

ar spent": McNamara planned to close down three or four of the Navy's twelve shipyards; the Navy yards at Boston, San Francisco, and Philadelphia headed the list. He was well-armed with a report, released in June, that showed the cost of shipbuilding in Navy yards ran as much as 25 per cent more than the cost of the same work done in private facilities.

When newspapers reported that some of the big naval shipyards were to be closed, McNamara's "irate congressmen" exploded. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts and House Speaker John McCormack went to bat for the Boston Navy Yard. Sen. Hugh Scott, the Pennsylvania Republican, appealed to the president to save Philadelphia.

After a night of conferences that included Mr. Johnson, McNamara finally made public the list of military facilities that would feel the ax: 26 in this country and seven abroad would be closed or pared back; 8,500 civilian jobs and 800 military positions would be knocked out in the next three and a half years. ("I'd like to have seen the list before Lyndon went over it," one Pentagon official said.) McNamara said, "work would be found elsewhere for those who became unemployed, but some would have to move. By 1967, 106 million a year would be saved.

Hunt for Jobs: So far, however, the Naval Repair Facility in San Diego, Calif., was the only one of its kind slated to be closed. There, where 1,872 civilians and 26 Navy men will have to find new jobs, Rear Adm. Leslie Gehres, retired naval officer who is chairman of the San Diego County Republican Central Committee, said McNamara's decision was "inexplicable . . . political rather than economic because the Democrats can consolidate their position in Long Beach [where the nearest similar naval facility is situated], an area that has been more friendly to the Democrats than the historically Republican stronghold here."

Of the fourteen states afflicted, New York faced the biggest losses. Its Republican senators, Jacob K. Javits and Kenneth B. Keating, introduced legislation requiring the Defense Department to notify the Area Redevelopment Administration before closing down large military and naval bases.

Despite the angry screams from Congress, McNamara was holding firm with full support of the President who had apparently decided that a few outraged congressmen now were worth provoking the voters that he could slash expenditures when he had to. And McNamara let it be known that more cuts would be forthcoming. Among them: 10 B-47 bases in the United States, in England, and in Spain; some of the big shipyards.



Newsweek—Bernard Gotfryd

Rankin: Detective story

THE ASSASSINATION:

Report From the FBI

The detective story of the century comes in five volumes—two of typewritten text covering 127 pages and three of letters, documents, photos, and other exhibits. The covers are flexible blue plastic, with white spiral bindings. Embossed in silver on each cover is the round seal of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Over the seal on the first volume, in silver capital letters, is the title: "INVESTIGATION OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY." The second reads: "INVESTIGATION OF THE KILLING OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD."

As a detective story, the still-secret FBI report—ordered by President Johnson and delivered last week to his select investigating commission—is singularly lacking in mystery. Without judging Oswald, the 88-page first volume recites once more the overwhelming and already well-aided evidence that he was Mr. Kennedy's assassin. Volume Two—39 pages—retells an event that millions of Americans saw on television: Oswald's death two days later at the hands of Dallas strip-joint owner Jack Ruby. All in all, said one of the select few U.S. officials who have read it, the report contains "few surprises."

Lost Words: Yet it did contain some disappointments for Justice Department officials who screened it before passing it on to the commission—not in what it says but in what it leaves unsaid. It was "very readable—remarkably well-written," one insider said, solid on physical evidence and on Oswald's erratic psyche. But what about all the rumors that the assassination was a conspiracy? For senior Justice hands—and for top FBI officials as well—the report leaves

too many questions unasked or unanswered beyond the recurring phrase, "There is no evidence."

In light of widespread speculation that Oswald wasn't alone, those were precisely the questions that needed to be raised and convincingly explored. Washington is keenly aware of the public's need to know. Some officials hope to get out a preliminary statement before Chief Justice Earl Warren's Presidential commission renders its judgment, perhaps two months from now. "But if that FBI report came out now, as it is," one Administration official told NEWSWEEK's Jay Iselin, "the press would raise the roof at the things left unanswered."

Dossier: Volume One starts with a detailed account of the assassination and the capture of Oswald within the hour in a Dallas movie theater. Then it takes up the key circumstantial evidence against him: the smudged fingerprints and the shreds of clothing on the murder rifle, the ballistics tests, the palm prints in the sniper's nest in a Dallas schoolbook storehouse, the handwriting on the rifle purchase order. It does not, as some accounts said, declare him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt; such judgments are not the FBI's style. But so compelling is the evidence that one skilled lawyer who read the report concluded: "If I'd had to defend him, I could only have pleaded insanity."

On one point of doubt—the number of shots fired—the FBI offered its own flat answer: not four or five, as some newspaper accounts said, but three. Further, the report discounts the diagnosis that the wound below Mr. Kennedy's Adam's apple was an entry wound—an unlikely and perhaps impossible shot from the assassin's sixth-floor roost. The FBI insists that the President was hit twice—first in the back of the right shoulder near the nape of the neck, then in the back of the head near the top—and both times from behind. The report of a throat wound? Perhaps it was an exit wound; perhaps the final answer would remain less than 100 per cent certain because Mr. Kennedy's throat had been opened in a tracheotomy. And the stories of a windshield bullet hole in the Kennedy limousine? The FBI didn't mention it, but other sources said it was fractured—not punctured—from inside, probably by a ricocheting fragment.

Each of those points tended to support the official view that the assassination of President Kennedy was the work of one man. And so did the FBI's collection of biographical fragments, dating to a boyhood psychiatric report diagnosing Oswald as a potentially dangerous schizoid personality. The biography takes up Oswald's Marine career, his defection to the Soviet Union, his leftist eccentricities, his sullen, loner temperament. It places his income at \$3,500 in fourteen

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or fifteen months before the murder and details how he got by on so little. It says he probably was the sniper who took a potshot at retired Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker in Dallas last April 10. "He comes out," one reader said, "as a very mixed-up soul, resentful of authority, really weird—but not a likely person to be suspected as a potential assassin."

Were Oswald's resentments fixed on the President? In Dallas, Michael Paine, who took in the jobless Oswald and his family in September, told NEWSWEEK: "[Oswald] talked about Kennedy every now and then, and Kennedy was the only politician he talked the least [bit] favorably about." But what about the Presidency as a seat of power? By Oswald's "Marxist" lights, a former Marine buddy told the FBI, Mr. Kennedy's predecessor, Dwight Eisenhower, was a capitalist plotter against the exploited masses. "I'd like to kill Eisenhower," the report quotes Oswald as having told his fellow Marine in anger.

Troubling to justice men were the gaps in dispelling conspiracy talk.

Q and A: Was a second rifleman in the window at the Texas School Book Depository? The report doesn't take up the question. Was there anything to the rumor Oswald brought back \$5,000 from Mexico seven weeks before the assassination? The FBI denied it but failed to spell out its reasons. Had Oswald been at a suburban rifle range with another man—as witnesses in Dallas said—

to take target practice the two weekends before the killing? The FBI said privately that it had no proof; it didn't mention the matter in its report.

How did Ruby get into the Dallas jail basement to kill Oswald? Volume Two tells in exhaustive detail how he slipped past a guard at the west entrance—but doesn't name the guard.

And what about the commonest rumor—speculation that Oswald and Ruby were somehow linked? No evidence, says the FBI report, dropping the matter. "That's not enough," one Administration insider said. "We've got to lay out exactly what's been done to track down every single lead." FBI officials agreed.

Beyond that, the burden of completing the mosaic fell to the Warren commission. While members started studying the report individually, Congress rushed through a bill empowering the panel to issue subpoenas and induce balking witnesses to testify by granting them immunity from prosecution. And, as general counsel, the commission hired J. (for James) Lee Rankin, 56, a New York Republican lawyer and U.S. Solicitor General under Eisenhower. Insiders said he was picked by Warren, who had watched him work before the Supreme Court.

Rankin and a staff of lawyers—some hired from outside and some borrowed from the government—will screen the FBI data, mark the gaps, and ask the bureau to fill them in. Plainly, the FBI's five volumes were only a beginning.

CRIME:

All in the Family

In the seamy streets of Brooklyn's Red Hook, a district that spawned the late Al Capone, bloody warfare has been raging for more than two years. Young, hungry hoodlums of the Gallo gang, once an enforcement arm of the rich Profaci gang, revolted and fought to gain control of profits from bookmaking, numbers, and loan-sharking. The Profacis, entrenched and powerful, fought back just as savagely and more effectively. The death tally to date: nine Gallos, two Profacis.

After seven months of scheming, the police hit on a novel stratagem. Last week they arrested all known members of the Gallo gang who were at large—seventeen in all—and charged them with conspiring to kill 22 Profaci mobsters. "It is the first time ever to rid the nation of an entire gang with one fell swoop," announced Aaron E. Koota, chief assistant district attorney in Brooklyn.

The roundup was executed with elaborate care. Thirty-five detectives were ordered to report to the task force's secret office at midnight; not until they arrived were they told their mission. Then, in groups of three, the officers set out to pluck the Gallos from their beds.

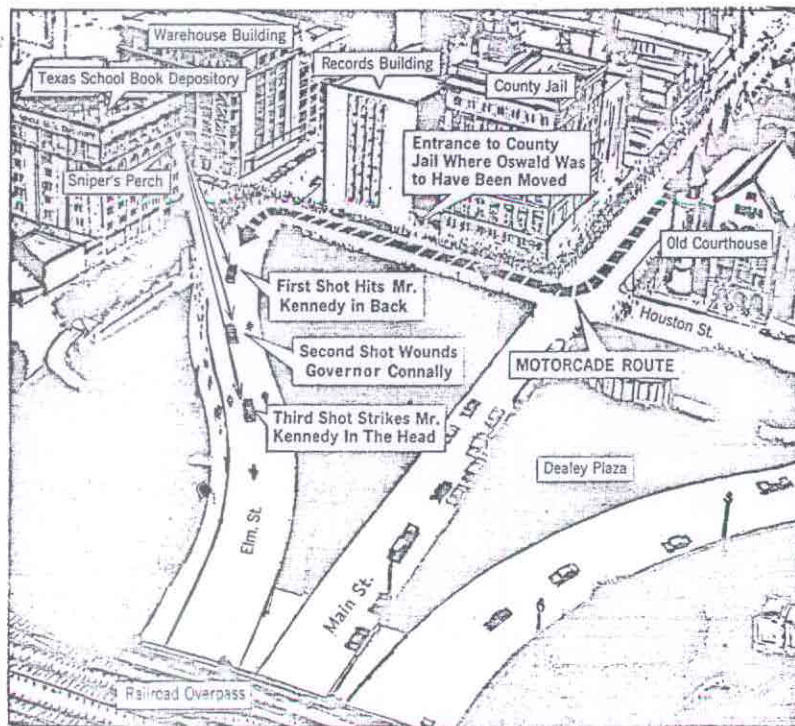
At Mother's: Albert (Kid Blast) Gallo Jr., the only one of three Gallo brothers at large, was asleep at his mother's house and went along quietly. Lawrence (Big Boy) Gallo, the gang's presumed leader, will be arrested this week when he finishes serving four months for lying on a GI home-loan application.

Arrested and held under bonds ranging from \$50,000 down to \$15,000, they were a docile, down-at-the-heels lot mostly clad in unprepossessing surcoats and rumpled slacks; by the weekend, as police had surmised, only one man had been able to raise bail.

The authorities had managed to keep the peace. But the price was clearing the field for the more menacing Profacis. Joseph (Fatso) Magliocco, who inherited leadership on the death (in bed) of Joseph (Olive Oil King) Profaci, still dwells in baronial splendor on Long Island. Through his henchmen—John (Johnny Bath Beach) Oddo, Hugh (Apples) McIntosh, Salvatore (Sally the Sheik) Musacchia—Fatso still operates the rich rackets in Red Hook, stronger and safer than ever before, with not a Gallo in sight.

The Sinatra Caper

Singer Frank Sinatra Jr., 19, and trumpet player John Foss had polished off a Sunday supper—rare steak for Frank, roast chicken for John—and were lolling away the time before going to work



Scene of the crime: JFK's rendezvous with death in Dallas