



# A HOG STORY

From The Aftermire Of The  
KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

By Bill Smith

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**Bill Smith**

*A Hog Story: From the Aftermire of the Kennedy Assassination*

Washington, D.C.: L'Avant Garde Publications 1968

\$1500

First edition. Quarto. 55 leaves printed rectos only. Stapled printed wrappers. Some chipping on the front wrap, else very good or better. Conspiracy account that contends that JFK was murdered by his wife Jacqueline Kennedy, predicated by the author upon a pattern of police activity experienced by young black people in North Carolina before the assassination, and some notes about the suppression of the author's written works. Note laid in from a University of Massachusetts employee to a colleague, Sidney Kaplan noting "Sid: The author is a young black waiter whom I met in O'Donnell's Seafood Restaurant in Washington, D.C.. I think you'll find it of interest. Best wishes, Gil Mottla[?]."

[BTC#425744]

INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL STUDIES  
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University of Massachusetts  
Amherst, Mass. 01002

Date: October 30, 1972

Referred to: Sidney Kaplan

Sid:

The author is a young black waiter whom I met in O'Donnell's Seafood Restaurant in Washington, D.C.

I think you'll find it of interest.

Best wishes,

Referred by: Gil Mottla

Caster, manager of the Southwestern Publishing Company. The evidence indicates that the shots were fired from the fifth and not the sixth floor of the Depository Building. Finally, the third and fatal shot, which struck President Kennedy on the right side of the head, was fired by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy.

The foregoing conclusions and the evidentiary considerations upon which they were based were published on May 23, 1966 as part of a book written by me entitled Assassination By Consensus; but difficulties of a legal and financial nature forced me to withdraw the book from the market.

Admittedly, the strange and macabre chain of events recounted is difficult for the mind to absorb.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th President of the United States, amid a throng and yet so lonely, sat groping with a bullet in his throat. Then he heard a call of hope from one he knew.

"Oh my God, they have shot my husband. I love you, Jack."

And when he turned toward her lovely face for comfort, his brain was blasted through the top of his skull.

Jackie, of whom it was said that she was such a lovely child. Jackie, who conversed, oh so delicately, in French. Jackie, one of America's best dressed women.

Jackie, I drink of the radiance that emanates from your childish-ly innocent smile, but not too much. For I am an abstemious man. I am also your accuser, your judge, and your jury. Court is now in session. How do you plead?

You turn me a roguish glance and go about your business.