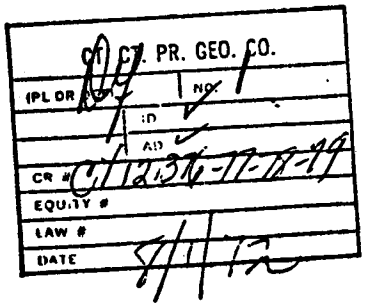
BA 41-950

A. Manuscript Found in BREMER's Vehicle, May 16, 1972



BA 44-950

As previously reported, a 114-page manuscript of ARTHUR H. BREMER reflecting personal experiences and observations during the period of April 4, 1972 through May 13, 1972, was found among the personal effects of BREMER during the search of his 1967 Rambler on May 16, 1972. A typed copy of this manuscript appears in the following 114 pages. Also included is one page of notes found in BREMER's personal possessions, along with the manuscript.

After I wrote the last page and showered and ate lunch and feel claimed down now. Heard a song on the radio though - was turning away from rock and roll music which only wasn't me and got a conservative station with a girl singing "Go ahead and hate your nabor, go ahead and cheat a friend" - but I heard, at the time, "Go ahead and kill (or shoot) your nabor," which disturbed me greatly.

April 4, 1972 Tusday 6:30 a.m.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Great day for democracy and capitalism! A 50% voter turn out is expected! Now THAT'S confidence in America. Tried to bury pages 1-148 in Sheridan Park just south of Milw. on the lake front at 8-10 but the place was too crowded. Kids in parked cars and cars positioning for a good dark spot. The ground was too rocky. I was too near a land fill sight (I'll never recover it after few weeks) and a big 600 foot shear cliff! Want to get rid of it in or near the big city.

Oh Jesus! My birth was at 2:40 p.m. August 21, 1950 and that's the time my plane leaves. Ashes to Ashes. Copy at any birth certificate cost 2 bucks.

April 5, 1972

Consider yesterday, the last minute rush, the burying of the book and the trip and NO CAR one of my worst days in years. If I attempted to say half of what was done to me, I wouldn't do the emotion of despair justice. You heard of "One Day in the Life of Ivan Dynerovich"? Yesterday was my day. I could write 150 pages alone describing that day.

Wallace got his big votes from Republicans who didn't have any choice of candidates on their own ballot. Had only about $1055 when I left.

Took a 4 hour walk around this slum. Alleys and some parts of sidewalks are dirt. Not concrete dirt covered, but dirt. Some of the weeds between the curbs and the sidewalks are taller than me 5'6. But mostly they average between my waist and chest level, some times growing this high on both sides of the sidewalk giving an impression of walking thru an animal trail in a woods. Litter abounds. A junk dealer with a truck to pick up from the vacant lots and streets has his fortune made. Cars are often parked very near or on the pedestrian walks between city blocks, some with a tire or two removed and

other deformities. These junk cars are parked on the city streets. The natives have been seen parking cars with the engine running and going across the street to shop. In mid morning and mid afternoon were observed were observed school aged children some with parents. Perhaps Easter vacation. My Howard Johnson's is $23 and $1 occupation tax and some other tax. I'm charged 20¢ per call from my room which is very noticably smaller than my Madison, Wis. room for under $17 total. I'm at 140 St. and 135 Av. (it may be the other way around). Downtown is barely visable with binocculars, being a good 12 miles off on the horizon. I'll spend tomorrow there and get out of this cold peopled place. Could buy a car for around $400 - may do it. Live at YMCA. Have one in Canada?

(furnished with room)

Read the sexy parts of the Little Red Book. Whores and cleansing and circumcision and incest. Must of been hot stuff 2,000 years ago. I'll pick up the modern version tomorrow.

Got a little tanning from the clear skys. Must of began to cry 8 distint times yesterday night. Watched TV till 2:10 a.m. Great movies of the '40's. Surprisingly got up at 8:00.

Damn this Avis and my room.

And the credit card application.

S H I T ! I've got a thousand bucks.
If I can't get a car (auto license into Canada?) and live
for 10 days on that. W E L L !
if I fail _____

I give a puzzeled disbelieving look to the New Yorkers accent. A curious distortion of the language. Yesterday I had one wash cloth and 2 bath towels, today the opposite. The girl doesn't like me because I left my toe nails on the rug at the foot of my bed.
Should of taken the fucking Airport Helicopter to downtown. I'm so close...so close.

April 13, 1972

A life time of events has happened since I last wrote in here. I didn't write because I was tired of it bored with it. I wanted to ACT instead. And I didn't want to confess in here after I went thru so much to bury the first 150 or so pages. Let me TRY to sum things up BRIEFLY. I sure wish I had written 1500 words a day and had it before me now for entertainment.
My last night at the Howard Johnson's in the Jamaica area, New York City I didn't sleep much. A beautiful naked lady across a parking lot in the next motel out by her window (floor to ceiling) smoking cigarettes and I had to watch her. Her table room light was on and a thin vail of curtain

allowed me to watch as she passionately kissed a man who wore clothes. I never saw them in each others arms more than a minute at a time. They must of been fighting. Thru binoculars I saw them gesture like Italians and open their mouths very wide very often.

For $16 I took a helicopter to Wall St., closer to Le Guardia. Some guy asked me what I thought of helicopters and the possible improvements that could be made upon them. I guess he designed 'em. Couldn't help him. Got a limosine (Lincoln Continental (Nixon was in one today)) for $11 (an hour) ($2 tip) and the chaffuer in chaffuer's hat (was hack driver for a long time, but not in last 7 years) gave me a tour thru the open markets and Chinatown and the Bowery and narrow streeted financial district. I asked him for help in getting me a hotel (a lot of 'em are residential only) and he got me the Fifth Ave. Hotel. Sounds impressive but it didn't compare to the Howard Johnson's. Kids running in the halls (in diapers) a stink in the hall and room, a dump. Nice looking restaurant from the outside but it wasn't open till 11:30 the next morning. I ate at a hero sandwitch joint, got sick on the shit. Walked 20 miles (10 blocks to a mile) thru mid-Manhattan. Never saw so many street

venders. On a few streets were signs "This street patroled by----private police." WOW! I always carried my gun outside my hotel in N.Y.C. I really felt good being stare at by the poor people in my limosine. Took a taxi to the Waldorf-Astoria and never got looked at by ANYONE. Driver bobed his head a lot, a nervous wreck. I thought the Waldorf was the best N.Y.C. had to offer. I was wrong. For $37 plus I got a room little better than the $23 Fifth Ave. joint. The bed cryed-out everytime I turned and at night I could hear the beds in the 2 rooms next to mine do the same. I took a lot of their stationary. That's what I payed for. They spend all their money on their lobby, and hallways to a lesser degree. The individual rooms are flops. Maybe the $60 - $180 suites are something. Rooms are $23 - $40. And I had twin beds in my room! Park Av. traffic was S H I T T Y .

Horns hoked Friday night till 2:30 a.m., kept me awake 'till 4:00.

No one under 25 can rent a car in N.Y. state. I made a 8 am reservation home. - left too late. But WAIT...

After 3 days in N. Y. I decided to go to a massage parlor at 11 pm I looked up their ratings in Screw newspaper, checked the ones I wanted and was going to 3 or 4 that night. I couldn't do it. I walked past a place and then got lost. (on porpose maybe). I felt like I was going to get raped. Called the best place for a reservation and was told "You just come in, sir." I twisted my guts for hours sitting before the store with fear and anticipation and then was told that. I put the phone right down cussed then and went straight to bed for an anticipated 3 hours before my flight. Overslept. Made a 4pm reservation. Was kind of glad I still had time to go to a model studio. It was 3 blocks from the Waldorf, the Victorian. I walked past it about 6 times then ate lunch at a self-service, then walked past it AT LEAST 12 more times. I had to think things thru and get relaxed and this and that and the other. Walked into an Adult book store to try to get a horny feeling. Lousy borning fuck books and the good photo magazines were wrapped up in cellophane. Fuck them. Walked past it and down the block and around the block and stopped at a street corner a hell of a lot of times. Tryed to see a 25¢ dirty movie but they were closed

it was Sunday. Had just watched that morning and made fun of a dopey preacher on T.V. and figured if he was against it I wanted it. Watched young female asses bounch for encourage event, wasn't a hell of a lot of 'em. When you want a girl...never around.

April 19, 1972

Guess I was too bored with writting to even finish my last entry. I think I remember I was tired and wanted to sleep. Finish up the sumary the next day. I'll try to finish it now. I have to turn back to see how far I got.
Saw a hairy hippie type leave the entrance to the Victorian. Two old ladys standing and talking right in front of the place finally left (they were beginning to give me funny looks) and I somehow walked up the screky stairs into the place on the 2nd floor. It was nicely furnished, you could see they made an effort. The stairs (carpet covered) screked, that's all. A hairy character asked if was there before and showed me a booklet of about 20 nude and near nude girls and said that 2 of them were working that day, a Sunday afternoon.

I picked out the blonde (the best looking I thought). The 2 were sitting on a sofa off to my left. I was conscience of someone there but never looked directly in their direction until the guy said, "Alga, you have a ½ session in studio 2." ($18) This was right after I signed a statement that I would "behave in a gentalmanly manner." Alga and I looked at each other, I thought her rear end was kind of fat and her face and hair and figure generally attractive. She led me into a room locked it, turned the lights out and lit incest all with her back generally towards me. Piped in music began. I handed her 3 tens and said we'd have to take it easy as I just ate lunch, she didn't hear me (I think I was kind of wispering rather than my voice cracking) and had to repeat it once or twice. She glanced at my offering hand and said "put it on the table."

Again with her back toward me she began to undress. I took off my vested business suit and overcoat and layed on my stomack on the massage table, nude. She didn't see my organ yet. I started some talk about a burglar alarm that was ringing and was ringing for the last 2 days. We talked about the weather.

She started by massaging the fleshy part above and behind my collar bones, then the upper back, lower back, buttocks and legs. She was completely nude except for a yellow nylon bikini panty.

"Do you want to turn over now?" I obliged and was fully erect and pretty much relaxed. We had talked about the music, stereo tapes rather than a radio. I looked at her more closely now and saw she was beautiful. Beautiful. Her breasts were perfectly beautiful her rear end was not fat AT ALL. I glided my hand over her back and side and rear for a closer inspection.

"You're not supposed to do that."

"What?"

"Touch me."

"Why?"

"That's the rules."

"Are you kidding?"

I had gently held and caressed her waist line with one hand as I lay down and she did not protest. She saw I was looking at her private parts. When I slided my hand down she started this line of conversation. I thought she wanted more money before we started the heavy stuff.

160 I sat up & looked into her beautiful big brown eyes,
"Are you kidding?"
(that's rota clugic here it's true)
She talked about the rules." Customers aren't allowed to touch the girls. By this time she was massaging my erect penis with one hand. Up & down too quickly to be enjoyed. I moved her hand in mind in a slower more pleasurable motion. We talked about "the rules." Then there was a long silence as she continued working on my legs & I looked at her & thought the whole thing thru.
I sat up gently & tryed to put my head to her breasts she stepped back just out of head resting range. I kept my hand, which was around her waist, on her side & we looked at each other along time. Later I slowly reached out to brush her brest with my hand, I moved slowly enought for her to move away but I surely didn't want her to. She covered with her arm a little. I sat up again & looked into her eyes. She looked directly into mine. I think I recongised that same look in Joan. She was not going to give ground. (that defince, but it wasn't about sex we fought over.)

162 "I'm Virgo." Then, she was still defensi' She said this with a very very little smile & nod & lokked at me. Damn!

"You don't like your job do you?"

"Not really."

"Then why are you here?"

"I have another job. I'm only here on the weekends."

"What do you do"

"I'm a telephone operator at an airline."

She said she didn't go to school. I sensed that she did. I never heard of a phone operator for an airlines. I had told her I was in N.Y. for 4 days & was leaving in 2 hours by plane. Thought she wanted to satisfy my question with a lie. Thought she didn't like me for my crew cut & straight cloths. She was dressed somewhat like a hippie, when she was dressed.

She was here only for the money & knew she could make more by fucking but wouldn't. Whenever she was close I held her more private parts & she did not protest. Told her she had a warm tummy. She wouldn't remove her bikini, "rules". I slipped my hand up & darted it here & away from her breast over & over again, never

161 I layed back d..n & started talking about ..er tips. She was open about it. "Sometimes I get $2, $5, $10, $15, $25, or $50." I had given her $30., & didn't know, wasn't sure that she had counted it.

"Why do you get $30 sometimes."

"Because the customers like me."

"Why?" a silence before I started "What do you do for $30 that you don't do for $2?"

She looked right at me & damn it cause she said, "Nothing."

Another short silence. "You said that one of the rules was that the customers was supposed to climax if you can't do it this way (she was using her hand) then lets' do it an other way."

"This is the only way I can do it/"

"What. Don't you read books?"

"Sure."

"What books do you read?"

"Oh, mostly horoscope books?"

We both knew I was talking about sex books. So I changed he subject a little. Tryed to talk about something she was interested in "I'm Leo." What sign are you?"

163 touching it pu. getting close & driving h mad with anticipation. I stopped & smiled. Guess she was relieved.

She told he she was 20. I said I was 21. I know I look older in the suit (& that spair tire I gained). I felt sorry for the kid. She was just like everybody else. It was a job & she was only on it for the money. I sat up for the last time, "I'm sorry," Maybe she didn't understand. I repeated my self once or twice & shook her arm gently for enphisis. She smiled. I siad, "O. K.?" She shook her head. I knew her better now. She was the quiet type. She had said that for fun she went to "wo-gees." Where everyone takes off their cloths and makes love to each other." That in a response to an earlier question after she refused my advances. Though she was making that up too. She had also said the boss made up the rules & that she could get firet for fucking, though. Not in those words. I had said I wouldn't tell. She said she would because she was very honest. I went into a crazy confusion at that. I'm sure she never layed with anyone on the job. Anyone. But looking back

164. now I rememmber she was nude & wore a wide smile in the photo I picked her out from. Maybe a nude shot was one of the bassis "rules" also. (Lousy amature box camera shots.)

Earlier I had told her she could push & pull on that thing for a week & I couldn't come. It was true. I needed, I wanted & was prepared for a wild ½ hour of sucking & fucking & tongueing & everything. Just looking at bare however beautiful tits & getting a hard job weren't going to do it.

I commented that she must have strong fingers. She invited me to feel her forearms & smiled when I did. Time was up.

A little buzzer rang & went off by itself. We had never even began.

I went to my cloths to dress & she went to hers. I asked her to wipe the excess off (of my oily dick) but she misunderstood & wiped the excess oil in the heated container onto it.

She commented about my yellow underpants being like hers. I thought how wonderful if my pants could get to know her pants. But I

Just said, 'Yeah. There are my 'hot pants .

She I refer to her in my thoughts at "Brown-eyes" waited till we were both fully dressed. I asked her why she went to vo-gees & she said she just liked them I said she was a crazy girl & rubed her pants covered ass. She opened the door & I left without looking back, a mistake, a great mistake in my life time.

It surprised me that I could remember everything we said April the 8th & today is the 19th. Thought I'm still a virgin. I'm thankful to Alga for giving me a peek at what its like.

But earlier I was angry. I felt I had payed her to give her a good time. She goto feel me everywhere out

everywhere. And I couldn't even see her! And it had cost me $48. She got $30 plus for ½ an hour. Working two jobs, I didn't gross that much a day. I stood close to her after it thinking that a horny man hates nothing as much as he hates a cock-teaser & that she would be a thief not to return a part of (or all of) the $30. (The $30 men "like" her & I didn't "like" her. I was more like a $2 man) But she kept it & complaimented me on my suit. I told her it was lousy. (Just a disguise to get close to Nixon. I wouldn't wear a ugly thing & spend $70 plus for it for any other reason).

All my nervousness was for nothing. I spent almost all the time attacking her & she politely defended herself. Once she sniffled & I asked if she was crying. "Of coarse not. What do I have to cry about?"

I went straight to the Astoria & took a cab to the Westside Airlines Terminal on 42nd Street. A young black driver with a funny first name that all black mothers seem to give their kids. He stopped & sped up stopped & sped up & I asked him to quit it befor I puke all over his cab. We talked about the careless drivers & dangerous traffic & he said 3 seperate times, "This is New York, man," & shook his head. Attived with a reservation but without a ticket 15 minutes before my plane was scheduled to leave, about 4:00 p.m. United had the biggest counter at LeGuardia & the most people waiting in lines in front of it. I got to the counter 10 minutes after scheduled departure. The guy couldn't hold it for me.

I think he said United had no other flights to Milwaukee until Monday afternoon. He directed me way across the building to the Northwest counter. It was the week-end & the whole damn airport was busy. He had a 5:00 (Ithink) flight to Milwaukee all full up. But I got a stand-by ticket on it. If a reservation didn't show up to buy his ticket, I got the flight. I carryed my bags, he

didn't want me to check them yet, to a seat & paced all around the seating area. I needed a car to hide the guns in to get across the border with them. I felt that alone in my baggage or on my body they would be found out right away. And I had to meet Nixon in Ottawa by the 13th (his arrival). Thursday the 13th. I was lucky to get a seat at the boarding gate it was so full. This plane came from somewhere, went to N.Y., then Milw., then Minneapolis, St. Paul. Tjats why so many people.

I got a seat, seat C (of A, B, C) in row 33 (of 33 rows in the plane). Whereas befor on a sparsly populated plane in the 3rd row from the front (1st class) I had a smooth trip & excellent service, this trip was lousy. A fat boring sheltered snob of a therolgy student talked non-stop with a equally sheltered & fasinated (always smiling) high school student. I waited 30 minutes for dinner & when I got it, last in the whole plane, we had turbilence & the"fasten seat belts" sign went on.

169. Impossible to do with the dinner table on. I hurried & drank down half my coffee befor it spilled over my pants. Got away with only a tie stain and an everlasting preduice against theology students & capacity plane trips.

I could hear & watch the stuardesses privately talk & work way back their. It's a job their in it for what they can get. One of 'em wispered "shit" a couple times.

Wonder how much money there is in theology.

April 21, 1972 Friday

The funnyest thing happened to me when I arrived in N.Y. just after I got off the plane. I forgot my guns! I was in a washroom when I heard my name over the loud speaker. WOW! The captain of the plane smiled & nodded as he gave me them. In the washroom, I didn't quiet hear the announcment & asked a fella next to me if he heard what was said. He didn't. "Well they mentioned my name." I throught a copule seconds & said, "Oh yeah, now I know!" Irony abounds.

In Milwaukee at Mitchell Field, I got dissy watching everyones luggage go round & round for 15 minutes or more (probably more) untill I finally got mine. I waited for a cab outside, then got smart & walked in front of the other cab-waiter to where the cabs first enter the terminal area. Got the first one that came along. Even so, the cabbie had me share it with 2 guys traveling together.

That night was frantic. I did everything very quickly because I figured I was behind scheule. I could of, should of been in Ottawa by then if I was 25 & had a credit card. In the old German war movies the Nazies always asked everyone for "your papers". Today the motels & rent-a car firms want"your credit card".

I did my cloths first thing because that would take the most time. 2 loads one light, one dark, just what I had in my bags.

I look at my map. I wanted to enter Canada in a relatively out of the way

area. Too long and time consuming around the Great Lakes thru Minnesota. I choose just north of Detroit. I called the Chesapeke & Ohio Car Ferry (across Lake Michigan to Landington, Michigan & they had a boat leaving about 2:30 that night, about 2 hours away. I decided to take it rather then drive around the Lake thru Illinois. I figured I could catch some sleep that night & be moving at the same time.

When I leaft for N.Y. City I knew I had a front right flat tire on my car. It was a Sun night & I really had to look for a station.

Went to a place which had charged my dead battery once. Pulled off to the side of the sevice area. The place gave a free car wash (inside) to any one buying any amount of gas that night. Some fucking thing I never heard of befor- just a fill ANY amount.

The guy said sure he coulf fix the flat but I'd have to wait for the wash jobs a head of me.

I had another guy check my oil in the mean time. I checked the water & left the hood up For him. He put in a can of 10-40. I was still waiting around & at that time I thought I would drive to Canada that night. I paged thru the Sunday Journal for News of Nixons trip. Nothing there. I asked each station attendent if he heard anything about Nixon going to Canada. No, they were to busy to read a paper or watch the news. They must of smelled too much gasoline & it ruined their brains. I pulled up to the pump to get a fill up befor going into the enclosed area to get the tire patched. Then one of the guys motioned me forward into the service stall. I figured I could get a fill later on & pulled up just in front of the doors. Then a ½ minute wait. Conversation inside between the guys.

"Can you pull in tomorrow?"

"I'll PULL RIGHT OUT THIS FUCKING STATION!"

They wanted to close for the night. I backed up & flip-floped around the block remembering just then that I didn't pay for the oil.

I pulled into a smaller station (one I deliberatly passed up on my way to the first) & the guy said he didn't have the jack he needed. I told him I'd move my car in 2 minutes & ran 2 blocks to the 1st station to pay for the oil. Ran back & drove off to the place the jack-less guy recommended.

A high school kid & his girl were there talking quietly. Kid seemed disturbed that someone would pull into his station,a big name place like the first and disturbe his romance. He didn't have the patches!

"If a servicestation doesn't have the patches who does?"

"I don't know",

"Maybe I should try a negligy store",

He walked back to his girl in silence.

I drove across the 16th St. Viaduct. The big Car Care Center was closed. Completely closed down. I drove further up th

street & found a dingy place, the only place open. It was about 10 o'clock. The hole was to big to be patched & I had put an even larger one in the tire by driving on the flat. He changed tires for about $3, I don't really remember. His fat ugly girl friend made jokes about my car antenna, dents, etc. as she fed her face with a soda. I drove across the street for a gas fill at a penny less per gallon then that place.

It sure felt real good to be riding tall in the saddle again! But I did notice a dent in the wheel. The tire wobbled back & forth when I shook it. I cost about $22 to get across the lake. The ships clerk struck up a conversation with me & we talked about travel. He let me have a room at the day rate (about $5) rather than charge me the night rate (about double). Good man! I wanted to get some sleep that night because I felt sure I would be driving all the next day. The people laying on the sofas in the longe looked liked uncomfortable dogs.

It took 6 hours to cross the Lake. I was in bed & we were moving before I knew it. Had a very comfortable ride & a good deep sleep, about 5 hours. I had a surprisling amount of energy on that short a sleep the next morning. The big ship had only about a dozen passengers that night. But lots of fright cars down below.

Call me Ismal.

Drove along Highway 10 thru beautiful green Central Michigan. Drove from about 9:am to 3:pm I guess. Worryed that my wobblely front right wheel would come right off but it settled in somewhat & gave no real trouble. Stopped & spent the night in Port Huron, Michigan & that was an adventure too.

I still hadn't hidden or even found a place to hide my guns in the car. I envisioned a hell of a good serch at the border. And I had forgotten my car registration. Ask around & called the U.S. Customs about it. I had read that I needed proof of auto ownership before I could take a car into Canada.

I even planned to fly back to Milwaukee just to get it & come right back. The town had no direct service to Milwaukee, I would of had to drive down to Detroit. I even envisioned chartering a plane to take me back to Milwaukee direct & take off within 2 hours with the car registration in my pocket. I didn't want to waste more time.

I filled my guns with all the bullets they would hold 14 in the Browning, 5 in the Charter Arms. 38. That night I thought of where I could possible hide the guns.

Picking up the big Browning gun I accidently fired off a shot! I squeezed the trigger on purpose but I forgot that I had loaded it just hours before. My entire head rung from the powerful blast. In the room my ears felt the blast vibrate off the walls & return. I felt sure the woman who rented me the room would come running & pound on my door to see if I had killed my self with that one loud bag or what.

I turned the T.V. on. In the movies they always turn the T.V. or radio on & way up to muffle gun shots. I gave it a real life test, only AFTER THE SHOT WAS FIRED. I thought I'd be hauled off to jail for carrying a gun at the least. I rehearsed a speech to the lady. "I accidently fired my gun". What the fuck else could I say?. Would she believe anything else? I found a war movie on & if I wasn't fucking lucky the Americans were giving the Japs everything they had. I turned the sound WAY up to pretend to be an inconsiterate nabor to the rooms next to me. (The small Howard Johnson's lobby & my room shared a common wall, I wasn't sure if the room next to me on the other side of my room was occupided put knew the one next to it was.) A lot of Japs must of been slautered but none of the T.V. shots bounced off the walls like mind did.

I thought maybe the lady didn't rush into my room right away because she was calling the police to investigate it for her. "There's a man with a gun in here, officer!" 15 minutes passed. I knew cops were slow to come when you wanted them. I put the gun out of sight but somewhere where I could surrender them right away if asked to. I didn't want it to look like I had hid them. I put em in seperate places, prepared to give up the Browning on a Carrying Concealed Weapons charge & still have the .38 for bussiness. (The lady knew I was going into Canada. The cops would ask why I was taking a gun across the border. All this & more going thru my mind...), after 25 minutes I sat back & started enjoying the movie. Nothing happened.

It took a while but I found the path of the bullet, Luck I didn't shoot a finger off or something. I was sitting on the big bed & The bullet went thru a smaller bed into the floor I guess. No basement in the building I reasoned.

Thru a blanket, 2 sheets & a mattress I followed a small clean hole. I couldn't find where it came out but there was a large tear in the cloth under the bed. Maybe I caused it. I thought the bullet struck a wooden support in the bed & stayed there. Examining the carpet, I found a small barely noticable (& hidden by the small bed & the curtain in front of the floor to ceiling window) white (wood?) hole in the carpet. Looking closely & probing with my pen knife I could not find the bullet, a piece of evidence I wanted. Still don know for sure weather the bullet is in the bed or that hole in the carpet.

If I had held the gun a few inches higher or had been standing up, I'm positive I would of broken the large window. The bullet would of traveled on who knows where (my car was a few feet right of the bedroom in front of my door).

THEN there would of been trouble.

The night befr this I had disposed of all my excess ammunition, cartiage boxes (2) & a booklet explaining the operation of the Browning.

I carefully tore the booklet up & likewise the boxes. I drove thru the quiet residential areas (the small town had poor street lighting compared to Milwaukee & ALL the alleys in Milwaukee are lit up at night). ALL the bullets went into one sewer. The torn box went into another & the other box into still another. I let the torn pits of the booklet go to the winds every few blocks. Found an extra bullet in a pocket & thru it into a field. Thru the 2 gun cases into a poond in a vacant lot. They floated damn it but it was the best I could do & I wasn't about to go in after them. Thru them away in day light just befor I crossed the border.

I picked up the mat in my car trunk & found a smoke little hole that the .38 fit perfectly. The 9mm, half cocked & safty on I put in a corridor in the

trunk over the right rear wheel. It was visable when looked at closely. The morning of the border corssing I took my long armed ice scraper & pushed the gun farther in as far as I could.

A mistake It fell forward in front of the rear wheel and down never to be recovered.

At the time I thought maybe I had push it a little too far.

I wanted to wash the filthy car befor border in spection. To look more respectable and innocent. But I thought an automatic car wash would rust my .38, exposed to the elements by a hole in the bottom of the car. (Both the hole I put it into & the one below it were made by the factory. I found a wealth of hiding places built into my '6) Rambler Rebel. I used the ones I choose most likely to be overlooked) I found a self-wash 100 yeards from my room across a parking lot. Con fussed, I rinsed the car clean & never switched on the "detergent wash" button.

182. Except for the dents, it did look respectable. I had also dusted the inside.

I knew dogs were trained to smell gun powder & hoped that the heavy smell of gasoline & HEET gasoline additive in my trunk would ward off the nice doggies from my cargo.

After unloading the gun cases & dripped dry from the car-wash, I went to the border. I turned the radio to a conservative station to relax me & show the nice border guard I wasn't a hippie. With my short hair cut, I worryed that he might take me for a Army deserter. Clean shaven, I had taken my beard off the night before, relaxed & confident with all the proables & possablities in the back of my mind, I slowed down to be inspected.

Canada had crooked teeth and a moustach. He asked where I was from, where I wanted to go, for how long &

183. if I had anything to declare. (I was prepared for this last question, I was going to say, "I declair its a nice day." But I just asked, "What should I declair?)"

"Anything you might leave in Canada?" Do you have any merchandise?"

I looked around & said I had a type recorder. Nothing I would leave or sell in the country. Thought thoughts of a few hundred bucks & a few bullets raced thru my head. He said, "O.K." That was the great border inspection. He never looked thru my baggage I never left my car. I instantly lost all respect for the Big Bad Canadian Customs.

I asked Canada if I could exchange my American funds for Canadian currency. He told me where to go. I pulled on to the wrong place & a guy in the same uniform as Canada asked if I was sent to undergo duty inspection (pay an entry tax on merchandise I guess).

184. I stayed cool & told him I just wanted to exchange money, a dume lost tourist from America. I had alsmot $700. Old Mis. Canada at the exchange booth took 1% off of that. Maybe as a service charge (I doute it) or as the par rate of exchange (more likely).

Driving on I thought of what an ass hole I was. I could of had enough guns in my baggage & in the trunk to start a revolution in Canada. Two artilary pieces & a 1,000 machine guns & a million rounds of ammo & 12 pigmyes to carry it all on their heads. Enought drugs for everyone & his brother. I felt stupid for going thru all the trouble & worry I did. I had wanted to get deep inside the country, as soon as possible (thoughts of the cops looking for the gun that made that bullet hole haunted me.) But the hole could of been made with a sharp pencil or pen. (or so it looked to me). I took the fastest route possible, the M-C freeway in southern Ontario, within sight of the water -

185. seperating the country's at times. Speed limit - 70 mp.h. I did over 90 once or twice - danger gave me an erection. There are no speeders in Canada. Gas is about 55 cents a gallon - the bargain places offer 42.9 regular. A can of oil is $1 & up. The right front wheel gave me no trouble. I detoured into Toronto for a rest (me & the car) and lunch. A friendly gas station attendent let me go a few cents better of him - something Americans just don't do. Saw a lot of hippie-types in London - an earlier gas stop. Beautiful shirt sleave weather in both towns. Very friendly people, I think expesaly if they see you are an American. And about the only way they can tell is by your car liensense plate. I had a small fear that my .38 would go off & kill some one driving behind me. And that my Browning would go off & make a nasty hole in my car. Unfounded.

It was about 230 miles across Michigan. About 450 thru Ontario to Ottawa. I think I left the Howard Johnson's about 10 am & arrived in Ottawa thru highway 16

about 9. I don't remember turning my watch ahead. Maybe I did it in the Toronto restarant. Canadians make the lousyest apple pie, so dry, you ever tasted. I must of had my suit on when I crossed the border because I had it on when I entered the Canadian capital looking for the biggest & best hotel their, the Cheteau Larior. (something like that) Got directions their from an Ottawa gas stastion attendent (I think every gas attendent I ran into except in London owned the place) who didn't have a map of the city.

I found it. Drove right up, somewhat ashamed of the dents on both sides of my car & asked where I park & how I could check it. Door man sent me to the parking attedente, who got a bell boy to take my luggage in. Drove all around & up & down the parking struture befor I found ONE enty space way up on the exposed roof. Wondered if they were full for the night, a Monday. (the 10th)

A polite clerk said a Geology convention was in town untill Thrusday. (the 13th, Nixon arrival date & supposed death day) The American Press covering the trip was in that hotel too. He confessed he had 3 more reservations than rooms & could take no stand-by reservations. As the best Ottawa has to offer, I thought Nixon would be staying in that hotel. I wanted to be close to him & live it up my last few days. Using the lobby phone I called the big places, they were full up too. I looked around for the bell boy, no can find, so I saved the tip & lugged my luggage to my car & started driving & looking. The same story EVERY-WHERE I went, nothing in the city limits a clerk explained to a guy in front of me, "The whole town is closed down." I drove to a lot of places in town that night, nothing. I had now spent about 4 hours in town looking for a room, getting very tired & very much pissed off. I remmember I said, "Damn this town! It isn't going to get me down! It wouldn't stop me."

188. I retraced my route into the capital city. Saw some cheap looking little places just outside the city limits. I went thru maybe 4 towns without success. The cheap lousy little places were even full, the last restort. I ended up driving 58 miles, 58 MILES, out of Ottawa to wake up a friendly guy for a room. I thought I would have to cross the border to get a room for the trip. About $9 for a 1/2 way decent room. I ate a few candy bars the next morning & drove off for a headquarters closer to town. Got a dumpy little runt of a room about 5 minutes from the city limits after trying 2 places a mile closer to town. Spent the rest of the day looking over the town & the airport. Ate a big dinner (& lunch the next day) at the airport & asked the waiter gausally after I finished if the President was going to speak there. He said no it would be at another airport! I couldn't find another large airport on my map. Watching the local T.V. news closely

& looking around as I drove to the Intrnational Airport I found the entrence to a Military Airport right next to the commericial one. He would arrive here, Uplands Airport.

April 22, 1972

I drove round the place a few times before the day of his arrival. The T.V. gave his expected motorcade route, Riverside Road. I drove up & down it to get familier with it. the T.V. & paper had said, were saying, & continied to say that Nixon was getting the heavest surcurity coverage of any President to visit Canada (& they all did since 1948). I gathered all of my things into my car. It was a driszeling day, cold in the lows 40's, about 2:30. Earlier I had driven all around town & got lost for a couple hours. It was confusing. There aren't a lot of suberbs close to Ottawa. Once you get out-side the city limits your on a country road. And it the city I was forbided to turn left only when I desperatly wanted to do just that. I got off track turning right to go around blocks. During the trip, I ended up going across the bridge to Hull at least twice. "Why don't they label this fucking street to Hull Bridge Only?"

190. I tryed t. conceal the gun in my rub . boot, it was raining & the puddels were bad in places. I drove to the International Airport & took a couple aspirin & adjusted the bulge in my right boot. I couldn't make it look as flat as the left one. And wouldn't it look funny me bending over & grabbing my boot as the President spoak? I left the boots on & put the gun in my pocket. Fuck it. With the tightest security ever I felt for sure a metal detector would be used on everyone. I thought the rubber of my boot would fool it, I don't know why. Dressed in my vested conservative bussiness suit & ovrcoat with gun & a tie that was just reduculus for anyone my age, I pulled up to the intersection of the Uplands entrance, the road to Interration, the road to town & a road along side the Uplands airport. This last road was patrolled by cops. I watched as about 4 cars got into the place without too much hassel. I wanted to wait a little longer but didn't want undo attention. I pulled up to the guards. Asked if I could get into hear.

191. the President speak. A guy who looked just like me in short hair & just showered features asked if I was a member of the armed forces. No, I just want to hear him speak. He said there was nothing for the general public, would I just make a U-turn please & he would be going alone this was in drag any minute & I could see him then.

Today I wonder if he checked military I.D.s. The drivers of the car that got thru must of had their I.D.s ready before they got at the gate. It seems that way now. From the very beginning of this plan I planned to get him at the airport as he addressed a happy Canadian crowd. Security was tight because of 12-15 or so deserters organizing a protest & about the same number of Canadian pafasists who were planning to protest his arrival & visit. There's a lot of tension that Canada is an American owned & almost governed colony. I felt a lack of independence all by myself without being told this. I was about ready to ask Canadians about this when I saw it on the front pages & in editorials of papers & letters to the editors & in the names of businesses & everywhere.

192. One of the political big shots there said, "Any political party not pro-U.S. will not win the next election." Talk about imperialism! Live under it in Canada then you can talk!

I spent about 2 hours driving up & down the riverside area over & over & over again. Surprised I wasn't stopped & questioned with my strange yellow American license plate & easily identifiable dented blue Rambler. Cop cars, very few, were parked along the road along uplands, not even a fence to divide the airport from the courious. I could of walked in but didn't know my way around once inside. And binoculars were probably scanning this area. Three men in reflective orange overalls & carrying flashlights (it wasn't really dark yet) searched the road the President would travel for bombs, wires strange diggings nearby etc. I guess. Had heard that snowbanks were watered down to nothing to destroy a hiding place for bombs.

Saw some men with hoses, cleaning the street He would use. Watched the news closly to stay on top of things.

193. All the homes & bussinesses along the route were questioned by Secret Service men & asked to be on the look out for strange movements in the bushes, strange cars etc. I saw a trench coated guy, an obvious SS cop, leave a home along the route & go into his car, he looked at me as I passed him.

. . .. Royal Canadian Mounted Police, RCMPs, the locals call 'em were parked or standing at every intersection & along some train tracks intersecting the route. A train could get thru any armored car! I had parked on a near by residential area, a couple different ones to rest & think.

Pulling up from a side street I asked a fat copy in orange traffic control vest where a good place was to watch the President. He pointed to a empty gas station at the corner. I thanked him & pulled in. A few cars were there befor_ me & had the choice places. I pulled behind them & had a good view of the road 'till more cars pulled in. Maybe 10-12 cars in all. A young handsome cop with a mustach took down all the licensens plate numbers of the cars coming into the lot. Anything to keep busy I guess.

194. It was a long wait. 40 minutes at least, maybe over an hour. Some cops on bikes roared by people got out of their cars & went to the curb less, sidewalk less road. I joined in.

Falsh alarm. Stayed out of the car 10 minutes, fingers got nume. That wouldn't do. I went back in & turned the heater on, still listening to the radio for news flashes. Earlier, I had seen the empty President's Lincoln Continental & all his cops & cars going in to the Uplands base. Against ten-of-thousands of people & tens-of-millions of dollars...

I had worn a "Vote Republican" button & a 3 inch "Richard Nixon (with his picture)" button to watch the motorcade. I exchanged looks at the Mr. Moustache, my gun inside my pocket. Fantasied killing Nixon while shooting right over the shoulder of that cop.

Came out & went inside again. Longjohn weather. I was conscience of my hands. Didn't want to keep them inside my pockets & get searched. Didn't want to keep them out & hare them too much.

195. Some folks there kept their hands in their pockets almost all the time, they weren't questioned & either was I. But I wanted to be careful, didn't know if a stop & frisk law existensed or what my rights were as an American hero. Felt added confidence with my suit on & short hair & shave.

Didn't recognize myself clean shaven at first. My head hair came in nice & thick.

People jumped from their cars. Would the assassin get a good view? Everyone moved in close (about 20 people). We were the only people other than cops for a few blocks.

He went by befor I knew it. Like a snap of the fingers. A dark shillowet, waving, rushed by in the large dark car. "All over", someone said to no one in particular. The following cop cars had 2 antentenas each & probaly walkie-talkies too - jam proof communications. Umbrella in one hand, pocket in the other, I walked back to my car. I had missed him that day. The best day to make the attempt was over, I thought.

Mr. Moustache stopped cars from leaving the lot too soon - possible joining the motorcade. Fatty in the orange vest stopped cars too. A neatly run operation.

196. The news the next day said there were very sparse unwaving crowds. Said the rain stopped some demonstrators from showing up to protest his arrival. All along the fucking Ottawa visit I cursed the damn "demonstrators". Security was beefed up - overly beefed up - because of these stupid dirty rats. To this day I blame them for partial responsibility in failing my attempt.

I started back toward my cheap motel. Realized that I had checked out & today was Thrusday - the fucking Geologists (I kept asking myself "What the fuck is a Geologist", as I carried my baggage to the parking lot of the Chateau & all thru the next day) & that city rooms would be avalible. The Chateau was filled with another convention - I wound up at the Lord Elgin about 4 blocks away from my first choice. Nice decent place.

Next few days we__ a little cloudy in my mind. I'll have to stop now & think.

I just ate lunch & took a nap. Its about 3 pm & I was up at 6 this morning. (Yesterday too) Nixon spoak at the Parilment to the Parilment that night. Protesters were there. I was in my hotel & getting my first close look at downtown Ottawa.

197. Cops had beracades set up in front of the American Embassy, across the street from Pariliment. Nixon was staying at Government House - a place where the opposition leader lives at government expense. I can't remember what Nixon did or where he went Friday. Let's see - I toured the National Gallery of Art - an excellent show house of the work of the masters if only because there are more guards then gallery visitors. Vandilism & graffiti do not exist there. Frank Loyd Wright's building at our own lake front is something else again. I locked my gun into my carry-on-bag & put it into my hotel closet as I had always done befor. I lunched in the Hotel (eating only 1 or 2 large meals a day all thru the New York, Canada & Washington trip - to save time & because travel food did not really agree with my guts. But I'm ahead of myself) walked around & ran into the Art Gallery 2 blocks away. Not being sure if I would ever have a change to get Nixon in Canada after missing him on my prime target date, I killed time inside. Some good mind-expanding work. On a "closed" floor (no exhibits) I

198. ran into a male & a female guard sitting & chatting. The guy in a dark blue uniform, the girl, a blond, in a light blue miniscrit uniform the female guards all wore. Sitting in the middle of the place on a small seat X the guy walked all the way over to me (me in my square suit) and kicked me out (I could see myself I was lost). Then he walked back & continued the romance. Waiting for the elevator a guard-boss came into the place & the lovers bounced up & apart like they had springs in their asses. "Just talking," the girl explained. Both of 'em acted real guilty about something. Bet you there engaged by now. And fired.

with the girl

Out of the Gallery I walked down Sparks Street were cars are prohibited. A woman, middle age gave me an anti-war / anti-Nixon leaflet. I glanced it over & handed it back to her, politely. What could I say to her? You stupid bitch stop this useless accomplish-nothing form of protest, let the sercurity slacken & I'll show you something really evective? Tons of leaflets have been handed out all over the world for years & what did they get done?

shopping area

199. Wipe your ass with this you radical commie? I support the President?

She was dressed decently. The hippie-types also tryed to give me this stuff, I looked away & walked on. Wonder what they would of done or thought of me if they could of read my mind?

Were the cops really afraid of these people?! Was Nixon afraid, really scared, of <u>them</u>?!

Th ey're nothing. There the new establishmen. To be a rebel today you have to keep a job, wear a suit & stay a political. Now THAT'S REBELLION!

April 23, 1972

I walked from Sparks St. right on to the main drag with the American Embassy on one side & Parliment on the other. Ottawa police formed a line between the sidewalk & the Embassy, about 50 cops. About 3 city blocks were cut off to traffice, pedestrians only. And farther green barricades prevented them from crossing the street without going

200. additional barricade. SHOCK! SHOCK! I saw what I took to be the President's car parked directly in front of the Embassy! Was he inside? Wasn't schcualed to be and WHY would he be in there?

I went immediatcly home, ran part of the way. It was about 15 to 2 p.m. when I got to the hotel. I stupidly took time to, I'm now ashamed & embaressed to say, brush my teeth, take 2 asperin & I think change from a salt & pepper knit suit into my black bussiness one. It was about 2:30 either when I left my room or when I arrived at the Embassy.

Car gone.

I had planned to get him as he entered the car. Saw about 6 white trenched coated (thought that was only in the movies!) SS men in front of the place with the car there. Less men with the car gone. Weather the front of the Embassy was used as a mere parking place (as I now believe) or BIG SHOT was inside I don't know. I took my time on the hotel room because he had made me

201. wait so long for him on Riverside Road. I didn't want to attrack too much attention standing near the barracade for so long waiting for Nixon. And I was concerned, overly concerned, with my apperence & composure after the bang bangs. I wanted to shock the shit out of the SS men with my calmness. A little something to be remmened by. All these things seemed important to me, were important to me, in my room.

I will give very little if ANY thought to these things on any future attempts.

After all does the world remember if Sirhan's tie was on straight?

SHIT, I was stupid!!

Maybe my above time reference was wrong. It could of been about 10:00, No! I remember having lunch and very slow service about 10 that Friday morning. Anyway I spent all Friday afternoon outside Parliment. Saw the Prime Minister's car (took it to be Nixon's) go into the grounds. Saw Nixon waveing (wife beside him) being driven up into the grounds ten minutes or more afterward.

202. started up a conversation with an Ottawa cop & he said they would talk about an hour. This period (exact times) is foggy in my mememory.

An RCMP in ceromonial uniform turned me away from getting into the grounds. I saw other people get in a little latter thru this & another entrence. I used the other entrence, past a gas fed flame straight up to the steps leading into the West Block of Parliment. The place was swarming with people. Mostly people who had been at the steps leaving. A few, like me, went in the other direction. I made my way as close as the public was allowed. Less than 30 people were with me. I was a little concerned over the lack of Canadian concern. We were held back by a green barracade & about 15 real pretty RCMD's in ceromonial uniform. They looked pretty enought to top a wedding cake, to the street, 100 yards behind, a red flag & banner carrying crowd & a guy with a bull horn yelled & marched. They marched up to & on to the steps just befor_, the mounties dyed of boredom. They had been shifting

203. their feet an ful lot with nothing to . Small consersations between groups of 2's were broken up went 300-400 shouting people marched in. THAT woke up the LITTLE DOLLS!

Mr. Bull Horn bounced his voice off the building with a couple dozen "Nixon Go Home" s. He turned to address the crowd. Some other guys spoke too. A wild shouting idiot shouted some senseless phrases. The kind of guy Hollywood hires to play the wagon train attacking Indian.

All speakers were heckled by 3 sick looking hippies, Heroin maybe.

After awhile it appeared the only protestors were the guys holding the red flags (2) & the banner (2) & Mr. Bull Horn (5 all together). A guy tapped me on the shoulder.

"RCMP", he says. He looks like anybody.

He goes in front of me & carefully photographes the speakers.

What a dope! Those noise makers were all on news film! He should of photographed the quiet ones. He never pointed his camera at me.

204. Looking back at the crowd, I saw 2 SS men (they were SO! easy to find) at each side at the foot of the stairs.

The crowd pressed close to the barracade. I had to be careful not to let anyone press against my right coat pocket and feel the outline of my noise maker.

The nuts tryed to get thru the barracade. Rushed back at once. More loud speaker talk. Too much noise for me, Nixon would never come up to shake hands with such a crowd, the one thing I hoped he would do at sometime during the trip.

I walked back to the gas fed flame, 20 feet from the street. A number of the 400 curious had walked back here for quiet. Earlier a Lincoln Continental had come & went from another door. The PM or just on empty decoy. 100 Ottawa cops in a double line formation jogged from the building to the gate. Waving again, Nixon was driven past me the 2nd time that day.

205. After a pause, the crowd was allowed to get lost. Looking up, I noticed earlier 2 SS men with binocculars on top I think it was the Embassy. I waved & looked directly at one of 'em to mock their whole fucking sercurity systems. I felt stupid afterwards when he looked right at me thru great big binoculars for minutes on end. Or at least till I had crossed the street & gotten to far under him for him to see me at all

I walked past the Chauteu, a little further on, & turned back to my room. That night Nixon went to a concert in his honor at the Performing Arts Center, 1 or 2 blocks from the Lord Elgin. A white tie affair for 2,000 by invitation only. I walked around the joint any way on my way to dinner at the Chauteu. Later it turned out that a political big shot was turned away by a mistaken Mountie. To wear white tie & tails & get Nixon -- boy, WOW! If I killed him while wearing a sweatty tee-shirt, some of the

206. fun & glamore would defionently be worn off.

Had a big Manhatten, straight, & an $11 meal at the Chauteu that night. $1 for pea soup alone. Salads were $2, I feared a meal in itself & didn't order any. Maybe vegatables (&fruit - orange juice in particular) are just expensive this far north. Had an expensive steak - always do when eating out. Was sitting their still woozy from the drink - maybe I had two of those things. Wanted it over ice, had said, "Manhatten - over," but what happened I don't know. Maybe ice is expensive this far north.

I went back to the bar. Another one of those things. Watching the band, tne people talk, the people dance, the barmaids, watching the people watch others. No desair to talk. Canadians drink a lot of ale. Ale bottles everywhere. A guy came in & asked the bar-keep for a drink to take back to the press room. Ice-less said it was against the rules. A short argument. The reporter lost.

207.

"Thats Canada for you," I said.

"It's not Canada, its just this (point to bar-keeper) fucking cant!"

Walks quickly away.

"A fucking cant is the best kind of cant to be," I say to the amusement of a fat man in glasses.

I give my barstool up to a guy so he can sit with his girl, after I took my time finishing my drink. An effort needed to walk straight, but less than needed after dinner.

About the press room. I had seen signs in the Chautau lobby pointing out the "White House Press Room" & a lot (25 maybe) typewriters & people in their. Earlier I had seen a ceromonial Mounty in tails & they (cops) all had a private party in a rented hall just off the hotel lobby. Couldn't join the party, didn't have the tails. Left my gun locked up for dinner.

208. Strolled into the press room like I belonged their. Read a blackbord & some papers on a corkboard. Only one thing useful. A note giving Nison's time schual for Saturday morning. When leave Gov. House, when arrive west block Parilment, when leave Parilment, when arrive Uplands airport. And the press people were to have their baggage ready "at 8:50 am NOT 9:00 am." I wrote it all down. The papers & T.V. had not given this out so detailed. A woman & man reporter (appeared to be together) came up behind me & complained about the early baggage call. I felt I found out about all I could from the place so I left. People were coming in from the concert.

Asked to be awakened at 7 am & though that I would be too tired & hung over to get up but I was up at 6:30 checking my notes & washing up and writting a real long sentence.

Had seen Nixon driven from the Arts Center on my way home. Walked around the place again. A ceromonial Mounty greeted me "hellow, sir" & we talked a little.

Well, I guess its all over for you for today. Tomorrow afternoon you can relax again.

Yeah. I'd like to relax. I've been working for the last 16 hours straight.

We parted. I was thinking that if he worked that hard, I should be working at least as hard. At this time I also began to think of following Nixon to Washington. Was about 1 am went I went to bed. Had a little admiration just then for Nixon. He must of been retiring about the same time. Was scheduled to leave Gov. House at 9:10 am, but he could sleep on the plane. I planned to meet him at 9:25 at the Parliment. He would sign a Great Lakes Pollution treaty (without reading it himself) & arrive at Uplands 10:10 am.

I didn't try to get into The Parliment grounds. There weren't enought people there for my taste. I hung around the front of the Embassy. Walked past. The 100 other cops & dozen SS men with my gun. A small accomplishment I thought.

Off to the left the protesters a large shouting mass, stronger & larger looking than Friday's petiful group, had pushed its way thru a driveway & marched up to the building. It seemed to serprish the cops & SS. Some men began to go over there. They were called back, "Let 'em thru." A new "hold" line closer to the building was set up. I was so busy trying to look saddened & concerned that they had gotton thru, I couldn't feel any satisfaction that sercurity had broken down under a harmless group.

It started to rain lightly. I entered a hallway allready occupied by a small 30tish woman, "You got a good place here," I said. She mumbled something. I turned to face the street & a trench coat stepped into the doorway obviously blocking my freedom of movement. It didn't occur to me at the time he wanted out of the rain too. Maybe he did. Yet I didn't want to be held in the doorway sultically or not when his car went by.

A commotion on the left got him out of my way. I left the cobby hole right away.

Nixon was leaving. He was driven out a gate just 20 yards or so to my right. The sparse crowd in front of the Embassy ran off to that gate. The SS & cops were in confusion. "Is he coming out?" "That gate?" A garboled voice came over the walkie talkie I moved close to hear & then he came out. About as far away from the protestors as he could get. The Ottawa cops, SS, & Mountier forced a line to hold back the crowd. I had a good view as he went past me, past me again, the 6th time & still alive.

I knew with the sparse friendly crowd, the protesters making noise & the rain he wouldn't shw himself for a succesful attempt. Waiting for him to come out that last time I even thought of killing as many SS men as I could.

Because I was pissed at them & myself & Nixon killing 5 or 6 Secret Service agents would get me on the papers SOMETHING to show for my effort. Killing 'em right in front of Nixon - digit!? I wasn't sure my flat tipped .38's would go thru the bulletproof glass. Didn't want to get emprisoned or killed in an unsucessful attempt. To have absolutely nothing to show - I couldn't take that chance.

Somewhere along the line - Friday or Saturday I got photographed by an SS man, I'm sure of it.

I was walking across Sparks Street & noticed a white trench coat crossing behind me, not looking at me no but awfully funny he should decide to cross the street the same time I did & just 15 feet behind me. I surely didn't think he was off duty! Shit! was he stupid or was I? He even stopped to look at the same window display as me. Then he carelessly walked ahead to the very next window. I stayed wore I was. He returned to my window walked around & on the

other side of me (again out of his way). I looked right at him innocently, he looked at me. He was tall, 6'3" brown hair, thin features, looked like a cop. A cop trainee. A cop trainee who flunked out. I continued to looked behind him & saw another trench coat aimming a 16mm camera at me. I looked up the street.

There was nothing in that direction to photograph. Nothing for an SS man to be interested in. Even a tourist (in a white trench coat, with a professional camera, with a careless pal) would not photograph something void of interest. I was certain the lens was pointed right between my eyes. Maybe that was it...

The big guy was to get me to turn right into the lens so SS could have a photo (& witness) & say "this man was in Ottawa when Nixon was."

I turned the corner & lost track of the big fella. Walked in circles of or a while & then back to my room - back to another surprish.

April 24, 1972 Monday

I sure now I was photograph Saturday, in the late morning. I guess their were right to do it. I had hung around there all alone & for a long time - too long to be innocent. Later I thought it would of been cute to do a Charlie Chaplin walk & twist my hat around my index finger & leftup a leg & spin around for the great movie makers. Maybe even call out to the Big Fella, "Hey stupid! I'm leaving, come on!" And walk up the street. They would of shit in their pants. Dropped the camera in surprise. Fonlded for the exposed roll of film bouncing out of the camera & gone chasing it like a couple of Keystone Cops. "Trench Coat Home Movies, Inc."

At my room I considered going home or going to Washington. Figured Ottawa was closer to D. C. than Milwaukee was, why 10 to Milu, when I might end up in Washington a little later anyway? Can't kill Nixy-boy if you ain't close to him.

It took forever to check out. Exchanged 5 Canadian twenties for 5 U.S. twenties at the Hotel. He wouldn't take any more. Had about $450 I gues - ain't sure at all. Packing my cloths (I can't spell a thing) I noticed the lock on my carry-on-bag was tampered with. It looked as though some one had put something into the key hole & turned it, creating a very noticablly enlarged key hole. My key was now too small to fit the hole. I further enlarged the hole inorder to get into my own bag. Nothing was gone. I don't think I had anything in there. Previously I kept only my gun, ammo & a salt & pepper knit suit in there. Now, all during my stay at the Lord Elgin I kept the T.V. or radio on - loud enought to be heard at the door - the lights near the door on, and a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door whenever I was not in my room. Enought stuff to stop a less determined sneak thief. My room was cleaned w ith a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door knob.

The bell captain said - no, a lot of burglaries had not been reported in this hotel - what else could he say without losing his job. The manager said - too confidently - that no one had been in my room - how the fuck could he be so sure? - but the maid. I told him the 3 precautions against thift I had taken. No, nothing was taken but would you take not of this & if it happens again you know it happened before.

Thoughts of the Secret Service - the always somewhat clumsy & confused Secret Service - haunted the back of my brain. If the hotel was co-operating with them - & why wouldn't they? - the SS knew my name, address, linsense plate & that I lessted the M.A.C. as my employer. A phone call to them & they knew I was unemployed. All together enought little tid bits to question me.

Maybe it was the maid, maybe the SS, maybe it was just me the day befor nervously & aniously going for my gun to return to the Embassy. But I don't remember being nervoius, being calm - super cool - was very important to me.

A determined punk could of cut thru the bag with a pen knief. Why did he just try to pick the lock? The metal was very soft & palitable. It could of given way (bended) beter a lock picker knew it. The attache case, with perhaps a somewhat better lock, did not appear tampered with.

That lock is still a mystery. I don't think he got it opened. Tryed - saw the hole he made & stopped.

Could it of been just photographed? !

HA, HA.

April 24, 1972 Tuesday

Shit! I am thruorly pissed off. About a million things. Was pissed off befor I couldn't find a pen to write this down. This will be one of the most closly read pages since the Scrolls in those caves. And I couldn't find a pen for 40 seconds & went mad. My fuse is about burnt. There's gona be an explosion soon. I had it. I want something to happen. I was

sopposed to be Dead a week & a day ago. Or at least in few hours. FUCKING tens-of-1,000's of people & tens-of-millions of $. I'd just like to take some of them with me & Nixy.

ALL MY

EFFORTS

& NOTHING

219.

CHANGED

Just another god Damn

failure

E?

Oh man, I a werewolf now changed into a wild thing. I could give it to the fucking mayor really fuck his little machine. Burn all these papers & what I buried & no one would ever know ½ of it.

But I want em all to know. I want a big shot & not a little fat noise. I want that god damn

tired of writting about it.

about what I was gonna do

about what I failed to do.

about what I failed to do again & again.

Traveling around like a hobo or some kind of comical character. I'm as important as the start of WWI I just need the little opening & a second of time. Nothing has happened for so long. 3 months. the 1st person I held a conversation with in 3 months was a near naked girl rubbing my erect penis & she wouldn't let me put it thru her.

FAILURES

223. Goddamn ws man on the radio says e weather today sounds "like a politi:ion we all know when he says, "Let me make this perfectly clear".

All the news this week has been about the S. Viets losing the war & the space shot. Nothing left for the primaries & Nixy in Moscow May 22-29. Fucking rain & cold all the time since I came back. Was was over in Canada.

Everything's wrong I'm even a week behind in my writing (Ha Ha. Maybe I need a vacation!)

224. THERE ain't one leaf on any tree in this fucking city. Had temperatures in the upper 20's last night. The fucker on the radio said the western suberbs could praise god because their high would be 54 today. 54 Shit!

EVERYTHING SHIT

225. Had bad p[illegible]n in my left temple & just in front & about it. Kept me awake for a - seemed a long time last night. Remember I had at least 2 night mares last night. Bad frieghtening dreams - that's a night mare ain't it? I allmost never dream & now when I did it was terrible. Didn't want to remember them long enought to write them down either then - was I 1/2 awake? - as at a later time. Forgot 'em pretty well now.

Everything drags on ...drags on ...and on ...

It was supposed to be all over now. Don't think I have enought money to pay the rent on the 15th next month & eat that month too. I gota get him. I'm tired, I'm pissed, I'm crasy.

Was gona get drunk last night - WOW - what a personality change. Decided against it - just wanted to pick a fight with the bartender somewhere or someone. Get arrested & then where am I. I got something to do - something big before I ever get arestted again.

226. Tired of ..itting, writting, a War & ..ace. Emphasis on the war, I keep throwing my pen. It won't be a nice composed vested suited man - it will be a mad man who kills hiton & he will kill him he will be dead.

I go crasy with delight when I hear Jhonny Cash's new record, "You but me Here".

"I shot you with my .38
And now I'm doing time"

Weather is shit. Called off a ball game for the rain. Called off another for the cold.

227. BLANK

I'm back to writing. May 4, 1972 Thursday 10 days have passed since my last entry. And even then I was a week behind in writting things down. Had to get away from it for a while. Needed some fresh air & exercise.

When I came back up untill my last entry, I morned my failures & stayed indoors - back to the exact same existance I had as before the trip. Everything was the SAME except I had less money. Much less.

I had to get away from my thoughts for a while. I went to the zoo, the lake front, saw "Clockwork Orange" & thought about getting Wallace all thru the picture - fantasing my self as the Alek on the screen come to real life - but without "my brothers" & without any "in and out." Just "a little of the do ultra violence."

I've decided Wallace will have the honor of - what would you call it?

Like a novelist who knows not how his book will end - I have written this journal - what a shocking surprish that my inner character shall steal the climax and destroy the author and save the anti-hero from assasination!!

It may sound exciting & fascinating to read as 100 years from now - as the Booth conspricy seems to us today; but to this won it seems only another failure. And I stopped tolerating failure weeks ago.

As I said befor, I Am a Hamlet.

It seems I would of done better for myself to kill the old G-man Hoover, In death, he lays with Presidents. Who the hell ever got buried in 'Bama for being great? He certainly won't be buryed with the snobs in Washington. SHIT! I won't even rate a T.V. enterobtion in Russia or Europe when the news breaks - they never heard of Wallace. If something big in Nam flares up I'll end up at the bottom of the 1st page in America. The editors will say - "Wallace dead? Who cares." He won't get more than 3 minutes on network T.V. news. I don't expect anybody to get a big thobbing erection from the news. You know, a storm in some country we never heard of kills 10,000 people - big deal -

pass the beer and what's on T.V. tonight.

I hope my death makes more sense than my life.

A few days ago I felt sick - a slight fever & hot feeling in my chest, sides, & back. A sharp pinprick moving pain in left temple. Headache, Weakness in my heart. And a feeling like a cool wind was moving in my hands. The pain in my temple stayed a few days.

Yesterday I went to see the Milwaukee Techinacal Colleoge Photography ' Department's show at Capital Court, ignored the shops. Unexpectedly, I felt such a sharp pinprick moving pain in my left side, I thought I would fall to my knees & then fall some more. I stood still & then walked slowly - like an old man - with only a hint of the pain left. The rest of the day, I took it easy. WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT!?

In my left side above my lower ribs.

It helped, I think, to hold my breath & then take only shallow breaths.

231. Still feel - & have for a while - a general weakness in my heart.

The whole country's going liberal. I can see it in Mc Govern. You know, my biggest failure may well be when I kill Wallace. I hope everone screams & hollers & everything!! I hope the rally goes mad!!!

May the 16th is primary date in that beautiful state across Lake Michigan - Michigan. Wallace is believed to be strong there. He'll have a rally in Detroit. I'm sure of it, once this weeks primaries are over.

I wish I could give it to the Nixonites who crossed over and made Wally-boy look strong with over 300,000 votes in Indiana.- A recurring fantasy of mind is to kill 50 or so cops & dicks in unmarked cars in this little community. I hate those unmarked cars & I can spot um any where.

I passed some time in Milwaukee's misdemeanor courts - would like to see a falony trial but I have to spend all next week in Michigan on business.

232. Soda water radio commercial says, "You gota lot to live". My anwser, "Yeah, about a week."

Just got back from seeing "Z.P.G." & "Such Good Friend$" (by Otto Preminger). Probably the worst picture he ever made. Jennifer O'Neil was great but the female lead was serious during the jokes & jokeious during the heavy parts. Z.P.G. had a piece that should of been shortened (an endless boat ride thru a sewer), but really hit home with people playing with dolls, paste-food, super-smog, etc.

"Good Friends" was as bad as "Vixen" by Russ Mayer. Dog shit with a plastic flower in it.

Funny ... I've got nothing to say.

Have I ever said anything?

233. I only hope s[illegible]one other than a peace o[illegible]ler, persecuter, judge & jury read this. But right now - I don't know why.

May 8, Saturday

Yesterday got books about Sirhan Sirhan, "R.F.K Must Die!" a Warren Commission like report by Robert Blair Kaiser & an unread as yet dumpy looking "Sirhan", by Aziz Shihab. I think he's a fake & a phony.

Gotta leave soon.

I'll stay here long enough to eat all the food up.

Still don't know weather its trail & prison for me or - bye bye brains. I'll just have to decide that at the last few seconds. Must secceed. Gota.

As late as yesterday I had thoughts of burying this whole paper & reading it decided later after I had gone to Hollywood (I KNOW IT SOUNDS INSANE, SO DON'T THINK IT)

& making my fortune on the old silver screen.

Sure! The same way I was gonna fuck 4 million of New York's finest.

That empty page awhile back represents my morning of last information. Like I said I got pissed & didn't write for awhile.

Crossing the "Bridge to America" I took a great drive - with thrilling manificent views thru some N.Y. mountains. Got a speeding ticket I didn't yet mail back to a judge. Then ran into a fog so thick I (in a hurry) slowed from a legal 60 to 10 m.p.h. at times. At 45 I thought it was more exciting than a roller coaster. I couldn't see the front of my car hood. I steered by the white line in the middle of the road & then a cop stoped me again because I was slowing traffic that wanted to pass! I drove about 250 miles thru that night fog.

235. Got into Washington 4-6 hours behind the schedul I set for myself, 4 AM instead of Midnight, earlier with a tail wind.

I was pissed at losing my Browning 14 shot & missing the Big Bastard so I went thru American customs with the .38 in my coat pocket. (suit on) I had lost all respect for "customs". A fat timide guy who either sucked his thumb or bite his nails looked in my trunk. He said, "OK", almost befor it was fully opened.

The first cop told me my right rear turn signal didn't work. Later, after honking at & passing a Milwaukee cop car I was ticketed for a burnt out tail light. (It had poped out of its socket I found out later. And replacing the turn indicator (in side the car) would cost $14. I used hand signals.)

I thought I was M.D.C. but was in Callotsville Md. - something like that-& was gona spend the night parked in a dark corner at a shopping center parking lot untill daylight. My reservation at Howard Johnson was nonexistent. The clerk sounded like he didn't want to be bothered. A real nice guy at some other place, 300 rooms maybe,

236. was full up to . Then a guy checked out . I was called back. A room in 15 minutes! But the clerk, after an inspection, said it would take an hour or so to clean up the real bad mess that guy left behind him. I was directed to the Sheraton N.W., & they charged me a whole day checked in after 4 am (out time 1 p.m.) But the guy their gave me a real big real nice room at the bussiness rate of $17 per instead of 20. I said a 2 week stay, it was only 3 days.

I was about 20 miles from D.C. & another 20 from the White House.

He never made an appearence for me. But had a big party the night he returned with an opera signer (big tits stuckup nose & all). Man I thought he had it good. One party after another for 4 years.

I left. Cheaper maybe to pay my rent $138.50 for 30 days rather than $17 per. I could drive back if anything required my presence.

And you know something? Our great leader made an appearence in front of the White House to shake hands with tourists the day after I left!

237. I was planing to be ther that day but was ed to use the day light to drive by. I never got in the building - Closed to vistitors on Sun. & Mon. & I goofed off Tue.

Saw a photo of his hand shaking - man he was right there! So Close! I tore the whole page to shreds.

I could of killed him for doing <u>that</u> alone.

I left a shitty waitress a 2¢ tip, two Canadian cents! Had a ¢5 meal.

You know America doesn't have to be imperialistic. She allredy owns the free world by reasons of economics. Compare the G.N.A. of US with all of Europe. Japan sends what? 50% of its stuff over hear? If America sneezes doesn't everyone say, "gonsunhdit?" Everyone in the leadership of Britain, Phillipines, Canada, all South and Central America & Viet Nam lock stock & barrel.

One example. In Canada the vending machines accept American & Canadian coins. In America the machines do not & to make it perfectly clear a large decal commands, "DO NOT USE CANADIAN COINS."

238. In Canada, U.S. coins are accepted as currancy by mahine & people.

An International bank in D.C. exchanged my $4 plus in small Candadian coins at 85¢ on the dollor.

We save our military imperialism for those areas not under our economic imperialism. But what bothers me is why do the factory owners - the rich - support all of our wars? Guess the rich get richer and the poor get shot.

Passed the last week or so fasinated with storys in the papers discussing murder, suicide & the death penalty. Disapointed that Michigan doesn't have the death penalty. But I remember from High School that a man can dround on one drop of water. I think I could do it if I held my head back and jaw open & quickly dropped an ounce of water down my throat without swallowing. Right into the wind pipe - by passing the food tube. I have other more realistic plans for that kind of stuff. I won't write them down.

239. I was afraid that 1st cop would ask me to top out & then pat me down. But I was NEVER in N.Y. befor so I had no record, there. I hid the gun in my umbrella close enought to use, & I would of befor he called my name & car make in, if I needed it. He was a real nice guy thou. The umbrella reminds me it also rained & hailed on top of the fog as I traveled down the east coast. I was really tired pulling into what I thought was Washington. But the weather there, ahh ....

I was overjoyed with the warm sunny weather. I kept shouting in happiness, "It's summer!" Temps in the 70's tee shirt weather. And grass! And leaves on trees! Pure green grass 3 & more inches high. (Not cut yet from winter I thought.

Back in Milw., the peatiful trampled into the ground brown hay was another world.

I took the toll roads from Washin. Soon as I went 200 feet on my last toll way, I took a wrong turn & went 20 miles back the wrong way. 40 miles total.

240. I was trying to drive & read the toll ticket at the same time! My smooth right front tire scraed me at times. I slide in turns & took forever to slow down or stop. Had it changed in Milwaukee. Thankful it held out.

And I was thankful - to nobody in particular - to be back in Milwaukee. Shouted & yelled as I drove across the Wis. border untill I made my first stop - the landlord's office. Wasn't in.

His handyman caught me in the laundry & I had to pay him. Didn't want to get kicked out or in cop-trouble but wanted to hold onto my precious remaining funds. Thought I'd be leaving again in days, weeks at the most.

Had thrown a lot away but didn't miss it when I didn't have it to morne over.

Felt like an utter failure.

241. Two-hundred-forty-one pages - wow! I should of been dead about 60 or 70 pages ago. This paper probaly would of made more sense then. Most of what I write now is blah. The main theme has left it.

I understand the principle of "less is more". And;

I tried to fuck lady-luck
But she locked her knees
And wouldn't please
The wedding cake
Arrived too late
And now we have to call the whole
thing off.

She has a sister
And she will screw
I'll race her engine
My penis made me
do it.

242.

Hey world! Come here! I wanna talk to ya!

If I don't kill - if I don't kill myself I want you to pay thru the nose, ears, & belly button for the beginning of this manuscript. The 1st pages are hidden & will preserve a long time. If you don't pay me for them, I got no reason to turn 'em over - understand punk! ?

One of my reasons for this action is money and you the American (is there another culture in the free world?) public will pay me. The silent majority will be my benifactor in the biggest hijack ever!

It was kidnapping in the early part of this century. Then hijack became popular with skydiving a often time extra added attraction.

I'm gonna start the next crime binge! HA. HA. And the silent majority will back me all IRONY!! The way! Irony!!

243.

Sunday May 7, 1972

There's les than a hundred pages in my "unhidden" journal. I was about right - 60 to 70 pages ago was to be one of those days "which will live in infamy" and all that. Yesterday I even considered McGovern as a target. If I go to prison as an assissin (solitary forever & guards in my cell, etc.) or get killed or suicided what difference to me? Ask me why I did it & I'd say "I don't know", or "Nothing else to do", or "Why not?" or "I have to kill somebody".

That's how far gone I am.

Often I've thought of just turning this whole manuscript over to a welfare (can I spell it?) pyscologist & asking for his opinion.

NURSE! GET THE JACKET!

If you think you need a doctor I guess you're

244. It bothers me that there are about 30 guys in prison now who threatened the Pris & we never heard a thing about 'em. Except that they're in prison.

Maybe what they need is organization. "Make the First Lady A Widow, Inc." "Chicken in Every Pot and Bullet in Every Head, Com., Inc."

They'll hold a national convention every 4 years to pick the executioner. A winner will be chosen from the best entry in 40,000 words or less (preferrably less) upon the theame "How to Do a Bang Up Job of Getting People to Notice You" or "Get it off your chest; Make Your Problems Everybody's".

245.

May 8, 1972

My heart again. Just after getting out of bed this morning, I bent over to put a leg thru my pants, felt a heavy intense pain over a large area of my left upper back. Tryed to put my pants on again. Same pain.

After straightening up & a few seconds time lapse, I noticed it came from behind my heart & I thought in front of my left lung. These arteries are called the pulmonaries I think.

One thing for sure, my diet is too soft. Weakens my posture maybe affects my insides too. I am one sick assissin. Pun! Pun!

I really feel releaf in my back when I lay in the floor. Regarding everything else; suicidal thoughts have been known to generate physical symptoms. Guess only my generator is healthy.

Read about ½ of Kaiser's book. Really like it. A good man with a pen.

Hard to feel any heart beat. It's very dull & shallow. Who would think an assissin

2/C. weak hearted?

Really would feel better if Michigan had a death penalty. The trial might be interesting but after the visits from the attorneys and how will I spend my time in my little cell? You know, suicide is a birth right.

I dreamed last night, Forgot it.

I just remembered something. When I flew back from N.Y.C., I ate at the usual resturant I eat at when I'm in a hurry. A counter girl recognized me + asked, "Did you just inherit a million dollers or something?" I was so surprised (I didn't see her at frst as someone else waited on me) that I made her repeat it, "Did you just inherit a million dollars or something?"

Then I realized how happy I was to be going to Canada (the boat would leave for Michigan in a few hours + I was sure I would get him and I thought about my staying at the Waldorf + that massuse). I admitted, "Yes, something."

I was always her biggest grouch before that.

247. Recalling that reminds me further; Diana Ross was at the Waldorf (as a performer). I didn't want to see her because I felt she had watered down her talents for the rich whites - broadened her appeal and narrowed her ability.

A Gray woman - you know?

Found something to do with my $10 Confederate Flag. Wiped the dust off my shoes with it befor polishing them. Its too thin to use as a polish cloth. "Wish I was in the land of cotton." Bang! 'Bama.

I'm gonna get convicted. It's gonna be very similar to Sirhan. Might as well flaunt the fucker. On second thought, fucking's too good for him.

"Shot you with my .38 and now I'm doing time. You put me here, you put me here."

I'll take the 3 am boat over the lake in 11½ hours. Damn weather is in the low 40's with clouds and rain. Can see the exhaust vaporize from tailpipes. Need a coat.

Hope he doesn't keep me waiting. Like I said, I could of gotten him 6 weeks ago. I'm absolutely sure of that. His agents are liberals. Wanna bet? It'll come out in court.

248. Or an inquest after my death. It all depends on how things go.

Abortion/ Orgasm/ and Holy Cow
When you're a fetus
The joys + tortures + boredoms
Of life
Are beyond your wildest dreams.
And who among the living
Can say they, once us, don't dream?
I wonder if
The joys + tortures + boredoms
Of death
Are beyond your wildest dreams.
And who among the dead
Can say they, once us, don't dream?

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249. May 13th, 1972 Saturday

Well I made it across the Lake. Ship left about 4 a.m. Didn't sleep too well. Got out of bed to see us sail past the break water and in to the sunrise. Arrived about noon. Was stopped on Highway 10 (all cars were) by a cop for "vehical inspection." He looked at my lincese driving and said, "Expires in 1972." That was my inspection.

Ate in Saginaw and read its paper. Wallace was all ready in the state for a few days. Next rally - Dearborn that night at 8:00. It was near 3 pm when I left. I started a frantic mad run for Detroit to ask directions to Dearborn - a suburb. Went into a black owned + run gas service station + asked directions. I made him repeat it 3 times so I could be sure. I thought, was certain, he said John C. Lawrence Freeway. He was saying John C. Leary or something like that. Went past it 5 times looking for the Lawrence freeway. I wound up at Cobo Hall + was lost again. Finally found Dearborn. Pulled in for a can of oil and changed into a suit + tie. It was about 5:30. Loaded my .38. Couldn't find the belt for my pants. "Excuse me sir, is this your gun?" Adjusted the gun many times that night. Arrived at Dearborn Youth Center at 15 after 6. Was lucky to find a parking place on a "Not Thru Street."

250. The hall was packed + 1,000 or so waited outside ahead of me. Papers said 3,000. I say 2500 inside; 2,000 outside. The speaker said a second rally might be held at 9:15 if enought people remained. Later I read they had done this in Flint + another city. Wallace talked till 9:35 + no second rally "Since the sound outside was so good." Yeah they had speakers. I did the best I could. Asked a cop sargent ordering all the other cops around were we could get in for the 2nd show, "which door do we use."

"Second show tonight? No, I don't think so. If I coulh't be 1st in line for the second show, I'd be near the entrance door for Wallace. There were windows on the sides of the hall and some people the lucky ones, had a view into the hall to see what they could hear. You had to stand up on a ledge to see. A make shift "backstage" area was formed by blue curtains seperating the back door from the inside audience. People at the 2 windowpanes closest to the door could, however, see all unobstructed. "Allways somewhat careless, " I thought of the S.S. The thin glass was weakly reinforced with wire mesh. But no trouble for a bullet at all. That was my plan.

When Wallace appeared behind the curtain we

251. "supporters" went wild. Crys of "I see him. I see him. There he is. He's right here". He delighted in "our" enthusiam. Came over to wave hello twice. Then came over to ask if we could hear the singers over the outside speakers. He used sign language. Expand himself 3 more good times for this - a glorified Junior High School Audio-Visual Aid. He took the podium. We at the window could see him thru a crack in the curtains.

As he spoke demonstraters marched around outside - now were inside. Guess they got there late too. "Wallace and the Lkan go hand in hand." "Stop Wallace. I spit as I walked past 'em to my choice viewing position. Had to wait a long time for someone to step down so I could get up there.

Dearborn cops carry mace behind their .38's and 2½ foot clubs. The longest I had ever seen up till then.

A tennage girl behind me said she could shoot him thru the curtain crake. She was joking about her intentions. A guy said something against Wallace. I was going to ask him who he would want to be President but decided to forgo the philosophy decision and wait for my opening. Half a dozen kids watched in near by trees.

He talked and talked. The ranks outside thined. Not even many at the windows. I cursed. I wanted him to wave

252. at us and come close as he left. He gave a couple cinema men some good "Wallace and supporters" shots. I wanted my shot to. Did the Secret Service men really think a piece of glass was a deterent? Not to me! I was all set. Jacket opened. A still cat be for he springs. Waiting . . . Waiting . . . He's left the podium!

He took less time to wave good-bye then he did to wave hellow. And he didn't come right up to the glass. 15 feet instead of 5 feet away. No ploden but . . .

Two 15 year old girls had gotten in front of me. Their faces were 1 inch from the glass. I would shutter with a blunt-nosed bullet. They were swe to be blinded & disfigured. I let Wallace go only to spare these 2 stupid innocent delighted kids. We pounded on the window together at the governor. These 10 be other times.

I was low on money & wanted a cheap place to spend the night. Drove past a place called the Capital or the Congress Motel. The name sign must of cost 'em 3 thousand dollars alone. Too expensive. Drove on down the street. No other places. Drove on down tht street. No other places. Drove back to the Congress Inn.

253. A cop didn't want me to park next to the building. "Dark over there, around the corner instead." I told him I just wanted to check in. I did what he said. Took the .38 from my pocket & put it under the seat.

Asked a reporter, as easy to spot as a ss "You got big doinds around here?"

He was bored, "Governor Wallace is staying here." as if to say, "no nothing big."

Jackpot!

The cop was stationed right outside a room, curtains open, full of his strategy people in conference. That's were I first parked.

No vacanties. Got a reservation at another joint. Asked the sergent at the door how to get there. Good directions. A good cop. I like a good cop.

Got tired of driving the 6 miles to the place thou & stopped at a cheaper joint. Thought I was lost against but was 7 blocks from my reservation. The girl who took my reservation never told me the name of her motel. All I had was a street corner. So I said fuck it & stopped at Allen Town (acity I think) & slept there.

254. Morning paper said he'll be in Cadillac. Michigan at 8 that night. Drove back the way I had come twice befor. 1 Nixon & 2 Wallace in Dearborn & stopped in Clare to eat a big lunch. My last meal as a free man I thought. Really surprised myself that I left ½ of everything on my plate. Veal cutlet-mashed potatoes-applesauce (I ate all of that) -& apple pie a la' moder milk (all of it). Took a couple aspern. Tried on a pink pullover sweater to see if it would cover the .38 drug waist. It didn't. Wanted to wear something different than I wore in Dearborn. All the wail Wallace talked, his ss men, the ones behind the curtain goofing off smoking a pipe (a dark serious guy) & a couple others downing sodas, got good looks at me. And Caddilac is a long ways off from a Detroit suberb. On my way out saw a couple Detroit cops frisk down a couple guys in the road. Thought for sure if the ss saw me in Caddilac, they would feel justified in asking me a few questions "Following us?" "I just wanna see the Governor," sir."

Arrived in Caddilac well ahead of time. Found out were the High School gym was from a drive in. The local paper & the radio told me to look for the gym.

255. Except for some unpaved streets (on hills mostly). I liked the town. I guess with snow & ice unpaved streets are best on hills.

In Dearborn a kid pointed out "Police Chief O'Riley." A nice looking guy. I imagined myself apologising to him & cheering him up with, "Don't blame yourself for the lack of security, blame the Secret Service," I would of told him that had I been succesful.

I would see plenty of local big wigs in Caddilac. It was a really beautiful day. I drove around the gym & parked near a lake. Layed down & relaxed with a paper over my face. Had to piss. Had plenty of gas. Had plenty to eat. Where to go? A bar. Had 2 Manhatins. Drank 2 glasses of water. The dranks didn't bother me much at all. Except financialy. A buck each. Nice little bar. Good bar tender. I thought of sirhan. He had 4 drinks & was he claimed drunk, when he did his thing. One of the songs the female organist sang touched me. Forgot what it was.

The mayor or some political bigshot came in & all rised their glasses to him. He said he introduced Wallace to all the local bigshots & took plenty of time doing it. Wanted to be on the local TV that much longer. "I never knew I

256. was a ham!" He broke up the crowd. That was at th airport. Two hours ago. On the news that night I watched as he shook hands with everyone & his brother over the airport fence. A fence is surcurity? I would be relaxing in jail & not running all around trying to catch him now if I was at the airport.

I left for the rally. Arrived 6:15 behind a crowd of 125 or so. I knew I was late when I left the bar. Smalled talked with the shit head next to me.

The same singers. The same songs. Two ss men flank the stage on each side as Wally talks, cut stage behind his usuall high bullet-proof podium. More agents flank the crowd & the stage entrence. Bored gargoyles, unmoving, unemotional, searching. One with a coat on his lap. Rifle inside? I am, at the very most, 35 feet from my target. In the 5th row. Too far to risk. Need a swech. I am the most enthusiastic hand clapper for the songst the speak. Want him to feel confortable. The crowd isn't as responsive as in Dearborn.

I want to get closer. "Shake Hands. Shake Hands," I cry. No. He has to go to New York from here tonight & with the time zone change & yak yak. At the end of the speech, I try to push the people in front of me & in my row forward or out of the way so I can get close. No lack. A dozen big shot behind Wallace were introduced as being for him -- mayors of hamlets & other guys. Yet why was't this crowd responsive? I DID THE MOST HAND CLAPPING, ALL THE SHOUTING, & WAS GOING TO START 3 DIFFERENT STANDING OVATTONS BUT FELT THE CROWD WOULDN'T FOLLOW ME.

I bet HE <u>didn't want</u> to shake hands with them! No cheers or speech interruptions! A gread disappointment for him I bet. Poor guys. What would he have done without <u>me</u>?

It took me 3-5 minutes or more to get out of the building. These SS men are a different crew than was in Dearborn. No suspisions. Wallace was not out of the area yet! Another security breakdown. And no cops to hold back the crowd from stepping in front of his following cars!

He was driven out, I got a look at him, in a Caddillac (what else?). Must of shook hands with the people outside to cause the delay. Or he talked with his people & some reporters before he left. The car was moving when I saw him & didn't know if he was on the left or right side rear seat. Dask on the car of course. If it stopped ...

After all, who ever heard of a bullet proof Caddilac?

The following cars were stuck behind. A smart agent opened his door wide to sweep people away. A nice trick. Almost too late. But <u>almost</u> doesn't count.

I walked to my car swearing, swearing, swearing. Spent the night in Caddilac. Amost 10 o'clock. Too late to drive. Too tired. Too pissed.

He'll be back in 3 days to cover Jackson, Kalamazoo, & Lansing the capital of Michigan.

Drove to Lansing.- Read its papers. Drove around it. Drove right out. Demonstrators again! Shit! Against the mining of N. Vietnam. Shit! If it wasn't for demonstrators 4 weeks ago ...No mining.

Remember Ottawa! TRA-TAAAA!

Cops in East Lansing had positively the longest clubs I ever saw & they needed em. All 4 feet of 'em. The kids had barakaded a street. Lots & Lots of cops & cops in riot gears. A place to avoid without a second thought for what I had it mind.

Went to Jackson. Then read its paper. Headline "Jackson Cancelled for Warren". Considered going back to Warren -- a Detroit suburb really hard to find on my map. Said a "downtown" rally. "Outside?" Something different. Saw him talk outside on T.V. in Escanoba or Marquette. I favored on indoor rally. His schual was Warren at 3 & Kalamazoo at 8. If I went to one, I couldn't drive to the other & get a good close seat. I considered alternatives very carefully.

He wanted to go to Warren cancelled Jackson for it.

He was well treated in another Detroit suburb. Warren was outside. Kalamazoo inside. I would have to fight all of Detroit to get a good seat in Warren. Kalamazoo wasn't so populaeded.

When I heard that 1/2 of the states votes were in the Detroit area, I decided right then to go to Kalamazoo & meet him there. A short drive from Jackson. I stayed at a hotel overlooking the Kalamazoo National Guard Armory where he'ld talk. Watched it carefully. Wanted every thing perfect. Paper said 10 % chance of rain Sat., today, afternoon. I'm checked out of my room & sitting in my car now & writting & its raining, like a son-of-a-bitch. Will this spoil everything?

Was very warm yesterday. This morning I could smell rain in the air. He'ld talk at a $25 plate dinner. Then at the Armory, capacity 2,300. Then leave for Maryland tonight for 2 days of campaning. They have a primary the 16th too.

He drew 4- 6,000 in '68 at a near by city Park. Read the paper in the beautiful mall area of town. Listened to rock music, in a park. A small ineffective protest is planned today.

Wanted to be the 1st in line. Thought I saw people standing in front of the place at 9 this morning. They moved on. Rain is letting up slowly now. It's about 1:30.

He isn't in Warren yet. But I'll soon be on the front steps of the Kalamazoo Armory to welcome him. Got a sign from compaing headquarters here. To shield the go for the gun.

Is there any thing else to say?

My cry upon firing will be, "A penny for your thoughts."

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Arthur H. Bremer

Ottawa, Ontario

1. Need birth certificate for Canadian entry
2. copy of the car rental contract and
3. a Canadian customs form to leave a rented car in Canada.

Biggest hotel (or motel) in Ottawa, Ontario is the Chateau Lauvier Motel (515 units) next to war Memorial, Conferation Square, overlooks Parliament Building and Rideau Canal and the Art Center.

Airconditioning, color TV - radio. Single $16 - $22. Indoor pool, sauna and turkish bath. Phone (613) 232-6411.

Resturant 3 - $7.50. 7 am to midnight, not the best food. Try the Embassy, 60 Bank St. at Sparks St., shish-kebab and steaks. The Butler Motel for food. Lroo Tavern Dining Lounge, 201 Queen St. Tourist season is May - September.