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See also Nos.

CLASSIFICATION NO.

44-2386

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Volume Number

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SHAW-WALKER

NO. 8

James Robert Willett

ENCLOSURE (1) TO ATLANTA

Atlanta file 44-2386

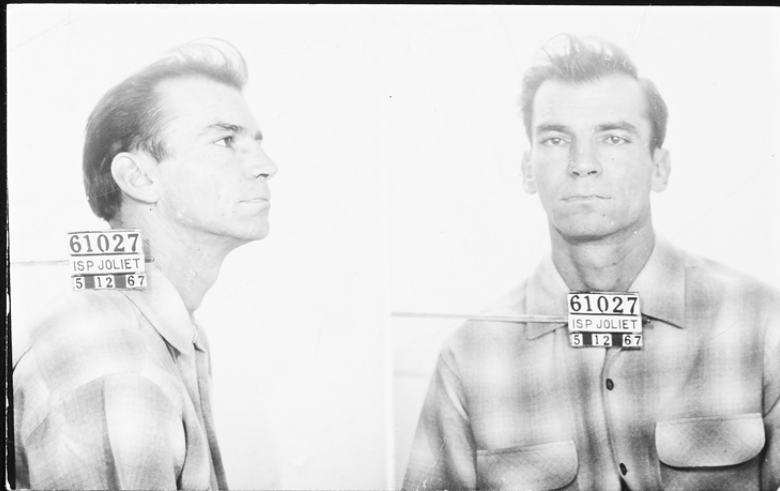
Chicago file 44-1114

Re Chicago airtel to
Bureau dated 8/12/68.

44-2386-1A110

44-2386-2151

*CCD. Enter in
1A & return
to Hamilton*



2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

JAMES ROBT. WILLETT

FBI # 277 341 B

44-2386-1A110

File No. 44-2386-1A111

Date Received Nov 19, 1968

From _____
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By _____
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☐ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No

Description:

Page 31 from "Look" Magazine
April 25, 1961
Volume 25, No. 9

Number of Enclosures 1

CI File No. 157-1893

CI (report) (letter) (airtel) dated 10/29/68

File No. _____ or _____

Title James Earl Ray;

Markin

Character Rm

Descr. of Encl. Page 31 of Look Magazine

144-2386



After 100 years, a fight for human rights reaches its climax

State troopers prepare for a Negro student march on state capitol in Atlanta last spring. The students, who planned to sing hymns on the capitol steps, marched to a church instead.

By GEORGE B. LEONARD, JR. LOOK STAFF WRITER

ATLANTA is the only major U. S. city ever burned to the ground by a hostile army. Today, almost a hundred years after Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman left it in flames, the key city of the Deep South is under siege again. This strange new conflict, like wars of the past, has its skirmishes, mass engagements and guerrilla raids; its heroes, POW's, truces, peace conferences, wild rumors and casualties. But the Second Battle of Atlanta is primarily—and surprisingly—nonviolent. And it is fought with love as well as hate.

The lights are out above the lunch counter. The place has been in semidarkness for an hour, ever since four Negro college students entered and took seats. All the white patrons have gone. From the corner of his eye, one of the students, a tall 18-year-old freshman named Leon Green, sees the lunch-counter manager coming out of the kitchen. "Uh-oh!" Leon thinks. "He's got his meat cleaver again."

The white man moves toward Leon, who keeps his eyes focused on the menu he is gripping with both hands. "Get your hands off that counter," the man says, raising the meat cleaver, "or I'll cut one of them off."

Leon does not move. He keeps his eyes on the menu. The manager jerks it from his hand, but Leon manages to hold on to the inside flyleaf. Infuriated, the manager rips the flyleaf from Leon's hand and tears it up. He lifts the cleaver again. "All right. I mean it this time. Get your hand off the counter, or I'll cut it off."

Leon does not move his hands or his eyes. The manager draws back to strike. Leon does not flinch. The manager walks away.

Later, Leon says, "I really thought he was going to do it today."

The Negro student movement in Atlanta, of which Leon Green is a part, is the largest and best-organized in the nation (see *One Day's March Toward Freedom*). By means of sit-ins, public demonstrations, a boycott and the acceptance of jail, students by the tens, hundreds and sometimes thousands have struggled for a year to win a recent victory against lunch-counter segregation in the Deep South.

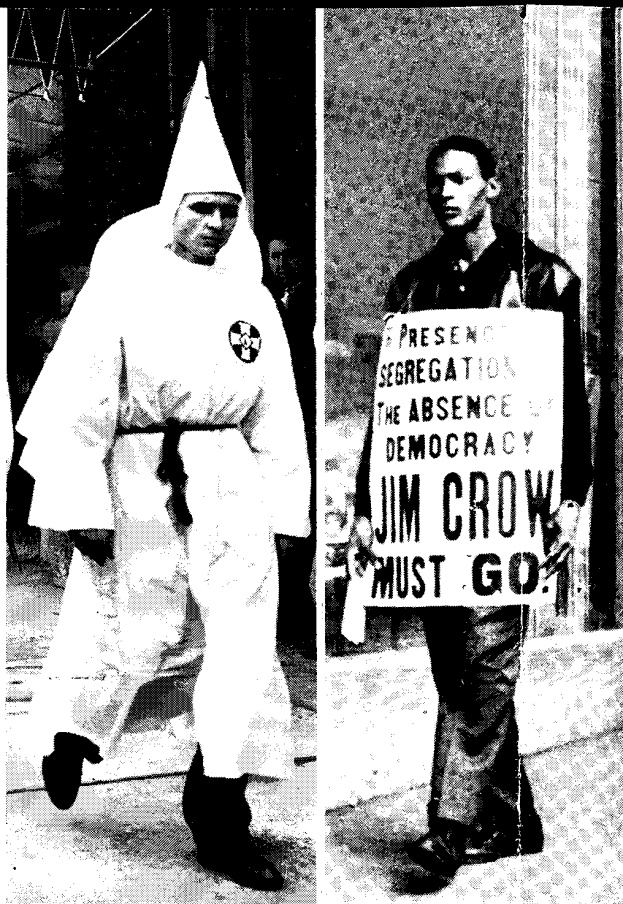
The students are not the only soldiers in the Second Battle of Atlanta. Next fall, after several delays, Atlanta schools must admit a few Negroes by Federal order. The state will not interfere; in a

historic reversal this winter, the Georgia legislature abandoned its massive resistance laws, to let each locality make its own decision on desegregation. But other forces are ready to resist racial changes in Atlanta.

It is clear now, both to those for and to those against integration, that what happens in Atlanta schools will profoundly affect the future course of integration in the South, far more than did events in Little Rock and New Orleans. Little Rock is in a border state. Atlanta, on the other hand, occupies a central position in the Deep South. As in Sherman's day, it is the transportation and communications hub of the region, and it has become the commercial and educational center as well, with ten colleges or universities, five of them Negro. At New Orleans, neither Negro students nor white moderates were well organized at the time of the recent school crisis; even racists were momentarily stunned and found their voices in a mob of screaming housewives. But in Atlanta, the forces of both sides are formidable and fully committed.

THE CITY has a mayor and police chief who intend to carry out Federal court orders, and a Chamber of Commerce that supports "open schools" (a polite way of indicating acceptance of gradual desegregation). Atlanta also reads two great anti-segregation newspapers and abounds with liberal womens' clubs and church groups. (The "Atlanta Manifesto of 1958," which calls for support of court decisions, open schools and racial harmony, was signed by over half the city's white ministers.)

Negroes, who make up more than a third of Atlanta's half million population, are led by well-to-do, fairly conservative adults who must jump to keep up with the eager youngsters of the student movement. And, significantly, Martin Luther King, Jr., moved from Montgomery, Ala., to Atlanta, where he became the key city the headquarters of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. He foresaw



Both Ku Klux Klansmen and Negro students have marched in downtown Atlanta in recent months. Students picketed stores with segregated lunch counters; Klansmen picketed the students. During the pre-Christmas rush, the two groups met face to face, with no incidents. Said Mayor William B. Hartsfield, "Atlanta is the only city in the country where Negroes and the Klan can picket on the same street—to music by the Salvation Army."

THE SECOND BATTLE OF ATLANTA

*Photographer —
Atlanta
Journal*

Atlanta is the heart of the Old South and the leader of the New South, the rallying point for last-ditch segregationists and the stronghold of Southern liberalism. It is the

war for human rights. The showdown fight has
ically affect the future of the entire United States.

continued

File No. 44-2386-1a112Date Received 9/24/68From A. S. Willis + R. A. Cochran
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)Memphis PD
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)Memphis Tenn.
(CITY AND STATE)By Spencer + Nolan
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☐ No

Description:

Receipt for 1966 2 door
white Mustang SN
6T07C190647 Turned
over to Willis +
Cochran

Atlanta, Georgia
September 24, 1968

Received this date from O. Richard Hamilton and
James Joseph Dolan, Special Agents of the Federal Bureau
of Investigation, one white 1966 two-door Ford Mustang
automobile, Serial Number 6T07C190647.

H.L. Williams et. 9/28

L. H. Graham Capt 12/6

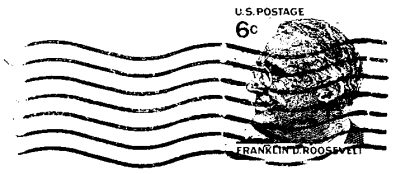
File No. 44-2386-1a113Date Received 3/7/64From Jim Rankin
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)Atlanta Constitution
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)
(CITY AND STATE)By Hamilton
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☐ No

Description:

Anonymous letter postmarked
3/2/64, Amancio Lopez
alleging participation by
Raymond Polacco in
assassination of Martin
Luther King, Jr.

Handwritten:
Mr. [unclear] ?
[unclear] [unclear] ?
[unclear] [unclear] ?

The Constitution
Atlanta Newspapers Inc.
10 Forsythe St., N. W.
Atlanta, Georgia 30030



Handwritten signature: [unclear]

March 1, 1969

The Constitution
Atlanta Newspapers Inc.
10 Forsythe St., N.W.
Atlanta, Georgia 30030

To Whom it may concern:

I am sure this is some information that you would appreciate. I have been keeping up with what you publish about the Martin Luther King Jr. case. That whole thing was plotted in Atlanta, Ga. One of the key pay-off men is a Cuban, 27 years of age, his name is Raymond Polacco and uses telephones, concerning his pay-off at 4550 Ridgecrest and 834 C Confederate Courts S. E. He is also shacking with a little red headed girl at the Confederate Courts address. This little red-headed girl is Debbie Blackman. They make a lot of trips together to New Orleans, La.

I live in New Orleans and know this girl real well. She does not know that this Cuban is the pay-off man. She is a teen-ager and should not be involved in this ~~aff~~crime.

File No. 44-2386-1A114

Date Received 6/20/75

From Public Safety

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Commissioner

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes ☐ No Receipt Given ☐ Yes ☐ No

Description :

Recently you should have received my story concerning the assassination of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King; also, information concerning U. S. paid informants smuggling narcotics under the protection of the Federal Government. This is additional information pertinent to my story which will aid in your investigation.

First of all, Mr. Larry McDonald of Marietta who is now a Congressman has been closely associated with Mr. Jerry Adams of Adams and Associate as well as with Herman and Bill Jackson. Mr. Larry McDonald was a very frequent visitor to Magellan Galleries and he was well acquainted with Larry Meier, Bane Culley, Gene Purcell, Southerland and all of the other associates of Mr. Jerry Adams.

Back in the summer of 1974, when Herman Jackson was involved in a gold bullion smuggling operation from South America, upon his return to the United States, he contacted me as he wanted to involve me in some illegal "syndicate" transaction. It was at this time that Herman Jackson told me that he and Mr. Jerry Adams had provided a tremendous amount of campaign funds to Mr. Larry McDonald. Mr. Herman Jackson informed me that Mr. Jerry Adams was responsible for seeing to it that Mr. Larry McDonald received these campaign funds in such a way that they would not prove to be a source of embarrassment to Mr. Larry McDonald. Mr. Herman Jackson took great pride in the fact that the campaign funds for Mr. McDonald had been raised from sales of marijuana which he personally distributed in association with other members of the "syndicate."

The following information which I'm about to provide you is rather complicated and involved but I shall start to explain the operation to you to the best of my ability. This is such a big thing, that I find it difficult to fully explain everything that I know as there are so many people involved with so many "business ventures" going on.

Mr. James Long (also referred to as Buster) was involved in a "syndicate," South American operation. This operation involved the stealing of electronic equipment, industrial equipment, farm equipment, computers, etc. These stolen goods were sent to South America where payment was made by a South American Country (Chile and Peru) in gold bullion. Mr. James Long (who was living with Cyndi Langley, telephone (404) 874-8072 here in Atlanta) was in charge of securing these stolen goods and transporting them to Key West, Florida where Mr. Jimmy Powell and his brothers (whom I've mentioned in my earlier materials) along with some other people were in charge of transporting these stolen goods to South America. I believe that they also mentioned Columbia as being one of the countries which they transported these stolen goods to.

Herman Jackson was in charge of smuggling the gold bullion

from South America into the United States. Herman Jackson told me that the gold bullion was coming up into Alabama. Once this gold was in the United States it was sold by Mr. Jerry Adams through his Great American Silver Company, Mr. Anthony N. Malek, Mr. Hugh Franklin of Liberty Coin Company and by Mr. Ambroise. Back in the summer of 1974 Mr. Herman Jackson made a quick trip to South America in connection with this gold smuggling operation which he was in charge of. This was shortly after my release from federal prison.

After I was released from federal prison I did not know how to contact Herman and Bill Jackson nor did I want to know. Mr. Herman Jackson contacted me and told me all about this South American operation as well as some other things which I'll get into shortly. Mr. Herman Jackson would not give me his telephone number nor his address. He simply said that he would contact me. I believe that Herman Jackson was somewhat angry with me as I refused to become involved in any "syndicate operations." It was at this time that Herman Jackson told me that James Long would be contacting me. A few days after Herman Jackson told me that James Long would be contacting me, he did.

It was at this time that I met James Long and a friend of his from South America named "Hector." I believe that "Hector" was of Mexican birth, but in any event James Long introduced "Hector" to me as a friend of his from Mexico. Mr. James Long informed me that they had just brought one ton of Mexican marijuana into Atlanta and they wanted me to help them distribute it for them. This was just about a month or so before Herman actually made his trip to South America.

During this conversation with James Long he informed me that Cyndi Langley, whom he was living with, was having sexual relations with one of the Dekalb County police commissioners. Mr. James Long further informed me that Cyndi Langley had the commissioner "pussy whipped" so that he was cooperating with James Long in his illegal "syndicate" operations. Mr. Long further more asked me if I wanted to meet the commissioner as he was over at Cyndi's smoking marijuana and snorting cocaine.

After Herman Jackson returned from South America he again contacted me as he wanted me to help them to distribute the gold bullion. It was at this time that Herman Jackson and I had a conversation regarding Mr. Anthony N. Malek (855 Charles Allen Dr., P. O. Box 54534 Atlanta, Georgia, telephone (404) 876-0810). The subject of Anthony N. Malek came up because in order to talk to me Herman Jackson picked me up in his car and drove me around. After awhile Herman Jackson drove to Anthony N. Malek's home on Charles Allen Dr. and we went in. It seems that Anthony Malek was buying two bricks of pure gold from Herman Jackson. Anthony Malek pulled out a huge stack of hundred dollar bills and paid for the gold bullion in cash. After Herman Jackson and I left Anthony N. Malek's home I started asking Herman Jackson some questions about Anthony Malek. I asked Herman Jackson if Anthony was working with some

Arab organization whose interests he represented in this country or if Anthony Malek was working with "the syndicate." Herman Jackson told me that Anthony Malek had been working with him, Jerry Adams and the "syndicate" for years. I asked Herman Jackson if Anthony Malek had anything to do with the assassination of Robert Kennedy. Herman Jackson told me that Anthony Malek was involved in the murder of Robert Kennedy.

While I was in federal prison Anthony Malek met my mother at a single club. He identified himself to her as a C.I.A. agent and he told her that he was investigating Jerry Adams, Gene Purcell, Bane Cully in regards to the smuggling of narcotics into this country as well as, if I remember correctly, the assassination of Dr. King and President Kennedy. While I was in prison my mother wrote me about this incident. The incident upset me somewhat so I wrote Mr. Fensterwald about this and forwarded my mother's letter to Mr. Fensterwald. He is still in possession of the letter.

When I confronted Mr. Malek about his conversation with my mother he told me that he just told my mother that he worked for the C.I.A. so that she would be more willing to tell him what she knew about the "syndicate" as he was really working for the P.L.O. (The Palestinian Liberation Organization). Mr. Anthony N. Malek informed me that the P.L.O. had sent him to investigate the "syndicate" as the P.O.O. had become very interested in the "syndicate" because of their operations in the Middle East. Mr. Anthony N. Malek then produced some documents which led me to believe that he was at least associated with the P.L.O. As I told you in an earlier letter, the last time I saw Fuad Habash Ansara who is the director of the P.L.O. in South America, he told me that the P.L.O. suspected Mr. Anthony of working with the C.I.A. Furthermore, Mr. Fuad Ansara told me that the P.L.O. had suspected Mr. Anthony N. Malek of working with the C.I.A. for a long time. As I told you earlier, I don't really know anything about the assassination of Robert Kennedy. I've only heard rumors on the subject. I would say that because of Anthony N. Malek's unusual behavior and his association with such people as Jerry Adams and Herman Jackson, he is worthy of an investigation. My conversation with Mr. Malek occurred after March 6, 1974.

If you will remember when I started my brief career of working for the Drug Enforcement Administration as a "special employee" in an undercover capacity, I went to see Mr. Chris Kametches so that I could arrange the purchase of large amounts of hard drugs such as cocaine and heroin. One morning I paid Chris Kametches a visit at his office at Global Industries (telephone (404) 577-1393) to discuss setting up some major drug deals. Mr. Kametches at this time told me about the cocaine smuggling into El Paso, Texas from South America, and he told me that he was "backing this operation with his money so that he controlled the entire operation." Mr. Kametches assured me that he would not personally touch any cocaine or drugs, but he told me that since the cocaine was really his since his money was backing the operation, he would see to it that I could purchase all the cocaine and any other drug which he invested in that I wanted.

Mr. Kametches told me that I would have to purchase any cocaine I wanted to buy from either Mr. George Tock, Miland Lefevre, James Long (Buster). I would have set the 1½ pound of cocaine deal up with James Long using a D.E.A. agent as my buyer. However, I was unable to reach him at that time so I contacted Mr. George Tock. During this conversation I had with Mr. Chris Kametches regarding the drug smuggling operation through El Paso, Texas. Mr. Kametches told me some other things about this cocaine smuggling operation into El Paso which I believe you'll find very interesting. I didn't want to tell you about this portion of the conversation between Chris Kametches and myself as I felt that you wouldn't believe me. Before I tell you this you must remember that Mr. Chris Kametches told me this and I'm just repeating a conversation which may be helpful.

Mr. Chris Kametches told me that "Mr. Bobby Jones in El Paso, Texas is completely safe to keep as much as ten or twenty pounds of pure cocaine in the hotel which he owns in El Paso as no one is about to raid that place." When I asked him why, he told me, "because we have the D.E.A. on our side in Texas as well as the local police. Why even Senator John Tower and the present Governor of Texas works for and with us." Chris Kametches further said that they "just about control the entire state of Texas including Senator Benson." This came up when I asked Mr. Kametches about the possibility of getting busted with all of that cocaine if I were to go to the hotel which Bobby Jones owns in El Paso, Texas.

When I wandered into Ambroise and Company in December, 1974 and met Mr. Ambroise there for the first time, he told me about Herman and Bill Jackson and Ron Daveney as I've already told you. Mr. Ambroise also told me about Mr. Woods from Clayton County, who is a D.E.A. agent who provides them with protection. As I told you, Mr. Ambroise informed me that Ron Daveney was in South America as he was in charge of a major "syndicate" cocaine smuggling operation. Mr. Ambroise told me that Ron Daveney would be returning from South America around the middle of January, 1975 with a huge amount of pure cocaine. Mr. Bob Ambroise told me that if I wanted to distribute any of the cocaine once it arrived, I would have to go through the following procedure:

(1) I would have to go to Ambroise and Company Jewelers - Retail, 87 Poplar Street, N. W., and see either himself or Ron Daveney and tell them how much cocaine I wanted. (2) At this point I could either pay for the cocaine or marijuana there or wait until the cocaine or marijuana was delivered by Mr. Earl Sellers. (3) Mr. Ambroise told me that the cocaine was always either picked up by the buyer from Earl Sellers, or delivered by Mr. Earl Sellers to the buyers. With a smile on his face Mr. Ambroise told me that, "all we do here at Ambroise and Company is take the orders, take payments for the orders and count our profits." Mr. Ambroise told me that Mr. Earl Sellers is employed by Fox Photo Inc. which is really owned by Mr. Chris Kametches. Mr. Ambroise said that if Mr. Earl Sellers were accidentally arrested with some cocaine, he wouldn't be connected by the police to him.

That reminds me, in regards to that conversation I had with Mr. Chris Kametches back in December, 1974 regarding the cocaine smuggling operation from South America into El Paso, Texas which his money was backing, I just remembered something. When I asked Mr. Chris Kametches about the possibility of a bust occurring, Mr. Kametches' reply was that this couldn't happen because of the influence which he described to me.

I next asked Mr. Kametches what would happen if an accident were to occur which might cause the operation to be busted like someone getting arrested with the cocaine. Mr. Kametches' reply to that question was that, "In that event, they had a couple of fall guys who would take the bust and not even know fully what was being done to them. Mr. Chris Kametches said that these "fall guys" were Mr. Phil Reed and Mrs. Sandy Reed who is Phil Reed's mother. Mr. Chris Kametches told me that neither Phil Reed or Sandy Reed knew enough about the operation to really hurt them (in reference to Mr. Kametches and the other major people involved) or to cause the entire operation to be busted.

Mr. Kametches said that Sandy Reed was really excellent for "a fall" as she has been arrested in possession of almost an ounce of heroin before." It was because Mr. Kametches was using Phil and Sandy Reed as his "fall guys to take the bust if anything happened" that he told me to go through Mr. George Tock if I wasn't 100% sure of my buyer. If you'll remember when I met Mr. Rick Good and Mr. George Tock on Highway 41 (at the Stake and Ale) to set up the 1½ pounds of cocaine by (using a D.E.A. agent as the buyer) there was a Phil Reed there.

Phil Reed looks to be about 17 years old, has blond hair and was just hanging around while we were discussing the purchase of 1½ pounds of cocaine. This must be the Phil Reed whom Mr. Kametches was speaking of as he didn't serve any useful purpose being at that deal other than to serve as a "fall guy." I don't think he even knew what he was doing there. Since Sandy Reed was busted for heroin, you might be able to locate her or there must be some record of her bust. Perhaps, if you could find her and Phil Reed and talk to them you might could secure their cooperation (but only if it didn't cause them trouble or put them in a worse position - like being killed by "the syndicate." I hope this information proves helpful to you.

Sincerely yours,

P.S. Power to the People!

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 urshed 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 latter 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 Chamblee, 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 Chamblee 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 Gardenhills 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 knew 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

Mexico, as well. After he had gotten to Carta Hoena 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 Kemko 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 Jamaca. 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 Jamaca 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 Jamaca, 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 literally 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 Jamaca, 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, 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. ~~Prabell~~ 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 know.

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 gone 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-

tenced from four to six years at the Federal Youth Center in Ashland, Kentucky. My mother was given a one year probated sentenced. 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 (divorcee) 2502 Ashentree 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.

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. Mullis, 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 could 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 7, 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 these 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.

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The last time that I saw Don Carlos Morales he was working with his attorney in Santiago, Mr. Sergio Guevara Calderon, (McIver 180, 7th Floor, Office 74, Santiago, Chile) to set up a loan sharking operation there in Santiago.

Upon my return to Atlanta I discovered that whoever had stolen my Cashier checks and money orders had never cashed them nor made an attempt to cash them. My mother only received one or two of the dozens of letters which I had written her in Santiago, Chile, and personally mailed myself in the central post office in Santiago.

In my opinion, no one would have reason to steal those checks and money orders and never even attempt to cash them other than the Federal Government. No one would have reason to intercept my mail other than the U. S. Federal Government. Recent news reports have indicated that this sort of thing has been a common practice of the U. S. Government.

After my return to Atlanta I felt that the Watergate affair had sufficiently removed criminal elements within the U. S. Government so that it would be possible for me to work with them. After all, I did have a lot of knowledge about drug trafficking and organized crime. I, therefore, called Mr. Ken Smith and asked him if he could help me get what information I had to the right people in the U. S. Government to set up major arrests of big drug dealers and gangsters.

Mr. Smith telephoned Mr. Durzenski of U. S. Customs, Falls Church, Virginia, and asked him to make arrangements for me to meet Mr. Jack Boldin of the U. S. Treasury Department, Bureau of Customs with an office located at Riverdale, Georgia (office phone 526-7731, home phone 292-4535).

My mother drove me to the Riverdale office where Mr. Boldin and George Schmeaky opened up especially for me on Sundays. We went there several Sunday afternoons and several nights. I gave Mr. Jack Boldin and Mr. George Schmeaky the same names and information I later gave the D.E.A. agents as I spoke to them first.

Since most of the people I knew was either selling drugs or smuggling drugs or both, Mr. Boldin introduced me to Mike Dorsett of the D.E.A. and a Mexican agent who accompanied him whom he called Taco. Mr. Mike Dorsett and "Taco" took me to their downtown office on Houston Street from Mr. Boldin's office as they wanted to employ me as a "special employee" or paid informant. I would be needed to work in an undercover capacity as well as passing on information which I secured.

I was photographed, finger printed and sworn in as a special employee or paid informant there at the D.E.A. office on Houston Street so there is probably still a record there of this if the Federal gangsters (as I refer to them) haven't destroyed the records.

The names I gave the D.E.A. agents and Jack Boldin, George Schmeaky were: (1) Brad Marcello in Denver Colorado (2) Jerry Prokos (3) Mr. Marcello in New Orleans and Mr. Pabbiele (4) Nick Catri in Denver who works with Brad Marcello (5) Wally Eisenberg and Herman and Bill Jackson and Mr. Frank Weber who owns the Trident Nite Club in Los Angeles and many many more gangsters and drug dealers - including Mr. Tommy Rauschenberg of Atlanta.

I rode with Mike Dorsett and other D.E.A. agents for about two weeks at night introducing them to various drug dealers and arranging for them to make buys from these dealers. I then arranged to make a very large purchase of cocaine from Jerry Prokos and Brad Marcello which would have amounted to a huge bust for the D.E.A. agents. I had contacted Brad Marcello over the telephone and he had agreed to sell a large quantity of cocaine plus some heroin (a pound of heroin).

At this time, the D.E.A. agents all of a sudden tell me that I can no longer work with them in an undercover compacity (setting up buyers) as it was against the rules of my parole. They stated they had spoken with my parole officer Mr. Mullis regarding the subject. They said that I could still work as a special employee of the D.E.A. but not in an undercover compacity. They said that I was to gather information for them and pass it back on to them. I told them that I would do this and went about doing just that until I was framed by Jerry Prokos through the D.E.A.

I was very upset and annoyed that I would no longer be allowed to work in an undercover compacity because unless I was arranging to set up drug deals for the government, it would be almost impossible for me to set up a bust. So I again called Mr. Smith and asked if he could get me special permission to work with the Drug Enforcement Administration (D.E.A.) in an undercover compacity in view of the success and progress I was making. Mr. Smith was 90% sure that he could.

I talked with Mike Dorsett many times by phone after this as I was out gathering information which I was passing on to him. He told me to keep in touch with the drug dealers but not to go to their homes or places where there was drugs and report back to him all that I was able to learn. I was doing just that and still awaiting permission to work in an undercover compacity when the agents framed me, arrested me and threw me in jail where I remain to this day.

After I was told that I could no longer work in an undercover compacity (setting up buys for the government) I called Brad Marcello over the phone and informed him that the deal I had arranged to purchase drugs from him was off as my buyer had backed out of the deal. I was instructed by Mike Dorsett of the D.E.A. to do this. I went around telling all the drug dealers I had arranged for the government to purchase drugs from that the deals were off as my buyer had backed down or wouldn't be able to come to Atlanta and various other excuses.

I was still confident that the D.E.A. could make arrangements for me to work in an undercover compacity in view of the buys I had arranged for them to make.

Since I was still a "special employee" of the D.E.A. I decided to go along with Mike Dorsett in his request for me to gather information and pass it on to them so I remained in contact with him by phone. Then Jerry Prokos called me from Los Angeles, California and informed me that he was setting up that art gallery which he and Brad Marcello had told me of when I visited them out in Denver during the summer and he wanted me to supply the art and antiques for them.

I told Jerry Prokos that I would speak with Bill Arnett regarding this and see how many things we could get up for him. I asked Jerry Prokos to call me back in about a week. This agreed to do. I called Bill Arnett in order to see how many things he could get up for me to sell at wholesale prices to Jerry Prokos for their business on the West Coast.

I got a list of some of the first museum quality pieces for Jerry Prokos as I was going to tell him about them when he called back. I also went to see Mr. Steve Mullis, my parole officer, and told him that Mr. Prokos was a big drug dealer, but that he wanted to make a very sizable purchase from me of ancient art and antiques as he was going to open up a business on the West Coast. I further told Mr. Mullis that I already had it arranged with Bill Arnett for him to supply me the pieces I needed to sell to Mr. Prokos and that I would be making a commission off of the sale.

I wanted Mr. Mullis' advice on making this transaction as Mr. Prokos was a major narcotics dealer. After all, Mr. Mullis was my parole officer and I didn't want to do anything whatsoever which was against the law or that wasn't in the spirit of the law. Mr. Mullis felt that it would be all right for me to make the transaction and sell Mr. Prokos objects of art and antiques just so long as I didn't become involved in any of Mr. Prokos' illegal business. Mr. Mullis also suggested that I pass whatever information I learned about any illegal transactions Mr. Prokos were making or was involved in to the D.E.A.

When Prokos called me back I told him what pieces I could sell him and suggested that he come to Atlanta if he was interested. He said that he was. I made it very clear to Mr. Prokos that I was not going to allow him to involve me in any illegal activities as the buyer (the D.E.A.) which I had for his cocaine had backed down on the deal. As far as I knew all which Mr. Prokos was coming to Atlanta for was to purchase antiques for a store which he was opening.

Once Jerry Prokos arrived in Atlanta, I met him at the Regency where he was staying. Upon meeting him there, he told me that he wanted to buy two pounds of cocaine as he had sold out. I told him that I wouldn't help him there as I wanted absolutely nothing to do with drug dealings or any illegal activities. I asked Mr. Prokos if he were drunk or something as "I know that you know people all over the country you can buy drugs from. In fact, I know that you know people right here in Atlanta as Scott Boyd and I have introduced you to numerous drug dealers during your earlier trips here."

"I know for a fact that you know Tommy Rauschenberg as Scott introduced you to him on your first trip to Atlanta after I got out of prison. I also know for a fact that Brad knows Chris Kametches who is the biggest dealer of narcotics and other assorted rackets in the Southeast as well as Jerry Adams."

Jerry Prokos told me that he needed the dope very badly as he was completely sold out and his customers were giving him a hard time. I found this hard to believe as Jerry Prokos had been selling cocaine from the shipment of 54 kilos which Nick Catri had just recently flown back from Carta Moena, Columbia. Needless to say, 54 kilos is a lot of cocaine and I was very suspicious of Mr. Prokos.

Jerry Prokos told me that he was going to go ahead and get the dope from people he knew here in Atlanta and leave me out of the deal since I didn't want any involvement. I told Mr. Prokos that since he was going to be conducting a dope deal that evening and since I didn't want to be involved in it at all, I was going to call Miss Jon Frabbiele, a girl friend, and go to Aunt Charlie's in Buckhead for the evening.

I called Jon Frabbiele and went to Aunt Charles in Buckhead to meet her. Before I left Jerry Prokos I told him that when he finished his business, he could meet me at Aunt Charlie's just so long as he didn't bring any pounds of cocaine with him as I would be with Jon Frabbiele for awhile.

I had originally met Jerry Prokos in Room 1040 at the Hyatt Regency, but I had insisted on going downstairs with him to the restaurant as I felt much better meeting with him in a public place. I left Jerry Prokos for him to take care of his business (buying cocaine) and I went to meet Jon Frabbiele.

When I arrived at Aunt Charlie's in Buckhead, Jon Frabbiele was there waiting for me sitting at a table in the rear of Aunt Charlie's. Scott Boyd was also at Aunt Charlie's with his girlfriend, Barbi Kaplan. Scott Boyd's brother, Chris Boyd is the bar tender at Aunt Charlie's.

I told Scott Boyd that Jerry Prokos was back in town, and Scott said that he would like to see Jerry Prokos before he left town. I told Scott that there was a possibility that Jerry Prokos might drop by there that evening after he finished with some business he was doing in Atlanta.

About an hour or an hour and a half later, Tommy Rauschenberg came into Aunt Charlie's and I spoke to him briefly as I was suppose to gather information for the D.E.A., and also I had known Tommy Rauchenberg for sometime through Scott Boyd.

I was careful not to become involved in anything with Tommy Rauschenberg as he had been one of the people whom I had arranged for the D.E.A. to purchase drugs from before Mike Dorsett had told me that I could no longer work in an undercover capacity, thus making it impossible for the deal to go through with Tommy Rauschenberg.

Because of this, I felt that it was highly possible for Tommy Rauschenberg to be arrested in the near future so I didn't associate very much with him. As I was saying, after Tommy Rauschenberg came into Aunt Charlie's I spoke to him briefly as he came to the table where Jon Frabbiele, Jimmy Boyd, Scott Boyd's brother, Scott Boyd and Jimmy Boyd's girl friend were sitting in the corner. Nothing was mentioned at this time about any drug deal.

About a half an hour later, Jerry Prokos and a colored man, whom I later learned was Special Agent Jerry Chapman, came into Aunt Charlie's. I got up from my seat as did Scott Boyd and Tommy Rauschenberg. Jerry Prokos introduced the colored man who was with him only as "Jerry". After the introductions were over and everyone had greeted Jerry Prokos, Jerry Prokos took Tommy Rauschenberg by the arm and whispered something into his ear which I could not hear as Jerry Prokos had taken Tommy Rauschenberg off to the side.

After Jerry Prokos whispered something into Tommy Rauschenberg's ear, Tommy went to the pay telephone and called someone. While Tommy Rauschenberg was on the telephone, Mr. Jerry Prokos and the colored man "Jerry" went to our table, where Jimmy Boyd and his girl friend, Scott Boyd and Jon Frabbiele and myself were seated. We re-arranged the tables so that Jerry Prokos and his friend could also be seated. Jerry Prokos and his friend sat down and ordered drinks.

When Tommy Rauschenberg was finished with his phone call, he came back to the table where we were seated and motioned for Jerry Prokos and his friend to go out with him which they did. I saw neither Jerry Prokos, Special Agent Jerry Chapman, Scott Boyd or Tommy Rauschenberg for at least 30 minutes after they left as they did not go back inside Aunt Charlie's.

I continued to sit with Jon Frabbiele, Jimmy Boyd and his girl friend after the others had left for about a half an hour. After this time, Jon Frabbiele and I went to her car so that we could have some privacy. After awhile, Jon and I became thirsty so I went to go back into Aunt Charlie's to purchase drinks. On my way back inside, Jerry Prokos stuck his head from inside a truck (van) and called me over to it.

When I went over to the van Jerry Prokos asked me to go into Aunt Charlie's for him and purchase four drinks for them. Since I was going for drinks anyway, I gladly got the other four drinks for Jerry.

I went back outside and gave Jerry Prokos the four drinks and then went back to the car with Jon Frabbiale with our two drinks. More time passes and when I was ready to go back home and go to sleep right before I left I saw that everyone but Jerry Prokos had left Aunt Charlie's. Jerry Prokos told me that he would have to wait until he was finished with buying the cocaine before he could purchase any antiques as he didn't know how much money he would have left.

Again I emphasized the fact that I wanted absolutely nothing to do with the drug dealings or any illegal activities. After speaking with Jerry Prokos I left Aunt Charlie's and went home to my mother's home to go to sleep. Before I left Aunt Charlie's, Jerry Prokos told me that he'll be through with his business by tomorrow night, so that he would know how much money he would have left to spend on art and antiques by then. He urged me to meet him at Aunt Charlie's the following night with photographs and materials.

The second night that Jerry Prokos was in town I went to Aunt Charlie's with my photographs of jade sculptures. When I arrived the second night neither Jerry Prokos or Special Agent Jerry Chapman were there. Scott Boyd, Tommy Rauschenberg, Jimmy Boyd and his girl friend, Jan Beechcamp and Anne Rhett had arrived. I was talking with Jimmy Boyd and his girl friend when Jerry Prokos came in with Special Agent Jerry Chapman.

When Jerry Prokos first walked in I asked him if he had finished his business yet, and he said that he hadn't. I told him that when he was through with his business for him to get with me which he assured me that he would. I sat with him and Special Agent Jerry Chapman for a few moments and showed them photographs of the ancient Chinese jade sculptures.

Tommy Rauschenberg was on the phone at this time and when he got off the telephone at this time and when he got off the phone, he whispered something into the ear of Jerry Prokos and then Jerry Prokos was whispering to Special Agent Jerry Chapman and then Special Agent Jerry Chapman got up and left with Tommy Rauschenberg and Scott Boyd.

The rest of the evening until I was arrested I was sitting with Jimmy Boyd, Jimmy Boyd's girl friend and Anne Rhett at a table with Jerry Prokos. We were not discussing drugs or anything of the sort. I was discussing ancient Chinese jade sculptures and old times, and what mutual friends were doing.

Just moments before Federal D.E.A. agents stormed into Aunt Charlie's Jimmy Boyd got up to use the rest room and his girl friend went to get more drinks or something, leaving just Anne Rhett, myself and Jerry Prokos there. At this time, Jerry Prokos attempted to give me a large amount of money in advance as a down payment for the purchase of ancient Chinese jade sculptures. He also attempted to purchase a black jade and 14K gold bracelet, an antique green jade Ching Dynasty jade amulet and 18K gold chain for more than what they were worth.

I didn't accept this money from Mr. Prokos as I had only photographs of jade sculptures with me and because I felt that Mr. Prokos' behavior was of a highly suspicious nature. There were people there that night who would be willing to testify to this. I now know that Mr. Prokos was attempting to give me marked one hundred dollar notes which would have linked me to that cocaine deal.

At the time of my arrest in Aunt Charlie's I offered absolutely no resistance to the agents of the D.E.A., but yet with handcuffs upon my hands I was beaten by the D.E.A. agents right in front of the front window of Aunt Charlie's so that all who were inside of Aunt Charlie's could see. There were many people there that night who will gladly testify to this, I'm sure. Yet, this is not the full extent of my abuse.

Upon entering Aunt Charlie's these same Federal D.E.A. agents cursed me and called me a faggot; loudly stating such slanderous insults as "Byron, you goddamn faggot! So you want to go back to prison and suck some more dicks and take it in the ass." I was also physically struck inside the establishment of Aunt Charlie's by these same fine representatives of the Federal Government. Furthermore, Agent Bennie Swint, Jr. made the remark very loudly so that all could hear "Come on you goddamn faggot, move it! You're going back to prison to suck some big dicks."

Certainly this is slander, not discounting the fact that I was struck numerous times in a public place. Many girl friends know that I have no unnatural sex drives. These same agents robbed me of over \$70.00. I can prove the manner in which I earned this money which was my Social Security check which I had cashed, some of which I had spent. I can produce people who were there to testify to the fact that I had the money just moments prior to my arrest. Plus, I have the receipt still where I had only \$1.85 when I entered the Fulton County Jail immediately after my arrest.

I shall not fail to mention that upon my arrival at the D.E.A. headquarters in Atlanta, where I was taken first after I was picked up at Aunt Charlie's, agent Bennie Swint, Jr. took me to an office to further search me and "talk to me." Once agent Bennie Swint, Jr. and I were alone in that office, Bennie Swint said to me "Now why don't you call Brad Marcello up and ask him to sell you a pound of heroin. I bet you he won't do it now."

Also, at this time agent Bennie Swint, Jr. removed a black jade and 14K gold bracelet from my arm which I had purchased for cash 12/5/74 and for which I still have my receipt as well as an antique silver malacite ring which I also still have my receipt for where I bought them. I also had in my possession one Chien Lung (ca. 1750 A.D.) white jade amulet of a lock which was buried with the dead to lock their spirits to the earth so that they wouldn't become ghost. These items were never returned to me nor was I given a receipt for them by agent Bennie Swint. There are people who were there at Aunt Charlie's that night who would testify that I was wearing both the malacite ring, black jade and 14K gold bracelet and that I had the Chien Lung jade lock at the time of my arrest. I didn't have any of these articles when I arrived at the Fulton County Jail so I have no receipt for them

from the D.E.A. as I wasn't given one. It is apparent that when officer Bennie Swint, Jr. "talked to me" and searched me privately in an office of the D.E.A. he stole these articles from me. The D.E.A. now deny having these items.

At the Preliminary Hearing Judge Joel Feldman dropped the charges against me because of a note he had received from the D.E.A. stating that I had been working with them providing information on drug trafficking. Harold A. Gold of Nadler and Gold (Suite 1710, Rhodes-Haverty Bldg., 134 Peachtree St., Atlanta) represented me at the Preliminary Hearing.

I was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury on the charge of conspiring to distribute six ounces of cocaine on March 6th. I was charged with conspiracy to sell and distribute 10 ounces of cocaine at the Preliminary Hearing at which the charges were dropped. What happened to the four missing ounces of cocaine?

The original charges against us was conspiracy to sell and distribute 10 ounces of cocaine and by the time the charges reached the Grand Jury, it's only 6 ounces. Now here is a surprise, while Tommy Rauschenberg was in jail with me, he told me that he had sold Special Agent Jerry Chapman 2 lbs of cocaine that night and Scott Boyd agreed with Tommy Rauschenberg as to this fact - that it was 2 lbs of cocaine that Tommy Rauschenberg sold - not 6 ounces as the charges stand now and not 10 ounces as the charges were at the Preliminary Hearing.

What happened to the rest of the cocaine which the agents seized, Tommy Rauschenberg has been sentenced to seven years in Federal prison with no parole, so he will probably be willing to testify as to the amount of cocaine which he sold to Special Agent Jerry Chapman the night of his arrest.

Mr. Harold A. Gold who represented me at the Preliminary Hearing was an attorney for the Public Defenders office. William Scott Boyd was in the Fulton County Jail with me and was discussing with me the possibility of having Harold Gold represent him in this case. Jimmy Boyd, Scott Boyd's brother told my mother over the telephone that they were going to pay Mr. Gold to represent Scott Boyd. Shortly after this conversation occurred, Mr. Gold dropped my case completely.

While in jail Scott Boyd wrote a letter to Mr. Bernard Fensterwald stating that I had absolutely nothing to do with the sale or distribution of the cocaine for which I had been charged. Scott Boyd also indicated in his letter to Mr. Fensterwald that I was being framed by Jerry Prokos, as I had absolutely nothing to do with that dope deal.

Later, I was told that Mr. Gold took Scott Boyd before a closed session of the Federal Grand Jury on March 6, 1975 where Scott Boyd testified that I set the whole cocaine deal up. I was told that Scott Boyd did this because Mr. Gold had promised him that he would receive a light sentence by so doing. My trial is set for April 14, 1975, 10:00 A.M. in the Old Post Office Bldg., Room 318, Judge James C. Hill, later changed to Judge Edenfeld.