

bridge side—by margins as high as 5 to 1. He carried Baltimore's working-class Italian and East European colonies and missed out on Brewster's home Baltimore County by a bare 105 votes. Brewster scored heavily in the Washington suburbs and in the Jewish sections of Baltimore. But he owed his 52,000-vote margin to a massive, almost unanimous outpouring of Negroes. More than half of Baltimore's 85,000 Negro Democrats voted—double the normal primary turnout. Only then did Wallace lapse from his polite campaign rhetoric with a sour word to newsmen about the "nigger bloc vote."

The Senate spent most of a day debating what the results meant, but neither Northerners nor Southerners thought Wallace's showing would damage chances for passage of a meaningful civil-rights bill.

Yet the well of discontent was deep, and November was a long summer away. White America had begun to feel crowded and anxious and a bit testy at the pace and the pressures of the Negro revolt; a national Harris poll showed three Americans in four thought the civil-rights leadership had been going too fast. On Tuesday, George Wallace tapped that vein in Maryland. On Wednesday, Negro demonstrators marched again in Cambridge. The pace and the pressures would not let up.

CIVIL RIGHTS:

That New Feeling

"Civil rights—here is an idea whose time has come." When Senate Republican Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois intoned these words last week he spoke of time as a passing of epochs, the long, halting, irregular measures of history. But even in the mundane, clock-paced time of the United States Senate, it appeared that, after ten weeks of debate and filibuster, the time for civil rights had arrived—almost.

A new feeling that something, at last, was about to happen to the House-passed civil-rights bill came after Senate Republicans caucused with Dirksen, regular Democrats with Minnesota's Hubert H. Humphrey, and the anti-rights Southern Democrats with filibuster leader Richard Russell of Georgia. Each segment of the Senate behaved predictably. Most Republicans indicated acceptance of Dirksen's compromise package of some 70 amendments (NEWSWEEK, May 25) to the bill. Regular Democrats seemed ready to follow Majority Whip Humphrey's lead in accepting them. And from the Dixie bloc came Dick Russell's expected adamant growl. The bill, he said, would be "even more obnoxious" with the amendments.

"It is more obnoxious to them," re-

joined Rhode Island's peppery Democratic Sen. John Pastore, "because there is more likelihood of passage." Rights leaders felt confident the Dirksen amendments had won them enough votes to cut off the Southern filibuster. "I must acknowledge," said Dirksen, "the margin will be narrow."

Tentatively, Dirksen and Humphrey will attempt to muster the two-thirds vote needed to silence the Southerners sometime after the June 2 California primary. Reason for the delay: so pro-Goldwater senators won't be forced before the primary to take a stand for cloture, which Goldwater opposes. After California, history may be permitted to take another broad step forward.

THE SUPREME COURT:

Overseas Citizens

Mrs. Angelika Schneider, born a Bavarian, was naturalized as an American citizen when she was 16. Later she married a German attorney and returned with him to her native country. In 1959, she was served by U.S. consular authorities with a "certificate of loss of nationality." Mrs. Schneider challenged the law which deprived her of U.S. citizenship, and last week, shortly before her 30th birthday, the Supreme Court ruled in her favor.

The court struck down provisions of a 1940 law under which naturalized Americans forfeited citizenship if they returned to their native land for three years or more. The decision makes some 40,000 persons eligible for United States citizenship lost by living overseas.

INVESTIGATIONS:

Who, Us?

After seven months investigating the labyrinthine life, times, and fortune of Bobby Baker, the Senate Rules Committee at last had the sum-up in hand—a draft report prepared by special committee counsel Lennox Polk McLendon. To no one's surprise, the draft, as leaked to the press last week, pronounced the sometime majority secretary guilty of "gross impropriety"—but nothing that violated the Senate's roomy rules of conduct. What made the document remarkable, indeed, was the verdict it rendered on Bobby's bosses—the senators themselves.

The Senate, said the courtly, 74-year-old McLendon, had "suffered the loss of much respect and prestige because of conditions this investigation has brought to light." It could "no longer ignore or dismiss lightly the charges . . . that the Senate has been vociferous and energetic in demanding compliance by officers and employes of the executive department with high ethical conduct . . . but that it has persistently refused to accept and abide by such standards for its own members and its employes." McLendon's moral for the Baker story: senators and Senate staffers should be required to disclose their financial holdings and forbidden to mix with anyone doing business with the government.

Though some senators agreed, others reacted with wounded bipartisan pique. An aide to one committee Democrat called the report "way out," and GOP Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirk-



Associated Press

Puzzle Picture: Splashed in *The New York Herald-Tribune* was a Kennedy assassination photo with a mystery angle: wasn't that accused killer Lee Oswald standing in the Dallas warehouse doorway just as the shots were fired from upstairs? But the man in the door was identified as Oswald's co-worker and look-alike, Billy Lovelady.

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Agent Bolden and wife: The accused turns accuser

found. And another time, he claimed, a superior told him: "I want you to know how I feel about you and how I feel that the service feels about you—you're a nigger, you'll always be a nigger. So act like one."

Probes: Only the courts could judge the government's case against agent Bolden, and only the Secret Service and the Warren commission could decide if there was any truth in Bolden's case against his fellow agents. At the weekend, the Warren panel was reported ready to probe stories that some off-duty members of the White House detail were drinking in the Fort Worth Press Club on the night before the President was killed in Dallas. And a commission member said investigators were considering listening to Bolden as well.

For the record, Bolden's chiefs in Washington had nothing to say about him or his memories. But privately agents were seething over the scandal—coming as it did in the midst of rumors that Lyndon Johnson would like to turn the job of Presidential security over to J. Edgar Hoover's FBI.

THE HIGH SEAS:

Long Voyage Home

Outward bound from Los Angeles, with 9,000 tons of scrap metal in her hold, the good ship Pomona wallowed slowly through the long Pacific swells, headed southwest for Formosa. With her cracked and peeling black hull, the Pomona was not exactly the kind of ship to make an old sailor's eyes mist up with pride. But if she wasn't H.M.S. Pinafore, she wasn't precisely a hell ship run by a modern Captain Bligh, either. She was more like a kind of seagoing city dump, her decks scaled with rust and littered with refuse, her fo'c'sle a slum bestrewn with beer cans.

The way the Pomona's crew told it all later to the U.S. Coast Guard and Honolulu police, the condition of the ship was in some measure a reflection of the habits and personality of her skipper, Capt. Jacob Natvig, 51, a vinous Norwegian who liked to loll about in shorts and T-shirt, quaffing whisky.

The crew, in turn, were an equally unruly lot. They drank heavily, and some were known to pull knives on their officers when pressed to work harder. They had been worked much harder recently because the Pomona's crew, formerly 35, had been recently reduced to 25. On one occasion before the ship weighed anchor from Los Angeles, Captain Natvig was faced with a near-mutiny: the men had not been paid in port as promised, and Natvig had denied them shore leave because he was afraid they would desert. There was an angry confrontation in Natvig's

sen intoned: "I have never been in favor of making 'Class B' citizens out of senators." All that seemed certain, in fact, was that the Rules Committee—already divided along party lines over the conduct of the inquiry—would break no speed records judging the judgment. "I think," said chairman B. Everett Jordan after a closed-door committee discussion of the McLendon draft last week, "it will take a long time."

SECRET SERVICE:

'Mr. Q' Mystery

Scanning his bodyguards before an appearance at Chicago's McCormick Place one June day in 1961, John F. Kennedy spotted a Secret Service pin in the lapel of agent Abraham Bolden. The President stopped to chat, learned that Bolden had signed on eight months before, was stationed in Chicago, and loved his work. Impressed with the young Negro agent, JFK asked Secret Service officials to transfer him to the White House.

It wasn't long before the stocky former Pinkerton man and Illinois State trooper took his post as the first Negro ever assigned to the Secret Service's prestigious Presidential detail. He spent 35 days that summer guarding Mr. Kennedy in Washington and Hyannis Port, and impressed his fellow agents as a competent, hard-working recruit. Then Bolden returned to his specialty: roving undercover work against counterfeiters. Again, he got top marks—cracking rings in Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago, and winning two commendations.

Earlier this month, he teamed up with other agents in Chicago to arrest an eight-man gang wanted for counterfeiting \$300,000 worth of travelers

checks and U.S. savings bonds. It looked like another boost for Bolden. But last week the episode turned into one of the sorriest chapters in the proud history of the Secret Service.

One of the counterfeiting suspects, Joseph Spagnoli Jr., a happy-go-lucky small-timer who boasts of 150 arrests and no convictions, went to the newspapers with a tantalizing tale of intrigue. Three days after his arrest, he said, a Negro had offered to peddle him the full Secret Service report on the case for \$50,000, and dangled as bait an obviously authentic scrap from the dossier. The Negro had called himself "Mr. Q," and left a phone number.

Checking Spagnoli's tale, agents traced the telephone to a petty hustler named Frank Jones, who had a record of arrests for counterfeiting and was under indictment as a result of Bolden's sleuthing. Jones admitted his role in the scheme Spagnoli had described, authorities said, then named the Secret Service man who had supplied the material from the files—Bolden.

'Frame-Up': Secret Service authorities in Chicago immediately suspended Bolden, then clammed up about the affair—the first smudge of its kind on the agency's 99-year record. But the accused agent himself had plenty to say. Secret Service officials knew, he claimed, that he planned to tell the Warren commission about laxity in the protection of Mr. Kennedy; they had framed him to seal his lips.

By Bolden's account, agents guarding the President in Hyannis Port that summer drank beer for breakfast, sometimes took three or four slugs of whisky before going on duty and used official cars for partying with women. At least once, said Bolden, he had to man a strategic post because the agent on duty couldn't be