





# DAVID FERRIE

**Mafia Pilot, Participant in  
Anti-Castro Bioweapon Plot,  
Friend of Lee Harvey Oswald and  
Key to the JFK Assassination**

**JUDYTH VARY BAKER**

*Author of*

*ME & LEE – HOW I CAME TO KNOW, LOVE AND LOSE LEE HARVEY OSWALD*

Foreword by **JESSE VENTURA**

DAVID FERRIE: MAFIA PILOT, PARTICIPANT IN ANTI-CASTRO BIO-WEAPON PLOT, FRIEND OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD AND KEY TO THE JFK ASSASSINATION

COPYRIGHT © 2014 JUDYTH VARY BAKER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Published by: Trine Day LLC  
PO Box 577  
Waltersville, OR 97489  
1-800-556-2012  
www.TrineDay.com  
publisher@TrineDay.net

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013937963

Baker, Judyth Vary.  
David Ferrie—1st ed.

p. cm.

Includes index and references.

Epub (ISBN-13) 978-1-937584-55-9

Mobi (ISBN-13) 978-1-937584-56-6

Print (ISBN-13) 978-1-937584-54-2

1. Ferrie, David William -- 1918-1967. 2. Kennedy, John F. -- (John Fitzgerald), -- 1917-1963 -- Assassination. 3. Baker, Judyth Vary. 4. Oswald, Lee Harvey -- 1939-1963. 4. Assassination -- Investigation -- Louisiana -- New Orleans. I. Baker, Judyth Vary. II. Title

First Edition

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in the USA

Distribution to the Trade by:  
Independent Publishers Group (IPG)  
814 North Franklin Street  
Chicago, Illinois 60610  
312.337.0747  
www.ipgbook.com

## Publisher's Foreword

This is a book like no other, written by an author like no other. We are all extremely lucky for the pluck and courage of Judyth Vary Baker. She is a first-person witness, her understanding goes beyond what can be read in books and documents. She knew and worked with David Ferrie. She met Clay Shaw, Jack Ruby, Carlos Marcello, Guy Banister, and others that sultry summer in New Orleans.

She was nineteen in 1963, and alone, having arrived in town early for her work with famed surgeon and cancer pioneer Dr. Alton Ochsner. Then a “chance” meeting changed her life forever. Judyth met a handsome young ex-Marine, Lee Harvey Oswald. They were soon working together, and later became lovers, even though both were married. It's a long story, and is told in her book, *Me & Lee: How I Came to Know, Love and Lose Lee Harvey Oswald*. We published that book in 2010, after several years of vetting her story and her abundant archive of documentation.

That her story was published by our small company speaks volumes about the state of our Fourth Estate. Most of our “free press” has been captured by what is currently being called the “Deep State,” the same forces that murdered John Fitzgerald Kennedy in November of 1963. Is it any wonder that Judyth's story has been suppressed?

But then this is nothing new. After Judyth's kids were grown-up and out of the home in the late 1990s, and she began to tell her story, Judyth was contacted by *60 Minutes*. They checked out her story and had her in make-up, lights on, and in front of cameras ... when they were stopped. Don Hewitt, legendary executive producer and the man who created *60 Minutes* had this to say about Judyth's tale: “I brought that woman to New York ... Gloria and I were convinced we were about to break the biggest story of our times ... The door was slammed in our face...”

This left Judyth in limbo and open to attack. And attacked she was: her credibility, her sanity, her work, her friends ... her life. We became aware of Judyth through author Ed Haslam, when Trine-

Day published his astounding book *Dr. Mary's Monkey* in 2007. Judyth was living overseas, after too many “accidents,” lost jobs, and attacks on friends and family. Ed Haslam approached us about publishing her book, and we soon received her manuscript and documentation. We were overwhelmed: there were bus tickets, trolley stubs, receipts with lipstick kisses, newspaper articles, W-2s, and, most amazing, her pay stubs from Reily Coffee Company, where she and Lee worked together – hired the same day! There were many other eye-popping items.

We asked her to come to the States for the release of her book, she wouldn't, she had been “pushed out” into too many intersections. She was afraid. Most of her friends from 1963 New Orleans were dead, many murdered. Finally with the release of her book in soft cover, we were able to get Judyth to come to North America, she came to Toronto in 2011. We celebrated Lee Oswald's birthday and were pleasantly surprised with actual news coverage: newspapers, TV, radio and Internet. Of course it didn't translate into coverage in the States, but it was a welcome change from the usual stonewall. There was hope, and Judyth began looking ahead. We started to talk about a book on David Ferrie. Judyth knew Dave, she was his friend. They spent time together, working and talking. She saw him interact with the world.

Once she started to look into Ferrie's life she found that there were many untruths and misunderstandings being promoted on the Internet. Judyth saw it as her duty to refute those claims, and give readers and researchers a place to start an honest discussion of Dave Ferrie: who he was, what he did, who he knew, and who he was working for.

Ferrie's life was not an open book, and there are many, sometimes opposing, tales told. We have used typesetting devices to try to present clearly Judyth's testimony, rebuttal and research into this fascinating individual. We hope this book helps us all along our journey of discovery – towards the truth.

Onwards to the Utmost of Futures,  
Peace,

Kris Millegan  
Publisher  
TrineDay  
September 10, 2014

*That, of course, is the great secret of the successful fool – that he is no fool at all.*

– Isaac Asimov, *Guide to Shakespeare*.





# Dedication

To all my dear friends and supporters: I'd attempted to make a list to acknowledge all the faithful supporters, friends, witnesses, and champions of this Just Cause, but it would fill pages. Even then, it would surely be incomplete, as our ranks grow daily. Instead, I humbly dedicate this book to all of you, with particular gratitude to the people of New Orleans, without whose help, knowledge and kindness, this book would not be possible. The task to clear Lee Oswald's name has been a difficult one, but because of you (though I may not live to see it), I am now certain that Lee's standing as a true patriot and hero will be recognized and that the government's role in letting the CIA and Mafia kill Kennedy – then covering up the evil deed – will be acknowledged in tomorrow's history books. *David Ferrie: Mafia Pilot* supplants and clarifies many aspects of the Kennedy assassination that could not be fully addressed in *Me & Lee*. David Ferrie's tormented life was a very important one. This book exposes the methods used by the government, the media and associated specialists in deception to keep the truth about Dave – and about the Kennedy assassination – from being understood. We have a useful yardstick to measure how corrupt our government is and how extensively our media is controlled: just ask yourself, "What do they say about the Kennedy assassination?" Meanwhile, we still have work to do, and I am grateful that because of your courageous support, I do not stand alone. God bless you all.



# Foreword

**I**n Homer's *The Odyssey*, it takes Ulysses ten years to find his way home from the Trojan War. In this epic journey he encounters storms, sorceresses, sirens, monsters, cannibals, and even descends into Hades to consult the spirits of the dead. Eventually, he is reunited with his true love, Penelope, and regains his kingdom of Ithaca.

No such closure has been achieved in the fifty years and counting since the assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Despite tireless efforts by modern heroes – who dare to reveal the truth – and others, the murderous monsters, the sorcerers of deception, the sirens of spin, and cannibals of history have kept us in a sea of confusion and mutual doubt. This storm of controversy has made certain that the shore of truth always remains just out of reach. And the tide of time washes away the interest of the great majority.

Still, our modern Ulysses' persevere.

One of them, possibly the bravest, is Judyth Vary Baker. When I served as a Navy Seal our missions were dangerous but straightforward. Take out the enemy, rescue the princess, and go home. But people like Judy must combat a far more elusive and influential foe. She has taken on the weight of official history and suffered the consequences for such daring folly.

I read her first book, *Me and Lee*, with a healthy amount of initial doubt. Here was a woman claiming to have been Lee Oswald's friend and lover in the six months leading up to JFK's murder, four decades and more after the event. But as the story unfolded and she brought forth facts and documents to back up her claims, I was forced to conclude that this was no charlatan or madwoman hoping to cash in on some Anastasia-like fantasy. To date, none of the conspiracy deniers have been able to disprove her assertions. And believe me, they have tried.

This new book strikes me as a perfect companion to the first. Like Ulysses, Ms. Baker has descended into Hades, and exhumed the spirit of David Ferrie, a man who was privy to the machinations of those who perpetrated our democracy's demise. Unlike other contemporary writers, she knew the man personally, in all his brilliance, eccentricity, decadence and deceit. She experienced his great loyalty along with the pain engendered by his chronic physical suffering and spiritual torment. I respect the man now as a patriotic American who was caught in the inferno of Cold War politics.

Most people know Ferrie only from the character sketched out admirably by Joe Pesci in *JFK*. For those who would dig deeper into this man's fascinating life, and his role in the events leading to what happened in November 1963, Baker's book is the place to go.

I congratulate Kris Millegan and his crew at TrineDay for another courageous stab at the windmill of mass-media indifference. On, to Ithaca!

Jesse Ventura  
September 9, 2014

# Table of Contents

Dedication .....	vii
Foreword.....	ix
Preface – The Clown Who Wouldn’t Cry .....	1
Introduction – Last Calls .....	29
1) Origins and Early Years .....	35
2) Taking Off .....	49
3) David Ferrie Meets Lee Oswald .....	67
4) Dear Fr. Ferrie ... ..	73
5) David Ferrie’s Strange, Clandestine World.....	79
6) David Ferrie Meets Dr. Sherman.....	95
7) JFK Inherits Cuba .....	107
8) David Ferrie – Bishop And Defrocked Priest .....	133
9) A Ruined Reputation .....	149
10) The New Orleans Project.....	185
11) I Join the Team.....	201
12) Countdown.....	239
13) Clinton and Jackson.....	271
14) Final Days – Then Exile.....	287
15) The End Game .....	319
16) The End of the Republic.....	335
17) Nowhere to Hide .....	371
18) The Final Days.....	413
19) A Few Last Words .....	437
Appendices .....	453
Index .....	511



## PREFACE

# The Clown Who Wouldn't Cry

*If anybody ever asks you if I have anything to do with anti-Castro matters anymore, the answer is always, "No." If anybody asks you if I have ever been associated with the CIA, the answer is always, "No." You can say I help out with the FBI from time to time. That's okay. But to my boys, and everybody else, I'm just a sex fiend, a drinking buddy, and a pilot. Let's keep it that way. Of course, I'm just joking. Life is a joke.*

—David William Ferrie

**D**avid William Ferrie is one of the most mysterious and bizarre characters associated with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Dave told me his parents wanted “to offer their firstborn son to God, just as Abraham offered Isaac on the altar” by making him a Catholic priest. “I especially disappointed my mother,” he told me. “Spectacularly.” By the end of his life, Dave was as far from an ordained priest as one could possibly get. He was a legal advisor for New Orleans Mafia Don, Carlos Marcello, a pilot for several Mafia families, a failed gas station owner, and the disappointed lover of teenage boys and young men. He also became known as a suspect in the Kennedy assassination.

His name hit the newspapers in 1967 and, soon after asking District Attorney Jim Garrison’s investigators to protect him, Dave was found dead in his bed. The coroner ruled that his death was from natural causes, but you will find other evidence in these pages. Dave was my friend. I knew him from April 1963 through late 1963, when, for our mutual safety, Dave called to say he could never speak to me again. I believe he saved my life.

I first learned of the notorious David Ferrie at the tender age of nineteen, on April 26, 1963, the same day I met Lee Harvey Oswald, the falsely accused assassin of President John F. Kennedy. Lee and I met at a post office in the violent and romantic city of

New Orleans. Utterly unknown to me, at the time, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) was working with the Mafia in efforts to kill Cuba's Communist leader, Fidel Castro. Trained by the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) and loaned to the CIA for undercover operations, Lee was a bridge between the Mafia and the CIA because his family was closely associated with mob chieftain Carlos Marcello. Marcello's influence stretched across the Southern US, with New Orleans and Dallas firmly in his grip.

When I first met Dave, he was already aware that President Kennedy was in grave danger. JFK was hated for his courageous defiance of the CIA, and his interference with banking and oil interests, the military-industrial complex, secret societies, and organized crime. At the same time, Kennedy resisted going to war, infuriating his generals and breaking so-called promises to the anti-Castro rebels who had been activated by the previous administration and were inherited by Kennedy. How Dave knew that, and how he became involved, exposes the hateful underbelly of the assassination.

Today, many believe Kennedy was removed from office by a coup d'état, using CIA assets and teams of Mafia hit men from the US and elsewhere. Many honest researchers also agree that Oswald was framed. But in 2013, during the fiftieth year 'anniversary', the major media ignored these heavily researched conclusions, again and again blaming only Lee. It was once more, "Oswald acted alone."

The preponderance of evidence points to this scenario: Elements within the CIA and the Mafia were allowed to kill Kennedy, with the co-operation of the Secret Service, all the while aided and protected by the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover, and with the approval of the military-industrial complex





When Lyndon B. Johnson placed his hand on JFK's Catholic Missal aboard Air Force One, gave the oath of office, then turned his head to smile at a winking Texas crony, Albert Thomas, our nation changed forever.

The murder and cover-up was backed by a cartel of Kennedy-haters, closely linked to government, who financially benefited. LBJ cooperated and protected the killers, because: (1) he knew that he, also, could have been killed that dark Friday, and (2) had Kennedy lived, LBJ would probably have been indicted by the Senate's Rules Committee for corruption.<sup>1</sup> A prison sentence was likely. The choice must have seemed clear to Johnson.

### CARLOS MARCELLO

Marcello hated JFK and his crusading brother, Bobby, who tried to Mrid America of organized crime. Bobby had a special disdain for Marcello, who sneered at him and his brother during hearings conducted by the Senate Racket Committee in 1959. Using his power as Attorney General, Bobby was determined to end Marcello's career. As for Marcello, after the Kennedy assassination, he would brag that he cut the head off the dog to stop the tail from bothering him.<sup>2</sup>

Marcello pretended he'd been born in Guatemala, in order to avoid deportation to Sicily (or, worse, to Tunisia, where he'd actually been born). But his faked Guatemalan passport and visa to the US didn't fool Bobby Kennedy; so, in the fall of 1963, Marcello sent his pilot, David Ferrie, to Guatemala several times to create evidence to back up his fake birth certificate.

Marcello's real name was Calogers Minacore. The six-month visa to the USA, shown here, expiring September 15, 1961, was issued in Guatemala. Since it claimed that Marcello was a citizen of Guatemala, the visa was used on April 4, 1961 as an excuse by Robert Kennedy to deport his nemesis back to his 'native' country.



That's when Marcello's clash with Bobby Kennedy first came to a boil. The so-called tomato salesman (with U.S. military contracts) was handcuffed when he reported to his parole officer in New Orleans. Marcello found himself a piece of cargo on a plane to Guatemala. With him was his attorney, Mike Maroun.

Marcello was treated well in Guatemala, where his "tomato" business flourished, so Bobby Kennedy sent agents to change that. They snatched Marcello and Maroun and hauled them by truck deep into the Honduran jungles, where they were thrown down a steep cutoff, and expected to die. In 2000, Marcello's granddaughter, Tricia, wrote to me: "Imagine! Two overweight dagos, stumbling through the jungles for three days, with broken ribs and twisted ankles!" After reaching Honduras' capital city, Tegucigalpa, they slept for two solid days. Mike Maroun then flew back to New Orleans, where he "arranged things." Florida's Mafia chieftain, Santos Trafficante, was also probably involved. A commercial airline supposedly returned Marcello to the USA. But Tricia (and others) told me that David Ferrie flew Marcello to Miami from the remote spot where he'd been dropped off in the Everglades, thanks to Trafficante, after which Little Man made himself visible in Texas.



May 28, 1968, Laredo, Texas: Carlos Marcello, left, leaves a trial session at federal court with his attorney, Mike Maroun. Marcello had been arrested for assaulting an FBI agent at an airport.

Researcher Tom Jones summarized the situation: "To say the least, the actions of Kennedy had been arguable. He had deported Carlos on the basis of a known forged birth certificate.... Marcello was deeply offended by his treatment. Years later he told a congressional committee, "They just snatched me ... actually kidnapped me." He never forgave Kennedy and to his close friends swore vengeance against the man for the way he had been treated."<sup>3</sup>

Researcher Tom Jones summarized the situation: "To say the least, the actions of Kennedy had been arguable. He had deported Carlos on the basis of a known forged birth certificate.... Marcello was deeply offended by his treatment. Years later he told a congressional committee, "They just snatched me ... actually kidnapped me." He never forgave Kennedy and to his close friends swore vengeance against the man for the way he had been treated."<sup>3</sup>

On Nov. 1, 1963, only 21 days before Kennedy's assassination, Marcello paid David Ferrie, by then his family's pilot and legal advisor, \$7000 for his legal services in the long, ongoing deportation trial. The sum was about \$65,000 in today's funds.<sup>4</sup> That trial ended at 2:30 PM CST, a mere hour and a half after Kennedy died, with acquittal assured through a bribed jury. Marcello's revenge was exquisite. In Washington, DC, Bobby was advised that his brother was dead. Next, Bobby was told that Marcello was holding a victory

party in New Orleans. The Mafia Don had kicked sand in Bobby's face and taken over the beach.

Tricia Marcello's story that her grandfather was grateful for Dave's help is buttressed by the fact that Marcello, who despised homosexuals, nevertheless made sure Dave got on the payroll via a job with his attorney, G. Wray Gill in March 1962, six months after Dave lost his job with Eastern Air Lines. By then, Dave was in financial trouble. That same month, Dr. Alton Ochsner's get-Castro project, eventually involving a ring of labs, began operations, with Dr. Mary Sherman as coordinator. On cue,<sup>5</sup> Dave moved into his apartment at 3330 East Louisiana Parkway, close to the lab animals needed for Ochsner's project. He was now located just minutes by bus from Dr. Mary Sherman's apartment.

### DR. OCHSNER AND DR. SHERMAN BEGIN "THE PROJECT"

The date of March 23, 1962 is important. It's the day that Ochsner's and Sherman's research, trying to find a cure for a virulent cancer-causing monkey virus, morphed into a dedicated project to create a biological weapon to kill Fidel Castro.<sup>6</sup> It was the same day Ochsner distanced himself from his longtime friend, Clay Shaw, removing him from a position at International House where Shaw had held important positions for over nine years alongside Ochsner. Shaw would thus be ready to quietly assist his old friend in Ochsner's project to get Castro, as I would soon learn for myself. By May 1963, I had been influenced to join this team, which was compartmentalized so that I never knew the names of all who were involved.

Meanwhile, Dave kept his day job with G. Wray Gill, with frequent forays to Guy Banister's office, serving as a handy link between Banister's FBI connections and the Mafia. Both sides wanted Castro dead. By May, 1963, Dr. Mary Sherman, Lee Harvey Oswald and I would be working together with Dave, and an array of doctors and scientists who were isolated from each other. The labs were in a ring – I saw initials in log-books, and sign-off sheets – but I never met everyone involved. Isolating us from each other was essential to keeping "The Project" secret.

Dr. Alton Ochsner could do almost anything he liked when it came to personal research projects, which he could easily keep secret. He was the popular CEO of both the Ochsner Foundation



Dr. Alton Ochsner



Dr. Mary Sherman

and the Ochsner Clinic. As CEO of International House (along with Clay Shaw) Ochsner worked closely with Shaw's International Trade Mart, which had strong anti-communist interests throughout Latin America. Ochsner, who was fiercely anti-communist, enjoyed close ties to almost every important leader in Latin America. This made him useful to the CIA. Ochsner also helped run INCA – the Information Council of the Americas, which sent anti-communist broadcasts and literature across Latin America. Ochsner was my personal mentor and sponsor. I practically worshiped him. As for David Ferrie, Ochsner was using his many talents as an untraceable asset in what would prove to be Ochsner's most important and dangerous anti-communist project – his attempt to kill Fidel Castro.

Lee first introduced Dave to me as "Dr. Ferrie," but New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison would call Ferrie something else – a

prime suspect in the Kennedy assassination. The only thing that stopped Garrison from learning more was Dave's sudden and oh-so-convenient death, five days after his name got into the papers in 1967. But, thanks largely to Garrison, the House



David Ferrie as I knew him.

Select Committee on Assassinations (HSCA) was able to access evidence linking the Mafia pilot to Lee Oswald and suspects such as Clay Shaw. The HSCA learned that New Orleans was a hotbed of subversive activities against Kennedy, and (way too late) finally acknowledged the Mob's influence there and in Dallas. The HSCA, hampered by withheld evidence and lies thanks to the CIA and FBI, nevertheless determined that a conspiracy occurred – a conspiracy they failed to look further into because their time limit as a committee was expiring!

Amazingly, the U.S. government ignored the HSCA's recommendation to reopen the case. The Warren Commission's declaration that Oswald was a lone gunman was now highly questionable, but on every anniversary of the Kennedy assassination, a flood of television specials and newspaper articles nevertheless state as indisputable fact that Oswald acted alone and that there was no conspiracy. On the 50th anniversary, 38 of 39 television specials repeat the old lies, with only the Travel Channel offering up-to-date

evidence that questions Oswald's guilt. The result has been that the TV and news media have lost the trust of a whole generation of young Americans, who have accessed the truth on the Internet and realized that they were being lied to. Their acid comments to CNN, ABC, NBC, Fox, etc., were overwhelmingly negative. "You must think we're idiots!" was a typical response.

## RESEARCHER BIAS AND WITNESS BIAS

**W**e who knew David Ferrie have varying opinions of him. So do the researchers who have pieced together information about Dave, sometimes selecting only what best fits their theories, or what supports the government's official story that Dave was not involved in the Kennedy assassination and was nobody special. One such researcher, rightly known as a "Ferrie specialist," is Stephen Roy, who also posts as "David Blackburn," though most are not aware that he posts as two different people. He earned the title of "Ferrie expert" due to his years of research. Several years ago, Roy wrote, "I've been studying him in detail for more than 30 years. Sometimes, I think I've found the real Ferrie, but sometimes I'm not sure."<sup>7</sup>

For decades, Mr. Roy promised researchers that he was going to publish a book about Dave. Mr. Roy has one troubling specialty: he is a top expert in sound-and-media editing, and as such, he can create whatever sound bytes he wishes from his many recorded interviews.

Had Mr. Roy released his interviews to other researchers, there wouldn't be a problem with the book's delay. But Mr. Roy has kept all his interviews to himself, promising "everything" when his long-awaited book is published. Mr. Roy, who is younger than almost all of us who knew Dave, has already outlived some of the witnesses he's recorded.

What troubles me is that Mr. Roy not only refused to receive copies of Dave's lectures that I offered to send him, but he also refused to meet me. Worse, he told researchers I refused to meet *him*, which Dr. Howard Platzman immediately refuted, since Mr. Roy also avoided meeting Dr. Platzman to talk about me. Though Mr. Roy wrote emails to Dr. Platzman and me between 1999 and 2004, it became clear that he was determined to do everything he could to discredit me, even though he claimed to others he was treating me fairly and without bias.

Another problem is his interview methodology. When Mr. Roy told me and Dr. Platzman that he had gathered many witnesses, who met together when he recorded their statements, alarm bells went off. I told him witnesses should not be allowed to meet and talk together.

They shouldn't even know who the other witnesses are. Which one would blurt out the misbehavior – or the lie – of another witness, when they know who is present, who might talk, who could become angry, when it came out in print? In addition, exposure to each other could also help them to “correct” their memories. I could see the consequences, as they talked to each other: “Oh, yeah, that’s right – I forgot about *that!* Oh, Dave did *that*, did he? Wow, that explains why he ...” and so on. Mr. Roy’s response was that they already knew each other. With this violation of research methodology in mind, Mr. Roy’s statements that “all” his witnesses agree on this-or-that particular point – as he has published on sundry occasions – means little.

In order to help the reader decide whether Mr. Roy’s recordings and conclusions can be trusted in their entirety, I have placed Mr. Roy’s quotations about various events in David Ferrie’s life, along with quotes from myself and others, prominently in this book.

### MAN OF A DOZEN FACES

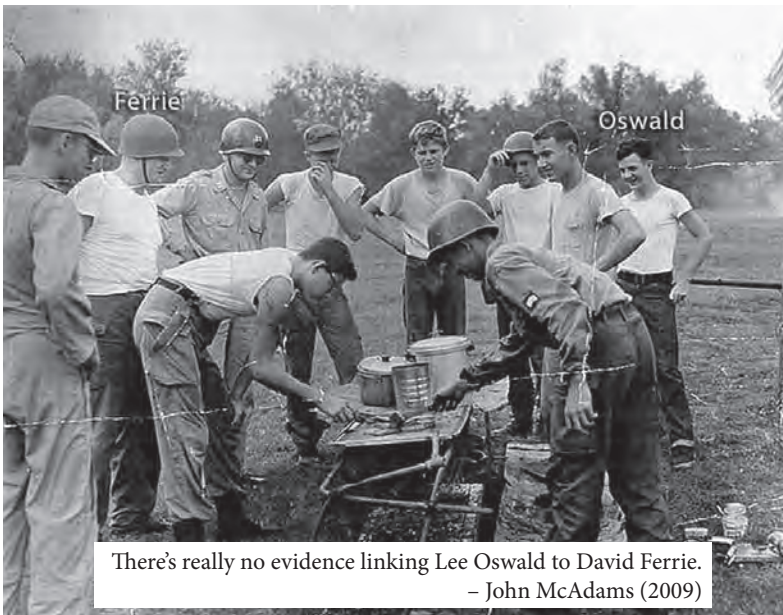
Dave put on different faces for different people. Some women even saw him as holy, noting that he said his rosary in his office. He kindly assisted many in need, whether male or female, and was generous with his time and his planes. He was known as a psychologist, a shyster, a politician, or a pilot who had been everywhere and seen everything. To his Civil Air Patrol cadets, he was a counselor, a scientist, a soldier, a survival expert. His loyal Civil Air Patrol cadets thrilled to giddy rides in his training planes, esoteric field trips, and exciting excursions into swamps and wilderness. Many cadets followed Dave when he left an “official” CAP organization in a huff, to form their own unauthorized Civil Air Patrol. When stories of sexual misconduct, beer parties and other problems arose in the renegade patrol, worried parents learned that it wasn’t legally chartered, and Ferrie got himself into a pile of trouble. In tolerant New Orleans, the wanna-be priest was soon linked to sexual misconduct with his cadets that even in the Big Easy went way too far.

To Cuban exiles, Dave was an anti-communist guerrilla trainer, a tactical specialist, a munitions expert and a daring pilot whose homosexual activities got him thrown out of its mainstream organizations. To the police, he was a leader of teens who became a disgraced child molester. They often looked the other way because of his close association with Carlos Marcello, their real boss when the chips were down. But who was the real David Ferrie? I saw so many of his many faces.<sup>8</sup>

Bias has always been a nagging problem in Kennedy assassination studies. Even today, the media would still like to say that Dave Ferrie and Lee Oswald never met, even after the HSCA collected witness statements that Ferrie and Oswald knew each other in the Civil Air Patrol:

For example:

**Jerry Paradis**, a corporate attorney and a former New Orleans Lakefront Civil Air Patrol Unit Recruit Instructor, told the HSCA: "I specifically remember Oswald. I can remember him clearly, and Ferrie was heading the unit then. I'm not saying they may have been together, I'm saying it's a certainty." One FBI report states that Oswald attended sixteen meetings at the Lakefront unit, as well as at least one party at David Ferrie's house.<sup>9</sup>



*"No! No! They never met!"* WC defenders insisted. But then, in 1993, the TV program *Frontline* provided us with this photo showing Ferrie (first helmet from left) and Lee Oswald (far right).

At this CAP Bivouac, approx. July 27, 1955, Lee is 15 ½ years old. In just 16 months, he will join the Marines. David Ferrie is one of the instructors in the photo.<sup>10</sup> Lee Oswald is wearing a white t-shirt. A typical search-and-rescue bivouac lasted a weekend and included hands-on courses such as knot-tying and survival techniques, as well as drills in search-and-rescue operations.<sup>11</sup>

Mr. Roy expressed great surprise when this photo was released, despite all the important data he had collected about David Ferrie.

It's a fact that Dave's biography would be shorter and less accurate without many of Mr. Roy's contributions. But frankly, since he considers me to be a non-witness,<sup>12</sup> it's hard for me to properly appreciate what he has done. I do try.

### JACK MARTIN AND LAYTON MARTENS – THE LIBRARY CARD, AND FALSE WITNESSES

**I**n May 1963 I was placed in a unique position. For months, I had worked in Dave's apartment two or three afternoons a week, mostly while he was out at work, but sometimes when he was present. A few times, we spent considerably more time there, especially as The Project hit its peak after I left my cover job at Reily Coffee Company, where both Lee and I had very convenient and "flexible" employment. In the process, Dave and I had to deal with each other's radical beliefs and idiosyncrasies.

Throughout, Dave shielded me from notable encounters with his male friends, (see *Me & Lee* for details). Even so, I eventually met several of his friends and acquaintances. Only one was hostile – the alcoholic private detective, political writer, artist and sometime-cleric, Jack S. Martin. "Jackass Martin" was also David Lewis' best friend. David Lewis worked on and off for Guy Banister, often as Martin's sidekick. "Sam Spade" as we called him (there were so many 'Davids' around), played classic piano and a good game of chess. David, his wife Anna, and Lee and I did some double dating in New Orleans. Anna went on film in 2000 in New Orleans to tell the world all about that. She confirmed the close ties between her husband, Jack Martin, and their employer, former FBI Red Raider Guy Banister, a racist with ties to Bobby Kennedy, the FBI, CIA and Mafia in anti-Castro affairs in New Orleans.



Jack S. Martin



David Lewis



Anna Lewis



Lewis spent more time with Jack Martin than he did with his wife Anna. Dave called the two of them “the comedy team of Martin and Lewis.” I met Jack Martin on the last day he dared show up at Dave’s place – to spy on Dave’s last party until late August. David Lewis was at his side.

Jack Suggs, AKA Martin, was also a stool pigeon and private investigator for Guy Banister. He is more important in the case than most realize.<sup>13</sup> The night of the assassination, Martin informed authorities that David Ferrie was responsible for teaching Lee Harvey Oswald how to shoot. He also said David Ferrie’s library card was found in Lee Harvey Oswald’s possession.<sup>14</sup> Lee’s name was already in the news by then as “Kennedy’s assassin.” Researchers make much of Martin’s call from his hospital bed on Nov. 23 to media, laying blame on David Ferrie for Lee Oswald’s so-called violent ways, but in fact, he had talked to the police the previous evening, after being pistol-whipped by Guy Bannister not long after JFK was shot. Did he want to bring charges against Banister for that? No – but he did want to talk about David Ferrie. At 8:32 PM an FBI report emerged about David knowing the accused assassin, Lee Oswald.

“According to Martin, Banister said something to which Martin replied, ‘What are you going to do – kill me like you all did Kennedy?’ An angry Banister pistol-whipped Martin with his .357 magnum revolver.”<sup>15</sup> Martin had to be taken to Charity hospital with serious head injuries. The incident is shown in the opening minutes of Oliver Stone’s influential film, *JFK*.

Martin, wanting revenge, knew that Dave Ferrie and Guy Banister were close allies. They could both get in trouble if he said the right things. He hoped Dave would get arrested if a rumor went round that Dave’s library card had been found on Oswald. But even as Jack Martin was making his phone calls and accusations, others did their best to whitewash Dave, perhaps to save themselves from suspicion by investigators, perhaps because they feared Dave’s anger, but most likely because they truly liked Dave and knew Jack Martin would do anything to get Dave in trouble.

The matter of the library card involves not one, but two such cards –one of which happened to be in my possession. It’s a key example of how complicated things can get, making it difficult to sort truth from fiction. Mine was no ordinary public library card. It was actually a medical library card: it could be traced back to the secret project that Dave Ferrie, Lee Oswald, Dr. Mary Sherman and I had been working on, under Dr. Alton Ochsner, because it had been

issued by Ochsner Clinic to provide a means of entry to the area's medical libraries, which were off-limits for ordinary persons.

Researcher Michael T. Griffith summarized how Dave found out about the library card: "According to an FBI report, G. W. Gill, an attorney for Mafia kingfish Carlos Marcello and Santos Trafficante, told David Ferrie's roommate, Layton Martens, that when Oswald was arrested by the Dallas police, Oswald was carrying a library card with Ferrie's name on it. The report was based on an interview with Martens himself."<sup>16</sup>

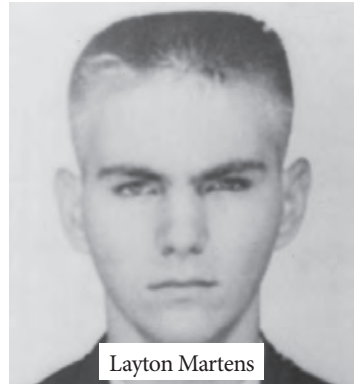


G. Wray Gill

G. Wray Gill was the Mafia's most important local attorney. He was also David Ferrie's main employer in 1962-1963. When Gill learned what Jack Martin was telling authorities from his hospital bed, he called Ferrie's apartment, where Layton Martens, a temporary live-in, answered the phone. Martens had previously been involved in morals charges because of Ferrie. He had also assisted Ferrie in stealing munitions from a Schlumberger bunker in a CIA-sponsored raid, and now would go on record lying for him.

As one Internet article reads, "... Ferrie met Layton when they were in the Civil Air Patrol around 1960. Layton was also involved with Ferrie in supplying weapons to anti-Castro factions in 1961. Garrison tried to bring this out during Layton's Grand Jury testimony but Layton was evasive. Later all charges were dropped..."<sup>17</sup>

Martens told the world that David Ferrie was a fine, upstanding man. He told that story to the end of his life. Decades after the assassination, Martens told researcher A. J. Weberman that Dave (who was arrested in 1961 for "crimes against nature") was "just your basic, good American."<sup>18</sup> Sometimes Martens told the truth: in 1963, he told the FBI that Dave Ferrie was "a great admirer of President Kennedy."<sup>19</sup> I don't know if Dave ever told Martens his secret feelings about JFK, or if Martens was just trying to protect Dave yet again, because at a party I attended, Dave posed as a Kennedy-hater right before my eyes. Only in private did Dave explain himself – that he couldn't get



Layton Martens

the latest information about Kennedy's enemies if he sang out "Hail to the Chief."

Dave was absolutely frantic when he learned that Jack Martin had told authorities that Lee Oswald was carrying his "library card." Dave's public library card, which had expired earlier in the year, was probably still in his wallet. But that wasn't the right one. He was worried about a medical library card that might have been found in Lee Oswald's wallet! His fears skyrocketed because he'd asked Lee to give the card to me. Had David Lewis – Jack Martin's best friend who was also Lee's friend *seen Lee with that card?* Dave assumed that he must have. Now Jackass Martin was using the card as a way to get Ferrie linked to the accused assassin, and arrested.

Since I had been forced to leave town, and was now working at a prestigious laboratory in Gainesville, Florida, Dave had assumed I gave the card back to Lee. Busy as Dave was, he, too, had forgotten all about it. In actuality, I'd also forgotten about the card, consumed as I was with grief and anger at being kicked out of cancer research. The destruction of my life began when I'd objected to the crime of using one or more healthy "volunteers" – prisoners who would receive injections and x-rays designed to kill them, if successful. But nobody had told the volunteers that if the experiment was successful, they'd all die. I could not abide such evil. My note of protest to Dr. Ochsner created a paper trail, and he was furious. Not only was he through with me, he yelled, but he'd make sure I never saw the inside of a cancer lab again.

Researchers were puzzled when they heard reports that Dave began desperately hunting for the missing library card the evening of the assassination. After all, that same night, he suddenly went merrily on to Houston, supposedly to go on a planned mini-vacation, without a worry in the world. They even wondered if the witnesses who said Ferrie had asked them about the card were simply seeking attention. The HSCA's intrepid researcher, Gaeton Fonzi, speculated that the witnesses had the date wrong:

"... Oswald's former landlady in New Orleans, Mrs. Jesse Garner, told the committee she recalled that Ferric visited her home on the night of the assassination and asked about Oswald's library card. Mrs. Garner would not talk to Ferrie.

"A neighbor of Oswald's, Mrs. Doris Eames, told New Orleans district attorney investigators in 1968 that Ferrie had come by her house after the assassination, inquiring if Eames had any information regarding Oswald's library card. Mr. Eames told reporters that

he had seen Oswald in the public library but apparently had no information about the library card Oswald used.

“Submitted by GAETON, T. Fonzi, Investigator (208) Deposition of Mrs. Jesse Garner, House Select Committee on Assassinations, p. 34. Note: While Mrs. Garner believes it was the night of the assassination, it would appear, given that Ferrie left New Orleans that evening, that Ferrie may have come by her house on a later date.”

Fonzi was correct. But then we must ask did Dave actually go searching for a library card at both the Eames’ residence and at Garner’s apartment? According to their children, he did. In 2011 and 2012, their children assured me that David Ferrie had indeed asked their parents about “Oswald’s library card.” Dave even searched Lee’s former apartment at 4905 Magazine Street, hoping to find the card. Of course Dave didn’t tell Mrs. Garner and Mr. and Mrs. Eames that the card belonged to him. Since the card carried only an ID number, linking it to Ochsner Clinic, Dave could tell these witnesses that the card belonged to the accused assassin, giving him a legitimate excuse to try to find the card.<sup>20</sup>

You’ll soon understand how Dave and I solved the library card problem. While I can straighten out the confusion that surrounded the medical library card, and why Dave Ferrie hunted frantically for it, some witnesses have been less cooperative – especially back in the 60’s when it was so dangerous to “tell all.” The Kennedy assassination case is rife with falsehoods. Important witnesses who might have told the truth – and who would have been believed – were largely eliminated.<sup>21</sup> Witnesses such as myself, who could tell the truth, were intimidated into silence. Some of us, such as Victoria Adams, the “girl on the stairs” have finally spoken out, despite our fears. The world has been told again and again that Lee Oswald was a lone assassin, a loner who hated his life, who wanted to become important and famous by killing JFK. But I stand as a witness to the wonderful life Lee and I hoped to have, if he could only have escaped alive, after doing his best to save the President. The full, amazing story is in my book *Me & Lee*. Lee declared he didn’t kill anybody and that he was a patsy. That’s not a man trying to make his name in history.

### THE REAL DAVID FERRIE

**T**he truth about David Ferrie is important to help establish Lee’s innocence. A mass of lies, half-truths and misinformation offered by his closest friends to the FBI, the CIA, the Warren Com-

mission, the HSCA, and by biased researchers have made Dave's story hard to tell, which is why a book based on such sources cannot give you the full truth. As new witnesses and new evidence reach the public, the Gatekeepers have had to hide the importance of this man. He has to be portrayed as a mere felon, not very smart, with no real links to the Kennedy assassination.

Witnesses such as I, who disagree, must be discredited. Our testimonies, our integrity must be questioned, and above all, we must be ignored. Thank God, many people have now met me and realize I'm an honest person.

Yes, Dave confided in me, but why me? After all, he had boyfriends and lovers who were, from time to time, close to him. But they came and went. Did Dave sense that I could be trusted? He knew I could keep my mouth shut. In fact, I kept silent for over 35 years concerning my knowledge of Lee Harvey Oswald, David Ferrie, Jack Ruby, and many others suspected as major players in the Kennedy assassination. Even today I carry some secrets, because various minor witnesses, having read *Me & Lee*, dared tell me what they knew – as long as I promised to keep the information to myself.



Judyth Vary Baker, 1963.

Even Lee Oswald, who scarcely breathed a word about who he really was, finally opened up, though I had to injure myself to prove I wouldn't talk. Dave, who believed that most women were so hormonally driven they couldn't think straight, finally admitted, after we had worked together for months, that I was different. As he said, "One in a billion." Oh, my!

Dave could be sensitive about what women thought of him because he had very little hair on his head, and no body hair. No eyebrows, and no eyelashes, either – he was the Mona Lisa, he'd tell me, but without such beaming beauty! Dave's attempts to cope were pitiable. His bizarre false eyebrows, which he told me he needed to keep dust and dander out of his eyes while flying, were removable, usually glued on. He covered his head with ugly reddish wigs of various sizes. My friend Anna Lewis said, laughing, "It looked like he was wearin' a *rug*!" Perhaps Dave was partly color-blind, since his wigs were too red to be real.

What I did learn, right away, was that Dave appreciated my ignoring his weird appearance when his hat and sunglasses came off. I got used to it. Besides, I was fascinated with the man. He was a

brilliant, charismatic individual, and I told him so. What I didn't like was his profanity. The rich wealth of Dave's mind was dark with floods of profanity suddenly shooting from his mouth, and I confronted him about it. I wasn't judging him because of his homosexuality, I told him. But that potty mouth!



Once Lee had to reprove him, when Dave snapped at me, saying, "My God, woman, why are you such a prude?" Lee, who by then already cared for me, reminded Dave that I had wanted to become a nun, just two years earlier. That reached Dave, and he apologized. I dared challenge Dave to speak to me in the manner of the great thinkers and writers he admired, such as Aristotle, John Milton and Thomas Aquinas. Dave had yearned to become a legitimate priest and never gave up hoping that somehow he might still find a way. As I was a fellow Catholic, but had renounced my faith, Dave insisted that I listen to him about his religious beliefs. He never knew that some of his arguments eventually helped me return to a belief in God. By then, he'd been murdered.

Several times, Dave treated Lee and me to brilliant discourses. He stunned our young minds as a devious rhetorician, an erudite apologist for the Catholic Church, a medic, a probing psychologist, a social critic with dark, futuristic visions of tomorrows that turned out to be, unfortunately, pretty accurate. When Dave was thinking loftily, Lee and I felt we were in the presence of a genius whose wit, irony and epithets raised our level of being.<sup>22</sup> All the more sad, that he could also be shallow, brutish and foul.

Dave had his own excuses for his present condition. He spoke of turning points in his life that set aflame his overwhelming ob-

session with teen-aged boys (he claimed all of that was over). And I sympathized, because we were both renegades whose present lives were 100% unacceptable in the part of the country where both of us had been born and raised.

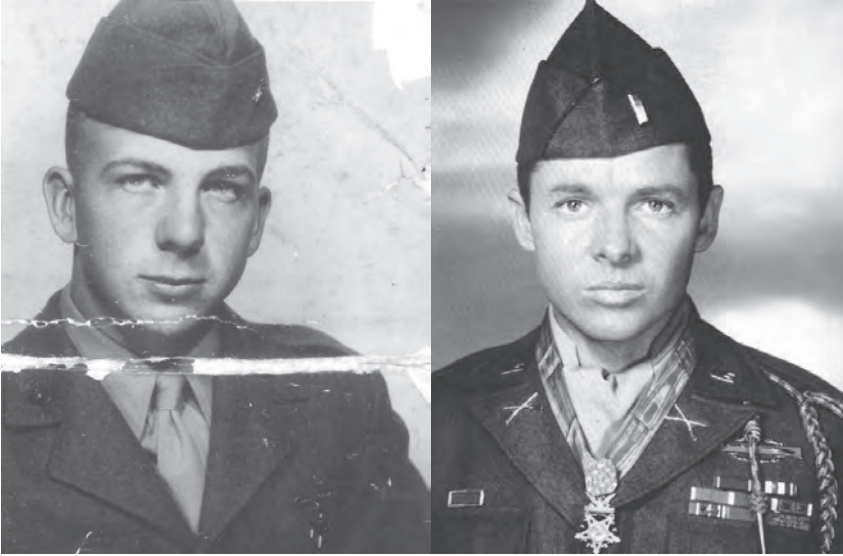
The importance of this fact should not be ignored. Like Dave, I was from the Middle West. Dave was a native of Cleveland, Ohio: I was a native of South Bend, Indiana, just four hours away by car. We spoke the same language, literally and socially. New Orleans was not only a thousand miles from Cleveland, but its Cajun traditions and Southern ways were very different from the ways of the Heartland. New Orleans, perhaps the most European of America's large cities, was filled with foreigners, was openly corrupt and did everything boldly. Its citizens were ruled under Napoleonic law and lived in parishes, not counties. In contrast, Dave and I thought of ourselves as "real Americans." You worked hard, didn't complain, went to church, minded your own business, and saluted the flag when it passed by in a parade. Hearing the National Anthem would bring a lump to your throat. Communists would go to hell, and so would homosexuals. Honesty and decency were paramount. Any radical deviance from "the norm" might be considered evil.

The cry of "the South will rise again!" flagpoles carrying the Confederate Flag, and shouts in Cajun French and Catholic Irish mingled with an influx of Cubans, Latinos and Mexicans pouring through New Orleans' international Port of Entry. The sweet vibes of Jazz and the mysteries of Voodoo promoted sexual freedom and promiscuity with every wild Mardi Gras parade.

In 1963, our Catholic-instilled morals and mores, streamlined by Puritan ethics, still dominated the two of us from within, so Dave had to provide excuses to me for his sex life. "I am cursed!" he insisted, "but, unlike you, I still trust in God." He would go on to say something like this: "God will burn it out of me in Purgatory. I'm counting on that. But He made me this way. I was born this way, and I didn't ask for this. I can't help it, damn it!"

I've been told I should have run for my life when I saw what I was getting involved with. But these people were patriots and heroes in my eyes. I had no "blueprints" as to what brave men, willing to die for their country, had to look like and act like. I'd seen plenty of rough and tough war heroes in the propaganda movies that came out before and after the big wars. In *Anchors Away* John Wayne played a hero who gave up love, family and a career to fight the foes of freedom. Audie Murphy – heroic and fearless – was a

small man, soft-spoken and quiet – yet he was the most decorated man in World War II. Lee, I thought, rather resembled Murphy.



Who was I to judge these men, who were risking their lives for the sake of my country? That's the way I had been taught to look at such extraordinary men – I did not expect “the ordinary” from such men. So I overcame my inbred disgust with Dave. And I had to: we were working together, and the mission to kill Castro was important. Over time, Dave and I became real friends. I knew him well enough to ask him to draw his soul, which he took seriously, groaning over a sheet of paper riddled with dark, sharp scribbles. Dave had a soul. He'd devoted years trying to get ordained, and had failed, but this didn't stop him from shepherding young men into the priesthood or into military service. He tried to do good: he'd fly tramps back home when he could. Dave owned two small planes, and today I realize that I must have seen both of them, hangared at the Lakefront Airport, now that I know what I was looking at. I was also personally present, once, when Dave was using somebody else's (larger) plane.

Since I was then an atheist, Dave continued to do his best to argue me back into the church. Other factors pulled us together: we were deeply embroiled in a clandestine project, we had to rely on each other, we had to protect each other from contamination from a potent cancer-causing virus, and we had to make Dave's messy kitchen look normal after finishing our work there. Dave once told me, “I can't tell any of the guys I know about this stuff, because to-



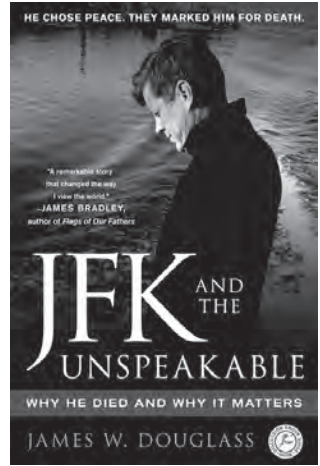
day, they might love me, but tomorrow, it can be different, and they could blackmail me.”

### WHY I'M SPEAKING OUT

On January 1, 2008, James Douglass gave us the best book about the Kennedy assassination: *JFK and the Unspeakable: Why He Died, and Why It Matters*. Considering how our country has changed, the truth about the Kennedy assassination matters very much. It's the key to how our government was illegally taken over from within, and how the lies of the new rulers, covering up all the sins they've committed ever since, are created and defended. The cover-up is still in force because of them. I'm a living witness to that fact.<sup>23</sup>

TrineDay published the first edition of *Me & Lee* in 2010, including new information about David Ferrie. By then, I'd long left the country. I had to. I now only return to America on rare occasions when a bodyguard and/or lots of publicity make it foolish to target me. I also learned to have witnesses present at all times when interviewed, so I wouldn't be misquoted, having learned the hard way. I'll never stop defending Lee, but at one time, I was too afraid to do so.

Despite all my promises to Lee that I'd tell his children the truth about him, I'd originally planned to take my secrets to the grave, except for a few letters to Lee's family, to be placed in the hands of my eldest son. But things began to change in 1996. Nostalgia was the sole reason I accepted an offer to teach at a Louisiana university (Lee – I missed you so much!) And just “maybe” – I'd run into Anna Lewis or somebody else who would remember me and Lee from long ago (and I did!). Because of all the heartaches, though, I stayed away from New Orleans. But as my last child still at home planned her marriage, I dared to think about looking at the film *JFK*. Alone. So I could cry, for I knew I'd see “Lee” again ... and not for the first time. In the college classes I taught, in Louisiana, I'd see young faces that looked hauntingly like my slain hero. Inbreeding and strong genes created many look-a-likes. Yes, friends and family, as early as 1980, knew I had worked with Lee at the Reily Coffee Company, and that we “rode the streetcars of New Orleans together,” but they knew nothing more. Nor had I dared tell Lee's children, as I had promised, that he was, in his own words, “a good guy.”



Now the time had come. When my daughter left for her honeymoon in December 1998, I wrote a tall stack of highly detailed letters. It slowly emerged into a book, expanded with photos, biographies of everyone involved, and supporting evidence. Today, it is called *Me & Lee*. That book also includes statements from my witnesses, who, back in January 1999, were still to be located. Originally, as the stack of letters grew, I felt I had done everything I could.

I was wrong. Watching *JFK* changed everything. It was sickening to watch. After all this time, with all the evidence that had to be out there, the real Lee Oswald had been cleverly hidden under mountains of lies! I was outraged. Oliver Stone's masterpiece sent a clear message. To remain silent was an act of cowardice!<sup>24</sup>

*But I was afraid.* Could I overcome my fear? I laid out the evidence saved so many years. It took hours. I retrieved it from behind photos, from inside books nobody liked to read, and from five boxes of albums and papers about my five children. Some of that material existed in mere scraps, kept so I could construct a chronological record of every day I had known Lee. Just looking at it made me tremble. I could be killed for this.

At the very least, my children, who knew me as an upright, committed Christian, would learn that (1) I had a love affair with the accused assassin of President Kennedy (2) the mother who so often prayed on her knees had committed adultery only weeks into her marriage with their father. (3) I had been involved in a plot to murder Fidel Castro (4) I had helped develop a deadly biological weapon that was probably still being used to kill people.

It was nearly a decade before some of my family forgave me. Some never will. I'd eventually be forced to live overseas due to death threats and to avoid more hospitalizations for actual harm done to me. My reputation, my good name, and my comfortable future as a college professor were demolished. I'd be staring at poverty the rest of my life. But the truth had to be exposed. What traces remained had to be exhumed, no matter what the price. As for *JFK*, I've often been asked if Joe Pesci played the part of David Ferrie convincingly. To his credit, Pesci evoked some of the energetic essence of my old friend, despite his being too short, with a voice too high.

Warren Commission defenders who gripe about the film's inaccuracies should not be taken seriously. It wasn't a documentary. It *was* an eye-opening blockbuster, and the people of America responded by demanding justice for Kennedy. They also wanted to know more about Lee Harvey Oswald. *JFK* caused such a public

uproar that the ARRB (the Assassinations Records Review Board) was created. New laws forced the release of truckloads of evidence that the ARRB's own Doug Horne organized and brought to the world in his five-volume masterpiece, *Inside the ARRB*. The new evidence has essentially exonerated Lee, opening doors to conspiracy theories that cannot be closed again.



Even so, Dave Ferrie's personality and his true role in the Kennedy assassination were still hidden by Internet newsgroups fighting to keep him isolated from any association with Lee Oswald. John McAdams and his team of "Davids" – Dave Reitzes, David von Pein, Dave Perry, and David Blackburn (Stephen Roy) – posted a plethora of chatter, half-facts and facts out of context, overwhelming ordinary readers. Sometimes they posed as "fence-sitters," their writings carefully slanted to convince readers that only Oswald was involved in Kennedy's murder. Alongside them stand Larry Dunkel (AKA Gary Mack) and his co-conspirators, Dale Myers, Max Holland and Ken Rahn. The media that follow them and others exhibit a herd mentality, repeating their refutable lies without apologies, even after they're confronted with evidence disproving their statements. The latest approach is to mutter, "*Who cares? It was a long time ago!*" and "*Why does it matter now?*"

But it does matter now. Terribly. The Coup d'Etat in 1963 took control of an inconvenient two-party system to run its self-protecting corporate agenda, with the CIA, FBI, banking interests and the military-industrial complex cooperating. And when the Supreme Court recently ruled that corporations could, in essence, buy any and all political candidates through "donations," with no limit on what could be spent to influence votes, the American government became a prostitute whose services were purchased by the highest bidders.

In 2014, demonstrations of discontent were being suppressed – sometimes brutally – by heavily armed police. As Americans emerged from a devastating depression (misreported as a "recession") people were starting to wake up. They began to realize that endless wars, rising taxes, printing dollars with the value of toilet paper, long work

hours, reduced benefits, the world's highest number of prisoners, and the world's most expensive health care system were the result of the government's disregard – even disdain – for their welfare.

Most people, as always throughout history, will just grit their teeth and soldier on. Many others give up trying to “get ahead” and join the growing ranks of the depressed: eat, drink and take drugs, for tomorrow, we'll still be poor! But there are a growing number of true patriots (currently that's a word listed as describing a “potential terrorist” by our own government). These patriots are getting educated. Their eyes are opening. They may be the only hope America has to regain her position as a champion of freedom, “with liberty and justice for all.”

David Ferrie's story has been ignored as much as possible. My friend's life story is presented by Mr. Roy and his associates as a broken man of questionable sanity in his last days, with no connection to Kennedy's assassination or to any legitimate cancer research. My friend is said to have died of natural causes. My friend's death supposedly had no significance or meaning. But just as *Me & Lee* changed everything for thousands of readers, breaking down the walls of prejudice that once bricked away the real Lee Harvey Oswald from the world, it is my hope that the real David Ferrie will come to life before your eyes. That you will recognize the importance of his amazing and tragic life. Since the real Lee Oswald has been revealed to the world, flowers are beginning to appear on his grave – a grave once reviled and used as a urinal. On Nov. 23-24, 2013, the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, over 50 people placed flowers or messages on Lee's grave,



Nov. 23/24, 2014: Lee Oswald's grave was honored.

and Hy McEnery, a former Marine and Green Beret, now a Chaplain, flew in from New Orleans to give Lee a long-awaited memorial Service, with Robert Groden and myself as speakers.

I think it fitting that Lee is, ironically, buried at "Arlington." As for David Ferrie, his grave at St. Bernard Memorial Gardens in St. Bernard Parish, Louisiana is just as humble. He purchased his own grave site, far from his family, who were deeply ashamed of him. Perhaps, after reading this book, Dave's family will have a better opinion of him.

Nevertheless, I will not cover up some sordid facts. Dave stalked and seduced men and teen-aged boys. "I commit mortal sins," he told me. "Problem is, I don't give a damn, until afterwards. It's always afterwards." Dave's feeble attempts at self-reform were tragic, not pitiful, because he understood who he was, so he never gave up trying to return to a position of grace with God. But yes, it was always "afterwards."

I don't remember nearly as much about Dave, after all these years, as I once did, such as precisely what words he said, in contrast to the details I remember about Lee. I was in love with Lee. I knew and believed he gave his life for Kennedy's sake, so I strove to remember every word he ever said to me, especially because he'd asked me to someday tell his wife and children who he really was. Because Lee became the only accused assassin of Kennedy, I swore not to forget.

With Dave, it was different. I avoided thinking about him for years. Then I realized how inextricably linked he was to Lee, and that it was important to review what I could remember. It turned out to be a lot. I was able to reconstruct almost everything. Of course I made some errors, but with time, I've been able to construct a good chronology of his life, to share with you. The words to some of our conversations returned to my thoughts, almost as vivid as if yesterday – aided by saved lecture notes and other memorabilia. I had also saved scraps of quotations, some diary entries, a wooden nickel, and other bits and pieces. I, as do quite a few others, have been gifted with what some call a phenomenal memory. I see highly detailed pictures in my mind, reproducing whole days of my life, from my memory banks.

Dave's story had to be told. By 1962, Dave, who had tried so desperately to be a good man, found himself publicly disgraced (for good reason). Distrusted and avoided by the nice folks in town, nevertheless, Dave's considerable talents and abilities were

still highly valued. The trouble was, his talents and abilities were highly valued by the wrong people. I have written this book for the sake of my old friend. It was also written for my country and for you. I only ask that you judge for yourself who David Ferrie really was.



One of the last photos of David Ferrie.

## Endnotes

1. <http://www.jfklancer.com/pdf/LBJ-Reynolds.pdf>

2. The article, below, as is convention, presents both sides of the “Mafia killed JFK” argument, citing government investigation conclusions as why ‘not’ to believe in this scenario, since the government wants the public to believe that only Oswald was involved. In the book, *Me & Lee, How I Came to Know, Love and Lose Lee Harvey Oswald*, I present the case for Lee Oswald’s innocence and his profound dedication to trying to save Kennedy’s life. It must be remembered that the Mafia was the ‘plausible denial’ that the CIA could use to hide its own sniper team. If Lee wasn’t caught, or if evidence mounted of his innocence the Mafia could then be blamed. Today, the press sometimes tends in this direction – the mafia did it all by themselves – rather than turn their eyes to the government’s role. With these considerations in mind, the following quotes are offered:

“ ... In 1975 and 1976, during the course of congressional investigations of the mob and the CIA, Sam Giancana was gunned down in his kitchen, Jimmy Hoffa “disappeared,” and Las Vegas mobster Johnny Roselli – who had told Jack Anderson that Ruby was ordered to silence Oswald – was dismembered, stuffed into an oil drum, and tossed off the coast of Florida.

- In 1979 the HSCA concluded that Hoffa, Marcello, and Trafficante all had the “motive, means, and opportunity” to assassinate Kennedy.
- Hoffa had told a federal informant that he would like to kill RFK but that his brother was the more desirable victim because “when you cut down the tree, the branches fall with it.”
- Marcello – according to Las Vegas promoter Edward Becker – once coolly explained why it was better to target JFK than RFK: “If you cut off a dog’s tail, the dog will only keep biting. But if you cut off its head, the dog will die.”
- An FBI informant testified before the HSCA that Trafficante told him in 1962 that the president “was going to be hit.”
- In 1992 Frank Ragano, a longtime lawyer for Hoffa and Trafficante, told the *New York Post* that the two mobsters and Marcello had agreed to kill the president. Ragano claimed that Trafficante said on his deathbed: “Carlos f—ed up. We shouldn’t have gotten rid of Giovanni [John]. We should have killed Bobby.”

REF: Pamela Colloff and Michael Hall. “Married to the Mob.” *Texas Monthly*, November 1998. <http://www.texasmonthly.com/story/married-mob>.

3. Thomas Jones. "Carlos Marcello: Big Daddy in the Big Easy" [http://www.trutv.com/library/crime/gangsters\\_outlaws/family\\_epics/marcello/9.html](http://www.trutv.com/library/crime/gangsters_outlaws/family_epics/marcello/9.html)
4. HSCA: Ferrie also had his Eastern Air Lines payment, a severance pay deal, in hand by then, of \$1600.
5. FBI Report Warren Commission Document 75 pp 285-297 (~Nov. 25, 1963) FBI Interview of David Ferrie by SA ERNEST WALL and SA L. M. SHEARER at New Orleans " ... FERRIE stated that his present address is 3330 Louisiana Avenue Parkway, where he has been residing since March, 1962."
6. Edward T. Haslam's book, *Dr. Mary's Monkey*, explains how he discovered that Ochsner's and Sherman's search to try to stop an outbreak of cancer, anticipated due to contaminated polio vaccines, ended, instead, with a task to create a deadly cancer with which to kill Castro. TrineDay published the 2nd edition in 2013.
7. Stephen Roy, Ferrie specialist, quotation from Education Forum, 05 April, 2007, 02:40 PM. Roy, who used the pseudonym "David Blackburn" for years, has been writing a book on Ferrie for decades. He has arguably collected more information about Ferrie than anyone else. However, he never met the man.
8. Back to Mr. Roy, who told the public that I refused to meet him. Anybody who ever met me knows I'll cross oceans to work for Lee Oswald's exoneration. I offered to fly to his own town. But – as researchers Howard Platzman and Martin Shackelford can verify, "Blackburn" would not disclose to me where he lived. Mr. Roy also told me (and others) that he was entirely neutral concerning Lee Oswald, but this 11/20/2003 article reveals the truth: (emphasis added)

"Stephen Roy of Brockton, a former conspiracy theorist ... now believes Lee Harvey Oswald may have acted alone ... Roy said that after reading books about Ferrie – who was investigated by former New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison for his alleged ties to organized crime and Kennedy assassination plots – he became convinced Ferrie played a role. But when he dug deeper, acquiring documents through the Freedom of Information Act, Roy said, he found evidence that could help exonerate Ferrie ... Roy said he hopes his research will culminate in the release of a book he is writing, *The Ferrie File*. Roy ... interviewed more than 50 of Ferrie's friends and associates. Most of his interview subjects say Ferrie was not involved in any conspiracies, according to Roy."

Mr. Roy, who also never met me, stated I never met Ferrie.

9. Williams and Conway. "The Don Reynolds Testimony and LBJ" <http://www.jfklancer.com/pdf/LBJ-Reynolds.pdf>. See also: <http://www.acorn.net/jfklplace/03/JA/DR/.dr10.html>

"Author A. Steinberg writes in his book *Sam Johnson's Boy* (1), "After 1961, Johnson was never observed promoting a Kennedy bill on Capitol Hill, and in private he had complaints about several pieces of legislation and legislative tactics." Frustrated, JFK was said to have told his wife Jackie on the night of November 21, 1963 that Lyndon Johnson was incapable of telling the truth. (2) But most importantly and crucial to LBJ's political future was the current Senate investigation of Johnson's loyal aide and protégé, Bobby Baker ... Burkett Van Kirk, minority (Republican) counsel, was convinced that Reynolds' testimony would lead to Johnson's

loss of the Vice-Presidency, “There is no doubt in my mind that Reynold’s testimony would have gotten Johnson out of the vice presidency.”(6) Evelyn Lincoln held a discussion with the President, on November 19, 1963. She says she was told by JFK that his 1964 running mate would not be Lyndon Johnson.(7) Bobby Kennedy was said to be working secretly with Van Kirk for weeks, through intermediaries, to accumulate evidence of payola against Johnson and Bobby Baker, Johnson’s former Senate aide. (8) “Reynolds was still being questioned at 2:30 PM when a secretary burst into the hearing room with the news from Dallas.”

10. (Nov. 2003) “FRONTLINE obtained this photograph from John B. Ciravolo, Jr., of New Orleans. Ciravolo was also a C.A.P. member in 1955 and says he was in the same unit with Oswald and was standing right in front of him in the photo. Ciravolo identified David Ferrie, while former C.A.P. cadet Tony Atzenhoffer, also of New Orleans, identified Oswald and Ferrie in the photograph, and Colin Hammer, who says he served with both men in the C.A.P., also identified both in the photograph.

FRONTLINE located the photographer, Chuck Frances, who says he took the picture for the C.A.P. Francis also said that when he was interviewed by the FBI, he told them Oswald and Ferrie knew each other, but he did not tell them about the photograph. The executor of Ferrie’s estate, as well as Ferrie’s godson, also picked out Ferrie.

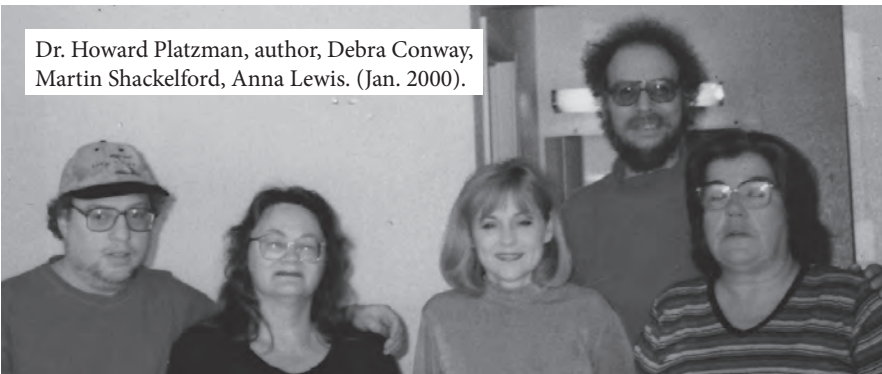
“As dramatic as the discovery of this photograph is after thirty years,” says Michael Sullivan, FRONTLINE executive producer for special projects, “The photograph does give much support to the eyewitnesses who say they saw Ferrie and Oswald together in the C.A.P., and it makes Ferrie’s denials that he ever knew Oswald less credible. But it does not prove that the two men were with each other in 1963, nor that they were involved in a conspiracy to kill the president.” <http://www.freerepublic.com/focus/f-news/1028134/posts>.

11. Weekend search-and-rescue bivouacs were held in the summer months, as was this one. <http://www.capracs.org/documents/rcsfaq.pdf>.

12. Taking Care of Witnesses: Hiding Their Existence from the Public. Mr. Roy was heavily influenced, I believe, by John McAdams, who publishes Roy’s writings through Dave Reitzes. McAdams has always advertised Lee Oswald as Kennedy’s killer. Hiding or discrediting new evidence and new witnesses in the case is common.

Debra Conway withheld evidence that I had living witnesses, even though

Dr. Howard Platzman, author, Debra Conway, Martin Shackelford, Anna Lewis. (Jan. 2000).





she filmed one of them herself for us, when she attended a conference I held in New Orleans right after New Year's Day, 2000. Conway withheld a film of one of my witnesses that the TV program *Sixty Minutes* had requested – a film that belonged to me. She gave up the film only when faced with a lawsuit and only after her attempts to silence my witness (Anna Lewis) had failed. Researcher Martin Shackelford confirmed these facts: he had emails from Anna complaining that Conway pressured her to recant.

As for me, suddenly my teaching skills at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette were no longer wanted. I was forced to move and start teaching at a Christian prep school in Dallas.

But Anna had it much worse. She was told that Family Services would be contacted to take her brain-damaged son from her care if she didn't recant and say she never knew me. Anna was so intimidated that she refused to be filmed again, so *Sixty Minutes* had no access to her. Nevertheless, Anna refused to recant.

Next, Conway revealed Anna's current name – Anna Vincent – after promising she would not, making it easy to locate her in the small town where she lived. It was no surprise that Anna lost her job. It would be a year and a half before they took her back. I now realized I had to protect my other witnesses from intimidation, so I refused to reveal their locations. I had their permission to use the audio tapes and photos they had already provided. That was enough.

13. Joan Mellen recognizes Martin's importance in the case. See Ch 5: "The Banister Menagerie" in her book *A Farewell to Justice*, Potomac Books.

14. The library card incident will be discussed in full later in this book.

15. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List\\_of\\_people\\_involved\\_in\\_the\\_trial\\_of\\_Clay\\_Shaw](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_people_involved_in_the_trial_of_Clay_Shaw) accessed 1/12/2014.

16. [http://www.mtgriffith.com/web\\_documents/justfacts.htm](http://www.mtgriffith.com/web_documents/justfacts.htm).

17. [http://www.flickr.com/photos/isle\\_of\\_paradise/6428454755/](http://www.flickr.com/photos/isle_of_paradise/6428454755/) This is just one of many similar articles available.

18. Nodule 24. Coup D'Etat in America, A. J. Weberman.

19. <http://ajweberman.com/>.

20. Their personal statements are available on request but are to be kept private.

21. See Dr. Richard Charnin's important work at his blog, <http://richardcharnin.wordpress.com/category/jfk/> (accessed Jan. 5, 2014) and at <http://richardcharnin.wordpress.com/2013/10/14/jfk-witness-deaths-graphical-proof-of-a-conspiracy/>.

22. Ferrie, seducer of teen-aged boys, mafia pilot, private investigator and anti-Castro activist – was not known to those persons as Ferrie the linguist/dialectician/philosopher/futurist/cancer researcher. I saw all sides of the man.

23. Both before and after the filming of the History Channel documentary, "The Love Affair," in 2003, I was threatened, robbed, and ended up hospitalized due to four auto "accidents." Twice I reported being harassed by a van that followed me and finally hit me, and once I reported a threat by phone I received at 5:30 AM via an early morning email to friends: they told me, "Don't be paranoid!" So I went on to work. I was struck that night when a black van forced a car against me, and once

again I landed in the hospital. For years after I spoke out, my mail was opened, the steel doors of my mailboxes in apartment complexes were ripped off, I received hate mail, and finally, the History Channel began airing (and still does!) an Internet video about Kennedy assassination conspiracy theories where they say I claimed to have helped invent AIDS. I receive death threats from that source alone, but the History Channel has ignored my requests to remove me from that video.

Due to such harassment and all the so-called “accidents” I was forced to flee overseas, on crutches. In the end, I was threatened so severely that eventually I applied for political asylum. As a citizen of the US I was told I’d be immediately deported but after Hungary would not take me back (proving I had been threatened there – EU law required political asylum cases to be handled in the first EU country of entry – but I had fled Hungary due to death threats there. I was allowed to stay for over ten and a half months in Sweden with the deportation order suspended. Critics err when they say I was forced to leave. I could have filed two more appeals and gained more time: some appeals are not settled for years).

But I left of my own free will without filing an appeal, because by then family and friends obtained places where I could stay safely overseas. I have been living overseas ever since, relying on donations to help with medical and heating bills that my small pension can’t cover. No Medicare is available overseas.

24. I also realized there were so many lies out there that my son would not be able to adequately defend the book. So I wrote a second book, *Comrade Lee* – renamed *Lee, My Love* by my London-based literary agent. It was filled with utter nonsense, but I had heard horror stories about stolen manuscripts in the Kennedy assassination saga. I hoped the teaser book would open a door with honest publishers, at which time I’d show them the evidence and tell them what more was available. My agent, however, wrecked those plans when he erased the electronic links (in bold face) to the real book. A hint of the electronic link security I attempted, to protect the real book, exists on the cover page of the teaser manuscript. After my agent was fired for this and other hi-jinks, such as claiming that I was hiding in Europe (ironically, today I *am* incognito in Europe!), I was grateful when Dr. Howard Platzman, using my emails, tried to write a version that would take the place of the teaser book (*Deadly Alliance*). As I was correcting that book due to its numerous errors, since Platzman lived in New Jersey and I was living in Dallas, Platzman gave a partially corrected copy of the manuscript to a researcher posing as our friend – Debra Conway. *Deadly Alliance* was never fully corrected for errors or completed, but it has been used by McAdams, Conway and David Lifton to try to claim I changed my story where certain details now differ from *Me & Lee*, even though my own pages of that manuscript carry massive corrections, of which Conway was aware, since a few of the pages she had copied were also marked, sometimes entirely filling the margins. A two-volume book published in 2005 on my birthday, without my knowledge, by Harrison E. Livingstone, constituted most of the original manuscript I’d written for my son via a stack of letters, with much supporting evidence and speculations from outside sources added. Because Livingstone would not allow me to view his final edit of that book, I stopped its publication. I estimate that only 80 copies of the book published by Livingstone were ever printed.

## INTRODUCTION

# Last Call

LATE NOVEMBER 1963

David was now reluctant to call me until he exhausted all other options. He no longer trusted the special mafia phone line he set up for the three of us.

I cannot again write of all that I went through. It is in my book, *Me & Lee*. In my depression and shock, I kept no initial records of those last efforts of my friend to guide and protect me. In this book, I'll describe Dave's first phone call to me after Lee was arrested later, but here, I wish to elaborate on what was probably his third call, because it shows how closely David Ferrie, Lee Oswald and I interacted with each other and those around us.

I believe this call came late in the evening, but I simply can't remember the time. However, what I write here could not have happened prior to this date, after reading all the witness statements regarding Dave's frantic search for the medical library card.

As always at PenChem, it was my job to close the lab down. It was after 5:00, but I was still busy trying to make up for my poor work that day. And yesterday. Lee had been killed just two days ago. Seeing him die had plunged me into a darkness from which I was only now emerging. I literally cannot recall how I had survived the past 48 hours. My last coherent memory was screaming and vomiting when I saw Lee murdered. Only now – two days later – did I begin to see my own hands in front of my face.

Now I was outside, standing by the compressed gas tanks again, anxiously waiting for Dave's scheduled call. When the phone rang, Dave's voice came at me like a sledgehammer.

"Do you have my library card?" he demanded, in a frantic voice. "Jackass Martin called the police and told them Hector had my library card!" Then it struck me, in the blink of an eye.

Dave wasn't talking about his New Orleans public library card. He had ceased to use that card, since he had an extensive private

library of his own and had been borrowing only from medical and legal libraries for the past few years. Dave had to be talking about the special library card he used to get into Tulane's medical library. Busy himself, now, on so many fronts, Dave had given the card to me to use, until I would be issued my own in the fall, as a student at Tulane Medical School.

Dave's card had been issued by the Ochsner Clinic for his use at Tulane, and for any "associates" he might place on a list. The card only carried a number, but a call to Ochsner Clinic would reveal my name and any other name that Dave or Ochsner had ever listed as an "associate." We could all be exposed! The Project could be exposed!

I was no longer using Dave's card regularly – that's how the problem started. On one occasion, when I met Lee at Palmer Park, we had played a game of chess, which we were forced to resume later at Thompson's Restaurant. But I arrived at Thompson's first, carrying medical journals that needed to be returned to Tulane's medical library. There, David Lewis, who also played chess, challenged me to a game. I had wanted to try out a new strategy to clobber Lee, so I told David we could resume the game Lee and I had started, to see how he would do. At the same time, I could test my new strategy, to see if it would defeat David.

When Lee arrived, I was about to wallop David Lewis, who was protesting that he had started one pawn down. Because David wanted to play a second game from scratch, I asked Lee if he would go on ahead to Tulane and return the medical journals for me. I'd join him there as soon as I finished walloping Dave again. Laughing, Lee agreed (he was in a merry mood, seeing David sweating over the game). "Here's Dave's library card," I told Lee, handing him the medical library card and the journals. "I want you to keep it from now on."

By then, I had been at Tulane's Medical library so many times that all I had to do was sign the card's number, which I knew by heart, to check out anything from the stacks. Nobody asked to look at the card anymore. If Lee kept the card, he could hand in journals and books for me anytime. But later, when I met him at Tulane's library, Lee handed the card back.

"I don't mind being your slave, hauling your books back and forth," Lee told me. "I don't mind climbing Mount Everest for you, or swimming the length of the Pacific Ocean for you. But the card's a link to Ochsner. I shouldn't be carrying it around."

He then took on the voice of The Scarlet Pimpernel. “Good Gawd, Lady Blakeney!” he drawled, “I’m demned stupid about all that medical stuff, you know. Why, I can scarcely tie my own cravat! So I shan’t be seen in the medical library very often.” As Lee and I laughed, we agreed that we should only meet in the music listening rooms at Tulane’s main library.

All of this came to me in an instant. And with the memory of Lee’s laugh, I could not keep my voice steady. Almost gagged by my emotions, I managed to tell Dave what had happened. After a pause, as it all sank in, Dave simply exploded. “That idiot, David Lewis!” Dave fumed, “That blundering fool! So he was there! He was there when you gave Lee that card. *Here’s Dave’s library card, honey!*” he mocked. *“He doesn’t need it back!* And so you drooled, to your One and Only – and gave me a nervous breakdown!”

“I’m sorry!” I snapped. “It was Lewis who broke his promise not to talk to Jackass!”

“And then Martin told the police,” Dave said. “Because Banister put him in the hospital, for shooting off his mouth. He’s mad as hell at us. So – do you have it?” Dave demanded. “I’ve even been to Hector’s apartment. It wasn’t there!”

“I have it,” I replied. “I’m sorry. I forgot to give it back, that last day, when Ochsner gutted me. And I never saw you again.”

“I want you to burn it!” Dave demanded. “Right now! While I’m on the phone!” Here I was, standing between a huge liquid nitrogen tank and a liquid oxygen tank, with “No Smoking” signs posted all around. I described the scene to Dave over the phone.

“Then dissolve it in sulfuric acid!” he commanded. I agreed to do just that, though I actually just ripped it into tiny pieces and buried it in the sand under a pine tree.

“Thanks, J,” Dave said, sounding a bit more relieved. “I’m okay now. I’ll deny knowing anything about the card.”

What we talked about after that was much harder to handle.

My life was saved, I believe, due to the combined efforts of Lee, Dr. Sherman, and Dave, and because of the fact that Carlos Marcello knew I couldn’t remember a face – for the life of me. Frankly, at this point, I couldn’t remember my right hand from my left.

In this terrible call, Dave began by bursting in tears, insisting that Jack Ruby never wanted to shoot Lee. He was forced to, Dave said, “or they would have cut off every protruding part of his body and fed it to his own dogs.” Dave tried to comfort me then, for I was shaking all over. When we both had better control of ourselves, Dave

was intent on convincing me that Jack's shooting Lee was almost a mercy killing, because of what his captors and the CIA intended to do to him to get him to talk. Dave went to such lengths trying to excuse Ruby, I now know, because he thought I knew him. I did, but I didn't know it. I'd met him not once but twice. He obviously liked Lee, and had known him since he was a boy. But neither Lee nor Dave had ever told me that Jack Ruby and Sparky Rubenstein were the same person.

When I saw Lee shot, I could not see the assassin's face, and after that event, I could not bear to read another newspaper.

Next, Dave told me to brace myself, because he had found out details about what had happened to Lee when he was in custody. Dave said Lee was "given CPR – Dallas Police style." Lee's chest had been pumped up and down – after the gunshot wound! Then they struck blows against his side, where the bullet had entered, to try to get him to confess, and to make certain he would bleed to death. Dave then told me more. He had found out details about what had happened to Lee when he was in custody. Cuts, a huge bruise under his arm ... bruises on his back. Some came from his beating in the Texas Theater. Others came later. Dave was an expert at analyzing autopsies. He knew Lee had been tortured.

Finally, we knew the call had to end.

"I can't talk to you again, J," Dave said. "You know that. You know why. But I think one day you will turn to God again. And if you do, pray for me. I never had a child," he said, rather sadly. "My brother – I always wanted to be like my brother. That's why I wanted to be a fighter pilot. And look at all the kids he has. What I would have done –" Dave's voice cracked with emotion, "God, what I would have done to have his life! In some ways, J," he said, "You've been my little girl. Don't laugh."

I was silent, as a sense of our loss began building up inside.

"Now, J," said Dave, "listen up. For all of our own good, we must never, ever, speak to each other again. Trafficante insists that you keep your head down. You must become a 'vanilla girl.' Smell sweet, eat curds and whey, sit on your tuffet, and never again use your bright little head for anything, if you expect to stay alive."

I told him I wanted to die.

"Then who's going to tell June and Rachel that their daddy didn't kill Kennedy?" Dave argued. "Frosty, the Snowman?" Dave made a grunt. "Even my friend, the Puppeteer, thinks Lee killed the Chief."

My maiden name, Dave stressed, must not be seen in the papers. It was bad enough that “Mary,” “Ferrie” and “Vary” had ever been spoken, but we were all in danger now.

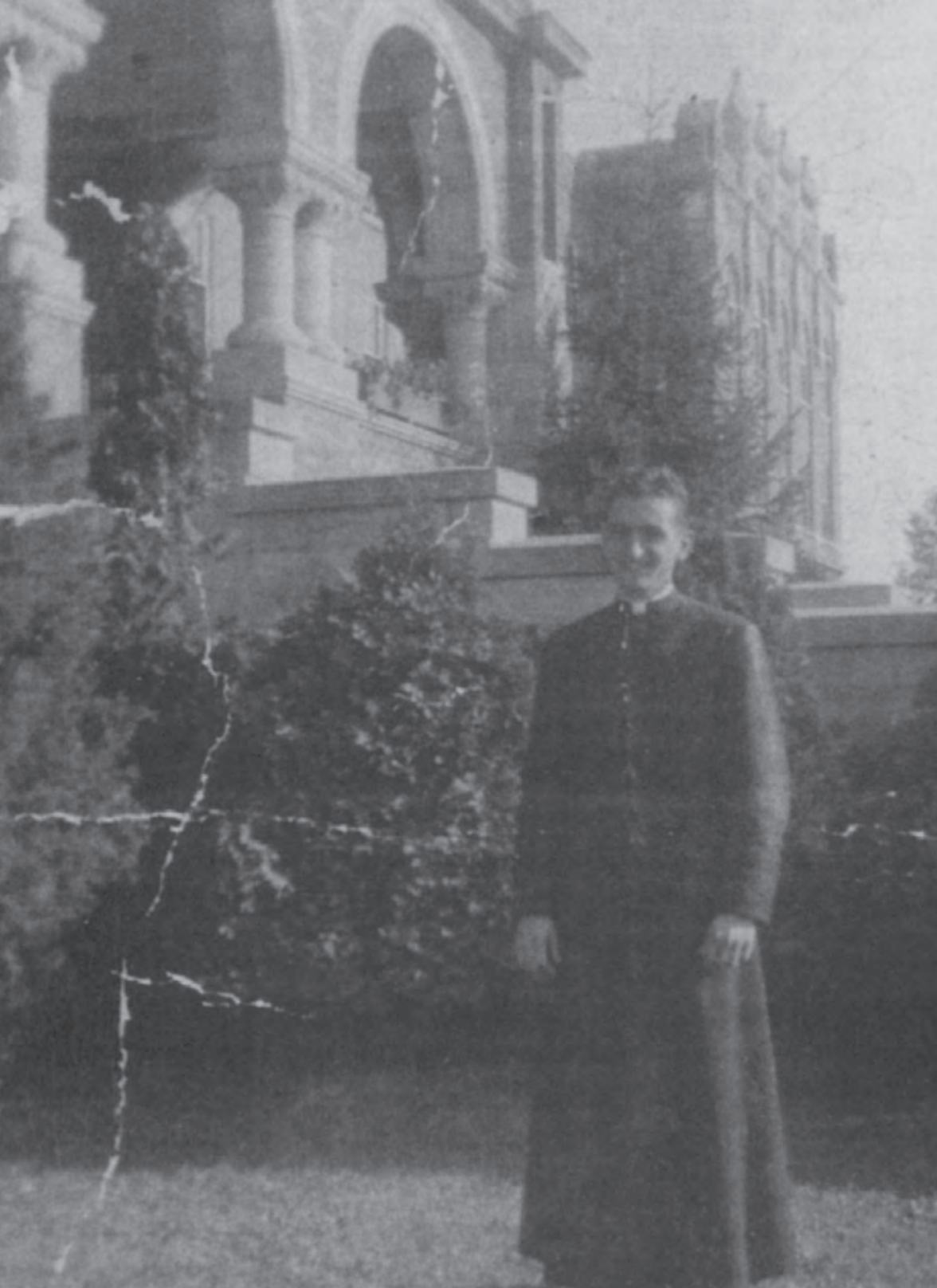
“I stuck out my neck again, by calling you,” Dave said. “And I’m worried about how long I might be hanging around in this world. It’s getting uglier every day ... notice?”

“Well, thank you for calling,” I said, in a flat voice.

“You are really out of it, aren’t you?” Dave snapped, disgusted. “Go ahead, feel sorry for yourself. Think only of yourself. That’s going to go down real well if Lee’s looking down now at you, from heaven, counting on you to stay alive. Damn it!” he said, and I heard his hand smack against something hard, as he cursed. “Ochsner’s kicked me out of whatever he’s put Mary to work on, and she’s being told to stay away from me, or else. So now it’s up to you, J. You’ve gotta be that vanilla girl. Act as normal as you can. Don’t get your name in the papers. *Don’t!*”

“Thanks, Dave,” I said. “I love you, Dave,” I told him, and meant it.

“I don’t believe in love anymore,” he said, “but maybe I have to re-evaluate, after seeing you two. That’s why I called,” he told me. “Lee would have wanted me to. Now, throw away the Call Wheel,” he said. “It’s had its last tick-tock. Bye, J.” Then Dave hung up. My extraordinary life in this incredible underground world was over.



David Ferrie at St. Charles Seminary



## CHAPTER ONE

# Origins and Early Years

*"I read 'The Lives of the Saints,'" Dave told me, "when I was only six years old." (So had I.) "Did it do you any good?" I asked. "It God-damned well did!" he replied.*

**1894:** David's grandfather, Patrick T. Ferrie, joins Cleveland's Fire Department and serves 45 years. He is Fire Warden the last 20 years of service.



David William Ferrie: The most attractive photograph of him.

**March 28, 1918:** David William Ferrie is born in Cleveland, Ohio, into a respectable Scotch-Irish family. David's parents were James Howard Ferrie (born 1890), and Burdette Coutts Goldrick. James serves 23 years with the Cleveland Police department, rises to the rank of Captain, and becomes Chief Detective, with a law degree.

**1920:** David's father, James, earns an LLB degree from Cleveland Marshall Law School (within Baldwin-Wallace College). David's uncle, William R. Ferrie, serves 50 years with the Cleveland fire department, rising to the rank of battalion chief. He retires in 1961.<sup>1</sup>

**Oct. 30, 1924:** David's only sibling, Parmely Thomas is born in Cleveland. David is six-and-a-half.



Young David's home, at 5411 Clark Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

**1928:** The Ferrie family moves to 17302 LaVerne Drive, Cleveland.

David remembered that his father said the Irish Mafia was better than the Italian Mafia.

**1929-1932:** David is molested by a priest at St. Patrick's Catholic Church, where he served in the choir and as an altar boy. The molestations, David told me, continued for several years. He was warned not to tell his parents, because they would punish him for lying.

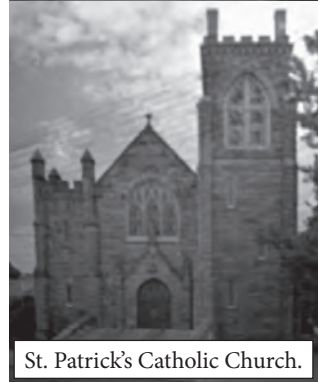
**1930:** David becomes physically and emotionally ill from his experiences with the priest.

**Stephen Roy:** The family move brought him to a new parish and a new school, St. Patrick's. Evidence suggests that Ferrie may have been molested at that church, which may have had a bearing on his own orientation later in life.

**1931:** Unsuccessful in an attempt to implicate the priest at St. Patrick's in immoral conduct, David told me he was labeled a liar. He consequently dropped out of school, suffering from his first bout of alopecia and depression. He could not get out of bed. His father later wrote a letter<sup>2</sup> stating that his ailing son was treated with ultraviolet radiation and quartz light treatments for alopecia, which were not useful for that condition. David's thyroid may have been undergoing radiation treatment instead, since a thyroid condition is also mentioned (the father could have mixed up what the treatments were for).

**1932:** David remains ill for about a year, spending much time playing the piano. A sympathetic priest, David told me, restored his faith. He practices on the organ at church, gains approval for his talent, and returns to school.

**Stephen Roy:** ...At St. Ignatius High School, an all-male Catholic institution, he was a writer for the school newspaper, a champion



Big brother David with Parmely.

## BACKGROUND AND EARLY YEARS

debater, and a budding actor. In the class play, a murder mystery, he played the victim, a district attorney whose murder is solved by a man named Gill! As he was given to signing papers with his full initials (dwf), he was nicknamed “dwarf” by a fellow Ignatian.

David makes up for his lost year, and does well. He graduates from high school soon after turning 18, along with his classmates.

**Sept. 1935:** David enters John Carroll University as a freshman. He is mentioned on p. 4 of the university’s newspaper: “... Dave Ferrie and other Carroll frosh were Good Samaritans along the road to Tiffin a week ago Friday night...”

**Oct. 30, 1935:** *The Carroll News* says “James H. Ferrie Donates Altar”:

Police Captain James H. Ferrie of the Cleveland Police Force and father of David Ferrie, '39 has donated an altar for the Students Sodality Chapel at Carroll. The altar, which is strictly liturgical, is in solid black with chrome finishings. The top is of solid mahogany and weighs approximately one hundred and fifty pounds. The altar stone which is sunk in the top is one of those used at the Congress and was procured especially for the Chapel. The Credence Table, Sanctuary Lamp and the main candlesticks are being made to match the altar. Behind the altar there will hang a huge curtain on which will be suspended a large crucifix.<sup>3</sup>



Note: When David Ferrie was found dead in New Orleans, a curtain was discovered upon which was suspended a large crucifix.

Comments, below, by Stephen Roy, posted to The Education Forum on Jan. 19, 2005,<sup>4</sup> and again in his article on David Ferrie's life on April 29, 2011 (unchanged) represent his summary of David's experiences at John Carroll University, constituting almost the only exposure the public has had to David's experience at John Carroll U.

**Stephen Roy:** Ferrie's first higher-education experience was at John Carroll University, a Jesuit institution. He was involved in the Glee Club and school newspaper, and again excelled at debate. But the school forced him to repeat a year due to certain emotional issues. They wrote: "Industrious and ambitious. Is somewhat socially immature. Is an enthusiast, wants attention and distinction. Wholly lacking in common sense; hard to direct or control."<sup>5</sup>

We assume this negative assessment comes from FAA records obtained from the university. Mr. Roy says David failed a year of college. Newspaper articles below described David as "Class of 1939" consistently. There is no hint of Dave's failures in these articles, which generally praise him.

## THE CARROLL NEWS

The university's newspaper, *The Carroll News*, offers a comprehensive view of David's many talents and a glimpse of his popularity with both students and instructors, in stark contrast to the report received years later. *The Carroll News* describes David Ferrie as a normal, bright student:

### Freshman Year:

**March 23, 1936:** David is a fund-raiser. *The Carroll News*, Vol. 16, No. 10, mentions David as Gesu Parish's "captain" in a fundraising campaign for university faculty housing. There are 23 parishes with captains in charge of fundraising throughout the area.<sup>6</sup>

**May 20, 1936:** The student body votes for David Ferrie. These articles appeared in *The Carroll News*:<sup>7</sup>

(p. 1) "Dean Bracken Gives Medal" When the finals of the Freshman Oratorical Contest were held today ... the winner was selected by decision of the entire student body.... The contestants, ... were: David Ferrie, "A Great American;" Paul Cassidy, "The American Merchant Marine;" Mark Blinn, "An Appeal to Arms;" Richard White, "Politics in College;" and Carl Burlage...

(p. 2):"Frosh Debaters Conclude Season" ...the Freshman Debating Society of John Carroll has just concluded a short but entirely successful

season. In the first month of its existence the society held a round robin tournament. Jerome Clifford and David W. Ferrie were the winners of this tournament...

**Sophomore Year:**

**Oct. 9, 1936:** David Ferrie is put in charge of a debate contest. On this date, the newspaper (Vol. VXII) praises Ferrie's debate team, saying, "On October 9, 1936, this organization held a banquet at Kent State University.... David Ferrie has been placed in charge of the [March 20] contest.... This endeavor by the Carroll Oratorical Society climaxes a brilliant season of debating by members of that society. Successful in home debates, undefeated on a tour of mid-west universities, and now ready to play host to the most active debating organization in the country, it is fitting that Carroll students doff their hats to this smoothly functioning forensic group."

**March 10, 1937:** David remains in charge of debate activities. In his sophomore year, David is in charge of arranging the university's debate tournament, as reported by *The Carroll News*:<sup>8</sup> "Carroll to Play Host to Northeast Ohio Debate Tournament....When the members of the Northeastern Ohio Debate conference meet on the Carroll campus on Saturday, March 20, more than fifteen Ohio universities will enter representatives in the annual debate tournament. According to David Ferrie, Carroll sophomore in charge of arrangements.... Four rounds of debate will be held through the day..."

**April 7, 1937:** David helps run the glee club. *The Carroll News*, Vol. 17, No. 11, p. 2: David is a committee member of the Glee Club, in charge of obtaining patrons (advertising support). On p. 3, David is also listed as a "veteran" contender who must write his own five-minute oration and present it for the annual Oratorical Medal.<sup>9</sup>

**Junior Year:**

**Dec. 17, 1937:** David is a writer for his newspaper. In *The Carroll News*, Vol. 18, No. 5. David is listed as a feature writer.<sup>10</sup>

**Jan. 19, 1938:** *The Carroll News*, Vol. 18, No. 6. David is again listed as a feature writer.<sup>11</sup>

**March 9, 1938:** David becomes assistant director of the glee club and gives an organ concert. *The Carroll News*, Vol. 18. No. 9. As well as becoming an assistant, David is also shows his competence as a musician, as evidenced by this newspaper comment on p. 1, regard-

ing the university's annual Spring Concert to be held May 8, 1938: "Present plans for the musical program include an organ solo by David W. Ferrie, one of the assistant directors of the organization."<sup>12</sup>

**March 30, 1938:** David continues to be active in debating and public speaking. *The Carroll News*, Vol. 18, No. 10: "David Ferrie remains active as of this date in the Carroll Oratorical Society and is expected to participate in debate tournaments. "It is presumed that the following students, active during the year, in debating and public speaking, will enter: Blinn, Burlage, Corrigan, Cosgrove, Deal, DeFranco, Dinmone, Ferrie, Fogarty, Fornes, McCaffrey, McGannon, McManus, Nichols, Osborne, Rambousek, James Smith, and Victory."<sup>13</sup>

So, who penned the statement, "wholly lacking in common sense; hard to direct or control..." that was obtained years after David left this university? Mr. Roy will hopefully reveal the answers when his book is published.

*The Carroll News*, Page 2, (Vol. 18, No. 10): David's sense of humor did not go unappreciated. "For some really amusing anecdotes, listen in on Dave Ferrie when he's in a story telling mood. The other day he kept us in stitches for over an hour."

**March, 1938:** David is appointed by his class president to head an important, historic committee for the university (p. 3, Vol. 18, No. 10): "For several years various persons have asked if there was any memorial to the patron of the school on the premises ... there was [nothing] about John Carroll save an unreliable painting.... Mr. James Wilson, President of the Class of '39 appointed a committee headed by Mr. David W. Ferrie, with the following members: Philip Lawton, Gene Kirby, Paul Seliskar.... The statue will measure about seven feet in height, resting on a four foot pedestal."

David Ferrie headed the committee that made this statue of Bishop John Carroll a reality at John Carroll University. Rather than a full-length figure, which already existed at Georgetown University (also founded by Bishop Carroll), the university settled on a well-designed bust of the Bishop.



**May 20, 1938:** David is again favorably mentioned. *The Carroll News*, Vol. 18, No. 13.<sup>14</sup> Under the column “Double Talk,” p. 3:

FIRST, let’s toss a great, big, well deserved bouquet at Father Kiefer ... and our own Glee Club for a most excellent concert. Many favorable comments, from both students and outsiders alike ... [later, at dinner] Dave Ferrie, local virtuoso of the organ, completely dominating the conversation at his table ...

**Edward T. Haslam:** He entered John Carroll University, a Catholic, Jesuit university, where he did well, studying Greek, Latin, History, and Government with all A’s and B’s.<sup>15</sup>

**John Carroll U:** John Carroll is a private, coeducational, Catholic and Jesuit university providing programs in the liberal arts, sciences and business at the undergraduate level and in selected areas at the master’s level.<sup>16</sup>

## DAVID TRIES FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

**Sept. 1938:** Instead of going on to finish his senior year, David enters Saint Mary Seminary. (In that era, a young man who felt a calling, or “vocation” could finish his college education in a seminary.)

**Stephen Roy:** Over his two year stay, the rector ... considered [him] unsuitable for the priesthood: Brashness, a compulsive leadership complex, excessive criticism of superiors, and most important, he “came to be regarded among his associates as rather antinomian” (one who believes that faith is enough for salvation, that adherence to a moral code is not necessary.) He was asked to leave the seminary. The stress and depression once again caused an occurrence of hair loss.

**Edward T. Haslam:** Ferrie later reapplied for admission, but Saint Mary’s would not take him back.<sup>17</sup>

We don’t know what causes alopecia to this day. David said that while he was trying to become a priest, his homosexuality became fully developed. “God created me this way,” Dave declared.” I couldn’t fight it any more.”<sup>18</sup>

**1940:** David’s father rescues his 22-year-old son by getting him into Baldwin-Wallace College, where he had successfully attended college to get his law degree. David transfers over many of his credits from John Carroll. He needs very few to graduate.

**Stephen Roy:** [David] took a part-time job pumping gas and entered Baldwin-Wallace College, his father's alma mater. He was assigned to student-teach at Rocky River High School,<sup>19</sup> but he still felt a calling to the priesthood. He applied for admission to the Society of the Precious Blood at St. Charles Seminary in Carthage. The war was heating up, and his correspondence indicates that he asked for a hurry-up admission to avoid the draft, while his younger brother enlisted.

David, who was about to graduate, feared he would get drafted before he could be accepted into St. Charles. He was not trying to avoid the draft out of cowardice, or a lack of patriotism, but because he still had a sincere desire to become a priest, as his record the next few years will make clear.

**1940-1941:** David is teaching at Rocky River High School.

**Edward T. Haslam:** Frances McKee, supervisor, said at that time, "His interest in teaching students is very closely tied up with his religious faith." When questioned years later ... she was less charitable ... he was "the poorest teacher they ever had" [and was] "tricky, a bluffer, shrewd, and probably a liar." She added that she received "complaints about his psychoanalyzing his students." ... [but she never had] "complaints involving moral problems."



Frances McKee

**June 9, 1941:** David graduates with high grades from Baldwin-Wallace College with a B.A. in Philosophy.

**Wikipedia** ignores David's B.A. degree: Ferrie attended St. Ignatius High School, John Carroll University, St. Mary's Seminary, where he studied for the priesthood, and Baldwin-Wallace College. He next spent three years at the St. Charles' Seminary in Carthage, Ohio.<sup>20</sup>

**HSCA:** David Ferrie received his BA degree in Philosophy from Baldwin-Wallace with high grades, as indicated by these HSCA references: (24) pp. 18-19, FAA, vol. III, exhibit. (25) Ibid., FAA, vol. III, exhibit, transcript of grades from Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio, June 9, 1941 ; lists all courses...

**Fall, 1941:** David, who has applied to enter St. Charles Seminary, is accepted into its special program of studies, overseen by priests of The Society of the Precious Blood. David is also involved in community service.

**Dec. 1, 1941:** The Civil Air Patrol is now an official organization; Ohio has CAP squadrons.



**Dec. 7, 1941:** Pearl Harbor is attacked. On Dec. 11, Earle Johnson pulls a stunt in Cleveland:

Johnson ... [s]eeing the potential for light aircraft to be used by saboteurs ... took it upon himself to prove how vulnerable the nation was. Johnson took off in his own aircraft from his farm airstrip near Cleveland, Ohio, taking three small sandbags with him. Flying at 500 feet (150 m), Johnson dropped a sandbag on each of three war plants and then returned to his airstrip. The next morning he notified the factory owners that he had “bombed” their facilities. The CAA apparently got Johnson’s message and grounded all civil aviation until better security measures could be taken. Not surprisingly, the Civil Air Patrol’s initial membership increased along with the new security.<sup>21</sup>

**Late Dec. 1941:** David begins to take flying lessons sponsored by the CAP. He will remain associated with the CAP in this area until 1949.



**1941-1944:** David lives in “a Society of Apostolic Life.” Members revere “The Precious Blood of Jesus,” dedicate themselves to a study of scriptures and academic subjects, and serve the poor, living a life of poverty while practicing good works. For three years, David leads a strict, abstemious, Spartan lifestyle in a dedicated and sincere effort to become a permanent member, and then a priest.

HSCA: “...[his] intellectual ability was satisfactory,” [said] a spokesman for the seminary in Carthage, Tenn.... “But his actions and attitudes were not just what we needed in a priest. There was nothing serious or outstanding, either good or bad.”<sup>22</sup>

**June 1942:** Parmely graduates from Cathedral Latin High School in Cleveland, Ohio.

**October 30, 1942:** Parmely enlists in the Army Air Corp on his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday and trains as a pilot. He will become a war hero. [Obituary, Jan. 1, 2013]: “Lt. Ferrie flew the B-24 Liberator in the European Theater for the duration of WWII. He baled [sic] out during one mission and sent his parachute home to Cleveland to his fiancé, Rosemary Catherine Egan, who had it made into her wedding dress.”

### DAVID FERRIE: AN INTENSE, EMOTIONAL MAN.

**D**avid’s father, James, had written to St. Charles mentioning his son’s medical problems, including a hypothyroid condi-

tion, which can cause emotional problems.<sup>23</sup> Later in life there is little doubt that David suffered from a hyperthyroid condition, as evidenced by “bug eyes” – exophthalmia. He also had high blood pressure, as reported by Dr. Richard Bagnetto, his physician in New Orleans. High blood pressure is a side effect of a hyperthyroid condition, and the exophthalmia and autopsy report<sup>24</sup> suggest David suffered from a relatively rare auto-immune disorder of the thyroid. If so, he likely tried to balance his thyroid swings with a thyroid hormone, such as Prolid, to feel better. This disorder, combined with the alopecia problem, could have influenced David’s emotions.

Rev. Francis B. Sullivan, “... professor of theology at St. Charles Seminary (Sullivan was David’s philosophy professor) feels Ferrie to be a preconditioned psycho, impresses people by pretending to be an expert on everything, definitely has a talent for character assassination...” (citation from p. 115, HSCA Vol. X part XII).<sup>25</sup>

The “character assassination” reference might have been related to David’s telling me that he was sexually assaulted by an important priest at St Charles. If Dave had attempted to report the deed to higher-ups, this is where the accusation of “character assassination” might have originated. The priest was highly regarded, and exhibited great piety, to the extent that Dave tried to convince himself that this priest must still retain a high standing in the eyes of God. This fit Dave’s “antinomian” code that faith and good intentions can save one, despite personal sins that recur after the sinner’s best efforts to stop. David will follow his “antinomian” code throughout the rest of his life. This could explain the true reason for David’s expulsion and the true reason for his consequent nervous breakdown.<sup>26</sup>

**1943:** Late this year, David learns that he will not receive Perpetual Membership in the Society. He is warned that he cannot become a priest without a radical change in his behavior, with more humility and submission to authority.

David described his years in seminaries like this: “My great hope was destroyed in a desert filled with narrow minds.” His expulsions, he said, were the culmination of a series of inhumane punishments to “break” his spirit to full conformity. Upon being questioned, Dave bitterly described incidents at St. Charles, where he said a high-level priest demanded that he bow to the priest’s sexual demands, masked as “acts of humility” – or face expulsion. David ended up needing psychiatric treatment.

**1943-1944:** David returns to the seminary after psychiatric treatment and spends a year “of horror” trying to re-establish himself, but the faculty votes to turn down David’s request to return for his fourth year.

**1944:** This is when David’s father, wrote to Fr. Rohling, rector of St. Charles Seminary, in his son’s defense. The letter, obtained in 1961 by the FAA in its court case against David, mentions David’s alopecia problem, and David’s thyroid problems are also mentioned. Proloid, used to treat hypothyroidism, was reported by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison to be among Ferrie’s effects at his death (Garrison: *On the Trail of the Assassins*).

**Nov. 27, 1944:** David is told to leave St. Charles. Denied Perpetual Membership in the Society before the end of 1943, David reacts with shock to the order to leave the society. In his mind, he believes he has successfully met the relentless demands of a seminary life.<sup>27, 28</sup> David will retain his priestly robes, keeping them wherever he goes, the rest of his life.<sup>29</sup>

**1944:** Despair drives David to another nervous breakdown. He attempts suicide.

**Stephen Roy:** Among other things, he had engaged in a “doctrinal dispute” with others at the seminary and actually caused a split amongst faculty and staff. When he was declined Perpetual Membership in the Society in late 1943, he had a nervous breakdown and was ordered to seek psychiatric help. By late 1944, he was again forced out, and suffered a full breakdown.

David said he was so ashamed that he tried to kill himself by hanging, but did not succeed. He was given emergency psychiatric care at a hospital, and the incident was hushed up.

## Endnotes

1. Ref: article on David Ferrie’s life, Cleveland Press, Feb. 23, 1967 p A-4.
2. To St. Charles seminary: see 1941-1944 entries.
3. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1045&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 12, 2013).
- 4 <http://educationforum.ipbhost.com/index.php?showtopic=2890&page=2> (Retrieved June 3, 2013).

5. Under <http://blackburstblog.blogspot.se/2011/04/david-ferrie-biography-part-1.html> on Thursday, April 28, 2011, in an article titled "David Ferrie Biography, Part I" written under his name 'Blackburst,' Mr. Roy posted the same words and quotations about David Ferrie at John Carroll University that he posted back on 19 Jan., 2005 to The Education Forum.
6. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1054&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 4, 2013) Vol. 16, No. 10.
7. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1055&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 4, 2013) Vol. 16, No. 14.
8. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1066&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 4, 2013) Vol. XVII, No. 9.
9. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1060&context=carroll-news> (retrieved June 4, 2013) Vol. 19.
10. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1062&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 4, 2013) Vol. 18, No. 5.  
*The Carroll News*: Edited For and By the Students of John Carroll University  
 PUBLISHED bi-weekly from Oct. I to June I, except during Christmas and Easter vacations, by the students of John Carroll University from their editorial and business offices at University Heights, Ohio; telephone YELlowstone 3800. Subscription rate \$1 per year.  
 Moderator: Prof. E. R. Mittinger Editor-in-Chief: Paul F. Minarik, '38 Sports Editor: Charles W. Heaton, '38 Assistant Editors-Bernard R. Sallot, '39; Charles R. Brennan, '39; Robert E. Tryon, '38; Martin McManus. Feature Writers-Jack Lavelle, '38; Louis Horvath, '38; David Ferrie, '39; Thomas Osborne, '39; Robert Debevec, '40; Valentine Desle, '38. Sports Writers-George Otto. '40; Joseph Follen, '40; William O'Connor, '41. Cartoonist: Norm Peritore '40 Business Manager: Armos J, Loyer, '38.
11. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1111&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 4, 2013) Vol. 18, No. 6 : same information as in Vol. 18, no. 5.
12. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1075&context=carroll-news> Vol. 18, No. 9 (Retrieved June 4, 2013).
13. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1076&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 4, 2013) Vol. 18, No. 10.
14. <http://collected.jcu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1078&context=carroll-news> (Retrieved June 4, 2013). Vol. 18, No. 13.
15. *Dr. Mary's Monkey*, TrineDay, 2007, 2014. by Edward T. Haslam: from outline of David Ferrie's life, pp. 93-96.
16. Ref: <http://www.jcu.edu/about/> (Retrieved June 11, 2013.)
17. *Dr. Mary's Monkey*, TrineDay, 2007, 2014. by Edward T. Haslam: from outline of David Ferrie's life, pp. 93-96.
18. I'm approximating Dave's words, made easier because we hailed from the same geographical area and commonly used many of the same turns of phrase.

19. Mr. Roy's statement that David was student teaching at this date, at this high school, is in conflict with reports by the HSCA. Until we have more information, we don't know who is correct.

20. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David\\_Ferrie](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Ferrie). But HSCA states David Ferrie received his BA degree in Philosophy from Baldwin-Wallace with high grades, as indicated by these references: pp. 18-19, FAA, vol. III, exhibit, transcript of grades from Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio, June 9, 1941 ; lists all courses. Ref: HSCA, Vol XII "David Ferrie" : [http://www.aarclibrary.org/publib/jfk/hasca/reportvols/vol10/pdf/HSCA\\_Vol10\\_AC\\_12\\_Ferrie.pdf](http://www.aarclibrary.org/publib/jfk/hasca/reportvols/vol10/pdf/HSCA_Vol10_AC_12_Ferrie.pdf) (Retrieved May 10, 2013).

21. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History\\_of\\_the\\_Civil\\_Air\\_Patrol](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_the_Civil_Air_Patrol) (Retrieved June 1, 2013).

22. The HSCA cites: Cleveland Press February 23, 1967 Page A-4.

23. HSCA: SR-11-N-224, Dec.19, 1962, p.19, Ferrie was treated for emotional problems in 1944, FAA, vol. 2, HSCA: "Letter of J.H.Ferrie to St. Charles Seminary."

24. Ferrie's autopsy also revealed nodules in his thyroid: "The thyroid gland is nodular on both sides and weighs 35 grams. There is one large nodule in the left lobe of the thyroid measuring 1 cm in diameter. It is firm and gray-white in color and appears poorly encapsulated." Online Ref: [http://mcdams.posc.mu.edu/ferrie\\_autopsy.htm](http://mcdams.posc.mu.edu/ferrie_autopsy.htm) "The *thyroid gland* has a right lobe and a left lobe connected by a narrow isthmus. The normal *weight* of the thyroid is 10 to 30 grams." Endocrine Pathology. See Appendix to view Ferrie's autopsy. <http://library.med.utah.edu/WebPath/ENDOHTML/ENDO015.html>.

Ferrie's thyroid gland was enlarged – a fact that should have been mentioned in his autopsy.

For more technical information, see, for example, "The link between Graves' disease and Hashimoto's thyroiditis: a role for regulatory T cells."

McLachlan SM, Nagayama Y, Pichurin PN, Mizutori Y, Chen CR, Misharin A, Aliesky HA, Rapoport B. Source: L Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, 8700 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90048, USA. [mclachlans@cshs.org](mailto:mclachlans@cshs.org).

Ferrie's autopsy revealed nodules on an enlarged thyroid – as found in Graves-Hashimoto thyroiditis. Thus, Ferrie could have experienced bouts of hypo-and-hyperthyroidism creating exophthalmia and high blood pressure. He may have decided to self-medicate, using varying doses of thyroid hormones, depending on his symptoms, which would indicate to him where he was in recurring cycles of hypo-and-hyper thyroid states.

Proloid was reported by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison to be among Ferrie's effects at his death (viz: Garrison: *On the Trail of the Assassins*).

25. These records are widely available. This copy was accessed at [http://www.aarclibrary.org/publib/jfk/hasca/reportvols/vol10/pdf/HSCA\\_Vol10\\_AC\\_12\\_Ferrie.pdf](http://www.aarclibrary.org/publib/jfk/hasca/reportvols/vol10/pdf/HSCA_Vol10_AC_12_Ferrie.pdf) (Retrieved May 1, 2013).

26. A recent list of sexually abusive priests in the Cleveland Diocese includes one from the 1960's; surely hundreds of abused persons never spoke up. Some priests in this group committed suicide after their misconduct was revealed.

<http://bishop-accountability.org/priestdb/PriestDBbylastName-L.html> (Accessed 1/29/2014).

27. Ferrie's regimen in both seminaries would have been rigorous and challenging, as this Catholic Encyclopedia article explains: "The ordinary working day is divided between prayer, study, and recreation. Summer and winter, the student rises at 5 or 5.30 AM., makes his meditation for a half-hour, hears Mass, and usually receives Communion. Breakfast is about two hours after rising. In the forenoon there are two classes of one hour each, while two hours also are devoted to private study. After dinner, there is about an hour of recreation. In the afternoon four hours are divided between class and study, and as a rule another hour of study follows supper. A visit to the Blessed Sacrament, the recitation of the Rosary, and spiritual reading take place in the afternoon or evening; and the day closes with night prayer. Thus the student has devoted about three hours to exercises of piety and nine hours to work. After six years of this mental and moral training in retirement from the world, and in the society of fellow students animated by the same purpose and striving after the same ideals, he is deemed worthy of receiving the honor and capable of bearing the burden of the priesthood: he is an educated Christian gentleman, he possesses professional knowledge, he is ready to live and to work among men as the ambassador of Christ." *New Advent Catholic Encyclopedia*, <http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/13694a.htm>.

28. HSCA Vol. 3, exhibit XX, Ferrie file from St. Charles Seminary, December 1, 1961. (Ferrie was described as "critical of authority," "careless about observing rules," "ignored authority," "indulges freely in criticism of his superiors").

29. FAA, vol. 4, Robey report, p. 10, interview of Col. Joseph G. Ehrlicher: "resented authority"(19) Ibid.and SR-1-N-224, November 19, 1962, FAA, vol. 2, interview of George Piazza, who told investigators "Ferrie is the type of individual who fancies himself an expert in all matters and, hence, believes himself infallible. To this end Ferric would express his philosophical ideas in no uncertain terms."