Jean Hill review

Bottom page 2, penultimate line, insert: "Some experts have alleged that shooting from that sixth-floor TSBD window would have been easier had the motorcade been on Main Street because it would have proceeded in a straight line rather than twisting and turning and because the firing angle would not have been nearly downward."

I do not understand the sentence that follows. If she says what you say in it I think you should say that.

I would add as a new ending on page 4 something like:

How tragic it is that well-intended people like Hill have been manipulated by those who for various reasons, as with Stone, do not exclude commercialization and exploitation of this terrible crime, into remembering what did not happen and into saying what conspiracy theorists and others are saying—what is not so. Thus destroying what credibility they had in their contemporaneous accounts of details of essentially minor details of the assassination.

When the simply enormous outpouring of such faulty and misleading books as Hill's in the wake of the enormous attention to Stone's also faulty account of the assassination is considered, they amount to an extensive disinformation that confuses the sorrowing nation even more and thus tends to exculpate the actual killers and those in official roles who foisted off the unacceptable official "solution" to the crime and to a rewriting of our history.
On November 22, 1963, Jean Hill and her friend Mary Moorman stood on the south side of Elm Street less than ten feet from President John F. Kennedy at the moment the last bullet tore open his head. She had an excellent view of him and of the grassy knoll in the distance beyond him. The amateur photographer Abraham Zapruder, filming from the other side of the street, caught her in his famous motion picture of the assassination while her friend Moorman snapped a Polaroid of the murder, with the knoll in the background. Working with the professional writer Bill Sloan, Hill sets down her story.

She claims to have heard four to six, "maybe more," shots, to have seen a man firing from the grassy knoll, and to have seen a man resembling Jack Ruby fleeing west from the Book Depository immediately after the shooting. Her account traces her experiences over the years with the case, detailing her rough treatment by the Secret Service, the FBI, and the Warren Commission. As she proceeds in her autobiographical reflections she weaves into the account an increasing amount of factual details surrounding the assassination, sometimes in the retailing of what others, including what her boyfriend on the police department told her.
but also what she dug up on her own.

What can be said of this highly speculative effort? In the first instance difficulty arises with her testimony. Her story changes. She explains her original comment that she thought she saw a dog sitting between JFK and his wife because she confused the light contrasting from the flowers with a supposition of an animal. Her failure to tell authorities of the component of Ruby fleeing until after she saw Ruby shoot Lee Oswald on television is also explained by her tough personality resisting police bullying and pressure. Similar variances occur between her later testimony and her 22d day statement to police, which agreed with her companion Moorman's witness statement. These, she says, arise from police re-writing of her initial comments. However, the ring of truth comes forward with her comment that the Secret Service agents interviewing that afternoon said they had three bullet cases and were going with only three bullets.

Liberally laced throughout her story are preposterous interpretations of the assassination, factual errors, and strange misconceptions of her own importance. The motorcade turned from Houston Street to Elm Street not as she states as part of the LBJ/Secret Service conspiracy to bring JFK under the assassins' guns but rather to avoid the concrete traffic-control barriers blocking access to Stemmons from Main Street, but not from Elm.

Also, the assassination was a cinch from any spot around the perimeter of the tiny plaza at Main or Elm, and location made little difference. Neither LBJ nor the Secret Service withdrew the flanking motorcycles to behind the rear of the car, but JFK
himself for political purposes of permitting the crowd to see him
and also to avoid their dinning roar.

Her great fear that she was about to be murdered by the
persons who killed JFK is put into the larger context of the
allegedly current nonsense. She was literally afraid and that
distorted her life. Her sincerity is clear. But what had she
as a confused rejected witness to testify to that the killers of
JFK would want her dead? I cannot think of anything. The Moorman
Polaroid film is better evidence by far than her ever-changing
versions. Was Moorman killed? No. Did Hill explain the
importance and history of that photograph? No. The Zapruder film
was key. Was Zapruder killed? No. Governor John B. Connally
disagreed with the official findings and was a central figure.
Was he killed? No.

Among the murdered witnesses she lists Eddy Benavides who
Hill claims first phoned in the death of Police Office J. D.
Tippit. But why kill him, when he did not first phone in the
death and said he could not identify the killer? At the same
time the murder of Tippit is not related to the killing of
President Kennedy (see, H. Weisberg, Whitewash; S. Meagher,
Accessories). Not even in one's wildest whiskey dream was there
the slightest reason to be conjured up for JFK conspirators to
want him dead. Actually, ten minutes earlier T. F. Bowley had
Tippit's body brought his house. This was at
been bumed. the office. Why not shoot him, the key witness? But they did
not and Hill was not aware of his existence. And so with all the
rest. The mysterious murders concept is an assassination
Bill Sloan with Jean Hill: JFK. The last dissenting witness. (1992)

syndrome, long dispelled by responsible critics and by anyone using common sense, that she believes her testimony is valid is tragic; that she purveys it is wrong.

Toward the end of the book she describes her meeting and rapport with the corruptionists Oliver Stone and Kevin Costner, and for all the world except her has any meaning other than to her, traces the evolution of her small part in the JFK movie. Her animated account of movement into minor fame as part of The Great Event provides a glimpse into the modus operandi of Stone whose preconceptions were heavily, personally, emotionally reinforced by evidence with more credibility than in his film and by his every step in the opiated air and by blue smoke and silver mirror historians in the Never Never Land of Dallas and New Orleans of which JFK. The Last Dissenting Witness is an affirmation.