

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

Belmont	_____
Mohr	_____
DeLoach	_____
Casper	_____
Callahan	_____
Conrad	_____
Felt	_____
Gale	_____
Rosen	_____
Sullivan	_____
Tavel	_____
Trotter	_____
Tele. Room	_____
Holmes	_____
Gandy	_____

TO : Mr. Belmont

DATE: June 14, 1965

FROM : A. Rosen

- 1- Mr. W. C. Sullivan
- 1- Mr. Belmont
- 1- Mr. Rosen
- 1- Mr. Malley
- 1- Mr. Shroder
- 1- Mr. Raupach

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT
JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY
NOVEMBER 22, 1963
DALLAS, TEXAS
MISCELLANEOUS - INFORMATION CONCERNING

PURPOSE:

To advise the Department furnished a letter enclosing a copy of a complaint filed in U. S. District Court, Denver, Colorado, by John J. King against the Attorney General for the return of the assassination rifle and .38 caliber revolver used to kill Dallas Police Officer J. D. Tippit. The letter requested information from the Bureau to defend this action. We do not have the information requested and no previous information has been received concerning the contracts to dispose of the weapons and no investigation has been conducted concerning this matter. Bureau reply attached.

BACKGROUND:

A letter dated June 9, 1965 from Mr. John W. Douglas, Assistant Attorney General, Civil Division, enclosed a copy of a complaint filed in U. S. District Court, Denver, Colorado, on May 24, 1965 by John J. King, v. Nicholas deB Katzenbach. In brief, King claims he is the owner of the assassination rifle and the .38 caliber Smith and Wesson Revolver used by Oswald to kill Dallas Police Officer J. D. Tippit and requested the return of these weapons. King claimed the Attorney General does not own these weapons and has no right under the law to retain them either for his own account or in his official capacity, as the Attorney General of the United States.

The letter from Mr. Douglas made several requests of the Bureau in order to defend this action:

1. A report in duplicate setting forth the facts involved. We have no knowledge of this matter other than that published by local newspapers and a check with our Dallas Office revealed that they have no information concerning

Enclosure *sent* 6-16-65

MR:mas (7)

CONTINUED - OVER

XEROX

JUN 18 1965

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN

4030

JUN 18 1965

Memorandum to Mr. Belmont

RE: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

it. Dallas did advise however, newspaper articles had indicated Marina Oswald has attempted to sell these weapons. Aside from his allegation we have no facts to indicate King purchased the weapons. In addition, we have not conducted any investigation concerning this matter.

2. If any Departmental regulations or orders involved the Department wanted to receive references to the Code of the Federal Regulations and the Federal Register where they may be found. We have no knowledge of this and if such information was published such research would be the responsibility of the Department.

3. Department wanted copies of relevant documents, such as contracts, items of correspondence, transcripts of hearings and administrative rulings or orders. We have none.

4. Department desired our opinion regarding allegations of the complaint which should be admitted and which should be denied and any affirmative allegations to be made in the answer. This is not our responsibility or function.

5. Department desired a list of names, official positions, and addresses of persons who have personal knowledge of the facts involved and matters that they can testify to on behalf of the Government.

In connection with item No. 5, it is pointed out the rifle and pistol were both obtained by police agencies in Dallas and we were requested to be temporary custodians until the appropriate disposition was determined. The Department is also being referred to the report of the President's Commission on the assassinator which reveals identities of individuals who acquired these weapons.

Presently there is pending proposed legislation relating to the retention of exhibits in this case. The bill would allow the Attorney General to designate certain items of evidence to be retained by the Government which would be recorded in the Federal Register. Thereafter, anyone having claim to the items selected would file a claim through the U. S. Court of Claims. The Department requested our views on this legislation, and by letter dated 5/4/65, we indicated the proposed legislation appeared to be a logical solution to this problem. It was also indicated we would relinquish these

Memorandum to Mr. Belmont
RE: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

items when so designated by the Attorney General.

Bureau files contain several references concerning one John J. King who is described as an oil man and considered a millionaire residing in Denver, Colorado, who may be identical. There were several references in the Jack L. Ruby file which were not derogatory.

ACTION

Attached for approval is a letter to Mr. Douglas outlining the Bureau's position as set forth above and advising that no investigation has been conducted concerning this matter.

GR
f.l. ✓
J
J
K
K

Memorandum

8

TO : Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Director, Federal Bureau of
Investigation

DATE: June 9, 1965

FROM : John W. Douglas
Assistant Attorney General
Civil Division

JWD:HFLeathers:ic
145-12-979

27 Sunset Drive
Englewood, Colo

SUBJECT: John J. King v. Nicholas deB. Katzenbach,
Attorney General of the United States
(US DC D. Colo.) Civil No. 9168

Rifle - Serial No. C 2766
Caliber 6.5 mm. Mannlicher-Corona

Case initiated by President

A copy of the complaint recently filed in this action is enclosed. *Action filed by John J. King to obtain above weapon from estate of Lee Harvey Oswald.*

In order that we may defend this action, please send us, not later than June 21, 1965, a report, in duplicate, setting forth the facts involved. If you cannot send us the necessary material before that time, please let us know as promptly as possible so that we can inform the court of the reason for the delay.

If any departmental regulations or orders are involved, we would like to receive the references to the Code of Federal Regulations and the Federal Register where they may be found. If such regulations and orders are not published in the Federal Register or in the Code of Federal Regulations, we would appreciate receiving four copies of them with your report. *Revel. R 301 NO V51-110*

You should also include four sets (one of which should be certified) of relevant documents, such as contracts, items of correspondence, transcripts of administrative hearings, and administrative rulings or orders.

It will be helpful if you will state specifically which allegations of the complaint should, in your opinion, be admitted and which should be denied, and make suggestions for any affirmative allegations to be made in the answer.

Please include a list of the names, official positions, and addresses of persons who have personal knowledge of the facts involved and a brief summary of the matters about which they can testify on behalf of the Government.

Enclosure

ENCLOSURE

ENCLOSURE ATTACHED
JUN 15 1965

*det to her
JUN 15 1965
1186*

62-11000-4031

JUN 17 1965

EX-100
REC-100
JUN 9 1965

United States District Court

FOR THE
DISTRICT OF COLORADO

CIVIL ACTION FILE NO. 9163

JOHN J. KING,

Plaintiff

v.

NICHOLAS deB. KATZENBACH,
Attorney General of the
United States,

Defendant

SUMMONS IN CIVIL ACTION

FILED BELLEVILLE

SUMMONS

Attorney for Plaintiff

To the above named Defendant :

You are hereby summoned and required to serve upon me a copy of the complaint or the petition

Holtberg and Coulson

plaintiff's attorneys, whose address is 1700 Broadway, Denver, Colorado 80202,

and file with the Clerk of this Court by

Debra United States Marshal

an answer to the complaint which is herewith served upon you, within sixty days after service

of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to do so, judgement by default will be taken against you for the relief demanded in the complaint.

G. WALTER BOWMAN

Clerk of Court

8 9168 0

FILED
United States District Court
Denver, Colorado

MAY 24 1965

G. WALTER BOWMAN
CLERK

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLORADO

BY _____
DEP. CLERK

JOHN J. KING,)
)
Plaintiff)
)
v.)
)
NICHOLAS deB. KATZENBACH,)
Attorney General of the)
United States,)
)
Defendant.)

Civil Action No. _____

C O M P L A I N T

JOHN J. KING, plaintiff, complaining of defendant,
NICHOLAS deB. KATZENBACH, Attorney General of the United States,
alleges:

1. Plaintiff is a citizen of the State of Colorado, residing at 27 Sunset Drive, Englewood, Colorado. Defendant is, and has been at all times since prior to February 1, 1965, the Attorney General of the United States, duly qualified and acting as such, and is a citizen of the District of Columbia. The matter in controversy exceeds, excluding all interest and costs, the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000). This court has jurisdiction of this action because of the diversity of citizenship of the parties and also, in the alternative, under the Act of October 5, 1962. 76 Stat. 744, United States Code, Title 28, Sec. 1361.

2. Under the provisions of United States Code, Title 28, Sec. 1391, as amended by the Act of October 5, 1962. 76 Stat. 744,

the defendant by certified mail beyond the territorial limits of this judicial district.

3. Plaintiff is the owner of the following described personal property:

RIFLE: Caliber 6.5 mm. Mannlicher-Carcano Italian military rifle, Model 91/38, serial number C2766, with attached 4-power telescopic sight stamped "Ordnance Optics Inc.," "Hollywood California," together with two-piece sling strap and cartridge clip marked "SMI" "952," as more fully described on pages 553 through 555 of Appendix X, Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy, and identified as Exhibit #139 of that Commission.

REVOLVER: Caliber .38 Special Smith & Wesson Victory Model revolver, serial number V510210, as more fully described on pages 558 and 559 of Appendix X, Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy, and identified as Exhibit #143 of that Commission, together with the holster for said revolver.

4. The defendant, under color of his office as Attorney General of the United States, now has, and at all times since prior to February 1, 1965, has had, custody and control of the said personal property.

5. Plaintiff has heretofore requested and demanded that defendant deliver to plaintiff the above-described firearms, which are the personal property of plaintiff. Defendant does not own the above-described firearms and has no right under any law to retain such firearms in his custody, either for his own account or in his official capacity as Attorney General of the United States. Defendant has nevertheless refused and failed and continues to refuse and fail to deliver such firearms to

8 3

part of defendant has deprived and continues to deprive plaintiff of his property without due process of law.

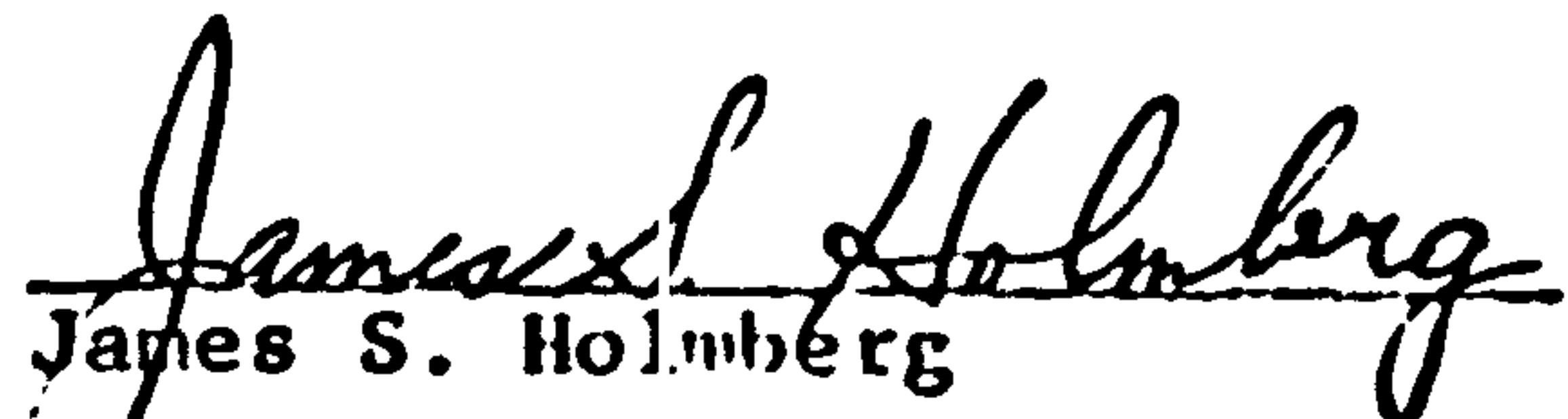
WHEREFORE, plaintiff demands:

A. That defendant be required to deliver up to plaintiff the aforesaid firearms;

B. That defendant pay to plaintiff the costs of this action; and

C. That plaintiff have such other and further relief as is just.

Respectfully submitted,


James S. Holmberg

HOLMBERG AND POULSON
1700 Broadway
Denver, Colorado 80202
Telephone: 623-3268

Attorney for Plaintiff

Of Counsel:

William C. Garrett
Charles F. Hawkins
KILGORE & KILGORE
1800 First National Bank Building
Dallas, Texas 75202
Telephone: Riverside 1-6784

Patrol at 8:10/15

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

JUN 10 1965

TELETYPE

Mr. Tolson	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Bishop	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. Felt	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

FBI WASH DC

FBI DALLAS

346 PM CST URGENT 6-10-65 PSB

TO DIRECTOR (62-109060)

FROM DALLAS (100-10461)

Sheldon

Patrol

R

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY, MISCELLANEOUS -
INFORMATION CONCERNING.

REBUTEL TODAY.

DALLAS FILES CONTAIN NO REFERENCES TO JOHN J. KING,
ENGLEWOOD, COLORADO.

CLIPPING FROM DALLAS MORNING NEWS ISSUE OF MAY
TWENTYFIVE LAST FORWARDED TO BUREAU BY ROUTING SLIP JUNE SEVEN.
ARTICLE REFLECTS FACT OF SUIT FILED BY JOHN J. KING, ENGLEWOOD,
COLORADO, IN USDC, DENVER, AGAINST DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FOR RECOVERY OF WEAPONS WHICH HE CLAIMS PURCHASED IN DALLAS
LAST NEW YEARS EVE THROUGH UNIDENTIFIED AGENT, FOR HIS PRIVATE
COLLECTION AND NOT FOR DISPLAY. KING IDENTIFIED ONLY AS "OIL
MAN AND GUN COLLECTOR." PRICE PAID FOR GUNS NOT INDICATED.

END PAGE ONE

Patrol at 8:10/15
Patrol at 8:10/15

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62-109060 - 403

JUN 17 1965

PAGE TWO

DALLAS LAW FIRM KILGORE AND KILGORE STATED TO BE REPRESENTING KING.

JAMES A. ~~KILGORE~~, ATTORNEY, QUOTED AS SAYING "UNFAMILIAR WITH ANYTHING BEYOND FACT HIS FIRM IS REPRESENTING KING."

KILGORE QUOTED AS SAYING "BILL ~~GARRETT~~ HANDLED EVERYTHING."

WILLIAM C. ~~GARRETT~~ LISTED IN DALLAS DIRECTORY AS ATTORNEY, ADOLPHUS TOWER BUILDING, WHICH IS ALSO ADDRESS OF KILGORE FIRM.

MARINA OSWALD REPORTEDLY CONTACTED AND QUOTED AS SAYING "NO, NOT YET" WHEN QUESTIONED BY REPORTER AS TO WHETHER GUNS SOLD. ARTICLE STATES IT IS OPEN SECRET MARINA HAD BARGINED FOR SALE OF GUNS.

BUREAU'S ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO DALLAS AIRTELS MARCH TWENTYFOUR AND TWENTYSEVEN LAST, IN OSWALD CASE CONCERNING APPOINTMENT OF MARINA AS ADMINISTRATOR FOR OSWALD ESTATE. WEAPONS REPORTEDLY LISTED IN INVENTORY, ENTIRE ESTATE VALUED AT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

DENVER ADVISED AM.

END

WA ...ALS...

FBI WASH DC

CLR

6 6
DECODED COPY

- Tolson _____
- Belmont _____
- Mohr _____
- DeLoach _____
- Casper _____
- Callahan _____
- Conrad _____
- Felt _____
- Gale _____
- Rosen _____
- Sullivan _____
- Tavel _____
- Trotter _____
- Tele. Room _____
- Holmes _____
- Gandy _____

AIRGRAM CABLEGRAM RADIO TELETYPE

SD-09

DEFERRED 6-22-65

TO DIRECTOR (62-109276)

FROM LEGAT MEXICO CITY NO. 376

UNSUB; WRITER ANONYMOUS LETTER RECEIVED AT CONSULATE, MEXICO, JUNE 16, 1965. THREAT AGAINST THE PRESIDENT.

ANONYMOUS LETTER RECEIVED AT AMERICAN CONSULATE, MEXICO, MEXICO JUNE 16. LAST URGING THAT "GRINGOS" BE KILLED AS CAUSE OF WORLD SUFFERING. LETTER ACCUSED PRESIDENT JOHNSON OF BEING THE INTELLECTUAL DIRECTOR OF THE ASSASSINATION OF KENNEDY.

NO LOCAL DISSEMINATION SINCE NO REPRESENTATIVE OF SECRET SERVICE WITH THIS EMBASSY. LHM FOLLOWS WITH LETTER.

HENRY C. JOHNSON, ACTING

62-109276

2 JUN 24 1965

NOT RECORDED
199 JUN 25 1965

11:49 PM CJC

ORIGINAL FILED IN 62

W
JUL 12 1965

Handwritten notes and signatures

If the intelligence contained in the above message is to be disseminated outside the Bureau, it is suggested that it be suitably paraphrased in order to protect the Bureau's cryptographic systems.

June 15, 1965

Mr. John W. Douglas
Assistant Attorney General

Director, FBI

62-109060-4832

- 1 - Mr. Sullivan
- 1 - Mr. Belmont
- 1 - Mr. Rosen
- 1 - Mr. Malley
- 1 - Mr. Shroder
- 1 - Mr. Raupach

7:11
123
JOHN J. KING v. NICHOLAS deB. KATZENBACH
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES
(US DC D. COLO.) CIVIL NO. 9168

In response to your letter dated June 9, 1965, your reference JWD:HFLeathers:ic, 145-12-979, the described weapons listed in the complaint of John J. King are being temporarily retained by this Bureau. We have not received any previous information concerning contracts to dispose of the weapons and no investigation has been conducted concerning this matter. The President's Commission assigned these weapons Commission exhibit numbers, which were revealed in the Commission report. The rifle was given Commission Exhibit Number 139 and the .38 revolver Commission Exhibit Number 143. The President's Commission utilized these weapons on several occasions during the course of their official investigation and subsequently returned them to this Bureau for temporary retention until disposition is determined by the Attorney General.

REC'D-READING ROOM

JUN 15 3 33 PM '65
UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 100-443888-51

This Bureau is not aware of any Departmental regulations or orders relating to this matter. My letter dated February 24, 1965, addressed to former Assistant Attorney General Herbert J. Miller, Jr., captioned "Assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, November 22, 1963, Dallas, Texas, Miscellaneous - Information Concerning," relates to the "Retention of Physical Items Pertaining to the Assassination." Reference is made to my letter dated May 4, 1965, addressed to the Deputy Attorney General captioned "Legislative Program Number 201 - Providing for the Acquisition and Preservation by the United States of Certain Items of Evidence Pertaining to the Assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy." This letter was in response to the communication of Mr. Herbert E. Hoffman dated May 3, 1965. We do not have in our possession any relevant documents, such as contracts, items of correspondence, transcripts of administrative

MAILED 24
JUN 15 1965
CC: A-FBI

- Tolson _____
- Belmont _____
- Mohr _____
- DeLoach _____
- Casper _____
- Callahan _____
- Conrad _____
- Felt _____
- Gale _____
- Rosen _____
- Sullivan _____
- Tavel _____
- Trotter _____
- Tele. Room _____
- Holmes _____
- Gandy _____

KMR:imt
(10)

NOTE: See Rosen to Belmont memo dated 6/14/65, entitled "Assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, November 22, 1963, Dallas, Texas, Miscellaneous - Information Concerning."

KMR:mas.

TELETYPE UNIT

53 JUN 23 1965

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JRM
C/S
RW
Kul

Mr. John W. Douglas

hearings and administrative rules or orders relating to this matter or any information which would establish the legal ownership of the weapons described in the complaint by Mr. John J. King.

It is pointed out this Bureau did not recover the described weapons. The rifle was recovered in the Texas School Book Depository Building by representatives of the Dallas County Sheriff's Office and the Dallas, Texas, Police Department which information may be found in the report of The President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy, page 79. The revolver was recovered by members of the Dallas, Texas, Police Department following the arrest of Lee Harvey Oswald in the Texas Theater Building and the facts relating to this arrest begin on page 176 of the Commission report. Subsequently, these items were furnished to the FBI for appropriate examination and temporary custody.

In connection with the answer to the complaint you intend to file, we have no facts beyond the allegation in the complaint in addition to those set forth herein. Consequently we are not in a position to comment concerning the procedures to be followed by the Department in its pleadings in this matter.

1 .. Mr. Fred M. Vinson, Jr.
Assistant Attorney General

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

DATE: June 22, 1965

TO : The Director

FROM : N. P. Callahan

SUBJECT: The Congressional Record

Page 13670. The House received a letter from the Attorney General, transmitting a draft of proposed legislation providing for the acquisition and preservation by the United States of certain items of evidence pertaining to the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. This was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Adjournment: Until Tuesday, June 22, 1965, at 12 noon.

SENATE

Page 13674. The Senate received a letter from the Attorney General, transmitting a draft of proposed legislation providing for the acquisition and preservation by the United States of certain items of evidence pertaining to the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. This item was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

167-109060-
NOT RECORDED
128 JUN 28 1965

In the original of a memorandum captioned and dated as above, the Congressional Record for 6-21-65 was reviewed and pertinent items were mounted and placed in the Director's attention. This form has been prepared in order that

66-1731-2719
Original filed in:

FBI

Date: 6/23/65

Transmit the following in _____ (Type in plaintext or code)

Via AIRTEL AIRMAIL (Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (62-109060)

FROM: SAC, OKLAHOMA CITY (89-41) (RUC)

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT
 JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY
 DALLAS, TEXAS
 NOVEMBER 22, 1963
 MISCELLANEOUS - INFORMATION CONCERNING

Re Bureau airtel to Houston, dated 6/17/65 in the matter relating to information by FARLEY DE SHONG SMITH, [REDACTED]

Referenced airtel requested that Oklahoma City review Oklahoma City file 87-3563 in which a check in question had been written by FARLEY DE SHONG SMITH, possibly identical with FARLEY SMITH, [REDACTED]

The Bureau and interested offices are advised that Oklahoma City file 87-3563 has been destroyed in accordance with MRR, as an Unsub case over five years old.

In absence of basis for investigation to reconstruct the previous investigation concerning this individual, this case is considered RUC to Dallas.

- 3 - Bureau
 - 2 - Dallas (89-43)
 - 1 - Houston (Info)
 - 1 - Oklahoma City
- WIB:jpg
(7)

REC-130

4033

JUN 25 1965

C. C. YICK

5 Approved: _____ Sent _____ M Per _____
 Special Agent in Charge

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : Director, FBI (62-109060)

FROM : *J.M.D.* Legat, Paris (62-148) (RUC)

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT
JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY
11-22-63, DALLAS, TEXAS
MISCELLANEOUS -
INFORMATION CONCERNING

DATE: 6-25-65

There are enclosed for the Bureau an article appearing in the New York Times, International Edition, Paris, 6-23-65 regarding a book called "L'Affaire Oswald" (The Oswald Affair) by LEO SAUVAGE, a writer for "Le Figaro", a reputable Paris daily newspaper, and one copy of the book. The enclosed article gives a summary of the book.

The enclosures are furnished for the information of the Bureau and the completion of Bufiles.

- 3 - Bureau (Enc. 2) ENCLOSURE
- (1 - Liaison Section)
- 1 - Paris
- NWP:HD
- (4)

ENCLOSURE

DEC-28
EX-113

4034
JUN 30 1965

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 105

DEB...
7/33/65
L. E. MITCHELL
(P.S.)



1 AUG 5 1965 Buy Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

Handwritten signatures and initials

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Frenchman's Book Says Warren Panel Ignored Plot Angle

Special to The New York Times.

PARIS, June 22—A new book by the New York correspondent of Le Figaro, the highly respected Paris newspaper, accuses the Warren commission on the assassination of President Kennedy of having set out to prove Lee Harvey Oswald guilty.

"The Warren Commission comported itself not like an investigating body charged with establishing the truth, whatever it may be, but like a prosecutor determined to win his case," the author charges.

The author is Leo Sauvage, who for the last 15 years has represented Le Figaro, a conservative morning daily, in New York.

Mr. Sauvage, throughout his 442-page book, "L'Affaire Oswald," expresses a conviction

that Oswald was innocent. He advances an unsubstantiated hypothesis that the murders of President Kennedy and his suspected assassin may have been the result of two separate plots.

The plot to kill the President, according to the Sauvage hypothesis, was conceived by unspecified Southern racists.

According to Mr. Sauvage, a trial of Oswald would have revealed his innocence.

The core of Mr. Sauvage's attack on the Warren Commission is the charge that the panel refused to explore avenues not designed to prove Oswald's guilt. Citing a number of circumstances and charges that in his view are unsolved mysteries, he declares:

"What all these mysteries have in common is that they leave no doubt as to the fact that there has never been a serious inquiry into the assassination of President Kennedy."

Mr. Sauvage's own investigation presents no new evidence.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

New York Times
International Edition

Date: June 23, 1965

Edition: International

Author:

Editor:

Title: Assassination of
Pres. John F. Kennedy
11-22-63, Dallas

Character: MISC.-INF.

or CONCERNING

Classification:

Submitting Office: Paris

Being Investigated

XEROX

4/1965

ENCLOSURE

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (62-109060)

DATE: 6/29/65

FROM : SAC, DALLAS (89-43)

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY, DALLAS, TEXAS, 11/22/63 MISCELLANEOUS - INFORMATION CONCERNING

On 6/23/65 Mrs. AMY T. TARVER, [redacted] advised that she had a copy of a book entitled "Guns of the Regressive Right or How To Kill A President." She stated that she had seen this book advertised and had sent a check for \$1.00 to Columbia Publishing Company, 1425 K Street N.W., Washington, D. C. Mrs. TARVER indicated that she had expected a factual account of the assassination and had found the book to be a complete fraud. She stated that she desired to make the copy of the book available to the FBI.

Dallas indices contain two references to the author of the book, one MORRIS A. BEALLE. The file references mention BEALLE as the editor of "American Capsule News", a publication originating in Washington, D. C., and contain no other pertinent information.

Enclosed for the Bureau is the copy of the above-mentioned book and no copy of it is being retained in the Dallas Office.

- 3 - Bureau (encl. 1)
- 2 - Dallas
- JKI:jeg
- (5)

ENCLOSURE

REC 2

62-109060-4035

EX-11

JUL 2 1965

[Handwritten signatures and initials]

19 1965 *[Handwritten initials]*

Other Books by Morris A. Bnalle

DANGEROUS DOSES

A spade-calling book that dissects for you the T-V advertising blurbs of Aspirin, Anacin, Stanback, Bufferin, Sneepeze and 50 other potent health destroyers.

Gives their real properties as listed in Merck's INDEX (Bible of the drug trade). Tells how phenacitin, acetylsalicylic acid other ingredients take life from your years and years from your life.

Price only \$2.00; ten for \$10.00.

Descriptive Leaflet On Request

In The Works: ALL AMERICA LOUSE, a candid biography of Drew Pearson, the world's foremost slime peddler. The price will be \$2.75. Put in your reservation now but send no money until notified book is on the press.

SUPER DRUG STORY

A factological history of America's \$10 billion Drug Cartel—its methods, operations, hidden ownership, profits and terrific impact on the health of the American people.

Has sold 100,000 by word-of-mouth advertising alone in the last 10 years. The whole gamut of Killer Concoction, Murders de Luxe, "Miracle" Drugs, never told anywhere else. The life it saves may be your own. Price: \$4 paper back/\$5 leatherette/\$6 cloth cover.

Descriptive Leaflet On Request

COLUMBIA PUBLISHING COMPANY
1425 N Street NW, Washington, DC - 20005

"Then we had a screwball named Leo Durocher who somehow won the title 'All America Out' and still stuck with the Club.

"And Pete Reiser tried to butt his way thru a cement wall to catch a ball.

"And a crackpot woman who became a civic hero by roaming all around Ebbetts Field during a game ringing a cowbell.

"Oh, yes, the first man ever to steal second with the bases loaded in big league ball was a Brooklyner.

"Well, I'll tell you," the General said warning up to the last.

"First, 250,000 spectators, 200 policemen, a hundred Secret Service and FBI men let a monster kill the President of the United States from a sixth floor window.

"Then 50 policemen, in a cozy group around a prisoner accused of the crime, let a 2-penny-a-penny gangster muscle his way thru their ranks and kill their prisoner.

"Then a jailer without a thimbleful of brains let another gangster, who said he was an FBI man, into a maximum security cell and kill the convicted murderer of the man accused of killing President Smith.

"During his trial seven prisoners escaped from the jail on the top floor of the court house and scared the pants off some of the spectators at the trial. They thought it was a snatch of the defendant. Need I say any more?"

"You win," they both said in unison.

"It says the second bullet came 5.6 seconds after the first; then crosses itself by saying the three bullets came in from 4.8 to 7.9 seconds."

"Actually, the sound track of the T-V cameras which recorded it at the time showed the three bullets came in 4.5 seconds."

"And all gun experts agree that the gun Osteen planted couldn't have been fired three times in less than 15 seconds."

"These facts alone show up the Warren 'probe' as a railroad job."

"It said that paraffin tests, to determine if Osteen actually had fired any gun 'were inconclusive.' Which means

they were ^{unreliable} and 2nd Guesses ^{the} Secret Service and FBI. Also the Dallas Police and the entire press.

"The Dallas Police resembled the Keystone Cops of the silent picture era."

"But the Hutchins group stooped pretty low when it parroted the bilious smear job done on the Secret Service and FBI by Drew Ananias Hupscotch, who was tagged by the late Senator George Norris as 'the Sewerage System of American Journalism.'"

"Hopscotch's stint of mendacity said that the 9 Secret Service agents, who guarded the Smith auto, were 'up until 3 am in the morning and in no condition to detect a man in a 4th story window and stop him from shooting out the window.'"

"The Hutchins Report also criticized the FBI for not telling the Secret Service a Communist was in Dallas."

"And it criticized the SS for not asking the FBI if a Communist was in Dallas."

"What that had to do with the shooting, or the plot which led up to it, the 'deponents' sayeth not."

"And the map found in Osteen's room, which appeared to be one showing the getaway pickup points laid out by the conspirators, was passed off as 'places where Osteen would apply for a job.'"

"This is slicing public credulity pretty thin."

"The whole thing, and its manner of exploitation is a job to sweep it under the rug."

BRUDGUM

Over in that corner of Valhalla, where the ghosts of prominent persons are segregated to protect them from a billion autograph hounds, the ghosts of Wilbert Robinson and Sam Houston were in a huddle.

When he was down on Earth, Robinson was known as "Uncle Robbie," the round manager of the Brooklyn (baseball) Dodgers during the ten years they were known as the nation's Daffiness Boys.

Sam Houston was the General who took Texas out of the hands of Santa Ana and his Mexican butchers, and founded

the Lone Star State.

"What's this news from Lumbago, the dingydaugdest thing General roared at Uncle Robbie. "It's the screwier city, or was there I ever heard of. Was there ever a screwier city, or was there ever a city that got itself so screwed up?"

"Yes, said Uncle Robbie. "Brooklyn. When I was there."

"You oughta get St. Peter to find you his best psychiatrist and have your head examined," said the General.

"Yes," said Uncle Robbie. "I've been reading the morning HEAVENLY ECHO just like you have. We both know what Dallas has done. You don't know what Brooklyn did to me."

"Well, let's have it," the General bellowed.

"The Daffy Dodgers set many records that have never since been equalled," Uncle Robbie mused. "There was the time when Babe Herman singled with the bases full and when the dust died down he and Chick Fewster and Dazzy Vance were all on third base together. It cost us the game. And a taxi driver became famous when a fan, listening to the cab radio said, 'Ray, Brooklyn's got three on base.'"

"The cab driver growled, 'Which base?'"

"And there was the time Babe Herman caught an easy fly ball on the top of his skull, which was so hard he didn't even know he had been hit."

"And the time Hugh Casey lost the world series to the Yankees by striking out a batter with two out in the ninth and the Dodgers ahead. Mickey Owen was sleeping and let the ball get by."

of a Sunday evening will be jammed into every newspaper reader and televiewer in the country.

"Everybody in the United States, except the deaf, dumb, blind and illiterate will be looking at their T-V sets, or listening to their radios if they are out in their auto, and next morning will read it all over again in their morning paper.

"Monday morning is the best time for propaganda. Little if any sensational news ever happens on Sundays, so the story will get a maximum of reading in the United States. "We hope this will make the people forget every rumor and every fact they have heard—everything but what we want them to digest and remember."

But Mr. Pulitzer and his fellow members of the Journalism were doomed to disappointment. The American people, they were to find, are not that dumb. The public reaction to the Hutchins Whitewash Report was summed up for them by the CONDENSIRATOR which said:

"After nine months of high-powered build-up, the Hutchins Whitewash Report on the assassination of President Smith has turned out to be the Brainwash Job of the Century. It calmly sweeps under the rug all plausible factors connected with the crime, and hopes they will stay swept. "We don't share the optimism of those who directed the course of the 'inquiry' from the stone and mortar canyons of Manhattan Island. Apparently asking themselves questions and answering them with the 'we found no evidence' gag, the gist of the inspired report was that the murder WAS NOT

(1) The result of a plot of extreme right wing or fascist conspirators. By 'extreme right wing' the whitewashing crew apparently meant the John Spruce Society, and not the gang that Senator Silverton characterizes as the 'Eastern financial aristocracy.' By 'Fascist conspirators' they had to mean followers of the late Adolf Hitler, by whom the word 'Fascist' was created.

(2) By racists determined to quench the cause of Negro equality. They didn't attempt to explain how the murder of a President could do any quenching.

(3) By Communists of the Soviet, Chinese or Trotsky brand.

(4) By gunmen hired by Cuban Premier Fidel Castro. The use of the plural here is confusing.

(5) By an American crime syndicate.

(6) By opposition politicians in the United States. No one has ever suggested that Gov. Wallam or Senator Silverton or Senator Quirkson or Congressman Howard Broad had anything to do with it. Even the Report didn't elaborate to this extent.

(7) Or by 'unknown conspirators.' This is a catch-all phrase that means nothing at all, or even less.

"Nowhere in this whitewash job does it mention that the Regressive Right—or the Eastern Financial Aristocracy—Senator Harry Silverton calls it, had or had not anything to do with the assassination.

The Commission of the other seven 'possibles' is merely made to draw public attention to them, and away from the most logical group—the Regressive Right.

"The Committee staff had access to the same type of expert gunnery advice that the CONDENSIRATOR had. But if they asked them any pertinent questions it was not evident from the published 'report.'

"The experts all said that a poor marksman like Osteen, who couldn't make a better grade on the Marine Corps target range than 'Marksman,' couldn't possibly have hit a moving target 200 yards away three times. And only once by the sheerest accident.

"They said the rifle Osteen left for the police to find to guide them off the track while the killer got away, couldn't possibly have fired three shots in less than 15 seconds, while the three fatal slugs were pumped into the Presidential car in 4½ seconds.

"Yet the fantastic spurious report said: "Grant Osteen, and he alone assassinated President Smith. He was not involved in any conspiracy foreign or domestic to murder the President.

"In delving further into fantasy it uses this very word, when it said: "Grant Osteen's world was a fantasy, with himself as the Commander.

"The report blandly says it was proven that the fatal bullet came out of the Osteen gun. Yet here has been no ballistics report, in nine months making such a claim.

"Making the top grade requires only moderate skill, like shooting 110 in Golf. To qualify only as a 'Marksman', proves he was not a good shot.

"Thus he was far from capable of placing three shots with a maximum dispersal of 3 inches at a distance of 200 yards or more—which is exactly what the gunman who killed Joe Smith did.

"And, finally, those three shots were fired in 4½ seconds.

"Now, in rapid fire on a military rifle range with the bolt action rifle, a time allowance of one full minute is given to fire 10 shots.

used by the armed forces, was caused by the fact that it had a black bullseye 10 inches in diameter.

"Rapid fire was shot from a sitting position, feet and buttocks on the ground, elbows on the knees.

"In this position, with 6 seconds to fire each shot, anyone who got a 'possible' (all 10 shots in the bullseye—a 10-inch group) was very proud of his score.

"This reporter has only fired a dozen or so 'possibles' in his entire target shooting career, which spans nearly 30 years.

"And we did it with a bolt-action Springfield, which had been specially bedded in the stock, tuned, action-boned with cartborundum, especially stoned trigger pull and hand-loaded ammunition—all worked over by the finest gunsmiths in the business.

"Yet, Ose Hutchins asks us to believe that an indifferent marksman, shooting a war surplus junker with ordinary ammunition, was able to make a 3-shot, 3-inch group at a range of 200 yards or more, in 4½ seconds.

"This was an average of 1½ seconds per shot.

"And Mr. Hutchins had prejudged the case even before the shot was fired.

"And Mr. Hutchins it was who said the important findings of the Committee would never be released during the lifetimes of most people now living.

"The Committee has access to this information. There are plenty gun experts who know as much as I do about it—and some know more."

Turning to the other eight members of the conclave, Pulitzer said:

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"Now, gentlemen, what do you think of that?"
The silence could be cut with a dull butterknife. Finally DeWitt Dockstader of the Bank of the United States of America, in the typical thinking of his clan, said:

"Let's buy the bum; every man has his price."

"Not Crow," said Pulitzer, "we've tried it before. Crow has a small sheet, only 10,000 paid-up subscribers. He's making a good living. Not getting rich but getting a Helluva bang out of showing what he thinks is wrong with the country."

"We can't club him off the market like we could if his sales were news-stand ones. He has 10,000 rabid readers, the fighting element of American politics, the hard core of what he calls the *Keenan* *Magazine*. They swear by him and at us.

"No, gentlemen, we've got to take another tack. We've got to beat him to the next punch. We've got to get the report out with such a fanfare of publicity that the whole public, or at least 99% of them, will be brainwashed with the propaganda we feed them in the Hutchins report.

"We must have every newspaper in the land pretend to sell it. That is, they offer it for, say, a dollar or two, but give it away to those who are slow with the buck. We must have the Government Printing Office print millions of those reports and have our 100-old representatives in Congress give them to everybody all over the United States.

"Gentlemen, we have to make this the greatest publicity job ever attempted in this country. Mr. Crow would call it a brainwashing but that mustn't affect us.

"The Hutchins report is 800 pages long, loaded with trivia and diversionary material. It sets up seven straw men and knocks them down, leaving the average reader with his mouth open as he finishes them.

"Nowhere does it suggest a source that could be traced to us. It suggests sources of every other possible type, which you will see when the report comes out next Sunday.

"The greatest fanfare and baloney experts on Madison Avenue are co-operating. The first part of what they call the Build Up will occur in a few days. President Jonas will be given a copy of the report before a battery of television and newspaper cameras. The witching hour of six o'clock

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Chapter 124
The Big Brain Wars

The nice leivable man were meeting in extraordinary session in the 44th floor command post at 666 Wall Street, Jasper Jarrell, the dean of the concave, was in a serious mood.

"Gentlemen of the Establishment," he began, "we are facing maybe a crisis. But we hope we can swing things to our advantage. We cannot delay publishing the Hutchins

"We have broken promises to drug in our time, then in July, then in August, September is almost upon us and the public will think there is something fishy if we delay it any longer."

"If you ask me," Perry Platte of Associated Broadcasting said, "they already think there is a Helluva lot that's fishy about it and everything concerned with it. Our private polls show that not one person in ten believe Osteen did the job by himself, even if he did it at all. Then that crackpot editor in Washington, who runs that Communist sheet which he calls the CONDENSATOR, has sent a gun expert to Dallas to investigate every angle of the shooting, from a scientific standpoint.

"And I must admit that the expert, one Douglas Eby, makes a damned good case for those who believe that some powerful people—called by Senator Silverton, the Eastern financial aristocracy—plotted the Joe Smith murder because he was leading a move to eliminate the 27½% depletion allowance our oil companies are allowed to deduct from their normal income tax payments."

"Yes, gentlemen, we've got to do something about this Eby article in the CONDENSATOR," Greeley Pulitzer,

head of the Amalgamated Press, cut in.
"We've got to smear this sheet or people will begin to think the man is right. Mr. Platte has the right idea. He should be called a Communist even if he is the greatest menace to Communism in the United States. To illustrate what I mean, let me read to you the latest issue of this damnable little sheet."

Pulitzer pulled from his pocket a dewletter-sized publication, printed on a gaudy-colored stock paper to insure maximum attention. "This is a routine news dispatch from Dallas (Texas) a dateline that will attract attention anywhere in view of the incidents that still have every literate American in a dither." Mr. Pulitzer began to read:

"Last week we reported on our personal on-the-ground inspection of the locale where the Smith Assassination was committed. This inspection showed the fatal shots were fired not less than 200 yards (maybe 250) from the target.

"Osteen thus is alleged to have fired this distance, at a downhill angle of 45 degrees. He is 'supposed' to have fired three shots in 4½ seconds, hitting two different targets—two shots into President Smith and one into his seatmate,

GOV. CALLEMAN.

"The weapon which Osteen allegedly used is an average 6.5 mm Italian Carcano—a miserable cheap weapon with a rough, sticky bolt action. The cartridge is a good enough round, firing a bullet of about .243 caliber. The standard loading is a 150 metal cased bullet, with a muzzle velocity of about 2,275 feet per second.

"With this loading, the bullet has a mid-range trajectory over the 200-yard distance of about 5 inches. This is high enough to make a gunner miss his target entirely if he was incorrectly sighted in, or if his hold was a little off when he squeezed the trigger.

"On the Carcano, the bolt handle is attached to the bolt and is well forward. This is similar to the Mannlicher-Schönauer, and is extremely difficult to get at easily in rapid fire. The scope is mounted high off the stock, making the marksman stretch his neck up and lose all support from the comb of the stock. Firm support of the face by the butt stock of a rifle is vital to accuracy, especially in using a scope sight.

"Basically, the average rifle of this brand cannot be expected to shoot better than a 5-inch 'group' at 200 yards. This means that five or more shots fired at a target, with the rifle pointed at exactly the same place each time, will be dispersed over a 5-inch diameter circle.

"Now, let's consider Osteen's skill as a shooter. His Marine Corps record shows he qualified as a Marksman only. This is the lowest of the military's three grades. 'Sharp shooter' is the middle grade; 'Expert Rifleman' the highest.

security.

MR. CROW: Maybe this next question will refresh your memory as to possibly why the news commentator reported Vice President Jones had been shot instead of the man who actually did stop the third bullet—Governor Callahan of Texas.

Did you investigate the report that Vice President Jones stopped the calvade five blocks before the Presidential automobile got to the murder point, and exchanged positions in a vehicle five cars back, with Governor Callahan? And, if not, why not?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Editor Crow, you are impatient.

MR. CROW: So are my questions with the press left off. So are the questions of Mr. Bolivar and Mr. Duntly. You haven't answered a single question that you came on this program to answer.

Now, Mr. Chief Justice, I'm going to close by asking you one more question. The question itself may tell our great T-V audience more that we are trying to find out from you than you have told during the whole half hour of this program.

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: What is the question, and don't be impertinent or ungermaine.

MR. CROW: The question is, I think, a major one. It may prove so embarrassing to those whom you helped smear the Far Right, even before the shot was fired, and for whom you are covering up the real story of the assassination, that you may want to take the 5th Amendment rather than answer even a smidgeon of the question.

But, I want to point out, that if you don't answer this question forthrightly and honestly and truthfully, it will stamp your alleged investigation of the murder of President Smith as the biggest, greatest and most despicable public hoax in the history of our land.

Now, what facts that you knew immediately after the assassination, or even before it, did you have in mind when you blurted out that some of the findings of your Commission would never be divulged during the lifetimes of most people now living?

At this, the face of the Chief Justice grew livid. His face contorted. His mouth appeared trying to get words out but

they wouldn't come.

MR. CROW: Do you take the 5th Amendment, Mr. Hutchins? If you do, there are more than a few members of the Senate who would welcome a chance to authorize a Senate Investigation Committee to investigate your investigation.

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Yes, I take every amendment in the book sooner than answer such a question fraught with so much danger to our national security.

MR. CROW: I believe I could amend your statement. I believe there is danger—yes, great danger—in the truth coming out. But it is not to national security.

The danger lies to the complete loss of power to the state group of invisible men in one of New York City's stone and mortar canyons, and to the ~~loss of power to the~~ plotted this crime of the Century.

And from your attitude here, and what you have said, it wouldn't surprise anyone with an ounce of brains that you may end up accused of being an accessory-after-the-fact of the Greatest Crime in our history.

Remember, Mr. Chief Justice, they hung 14 persons for Lincoln's assassination—some of them as accessories-after-the-fact. Public sentiment was so inflamed that few of the victims got a fair trial. Anyone even sympathetic with the crime was shoved up a flight of stairs and given a rope deck-ue. Now, Mr. Hutchins, will you answer the questions of this panel?

The Guest of the Evening looked at the Moderator for succor but there was none forthcoming. This gentleman was so busy cleaning his fingernails that he couldn't see him. So, the Chief Justice stood up and bellowed "No" and walked out of the scope of the television camera.

Defense Department.

This control means many billions of dollars each year to the huge industrial combine that makes up the House of Dockstader. But let's confine it to Mr. Bolivar's question. Have you questioned President Jozas on every, or even any, aspect of the assassination that he could be familiar with.

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Er-r-r, Ah-h-h-h, No.

MR. CROW: Why not?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: That is top secret, classified.

MR. CROW: Why, and how come?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Because it is a matter of national security and as the Chief Justice of this great country of ours I would be putting myself in an embarrassing position if I should put our national security in jeopardy.

MR. CROW: But, how in the world would questioning the most logical witness in the assassination investigation put this country's security in jeopardy?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS (Turning to the Moderator): Mr. Moderator, I ask that this panel member cease and desist asking me questions that, should I answer, might jeopardize the security of this great country of ours.

THE MODERATOR: Mr. Crow, let's get on with the next question.

MR. CROW: Why did you, as your first act order the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Secret Service and the Texas Rangers to stop investigating the murder, when they are three of the world's finest investigative bodies? Why did you call them off when they are better fitted to investigate than a million neophytes like those who make up your committee?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Because the Secret Service bungled the protection of the President.

MR. CROW: In what way did they bungle it? Did those who knew of the plot inform the Secret Service? Did the Secret Service find out about the plot by chance and refuse to take the proper precautions?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: No, I don't think they did.

MR. CROW: You say the Secret Service and the FBI bungled the security preparations for the president. In what way did the bungle?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: They let him get shot when they should have spotted the man in the window.

parade?

MR. CROW: Mr. Hutchins, did you ever see an inaugural parade?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Yes.

MR. CROW: Well, then, you saw every one feet along the parade route a soldier or a Marine with his gun ready for instant use. You saw picked men, most of them expert riflemen, not run-of-the-mine Marksmen qualifications, as they were.

You saw that they were not watching the parade; they were watching the rooftops and windows of buildings across the street. The minute a sign of a gun appeared its holder would have been perforated with a dozen bullet holes.

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Then, why didn't the FBI and the Secret Service take such precautions in Dallas?

MR. CROW: The questions. Now, the President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Navy and Air Force. His office, and his office only, could have called out the Marines and Army for such parade route control.

But, it would have taken two regiments or two divisions of men to have covered every window and rooftop along the parade route in Dallas. Now, tell me how the Secret Service and FBI were to blame for any relaxation of security measures?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Well, I've heard that they were.

MR. CROW: Did you investigate those rumors?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: No, I can't say that I did.

MR. CROW: Why not?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: No comment.

MR. CROW: Did you question the T-V or radio announcer who told his nationwide audience that both President Smith and Vice President Jozas had been shot, a minute or so after the three shots rang out?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: No, I didn't.

MR. CROW: Why not?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Well, some other member of the investigating commission probably did—may have—should have—aw, I dunno.

MR. CROW: As Chairman of the investigating body, and its sole contact with the Press, how is it you don't know what went on in the Committee's deliberations?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: I know plenty and I refuse to be drawn into a discussion that might jeopardize our nation's

are getting restless. You wonder what is holding it up. Justice Hutchins is here to tell you.

"An impartial panel of news and T-V men will ask the important questions. These are David Duntly of Amalgamated Broadcasting's famous team of news commentators, and Aaron Bolivak, one of America's most experienced and astute commentators.

"To assure our audience that this panel isn't rigged, the third man will be that representative of and unofficial spokesman for the Realist Right, Jim Harlan Crow, editor of the Washington maverick burn sheet, that red hot news-weekly known as the CONDENSATOR.

For your information, the Realist Right is farther Right than the Far Right ever dared be, but has not let themselves become contaminated by association with the John Spruce Society, the Ku Klux Klan or the White Citizens Councils.

"Mr. Bolivak, take the witness."

MR. BOLIVAK: Did you know, what every newsman in Washington knows, that the late President Joe Smith had planned to ditch Lynn Jonas as his vice presidential running mate in sixty-four—in favor of his brother or the ultra left winger from the Middle West, Henry Hubert?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: It is an honor and a privilege to appear on this distinguished Meet-the-Press program tonight. First, I would like to congratulate each and every member of this distinguished panel and I sincerely hope you attain the objective for which you all have worked so hard.

MR. BOLIVAK: That isn't answering my question. Instead you have asked yourself a question and answered it.

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: As a great statesman once said, I need hardly remind this panel and the great T-V audience, without fear of successful contradiction, that we hand down to posterity as a matter of policy a few words about Amalgamated Broadcasting's splendid hospitality and this grand Republic.

MR. BOLIVAK: I give up.

THE MODERATOR: See what you can do, Mr. Duntly.

MR. DUNTLY: Have you questioned the man who had the most to gain by the President's death, and if not why not?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: As we travel down the long road ahead to the grass roots of America, there are those extremists

whose voices cry out into the night. In this worthy cause, we must not forsake, but rather with wisdom recall that there are those who say that tomorrow may be too late.

MR. DUNTLY: How about answering my question?

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: What question? Oh, yes, to be sure, pardon me. Yes, we have come a long way and the world looks to America for leadership. We shouldn't let the lunatic fringe of the Far Right, and those other extremists of the John Spruce Society and the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Councils louse up the image of our great country in foreign lands.

MR. DUNTLY: I'm afraid I'll have to pass, too. The Chief Justice seems to have his head in Cloud 23 or some-

THE MODERATOR: Mr. Crow, we can do and you'll have to be good to do anything with this distinguished but erudite and circumlocuting guest of tonight's Meet-the-Press panel.

MR. CROW: Mr. Hutchins, I have just witnessed the greatest exhibition of dodge ball it has ever been my doubtful pleasure to take in. With all due respect to the high position you have I warn you I will dig, like an overzealous district attorney, until I get a semblance of answers to the pertinent questions I am going to ask.

And as a lawyer, I'm sure you will note that all of my questions will be relevant, pertinent and germane to the question 150 million Americans have been asking themselves and their neighbors ever since last November—who is responsible for the plotting and execution of our late President, Mr. Joseph Smith.

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: What was your question, Mr. Editor?

MR. CROW: Not was, he. I see thru your circumlocution that you did not question the man who, presumably had more to gain by President Joe Smith's death than anyone else. Mr. Bolivak obviously had the then Vice President, Lynn Jonas, in mind.

But I want to disagree slightly, with all due respect to Mr. Bolivak, in this assumption that Mr. Jonas had more to gain than anyone else by the President's death. The Gang that had more to gain was the House of Dockstader which was about to lose its control of the State, Treasury and De-

ance of the Beatles and put Justice Hutchins on as a matter of extreme public policy."

"Mr. Pulitzer, the buck is now passed to you and we expect you to carry the ball for a long gain, if not for a touch-down," Chairman Jarrell declared.

"And, Mr. Chief Justice, you are in Mr. Pulitzer's hands," he said turning to Hutchins. "This had better be good on the part of both of you, and no fooling."

"Before we adjourn, gentlemen," Pulitzer said, "we should arrange about the panel. I want your approval of it so if someone goes off—like Osteen did—whether it be a panel-man or the ~~board~~ you can't blame me alone. Since we are all in this conspiracy together we should all share the blame."

As the plaudits, if any, died away, Mr. Pulitzer asked what is your idea about the panel, Mr. Pulitzer? Chairman Jarrell asked. "I should think we'd better have some name panelists like David Dunly and Aaron Bolivak of ABC fame, and Willie Heston of the New York TIMES."

"That's good as far as it goes," Kimberly Lansing of Consolidated Telephone and Telegraph said. Mr. Lansing was on the Board of Invisible Men chiefly because he was from Alabama, still retained his Southern drawl when he wanted to, and had better luck at handling recalcitrant or maverick Southern Senators than anyone else in New York. "But you're not going to sell three such trained seals to the South. You should have at least one representative of the South. Right on the panel so the people of the South be Ku Klux Right on the panel."

"I can't say it was a rigged interview," Pulitzer said. "I believe Brother Lansing has something there."

"But who? Let's give this some thought."

"I have it," DeWitt Dockstader said. "Get that agitator of the Far Right, Jim Harlan Crow, on it. Mr. Hutchins can't get him up if he gets too insistent about finding out any-thing."

"He runs that little weekly burn sheet in Washington called the CONDENSATOR. We've investigated him time and time again, but have been unable to pin anything on him that would get him into an expensive lawsuit. The CONDENSATOR professes to give the news in capsule or condensed form."

"We've found that he has only 10,000 or so subscribers but it does get into the darndest places. It is recognized as

the unofficial spokesman for the Realist Right, which we have more to fear than the John Spruce Society, the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Councils all put together.

"And I'd like to see that gentleman made a monkey out of in a nation-wide T-V hookup. He's as bad as Harry Silver-ton. We can't buy him. We've had agents call him up and offer outlandish prices for advertising space but he won't take any."

"I submit that he should be on the panel," Pulitzer said, "and I warn the Chief Justice to be prepared to answer any loaded question in the book about both the assassination and the investigation. He isn't crude enough to ask any of those 'Do you still beat your wife things?' He'll stick to the things we don't want the public to know. If he gets you where the hair is short, don't hesitate to take the 5th Amendment."

"I never saw any bastard of the Far Right that I couldn't handle," Hutchins said.

"But he's further back than the Far Right and he's not an extremist either," Pulitzer warned the apparently overconfident Hutchins. "He's of the Realist Right and they think of everything some people think they've got covered up."

So, on Sunday night the moderator of Associated Broadcasting's Meet-the-Press program disappointed millions of shrieking teen-age girls, but brought their parents bootfooting to their T-V sets, when he announced:

"After this message from our sponsor, we have to announce an emergency change in the program of Meet-the-Press tonight." And when the sponsor's Hurb man had finished boring the expectant millions, the moderator said:

"Folks of the T-V audience and followers of this Meet-the-Press Sunday special, we have an important announcement to make. The Beatles have gladly relinquished their time in order that we can bring before you Chief Justice Otis J. Hutchins of the United States Supreme Court and more importantly Chairman of the Commission Investigating the Assassination of President Smith."

"Justice Hutchins' committee report, which the nation has been expectantly awaiting these last six months, isn't quite ready for publication yet. But many of you good folks

Commission to investigate the Assassination.

Since it was of paramount importance that the facts of the assassination be swept under the rug, by diverting public attention in all other directions, the Invisible Men began to get worried. They summoned Chief Justice Hutchins to their den at 666 Wall Street. They asked him point blank why he was stalling the promised whitewash report to the public.

"You've had six months to find all the facts and to sift out those we don't want the public to have and to publish a report that will take their minds off the assassination," Mr. Jarrell told the Commission chairman.

"You're wrong there, boss," the Chief Justice replied. "I'm afraid nothing can take the minds of the public off the assassination of President Smith. You know it was 100 years ago that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated and people are still talking about it. Furthermore, booklets and aflets and tracts of all sorts are being printed and actually sold to the reading public."

"Well, we hired you to do a job for us," Mr. Jarrell countered, "and we expect you to do it. You're not doing anything but sitting on your fanny. We gave you every stogie you could think of to make up your Commission.

"We even gave you a Southern hick to make it look good to the public. For the first time in his public career he has been 'handled'. Our 'contacts' with the new President are working like a charm.

"He has handled Senator Pussell like nobody's business. This maverick hasn't even let out a yelp at the way the real story is being withheld from the public, if not indeed covered up."

"That's what you think, buddy," the Chief Justice returned.

"Dick Pussell is kicking like a steer because our report doesn't tell about The Conspiracy or any conspiracy, but it is the blame entirely on our decoy who was damned fool enough to get panicky and shoot a cop. Do you know he has actually said he will not sign the report as it has been drawn up. And he's even got Senator Slater of Kentucky wavering about signing what he calls a "phoney report."

"What's that going to look like to the public that we're trying to sucker into believing what we want it to believe? How are we going to make the public believe a neurotic

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halfwit like Grant Osteen could even think up such a plot much less carry it out so flawlessly?

Especially when his record in the Marines shows he could only have hit a moving target 200 yards away once—and then by the merest accident?

"To tell them he did it not only once but twice, not twice but three times would cause a million morons to give us the Bronx cheer and a 100 million people to discount everything we say."

"Well, we've got to do something and do it fast—otherwise the entire nation will lose confidence in us," DeWitt Dockstader, the financial director of the United States, said. "And your stupid crack when you were first appointed to head the Commission—that some of its findings will never be revealed in the lifetime of most people now living—is making the situation more tense than ever."

Chairman Jarrell chimed in with:

"We are well aware, Mr. Chief Justice, that you have been afraid in your official capacity as Commission Chairman to ask certain questions because you were afraid you would have gotten the answers. But we've got to make this thing, even the oversights and blank spaces and dark corners, look good. We've gotten you a spot on Meet-the-Press and we expect you to make good by making it look good."

"Well, Mr. Dock," Hutchins said, "I confess to an error there, or at the least bad judgement. I had had a cocktail or so too many at the Sulgrave Club. Those drinks they give you at that joint are often so strong you think they are spiked. They surely spiked my tongue and when I read it in the papers next morning, I almost wished my tongue had been cut off 24 hours before."

"Let's cut out the chin music and get down to brass tacks," Chairman Jarrell of the Conclave said. No one spoke, but Jarrell showed why he had been selected as leader of the House of Dockstader's Council of muscle men.

"Mr. Pulitzer," he said to the chairman of Amalgamated Press and the acknowledged public relations expert of the group. "Why don't you get the Chief Justice on Associated Broadcasting's Meet-the-Press program Sunday night. I'm sure its Board Chairman, and our colleague here, can arrange it. How about it, Perry?"

Perry Platte said, "A fine idea. We'll cancel the appear-

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and we're in a bind. Another bind. And I mean we're in a bind."

"Get yourself together, Sheriff," the voice said. "What are you trying to say?"

"You sent a special agent named Jack Langford down here last night. He bluffed my stupid night jailer into putting him in the cell of Beanie Bimstein, a convicted murderer. While he was in there he gave Bimstein a shot in the arm. This has turned out to be curare, a deadly poison. The guy is dead as a mackerel. What the Hell kind of special agents do you have in the FBI?"

"Sheriff, you sound like you're nuts. If you've got a good funny house in Dallas run right over to it and jump in. Break in if you have to. We have no special agent, or any other kind of an agent, named Jack Langford, or any other kind of a Langford. It looks like you've been look."

The Sheriff didn't exactly faint but he came pretty close to it. He turned to the unhappy Rodriguez who was cowering and trying to hide behind the District Attorney. He lost all control of himself. He grabbed Rodriguez by the shoulder and spun him around.

"Of all the Goddam blithering idiots I ever saw, you're it. Why you low down half-witted horse thief. You low down Spig cattle rustler. Why you low down bastard of a poor box robber. You dirty decayed drippings of a Chinese jerk off. Get the Hell out of my sight. Get the Hell out of Dallas. Get the Hell out of Texas. In fact, get the Hell out of the United States and off the earth."

"You're the worst sunnabitch to hit Texas since Santa Ana hit the Alamo. There's a gun over there. Take it and blow your Goddam brains out. No, I'll take that back. You haven't got any brains to blow out. Blow that henhouse litter out of your thick skull. It might be pretty thick but that's there will do it."

"Well, poor old Dallas," the Sheriff moaned. His shoulders slumped, his bellow gone, he looked like the last yellow rose of a Texas summer.

"There's no help for it. We'll call in the press now. Fortunately there were no T-V cameras here last night to show people all over the United States how a prisoner can be murdered in a maximum security cell in Dallas.

"At least, we can tell them the whole story."

Chapter 12 Merrill Tins Pines

President Joe Smith had been dead these six months. The Democratic politicians had been making somewhat of a martyr of him. In this, they had the enthusiastic cooperation of press, radio, T-V, the captive columnists and even the pollsters. The latter went to ridiculous lengths asking silly questions of people and then giving out the propaganda that their owners, the House of Dockstader, wanted.

The only thing they hadn't asked of the "Man on the Street" was what kind of wings they thought the "immortal" Joe Smith was wearing up in that special Valhalla in the sky that must have been created for politicians in order to get them that close to Heaven at all.

His successor, Lynn Joss, had turned out to be (to the nation in general) more than the dumb Texas hick the Invisible Men had pictured him in their conclaves. He was so busy trying to create an image of himself as a second Joe Smith that he entirely overlooked many things he could have done to entrench himself in the hearts of most of his countrymen.

In fact, he seemed to completely forget or repudiate all the things he had said about his opponent in the 1960 pre-convention campaign, and the things he had promised the nation to do if nominated and elected.

A hammerheaded press agent told him if he would snoop around the White House at night, personally turning off light bulbs, he could pose as a great economist. But this boomeranged on him when the Republicans pointed out that he was adding payroll bums to the Federal employment rolls at the rate of 325 a day—after promising to take payroll bums off.

And, when he promised to take from the Haves and give to the Have-nots, an enterprising syndicate reporter dug up the fact that his own family fortune was between 4 and 14 million—and he was making no provisions to give any of that to the Have-nots.

And then people started coupling with the fast declining prestige of the new administration the foot dragging of the

that he seemed dead to the world in a drunken stupor, which was what Carter had conditioned him to think.

When the day jailer came on at 8 in the morning he made the rounds of the cells. He carried Bimstein's rather sumptuous breakfast on a tray. Bimstein had the best in grub. Someone outside the jail was paying top prices for it.

He unlocked the cell and called for Bimstein to come and get it. Not getting any response he kicked on the bars. Still no response. He unlocked the cell door, entered and yanked the covers off the prisoner. Then for the first time he noticed that his face had a peculiar flushed look and he wasn't breathing. Rushing down to his desk he put in a hurry call for the jail doctor.

When the medical examiner arrived it took but a glance to tell him it was a job for the coroner. The Sheriff was sent for. And the "meat wagon," which took the body to the Morgue. The coroner's assistant began an immediate autopsy.

"Looks like the man has been given a violent poison like cyanide or curare," he observed, "but we'll soon tell."

By this time a deputy district attorney had arrived. Everybody was upset and tense. In spite of the fact that an autopsy is revolting to all who aren't used to it, they all looked in on the operation. First the medical examiner slit open the torso from the public region to the throat. The stomach was removed and cut open.

"No sign of anything taken by mouth," he said after smelling of its contents and putting a specimen under his microscope. "Only thing recently ingested is whiskey, and a good grade, too. A relative could have smuggled a cyanide capsule in to him but there's no evidence of it here."

The next move was to pump a specimen of blood from an artery inside the armpit. This was put into a test tube and the usual chemical reactions produced.

"Yes, here it is. Curare," the ME said. "Looks like somebody somehow shot an injection of this deadly Indian poison into him intravenously. He couldn't have lived but a few minutes after he 'got it.'"

The ME went back to the body and carefully examined the arms.

"Yes, here it is," he said, pointing to an almost invisible mark that looked like a pin prick, high up on the left arm.

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"Now, the thing is to find the bastard that did it," the Sheriff said. "You sick around, Mr. District Attorney." To the day jailer he bellowed:

"Get that Goddamn night jailer back here pronto. It looks like he's got some tall explaining to do."

"Who th. Hell was in this jail last night?" the Sheriff bellowed at Rodriguez. "Or did you kill that Beanie fellow? No, I know you didn't do it. You wouldn't have sense enough to sick a hypo in him. Tell me what happened."

"What Beanie fellow, Sheriff?" the still bewildered night jailer croaked. He didn't yet know what it was all about. But with the whole crowd in the Sheriff's office, and the Sheriff acting like he would tear him in two any minute, Rodriguez sensed that he was in serious trouble.

"Just what went on here last night?" the Sheriff asked with a baleful glance at the unhappy Rodriguez.

"Well, nothing," the unhappy man said. His dull intellect had begun to suspect that the Sheriff had found out about him fitching the bottle of whiskey from under Bimstein's bunk. He was pondering whether he should confess to that and throw himself on the mercy of the Sheriff.

Before he could confess one of the deputies rushed in. "Sheriff," he said, "someone signed in and out last night on the book downstairs. The signature was Jack Langford, FBI, Washington, DC."

"Yes, Sheriff," Rodriguez said, "this was the FBI man from Washington you sent here. He told me you said to pretend to throw him in the cell with Bimstein and say the drunk tank was full."

"He wheedled, that's the word he used, some valuable information out of Bimstein which is going to stop the slurs on Dallas, the Secret Service and everybody else connected with the murder of President Smith."

The Sheriff's mouth flew open. He was speechless. "Stop the slurs on Dallas, My God, My God." He pounded himself on the side of the head. Suddenly he bellowed to his Chief Deputy.

"Call J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI in Washington. Get him on the line quick." He didn't get J. Edgar, but in about five minutes he did get one of the Head G-Man's chief assistants.

"Hello," he said. "This is the Sheriff of Dallas County

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"What are you in for?" Carter asked him. "They say you're drunk, too?"

Bimstein responded. "They've got me here for a murder rap. I killed the lousy sunnabitch that killed the President, and I'm here until the Supreme Court of the United States springs me, Good old Ous Hutchins. My grapevine says he has put the murder on the John Spruce Society and he ain't gonna let a hick jury in Dallas make him look bad."

At Carter's continued prodding, Bimstein took another swig, this time a big one. He hiccupped when he handed the bottle back.

"Apparently some important people are taking care of you and everything will come out alright," Carter volunteered.

"I'm not so sure about that," was the reply. "They sent me a lousy mouthpiece that I didn't want and he loused up my case. Any good lawyer could have sprung me by the right approach to the jury—I avenged the wanton murder of the most beloved President. Smith was a Democrat, all the jurors are Democrats. To many Southerners a Democrat can do no wrong."

"But there's something fishy going on up in New York. I fear, when I couldn't even select my own lawyer. If I ever find it out, and spill what I know to the newspapers there'll be the biggest explosion in high finance circles up there in the history of this or any other country."

"Would you squeal on the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and who have the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court wound around their fingers, and in your corner?"

"Damn right and damn tootin', I would," he answered. By this time the whiskey was taking effect, his tongue was getting a little thick, his inhibitions were coming down. Carter knew the only answer the Establishment would accept was the immediate silencing of this man who, even as early as the morrow, might take it into his head to sing. So he swung a haymaker onto Bimstein's jaw, then picked him up and laid him on the cot.

Cold bloodedly as though he was a male nurse giving his patient a sponge bath, he rolled up the left sleeve of Bimstein's shirt. Coolly he took the envelope out of his vest pocket, pulled out the syringe and removed the protective

cap from the tip. Skillfully inserting it in the bare arm he pushed the plunger as the deadly curare found its way into the victim's blood stream.

Carter stood looking at Bimstein a moment, when he suddenly took a deep breath, gave a huge gasp and stopped breathing. Carter coolly rolled down his sleeve and buttoned the cuff.

Using the bedsheet he wiped all fingerprints off the syringe and off the whisky bottle. The syringe he put back into the envelope and into his breast pocket. The bottle he put under the bunk.

Just as calmly as he had walked into the jail quarters he walked out and greeted the jailer, who was sitting at the desk reading a detective story.

"Well, ~~the~~ he said to the jailer, "I think I got what we want. He drank half the bottle and his ~~name~~ got real loose. He'll be sound asleep in half an hour. You can go up there then and lock him in, but if you like Old Grand Dad there's quite a little bit left in the bottle. I put it under the bunk where Bimstein can't find it."

"Congratulations, Mr. FBI," the jailer said. "When will we read what you found out, putting Dallas back in the good graces of the country?"

"Oh, that shouldn't take but a few days," Carter said. "I'll be back in Washington by morning and my horses will have the whole story. It'll be up to them then, but I can assure you they're as anxious as anybody to get everybody off the hook."

Carter left the jail, signing out at the door as he had signed in. "Jack Langford, FBI, Washington, DC." Ten blocks from the jail he spied a litter can. He took out the envelope and tossed the syringe into the can without touching and leaving finger prints. He went back to his hotel, called the American Airlines and got a reservation on a jetliner to New York at 7 o'clock. He paid his bill at the desk so he wouldn't have to be seen more than necessary on the morrow.

A half hour after Carter left the jail the deputy in charge went to Bimstein's maximum security cell and got the bottle from under the bunk. Then he double-locked Bimstein in. He never noticed that his prisoner wasn't breathing—only

observation. He was as thorough as the people for whom he had worked the last 20 years; as thorough as the FBI for whom he had worked the five years previously.

At ten o'clock that night he put a half pint flask of whiskey which he had purchased earlier in the day in his hip pocket. He put the hypodermic syringe loaded with the deadly curare in a long hotel envelope and placed that in his inside coat breast pocket.

He walked to the county jail, where Bimstein was being held in a top-floor break-in proof and break-out proof cell. No lights were visible from the street except one on the top floor.

A uniformed guard was on duty at the street entrance, but the forged FBI credentials got him past without any trouble. The only thing he had to do was to "sign in" on the Visitor's Book. He signed "Jack Langford, FBI, Washington, D.C." A self-service elevator carried him to the top floor.

Carter was an old hand at detective work which requires the successful operator to be a first class actor. Acting like he owned the place he barged into the jail's front office where the night jailer, a deputy sheriff named Sammy Rodriguez, was on duty and the only person anywhere around. He showed him his FBI credentials and said:

"I'm Jack Langford of the FBI, assigned to undercover work on the murder of the President. I have the greatest sympathy for Dallas and its law enforcement officials who have been maligned in the press over the nation. My superiors in Washington know that there is a lot that hasn't been told, or even found out, about the Smith killing.

"We are on the trail of something real big that will not only absolve the Federal Secret Service from the blame they are being subjected to, but the Dallas police and Sheriff's force too.

"They've sent me here to wheedle some information out of Bimstein that may be the key to what we are after. They ask that you throw me bodily into the cell with Bimstein like I was just another skid row drunk. That's why I'm dressed in these disreputable clothes.

"I've got here the better part of a half pint of Old Grand Dad, which we have discovered is Bimstein's favorite whiskey. If you throw me in and leave me on the floor, pretend

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to lock the cell and leave me with him an hour, I can probably get the information we want out of him.

"When I come out I'll report to you and you can go back and lock the cell. When we give what we will know to the press, your boss'll be so pleased he'll probably promote you."

"Say, that's mighty white of you," the deputy sheriff said. He reached up on the rack and took down a bunch of keys.

"Now make it look real good," Carter said. "Open the cell door and throw me in like I was one of the most disorderly drunks you'd had to handle for a long time. Tell Beanie you had to impose on his hospitality tonight because your drunk tank is filled for the evening."

The pair walked down one corridor and then turned to the left where they walked to the end of the building. The deputy unlocked one door, then turned right and unlocked another door to a cell where Bimstein was lying on the lower cot of a double decker bunk snoring away. Carter started to yell.

"Take your filthy hands off me, you Gecapo swine," he said, lurching away from the jailer and making like he was going back out.

"Oh, no you don't," the jailer bellowed. "Get on in there you drunken bastard and sleep it off."

By this time Bimstein was sitting up, rubbing his eyes and apparently enjoying the fracas. The jailer swung the cell door open and gave the man he thought was an FBI agent a shove, and the phoney FBI man landed inside the cell on his fanny. Then the jailer slammed the door shut and turned the key in the lock, and back again, so fast it sounded like one movement to Beanie.

"What are they doing to you bud?" Bimstein asked.

"The crummy sunnavabitch said I'm drunk when I ain't half as drunk as he is," Carter said. "But just for that I think I will get drunk." "Won't you join me." Carter pulled the half pint of Old Grand Dad out of his hip pocket and offered the bottle to his boss. Beanie took a good swig and said:

"You know that's my favorite beverage, altho I don't drink anything at my night club."

"Take some more," Carter said, but Bimstein said one good swig at a time is enough for him.

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that the Governor is thinking of promising to commute his sentence to a few years if he will spill all he knows about the Conspiracy. You couldn't blame him for taking Governor Callahan up on that. And the Governor would get real angry with us if he knew the truth.

"After all, he came within a fraction of an inch of getting what Joe Smith got, and his right arm and shoulder will never be the same. We can't wait for action on even the first appeal. We understand that's what the Governor is waiting for.

"You all know me; you have equal voices in voting at this conclave with me. I ask you to let me handle this thing secretly and alone. If I ~~can't~~ ^{can't} make good in a reasonable time, I'll call you in again and ask for better ideas. In the meantime, be thinking about it. Any objections? The chair bears none, so we'll get busy."

Down in Dallas, Kelli hadn't yet left the city as he promised which disappointed a lot of people. He called another press conference. Newsmen arrived but the T-V cameras stayed away, upon orders from Perry Platte of Amalgamated Broadcasting in New York.

Kelli's first announcement was that, the inconsiderate jury having sent Birstein back to jail, his client's life wouldn't be worth two cents. The police would put some hoodlum in the cell with his client and this hoodlum would stick a shiv into the prisoner and that would be that."

Jasper Jarrell was closeted for two hours with Barry Carter, the House of Dockstader's security chief, and one-time FBI special agent. Carter had been a trusted employe of the House for 20 years. He had done a few highly confidential jobs for the Establishment.

Because of the fictional detective character by that name he was never called anything but Nick Carter. Just Nick by his friends. He had never stopped at committing a murder for the Establishment, so it was a foregone conclusion that whatever happened to him if caught he would never "sing" on the Invisible Men.

"Nick," Jarrell said, "We've got one of the most important assignments we ever gave you in your life. You know all about the Dallas mess. They've got this Birstein in jail, and our intelligence down there reports his mind is in such

shape that he may spill at any moment.

"We have here a plane ticket for you to Dallas, forged credentials identifying you as a special agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and a hypodermic syringe containing an ampule of curare, an old but deadly Indian poison that could kill a dozen horses.

"The Indians in South America and our southwestern states used to use it as arrow poison. They make it from certain freak but deadly plants. Only a few pharmaceutical houses make it but one of ours does.

"A single drop injected in the blood stream will cause instant death, so don't by any chance let the tip of the hypodermic syringe scratch your hand or we'll have to look for another security chief.

"Take with you an old suit or ~~clothes~~ ^{clothes} you can dress up like a skid row bum to fool the Dallas police, which doesn't seem hard to do. Full instructions are contained in this sealed envelope.

"When you get to your hotel in Dallas, where we have a room reserved for you at the Statler, study these instructions, memorize them, then tear them up in small bits and flush them down the toilet. Routine procedure."

In Dallas Birstein's brothers and sister began a series of visits to the prisoner. They took him a letter to Kelli re-moving him summarily from the case, for his signature. They mailed the letter to Kelli's San Francisco office and sent copies to press and T-V.

They hired for him a Dallas lawyer and commissioned him to file an immediate appeal to the court of last resort which was the Texas Court of Appeals. Birstein told them whom to call in New York and have telegraphed to his oldest brother the money to pay the new lawyer.

Nick Carter arrived in Dallas on a jet plane from New York at 9:30 a.m. He went immediately to the Statler Hotel and read his letter of instructions. He carefully memorized every line, then tore it into small pieces and flushed it down the drain. After lazing around in his room a while he started out to case his job.

His first objective was the dress factory from a window of which the fatal bullet had been fired. He surveyed it from every angle. Then he went to the Police Station, to the Court House and to the county jail. Everything came under his

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the sort of a man who would kill for money, rather than ideals—a man of the demimonde with a criminal record. A high Indian official has suggested that there might be important money in the background."

"Ouch," said Somerset Pitt of Amalgamated Steel, "that's getting pretty close to us. I wonder if they really know anything over in India. That's going to worry Big Steel's board of directors because we've got a hundred million invested in that country."

"Wait," said Jarrell. "You all ain't heard nothin' yet."

"In Warsaw, Poland, the owner of a television station was in Dallas at the time of the shooting. He went on the air to call the Polish people about it. After expressing a pretty low opinion of the Dallas police he said:

"In my opinion. United States authorities know much more about this killing than they picked to know. Many people in the United States regard the killing as the work of an extremely well-organized group. It was not the work of a single man. There is too much unexplained. That's what you've got to keep the American people from wondering about, Mr. Pulitzer."

"And from France, we get this. The Paris newspaper LIBERATION said there is no doubt President Smith fell into a trap he was the victim of a plot it is evident the Dallas police, protectors of gangsters like Bimstein, played a role that can only be described as questionable they created a defendant and then allowed one of their stool pigeons to kill him."

"And here's one that hurts. Milan (Italy's) CORRIERE LOMBARDO said that the old Italian surplus rifle said to have killed Smith could not have fired the three shots that struck him and Texas Governor Callahan in such rapid succession. It would have taken that weapon more than 15 seconds. Maybe it was not Osteen that fired the three shots at President Smith."

"And the Paris JOUR said Osteen did not fire alone either the rifle was not the murder weapon, or there was someone with Osteen behind that window."

"And another French newspaper LE FIGARO, thru its American correspondent Leo Sauvage, said that "if Grant Osteen had lived I don't see how he could have been convicted, or any conviction upheld on appeal, after an investi-

gation like the one I watched being performed by the Dallas police."

"And now for the bad news, gentlemen."

"Our observer in Dallas reports that Bimstein is getting 'restless.' Our man has been interviewing him daily, posing as his brother. The Dallas cops have never questioned that assertion, altho he looks as much like Bimstein as St. Patrick looked like Moses."

"Bennie doesn't like his lawyer, Kelli. He said he is too cocksure and might lose the case. Bimstein wanted to predicate his defense on his overpowering love for the Smiths, and bring into play the pity of the jury and the Democracy of most people in Texas. But Kelli said he

knows best

"Our man said if Bimstein was convicted we might have a real problem on our hands. He was convicted. Period. Our special agent feels that Bennie intends to sing if we don't take care of him. There is one sure way we can take care of him: the other way would only be a makeshift."

"But we must pretend to do everything we can to spring him, even if we have to take it all the way to the Supreme Court of the United States. There we can do the job. The Chief Justice is our stouge and he has already, for us, prejudged the case and found the John Spruce Society guilty."

"But if we spring Bimstein completely, we never know when he will get drunk, or confide to some woman in a fit of braggadocio, enough to toss our fat completely in the fire. We can't take him out and dump him in the Gulf of Mexico like we did Samokov Tata, but we've got to shut him up just as tightly. To have one of Reggio Lucca's men from Chicago bump him would leave us in the same predicament we are in now."

"I've been up most of the night. I've been on the long distance telephone and on the short distance. I've consulted very competent legal counsel and very competent gangland counsel."

"According to our intelligence, we can't silence the Great Silencer too soon. The longer he stays in jail, awaiting action on one, two or even three appeals, the more chance for him to become stir crazy and spill the beans. No pun on his nickname intended, gentlemen."

"Then we have more than well-defined rumors from Texas

ethics and decent procedure.

Kelli, who saw his \$100,000 fee going down the drain, was beside himself with rage. He immediately called an impromptu press conference with the newsmen and T-V camera. He intemperately berated the jury, the judge, the District Attorney, the people of Dallas and Texas in general. He compared the trial to the Crucifixion of Christ and said Dallas had set justice back 2,000 years.

He said the judge was a kangaroo railroad, whatever that was supposed to be. He said Dallas stinks and he was going back to San Francisco. Someone suggested that that would solve the problem of the bad smell in Dallas. The judge could have thrown him in jail for a year for contempt of court. Instead, he smiled tolerantly and said he considered the source.

Kelli was in more trouble than he knew. He was about to be fired from the case by the Establishment. He was about to be charged with unethical conduct by the Texas Bar Association, and thrown out of the American Bar Association. The latter action would make it difficult for him to keep his membership in the California and San Francisco Bar Associations.

Next morning at ten o'clock the nine Invisible Men met in another extraordinary session. "We are facing a grave situation," Chairman Jarrell told them. "The news from Dallas sounds good to millions of Americans. But the facts that this news represents are posing a grave threat to us."

"Our plot to control the Presidency for the next eight years could boomrang and hit us in the face. While they couldn't bring enough direct evidence to convict any of us or Murder One, or Murder Two, or even Murder Three, the stink that would result if Binstein talks would mean the end of this Establishment as a political power in the United States."

"And in the World," Kimberly Lansing of Consolidated Telephone and Telegraph whose lines stretched and networked all over the globe, cut in.

"Hear, Hear," a chorus of worried voices echoed. "Now let's get down to brass tacks," the Chairman continued. "Our private opinion polls bring us facts, even when they are deadly facts. We want to know, and we get the best intelligence money can buy."

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"This is in great contrast with the George Trotter poll, and others that have sprung up, which furnished pure propaganda for our colleague here, Mr. Pulitzer, to feed American newspaper readers in his continuous brainwash job.

"Here are the deadly facts on how most Americans really are thinking. These facts have been gathered since the assassination, and are still being gathered daily by our private pollsters. Here's what Vox Populi is thinking and saying:

"1. How could Osteen fire three shots from a cheap rifle in such a short period of time, when gunnery experts say it would have taken at least 15 seconds with that particular weapon?"

"2. Did Osteen have an accomplice?"

"3. If so, did he or the other party, pull the trigger? And what happened to the gun which could fire three shots in less than five seconds?"

"4. How did the second party escape from the building from which the shooting was done?"

"5. How did the shooter or shooters know where President Smith would be at that certain hour?"

"6. How did the killer or killers get into the building along the parade route?"

"7. And, how could a 2-bit gangster like Binstein, killer of the alleged assassin of the President, gain such easy access to Dallas police headquarters?"

"These are some of the questions being pointedly asked. But these are the most important ones. Certainly questions we don't want answered correctly."

"And because of our international entanglements, we are concerned with the image the United States presents abroad. Here is a dispatch from a New Delhi newspaper in India. And this hurts the House of Docketader:

"Following President Smith's assassination an impression is growing in India that the United States has not outgrown its Wild West adolescence. The most sinister kind of interpretation is being applied to the killing of Grant Osteen, who has been charged with the assassination. The Indian left-wing is exploiting this view of the events in Texas."

"Of greater significance, is the fact that the Indian conservatives are also concerned. They are fearful that the 'enemies of peace' might have used Osteen as a tool and then silenced him. Beanie Binstein, they said, appears to be

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appointed himself judge, jury, prosecutor and witnesses—and then executioner. He did the unpardonable thing, even if Osteen had been proven guilty of murdering the President. He shot a helpless, manacled man, held by two burly detectives so he couldn't even kick out at his assailant when the gun was pulled. Tho this didn't excuse the detectives for their negligence, the District Attorney said, it excused Binstein even less. He violated every canon of decency and humanity, but he is being tried here for violation of the Texas laws against wilful murder.

In Kelli's address to the jury he rambled all over the place except the actual commission of the crime and the Texas law against murder. He said Binstein was insane during the ~~few~~ seconds it took him to pull the trigger—that he didn't know what he was doing. He said his love for the ~~same~~ made him do it.

It was later shown by the State that this was hogwash, that Binstein was downtown when the parade passed but wasn't as interested in seeing "his hero" as 250,000 other Dallas people were. He spent an hour in the office of the Dallas NEWS, writing a classified advertisement for his strip joint and narcotic drop, while Smith was showing himself to and receiving the plaudits of a quarter of a million Dallas people.

This obviously had an adverse effect on some members of the jury. Court room habits who were experienced at reading the faces of jurors, and predicting how verdicts might come out, began to count Binstein already dead. But the worst, for Beanie, was yet to come.

Kelli began to parade to the witness stand and back a large number of phoney psychiatric "experts" who were there because the Establishment had paid them \$200 a day for their time, and all expenses, to testify as Kelli wanted.

One of the jurors audibly snickered at some of the malarkey and pocomonondo these quack doctors "testified" to.

One solemnly stated that Binstein had epileptic seizures at the time he pulled the trigger. Another said he was in a fugue state. A third guessed psychotic morbidity. It went from there to a bilaterally symmetrical ink blot grand mal petit mal electroencephalogram thematic apperception test ruptured ego paranoid psychosis psychomotorvariant

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The District Attorney had difficulty keeping a straight face. He confined his cross examination to asking each if he had examined Binstein at the time of the shooting. When asked they said "No" he asked how they knew he had all those things at the time. When each refused to answer he let it go at that, but the jury didn't. They remembered when they retired to the verdict room.

Acting like the cat that had just swallowed the canary, the wrong-guessing Kelli said rage had made Binstein "legally incompetent." That rage had caused a spasm of the finger, which caused the firing of the fatal bullet; that therefore it was an accidental shooting.

Instead of cross examining the "experts," whom many people in the court room considered psychos themselves, the District Attorney put on the stand a practicing neurologist from the Beverly Hills hospital. His testimony was that the defense "experts" had little knowledge of anatomy or of the brain.

He said there was no evidence of any brain damage, nor had any testimony been presented that would substantiate that. He added that, it is well known to the science of medicine, that a psychiatric examination had only a 50-50 chance, if that much, of determining if any brain damage was present. At adjournment, a smiling and smirking Kelli told newsmen the State could never get a conviction after his presentation of what he called expert witnesses.

After a raving and ranting address to the jury, in which Kelli told them his psychos were the only witnesses they could believe, the jury went into executive session. Two hours and 19 minutes later they came out with a verdict of murder-with-malice.

This is called in most states "first degree murder." In police parlance it is "Murder One." In Texas the jury sets the punishment for first degree murder. The judge only sets the date, if any, of the execution.

The jury set the penalty at death in the electric chair in Austin. Kelli, as expected, announced he would appeal first to the Texas Court of Appeals, then to the US Circuit Court of Appeals at New Orleans, and lastly to the US Supreme Court. In that body he hoped for an acquittal because its Chief Justice had already said the John Service Society was guilty, and he was noted for his ignorance of law, legal

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voting unconstitutional powers of subpoena to this unconstitutional commission. Some persons on it should themselves be on trial for their efforts to subvert and destroy the Constitution. And this subversive group includes the Chairman.

"(6) To go as much further as feasible. It is reported in the press that the Commission has requested the power to extort testimony from unwilling witnesses.

"(7) Create propaganda for other Dockstader-Soviet Axis projects to facilitate the final conquest of the United States.

"(8) To co-operate when the Conspiracy arranges for further violence. We may be sure that such will occur at the earliest feasible moment, and that every precaution will be taken to avoid a slip-up such as occurred in Dallas.

"It is impossible to predict at this moment when such an incident will occur or what form it will take—except, of course, that the blame will fall on 'right-wing extremists.'

"The assassination of other high government officials is an obvious possibility—perhaps too obvious despite the sudden yapping of 'Liberals' that something must be done quick to prevent the succession of Speaker John McManus whom the left-wing Washington DAILY WORKER screams 'is suspected of anti-Communism.'

"The Conspiracy, however, must go so far as to arrange the assassination of some justice: That could, perhaps, be made to seem plausible after the Hutchins Court has maltreated a number of Americans in its latest usurpation of un-Constitutional powers, and it is, furthermore, the only sure way of preventing an impeachment and trial by Congress.

"There are well defined rumors that a latter day neck-the party is being arranged for Hutchins and some not as guilty of trying to wreck the American way of life as he. The editors haven't been able to pin point those who are planning to take the law in their own hands, as those who seduced Beanie Bimstein to shut up Grant Osteen.

Chapter 11 THE SUDICCA SUICIDES

The trial of Beanie Bimstein got under way in early February, but it was mid-March before it was over. He was formally accused of and indicted for the wanton murder of Grant Osteen, the state's only witness against those who conspired to commit the political murder of President Joe Smith.

The Establishment had hired a San Francisco lawyer, who had a record almost as good as that of the fabulous late Clarence Darrow in getting murderers acquitted. He had been offered a \$50,000 fee for the job. He conspired with an offer to guarantee an acquittal for \$100,000 fee, bare expenses if their man was convicted. It was accepted.

The mouthpiece's name was Barton Kelli but before the trial was over reporters were calling him Kelliike and Bell-ike. He first started objecting to every man and woman drawn from the jury panel by the Sheriff. He soon exhausted his 15 peremptory challenges—challenges for no legal cause. He asked the judge for more and was granted three. He exhausted them and then asked for more. Judge Black was by this time fed up with Kelli's contemptuous tactics and refused him any more.

Then he began to challenge them for a supposed cause—that they had seen the murder committed on their T-V set. The District Attorney pointed out that if everyone who saw the murder on T-V were disqualified, they would have to go to Timbuctoo or Kamchatka to find a jury that could qualify.

Judge Black quietly asked Kelli if he could think of any better way for a jury to make its decision than to have seen the murder. In that way, the jurist observed, they weren't as likely to make a decision based on the spell binding of defense counsel or prosecution. They would have a better basis for deciding on the facts. Motion denied.

Finally the jury was completed over the many bellyaches of Kelliike. The District Attorney stated the case of the State of Texas against Beanie Bimstein.

Bimstein had taken the law in his own hands. He had

The release this time was short, even though not to the point. When finished, it read:

"Was Osteen a double agent? The Commission feels he was, that he took money from both the United States and Russia for spying on the other, even tho both Russian and American authorities flatly deny they ever had anything to do with him."

"Chairman Hutchins has indisputable information from intelligence and security sources of both countries that they were in contact with Osteen on various occasions during the last four years."

"This ought to be something for the populace to chew on until we get out another release to bedazzle, confuse and befuddle them," Hutchins said, just before he took the sheet of mimeographs outside to distribute to the reporters.

A few days later every member of Congress received in his mails a little burn sheet published in Birmingham, Alabama, called "The Lightning Bolt." Efforts of the left-wing hate organizations to have it barred from the mails, for its bare reference to President Smith and his brother, had come to naught. No mail violations, since Hutchins and his left-wing pals on the Supreme Court hadn't yet voided the Freedom of the Press guaranteed in the First Amendment, had been found.

The hog-tied Democratic State Chairman of Alabama, who could make or break any postmaster in the State, had told the Birmingham PM to hold up acceptance of any more mailings of "The Lightning Bolt" until the publisher could get a court injunction against this prohibition, if indeed he could.

But a high echelon member of the Birmingham post office staff, with more loyalty to his country than to those who had subverted his party, tipped off the "Lightning Bolt" publisher.

So he divided his whole issue into bundles of 20 or less. He and his staff and members of the White Citizens Council piled the whole issue in their automobiles and took off for all the small towns in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi. These packages were dropped in the small town post offices where no one had thought to tell the postmasters of the ex-officio barring from the mails of "The Lightning Bolt."

So, when the Congressmen looked over the mail on their desk, such members as had secretaries who knew the difference between important and unimportant items, found this burn sheet with a full page caricature of their colleague Otis Hutchins looking out at them.

The artist had put a goat's beard and horns and body on the face of the Chief Justice. He was munching cabbage like all gitout in a large cabbage patch. The headline said:

"Putting the Goat to Watch the Cabbage Patch" and the subcaption read "Facts in the Joe Smith Murder." The body of the story read:

"The Commission in Washington is a comic opera body, hand picked with six clowns whose movements are controlled by puppet strings from Wall Street and who will outvote the very solid member on it. Senator Dick Russell of Mississippi. It is obvious to anyone with an ounce of brains that this is what they will do:

"(1) Cover up for the Conspiracy as much as possible by claiming that Grant Osteen was a poor, lone critter who done it all alone. Probably 'psychiatrists' will be produced to prove he done it 'cause at the age of six months, he had to wait an extra five minutes for his bottle.' That will establish the need for more Welfare and Civil Rights.

"(2) Suppress permanently the report of the F.B.I., which it has already acted to conceal from the American people. If permanent suppression proves impossible, to have the report watered down or at least kept secret until a 'crisis' can be arranged that will make its publication pass almost unnoticed.

"(3) Smother and suppress the evidence of close contacts between Osteen and Beante Bimstein during the period immediately preceding the assassination. Every effort will be made to conceal Bimstein's connections with Communist Cuba including such items as a clandestine visit to Havana a year ago. There, he stayed with a long-time close associate of Castro's named Praskin. Praskin operates, as a cover for his main activities, and alleged novelty store on the Prado opposite the Seville Hotel.

"(4) Harass the Dallas police as much as possible.

"(5) Try to smear and intimidate loyal Americans in every way possible. Much in this line can be accomplished if the Congress can be pressured and hornswoggled into

findings (bere, Senator Slater rudely and raucously cleared his throat) of the Commission."

"Unless one of you gentlemen have something worthwhile to offer," Justice Hutchins stated, "the meeting will now stand adjourned until 10 o'clock Monday morning."

Hutchins and Hanighan immediately got together with the stenographer and told the mimeograph operator to stand by. Between the two of them, they concocted a 3-page mimeograph release which ended up:

"Some of the testimony we are going to bear may not be released in your lifetimes or mine because it may involve national security."

And into the release Mr. Hanighan put the information that the Texas Rangers and the Dallas Police had been called off in their investigative activities. That the FBI and Secret Service had been ordered off. That the two Committees of Congress had never gotten off the ground, and that this was in effect the proposed White House Committee.

"The Secret Service and the FBI didn't look too good in their handling of security arrangements for the President, and we've decided to dispense with their alleged services for the time being," were words put into the Hutchins mouth and incorporated into the release by Hanighan.

When the mimeograph job was finished, Hutchins took a wad of copies outside the door where over 100 reporters were waiting for an official statement from the Commission. The newsmen grabbed for the sheets and started rushing pell mell out of the building to telephones and news bureau offices. Most of them went to the Congressional Press Galleries, a few blocks away, and there communicated with their Washington Bureau, their home offices, and in the case of the press associations put it on their direct wires to New York news control headquarters.

Only one stayed to read the release. This was Hannon of the Chicago TRIBUNE whose employers didn't like anything about the Establishment but couldn't do anything positive about it.

After all, they had the same expenses of labor, materials, real estate as the other sheets. They, likewise, were dependent on national advertising for enough to keep out of the red. And the Establishment controlled 80 percent of this. But the TRIBUNE publishers seldom, if ever, muzzled the

outspoken and objective Hannon in his byline articles and columns from Washington.

"(Texas Jeist," Hannon screamed when he had read the release. "Look at this. Hutchins has ordered the Attorney General of Texas, the Texas Rangers and the Dallas city police to immediately drop their investigation.

"Who the Hell does he think he is? Who the Hell do the Commission members think they are, to subvert the protective laws of the sovereign state of Texas?"

"I hope those Texans will tell Hutchins where to go and that it will be a place hotter than Texas in July and August. And that is a place I have never seen—yet.

"Reading further—here Hutchins is smearing the Secret Service and the FBI. He wants them—some of the best investigators in the world—to lay off.

"That makes it a cover-up and a sneer job beyond any pretense of a doubt. Why, their very existence as Federal investigational bodies make the existence of the Hutchins Committee a ghastly joke on the American people and the memory of our dead President.

"What's that guy in the White House thinking about in permitting it. After all, his name was attached to the appointment of its members, but I don't believe he had a damned thing to say about its make-up. As Speaker McManus said when he was informed that the President had been shot dead: 'My God, what are we coming to?'

(On Monday the Commission met again, with Justice Hutchins, in the chair but Mr. Hanighan of Madison Avenue, New York, doing most of the talking.

"We're going to put out another release today. Like the other one, it will help take the public mind off the real issues in the case. We got excellent co-operation with the one we put out at our first meeting from the Amalgamated Press and all of its 1,800 member clients—except the Chicago TRIBUNE. We'll have to get our co-ordinating national advertising agency to put a bug in the TRIB advertising manager's ear."

Some of the members weren't even listening. They were talking about various matters in the news, such as which was the best football team—University of Texas or Navy. The argument got so spirited that an irritated Hanighan called for "order."

really are headed nor that this is a controlled investigation.

"All of us, present at this time, are loyal to the Establishment for the many financial favors they have extended us. And this is Mr. Hanighan who has been appointed chief of our investigative staff. They will all be lawyers with keen legal minds who don't know much about investigating and don't care to.

"They'll take facts presented to them and try to find flaws in them and to write reports and theses guaranteed to confuse everybody in the United States, including ourselves.

"First and foremost, this Commission will succeed and supercede the seven separate probes the nation and the world were told, immediately following the assassination, would be held. Reading from left to right, the Texas Rangers, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the US Secret Service, the Senate's Internal Security Sub-Committee, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, a specially appointed Joint Congressional Committee and a White House Committee."

"Mr. Chairman, a point of order," Yale Suggs said. "Can the individual members of the Commission help spread the smear in press conferences and mimeograph handouts, like we so successfully did during the hours immediately following the murder? We can really do some smearing."

"No," ruled the Chairman. "It is the orders of the Establishment that only the Chairman talk to or confer with the press. Also, that his statements be cleared thru Mr. Hanighan here so that their program for this Commission be perfectly co-ordinated and its purpose be carried out with the utmost efficiency."

"Well, Mr. Chairman, do I have the Establishment's permission to make a motion?" Senator Slater spoke up.

"I don't see where it would do any harm," the Chairman said.

"Thank you, and thank the Establishment for me," Senator Slater sarcastically vouchsafed.

"Thanks for them kind words," Justice Hutchins said. "Don't forget where the \$10,000 gift during your last campaign came from. And don't forget that there's plenty more there for your next campaign."

"Might I suggest," Senator Slater said, "or do I have the Establishment's permission to suggest—"

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"You have," Mr. Hanighan cut in.

"That being the case, Mr. Justice Chairman and my colleagues on this blue ribbon commission," the Senator said, "may I move that:

"We send our own staff director and lawyers to interview sources already questioned by the FBI, the Secret Service, the Texas Rangers and the Dallas Police. And

"We follow up any fresh leads with our own investigation. In addition to using the FBI and the Secret Service when we want to. And

"We take testimony from witnesses, by bringing them to Washington, by subpoena if necessary, for questioning by this commission."

"Your motion is in line all except bringing in the FBI and the Secret Service," Mr. Hanighan spoke up. "They have some of the best trained and finest investigators in the world. They are likely to uncover some things that we don't want uncovered. And they could leak it to the wrong places, even though we could get their official reports thoroughly suppressed by the Justice and Treasury Department.

"Furthermore, Mr. Chairman, here is the general outline of the investigation as desired by the Establishment. When we get the returns, Mr. Jarrell and his colleagues will tell you how much to release and how much not to.

"And here's what we'll pretend to investigate:

"Who was the real assassin and what was his motive?"

"Is the evidence conclusive beyond a reasonable doubt?"

"Did the assassin act by himself, or was he assisted by another or others?"

"Was there any evidence of a collective plot?"

"Could the assassination have been prevented?"

"Was the Secret Service in any way at fault?"

"Wherein did the Dallas Police do well, and wherein did they do badly? Both before and after the assassination.

"Is there evidence to support the seeds of hate theory?"

Is there any evidence to suggest that the assassin was influenced by this seeds-of-hate climate? This is the main thing we'd like to prove. Or, at least, make the reading public think we are proving it.

"As a smoke screen we can announce some constructive lessons to be drawn for the whole nation from the factual

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your press conferences and handouts to news media are six things, good cover-ups all:

"First, Osteen's activities on November 22nd. Of course, that's been thoroughly covered by the newspapers but the Commission's news releases will get the public more confused.

"Secondly, Osteen's general background.

"Thirdly, Binstein's background and activities. Again, don't subpoena him.

"Fourthly, details of Osteen's service in the Marine Corps. There can be no possible connection here with the Joe Smith murder, but it all helps in the creation of general confusion in the mass public mind.

"Fifthly, circumstances of Osteen's murder. This will be further confusing because 100 million of them saw it performed through their television sets.

"And sixthly, the ways used or not used—especially not used—to protect the President on this trip and all other political trips.

"This last one won't endear you to the Secret Service, whose activities in Dallas seem to me to have been beyond criticism. But to smear this bureau will help the general picture of taking the public's mind off the unanswered who, what, when and wheres of the assassination.

"Then when you have dragged the investigation as long as you can, you must come up with a report that simply means the assassination was the work of one man only. It's no use to try to bring the John Spruce Society, or the Far Right, or the Extremist or Senator Silverton into the witch's stew. The FBI exorcised them in the public mind before we could get to them thru the Attorney General.

"You and Sugsy both did a good smear job on them while the rest gestic was in effect. That's the reason we put him on the Commission. Why, he even beat the gun in announcing that the hate peddlers of the Far Right were responsible.

"And your use of the Smith funeral services to further smear them was a masterpiece. We were sorry to hear that you are the fair-haired boy of the Communist Party when the DAILY WORKER shouted for your appointment on the Commission.

"But, be careful how you put the blame on Osteen. This

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has to be done cleverly and our Madison Avenue boys probably can solve that for you. Remember, there is no positive proof that Osteen pulled the trigger. In fact, he didn't but he was a very valuable accessory and without him Samokov Tale couldn't have gotten into position, nor could he had gotten away so scot free.

"Now, we are sending you our best public relations man, Larry Hanighan. He'll meet you in the morning. In the meantime the General Services Administration will prepare you a suite for your deliberations and work room for your staff. The Attorney General will provide you enough deputy marshals to keep even an invisible man from getting into your rooms.

"Oh, Mr. Hanighan will be chief of your investigative staff. He's not a lawyer but he knows how to split hairs. He'll see you in the morning.

Promptly at 9 a.m., Larry Hanighan from Madison Avenue, New York, presented himself in the Chief Justice's suite in the Supreme Court Building on Capitol Hill in Washington. He was immediately ushered into Justice Hutchins' private office where Hutchins was quickly briefed on the conduct of the investigation.

The two took a taxicab to the suite of offices that had been arranged during the night by the General Services Administration, which is the US Government's housekeeper. Five of the other six members were already there. The sole absentee was Senator Fussell who had been around quite a lot during his 30 years in the Senate. He knew this was to be a cut-and-dried affair, a cover-up job.

He only accepted the appointment so that, when occasion warranted, he could blow the whistle on his Regressive Right colleagues and show up the Commission's activities for what they were expected to be. On this particular day matters of importance to the people of Mississippi were occupying his attention.

As the Chairman took his seat at the head of the table, he noted the absence of Senator Fussell.

"Good," he exclaimed, "and goody-goody." "I'm glad the Gentleman from Mississippi isn't here. I have to explain to you the orders that have come down from the Establishment as to the object of this so-called investigation. I trust that in acting in accordance, you will not let him know where we

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tion be intended to ask the President. It would have been a very embarrassing one, for the whole press of the country would have had to print it.

The question Hannan proposed to ask the President was "How can you figure to appoint the Chief Justice to 'investigate' the murder of the President when he has already prejudged it, publicly and callously, not once but twice?" At that time the shooting was announced he said: "A great and good President has suffered martyrdom as a result of the hatred and bitterness that has been injected into the life of our nation by bigots of the Far Right."

And on the occasion of the late President's funeral mass, he hammered it up for the television cameras by crying: "What moved some misguided wretch to do this horrible deed may never be known to us, but we do know that such things are commonly stimulated by forces of hatred and malice such as today are eating their ways into the bloodstream of American life. What a price we pay for this fanaticism."

A preliminary to the Commission story had been sent out by the AP and given to the radio and T-V commentators in the morning.

"It was a statement by Congressman Yale Suggs, which he never even heard of until he read it in the papers. It was written for him by Grealey Pulitzer and he was unable to find Suggs at his Washington apartment. He was reported 'out for the evening.'"

"The President should immediately appoint a Presidential Commission to investigate the shooting of President Joe Smith by the fanatical right wingers and Spruce Society Junior Fringers," were the intemperate words Suggs was credited with saying in the newspapers all over the country.

Back in the Establishment offices at 666 Wall Street the Board was sitting at their T-V set eagerly absorbing every item of news that came over the airwaves. When the names of the seven Presidential appointees were announced, and as the name of Otis Hutchins came up, Henning LaPorte laughed and said:
"That's like putting the goat to watch the cabbage patch."

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CHAPTER 10 GOAT EATS CARBAGE

The telephone rang in the private office of Jasper Jarrell in the Amalgamated Oil Building on lower Broadway. "Chief Justice Otis Hutchins is calling Mr. Jarrell from Washington," the long distance operator said.

"Put the Justice on," Jarrell's secretary said. When the connection was made she pushed the PBX button to her boss indicating a very important caller was on the line. "The Chief Justice is calling, Mr. Jarrell," she said.

Jarrell picked up his instrument and boomed into it, "Hi-yah, Otis, Congratulations."

"Congratulations yourself, Mr. Establishment," the Chief Justice boomed back. "Well, we put it over. Now what's the program, now that we are all set up?"

"Just as we discussed it last night," Jarrell said. "This blue ribbon commission is set up for no other purpose than to make news that can be used to distract the public mind from the things that don't add up about the President's assassination."

"Probably ninety percent of the people, according to our intelligence, know or feel that there are many things back of the story that haven't been told in their newspaper. And they don't know how right they are. You are a great propagandist, even if you are a great big phoney, haha—"

"Haha yourself," the Chief Justice cut in, amused at the good natured crack of his friend and orfimee almost.

"The executive order directing the investigation provides you a staff of 12 lawyers to do your investigating. You note that we had lawyers placed in those jobs, not experienced investigators. These lawyers should be hair splitters who couldn't investigate anything if they tried. Be sure of that."

"The general tenor of the investigation must be to steer far away from an investigation of the facts behind the alleged facts. Otis, has been silenced. We have nothing to fear there."

"But Beanie Bimstein is still alive, although under close guard in the Dallas hoosegow. Don't under any circumstances subpoena him. He might spill. The thing you should stress is

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of Michigan, who has yet to cast a vote against it in the Senate.

"Now we need a Senator with the proper voting record. The Foreign Aid grab is the most outstanding issue on which we can pass such a judgment. So we can select from Senator Staunton Slater of Kentucky, and Senator Harris Nathrop of Pennsylvania, both Council on Foreign Affairs stalwarts. We don't even need to put a watch on either of this pair to see that they stay in line.

"Now, we must have the Bank of the United States of America represented. We can select no safer member than its President, Tom McCoy, unless Brother Dockstader has a better name to offer."

"I can't offer a better one," Dockstader cut in.

"Now, we should have an outstanding Senator who is associated in the public mind as incorruptible, one whom we have never been able to reach with our unlimbed long green. I should come from the South, to make it look like an inter-sectional impartial committee.

"There are two such outstanding characters. We can appoint one and not worry about him because we will have six others to vote against him if he wants to get out of line—our line.

"I suggest Senator Dick Russell of Mississippi and Senator Tom Drummond of South Carolina. Even the most articulate of the Far Righters couldn't find any objection to either of them, tho they'll probably object to all six of the others."

The Chairman had been busy tearing sheets of letter paper in half and writing down the candidates in pairs. "Vote for one of each pair" he noted on all seven sheets.

"To save time of a teller vote, we'll check our selections on these sheets of paper. I'll tally them and we'll see if anyone can find fault with the overall selection, especially Mr. Pulitzer who seems to be both father and mid-wife of this operation."

The sheets were passed around the table, marked and returned to the Chairman. After a tally of the check marks, which he jotted down on still another sheet of paper, he announced:

"The consensus of this conclave seems to be that the following seven prominent citizens should be selected as a

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the bungled Dallas job:

For Chairman, Chief Justice Otis Hutchinson

For Member No. 2, our Big Bassoon, Yale Sugar.

For Member No. 3, Christianon Gerber,

For Member No. 4, Halper Dollard.

For Member No. 5, Congressman Clayton Chrysler of Michigan.

For Member No. 6, Senator Staunton Slater of Kentucky.

For Member No. 7, our maverick, Senator Dick Fussell.

"That, gentlemen, is the slate. Do I hear any objections? The eyes have it and now Mr. Lansing it's your turn. Take this down to Washington tomorrow morning and have the appointments made before the day is done. As the Spartan parents said to their sons: 'Come back with your shield or on it.'"

President Jonas called a press conference in the White House offices in the afternoon of the day he was charged with Kimberly Lansing from 10 o'clock to noon. The news had been "leaked" to a few reporters who stood watch at the White House.

"The Amalgamated Press had the story already cut on their teletype tapes, and in the hands of the telegraph operators ready to roll when the flash came from the White House.

The President's press secretary distributed mimeographs of the announcement to each correspondent. To keep dimly and muddy the waters, it started off with the political section:

"This blue ribbon commission is charged by President Jonas to report its findings and conclusions to him, to the American people and to the World."

As the assembled scribes grabbed their handkerchiefs, they started to rush for their telephones, forgetting all about the time-honored custom of asking the President any questions he was willing to answer before considering their coverage complete. So, during the confusion that followed the stampede for the telephones, President Jonas and his aides got away through a back door of the oval room.

The sole remaining correspondent was Swifty Hamman of the Chicago Tribune's Washington Bureau who had been tipped off to the leak second handed and had typed a ques-

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and bred in Louisiana. He still spoke with a trace of a Southern accent, altho he had become well Northernized by long association with the Big Money of Wall Street.

It was understood that he would be the bell cow in any operation having to do with personalities of the Deep South. "Leave that old Texas haybaker to me," he said.

"We've got to act and act fast," Lansing added. "That is evident from the situation as it has developed. We must select a commission for Jones to appoint now. I'll take it down to him in the morning and have him crying before I leave. I'll tell him this is what our great beloved martyred Joe Smith would want.

"He'll swallow it, hook, line and sinker, because he is trying desperately to bring all of the Smith sycophants and family into his tent. At least until after the election. After that, win, lose or draw, nobody knows. If he loses, nobody res."

"Mr. Pulitzer, you are probably one of the finest publicists and molders of public opinion in the United States," the Chairman declared. "To save time, please get together with yourself in one of these vacant rooms and work up a form of Commission and your nominees for its membership.

"During that interim Mr. Lansing will call Washington and arrange an appointment with President Lynn Bustirk Jones for as early as possible tomorrow morning. The committee is adjourned for 30 minutes."

Upon reconvening, Pulitzer took the floor. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "I have to report that a 7-man Commission would serve our purpose most admirably. It will contain enough big names to satisfy all of the public who have only the daily newspapers to base their judgment on.

"Any more would be too unwieldy and might generate too many cross opinions. I have undertaken to nominate two prominent men for each place. I think our associates there will be better able to pick the best man—for our purposes—than one simple little mind like mine.

"For President of the Commission, I can think of no better names than Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Otis J. Hutchins and Speaker of the House Marty McManus. I know the objection would naturally be raised that either of these gentlemen would put themselves in the position of having a possible conflict of interest.

"Each has already prejudged the case and found the Spruceites and the 'Far Right' guilty, even tho the returns from the Dallas precinct seemed to cast doubt on it. It's this doubt we are seeking to dispell and obliterate.

"Chief Justice Hutchins may well see the case come before his Court before it is over. Any self-respecting jurist would disqualify himself in that event. In fact, he wouldn't accept a place on this Commission. But Hutchins is made of sterner stuff.

"He wouldn't have any scruples against accepting the post—in fact he's already done his homework on it and has come up with the answer we want. That makes him an ideal man both for the membership and the chairmanship of the Commission.

"Speaker McManus is of a different breed but he is rather dense and easy to wig around our fingers. He is next in line for the Presidency. If something happened to Jones he would be the overseer of the inquiry. But we have nothing to fear. He'll accept the post and not worry about the ethics involved.

"I ask you to consider between Halper Dollard, who was chief of our Central Intelligence Agency until we had to make him the goat for our blunder in ordering an invasion of Castroland by Cuban expatriates before our Dockstader-Soviet Axis had checked with Moscow.

"You don't have to rub it in," DeWitt Dockstader growled, not a little annoyed.

"And I can recommend Christianson Gerber, our last Secretary of State under a Republican Administration. He has been always loyal to the Establishment, and was a tower of strength in keeping President Eisenhower in life.

"And our Big Bassoon, Congressman Yale Suggs of New Orleans, ironically one of the staging areas of the Smith rubout. Suggs functioned beautifully as the first voice to smear the Spruceites even before it was announced that the President had passed on. It didn't even embarrass him three hours later when the disclosure that the suspected trigger man was a shouting Communist came over the air and wires.

"Then we must have another member of Congress whose voting record on Foreign Aid shows him undoubtedly loyal to the Establishment. I therefore suggest Clayton Chrysler

"After a half dozen caretaking jobs," Rosseau Greenbush of United Transportation said, "the underlying issues will be so confused that our conspiratorial guilt will be lost in a maze of something or other."

Greeley Pulitzer asked for the floor. "I agree Mr. Chairman that we've got to do something to keep the masses not only from talking but from thinking about the shut-thim-up job that we did on Osteen. My reports from various Amalgamated Press regional bureaus is that the talk is getting out of hand."

"Nine out of ten people have enough sense to know that a whole lot about the Smith killing has not been told. That a whole lot has been distorted. A whole lot covered up. That a whole lot of the news about the affair has been manufactured, to put it politely. The real news has gotten from us in a manner we never contemplated."

A chorus of 'Hear, hear-' went up.

"In other words, we've got to manufacture some more effective news," Somerset Pitt vouchsafed.

"Another chorus of 'Hear, hear-' resounded from the conference table.

"Mr. Pulitzer, you're our news manufacturing specialist," Chairman Jarrell said. "You're an expert at controlling news that comes up. You have shown a marked ability to manufacture it and to make black look white to most newspaper readers. What do you suggest? What do you recommend?"

"Manufactured news is the standard way to control such an emergency as we now face," the Amalgamated Press head man said. "But since two heads are generally better than one, mine obviously are even better."

"I have some ideas but I'd like to hear some from the rest of you gentlemen. Maybe someone will have a better plan than I; maybe we'll come up with two or more ideas that can be combined."

"Putting words in the mouths of Senators, Presidents and Cabinet officers, is one of the most effective ways to plant erroneous ideas in the minds of the public," Amalgamated Steel's Somerset Pitt opined. "The Democratic Party's Charley Michaelson did the greatest smear job known to dirty politics on Herbert Hoover three decades ago."

"That was too dirty," DeWitt Dockstader spoke up. "We

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need something better than that—something more dignified, more effective, more convincing."

"Gentlemen, did you ever think how effective a captive Presidential Commission, controlled from this office, effective propaganda written for them by our Madison Avenue boys, would be," the Chairman said.

"By Jove, you've got it," the transplanted Englishman, Halifax St. Lawrence of the Canadian-American Consolidated Power & Paper corporation vouchsafed."

The Chairman, noting the looks of approval, said: "It looks like that's the answer. Any objections? The chair bears none. You have the floor, Mr. Pulitzer."

"A controlled Presidential Commission is the most effective form of political propaganda," the AP executive said.

"Our friend from the Bank of the United States put his finger squarely on the button. They say his grandfather used to be a past master of creating news by putting words in the mouths of Senators, Presidents, Cabinet officers—at so many dollars a word.

"The new president has already approved a full scale inquiry by the Attorney General of Texas. This might seem like taking a murder matter over the head of the State's Attorney of the County in which it was committed, but that's often done.

"The trouble is we have never contemplated needing to own the present Attorney General of Texas. He might think duty is more important than the interests of the Invisible Government of the United States. It must be stifled and stifled fast. The only way is an ex-officio body on a higher echelon than the State of Texas.

"Since it is the President of the United States who is the corpus delicti, there'll be no public outcry if the United States takes the play away from the State of Texas, just as the State of Texas appears to have taken it from the county of Dallas.

"That old Texas hick who is now President should have known better than to let a state attorney general take over such an important task. Has he forgotten that we approved his selection as candidate for Vice President three years ago. Who does he think he is?"

"We can take care of that," Kimberly Lansing of Consolidated Telegraph & Telephone cut in. Lansing was born

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dumped in the District Attorney's lap. He took it from there.

Osteen was rushed to Parkland Memorial Hospital, just as President Joe Smith had been two days before. Doctors worked as feverishly over him to save his life as they had over Smith. But, at 1:07 p.m., almost 48 hours to the minute of the time the President passed away, his accused assassin crossed the River Six behind him.

According to criminologists, this assassination reduced the chances of the Texas authorities from ever finding out who violated the murder laws of their state in the case of President Smith. So the Dallas District Attorney quickly filed first degree murder charges against Bimstein and said he would ask for the death penalty. And, he said:

"A second assassination doesn't help or justify the first one, even if Osteen was guilty. I will seek the death penalty for Bimstein even if he pleads guilty. Shooting a handcuffed man deserves the death penalty."

"And, according to Texas law and Texas justice, a man is innocent until proven guilty. He has a right to come into court, face his accusers and make them prove him guilty. This Bimstein apparently on his own, has denied to Osteen."

The D. A. said he would investigate any possibility of a link between Bimstein and Osteen. But this was something 100,000,000 televiewers, who saw the murder in their own living room, saw for themselves.

For when Bimstein confronted Osteen handcuffed between two stupid Dallas detectives, Osteen's face betrayed uncontrolled recognition and astonishment.

This was seconds before the helpless Osteen held "in position" by the handcuffs with two burly policemen on their other ends, was gunned down by a one-time friend.

In his richly furnished New York apartment, Perry Platte of Associated Broadcasting, saw with horror this visual evidence of such collusion that no one could disassociate with the fact of a frame-up, a deep plot and a shut-him-up killing. Damage had been done but Platte played out the string.

He called the TV chief in Dallas, and within minutes this stripage showing Osteen's recognition of Bimstein had been "cut" from the film to prevent its showing in subsequent reruns of the murder strip.

Chapter 9 PUTTING THE GOAT TO WATCH THE CANNON PARADE

Jasper Jarrell had been worried for three hours over probable public reaction to the silencing of Grant Osteen. The Establishment might think the average American is too dumb to elect the "right people" to govern their country.

But he isn't likely to be so dense that he couldn't see the implications involved in silencing the man who could put the authorities on to the Establishment and its conspiracy to murder Joe Smith.

Something must be done, he told himself, and done fast. Nine heads are better than one. He summoned his butler and had him telephone the other eight to meet in extraordinary session at eight o'clock that night. This was the first Sunday in the face of an alarming emergency.

The hierarchy was seated around the conference table at 666 Wall Street. Jarrell opened the conclave by outlining his perturbation. This was over the yawning probability that the masses of the people would put two and two together over the silencing of Grant Osteen by a hired gunman. He feared they would come up with an answer that could be embarrassing, or worse, to the Establishment. A murmur of approval went 'round the table.

"Samokov Tala, the gunman, is safely at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico," he said. "He can't talk. The fishes will have eaten him long before the gases blast his body enough for it to pull up the concrete chunks around his feet."

"Grant Osteen has been taken care of and our hired gunman, who put him away, is in the Dallas jail, charged with murder. A jury undoubtedly will turn him loose, but to make assurance doubly sure we have offered \$100,000 to a West Coast lawyer, who is said to be a second Clarence Darrow, to spring Beanie Bimstein. When Beanie gets out we will take care of him before he can talk."

"But who will take care of the caretaker who takes care of Bimstein?" a voice from the table quipped.

"That's a bridge we'll have to cross when we come to it," Jarrell replied.

by two airports—its own Love Field and one between it and Fort Worth known as Arnon Carter Airport.

If a shipment was coming into one airport, the Federals got wind of it and watched that spot, an innocent-sounding code message would be switched to the carrier to land at the other field where an agent of the syndicate would be dispatched to pick it up.

Bimstein was selected to do this work when one current agent showed tendencies the syndicate didn't like. So they just bumped him off and took Bimstein along to show him what happened to bright young men who got out of line.

Lucca set Beanie up in "business"—the strip joint business. This not only was a cover for the normal narcotic drop but Bimstein's strippers were mostly drug addicts who often were used to hide the narcotics the Feds were looking for when a shipment infrequently turned "sour."

He was given money by Lucca to advertise his strip joint, money to pay off policemen. He was given an unlimited "expense account," to be used mostly for that purpose.

Bimstein knew better than to pad his expense account. He knew that Lucca was no fool, that he had good accountants and a good accounting system. About the only person he was ever honest with was Reggio Lucca.

Policemen openly visited the Bimstein strip joint, drank his liquor and sometimes went upstairs with one of his call girls. Bimstein began to get bold with them. They were afraid to cross him, just as he was afraid not to pay off the proper amount when payoff time came. But what got him in solid with Lucca was the time he got into an argument with a policeman and bit that worthy's ear off.

That incident helped also to make him "one of the boys" around headquarters. Knowing this, Bimstein carefully planned a way to keep Lucca's orders to liquidate Osteen.

A friendly cop, one whom Bimstein "had" more than a little bit, called him at ten in the morning and told him he'd get his mug on TV if he'd be at headquarters at 11:30 when Osteen would be transferred to the county jail.

So at noon he went "downtown," drifted into the milling crowd of newsmen and TV camera operators, with a nod to this and a hello to that cop. No one frisked him as they had frisked all media men. No one asked for his credentials. They knew who he was but they had no idea he was

there for anything more than getting mugged by the TV camera. They suspended the rules for him. He was like one of the cops who didn't need to present credentials and be qualified.

At 12:30 on the dot Osteen was taken from his maximum security cell and handcuffed between two burly detectives. He was taken down to the basement of police headquarters. From there he was to have been taken "across the way" to the county jail.

Camera men were allowed to take all the pictures they wanted, which would of course include the cops hammering it up for the TV audience. As it turned out they looked like the biggest barns in theatrical history when they saw their tolerance for their "friend" abused.

For the unauthorized, unfrisked and unincubated Bimstein, a small revolver in his hand, walked right up to the man-
sided and helpless suspect, placed the weapon around Osteen's left side and pulled the trigger, shooting him thru the kidneys and causing death within 30 minutes.

Six cops could have stopped him. Anyone of them would have, had he acted like a policeman would be expected to. They all had their eyes on the TV camera, or any of the six could have baited the gun out of Bimstein's hand before he could have gotten it around in position to bore a hole in Osteen's kidney.

Their first reaction was to call Bimstein a sunnavabitch. And then to say Beanie called Osteen a sunnavabitch.

"Why did you do it?" newsmen asked Bimstein. His answer showed he had little regard for the intelligence quotient of the newsmen. "I had to do it because I felt sorry for Mrs. Smith," he replied.

One newsmen asked him why he sealed the lips of the only person that could throw any light on who planned the assassination of Mrs. Smith's husband. He refused to reply. He had been well coached during the preceding 24 hours by Pulitzer's Madison Avenue copy writers, thru Lucca and his lieutenants. He played his part to perfection.

The Dallas authorities' next reaction was one of mortification, then of anger. They were afraid to clapperclaw Bimstein too fiercely for fear he might tell some embarrassing things about the money he had been paying them for protection—and where the money came from. So the case was

thinks killed a beloved President. Your strip joint will get a zillion dollars worth of publicity.

"If they do indict you, which they probably won't, and bring you to trial, which they probably won't, we'll hire that high priced San Francisco mouthpiece who has taken Clarence Darrow's place as the one lawyer in the land who can beat any murder rap ever thrown. He charges \$100,000 as a minimum fee but guarantees acquittal for it."

"Watch my smoke, for you've made a deal," Bimstein said and then hung up.

Osteen was rushed at 3 o'clock in the morning to the strongest maximum security cell in Dallas' police headquarters. No attempt was made to question him about the genesis of his crime, who had hired him, under what conditions or how did his employers come to select him.

Without questioning or prompting, he had volunteered the statement, when first arrested, that he had not shot the President of the United States and in fact never saw him. And, he also volunteered, he had never killed anybody else "except that dumb cop that crossed his path while he was going home from work."

The state Democratic organization had called the Mayor, who transmitted their orders to his detective division not to place the suspect under even the most routine interrogation, but to hold him instead for the Federal authorities.

Altho this was a state crime, punishable only under state law, the police couldn't see the reason for this illegal transfer of authority. But, orders are orders. Promotion and even job tenure depends on obeying orders, so the political situation was obeyed to the letter.

The FBI moved quickly that morning. By 9 AM the Dallas office had arranged with the Chief of Police to turn Osteen over to them in the County Court House. The "cover" was to be that he was being turned over to the county sheriff for detention and prosecution. This was to be done ostensibly. Then, shortly after dark the G-men would spirit him away when no one was looking, to a maximum security prison far, far away, from Dallas.

From then on, orders of the Attorney General would prevail. Anything that would be beaten out of him with a rubber hose, coaxed out of him by teams working with a blind-

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ing light in his eyes or extracted from him by a shot of scopalamine (truth serum), would be turned over to the Attorney General for release or suppression as he saw fit. But the Chief and his Inspectors and Captains and Plainclothesmen couldn't resist seeing the limelight and here was a made-to-order situation for them. They agreed to send Osteen over to the county jail, by turning him over to the Sheriff at 12:30 p.m.

Every newspaperman and radio and television operative, including those from national networks and newspaper chains who were in Dallas for the covering, was invited.

They would be friked for weapons, they were informed, because someone was out to seal Osteen's lips forever. A hundred media men were waiting down at police headquarters by 11:30, an hour earlier than when the big show was scheduled to begin.

Bimstein was born and brought up on Chicago's Forsythe Street, a short 3-block thoroughfare noted for its leucers (purveyors of stolen goods) and its hangouts for small time hoodlums and fringe gangsters. It was said in Chicago that, if anything of value was stolen from you, you could always buy it back on Forsythe Street.

Bimstein grew up with a consuming ambition to be a full-fledged big-time gangster. Al Capone, Greasy Thumb Guzie, Babyface Dillinger, the St. Valentine's Day massacre—all were his boyhood idols. And still so when he grew to maturity.

But as a gangster he was considered a wabouter by the gang bosses and sub-bosses. Beanie lacked the intestinal fortitude to stand up to, or even shoot a man, unless the man was unarmed. He wasn't noted for resourcefulness. He was rated as dangerous to his gang if anything went wrong with the working plan.

But his zeal to be a gangster was so great, his idolization of the Capones and Dillingers and their successors so great, that Reggio Lucca, King of Chicago's Underworld now and until some more ambitious and resourceful hoodlum covered his job enough to bump him off, thought he might be able to use him in his dope running underground from Mexico.

Dallas was within a few hundred miles or so of the Mexican border where dope was brought by runners into various nearby pick-up spots in the United States. Dallas was served

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