FOR HER LIFE OR A PRISON TERM.

LYNDON DOESN'T WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW THAT HE FLIRTED WITH JACKIE, EITHER.

BOY, MY FACTS AND FIGURES WILL SELL BILLIONS OF BOOKS WHEN WE ARE READY TO RELEASE THE TRUE STORY. WE HAVE HELD UP, PURPOSELY, TO LET SYLVIA MEAGHER AND JOSH THOMPSON MAKE ALL THAT THEY CAN ON THEIR BOOKS--THEN THEY WILL ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE STUDIED MY WORK AND RECOMMEND IT AS MORE ACCURATE THAN THEIRS (THEY ARE GOING TO HELP ME FINANCE MY BOOK). INCIDENTALLY, IF YOU'D LIKE TO GET IN ON THIS MONEY MAKING DEAL, LET ME KNOW. MIGHT BE ABLE TO CUT YOU IN, IF YOU CAN HELP US.

SERIOUSLY (?).

Jarr

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED DATE 08-14-2010 BY 60322 UCBAW/SJS

(B)

Sunday midnight, January 21, 1968

Dear Mr. Farr:

You should take up writing professionally, instead of wasting such a talent for satirical writing on humorous private correspondence.

The cleverness of your imagination rivals William Manchester. Perhaps if you write the book of which you speak it will rival his in sales. However, I hope you will plainly label your book as fiction, which Manchester failed to do with his version of the assassination.

You might be interested to know that I, like most complacent citizens, accepted the Warren Report's version for a couple of years---until I read it! Many parts of it just didn't ring true, especially portions where testimony by honorable and truthful people (one of them a personal friend of mine) was rejected by the Warren Commission without good reason. Then I read books by Sylvan Fox, Edward Epstein, Leo Sauvage, Mark Lane, Penn Jones, Harold Weisberg, Sylvia Meagher, Josiah Thompson, and others who had read the 26 volumes of testimony and other evidence, and I became convinced that someone in high authority is for some unknown reason withholding the real truth from the public. What the truth is, I don't know. But whatever it is, I think the public should be concerned enough about to find out, don't you?

Seriously.

W

White

* SETH KANTOR

①

JANUARY 24, 1963

DEAR MR. WHITE:

DID YOU WRITE ME A LETTER, DATED SUNDAY MIDNIGHT, JANUARY 21ST. ?

ENVELOPE DID NOT HAVE A RETURN ADDRESS, APPEARED TO BE JUNK MAIL, AND I FILED IT AS SUCH IN MY FILE #13, (WASTEBASKET).

LATER SOMEONE OPENED IT AND HAD IT PLACED ON MY DESK, ALTHO IT WAS WITHOUT SIGNATURE. (NOT S.)

YOU MENTIONED (IF IT WERE YOURS) THAT YOU'D MADE A BIG INVESTIGATION OF THE WARREN REPORT, ETC. I SUGGEST YOU RE-READ THE REPORT ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRES. ABE LINCOLN, AND THE MANY HYSTERICAL STORIES OF THE KOOKS OF THAT ERA WHO HAD "INSIDE INFORMATION".

HISTORY REPEATS, WE STILL HAVE KOOKS AND ALARMISTS WHO KNOW IT ALL. I AM SATISFIED THAT MEN IN RESPONSIBLE POSITION IN WASHINGTON ARE JUST AS INTERESTED IN FACTS AND THE WELFARE OF OUR GREAT LAND, AS YOU OR MYSELF. *R.D. Farr*

MAYBE THE FBI GOES THROUGH HIS WASTEBASKET!

HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT BOOB'S CONSPIRACIES OR MAYBE IT'S AN EX POST FACTO CONSPIRACY! OF THE LINCOLN CASE!

JAMES D. FARR
P. C. Box 3162
CORPUS CHRISTI
TEXAS, - 78404



MR. JACK WHITE, VICE-PRES.
WITHERSPOON & ASSOCIATES

P. O. Box 2137

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

76101

NO WAY HE COULD HAVE KNOWN THIS!