



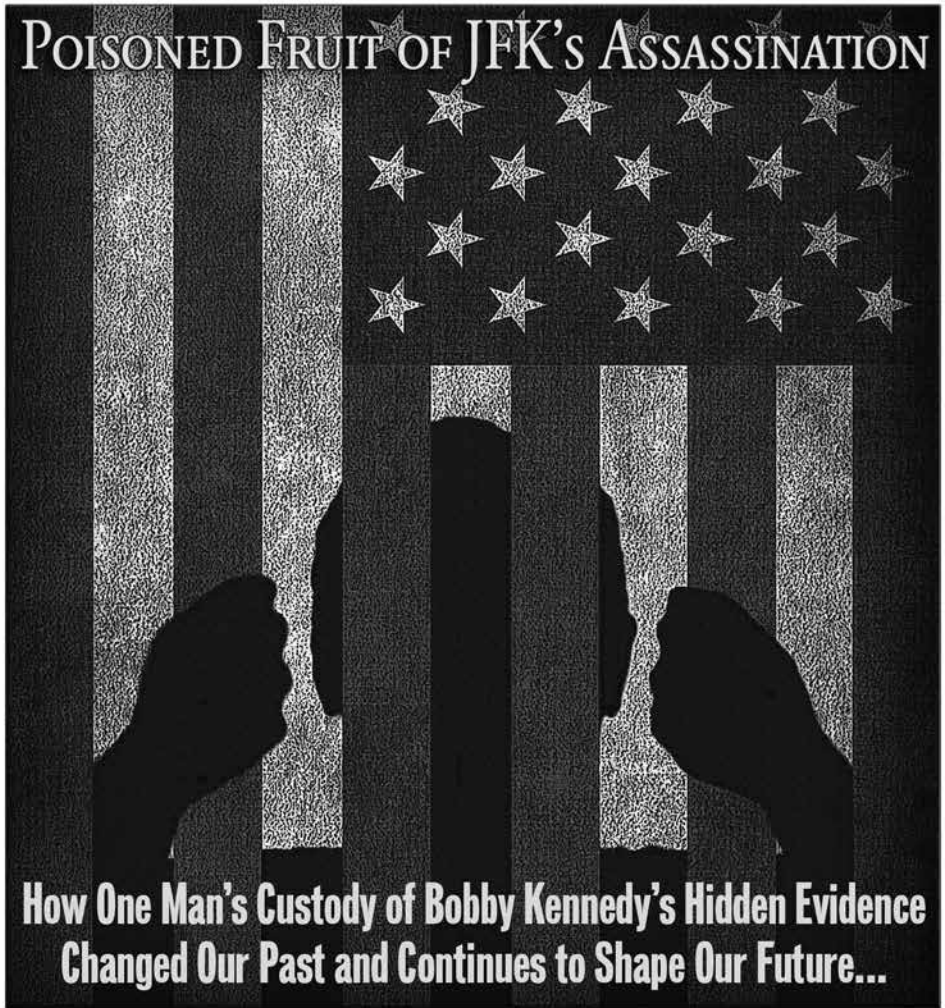


BASED ON THE AMAZING TRUE STORY



# THE INHERITANCE

POISONED FRUIT OF JFK'S ASSASSINATION



How One Man's Custody of Bobby Kennedy's Hidden Evidence  
Changed Our Past and Continues to Shape Our Future...

**CHRISTOPHER FULTON  
& MICHELLE FULTON**

INTRODUCTION BY **DICK RUSSELL**  
Author of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*

THE INHERITANCE: POISONED FRUIT OF JFK'S ASSASSINATION

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This is a memoir; it is sourced from my memories, letters, and recollections. Dialogue is reconstructed, and some names and identifying features have been changed to provide anonymity. There is some informed, educated supposition about how actions affected historical events and meetings. The underlying story is based on actual happenings and historical personages.

Published by:

Trine Day LLC

PO Box 577

Waltersville, OR 97489

1-800-556-2012

[www.TrineDay.com](http://www.TrineDay.com)

[trineday@icloud.com](mailto:trineday@icloud.com)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2018947033

Fulton, Christopher & Fulton, Michelle.

The Inheritance—1st ed.

p. cm.

Epub (ISBN-13) 978-1-63424-218-9

Kindle (ISBN-13) 978-1-63424-219-6

Print (ISBN-13) 978-1-63424-217-2

1. Kennedy, John F. -- (John Fitzgerald) -- 1917-1963 -- Assassination. 2. United States -- Politics and government -- History. 3. Kennedy, Robert F. -- 1925-1968. 4. Lincoln, Evelyn N. -- 1909-1995. 5. White, Robert L. -- 1949-2003. 6. Fulton, Christopher -- 1965-. 7. Conspiracies -- United States -- History. I. 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](http://www.ipgbook.com)

# PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

*No matter what the progress  
Or what may yet be proved  
The simple facts of life are such  
They cannot be removed.*

– Herman Hupfield,  
*As Time Goes By*

*Most welcome, bondage! for thou art away,  
think, to liberty: yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured...*

– William Shakespeare  
*Cymbeline, King of Britain*

*A Republic, if you can keep it.*

– Ben Franklin

**P**ersonal testimony is something that TrineDay values highly. I first heard about Christopher Fulton from Robert Groden. Later I spoke with Christopher myself. We talked about the book business and the JFK assassination. I wisecracked that unless he was writing a book that said “Lee did it,” there wouldn’t be much press coverage. We didn’t talk much about his particular story. I asked if he had a manuscript. He said he was working on one. I told him that the Internet had roiled the publishing industry as much as anything, and there were now new ways to get a book to market that make self-publishing a viable option, mentioned other publishers that might be interested, and said to contact me once he had a manuscript.

Years later that happened, we talked some more, I asked him to send me his story. I received, sat down and read. Opened up Google, read, check, read, check. Wow! I was amazed that such an unknown narrative existed and appalled at the tortuous methods used by my government.

Fulton's story expanded and confirmed my understanding of the dynamics of the assassination, so I said, "Yes, let's do it, it needs to be done, for our country and . . . for our children and theirs."

*The Inheritance: Poisoned Fruit of JFK's Assassination* is a must-read for anyone concerned about the future . . . and the past, for that is where our fortunes lie. Only with a true understanding of our history can we move forward in a proper way.

Yes, some names have been changed, some dialogue recreated, and there is some conflation of characters and minor events, but the story is very real. The question being: What will become of it? What will *we* do?

There will be those who disparage, those who will throw cold water on Fulton's tale, but then we have to deal, everyday with those who say, "Lee did it," and those who wonder why anyone even cares about a murder that happened over 50 years ago.

Few of us who were alive when "it" happened, can honestly *not* forget what happened that day . . . and what has changed. For some, it gnaws at our souls, lurks in our minds and can keep us up at night.

There is so much controversy and divisiveness within our polity today. I welcome opportunities for a new grasp of reality, giving us a much-needed foundation upon which to act.

I heartily applaud the outstanding courage, fortitude, and downright grit that the Fultons have shown and their hard-won contribution to our ongoing quest for truth, liberty, and justice.

Being almost threescore and ten, which I grant is no great feat, has taught me, generally through hindsight, a few things: Listen to what folks have to say. Do *not* sell yourself short. And remember, there are many among us who wish a better world, a brighter future . . . a more perfect union.

TrineDay is humbled to have the pleasure to present Christopher Fulton's saga, *The Inheritance: Poisoned Fruit of JFK's Assassination*. Our hope is that it will help us understand our history, behold our destiny, heal our nation, and revive our republic!

Onwards to the Utmost of Futures!

Peace,  
RA Kris Millegan  
Publisher  
TrineDay  
August 31, 2018

# INTRODUCTION

By Dick Russell

**T**he main character of this book is not a human. It's a timepiece: the gold Cartier watch worn by our 35<sup>th</sup> President, John F. Kennedy – on the day of his assassination. His wife, Jacqueline, handed the watch to JFK that fateful morning of November 22, 1963. He was wearing it when the shots rang out in Dallas. It bore ballistics evidence. And it was no longer on his wrist when his body was flown to Washington, D.C., for the “official” autopsy.

For many Americans, including myself, *time* stood still that day. The moment of hearing the news engrained itself in the memory, subject to instant lifelong recall. “Did you hear? Kennedy’s been shot!” said the fellow student who informed me outside the high school cafeteria as everyone changed classes. The student wasn’t a friend, barely an acquaintance. But I still recall his name and will never forget his face.

If we could turn back the clock . . . *and* that is what *The Inheritance* does, in an anguished plea for truth to will out, written by a man whose own sacrifice to the time-honored cover-up is stranger than fiction. The bizarre story of how a successful building contractor—not yet born when JFK was gunned down—came to briefly “inherit” the watch is mind-boggling enough. What happened to Christopher Fulton subsequently is downright chilling.

The reason comes down to this: JFK’s watch was the single most compelling piece of evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald did not act alone, that someone else fired the fatal shot from the front, that a conspiracy existed—indeed that a coup d’état may have taken place in Dallas. Forensics don’t lie—but they can be buried.

It was a fatal shot that echoed far beyond Dealey Plaza, from the little boy issuing the unforgettable farewell salute to his father at Arlington Cemetery to the grown man whose own demise may well have been linked to his desire to expose the wrenching truth. His name was John F. Kennedy, Jr. Time cannot heal all wounds when the bloodshed is ongoing.

The book you are about to read is written in novelist style and, if the chronicle weren’t so devastatingly real, one could hope it never happened.

Did the time bomb detonate for Christopher Fulton because he was in the wrong place at the wrong time? In retrospect, maybe so. But in his naivete, how could he have known? Did he have to endure years of false imprisonment in order to emerge one day to relate this saga?

Many who might have shed light are dead: the first keepers of the watch, a nurse at Parkland Hospital and two Secret Service agents; JFK's wife Jacqueline and brother Bobby; JFK's private secretary, Evelyn Lincoln; the would-be museum-keeper, Robert White, to whom the fate-filled timepiece was bequeathed; the son, John Jr., who sought to wrest the watch from the jaws of eternity, to rewind and let it *tell time*.

Fulton alone has survived to reveal its story. In the process, his curious destiny unfolded; secrets were unveiled. A Russian official, a Secret Service man, later two different fellow prisoners who offered their inside knowledge of what had transpired as JFK sought to move the nation away from nuclear annihilation and toward peace.

As the President once said: "We are not here to curse the darkness, but to light the candle that can guide us through that darkness to a safe and sane future."

I have long felt that this nation cannot truly move forward until the truth is faced about what really happened in Dallas. We saw our great leaders of the 1960s mowed down, men who would've helped us become an America vastly different than the bitterly divided and materially driven country we now inhabit. We have witnessed corruption replace compassion, Orwellian tweets supplant honesty.

The clock is running. Once upon a time . . . there was promise. Yet the legacy bequeathed here by Christopher Fulton recalls something else, the verse quoted by Robert Kennedy upon delivering the tragic news of Martin Luther King's assassination in April 1968. The verse was from Aeschylus. It resonated deeply with Robert Kennedy, who himself would be slain two months later. And perhaps it may serve as a fitting introduction to what Fulton describes of his life and those times.

*Even in our sleep, pain which cannot forget  
falls drop by drop upon the heart,  
until, in our own despair,  
against our will,  
comes wisdom  
through the awful grace of God.*



*To my mother,  
who lost her life over the strain of these events,  
and to Don Clark,  
who finally convinced me on the 4th of July that this book  
needed to be written.*

\*\*\*

*I would also like to state my eternal gratitude for  
President John F. Kennedy  
and  
Senator Robert F. Kennedy,  
who sacrificed their lives for the betterment of the world.  
Thank you.*

\*\*\*

*I also dedicate this book to everyone who has served,  
or is currently serving, in the Armed Forces of the United States.  
Thank you for going above and beyond.*



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks to Nanny Mason, who put her life on hold and traveled from another country—multiple times—to care for us, our children, our dogs, and our home, so that we could finish this book.

Thank you to our agent, Joe Kolkowitz, who told us this book was important; he has supported us with his professional guidance from the very beginning.

Thank you, Kris Milligan of Trineday, a true patriot publisher who works to make a more-informed and better world for all of us.

Thank you, Pat Boylan and John Lett, who—published authors, themselves—devoted a substantial chunk of their time to edit our book.

Thank you, Dick Russell, for your advice regarding this book and for writing the Introduction.

Thank you to the good men and women of the intelligence community who encouraged us to write this book.

And thank you to all of our family members and dear friends, the truest measure of a great life.



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## Prologue



## ASK NOT

November 22, 1963

**E**veryone's efforts were useless; President John F. Kennedy was dead.

Mr. O.P. Wright, the head of Parkland Hospital's security, was given a bullet; he placed it in his pocket. Soon after, he was given a gold wristwatch; he carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief.

The bullet was the foundation of the biggest lie in modern history, and the watch was secretly used to save us all from nuclear war . . .





## WHAT I CAN DO FOR MY COUNTRY

**MARCH 3, 1999**

**T**oday started out differently. I wasn't forced onto government aircraft controlled by the United States marshals, I wasn't stuck in cold holding cells for days, and my wrists and ankles weren't chained to a lock box at my waist. No one had died today, and no one was trying to kill me. I was put in an unmarked car and I could see out the windows; I hadn't seen outside in eight months. I was in the custody of IRS Agent Clara Mancini and FBI Special Agent Joe Callahan; they were driving me to the Federal Greenbelt Courthouse in Maryland. I had to go to the bathroom.

When we arrived I asked permission to relieve myself.

"Absolutely not," spat Mancini contemptuously.

"I'll take him," Callahan said. He led me down the hall, and aggressively pushed me through the door of the men's room. "Stand still." In the privacy of the facility his demeanor changed; he spoke to me like I was a human being and unlocked my steel bracelets. "Your files are stacked two feet tall on my desk. Why didn't you just come in?"

I rubbed my wrists; I was confused about his breach in protocol. Since my arrest, this was the first conversation with a government official that felt genuine, but I needed to know if he was trying to help me, or hurt me.

Callahan lowered his voice and spoke with more intensity. "The attorney general is going to bury you. I know about your letter to the president; can you save yourself?"

"I don't think . . ."

A loud knock broke my response and Mancini's aggravated voice came through the door. "Hurry up."

Agent Callahan quickly snapped the cuffs back on my wrists and walked me out of the bathroom. I never got to go.

Both agents led me through a security door and down a hallway. Callahan turned to Mancini. "You know we have to wrap this up before the Bush election."

Mancini gave him a distasteful look. "Yup." She spoke abruptly to cut him off.

As we arrived at the end of a long corridor, my lawyer, Stephen N. Salvin, stood waiting outside another secure door. Agent Mancini punched a code in the keypad and walked through. Agent Callahan left, and I remained in the custody of a federal marshal standing beside me.

Salvin had a strained look on his face. "I can't go in with you," he said, "it's a closed interrogation. You've waived your constitutional rights, but it's the deal we had to make."

*Deal* was an interesting word to describe it.

"Don't hold anything back," Salvin instructed, "the government wants answers. At this stage they don't care whether you're a terrorist, if you've killed a thousand people, or if you've dealt with atomic weapons; it's all covered under your blanket immunity, in exchange for your cooperation."

My eyes locked on his. "You know I've never done anything like that."

He nodded. "Just remember, your family won't be touched now."

My family . . . I started to collapse within myself. I couldn't stay focused on what Salvin was saying; this was all too surreal. I knew I didn't fully trust him, but I was forced to take his direction under threat of even more terrible consequence: I had no choice.

"You're facing fifty years," Salvin said. "The Department of Justice's recommendation will mean everything. Just try to forget how you feel." He scrutinized me.

I knew how I looked: sallow, sleep deprived, nauseated, a shell of my former self . . . and this was a good day.

He advised me to put the misery aside and answer their questions directly and calmly. "Everything will be taken down for the record. It'll be classified, so we won't have access to it. Just try to remember as much as you can and write it down as soon as you get a chance. I know it's nearly impossible to get anything to write with in the hellhole they're keeping you in—that place is *designed* to break people—but it's important you try." He looked at his watch. "It's time."



Too much was riding on this; my *life* was riding on this. I had to swallow my anxiety, my fear, but the question kept screaming in my brain: *What the hell am I doing here?* I took a deep breath and tried to appear composed, as the marshal escorted me through the door.

I was delivered into a small courtroom with a marble floor. The great seal of the United States hung above the proceeding. I walked through the center of the room to a podium. A federal judge and stenographer sat on my right, and a group of officials sat on the opposite side of the room. Their eyes followed me, emotionless. My cuffs were removed and Assistant District Attorney Stewart Barman ordered me to sit.

Barman addressed the room: “This is a proffer session debrief for Mr. Christopher Fulton. He has agreed to this session of his own free will. He will answer all questions put to him under penalty of perjury. He has agreed to plead guilty to the charges against him and is facing up to fifty years of imprisonment. The Department of Justice will recommend a reduced sentence based on his cooperation. The government has granted Mr. Fulton and his immediate family blanket immunity for anything that is said here today, or any other information or actions that are known, or become known, that occurred prior to this proffer. The United States Government will not bring any further charges against Mr. Fulton or his family, or assist any foreign government in charging him or his family.” He turned to me. “Mr. Fulton, do you understand?”

“Yes.” My mouth was dry, but I spoke clearly.

“Please state your name and occupation for the record.”

He was really asking, *Who are you?* . . . but I didn’t recognize myself anymore.

\*\*\*

I grew up in Maryland, just outside the District. My mother was personable and smart, a stewardess, recommended by Howard Hughes to fly aboard the Lockheed Constellation shuttle between Washington and New York. Of the many important and interesting individuals she met, her favorite was Bobby Kennedy; they shared several long conversations together.

I learned from an early age about reputation and privilege, not from our family name or wealth, but from my mother’s remarkable way with people. When I was two years old, she arranged a private tour of the White House for me which included the upstairs rooms. I even met President Johnson. I can’t remember what he said to me, but I have a photograph to

commemorate the occasion. From a very young age, I developed a great appreciation for history; my taste, desire, and love for it came from my mother's influence.

My family roots grow deep in the soil of a proud American military heritage. I'm the descendant of William Vaughn Jr., who fought with distinction in the Revolutionary War, and General John C. Vaughn, who fought in the Civil War. Most of the men in my family tree served in the United States Navy. My parents assumed I would follow in those footsteps. When I turned eighteen, an Admiral wrote a letter of recommendation for my acceptance into the United States Naval Academy, in Annapolis; it was a great honor. I was on my way, and my family was sure my future was set, but I wanted something different; I wanted to do the kinds of things my father had done.

My father was the Vice President of Weldcrete, a company that supplied NASA with the exceedingly hard concrete used to withstand the intense heat and powerful exhaust from the Apollo rockets. As a boy, I collected patches from the missions that my father helped make possible.

Although I was one of the first men in my family not to serve in the Navy, I eventually became successful in the commercial construction industry. It took years of struggle, hard work, and personal sacrifice, but I reached my goal and fulfilled my dream: I became an independent general contractor. I would always be proud of that, but the real thread of passion throughout my life, my love of history—particularly American history—never left me.

\*\*\*

In this cold courtroom, I was about to be questioned by U.S. Assistant District Attorney Stewart Barman, witnessed by representatives of the secret agencies intended to keep our nation safe, and the military I would have been a part of . . . My childhood was an unattainable memory, and my future was about to be stolen.

"Mr. Fulton, please state your name," the prosecutor said again.

"Yes," I said, as I pulled myself back into the present, "my name is Christopher Fulton; I'm an independent general contractor."

"Mr. Fulton, when did you first meet Mr. Robert L. White?"

"1994."

"You were living in Maryland at that time, and Robert White was the friend of a friend?"

"Yes."

“When did you become aware of Robert’s relationship with Evelyn Lincoln, President Kennedy’s personal secretary?”

“1996.”

“You’re saying he kept that information from you for two years?”

“Yes,” I responded. The panel looked doubtful, so I continued, “He had a deal with Mrs. Lincoln, to keep the information she shared with him secret until after her passing.”

“Mr. White only shared information with you after Mrs. Lincoln died?”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

“Why?”