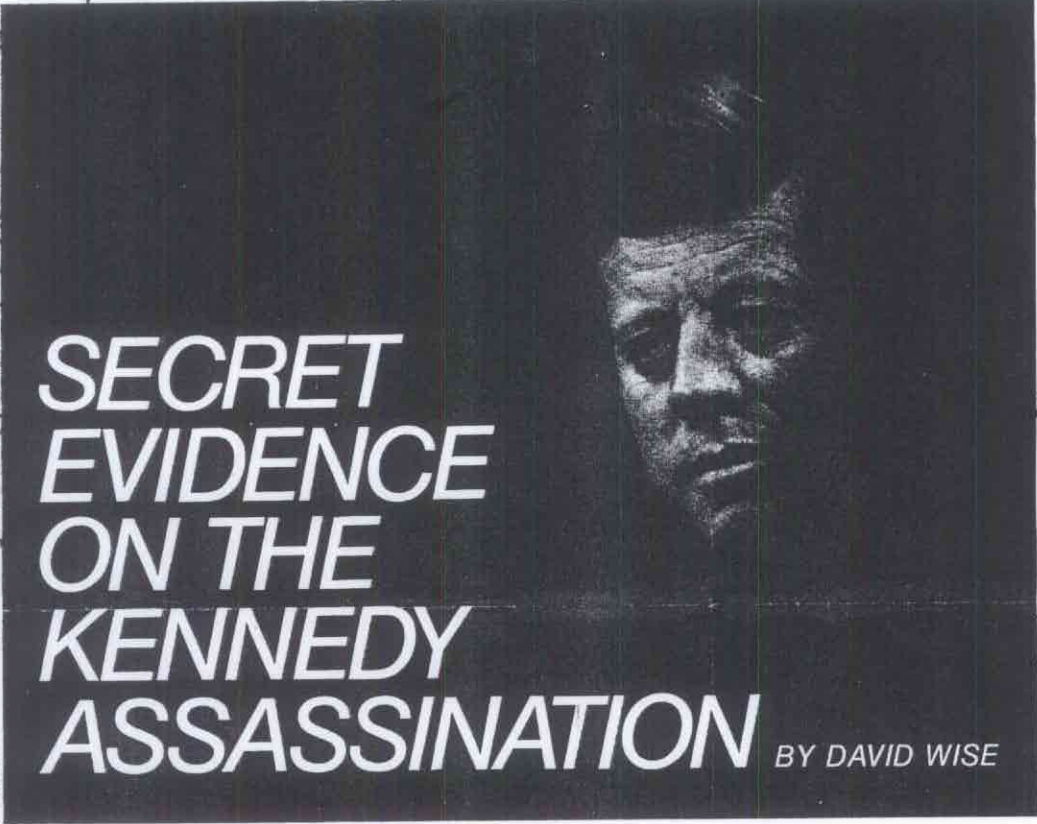


The C.I.A. bunco boys are still trying to whitewash the Kennedy murder by insisting that Oswald was a secret Soviet spy!

a story by J. Moore in The National Insider of Feb. 25, 1968 says that a group of former CIA agents killed Kennedy.

SECRET EVIDENCE ON THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

BY DAVID WISE



In the unnatural quiet of the security room of the National Archives in Washington, beneath a sad row of naked light bulbs, the records of the Warren Commission investigation of the murder of President Kennedy rest in a long double line of green metal shelves. It is not a pleasant sight. One asks: Is this the end of Camelot?

The thousands of pages of documents amassed by the commission are stored in gray cardboard boxes alongside the physical exhibits, including Lee Harvey Oswald's 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. The windowless security area is protected by a heavy steel door wired to an alarm system. The entire room is, in effect, a vault; only three persons know how to open the black combination lock on the door.

Only members of the Archives staff who have been cleared for security may enter this room. No photographs may be taken inside it.

The great bulk of the documents in the room, about 80 percent, were published by the Warren Commission in 1964 or were made public later. But segregated from these, in one compartment of the security room, are 25 boxes containing documents

that no one outside of the Government or the Warren Commission has read.

By estimate of the National Archives, 10 feet, or approximately 25,000 pages, of Warren Commission files remain closed in these boxes. Many of the closed documents are classified, some bearing the red-ink stamp: TOP SECRET.

Here are some sample titles of secret documents:

- A report by CIA director Richard M. Helms on "Soviet Brainwashing Techniques."
- An FBI report of an interview with Yuri Nosenko, a top Soviet KGB agent who defected to the United States 10 weeks after the assassination of President Kennedy.
- A CIA report on Lee Harvey Oswald's activities in Mexico, dated October 10, 1963, six weeks before the assassination.
- A memo to FBI director J. Edgar Hoover from Richard Helms, titled, "Lee Harvey Oswald's Access to Classified Information About the U-2."
- A memo from Helms to J. Lee Rankin, general counsel of the Warren Commission, concerning "Soviet Use of Assassination and Kidnapping."

These files are among the roughly 20 percent of the Warren Commission documents still closed to public inspection more than four years after the death of the President.

Officials in charge of the files feel that there are good reasons why some must remain locked, at least for now. I believe that more could and should be made public. In any event, it is possible to report in detail for the first time on just what is closed and why the Government says it is closed.

For President Johnson and his Administration, the closed 20 percent of the Warren Commission files presents an almost insoluble dilemma: So long as even one file remains closed, there will always be those who maintain that the secret of the assassination is locked inside it.

From the very start, the Warren Commission realized that it would probably never succeed in ending doubt and speculation about the assassination. This was apparent when the commission held its first meeting on December 5, 1963, behind closed doors at the National Archives.

The air locks in the massive windows muted the sound of traffic outside on Pennsylvania Avenue

you should expose this malicious C.I.A. bunk in your book on The Archives.

I believe Moore's story is true.

strong-arm man, killer and "enforcer" for the Mafia. He also procured girls for members of a state legislature whose favor the mob wanted to curry. We'll call him Mike the Pimp. He knew me as Frank McGregor, an Associated Press reporter writing a book on organized crime. I still had my AP card from my newspaper days in Vermont, and I had it copied, adding the year 1967 and the name "Frank McGregor." I was able to use this approach because the Mafia operates at several layers that are insulated from each other. The Charles Grinnell of the Ralph Lamattina deals was totally unknown on Mike the Pimp's level. Mike the Pimp, moreover, was a chronic malcontent, who, I figured, would talk to any newspaperman who paid him. So I became Frank McGregor, I paid Mike the Pimp, and he talked.

A second informant was a businessman with a history not unlike my own. He had gotten into a financial jam and was hooked by Mafia loan sharks. They finally let him get out of hock when he agreed to "front" a so-called legitimate business for the organization. He dealt regularly with several high-ranking Mafiosi in his operation, and he had an uncanny sense of what was going on in the hierarchy. I think he talked to me out of shame and desperation.

My third principal informant was an echo out of my past. In 1959, after returning to Boston from Vermont, I joined with a half dozen other men and Father Kenneth B. Murphy, a Catholic priest, to found Rescue Inc., a suicide-prevention service. We manned a telephone around the clock to take calls from people who were contemplating suicide. We tried to talk them out of killing themselves, and we arranged psychiatric treatment for them when the immediate crisis had passed. One of my Rescue patients in those days was a young man I suspected of being a hoodlum. I was not too surprised when I ran into him again in the Mafia. I had saved his life twice, and when I asked him for information, he responded.

There were other informants, one now dead from gangland bullets. From November, 1966, to July, 1967, I found myself running a neat little intelligence network. If anything, there was more tension for me in this phase of my undercover work than when I had been reporting to the FBI. The financial worries were gone, true, but now I was dealing mostly with hoods, who might be less restrained in their reactions than their bosses, if they found me out. I worried constantly, for example, that Mike the Pimp would double-cross me. I never drove my car (provided by the crime commission) without watching in the rearview mirror to see if I had picked up a tail, and I had the motor souped up for quick bursts of speed. At home I kept my .38 with me at all times, even at night when I couldn't sleep—which was often—and sat up reading. Eventually, my doctor had to prescribe pills to control the nervous spasms in my stomach. Also, we began to lose friends. They saw me in public with hoodlums more and more, and they began to wonder about me.

But I kept working, and from my own observations and from my informants, I began to put together an incredible picture of crime and corruption throughout the New England area. There was a lot of information I didn't

understand, and I relied on the advice and opinions of two law-enforcement men whom I knew and trusted—Police Chief William Costello of Concord, Mass., and Capt. Andrew Monti, chief of staff services for the Vermont State Police.

Whenever I finished a written report, I'd phone Attorney General Richardson's office in the statehouse, and his administrative assistant, Walter Parker, would meet me in a restaurant near the capitol. We'd have coffee, and I'd pass the report to Parker under the table. Sometimes I'd meet Parker's secretary, Barbara Rose, on the street outside the statehouse and hand her the report.

In all, I filed 18 reports with Richardson. I not only spelled out the Mafia's power structure in New England but I identified many of its allies in business and politics. I told about Mafia "legitimate" enterprises, includ-

ing taxi medallions (which the Mafia takes as security in loan-shark transactions and then sells for many thousands of dollars). I named several people dangerously in hock to the Mafia, including professional sports figures and a police consultant.

As early as January, 1967, I mentioned that a Mafia strong-arm man named Joe Barboza might eventually sing in prison. A few months later he did sing—to the FBI—and as a result, Raymond Patriarca, Jerry Angiulo and Henry Tameleo, three leaders of the New England Mafia, as identified in McClellan committee testimony, were indicted on charges involving murder. (Angiulo was found not guilty. Patriarca and Tameleo were scheduled to be tried early this month.)

In December, 1966, I reported that the mob was getting many of its hand-guns in Nashua and Manchester, N.H. I named the chief Mafia gun procurer in

with other bits and pieces. You never find out what use your particular bits and pieces have been, and it is difficult to establish a cause-and-effect relationship.

My mission ended quietly, and by prearrangement, on July 1, 1967. By then, Attorney General Richardson had formed his own intelligence unit under his new criminal-division chief, Charles Rogovin, the former assistant director of President Johnson's Crime Commission. Richardson and Rogovin and General Needham simply thanked me privately for my effort, and it was over. I didn't want to remain in undercover work. It was too much of an ordeal.

I had hoped that the entire interlude would just fade away, but, after ignoring me for months, the Mafia made one more attempt to use me. It heard I was under consideration to become executive director of the New England Citizens Crime Commission. Irving Kaye passed along the word that the "outfit" was delighted at the prospect of having me in the post. But I withdrew my name from consideration for the job, and returned, instead, to my old profession of journalism.

I am left with many lasting effects of my undercover experience. I have an ulcer and I know fear. I still carry a gun. I realize I'm taking a chance by telling my story now, but my friends in law enforcement have advised me that I may actually be safer after revealing my experience—that the mob might not want to risk attacking a man whose story was known so widely to the public and the police.

But even more than the fear, I feel compelled to educate people about the seriousness of the Mafia conspiracy, which I learned the hard way. During my undercover assignment I was shocked at the apathy of the business community and the public to the war on organized crime, which I consider to be second in importance only to the war in Vietnam.

There are business leaders in Boston who refused to contribute to the crime commission fund that financed my intelligence mission; they said they were afraid their names would be made public if I were shot or found floating in Boston Harbor. There are others who will not clean up Mafia bookies and loan sharks in their factories, because "we don't want to have trouble with the unions who are friendly with the mob." There are others who openly consort with Mafia leaders. They seem to get a vicarious thrill out of associating with killers or doing business with them. They delude themselves into thinking the killers have gone "legit." They refuse to realize, as I now know, that where mob money goes, mob tactics always follow.

Worst of all is the contribution of the public to the principal box office of the Mafia—the corner bookie. For example, in the suburban town of Wellesley, Mass., highly paid executives, who are the mainstays of their churches, proudly flaunt the Mafia football and basketball betting cards they have bought in Boston. They think nothing of it, but pious Wellesley, through its seemingly innocent sports betting, is pouring more than a thousand dollars a week into the treasury of the Cosa Nostra.

Multiply Wellesley by 10,000 other towns and cities and you know how the Mafia stays in business. □



ing cleaning and dyeing stores, bars and a variety of other businesses. I reported on police "bagmen"—a patrolman, sergeant, lieutenant and sometimes a captain—in a New England city who receive from \$600 to \$1,000 a month to allow Mafia-owned night spots to remain open after hours. I named high-ranking New England politicians—licensing officials, a couple of court officials and a number of others whom the mob considers to be in its pay, through campaign contributions or outright bribes.

I reported on a hidden vault built into the bathroom wall of a Mafia loan shark's luxurious suburban apartment, and how the Mafia furnishes horse-race results to bookies through an illegal race wire, at rates ranging from \$5 to \$25 per result. I discovered a narcotics smuggling route from Montreal to Boston (Routes 7, 89 and 93, entering the U.S. in Vermont), and a booming Mafia business in hard-to-get

Nashua. One of my informants heard that a high-level Mafioso in Boston had put in a rush order to Nashua for four silencers—two for a .38 and two for a .45. Not long after this report most of the gun traffic between New Hampshire and Boston was suddenly closed down by state police.

In my seventh report I described the 411 Lounge on Columbus Avenue in Boston, owned by Abraham Sarkis, a Mafia gambling licensee of Syrian descent who is known as the Numbers King of Boston. A few months later the 411 Lounge was raided by Internal Revenue Service agents, and Sarkis was arrested on federal gambling charges. (The case has since been dismissed. Sarkis is now awaiting trial on charges of income-tax evasion.)

These are only a few of the benefits that may have been derived from my one-year mission. In intelligence work you just give information pointing in a certain direction, and it is combined