

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR, FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOVEMBER 20 1953

TO: SAC, NEW YORK

Well, this is the beginning of Advent and every year for the next three Sundays we learn a lot about the sort of thing most people don't want to talk about, to prepare for, to face -- death and judgment. It is all in preparation for the birth of Christ who then we t through the cycle that is the lot of all of us, saints, sinners, liars and lovers.

By the time this reaches you I hope and pray that you will be knowing a rebirth and that the slow torture of injustice will have passed you by at last. It is easy for all of us to see ourselves persecuted and maligned, but as one a little outside the perimeter I certainly think this was the burnest beef in a long line of them.

That sharp shooting was not done somewhere by somebody I would be the last to deny but at worst it seems that Doc and Flader tried to outsmart each other and you got caught in the crossfire. For that reason I cannot see why a move for a dismissal, or at least a move for the dismissal of the charges against you, can't be successfully argued and if turned down immediately appealed on the basis of the prosecution's own case. I can't see that you need Doc at all, even if in court in a hospital bed, to prove that you personally had nothing to do with the charges advanced by Flader. His contention that Doc and you were in a silent partnership before Doc was introduced to you, if not proved by the prosecution just about demonstrates the conspiracy to operate a con game and all else falls apart like a house of cards. Did they bring out anything to damage the chronological sequence which has been your main contention from the beginning? If they did it seems to me you have the witnesses to destroy it. If they didn't, you have a case as Judge Richards indicated for false arrest right there.

But to lighter things. The reason Gene thinks it unwise to talk to you at his house is that he has good reason to believe his phone is tapped. Some weeks ago he fell upon a fantastic tale through that sound engineer at Disney's. It seems, according to the story, a saucer landed in the area of Edwards Air Base near Mojave. A live pilot was captured. He was loathe to talk but he did point out on a map to the planet Mars. The main difference he showed from earthbound mortals was that his circulatory system was not operated by any pump similar to our heart. Gene wanted to know if I could get in there through some high member of the Air Force. I started to hunt out among those with the rank at least of Brig Gen, when Gene called me and told me to forget it because security had clamped down on the thing. He had learned through Brian Dunlevy who was in Navy Intelligence that nobody could get in or out of Edwards for the moment. Not even phone calls were going through to certain staff members.

Either Gene or a friend or both went up to see what they could see. They saw nothing. But in a bar on the main road they got to talking with a marine, who had a two day pass. His pass was up but when he reported he couldn't get in and was told to wait around and try each day till he got an okay. It mystified him completely.

So that's how it stands. A complete blackout for the moment and whether the story was the McCoy or just successful scuttlebutt to keep nosy people away from the real thing, deponent sayeth naught.

Anyway after Gene had called somebody in Glendale he got a call back later from the phone company, checking on the call and it rather surprised him that a tap would be put on even local toll calls. But he has been friendly with Murrah and Wilkerson who rented a plane and disappeared ten days ago and that seems to be a more plausible reason for tapping his line, as the plane is now listed as stolen.

Jerry Baker rolled in here e Thanksgiving day. We invited him for dinner. He had come from Prescott and seemed surprised that Murrah had hopped off without him. On a previous visit to Prescott, remember, he thought he was going to be invited for a ride by Stuevians but it never came off. This time they didnt even wait for him.

Now the phoney part of all this is that Murrah was so put it charitably an unstable character. He had known Wilkerson back in Racine. Wilkerson came west with certain so called vortex equipment. He got a good job in a radio plant and the day he disappeared he had got a raise and an elevation to a higher post in the setup.

He had some words with his wife (and with reason because the night before Murrah phoned her to say that her husband had driven west with some surplus equipment, notably some game that had been in his life before.) But before he lit out he sent her a check for \$185.

By now she is reconciled to the likelihood of his not returning and is selling her furniture and all equipment including some fine high fidelity stuff. Baker is going to drive her and her three children back to Racine Tuesday.

What all leads to is this: Are these dopes from outer space that they pick characters like this to be our ambassadors to wherever they have come from?

All the best.

Ever,

FRANK SCULLY