The Scavengers
by Richard Warren Lewis

A Rush for Dollars

"It is shocking to me that in the backwash of tragedy, journalistic scavengers such as Mark Lane attempt to impugn the motives of those [Warren Commission], members individually, cast doubt upon the Commission as a whole and question the credibility of the government itself. I think it's time that we pause and reflect on who these individuals are rather than calling for a further investigation of the assassination which... is neither warranted, justified or desirable."


The phone was ringing as indelible Mark Lane entered his 17th-floor quarters in Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel. He carried the new French soft cover edition of Rush to Judgment, the telling blast he had single-handedly promoted to the top of the best-seller lists. During the previous three months he had logged 283 appearances on television and radio, in book and department stores and at lectures on college campuses—a relentless hard-sell campaign missing since the heyday of Hadassah.

Not only had his incessant attacks on the conclusions of the Warren Commission agitated the American public, but statements he had made in 14 European countries were largely responsible for the prevalent feeling that President John F. Kennedy had been the victim of a conspiracy. His charges were the same, whether he was speaking in Cleveland or Copenhagen. The president had been shot by at least two assassins. There were five shots fired, not three. The fatal bullet came from the front, from behind a wooden fence on top of a grassy knoll. Autopsy reports were altered. The Commission doctored photographs. Contrary evidence was suppressed to support a preconceived case against Oswald as the lone assassin. Witnesses were harassed. Statements were distorted. Oswald would never have been convicted in a court of law.

A quasi-documentary film produced by Lane, also called Rush to Judgment, was scheduled for release this month. It had been completed at a cost of $60,000 and already recouped two-thirds of that investment in a single airing on BBC television plus much more in European movie theaters. The two-and-a-half-hour production attempted to further discredit the government's case.

Lane had just video-

(Continued on page 4)

Richard Warren Lewis' article is adapted from the Capital Records album, "The Controversy," produced by Laurence Schiller.
The Scavengers

(Continued from page 1) Taped a debate with William F. Buckley and was busy arranging bookings on the lecture circuit. His nose Brooklyn voice rasped as he confirmed another engagement on the phone. "I never see my sister and my parents any more," he said, wearily, "I'm just about ready to retire from the field." Small chance. After 15 years of fruitless meandering, he had finally stumbled upon an issue that galvanized the mass imagination. His means of profiting on the tragedy in Dallas, however, was far more sophisticated than the fax magazines using Jacqueline Kennedy as a cover girl or the novelty shops hawking plastic busts of the late president or the vendors of picture postcards showing the fatal motorcade route superimposed on an air view of Dealey Plaza.

Lane was offering an easily digestible panacea to an incredulous audience still reeling from the week- ings of November 22-24, 1963. And he was succeeding with the hoary gimmicks of the professional hustler—distortion, insomnia, conjurers, allusion and even short fantasy. "There's an old legend about frogs jumping from the mouth of a pernicious fool, every time he speaks," observes Professor Weylin W. Litch- eter, one of the Warren Commission staffers. "These frogs leap out and you have to run in all directions to grab them. It's just incredible to listen to him. If he talks for five minutes it takes an hour to straighten out the record."

Lane was not a lost frog croaking at the en- cyclopedic evidence amassed by the most painstaking murder investigation in history. His suspicions had helped inspire a keening pack of speculators to storm the Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, matching for new answers among recently declassified documents. Second-guessers included a dozen dedicated assassina- tion buffs regularly manufacturing explosive charges. Among the more vigorous critics were:

HAROLD WEINBERG, a Maryland waterfowl breeder and dedicated National Barbecue Cooking Champion.

"The Commission says nothing that can be credited except 'the president is dead.'" he declares. "Oswald couldn't possibly have killed anybody. I'm the first to have said it and I'm the first to have proved it."


Pense James Jr., the editor and publisher of a Texas weekly newspaper, in Forgive My Grief, a volume which sells for $2.50 up to $50, depending on the binding, Jones exposes a sinister plot determined to eradicat key figures in the assassination's after- math. So far, he claims, there have been 18 mysteri- ous deaths. "Oswald didn't kill anybody," he adds. "He's too poor a shot. Hell, they wouldn't have a man like that to be firing a rifle when they're trying to kill the president. They're going to hire the best guns they can get. He might hit someone. Oswald was just a patsy."

George C. Thomas, a Glendale, California, swim- ming pool engineer. Thomson has grossed thousands selling transcripts of 13 radio broadcasts and a bro- cher called "The Quest For Truth." Their contents: Kennedy was not present in the Dallas motorcade and therefore not shot; Kennedy was impersonated by Officer J. D. Tippit; Oswald was not shot in the Dallas jailhouse garage. Thomson wails that millions of dollars are being spent to silence his findings.

Barbara Gruber has been the former member of the Free Speech Movement at the University of California (Berkeley). For contemporary parody of MacBride, describes the struggle fol- lowing a plot to kill the president. A privately published version of the play has sold over 120,000 copies and will soon be produced off-Broadway. Her husband, Marvin Garlan, lived in the rooming house once occupied by Oswald while working as a secret agent for Lane. Much of his research has been assimil- ated in his wife's play.

Purcell Zalandria, a Chicago attorney who has haunted the National Archives to study foot- note picture footage of the assassination frame by frame. His comments are quoted in Life magazine and Minority of One reveal ballistic evi- dence contrary to that presented by the Commission. By superimposing critical frames on top of each other, he suggests that the president's head lurched backward and to the left. Such conclusions would clearly indicate the presence of a second assassin. But Salandria, like most skeptics, overlooks the forward rush of the motorcade following the impact of the fatal bullet—a movement which clearly destroys his supposition. "Lee Harvey Oswald was framed. The evidence that was obviously planted," he says. "More than one gunman fired at President John F. Kennedy . . . in a . . . concentrated and synchronized crossfire."

Raymond Marcus, a Los Angeles distributor of "Apartment For Rent" and "Beware of Dog" signs. Marcus enlarged inch-square segments of assassina- tion photographs, which originally appeared in Life magazine, to eight times their original size. He distri- buted these blow-ups among fellow skeptics to prove that the first bullet hit the president substantially be- fore the moment indicated by the Warren Commission, thereby implying the possibility of a second assassin. Marcus also disputes the Life magazine cover photo- graph of Oswald which appeared February 21, 1964. He claims it was a fabrication, that the shadows be- neath Oswald's nose are inconsistent with those cast by a rifle extended in his left hand. To justify this charge, he journeyed to Los Angeles' skid row and paid several dollars more to impersonate Oswald, while he snapped similar photographs. Penn Jones recently published a book, The Magic Bullet, which insists that the bullet found on Governor Connally, purported to have passed through the bodies of both the president and the governor, was planted.

David Lifton, candidate for a master's degree in engineering at U.C.L.A. He has yet to complete a master's thesis. Nonetheless, he has compiled a report on Dealey Plaza in Dallas which indicate the location of every witness to the assassination. He is the co-author of a magazine article entitled "The Case for Three Assassins" and has also contributed photographic exhi- bits to the cause which, he insists, is the existence of additional assassination.

Harold Feldman, a Sandia's brother-in-law, a professor of psychology and languages at a Philadel- phia college. Soon after the 26 volumes of Warren Commission testimony were published, Feld- man collaborated on a book. The body of in- telligent testimony testimony concerning the source of bullets. The majority quoted the shots' originality, whereas the Texas School Book Depository, a con- tradiction to the Warren Commission findings. Feld- man, who has never visited Dallas, overlooked the acoustical refinements of Dealey Plaza, a natural echo chamber. He also placed substantial evidence in the statements of Oswald's mother. "She keeps dripp- ing and so on..."

Margaretta Oswald, the mother of the assassin. She makes public appearances pledging her son's innocence, at fees ranging up to $500. "I just got back from San Antonio and I made all the front pages.

she said recently in her Fort Worth home. "There are many witnesses, but there is only one mother."

The significance of the assassins' myriad theories is the unsettling way they have had on public opinion. Lane likes to take most of the credit for stirring the sabers, although Edward Jay Epstein, a former Cornell University graduate student, wrote his master's thesis on the Warren Commission's methods and conclusions, and the thesis became a book called Impostor, one of the earliest critical audits of the Commission. "Six weeks following the publication of my book," Lane says, "a poll taken by Louis Harris showed that only one out of three Americans believed and accepted the conclusions of the Warren Commission."

Before he emerged as the leading assassination gadfly, Lane had made a career of championing controversial causes and underdogs, himself included. The owl-eyed, 39-year-old critic, however, never quite reached the pinnacle he has ascended since offering posthumous counsel to Oswald.

As an aggressive young attorney, he specialized in cases involving narcotic violations, alleged police graft and brutality, the rights of low-income tenants and civil liberties.

In 1961, Lane was arrested and convicted of breaching the peace in Jackson, Mississippi, where he attempted to use segregated facilities at the municipal airport. A year later, Lane was labeled a scalawag and fined $415 for ignoring 19 Manhattan traffic tickets dating back to 1959. That oversight triggered the wrong kind of headlines.

He won no more sympathy while pickingeting the Board of Higher Education offices in an effort to receive an order banning Communists from speaking on New York City college campuses. Serving one term as a legislator in the State Assembly, he supported a resolution to abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee. It never passed.

He gained headlines in the legislature with an attack on Speaker Joseph F. Carlino, charging him with a conflict of interest after the passage of a $100-million lunch shelter bill. An Assembly vote overwhelmingly censured Carlino. The lone dissenter was Lane, who was formally rebuked by a legislative committee for his unwarranted accusations.

Late in 1962, Lane announced that he would not seek re-election. Instead, he said, he would write a book and try to make a contribution to peace. He soon discovered the ideal subject. Observing telecasts of the assassination and subsequent shooting of Oswald, he became disturbed over what he termed the destruction of Oswald's rights during imprisonment. Within a month, the left-wing National Guardian printed Lane's 10,000-word, unsolicited defense brief for the assassin. An Oklahoma housewife mailed the article to Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, who quickly retained Lane as the attorney for the deceased.

On December 11, 1963, armed with a borrowed tape recorder he was unable to operate and an unfamiliar Polaroid camera, Lane made the first of his eight fact-finding missions to Dallas. "I spent my New Year's Eve reading in a small hotel room," he wrote, like a latter-day Dreyfus. "I sent (46) rather incompetent simulated 'private eye' what little insight he gained from his early investigations—mainly conversations with peripheral figures—contemporary books and passable tales he digested at coffee houses and cocktail parties on both coasts. Before long, his questionable theories were expanded into a bizarre, three-hour-and-40-minute lecture titled "Who Killed Kennedy?" It was delivered for paying customers at theaters and college auditoriums and garnished with slides, enlarged photographs and the memorable vision of Lane brandishing a 6.3 caliber Manlicher-Carcano carbine, a copy of the weapon he decided Oswald could never have actually fired.

The seeds of doubt were more readily planted in Europe, where assassins such as Raymond, Thomas Buchanan, author of a book bearing a title identical to Lane's lecture, had already fertilized the way. Lane polished his oratorical technique before sympathetic audiences in London and Paris. "There is no doubt in my mind that the Supreme Court would have reversed any conviction against Oswald," he said.

To finance Lane on the stump, a volunteer Citizens Committee of Inquiry, chaired by Lane, was established on lower Park Avenue in Manhattan. Eventually, branches were added on 40 American college campuses as well as in London and Copenhagen. The Committee coordinated his appearances at lectures and debates. One such confrontation with attorney Melvin Belli, at the Manhattan Center, attracted nearly 4,000 customers who paid up to five dollars a seat.

The Committee sold over 1,000 recordings, at $5.95 an album, containing Lane's evasive testimony before the Warren Commission. It also purportedly paid him $600 a week during a particularly desperate five-week period. "I had closed my law office," Lane recalls. "My commitment was to investigating the case and writing a book about it. We were practically facing starvation at that point. For a year, the only time we had a steak was at Tad's Steak House in New York, which sold them for $2.50. Once my wife and I were in London and we didn't have carfare to get us to a social engagement. We walked through the London fog for about 45 minutes."

The release of the Warren Report in September, 1964, and its 26 volumes of testimony and exhibits two months afterwards, furnished Lane with a wealth of new targets which he assailed in talks at 83 colleges and universities. Additional ammunition, however tenuous, was provided by a team of investigators the Citizens Committee dispatched to Dallas to interview witnesses Lane felt the Commission had overlooked.

A British publisher finally agreed to print his book after an advance, had been rejected by 15 publishers in the United States. Reach to Judgment sold out its first overseas edition, inspiring Lane to prepare a film version of the book. For his director, he selected Emile de Antonio, who once produced a documentary on the late Senator Joseph McCarthy.

The activities of Lane and de Antonio in Dallas read like a bad detective story. Lane decided to use a pseudonym, Robert Blake, in his filmed and taped interviews. Many participants in the film were led to believe that it was being produced for educational television. He has proudly stated, "I violated the law when I raided people in Dallas. I did tape recordings over the phone without informing people. I could have been sent to jail."

The success of the book in England convinced Holt, Rinehart and Winston—ironically the same house which publishes Lane's arch-enemy, Edgar Hoover—to publish Judgment in the United States. Lane experienced some frustrating... (Continued on page 6)
Alleged assassin Oswald denies guilt as he is led away by Dallas police.

(Continued from page 5) moments, however, after learning that Viking Press planned to publish Epstein’s master’s thesis months in advance of his own book.

His anxieties prompted a bizarre skirmish at Epstein’s house, New York, apartment, late one night in December, 1965. A stranger, who identified himself as English journalist Victor Benefield, burst through the front door and tried to steal Epstein’s recently-acquired FBI reports. He rummaged through drawers until Epstein threatened to call the police. Benefield was later identified as Ralph Scherman, head of the London branch of Lane’s citizen’s Committee of Inquiry.

“Epstein’s book suffers from one weakness,” Lane says today. “The statements which are attributed to the Commission members cannot be verified because Mr. Epstein refused to use a tape recorder.”

I offered him a hidden tape recorder, but he said he thought that would be unethical. The absence of accuracy raises serious questions,” Epstein denies any such offer from Lane.


Ball had a press conference in Los Angeles early this month. “All of these critics are only rehearsing arguments we considered and rejected two years ago. It is scandalous to me that there are those who dare to infer fraud with no evidence to base it on. Their record is dishonest, a completely dishonest presentation of the evidence,” he said.

TV host David Susskind accused Lane of spreading a “dihob organizational smear.”

Bravely, Lane retaliated with fresh offerings of character assassination and innuendo. He termed the titular head of the Commission, Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren, a national disgrace. Governor Connally’s

The Great Debate

“I’ve got three seniors at the U.C.L.A. Lane School who have gone through Lane’s book and prepared a series of memaranda describing the discrepancies they found. Close to 90 per cent of Lane’s footnotes don’t check out. There’s either a distortion involved or a flat misrepresentation. He exists evidence out of context and often uses himself as his own expert witness.”

—Prof. Wesley J. Litchler, assistant counsel, President’s Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy

Hod had the Warren Commission possessed the foresight to continue functioning after September, 1964, even in a skeleton form, the increasing preponderance of conclusions concerning its findings might have been delayed long ago. To help remedy that failure, outspoken Jim Litchler has become one of the few Commission staffers willing to tackle skeptics like Mark Lane face-to-face.

He has also been brave enough to admit that shoppiness in certain phases of what was billed as the
"...Most of the books have been written by... a group of people who have attempted to capitalize on the death of the president..."
The Housewives' Underground

"For almost three years now, there has been an unreported, quiet network of housewives, editors and students who have the 26 volumes of evidence in their homes, go over the material, clip newspapers and correspond with one another. They have played a very important role in developing the body of dis- z

The key stations on the bustling network, surprisingly, are operated by three housewives, all of them would-be Margaret Rutherford. They possess little in common besides an obsession for refuting the 10 months of diligent phishing, the examination of thousands of witnesses and the millions of words collected by the Warren Commission.

Mrs. Shirley Harris Martin, a blue-eyed mother of four, functions as the Midwestern relay of the underground. The chain-link fence guarding her brick home in Owasso, Oklahoma, a suburb of Tulsa, surrounds a garage stuffed with newspaper and magazine articles related to the assassination.

Since February, 1964, she has driven her red Rambler compact the 300 miles to Dallas on seven different occasions. A Japanese tape recorder is constantly sewn inside her purse. She conceals a wire recorder beneath one of her arm pits. Her family accompanies her, bringing cameras which have photographed every inch of Dealey Plaza, a stopwatch to time the firing of the fatal motorcade and note books in which to check the whereabouts of witnesses they feel should be questioned by the Commission.

"The women are wonderful, it takes such a woman to do the boring work," says Mrs. Martin, whose admiration she has shown is her cousin in Catholicism. "Of all the drizzly women in Tulsa, I was the only one who didn't go down to Dallas. I know the city by heart now. I could have sat there all day, that's why everyone was so happy again in another city, with Robert Kennedy the victim this time. I worry about the Kennedy's."

It was Mrs. Martin who introduced Lane to Mrs. Marguerite Oswald by mailing the assassin's mother a picture of the deceased defendant published in the National Guardian. "The rumors were that Oswald would have been named for his psychological back-ground as a boy of 12," she says. "Nothing sends me into such a fury, Joan of Arc heard voices at puberty. Lee Oswald was a jerk, but he was a good American boy. He got a very dirty deal."

Her admiration of Lane is just as unequivocal. She named one of the 11 stray mongrel dogs she has rescued "TLC." She has named her highways after Lane's second wife, Anne-Marie. "I won't say he took Kennedy's place," she says, "because no one could. But he's up there.

Mrs. Martin helped arrange several of Lane's filmed interviews and acted as liaison between Lane and previously uncontacted sources. Often, her detective work leaves much to be desired. She reports quoting the Very Rev. Oscar Huber, pastor of the Holy Trinity Church in Dallas, who performed the last rites over the dead president. Father Huber, according to Mrs. Martin, revealed graphic details of an entrance wound over Kennedy's left temple—evidence which, if true, would support the existence of a second assassin.

The priest denies ever meeting Mrs. Martin or having any knowledge of such a wound. "His face was covered with blood, but I saw no wounds," he says. "I did not know where he had been shot and I had no thought of looking for anything like that."

The graying Agatha Christie fan, nevertheless, conveyed her frequently misleading reports to fellow investigators and anyone she thought would listen. "When the case first started," Mrs. Martin recalls, "I was sending out 100 letters a week. I even sent one to a newspaper in Kuala Lumpur. She spent up to $200 a month telephoning buffs like Mrs. Joseph A. Field Jr., her West Coast counterpart in Beverly Hills, California.

The wife of a stock broker, Mrs. Field employs a thinly-disguised pseudonym (Marjorie Dechamp) to conceal her activities. A vision German Shepherd intimates unwanted guests at her $250,000 home, where Lane lists to float around the swimming pool between engagements. With his encouragement, Mrs. Field first compiled 35 judicious scrapbooks and numerous 50-pound file boxes of clippings and transcripts. Working with a glue-pot and oversize card-board poster, she then constructed over 100 "pamphlets"—detailed charts listing the names and movement of witnesses to the killings of Kennedy and Officer Tippit.

"The American people have been tragically de-served," says Mrs. Field. "One of the most heinous crimes in modern history remains unsolved." She maintains that the Commission pursued a preconceived case and categorically dismisses its hallucinosis evidence, or as she calls it: "all that apple-blight about the rifle."

Perhaps her greatest contribution to the cause besides her generous support of Lane prior to the publication of his book, concerns her research into "documented photographs." The February 21, 1964, cover of Life magazine, showing Oswald brandishing the murder weapon in his left hand and a pint on his hip, immediately looked suspicious to her. To prove that shadows cast in the photographs are real, she dressed her teenage son as Lee Harvey Oswald and coached him into assuming an identical position, before snapping away with her own rangefinder. She passed a print of this amateurish re-creation among sympathizers attending a party in her home hosted by Mrs. Sylvia Meagher (pronounced Mare), a widow who functions as the Eastern delegate of the housewives' alliance. Edward Jar Epstein, one of those present in the West Greenwich Village apartment, took closer natures of Mrs. Meagher's furnishings. "When I saw all those books on flying saucers," he recalls, "my heart dropped."

"Mrs. Meagher has written a book, which is entitled Subject Index to the Warren Report and Hearings and Exhibits, costs four dollars and runs 132 pages. The publisher is Scarcecrow Press.

As a World Health Organisation research analyst stationed at the United Nations for nearly 20 years, Mrs. Meagher labored in virtual anonymity. The Report of the Warren Commission offered the perfect opportunity to make herself known. Almost every night and weekend for nearly a year, inspired by Harlow's Divertimento playing on a phonograph, she tackled the 26 volumes of testimony and exhibits with uncommon zeal.

Since its initial press run of 1,000 copies, already sold out, Mrs. Meagher has gained added stature by reviewing books written by other scammers and making public appearances of her own. Another one of Mrs. Meagher's pastimes is monitoring radio broadcasts. Recently, she heard attorney Louis Nizer—a staunch advocate of the Commission's findings—mistakenly refer to the first identification of the murder weapon, pentonizing it honest. In Mrs. Meagher's winding the Warren Report, she immediately contacted Lane. Within 48 hours, he was relaying Nizer's error in one of his speeches. Like most assassination buffs, Mrs. Meagher has never visited Dallas nor has she interviewed anyone of significance directly related to events past. Despite her distasteful lack of first-hand knowl-edge, she is regarded as the authority. "Sylvia has done the most boring work imaginable," says Mrs. Martin, "and that's to copy-cob that lousy document they call the Warren Commission hearings."

Mrs. Meagher considers herself an unsum hero, certainly not a scancer. "I haven't put on a nickel from my book," she says. "Nobody ever realizes the time and the money that I've spent." Her hopes that her efforts could prove financially worthwhile with the release of Accessories After the Fact, her first full-length book which will be given away free. "I think the Manchester book will have worn off a little by that time," she says. "It seems like a-prioris timing, it will take a lot of work." In order to complete the book she has completely abandoned her first love, the ballet. "I don't know what to give up next," she says.

The Lunatic Fringe

"The news media in September of 1964 cabled the 868-page [Warren] Report. And now there are about 15 of us who are going around the country screaming that there may have been poison in that cable.

—Penn James Jr.
...Even an influential Commission counsel was seeking payments for his inside observations, citing the whopping sums received by others..."
"... 'I can't prove all of them are murderers,' Jones drawled. 'But hell, even if a fiftieth are what I suspect they are, we're still in trouble.' ..."

(Continued from page 9) pockets of his windbreaker, the 52-year-old editor scowled towards his white frame house on West Avenue just two blocks away. There was a day's growth of gray stubble on his elfish face and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses in his big pocket. "Don't think that Big Daddy walks around like this all the time," he said, after removing his shoes and socks and telephoning himself into an overstuffed armchair. "This is just my Novosel-Morse country editor's outfit." He proceeded to pour out equal amounts of bourbon and assassination theory.

"Well, of course, I loved John Kennedy," he began, tilting towards a bust of the president. "I've driven by the assassination site no more than 20 minutes before and thought: 'My God, this would be a great place to watch the parade.' When I came home, I cried for a few days. I just couldn't believe it from the beginning. But then, Sunday morning, when Ruby killed Oswald, hell, from then on I've been convinced that something is deeply wrong. Then I started tying together these murders, or strange deaths, as I call them."

The motley list compiled by Jones includes: the woman who ran Oswald's rooming house (heart attack), the husband of one of Ruby's waitressesses (knifed to death), Ruby's first lawyer (heart attack), two reporters who covered the events in Dallas (strangulation; fatal shooting) and a railroad man who witnessed the assassination (auto accident). Now it surely includes Jack Ruby himself (cancer). It also mentions Dorothy Kilgallen, apparently the only reporter allowed a private interview with Ruby after his arrest, and William Whaley, the cab driver who picked up Oswald after he shot the president. Whaley died in a head-on automobile collision with a wagon driving on the wrong side of the road.

"What is that woman?" asks Edward Jay Epstein, son of Jayme, "some kind of huckster who committed suicide in order to kill a taxi driver in downtown Dallas? I heard Penn Jones say at the Arlington Street Church that this could happen to all of us, that we must apprehend this gang of post- assassin assassins. He talks about the death of Little Lynn Carlin. She never died. She testified to the Warren Commission three months after he reported she was shot-punned to death. He had the wrong girl. Some of his deaths aren't even connected with the assassination in any possible manner."

Jones nonchalantly shrugs off such skepticism. "Hell, if the American people want the answers, they can get the answers," he says. "I've been saying that if we had a modern computer with an honest programmer and fed it the 26 volumes and the work that I and Epstein and Lane and Weisberg and Maggie Field have done— if we didn't then the answers, then I certainly believe the computer could direct us in the most appropriate channels to continue investigating."

Meanwhile, against the unlikely prospect that such a study ever will be made, Jones peddles his own private opinion of who killed the president. "I honestly believe that Lyndon had it done," he says.

There are other quaint demonologies on the assassin scene, ranging from George C. Thompson, a California engineer who emphatically states that the president was never murdered in the Dallas motorcade... to Harold Weisberg, a Maryland pollywog whose charges of conspiracy are less explicit. The master of the 14.3 acre Coq d'Or Farm in Hyattstown, Weisberg is a retired journalist who had published nothing in two decades prior to the release of Whittamoth, a poorly mounted attack on the Warren Commission which he published himself.

He had probably been best known as the National Hammering Champion. His wife once reigned as the National Chicken Cooking Champion. "I got the Peace Corps its first good publicity break with a project that was entirely 100 per cent mine," the mustached fowl expert declares. "It was called Geese for Peace. Geese can convert waste into protein. A goose is the only person (sic) in the world who can survive on leaves and grass."

Since the publication of the Warren Report, Weisberg has garnered by debunking its authoritative conclusions. Their own best evidence proves they are wrong in everything they say," he says. "The thing that struck me most about the Report was that it was a monstrous evasion. Oswald couldn't possibly have killed anybody. He was not persona non grata to the FBI. They had a bird in the hand and they didn't feel like beating the bushes. Nobody has yet shown me an error of fact in any of my work."

Errors and misinterpretations of facts abound both in Whittamoth and its successor, Whittamoth II, particularly in Weisberg's curious analysis of available photographic evidence. Typical are his opinions regarding one version of the motion picture film of the assassination which he shows at the Hyattstown Agricultural Fair. In Washington, D. C., these frames have been overwhelmingly edited from this film. Weisberg maintains that they prove something contradictory to the official findings. He insists that members of the Commission were misled into viewing the edited version in merely a cursory manner. Yet the missing frames, which add nothing to the body of evidence, have been painstakingly witnessed by every member of the Commission and its staff, in slow-motion, fast-motion and stop-action.

Weisberg is also affected by an increasing paranoia regarding competing scavengers. "I'm the only one with cations in my book," he says. "Others have used my conclusions in their radio and television appearances. Mark Lane is converting his grasy knoll into a property, in a very irresponsible way."

I have it in my book. I was the first."

He seeks solace from his imagined adversaries among the multitude he breeds at the Coq d'Or Farm. "My wild geese come when I call them," he says. "I've built their high levels to the point where they bring their young the day after the young are hatched. The federal experts see it and don't believe it can happen. They eat right from my hand. And incredibly enough, there are people who are doing the same thing."

Penn Jones Jr, editor of "Whittamoth Mirror."