

TRANSLATION FROM FRENCH

" S P E C I A L "

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TWO MONTHS BEFORE THE EVENT OF DALLAS,
A SAILOR FROM ANTWERP KNEW THAT KENNEDY
WAS GOING TO BE ASSASSINATED

A Mysterious "Soviet" Reveller Told Him:
"The American President Will Not Celebrate Christmas"

Peeters Warned the White House on November 19, 1963

Finally, he decided to talk.

The tension of the last days had become unbearable.

Now, the two of us were alone and we had been alone for the last two hours. For several hours, I saw him in conflict with his secret, his great secret, and especially with his fear.

For hours, I saw him shake his head. I heard him say that he did not have the courage to speak and that he would not say one word even to William Manchester, the author of "Death of a President," the writer who became famous overnight.

He said:

"You should understand me. As I told you when you visited me the first time, I have a wife, and I have children. I fear that my life is in danger and that the lives of the members of my family are in danger. Do you not think that it is strange that William Manchester became ill all of a sudden, and that he has been admitted to the hospital."

TRANSLATED BY:
MAX L. MIUSHKOVICH:trs
January 23, 1967

75-1006-114
ENCLOSURE

I used all means of persuasion in order to induce this man to speak. He did not want to speak. He continued to refuse, and asked me to leave.

"I do not know anything," he yelled; he was angry. He said "should I call the police?"

"I Am Going to Tell You All"

He again took a cigarette. His fingers were trembling. Fever could be seen on his face. He was silent for a long time.

I too was silent. Both of us were tired. I did not have anything to do there any longer.

Unexpectedly, at that moment, he sighed and said:

"Well, I am going to tell you all."

He spoke in a very low voice. The sound of his voice was strange. His eyes were restless.

We were all by ourselves that afternoon in a perfectly calm place. And yet, that man seemed to fear each sound, each shadow.

I understood him. I very well understood his panic.

President John Fitzgerald Kennedy was murdered. The Agent (sic) Tippit, too. Lee Oswald was Jack Ruby's victim. Bill Hunter and Jim Koethe, the American newspapermen who attended a meeting at Ruby's home the day which preceded (sic) the assassination, have also disappeared from this world. Hunter was shot and Koethe was beaten to death. Dorothy Kilgallen, the last publicist who talked all alone with Jack Ruby, after Kennedy's death, died under mysterious conditions.

The fate of others was the same...

Since September, 1963, This Man Has Known...

✓ Since the night of September 4 to 5, 1963, this anguished man who was seated in front of me knew that all the persons who had participated in any manner whatsoever in the assassination of Kennedy, or who knew about the murder a bit too much, were condemned to disappear.

And, precisely, he too knew too much.

Why did he wish to speak?

Because he wished that finally all be cleared. Because neither the White House, nor the FBI, nor Robert Kennedy, to whom he sent pressing letters for three months, never gave him the least chance to speak.

And also because, heretofore, too many distortions have been written concerning the mysterious death of John Kennedy.

He told me:

"The world MUST learn... The truth is unusual and complicated. It throws a different light on the affair."

In the Antwerp Region

It may be easily understood why I am not revealing the identity of this man. I will only say that he is a Belgian deep-sea sailor; he is married, has children, and lives somewhere in the Province of Antwerp.

I met him by mere chance, through a friend. It happened when in New York people were speaking so much about the "Death of a President," when Jackie Kennedy conflicted with William Manchester, when "Look" bought for millions the right to publish Manchester's work, and when "Newsweek" hurried to publish another version, the version of L. B. Johnson.

The unknown man who was facing us had said something which aroused my curiosity. I asked for specifications. He shrugged his shoulders and replied.

"For me, it is dangerous to speak with a newspaperman. Words are newspapermen's weapons, and these weapons could be deadly."

He Interested Me

He interested me. First, I wanted to gain his confidence; during the following days, I did all I could to learn his secret.

He did not want to say anything.

I persevered; my patience was boundless.

When I ascertained that his internal conflict had become too tough, and that I had a chance to penetrate his intimate world, I fired all my batteries.

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DRAFT OF THE LETTER OF PEETERS, THE SAILOR OF ANTWERP, ADDRESSED TO PRESIDENT KENNEDY, AND REPRODUCED FROM THE DIARY OF THIS SAILOR (NOVEMBER 19, 1963):

"President Kennedy Will Not Celebrate Christmas with His Family; By Then He Will Be Dead and Buried"

Registered, Airmail

November 19, 1963

Mr. President,

I have the honor to forward this letter to you for the purpose of informing you about a possible attempt on your life.

During the night of September 4 to 5, I met in a bar in Antwerp, rue de la station (Railroad Street), one Ivan Kutscharenko, born in Kiev. This man said that he was an officer of the Russian Navy. He was in the company of four or five persons. They had drank a great deal. He told me:

"President Kennedy will not celebrate Christmas with his family; by then, he will be dead and buried."

Please answer me if you receive this letter.

Excuse me for my French errors; I am Fleming.

Respectful regards.

Your servant,

(signature illegible)

Finally, the moment came when the sailor spoke.

The things that I am telling here are quite different from the technically polished story of the famous American newspaperman Joachim Joesten, or from the book of three hundred thousand words of William Manchester which certainly is a book with a very interesting historic background; however, it is a book which does not strike at the heart of the matter.

The whole world knows how John Kennedy was assassinated. The whole world also knows who was the supposed murderer, or murderers. We learned that from the Warren report.

In this article, I am telling WHY Kennedy was assassinated, and what was the true cause of the plot.

"Het Koetsierke" ("The Cabman" /?/)

During the night of September 4 to 5, 1963, many gay people were gathered at the cafe "Het Koetsierke," in the

Stationstraat (Railroad Street) in Antwerp, which is located in the immediate vicinity of the famous section of sailors, near the port.

"Het Koetsierke" had an international reputation. People from all over the world assembled there. Everybody knew everybody, and all the steady customers mutually treated each other.

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LETTER OF J. EDGAR HOOVER
DIRECTOR OF THE FBI
ADDRESSED TO THE SAILOR OF ANTWERP PEETERS
ON OCTOBER 30, 1964

"The FBI Does Not Have Your Letter"

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

(EMBLEM OF THE FBI)

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Washington, D. C. 20535

October 30, 1964

Mr. L
Rue
Willebroek, Belgium

Dear Mr.

Your letter of October 21st has been received.

In response to your inquiry, I would like to point out that the letter to which you referred was not received by the FBI. I am, however, forwarding a copy of your communication to the Chief, United States Secret Service, Department of the Treasury, Washington, D. C., for any information he can furnish you.

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

On the evening of September 4, 1963, my sailor, whom I shall call "Peeters" from now on, also was in the "Het Koetsierke," where he used to come regularly for the purpose of taking a drink. Suddenly, five foreign sailors entered; without the slightest difficulty, they created the atmosphere which characterizes the milieu of sailors.

Obviously, they already had drunk too much and they seemed determined to drink more.

Then, the five sailors recognized a sailor from Hamburg whom Peeters also knew. Peeters said so to one of the five sailors who was leaning on the counter near him. This sailor said to Peeters in French:

"Sing with us."

The contact was established. The sailor took the arm of Peeters and all of them sang.

When the unknown sailor had sung and drunk, he began to talk.

A COMPLETELY DRUNK RUSSIAN

- A formidable night was in store for our friend Peeters.

When he found himself in a taxi at five in the morning, while the others had returned to their boats, the mind of Peeters was still not quite clear. He did not quite realize that a completely drunk Russian had told him a secret which could endanger the peace of the world.

Peeters was quite drunk. He had drunk a lot with the Russian and his four friends. However, Peeters was beginning to recover slowly his lucidity.

Through the fog of alcohol, Peeters remembered the sixth man of that memorable night. It was a blond athletic and handsome fellow of about forty years of age. He continuously was in the vicinity of the other five sailors and acted like an intent and congenial spectator; nevertheless, he kept a certain reserve and he drank with care.

This man had accompanied the group when the five sailors had intended to stagger toward another cafe, the "Stommeleire." He had not said anything. He stood leaning on the counter, he smiled, and drank calmly.

The Sixth Man

When Peeters and his new friends parted, the unknown, the sixth man disappeared suddenly.

However, he had not forgotten the Belgian sailor. The following morning, he was there again. During the two next months, he did not leave Peeters out of view.

That is when Peeters became afraid. His fear became even more intense when the mysterious individual told him:

"Shut up or your days are numbered."

A Russian Giant

Peter vividly remembered this Russian whom he had seen on that night at the "Koetsierke" and at the "Stommeleire." A giant of a man, about six feet, powerful, placid, with a red face, heavy eyebrows, curly blond hair, and actually nice and gay.

He could have been between 40 and 45 years of age. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Russian merchant marine, and was obviously the chief of the group because the five sailors drank and sang in accordance with his orders. He also paid for all the drinks.

During one of his spontaneous moments, this "Ivan" had furthermore confessed to Peeters that he was a homosexual and that he wished to become a close friend of his new Belgian friend.

This officer spoke Russian with his companions and French with Peeters. He said that he could speak seven languages to perfection: Russian, French, German, Arab, Spanish, English and American.

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The photograph of the diary of Peeters is reproduced in this space (Translator's Note: The writings of the diary are illegible).

Peeters said:

"On the ship, I used to keep the logbook; that is why I also kept my own diary."

He used to say:

"English and American languages are greatly different. For a foreigner it is quite a performance to be able to speak English like a true American."

"Ivan" had five different passports with five different names. One of these passports was issued by a French Consulate.

He had shown to Peeters a Russian passport issued to Ivan Kutscharenko, born in Kiev.

However, when the Belgian sailor had attempted to take a closer look at the passports, "Ivan" suddenly took them back by saying:

"Do not do that."

His friends also spoke English, but not American. All of them allegedly belonged to the crew of a Russian ship anchored in Antwerp and scheduled to leave for the United States the following morning.

Ivan Kutscharenko, who seemed to be very proud of his rank of officer of the Russian merchant marine, had currencies of various countries: American dollars, German marks, British pounds, and French francs.

What Did Kutscharenko Say

What did Kutscharenko tell to sailor Peeters?

At a certain moment, when he was completely drunk, he decided that the Belgian sailor was his "No. 1 friend" and added that he was very sorry to leave for the United States the following day.

Peeters then made a remark concerning the Russo-American relations.

Thus, Ivan Kutscharenko evoked the dirty war in Vietnam. With a mysterious smile Kutscharenko added:

"We now are in 1963 and, my dear, do you think that the war in Vietnam is about to end. It is altogether stupid. Do you wish me to tell you something? The war in Vietnam is only a beginning, a prologue. It will become much dirtier and more atrocious, not only in Vietnam but also in China and in America."

"Why also in China and in America?"

"Russia Will Remain Neutral"

"The present-day world has three great powers: Russia, the United States, and People's China. We, the Russians, have decided to become the first world power, but we do not wish to go to war.

"We want to induce China and the United States to destroy mutually each other. In order to achieve our plan, it is necessary to widen the Vietnamese conflict into an open war between Peking and Washington."

"Kennedy Is a Pacifist"

While the Russian was talking in this manner, Peeters was agreeing, and thinking about something else. He had a certain sympathy for the big Russian, but he was not interested in politics in the least.

Actually, everyone has nowadays his own little ideas about Vietnam, China, and the United States. That is why, the Belgian sailor replied to his interlocutor:

"You bore me. You had enough to drink. Go back to your ship and sleep. In fact, Kennedy is a pacifist. He will never start a war against Red China."

Ivan remained silent for several minutes. Then, he looked straight at Peeters and whispered:

"Comrade, I am going to tell you something, and it is no farce. THERE WILL NOT BE ANY CHRISTMAS FOR JOHN KENNEDY... HE WILL BE BURIED LONG BEFORE CHRISTMAS..."

Ivan added in an even lower voice:

"And his successor will do exactly what John Kennedy did not want to do; he will widen the war in Vietnam... He will increase the number of Americans in Saigon.... He will bomb Hanoi.... He will provoke China more and more.... Johnson and his friends are looking for war, and that is what we wish.... Kennedy has to disappear from the stage...."

"Ivan, that is altogether stupid."

"However, you can believe me. All is already arranged; all the measures have been undertaken in order to silence the murderer...."

Ivan Kutscharenko's Button

Thus, Ivan Kutscharenko tore off a button from his uniform, gave it to Peeters, and said:

"A souvenir from me. A proof of my friendship...."

As I already mentioned, Peeters remained with his Russian friends until five in the morning. They went to another tavern, the "Stommeleire" to drink.

They parted while staggering and singing. The Russians went to their ship, and Peeters went home by taxi.

The following day, the Belgian sailor was again in the port and saw again the blond athlete whom he had met the night before at the "Koetsierke" and at the "Stommelaire," the man who had watched them.

The man approached Peeters in friendly manner and invited him to take a beer. He spoke French. He was very joyous. He ordered a second beer, and obviously attempted to intoxicate Peeters. He laughed and said:

"Tell me now what did this Russian drunkard say to you last night?"

Peeters replied:

"Oh, all of us were drunk. We spoke like drunkards that is all."

An Insisting Unknown Man

However, the unknown man wanted to know more. He insisted:

"Did the Russian speak about his boat? Why did he show to you his passport? Do you know his name? Did he speak politics with you? What kind of souvenir did he give you?"

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The photograph of a button appears in this space. The caption under the photograph reads:

BUTTON OF THE UNIFORM OF THE MYSTERIOUS IVAN

"What kind of a souvenir did he give you?"

"Why do you wish to know all that? I have nothing to do with that Russian. I do not know him. He was drunk and I was drunk."

"Tell me everything and I will give you a lot of money."

"Money? Why money?"

"Perhaps, you prefer to have difficulties?"

"I do not wish anything. Let me alone." (Translator's Note: The expression in the original is much stronger and obscene).

Peeters continued his story and said:

"I found that all these questions were singular and worrisome. The unknown man bothered me with his questions. I refused to accept his drinks. I told him that my family was waiting for me. I called a taxi. The unknown man followed me in another car to my home."

Peeters Wonders

Peeters was asking himself many questions. What did the blond athlete want from him? Where had he come from? Who was Ivan Kutscharenko? Was Ivan Kutscharenko his real name? Was he a secret agent? And who was the blond athlete?

Above all, the name of Kennedy obsessed Peeters.

What was true in this Kennedy story? Was the American President really a key figure in an international drama? Did the Russians want to eliminate Kennedy because he was a pacifist and because they wanted to see in his place a bellicose Johnson?

Peeters Could No Longer Sleep

It was a terrifying experience for Peeters who concentrated exclusively on Ivan's words. Peeters could no longer sleep.

The following weeks were even more strange.

The blond athlete followed each move of Peeters. Now, Peeters had his shadow. He could see the athlete in the streets, in town, in the port, in the familiar taverns, at the football stadium, etc.

The man was where Peeters was.

From time to time, he addressed Peeters and tirelessly repeated the question what did the Russian tell him and why did Ivan speak so openly?

Tirelessly, Peeters replied the same thing:

"He did not tell me absolutely anything interesting. Do not insist. It does not make any sense."

Then, one day, in the beginning of November, the blond giant became impatient. He became abrupt. He threatened:

"If you know something, shut up. Do you understand?"

Peeters had pains to reply. When he was able to speak, he whispered:

"Actually, I do not know anything. Leave me alone."

The unknown man was gone.

I Kept the Logbook

Peeters said:

"On the ship, I kept the logbook, and that is why I also kept a diary at home. I had written all that Ivan told me and I had written also the fear of the perpetual presence of the unknown man.

"I was exhausted. My life had become a nightmare. I hid my diary because I was persuaded that the foreigner could do anything. I did not sleep any longer. I barely ate. I no longer went out. I did not dare report to the police. I could not ask for anybody's help.

"I was alone with my fears.

"Finally, when I was certain that the foreigner had disappeared, I decided to write a letter to President Kennedy. I wanted to tell him what the Russian had said and to warn him that his life was threatened."

The Letter to Kennedy

We have arrived here at the most important point of the affair.

On November 19, 1963, at 9:00 A.M., Peeters took his letter to the Post Office. He registered it and forwarded it by airmail. He marked that the letter was "strictly personal." The letter was addressed to President J. F. Kennedy, White House, Washington.

The letter was written in French. Peeters wrote that the life of the President was threatened and that a Russian, Ivan Kutscharenko, had told him that.

When the letter was sent, Peeters felt like another man. He had done his duty.

Then, came November 22, 1963; it was barely four days after the sending of the letter.

Peeters and his wife were in their living room looking at television when the shock occurred. The American President was killed in Dallas, Texas. Peeters said:

"I had the impression that I was falling. I was stupefied. The Russian had said the truth. The conspiracy against Kennedy was not invented. At that moment, I realized that I had sent my letter too late."

Certitude of Conspiracy

Since that time, Peeters has been asking himself various questions: Why did Kennedy ride in an open car? Why did he not take into consideration the letter from Belgium?

It is true that the chiefs of countries receive many letters. However, was not the letter from Belgium of a particular nature?

Maybe the letter arrived in Washington after November 22?

Peeters wanted to recover his letter.

He wrote to the Belgian Postal Service, and received no reply. He then wrote to the Washington Post Office on December 18, 1963.

On January 7, 1964, he received the following reply:

"The letter was delivered to the White House a few days after it had been forwarded." If Peeters wished to get it back, he should contact the Post Office with his receipt.

Peeters had hopes again. In the meanwhile, he had written to Robert Kennedy, the Attorney General of the United States.

On February 6, 1964, he received a letter from the international Postal Administration which astounded him. This letter read as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that the registered letter No. 417 which was mailed on November 19, 1963, was delivered to the White House on November 21. A chief clerk of the President received it."

Peeters thought that the President had then read the letter, since it was registered and personal. However, the President did not read it.

On October 21, 1964, Peeters forwarded a registered letter to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the FBI in Washington. He asked that his letter be returned. He was convinced that his message was now in the hands of the American Secret Service.

On October 30, he received a personal letter from Mr. J. Edgar Hoover who said that he had examined the case but that he had never seen the letter addressed to President Kennedy. He added that he had transmitted a copy of the letter of the Belgian sailor to the chief of the American Secret Service in Washington.

Peeters could never learn what had happened to his letter of warning addressed to the assassinated President.

The Certitudes of the Sailor Peeters

The sailor of Antwerp Peeters was certain of several things.

The conspiracy against John Fitzgerald Kennedy was communist.

The photograph of the receipt of the Post Office of Willebroek of the registered letter of Peeters addressed to President Kennedy appears in this space.

In the beginning of September, 1963, the murder of Dallas had already been prepared in its slightest details.

The truth could not be learned because anyone who was acquainted with the case was definitely neutralized.

The warning letter arrived on time, but the President never read it. Why?

Peeters was aware of the seriousness of his accusations. He told me:

"I risk a great deal.... I also know that my accusations can create difficulties to certain persons. However, the truth has to be told."

Hypotheses

Let us now analyze the declarations of the sailor of Antwerp. In fact, there are three possibilities:

(1) All this affair is merely a story of drunkards. This is not the first time that Ivan, in a state of intoxication, played the role of the secret agent and displayed his pseudo confidential information.

Sometimes, it occurred that incoherent utterings of Ivan become realities.

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Four receipts of registered letters sent by Peeters are reproduced in this space. These letters were sent to:

- the Director of the Central Post Office in Washington,
- Mr. Robert Kennedy, Attorney General, in Washington,
- Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, in Washington,
- Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, in Washington.

All these registered letters were sent from the Post Office of Willebroek.

Some of the predictions of various oracles do come true sometimes. All the rest, the shadowings, the threats, etc., could be the product of the imagination of Peeters.

Nevertheless, according to the receipt of the Post Office dated November 19, 1963, the sailor of Antwerp forwarded a registered letter to President Kennedy; this letter was delivered by the Post Office of Washington, and cannot be found today.

(2) The Russians have "mounted" the assassination of Dallas. Lee Oswald had lived in the USSR. He could have been in league with Soviet agents, and could have been compelled to act.

However, Oswald was pretty well known, precisely because the FBI knew him.

Nevertheless, this does not explain that President Kennedy did not know about the warnings of Peeters, and it does not explain the disappearance of the letter.

It is difficult to believe that the Russian secret services had accomplices in the White House.

(3) The people who are really responsible for the death of Kennedy are not Russians but Americans. Ivan had five passports. Which one of them was the real one, and was there actually a real passport?

Ivan spoke Russian. However, he also spoke American. He pretended that he had disembarked from a Russian ship, but Peeters did not see this ship. Consequently, it is possible that those responsible for the attentat wanted that the Soviets be made responsible for it.

"However, in this case, it would have been logical to publish widely the Red story of Peeters. No such thing happened. Why? There is no reply to this question.

- Therefore, no matter what hypothesis is envisaged, new questions arise. A sailor of Antwerp still meditates continuously about this today. He is convinced that he was mixed in the drama. The historians are still scrutinizing this drama with the hope of uncovering an impossible truth.

s/ Eob Dirix