

U. S. Department of Justice

(MATERIAL MUST NOT BE REMOVED FROM OR ADDED TO THIS FILE)

ATLANTA

FEDERAL BUREAU

of

INVESTIGATION

CLASSIFICATION NO. 44-2386

FOIPA REQUEST. DO NOT DESTROY PURSUANT
5 YEAR RULE SERIAL SEE 190-40

ENTIRE FILE REVIEWED
FOR HISTORICAL
DECLASSIFICATION

File Number

44-3886

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 2/10/03 BY SP-10/STJ

Volume Number
Serials

2292-2335

See also Nos.

DO NOT DESTROY
PRESERVE FOR SELECT
COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS

NO 8

Closed 9/8/75
Gilbert 8/26/75
Class 9/10/74
Hamilton 8-13-74

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC (44-2386) (C)

DATE: 6/19/75

FROM : SA O. RICHARD HAMILTON

SUBJECT: MURKIN

At 9:45pm RICHARD BELCHER, Channel 5, TV, Atlanta, advised he attended a meeting of Sigma Delta Chi Fraternity (Journalism Fraternity) this evening at which Public Safety Director A. REGINALD HAVES spoke and then invited questions from the audience. One of the questions posed to HAVES was whether, in light of the Vice-President's report regarding CIA activities, any new information had come to light concerning the murder of MARTIN LUTHER KING. HAVES replied that informant information had been received by the police department regarding this matter and that the APD and Atlanta FBI Office are conducting investigation based on that information.

The SAC, ASAC, #8 and ~~number~~ #3 supervisors, as well as SA COCHRAN were contacted by me immediately regarding this matter and it was determined we are not conducting such investigation.

I contacted BELCHER, telephonically, and advised him the FBI is not conducting investigation into this matter.

Above submitted for information.

44-2386
1- SAC
1- SA COCHRAN
ORH/
(3)



5010-110

Memorandum

44-2386-2292

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JUN 20 1975	
FBI - ATLANTA	

B

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

OPT
JUL
GSA
UR

SPECIAL

Memorandum

TO : SAC (44-2386) (C)

FROM : SA O. RICHARD HAMILTON

SUBJECT: MURKIN

DATE: 6/19/75

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Above submitted for information.

1- 44-2386
① SAC
① SA COCHRAN
ORH/
(3)



5010-110

44-2386-2292

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Bathy
Cochran

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

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1- 44-2386
① SAC
1- SA COCHRAN
ORH/
(3)



5010-110

44-2386-2292

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Billy

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : File 44-2386

FROM : SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

SUBJECT: MURKIN

DATE: 6/20/75

Re SA O. RICHARD HAMILTON memo dated 6/19/75.

Commencing at 8:15 A.M., 6/20/75, I called all supervisors in the Atlanta Division and no one has any case currently under investigation as is indicated by EAVES in re memo.

I then telephoned Commissioner A. REGINALD EAVES and was informed that he was not in, but would return my call upon his arrival at 9:00 A.M.

At 10:05 A.M., 6/20/75, EAVES returned my call, at which time I asked him about his reported statements to RICHARD BELCHER, Channel 5 TV, on the evening of 6/19/75.

EAVES said that RICHARD BELCHER is an individual whom he always hated to talk to as he could never get anything straight. He said BELCHER misunderstood him completely.

He said he told BELCHER that the Atlanta Police Department had received information from an informant along the lines indicated by him some period of time ago, maybe as much as two months. EAVES said he told BELCHER that this information was totally unevaluated and no action had been taken upon it by the Atlanta Police Department. He also said he told BELCHER that so far as he, EAVES, knew the information had been made available to the FBI.

I informed EAVES we had no such information in this office. I also told EAVES I had informed the news media that we had no information and were conducting no investigation.

EAVES then stated he had information which he planned to have hand-carried to this office. I informed EAVES that we would receive whatever information he desired to furnish this office, but that we had no information at this time concerning any such remarks and were not conducting any such investigation.



5010-110

3-Atlanta
WKD:rrl
(3)

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

44-2386-2283

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JUN 20 1975	
FBI-ATLANTA	

Cochran

File 44-2386

6/20/75

SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

MURKIN

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③-Atlanta
WKD:rrl
(3)

SAC
INFO

ASAC
#3
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#7
#8

44-2386-2793

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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AT 44-2386

EAVES said he regreted this incident, but endeavored to assure me he had no control over the story as related by BELCHER.

On the evening of 6/19/75, I was telephoned by Night Supervisor O. RICHARD HAMILTON and after checking with the various supervisors, a release was made to Channel 5 wherein we flatly denied having any such information or conducting any such investigation.

At 10:15 A.M., 6/20/75, I informed Assistant Director DONALD W. MOORE, JR., External Affairs Division, FBIHQ, of the information furnished by BELCHER, my conversation with the Commissioner, and told him that we had no such information and were conducting no investigation. I informed Assistant Director MOORE that I had flatly denied this to the news media, and he concurred.

I informed MOORE that in the event EAVES did forward any such information to us that such material would be received and promptly forwarded to FBIHQ for relay to the Department of Justice for evaluation. I told MOORE that I would so inform the media in event any inquiry should EAVES deliver such information.

MOORE concurred in my anticipated action, and stated that any inquiries at FBIHQ would be handled accordingly,

File 44-2386

6/20/75

SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

MURKIN

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③-Atlanta
WKB:rrl
(3)

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McGowan
W. Hamilton

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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Berry

AT 44-2386

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : File 44-2386

DATE: 6/20/75

FROM : *WD* SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

SUBJECT: MURKIN

Remymemo 6/20/75.

At 4:04 P.M., 6/20/75, Patrolman W. H. TILLMAN hand-delivered a package addressed to me at the office address from A. REGINALD EAVES, Public Safety Commissioner, marked "For the Eyes of WILBURN K. DeBRULER Only." Envelope also marked "Hand Deliver Strictly Confidential."

WKD:rrl
(1)



5010-110

44-2386-2294

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JUN 20 1975	
FBI - ATLANTA	

Ben

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

NR011 AT PLAIN

6:53 PM NITEL JUNE 23, 1975 WCG

TO: DIRECTOR (44-38861)

FROM: ATLANTA (44-2386) (RUC)

MURKIN

RE ATLANTA TELCALL TO BUREAU JUNE 20, 1975, EXTERNAL
AFFAIRS AND BUTELCALL TO ATLANTA JUNE 23, 1975.

BUREAU REFER TO ATLANTA AIRTELS AND LHMS TO BUREAU
MARCH 16, 1971 AND APRIL 7, 1971.

FOR INFO BUREAU, INFORMATION DISCLOSED TO PRESS RE
MURKIN BY A. REGINALD EAVES, COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC SAFETY,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, AND FURNISHED TO FBI ATLANTA, JUNE 20, 1975,
IS SAME INFO FURNISHED BY ROBERT BYRON WATSON WHO WAS
INTERVIEWED BY ATLANTA ON APRIL 7, 1971, AND ADMITTED STORY
WAS COMPLETE FABRICATION. IN VIEW OF THIS ATLANTA
CONDUCTING NO INVESTIGATION. LHM FOLLOWS.

END

100-35-46

1 cc DESTROYED
6/24/75

B
SAC
44-2386-2295

011

F B I

Date: 6/23/75

Transmit the following in PLAIN
(Type in plaintext or code)Via TELETYPE NITEL
(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (44-38861)

FROM: ATLANTA (44-2386)(RUC)

MURKIN

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AFFAIRS AND BUTELCALL TO ATLANTA JUNE 23, 1975.

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WAS COMPLETE FABRICATION. IN VIEW OF THIS, ATLANTA
CONDUCTING NO INVESTIGATION. LHM FOLLOWS.

① - Atlanta
BRB/bw
(1)
bw

44-2386-2295

Approved: CKD/p
Special Agent in Charge

Sent WA 6:53/p M Per WCS

U.S. Government Printing Office: 1972 - 455-574

SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

6/24/75

ASAC JAMES P. O'KEEFE

MURKIN

This is to advise that VERN SMITH, Atlanta representative of Newsweek Magazine, Telephone 524-4539, called today at 11:50 A.M. He desired a specific comment concerning Commissioner EAVES' previous press release in this case. I advised him that information had recently been received from Commissioner EAVES and is being forwarded to FBIHQ for relay to the Department of Justice for evaluation.

Mr. SMITH attempted to pursue the matter further and I told him that this is the only statement I care to make at this time. He was appreciative and advised that he intended to call Washington in an attempt to get a formal statement concerning the scope and content of the information.

At 12:00 Noon I telephonically contacted Assistant Director MOORE, External Affairs Division, and advised him of Mr. SMITH's inquiry. Mr. MOORE concurred with our comments to Mr. SMITH and advised that he would be alert for any call from Newsweek and handle in the same manner.

Above for information.

2-44-2386
JO'K:rrl
(2)
ack

44-2386-2296

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JUN 24 1975	
FBI - ATLANTA	

[Signature]

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

FROM : ASAC JAMES P. O'KEEFFE

SUBJECT: MURKIN

DATE: 6/24/75

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Above for information.

2-44-2386
JO'K:rrl
(2)



5010-110

Hammett
Cochran
Berry

44-2386-2296

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

File 44-2386

6/25/75

SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

MURKIN

Reference is made to the information furnished by Commissioner A. REGINALD EAVES to me by messenger 4:05 P.M., 6/20/75.

The information furnished was reviewed by SA O. RICHARD HAMILTON and it was determined that the information furnished by Mr. EAVES was identical to that received by the FBI during April, 1971. Agents of the FBI interviewed the source of this information and the source admitted to FBI AGents that the information was untrue.

Information received in 1971 was furnished to the U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C. The information made available by Commissioner EAVES has again been furnished to the Department. No investigation is being conducted or will be conducted unless requested by the U. S. Department of Justice.

On the morning of 6/25/75, I communicated with Assistant Director DON MOORE, External Affairs Division, in connection with possible inquiries concerning this matter. I informed Assistant Director MOORE that I would furnish the information to Mr. EAVES and would answer press inquiries along the above lines.

2-Atlanta
WKD:rrl
(2)
W

44-2386-2297

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : File 44-2386 ✓

FROM : SAC WILBURN K. DeBRULER

SUBJECT: MURKIN

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②-Atlanta
WKD:rrl
(2)
[Signature]

44-2386-2297

SEARCHED _____	INDEXED _____
SERIALIZED _____	FILED _____
JUN 26 1975	
FBI - ATLANTA	

[Signatures]

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

SAC, ATLANTA (44-2386) (C)

6/25/75

SA EDWARD A. SHEA

MURKIN

On 6/23/75, SA EDWARD A. SHEA was talking to Detective PHIL SULLIVAN, Civil Disturbance Unit, Atlanta, Georgia, Police Department (APD), telephone #355-9380, about the visit of HENRY KISSINGER to Atlanta on 6/23-24/75, possible demonstrations against him, etc.

On completion of the above, Detective SULLIVAN mentioned that he wondered if he could come over to the Atlanta FBI Office on 6/24/75, to discuss a matter which had been assigned to him by Atlanta Public Safety Commissioner REGINALD EAVES. This pertained to a recent statement by EAVES that evidence had been uncovered indicating a conspiracy in the assassination of Dr. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

Reportedly someone had furnished Commissioner EAVES with some information relative to the above, but as of 6/23/75, Detective SULLIVAN had no details of the report, the name of the individual who furnished it, etc., although Detective SULLIVAN was to receive this information on 6/24/75. According to Detective SULLIVAN, Commissioner EAVES' office was keeping this matter on a need-to-know basis and was being very secretive about it.

On 6/24/75, Detective SULLIVAN, accompanied by JUDY WILLIAMSON, Analyst for the Civil Disturbance Unit, came into the Atlanta Office and talked to the writer. They mentioned that this morning Commissioner EAVES' office furnished them with a statement of about 30 pages prepared by one ROBERT BYRON WATSON and they understood Commissioner EAVES had already furnished a copy of this statement to the Atlanta FBI Office. WATSON, who is white, born [redacted] is currently in Federal Prison, Ashland, Kentucky, on a drug sentence.

② - Atlanta
EAS/pab
(2)

pat

44-2386-2298

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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FBI - ATLANTA	

B

AT 44-2386

This statement by WATSON appears to be a continuing thing, like a journal, with items and paragraphs being added up to 1975.

This lengthy statement mentions a number of items pertaining to drugs, CIA and many items about WATSON himself, namely that he had been employed in an antique shop in the past, that he had been an informant for DEA, that he had been framed on his drug arrest by the syndicate, CIA and DEA.

One section of the statement points out that back in 1968, WATSON overheard two people talking in an art gallery in Atlanta, and these two individuals indicated they were going to kill Rev. MARTIN LUTHER KING; they planned to set up KING just like they did in the killing of President KENNEDY and then have a fall guy to take the blame. WATSON indicated he was frightened and told his mother about this incident. Subsequently in 1970, WATSON went to Washington, D. C. to see President NIXON to tell him about this incident but ended up telling Secret Service the story. Secret Service told President NIXON about it and NIXON told Secret Service people to throw WATSON out.

Later on WATSON furnished this information to an Atlanta FBI Agent, Governor MADDOX and then to BERNARD FENSTERWALD, an attorney in Washington, D. C., who handled some of the cases on the Watergate defendants. Reportedly FENSTERWALD heads up a committee to investigate assassinations of people like Reverend KING, the KENNEDY brothers, etc.

Detective SULLIVAN did not know where Commissioner EAVES obtained the copy of the WATSON statement as this information was not furnished to Mr. SULLIVAN or Mrs. WILLIAMSON. The writer asked if he could Xerox the copy of the WATSON statement, but Detective SULLIVAN felt he better not do this because of the confidentiality this was being given by Commissioner EAVES' office.

Detective SULLIVAN added that Commissioner EAVES' office gave Detective SULLIVAN and Mrs. WILLIAMSON 14 days to resolve this statement by WATSON regarding the death of Reverend MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., as to whether there was any basis for it, etc. Detective SULLIVAN felt this would require a great deal of digging, interviewing, etc. on his part, plus it would probably require a trip

AT 44-2386

to Ashland, Kentucky to interview WATSON. Detective SULLIVAN thought that it would be extremely helpful to him if the Atlanta FBI could check to see if they had ever talked to WATSON in the past (as he so indicated in the statement). If the FBI had actually talked to WATSON and had looked into this matter, Mr. SULLIVAN would be very appreciative of knowing the results, whether there was any basis to the statement, etc.

Detective SULLIVAN was advised that the above information would be furnished to Supervisor BERNARD R. BERRY as his squad handles these matters.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

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DATE: 6/25/75

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SUBJECT: MURKIN

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5010-110

② Atlanta
EAS/pab
(2)
pat

Berry
White

44-2386-2298

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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FBI - ATLANTA	
SAC <i>[initials]</i>	

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

AT 44-2386

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Later on, WATSON furnished this information to an Atlanta FBI Agent, Governor MADDOX and then to BERNARD FENSTERWALD, an attorney in Washington, D. C., who handled some of the cases on the Watergate defendants. Reportedly FENSTERWALD heads up a committee to investigate assassinations of people like Reverend KING, the KENNEDY brothers, etc.

Detective SULLIVAN did not know where Commissioner EAVES obtained the copy of the WATSON statement as this information was not furnished to Mr. SULLIVAN or Mrs. WILLIAMSON. The writer asked if he could Xerox the copy of the WATSON statement, but Detective SULLIVAN felt he better not do this because of the confidentiality this was being given by Commissioner EAVES' office.

Detective SULLIVAN added that Commissioner EAVES' office gave Detective SULLIVAN and Mrs. WILLIAMSON 14 days to resolve this statement by WATSON regarding the death of Reverend MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., as to whether there was any basis for it, etc. Detective SULLIVAN felt this would require a great deal of digging, interviewing, etc. on his part, plus it would probably require a trip

AT 44-2386

to Ashland, Kentucky to interview WATSON. Detective SULLIVAN thought that it would be extremely helpful to him if the Atlanta FBI could check to see if they had ever talked to WATSON in the past (as he so indicated in the statement). If the FBI had actually talked to WATSON and had looked into this matter, Mr. SULLIVAN would be very appreciative of knowing the results, whether there was any basis to the statement, etc.

Detective SULLIVAN was advised that the above information would be furnished to Supervisor BERNARD R. BERRY as his squad handles these matters.

Indices Search Slip
FD-160 (Rev. 3-23-71)

TO: CHIEF CLERK		Date	
Subject		Social Security Account #	
Aliases			
Address	Birth Date	Birthplace	Race
			Sex <input type="checkbox"/> Male <input type="checkbox"/> Female

<input type="checkbox"/> Exact Spelling	<input type="checkbox"/> Main Criminal Case Files Only	<input type="checkbox"/> Restrict to Locality of
<input type="checkbox"/> All References	<input type="checkbox"/> Criminal References Only	
<input type="checkbox"/> Main Subversive Case Files Only	<input type="checkbox"/> Main Subversive (If no Main, list all Subversive References)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Subversive References Only	<input type="checkbox"/> Main Criminal (If no Main, list all Criminal References)	

File & Serial Number	Remarks	File & Serial Number	Remarks
Ambridge & Co.			
Carl Sellers -		Earl K. Sellers	
Phil Reed		46-1373-10	
Sandy		Earl Raymond	
		42-3080	
Sandra Reed			
88-13310			
88-13311			
31-5253			

Requested by	Squad	Extension	File No.
Searched by	(date)		
Consolidated by	(date)		
Reviewed by	(date)		

File Review Symbols
 I - Identical ? - Not identifiable
 NI - Not identical U - Unavailable reference ☆ GPO: 1971-O-423-290

44-2386-2279
 526
 B

Herman Jackson on ^{bein} rep

James "Buster" Langstaff
20 cards

Cyndi Langley on James

James Powell - 42-20861
7-401
15-1802 15-1998
26-20941

Anthony M. Malek ^{secret} slip

Hugh O'Franklin

Chris Kasmatakas
92-857-1682
92-331
166-29
165-478-J-

Miland Le Fevre

Leah Lock

Bill Jackson, ^{off} 15 cards

Ron Klawns

Indices Search Slip
FD-160 (Rev. 3-23-71)

TO: CHIEF CLERK	Date
Subject	Social Security Account #
Aliases	

Address	Birth Date	Birthplace	Race	Sex <input type="checkbox"/> Male <input type="checkbox"/> Female
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<input type="checkbox"/> Exact Spelling	<input type="checkbox"/> Main Criminal Case Files Only	<input type="checkbox"/> Restrict to Locality of
<input type="checkbox"/> All References	<input type="checkbox"/> Criminal References Only	
<input type="checkbox"/> Main Subversive Case Files Only	<input type="checkbox"/> Main Subversive (If no Main, list all Subversive References)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Subversive References Only	<input type="checkbox"/> Main Criminal (If no Main, list all Criminal References)	

File & Serial Number	Remarks	File & Serial Number	Remarks
<i>Anchorage N. Malek</i>			
<i>Anchorage Kechular</i>			
<i>27-6040-</i>			
<i>134-395-</i>			
<i>Father Anton Malek</i>			
<i>47-3129</i>			
<i>134-395-</i>			
<i>501 (Lee)</i>			
<i>105-5433-1</i>			
<i>Rev Anchorage</i>			
<i>105-763-1361 p1</i>			
<i>105-769-1379</i>			
<i>105-5360</i>			
<i>105-4751-1</i>			

Requested by	Squad	Extension	File No.
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Searched by	(date)
Consolidated by	(date)
Reviewed by	(date)

File Review Symbols
 I - Identical ? - Not identifiable
 NI - Not identical U - Unavailable reference ☆ GPO: 1971-O-423-290

44-2386-2300

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
FBI - ATLANTA	

B

6/25/75

AIRTEL

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (44-38861) ✓
FROM: SAC, ATLANTA (44-2386) (RUC)
MURKIN

Re Atlanta nitel to the Bureau, 6/23/75 (no copies to Memphis), and Atlanta tel-calls to Bureau, 6/24/75 and 6/25/75.

Enclosed for the Bureau are six copies of an LHM dated 6/25/75, and captioned, "ASSASSINATION OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR."

Enclosed for Memphis is one copy of LHM for information purposes.

For information of the Bureau and Memphis, information in LHM not only pertains to MURKIN, but contains a considerable amount of information concerning narcotics traffic. The writer of the letters, who most certainly appears to be ROBERT BYRON WATSON, is obviously an individual whose reliability and integrity is at best suspect in view of the story he fabricated regarding MURKIN in 1971. Therefore, Atlanta feels the information he has furnished concerning his, as well as others, involvement in narcotics traffic bears careful scrutiny before any investigation is conducted by any agency.

The Bureau is requested to disseminate the enclosed LHM to the U. S. Department of Justice for their evaluation and consideration, and Atlanta will conduct no investigation nor will Atlanta disseminate any information contained therein pending receipt of advice from the Bureau and the Department.

2-Bureau (Enc. 6)
2-Memphis (44-1987) (Enc. 1)
2-Atlanta
BRB:cw
(6) *cw*

ONE - GOING

BERRY
44-2386-2301

6/25/75

AIRTEL

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (44-38861)
FROM: SAC, ATLANTA (44-2386) (RUC)
MURKIN

Re Atlanta airtel to the Bureau, 6/23/75 (no copies to Memphis), and Atlanta tel-calls to Bureau, 6/24/75 and 6/25/75.

Enclosed for the Bureau are six copies of an LHM dated 6/25/75, and captioned, "ASSASSINATION OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR."

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2-Bureau (Enc. 6)
2-Memphis (44-1987) (Enc. 1)
2-Atlanta
BBS:cw
(6)

cu

B
44-2386-2301



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Atlanta, Georgia

June 25, 1975

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

ASSASSINATION OF MARTIN
LUTHER KING, JR.

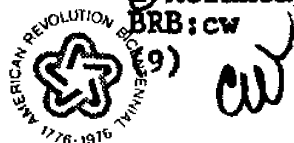
Reference is made to Atlanta memoranda, March 16,
and April 7, 1971.

The following information was received by the
Atlanta Office of the FBI, from A. Reginald Eaves, Commissioner
of Public Safety, Atlanta, Georgia, on June 20, 1975.
Commissioner Eaves declined to identify the writer of the two
letters, however, from examination of the information contained
in the letters, the writer would appear to be Robert Byron
Watson.

In February, 1971, FBI Headquarters furnished Atlanta
with information pertaining to the assassination of Martin
Luther King, Jr., attributed to Robert Byron Watson, which had
been received through the U. S. Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C. That information is identical in content
to that furnished by Commissioner Eaves.

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions
of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your
agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside
your agency.

6-Bureau (44-38861)
1-Memphis (44-1987)
2-Atlanta (44-2386) (RUC)
BRB:cw



cu

B
44-2386-2302

1/

My father, Robert Willard Watson, worked for the Fulton County Sheriff's Department nearly twenty years when killed in line of duty. He graduated from the John Marshall Law School and served as a policeman for the City of Atlanta for several years. He was in military service for more than eight years, receiving the Bronze Star (which was the second highest military award at that time) and the Purple Heart along with many other military honors.

Being a severe asthmatic, thus spending all of my time indoors as a child, I devoted most of my time to the study of archaeology, anthropology, paleontology, history, art history and geology. Mr. William S. Arnett (Bill Arnett) is well noted in the art community, having over two hundred pieces of ancient Chinese jade sculptures dating back over 4,000 years which he donated to the Atlanta Memorials Art Center along with numerous other works of fine art.

In the summer of 1967 Bill Arnett came to my home and invited me and my mother to visit his place of business which he was just opening up. He informed me that he intended to call his place of business "Magellons" and that he would be selling ancient relics, coins, fine French Period furniture, etc., and that he knew my mother and I would like it. We visited Bill at Magellons and he introduced us to his business partners in this venture. They were Gene Purcell, Larry Meier and Bane Culley as well as Mr. Jerry Adams who is the owner of Adams and Associates Collections Agency as well as The Great American Silver Company.

Gene Purcell's interest centered around Pre-Columbian art while Larry Meier worked with the restoration of broken or damaged works of ancient art. Bane Culley didn't seem to have much of an interest other than his association with Mr. Jerry Adams, Gene Purcell, Ben Pitman, Larry Meier and all of the other associates of Adams and Associates Collection Agency.

Shortly after Magellon Galleries was opened Bill Arnett was already starting to disassociate himself with his newly found business partners. Bill Arnett was suffering many losses due to thefts and unethical business practices on the part of his associates. However, he didn't tell me the full story until about a year after the business had closed.

In any event, Bill Arnett, Gene Purcell and Larry Meier suggested that since I was so knowledgeable on ancient art that, perhaps, I would like to work with them. They said they knew very little about ancient coins compared to my knowledge I had in the field, and that I would be needed rather badly to grade and price the coins as well as to identify them. They offered to pay me in either money, coins, relics or whatever the business had for sale. Since I was so young my mother took me to Magellon's Gallery two or three times a week after school to work there. I was paid very well for my services and usually desired to be paid in either coins or artifacts since I had money.

Gene Purcell and my mother appeared to be attracted to each other, and Gene showed much interest in her. My mother was very lonely after my father's death. Gene Purcell was very much impressed with my knowledge of ancient art, etc., and used this to his advantage to see my mother.

The business went off very well when it first opened, but by Christmas, 1967, it had started to go down. It was at this time that Gene became disgusted with Bill Arnett because he said Bill priced the relics too high or didn't want to sell them at all. Bill Arnett was upset over the tremendous large amount of valuables which had been stolen or "lost". According to Mr. Purcell, he threw Bill out and told him not to come back. According to Bill Arnett's version of the story, he got what little was left of his things and left. In any event, Bill Arnett left the Magellon Galleries around Christmas, 1967.

On one occasion when I was at Magellons I had noticed Gene with a gun (some sort of rifle with a clip). I thought that Gene Purcell had this rifle for the protection of Magellon Galleries. Gene Purcell expressed a desire for an M1 rifle so my mother bought one from my grandfather and gave it to Gene for Christmas. On numerous occasions I would see Gene Purcell, Larry Meier and Bane Culley cleaning or otherwise working on their guns. On another occasion when I was at Magellons Galleries, just about two weeks prior to the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Gene was examining the site of another rifle. He often times would brag about being an expert marksman.

On Thursday, the week just prior to the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King on April 4, 1968, I was going to work at Magellons Galleries (after school). My mother dropped me off there and left as she usually did. I noticed a black late model Cadillac which belonged to Mr. Jerry Adams in the yard.

As I walked into the foyer I could hear the T.V. on and men talking in the room which was adjacent to the small foyer. Gene Purcell came out of this room and met me before I could walk in, almost immediately after I first walked into the front door. Gene Purcell seemed overly nervous for some reason almost as if he didn't want me to be there. Larry Meier, Bane Culley, Jerry Adams, Gene and several other men whom I didn't know were in the room which was the den to the right of the foyer. I only glanced upon them once before Gene Purcell closed the door, though he left it cracked as he stood there and asked me to go get him some cigarettes and gave me extra money to buy something for myself to eat.

I didn't want anything to eat so I bought the cigarettes and went back. The front door was ajar so I went in. Since the foyer was carpeted and the TV was still on, no one seem to hear me. I stopped suddenly (as I was just about to enter the den to the right where the men were.) I heard Gene Purcell saying in a very clear voice that he was going to shoot that damn nigger bastard King in the head and frame a jailbird just as they had Kennedy. The T.V. was on the news at that time which was telling of Dr. King's leading the strike by the garbage workers in Memphis that day. Mr. Jerry Adams voice said that they would kill Dr. King exactly one week from then to the day and about the same time of day.

After hearing this I decided it was best if I went and had something to eat as Gene Purcell had suggested earlier. This I did and in about a couple of hours I returned to Magellon's Galleries and attempted to appear as normal as possible. About this time, my mother picked me up. No one appeared to suspect that I knew anything about what was said in that den by them.

When I got into the car with my mother I told her that Dr. King was going to be killed. She asked me how I knew but I would not tell her until Dr. King had been murdered. She told me that I didn't know that, but I told her I did. I told her the place, day and time Dr. King would be murdered as well as how he would be murdered. Just as I had said, he was shot in the head.

After Martin Luther King was murdered, Gene, Larry and Bane left the country. Gene told me just before leaving that he may "never come back," and that I could work with Jerry Adams and purchase what was left of the artifacts from him (Mr. Adams) since most of them had been moved to his office which was located over Regenstein's store in Buckhead.

I did not see Gene Purcell, Larry Meier and Bane Culley until James Earl Ray was apprehended. My mother and I believed that if they knew that I had overheard the conspiracy, they would have us killed. We decided that the best thing for us to do if they came back was to go back to Magellons and act as if we knew nothing.

When Gene Purcell, Larry Meier and Bane Culley returned, we went back to visit them at Magellons Gallery. Larry Meier came to the front door which they always kept locked and took us down to the basement where Gene Purcell, Bane Culley and a man they referred to as "Bannister." They told me they had just gotten back into town. Bane Culley said that he had just gotten back from Spain.

Gene Purcell was acting as if he was re-arranging some Pre-Columbian relics as soon as I stepped into the room. I believe that they had been doing something else in the basement as all conversation stopped as soon as I entered the room as there was nothing there but a few pieces of worthless broken pottery.

Larry Meier asked me if I would come up stairs for a few minutes. Later, after we left, my mother asked me what Larry Meier had wanted. I told her that he said that "bad things happen to people who overhear the wrong things and tell the authorities. He said their car could be blown up, they could be shot, their house could catch on fire. He said that they could even get into trouble with the authorities and all sorts of accidents could happen to people. We didn't go back out there after that.

We later decided that the only right and proper thing for us to do was to get this information to the proper people in spite of the risk to our life. In June, 1970 we flew to Washington, D. C., at our own expense, to try to see President Nixon. We were unable to see him, and we spent several hours being interrogated by Secret Service Agents. During my questioning by Secret Service Agents, I was asked if I had seen a psychologist as I must be crazy. I was further told that I could

further told that I could be committed to a mental institution for talking like that and that if I didn't take his advice and forget the whole thing, I would probably end up in an institution of some sort. The Secret Service Agents had been sent to the guard station of the White House by President Nixon whom the guard said he had called.

After being treated very rudely by Secret Service Agents, one guard at the guard house there suggested we, perhaps, should see the F.B.I. in Atlanta. Upon our return to Atlanta, we did just that. We went over the story with the F.B.I. in Atlanta, and while doing so, one F.B.I. agent said, "Oh, Gene Purcell, the gangster, yes, we know him." Well, if they knew him and they knew he's a gangster, why isn't he in prison? Neither Washington or the F.B.I. here accepted our story.

We decided then to get an attorney to help us get the information to the right people who would take proper action on it. We went to see an attorney we knew by the name of Lynwood Maddox who believed our story. Mr. Maddox went to see Senator Talmadge and Congressman Weltner who refused to assist at all. Mr. Maddox then arranged for us to see the Governor who was Lester Maddox at that time. Governor Maddox listened and was polite and friendly, but did nothing. Lynwood Maddox then drove to Winder, Georgia to try to see Senator Russell, but the Senator was too ill to see anyone.

Finally, after reading an article in the newspaper about Bernard Fensterwald, Jr. heading the Committee to Investigate Assassinations, Lynwood Maddox made arrangements for me and my mother to meet with Mr. Ken Smith, associate of Mr. Fensterwald's. Mr. Smith came to Atlanta on a number of occasions where we gave him all the information we knew. He also had me to make a tape of the conversation and what had occurred regarding the conspiracy.

Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Fensterwald have done extensive investigation on these people and have substantiating evidence to support my story as they have been working on the case ever since 1970. The information they have has been given to every branch of the Government who refused to act on it.

After we turned the information in, it evidently got back to the wrong people as "the syndicate" approached me and told me that it had been decided that my mother and I would be killed. The people who contacted me was Gene Purcell and two brothers by the name of Bill and Herman Jackson (sometimes Herman uses the name Ballard instead of Jackson). These people told me that it would do no good for me to inform on them to the Government as they had people in the Government - high in the Government. They told me that if I would cooperate with them, they would not kill my mother and me. Herman said that since I could not harm them by informing on them, they would allow us to live if we would maintain close contact with them so they could keep an eye on us. He said that we should do this by opening another art gallery with them like Magellons and that I should go overseas with Bill Jackson who would be going around the world very shortly.

Gene Purcell said he was going to Columbia South America and that he would get some real good Pre-Columbian Indian art. My mother objected to me going, but after much persuasion, she consented as we neither one wished to die. Gene Purcell said that we wouldn't have to invest over \$5,000.00 or \$6,000.00, and that we would get our money back many times over once the artifacts were shipped to the U.S.A.

I went to Asia with Bill Jackson who is an elderly man as is his brother, Herman. Both men speak with a Northern accent, and said that they were from the Great Lakes area. Herman said that he had lived in Chicago and Bill said that he had lived in Detroit.

While in Southeast Asia Bill Jackson always managed to part company with me as he had to attend to his business. So while Bill Jackson took care of his business, I took care of mine. I made some really excellent contacts for ancient Khmer sculpture from Angkor as well as ancient Siamese sculptures in both bronze and stone. I was able to locate some truly outstanding pieces of ancient Chinese jade sculptures at one place in Asia at very very low prices as well as Chinese porcelains of the Sung, Tang, Yuan, Ming and Ching Dynasties. I found all of these wonderful buys by going into the countryside, into small villages which one can reach only at certain times of the year as they must be reached by narrow dirt roads which are impossible to travel during the rainy season.

All of this required a tremendous amount of effort and hardship on my part as I was caught in the rainy season up country and I almost didn't make it out alive. When I was through collecting, I had over three tons of objects of art and I had spent around \$25,000.00 which was insurance money from my father's death and grandfather's death. I ran out of money so I decided to return to the U. S.

Everything was ready to ship to the United States and all that remained for me to do in Bangkok was to wait for a ship to come for my things to be loaded on and I would have had to wait an additional month for that so I returned to the U. S. in October, 1971.

Vachira Subhachowlit was in charge of exporting the shipment so it was in good hands. Vachira Subhachowlit had been with me during my travels in which I collected this art and showed me where to find these fine pieces. I had already gotten permission from the National Museum of Thailand to export these pieces. Bill Jackson was hitting me up for money and I was forced by him to loan him some money which I didn't even know if I had or not as I was using my checking account. Upon my return home, I received one of my smallest shipments which contained some relics which wasn't of too great value, but I knew that our money would multiply many times once that largest shipment arrived which I had spent so long a time and put so much effort into collecting.

Before leaving for the U. S. from Asia, I did learn one valuable piece of information from Herman Jackson as Herman told me that President Kennedy was killed because he was conspiring with the Communists. Then after my return from Asia to Atlanta, I received news from Bangkok that my friend and associate Vachira Subhachowlit had been arrested by American Federal agents. Vachira Subhachowlit was arrested in November, 1971, only about one month after I had gotten back home. Needless to say I was really very worried about my shipment. I had sent Vachira

shipping expense money to put my shipment aboard.

Just before the heroin was sent to my home through the mail, four armed, ski masked men broke down the back door one night about 9:00 P.M. while my mother and I were in the den watching the T.V. They rushed us into the living room knocking my mother down and causing her to strike her head against a porcelain elephant. They demanded to know where our money and valuables were. I told them there was no money and that what little money we had my mother had deposited in her checking account.

Two of the men took me into the back bedroom, ramsacking the room and stealing \$31.00 from my mother's handbag. They told me that they were going to kill us to keep us from telling what we knew about the syndicate operations which Bill Jackson was overseeing in Bangkok where they were smuggling heroin into the United States. The other two men still had a gun on my mother when we went back into the living room, where my mother was still on the floor.

They told her to get up that they were taking us to the basement and that they were "going to blow our damn brains out and burn the god damn house down." Just as we started to go down into the basement, a knock came at the door. They told my mother to go to the door and that if she tried anything they would shoot both of us. My mother went to the door and it was Chris Barnum, an old friend I knew from High School.

As she opened the door to speak to Chris Barnum, she jumped out on the front porch and started screaming. As she did, I started wrestling with a big fellow with a sawed off shot gun. He must have weighed 200 pounds. I wrestled the gun from him and leveled it on the back of his head, and as I did he started running away from me. Even though he was much larger than I, he seemed weak as if he had been on drugs. After I had gotten the gun, the other men said, "He's got the gun, let's get out of here." My mother said later that Chris had peeked in the door and asked if this was for real. He also had been yelling at me to let the man have the gun as he would kill me. We reported this to the police, but the men were never caught.

Shortly after that a magazine wrapped in brown paper from Bangkok, Thailand came through the mail. I had moved to Chamblae, Georgia and was trying to hide out from the gangsters as I was completely unnerved by everything at this point. I was sharing an apartment with some friends there and I didn't go home very often, although, I would call. My mother told me over the telephone that a magazine wrapped in brown paper had arrived from the Orient, and that she had put it in the shopping bag with some things I had left in her house in the hall closet. She never removed the brown paper wrapping to open it as it was not unusual for me to receive magazines, journals, etc. from overseas on such subjects as art history, archaeology, political science, sociology, physiology. I still receive magazines from overseas.

I was in no hurry to pick up a magazine from my mother's home as I was living a long way from her and I had plenty of reading material at the apartment so I never did go home to pick up my things from the hall closet which was the shopping bag with the magazine and other items.

My mother told me that at least a dozen narcotic agents surrounded our home and came in on her and Chris Barnum with drawn guns. Unfortunately, Chris had just dropped by to see me as he did not know that I was living in Chambliss as I didn't tell anyone other than my mother and the friends I moved in with.

The agents later raided the apartment where I was staying and took me to jail for importation of heroin from Bangkok, Thailand through the U. S. mail. They found no drugs or anything illegal where I was staying. My mother told me how the agents had made her sit in one place, not permitting her to even go to the bathroom while they ransacked our home for hours, burning up two fine lace tablecloths with testing equipment and burning a place on our dresser.

Also, my mother had informed me that after a colored agent searched the basement, a sterling silver malacite ring (antique from China) was missing. The ring was on a display table in the basement. My mother and I had been trying to sell a few items since our shipment from Asia had not arrived.

Vachira Subhachowlit was in jail and had informed me that American Federal agents who arrested him had taken my shipment of art even though there was nothing illegal about the shipment. Vachira had been arrested in November 1971 for sending heroin in the mails. The magazine was sent to me via Air Mail and it arrived in January, 1972. It requires only five days to receive a letter or package via Air Mail from Bangkok, Thailand. Whoever addressed the full magazine of heroin to me was not Vachira Subhachowlit as the handwriting was not the same, plus the fact that Vachira was in jail when the heroin was sent.

If Vachira was going to send me heroin he would have sent it in a much more intelligent fashion than just filling up a big plastic bag with heroin and rolling it up in a magazine, wrapping it in brown paper and sending it Air Mail. This was the first time I was framed and I just didn't know what to think of that. I certainly didn't ask for anyone to send me any drugs from overseas and I don't know anyone in Asia that's a big drug dealer other than Bill Jackson and his associates so maybe that answers the question of who sent me that. I only know that I'm innocent of the crime of importation of heroin.

The Federal B.N.D.D. (Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs) agents took the wrapped up unopened magazine from the hall closet.

and said that it contained heroin and opened it and showed it to my grandmother who had just come in. They also said that they had confiscated two others like it in the mails. My mother and I were released on bond after our arrest for three counts of importation of heroin from Bangkok, Thailand through the mail.

When I was released on bond (which was \$5,000.00) I was released on the condition that I stay at my Grandmother's (Mrs. C. E. Evans) home. I stayed there for a while but not too long as I feared that my presence at my Grandmother's may cause her to be harmed.

In any event, Herman Jackson contacted me by telephone and demanded to see me. When I met with him he had a younger man with him by the name of Wayne. Herman Jackson and Wayne told me that we would have a repeat performance of the break-in by the four armed masked men but that we would be killed this time if my mother and I did not plead guilty to our federal charges of importation of heroin from Bangkok, Thailand. They said that if we pleaded guilty to that charge it would discredit our testimony regarding what we knew about them. They further said that I was to maintain that "I was a drug addict and that was the reason I had the dope mailed to me." Well, that was the furthestest thing in the world from the truth as I had never used any kind of drugs. They said that if the authorities thought I was a drug addict, it would go a lot better for me. I went along with it as I did not want further trouble with "the syndicate."

After the break-in by the four armed masked men, my mother had burglar bars and doors put up over the entire house including the basement. Since the house was so well fortified, I moved back into it for a short while after I was released on bond. Under the conditions of my bond I was suppose to stay with my Grandmother.

* If you'll remember Chris Barnum, a friend of mine since early childhood was present at both break-ins (the "syndicate men" as well as the raid by the Federal agents). Chris Barnum talked about his two experiences at my home an awful lot all over the Buckhead area to everyone he knew.

Contrary to popular opinion, the highest incidents of drug abuse does not occur in the poor gettos of the inner city among poor Black and other minority groups. The highest incidents of drug abuse in most major cities and in particular Atlanta occur in the affluent suburbs. The upper class youth from middle and upper income families can best afford a drug habit as drugs are very very costly on the American black market. Buckhead and Sandysprings are among the most affluent sections of Atlanta and it was in Buckhead that Chris Barnum and I grew up and attended school.

By Chris Barnum telling everyone in the Buckhead and Sandysprings area about the break-in by "the syndicate hit men" as well as about the narcotic raid by Federal agents who found a fortune in heroin, another unhappy incident happened to me.

I had spent the day down town shopping. When I had finished I decided to go to Buckhead as it was such a nice day. When I arrived in Buckhead, I stopped in the little park at Garden Hills to speak with a couple of girls I knew. A little later four boys I once went to high school with (Bobby Black, Stanly Henderson, Charles Lorenz and Allen Parks) came up. I was never close friends with these four boys and I was never enemies with them either. I simply know them when I saw them, and we were on good speaking terms, though I never associated with them.

These four boys invited me to go with them and go horse back riding at Charles Lorenz's farm in Sandysprings. Since it was such a pleasant sunny day and yet early, I thought it would be a good idea so I agreed to go and accepted their invitation. Well, I didn't go horse back riding. I ended up in the woods in Sandysprings with Allen Parks stomping me in the mouth, Charles Lorenz hitting me on the head and ear with a stick. They also cut me with a knife.

Because Chris Barnum had told everyone in Buckhead and Sandysprings about the break-in by "syndicate hit men" and the raid by Federal agents that found a fortune in drugs, these four boys thought that I was a big dope dealer and that I was either carrying a lot of dope or a lot of money around. I carried neither. I carried only one Greek silver tetradrachm of Antiochus VII of Syria minted in Antioch during the second century B.C. which I had purchased earlier that day and had written a check for as I was not a drug dealer and, therefore, I didn't have a lot of money to carry around on me.

I had only the ancient Greek coin, a piece of jade on me and a piece of jewelry which Eric deKolb of the Gallery deHautbreau had made for me. I had under \$10.00 in cash on me at the time and, needless to say, I had no drugs of any kind.

After I was brutally beaten and robbed, I went to the nearest house in Sandysprings and the residents of that house called the police for me. I told a City of Atlanta detective what had happened including all details, and he showed me mug shots of the four boys and said that they had a long history of drug violations and drug related offenses as they were drug addicts. This I never knew or I would not have associated with them.

The police located the four boys and arrested them. This detective then called me and spoke with my mother and me informing us that they had recovered my gold medallion by Eric deKolb and my ancient Greek coin and for us to come down and pick these items up. When we went to the Atlanta police station downtown to pick these items up, the detective had only my gold medallion for me. (He no longer had the Greek coin as he had said), and worse than that, he arrested me!

It seems that when the police picked these four boys up, they had narcotics in their possession which they said they had taken off me when they robbed me. They also told the detective and the police that they were going to kill me. The detective told my mother

and me that he was putting me in jail for my own safety as those boys said that they were going to kill me. If he thought they were serious in their threat, why not keep them in jail? When it all boils down to it, I was still arrested for distribution of narcotics. All that had happened was that I was the victim of a robbery and brutally beaten. I was treated at Grady Hospital and later at the Ponce de Leon Infirmary where the stick was stuck way down into my ear causing severe bleeding.

We had to hire Mr. Ernest D. Brookins on that case and pay him a \$500.00 retainer fee. It never came to court as the police could not have had a case against me because I was innocent of the offense. All the police did was further victimize me after I had already been through enough trouble with that incident, not to mention costing me money which I had to pay an attorney. Diane Sullivan who was with me at the park that day would certainly have testified in my defense but the case never came to court. To make matters worse, the syndicate was in contact with me again so I decided to move out of my mother's house as I did not want to further upset her or cause her to get killed or anything.

I clearly remembered what had happened earlier when we were broken in on by the four armed, masked men, so I moved into an apartment with a friend of mine. The syndicate people still knew where I was but I felt that my mother would be better off if I was away. In moving away, I had to sacrifice a lot of security as this apartment was not fortified with the iron doors with bullet proof locks, barred windows, etc. as was my mother's home, but my mother was on the very verge of a nervous break down and one more incident would have pushed her off the deep end. All this had already effected her very badly as she suffered and still suffers from migraine headaches everyday of her life. I felt that it was in my mother's best interest that I move out.

Herman Jackson and Wayne were still giving me headaches as they wanted to keep an eye on me and when they were not keeping an eye on me they were calling me over the phone. I never knew Wayne's last name as no one ever called him by his last name. He lived in the Hill Top Apartments right off Piedmont Road in North East Atlanta with a blond haired woman and her children.

Wayne did pilot a plane, that much I did know, and he was working for the syndicate, bringing in cocaine, pot and running Thompson 45 caliber machine guns. Wayne was also working with Bill Fisher from Detroit who is married to a girl named Candy. They now live on Lake Tahoe, Nevada. Bill Fisher is of the Fisher family as is in Fisher body in Detroit. Wayne was working with Bill Fisher on a massive stolen car operation where new very costly cars such as Lincolns, etc. were stolen and then shipped back to Detroit. They were shipped back to Detroit by the freight car load and once they reached Detroit they were run back through the factory through Bill Fisher and sold once again as new cars straight from the factory.

Wayne was flying from Atlanta with Thompson 45 sub-machine guns that the syndicate was getting from the military here in the States and flying through the Southern United States, through Mexico and on down to Columbia where he would land at Carta Hoena Columbia. He would leave the machine guns there and pick up a load of cocaine and pot. He would sometimes pick up a load of brown heroin in Southern

México, as well. After he had gotten to Santa Monica and picked up a load of dope there, Wayne would fly back using a different route. He would go up through the Caribbean Sea landing at Bimini where upon he would receive a signal from one of their associates in Florida. He would fly low through a "blind spot" in the radar, and then back up to Georgia with his illegal load.

Once he landed in the Atlanta area Bill Fisher would come down from Detroit to get some of the drugs. Mr. Walter Eisenberg, (15700 Providence Drive, Apt. 907 Southfield, Michigan 48075) would also come down to get some of the dope from Wayne. Mr. Eisenberg's phone number was (313) 5574686 and his father is Mr. Sol Eisenberg who is one of the principle owners of Kenko Steel Corporation.

Mr. Sol Eisenberg is a very big collector of ancient art, especially ancient Greek amphoras. Mr. Sol Eisenberg has the largest collection of Greek amphoras in this country, it is said, and from what I've seen of it, I must admit that it is a very very fine collection.

Wayne was also associated with Mr. Jimmy Powell from Florida who was smuggling pot and cocaine into the United States on board shrimp boats into Florida. Mr. Powell and his brothers own a house in Detroit where a large amount of this dope is sold. The Powells also own a hotel in Florida. The Powells are still smuggling cocaine and pot into the United States and selling it in Detroit and the Great Lakes region. The Powells sold a tremendous amount of pot and cocaine in Atlanta back about two years ago, and Mr. Ron Watson was in charge of the distribution of their dope. Ron Watson messed up and caused about a couple of tons of pot to be busted in the Atlanta area, so the Powell's became pretty upset and stopped supplying Atlanta. They now only sell their dope in the Detroit area.

Back during June, 1972 and around that time, everytime Wayne would bring a load of dope into Atlanta, Wally Eisenberg, Bill Fisher, Jimmy Powell and Ron Watson would show up at Wayne's apartment. Mr. Chris Kametches would also go to Wayne's apartment sometimes, and it appeared that Mr. Kametches was backing Wayne with a lot of money. Mr. Chris Kametches is one of the owners of Global Industries here in Atlanta. Wayne was still working very closely with Mr. Jerry Adams and especially Gene Purcell, as his trip to Columbia (at the time I went to Asia with Bill Jackson) was to set things up for Wayne's operation out of Columbia.

Ron Watson, his family and especially his sister, Joy Watson, friends of mine, probably have gone through some troubled times by now because of the knowledge Ron and Joy have about the Powell's dope smuggling operations. I have seen neither Ron Watson nor Joy Watson since June of 1972 so I don't know the latest news regarding them. My mother lost Joy's phone number, but then my mother never liked Joy as she said that Joy was a whore. I still remember where their parents home is but I've been too occupied to run around looking for them and besides Ron Watson was involved in some heavy drug

dealings so I'd rather not keep company with him. In June, 1972, I was contacted by Herman Jackson and told that Wayne was in Jamaica in the mountains and that he had experienced trouble with his plane, like engine trouble. Herman Jackson told me that since I wasn't involved in any illegal activities and that since I wasn't conducting any big business on anything, I could fly to Jamaica with over \$5,000.00 as Wayne didn't have any money, and he needed to buy parts for the plane. Herman Jackson said that he didn't want to wire the money to Wayne as it could be easily traced and he didn't want anyone to know that Wayne was there.

I was to meet Wayne at the Pelican Inn and Grill and stay at the Casablanca Hotel in Montego Bay. Mr. Herman Jackson said that I would be followed. Indeed, I was followed as when I checked into the Casablanca Hotel I later noticed that Wayne Smith from Winder, Georgia was there at the same hotel. Wayne Smith was (and still is) a pretty big dope dealer who is associated with Charlie Land. Wayne Smith and Charlie Land both work with a big dope dealer named Logan from Tucker, Georgia. Logan works with Chris Kamatches. Charlie Land also worked with Ron Watson who was dealing the Powells dope so Charlie Land and Wayne Smith dealt mostly cocaine and pot.

Shortly after my arrival in Montego Bay after I had checked into the Casablanca Hotel, Wayne met me and picked up the money. Wayne told me to stick around until he was finished with the plane as he may need more parts though he doubted it. I stayed in Montego Bay for about a week until Wayne met me again and told me to go back to Atlanta to pick up \$3,000.00 more from Herman.

I don't know what was wrong with the plane but it was very costly. I flew back to Atlanta and picked up the additional money and took it back down to Montego Bay, staying in the same hotel, etc. On this trip I only stayed a day or two and then flew back to Atlanta. Needless to say, I didn't have any desire to go to Montego Bay at that time in the first place, but I was really upset and frightened.

One night, prior to my trip to Jamaica, I was over at Wayne's apartment when he asked me to come with him while he took care of a little business. I can still clearly remember what happened that night. I didn't know it when I got into the car, but Wayne had a Thompson 45 sub machine with a clip in the car. It was like the ones he was flying to Columbia.

He drove to an apartment building and stopped the car. He took the machine gun out of the car, placing it under his jacket and proceeded to go to an apartment in that complex where he parked the car. He went up to the door and kicked it down, and the last thing which I remember seeing was a man's head latterly explode as Wayne emptied the clip of his machine gun into the man's head. This happened in April, 1972. Wayne told me the same thing could happen to me and I believed him. It made me very very sick for a long while. After I returned the second time from Jamaica, my bond was revoked for "leaving the country without permission" and I ended up at the Fulton County Jail.

Someone in Jamaica had sent me 22 lbs of pot via freight along with a shipment of furniture to an art gallery where I left things on consignment. The gallery's name was Mark Ltd. which was owned by Pat and Dick Strickland. This shipment of pot along with furniture was not shipped in my name. I never signed any shipping papers to send it, nor any bills of sale for the furniture. It came as a total surprise to me that this was sent as I didn't send it. The pot was not hidden and it was another frame like the heroin in the mail. I never went to court for that pot which was sent as someone else signed the papers to ship it from Montego Bay. It was sent in order to insure that I receive time out of this heroin in the mail charge.

In regards to Dick and Pat Strickland, I have often wondered if Jack Strickland wasn't related to them. Jack Strickland was a friend of Wayne's from El Paso, Texas who owned a chartered plane service. Jack Strickland would bring pot into the states across the Mexican border and sell a hell of a lot of pot in the Southeastern United States.

Another friend of Wayne's was Robert Burnstein in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida who also owns a charter plane service and flies pot back into the United States. Mr. Burnstein would sometimes sell pot through Wayne or Ron Watson here in Atlanta.

There was always "business men" in and out of the offices of Adams and Associates Collections Agency by the dozens. Back in 1967 while Bill Arnett was still friends and on good terms with Jerry Adams, a Mr. Tony deLuca from New York would often visit Mr. Adams in Atlanta. Back then, Bill Arnett and Henry Moog of Clover Realty owned West 11th Galleries on Peachtree Road. Tony deLuca, was about 35 years old, medium height and wore glasses. He sometimes was very interested in art, especially Greek, Roman and fine European art.

I remember in particular that Tony deLuca collected fine French furniture, and was a friend of Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams directed him to the West 11th Galleries. Mr. Adams was also friend of Mr. Marcello, Mr. ~~Marcello~~ and Mary Singleton from New Orleans who would come into his offices back then.

In any event as I had stated earlier, the syndicate (in particular Herman Jackson) informed me that I was to plead guilty to the charge of importation of heroin even though I am innocent of that charge as he said that it would discredit my testimony so that I could never testify against them about what I knew.

Throughout all this time, I have never done or conducted any illegal activities myself. I never sold or trafficked in drugs, but I gained further knowledge about their activities because they wished to keep a close eye on me because my mother and I had gotten to so many branches of the government about them.

Mr. Ernest D. Brookins was representing me on the importation of heroin charge and he assured me that I would receive probation if I plead guilty. I plead guilty and was sentenced to 6 years. Before I was sentenced I was sent to Ashland, Kentucky for "60 days observation" and after I returned from the observation, I was sen-

It seems that I had been arrested several times, sentenced from four to six years at the Federal Youth Center in Ashland, Kentucky. My mother was given a one year probated sentence. I spent two years at the federal prison in Ashland, Kentucky and I was released on parole March 6, 1974.

While at the prison in Ashland, Kentucky, I attended the Ashland Community College and maintained a 3.5 and above grade average. Upon my release on March 6, 1974, I entered Georgia State University and took a part time security job.

While attending Georgia State University my parole officer, Mr. Steve D. Mullis informed my mother that I had been arrested in New Orleans. It couldn't have been me as I was working that day. In any event, Mr. Mullis had been sent a "flier" from the F.B.I. saying that Robert Byron Watson, Social Security No. [redacted] etc. was arrested in New Orleans on a drug charge. Since it wasn't me and I could prove it, I didn't receive any trouble from this incident. The fact remains, though, that someone else was using my name, knew my birth date and my Social Security number when they were arrested for drugs in New Orleans.

No one else knows my Social Security number but people within the U. S. Government, and if I hadn't been able to prove where I was supposed to have been arrested I would have been placed in jail. Anyway, I was attending Georgia State University, and I was taking an overload of courses just as I did in Ashland, Kentucky, making 3.5 and above grade averages.

During this time while I was attending Georgia State University I would often times spend the night at a girl friends, namely Mrs. Dona Rathcamp (divorced), 2502 Ashwood Dr. in Decatur, Georgia. On the night of July 6, 1974 I was at Dona Rathcamp's and I was studying for my mid quarter examinations.

About 12:00 P.M. I became hungry and proceeded to check the refrigerator, and found there was nothing in it that I wanted. Dona was asleep upstairs, Gloria, the maid, was asleep downstairs, so I decided to walk the mere one block to an all night food store near the bridge on I 285. It was a very short distance and I could easily walk it, and besides it felt good to get out into the fresh air.

While on the way to the food store, a policeman pulled up to the side of the road, jumped out and threw me up against the patrol car and searched me. He pulled out a bag of pot from my pocket which I didn't even have and took me to the DeKalb County jail. I was charged with Soliciting a Ride, Public Drunkenness and Violation of the Controlled Substance Act (pot). In itself, these minor charges were not serious offenses, but they would constitute grounds for the revoking of my parole. There was under an ounce of pot in the bag.

The only way that Jerry Irwin could have

It seems that Donna Rathcamp had been arrested several times in the past for drug violations so her house was being watched by narcotics agents. Mr. Tyrus Atkinson, an attorney friend of mine, informed me of Donna Rathcamp's previous arrests for drugs. I did not know that Donna Rathcamp had been arrested for anything in the past as she did not tell me, and if I had known, I wouldn't have been there.

After being arrested by the Dekalb County police, I was informed as to why they had played their latest dirty trick (as Nixon's men called them) on me. It seems that they wanted to make a sizable bust on Donna Rathcamp and whomever associated with her, and they wanted me to "set her up for the bust."

I could not help the agents set Donna Rathcamp up for a bust as I didn't even know she sold drugs or fooled around with them to start with, though I would have gladly cooperated if I had known anything. Mr. Tyrus Atkinson was my attorney on the case and he advised me that since I couldn't set Donna Rathcamp up for a bust (I don't believe she sold drugs) I should secure some information in order to set some other people up for busts to help my case. I did just that.

As time passed, and I heard nothing further from my case, I pretty much forgot about it. I learned later that I was supposed to have appeared in court on August 6, 1974, but since I did not receive a notice from Dekalb County nor was notified by my attorney, I never appeared. I knew absolutely nothing of it until my parole officer, Mr. Steve Mullis called me up and told me that Dekalb County had issued a warrant for my arrest for failure to appear in court, but that if Dekalb County didn't keep me in jail, neither would the Federal Government.

My mother called the Assistant Solicitor who said I could just pay \$100.00 fine if I wished to plead guilty. I told my mother and Mr. Atkinson that I was not guilty, but my attorney advised me to just pay the fine, especially since Mr. Mullis had made the statement that if Dekalb County didn't put me in jail, neither would the Federal Government. I also felt this best because I could then just turn in what information I had to the D.E.A. which I did when I was sworn in, finger printed, photographed, etc. as a paid informant in their downtown office.

In August of 1974 Mr. Jerry Prokos called me at home and told me that he had just arrived in Atlanta from Denver. It had been a couple of years since I had seen Mr. Prokos, and I was greatly surprised that he had my mother's phone number as it had been changed while I was in prison. Mr. Jerry Prokos told me that he had called Mr. Buddy Culpepper of the Buckhead House of Travel in order to get my phone number. As I sit here I can clearly remember that Jerry Prokos never knew that I knew Buddy Culpepper nor that he knew me.

I have information that Greg Culpepper (Buddy Culpepper's son) was ordered killed by Mr. Marcello (Brad Marcello's father) and Mr. Frabbiele in New Orleans. The only way that Jerry Prokos could have

gotten Buddy Culpepper's number (in order to locate me) was through Brad Marcello whom Jerry Prokos was working with). Originally I had known Jerry Prokos in Detroit as he was a friend of Terry Dupree and the Dupree family. The Dupree's are well acquainted with Mr. Walter Eisenberg.

As I said earlier, Mr. Sol Eisenberg and I have been acquainted for some years now as Sol Eisenberg is a big collector of ancient art, ancient coins and especially classical Greek art. Jerry Prokos attended a few parties at the Fisher mansion back in 1971 and 1972 which were pretty big happenings at one time.

Mr. Jerry Prokos was also incarcerated with me briefly when he was arrested for stealing an airplane. However, he was freed and remained in jail only a very short time.

After Jerry Prokos called me at home that evening in August, I went to meet him at the Holiday Inn downtown, Atlanta. When I met Jerry Prokos that evening I did not discuss any business matters as I wasn't conducting any business at that time other than trying to sell objects of art for Bill Arnett on a commission basis in order to raise enough money so that I could start importing my own things again from overseas.

I had withdrawn from all of my classes at Georgia State University because the harassment I had received from Dekalb County regarding my acquaintance with Donna Rathcamp had screwed my grades up. It caused me to miss my mid-term exams at school besides getting behind in my studies.

Jerry Prokos briefly mentioned that he had a friend who would like to invest in opening up an art gallery and that he would like for me to help him with it. Well, I didn't pay very much attention to Mr. Prokos multi-million dollar investor in a business as he started to explain to me that he was running out of money so that he wouldn't be able to stay at his room in the Holiday Inn any longer, and he wondered if I had some friends whom he might stay with.

I called Scott Boyd up who gladly put Jerry Prokos up in his apartment on W. Paces Ferry Road. Jerry Prokos explained something about it being a lot of extra trouble to wire money to Atlanta when he would only be staying two or three days. Back a few years earlier when I knew Mr. Prokos, he was a drug dealer selling many thousands of bits of blue tabs of purple haze acid which he said his brother made as his brother had a lab. Needless to say, I never accepted his offer to sell me LSD as I wasn't a drug dealer.

When Jerry Prokos arrived, I was happier to see him without enough money for a hotel room, and not dealing drugs than to be committing crimes and come with stacks of hundred dollar bills. As I said earlier, Scott Boyd put Jerry Prokos up in his apartment as a favor to me. It was while at Scott Boyd's apartment that Scott made Jerry Prokos acquainted with many many people in the Buckhead and Atlanta area including Mr. Tommy Rauschenberg.

During this first visit that Jerry Prokos made after I was released from prison, Jerry Prokos kept speaking about this big investor he had that would like to invest in an art gallery and about

how he would like for me to go back to Denver with him. I told Mr. Prokos that I did not want to go to Denver as I didn't have the funds to spare. I told Jerry Prokos that if his big investor wanted to invest he could just come to Atlanta and do just that. Then Jerry Prokos asked me if I would go to Denver if it didn't cost me anything. Thinking that Jerry Prokos was just putting on airs, I told him yes.

After all, I thought a free trip out West during the summer would be fun if it didn't cost me anything. Mr. Jerry Prokos then told me that a private plane would be flying in to pick me up. I asked him if the plane was stolen or if there was any dope in it, and he said, "no." I thought this might just be an enjoyable trip. Jerry Prokos made a phone call and told me the trip was all set to go. I got permission to go from my parole officer, Steve D. Mullis.

The day before I left, Steve Mullis dropped by my mother's home where I was staying. I called Jerry Prokos up over at Scott Boyd's and Jerry Prokos verified the reason that I was making the trip. I was going there to discuss setting up a business which I would be the buyer for and I was to discuss the sell of jade. I did not take any jade with me as the only jade I had was in my private collection, though I would have sold my private collection had the investor made a serious good offer.

It was my intentions to sell this investor jade which belonged to Bill Arnett if he was for real or if he was serious about opening up a business, I would supply the jade from friends of mine in Asia. In any event, I was suspicious of this trip a little after all of the bad things which had happened to me.

Nick Catri flew one of Brad Marcello's twin engine Navaho into the airport here in Atlanta. Judy Arnett (Bill Arnett's wife) drove Jerry Prokos and me to the airport. Well, the airplane was for real as it was worth about \$195,000.00. I met Nick Catri at that time who was piloting the plane. The plane took off and I was on my way to Denver.

Upon arrival in Denver, Brad Marcello was there at the airport waiting for us to land. When I got out of the plane, Brad Marcello introduced himself, and I started to freakout inside as I felt a little nervous. I still remembered the old days at Jerry Adam's offices.

I spent about a week in Denver, during which time Brad Marcello introduced himself as a big time syndicate figure. Brad Marcello indicated that he would like to open up a business dealing in art and antiques. Brad Marcello said that he was going to use this business to legalize the money he was making from smuggling and selling drugs. He said that he already owned a chartered plane service but that he was making too much money selling and smuggling drugs to cover it with that business anymore.

He said that from what he had heard about me and what photographs I had shown him that I could supply objects of art such as ancient Greek, Roman, Hittite, Islamic, ancient Chinese, etc. at

such a price that the business would make money as well as cover the money they were making off of dope, thus keeping IRS off of their back. I told Mr. Jerry Prokos and Brad Marcello that I would sell them art but that I would have to think about working with them in a business.

Actually, as far as I was concerned it would be completely out of the question to work with them in a business. I only said that I would think about it so as not to anger them after they had gone to so much expense to bring me there and treat me to the town. I made it very clear to both Brad Marcello and Jerry Prokos that I would not sell their drugs for them as they had asked me nor have anything to do with any illegal activities.

While there in Denver I overheard Nick Catri and Brad Marcello discussing buying some kilos of dope from Max Schulmann in New York who owns a publishing company there in New York. The rest of the time I was in Denver I spent going sight seeing and night clubbing with Jerry Prokos, Brad Marcello and Nick Catri.

Brad Marcello then told me that he was going to New York, and I asked him if he was going via Detroit. He said that he also was going to Detroit. Before he went to New York I asked him to drop me off in Detroit then, which he agreed to do. Nick Catri, Brad Marcello and Jerry Prokos and I landed at the city airport in Detroit's East Side.

I met with a friend of mine and went to a party that night while Marcello and his crew took care of some business in Detroit. Before Brad Marcello left Detroit I met with him one again where upon he informed me that he's flying to New York to take care of some business. He took off and I remained in Detroit seeing various friends.

Brad Marcello flew back into Detroit to take care of some business, then left back for Denver. I flew back to Atlanta. (Before going to Detroit from Denver, I called my parole officer and asked him if it was all right for me to do so, and he said that it was all right.

Once I was back in Atlanta, I started to receive threatening phone calls once again. Whoever it was that was making these phone calls would not identify themselves. They would say only that they were going to kill my mother and myself and burn the house down. Well, this upset me considerably. I did not want to put my mother in any kind of danger or cause her mental state to deteriorate any worse because of worry. She already had constant migraine headaches because of what we had been through. Because of these constant headaches, she confuses and misquotes things which I've said. This causes misunderstandings between us.

Anyway, these threatening phone calls became more frequent. At this point, I decided to spend more time away from home. When Jerry Prokos called me I mentioned these calls to him and he said that he thought that between the people he knew and between the people that Brad knew they should be able to find out something about them. Before Jerry Prokos could report back on this, however, I had gotten into more difficulties.

As I said because of these threatening phone calls I was spending more time away from home.

On September 11, 1974, I decided to go home after being away for several days. I was in love with Anne Rhett and we planned to be married. I had been unable to find a job, but she was working at Rich's. I wanted to explain to mother that we would only be there until we were a little more financially secure and I had a job at which time we would be married.

My mother became very upset over the idea of Anne moving in. She was already angry because I had been gone for several days. I tried to reason with her, but we got into an argument. She phoned the police, not realizing that they would arrest me and charge me with "Creating a Turmoil." The police were very rough to both me and my mother, giving her a citation also.

Often times people in law enforcement are sadists, and I've personally seen many examples of this. In particular, while I was sentenced to 30 days for "Creating a turmoil, I saw policemen beat poor elderly drunks and bums without mercy. They were weak and unable to offer any physical resistance to the younger and stronger policemen. It seems to give some policemen a feeling of security and power to abuse people and misuse what power they have.

While incarcerated at the city prison, I was often assigned to work at the city jail where I was offered many occasions to witness such police brutality. Often times the police would have me mop up the blood where they had been beating some poor elderly drunk unconscious or would have me help carry the unconscious victim out to their cells.

Explain it as they may, the police will never be able to offer me justification for their actions which I personally witnessed at the City jail. Had I not seen these gross injustices myself, I would never have believed them. Certainly I know that there is a very serious need for police in our society, and they do need all the help and support which they can get in order to do their jobs.

I must urge, however, that both prospective police officers as well as those on duty be given psychological screening to help prevent this sort of thing from occurring again.

The City Prison is a work farm, chain gang type of institution - complete to the blue stripes and everything. The only thing that was lacking was my ball and chain. On September 11, 1974 as I was first going into this institution from the City Jail, I had occasion to witness a sight which greatly upset me further. As I was walking to the city prison a colored man jumped from the second floor onto the first floor head first, thus committing suicide. His head literally split

open on the hard cement floor exposing his very brain. This unnerved me. My first work assignment was on the farm which was very unpleasant. When I wasn't helping to carry unconscious drunks and bums to their cells after the police beat them almost to death or moping up blood from where the police beat these poor drunks, I was working on the farm. All this lasted about two weeks, at which time my parole officer, Mr. Steve D. Mullin, informed my mother and grandmother and me that I would have a hold order placed on me and be sent back to serve the rest of my sentence. The Federal detainer would be placed on me after my 30 days sentence was up. This further greatly upset me.

During all of the time that I had been incarcerated at the City prison, my mother had been trying to get me released by pleading with Judge Edward Brock to change my sentence. Judge Brock would listen to no one regarding my release with the exception of \$500.00 to Mr. Ernest D. Brookins who is a friend of Judge Brock's as well as my attorney. I was released from the city prison.

While at the City prison, I used a pay telephone which is provided for the inmates to use. I called Brad Marcello and Jerry Prokos from this pay phone at the City prison to see if they might be able to help me with this situation. I was terribly upset and desperate over the situation I was in, and I was seeking help from anyone who might could give it.

Upon calling Mr. Marcello and Mr. Prokos, they both informed me that they had been investigating the threatening phone calls as I had requested and that "the syndicate wanted me out of the way because of the investigations and work which Mr. Bernard Fensterwald had been doing against them using information which I had provided." I told Mr. Marcello and Mr. Prokos that this was only in regards to the assassination of Dr. King and President Kennedy that I had given Mr. Fensterwald information and not about narcotic dealings. I told Mr. Prokos and Mr. Marcello that I had done this when I was just a child and didn't know any better. Mr. Marcello and Jerry Prokos told me that they knew this and that they were with me and wanted to help me.

They further stated that if I remained in the United States, I would be either killed or busted (framed) so the only thing which was left for me to do was to leave the country. Mr. Prokos and Marcello urged me to leave the country and even offered to help pay for my trip. I could still clearly remember that break-in which had happened several years earlier and how the four armed masked gunmen had started to take my mother and me down to the basement in order to kill us and burn our house down.

Just before I was thrown into the city prison I started to receive more threatening phone calls saying that my mother and I would be killed and our house burned down. I knew that after all of my terrible experiences with the syndicate that they would and would do just that and think nothing of it. I have witnesses as to what Brad Marcello and Jerry Prokos had said to me prior to my leaving for Chile.

I flew to Santiago, Chile on November 1974, and later my girlfriend, Anne Rhett, followed me there. I neither wanted nor desired to go to Chile, but between Steve D. Mullis, my parole officer, the threatening phone calls by unknown parties and Brad Marcello and Jerry Prokos urging me to go and telling me about what they had found out regarding these threatening phone calls, so upset me as to cause me to go to Santiago, Chile.

I am also a friend of Don Carlos Morales whose uncle is the number two man in the government of Chile. General Morales is in charge of intelligence and is thus personally responsible for the deaths of thousands of innocent people who were rounded up for being suspected communists.

Even though Carlos's uncle is a monster, he never did seem to be a monster as I had known him for sometime. Carlos had invited me to come to Chile to work with him in business. Even though I was politically opposed to the policies of the government of Chile, I felt that Carlos' influence would be most helpful. Before leaving for Chile I told Mr. Prokos and Mr. Marcello about Don Carlos Morales and they said that they knew him and his uncle. This greatly surprised me and I thought that Mr. Marcello and Mr. Prokos were lying.

In any event Mr. Marcello and Mr. Prokos assured me that they were not lying, and Mr. Marcello further stated that Nick Catri was flying to Carta Haena Columbia shortly. I've forgotten the date which Brad Marcello told me, but I believe that it was November, 1974. Mr. Brad Marcello told me to tell Don Carlos Morales to call Brad Marcello as soon as I arrived in Santiago. This I did, and Carlos Morales spoke to him.

Carlos Morales later told me that Brad Marcello was buying 54 kilos of cocaine and that he was having Nick Catri pick the 54 kilos of cocaine up in Carta Haena Columbia in the plane along with the materials used to cut the cocaine. Carlos Morales sent an Indian named Marcos to Tacna, Peru to tell the people at the lab there to make the cocaine ready and to deliver it to Carta haena Columbia where it would be picked up.

I asked Carlos Morales now was he going to collect his money for the cocaine, if he wasn't going to go to Carta Haena to pick the money up. Carlos Morales further informed me that his attorney Ivan Stephen Fisher of Fisher and Greger Law Offices in New York would receive payment for the cocaine and see to it that Carlos Morales received it as his attorney had done many many times in the past. Carlos Morales further informed me that his attorney, Ivan Stephen Fisher, was a personal friend of Richard Helm, the ex-director of the C.I.A. and that Ivan Stephen Fisher had worked with General Morales and Richard Helm in the overthrow of the ex-President Savador Allende of Chile.

To further add to my dislike of General Morales was the fact that it was against the law in Chile to either possess or use cocaine and that law is vigorously enforced with the exception of General Morales who is a cocaine addict. Everytime I saw the General he was sticking cocaine up his nose and offering it to me. I suppose that the General was more relaxed with his nephew than when he is in public. So as to be difficult to locate, Don Carlos Morales resides

at Portugal 28, Torre 4, Apt. 145, which is an apartment building, built in the modern American style of the skyscraper. Torre 4 is right across from the President's office. Don Carlos Morales did not rent this apartment in his name but gave the money to rent it to Markos who has been arrested for cocaine in Tacna Peru. Marcos is also a drug addict as is the President of Chile. It's funny the people the United States Government puts into power overseas, isn't it?

I had a promise of citizenship from General Morales. I had intended on supporting myself by buying malacite, turquoise and lapis in Northern Chile from a mine in the Andea Mountains. I could purchase stones of top quality for only 30 cents per stone already cut and polished. I was going to send those stones back to the states and wholesale them for \$3.00 each, and I already had buyers arranged to take the stones just as soon as they arrived in the United States.

There was, however, a problem which arose during my stay in Chile which became progressively serious. I was not receiving any of my mail or telegrams which was being sent to me by numerous people. Mail and more mail and telegrams were sent to me and I never received any of them. I was starting to run completely out of money and there I was completely out of money.

Anne and I were staying at the Portugal 28, Torre 4, Apt. 145 address in Santiago with Don Carlos Morales so we had no hotel bills to pay. My mother and my grandmother were forced to send me money in the form of cashier checks and American Express Money orders were sent to me via air mail and Special Delivery. I never received any of them. Only one or two letters were received during our stay in Santiago from the United States.

All of the banks in Atlanta refused to wire money to Santiago Chile. The president of the Banco O'Higgins told me that when the American owned banks in Chile were nationalized, the telex codes were destroyed by the previous owners so that money cannot be wired to Chile from the United States. I couldn't get money wired to me and someone was stealing all of my mail including those which contained the Cashier Checks and Express Money orders.

There I was without any money even to buy food. All which Don Carlos Morales could talk about was killing people and controlling the populace. I was disgusted with that little rightest murderer and I wouldn't have accepted anything from him anyway at that point as I really wanted nothing further to do with that little gangster. If it were not for the kindly Arab socialist Fuad Habash Ansara, Anne and I would have starved to death.

I called my mother and received tickets to return home to the States. While speaking to my mother, she informed me that Mr. Mullis had received a letter from my parole board stating that my parole would not be revoked. With pleasure I left Santiago, Chile and arrived back in Atlanta.