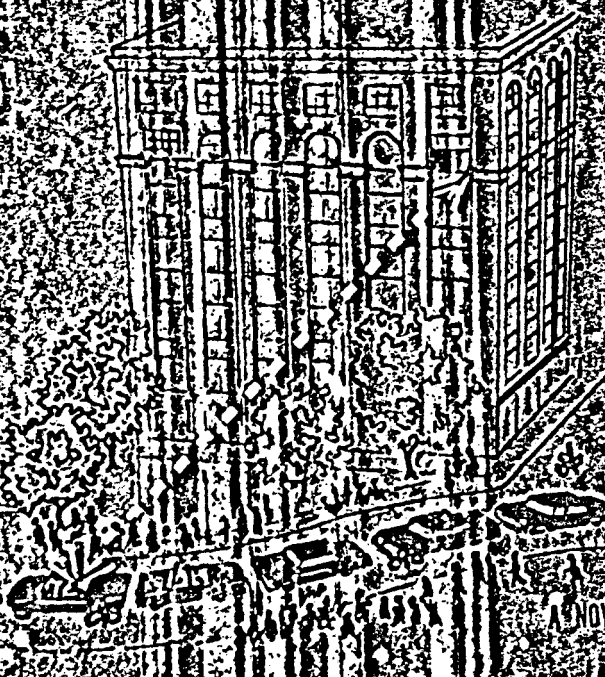


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# GUNS OF THE

## REGRESSIVE RIGHT

### OR HOW TO KILL A PRESIDENT



A NOVEL

# **GUNS OF THE REGRESSIVE RIGHT**

**The Only Reconstruction  
of the Kennedy Assassination  
That Makes Sense**

*The interpolative story of how a President was killed. A compilation of known facts, the known modus operandi of certain personnel plus the hidden probabilities and possibilities, in semi-fictional form.*

**By  
Morris A. Bealle**

**Author of  
WASHINGTON SQUIREL CAGE  
RED RAT RACE  
SUPER DRUG STORY  
DANGEROUS DOSES**

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## CHARACTERS (In Order of Their Appearance)

Jasper Jurnel, Chairman of the Board, Amalgamated Oil  
Dwight Deckerder, President, Bank of the United States of  
America  
Healing LaPorte, Executive Vice President, International Motors  
Somerset Pitt, President, Amalgamated Steel  
Kimberly Lanning, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated TAT  
Perry Platts, Chairman of the Board, Associated Broadcasting  
Mallick St. Lawrence, President, Consolidated Paper and Power  
Reese Greenbank, President, United Transportation  
Grayly Pulitzer, President, Amalgamated Press  
"Old Bill" Smith, the President's father  
Joe Smith, President of the United States  
Reggie Lucca, Big Wheel of Chicago's Gangland  
Hobey Harvey, Democratic Boss of Chicago and Cook County  
Sen. Harry Silverthorn, Republican Leader  
Jimmy O'Shea, one-time Mayor of New York  
Harbert Lehman, NY Financier, ex-governor and ex-Senator  
Dan Rush, Secretary of State  
Perry Harriman, President Joe Smith's Press Secretary  
Yale Suggs, Congressman from New Orleans  
Mandrake Sames, Internationally-known professional murderer  
and fixer  
Mark McClay, Military Expert, Bank of the United States of  
America  
Samuel Tate, Hungarian Communist and crack gunman  
Gross O'Brien, NY-born Communist, decoy in the South  
Assassination  
Tricky Dicky Milzen, politician who works two sides of the street  
Governor Ranney of Michigan  
Algerman Deckerder, Governor of New York  
Willie Wilkes-Barre, Governor of Pennsylvania  
Hedge Podge Dodge, US Ambassador to the United Nations  
Lynn Bunkirk Jaaa, Vice President of the United States  
Ollie Hutchins, Chief Justice of the US Supreme Court  
Governor Callahan of Texas  
Sen. Arbuckle, Texas' Leftwing Senator  
Sam Glade, actor and phony foreman of Texas Dress Shop  
"Scarface" Jimlax, skipper of the getaway boat  
Jim Harlan Crew, Editor of the CONDENSATOR  
Beany Blinshel, mayor Chicago and Dallas hood, the Switzer  
Upper

Jack Stolt, Anarquist Press Columnist  
Gus Hall, head of the Communist Party in the United States  
Robby Smith, Attorney General of the United States

Sam Houston VIII, Mayor of Dallas

Davy Crockett VII, Inspector of the Dallas Police

Halper DeLaur, Doctoider's ex-chief of the CIA

Charlason Gortner, Ex-Secretary of State

Clayton Chrysler, Congressman from Michigan

Shawnee Slater, Senator from Kentucky

Harris Nathan, Senator from Pennsylvania

Tom McCoy, Chairman of the Board, Bank of the United States of America

Dick Fusell, Senator from Mississippi

Tom Drummond, Senator from South Carolina

Smithy Hannah, chief of Chicago Tribune's Washington Bureau

Harry Hainigeb, Public Relations Director, House of Doctoider

John Westland, Chairman of Senate Internal Security Committee

John Luther Queen, Negro professional agitator

Senator Jambath of New York

Barton Keill, Hotshot California lawyer

Judge Black of the Dallas District Court

George Trener, Public Opinion Poll Faker

Lee Savage, US Correspondent for Paris' LE FIGARO

Barry Carter, House of Doctoider Security Chief

Shermy Rodriguez, Night Jaller at the Dallas Hooserson

Drew Amanuel Hepesetch, a smear columnist known as the All America Louie

**EPILOGUE:**

Genev of Wilbert Rebbeson, Manager of Brooklyn's sumos

Dallness Boys

Ghost of Sam Houston, Founder of the State of Texas

Babe Herman, Chick Fawceter and Dairy Vasco—the three

Brooklyn baseball players who tried to occupy third base

at one time and the same time

Wh Casey, who lost a world series on a strike-out

Dovecher, a Dallness Boy of uncertain character

Yoko Reiser, Brooklyn centerfielder who found a concrete wall

harder than his head

"Old Jake" Anderson, Brooklyn player of the Gay Nineties who

was the first player ever to steal second with the bases

full

**PARADOXES**

This book has been banned from publication by the Book Trust. It has been banned from distribution to the paperback racks in drug stores and news depots by the News Trust. The largest of the independent national distributors has been told not to take it.

Obviously, it hits the nail on the head in its logical reconstruction of the murder of President Kennedy and the Plot behind it. Our Invisible Government in New York has a guilty conscience, for these people are acting like some guys in the Bible, which says "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Senator Goldwater fingered them when he said the "Eastern financial aristocracy" is trying to destroy him because he wouldn't sell out to them.

A nation-wide radio poll, following publication of the phoney Warren Report on the assassination, showed that four persons out of five don't believe the Committee's version that a demented social misfit planned and executed the Crime of the Century all by his own self. It left too many questions unanswered, and too many "answers" didn't add up. This thing wasn't done in a goldfish bowl, so some of the things that happened will never be known.

Earl Warren himself announced this when he was appointed chairman of the Presidential Whitewash Committee, which turned out also to be a Brainwash Committee. For he said that some of the things the Committee expected to uncover will not be "released" in the life-times of people now living.

It is these things this book attempts to reconstruct for the American public by the interpolation method. We take the known facts, add to these the modus operandi of all persons involved, stir well and come up with the most obvious answer. Forty years of newspaper work, and investigatory activities, have trained us to add two and two and get four, instead of the figure 22 at which so many overeducated persons arrive.

The phrase "Regressive Right" is an appropriate one, coined expressly to describe those huge and powerful financial interests that appear to have plotted the assassination and

paid for its execution. These are a number of multi-millionaires who have waxed fat on the American free enterprise system, and now seek to destroy it. Why, is fully and logically outlined in these pages.

"Regressive" is defined in the Dictionary as "moving back." Also as "moving in a direction opposite to that of the general motion of the Heavenly bodies." Those who would now destroy the free enterprise system are doing both.

It is human to err and the author is just a normal human being, with 40 years of newspaper training and more than an ordinary nose for news. He can see thru many of the phonies in public life like a pane of glass.

All names and individuals and corporations used in the book are fictitious, as we are writing in a semi-fictional style which gives us license to reconstruct things in the most logical way possible. Some of the names of men and corporations may be recognizable as having prototypes in business and public life.

In this semi-fictional form, we thus protect any individual to whom circumstances and facts may erroneously point. All proper names are taken from the U. S. Postal Guide and the postal guides of Italy, Yugoslavia and Hungary. The names of industrial concerns involved have been checked against Moody's Manual of Industrials to prevent the erroneous use of a corporation's name which actually exists.

The book's allegorical and amusing ending is made necessary because many of the story's as-yet undisclosed facts may yet be made known.

Abraham Lincoln's assassination has been discussed, debated and written about for 100 years mainly because there are still some undisclosed facts there. The murder of John F. Kennedy will be discussed and debated longer and more violently because of the deep mystery of its genesis and its wash by a Presidential Commission.

Readers won't have much trouble drawing the logical conclusions from this book. And it will provide fuel for thought, and for "hot stove league" discussions, in millions of American homes, clubs, offices, commuter trains and bars for many years to come.

## Chapter I The Invisible Men

Nine men sat around an oval shaped table in a plush board room, 44 stories above New York City's seeming canyon called streets. This room was the nerve center and command post of that great industrial empire known as the House of Dockstader, located at 666 Wall Street. This Empire controlled, thru the power of the Almighty Dollar and the influence of money, just about everything worth controlling in the United States. This set only included mass commerce but government—executive, legislative and judicial.

These nine men made up the Empire's unofficial executive, governing committee. Because the business they were engaged in is never done in a goldfish bowl, they were known in the ranks as the Invisible Men. Sometimes the faceless men and often the wrecking crew.

They represented, operated and pin-pointed the wealth-backed power of over 300 corporations and cartels, linked together by a common desire to wring every last dollar possible out of the consuming public of the United States. And we had help the small investor, the savings bank patron or the public official who got in their way. The group as a whole called themselves The Establishment.

There was 82-year old Jasper Jarrell, six decades out of Tunonanga, Oklahoma, chairman of the board of Amalgamated Oil. By dint of hard work, a native astuteness and with sense when dealing with dollars, he had acquired many millions of dollars worth of Amalgamated Oil stock. He had risen thru the various echelons of the billion dollar corporation until he reached the pinnacle. He was known to his colleagues on the Board as Number One and had been named Chairman of the group.

There was the comparatively young 45-year old DeWitt Dockstader, president of the Bank of the United States of America, by virtue of the vast stock holdings of the Dockstader Family which founded and developed it. The Bank, usually spoken of and written about with the capital "T", boasted that it could control any politician, public official

and business man in the land who ever had occasion to borrow money from a bank.

They would simply buy up the man's paper, at a premium, to the smaller bank if necessary, then harass or run him out of business or ruin him financially, if he didn't obey orders. The law meant nothing to them for in most cases they could buy up the "opinions" of judges and the actions of prosecuting attorneys.

And in some cases, even the other side's lawyers, "Dook" as he was affectionately called, was known as Number Two. Amalgamated Oil's net profit for 1963 was something over one and three-quarter billions dollars, but this was topped by International Motors and its balance sheet showing over \$2 billion net. IM manufactured five of the popular cars in the United States and as many more in England, France, Italy and Japan. Heading LaPorte, executive vice-

president and the man who made his wheels go round, was Number Three in the Establishment's hierarchy.

The Number Four spot was Sonnetet Pitt. Pitt was a Pittsburgher, born and bred, and had started out as a messenger boy at the age of 16 with Amalgamated Steel. The same assiduity and drive that carried Jasper Jarrell to the top of Amalgamated Oil took Pitt to the top of the world's largest steel manufacturing and fabricating corporation.

This steel tycoon had little to worry about. Big Steel's annual balance sheet for 20 years had shown net profits expressed in nine digits west of the decimal point. His chief activity lay in trying to keep Consolidated Steel (known on Wall Street as Little Steel) from creeping up on Amalgamated in the profits derby and, maybe, ousting it from the pinnacle known as "Big" Steel.

Consolidated Telephone & Telegraph controlled all of the telephone, telegraph, cable, radiotelephonic and radiotelegraphic systems in the world. Its board chairman, Kimberly

Lanning was but three decades out of Opelousas, Louisiana, and was taken into the inner circle because he had shown an aptness in "straightening out" Southern Senators and members of the executive branch when they made signs of getting out of line.  
The sixth member was Perry Plante, chairman of Amer-

icated Broadcasting. This corporation had secretly bought controlling interests in three large commercial networks in violation of the Federal Trade Act. The actual ownership of the shares which did the controlling was camouflaged by dummies on the corporation books.

In addition to the Big Three of the always communecation industries, Amalgamated Broadcasting had ruthlessly published up, in the same secret way, control of hundreds of local stations in communities where local banks and newspapers were able to depress the price of the covering securities.

Consolidated Power & Paper was represented by Invisible Man Number 7, Hallifax St. Lawrence, a Canadian paper and power tycoon who shared a good neighbor complex with many newspapers in the United States. Others were behind in their accounts payable.

By threatening to cut off their supply of newsprint, which would have caused an abrupt halt in all activities, CP&P could feel any newspaper in this predicament around by the time they were only a comparatively few daily newspapers, not subject to this blacklisting.

Anytime a publisher began to show an interest in what was going on behind the scenes of government, he was quietly "waxed up" by Consolidated Paper. Then, the big New York advertising agencies, that banded all large national advertising accounts, would call down or out on his advertising schedule.

His banks would be notified to call all loans. He didn't have the powerful Chairman's Chance. His editorial "viewpoint" naturally would regress to the state of See-Nothing-Hear-Nothing-Do-Nothing that the Establishment deemed not to be their interests.

United Transportation furnished Number Eight in the person of its President, Rousseau Greenbush. This was another "informal" (secret) corporation which had acquired, in violation of Federal Trade laws, large blocks of voting stock of the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio,

Southern, Union Pacific, Rock Island, Northwestern and other important land carriers.

Plus stock in all the big air, steamship and bus lines. In the Establishment's "war plan" this group could tie up and paralyze all passenger and freight movements in the country and force the recalcitrants into whatever line The House decreed.

Number Nine, and by no means the least important, of this 9-man hierarchy, was young 37-year-old Greely Pulitzer, son of a famous newspaper family and currently President of Amalgamated Press.

This press association serves over 1,800 daily newspapers with news, and alleged news, just as fast as it comes off the griddle of national and world events.

The AP was, more-or-less jokingly, called by Jarrell and the others "The House of Doctrinader's Thought Trust" and never got only was in a position to control much of the printing of 180,000,000 people but was a valuable propaganda for the Establishment.

These gatherings of the Invisible Men were called conferences, not meetings. A minimum of time was consumed, none wasted, on parliamentary procedure or custom. Number One, Mr. Jarrell, sat at the head of the table. Surrounding him, clockwise and back again, they sat in their numerical order.

The Secretary, a trusted "servant" of the Establishment of many years' standing, sat at the foot. Beside him was an expert shorthand reporter, often a stenotypist. On a nod by Number One the meeting considered itself called to order. Discussion always started with him and proceeded in numerical rotation.

"As we all know, Chairman Jarrell started, "three years ago we thought we had a nation and everything in it worth while, by the tail with a downhill pull. With what we had on the man the nation affectionately called 'Old Bill' Smith, we arranged for complete brainwashing and subversion of his son who understandably had a consuming ambition to be President of the United States.

"Old Bill" financed the buying of a primary in West Virginia, a Protestant State. So, when Joe surprisingly showed that a Catholic could carry such a situation, the stampede was on to get on the Joe Smith Bandwagon. We furnished a lot of

money and, more importantly, a lot of money to use in American convention and Joe Smith came out the winner.

"Then we provided, thru surreptitious ways, many of them in violation of the Corrupt Practices Act, \$10,000,000 of cash money in the general election, and Joe Smith was Our Boy, with no ifs, ands or buts.

"But we had to go even further than that. Our private polls showed the Trotter and Lasso polls that we gave out to the press showed that Illinois and Texas were in the bag for the Republican candidate.

"Our goal trend in Chicago, Reggie Lucca, the big wheel in the underworld, agreed to steal 200,000 votes if we'd give him palm with 200,000 iron men. Thru the Chicago Democratic boss, Hokej Harvey, this was done.

"Texas was easier. All we had to do was pass out some ballot boxes to Democratic election officials and in many cases issue as many votes were counted for the Joe Smith camp. With the \$1 electoral votes Illinois and Texas brought us the victory, we elected Joe Smith.

"Just once that time, our humble servant 'Old Bill' Smith was in a real jam. He has suffered a stroke that paralyzed his vocal cords and he's not coming out of it that anyone can see. Joe Smith is nobody's fool. Without his power I'm sure to make him think black's white, he is beginning to get onto the fact that he's been took.

"We're sure that only the strong Smith Family ties and loyal respect and devotion has kept Joe Smith on the reservation—these three years. As soon as he is completely cut from his pet's apron strings, he is liable to let over our milk bucket with worse results than those dreamed by Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

"Privately, he's indicated to our staff that he doesn't relish some of the orders that have come down to him from our Devalider Center, which means this conclusive fight here.

"What makes a bleak picture for us, if he stays in the White House, is that he is opposed to that depletion allowance on oil companies' Federal taxes that we jammed thru an accommodating Congress with a little less than \$20,000,000 in bribes.

"Our balance sheet for last year shows that our Amalgamated Oil took in \$9,437,722,000 and paid out in operating





## Chapter 2 OPERATION HISTORY

Jasper Farrall was a man of action. He didn't waste words and he didn't waste time. When his army of researchers and experts had explored the problem at hand, and when he had digested their reports, he didn't mince words or procrastinate. And now the time had come that he considered the most important, from an action standpoint, in his action-packed career.

He acted. The other eight members of the Establishment's Board of Strategy were of a similar stripe. They had gravitated into their niches as the House of Dockstader's hierarchy became one or the other of them was best equipped to solve a problem that might come up.

They gathered at the oval shaped conference table at 3 o'clock. One of them had dubbed it the Chopping Block because it was here that the "head" had been chopped off more than one business tycoon because his elders thought he was trying to go too fast. Without any other preliminaries Farrall indicated with a curt nod that the meeting was called to order. And with a wave of his left hand he turned the floor over to Number 2, the middle-aged DeWitt Dockstader, probably the most important man in the nation's financial structure.

"I'm afraid that young squirt in the White House has gotten too big for his britches," a scowling section of the House of Dockstader said. "He has been questioning too many of our major policies lately. Our man in the State Department, Dan Rush, talked to him when it became evident that he might become difficult to handle with his father completely out of action."

"Old Bill' Smith is too weakened from his recent paralytic stroke. Worse still, he hasn't recovered his speech. Besides reports indicate that hope for this is dim. Secretary Rush says Joe is getting hard to handle since we don't have his father to set him straight any more. In other words, Joe is a changed man."

Somerset Pitt of Amalgamated Steel Interrupted.  
"Is our Mr. Secretary of State losing his punch? As docile

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a co-operator as President Joe Smith has been, or months ago, isn't there someone we can send down to Washington that can set him back on the broad highway again?

"Someone with more persuasive powers than our Secretary of State? Mr. Rush has never failed us before? How, now? We never had such trouble in the Eisenhower administration. What gives?"

"That's something we'll have to take up before these extraordinary sessions are over," broke in the chairman. "But first things first. We have to lay down a program to take care of this urgent situation, and lay it down fast. Then act. As you all must realize, we have another menace to the welfare of the Establishment, not just on the political horizon but away over on this side of it."

"This would be Senator Harry Silverton who is getting the masses on his side, in spite of all our propaganda department in the Amalgamated Press can do to misinform the yobels. He is threatening to be the greatest vote getter with the masses since Huey Long, who made the Kingfish a national slogan."

"You know how we stopped him—for good. It won't do any good to give Joe Smith the same kind of a 'cure' and then find we have a sicker patient on our hands in Harry Silverton. Silverton refuses to dicker with our money men and make any commitments that would become his political debts to us."

A murmur of approval went around the table as the Chairman pointed to Number Three, Hanning LaPorte of International Motors, to take the floor.

"Any man can be killed if the killer is willing to pay the price," he said. "A battalion of Secret Service agents, or a regiment of the U. S. Army couldn't protect one who appears in public, as all politicians do. Mr. Chairman, you should know."

"You people tried to hire a Chicago gunman to rub out the Kingfish when he insisted on making Amalgamated Oil pay its Louisiana state taxes—the only Governor ever foolish enough to do so. The gunman was offered \$50,000. He said he could do it alright, but \$50,000 never did anybody any good in Hell, which is where he'd be a minute later. He declined the job without even a thank you."

"There ought to be enough brains around this table," Roosevelt Greenbush of United Transportation cut in, "so plan

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a perfect crime. With the President making a perfect target of himself in these political caravans, where he rides with his bubbletop down, it would be easy for a good marksman to shoot him. The thing to plan is the getaway so we can find a gunned to take the job. If he gets caught, the cops have more than one way to persuade him to sing and put the finger on the Establishment.

"Perry Harriman, Smith's press secretary, is one of our Council on Foreign Affairs members, loyal to the core. He will send us the schedule of cities Joe Smith is scheduled to politicize in, and the parade routes, six months ahead.

"We can have these places cased and pick out the city and spot where the shot can be fired and the getaway arranged with the least possibility of failure. It is up to us and our staffs to plan the perfect getaway job, and then do the job a professional manner."

fr. Greenbush," the chairman said, "you are now a Committee of one to explore every possibility along this line and report back at the next special meeting of this Board. Spare no expense. Use as large a staff as you want.

"Only be sure that in addition to efficiency they possess discretion and know which side their bread is buttered on. They should know how to keep their mouths shut in the right places and not open them in the wrong places."

"Mr. Pulitzer, you look like you've got something on your chest," pointing to the Amalgamated Press representative, who said:

"If we can come up with a foot-proof idea, in which our gunned doesn't get himself caught, we can kill off both Joe Smith and Harry Silverton with one bullet." Incredibly appeared on more than one face.

"Excellent, if true," the Chairman observed, "but how in the Hell could you hit two people with one bullet unless Silverton rode in the same car with Smith, which doesn't seem possible under the present political situation? Besides, in these political caravans, the Governor of the host state always rides with the President, hoping to have all the political pay possible rub off the President's coat tails onto him."

"We folks aren't thinking deeply enough," the Nelson's No. 1 newshound said.

"With AP's help, our press has been sneaking the John

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Spence Society as a symbol of what we contemptuously call 'the far right'. We are using this term as though it were something the cat dragged in. I confess that we aren't justified in the statements or innuendoes we put out about the Spence people in the daily press, but we've got to recognize the bald fact that the end justifies the means.

"Hear, hear," came from half a dozen throats. The Chairman joined the anvil chorus against the John Spence Society and gladdened the hearts of his associates with:

"This John Spence Society, which is subversive by our standards, has been telling the nation about the secret infiltration of Communism into all phases of our life and suggesting ways to combat it. It is playing Hell with our plans for a peaceful takeover into dictatorship.

"We believe it was they who tipped off the Senate Internal Security Committee that we were financing and promoting the infiltration of Communism thru the Institute of Pacific Relations. The Committee dug until it found we had contributed \$2,176,000 to this worthwhile project.

"The Committee gave the President of the Doctrines Foundation a rough time on the witness stand. He had to take the stand of the man who shoots his best friend and then says he didn't know the gun was loaded. We wriggled out of that one, with our faces redder than Hell, when the Foundation's President said we didn't know the Institute of Pacific Relations was a Communist Front, also everybody else did.

"The Committee said the IPR's objective was to make the Pacific Ocean a vast Russian Lake. And we had to sit up and take it, all because of some snooping by the John Spence Society.

"This sounded very bad when expounded by the Spencers and other segments of the Realist Right, but we were able to put a blanket over it thanks to our good friend and faithful servant of the Amalgamated Press. It looked like a hopeless task to brake down the loose talk that resulted all over the land, but Mr. Pulitzer did it.

"In spite of what the extremists of the Far Right say, you know and I know that we are doing it in a good cause, where the end always justifies the means. We all know that what this country needs is a strong dictatorship, because its people

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are too damned dumb to govern themselves. Our founding fathers were attracted to the wrong demagogue 180 years ago when they accepted Jefferson over Hamilton.

"You know and I know that the bulk of the bulk of this country are concentrated right here in this board room. Oh, we have others who may be equally good, but more than nine on this board would be overcumbersome and unable to operate with the celerity at which we have to move at times.

"Those top men have made corporations into great corporations, in which most of them and us as well are heavily stock-interested. Consolidated Sugar, Amalgamated Airlines, International Express, Amalgamated Copper and Consolidated Aluminum are all among the great grandchildren of this country. They are solidly behind us in our views on efficient government."

"For the record," Hilliard St. Lawrence of the Paper Trust spoke up, "I think the stenographer should include such bul-lets of American business as Consolidated Foods, Amalgamated Rubber, Continental Fruit, International Broadcasting, Consolidated Drug, Amalgamated Feature Syndicate, Consolidated Tobacco, International Broadcasting and Consolidated Chemicals. They are all bulwarks of our great country.

Mr. Jarrell continued: "To recognize the greatness of Alexander Hamilton's knowledge of government in all its forms, albeit 180 years late, we have to turn this country into a dictatorship. And the thing has been explored for 20 years. The only practical answer we can come up with it to let the Communists divide the people into many bitter vicious camps.

"When they get them all fighting among themselves, we can step in, properly organized, and have our man in the White House declare a state of emergency—and a dictatorship. From then on the military takes over for us and the emergency is made permanent.

"Many substantial business men have asked my why the House of Dockstader, with more to lose than everybody else put together when Communism takes over and confiscates all private property, destroys free enterprise and makes every man a serf, could be even considering financing Communism, much less promoting it.

"The answer, gentlemen, is that we will be Communism. We will take control of the government through our stooges in the White House, thru paratroopers, thru turning the FBI

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into a secret police force, thru using all the means we know of juggling a disillusioned populace found so profitable.

and Khrushchev continued found so profitable.

"But, the fly in this pot of olivament is that the man we thought we had in our hip pockets—and did have for two years—says he can't go along with us.

"If we withhold our \$10 billion election budget from him in '64, his Republican opponent will surely be the nationalist Harry Silverton, and he will surely be elected. We have been unable to make a deal to have him turn all authority in the high echelons of government over to us—as young Joe Smith did and as Mickey Eisenhower did before him—and it looks like we will not be able to take over either Smith or Silverton this time.

"This means but one thing, gentlemen of the Board, Joe Smith and Harry Silverton have got to go before they innoculate too many millions of people with the virus of Americanism, nationalism, patriotism and honesty in the big financial matters. Patriotism, as we have so often pointed out, is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

"The idea of both men with one bullet is best. We can get both with one bullet by getting one with the Bullet, the other with propaganda which we can create from the bullet. Making the John Spruce Society and the Ku Klux Klan the goats was a capital idea."

"But, Mr. Chairman," Kimberly Lansing of Consolidated T&T drawled at Chairman Jarrell, "How can you kill two people, in widely separated states, with one bullet? It sounds like an Alice-In-Wonderland dream."

"I think Mr. Pulitzer has the answer to that," Jarrell said. "Yes, I do," broke in Greeley Pulitzer, "and this is it. We will kill Joe Smith with the bullet—physically, and we will kill Harry Silverton with newspaper propaganda created and concocted with that bullet. We will step up the vilification of the John Spruce Society and we will build up an image of Silverton as the personification of the Spruceites. The 1,800 odd member newspapers of the Amalgamated Press will do their part—even more. I'll see that slanted and even phoney news is put on the wire and teletype in ever increasing quantities.

"Interviews by AP reporters with Silverton will be used to the utmost to distort his views and even mis-state them when

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It suits our purpose. He has already let us get our foot in the door. He has praised the motives of the Spruce Society.

"Our night desk in New York has done its best to distort Silverton's public statements for this Board's purpose. Now, when we get him thoroughly tied to the Spruce Society in the public mind, and we get the people to believing that Spruce and Far Right and Lunatic Fringe and such expressions are dirty words and synonymous, our guess will pull the trigger."

"Our publicity engineers from Madison Avenue will have the stage set for the most significant smear job ever done on a large group of people in the history of public relations science. Ivy Lee will turn over in his grave with envy."

"We will have statements already prepared for the most vociferous and effective newsmakers in Washington and use 1,500 member papers will be alerted to grab them and use 'em to the fullest."

"Who have you in mind for this chore?" the Chairman asked.

"Anything any Senator or Cabinet member says is always prime news in any newspaper office. Mr. Chairman. It may be that this is too dirty a job for some Senators but it won't be for one man I have in mind."

"Congressman Yale Suggs of Louisiana is one of the Democratic party leaders in Washington. He likes the limelight. He'll do anything we want him to do because we know things about him he wouldn't want the Louisiana voters to know. Such as his activities while at Tulane University in forming an leading the Student Union which, to put it mildly, had Communist and Socialist leanings."

"He led a 'Young People's May Day' which is such a popular event in Communist countries every May 1st. At this particular May Day demonstration he ridiculed the US Armed Forces, he dressed himself in a cast-off band uniform."

"Called himself General Suggs. Swore he would never fight this country. And he didn't either. He got himself appointed to a desk job in the Merchant Marine where he stayed until the danger was over."

"Your propaganda department, gentlemen of the Board, is an efficient one. We have this kind of documentation on many public figures we could use. They don't dare refuse. But Suggs wouldn't refuse even if we didn't know this."

"He can be depended on to sound off so the whole nation will hear it. Amalgamated's clients will have a field day quoting him that the Spruceites and the Far Right hired the gun that killed our beloved President."

"Gentlemen, you won't have any worries about the next Administration. It could even be the one in which the Big Take Over changes the course of history."

From big, deep-throated Kimberly Lansing came: "I move, Mr. Chairman, that Mr. Pulitzer be appointed Chairman of a Committee of the whole to put his plan into effect."

Before anyone could second the motion, or the Chairman could put the question, a stenorian chorus of "Ayes," which must have rolled thru the window, across Wall Street and down Broadway to the Battery, split the sedate quiet of the Board Room.

"The Sky's the limit in anything you want," the Chairman said.

"We'll fix up a maximum security suite of offices in one of Dockstader Center's pent house complexes," Dewitt Dockstader said, "and place a guard around the workers that will dwarf the Secret Service protection of the President."

"Don't spare the payroll," the Chairman said. "And be sure of the loyalty and discretion of everyone connected with the operation."

"We'll call it Operation History."

Chapter 3  
Carmencita La Hozana

The 35th floor of the Amalgamated Press Building in Dock-  
ster Center was a busy place, but there were almost as many  
uniformed guards manning the entrances as there were work-  
ers in the vineyard of the Conspiracy.

Grealey Pulitzer was the supreme commander. After a  
long lookover of candidates, Mandrake Santos, was selected  
as chief of staff in Operation History.

Santos' overpowering "qualification" was that he was not  
an American, had no political ties or convictions, was being  
paid the sum of \$250,000 to carry out orders. Period. He was  
believed unreachable by either the Realist Right or the Sub-  
versive (Far) Left. He possessed one of the brilliant minds  
in the world, and the force and drive to carry out whatever  
he undertook.

Santos' operations in the Near East, which couldn't be  
better described than by the adjective "underground", brought  
him in contact with many of the higher-ups in the Italian  
Mafia which made a specialty of scientific assassination. This  
meant political murders that were so carefully and thoroughly  
planned and executed that the perpetrators weren't caught  
more than once in ten operations.

The rest of the large staff were selected after rigorous  
screening by Pulitzer and Santos. To assure their loyalty,  
huge salaries were paid by the House of Dockstader, from  
funds requisitioned by Jasper Jarrell. Sums ranging from  
\$100,000 to a half million were assessed each corporation  
and carried that made up, and participated in, the looting of  
the American people, by that incredibly huge and efficient  
Industrial empire.

File clerks were paid at the rate of \$10,000 a year, stenog-  
raphers \$18,000. Ordinary researchers came in the \$25,000  
to \$50,000 a year. Talent scouts and fixers of police and city officials  
50 grand. It was an organization whose loyalty and zeal  
could never be doubted, at least before the arrival of the  
millennium.

Pulitzer and Santos agreed upon the initial problem. This  
was to find a super guess and the fastest rifle in existence

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which possessed also the feature of accuracy. "Cartridges as  
Hommes," Pulitzer called the search for "The Man."  
But this didn't worry him, as the Establishment had the  
money to buy anything in this line it wanted. No one had  
any illusion. It was going to cost plenty, but a successful  
end to Operation History would be worth the cost, many  
times over, in the next four years.

Tentatively they set a fee of \$100,000 for the trigeman,  
if successful—and if he got away, which operation they  
would essay to take care of. A decoy would be necessary  
in getting the guessel to the Post of Operation, and in getting  
away scot free after the shooting. The sum of \$50,000 was  
authorized to tempt the right man for the decoy job.

Mr. Santos' active mind left nothing to chance. He studied  
the probabilities. He analyzed them. He figured all the angles.  
He checked where things could go wrong. He surveyed all  
the permutations.

"Permutations?" Pulitzer said. "What the Hell are they?  
What do they have to do with shooting down the Big Doge  
and killing the second string Big Doge with the same bullet?  
"Permutations" Santos replied, "are the number of possible  
ways. The most complete and easiest way to explain is to  
take a deck of cards. Everyone knows the four suits and  
the face value of the 13 cards of each suite.

"So we start with a simple permutation, say, like this."  
On a desk pad he wrote:

(52-P-52)

"That is simply the symbol, or mathematical way of writ-  
ing the permutations of 52. We call all the different arrange-  
ments we can make of the 52 cards 'simple permutations'.

"The equation becomes 52-P-52 equals 52!"

"And what's the number sign for?"

"It's not really a number sign. There are no interjections  
in mathematics so we have to improvise one in cases like  
this."

"This simply indicates that the number must be multiplied  
by every whole number below it until we get to 1. For exam-  
ple, the number 4 followed by that symbol simply means 4  
times 3 times 2 times 1."

"So, how many times can you arrange a deck of cards?"

"52! ways—or 52 times 51 times 50 times 49 times—  
well, all the way down until you reach the figure 1. It would

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take all day to multiply it all out, but you get the idea.

"We don't have as many permutations as a pack of cards to work with, but if we do cover, and try to take care of a hundred permutations in the shooting of a closely guarded public figure, we will be less likely to come a cropper, as the British say."

"I'm beginning to understand why Amalgamated Oil's foreign secret service recommended you so highly", Pulitzer mused.

"So, first we find our gunman," Santos explained. "Then a decoy. We must find, first a scientific gunman. Then a decoy with sense enough to pull a trigger, a sense of self preservation enough to obey orders to the last dot and keep his mouth shut. As to this, we will arrange it so there isn't enough permutations in the universe to make us come out second

"When we find the Spot, we will have to simulate it probably in a foreign land, like Cuba or Mexico or Venezuela, where curious natives are not likely to start a grapevine that will end us up in the hands of the FBI or the US Secret Service.

"We'll need these two hombres, a fast car with a getaway expert at the wheel, a motor launch in a secluded cove if the city is near the Atlantic Seaboard or the Gulf of Mexico. If too far inland for a fast drive at night, then we must have a little known private air field even if we have to secretly build one large enough for a small 4-seater to take off.

"It will have to be rehearsed over and over again and all permutations connected with the getaway given workout."

"Do you know how to find this personnel?"  
"That is being taken care of and worked out. In Europe we do these things much more efficiently than you do in the United States. We have to because our politicians there are not as stupid as yours."

From top-secret White House records, furnished by a White House aide who was on the Dockunder payroll, came the basic report. This gave the six large cities in which Joe Smith would parade and politicians in late November.

The reason for this trip was to woo back the votes of a million white Southerners, whom Joe Smith and his brother, the Attorney General, had alienated by bungling the explosive

racial situation. Accompanying each city dossier was a map of the parade route, giving the buildings along it, their size, structure and nature.

These particular parade routes had been judged "the safest" if the President must take these trips. The Secret Service actually disapproved of it but were helpless to prevent.

These courses were the ones the state Democratic leaders had decided could aid the build-up of the "image" of Joe Smith, and lead to the most votes for the party. The trip was labeled "non political" but this fooled no one who didn't want to be fooled.

All six cities were thoroughly cased. Detailed engineer reports were sent to Operation History headquarters in New York. Experts in police work, gunnery, meteorology, gangster getawayism and just general experts surveyed the report. They made their own analyses and reports to Santos, who made his own recommendations which were approved by Pulitzer.

Every probability was studied, both in the execution of the deed and, even more important, the getaway afterward. Nothing must go wrong there because the picture of the "Far Right" doing the planning and killing was already to be broadcast far and wide over the wires of the Amalgamated Press, over the airwaves of International Broadcasting to millions of home TV sets, and out of the mouths of suppliant, vociferous, subsidized and stupid members of Congress in Washington.

If either perpetrator should be caught, the plot to kill Silvertown politically with the same bullet that cut down Joe Smith would go e-glittering.

On a high plateau, deep in the Sierra Madre range of mountains in Mexico and a hundred miles away from any village, a highly specialized secret operation was being carried on. A secret permit had been wangled from the Mexican government placing this whole territory out of bounds.

A regiment of Mexican soldiers had been detailed to put a 24-hour guard three deep around the compound which was enclosed by a 10-foot high Anchor Fence, with a triple strand of electrified barbed wire on top. This surrounded a plot a half mile square. Trees made it impossible for anyone to see where things were going on, even if the soldiers didn't keep the curious moving.

The story the Mezes were given was that this was some kind of a top secret test of a newly-discovered top secret nuclear fission gimmick. It was for the protection of the whole North American continent, they were told. The Establishment was saving the expense of importing and transporting and housing and feeding 1,000 armed guards. The Mexican Army did it for them.

Greedy Pulitzer and Mandrake Santos had been flown to Mexico secretly and hustled off from the Mexico City International Airport in an Army plane to the base of operations in the Sierra, where the Army had cleared a small landing strip for light planes. Even though they were the bosses of everyone in the plant, their credentials were checked and re-checked and inspected before they were permitted to live in quarters were bunkhouses like the cantonments in the draftee regiments in World War I were housed. The project commander was a former World War II Colonel at McClay, long on the payroll of the Bank of the United States of America as a consultant on military matters and how to Eup the Defense Department. The Colonel knew all the answers required in Operation History.

The Colonel was prepared for his two important visitors. It was late afternoon when they arrived, so training routine was over for the day, to be resumed at nine the next morning. At dinner in his headquarters that evening Col. McClay introduced his two highly placed visitors to five men who would carry out the assassination and getaway in the most improved and approved style of the European Mafiasa. First was the selected gunsled Samokov Tala, a Hungarian Communist. Thicket, swarthy, beady-eyed and steel-nerved he seemed an ideal man for the job. He was known as one of the World's crack shoot, and had more than once been imported to Chicago by Gang Boss Regio Lucca when he had a particularly difficult job of eliminating a would-be val gang chief.

Tala was about 40 years old. He had a grizzly record not only in Hungary, but in all countries of the Middle and Near East. It was said of him that he could hit a flea as it left an eagle's back in flight. Tala had brought with him one of the most accurate and deadly rifles ever made. It was one which he personally super-

vised the construction of. The telescopic sight was of his own invention and designed for just such a job.

And it was also a "knockdown" job designed for quick getaways. It was in three parts and could be taken apart and packed in a special case in five seconds flat.

"You'll see a dress rehearsal of the last word in scientific murder tomorrow," McClay told his very important guests.

McClay next introduced the man chosen as the decoy. This was Grant Olesen, an American born Communist. He was 34 years old and somewhat of a saurotic. Born in New York City, headquarters and stamping grounds of American Communism, he was brought up on its sidewalks and in its alleys. His mother was a good woman but his father was anything else but. He abandoned both his wife and child when Grant was only seven years old. His mother had to support both and while she was away at work Grant grew up wild.

He was frequently in trouble in school. He had a juvenile court record. So when he was 14 years old she moved back and baggage to New Orleans, where she had relatives.

In succeeding years he was bounced from one job to the other, even in an era where the market for all kinds of labor was heavy. And in New Orleans he got in with even worse companions than those he became associated with in New York. He was attracted to a Communist front calling itself the Louisiana Branch of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League.

Contempt for the United States and hatred for all public officials and successful business men was taught.

Grant was a bright boy, and was tapped for higher things by the Soviet gauleiters in charge of this front. He learned the things the Kremlin wanted him to learn and fast.

They sent him to Cuba, well beiled with Communist funds, where he was taught more hatred for the "dam yanquis" and different ways of sabotaging their installations. As a post graduate course, he was sent to Moscow where he stayed two years learning the things the Kremlin wanted him to learn and teach other susceptibles in the United States when he returned from their indoctrination courses.

He returned to New Orleans on April 24, apparently well beiled with Russian rubles which he converted into U. S. dollars. He brought with him a Russian bride, daughter of a high-up Soviet intelligence officer.

Neighbors noticed that Western Union delivered to him regularly small sums like \$10 and \$20 once or twice a week. Suddenly these small sums were supplanted by a large sum in one lump.

On September 26, he flew to Mexico City where he procured a stand-up visa and passport to visit Cuba and Russia if and when he chose. Purchasing an automobile, the first one he had ever owned, he drove back up and across the border to Fort Worth where he rented an apartment. He sent for his wife who by that time had presented him with an offspring.

A thorough checking of his career by Santos' agents convinced him and Pulitzer that Osteen would be an ideal agent to assist in the liquidation of an American official, of any status or echelon. Osteen had been thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that the only good capitalist is a dead capitalist.

President Smith was not only head of the largest capitalist nation on Earth, but was one of the World's biggest capitalists in his own right, by virtue of the huge family fortune built up by "Old Bill".

Osteen was selected as the decoy and promised \$50,000 when the deed was successfully done. The other two were the driver, and lookout, of the getaway car already arranged for Tala. Osteen's getaway crew was being sought by Lucca in Chicago. He promised to have them in Dallas in time for Operation History.

In the seclusion of the private barrack that had been assigned Pulitzer and Santos, the operation chief brought his boss up to date on the other details. He would see Osteen on the morrow handling, but not shooting, a cheap \$12.65 rifle sent by a Chicago mail order house at the instance of Lucca.

This contained a more-or-less phony telescope sight intended to bewilder the Dallas police when they found it in the spot where Osteen would plant it—for them to find.

"Turn your Bank of the United States," Santos told Pulitzer. "We have arranged the action at the locale of the killing. Their Dallas correspondent bank is one of the largest in Texas and has a client that operates a dress manufacturing establishment, with a 10-story warehouse right smack dab on the parade route. We have cased the building thoroughly and have decided on a room on the sixth floor as the ideal spot for Tala to work from.

"Our Dallas correspondent has arranged for Osteen to go

to work for this dress company as a stock clerk at \$50 a week as soon as he gets back from his training operation.

"Another of our men will be assigned, ostensibly as an inspector, to the first floor. All employees of the building will be given a holiday from 11 o'clock on the morning of the parade.

"The only ones left in the building will be Osteen and this inspector. When the cops swarm into the building they will find this man, who will greet them as the manager. When Osteen shuffles into the room, after his race down the front stairs, he will act suspicious so the cops will grab him and give him their full attention while Tala is making his getaway down the back stairs and out of an alley basement door.

The supposed manager will identify Osteen as an employee, on duty with him as caretaker for the afternoon and the only employee not out watching the parade and clearing for President Joe Smith. Osteen then will quietly fade into the crowds and find his getaway car and head for the Gulf Coast and freedom. You'll see this rehearsed in detail tomorrow."

"There's something that has been gnawing at my insides," Pulitzer told his companion. "We send Tala and Osteen to Cuba, and then maybe to Russia. Supposedly they are safe and won't talk. Supposedly,

"But suppose one of them gets drunk and spills some of the beans. This would cause an international explosion if the right ears hear it. The popper-offer could be extradited, made to tell his story, and then the Establishment would be in such hot water in public opinion it could never regain its power."

"Permutations, my dear friend, permutations," Santos replied.

"Even that has been taken into consideration. Our friend, Regio Lucca, the gang chief out in the gang capital of your supposedly law-abiding nation, is in charge of this operation. As you noted, he is arranging two getaway cars and crews to simplify the matter of picking up all loose ends with the very minimum of permutations.

"Both the gusei and the decoy will be rubbed to the secret shore-off point off the Texas coast at Misogorda Island. They have been promised their wages—\$100,000 for Tala and \$50,000 for Osteen—when they are safely aboard the rescue boat which will take them to Cuba and land them safely in Havana.



"But the boat, a little 50-foot affair with a high speed motor, has been chartered by Lucca and will be in charge of his own skipper and his own crew. They are thoroughly experienced in rubbing out, as they call it, rival gangsters whose continued existence is not desired by Lucca. In fact, some of them are said to have rubbed out seven rival gangsters one St. Valentine's Day in a Chicago garage.

"They will have on the boat two tubs and the necessary bags of cement. It will be done humanely. Before being dumped far out in the Gulf of Mexico, with their feet encased in 200 pounds of hardened cement, they will have been shot to death. They will never talk."

Pulitzer couldn't suppress a shudder at the heartlessness and cold bloodedness of his colleague's line of thinking. But the Establishment comes first, he told himself. The Establishment had made it possible for him to do what he wanted at all times, to live the perfect life, to pull himself into any shell he wanted whenever he wanted, and let the rest of the world go by.

Anyhow, he said to himself, Tars and Osteen wouldn't suffer any worse fate than if they left them in Dallas to get caught. In fact, this way was more humane. They didn't suffer the mental agony of weeks of waiting and trial and finally but inevitably the electric chair.

Next morning Santos and Pulitzer were escorted a short way from the barracks to a typical Hollywood motion picture set. A 10-story front had been erected and was held upright by guy wires. Two metal staircases, six stories high, one in the front part of the building and one in the back, were in place and guyed up.

The sixth, third and first floors, or simulators, had been laid. All corresponded to architect's plans of the Main Street dress shop that had been brought to the high Sierras by an expert hired for that purpose. In the simulated sixth floor room were some packing cases, a table and some chairs.

Visible from the window was a hastily constructed road with a slight right bend in it about 500 feet from the building. Out front was the queerest looking rig Pulitzer had ever seen. It consisted of a Cadillac convertible with top down, five clothing store dummies in sitting position in the car. A hundred feet ahead of it was another car connected with the Cadillac by a long pole which acted as the tractor connection.

Tars took his place in a chair in the window, with the mount of his custom-made rifle resting on the sill. A driver climbed into the tractor car and slowly started up—at parade speed.

As the rear car with the dummies on the seats started around the bend, Tars pulled the trigger three times in quick succession. Two of the dummies were knocked forward. One of his three shots missed. The operation was repeated over and over until he began to hit his target with all three shots.

"Now we go into the getaway act," McClay said. On the completion of the next volley both Tars and Osteen acted with the celerity and nimbleness of an artillery section crew changing positions on their field piece.

Osteen took his mail order gun and ran down the simulated front steps. On the way he stopped long enough to hide his gun behind a packing case on the simulated third floor.

Tars had his gun dismounted and into his salesman's kit case in five seconds and was on his way down the back stairs. Actors in the drama, posing as uniformed policemen, rubbed the front doors of the building.

There they found two individuals—Osteen and another who simulated his boss. The "boss" quickly identified himself to the "cops" and when they wanted to know who Osteen was he distracted them for a while by pretending to be deaf. The "boss" soon identified him as an employe and then the cops started questioning both.

"Did they see anyone come into the building?"

"They hadn't."

"Where was the other entrance?"

Osteen directed them to the wrong side of the building and they went scuttling off.

"We are nearly better perfect on this end," said McClay.

"That will be gratifying to the Board," Pulitzer said. "The Big Day is only 10 days away, so when you get it down better perfect blow up the whole establishment and fly the four hired men to Fort Worth."

"Better still, send them up in a jalopy where they aren't likely to attract attention from anyone who might remember seeing them."

"You see, I've been a good pupil, Santos," McClay said. "I look for all the permutations."

#### Chapter 4 The Big Bassoon

The Invisible Men were meeting in the Establishment's Board Room, high above lower Manhattan's yawning canyon. This time they were in extraordinary session, sitting as the Committee of the whole, to hear the report of young Greeley Pulitzer on the progress of Operation History. Indeed, they were to hear a lot, most of which was very pleasing to their ears, a group of organs that were used to hearing pleasing news.

The Chairman, Jasper Jarrell, Amalgamated Oil's gift to the Dockstader wrecking crew, wasted no time calling the colleague to order, and in recognizing Pulitzer. And Mr. Pulitzer wasted no time in making a comprehensive and highly satisfactory report of progress.

"We have selected one of the best men in the world to head up the operation," he said, "in the person of Mandrake Santos from some town in the Middle East with an unpronounceable name. His staff has been functioning for some weeks on the 35th floor of the Amalgamated Press Building.

A super gunsel has been found in the person of Samokor Tala. He comes from some town in Hungary, also with an unpronounceable name.

A decoy to help him get away scot free has been hired. His name is Grant Osteen. He was born in New York, a great Communist center. He migrated to New Orleans when very young, and has had practical Communist training in both Cuba and Russia. As a result he has concluded that the only good capitalist is a dead capitalist, and that Joe Smith is the epitome of all that is bad in bad capitalism.

"Two getaway cars, with a driver and a lookout in each, have been engaged for the Big Day." Right here he digressed from the script. He didn't want to make any of his colleagues sick with the cold blooded plan to make sure that Tala and Osteen never got a chance to either sing or talk. So he said:

"The two will be rushed by ordinary looking automobiles to a secret cove on Masjeforda Island, off the South coast of Texas. We have a sea going small boat already chartered and in place, to take them to Cuba. From there they will go to Russia.

"Our Dockstader-Soviet Axis will, I am sure, arrange with the Kremlin to keep them there for at least ten years. Thus, we'll never have to rub them out, as our Chicago friend Reggie Lucca would say, to stop or prevent them from spilling any beans in this country."

"And now, some real 14-karat news. I have just come back from our operational staging area. It is a secret Mexican retreat surrounded by a high iron fence and guarded by 1,000 Mexican troops. We have carried out the training for November 22nd with the intensity and finesse that no invading army in the world's history ever approached.

"Our executioner has practiced with the special type gun that he had made for him in Italy and that has brought him the reputation of being the most expert marksman in the world. He is just about letter perfect with it.

"He has nerves of steel and many years as a professional killer, so there will be no psychological backlogs at the thought, or in the act of, liquidating such a popular personality and personable character as Joe Smith.

"The decoy has been put thru his paces until he is letter perfect. We built a Hollywood set, simulating the Texas Dress Goods Company and its sixth story window, Dallas, Texas, in the city our staff director had selected as the best place to carry out the Operation—where the likelihood of failure is the lowest.

"A large converted warehouse has been selected as the place, and a room on the sixth floor the best place for the show and the getaway. Our gunsel knows exactly which way to escape; our decoy knows just where to go to have the police see him. We figure he can keep them questioning him ten minutes, which will be all the time Tala needs to get away clean.

"Our Texas banking correspondent holds a mortgage on the building. They have arranged for Osteen to be taken on as an assistant packing clerk, assigned to the 6th floor room. He is already on the job. His immediate boss on that day will be one of our plants, since the whole force in the building will be given a holiday by arrangement.

"This extra boss will come upon the police questioning Osteen and will give him a clean bill. Then the gendarmes can go looking for the killer who by that time will be miles away from the vicinity, and on his way to the Gulf Coast.

"The stage is set now. Unless something happens to change Joe Smith's plans to ride down the wide Main Street in an open car, shaking hands with himself to the applause of the half million people who will line the sidewalk, on the 22nd, the two main stumbling blocks in the Establishment's outright control of the United States government for the next four or eight years, will have been removed.

"We can pick our candidate for the Republican nomination from four of the most loyal stooges that ever warmed the cockles of a House of Dockstader heart.

"Tricky Dicky Nixon was selected by you gentlemen as our candidate, when it became apparent that Algernon Dockstader, who bought the New York governorship with \$100 million of his own money, killed himself politically with that wretched divorce boner."

"How about those wise guys in California's Democratic Party?" LaPorte interjected, "who say we are going to nominate Nixon so we won't have to go to the trouble of breaking in another loser?"

"That was just another one of those clowns popping off," answered Kimberly Lansing. "Those who were laughing at us then had completely forgotten the incident 46 hours later."

"Then, we can have Governor Ramey of Michigan, a financial sociolite, a great mixer, a genius as selling compact automobiles, but who knows and cares so little about government that he would let us operate the government from Alpha to Omega."

"Add Governor Wilkesbarre of Pennsylvania. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Mr. Wilkesbarre has never had to exert himself to get along. He, too, would be glad to check the burdens of governing 180,000,000 people to us.

"Mr. Hodge Dodge Dodge is another one of them. He'd go right in the silk stocking districts where they would appreciate a man who speaks only to God—and them. But in all other cases of the land I'm afraid he'd be a washout."

"A very serious mien, Jasper Jarrell, considered by many in the Establishment as Old Pro, cooked his head at Pulitzer and asked, or rather seemed to be asking everyone present, how about our competition in the general election campaign, the present Vice President who will be President then and have a stranglehold on the Democratic Party machinery?"

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"I refer, of course, to Lynn Buckler Jones, who today is Vice President of the United States and will be for another ten days. Do you think he will appeal to the business men and all right wiggers? He is not the barnum scarnum type that Joe Smith is, by a Helluva way. What about him—provided we can't buy him. Our preliminary scouting reports indicate he will be as tough as Silvertop."

"Aw, he's just an old Texas Hick," Somerset Pitt of Amalgamated Steel cut in. "He was only on the Joe Smith ticket because his presence was necessary to carry the 11-tier bloc of Southern States. Even with that they scarcely squeaked thru."

"It took 200,000 stolen votes in Chicago alone to bring him—27 electoral votes to the Democratic column of the Federal College. And it took 100,000 stolen and burglaried votes in Texas to bring its 24 votes to our boy, Joe Smith.

"Hold it, hold it," Greeley Pulitzer barked at Pitt. "Texas built or not, Lynn Jones is one of our men and unless he becomes in the money' bin will remain our man. Wasn't his original lurray into Texas politics and his election to Congress bought in toto by our people—the oil interests? And didn't he cast every vote that came up in the Senate while he was there in favor of our oil depletion allowance?"

"And hasn't he soldpeddled the Joe Smith talk about reducing the 27 1/2 per cent allowance' in favor of a 17 per cent one or a ten per cent one or a no per cent one?"

"And didn't our people finance his Austin T-V station, while he pulled the wires as a member to Congress to have the Federal Communications Commission phenagie him a monopoly on that territory, which still exists today?"

"And wasn't it the oil interests that helped him—with advertising subsidies—develop his T-V monopoly into a \$4,000,000,000 property? Or, at least, that's what he says it is worth. The long-run-downward news chain says it is nearer \$14,000,000,000.

"No, gentlemen, we have nothing to fear from Lynn Jones, even if he is elected President in his own right in 1964. So, if the Tata bullet does its work like we hope, and kills off Joe Smith in person and Harry Silvertop with our propoganda, we won't be sitting pretty for at least nine years to come."

"May I have the floor and your undivided attention," Somerset asked the chair. Chairman Jarrell superfluously handed a towel. All gave their rapt attention, for they knew

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one of the important sube of the cocount was about to be laid on the table.

"The next order of business is how to kill Silverton with the same bullet we kill Smith. Does anyone have any idea whom to use for the bell cow?"

"There are a dozen Senators who like to pop off. A dozen Congressmen likewise. All will make good mouth pieces for stupid newspapers—with all due respect to our Amalgamated Press comrade, Mr. Pulitzer — take anything a Senator, a House leader or high official of the executive department, may be, as hot news. No matter how stupid or ungermanic it may be, may I add."

"I think we should get some bombastic gentleman who the Democratic label to do our dirty work against the Right and the Far Right," Perry Plate of Amalgamated Broadcasting ventured. "What an ironic thing, when he finds he has helped elect a foot-in-the-bucket Republican President when the morning of November 4th breaks."

"And who would you nominate as, shall we say, the Big Bassoon to lead the Amalgamated Press and its 1,800 member paper, by the nose. Whom shall we have say the magic words which will destroy the Rightists of both the Republican and Democratic Parties before the undertaker has finished with Joe Smith. This might sound like a cold blooded philosophy but remember, gentlemen, we aren't playing for pears."

"Well, who?" asked Pulitzer.

"Do any of you know a bigger windbag than Yale Suggs of Louisiana, who by seniority happens to be the assistant majority leader of the House?"

"Do you know anyone else deserving of the title 'Big Bassoon' than the Representative from the left wing river front section of New Orleans? A bassoon is large wind instrument. If there is a larger wind instrument discovered him. Not of Louisiana our agents haven't discovered him. do I believe have any reporters from the Amalgamated Press. "You can say that again," Pulitzer agreed.

"Then Mr. Suggs has the nomination," the Chairman ruled. "Mr. Pulitzer, the Chairman said, "I know the handling of this deadly publicity against Silverton will be safe in your hands but it might be nice to hear what you would have Mr. Suggs bellow. I'll send your copy down to him with orders when to let it blast."

"Mr. Suggs won't have the slightest trouble. He has been down in that Big Gas Factory in Washington long enough to know his way around with the press."

"We won't even trust him that far," the press specialist said. "We'll write what we want him to say and he'll say it. Such as, when the news of the shooting is flashed over the wires of the Amalgamated Press and the airways of Amalgamated Broadcasting: 'It's the work of the John Spruce Society, the Far Right and the Luanatic Fringe.'"

"AP has been tying Harry Silverton up with the Spruces for many months. The reading public has to connect Silverton up with the shooting after reading that statement by the Big Bassoon, radiated to every corner of the land by Amalgamated Broadcasting and printed, fresh from the AP wire, by every daily newspaper in America."

"We've also had the Wall Street Journal, which is read by nearly every business man in the Near and Far Right, stress that the hate peddlers of the country are in this order: (1) the John Spruce Society, (2) the Klu Klux Klan and (3) the White Citizens Council."

"Everyone of them are supporters of Harry Silverton. He is indubitably tied in with them, and the Far Right is a goose as far as political influence is concerned. It'll be so no self-respecting business man or citizen will admit he ever was connected with, or had any time for, the Far Right of any type or nature whatsoever."

"The Far Right, and with them Harry Silverton, are framed before they can get to their feet and denounce the perpetrators of the greatest crime in history."

"Harry is a dead duck. The Far Right is there as a political threat. We, the Regressive Right, will be in power for decades to come and we shall even convert this country into a dictatorship — far beyond anything that Alexander Hamilton ever envisioned — and we shall name the dictator who shall reign at our pleasure."

Mr. Jarrell said he would himself go down to Washington and go over with Yale Suggs his part-to-be in the most gigantic smear in the history of politics, here or anywhere else on the globe.

Operation Big Smear was only a short while away.

Chapter 5  
SALOONS BARONS

*"To the sunset of life gives me mystical here,  
"And coming events cast their shadows before."*

Thus was the poet Lochiel's warning, a warning that has become a classic in American literature. Coupled with the fact that the man the American people have elected President every 20th year since 1840 had been shot dead or died of natural causes should have had some effect on the minds of the political managers of Joe Smith's political tour in the Lone Star State of Texas.

But it didn't. All the whole kit and kaboodle of them were thinking of was votes. Security never entered their minds.

The Democratic Party was in bad shape in Texas. Not only because of the Smith brothers' stand on segregation but because of the Administration's befuddled foreign policy and co-operation with our Oil Imperialism which is the bed rock of internationalism.

A short while ago Smith's immediate predecessor as the Democratic nominee, and now the Doctstuder representative as Ambassador to the United Nations, had been spat upon by an irate Texas housewife, while making a speech defending internationalism in Texas. And in Dallas, yet.

The tour had gotten off badly in San Antonio. The leaving Democratic leaders didn't even show up to "welcome" the President—their leader. They shunned the political clamor because arrangements for it had been made by the forces of Governor Callahan, who was to ride with the President in the motorcade as it would wind its way slowly thru the streets of the larger Texas cities with the slogan "Vote for Joe" written all over it.

And leaving Senator Arbutuckle refused to ride in the San Antonio motorcade because he was feuding with Vice President Jones, a fellow Texan. And when fellow Texans got to feuding it gets right rough.

Senator Arbutuckle refused to ride in the motorcade again for the same reason when the party got to Houston, the home of more oil millionaires than any place else in the country. And in Austin they held a \$1000-a-plate fund raising dinner, with

Joe Smith as the leading actor. Governor Callahan realized by refusing to invite Senator Arbutuckle.

The Senator retained himself by issuing a statement to the press: "Because Governor Callahan is so terribly uneducated governmentally, how could you expect anything else from him?"

November 22, which was to become known as another of the nation's major Black Fridays, dawned clear and warm, just like any other bright clear sunny November day in Texas. But everything was still going wrong. It not worse, for the humbling Democratic managers of the Joe Smith political tour. The fence mending it was intended primarily to promote only resulted in more broken fences.

Word came from Dallas that the luncheon which the President was to address that early afternoon would be boycotted by his staunchest political backers, "the liberal Democratic leaders," until luncheon tickets were made available to people other than those who voted for the Republican nominee in 1960.

The vote catching job in Fort Worth, which rebels at being called Dallas' Sister City, was all messed up before it started. Many rank-and-file dyed-in-the-wool Democratic leaders were left out when the invitations were issued.

Quite a stew resulted which was only partially cooled off when the veteran Democratic Congressman, Fort Worth's Jim Wright, arranged for the President to talk to them 10 minutes in a parking lot adjoining the hotel.

With these shadows of portentous coming events to warn them, the motorcade rolled the 30 miles to Dallas over a speaking new super highway without giving a thought to what they portended. They were only concerned with the votes they had lost thru their own stupidity and bungling.

The motorcade moved into downtown Dallas at exactly 12:15 noon. Police estimated that 250,000 persons were lining the sidewalks, as every business had given its employees the afternoon off. The Chamber of Commerce wanted the President to feel that its members were still friendly to him in spite of the spitting and booing incident of a few days before.

The caravan swung into Main Street and headed East toward the Dallas Trade Mart where the day's second political speech was to be made at a luncheon. Those who had arranged a no-tune boycott never got a chance to give vent to their feel-

ings at the bumbling political managers of the Presidential tour.

At 11 o'clock the 200 odd employees of the Texas Dress Manufacturing Company came pouring out of the concern's 10-story building on Main Street. As they did so Grant Osteen, carrying a small order rifle with a telescope sight wrapped in newspaper entered a back basement door.

Accompanying him was Samokov Tala, carrying a small salesman's case in which was concealed the knocked-down high-powered super-accurate weapon that had gained him a reputation as the world's most deadly killer-for-hire.

Entering behind them was Sam Glade, a middle-aged actor had been hired by Santos and Pulitzer as the stimulated "hoos who was to give Osteen "clearance" as he directed in the empty front office, commanding a view of the main entrance.

So well had the Dallas bank done its work for the Establishment, and the Bank of the United States of America, that not a single official of the company was anywhere in sight. Not had anyone bothered to lock the doors of the building when they left for the parade and the day.

The gunnel and the decoy climbed the stairs to the sixth floor and went into the front room, whose identical they had practiced from a hundred times down in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Western Mexico. Tala unlocked the case and took out his gun, removed it from an airtight plastic bag, enclosing silica gel to maintain it at the proper humidity.

He checked each part carefully, then put the three sections together. Standing back from the window he checked on the hairlines on the telescopic sight against the crowd back on the opposite of the street detailed to hold the crowd back and prevent it from becoming unruly. After checking the firing mechanism and finding it in perfect order he proceeded to load it.

It was a heavy match barrel of the long Mauser action, shooting a hand-loaded version of the .300 Holland-Maungum cartridge, which weapon Tala had designed and perfected himself. The telescopic sight was a 20-power Herritz, made in Germany where they are particularly skillful at things

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that require the most painstaking work and the utmost of skills.

The stock was a plain straight-grained piece of walnut with no distinguishing characteristics to differentiate it from other such weapons. The shells were big and fat and looked not unlike some anti-aircraft ammunition. The gun would only hold four of them. He put three in the magazine and one in the chamber.

The range had been determined as 300 yards several days in advance. When Tala had stepped off the distance from a place under the window, Osteen had looked for landmarks and found a street light standard in front of a simulated gate to the park beyond. When the target car got to that point, the gun whose sight had been set to 300 yards, would be fired at the human target.

The telescopic sight was adjustable, like an engineer's level. Osteen was interested in the many things he saw about the rifle that he never saw in the Marine. Before he had been given a blue discharge for vocal disloyalty to the United States, he had been on the rifle range but had never made better than Marksman.

This is the lowest of the three grades of shootmanship that have been standard in the US armed forces since 1865. The middle grade is Sharpshooter; the highest Expert Rifleman.

"We've got to hit the target in the first three shots," Tala said. "We won't have time for any more. At 300 yards, it takes this bullet 3/5 of a second to reach its target. You've got to squeeze the trigger 3/5 of a second before your target reaches the cross hairs on the sight. Only long practice perfects that. You remember how we practiced it, how I hit the dummiest, in the car in that Mexican mountain. The law of averages should give me at least one direct hit in three shots."

Motorcycle police, escorting the motorcade, had started to go by the building. The leading cars of the motorcade slowly crawled by and then came the open car, bubble top down and Joe Smith smiling and waving to the crowds and shaking his own hands.

Tala shoved off the safety and set the tip of the barrel in the inside bend of the window sill. He stayed far back and out of sight of anyone on the opposite side of the street be-

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ting his or her eyes roam from the procession and the happy smiling Joe Smith.

For this was the best reception the President had gotten in Texas. It looked like the flux had been broken but this was only the calm before the terrible storm, which was about to come with even less warning than a lightning bolt from a blue sky.

Tata sighted the scope from the back of the President's head. Osteen began a countdown to the light pole which marked the 300-yard range. He judged it well. Five . . . Four . . . Three . . . Two . . . He didn't have to say one. The gunnel squeezed his whole right hand, which brought the trigger back, and the firing pin down.

The President's head jolted forward. The gunnel dully clipped another shell in the chamber, squeezed again. The target disappeared into the tannan of the car. Another quick loading and the gun barked again. The other man on the back seat tumbled over. Praxidemonium seemed to break loose on the street. The whole parade disintegrated.

Tata quickly disassembled his weapon. Without bothering to load it again in the airight case, he packed everything in the dispatch case. By that time Osteen was halfway down the stairs to the fourth floor, taking them three at a time.

Tata took the other staircase that led in the rear cellar door. Even with the heavy gun case he took the steps three at a time, glanced out of the door and saw no one. Then he darted around the corner to the street, still unnoticed, since the horror-stricken crowd was staring at the Presidential convertible which had turned around and with escorting police, raced to the nearest hospital.

A press photographer had heard the first shot and looked in its direction in time to see the figure fire two more shots in quick succession—before he could aim his camera—and withdraw his gun. A woman nearby shouted "there's two of them."

The cameraman pointed out the building to the foot patrolman who were milling around and three of them rushed to it. Inside they encountered Osteen and immediately collared him. Who are you . . . what are you doing in this building . . . why weren't you out watching the parade . . . were among the questions they shot at him.

"I'm on duty keeping the building open for employees who

have to come back. And keeping out unauthorized persons." "See you," one of the cops snarled. All three started to search him. The smiling representative of the Establishment came out of the main office and pretended surprise.

"What's going on here?" he asked them.

"The President's been shot," one said.

"We think this guy did it," another said.

"Oh, that's Grant Osteen. He works here. I'm Harry Tucker, the assistant manager. I'll vouch for him."

"Hmm, have you guys seen any guy in the building . . . come in or go out since the parade started?"

Both Tucker and Osteen shook their heads. The trio of policemen rushed into the rear of the building and up the steps. They began a systematic police-type search of every room, starting at the fifth floor. One went up to the sixth and then to the roof. The third man discovered a mail order rifle which Osteen had planted behind a packing case on the third floor.

Tata and Osteen had both memorized the five X-marks on the map furnished them by Santos where they were to find their getaway car. Tata found his way quickly and before the policemen finished questioning Osteen was well outside the city limits headed Hellbent for a getaway point on the Gulf of Mexico off Matagorda Island.

When Osteen blended himself with the crowd he walked slowly to the point where he thought he remembered one of the X-marks. He found no vehicle waiting for him. He tried another and another without success. He then concluded that his memory was faulty and that he had gone to the wrong place.

He hadn't. The extra driver Santos had hired to spirit him away hadn't been screened thoroughly. He was a smalltime gangster from Chicago, with a hatred for all authority. But he lacked the intestinal fortitude of the average gangster and wasn't over imbued with that sixth sense, when dodging the law, that most gangsters were.

He heard the shot. He expected his passenger to come a-running. But the passenger didn't. His job was to hold up the cops until the real murderer and his gun had gotten away scot free. This he did and then jauntily melded with the crowd to unostentatiously find his getaway car.

When he couldn't find it at any of the getaway places he didn't know what to do. And this was where Mandrake Santor's permutations broke down.

Osteen took the first bus he saw. Still confused as to what he should do he got off just after he passed a movie house, intending to go into it and try to think what to do. The Santor permutations had failed to instruct him what to do in such a case.

He had a Colt .25 pistol in his hip pocket. Altho small as hand weapons go, this particular job had a slant in it enough to knock a man down if it hit him in the chest. He had a sudden attack of nervousness, fearing what would happen if the police found him carrying a concealed weapon.

As luck would or wouldn't have it the first person he met when he got off the bus was a policeman, the best man. For some unaccountable and uncontrollable reason Osteen developed an acute attack of jitters. Psychologists would say it was the delayed reaction from the events of the last hour, which included participation in the Crime of the Century.

The officer, of course, stopped him to ask if he was ill and needed to get to the hospital. Becoming panicky, without thinking he pulled out his gun and shot the officer dead.

Still in a state of jitters he ran down the street to the movie house, bought a ticket and entered seeking a seat near the front and by himself. Visibility was bad up there and few persons occupied it unless the house was jammed to capacity.

The occupant of a house nearby saw the officer lying in the street and telephoned the police. A half dozen squad cars with screaming sirens, steamed into the area. The theater ticket seller put two and two together and signalled one of the squad cars.

Four policemen rushed down. "In there", she signalled at the most inarticulate. One of the cops was trained in clearing an escape. They spread out into the two aisles, two of them rushing to the front to prevent an escape from that quarter.

Osteen was found by himself in one of the front seats. All the officers converged on him he pulled the gun out and shot point blank at the nearest one.

Fortunately, for the policeman the gun jammed on the shot and before Osteen could pull the trigger again both men landed on him with flying tackles. Before he got off the floor he was in handcuffs and the gun had been taken away.

When the Secret Service man driving the Presidential car realized what had happened he signalled to the four escorting motorcycle policemen, yelled to one "where is the nearest hospital?" and the Dallas policeman signalled "Follow me." Four motorcycles and the convertible hit 80 miles an hour getting to the hospital a mile away.

Both Joe Smith and Governor Callahan were carried into the Emergency room where two teams of surgeons worked hard to save them. The Governor hadn't been hit in a fatal spot.

He was painfully wounded in the shoulder, forearm and wrist. In fact, a number of bones were shattered. Except for loss of some use of his right hand and arm, the chief surgeon said he'd be normal again in six months.

In the case of the President it was different. He never knew what hit him and died within 30 minutes without ever regaining consciousness. The doctors, ten of them, under the hospital's chief surgeon, did everything possible.

But as he said later, when they got him the nature of his injuries was "incompatible with life." They opened his throat to relieve his labored breathing. A priest, visiting in the hospital, was called to the emergency room and administered the last rights of the Roman Catholic Church.

Joe Smith was shot at approximately 12:30, 15 minutes after the parade proper started in downtown Dallas. At one o'clock the surgeons at the hospital pronounced him dead. For some reason, the end was not announced until 1:30.

It may have been orders of the Secret Service who wanted to get the new President, Lynn Busslick Jones, aboard the Presidential plane waiting at Love Field near Dallas, the curtains drawn before the crackpot, if such it was, got Joe Smith's automatic successor in his sights too.

Physicians reported that when the President was carried into the emergency room of the hospital on a stretcher the first thing they noted was that he had slow agonal respiratory efforts and occasional heartbeats. Two wounds were noted—one in the neck and the other a massive head and brain injury.

Thus, all physicians present diagnosed on the instant as "incompatible with life." They held no hope for him from



the moment they saw him; nevertheless worked valiantly over him until even the occasional heartbeat ceased. Their report:

"No pulse or blood pressure present. Pupils were dilated and fixed. A tube was inserted below the ragged neck wound, and artificial respiration begun. Fluids were injected in the veins of the right leg and left arm. Respiration was also started with an anesthetic machine. Despite these measures blood pressure never returned. Only brief electrocardiographic evidence of cardiac (heart) activity was obtained.

"The President bled profusely from the back of the skull. There was a large amount of brain tissue present on the stretcher cart. Much of the right rear skull appeared gone. The cranial (skull) and intracranial damage was of such magnitude as to cause irreversible damage. His condition was incompatible with life."

Tata had, with diabolical skill, nerve, keen eyesight and training done "well" the job he had been promised \$100,000 by the conspirators to do. By the grace of Santos' "permutations" he had gotten away scot free, something his side in the shooting failed at through no fault of his own. The blind deserter in the Outzen getaway were marked for liquidation as soon as Chicago's equivalent of Murder, Inc., got their hands on them.

The 50-foot seagoing motorboat SUSIE-Q rocked with swell as an improvised wharf on the coast of Matagorda Island, which is a sand spit off the southern coast of Texas, 300 miles South of Dallas.

She was staffed with a crew of four Chicago gangsters, all of whom had learned some navigation in the Navy during World War II. The skipper was hairy barrel chested "Scarface" Jiminez, one of the Gang Boss Reggio Lucca's trusted lieutenants.

Jiminez had \$150,000 in U. S. folding money in a money belt. This was ostensibly to pay off Tata and Outzen when they were delivered safely in Cuba. If they weren't delivered, Lucca had told Jiminez, the "organization" didn't want the money back. It was tainted. Jiminez and his four gorillas could drop it in the Gulf of Mexico, along with the two killers, or divide it up among

themselves. In the hold of the boat there were two tubs and a dozen bags of ready-mixed cement.

Lights had long been turned on when the high powered black Cadillac, driven by another of Lucca's men, rolled up to the wharf. "Here's one of the higs," the driver told Jiminez.

"Where's the other?", the skipper asked. "He oughta be right behind us. They both made their get-aways within minutes apart. Well, so long now. Ho's all yours."

Jiminez escorted Tata aboard the boat and took him to the captain's quarters. "Where's my dough?" Tata asked.

"Right here," Jiminez said. As he did so he pulled off his money belt, extracted some of the steel engravings of Benjamin Franklin and waved them at his passenger.

"One hundred thousand of these fish are yours as soon as we deliver you safely to Castro's men in Cuba. But where the Hell's the other guy? He was to have come along the same time you did. I'm being paid by the job, not by the hour. I want to get you and him to Cuba and then come back and collect my money."

A half hour passed. Then an hour. The sudden thought struck Jiminez to turn on the radio. And then he knew, Outzen had been captured; police said there was no doubt it was the man. When the description came over the air Tata said:

"Yes, that's the guy. Let's get the Hell out of here before they find us."

The non-navy skipper opened the cabin door and belted to his crew, "Anchors aweigh". "Aye, aye, sir" came the nautical response.

With one gangster at the helm and another at the throttle, the other two came to the captain's quarters. "At the pre-arranged signal from Jiminez, they pumped 12 bullets into the helpless Tata.

Like the President earlier in the day, he never knew what hit him. Unlike the President he wouldn't be taken to a hospital where a team of surgeons could work on him to save his life if there was any left.

The two gangsters brought one tub and three bags of cement to the deck. Tata's body was laid out with both feet

in the tub. The other tub was used to stir water in the prepared concrete mix. When it was ready, it was poured in the tub to keep Tala's feet company.

By that time they were well out in the Gulf in straggled darkness. The skipper gave the order to throttle down the engine and for the operator to come up to his cabin. It'll take about an hour for the cement to harden. In the meantime to keep from getting jittery, we'll have a little game of 4-handed stud poker.

"Manny," he said to the man at the wheel, "you stand guard. If you see any light on the horizon give the alarm and we'll dump Mr. Tala regardless of the hardness of the cement."

The game continued for an hour. Bidding was reckless because all knew they would get cut into more money than they'd ever seen before, provided the skipper didn't give them the same dose he'd given Tala. They were ready for him if he tried.

Returning to the deck they found the cement was pretty hard. It took all four of them to lift the body and its cement and slide it over the side. The men went below and brought up the other tub and the rest of the cement. This, too, was tossed over the side.

The boat was steered Eastward and headed for a private dock in New Orleans, from where the craft had been hired. And, Jimenez said, in profane Spanish, "That is that."

## Chapter 6 The Assassins Rear Bellows

On the morning of November 22 the Board again met in its bush-shrub quarters on the 44th floor of 666 Wall Street. The atmosphere was tense, expectant—as though the conspirators wanted to be in on the kill and this was the safest and most prudent place to be.

They did, and they were. They, of all the 180,000,000 Americans, expected to see two birds killed with one stone—or more exactly two 1964 Presidential possibilities killed with one bullet.

Grecley Pulitzer, as head of the Amalgamated Press, was director of the project to kill off Senator Harry Silverton with manufactured publicity resulting from the assassination of President Joe Smith. The newsmen lost no time getting down to brass tacks.

"Gentlemen of the Establishment," he reported, "We have everything set to shoot the works when the news flashes up from Dallas that our gunsels has done his work. And then some. Here is the statement our Big Bassoon from Louisiana, Yale Suggs, is going to give the New Orleans paper, and both the AP and UPI offices there—the minute the news comes flashing over the radio:

"What a horrible thing for those base peddlers, the John Spruce Society people, to do. It's time to clean everyone of them out of politics, including Harry Silverton and everyone else who enjoys the support of the Spruceites.

"This will be put out from the news offices in New Orleans with as much bombast as our bombastic fool, the Big Bassoon, can generate. And he can generate plenty. In addition, we will have help from another source, a source considered more dignified and conservative, by those who aren't mentally able to look behind the headlines. Which at least 90 percent of the American people aren't.

"This would be the august Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who never tried a law case in his life, the Honorable Oscar James Hutchins.

"Both statements are in the hands of our most trusted typographers and teletype operators. They can be trusted to have faulty memories, or to take the 5th amendment if a full scale investigation of the scenes behind the scenes of

the Joe Smith murder should ever be attempted by a Senate Committee.

"We, of course, depend upon the radio for the first flash," with a bow in the direction of Perry Platte, Calcasieu No. 6 who represented the Amalgamated Broadcasting network on the Board.

"As soon as that comes in, our operators will send the Suggs and Hutchins statements to every daily newspaper in the United States, under our high priority slug which will virtually be an order to give it the highest and most prominent billing on the first pages of our entire press. Here is what Justice Hutchins will say:

"A great and good President has suffered martyrdom as a result of hatred and bitterness that has been injected into the life of our nation by bigots of the Far Right and Extreme-Left."

"But how will that check with his role as Chief Justice if the case should ever come to the Supreme Court?" asked the Chairman. "And if the Far Rightist, who are wealthy in their own right, are guilty it surely will.

"The culprit or alleged culprit, if either of our men are caught, will be defended to the last ditch. Will he not be in an embarrassing position, having pre-judged the case and spoiled off about it?"

"That's his baby", Pulitzer said. "We are interested only in smearing the entire Right wing of our national life, while the smearing is good, and in destroying Harry Silverton as a Presidential possibility. What happens to Hutchins in the process is something we haven't time to worry about."

Down in his law office in New Orleans, Yale Suggs sat listening to a soap opera on his television set. At noon he called the local offices of the Amalgamated and United International and the New Orleans papers and said:

"I would hold a press conference 'on an important matter.' Four reporters went down the street and up to his office in a hurry. Drinks were ready and Suggs began to tell snuffy jokes to pass the time until the word flashed from Dallas that the President had been killed.

At exactly 12:29 noon the commercial disc jockey broke out of his script "for a flash news announcement."

"President Smith has just been shot and badly, if not

fatally, wounded by a hidden gunman along the Main Street parade route in Dallas.

"Details will be forthcoming as fast as we can get them. The Presidential car was immediately turned around, and headed by four motorcycle police, rushed to the nearby Parkland Memorial Hospital. Stood by for further details—"

Confusion, bordering on pandemonium, broke loose among the reporters. Drinks were forgotten, pencils and copy paper sheets were pulled out. One grabbed the telephone and called his city desk for instructions.

Suggs surreptitiously opened the top drawer of his desk. In the confusion this was never noticed, as he said:

"Hold it, boys, here's my statement on the murder of President Smith. As assistant majority leader of the United States House of Representatives, I say:

"What a horrible thing for those hate peddlers, the John Spruce Society, to do. It's time to clean everyone of them out of politics, including Harry Silverton and everyone else who enjoys the support of the Spruceites."

Before anyone could collect his thoughts and notice that Suggs was reading a statement prepared for him on Madison Avenue, New York, he quietly shut the drawer and launched into some more hate peddling of his own:

"Those Spruceite bastards oughta be happy now. So ought Silverton."

The reporter, with the telephone, an AP man, began dictating the Suggs statement to a rewrite man in his city room. The others rushed out with their copy to their own offices. Altho this was approximately half an hour before the doctors announced that Smith really was dead, it went out to every daily newspaper in America and on every radio and TV program.

When the directors of the Establishment heard these words coming over their television sets, 25 minutes before anyone but the doctors in the Dallas Hospital knew the President would never breathe again, they congratulated Mr. Pulitzer and then themselves.

Not so much because the chief measure to four more years of their continued dictatorship but because the only other "merch" appeared to have been politically liquidated also. A hundred and fifty million adults and adolescents sat

glued to their television and radio sets, and at 1:31 came the word that the President was dead. But the Suggs-Madison Avenue hate propaganda had done its dirty work. Millions of people were calling the Spruce Society, Harry Silvertown and all right whiggers all the dirty names they could think of.

The jubilant groups on the 44th floor of 666 Wall Street in New York City had a bar set up in the board room and more than one call girl, called "models," sent in to make the celebration more "romantic." Little did they know that by 6 p.m. their whole house of cards would be knocked down when the apparent killer would be caught.

And would proclaim to the world that he was a Communist and a member of the subversive "Fair Play for Cuba" club which had been financed mainly by funds from the Kaiser-Soviet Axis. They had their five hours in a fool's paradise before the roof fell in on them.

They conspired themselves with the fact that it takes the truth a long time to catch up with a lie. This was particularly true in the present case because all the machinery of the Amalgamated Press had been mustered to spread the Truth far and wide. It would also be mustered to keep the Truth from being spread any further than possible.

And then Chief Justice Hutchins came out with his inflammatory indictment of the "Far Right" which added to the names of wrath against the Spruce Society and Senator Silvertown. Dozens and dozens of persons bligh in public life issued routine statements expressing sorrow and horror at the unspeakable deed. These also associated, in readers' minds, the false image of a Spruceite or a Silvertown committing, or plotting, or encouraging the deed.

An independent newswriter in Washington, which had only a small circulation because it took no advertising and could therefore tell the truth about public affairs—especially the House of Docketstader—had been predicting from time to time that President Smith would die in office. It took the name CONDENSATOR because it condensed all the important news of the week. Immediately FBI and Secret Service operatives and CIA representatives descended on Jim Harlan Crow, its editor.

"How did you know the President was going to die in office?" they demanded to know. The editor answered:

"Just as one can successfully predict that the Earth will make one complete revolution in its orbit around the Sun every 365 1/4 days, one can predict an event of world shaking interest and importance that has occurred every 20th year for 140 years will continue to occur."

"Where did you get such drivel?" an operative thundered. "You better produce better evidence of this than your own word."

The editor reached into a bookshelf and pulled out his 1963 edition of the "New York World Almanac and Book of Facts." He handed it to the operative and said:

"Turn to Page 163, Biographies of Presidents and Their Wives."

The operative was fast losing his bluster.

"Turn to President William Henry Harrison, elected in 1840. You'll find that he died of natural causes 31 days after his inauguration."

"Turn to President Abraham Lincoln, elected in 1860 for his first term and in 1864 for his second. Like President Smith, he was assassinated on April 9, 1865—five weeks after being inaugurated for the second time."

"Everybody knew who killed him—a disgruntled nautical actor named John Wilkes Booth. Nobody ever found out why, because Booth himself was reported to have been killed by soldiers next day trying to escape. At any rate he never was seen again."

"James A. Garfield was elected in 1880. His campaign propagandists had promised everybody who wanted one a place on the public payroll—and they couldn't deliver. One voter who took them too seriously blamed it on Garfield himself and shot him down in the old Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Washington six and a half months after he was inaugurated."

"By this time Congress had begun to wake up to the fact that a President of the United States should have protection against cracks and murders. The U. S. Secret Service had been established in 1860 to track down counterfeiter and forger of government documents. To these duties were added the task of guarding the bodies of the President, Vice President and their families. But in spite of this, they have never been able to conquer this 20-year jinx. If that's what it is."

"In 1896 William McKinley was elected President. In 1900 he was elected for a second term. Six months later he was indulging in the foolish political custom of shaking hands with everyone he could in a certain space of time.

"This was at the World's Fair in Buffalo, New York. Surrounded, and thought to be protected by, an armed Secret Service body guard, he was shot thru the chest by a Polish anarchist named Czolgor.

"The killer got thru the body guard by wrapping his left hand with a bandage and shooting the President thru it as he gripped the shaker's hand with his right. McKinley died a week later. His last words were: 'It is God's will; his will is done.' Many people doubted that it was God's will; they thought it was the Devil's, for there didn't seem to be any pleasure or negligence on the part of the Secret Service.

"In 1920 Warren G. Harding was elected but died two years later, at the age of 57, from what was called natural causes. However, it was known that he was a convivial soul and showed his contempt for the prohibition amendment and the Volstead Act by participating in mighty revelties in a little green house on K Street owned and hosted by his old enemy, Ned McClane, owner of the Washington POST.

"In 1940 Franklin Roosevelt was elected for the 3d time, and in 1944 for the fourth. He died under circumstances that have never been explained on April 12, 1945, at his winter retreat in Warm Springs, Ga. The official version was that he had a "massive cerebral hemorrhage" while sitting at a painting by a Russian painter who never had been heard of before and never was heard of afterward.

"The family refused to let the body lie in State in the Capitol Rotunda for the usual three days, for reasons they never explained. This gave corroboration to the widespread rumors that, despairing of ever recovering from the crippling poliomyelitis that had plagued him for 25 years, he blew his own brains out with an Army .45 in a fit of extreme despondency. This added up because a revolver of that caliber can blow the whole top or side of a human head off.

"Now do you understand why I could successfully predict that Mr. Smith would die in office?" the editor said.

"Well, I'll be damned," was the operative's comment.

"And you'll be further damned, Mr. Special Agent of the FBI," the editor added, "when I tell you of the curse Martin

Van Buren, who had just been clobbered at the polls and made into an ex-President by Harrison, put on those presidents who are elected every 20 years.

"Like his predecessor, Andrew Jackson, Van Buren had a keen insight into the workings and power of organized money, known today as High Finance. He blamed his staggering defeat for re-election on the power of money. He reputedly pointed to a picture of the White House and said: 'You have sold out to Gold. A curse upon the head of your House every generation.'" It is significant here that, in Colonial Days, a generation was considered 20 years.

"Further," said the editor, "I must confess that I didn't think he would be assassinated. I thought he would actually die of the Addison's Disease which has plagued him since his service in World War II had subjected him to 17 shots of chemicals, under the never-proven theory that they would immunize all soldiers against all diseases.

"Instead of immunizing him against anything they destroyed the normal functioning of Joe Smith's kidneys. The Cortisone shots only delayed the complete deterioration."

The editor felt there was something in the stars or the operation of the Universe that might have something to do with the strange cycle which never fails. So he went to Washington's leading minister of the Metaphysical Faith, a Reverend Joe Lewis, who disagreed somewhat with the Van Buren philosophy, and said:

"Us mortals cannot question the infinite wisdom of an act of God, even tho His instrument be a demented man, or agent of the Kremlin or, as is more likely, the hired gunman of the Regressive Right up in New York.

"We cannot figure it like we can a geometric or astronomical problem having to do with or affected by the stars. But, under our so-called Democracy, the condition of our country every 20 years has to step forward into a new cycle.

"The nation must be shocked into a change. There must be a shock reaction because the nation won't move on its own otherwise. Man never learns from pleasure or good times. He only learns from suffering or bad times.

"A definite move to sneer the Pro-Americans and those who fight the Communist, and their International bedfellow, was in both the background and foreground." So, the Doctor's press agents were right on the ball, inflammatory state-

ments against the John Spruce Society and all 'Sprucelies were issued by persons whose words make 'nerts', and spewed forth in the Kept Press."

The victory celebration on the 44th floor had petered out in the late afternoon and the nine men of the Establishment had been chauffeured home to their families in time for dinner. At 6 o'clock the bad news came to them over the radio and television. A gunman named Grant Osteen had been caught because he was stupid enough to shoot a policeman who attempted a routine questioning.

Osteen had shouted to reporters at Police Headquarters that he was a Communist. He had spent time learning their methods in both Cuba and Russia. He was a member of the notorious "Fair Play for Cuba Committee".

No, he hadn't killed the President, or anybody else except the dumb cop who interfered with his constitutional rights by stopping him and trying to question him on something he didn't know anything about.

Jarrell had his butler call up the other eight "members" and tell them to attend a special meeting at the Wall Street headquarters at eight that night.

## Chapter 7 BOOMTOWN

Panic was written on the faces of most of the nine Invisible Men who met in the most extraordinary session of their convulsive, since they had taken over the activities of the Invisible Government of the United States over a decade before.

Chairman Jasper Jarrell was licking his lips and twiddling his thumbs at the same time—a sure sign that he was about to explode and that someone was in for a reaming out. This someone seemed to be Greeley Pulitzer of the Amalgamated Press, who arranged the whole thing as well as the brainwashing of the American public through news media.

"What idiot picked an idiot like Osteen who would seal his own death warrant by getting himself caught?" he thundered at Pulitzer. "After all the careful arrangements you said you had made—you called it, I think, permutations or some high flying word—how could that decoy get himself caught, no matter how stupid he was?"

What prompted him to shoot a policeman and turn the whole city police force on his trail?

"Why isn't he now safe on that getaway boat we provided for him and Tais on the southern coast of Texas, headed for Cuba and complete safety—so long as he keeps his mouth shut about us?"

"Worst of all, when he was caught, why did he blurt out that he was a Communist, and wave the red flag of subversion in the faces of 180,000,000 Americans?"

"Why didn't your permutations take care of that, the most important precaution of all?"

"And, how much has he told the Dallas police? They won't let our security man in Texas get to him. They've got him locked up tighter than a drum. What are you and your permutations doing about it, Mr. Pulitzer?"

Jarrell was by this time alternately red and blue in the face. His breath was coming in gasps. His colleagues feared he was about to have a stroke. The nearest one to him grabbed a water pitcher and poured out a glass. He made him swallow some, but was prepared to dash it in his face if he started to collapse.

But Jasper Jarrell was of tough Oklahoma stock. Despite his age, the blood vessels in his brain remained intact. The only calm man among the seven was Pulitzer himself, the object of Jarrell's scathing attack. The other five had had all possible words taken out of their mouths by the first Chairman. "Let's calm down a little, chief," Pulitzer said. "It's only two hours since this blow struck, but Santos and I haven't already been on the long distance to Chicago and we are taking steps to liquidate Osteen before he has a chance to talk."

"The Dallas Police Division have their heads in Cloud Nine. For the first time in their lives television cameras are pointing at them and gridding away while their mugs and raucous voices are getting into every living room in Texas and elsewhere.

Before they get down to Earth we expect to have Osteen where the only people he'll talk to will be the Devil and all theimps and lost souls that are on the other side of the River Six."

"You'd better," Jarrell muttered. "Hear, hear," came from both sides of the conference table.

"Our Gangland establishment in Chicago, headed by Reggie Lucca, has a branch in Dallas. It is their narcotic drop for use when the Feds are watching their pipelines from Mexico into Chicago too closely.

"The cover is a strip joint and call girl center. It is run by a fringe hoodlum named Beanie Blumstein, who wasn't good enough to handle a trigger in gangland dispute, but whose loyalty to crime is so unquestioned that he is an ideal man to run their Dallas branch.

"He knows most of the police there, has access to headquarters, spends a couple of C-notes a week on graft of various sorts to the Dallas flatterer.

He has been ordered to make every effort to rub out Osteen the first time the police take him from his maximum security cell for arraignment, questioning by Federal officers or for anything else. This bird knows he must rub out Osteen or risk being rubbed out himself. He can be depended on to do his part, shall we say, to the utmost.

"And then, maybe we have more than a half loaf. Three quarters of a loaf maybe. What we haven't discussed is that

with Joe Smith out of the way, and that big Texas blow-hard of a Vice President in the Smith shoes, Silverton doesn't have a lock-up on the Southern vote.

"Nor on the Indiana vote, for one" LaPorte spoke up. This automobile magnate was from Michigan just a jump or two above the Indiana border. "There is a tremendous white citizen council' feeling there, if you know what I mean.

Governor Wallace is going to enter the primary against Joe Smith. Or at least he was. And probably would have beaten him soundly, just as any Southern Democrat could have beaten him soundly in all 11 Southern States.

"But whether the Democratic leaders, with their hands out for patronage, and the money selling these Federal jobs could put in their pockets, would have let anyone but Smith on the printed ballots would have been extremely doubtful.

"Now, the liquidation of Joe Smith has taken away the biggest hold Silverton had on the Republican nomination that was—repeat, was—all but locked up. For all polls showed that Silverton would have carried the 11 Southern states, Indiana and a lot of other states that should have been in the Democratic hopper, over Smith.

"Even our own George Trotter polls, which are always faked to help any candidate or cause we are interested, in showed this, regardless of the figure Trotter gave out. What we put on the wires and teletypes show this.

"An AP staff writer has knocked out a dab of a story which is being sent out tonight, designed to further reduce the chances of Silverton at the San Francisco convention. We are not concerned with its factuality. Purely with its propaganda value. The well-known Jack Stole signed it; our Madison Avenue propaganda experts wrote it. I'm told that 12 or 15 had a hand in it. Parts of it:

"Senator Harry M. Silverton's chances of winning the GOP nomination next year may have died with the assassin's bullet which struck down President Joe Smith yesterday in Dallas.

"Let me interject at this point that this was fifty percent non-understandably this fifty percent was factually and when Osteen got himself caught and blurred out that he is an active Communist and proud of it. Not only a Com-

munist, but Russia and Cuban trained.

"But—and here's the silver lining of this otherwise black cloud—

"We may get part or all of this 50% bonus benefit after all. Joe Smith would have been a sitting duck for Silverton next November in the 11 Southern States. The Smith brothers played the explosive racial issue as stupidly as it could have been played.

"Silverton played it smart on the sound political ground that the less you say the less you will with you could take back. With these 124 electoral college votes in the bag, even before the voting began, it would be like tempting fate for the Republican convention to nominate anyone else. And practical politicians don't tempt fate. Continuing to quote this Washington dispatch—

"This was the initial assessment made today by many of Washington's top politicians—Republicans and Democrats alike—of the impact of Joe Smith's death on the 1964 Presidential election, now less than a year away."

Interjecting again: "Mr. Stole didn't say that these statements were all written by our Madison Avenue Ghost Writers, sent to Washington by your truly and put in the mouths of the top politicians' who knew they'd get headlines if they co-operated with Amalgamated Press.

Resuming, Pulitzer quoted: "Leaders of both parties, in their shock and grief over the nation's tragedy, declined to comment publicly on its possible political repercussions. But they agreed privately that it will force both parties to rewrite their scripts for the 1964 election—and that Senator Silverton is likely to end up with a lesser role, if any at all.

"One Democratic Senator, surveying the wreckage of the 1964 campaign plans, put it this way: 'It's a brand new ball game now—and Silverton isn't likely to end up as the Republican ball-carrier.'

"Many added that the sudden switch of Democratic Presidents would turn the race for the GOP nomination into a wide open affair. They believe the new President, who helped save most of the South for his party's ticket in 1960, also will try quickly to soothe some of the political wounds of Democrats in his native South.

"Such moves would cut deeply into the appeal Senator

Silverton has had for Republicans in his role of Mr. Conservative. Senator Silverton's basic campaign strategy for 1964 has been for the GOP—with himself as nominee—to sweep the South, Midwest and Rocky Mountain area while conceding to JFS the populous, urban states of the Northeast and Far West.

"You see, we still haven't given up trying to make the masses believe the Far Right committed the deed. And we're still trying to hook Harry Silverton on to the John Spruce Society, while we are still trying to hook up this body to the assassination. As Hitler once said: 'If you tell a Big Lie, big enough and often enough and loud enough the suckers will believe it regardless.'

By this time Jarrall had gotten nearer to normal than he had been since the news came over his T.V. set that Osteen had been caught and spilled the beans about being a Communist.

His face was now pink, instead of red. The other five were nearer to normal and less paucily than they had been since Pulitzer started to pour oil on their troubled souls—and possibly consciences. He continued:

"Nothing has been left undone to recreate the image of the Spruceites and Silverton as hate peddlers responsible for the assassination of the President. We created an image for her as a housewife. The wires of the Amalgamated Press sent out a yarn quoting her:

"The man may have pulled the trigger, but all those who had hate in their hearts and wished him dead shared the guilt.

"This story has now been read by every newspaper reader in the land and is now being bandied around from one reader to the other. Pretty soon millions will be believing it."

"But just between us Invisible Men, Somerset Pitt slyly cut in, "Who wished him dead any more than we did? We didn't hate him. We just didn't want him back in the White House and this was the only way we could prevent it."

"And, here is where Amalgamated Press came to the aid of this little party here in its most effective piece of propaganda.

"On the morning of the day the President entered Dallas in his political trip to that city, the Dallas Morning News



carried a full-page advertisement. We paid for it—\$1,485.  
"But our agent, who comes from Youkers, changed the script (under local pressure, I am told) as we had written it for him.

"We had given him a most inflammatory piece of copy—something which we felt could cause many a hot blooded Texan to want to get out the shooting irons on Smith, even if none of them dared. We could have then put the finger on the alleged gunman, which we couldn't as the ad was finally written.

"You all know how we have been handling this. Just as though the advertisement appeared as we had written it—and before it was changed to a pro-American slant. Our AP dispatches have made it look like the Dallas NEWS purposefully carried an inflammatory page of copy designed to bait someone take a pot shot or two at Mr. Smith.

"Compare these printed news stories with the actual copy. I am going to read, and you will see how I have protected the Establishment, and tried to save something from the shambles made of our attack on the Far Right, by Ockers—

"Welcome to Dallas, Mr. Smith. To Dallas—  
"A city so 'disgraced' by a recent 'Liberal' smear attempt that its citizens have just elected two more conservative Americans to public office.

"A city that is an economic boom town, not because of Federal handouts, but through conservative economic and business practices.

"A city that will continue to grow and prosper despite efforts by you and your administration to penalize it for its 'non-conformity' to New Froolsterism, Socialism and its first cousin, Communism.

"A city that rejected your philosophy and policies in 1964, and will do it again in 1964, even more emphatically.  
"Mr. Smith, we free thinking citizens of Dallas still have a brother, the Attorney General, the right to address our grievances, to question you, to disagree with you and to criticize you.

"In asserting this Constitutional right, we wish to ask you publicly the following questions:

"WHY is Latin America turning either Anti-American or Communist, or both, despite increased U. S. funds?

all State Department policy, and your own Ivory-Tower pronouncement?

"WHY do you say we have built a 'wall of freedom' around Cuba when there is no freedom in Cuba today? Because of your policy, thousands of Cubans have been imprisoned, are starving and being persecuted—with thousands already murdered and thousands more awaiting execution and, in addition, the entire population of almost 7,000,000 Cubans are living in slavery.

"WHY have you approved the sale of wheat and corn to our enemies when you know the Communist soldiers travel on their stomachs just as ours do? Communist soldiers are daily wounding and/or killing American soldiers in South Viet Nam.

"WHY did you host, salute and entertain Tito—Moscow's Trojan horse—just a short time after our sworn enemy, Khrushchev, embraced the Yugoslave dictator as a great hero and leader of Communism?

"WHY have you urged greater aid, comfort, recognition, and understanding of Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary, and other Communist countries, while turning your back on the Chinese, Hungarians, East German, Cuban and other anti-Communist freedom fighters?

"WHY did Cambodia kick the U. S. out of its country when we poured nearly 400 Million Dollars of aid into its abortive government?

"WHY has Gus Hall, head of the U. S. Communist Party pressed almost every one of your policies and announced that the party will endorse and support your re-election in 1964?

"WHY have you banned the showing at U. S. Military bases of the film, 'Operation Abolition'—the movie by the House Committee on Un-American Activities exposing Communism in America?

"WHY have you ordered or permitted your brother Bob Brown, the Attorney General, to go soft on Communists, fellow travelers, and ultra-leftists in America, while permitting him to persecute loyal Americans who criticize you, your administration, and your leadership?

"WHY are you in favor of the U. S. continuing to give aid to Argentina, in spite of that fact that Argen-

...has just seized almost 400 Million Dollars of American private property?

"Willie has the Foreign Policy of the United States determined to the point that the C.I.A. is arranging coups and having staunch Anti-Communist Allies of the U. S. mercilessly exterminated.

"Willie have you scrapped the Monroe Doctrine in favor of the 'Spirit of Moscow'?"

"Drawing some truth may get out about this ad, we are drawing public attention by creating a mysterious stranger who came to Dallas, took an apartment—we've even planned to strike the neighbors who 'talked' to him—two months before, and then skipped out in the night after he had placed the advertising copy. Since we furnished him cash to pay for it there will be no skip trace job by the Dallas NEWS to find him.

"We also planted another story with a Dallas date line, designed to make people hate the whole state of Texas. One of our AP reporters in Texas, covering the school holiday in 1957, saw all Dallas school children until after the Smith funeral solemnly turned a routine incident into a grand smear. "The children of one class, probably of many, did as we all did when we were kids, and were told that a teachers' meeting would be held on the morrow and there'd be no school. Which ones of us never cheered at that good news?"

"When the children of this particular school cheered at the thought of having a school holiday, our AP reporter was on the ball. His keen mind caused the story to come out on the master wire that they cheered the President's death."

"The smaller fry of the House of Dockstader were not so smart. In this type of high-level strategic information, this is not much gloom throughout the whole fabric of the Communist Rightist. The Communists were having a field day in dragging about their gunned having killed the hated Yearning Imperialist Leader. They had had no inkling that such a thing was on the Communist agenda, but this was overlooked."

"The general jubilation and windjamming... was hailed as a hero. They didn't know that 'their' wasn't the one who pulled the trigger that snuffed out the life of President Joe Smith. They didn't know that only

a foul-up in the get-away job had brought about his accidental capture.

But the leaders of the Communist Party did know that an exceedingly fuzzy image of the Party would be theirs if the story of a Communist plot stuck. From their close association with the Dockstader-Soviet Axis, they had a pretty good idea what had happened. It was the rank and file of "American" Communists that had run wild before the Party leaders could put the brakes on.

Within hours after the assassin's bullet dropped President Joe Smith, the Communists had tens of thousands of "extras" on the streets of New York blaming the "ultra Right" and even J. Edgar Hoover for this crime.

The Reds took advantage of the assassination to launch a vicious attack on anti-Communists, and to propagate the myth that the President's death was due to "bure," "bigory" and activities of "Right-wing extremists."

One of Washington's most reliable reporters made this accurate observation: "The clarity of this operation excited speculation. The Communist Party in this country never takes a policy stand until it has been cleared with Moscow."

"It generally lays a day or two behind in comment on events of significance. In this case, the skillfully drafted pronouncement appeared to have been written, printed, and distributed in record time." Obviously it had been prepared in anticipation of the event."

A New York TIMES dispatch from Moscow said: "Soviet officials had been badly stung by reports that the President's assassin had Communist connections."

Anticipating that, when Americans realized the truth that our President had been killed by a Communist who had spent two and one-half years in the Soviet Union, our citizens would awaken to the internal threat.

"Moscow's PRAVDA immediately charged that the assassination was the result of 'fascist-minded forces, the ultra-Right-wing . . . plotting against any step leading to an international detente."

Frankie to disassociate itself from Grant Osteen, the U. S. Communist Party issued a statement which claimed:

"All the history of our Party proves that such acts of violence and terror are diametrically the opposite of the policy and program of the Communist Party. Nobody who

teaches or practices acts of terror and violence is allowed to be a member of the Communist Party. As a basic tenet we reject such practices."

Mysterious orders came from Washington to the FBI's Dallas office to hold up the questioning of Otseen until G-men could get him away from custody of the Dallas police. No reason was given but it was said that they originated from the very top of the Department of Justice.

The Dallas police also had their orders starting from the Governor, still on a hospital bed and lucky to be alive, which came down to the Mayor thru the State Democratic organization. Mayor Sam Houston VIII had ambitions to be Governor and (later) Senator. A "request" from the State Committee was tantamount to order which he made haste to obey.

Official arrangements were made to transfer Otseen to county jail by Dallas Police the next day (Sunday), where he was to be turned over to the Feds, for what purpose was not disclosed and doubtless now never will be.

One of the higher-up Dallas police officials, who didn't like this extra-curricular "distortion" of routine crime detection and punishment, began to talk out of turn. Newsmen were told by their home offices not to take him seriously. That he was sore because he lost an opportunity to hawk in the limelight of news and T-V cameras when the whole thing was summarily ordered out of the hands of the police where the crime was committed.

"During the 17 months previous, the FBI had run an espionage investigation into the activities of Grant Otseen, Inspector David Crockett VII told all and sundry who would listen to him. That is, until the Chief reluctantly snuzzled him on orders from the Mayor's office.

Hening LaPorte, International Motors' gift to the Board, had been acting like he was sitting on a powder keg all the while, getting hotter and hotter under the collar. He seemed to be bursting inside. He kept looking at the Chairman until finally Jarrell said:

"Our good friend from International Motors seems to have something on his chest. Let's hear what it is."

"Mr. Chairman and members of the concave, I had to appear to be second guessing our distinguished comrade from the Amalgamated Press who said which, all in all, have

done a most remarkable job in arranging for the elimination, from 1964's picture, the Establishment's two leading, shall we say, menaces. But he seems to have slipped up badly on the selection of the Deoxy, otherwise known as Mr. Grant Otseen.

"I have here in my hand a Xerox copy of the FBI's complete report on this punk, only part of which has been given out by Attorney General Bobby Smith. He is supposed to be at our beck and call.

"I say it is up to you, Mr. Chairman, to find out from Mr. Attorney General, why he didn't make this entire report available to our Mr. Pulitzer and our Mr. Sanico, before they built such a delicate, important and (as it turned out) explosive operation around him as one of the principals. I quote from the report:

"Grant Otseen was a young punk who defected to the Soviet, taking with him the operational codes of the Marine Corps and such other secrets as a fledgling traitor had been able to steal while in military service.

"He was then trained in sabotage, terrorism, and guerrilla warfare in the well-known school for international criminals near Minsk. While there he married the daughter of a Colonel in the Soviet military espionage system (and possibly also in the Secret Police).

"In 1962, after he had been trained for three years in Russia, this Communist agent and his Communist wife were brought here to the United States, in open violation of American law, by our Communist-dominated State Department.

"On his arrival in this country, instead of being hanged like the Rosenbergs, Otseen took up his duties as an agent from the conspiracy, spying on anti-communist Cuban refugees, serving as an agitator for the 'Fair Play for Cuba' Committee and participating in some of the many other forms of subversion that flourish openly in defiance of law through the connivance of the Attorney General, Robert F. Smith.

"It would seem judicious for me to ask, Mr. Chairman, why . . . why . . . why. But, still I ask it."

"That's ungermaine to the functions of this Board," Mr. Jarrell ruled. "Meeting is adjourned until further call of the Chairman."

Chapter 8  
THE SILENCERS

At 2 o'clock on the Sunday morning following the gunning down of President Smith, the Federal Bureau of Investigation's office in New York received an anonymous telephone call saying that Grant Osteen was to be killed before he had a chance to "sing."

The New York night chief immediately called the night supervisor in Washington who routed the Dallas agent-city's Chief of Police out of bed and requested immediate maximum security for Osteen, until the FBI could take him off their hands.

Acting on blanket instructions from Washington, the New York AIC telephoned both Jarrell and Pulitzer with the warning which, of course, was superfluous. Nevertheless, both agents of the Establishment courteously thanked the obliging G-man and went on with their business of seeing that the silencing was done.

The telephone hummed between the bed chambers of Jarrell and Pulitzer, and then between those of Pulitzer and Keggio Lucca, the Chicago gang chief who had co-operated in furnishing, for his price, the entire murder and getaway crews which had operated so effectively in Dallas two days before.

Meanwhile Jarrell buried himself with routing out the Establishment's security chief—at 2:30 in the morning yet—and ordered him to find who had "leaked" to the FBI the information that Osteen was to be rubbed out before he could talk.

"Put every man possible on the job and if you find him we don't care what happens to him even if he is one of the nine Invisible Men. Right now, 2:30 in the morning, but soon to start. But find him."

At 1 o'clock on the Saturday morning which followed the rubbing out of Joe Smith, Reggio Lucca was called to the telephone in one of his night clubs on Chicago's South Side. It was a long distance call from New York and Mandrula Santos was on the line.

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"We gotta job for you, Reggio," he said. "I'll be worth 250 grand for you but it's gotta be done fast."

"Shoot," said Lucca.  
"You've read in the papers that your boy Osteen played the part of a dumb hick in Dallas?"

"Yes," Reggio said, "but we're not sure it was all his fault. The getaway car that was to have picked him up, and taken him to the rendezvous with some fishes in the Gulf of Mexico, obviously never showed to pick him up. We've got an all points lookout for both the driver and his side. Looks like there'd be two more liquidations when we find them."

"That won't do us any good in our present bind," said Santos.

"The thing we've got to do is to bump off Osteen and hump him off fast. Your men, you say, may have caused it. We expect you to rectify it. Find some way to get to a Dallas cop, even if you have to offer him 50 grand to do the job. He can say Osteen was trying to escape."

"That's only a 1,000-to-1 shot," Lucca countered but I may have a better plan than that. In fact, I think I really have."

When Santos had hung up Lucca placed a long distance call for Beanie Bimstein in his Dallas strip joint.

"Beanie, you know they've got our boy Osteen locked up in the Dallas jail," Lucca said.

"But, of course," was the answer.  
"What we want you to do, and want you to do real bad and real soon, is to take care of Grant Osteen so he'll never talk again—to cops or anyone else."

"I understand the Feds have him sewed up," Bimstein replied. "The Dallas cops are pretty well bluffed off about it. Someone higher up has called them off and ordered Osteen turned over to the FBI, maybe tomorrow at the latest."

"Beanie, you find some Dallas cop to shoot him and claim he was trying to escape. We'll take care of any legal expenses he may need and we'll give him \$25,000 to boot."

"Now, just leave things to me," Beanie said. "I'll know when they're going to move him. I'll try to get close enough to silence him forever. But, I'll be arrested on the spot. Maybe tried. What will you do to spring me?"

"If you do that, Beanie, we'll give you 50 grand to start."

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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," Binstein 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 department 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-

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 plain-clothesmen couldn't resist seeking the limelight and there 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 fitted 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.

Bessie Binstein was born and brought up on Chicago's Forsythe Street, a short 3-block thoroughfare noted for its fences (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.

Binstein 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 wastebait by the gang bosses and sub-bosses. Bessie 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 Reggie Luca, 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

by two airports—its own Love Field and one between it and Fort Worth known as Amon 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 narcotics drop but Bimstein's strippers were mostly drug addicts who often were used to hide the narcotics the Reds 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 Reggie 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, on 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 12:30 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 mugshot 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 banging 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, unfriended and unobscured Bimstein, a small revolver in his hand, walked right up to the maniac 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 batted 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 sunnawhitch. And then to say Beanie called Osteen a sunnawhitch.

"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

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

Osteen was rubbed to Portland 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 Binmeister and said he would ask for the death penalty. And, he said:

"A second assassination doesn't help or justify the first, even if Osteen was guilty. I will seek the death penalty for Binmeister 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 Binmeister apparently on his own, has denied to Osteen."

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

For when Binmeister 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 Assoc. Broadcasting, saw with horror this visual evidence of such collusion that no one could dissociate with the fact of a frame-up, a deep plot and a shut-shin-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 Binmeister had been "cut" from the film to prevent its showing in subsequent reruns of the murder strip.

#### Chapter 9 Portrays The Goat To Warn The Casabar Parca

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 session the nine Invisible Men had ever held. It was called 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 Tate, 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 about 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 Binmeister. 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 Binmeister?" a voice from the table quipped.

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

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

Grealey 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-thin-up job that we did on Osema. My reports from various Amalgamated Press regional bureaus is that the talk is getting out of hand."

"None 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

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, Hallax 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 Invincible 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 bick 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



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 Moosey 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."

"Hell swallow it, book, 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 Burkirk Jones for as early as possible tomorrow morning. The committee is adjourned for 30 minutes."

Upon recovering, 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 Olin J. Hutchins and Speaker of the House Marry McManu. 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 McManu is of a different breed but he is rather dense and easy to wrap around our fingers. He is next in line for the Presidency. If something happened to Jones he would be the overcast 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 Doctstader-Soviet Axis had checked with Moscow."

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

"And I can recommend Christiana 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 line."

"And our Big Bassoon, Congressman Yale Suggs of New Orleans, ironically one of the staging areas of the Smith rout. Suggs functioned beautifully as the first voice to sneer the Spruce-ites 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

of Michigan, who has yet to cast a vote against us in the past calls.

"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 unlimited long green. He 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 Drummmond 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 selections, especially Mr. Pulitzer who seems to be both father and mid-wife of his 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 concave seems to be that the following seven prominent citizens should be selected as a

the bungled Dallas Job:

For Chairman, Chief Justice Otis Hutchinson

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

For Member No. 3, Christman 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 Russell.

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

President Jomas called a press conference in the White House offices in the afternoon of the day he was clerical 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 teletype reporters ready to roll when the Dash came from the White House.

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

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

As the assembled scribes grabbed their handouts, 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 Jomas and his aides got away through a back door of the oval room.

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

CHAPTER 10  
GOAT EAR'S CABARET

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 Hanana 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 the 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 exclaiming: "What moved some misguided wretch to do this horrible deed may never be known to us, but we do know that such acts are commonly stimulated by forces of hatred and malevolence 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 Greeley 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 lunatics 'the fringeers,' 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."

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 booth 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, yeh, 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 newspapers. And they don't know how right they are. You are a great propagandist, even if you are a great big phoney, babe—"

"Haha yourself," the Chief Justice cut in, amused at the good natured crack of his friend and oft-times almoner.

"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, you have been silenced. We have nothing to fear there."

"But Beanie Birstein 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

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, Binns'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 per-  
formed 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 what, where 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 Silvertown into the witches' stew. The FBI exonerated 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 of us 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

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 Tala couldn't have gotten into position, nor could he had gotten away so soon free.

"Now, we are sending you our best public relations man, Larry Hanigman. 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 invincible man from getting into your room.

"Oh, Mr. Hanigman 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 Hanigman 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 Fowell 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 Fowell.

"Good," he exclaimed, "and good-goddy." "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

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 these guaranteed to confuse everybody in the United States, including ourselves.

"First and foremost, this Commission will succeed and supersede 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 Departments.

"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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findings (here, 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 Hanigman 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 lifetime or mine because it may involve national security."

And into the release Mr. Hanigman 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 Hanigman.

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 Hanson 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 keep out of the red. And the Establishment controlled 80 percent of this. But the TRIBUNE publishers seldom, if ever, muzzled the

outsiders and objective Hanson in his byline articles and columns from Washington.

"Yesss Jeez," Hanson 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 protocol 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 smear job beyond any peradventure 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. Hanigman 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 Hanigman called for "order."

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 the both Russian and American authorities flay 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 reporter.

A few days later every member of Congress received in his mailbox 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 critical reference to President Smith and his brother, had come to naught. No mail violation, 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 bogged 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 important 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 head and horns and body on the face of the Chief Justice. He was munching cabbage like all pitout in a large cabbage patch. The headline said:

"Putting the Goat to Watch the Cabbage Patch" and the subscription 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 only 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 'psychiatrist' 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 Beanie Binstein during the period immediately preceding the assassination. Every effort will be made to conceal Binstein'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 Saville 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 browbeaten into

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 Doctrinaire-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 made 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 had Beaulie Bimstein to shut up Grant Osteen.

### Chapter 11 THE SUICIDE SUICIDES

The trial of Beaulie 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 countered 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 Kelllake and Belllake. 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 sets. The District Attorney pointed out that if everyone who saw the murder on T-V were disqualified, they would have to go to Tombstone or Kamohakaha 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 Kelllake. The District Attorney stated the case of the State of Texas against Beaulie Bimstein.

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



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 willful 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 Smiths 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 habitués who were experienced at reading the faces of jurors, and predicting how verdicts might come out, began to count Binsteins already dead. But the worst, for Beania, 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 malarky and pocomonondo these quack doctors "testified" to.

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

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 Spruce Society was guilty, and he was noted for his ignorance of law, legal

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 cameras. 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 fact that this news represents are posing a grave threat to us.

"Our plot to control the Presidency for the next eight years could boomarang 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 Lanting 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 polls, 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 Dockstader:

"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. Because Binstein, they said, appears to be

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the sort of a man who would kill for money, rather than ideals—a man of the demagogue 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."

"Well," said Jarrrell, "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 tell 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 pretend 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 Grand 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."

"Beanie 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 knew 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 Beanie 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 sledge 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 Tala, but we've got to thut him up just as tightly. To have one of Reggie 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

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 convolve with me. I ask you to let me handle this thing secretly and alone. If I don'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 camera stayed away, upon orders from Perry Pratts of Amalgamated Broadcasting in New York.

Kelli's first announcement was that, the inconsiderate jury having sent Bimstein 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 closed 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 Bimstein in jail, and our intelligence down there reports his mind is in such

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shape that he may spill at any moment.

"We have here a phage 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 of clothes so you can dress up like a dirt 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 Bimstein'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. Bimstein 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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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 Binstein 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 jailor, a deputy sheriff named Sammy Rodriquez, 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 Binstein that may be the key to what we are after. They ask that you throw me bodily into the cell with Binstein 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 Binstein's favorite whiskey. If you throw me in and leave me on the floor, pretend

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. Tall Beane 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 Binstein was lying on the lower cot of a double decker bunk scoring away. Carter started to yell.

"Take your filthy hands off me, you Getapo 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 Binstein 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?" Binstein asked.

"The crummy sunnawabitch 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 Binstein said one good swig at a time is enough for him.

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

"I wish it was," 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 Otis Hutchinson. My grapevine says he has put the murder on the John Spruce Society and he ain't gonna let a black 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 hounded 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 people who've stood by you this far 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

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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, Sergeant," he said to the jailer. "I think I got what we want. He drank half the bottle and his tongue 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

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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 Binstein's rather sumptuous breakfast on a tray. Binstein had the best in grub. Someone outside the jail was paying top prices for it.

He unlocked the cell and called for Binstein 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 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 amphi. 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.

"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 Goddama 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 scuse 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 Binstein'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 Binstein and say the drunk tank was full."

"He wheedled, that's the word he used, some valuable information out of Binstein 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

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 Binstein, a convicted murderer. While he was in there he gave Binstein 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 took."

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 sunnawabitch 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 MARTIN LUTHER KING

President Joe Smith had been dead three 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 Doctraster, 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 Jones, had turned out to be (to the nation in general) more than the dumb Texas bitch 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 courtymen.

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 swoop 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



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 Hinchman 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 leaflets 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 scope you could think of to make up your Commission."

"We even gave you a Southern kick 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 "phony 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 Ocean 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 released 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 answer. But we've got to make this thing, even the overights 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," Hinchman 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 Arranged 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 Plate said, "A fine idea. We'll cancel the appear-

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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 gale. 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 Olesen did—whether it be a panel man or the guest, you can't blame me alone. Since we are all in this conspiracy together we should all take the blame as the plaudits, if any."

"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 Bolvick 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 Man 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 Ku Klux Klan on the panel so the people of the South can't say it was a rigged interview."

"I believe Brother Lansing has something there," Pulitzer said. "But what? 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 pick him up if he gets too laisist about flinging out any-

"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 damndest 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 Silverton. 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 and 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 over-confident 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 bootflogging 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 nub man had flipped 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

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 Dunphy 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 newsmen in Washington knows, that the late President Joe Smith had planned to ditch Lynn Jones 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. Dunphy.

MR. DUNPHY: 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 extreme

lets 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. DUNPHY: 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 loose up the range of our great country in foreign lands.

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

THE MODERATOR: Mr. Crow, see what you 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 Jones, in mind.

But I want to disagree slightly, with all due respect to Mr. Bolivak, in this assumption that Mr. Jones 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-

lease Departments.

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

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Er-r-r, Ah-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 a 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.

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

JUSTICE HUTCHINS: Yes.

MR. CROW: Well, then, you saw every son of a bitch 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-mill Marksmen quiffsants, as O'Brien was.

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: I'm asking you 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 Joans 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

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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 calvarade 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 prefix "I'm" left out. So are the questions of Mr. Bollwerk 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 smidgen 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

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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 little group of invisible men in one of New York City's stone and mortar canyons; and to the necks of those who 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 necktie. 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.

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The nice lavish man were meeting in extraordinary session in the 44th floor command post at 666 Wall Street, Jasper Jarrell, the dean of the coclavy, 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 report any longer."

"We have broken promises to bring it out in June, 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 Plate 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. Plate 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."

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Pulitzer pulled from his pocket a newspaper-sized publication, printed on a gauzy-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. Callahan.

"The weapon which Osteen allegedly used is an allegedly 6.5 mm Italian Cacarano—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 gunman 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 Cacarano, the bolt handle is attached to the bolt and is well forward. This is similar to the Mannlicher-Schoenauer, 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.

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"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.

"The target, in the days when bolt-action rifles were used by the armed forces, was called the A-Target. 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.

"Thus reporter has only fired a dozen or so 'possible' 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 carbonadium, especially sized 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."

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

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

"Not Crow," said Pulitzer, "we've tried it before. Crow has a small abet, 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 new-stand ones. He has 10,000 rabid readers, the fighting element of American politics, the hard core of what he calls the Realist Right. 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-odd 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 Forbes 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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of a Sunday evening will be lammed 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 autos, and next morning will read it all over again in their morning papers."

"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 Establishment 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 CONDENSATOR 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 caissons 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 racism 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.

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(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. Wallums or Senator Silverton or Senator Quirkson or Congressman Howard Broad had anything to do with it. Even the Report didn't allude 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—as Senator Harry Silverton calls it, had or had not anything to do with the assassination.

"The mention 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 CONDENSATOR 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 'Marksmen,' 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 bullets came out of the Osteen gun. Yet here has been no ballistics report, in nine months making such a claim.

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"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 camera 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 negative.

"The report criticized—and 2nd guessed 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 scooped pretty low when it parroted the bilious smear job done on the Secret Service and FBI by Drew Annanias Hopscotch, 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 calling 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 'deponent' sayeth not.

"Add 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."

### Ballroom

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 what has since been called the Lone Star State.

"What's this news from Dallas—mab Home state," the General roared at Uncle Robbie. "It's the dingdangest thing 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 equaled." 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."

"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 roaring 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 Brooklyn first baseman, old John Anderson. But he was before my time."

"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-sh-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 match of the defendant. Need I say any more?"

"You win," they both said in unison.

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