

Encl: clippings, St. Petersburg Times,

28 Nov 63, filed Medical
10 Jun 68, filed King

4666 - 27th Ave. No.
St. Petersburg, Florida 33713
11 June 1968

Dear Jim and Jenifer:

Your letter worked miracles in raising my morale. Thank you for such a warm and informative visit - that is what it seemed to be, like a visit with friends. How marvelous that you are able to communicate such a feeling on paper.

First thing, don't ever get me started on how well I think Coral and Jim are handling the UFO subject. I could go on and on and have no room for anything else. Aside from my having no arguments with them on this, if I had a choice and could pick someone for my sister, it would be Coral. If you have met them, you will understand such feelings. Unhappily, I did not have much chance to become acquainted with Larry but the remark that everyone has his own hang-up is typical of him: right to the point.

My own particular hang-up has three parts: curiosity, outrage and determination. Apparently, none of these has any bounds. So, no spare time anymore. I once knew a man who said he had a friend who had spare time but I never met him myself. This is now a thing so remote it has the quality of a dream, like inheriting millions. Yes; I do shed a tear over it now and then, Jenifer. One of these days —

What you two are doing is fantastic and probably something you would have considered impossible if you had given it much thought in the beginning. Isn't it fortunate that we have such moments of sheer stupidity at least once in our lives? Otherwise, how would anyone in his right mind, in full command of his senses, even begin to do things of such value as yours?

Each time it seems we might complete one or another of these gargantuan projects, we find someone has perpetrated still another disaster that will, in its turn, require like attention. Do you even wonder if perhaps there is a diabolic plan to show us that, no matter what we accomplish toward some resolution of the John Kennedy hoax, it can be negated or diluted by foisting off more of the same with only a change in the cast of players? Paranoid, that is what it all makes me.

Enclosed is a copy of the lovely editorial in our morning paper to add to your stack of what has been written. The editors of the St. Petersburg have decided they are authorized by a mandate from who-knows-where to determine what shall and what shall not grace the pages of their paper. What shall not appear, unless they slip up, is anything remotely connected with UFOs and anything that casts doubt on the validity of the Warren Commission's findings. An item that reports Jim Garrison has suffered a set-back or adverse criticism may be printed after references to the very reasons for his endeavors are carefully deleted.

Another clipping has a statement by Dr. Shaw that seems to have escaped the notice of most of the critics. It is difficult for me to believe that our newspaper was the only one to carry this. The particular statement that concerns me is that by Dr. Shaw to the effect that there was a bullet removed at Bethesda from the right lung. This statement was made after the phone calls between Bethesda and Parkland. He is not guessing, he is making a flat statement of fact.

Recently I came across several newspapers I had saved from that time and there may be other items that have been overlooked. If you are interested, I will send them to you and you may copy off whatever you wish and return them to me. Since I am such a newcomer to the subject (since November 1967!) I do not feel qualified to recognize important bits of information that may have been overlooked before.

12 June 1968

There is a conspiracy afoot here. The postman sneaks up on me, much earlier than he normally passes; the lady next door, for the second day in a row, decides to bring yet another stack of out-of-state newspapers for my scrutiny and stays a couple of hours to talk despite hints that I am extremely busy; the two cat-people demolish something; all in all, a normal day. If only I could train the cats to answer the telephone.

NEW TIMES, No. 21, has an article by Boris Isakov, "Who Killed Dr. King?" I do not know anything about either the magazine or the author, never heard of either before. A friend sent me a copy of the article. There is a reference to Oswald so it may be something you would include in your record. If you are unable to obtain it, I will arrange for a copy to be sent to you.

Please let me know what Coral has sent to you of the various things I have provided: Transcripts of Kerry Thornley interviews here, a 22-page compilation of odds and ends that had raised questions here. This was prepared by Mr. Steffen Sorensen who went back through all the correspondence he and I have had since November, a good six-inch stack of letters. There was also an unscrambling of the Sawyer Exhibits, the radio log transcripts. At the moment I don't recall what other material I had sent her.

Here is another thing about the FPCC handbill. If you will examine CE 2966-A very carefully, you may wonder if the rubber stamp had been applied after the paper was creased since it does not print as darkly along the crease as on either side. This crease, on the other hand, does not appear to have affected the other print on the handbill.

CE 1412. Very close examination of the portion obliterated (my copy, at least) will show very faintly visible numerals and/or letters that had been handwritten, possibly before the white stuff was put there. I had thought they were all numerals: 3 or 8, 1, 1, 3 or 8, 1. Steffen writes it looks to him like RN8X when he looks at it from some angles. These two exhibits have bothered Steffen for a long time anyway.

As you will note, 510 E. Jefferson is one of my hang-ups. The more I study the time-sequences in the several versions of radio logs, the more I got a nasty suspicion that it is just possible this is where the script had indicated Tippit's death was to have taken place.

Enclosed are some pages from the 22-page thing mentioned above. One has some of Steffen's remarks about the handbill exhibits. The second deals, in part, with Oswald's paychecks - unemployment checks, that is.

The next one concerns CD 81b (CE 2003) pp. 74 and 104. With it is the best copy I could make of Steffen's Thermofax of the Archives' Xerox. It is probably as good as the Xerox is and does show plainly what Steffen's sharp eye caught.

Everything so far makes me wonder if there is so much as one single exhibit that has not been tampered with and, in wilder moments, if all of them may not have been fabricated. For instance, that stupid vaccination record with its authentication seal or stamp - "BRUSH IN CAN".

If you don't have that 22-page thing, we will send you one. It is worth it to read Steffen's comments. I know I did send one to Paul Hoch.

You are very fortunate to be able to work with others. So far as we have been able to discover, Steffen and I are the only ones in this area who are doing more than read the critics' books. This is a real hotbed of unbounded apathy when it comes to using common sense to examine such things as the Warren Commission Report. We have a very vocal Praise-Edgar cult. Sarasota is the home of Dr. Douglas of "Let Freedom Ring". It is very strong Birch country with all that implies. I have frequently looked under my bed and in the closets and, so help me, I have yet to find a Communist. Or anyone.

Our newspapers are pro-administration so "nobody believes what they print. Who can believe Communists?" All of this is interesting, of course, but there is very little solid information to be gleaned from either faction in this atmosphere. The voters here will probably go for George Wallace or Ronald Reagan if he runs or is nominated. They believe, the majority, that the military should control dissemination of the news. And, as you can guess by now, anyone who dares to differ with their opinion is a dirty Red, a Communist.

The press hereabouts is certainly nearly dead. They to attend the popular controversies such as drugs on campus, who pays for the governor's airplane, searches for evidence of wrong-doing by the school board, series on prisons, etc. The morning paper, The St. Petersburg Times, printed readers' letters on the Robert Kennedy assassination one day only and announced that that concluded publication of letters on the subject.

Our one source of uncensored information from the outside world is a radio talk show, "Open Mike", which brings us guests by long distance telephone for one hour twice a week. It was on this program we were told of the latest delay in the Clay Shaw case. We were told that one of the things the defense asked for is a decision by a federal court that the Warren Commission Report is final and binding on all courts. Am I correct in supposing that this would necessitate the federal court's re-examining or even re-investigating the case? If this is the case, it might be a good thing but if it is to be a pronouncement only, I shouldn't care for that. The day after we heard this on the program, our paper carried a short paragraph that told nothing except that Shaw's defense had been granted another delay.

It is becoming more and more difficult to recognize our country as the same one we were taught about in history books in school. I am so encouraged by reading that you have analyzed what began in Dallas much as we have. The frightening thing is that there is such a strong possibility the November election could bring us the beginning of a totalitarian form of government. If this happens, we will then be in physical danger and all the time and effort spent to make the 27 volumes more easily studied will have been in vain - except for those of us who have worked at it. We will have the satisfaction of having tried, as you said. Think how we would feel if we did not try to do anything, if we waited for "someone else" to do it. Then we should always wonder if things might have been different. Besides, who wants to live forever?

One of the projects I had set for myself - for if or when I ever finish the CDs - was a name index. What a relief it is to know you are doing that. Thank you. (One of my pet hates is flying capitals and I apologize but not very much since it is due to having whacked a little finger on something long ago and broken it. Ridiculous, isn't it?)

You will most certainly have a copy of the CD index. One thing about which I know absolutely nothing is having anything published. I have a mimeograph machine in the catch-all room and if it comes to the worst, I can always crank that. It makes no real difference to me how or by whom it is done so long as it is available to those who want it. Do you know, I have yet to read the volumes of testimony? I got to the beginning of Vol. 5 and I had started with Vol. 16, went through Vol. 20 then back to Vol. 1. The CD index has allowed me to give the last five volumes closer examination than I would have otherwise so perhaps this is the best way.

It is my turn to apologize for writing on and on and on and for words left out here and there. But there are a few more remarks before I stop.

Thank goodness you are making use of all your cards. I have a huge pile of 3 x 5s, all nice and undefiled. Everytime I look at those three pages on the FPCC handbill, I am impressed all over again. If any of this ever is released, reserve a copy for me.

Jenifer, you mentioned your walking bookcase. At first I consecrated the top of a six-foot-long bookcase. Trouble was, this was in such a position I had to get up from my comfortable chair and walk around it to get a volume I had to have since the bookcase was behind me. Then I put several volumes I thought I would be using on the end table by the chair. This brought about still another problem. The volume I had to have was never among those near me.

The whole thing was then resolved by condemning the coffee table which replaced the end table. It exactly accomodates all 27 volumes, blocks a through-way and has been responsible for my perpetual skinned shins. I got a piece of plywood to lay across the arms of the chair to hold everything. Then a larger piece of plywood. Now I am resigned to an eternally cluttered dining table - which is not near the coffee table.

How wonderful and simple it all would be had They only given the whole mess to the Encyclopedia Britannica or some other such company and allowed them to arrange and index everything properly. But then I suppose that would have defeated their purpose.

I wonder if the night will ever come that I do not dream this stuff over and over. There is no aspect of it that I have not lived in my nightmares. It is enough to make anyone turn to insomnia through desperation. I try to take a nap in the afternoon and find myself dreaming over the puzzle, why didn't they want us to see the first page of the Abadie report, and knowing the answer to that one is that it states Ruby was involved in gambling, had a large warehouse used for storage and repair of slot machines, among other things - such as juke boxes; that this warehouse operation was large enough that he needed a foreman who was authorized to hire and fire.

Or I am, in my dream, trying in vain to follow Oswald from New Orleans to Mexico City and back to Dallas and waking to be fairly certain he never made such a trip or, if he did, that there had to be more of him.

Sometimes I wonder what kinds of dreams Hosty has and if he might be afraid to dream.

Isn't it always the way you find things - incidentally? You start out with the intention to check the spelling of some name or to check a date or something equally simple and suddenly you are beneath a stack of books with a brand-new Find.

I tried for hours one evening to phone the woman who succeeded me as editor of The UFO Researcher. All I got was a busy signal. When I reached her the next evening, I told her I had tried all the previous evening to call her but her phone was busy the whole time. She said the cat had knocked it off and they didn't notice it until the next morning. This made a bell ring and then it began to clang. All the reports said those who tried to phone Curry couldn't reach him. I have not found a single one that said the phone was busy. Yet, had it been true that his wife took the phone off so he would not be disturbed, those who tried to telephone him would have reported, naturally, that his phone was busy.

On that bit of confusion, I think I should stop. Thank you, again, for such a nice letter. If there is anything I can do to help you, please let me know. Should you ever have reason to be near here, my telephone number is AC 813-347-8644. We will get together and talk all night.

That miserable postman just crept up on me again. He used to make a noise a block away but he seems to have stopped that. A pox on him.

I have not commented on the assassination of Robert Kennedy. At this time I cannot. It is too fresh, too horrible.

In friendship.

Sincerely,



Helen G. Hartmann

