

DONE DEAL

by:

Adam Martin

The Truth about the Kennedy
assassination in Dallas.

Dennis Sobin - Publisher
% Prisons Foundation
2512 Virginia Ave. NW #58043
Washington, D.C. 20037

Dear Dennis,

Please find enclosed my latest treatment entitled, "Done Deal", which about my father shooting and killing President John F. Kennedy back in 1963. It's all factual and can be verified by numerous records.

I think this treatment will become a good movie.

I've enclosed a S.A.S.E. to receive your reply about "Done Deal", and hope you'll publish it like you did "Set Up".

I know you're busy, so I'll close here for now.

Sincerely,

Ada

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"Done Deal" is another treatment by Adam Martin whose father Donnie Halbert was a Texas "businessman" that was involved in numerous national intrigues.

"Done Deal" is Donnie's beginning as a young "businessman" who was present during the discussion which ultimately led to the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Adam is currently serving a life sentence in federal prison, after being set up by the San Antonio FBI Agent Darren Holmes for bank robberies, as told in Adam's first treatment "Set Up", which was about Donnie ordering Woody Harddsons father to kill Judge Woods in San Antonio, TX.

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Adam Eugene Martin

Later,


Adam Martin

I Dedicate this to my Mother and my Brothers.
They've always been there for me.

It was mid-afternoon as Donnie entered the club on Pearl St. his "uncle" owned the club and had requested Donnie to be present at a meeting that would guarantee Donnie his "bones" as a "businessman".

Present at this meeting on Pearl St. were, Donnie Halbert, Jack Ruby, Lyndon B. Johnson, and two of Carlos Marcello's men on loan from New Orleans. Jack Ruby was my fathers "uncle".

This meeting was a planning session for the assassination of President John F. Kennedy who was going to be in Dallas, TX. Lyndon B. Johnson would provide the exact driving route and insure JFK would be riding in a convertible. Jack Ruby would take care of the Dallas Police Department and drive his "nephew" from one of the pick up sights after the job was done.

Jack was also to make sure that Lee Harvey Oswald would take the fall for the assassination, as Lee was a frequent customer at the Pearl St. club and a "wannabe" hood/commie sympathizer. Lee would leave the rifle in the Book Depository, and head out to the movies after JFK was killed. A "tip" would then be given to the Dallas Police Department of Lee's location.

November 22, 1963 drew closer with each passing day, and my father went to the range every day to shoot his custom chopped rifle at close range. My father was the "safety" shooter, who would shoot as a last resort from the overpass if everyone else missed their shots.

The rumours about there being three distinct shooters

are true, except Lee Harvey Oswald never fired a shot at JFK.

There were extra people also provided by Jack, because the other two shooters needed transportation as they were not familiar with the streets of Dallas. Not very many people have mentioned the logistics of having to move three shooters away from the scene of the crime.

It did help that Jack had the Dallas Police in the bag.

The first shot came from Carlos Marcello's man on the top of the building angled from when the limo made its turn onto Daly Plaza. This shot is the one that hit JFK in his throat.

Can you imagine the surprise of a seasoned shooter making his one shot, seeing the shot hit through the scope, yet the President still sitting upright?

Having taken his one shot, the first shooter immediately packed up his gear, calmly walked down the stairs, exited the building, got into the awaiting car and was driven away.

The second shot came from the grassy knoll, and this is the shot that hit Texas Governor Connally in his arm. A total miss, as the President was still sitting up ram rod straight. Shot taken and Carlos Marcello's last shooter packed up his gear and was driven away from the sight.

Then came the last and final shot that came from the overpass, a direct hit fired by my father, and the "pink mist" blowing out the back of the President's head, as seen on the Zapruder film.

My father calmly walked away, got into his "uncle" Jack's

waiting car. My father changed clothes in the backseat of Jack's vehicle, wrapped the used clothing around the chopped custom rifle, and as they drove by the Trinity River, they stopped and threw everything into the river.

With the President being killed and everything in total chaos, everyone had been evacuated from the kill zone, and the Dallas Police Department were arresting every black person around Daly Plaza, it was easy for everyone to get away.

Lee Harvey Oswald was later arrested, and the rat bastard began debriefing on everything. Nick Civella contacted Jack and ordered him to take care of the problem, which Jack did spectacularly on national TV.

My father was "made" with that shot and was a "businessman" on his way up the ladder. I was born shortly thereafter, and would be "made" myself by doing a "favor" for my father and his associates.

Pretty much everyone involved in the assassination of JFK died violently, except Lyndon B. Johnson and Carlos Marcellis. Jack Ruby died by a virulent strain of cancer, same as Nick Civella several years later. Carlos' two shooters were killed, and my own father was brutally shot in the back by the Phoenix Police Department, after his weapon was empty.

Now, I tell this tale as my father had told me. It's pretty much over as I told everything I know, so now I'll go into my father's trials and tribulations after his fatal head shot that killed JFK.

After my father was "made" he was sent out to

Las Vegas to cash certified cashiers checks and bring the money obtained back to Dallas to help with Jacks legal defense.

Jack died when I was one years old, so I don't recall anything of the funeral. I do know my father was always hustling after that, and that money was his god, and later became mine as well.

My father used to "short stack" beer, when he worked as a delivery driver for Budweiser.

"Short stacking" beer is where the delivery man takes two empty cases of beer, placing them on the bottom of the stack of say 5 cases, take them into a bar & have the owner sign for them. Pretty soon a guy can have a whole garage full of beer. Course that job doesn't last very long, but there are always more jobs.

By the age of 4, I had a string of blooded quarterhorses, and a thoroughbred named Lightning. I thought every little boy had a talking dog and horses for friends.

Yes, I said a talking dog. Bear was a mutt, but he could talk. He would say, "Mama, I love you." That's all he could say, but it was very understandable. He died of heat prostration when my father locked him in our hot ass garage one summer day. I disliked my father very strongly for letting Bear die.

My father beat up my mother quite a lot, so they got divorced around 1970. My mother took my brother Michael and I down to Houston to live, getting us away from my father and his friends. It didn't last too

long really, as my father got visitation every other weekend.

My mother would send my brother and I up to Dallas in our Levis and Keds to visit our father. My father would send us back down to Houston in tailored suits. It was cool flying on a airplane back and forth from Houston to Dallas. But by '73 it all changed due to my fathers arrest for mail fraud.

The mail fraud was a simple scam really. My father got a job at the post office and stole Master Charge from his mail bag on his delivery route. He'd use those stolen credit cards to purchase various things like gold coins, etc... All liquid assets.

My mother remarried a good guy named Noel Martin who adopted both my brother Michael and myself, changing our last name from Halbert to Martin. My mother had Little Noel my younger brother shortly after marrying Big Noel.

I was a headstrong child always scheming on this or that. Pretty much getting into trouble and that led to me getting whipped with a belt. Didn't much stop me at all though. Built character I believe, unlike these kids now days who don't get disciplined, which has caused all these problems now days. Spare the rod & spoil the child. That I firmly believe in.

There have been times when I have questioned my past choices in life, due to my fathers influence in my early life. Between that and the stories I heard about my father later in life, then the tales I heard in person with my father, did influence my choice in life. That choice to become a criminal.

My father and I did not become reacquainted until I was 16 years old, and I lit out for the United States Penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas to visit with my father who was serving time for robbing a bank with Dino Cox.

Dino and my father had gotten drunk and robbed a bank in Overland Park, Kansas in my father's creme coloured Lincoln Mark III. Both had been recently released from Leavenworth and hooked up together with each other, and the male dental assistant my father had pulled in Leavenworth. Seems the dental assistant had a weakness for money, so in '79 through '80 my father and Nick Civella were both at Leavenworth together and they enjoyed corrupting the dental assistant.

Unfortunately though when Dino, my father, and the dental assistant named Green, (I think) robbed that bank, they all got caught shortly thereafter. Green turned on everyone, telling on everything, including about everything he was doing for the "good fellas" at Leavenworth USP. This was in 1980,

I reached the visitation room in USP-Leavenworth on October 21, 1982. I'd not seen my father in approx. 7 years.

As I sat in the upstairs visitation room at Leavenworth in the chairs that lined up each wall with their small brown tables, I wondered if I'd recognise my father.

He came walking out of the back of the room with his pressed khakis and still had his walk like he had when I was a child. He grabbed my hand in his and pulled me in for a hug. I palmed the folded up paper and deftly placed

it in my pocket. My father hadn't changed a bit, except his hair had fallen out on top.

We sat down and talked about why I'd dropped out of school and what I planned on doing with my life. I told my father I'd be a "businessman" like him. I told him I lacked his connections and needed to be "hooked" up with a crew.

My father laughed at my eagerness to break the law, and he wanted to know if I could score a quarter pound of weed and bring it to him the next day. I told him no problem, even though I didn't know a soul in Kansas or Missouri, or even have a car to drive to go look for the weed.

I left the joint walking down the steps to the parking lot, kept on walking until I hit the street, hooked a left and walked on until I got to the 7-11 where I boosted a car to drive into Kansas City, Kansas.

Once I hit KCK, I went up to Quindaro Blvd. and scored the quarter pound of smoke my father requested. I located a motel near the bus station over in KCMO, lost the hot car and went to the motel to crash for the night.

I caught the early bus to Leavenworth with 2 ounces of weed in each pocket of my blazer. I walked up to the imposing citadel that reminded me of the dome over the Texas capitol, instead of a prison.

I got into visitation using my Woodlands Country Club i.d., as it was the only i.d. I had with my picture on it.

The guard was cool and always let me in, even though I was a minor. They don't do that much anymore.

My father walked out into visitation room, sat down next to me and asked me if I'd picked up the weed. Sure, I told him and pulled out the first 2 ounces + tossed it to him. Well, he about had a heart attack and shoved the baggie of weed back at me. Turns out it needed to be placed into balloons for him to swallow.

While we visited I watched this old woman take a big cookie out of her dress which she began breaking into small pieces on a brown paper towel. This older man came out in his pressed khakis and sat there next to the woman and he began eating the cookie. I pointed this out to my father and he told me that the old guy was named Nick and left it at that.

I was introduced to this black woman who would teach me how to "package" the weed up to be smuggled into the pen the next day.

I showed up the next day with 80 balloons of weed, which I placed in a half empty potato chip bag for my father to swallow.

Each time my father came out to the visitation room, he'd shake my hand, palming me a neatly folded square of paper as we hugged. Each time I'd receive \$500.⁰⁰. 5 brand new 100 dollar bills each time, neatly folded + ironed flat. I visited 28 days a month, so I cleared \$14,000.⁰⁰ a month, all in 100 dollar bills. Not bad for a 16 year old kid out of the

woods of East Texas. That wasn't including the quarter pound of weed every other day, which meant another \$800.⁰⁰ to \$1,000.⁰⁰ added to my kitty every other day, so I was making a decent amount of money every month.

I was given a fake birth certificate and told to go get my i.d. down at the Leavenworth DMV, which ironically turned out to be next door to the 7-11 where I boosted the car my first day in Leavenworth.

The i.d. was given to me with no problem, so I was now 18 years old instead of 16. This enabled me to open bank accounts, buy homes, cars, and long guns. A very important thing to have since I was making good money now.

Things progressed rapidly for me, and one day at visitation I was told by my father that Nick wanted to meet me and I was to call Nick, Mr. Civella, and be very respectful, or my father would kill me in visitation then and there. I believed him.

When I walked over to chat with this old man who resembled my grandfather, he smiled at me and told me to call him Nick. He told me that he had been watching me and saw that I took care of my family, then he asked me what I wanted to do with my life. I told him I wanted to be a "businessman" like my father. He laughed and suggested that I become a attorney. I smiled and told him I'd put a lot of thought into it, and I was firm in my decision. Nick told me okay.

Nick instructed me that a man named Ted Kelly

would be picking me up in a Cadillac, open me a new bank account, then I'd be moved into a new place to live.

True to his word Nick had me picked up by Ted Kelly and I became acquainted with the workings of how "businessmen" worked. I received \$500.00 a week from Nick, and still worked for my father. It was great.

Now my father was all excited for me as I now had a very powerful ally in Nick, and many doors opened for me, but I'd yet to be tested. That soon came about.

I was asked if I'd take a shot at a guy over in Las Vegas. I told my father no problem, get me a .270 and I'd drop whoever they wanted me to. In Hollywood I'd get a chunk of money, but in reality this was my test. Never did take that shot, as it was cancelled.

However, two guys did get "helped" out of Leavenworth County Jail, only to be killed in McCormack, MO. They were homeboys from Texas and died in battle with the police.

One morning I looked out the window of the house and saw a red Ford Falcon sitting there next to my 1970 Mach I set. Old boy saw me looking at him, so he exited the Falcon and came walking up to the front door of the house.

It was one of my father's guys from Dallas, Al Jones who'd just got released from Leavenworth 6 weeks before. We'd introduced ourselves, drank a cup of coffee, then we took Al's car and went to the pen to visit my father.

That's right Al and I went to the pen to visit my

my father. That took a lot of balls for a guy who'd just been released, broke parole, got a solid fake id. and then he walked right back in to the joint at my side. That is loyalty.

We sat there drank a few sodas, then plotted out the crimes Al and I would pull off. We were to hit several 70K to 100K jobs to hire a few high dollar attorneys for my fathers parole.

The visit ended well and we had our orders. It didn't take too long to come up with a good chunk of fast money. Made my little 28K a month look like chump change, plus the robberies were rather addictive.

Al and I hit so many scores in Kansas they thought that a team of armed robbers had attacked the state. Although it was only the two of us.

We left Kansas in January right in the middle of a blizzard. That was the only way we could get out of the state.

It was a hairy drive down I-35 South during that blizzard, especially when I confused the China white heroin with the cocaine. Did my first speedball during that trip.

Finally we arrived in Dallas and we went directly to Harry Hine Blvd. to a strip club called "Southern Belle". Al had a ol' lady that worked there as a bartender. It was cool and I was treated well.

I paid 250K to a attorney for my father, then Al and I started robbing around Ft. Worth which became our undoing.

Al and I had a armored car payroll drop scoped out at a Safeway in Lake Worth, Texas, so we cowboied up and pulled off that robbery. It went south on us quick and I had to use my .357 Ruger as we escaped.

We were arrested approx. 45 minutes after that job. Al was taken to Tarrant County Jail and I copped to being 16, so I was taken to juvenile detention outside Ft. Worth.

Well, Al pled out to 30 years, and I was certified as a adult and sent to Tarrant County Jail where I got Alan K. Butcher as my attorney.

Alan K. Butcher came to me with a deal of 20 to Life for my first offense ever. I told him to get fucked on that deal, which he offered me on Friday.

I called my Maw-Maw, who was my fathers mother and asked her to get ahold of my father and tell him I was in Tarrant County Jail facing 20 to Life from my crappy lawyer Alan K. Butcher. She told me NOT to worry.

Saturday morning my Maw-Maw was there at the jail to visit with me and make sure I was okay. I asked her if she'd spoken with my father and she told me NOT to worry. She told me to keep my chin up as our visit ended.

Saturday afternoon the guard pulled me out of the tank and took me to a small room that had a phone sitting on the table with the receiver off the hook. He told me I had a phone call & he'd be back in a few hours.

Hesitantly I went to the phone, picked it up and said hello. I was heartened to hear my fathers voice on

the other end.

Needless to say my father was concerned that I was in jail, but he told me not to worry. He then asked me how much time I thought I should get. Nona didn't go over to well, so we compromised on 4 years probation. He told me I'd be out soon and to get my ass back up to Kansas.

Monday morning rolled in and first thing that morning Alan K. Butcher showed up asking me why I didn't tell him who I was. I told him he knew my name, and he stated that he had no idea I was Donnie Halbert's son, so please call off the dogs and he'd go get me 4 years probation. I asked him what dogs, and he explained to me that Sunday evening two very large gentlemen showed up at his house, walked right inside his home, sat him down and they'd been drinking coffee all night as these two gentlemen explained to Alan what a good deal he was going to get me in the morning. I told Alan to get me the 4 years probation and they'd go away.

To give Alan credit, he left the jail at around 8:45 AM, and by that afternoon he'd gotten me a deal for 4 years adjudicated probation. My father took care of me, as did Nick who was dying of cancer at that time.

Dallas "businessmen" are under the Kansas City, MO. "businessmen", who are aligned with the Chicago "businessmen." It's a great working relationship. I'd just witnessed how they took care of their own, and in record time.

Now I was committed to my father and Nick, I saw the power and I wanted a piece of that power, so I got out of jail, visited with my mother for a

little while, then I headed back up north to Kansas City.

When I got back to Kansas City, I immediately contacted my father in Leavenworth, showed up for a visit, got lectured, then asked what I wanted to do. I decided to become an assassin.

Nick had passed away while I was in jail, so all my allegiance shifted to my father. I thought that only fitting.

My father sent me to live with Jerry Wells who was to teach me the ropes and how to murder people professionally. I "passed" my test well, and after I did my first hit, me + Jerry went out to have a steak dinner. Nothing personal, just business.

I'd fallen in love with Jerry's daughter Gina, but she was confused and duty dictated my presence out of state to North Carolina to "work". To this day I miss Gina.

In North Carolina, I moved in with a lady friend of my father, and followed his orders via phone conversations, making 350K in 2 1/2 months running a bogus investment company.

I went back to Kansas City, staying away from Gina, and hooked up with a beautiful red headed Irish girl Regina Thompson who was 16, a year younger than me. She had our son alone, as I was in prison in Texas for violating my parole, and I never was able to locate her even though I did try repeatedly.

I got out of prison in 1985, visited with

my mother and brother Michael, then I went back to "work" again in Kansas City.

By the summer of 1986, I had carved out a nice neighborhood for myself and had several guys selling weed for me on the street, with one cocaine house on Friday + Saturday night.

Supplying drugs to the dope houses was my "hobby". My mainstay for money in 1986 was hustling travelers cheques. I'd make 240K a month off the travelers cheques, train people nationwide on that scam and make 25% off their 1st month of business, so all told I was pulling in around 1mm a month in cash.

I had another son with a girl named Missy Miller, but we split up, so I just stayed away and made my money, hired my father a couple more attorneys trying to get him out of prison.

By the end of 1986, I'd grown tired of all the drugs, parties, Machivellian intrigues of the "businessmen", so I gave everything away and left walking down the highway headed to Memphis to visit my grandmother on my mother's side, because my cousin George needed help.

Yes, I said walking down the highway. It was January 3, 1987 and I was headed south towards Joplin, Mo. on foot as the organized crime task force was looking for Gino my alias.

I got side-tracked to Tyler, TX., as someone there needed help, so I took on a 90 day contract

that only lasted 6 weeks. I finished up in Tyler, got on a Trailways and rode it to Memphis to help out my kin.

My cousin George had somehow got hooked up with a girl named Susan who was playing him + sleeping around on him with a hardcase, so I took care of the problem.

No, I didn't kill anyone, I just simply met with the guy in his "club house" with his crew. Me + Terry talked in the backroom, I made phonecall and let a friend in Kansas City explain who I was and how things would cease immediately involving my kin. I'd been a "businessman" for 2 years at that point, and I was "covered" nationwide in our network of "connections".

In May, 1987 one of my girls from my "network" contacted me with a "fiam" number to call from a pay phone.

I made the phonecall at 10AM on May 18, 1987, was told my father would meet me at the airport in KC if I hurried to the Memphis airport. I grabbed up my grip, hugged my Granny and lit out to Kansas City once again.

Finally after my spending well over 3 million illegotten dollars with a grip of attorneys, we'd paid all the right people on the Federal parole board and the State of Texas parole board, and my father was released.

My father and I met at KCI as I walked off my plane from Memphis. We hugged, grabbed my dufflebag, and headed over to one of my fathers fiancé's house where we planned out a quick armored car heist.

Things didn't go well on that armored car, so my father and I popped a bank in Overland Park, KS. Then we went off on a 9 state crime spree of bank robberies, bank fraud, thefts, and general mayhem.

Everything was going well for us and we were amassing a goodly war chest of well over 2.5 million dollars in cash which tends to be rather bulky, so we bought diamonds and gold.

My father and I buried the gold and diamonds in a .50 caliber ammo box out in the Painted Desert, as we were headed to Phoenix, Arizona to break out one of my father's friends from the federal joint in Black Canyon.

Why would you bury your cash in a National Park? That's simple. They won't be building a house in a National Park, so your cash is safe there forever, just in case shit goes south on you.

We'd found these old \$500.⁰⁰ maximum postal money orders over in New Mexico, so we were cashing in the money orders all over the Southwest.

See, you buy the money order for a couple of bucks, erase the asterisks in the box in front of say the number 2, put in a 4 and a 8, and you have a \$482.⁰⁰ dollar money order that cost you 2 bucks. Buy a few thousand of them and you're instantly rich in about a week.

Well, we hit Phoenix, opened up a couple of bank accounts, juiced them up with the altered postal money orders and were in the process of working on the last days deposits when things went south really