November 1966

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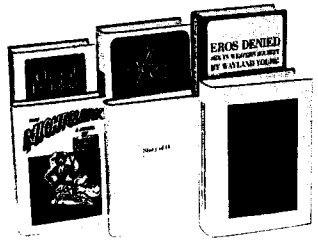

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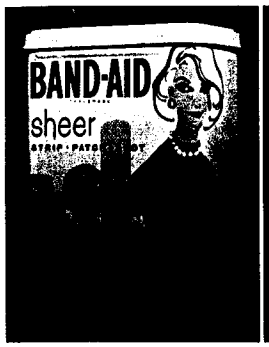

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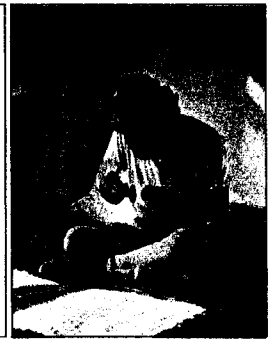

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

YOU HAVE PERHAPS been wondering in idle moments if Jessica Mitford has yet dumped her island. She has. Six venturesome RAMPARTS readers gathered on Inch Kenneth—the Scottish island for sale hawked recently in glorious technicolor in these pages—and tried to outbid each other. We don't know who won since the post is impossible from the Hebrides, but we presume somebody did. So successful have we been in unloading this unlikely real estate (island estate?) that we have begun an advertising agency. It is called Advertorials, Ltd. with offices at old 301 Broadway, S.F.

Advertorials are part ad and part editorial, which should be translated as we will only do ads for things we believe in, or at worst, just for the hell of it. Art Director Dugald Stermer wrote and designed the Inch Kenneth series, so he gets to be President. We made Account Executive, and this is part of our job. All this genius is available only for cash money, so please don't write collect.

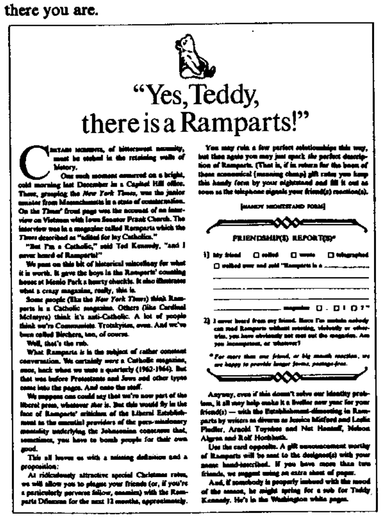
Enough will have been said about our ace Warren Commission sleuth Penn Jones Jr. by the time one gets through p. 50, but let us add an aberrational footnote. Mr. Jones maintains the only extant collection of barbed wire we know of in the U.S. on his ranch in Ellis County, Texas. The ranch also boasts the only working water wheel in Ellis County (though it takes a kick and a run up the hill to the pump to get it going). We visited Mr. Jones there and found him, in addition to serving up a distinctly mellowing brand of branch water, to be one of the last of the great American populists. The measure of his Americana may be gauged by the fact that Penn Jones' son is the drum major for the University of Michigan marching band.

Foreign Editor Scheer has been kicked upstairs to M.E. and Research Editor Sol Stern has been nominated a News Editor along with former Staff Writer Gene Marine. For more details read the agate type on p. 5. On this magazine, you can't tell the editors without a program. W.H.

[ADVERTORIAL]

"Yes, Teddy, there [still] is a Ramparts."

We suppose we are as nostalgic around Christmastime as anyone else, and besides, due to a somewhat alarming growth in circulation over the past year, many of you may never have had a chance to see the advertisement we ran in the December, 1965 issue. So here it is. You may have to steal a magnifying glass to read it but there you are.



A lot has happened to good old Ramparts since this advertisement first appeared. For one thing, thanks to a few generous contributors to the national interest, Teddy Kennedy now has Ramparts on his required reading list.

For another, we finally found out what we are; or to be more accurate, what others think we are. Nearly everyone, from the *New York Times* to *Publishers' Weekly*, agrees that Ramparts is consistently the most talked about, most read about, magazine in the country today. Almost every issue of the magazine has sparked a national controversy of one sort or another; from Special Forces Master Sergeant Donald Duncan's exposure of the Vietnam War as a lie, to the massive investigation of the C.I.A. brought about by our report on its collaboration with Michigan State University in setting up the Diem regime.

What with our stories on the hopeless condition of liberal politics in California, the "School for Spies" at the University of Pennsylvania, the mysterious deaths surrounding President Kennedy's assassination and others, our editorial rooms seem continually besieged by cameramen, reporters, and commentators in search of a story. (We forget whether it was Chet or David who called Ramparts "the most controversial magazine since Mencken's *American Mercury*," but anyway it was on Huntley-Brinkley's special 12-minute coverage of Ramparts.)

Of course we are still at the business of chipping away at the Johnsonian Consensus and like that, but we've added a number of new authors and editors to the ones mentioned in the above advertisement (back to the glass); writers the like of Maude Hutchins, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Jacobs, Jean Lacouture, Paul Krassner, Jakov Lind, and a startling new discovery—Eldridge Cleaver.

That about brings you up to date. Since nearly every news medium has been constantly defining us in print and on the air, we no longer have much of an identity problem. But take heart: The new year promises to be just as lively for our readers, as well as the reporters and commentators haunting our doorstep.

You wouldn't want to keep all that excitement to yourself, now would you. By just making use of the form opposite, and our ridiculously low Christmas gift rates, you can share the fun with friends, relatives, and, in the prevailing spirit of good will, you might even renew for Teddy.

Marginalia

EDITORIALS   OPINION   TRAVEL   ETCETERA   LETTERS

Editorial:

NOVEMBER 22, 1966

Our first inclination was to believe the Warren Commission. Along with the majority of Americans and a large plurality of the American press, we were awed by the absolute massiveness of the Commission's 26 volumes. By the literal weight of the evidence, Oswald had to have murdered the President, alone, as the Commission found.

It has been difficult to dislodge us of that conviction. We believe in the capricious nature of history. We are not conspiracy-prone. And we were, frankly, unwilling to embrace the frightening extensions of the proposition that the Commission was wrong.

The first manuscript seriously questioning the Commission's conclusion came into our editorial rooms over a year ago. It was a reasoned essay by an established writer, but we declined to publish it at that time. We elected to withhold any comment on the assassination until we were convinced that the Commission had actually compromised the truth about the assassination. We are now certain of that.

In the past eight months a team of Ramparts editors, aided by researchers and trained investigators, has read, re-read, catalogued and analyzed the 26 volumes of the Warren Report. They have traveled to Dallas a dozen times, and interviewed nearly 100 people throughout the country knowledgeable about the assassination. They have come to the conclusion that the Warren Commission has done the country an enormous disservice; that not only the odds but the evidence are against its conclusion; that the weight of evidence indicates the existence of more than one assassin.

Indeed, there would seem to be two conspiracies. One was to murder the President. The other was to cover up the blunders of various federal and state agencies which made the assassination possible, and to present the public with a panacea.

We do not believe the two conspiracies are related. We pray they are not. But as is becoming clear with so many things about the assassination, we just don't know.

This uncertainty is traceable to the large amount of basic evidence relating to the President's murder that is being withheld from the public. More than one-third of the reports in the National Archives relating to the assassination are kept classified by "interested agencies"—half the FBI reports are unavailable, most CIA investigations remain secret.

Some evidence is gone forever. The original autopsy notes were burned. The interior of the Presidential limousine was ordered destroyed by the White House. A freeway sign at the assassination site which allegedly had a telltale bullet hole has disappeared.

One of the FBI documents that has reached the public—a report on the President's autopsy—flatly contradicts the Warren Commission autopsy version. This is extremely significant since the FBI report makes anatomically impossible the Commission's thesis of one lone gunman.

The hard evidence that would resolve this most serious question—the x-rays and autopsy photographs of the President's body—are more than unavailable. They are, astonishingly, unfindable. Also missing are several key spliced frames from the motion picture film of the amateur photographer Abraham Zapruder—evidence that is the cornerstone in the Commission's reconstruction of the murder.

The questions that Penn Jones and David Welsh raise in this issue—and the serious criticisms of the Warren Commission made in recent books by Edward Jay Epstein, Mark Lane, Leo Sauvage and others—cannot be resolved unless this evidence is released.

The responsibility for the mounting doubts, theories and confusions must therefore be placed first with the Warren Commission and now with the President who has the power to invoke a new investigation and release the necessary evidence.

It remains the continuing responsibility of the public to demand answers to the unresolved questions of the assassination. To remain silent, according to the dictates of "good taste" or out of fear of the repercussions, is no longer defensible in the light of the very serious charges, backed by substantial evidence, which have been leveled against the President's Commission.

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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301 Broadway
San Francisco, California
Telephone: YU 1-4070

Cable Address:
RAMPARTS, San Francisco

(cover photo by U.P.I.)

RAMPARTS is published monthly by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California, Telephone YU 1-4070; NEW YORK OFFICES: 10 Sheridan Square, New York 14, N.Y., Telephone WA 4-5525; PARIS OFFICE: 86 Rue de Lille, Paris. MUNICH OFFICE: Ainmillerstrasse 1/III, 8 München 13. Subscription rates: $7, one year; $13, two years in U.S.A. and possessions. Foreign rate: $8, one year; $15, two years. Single issue, 75 cents. Copyright © 1966 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS should be sent with return postage and self-addressed envelope. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: All editorial and advertising correspondence should be mailed to 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California. SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: All subscription correspondence, including address changes, should be mailed to RAMPARTS Subscription Dept., 1255 Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80302. For change of address, send both new and old address (enclose recent magazine address label, if possible). Please allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Printed in the United States of America.

Opinion:

THE VIETNAM ELECTIONS

by Marshall Windmiller

I SPENT TEN DAYS in Saigon just before the election interviewing politicians, Buddhist leaders, intellectuals, Catholics and students. Among these people cynicism and contempt for the government were the overwhelming sentiments and the elections were regarded as a farce.

In the electoral history of Vietnam, elections have been tightly controlled charades designed to enable authoritarian governments to claim legitimacy and popular support.

This has been the pattern in both North and South Vietnam, and the respective regimes have always pointed with pride to the large voter turnout as evidence of popular support for the government and its electoral procedures. In the National Assembly elections in North Vietnam on May 8, 1960, 97% of the eligible voters voted and a third of the polling centers even recorded a 100% turnout. Ho Chi Minh was returned in his constituency by 99% of the voters. Similarly, in the Presidential election in South Vietnam held on April 9, 1961, 85% of the electorate voted and Premier Ngo Dinh Diem received 89% of the total. In the National Assembly elections held September 27, 1963, just before the overthrow of the Diem regime, 93% of the voters voted, and Diem received 99.9% and Madame Nhu received 99.8%.

Few American commentators would now assert that any of the above events represent even an approximation of democracy. But with the announcement by the Saigon government that the voter turnout in the September 11, 1966 elections was 80.8%, American government and journalistic opinion hailed the election as a great step toward democracy. "It shows," said the President's foreign policy adviser, W. W. Rostow, "that the people of this country, by and large, given the chance to vote, move in the direction of democracy. It's a good step and heartening for all those in the world who believe that in the end power resides with the people."

The purpose of the election was to elect a constituent assembly of 117 members. The duty of this body is to draft a new constitution, and its composition and rules of procedure were spelled out in Decree No. 21/66 issued by the Saigon regime on June 19, 1966. Article 20 of the degree provides that the present government can amend the draft constitution in any way it likes if it can muster one-third of the votes plus one. Thus to turn the constituent assembly into a rubber stamp, the government needed to elect only 40 of its people. In its Decree No. 22/66 it made sure that this would be easy. This law describes the electoral procedures. It is a long and complicated document which I found most people, including some government officials, didn't understand. It provided for a list system of voting wherein the voters had to chose among lists rather than among individual candidates. Yet the members of the lists did not share a common party or platform. Government candidates were so distributed among the lists as to guarantee a high percentage of winners. For double insurance, military personnel were permitted to vote wherever they happened to be on election day. Thus flying squads of troops could be moved into doubtful constituencies.

THE CHOICE of candidates was not impressive, for the electoral law specifically banned "those who, directly or indirectly, act for the benefit of Communists and neutralists, or have activities that aid the Communists." The government carefully screened all candidates and admitted to having disqualified 59 out of 539 as "Communists or having a criminal record." Buddhist leaders and well-known critics of the government knew better than to apply. It is reported that there are 5000 Buddhists presently in jail because of previous political activities. Former Premier Phan Huy Quat, a moderate, did not run and told me that he thought it was more constructive for him not to take a public position for or against the electoral procedures.

The government admitted that 55 candidates were from the armed forces, but these figures were impossible to verify because many military men used their other professional designations, for example, doctor, on the ballot. The law made this possible and in some cases required it. The average voter didn't have the slightest idea whom he was voting for.

The official *U.S. Army Area Handbook for Vietnam* (No. 550-40) describes how a voter turnout was assured in the days of Diem. "Officially," it says, "there is no fine or penalty attached to non-voting. The authorities, however, tend to regard voter participation as a criterion of loyalty, and the citizen may find his motives questioned if his identity card does not show that he has voted."

It was clear in Saigon that the Ky regime had the same attitude. Rumors were widely circulated that voters' cards would be used for rationing or travel passes and that people whose cards lacked the poll cachet would find themselves in trouble later. It was a powerful incentive to vote.

The voters were under contrary pressure from the NLF, and there were several incidents of terrorism apparently designed to frighten voters into staying away from the polls. To some extent then, the election was merely a contest to see whether the government or the NLF had the more effective methods of coercion.

AT ANY GIVEN TIME there are about 1500 foreign journalists in Vietnam. Even if they had organized themselves to divide up the task of reporting the actual voting, they would not have been able to observe all 5230 polling booths scattered throughout the Saigon-controlled territories. The Vietnamese journalists are intimidated and censored, and their reports on a matter of such importance to the government are hardly trustworthy. For these reasons it is impossible to verify the government's claims about the turnout and about the number of blank or spoiled ballots. The regime ran the show and counted the ballots. It is worth remembering, in addition, that General Ky agreed to the elections, only after the Buddhist uprisings last spring, which were embarrassing to the military regime in Saigon and even more damaging to the claim of American spokesmen that the U.S. was intervening on behalf of the popular government.

The primary purpose for the elections was to create the illusion that the Saigon regime enjoys the support of the Vietnamese people and that American intervention on its behalf is legitimate. With the prestige of Nguyen Cao Ky and Lyndon Johnson riding on the outcome, the high turnout was certainly predictable.

Johnson and Ky may fool the American people and they may be fooling themselves, but visits to New Delhi, Paris and London on my return from Saigon convinced me that they are not fooling many people in these key capitals. I was surprised at the amount of distrust of American policy in Vietnam, and at an anti-Americanism of a magnitude I had never witnessed before.

The repressions of the Ky regime have forced a polarization of Vietnamese politics. For the moment at least the Buddhists and other opposition groups have been weakened by arrests of cadres and by the denial of free speech and a free press. Opponents of the regime are forced underground where they are immediately embraced by the NLF. Ideological differences become blurred and Catholics and Buddhists alike find themselves working with the NLF whose organization is intact, strong, and growing. Hostility to Ky and to his American backers provide the common bond. At one time the Buddhists provided an alternative to Ky and the NLF. Now they are being inexorably pushed into the arms of the Communists. Johnson and Ky may advertise their 80.8%, but it will not change the fact that they are sitting on top of a rumbling volcano.

Marshall Windmiller, an associate professor of International Relations at San Francisco State University, is the coauthor of Communism in India *and author of* Five Years in Free Radio.

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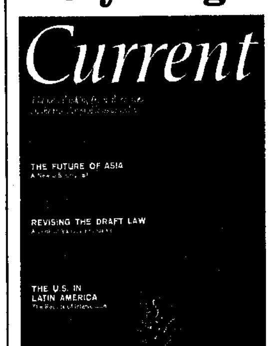

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AMERICA'S FOREIGN LEGION

by Sol Stern

IN THE WASHINGTON headquarters of Selective Service Chief Lewis G. Hershey, hangs a glass encased scroll identified as "Haile Selassie's mobilization order to the Ethiopians" when that country was invaded by Italy in 1935. The order reads as follows: "Everyone will now be mobilized and all boys old enough to carry a spear will be sent to Addis Ababa. Married men will take their wives to carry food and cook. Those without wives will take any women without a husband. Women with small babies need not go. The blind, those who cannot walk, or for any reason cannot carry a spear are exempted. Anyone found at home after the receipt of this order will be hanged."

General Hershey has a generous sense of humor. Selective Service doesn't issue such Draconian decrees, but Hershey himself sometimes seems to share Emperor Selassie's idea of service. At 73, the gruff old general is the living incarnation of the Spirt of '76, with his belief in the need for a citizens' army. A hulking, silver-haired, 200-pounder, squinting through old fashioned gold rimmed glasses, Hershey at a congressional hearing is an anachronistic reminder of the American Legion patriotic bombast that still surrounds the myth that all citizens shoulder equally the burden of protecting the nation.

But Hershey's Selective Service System masks the reality. The idea of an equitable, democratic draft has fallen victim to America's new self-appointed role as the white policeman of the world. Instead of a citizens' Army, the Selective Service is turning out a cheap version of a mercenary Army made up of society's rejects. An American foreign legion is emerging out of the crazy quilt and deliberately rigged policies of the Selective Service.

During recent hearings before the House Armed Services Committee, Representative Alvin E. O'Konski told General Hershey, "The system is undemocratic and un-American. It nauseates me. How can I defend it to my people? They say that the poor are always with us, but if the draft goes on this way the poor won't be around much longer." O'Konski cited the shocking statistic that of 100 men drafted from his district in the previous six months, not one had come from a family with an annual income of more than $5000. Speaking was not a left wing populist but a relatively conservative Republican.

Not only the poor are filling the ranks of America's white policeman's army. Ironically it is also the black in disproportionate numbers. According to Selective Service spokesmen, Negroes at the present time are being drafted at a rate of 11 per cent, approximating their percentage of the population (for some years the percentage was as high as 15), but this statistic obscures the real story. Significant is the large number of Negro voluntary enlistments and reenlistments, statistics which sadly suggest that the Army offers the average Negro recruit more dignity and financial security than he is likely to find in the civilian world.

TAKE THE TYPICAL Negro recruit just out of high school. Outside the service he faces the prospect of either unemployment or an unskilled low paying job and a segregated life in a bleak ghetto. If he reenlists there is relative security, increasing financial remuneration and greater status. There will be a reenlistment bonus and periodic pay increases. If he behaves himself he can make sergeant in a few years. If he goes overseas he gets an extra $20 per month. If he sees combat there is an extra $55 per month. Overseas he doesn't pay income taxes. Going to Vietnam may be dangerous, but for the non-commissioned officer in a combat unit it could mean anywhere from $500 to $1000 per month in take home pay. Not surprisingly, the reenlistment rate among Negro first term volunteers is a staggering 49 per cent—almost three times as high as the rate among whites. Black faces are beginning to fill up the ranks of non-commissioned officers, especially in combat units.

"Mercenaries" is what Stokely Carmichael called them. It is a pathetically apt observation. The Negro has been seduced into the ranks of the white policeman's army by the same society which refuses him any other option for finding dignified work. But the Negro soldier is also paying a very high price. In Vietnam black G.I.'s are contributing 22 per cent of the total casualties. Back home the society which they serve keeps them unemployed at a rate twice as high as among whites.

The poor are drafted and forced to enlist and the blacks are bought. Yet a college educated person who wants to stay out of the service badly enough can, with a little effort, do it—and with-

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

To further the cause of peace in Vietnam and social justice in America, help re-elect John L. Burton Assemblyman from the state of California. Send any contributions to Burton for Assembly, 995 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

This is the first issue of Aspen magazine.

George Lois, Tom Courtos, Ralph Tuzzo designed it.

Until now, every magazine was a bunch of pages stapled together. It arrived in your mailbox folded, mutilated and spindled—usually with more ads than editorial. Last year, a group of us enjoying the sun, skiing and unique cultural climate of Aspen, Colorado, asked ourselves, "Why?"

Why, for example, couldn't a magazine come in a box? *Why* shouldn't an article exploring jazz be accompanied by an LP record illustrating in sound our words in print? *Why* couldn't each article be a separate booklet, in the shape, color and paper most appropriate to the subject?

We kept asking why for months. *Aspen* magazine is the answer.

Our first issue is now out and our second is on the way. Our editors, no longer limited by the restrictions of a bound magazine, could let their imaginations soar. And they did. They began thinking in three dimensions. And there was no end to the exciting ideas.

Each issue of our magazine in a box will contain any number of delightful surprises: Wildflower seeds, tea samples, swatches, or puzzles; booklets in the manner of Japanese scrolls or illuminated manuscripts; blueprints, a bit of rock or an LP record.

There's no end to the editorial possibilities. And our advertisers will share in the excitement. In future issues, you'll find a sample of a new ski lipstick. A tiny salt spoon. A new perfume. Ads are in a separate section we call our Ad Gallery, and it will be shared by companies who share our standards of quality and taste.

In short, *Aspen* is the first three-dimensional magazine. Each issue will be designed by a famous graphic artist. George Lois, Tom Courtos and Ralph Tuzzo designed the first issue. And it shows. Future issues will be by Frank Kirk, Andy Warhol, Henry Wolfe and Onofrio Paccione, and we can't wait to see them.

The format will change radically each time. But Aspen is more than a delight to the eye, it will also be a feast for the intellect. We promise that its content will be as original and rewarding as the format.

We'll cover everything that enhances life and anything that can be described as a civilized pleasure of modern living—from skiing and wildflower watching to houses and humanities. There'll be articles on art, architecture, music (always with a record), dance, gourmet dining, nature and conservation, underground movies, avant garde theatre and iconoclastic people—even how to make your own wine and mead.

Why do we call it *Aspen?* Because we're using that cultural spa of the Rockies as a point of view, a state of mind, a symbol of the free-wheeling, eclectic life (much as The New Yorker uses New York).

Does it sound exciting? It is. Does it sound expensive to produce? It isn't cheap. *Aspen* is published bimonthly. Each issue is $4. A charter subscription (6 issues) is $16. That's $8 below the single-copy price of $24. If you subscribe now, you'll start at the beginning with the first issue.

Also, we'll guarantee you that our magazine is in fact as great as it sounds in concept. If you hate it, you can cancel at any time and get a pro-rata refund promptly. You have nothing to lose—and at the very least a conversation piece and collector's item to gain.

Let's go.

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out going to prison.

Official circles provide some excellent cases of how well situated young men can make do with the present system. The President's son-in-law, Pat Nugent, managed a convenient six month reserve stint in the Air Force that put him in Washington. Actor George Hamilton, a sometimes rumored-to-be future son-in-law of the President, managed to avoid even that inconvenience. He is the sole supporter (a $200,000 home, a $30,000 Rolls Royce and a $100,000 income) of his four times married mother. That, according to Selective Service regulations, is a hardship case.

There is no reason to believe that Hamilton and Nugent escaped the war in Vietnam because of political influence. It is merely that certain classes of young people just don't shoulder rifles if they don't want to, and Nugent and Hamilton are of that privileged class. The sons of our nation's legislators are also of that class.

This magazine conducted a quiet survey in August of this year to see how the sons of congressmen were faring under the stepped-up draft calls for the war in Vietnam.

A total of 146 senators and congressmen have one or more sons between the ages of 18 and 26—there are a total of 191 such sons in all. RAMPARTS was able to track down the whereabouts of all but 13 of them. Of the 178 thus accounted for, only 16 were serving in the Armed Services, and only one was in Vietnam.

The one young man serving in Vietnam was Clarence Long, Jr., son of Maryland Congressman Clarence Long. Long, 22 years old, was a paratrooper with the Special Forces, who obviously wanted to be where he was. The other 15 were mainly commissioned officers (graduates of the service academies and products of ROTC) or had enlisted in the Navy or the Air Force. Apparently none had been drafted.

But the myth of a democratic draft dies hard—a myth the military has a vested interest in propagating. Pentagon officials have admitted in congressional testimony that the draft's purpose is to spur voluntary enlistments, which give the services the kind of enlisted men they want at the cheapest possible cost.

The draft is exploitive, unfair, a sham—it is all of these things and worse, and the military wouldn't have it any other way. The generals actually don't want the George Hamiltons, the congressmen's sons, the college students on the front lines. The battlefield commanders in Vietnam want their soldiers young and innocent. The younger soldier, without any commitments back home, will more likely take the risks necessary to fight a successful jungle war. The generals are thinking of wars like Vietnam, tough gritty guerrilla wars that have no seemly purpose and are politically unpopular.

NOTHING MAKES the Pentagon so jittery as the possibility of a truly equitable draft system. The lottery system proposed by some congressmen leaves them cold. The only changes the Defense Department is even talking about making these days merely confirms the present trend. The Pentagon wants to start calling 19-year-olds first instead of working down from the oldest available, and Defense Secretary McNamara this summer offered a plan to rehabilitate 40,000 previously rejected registrants—who were disproportionately young, poor, black and uneducated.

When the French were fighting their colonial wars in Vietnam and Algeria they never dared send recruits into battle—for fear of the domestic political repercussions. But the United States, with its much more ambitious and globe-girdling determination to breach the tide against wars of National Liberation, needs large land armies that are militarily effective and politically safe.

Simply put, the military planners in Washington want to have their cake and eat it too, and so far they are getting their way.

They need a professional army—an American version of the Foreign Legion. But the costs, financially and politically, of such an Army are prohibitive. The Pentagon estimates it would cost from $6 to $20 billion, added to the current military budget. But a fully professional Army also runs counter to the American grain. It would be an admission of the unpopular nature of our military role in the world to have a publicly acknowledged mercenary Army shouldering the unpleasant burden. And the present system provides the Pentagon with a close approximation of such an Army without any of the costs.

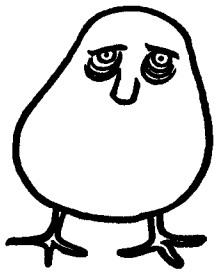
But the war in Vietnam has put enormous strains on the system. This Administration, which has withstood the political impact of teach-ins and anti-war demonstrations, may yet see the draft become the Achilles heel of its Vietnam policy.

As the escalation of the war in Vietnam increases, the campus protests against the draft will also grow in size and intensity. Student groups are planning protests that may throw the American campus into a more serious crisis than was produced by the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. Some are planning to organize leagues and unions of draft refusers. Others encourage the filing of C.O. claims to foul up the system. Already the number of C.O. applicants has risen from one in 1000 registrants in World War II to one in 300. Because of the enormous backlog, it now takes up to two years for the Selective Service to rule on most of these applications.

Recently, three young recruits from Fort Hood declared they would not fight in Vietnam. They were not much unlike today's typical recruit. Two of them, David Samos and James Johnson, had never been political before. But for this first act of protest they received the incredible sentence of five years at hard labor. Dennis Mora, the third recruit, received three years. If they had refused to register for the draft, they would have received two years or less. The military, frightened by the dangerous moral example of the three young privates, bared the hard fist behind the civilized processes of the system.

The present draft law expires in 1967 and the White House and the Pentagon are scurrying about looking for gimmicks that seem to offer marginal reforms to appease an increasingly critical Congress. But even with the best of intentions, the congressmen will come face to face with the same dilemma as the military. The trouble is not so much with the machinery of the draft as it is with American foreign and military policy. You can't fight colonial wars with a democratic Army.

[The Truth Shall Make Ye Silly Putty]



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Jules Feiffer: a magnificent idea for closing the credibility gap; also a playlet whose theme is that sex is dirty after all.

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Letters:

ECHOES FROM EAST 15th

SIRS:

I have just finished reading Gene Marine's "The Soprano on West Fifteenth Street" [RAMPARTS, August 1966], and he is so right. If his clarity of thought and understanding of the present human condition was achieved through the use of one of the new "consciousness expanders," let's start a campaign to put LSD in the coffee of those squares on Capitol Hill.

ANNE JOHNSTONE
Miami, Florida

SIRS:

Dope gives misery style. The cooler of emotions, it takes one out into the galaxies of nebulae land. If your author's name is Gene Marine, it should really be Gene Air Force because he is trying to convince me there is something glorious about taking a dive into the chaos known as the outer limits.

Harlem has a lot of consciousness-expanding drugs floating around (the largest concentration of soul-misery is in Harlem, too). Dope is sold fast in the ghettos, because booze won't help.

Cuba!
A major American novel of the Revolution:
"THE YOKE AND THE STAR"
by Tana de Gámez (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95)
"A fascinating story written with great historical authority and the deepest sense of humanity."
—*Maxwell Geismar*

I'm so down on anti-life pushers like Mr. Marine that I'm going to wear an Eldridge Cleaver button forever. Eldridge Cleaver is for life. Life!

Do you expect genuine commiseration for such a trumped-up revolution as yours, when right at this instant a *real* flesh-blood revolution is vomiting up its tears and bile to make itself even faintly recognized?

I predict that you will have a following of precious people from all over—all over the funko world of lank-haired individuals who never seem to recall exactly which crusade it was they started out with in the first place.

BARBARA CALVIN
Baltimore, Maryland

SIRS:

Gene Marine composes a new symphony for the American people to hear—complete and irrevocable in its tonal dissonance.

Our realistic author did not remember to look at a recent cover of Time magazine, its four-color cover "pasted" up with the engaging image of today's most famous murderer, Mr. Charles J. Whitman. The cover of Times magazine! What next? A billboard on Times Square? Or even a four-color fold-out in RAMPARTS?

For, if what you say is true, Mr. M., one day very soon, I will have to be very careful on my regular trips to the supermarket on the corner! Lo and behold, as I wheel my metal cart up and down the fluorescent aisles, I will see in red, white and blue jars and packages—"Mrs. Nitzberg's Old Fashioned Heroin Balls,"—or "Jack Frost's Zippy-Nippy Sugar Cubes"—maybe, too, a carton of King Size Mentholated Filter-Tip "Merry Maries"! And finally, on the way out of the market's magic doors, my children will be able to slip some pennies into those bubble gum machines, but instead of brightly colored delicious surprises, dropped into their hands will be two Enovids!

NORMA CROHN
Mamaroneck, New York

THE ONLY GOOD GERM IS A DEAD GERM

SIRS:

I was a graduate student in the Department of Political Science at the University of Pennsylvania last year. Although your criticisms are well-founded, several qualifications are in order.

Firstly, among the graduate students, P.S. 551 is not known as "a good thing." Secondly, although the Dyers may be "well-liked" in a Lomanesque way—something of which I have no knowledge—their puppetry of the academic is a source of embarrassment for most.

The fact that this course has been maintained for ten years is a sign of laxness and irresponsibility. In the last year, however, students and faculty alike have been engaged in efforts to discourage the university from activities such as these and those at ICR.

SUSANNE D. MUELLER
Belmont, Massachusetts

GYNECOLOGICAL NOTES

SIRS:

No one but an American male would write facetiously of women as "virginal lady reporters" and "menopausal waitresses," as did W.H., commenting on his MSU encounters in the July issue of RAMPARTS.

Nubility is probably a valid criterion for dividing women into categories, but what is W.H.—editor or gynecologist?

Meanwhile, back at Michigan, the butt of W.H.'s labels will read and squirm—dispatched by a blow to her physiology.

FLORENCE F. JAMES
La Mirada, California

SIRS:

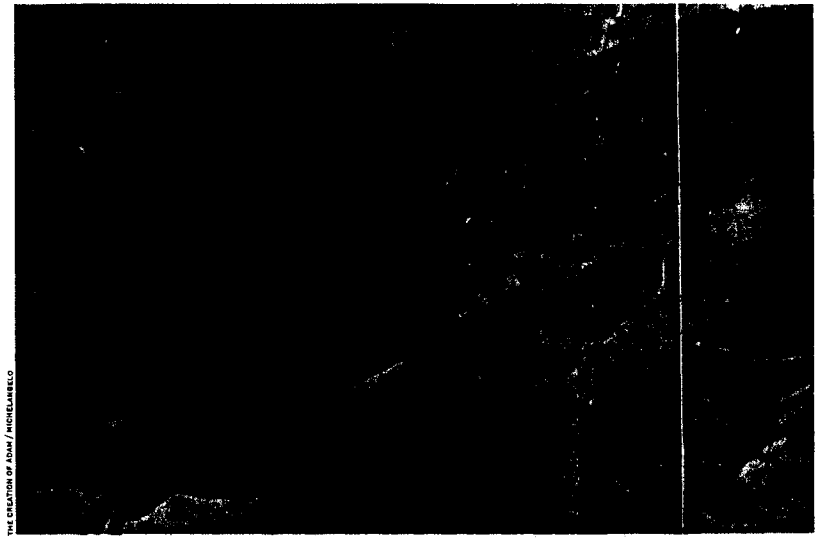
I write to take exception to your phrase, "Menopausal waitress." It is a small remark but it is also a sexual slur that reveals an underlying bigotry. Women, as a disadvantaged majority, are ill served by the biological determinists and the special pleaders who speak on their behalf. So it is perhaps not surprising that such an ingenuous attitude can appear in such a sophisticated context.

In any case, I hope you won't offer as your defense the stock paraphrase: "Some of my best wives were women."

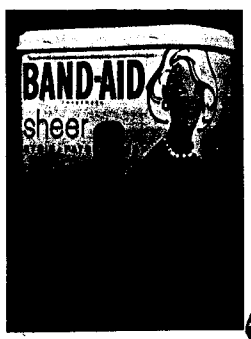
NANCY REEVES
Los Angeles, California

White Power ILLUSTRATED

by Dugald Stermer



THE CREATION OF ADAM / MICHELANGELO



BLACK STAR

ERIK WEBER

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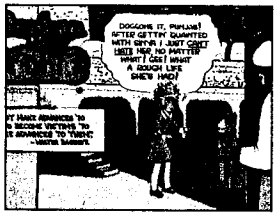

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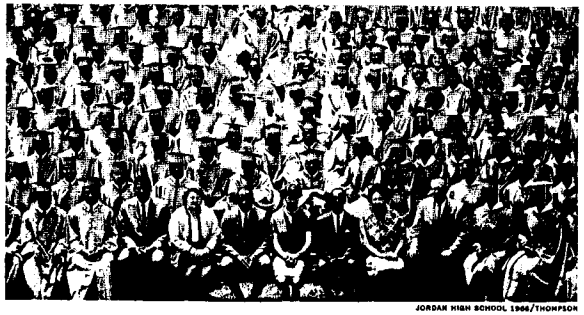


JORDAN HIGH SCHOOL 1966/THOMPSON

"I've got nothing against the Colored, understand."

Prelude: Think about White!

DURING THE LAST WEEK of August, WKBK-TV, Chicago, reviewed on its early evening news program the tense racial situation in the city, then branched out to film coverage of a riot in suburban Waukegan and a demonstration surrounded by hostile whites in nearby Wauwatosa, Michigan. As the announcer paused for breath, the screen switched to a Purex commercial, and a peremptory voice instructed me:

"Think about *white*!"

I had been thinking about white. In fact I was sick and tired of white. News reports of jeering, rock- and bottle-throwing whites, some of them waving Nazi flags or wearing Ku Klux Klan robes, had brought me to Chicago, sent me up and down white streets, into white restaurants and rectories and bars. White power. Turn into a cold and accurate and factual report the hundreds of conversations the sum of which, internally, is a sick and miserable despair.

I can't. But maybe I can tell you about some of white Chicago. I wish they were all Nazis: a sickness you can understand and try to cure. I wish they were all different, the product of some peculiar midwestern malady. I wish they didn't live next door to me no matter where I live.

I: Ashland Avenue

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE Ashland Avenue, no matter what ghettoes you might know about in other cities. It runs north and south through Chicago; in the West Fifties it is the *de facto* eastern border of an all-white neighborhood called Gage Park; in the West Sixties and Seventies the eastern border of an all-white neighborhood called Chicago Lawn. I saw it first from a bus, and though it wasn't my destination I got off to stare. Because at that point you could build an 18-foot-high concrete wall down the middle of Ashland Avenue, and if you left room for the bus to get through you wouldn't need any other gap. Nobody ever crosses the line.

63rd from Justine to Ashland is any ghetto block in America. Sammy's Lounge, three doors from Ashland, screams the presence of a three-piece rhythm-and-blues group; across the street an unnamed, overheated restaurant sells links and ribs. There's a storefront church, a liquor store with more wine than whiskey in the window, a beauty salon with a heavy traffic in wigs. On a humid late afternoon in August, people—black people—stroll aimlessly or stand idly in little knots.

The next block, from Ashland to Marshfield, is equally typical. Three bars all bear the proud names of Irishmen. Teenage blonde girls pore avidly over an enormous selection of rock-and-roll and hair-do magazines in a drug store. A brightly lit, air-conditioned coffee shop offers ham and eggs at a bargain price until 11 a.m. In that block, too, people—white people—stand or stroll.

It may have been accidental, a striking chance symbolism, but on that evening I stood on the corner, watching a hundred Chicagoans strolling not just on 63rd Street but on Ashland Avenue itself. On the sidewalk on the west side of Ashland there was not one Negro; on the east side, not one white. No freeway, no park, no railroad tracks—just an invisible wall so familiar to the residents that no one even seemed to glance at it.

Eight blocks south and one month earlier—on Sunday, July 31—a column of civil rights demonstrators ignored the invisible wall at 71st and Ashland, and marched more than 20 blocks beyond it, to Marquette Park, where they stopped for lunch. The idea was to go on a few more blocks to Kedzie Avenue, then to turn north to the Fifties, where they would picket a real estate office accused of racial discrimination. They didn't make it.

In Marquette Park, a mob of jeering, shouting whites vied with a hastily augmented contingent of police, each trying to surround the demonstrators. Mobile television units roared to the scene in time to send across the country a picture of George Lincoln Rockwell and a group of his American Nazi cohorts, waving swastikas in the white crowd ("Grab that swastika and wave it up and down," a cameraman yelled to a white youth; the youth complied and was photographed by a dozen cameras). Ku Klux Klan robes appeared in the jeering circle. From behind the quickly formed police ranks, rocks began to fly. A brick hit Dr. Martin Luther King.

Finally, the marchers retreated, in a column of two's, eastward along the south side of 71st Street. The white crowd, shouting and hurling rocks and bottles, paralleled the march on the north side. Down the middle of the street, police walked and drove, choosing to maintain their line and keep the groups apart rather than to pursue individual rock-throwers.

Across the street, the whites tore up white property, ripping flagstones out of front yards to lob them over the line of police. The marchers ducked the largest stones and tried to ignore the rest. Youths raced back and forth trying whenever possible to catch the bottles: a rock simply hits, but a bottle can shatter against a wall and shower glass.

After 22 frightening, vicious blocks, the retreat reached and crossed Ashland Avenue. The police went with it, but not a single white heckler followed. The wall stood.

II: Would You Want to Live with Them?

I TALKED with Father Mortimer Foley of St. Rita's Church in Chicago Lawn, nine blocks north of Marquette Park. I was a little impatient with Father Foley. I had already talked with Father John Vysnauskas of St. Anthony's in Cicero, and Father Leonard Mattai of St. Attracta's. I'd been in all the lower-middle-class white parishes where demonstrators had met angry white violence in recent weeks.

There are other, better all-white neighborhoods in Chicago than Chicago Lawn; in fact, there are all-white neighborhoods into which the Lithuanians and Poles and Irish of Chicago Lawn can't move—"that class" isn't welcome. Maybe, in those neighborhoods, black marchers wouldn't be greeted with rocks and bottles—maybe. They weren't on one march into Chicago Heights, which is not quite so lower-middle-class. But I wanted to know who the rock-throwers were, and I went to Chicago Lawn.

You wind up in a neighborhood of tree-shaded streets and small, detached brick houses, each with its tiny lawn. The display window of Stiefel's Furniture Store tells you that the little houses are filled with cheap, unimaginative furniture whose design has little to do with taste either good or bad. In the California Bar—named for its proximity to California Avenue—you learn that a bad call against the White Sox was due to the fact that "that nigger umpire won't do anything for Chicago."

"It's such a tiny minority," Father Foley told me. "That's what you should write. A couple of bad apples that make the whole barrel look bad. It's you reporters that build it up."

He sat slightly hunched, as if he were hearing my confession—a big man, with thinning hair atop the bullet head that rose belligerently out of his cassock. "The people in this neighborhood don't want this," he insisted, "and the colored don't want it either. They don't want to live where they're not wanted. If nobody wanted you in a neighborhood, you wouldn't want to live there, would you?"

But the demonstrators didn't throw rocks and bottles, I said. Whites started the violence.

"They weren't from around here. They come from other parts of town. But you can't blame these people. I've got nothing against the colored, understand—but they don't know how to live in a neighborhood like this. They don't know how to take care of property. I'm not against integration—but we have to educate these people. Sure, we told our people to stay home when they had the marches—but you can't blame people for getting angry."

If the rock-throwers weren't from around here, why did you tell people to stay home?

"These are good people," Father Foley said stubbornly. "Policemen and schoolteachers and working men. Put yourself in their place. You've given 20 years to building up your property—you're in a nice neighborhood now, you have a little house worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars maybe. Some colored moves into your block, and your property drops down two, three thousand dollars.

"That doesn't have to happen. Everybody doesn't have to sell and run."

"You know what those real estate people do."

"But you don't have to let them bust the block. You can decide to stay. The Church could even help to educate your parishioners."

"What am I supposed to say to a man when he's worked for 20 years and keeps up his house and his property, and one of the colored moves into the block? Now you know how they live—pretty soon their friends move in and there are six or seven families living in the house."

by Gene Marine

Father Foley spent much of his younger life in New York, and his favorite argument is that instead of demonstrating and agitating, the Negroes of Chicago should pull themselves out of segregation and misery by hard work and diligence—as the Jews pulled themselves out of the slums of New York's Lower East Side.

They fought their way up, I argued, with the help of the Garment Workers' Union and the Fur Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and District 65—with marches 10,000 strong and violence that was almost civil war in the garment center. They came out of the slums but they came out fighting—against the same discrimination that was all around us in St. Rita's Parish.

III: Dr. King's Box

THERE ARE THREE AND A HALF million people in Chicago, Illinois. One million of them are black. Mayor Richard Daley is proud of pointing out that Chicago has the largest number of middle-class Negroes of any city in the world. Take all the Negroes who own their own homes, or who have college educations, or who earn more than $6000 a year—the groups will overlap, of course—and they add up to 35 per cent of Chicago's Negro population.

These middle-class Negroes are the base for the Chicago Freedom Movement. The poor are not involved—but they watch. If Chicago's frightening reservoir of hatred spills over into more than sporadic local outbursts of violence, the 65 per cent who refuse to march will not refuse to fight, and everybody knows it.

In the 1959 elections, Daley won by a margin of 467,000 votes. But in 1963, when Republican Benjamin Adamowski ran what one Chicago reporter called "a quiet racist campaign," Daley won by only 137,500 votes out of well over a million cast—and he got that margin only with solid support in Negro areas. Since then, the Movement has picketed Daley's home in a controversy over schools; in 1966, the June Democratic primaries saw Daley's machine candidates trail in middle-class Negro wards, their incumbencies saved only by big majorities in more tightly controlled areas.

Daley thus sits across a microcosm of the American Democratic party, his power shakily based on a coalition of welfare recipient ghetto Negroes (Illinois welfare law is generous and generously, if politically, administered), angry racist whites, a few active liberal intellectuals and the solid support of organized crime. The racists and the better educated Negroes are restive; the intellectuals yearn for freedom from the tight machine control; "the mob" simply doesn't want trouble. The businessmen of Chicago, having decided that they prefer middle-class Negro marches to lower-class Negro riots, are suddenly faced with the possibility of white riots. Everybody in Chicago thinks and breathes race, and walks in fear.

As they began to find their way in the confusing morass of Chicago politics, the politically oriented lieutenants of Dr. King, their early efforts having met with indifferent success, began to look for a pressure point that wouldn't involve a direct confrontation with Daley. They chose housing: Daley is already committed to Chicago's mild open-occupancy law, which is enforceable only against brokers (who of course always blame the owner). The demonstrations would be against the brokers, not against the city government. If there was white violence, Daley's police would have to protect the marchers—and thus anger the white voters. It was a carefully constructed box.

The Movement selected its targets carefully. They were all-white residential areas in which Daley's strength is already waning; in which broker-testing by white and Negro teams revealed actual discrimination; and in which housing is available at prices ghetto Negroes can afford.

In other neighborhoods, the demonstrators might have met a different response; but to go where Negroes can afford the housing means to go into the Polish and Irish and Czech and Lithuanian working-class neighborhoods, the parishes of the Father Foleys. The Movement announced its plans and began its marches. Except for the one "picnic march" into Chicago Heights, the demonstrators met the viciousness of white violence at every target.

Nazis? Klansmen? "No," says Neil Regan of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations. "Rockwell's got maybe 20 people. I'm not saying he couldn't organize some support maybe with the Poles and Lithuanians—but the Nazis are just too incompetent to organize anybody. We get into their meetings, and they don't know what they're doing. We investigated the Klan thing, too, but it was just a few guys from Ohio—they've got nothing going here."

"People ask me how come the Poles and the Czechs and the others aren't repelled by the Nazis—how come they don't remember the persecution at home. The old immigrants, of course, don't have anything to remember, and the kids, 20, 21, only know about it from television. But the new immigrants—people forget what our immigration policy has been. You don't get in unless you can prove you never had communist connections, you're absolutely an anti-communist. Who are the people who qualify? Hell, the immigrants in the last 15 years around here are fascists, and you'd better damn well know it."

The violence, Regan says, comes mostly from kids out looking for kicks. Waitress Sharon Cohn, who spends some of her spare time working with high school age students, says flatly, "It's JDs—the same kids who steal cars and raise hell all over." Negro newsman Lou House of WAAF, who has covered most recent racial demonstrations, says, "You see the same few white kids out in front at all the demonstrations."

But House adds, "Of course the kids can't make up that big a crowd. Things are ugly. These kids get out in front and start something, but then everybody joins in."

IV: Andy Hardy in Cicero

THE PLANNED CLIMAX of the Chicago Freedom Movement's "Open City" drive was a march into Cicero. Technically, all-white Cicero is outside Daley's jurisdiction; it's a separately incorporated city. But although the press usually calls it a "suburb," it is sociologically as much a part of Chicago as Flatbush is of Queens; white Cicero is, in fact, as much a part of Chicago as black Watts is of Los Angeles.

All but the very youngest of Cicero's 70,000 citizens have vivid memories of the bloody race riot that took place there in 1951; a Chicago Negro who has been on every 1966 march but one, and who has marched in the South as well, said seriously that he would rather walk alone down a back road in Grenada, Mississippi, than down a street in Cicero. During the summer just past, two young Negroes, naively jobhunting in Cicero, were set upon by a group of whites with baseball bats. One got away to the safety of the police station; the other was beaten about the legs until both knees were broken and he couldn't run, and then systematically pounded to death.

Cicero was once the home base of Al Capone. No one in Chicago's Freedom Movement will say openly that this was a factor in the strategy that selected it as a target, but there are still political forces in Cicero who don't want the nation's attention drawn to the wide-open suburb. Another factor is that Chicago police can provide no protection in Cicero; the Cicero force contains fewer than 100 men—meaning that in case of a march into Cicero, somebody has to call out the National Guard, which for political reasons nobody wants either to do or not to do.

After the vicious violence in Marquette Park, in Belmont-Cragin, on Ewing Avenue on the Southeast Side, the march into Cicero was scheduled for Sunday, August 28. On the previous Friday, Daley and a power-structure group concluded an agreement with King and the Movement under the respectable auspices of the Chicago Conference on Religion and Race. Actually, the agreement said little; the power structure, like the horse in *Animal Farm*, promised that "we will work harder." Movement leaders, however, felt that the victory was symbolically important; for the first time, Daley and the power structure had been forced to concessions by direct action.

One militant group, the West Side Organization, called the agreement a "sellout" and said they'd march anyway, then postponed their march a week until September 4. CORE and SNCC announced that they would join WSO, but SNCC has little following in Chicago and CORE has less. WSO ultimately withdrew from the march entirely—and left CORE's Robert Lucas as the march leader, with about 200 followers drawn mostly from WSO.

Under the protection of 2000 National Guardsmen, Lucas and his marchers made it through the rain of rocks and bottles back across the tracks into Chicago, where waiting police charged the whites and clubbed them away from the march. Only the bayonets and billyclubs kept the march from becoming a riot and probably a massacre.

The elevated train to Cicero, like any transportation in Chicago, takes you through part of the ghetto—but in this case it isn't a slum you go through. It's an area of small, red-brick, two-story houses with tiny lawns, looking exactly like Cicero itself except that, right up to the city limits, the population is entirely black. The white resident of Cicero needs no imagination at all to look out his train window on the way home and see the future he fears.

I met Pete Vergiliano in a bar on West 24th Street. He was born and reared in Stickney, a part of Chicago proper. An Italian built more like a Slav, he won the Chicago Golden Gloves as a heavyweight a few years ago.

"Look, you have to know these people," Pete says. "The most important thing in the world to them is their home. It's maybe a crummy little house just like the house next door, but they busted their ass for 20 years to get that house, and they paint it and they take care of it and mow the lawn, and they live good in Cicero. Nobody bothers nobody. They like it the way it is, and they don't want any Negro—I mean nigger—to move in and louse it up."

"How about you?"

"Hell, I got nothing against Negroes—niggers. Only guy ever beat me bad was a nigger—whipped me three times. He was a good man. But I don't own a house. I wouldn't want them in if I did. They just live different, that's all. Let 'em keep to themselves."

"Would you throw rocks?"

The guitar player, Ron, looked up—suddenly a suspicious man regarding a stranger. "Let 'em come in here and you'll see who'll throw rocks," he said. "They can take over Chicago. They ain't gonna take over Cicero. This is a white town, buddy, and it's gonna stay that way."

By and large, though, Cicero is not an unfriendly place. There is not the warm hospitality that is found in the South—if you're white and not obviously interested in civil rights—but there is an unsuspicious openness. The hard-working, family-oriented people of Cicero would be good friends and good neighbors. What Pete Vergiliano

said is true: the tiny houses are neat and carefully tended. When I took the last cigarette from a package at the residential corner of 50th Avenue and 23rd Place, I found myself automatically putting the crumpled package back into my pocket to keep from marring the careful neatness.

In front of one house, a green 1959 Chevrolet sat, rust evident on its underbody and the edges of its doors. At the next, a 1961 Rambler bore the scars of an old accident; wide strips of masking tape held one door in permanent place. A few minutes before, from the window of the "L," I had looked down on identical houses just outside Cicero, occupied by Negroes; I remembered one, its lawn not so neat as these, its window frames beginning to show the need of paint. In the driveway, two Negro men carefully polished a three year old Pontiac. The people of Cicero would have pointed to the Negro house, and said that its occupants didn't know how to take care of property.

Forced to a reason for his hostility, the white Chicagoan —or Ciceroan—returns again and again to his property, and, less often but often enough, to his safety. In Cicero at night, on the residential streets, you can still hear crickets; on a humid night in August, you can still meet two or three solitary strollers in as many blocks, some of them women, who don't cross the street or even seem agitated as you, a stranger, approach.

It is, in fact, not a part of a modern urban complex at all, but an American small town out of the 1930's, or perhaps out of the movies of the 1930's. Take away the consonant-heavy Czech names, and in Cicero there still seems to be a piece of Andy Hardy Americana. Jan Vrosak, whose father came from the old country and worked hard, can grow up on West 23rd Place, and marry the skinny kid in the next block who unexpectedly grew up to be pretty, and get a good job and have fat kids.

But across the tracks of the Chicago and Illinois Western, in a little house just like his, waits the black man. There is no telling Jan Vrosak that the black man lives very much like the resident of Cicero, that he may polish his car instead of painting his window sashes but that he too cares about good schools and the safety of the streets and church on Sunday. Jan Vrosak knows better: the black man is poised there waiting to take over, to turn his streets into jungles, to plunge the value of his property.

V: White Power

ALL OVER CHICAGO, white high school students are singing a doggerel song. It goes like this:

I wish I were an Alabama trooper,
That is what I really want to be,
'Cause if I were an Alabama trooper,
I could kill a nigger le-gal-lee.

I don't know about you, but I can take just so much of this, and I'm not even black. I can take just so much property value and self-defense, just so much of Rons and Father Foleys. I get sick and angry. The surest way to get belted in the mouth right now is to walk up to me and say you've got nothing against the colored.

Yes, I know there are other whites in Chicago—but if they don't throw bottles, they did vote for Adamowski. I know, too, that there is at times a sad humor to be found in the whole scene. During a march in Belmont-Cragin, a group of Negroes were startled to be accosted from a passing car by a fat, angry woman who called, in a thick Lithuanian accent, "Vhy you don't go back vhere you come from?" In Harry's Lounge on Cicero Avenue, a Bohemian truck driver dropped a quarter into the juke box as he told me tightly, "I don't like nothin' about niggers—nothin' "; the first record he played was Ella Fitzgerald's vocal version of Ellington's "C Jam Blues." In the Sedgwick station of the Chicago "L," someone had scrawled a number of anti-Negro slogans across advertising posters; one read, "Down with civil writers."

But the moments of humor don't dispel the fog of despair; so I watched the Purex commercial and I did what it told me: I thought about white.

If the Gage Park Chicagoan's fears of the Negro are sexual, he doesn't know it. Maybe it's rooted in the half-true mythology about the Negro male's lust for white women, and the Great American Fear that somebody else (especially somebody black) might be better in bed—but if it is, it doesn't come out anywhere on the surface.

If the fears of the good neighbor of Cicero are rooted in the inescapable semantics of black and white—good, pure, clean white and evil, diseased, dirty black—then that doesn't come to the surface either. What does is ethnocentrism so rigid that he doesn't know it's there.

Somewhere at the bottom of the middle-class white liberal approach to all this, there is an unspoken dream: People are learning the truth about property values and block-busting. People are learning about the history of Negro family life and what we have done to it historically. People are learning what the problems are and what we have to do about them. People are learning . . .

But people aren't. There isn't any white backlash in Chicago. There was never any forward point to lash back *from*. You live in your own little world and you forget the miserable, sick despair of knowing that nothing you can say, no facts, no reasonable argument, will make any difference. In 100 years, maybe. In time to help the children of the ghetto Negro's children, maybe. But not today. If you want anything the white Chicagoan has, one way or another you just have to take it.

THE DISUNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Illustration by Stephen Osborn

by Adam Hochschild

It is the parade I remember best from that summer. A snappy, sparkling, holiday military parade under a clear blue sky, with soldiers in fresh-starched khaki and the sun glistening brilliantly on trumpets and trombones. The kind of parade that, if you were a boy scout in a small American town, you would have run along behind, swinging your arms high in time with the music.

The troops were marching past the village square of Stellenbosch, a beautiful old town about 30 miles inland from Cape Town. Row on row of young white soldiers of the South African army led the parade. Bringing up the rear was an older and more ragged group of men—veterans of World War II, walking out of step with rows of medals flapping awkwardly on tweed suits. Rosy-cheeked girls with long blond hair from the big Afrikaans-language university in Stellenbosch skipped along on the sidewalks, waving at soldiers they knew, but most of the spectators were more somber.

It was a tense time then in South Africa. The entire continent seemed to be turning against the white man. A few months before, the battle for an independent Katanga had been lost, but white mercenary Katanga "freedom fighters" had been welcomed as heroes in the streets of Johannesburg. That summer, 1962, the newspapers were filled with accounts of white people fleeing Algeria. The South African government had just rushed its infamous "sabotage bill" through parliament, a measure which allows the death penalty for such vaguely defined offenses as "endangering law and order." Soon after, house arrests and imprisonments began, designed to crush what little remained of the country's open anti-apartheid movement.

The parade seemed almost like a ritualistic gesture of defiance, as if all the white people of Stellenbosch had dredged up their medals and poured into the streets to shout to a hostile continent, "We'll fight to the death!" The quiet white crowds lining the streets knew their government's military power was the only thing standing between them and black Africa—both the black Africa to the north and that within their own borders.

Dutch settlers and their descendants have farmed the fertile valley around Stellenbosch since the 1600's. The gabled farmhouses and hillside vineyards have a mellowed, aged look about them, for the town is in the heart of old white South Africa. When South Africa's race struggle erupts into war, this region will be the last line of defense, for here the whites will have their backs to the sea and can retreat no farther. I felt a poignant sadness watching the parade, a sense of seeing a nation gird against itself, preparing for a massive and inevitable blood letting. It was the same feeling you might have had as a traveler in France during the 1780's or that I had once had watching a faded film of Tsar Nicholas II reviewing his troops.

WHEN YOU ARE a white American visiting South Africa, as I was that summer, it is the flavor of permanence among the country's whites which is most unexpected. They are not sun-helmeted colonialists who'll withdraw gracefully when the revolution comes. They were born there and they'll stay and fight.

The Afrikaans-speaking whites, descendants of the early Dutch settlers, predominate in country towns like Stellenbosch; the English-speaking whites control the big cities. Thus the sense of permanence you get in Johannesburg is not that of a Dutch country town, but of a large American city. Its bustling, skyscraper downtown could almost be New York or Chicago. Time and Newsweek are on the newsstands and Crest and Pepsodent in the drugstores. The airport terminal is a huge modern mass of concrete, and the railroad station a majestic, vaulted masterpiece of modern architecture (though built, at great expense, so white and black passengers never meet). Mining king Harry Oppenheimer recently put up a huge new office of several dozen stories in the Johannesburg business district. It is built, to scale, in the exact shape as the Pan-Am Building in New York. You are almost tempted to view it as a monument to Oppenheimer's hope that his financial empire will last as long as the one in Manhattan.

There's a museum in Cape Town that displays original bushman paintings. Great rock slabs have been carried indoors, covered with the last mementos of that near vanished people. Pale reddish-brown cows and horses flit in one dimensional rows across the hard rock. They look like frightened little shadows, running in frantic and diminishing hordes to some obscure fate, just as one imagines their masters desperately fleeing from the strange new men with white faces.

Those men, the first European settlers, landed a few miles from where that museum is today, only 30 years after the Pilgrims sighted Plymouth Rock. The bushmen and Hottentots at the Cape of Good Hope either intermarried with the Dutch settlers or fled to the interior and virtual extinction.

The rest of South African history is symbolically summed up in that first encounter: the whites always came out on top. As they pushed inland, past the quiet valleys around Stellenbosch, they sometimes had to battle black Africans for the land, but their guns assured them of victory. The outcome—today's white supremacist state—was made inevitable by the fact that the whites had rifles and the Africans had only spears.

The basic structure of the country that grew out of those early struggles on the *veld* is familiar enough: 3 million whites govern a land that includes about 14 million black and brown men—mostly black Africans, plus some mulatto "coloreds" and Indians. Segregation is complete, in a ruthless, precise way even Alabama cannot match. This dawned on me forcefully one day in the city of Durban, where I was talking to a Zulu student. I suggested we continue our conversation over a cup of coffee somewhere. He looked blank, and I suddenly realized there was not a single public eating place in the entire country—a land as wide as from New York to the Mississippi—where we could go together.

But there are two things that are not so familiar. One is the rootedness of South Africa's whites who own the vast bulk of the natural and industrial wealth. They have no more intention of sharing their land and jobs (over 80 per cent of the farmland and most skilled jobs are reserved by law for whites) with the black Africans than New Yorkers would be willing to hand over the wealth of Wall Street to the Martians. The second point follows: white South Africans are not like the white Southerners who have allowed segregation to be slightly eroded by court orders and sit-ins. The resistance movement tried a general strike in South Africa a few years ago. Police went from house to house forcing people to work at gunpoint. African nationalist groups which believed in the non-violent policies of Ghandi and Martin Luther King have been crushed and their leaders jailed and tortured. The government means business. This is not Selma, but Budapest.

A SURPRISINGLY LARGE NUMBER of tourists visit South Africa each year to see wild game and the magnificent scenery. But it is hard to escape the preoccupation with race and violence. The talk of almost every South African turns to this subject eventually.

In Cape Town I interviewed a man from the government agency that tries (with considerable success) to bring European settlers to South Africa to bolster the country's white population. He compared South Africa to the other places a European could immigrate: "Well, I suppose if you want security in your immigration you can always go to New Zealand. Yes sir, that's just about the most secure place you can go. Of course you can always go to Australia as well, but for adventure there's no place like South Africa. All those black chaps around, you know, and you never know what they're going to do next. Yes sir, that's where the excitement comes in."

In the same city, a British-born journalist took off on a long, Cockney-accented tirade, with an acid and jarring eloquence: "I was the leader of a Young Conservatives branch when I left home, but I feel so frustrated and bitter against the West now that I'd join anything. If your bloody fleet came sailing into Cape Town harbor today and said to the non-whites, 'Look, we're here to help you with your revolution,' they wouldn't want it. I was at a meeting and the Communists said, 'Shall we have another Sharpeville? Will it help the cause?' No, they decided, no. 'The West will do it for us. America will cut her own throat here. We'll just give her time.'

"So, you chaps just keep on having your garden parties with the cabinet ministers. And people will get more and more bitter. What a country you're supporting! I've seen them pouring the milk into the sea, when blacks are nearing starvation. I've seen those rotting dumps of oranges. [At the time, food surpluses were being destroyed to keep farm prices up.]

"I'll tell you something. When Kennedy came in we thought we had a hope. We all wondered, would he do anything about South Africa? When he sent Satterthwaite out here [Joseph Satterthwaite, a career diplomat appointed ambassador] we thought something might happen. I went down to the boat with the other reporters to meet him. I asked him, 'What do you think of apartheid, Mr. Satterthwaite?' And what do you think he said? 'I've been at sea three weeks and I'm out of touch.' Do you wonder that I'm bitter?"

A well-known novelist commented to me, "You ask what the rest of the world can do about South Africa? Three things: 1) the dockworkers of the world could refuse to unload South African goods, 2) the United States could stop buying South African gold and 3) an oil embargo could be organized against South Africa.

"Of course, a lot of us have mixed feelings about these things. We know that in case of any international pressure it would be the non-whites who'd suffer most. One of the most vicious things about apartheid is the job reservation system—in times of unemployment they can just 'reserve' more categories of jobs for whites so that it's the others who suffer. But still, these things should be tried.

"Your country has some great traditions. But you have not gone beyond mouthing them in dealing with South Africa. After all, 'sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me.' "

THE JOURNEY EAST from Cape Town is one of the most beautiful train trips in the world. The rail line goes through small towns which gave their names to battles in the Boer War, and then winds along the top of a high cliff at the edge of the sea. When the train rounds a bend, you can look out the window and see the engine ahead, hundreds of feet above the foaming white surf.

The second day my compartment filled up with white university students, on their way back to college after a vacation. As the miles clicked by, we talked about studies and girls and practical jokes and sports, and but for the blazers and accents, they might have been Americans hurrying back to school for the first football game of the fall. For hours no one had mentioned race, that ever-present concern in the back of every South African's mind. When I obliquely brought up the subject, one of the students, an intelligent engineering major, remarked somberly that he knew an African government would come to power in South Africa one day. That was probably as it should be, he said, but when it happened he would emigrate. He saw reality, but somehow he couldn't face it, and the thought of *le deluge* was a dark and persistent cloud over his future.

IN THE 1840's, when the most militant Boers tired of British rule at the Cape of Good Hope, several thousand of them put their belongings in covered wagons and set off for the interior. The "Great Trek" was one of the epic migrations of history. The group marched more than 1000 miles into the unexplored interior of Africa and founded two independent republics which today are the two inland provinces of South Africa. Along the way, the participants in the "Great Trek," or *Voertrekkers*, as they called themselves, used to fight off bands of African warriors by forming their wagons into *laagers*, fortified circles from which to fire their guns. It is a cliche in South Africa today that the whole country is turning into a vast *laager*. Only now the Boers' weapons are not covered wagons and rifles but jet planes and tanks, purchased mostly from our NATO allies and the young white soldiers like those who marched at Stellenbosch. The thing that will probably end apartheid for good will be an invasion by the black African states to the north, and this is what the *laager* is arming against.

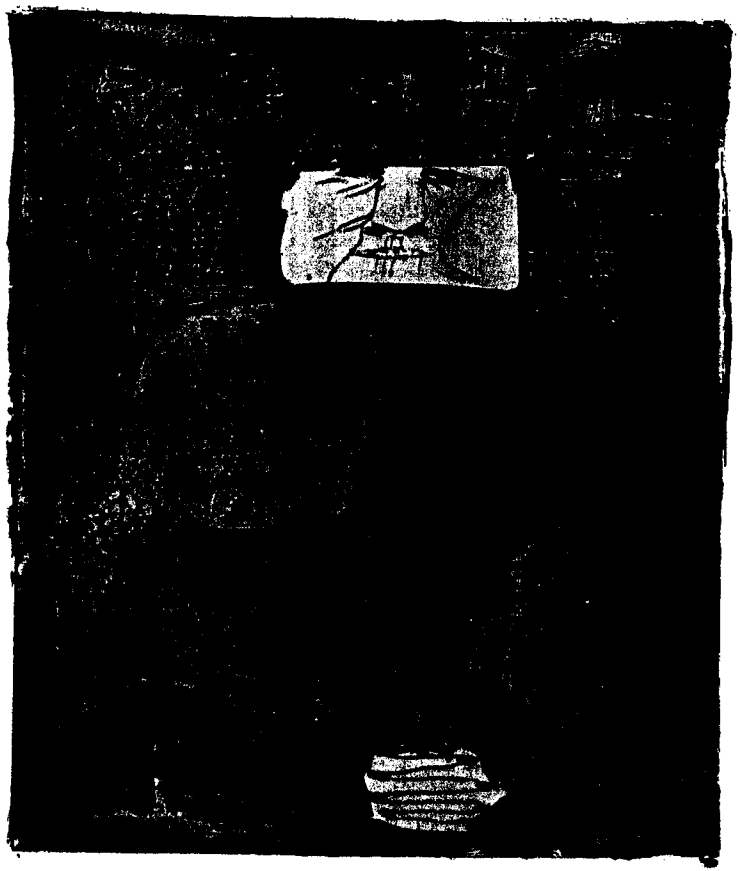
But the worst thing of all about South Africa's coming race war is that the United States and its allies are likely to be on the wrong side, defending the heavy investments we have in that country and its position as the most solid anti-communist bastion on the continent of Africa. No South African government official takes seriously those anti-apartheid speeches the U.S. representative to the U.N. gives to the General Assembly every year. The time South Africa has been most threatened economically—when foreign capital started pulling out of the country after Sharpeville—America bailed her out, and all indications are that we'd do it again.

But meanwhile, white South Africans know they have ten, maybe more, years before the African states will pose a serious military threat, and they're making the most of that time. They think of themselves as a fun-loving, hard-drinking, athletic race, and they are. They have an almost fanatical devotion to rugby which outmatches even Americans' spectatorly enthusiasm for baseball. The beaches are sunny, the sea warm, and the pace of horseracing, waterskiing, and rugby has the mood of a year-round Cape Cod summer.

One day while I was there the government announced the first names in a long list of resistance leaders who were to be "banned"—an ominous process by which you are forbidden to attend public meetings, have your words quoted in newspapers, or belong to any political organization. The principal Cape Town newspaper had this story on page 1 as one of its three most prominent of the day. In adjoining columns were Yves St. Laurent's latest fashions and a feature story about the national rugby team.

There is something bizarrely fascinating in all this. You cannot help but feel slightly dazed as you see the sullen faces of black men in the streets and then read the banner headline stories about Miss (white, of course) South Africa's reaction to the Miss Universe contest ("I got two proposals and a lot of shady suggestions"), or pass by the elegant Cape Town church that is the headquarters of the South African Society for the Propagation of Christianity to the Jews.

Of course the Louis XIV quality of this white civilization that lives so well is ultimately made possible only by the exploitation of cheap African labor, and apartheid fully deserves the violent end it will get. But still, the specter of violence ahead seems particularly sad. Perhaps because of the intense beauty of the country, and perhaps too, because their Versailles is our civilization—a culture of freeways and rock and roll, and people who speak English and watch American movies. It thus seems dangerously close to home. When I think of South Africa, it is often of a beautiful wooded hill above Cape Town, from which you can look down on the ships in the city's harbor and the thin blanket of fog rolling off Table Mountain. You can see people moving quickly about the city's streets and waterfront. In another country they might seem cheerful and animated from the distance, but here they seem like pathetic little shadow puppets, desperately dancing to the light of a candle about to flicker out.



Charles Engelhard: Our Man in Africa

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ROBERT TREAT in Newark, New Jersey, hundreds of angry Negro and white pickets circled determinedly, calling out to the elite liberals on their way in to the annual dinner, or rhythmically chanting, "Hey, hey, whaddaya say? Take his banks and mines away!" When the target of the picketing arrived at the hotel and was escorted through the line by a dozen policemen, one of the pickets shouted, "Brotherhood can't be bought!"

Later, while the pickets continued to chant outside, burly 49-year-old Charles Engelhard accepted the Brotherhood Award of the New Jersey region of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. "As a businessman," he extemporized, "you have certain obligations as a guest in

Illustration by Stephen Osborn

by Paul Jacobs

the country in which you do business. One of these obligations consists of not criticizing what they do at home, since you don't want them to criticize what we do at home. Perhaps if we were perfect, we could criticize people. But we are not perfect, and I think perhaps that is my argument with the people outside tonight."

"The country in which you do business," where liberal Democrat and Brotherhood Awardwinner Charles Engelhard does his business and doesn't criticize because we aren't perfect either, is the Republic of South Africa. Engelhard is the largest individual American investor in South Africa, and his vast influence there is an example of "white power" which makes the bands of "black power" —shouting American Negro militants—seem as weak as a cluster of ants.

He had agreed weeks earlier to accept the Brotherhood Award, to be given at a dinner on January 16, 1966, without anticipating that it would provoke a widespread reaction from civil rights, student and anti-apartheid groups. When it became clear that the protest would be large, the industrialist tried to head it off. He sent a car on the afternoon of the 16th to bring to the office of Engelhard Industries two NAACP officials who were leaders in the protest move. On hand to support his argument for a cancellation of the protest were his friend and attorney, former governor Robert Meyner, the New Jersey spokesman for Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference; and an official of the United Auto Workers, which represents some of Engelhard's employees in America (the UAW later repudiated its representative's defense of Engelhard).

Though the liberals and the militants talked to each other for some time, no positions were changed. Engelhard kept insisting that there is nothing heinous about his South African activities; members of the New Jersey NAACP continued to insist that "brotherhood is international—what you do to our brothers in South Africa, you do to us." The picket line stayed, and Charles Engelhard, surrounded by a dozen cops went through to receive his Brotherhood Award.

Engelhard maintains he has no choice but to remain silent about conditions in South Africa. "In the early years I was in business there," he says now, "I was more outspoken and I did verge on making recommendations. But I found this was very much resented, especially since I was not a citizen, so I stopped. Besides that, I'm not in politics in South Africa and I don't believe a businessman has the right to superimpose himself on the state."

It's easy to like Charles Engelhard. He's unpretentious, quick to laugh at a joke, earthy in his language and lusty in his tastes. Unlike his wife, who according to Vogue magazine spends at least an hour every day in exercise ("Feeling well has a terrific amount to do with how you cope with life"), and who is male-chauvinistically described by Forbes as "brilliant but beautiful," Engelhard obviously doesn't care much about his physical appearance. His standard dark suit, blue shirt and black knitted tie, while obviously expensive, have a sloppy look. For recreation, he says jovially, "I fish, play cards, raise dogs, hunt, take photographs, and I'm connected with every charitable group in the world." Everybody calls him "Charlie," which suits him.

Connections with groups not so charitable, however, make possible Engelhard's membership in that tiny group of men so wealthy that dollar signs and zeros no longer matter. Cragwood, his palatial home in Far Hills, New Jersey, is decorated with French Impressionist paintings and large enough, with its 150 acres of grounds, for the Engelhards to have entertained 3500 guests at a barbecue for Lynda Bird Johnson. Although it is the largest, Cragwood is just one of Engelhard's homes. There is a luxurious house in Florida and a well-equipped fishing lodge in Canada. One hundred thoroughbred horses occupy his racing stables in North Carolina, England and South Africa. He also has a permanent apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, another at Grosvenor House in London, and a house in Johannesburg, the later ample enough so that 80 people can drop in for dinner, or hundreds for a party like the one Engelhard threw when the daughter of South African magnate Harry Oppenheimer got married.

Engelhard travels back and forth in a private million-dollar Convair (Reportedly the model for Ian Fleming's Goldfinger, Engelhard once joked that there was a hostess on the Convair named Pussy Galore). The airplane is sometimes made available to friends—Engelhard loaned it to Meyner for the latter's most recent gubernatorial campaign—as are the industrialist's other facilities. Writer Alan Moorehead once used the Waldorf-Astoria apartment for a while. Engelhard appears to like the company of famous public officials and "beautiful people" with a distinct preference for Democratic politicians, such as Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, whose daughter now works for Engelhard in London.

All of this opulence begins, if there is a beginning, at the heart of the Engelhard empire, a Newark-based family company called Engelhard Hanovia which does $20 million worth of annual business selling sunlamps, industrial diamonds and other products, but which has an investment portfolio embracing 28 companies on six continents. Hanovia owns, for instance, 72 per cent of Engelhard Industries—which in turn has subsidiaries of its own in ten countries. "Industries" is, according to Forbes magazine, the largest refiner of precious metals in the world.

BUT AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN MILLIONS are cigarette money to Engelhard's operation; the real money comes from South Africa. There, Engelhard is chairman of Rand Mines, an investment company with holdings in gold and uranium mines, as well as in coal production, ferrous and non-ferrous metals, building materials, pipes and the financing of imports and exports (among other things, Engelhard interests control about 15 per cent of South Africa's gold production). "Charlie" is also chairman of the board of the American-South African Investment Company, whose major assets are in gold-mining stock. He controls, through these and other interests, 20 per cent of the uranium mines, timber lands, chromium mines and stainless steel mills.

In addition to his personal empire, Engelhard is a director of, and has an interest in, the Anglo American Corporation. This vast holding company, with assets of nearly $500 million of its own, is an enterprise of the Oppenheimer family, whose financial operations extend into every aspect of South African life (Engelhard and Oppenheimer are close friends). Anglo American controls 28 per cent of South Africa's gold production; 22 per cent of the uranium; 43 per cent of the coal; 57 per cent of the copper; and almost all the diamonds. Rand Mines is one of 157 subsidiaries or affiliates of Anglo American, which also controls the $530 million (in assets) DeBeers Consolidated Mines. Forbes says flatly that "Anglo American controls assets valued at close to $3 billion and dominates the South African economy much as the Southern Pacific once dominated California's."

Engelhard is obviously no small-time American businessman, doing business in South Africa at the whimsical sufferance of a basically hostile government. He is as bound up in the economy of South Africa—and thus in the oppressive policies of its racist leaders—as General Motors is with the United States Department of Defense. In fact, Engelhard even sits on the boards of the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association and the Native Recruiting Corporation, two of the official agencies which recruit black Africans as cheap labor for the mines.

Naturally Engelhard tries to justify his role as a recruiter of 70-cent-a-day black laborers who must live without their families in totally segregated, company-police-guarded barracks for the duration of their contracts. But he doesn't say, as do some South African businessmen, that the use of such labor makes feasible the mining of low-grade ore which would otherwise be economically impossible to harvest; instead, he claims that these miserable wages and conditions are an improvement over what the blacks would otherwise have. In the United States, liberal Charlie Engelhard resigned from the National Association of Manufacturers because of its reactionary policies; in South Africa, he is the only American —although there are more than 200 American corporations operating in that country—who serves as an officer and trustee of the South African Foundation. Set up, according to one of its own booklets, by "leading firms and individuals," it is a public relations outfit which says itself that it exists "because there is a systematic, well-organized, well-financed attack on South Africa, conducted on a world scale by a number of organizations supported by Afro-Asian and Communist interests."

What this means in non-public-relationese is that the Foundation is the businessmen's PR firm for the racist government of South Africa. At the time of its formation, Engelhard joined it, he said, because "a very one-sided story" about South Africa was being disseminated; because the racial issues in South Africa were comparable to those in the southern United States and, "in fact, less acute than in some of the states."

Sitting in Governor Meyner's Newark law office, Engelhard said that in South Africa, "through education and better jobs, the black man will take his place alongside the white so that as time goes by the blacks will get their political rights." The South Africa Foundation of which he is a leading officer has a different line; in its book, *South Africa in the Sixties*, the Foundation says that even though the black Africans may achieve some political autonomy "in the distant future," it remains true that "in regard to overall direction, white hegemony is to prevail."

It hardly seems necessary to review the absolute totalitarianism of the "white hegemony" that prevails in South Africa. The International Commission of Jurists said of a single one of South Africa's network of repressive measures—the sabotage act of 1962—that it crushes individual liberty "to a degree not surpassed by the most extreme

dictatorship of the left or right." With a policeman for every 533 people in the country—a ratio more than four times higher than that of the average American city—the government uses the full range of totalitarian weapons, from opening mail and tapping phones to isolation, exile, solitary confinement, crude physical beating and torture—all to insure "white hegemony" and the perpetuation of the natives' economic slavery. The fact is simply that despite what Engelhard says about the blacks getting "their political rights," the history of South Africa since 1948 has moved in the opposite direction: every political right of the black South African has been taken away, and every possibility of future rights ruthlessly destroyed.

G. Mennen Williams, then assistant secretary of state for African Affairs, was correct when he stated to a congressional committee in 1966 that the forces making for accommodation within South Africa are being repressed, and that as a result the possibility of any accommodative solution being reached has virtually disappeared.

ENGELHARD—who recently financed a movie about civil rights in America—certainly knows that South African blacks cannot vote or maintain political parties; that they cannot remain in the cities without special permission, that each of them must carry a pass with him at all times—and that 1000 native Africans are convicted, every day, for pass law violations. That figure, incidentally, comes from Engelhard's own South African Foundation, which adds that the statistics "do not include the large number who pay admissions of guilt and do not appear in court." Add in other violations of apartheid and apartheid-oriented laws, and the conviction rate per year goes up to one out of every eight non-whites in the country.

The revolting nature of the South African society is often reported in the American media although not in the detail that would be covered if South Africa were part of the Communist bloc. But always missing from the articles deploring apartheid is any reference to the reprehensible roles of American business and government in supporting the white South African bloodletting regime.

In the face of the ugly facts about South Africa, Engelhard still insists that "since I've been in South Africa, the record shows improvement in the conditions of the black South Africans. My companies all have training programs and the blacks don't just work on menial jobs. If the country is to progress, it must increase the economic conditions of the blacks . . . The key to the misery of these people is to let them get enough to eat, enough clothes, a car and some financial stability. I don't care what the college professors say, I know this is what the black people of Africa want." One can almost hear the liberal Southerner of the 19th century: We take good care of our niggers.

The late Prime Minister Verwoerd was much more frank about South Africa's treatment of black Africans. "When I have control of native education," he said once before becoming Prime Minister, "I will reform it so that natives will be taught from childhood that equality with Europeans is not for them . . . The Bantu must be guided to serve his community: there is no place for him in the European community above certain forms of labor." Today's reservation segregated Bantu schools spend two-thirds of their time teaching sweeping, gardening and other servant "skills."

Whatever Engelhard says to an interviewer in America, his own South African Foundation contradicts. In the same book previously quoted, the Foundation says that "in the ten years from 1955 to 1965, non-white wages rose

the least and the gap between skilled and unskilled wages in South Africa—or, as it is usually in practice, between white and non-white remuneration—has tended to widen."

The Foundation has a word on another subject, too: "To maintain the present state of European race purity, marriage between white and non-white is a criminal offense and null and void as well; extra-marital relations between them is punishable by imprisonment; rape may carry the death sentence." Verwoerd and the new brutal Prime Minister, B. Vorster, were both openly pro-Nazi during World War II; Verwoerd used his newspaper for Nazi propaganda and once led a demonstration protesting the landing of a Jewish refugee ship. Engelhard, winner of the Brotherhood Award, wouldn't go along with that, of course. "My mother," he says, "had Jewish relatives and I know what the Nazis tried to do to them."

Then why accept "racial purity" in South Africa? "There are not many countries," Engelhard says, "where it is safe to invest, and South Africa is about the best of the lot. Unfortunately, in life there are certain facts that must be accepted. The development of Africa requires large commercial investments. This is only feasible if there is a certain basic stability, and that requires stabilization of relations between black and white. South Africa demands an adjusted basis of relations between black and white, maybe permanent separation into separate areas—in which I don't believe. But no abrupt change in the situation will give capital confidence."

Charlie has had confidence in South Africa for quite a while. Born into a fortune created by his father, he went into the family business in 1939 right after college (While at Princeton he met Jack Kennedy. He says "We were ushers at some of the same weddings, but we were never very close friends"). He took time out for World War II, then went back into the business and decided to expand it to South Africa. "I wanted to do something different from what my father had done—and Africa was different."

At the time, there was no free market in gold, and the international movement of newly mined gold was prohibited, except in the form of art objects. Ingenious gold bullion dealers set up manufacturing operations in South Africa, turning gold into pulpit tops, bracelets, plates, and a variety of other baubles; once shipped out of the country, usually to the Far East, the "art objects" were melted down and became gold bullion. In 1949, Engelhard incorporated a jewelry manufacturing company to operate in South Africa (Ian Fleming was a partner in the firm of London solicitors that handled the incorporation, and met Engelhard then; he probably remembered the gold-shipping trick when he wrote *Goldfinger*).

"When I first went to South Africa," Engelhard now says, "it was considered a patriotic thing for American companies to go and invest there. But now you're no longer a hero if you do that. In fact, the Securities Exchange Commission supported the American-South African Company investment campaign." Engelhard obviously resents the fact that today the official U. S. policy is piously "neither to encourage nor discourage investments" in South Africa.

Engelhard has always liked South Africa, and says that it "has a marvelous climate and interesting geography. The white South African is hospitable, and kind to people. If there's any place in the world like America, it's South Africa. It's America 40 years ago."

But in today's America, Engelhard ran for election to the New Jersey legislature in 1955. He lost, but by then he had already begun to build his own relationships with Democratic party officeholders and political leaders—a relation-

ship which led him eventually into becoming a financial angel for Meyner and co-chairman of the Business and Professional Men and Women for Kennedy-Johnson. He was offered the ambassadorship to France, but turned it down; however, he served as one of the American representatives at the coronation of Pope Paul and at the anniversary of Algerian independence. In 1964, Engelhard was one of the men most responsible for bringing the Democratic National Convention to Atlantic City—where he maintained a plush suite for entertaining party bigwigs.

Also in 1964, Engelhard asked President Johnson to send him as the American representative to the independence ceremonies of Zambia—and Johnson agreed. Throughout Africa—where Engelhard is far better known than in the United States—there was a virtually unanimous reaction of stunned shock and indignation. At Engelhard's first press conference in Zambia, a representative of a South African political group suppressed by the Verwoerd government began questioning Engelhard so vigorously that he was taken from the room, shouting. The entire Zambian press voiced its indignation, and not a single black African attended the official cocktail party given by Engelhard before the ball celebrating Zambian independence. Although diplomatic protocol forced the Zambian government to accept his presence at the ceremonies without public protest, officials were not so polite in private. One Zambian diplomat says today, "It was shortsighted and stupid of President Johnson to send a man like that to our Independence Day celebration. It was an insult to our country."

WHEN ENGELHARD TALKS about capital having "confidence" in South Africa, he knows what he's talking about. The Anglo American Company officially says of him: "In difficult times, when South Africa was badly in need of capital, Engelhard played a vital and significant role in helping to bring it from abroad. He thus not only restored confidence in the country's economy, but actively assisted in boosting it."

The "difficult times" to which the biography refers were the days after the Sharpeville murders, in March, 1960, when 67 unarmed African demonstrators were massacred by the police and a policy of total repression begun. In the year following Sharpeville, capital left the country, and such a huge excess of imports over exports was built up that severe restrictions were placed on importing and on repatriation of capital.

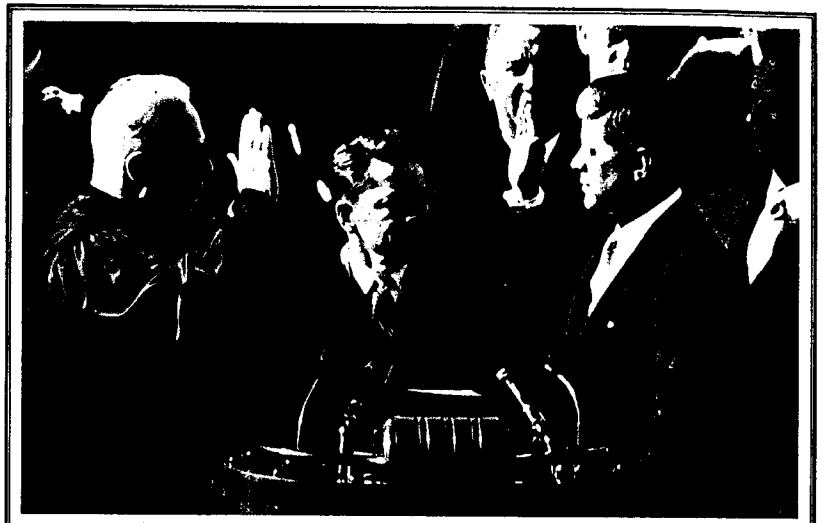
But the U.S.-backed International Monetary Fund came to the rescue—with $113 million—and toward the end of 1961, other loans were obtained. A consortium of American banks headed by Chase Manhattan extended a $40 million revolving credit; the World Bank came up with $25 million; the Deutsche Bank, $10 million; an Italian consortium, $10 million—and Charlie Engelhard, $30 million. Engelhard didn't loan it, he arranged it, and he insists now that the loan was in the works before Sharpeville. But the effect was the same in any case. "So long as U.S. banks and business back us," a South African businessman told an American interviewer at the time, "We can go ahead."

It doesn't take a degree in economics to see that Engelhard's economic interests demand that the South African government be protected politically from internal unrest or outside pressure. Similarly, at our governmental level, South Africa has other things that make her an important ally: a tracking station, strategic minerals—especially gold, American investments, and firm anti-communism.

Perhaps it was appropriate after all for Engelhard to represent the U.S. at the Zambian Independence Day ceremonies. Sophisticated Africans know that the face of America he represents—the "white power" of investment, with its immense interest in maintaining the status quo—is more important than the face we show in speeches at the United Nations, endorsing the "revolution of rising expectations" in the underdeveloped world. And Engelhard knows full well the extent of his personal "white power." "Other men," he told Forbes, "may have made larger capital gains, but few men have earned more economic power." Maybe in sending Engelhard to Zambia, Johnson was being fundamentally honest.

Is Engelhard Goldfinger? He is not deliberately evil in the way Fleming's villain was. He does not invest in South Africa out of love for apartheid, but to make money. And if his money were not digging those mines, West German or French or British money would be doing it instead. The real Goldfinger element of the Engelhard story is that money can be made, and lots of it, by supporting apartheid. When the Japanese were invading China just before World War II, an American businessman was asked why he was selling scrap metal to Japan. He gave the classic answer, an answer Charlie Engelhard understands: "We'd sell to the devil himself if he paid cash."

Engelhard the South African investor, Engelhard the savior of the post-Sharpeville South African economy, Engelhard the recruiter of cheap black labor, Engelhard the vice-president of the South African Foundation, Engelhard the friend of Democratic politicians, Engelhard the Brotherhood Award winner—are all the same person. Charlie Engelhard doesn't see any contradiction between these different roles. And the most important thing of all is that his friend Johnson apparently doesn't see any contradiction either.



In the shadow of Dallas

Photographs by U.P.I.

WHEN PENN JONES FIRST told me about the "mysterious deaths" surrounding the Kennedy assassination, I thought he was putting me on. It was last January in Midlothian, Texas (pop. 1521), on the porch of his rambling white house two blocks from his newspaper and print shop.

It sounded too much like another King Tut's Tomb mystery. Thirteen deaths, Jones said, possibly related to the assassination. (It was 14 after they opened Tut's tomb in 1923, 15 if you count Marilyn Monroe, who seems to have died the proud possessor of a fabulous gem once stolen from the Tut sarcophagus; victims, all, of the ancient Egyptian curse: DEATH SHALL COME ON SWIFT WINGS TO HIM THAT TOUCHES THE TOMB OF THE PHARAOH.)

But Penn is an engaging guy and I reserved judgment, listening, eyes ranging over the tree-lined street of this dusty former cotton market town 25 miles out of Dallas. His talk went like rabbit tracks, touching one by one the thousand riddles of the Kennedy case—tales so bizarre that even an editor of cheap paperbacks would turn them down for lack of credibility. After two hours of unaccustomed sitting in porch rocking chairs, I got up stiff, skeptical, willing to be convinced. At Ramparts we decided to check out a few of Penn's leads. We became intrigued, puzzled, finally angry with the glib conclusions of the Warren Commission. And we decided that Jones, sleuthing alone and almost unaided right in the heart of assassination country—long before the public furor over the inconsistencies in the Warren Report—had made a singular contribution to uncovering the hidden facts of the Kennedy case.

That meeting on Penn's porch was the start of nine months of systematic investigation, in Dallas, in the Warren Report and its 26 volumes, in the National Archives, during which we learned, among other things, the limits of our knowledge. Bill Turner, a Ramparts staff writer and veteran of 10 years as an FBI agent, was assigned to the case. He'd been investigating the President's murder since his first trip to Dallas for Saga magazine immediately after the assassination. Marvin Garson, an investigator for attorney Mark Lane who spent several weeks in Dallas in the fall of 1964, made available to us wire recordings of interviews with 15 witnesses to the assassination and the related deaths. Four part-time reporters worked around the country on different aspects of the case. But it was always Penn Jones, his ear tuned in to the Dallas gossip, who furnished the best leads.

We concluded that Penn was right when he said the Warren Report was a waste of paper. He was right when he said the assassination has never been thoroughly investigated. And it is a crying shame that private citizens should have to do the job the Commission flubbed.—*David Welsh*

Editorials from the Midlothian Mirror

Editor.....Penn Jones Jr.
Publisher.....The Midlothian Mirror, Inc.
"The Only 'History of Midlothian' Being Written"
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
Entered as second-class matter Jan. 25, 1944, at the post office Midlothian, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, appearing in the columns of The Mirror will fully and gladly be corrected upon being brought to the attention of the editor of this paper.
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For One (1) Year in Ellis, Tarant, Dallas, Kaufman, Henderson, Navarro, Hill and Johnson Counties...$4.00 Six Months $2.25
For One Year Elsewhere.....$4.50 Six Months $2.50
Single Copies.....10c
Winner of the 1963 Elijah Parish Lovejoy Award for Courage in Journalism.
Member 1966 TEXAS PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editorial

1. An Editor's Credo

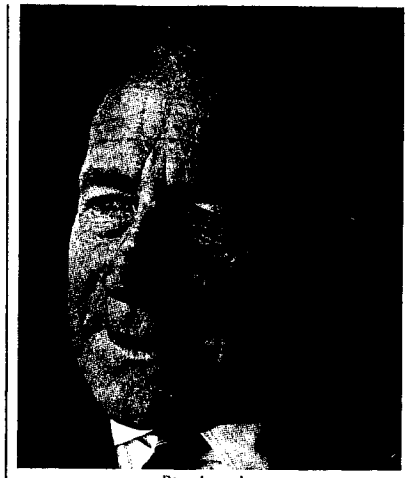
Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted: But to weigh and consider. FRANCIS BACON

In the discharge of our duty as a newspaper editor, we must do everything possible to bring into some intelligible whole ALL the events surrounding the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Inquiry is the life blood of truth, and the careful report of inquiry is the newspaperman's cross and grail.

But grails are no longer attractive, and journalism is so timid and weak. How else account for the almost total disregard on the part of the national press of the many persons—missing, murdered, or met with death strangely—who were related to the tragedy in Dallas.

When we planned this series of editorials beginning at the time of the Jack Ruby trial, we felt the Warren Commission should remain in existence for at least five years. When the Commission made its Report and disbanded, we felt it should be reopened. Now we doubt such action would be profitable other than to add more whitewash to the already thick coat.



Penn Jones Jr.

Photograph by John Howard Griffin

Further articles will appear periodically in the Midlothian Mirror. We expect to work on the assassination for the rest of our lives—not that any action will be taken, but in the hope that historians may be able to point a more accurate finger.

We do not have all the answers. But after spending several thousand hours knocking on doors, asking questions, meanwhile reading the Report, we believe audacious actions were taken by the Commission lawyers and the Chairman obfuscating the evidence left after Kennedy, Tippit, and Oswald were killed.

We thank the dedicated few who have helped in assembling the facts presented. They must have shed the same hot tears of despair this writer could not hold back. These workers came from many walks of life—with no hope of reward. There were only two in Dallas who would aid us, and for obvious reasons, we do not name them.

by Penn Jones Jr.

[Editor's note: The following were printed in Penn Jones' newspaper, the Midlothian Mirror, between the fall of 1965 and spring of 1966. We reprint them here as they were written.]

2. Meeting at Ruby's Apartment

In the Warren Commission Report Captain Will Fritz of the Dallas police department quoted Lee Harvey Oswald as saying of the killing of the President: "*People will forget that in a few days and there would be another President.*" This editor feels Oswald was wrong on his estimate of the nation's respect. This nation has not yet had a chance to adequately express itself over the assassination, and it may take a full scale war to make them forget.

We have been critical of the Warren Report, but we are so grateful for the many answers in the 26 volumes of testimony. The answers are there for those who are willing to dig.

This evidence forces us to plead for a revival of the Warren Commission for more study and consideration concerning the assassination. The evidence concerns the testimony of George Senator, self-classified as a "beggar" (Vol. 14, page 308) and the roommate of Jack Ruby. The discrepancy concerns a meeting in Ruby's and Senator's apartment on Sunday night, November 24, 1963, after Ruby killed Oswald.

After what has happened to those present at the meeting, one can presume it was an important meeting on that Sunday night. Five persons were present for the meeting and three of them have died strangely. A reasonable man would wonder if Senator accidentally revealed something important that night.

Shortly after dark the meeting took place in Ruby's and Senator's apartment in Oak Cliff. George Senator and Attorney Tom Howard were present and having a drink in the apartment when two newsmen and two attorneys arrived. The newsmen were Bill Hunter of the Long Beach (Calif.) Press Telegram, and Jim Koethe of the Dallas Times Herald. Attorney C. A. Droby of Dallas arranged the meeting for the two newsmen.

Droby insists that he only arranged the meeting. He says he did not accompany the other five men on a tour of the apartment, nor did he hear any of the conversation which went on. But the lives of three who accompanied Senator about the apartment have been taken.

We learned this week that Attorney Jim Martin, close friend of George Senator, was present for the apartment meeting. Martin did not testify before the Warren Commission, but he told this editor he heard the conversations during the visit of the newsmen. He could not remember anything that was said, but he was sure there was nothing significant. "Certainly there was nothing said that would make Senator lie about."

We asked Martin if he did not feel it was unusual for Senator to call Martin about the killing of Oswald *before* the announcement was made that Ruby had done the shooting (Vol. 14, page 245). Martin said this editor was wrong, that the phone call came after it was announced that Ruby had shot Oswald, but later said: "You are telling me something I didn't know about."

We asked Martin if he thought it was unusual for Senator to forget the meeting while testifying in Washington on April 22, 1964, since Bill Hunter, who was a newsman present at the meeting, was shot to death in Long Beach, California that very night. Martin grinned and said:

"Oh, you are still looking for conspiracy."

We nodded yes and he grinned and said: "You will never find it."

We asked: "Never find it, or not there?"

He added soberly: "Not there."

Bill Hunter, a native of Dallas and an award winning newsman in Long Beach, was on duty and reading a book in the police station called the "Public Safety Building" in Long Beach, California. Two policemen going off duty came into the press room and one shot Hunter through the heart at range officially ruled to be "more than three feet." The policeman said he dropped his gun, and it fired as he picked it up, but the angle of the bullet caused him to have to change the story. He finally said he was playing a game of quick draw with his fellow officer. The other officer testified he had his back turned when the shooting took place.

Hunter, who covered the assassination for his paper, the Long Beach Press Telegram, had written:

"Within minutes of Ruby's execution of Oswald, before the eyes of millions watching television, at least two Dallas attorneys appeared to talk with him.

"'He didn't tell us anything,' one of the attorneys told the press after the first brief meeting. 'He just listened. He paid for advice.' "

Hunter was quoting Tom Howard who died of a heart attack in Dallas a few months after Hunter's death. Lawyer Tom Howard was observed acting strangely to his friends two days before his death. Howard was taken to the hospital by a "friend" according to the newspapers. No autopsy was performed.

Jim Koethe

Dallas Times Herald reporter Jim Koethe was killed by a karate chop to the throat just as he emerged from a shower in his apartment in Dallas on September 21, 1964. His murderer was not indicted.

What went on in that significant meeting in Ruby's and Senator's apartment? Few are left to tell. There is no one in authority to ask the questions, since the Warren Commission has made its final report and has closed the investigation.

Now we can add to that list of strange deaths that of Miss Dorothy Kilgallen. Miss Kilgallen joins Bill Hunter, Jim Koethe, Tom Howard and others. Miss Kilgallen is the only journalist who was granted a private interview with Jack Ruby since he killed Lee Oswald. Judge Joe B. Brown granted the interview during the course of the Ruby trial in Dallas —to the intense anger of the hundreds of other newspeople present.

Questioning in Dallas becomes increasingly difficult. Witnesses cannot be located and when located they are reticent. It is important, however, to point out that pertinent questions were omitted by leading lawyers in our land. We will ask the questions in print during the coming weeks. Maybe, someone will have the answers which history deserves.

Bill Hunter

3. Harry N. Olsen, Policeman

The more gross the fraud, the more glibly will it go down and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence. C. N. BOYEE

Harry N. Olsen was on private duty on the day of the assassination. He was guarding an estate. But he was unable to recall (1) the address of the estate; (2) didn't know who lived in the house and; (3) didn't remember the name of the officer who gave him the job.

Olsen's statement went like this:

COMMISSION COUNSEL SPECTER. *And what was your next occupation?*

MR. OLSEN. *Dallas Police Department.*

SPECTER. *What was your rank in the Police Department?*

OLSEN. *Patrolman.*

SPECTER. *And how long were you employed by the Dallas Police Department?*

OLSEN. *Five and a half years.*

SPECTER. *When did you end your employment with the Dallas Police Department?*

OLSEN. *In the latter part of December, 1963.*

SPECTER. *And how were you employed after December of 1963?*

OLSEN. *I left Dallas and came to California and am working for a collection agency.*

SPECTER. *Have you held that same job from the time you first arrived here in Los Angeles until the present time?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *Are you married or single, Mr. Olsen?*

OLSEN. *Married.*

SPECTER. *And what is the name of your wife?*

OLSEN. *Kay.*

SPECTER. *And what was her name prior to her marriage to you?*

OLSEN. *Kay Coleman.*

SPECTER. *What was her occupation prior to being married to you, that is where was she employed?*

OLSEN. *She was employed at the Carousel Club.*

SPECTER. *Do you know Jack Ruby?*

OLSEN. *Yes.*

SPECTER. *When did you first become acquainted with Mr. Jack Ruby?*

OLSEN. *Oh, about 3 years ago.*

SPECTER. *What were the circumstances of your making his acquaintance?*

OLSEN. *I was with the Police Department at the time and I was working that area where his club was, and it was a routine check of his place.*

SPECTER. *How did you and Jack Ruby get along during the time you knew him?*

OLSEN. *We spoke. And sometimes he would get mad and I would talk to him and calm him down a little bit.*

SPECTER. *How often did you visit Jack Ruby's club, the Carousel Club?*

OLSEN. *Oh, once a week, I guess. Sometimes more and sometimes less.*

Some testimony omitted here.

SPECTER. *Do you know whether or not Jack Ruby knew Officer J. D. Tippit?*

OLSEN. *I heard that he did.*

SPECTER. *From whom did you hear that?*

OLSEN. *It was a rumor that he did.*

SPECTER. *When did you hear that rumor that he did know Officer J. D. Tippit?*

OLSEN. *While talking with other officers. I couldn't specifically say when.*

SPECTER. *Was that after Tippit was killed?*

OLSEN. *Yes.*

Some testimony omitted here.

SPECTER. *Do you recall November 22, 1963, the day President Kennedy was assassinated?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *Tell me, as specifically as you can recollect, exactly what your activities were on that day.*

OLSEN. *I was employed by the Dallas Police Department and I was working at an extra job guarding an estate.*

SPECTER. *Whose estate was that?*

OLSEN. *I don't remember the name.*

SPECTER. *How did you happen to get that extra job?*

OLSEN. *A motorcycle officer was related to this elderly woman and he was doing work, but he was in the motor—*

SPECTER. *Cade?*

OLSEN. *Motorcade of the President, and I was off that day and able to work it.*

SPECTER. *Do you recall the name of the motorcycle officer?*

OLSEN. *No.*

The memory of Patrolman Olsen is bad, but the indifference of Commission Attorney Arlen Specter seems unpardonable. Olsen claims he can not remember the street address nor the name of the owner for whom he is working. Olsen says he can't even remember the name of the policeman, related to the estate owner, who gave Olsen the job. Could one wonder if Olsen was hiding something?

We resume with the testimony.

SPECTER. *Where was that estate located?*

OLSEN. *On 8th Street in Dallas.*

SPECTER. *Do you recall the specific address or the cross street on which it was located?*

OLSEN. *It's in the Oak Cliff area, it's approximately two blocks off of Stemmons.*

SPECTER. *What time did you start to guard the estate on that particular Friday?*

OLSEN. *About 7 a.m.*

SPECTER. *And how long did that guard duty last?*

OLSEN. *Until about 8.*

SPECTER. *Eight p.m.?*

OLSEN. *P.m., yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *Did you have any visitors while you were guarding the estate on that day?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *And who was the visitor or visitors?*

OLSEN. *Kay.*

SPECTER. *What time did she visit you?*

OLSEN. *Right after the President was shot.*

Olsen's location becomes important when one looks at the radio log printed in Vol. XXIII, page 850 of the Warren Report Exhibits. The radio dispatcher inquired the location of Officer J. D. Tippit. Tippit gave his location and his last radio signal from 8th and Lancaster. He was killed near 10th and Patton, no more than a few blocks from where Olsen was located.

The next most obvious question should have been asked of Olsen: "Did you see Patrolman Tippit?" Olsen says he was in the yard talking to passersby. Tippit radioed he was at about that same location. Like so many times before—the question was never asked.

Forgetful flatfoot Harry N. Olsen was in a yard on 8th Street in Oak Cliff shortly after the assassination at a spot undetermined by the Commission. According to other things Olsen said this spot might have been six blocks from Thornton Expressway. At a spot six blocks from Thornton west on 8th Street, the elevation is such that a man in the yard could have seen Oswald on any of five streets if Oswald crossed 8th St. headed from his rooming house in the direction of Ruby's apartment. Oswald apparently chose Patton. From Olsen's likely location Oswald could have been observed on Patton, Denver, Lake Cliff, Starr or Lansing streets.

[Editor's note: Olsen becomes an even more important figure because he had seen Ruby on both Friday night and Saturday night before the murder of Oswald—on Friday night, November 22, he spent three hours talking to Ruby.]

SPECTER. *How long did you talk to Mr. Ruby on this Friday night?*

OLSEN. *Two or three hours.*

SPECTER. *Who else was present at the time of the conversation?*

OLSEN. *Kay.*

SPECTER. *And anybody else?*

OLSEN. *Johnny* [a garage attendant].

SPECTER. *Was there anybody besides Johnny and Kay and Jack Ruby?*

OLSEN. *Not that I remember.*

SPECTER. *Tell me as specifically as you can recall exactly what it was that Ruby said and what it was that you and Kay and Johnny said in reply to him.*

OLSEN. *We were all upset about the President's assassination, and we were just talking about how we hated it, that it was a tragedy.*

SPECTER. *Did Jack Ruby say something to that effect?*

OLSEN. *Yes: very strongly.*

SPECTER. *Do you recall what his exact words were, by any chance?*

OLSEN. *I believe he said something to the effect that "It's too bad that a peon," or a person like Oswald, "could do something like that," referring to shooting the President and the officer, Officer Tippit.*

SPECTER. *Did he say anything more about Oswald at that time?*

OLSEN. *He cursed him.*

SPECTER. *What specific language did he use?*

OLSEN. *S.o.b.*

SPECTER. *Was there any other specific curse that you recollect Ruby used in describing Oswald?*

OLSEN. *He could have said something else, but I remember that. I'm sure that he did say something else, but I don't remember what it was.*

SPECTER. *Did he say anything at that time about whether or not he knew Oswald?*

OLSEN. *No, sir.*

SPECTER. *Did he say anything at that time about whether or not he knew Officer J. D. Tippit?*

OLSEN. *It seemed that he did know Officer Tippit.*

SPECTER. *Why do you say, "It seemed that he did know Officer Tippit?"*

OLSEN. *I believe he said that Tippit had been to his club.*

A man named Hardee, who ran the gambling concession for Ruby, testified that J. D. Tippit was a frequent visitor to the club. The gambler also testified there was a motorcycle policeman who was very close to Ruby. He said there was a very special relationship between the two policemen and Jack Ruby. The Commission seems not to have tried to identify the motorcycle policeman.

SPECTER. *Did you see anybody else on Saturday besides Kay?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *Who else did you see?*

OLSEN. *I saw Ruby Saturday night.*

Attorney Melvin Belli was searching all over Dallas for this officer who had seen Ruby on both Friday and Saturday night, but Olsen was not to be found.

SPECTER. *Where was it that you saw Ruby?*

OLSEN. *In front of his club.*

SPECTER. *At what time was that?*

OLSEN. *Oh, 10 or 11 at night.*

SPECTER. *Did you speak to him?*

OLSEN. *No, sir.*

SPECTER. *What was the circumstances under which you saw him?*

OLSEN. *We were driving by and he was standing outside and we waved.*

SPECTER. *Did he see you and wave at you?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *What did you do from the time you got to Kay's house until the time that you saw Ruby standing in front of his club on that Saturday night?*

OLSEN. *Watched some television and listened to the radio a little bit.*

SPECTER. *Did you see or talk to anybody else either in person or by telephone from the time you got to Kay's house until the time you saw Ruby that Saturday night?*

OLSEN. *No, sir: I don't guess we did.*

SPECTER. *What did you do after you saw Ruby in front of his club that Saturday night?*

OLSEN. *We drove by where the President was shot, we drove by there several times, and drove around town a little bit.*

SPECTER. *What time did you finish driving around town?*

OLSEN. *Oh, I guess 1 or 2.*

SPECTER. *In the morning?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *Did you see anybody else you knew while you were driving around town?*

OLSEN. *We did, but I don't remember who it was.*

SPECTER. *Did you stop and talk to them?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir. I don't remember who it was.*

Some testimony omitted here.

SPECTER. *When did you end your employment with the Dallas Police Department?*

OLSEN. *The latter part of December.*

SPECTER. *What was the reason for leaving the Dallas Police Department?*

OLSEN. *I wanted to come to California.*

SPECTER. *Nobody at the Dallas Police Department asked you to leave?*

OLSEN. *Yes, sir.*

SPECTER. *Who asked you to leave the Police Department?*

OLSEN. *Chief Curry.*

SPECTER. *What was the reason for that?*

OLSEN. *I was out of sick time: in other words, you are allotted so much sick time a year, and he didn't want to extend me any more.*

SPECTER. *Was that the only reason why he asked you to terminate your employment with the Police Department?*

OLSEN. *That was one of the reasons.*

SPECTER. *Was there any other reason?*

(Long pause.)

OLSEN. *I don't remember exactly what was said.*

Possibly this man was fired for bad memory, but we doubt it. He seems to have a remarkably forgetful memory.

SPECTER. *Was there any special reason why you went to California?*

OLSEN. *We heard the climate was nice out here.*

We feel sure the climate in California was better than in Dallas during the late winter of 1963-64. The Ruby trial was held in Dallas in March of 1964.

The sudden departure of Olsen for the better climate of California is a matter of importance.

4. Jack Ruby's "Joint"

The press has a responsibility not to pervert the truth for profit or partisanship and not to knuckle under to the pressure of any of those forces that want the facts suppressed. Men and women who have no other interest than to report the truth as they see it can effect the fate of us all. MORALITY IN AMERICA BY J. ROBERT MOSKIN

We present two interesting witnesses this week. We give parts of their testimony simply to show what kind of a joint Jack Ruby was operating in Dallas. Both Jack Hardee and Mrs. Nancy Perrin Rich back each other in their independent testimony. Most important, the testimony of Hardee and Mrs. Rich strongly suggests a Ruby tie-in with gangster interests such as mentioned in the conversation Attorney Carroll Jarnagin overheard and reported in our last installment.

[Editor's note: this conversation appears in section 5 of this article.]

Deposition taken by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Shown in Volume XXIII, page 372:

December 26, 1963

Jack Hardee, Jr. was interviewed at the Mobile County Jail, Mobile, Alabama, where he is incarcerated in federal custody . . .

Hardee stated that he has spent some time in Dallas, Texas, and he had met Jack Ruby during the course of his contacts in Dallas. He stated that approximately one year ago, while in Dallas, Texas, he attempted to set up a numbers game, and he was advised by an individual, whom he did not identify, that in order to operate in Dallas it was necessary to have the clearance of Jack Ruby. He stated that this individual, whom he did not identify, told him that Ruby had the "fix" with the county authorities, and that any other fix being placed would have to be done through Ruby.

Some deposition omitted.

During the period that Hardee was in Dallas approximately one year ago, he was in Ruby's presence on several occasions. He stated that Ruby impressed him as being the type of individual who would kill without much provocation.

Hardee also stated that the police officer whom Harvey Lee Oswald allegedly killed after he allegedly assassinated the President was a frequent visitor to Ruby's night club along with another officer who was a motorcycle patrol in the Oaklawn section of Dallas. Hardee stated from his observation there appeared to be a very close relationship between these three individuals.

Hardee stated that he knows of his own personal knowledge that Ruby hustled the strippers and other girls who worked in his club. Ruby made dates for them, accepting the money for the dates in advance, and kept half, giving the other half to the girls. These dates were filled in the new hotel in downtown Dallas and the Holiday Motel, in Irvington.

* * *

We start Mrs. Rich's testimony with the following:

ASSISTANT COUNSEL HUBERT. *How long before leaving Dallas did you quit the job at Ruby's?*

RICH. *Possibly a couple of months, three months. I wasn't in Dallas more than maybe five months, four months at the most, four or five months at the most.*

HUBERT. *Now, when you say bartender, what do you mean? What were your actual duties?*

RICH. *I was actually a bartender. I worked behind the bar mixing and serving drinks.*

HUBERT. *What sort of drinks?*

RICH. *Whatever was allowed. Actually, you are not allowed to serve drinks there. We do to special customers. You are not allowed to serve hard liquor. But I served beer, and wine, of course, and your setups.*

HUBERT. *What customers did you serve hard liquor to?*

RICH. *Whomever I was told to.*

HUBERT. *You don't know their names?*

RICH. *I couldn't quote you names, perhaps.*

HUBERT. *Who told you to serve them?*

RICH. *Mr. Ruby. It was a standing order. For a particular group of people. Then whenever he would come in and say, "This is private stock stuff," that would mean for me to go where I knew the hard liquor was and get it out, and get it ready for the people in his private office.*

HUBERT. *What was the particular group—who did it consist of?*

RICH. *The Police Department.*

HUBERT. *Are you saying that Jack Ruby told you that when any member of the Police Department came in, that there was a standing order that you could serve them hard liquor?*

RICH. *That is correct.*

HUBERT. *Did they pay?*

RICH. *Oh, no: of course not.*

Some testimony omitted here.

HUBERT. *I think you have mentioned that you saw Ruby at a certain meeting at which your husband was present and there was a general discussion of guns or Cuban refugees.*

RICH. *Your statement is partially correct.*

HUBERT. *Will you tell us what is actually correct?*

RICH. *At the first meeting there were four people present: There was a colonel or a light colonel, I forget which. I also forget whether he was Air Force or Army. It seems to me he was Army. And it seems to me he was regular Army. There was my husband, Mr. Perrin, myself, and a fellow named Dave, and I don't remember his last name. Dave C.—I think it was Cole, but I wouldn't be sure. Dave came to my husband with a proposition—*

HUBERT. *There were only four people present?*

RICH. *Let me clarify the statement about Dave. He was a bartender for the University Club on Commerce Street in Dallas. I became associated with him and subsequently so did my husband. Well, at first it looked all right to me. They wanted someone to pilot a boat—someone that knew Cuba, and my husband claimed he did. Whether he did, I don't know. I know he did know boats. So they were going to bring Cuban refugees out into Miami. All this was fine, because by that time everyone knew Castro for what he appears to be, shall we say. So I said sure, why not—$10,000. I said that is fine.*

Some testimony omitted here.

HUBERT. *Was the sum of $10,000 mentioned at that meeting?*

RICH. *Yes: it was.*

HUBERT. *Who mentioned it?*

RICH. *The colonel. And it seemed awfully exhorbitant for something like this. I smelled a fish, to quote a maxim.*

HUBERT. *You mean you thought that there was too much money involved for this sort of operation?*

RICH. *Yes: I did.*

HUBERT. *You didn't express that view, of course?*

RICH. *No: I didn't say anything. I just kept quiet.*

HUBERT. *How were matters left at the end of that meeting?*

RICH. *That there were more people involved, and that we were to attend a meeting at some later date, of which we would*

be advised.

HUBERT. *Were you advised?*

RICH. *We were.*

HUBERT. *Did another meeting take place?*

RICH. *Yes: it did.*

HUBERT. *How long after the first?*

RICH. *Oh, probably 5 or 6 days, give or take a day or 2.*

HUBERT. *At the same place?*

RICH. *Yes.*

HUBERT. *And how was that meeting left?*

RICH. *Well, at that time when he said that, my first thought was "Nancy, get out of here, this is no good, this stinks." I have no qualms about making money, but not when it is against the Federal Government but let's play along and see what happens. I said, "All right, we will go. But you can take the $10,000 and keep it. I want $25,000 or we don't move." It was left that the bigwigs would decide among themselves. During this meeting I had the shock of my life. Apparently they were having some hitch in money arriving. No one actually said that that's what it was. But this is what I presumed it to be. I am sitting there. A knock comes on the door and who walks in but my little friend Jack Ruby. And you could have knocked me over with a feather.*

HUBERT. *That was at the second meeting.*

RICH. *Yes.*

HUBERT. *Now, what facts occurred to give you the impression that there was a hitch with respect to money?*

RICH. *Oh, just that they were talking about, well, first of all when I say we—a group of people were supposed to go to Mexico to make the arrangement for rifles but "Well, no, you can't leave tomorrow"—they dropped it. And just evasive statements that led me to believe that perhaps they were lacking in funds.*

And then Ruby comes in, and everybody looks like this, you know, a big smile—like here somes the Saviour, or something. And he took one look at me, I took one look at him, and we glared, we never spoke a word. I don't know if you have ever met the man. But he has this nervous air about him. And he seemed overly nervous that night. He bustled on in. The colonel rushed out into the kitchen or bedroom, I am not sure which. Ruby had—and he always did carry a gun—and I noticed a rather extensive bulge in his—about where his breast pocket would be. But at that time I thought it was a shoulder holster, which he was in the habit of carrying.

HUBBRT. *He was in the habit of carrying?*

RICH. *Yes. Either a shoulder holster or a gun stuck in his pocket. I always had a gun behind the bar. This is normal.*

Some testimony omitted here.

HUBERT. *And your reason for leaving Dallas, you say, was that—*

RICH. *I smelled an element that I did not want to have any part of.*

HUBERT. *And that element was what?*

RICH. *Police characters, let's say.*

Jack Ruby

5. Carroll Jarnagin, Attorney

Combinations of wickedness would overwhelm the world by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practiced perfidy grow faithless to each other.
SAMUEL JOHNSON

Of the many amazing things in the Warren Commission exhibits, the statement of Carroll Jarnagin is one of the most astounding. Attorney Jarnagin, we felt, either has total recall memory, or he had a tape recorder with him that night, or he made the story up.

Our contention is that the Commission should have heard Jarnagin, so the members could come to their own conclusions.

Below are parts of the Jarnagin statement which he mailed to the FBI on December 4, 1963 and which is Exhibit 2821 of the 26 Warren Commission volumes:

Dear Mr. Hoover,

On Oct. 4, 1963 I was in the Carousel Club in Dallas Texas, and while there I heard Jack Ruby talking to a man using the name of H. L. Lee. These men were talking about plans to kill the Governor of Texas. This information was passed on to the Texas Department of Public Safety on Oct. 5, 1963 by telephone. On Sunday Nov. 24, 1963 I definitely realized that the picture in the Nov. 23, 1963 Dallas Times Herald of Lee Harvey Oswald was a picture of the man using the name of H. L. Lee whose conversation with Jack Ruby I had overheard back on Oct. 4, 1963. I thereafter attempted to recall as much of the Oct. 4, 1963 conversation with as much accuracy as possible, and to reduce it to writing. This report is sent to you for whatever use it may be in assisting the F.B.I. in your current investigation.

Respectfully Submitted

Yours Very Sincerely,

(signed)

Carroll Jarnagin

Report of events which took place in The Carousel Club 1312-1/2 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas on Friday, Oct. 4, 1963 from about 10 P.M. until about 11:35 P.M.:

The club is located on the second floor, and is entered by a stairway leading up from the sidewalk on the South side of Commerce Street.

Witness, who is an attorney, and a client, who is an "exotic dancer," walk up the stairs to the Carousel Club Oct. 4, 1963 at about 10 P.M., on business, the dancer, stage name 'Robin Hood,' desires to talk with Jack Ruby, the owner of the club, about securing a booking for employment. The witness and the dancer enter the club, and sit down at the second table on the right from the entrance . . . Several minutes after the witness and the dancer are seated, the witness notices a man appear in the lighted entrance area and tell the girl in the ticket booth: 'I want to see Jack Ruby.' In a short period of time the bouncer appears and with a flash light shines a beam of light upon the ceiling on the inside of the club at the entrance area. The man who has asked to see Jack Ruby is dressed in a tan jacket, has brown hair, needs a haircut, is wearing a sport shirt, and is about 5'9 or 10" in height, his general appearance is somewhat unkempt, and he does not appear to be dressed for night-clubbing: he, the new arrival, sits with his back to the wall at the first table to his right from the entrance area: after a few minutes he orders and is served a bottle of beer: he continues to sit alone and appears to be staring at the dancer: the dancer leaves the table and the new arrival stares intently at the witness: the witness notices the new arrival's eyes are dark, and his face is unsmiling: after some minutes a man dressed in a dark suit, about 45-50 years of age, partially bald, medium height and medium to heavy build, dark hair and more or less hawk faced in appearance from the side, joins the new arrival at the table: the new arrival appeared to be about 25 years of age: (the older man dressed in the dark suit was later indicated by the dancer to be Jack Ruby): and the following conversation was overheard:

JACK RUBY. . . . (*some name not clearly heard or not definitely recalled by the witness*)—*what are you doing here?*

Man who had been sitting alone. *I'm using the name of H. L. Lee . . .*

JACK RUBY. *What do you want?*

LEE. *I need some money.*

JACK RUBY. *Money?*

LEE. *I just got in from New Orleans, I need a place to stay, and a job.*

JACK RUBY. *I noticed you hadn't been around in two or three weeks, what were you doing in New Orleans?*

LEE. *There was a street fight and I got put in jail.*

RUBY. *What charge?*

LEE. *Disturbing the peace.*

RUBY. *Don't you have a family, can't you stay with them?*

LEE. *They are in Irving, they know nothing about this: I want to get a place to myself: they don't know I'm back.*

RUBY. *You'll get the money after the job is done.*

LEE. *What about half now, and half after the job is done?*

RUBY. *No, but don't worry, I'll have the money for you, after the job is done.*

LEE. *How much?*

RUBY. *We've already agreed on that . . .*

RUBY. *How do I know that you can do the job?*

LEE. *It's simple, I'm a Marine sharpshooter.*

RUBY. *Are you sure that you can do the job without hitting anybody but the Governor?*

LEE. *I'm sure, I've got the equipment ready.*

RUBY. *Have you tested it, will you need to practice any?*

LEE. *Don't worry about that, I don't need any practice: when will the Governor be here?*

RUBY. *Oh, he'll be here plenty of times during campaigns . . .* (distraction).

LEE. *Where can I do the job?*

RUBY. *From the roof of some building.*

LEE. *No, that's too risky, too many people around.*

RUBY. *But they'll be watching the parade, they won't notice you . . .*

LEE. *But afterwards, they would tear me to pieces before I could get away.*

RUBY. *Then do it from here (indicating the north end of the Carousel Club), from a window.*

LEE. *How would I get in?*

RUBY. *I'll tell the porter to let you in.*

LEE. *But won't there be people in the place?*

RUBY. *I can close the place for the parade, and leave word with the porter to let you in.*

LEE. *But what about the porter . . .*

RUBY. *I can tell him to leave after letting you in: he won't know anything.*

LEE. *I don't want any witnesses around when I do the job.*

RUBY. *You'll be alone.*

LEE. *But what about the money, when do I get the money?*

RUBY. *I'll have it here for you.*

LEE. *But when? I'm not going to have much time after the shooting to get away.*

RUBY. *I'll have the money on me, and I'll run in first and hand it to you, and you can run on out the back way.*

LEE. *I can't wait long, why can't you leave the money in here?*

RUBY. *How do I know you'll do the job?*

LEE. *How do I know you will show up with the money after the job is done?*

RUBY. *You can trust me, besides, you'll have the persuader.*

LEE. *The rifle, I want to get away from it as soon as it's used.*

RUBY. *You can trust me.*

LEE. *What about giving me half of the money just before the job is done, and then you can send me the other half later?*

RUBY. *I can't turn loose of the money until the job is done: if there's a slip up and you don't get him, they'll pick the money up, immediately: I couldn't tell them that I gave half of it to you in advance, they'd think I doublecrossed them: I would have to return all of the money. People think I have a lot of money, but I couldn't raise half of that amount even by selling everything I have. You'll just have to trust me to hand you the money as soon as the job is done. There is no other way. Remember, they want the job done just as bad as you want the money: and after this is done, they may want to use you again.*

LEE. *Not that it makes me any difference, but what have you got against the Governor?*

RUBY. *He won't work with us on paroles: with a few of the right boys out we could really open up this state, with a little cooperation from the Governor. The boys in Chicago have no place to go, no place to really operate: they've clamped down the lid in Chicago: Cuba is closed: everything is dead, look at this place, half empty: if we can open up this state we could pack this place every night, those boys will spend, if they have the money: and remember, we're right next to Mexico: there'd be money for everybody, if we can open up this state.*

LEE. *How do you know that the Governor won't work with you?*

RUBY. *It's no use, he's been in Washington too long, they're too straight up there: after they've been there awhile they get to thinking like the Attorney General. The Attorney General, now there's a guy the boys would like to get, but its no use, he stays in Washington too much.*

LEE. *A rifle shoots as far in Washington as it does here, doesn't it?*

RUBY. *Forget it, that would bring the heat on everywhere, and the Feds would get into everything, no, forget about the Attorney General.*

LEE. *Killing the Governor of Texas will put the heat on too, won't it?*

RUBY. *Not really, they'll think some crack-pot or communist did it, and it will be written off as an unsolved crime.*

LEE. *There's réally only one building to do it from, one that covers Main, Elm, and Commerce.*

RUBY. *Which one is that?*

LEE. *The School Book Building, close to the triple underpass.*

RUBY. *What's wrong with doing it from here?*

LEE. *What if he goes down another street* (distraction).

This is all the statement we feel necessary to print.

On January 13, 1966 we asked Jarnagin if he had a tape recorder that night in the Carousel Club. He said he did not. We said: "You sure must have a fantastic memory."

Jarnagin said he graduated in the upper 20 per cent of his class at SMU, that he had no trouble getting into the University of Chicago. He told us he once made 100 on a college chemistry examination with many chemical formulas as answers. He said: "I made 100 on that test and I think I could recite the

Others treated the Warren Report with open contempt.

We interviewed lawyers, reporters, cops, laborers, janitors, simple housewives, an exotic dancer; most of them asked us not to use their names. From time to time we checked in at the Midlothian Mirror to compare notes with Penn Jones. Occasionally he would take us to his "farm" a few miles away, where he keeps his collection of barbed wire, and where he has installed a waterwheel to irrigate the hilltop ("the only working waterwheel in Ellis County," Jones boasts). Once we were sitting in that bucolic setting, discussing the gory details of this grisliest of murder cases, when all at once the incongruity struck us as enormously funny—the barbed wire collection, Lyndon Johnson, the "Texas Mafia," the waterwheel, the mysterious deaths, the Grassy Knoll, the presumptuousness of our investigating a regicide—and we threw our heads back, broken up with laughter. Penn, who has a formidable cackle, laughed the hardest. You have to laugh on this case, or you can begin to doubt your sanity.

On another trip, we stood up and talked for 15 minutes with Bertha Cheek, a friend of Ruby's and sister of the lady who kept Oswald's rooming house, while she was explaining why she couldn't grant us an interview—unless we paid her $1000. "Marina Oswald is getting money for her story," said sexy, fortyish Bertha, a prosperous realtor. "Why should I give mine away?"

We spent six hours over vodka and orange juice with Wanda Joyce Killam, a former B-girl in Ruby's Carousel Club and widow of one of the mysteriously dead. Wanda, an attractive bottle blonde, looked a bit frowzy, not expecting visitors, and was embarrassed about it. She rambled on about how wonderful a guy Jack Ruby is and some minor details about her murdered husband; but nothing startling, nothing we did not already know. We bid a cordial goodbye to Wanda, who is a warm, gregarious person, and talked about the apprehension that chilled her features during most of our visit. But by this time we had grown suspicious of anyone who *wasn't* afraid.

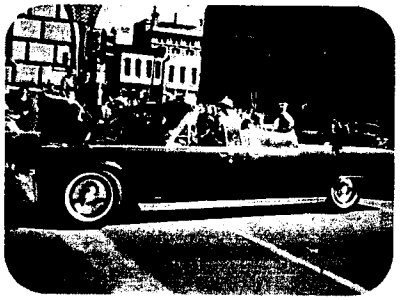
Three years after the Kennedy assassination—and two years after it was allegedly "solved" by the President's Commission—fear still walks with the man or woman who knows even part of the truth of what really happened on November 22, 1963. If Penn Jones has done nothing else, he has shown us that. It is a fear beyond the ken of most Americans, who know only the ever-present, constipating fear of being honest and natural with one another. The Dallas fear is a fear for life, and livelihood. We saw it in the eyes of those who crossed paths with key figures in the assassination. We heard it in their voices. "Please," one of Jack Ruby's strippers told us. "Don't put my name in your paper. Please. I love life too much."

More than all the persuasive and well-documented books on the subject, it was that fear that reached us, in our intestines; convinced us the Warren Commission was wrong. If Lee Harvey Oswald did the job all by himself, then what are these people afraid of? *Whom* are they afraid of?

The Kennedy "Curse"

PENN JONES' biggest reportorial coup is unquestionably his discovery of a series of mysterious deaths, possibly related to the assassination of the President. That he would print it, when practically nobody was printing anything but kudos for Earl Warren & Co., and print it *in the Dallas area*, is a sign of hope for the survival of independent journalism.

Jones' first scoop was the story of a meeting at Jack Ruby's apartment on Sunday, November 24, 1963, several hours after Ruby shot and killed Oswald in Dallas



police headquarters. In his original editorial, reprinted on page 32, he disclosed that three of the five present at the meeting—Jim Koethe, Bill Hunter and Tom Howard—have died mysterious deaths. Of the survivors, Jim Martin, who curiously enough represented the accused killer of Koethe and got him off without prosecution, is still practicing law in Dallas. George Senator, at this writing, is living in upstate New York. He has said repeatedly that he fears for his life.

These were not the only ones to have died mysteriously who possessed crucial scraps of knowledge about the killings of President Kennedy, Officer J. D. Tippit or Lee Harvey Oswald. At least 10 such persons are known to have been murdered, to have committed suicide or died in suspicious circumstances since the Kennedy assassination. Scores of persons similarly knowledgeable have been beaten, shot, threatened, intimidated or run out of town. And at least a dozen others brushed by the event have voluntarily left Dallas—quite sensibly, it would seem.

[JIM KOETHE—KARATE CHOP]

THE BODY of the young Dallas reporter was found swathed in a blanket on the floor of his bachelor apartment on September 21, 1964. Police said the cause of death was asphyxiation from a broken bone at the base of the neck—apparently the result of a karate chop.

Robbery appeared to be the motive, although Koethe's parents believe he was killed for other reasons. Whoever ransacked his apartment, they point out, was careful to remove his notes for a book he was preparing, in collaboration with two other journalists, on the Kennedy assassination.

Within a week a 22-year-old ex-con from Alabama named Larry Earl Reno was picked up selling Koethe's personal effects and held on suspicion of murder.

Reno's lawyers were Mike Barclay and the ubiquitous Jim Martin, both friends of Ruby roomie George Senator. Martin and Senator, one recalls, were with Koethe at that enigmatic meeting on November 24, 1963. When the Reno case came before the grand jury, District Attorney Henry Wade secretly instructed the jurors not to indict—an extraordinary move for a chief prosecuting officer with as strong a case as he had. The grand jury returned a no-bill.

Reno, however, remained in jail on a previous charge. When they finally sprang him, in January 1965, he was rearrested within a month for the robbery of a hotel. This time the prosecution, led by a one-time law partner of Martin's, had no qualms about getting an indictment, and a conviction. Reno was sentenced to life for the hotel robbery. At the trial his lawyers called no witnesses in his defense.

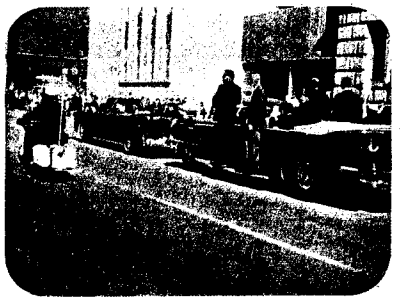
[BILL HUNTER—SHOT DEAD]

HUNTER COVERED the Kennedy assassination more or less on a lark. He was a police reporter for the Long Beach paper and a good one, with a knack for getting along with cops. He drank with them, played cards with them in the press room—he was a sharp and lucky player—and they would often call him at home when a story broke. Hunter was a big man, described by friends as rough, jovial, "very physical," with an attractive wife and three children.

There was no real need for the Long Beach paper to send a reporter to Dallas, but Hunter, who grew up there, managed to promote a free trip for himself with the city desk. In Dallas he ran into Jim Koethe, with whom he had worked in Wichita Falls, Texas. Koethe asked him to come along to the meeting in Ruby's apartment; they arrived to find Senator and Tom Howard having a drink.

Bill Hunter was killed just after midnight on the morning of April 23, 1964—only a few hours after George Senator testified before Warren Commission counsel that he "could not recall" the meeting in Ruby's apartment. Hunter was seated at his desk in the press room of the Long Beach public safety building when detective Creighton Wiggins Jr. and his partner burst into the room. A single bullet fired from Wiggins' gun struck Hunter in the heart, killing him almost instantly. The mystery novel he was reading, entitled *Stop This Man!*, slipped blood-spattered from his fingers.

Wiggins' story underwent several changes. His final version was that he and his partner had been playing cops and robbers with guns drawn when his gun started to slip from his hand and went off. The two officers were convicted of involuntary manslaughter. Sentence was suspended. There were so many contradictions in Wiggins' testimony that Bill Shelton, Hunter's city editor and old friend from Texas, is "still not satisfied" with the official verdict. He declines to comment about any possible



connection between Hunter's death and the Kennedy assassination. "But I'd believe anything," he says. It is a curious footnote that Shelton's brother Keith was among the majority of Dallas newspapermen who found it expedient to leave their jobs after covering the assassination. Keith was president of the Dallas Press Club and gave up a promising career as political columnist for the Times-Herald to settle in a small north Texas town. One reporter who was asked to resign put it this way: "It looks like a studied effort to remove all the knowledgeable newsmen who covered the assassination."

[TOM HOWARD—HEART ATTACK]

ALTHOUGH DALLAS, like any other American city, is slowly being taken over by the well-groomed, image-conscious wonders rolling off our college assembly lines, there is still a lingering appreciation for the "characters"—the Bob Thorntons,

the Jack Rubys, the Tom Howards—throwbacks to another age when the Old West values reigned supreme. Everyone around official Dallas knew Tom Howard, that familiar figure in the white Stetson who always seemed to show up where the action was. He was a defense attorney in the old rough-and-tumble Texas fashion, operating out of a store-front office, devoid of the usual law books, across from police headquarters. During his career he handled about 50 murder cases, and was more than once cited for contempt of court for fist fights and shouting matches with the prosecution.

Howard was a friend of District Attorney Henry Wade, although they often opposed each other in court, and it was not uncommon for them to meet for a sociable drink after court adjourned. He was also close to Ruby and others on the fringes of the Dallas underworld.

Like Jack Ruby, Howard's life revolved around the police station, and it was not surprising when he and Ruby (toting his gun) showed up at the station on the evening of the assassination. Nor was it unusual when Howard arrived there shortly after Ruby shot Oswald, two days later, asking to see his old friend.

Howard was shown into a meeting room to see a bewildered Ruby, who had not asked for any lawyer, and for the next few days—until Ruby's brother Earl soured on Howard and had him relieved—he was Jack's chief attorney and public spokesman. Howard took to the publicity with alacrity, called a press conference, wheeled and dealed. He told newsmen the case was a "once-in-a-lifetime chance" and that "speaking as a private citizen," he thought Ruby deserved a congressional medal. He told the Houston Post that Ruby had been in the police station Friday night with a gun. He dickered with a national magazine about an Oswald-murder story. He got hold of a picture showing the President's brains flying and tried to sell it to Life. Ruby's sister even accused him of leaking information to the DA. All told, it was never quite clear whether Howard was working for Ruby or against him.

Howard met frequently with his client in the days immediately following the death of Oswald. From this, along with his ties with both police and hoodlum circles in Dallas, and his presence at the Ruby-Senator apartment meeting that fateful Sunday, one would assume he was the repository of a wealth of privileged information about the events of November 1963. And we know he was an irrepressible talker, privy to the intrigues of petty criminality but hardly one to be trusted with any secrets surrounding the Kennedy assassination.

On March 27, 1965, Howard was taken to the hospital by an unidentified person and died there. He was 48. The doctor, without benefit of an autopsy, said he had suffered a heart attack. Some reporter friends of Howard's are not so sure. They observed that for three days before his death, the normally gregarious Howard seemed preoccupied and uncommunicative, and did not appear to recognize friends. One Dallas reporter says flatly that Howard was bumped off; others are more circumspect. "As far as I'm concerned the case is closed," one of them says. "You're not going to catch me messing in that hornet's nest."

[EARLENE ROBERTS—HEART ATTACK]

MRS. ROBERTS, the plump widow who managed the rooming house where Oswald was living under the name O. H. Lee, was one of the key witnesses before the Warren Commission. She testified that "around 1 o'clock, or maybe a little after" on November 22, Oswald rushed into the rooming house, stayed in his room for "not over 3 or 4 minutes" and walked out zipping on a light-weight

jacket. The last she saw of him he was waiting at a nearby bus stop. A few minutes later, one mile away, Officer Tippit was shot dead; Oswald was accused of the crime.

Mrs. Roberts also testified that during the brief time Oswald was in his room, a police car with two uniformed cops in it pulled up in front of the rooming house, and that she did not recognize either the car or the policemen. She heard the horn honk, "just kind of 'tit-tit'—twice," and after a moment saw the police car move off down the street. Moments later Oswald left the house.

The police department issued a report saying all patrol cars in the area (except Officer Tippit's) were accounted for. The Warren Commission let it go at that. It did not seek to resolve the question: what were policemen doing honking the horn outside Oswald's rooming house 30 minutes after a Presidential assassination? Their swift departure would indicate they certainly were not coming to apprehend him. It is perhaps too far fetched to imagine that they were giving Oswald some kind of signal, although it seems as plausible as any other explanation of this bizarre incident.

After testifying in Dallas in April of 1964, Mrs. Roberts was subjected to intensive police harassment. They visited her at all hours of the day and night, contacted her employers and identified her as the Oswald rooming house lady. As a result she was dismissed from three housekeeping and nursing jobs in April, May and June of 1964 alone; no telling how many jobs she lost after that. Relatives report that right up until her death a year and a half later, Earlene complained of being "worried to death" by the police.

Mrs. Roberts died January 9, 1966, in Parkland Hospital. Police said she suffered a heart attack in her home. No autopsy was performed.

[NANCY JANE MOONEY—HANGED]

WARREN REYNOLDS was just minding his used car lot on East Jefferson when he heard the shots two blocks away. He thought it was probably somebody's marital quarrel. Then he saw a man having great difficulty tucking "a pistol or an automatic" in his belt and running at the same time. Reynolds gave chase for a short piece, being careful to keep his distance, then lost the fleeing man. He didn't know it then, but he had apparently witnessed the flight of the killer (or one of the killers) of Patrolman Jefferson Davis Tippit. Feeling helpful, he gave his name to a passing policeman and offered his cooperation. TV cameras zeroed in on him, got his story. Warren Reynolds, the amiable used car man, was making history.

But in one of those curious oversights which riddle the Kennedy-Oswald-Tippit investigation, Reynolds was not questioned by any police agency until two months after the event. When the FBI finally talked to him on January 21, 1964, the agent's report of the interview said: ". . . he would hesitate to definitely identify Oswald as the individual." The FBI report added, however, in most unpolicemanlike fashion: "He advised he is of the opinion Oswald is the person. . . ."

Two days after talking to the FBI, Reynolds was shot in the head as he was closing up the car lot for the night; nothing was stolen. Later, after consulting at length with retired General Edwin Walker, he told Warren Commission counsel that Oswald definitely was the man he saw fleeing the Tippit murder scene.

A young hood named Darrell Wayne Garner was arrested for the murder attempt. He had made a long distance call to a relative and in some drunken bragging, admitted shooting Reynolds. But Garner had an alibi, and her name was Nancy Jane Mooney, alias Betty McDonald, who used to take her clothes off to music in Jack Ruby's Carousel Club. Garner was freed.

Nancy Jane, a mother of four, was picked up about a week later—for fighting with a girlfriend, over a man—and jailed on a disturbing-the-peace rap. The girlfriend was not arrested. Within a few hours Miss Mooney was dead. Police said she hanged herself with her toreador pants, in her private cell at the Dallas City jail.

Garner was free, his alibi witness was dead, and Reynolds was going to pieces out of fear. A week after Nancy Jane was hanged, someone unscrewed a light globe on Reynolds' front porch; it was clearly deliberate because some screws had to be removed to get at the globe. And the same week a man stopped Reynolds' nine-year-old daughter as she was walking home from school and offered her money to get in his car. Fortunately she had the presence of mind to run like hell. Through all this, Reynolds had the distinct impression he was being intimidated. Today, after giving the Commission a firm identification of Oswald as the Tippit fugitive, he is breathing easier. "I don't think they're going to bother me any more," he said.

[HANK KILLAM—THROAT SLIT]

HOUSEPAINTER HANK KILLAM was 6′ 3″ and weighed 250 pounds—"a big hunk of man," said his wife Wanda, who used to push cigarettes and drink with the customers at Jack Ruby's club.

Hank and Wanda were good friends of John Carter, another painter, who lived at Mrs. A. C. Johnson's rooming house at the same time Lee Harvey Oswald lived there. Carter worked several painting jobs with Hank and used to visit at the Killam home.

To all appearances, his wife's 15-year association with Ruby and his friendship with John Carter, Oswald's

fellow boarder, were Killam's only tenuous links to the Kennedy assassination. For all that, he was inordinately interesting to the "federal agents" who visited him repeatedly after the assassination, causing him to lose one job after another. In addition to questions about Killam's connections and whereabouts at the time of the assassination, the interrogators were especially interested in his political views; Killam said he had none.

Certainly Killam was most absorbed by the assassination, even obsessed. A few hours after the event he came home "white as a sheet," Wanda said, and stayed up all night watching television accounts of the assassination. He bought all the papers and diligently clipped the stories about Kennedy's death.

Just before Christmas, Killam packed up and left for Florida, where he had family, taking his assassination clipping files with him. But the "agents" got to Wanda. "They browbeat me into telling where he was," Wanda said. "I guess I'm just a girl that finds it very hard to say no to people."

Hank got a job in Tampa, selling cars at his brother-in-law's lot. Again the "federal police" hounded him, visiting the car lot so often that even his brother-in-law was persuaded to let him go. They harassed his second Tampa employer as well, until he lost that job too.

In mid-March he called Wanda in Dallas to say he had a new job lined up and would be sending for her soon. "I was all excited," said Wanda, "because I loved that man." Then in the early morning hours on St. Patrick's Day 1964, Killam received a phone call at his mother's home. Immediately he left the house. Not long afterward they found him on a sidewalk, in front of a broken plate glass window, his jugular vein cut. He bled to death en route to the hospital. His wallet and diamond ring were missing.

It is not clear whether the "federal police" who visited Hank and Wanda were in fact FBI men, or whether they ever properly identified themselves as such. If the FBI did interview Killam, there is no indication in the 26 volumes or the Warren Report. A check of the index to Commission documents in the National Archives reveals no mention of Killam. But then a number of FBI documents relating to the assassination are withheld, along with most of the documents prepared by the CIA. What is clear is that *somebody* considered Hank Killam a very important guy.

[WILLIAM WHALEY—HEAD-ON COLLISION]

WHALEY WAS THE OSWALD CABBIE, one of the few who had the opportunity to talk alone with the accused killer of Kennedy between the assassination and Oswald's arrest. He testified that Oswald hailed his cab at the Greyhound bus station, then graciously offered the cab to a waiting lady, who declined his offer. Whaley said he drove Oswald to the intersection of Beckley and Neches—half a block from the rooming house—and collected a dollar. Later he identified Oswald as his fare in a questionable police lineup, although police records are confused and he may have picked out another man.

Whaley was killed in a head-on collision on a bridge over the Trinity River, December 18, 1965; his passenger was critically injured. The 83-year-old driver of the other car was also killed. Whaley had been with the City Transportation Co. since 1936 and had a perfect accident record. He was the first Dallas cabbie to be killed on duty since 1937. When Penn Jones went to interview the general manager of the cab company about Whaley's death, he was literally pushed out of the office. "If you're smart," said the manager, "you won't be coming around here asking questions."

[EDWARD BENAVIDES—SHOT DEAD]

DOMINGO BENAVIDES, a dark, slim auto mechanic, was a witness to the murder of Officer Tippit who testified that he "really got a good view" of the slayer. He was not asked to see the police lineup in which Oswald appeared. Although he later said the killer resembled newspaper pictures of Oswald, he described the man differently: "I remember the back of his head seemed like his hairline sort of went square instead of tapered off . . . it kind of went down and squared off and made his head look flat in back." Domingo reports he has been repeatedly threatened by police, and advised not to talk about what he saw.

In mid-February 1964 his brother Eddy, who resembled him, was fatally shot in the back of the head in a beer joint on Second Avenue in Dallas. Police said it was a pistol shot, wrote up a cursory report and marked the case "unsolved."

Domingo's father-in-law, J. W. Jackson, was so unimpressed with the police investigation of Eddy's death that he launched a little inquiry of his own. Two weeks later Jackson was shot at in his home. The assailant secreted himself in the carport, fired once into the house, and when Jackson ran outside, fired one more time, just missing his head. As the gunman clambered into an automobile in a nearby driveway, Jackson saw a police car coming down the block. The officer made no attempt to follow the gunman's speeding car; instead, he stopped at Jackson's house and spent a long time inquiring what had happened. Later a police lieutenant advised Jackson, "You'd better lay off of this business. Don't go around asking questions; that's our job." Jackson and Domingo are both convinced that Eddy's murder was a case of mistaken identity and that Domingo, the Tippit witness, was the intended victim.

[DOROTHY KILGALLEN ?]

WE KNOW of no serious person who really believes that the death of Dorothy Kilgallen, the gossip columnist, was related to the Kennedy assassination. Still, she was passionately interested in the case, told friends she firmly believed there was a conspiracy and that she would find out the truth if it took her all her life.

Miss Kilgallen was the first to make public the existence of Acquilla Clemons, a witness to the Tippit killing whose name does not appear once in the Warren Report or volumes. She was also the only reporter ever to interview Jack Ruby privately since the killing of Oswald. During the Ruby trial, which she covered for the now defunct New York Journal-American, Judge Joe B. Brown granted her 30 minutes alone with Ruby in the judge's chambers; the other reporters were furious.

One of the biggest scoops of Miss Kilgallen's career came when she pirated the transcript of Ruby's testimony before the Warren Commission and ran it in the Journal-American. Thousands of New Yorkers were shocked at the hopelessly inept questioning of Ruby by Chief Justice Warren, by Warren's almost deliberate failure to follow up the leads Ruby was feeding him.

Miss Kilgallen died in her bed on November 8, 1965. Dr. James Luke, a New York City medical examiner, said the cause of death was "acute barbiturate and alcohol intoxication, circumstances undetermined." Dr. Luke said there were not high enough levels of either alcohol or barbiturates to have caused death, but that the two are "additive" and together are quite enough to kill. This cause of death, he observed, is not at all uncommon. Was it suicide? Accident? Murder?—Dr. Luke said there was no way of determining that.

As we say, Dorothy Kilgallen probably does not belong on any list of Kennedy-related deaths. But questions do remain. An editor of Screen Stars magazine, Mary Brannum, says she received a phone call a few hours *before* Dorothy's body was discovered, announcing that she had been murdered. Miss Kilgallen's "What's My Line" makeup man said that shortly before her death she vowed she would "crack this case." And another New York show biz friend said Dorothy told him in the last days of her life: "In five more days I'm going to bust this case wide open."

[LEE BOWERS—AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT]

LEE BOWERS' TESTIMONY is perhaps as explosive as any recorded by the Warren Commission. He was one of 65 known witnesses to the President's assassination who thought shots were fired from the area of the Grassy Knoll. (The Knoll is west of the

Texas School Book Depository.) But more than that, he was in a unique position to observe some pretty strange behavior in the Knoll area during and immediately before the assassination.

Bowers, then a towerman for the Union Terminal Co., was stationed in his 14-foot tower directly behind the Grassy Knoll. As he faced the assassination site, he could see the railroad overpass to his right front. Directly in front of him was a parking lot, and then a wooden stockade fence and a row of trees running along the top of the Grassy Knoll. The Knoll sloped down to the spot on Elm Street where Kennedy was killed. Police had "cut off" traffic into the parking area, Bowers said, "so that anyone moving around could actually be observed."

Bowers made two significant observations which he revealed to the Commission. First, he saw three unfamiliar cars slowly cruising around the parking area in the 35 minutes before the assassination; the first two left after a few minutes. The driver of the second car appeared to be

talking into "a mike or a telephone"—"he was holding something up to his mouth with one hand and he was driving with the other." A third car, with out-of-state plates and mud up to the windows, probed all around the parking area. Bowers last remembered seeing it about eight minutes before the shooting, pausing "just above the assassination site." He gave detailed descriptions of the cars and their drivers.

Bowers also observed two unfamiliar men standing on top of the Knoll at the edge of the parking lot, within 10 or 15 feet of each other—"one man, middle-aged or slightly older, fairly heavy-set, in a white shirt, fairly dark trousers. Another younger man, about mid-twenties, in either a plaid shirt or a plaid coat or jacket." Both were facing toward Elm and Houston, where the motorcade would be coming from. They were the only strangers he remembered seeing. His description shows a remarkable similarity to Julia Ann Mercer's description of two unidentified men climbing the Knoll (see Jones' editorial, p. 38).

When the shots rang out, Bowers' attention was drawn to the area where he had seen the two men; he could still make out the one in the white shirt—"the darker dressed man was too hard to distinguish from the trees." He observed "some commotion" at that spot, ". . . something out of the ordinary, a sort of milling around . . . which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify." At that moment, he testified, a motorcycle policeman left the Presidential motorcade and roared up the Grassy Knoll straight to where the two mysterious gentlemen were standing behind the fence. The policeman dismounted, Bowers recalled, then after a moment climbed on his motorcycle and drove off. Later, in a film interview with attorney Mark Lane, he explained that the "commotion" that caught his eye may have been "a flash of light or smoke." His information dovetails with what other witnesses observed from different vantage points.

On the morning of August 9, 1966, Lee Bowers, now the vice-president of a construction firm, was driving south from Dallas on business. He was two miles from Midlothian when his brand new company car veered from the road and hit a bridge abutment. A farmer who saw it said the car was going 50 miles an hour, a slow speed for that road. There were no skidmarks to indicate braking.

Bowers died of his wounds at 1 p.m. in a Dallas hospital. He was 41. There was no autopsy, and he was cremated soon afterward. Doctors saw no evidence that he had suffered a heart attack. A doctor from Midlothian, who rode in the ambulance with Bowers, noticed something peculiar about the victim. "He was in a strange state of shock," the old doctor said, "a different kind of shock than an accident victim experiences. I can't explain it. I've never seen anything like it."

Bowers' widow at first insisted to Penn Jones that there was nothing suspicious about her husband's death. Then she became flustered and said: "They told him not to talk."

"Warren's in Trouble"

DALLAS IS A CLOSE-MOUTHED place. Without question it is a city that feels uncomfortable about all the bad publicity it has been receiving. And it patently doesn't like all these foreigners poking around, interviewing witnesses, dredging up more dirt about Dallas. Still, there are so many cases of obvious intimidation of witnesses that it appears to amount to more than an acute case of hypersensitivity. One notes that all of the mysteriously dead, with the exception of Bowers, had some association with Ruby or with the murder of Patrolman Tippit; many of the intimidations

seem to fall into a similar pattern.

Wilma Tice, a Dallas housewife, told the FBI she saw Jack Ruby at Parkland Hospital right after the assassination, when he was supposed to have been elsewhere. Her observation was confirmed by Seth Kantor, a White House newsman and ex-Dallas reporter who knew Ruby well and said he talked with him at the hospital. Mrs. Tice received threatening phone calls—"it would pay you to keep your mouth shut"—and once while her husband was at work, a ladder was found wedged against her door so it could not be opened.

Little Lynn, alias Karen Bennett Carlin, a plumpish 19-year-old stripper at the Carousel, told the Secret Service she heard another Ruby entertainer say he'd seen Oswald at Ruby's club, and she "vaguely remembered" seeing Oswald there herself. She was also "under the impression" that Oswald, Ruby and other individuals unknown to her were involved in a plot to assassinate President Kennedy, and that she would be killed if she gave any information to the authorities. Later in the Secret Service interview she became scared, changed her story and denied any knowledge of a plot. She continued to assert, however, that her life had twice been threatened.

Harold Richard Williams was working as a chef at the Mikado, a Dallas bottle club, when it was raided in early November 1963. One of the arresting officers, he said, was J. D. Tippit, and seated next to him in the cop car—"so close you'd think they were lovers"—was Jack Ruby. Williams told attorney Mark Lane he knew Ruby, who "used to furnish us with girls," and got a long look at Tippit. But Harold Williams did not follow the example of the other six known witnesses to a Ruby-Tippit association; he continued to shoot off his mouth about it. Williams said the police talked to him in December 1963 and advised him that he had not seen Ruby with Tippit.

THE MOST CONSISTENT of the seeming patterns of intimidation involves those who knew something about the murder of Jefferson Davis Tippit. Shirley Martin of Hominy, Oklahoma, who has been repeatedly tailed by Dallas police, is not the only independent investigator to have noticed unusual "heat" when checking out details of the Tippit killing. Earlier this year Mark Lane located Domingo Benavides, a witness to the shooting whose brother was mysteriously killed (see above), and arranged to meet him at Lane's motel for a filmed interview the next morning; Lane offered him $100. That night two men from the homicide squad came to the motel and inquired of Lane's film crew why they were so interested in Benavides. "What did you offer our boy $100 for?" they asked. According to the film crew, the policemen knew the exact time of Benavides' appointment with Lane, implied Benavides would not be there, and generally showed a great deal more concern about their footage on the Tippit murder than about the killing of Kennedy. Benavides never showed up.

Another witness to the Tippit killing, a nurse named Acquilla Clemons who described the slayer as short and stocky and said he fled with a tall, lanky man wearing khaki trousers—neither of whom resembled Oswald—has been repeatedly threatened. According to Mark Lane she was visited a few days after the event by a gun-toting man: "He just told me it'd be best if I didn't say anything because I might get hurt." She said several policemen came to see her after that, and one expressed hope that she would not be killed on the way to work.

We have hardly begun to describe the intimidation to which important witnesses have been subjected. Enough evidence is in to justify an immediate investigation. We want to know *why* people in Dallas seem so intent on keeping the truth about Ruby and Tippit from getting out.

[TIPPIT]

THE TIPPIT KILLING WAS NEVER conclusively "solved" by the Warren Commission. The gross faults in its chain of evidence pointing to Oswald as the lone cop-killer have been exposed in several recent books; we won't go into it here. Certainly, the Commission did not adequately investigate Tippit's movements prior to his death, or the curious presence near the scene of off-duty Patrolman Olsen, a close associate of Jack Ruby's (see Penn Jones' story on Olsen above).

On Bill Turner's last whirlwind trip to Dallas—acting on a tip from "sleuth" David Lifton—he uncovered five witnesses to Tippit's whereabouts in the last minutes of his life. There is no indication that the Commission or any police agency was even aware of them. Photographer Al Volkland and his wife Lou, both of whom knew Tippit, said that 15 or 20 minutes after the assassination they saw

him at a gas station and waved to him. They observed Tippit sitting in his police car at a Gloco gas station in Oak Cliff, watching the cars coming over the Houston Street viaduct from downtown Dallas. Three employees of the Gloco station, Tom Mullins, Emmett Hollingshead and J. B. "Shorty" Lewis, all of whom knew Tippit, confirmed the Volklands' story. They said Tippit stayed at the station for "about 10 minutes, somewhere between 12:45 and 1:00, then he went tearing off down Lancaster at high speed"—on a bee-line toward Jack Ruby's apartment and in the direction of where he was killed a few minutes later.

What could Tippit have heard or seen to cause him to leave his observation post at the Gloco station and roar up the street? Police radio logs show no instructions to move. We know that cabdriver Whaley said he drove Oswald across the Houston Street viaduct (past the Gloco station at the same time Tippit was reported there) to a spot near the rooming house. Is it possible that Tippit spotted Oswald in the cab, recognized him, and for some

reason took off to intercept him? If we recall that while Oswald was in the rooming house, Earlene Roberts observed a police car pull up in front and honk the horn, and the police statement that all cars in the area were accounted for—except Tippit's—then it is possible indeed. Earlene, who was blind in one eye and whose sight was failing in the other, said she thought the number on the car was 107; Tippit's car number was 10. Earlene said she saw two policemen in the car; all patrol cars in the area that day were one-man cars and Earlene, with her poor vision, may have mistaken Tippit's uniform jacket, hanging on a coat-hanger in his car, for another cop. The Commission should at least have investigated the possibility.

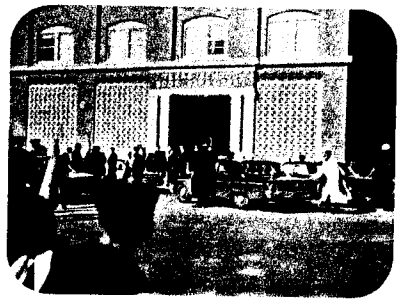
It is scandalous that three years after the event we should be reduced to this sort of speculation; that Turner, in one quick trip to Dallas, could learn more about Tippit's movements before his death than the combined investigative resources of the police, FBI and Warren Commission.

Even the evidence the Commission did have was scrutinized in the most perfunctory way. Tippit's last known radio transmission, for example, was at 12:54, when he reported his position at Lancaster and 8th. But at 1:08, the approximate time of the shooting according to at least one witness, the dispatcher received two garbled transmissions from a patrol car. The FBI interpreted them as coming from 58 and 488, although no such call numbers are known to have been in service. Dallas police thought they came from 78—Tippit. Yet no one made any attempt to de-garble the transmissions, despite the existence of "voice-printing" techniques capable of reconstructing garbled transmissions phonetically. Provided the tapes have not been destroyed, it is *still* possible to voice-print those transmissions. They may provide a key to the mystery of Tippit's death.

[THE OVERLOOKED EVIDENCE]

WE EMBARKED on our limited investigation to get a story, not to solve the case. We are not cops, God knows. But we came across so much overlooked evidence that we can't help but wonder if the Warren Commission was set up to do anything but allay public fears of a conspiracy. Witnesses who supported its Oswald-lone-assassin-and-cop-killer theory, like Helen Markham, Howard Brennan and Marina Oswald, were coddled and the discrepancies in their hopelessly confused testimony ignored. Witnesses who told a different story, like Jean Hill and Patrick Dean, were impugned and browbeaten; Commission counsel openly accused police sergeant Dean of testifying falsely and of falsifying his reports to the chief of police.

The Commission even refused to take the testimony of Governor Connally seriously, although it was supported by a preponderance of evidence. Connally and his wife both testified that they were positive that the governor was hit by a second shot, and that the first and third shots had struck the President. But the Commission had its own theory, the "superbullet" theory, and the Connallys' positive recollection just didn't fit. The Commission's theory held that a bullet (Exhibit 399), found under a stretcher mat in the unguarded basement of Parkland Hospital had pierced President Kennedy's neck from the rear on a downward trajectory, entered Connally's back, shattered the fifth rib, emerged from his chest, broke his wrist into pieces, leaving fragments, entered his thigh, leaving fragments, and then fell out, somehow becoming wedged in a stretcher (never established to have been Connally's), beautifully whole and undeformed, without even a recognizable trace of blood or tissue on its surface. Unbelievable?—perhaps; but because both Kennedy and Connally were hit from the rear in less time than it takes to fire Oswald's bolt-action rifle twice, the Commission *had* to have a "superbullet" theory. Otherwise there would have had to be two assassins firing from the rear (not to mention anyone firing from the front), or, conceivably, one assassin other than Oswald firing from the rear with an automatic weapon. And this possibility, to the Commission, was inadmissible.



Before the Commission discredited Connally's testimony they should at least have heard all the important witnesses. Ramparts found one the Commission never talked to; they never even asked him for an affidavit. He is William Stinson, an aide to Governor Connally at the time of the assassination. Today, although officially employed by the Veterans Administration, he has an office in the White House. Stinson told us he was in the operating room, wearing a sterile uniform, when the doctors operated on Connally at Parkland Hospital. "The last thing they did," said Stinson, "was to remove the bullet from the governor's thigh—because that was the least thing that was wrong with him."

It was a startling disclosure. For if a bullet was embedded in Connally's thigh, then "Bullet 399" could not have done the herculean task it is credited with, and the Commission's theory of what happened on November 22 is knocked into a cocked hat. Intrigued, we contacted Dr. Charles Baxter, who assisted in the operation on Connally's thigh. He told us that bullet fragments, not an entire bullet, had been removed from the thigh—itself a startling revelation, and a fact the Commission either never bothered to find out or deliberately ignored. Even with these fragments removed, autopsy doctor Humes said the x-rays showed too much metal remaining in Connally's thigh-bone to have been caused by Bullet 399. Dr. Robert Shaw, finding "more than 3 grains of metal" in the governor's wrist, and finding Bullet 399 to have lost "literally none of its substance," joined autopsy doctors Humes and Finck in concluding: Bullet 399 *could not* have caused all of Connally's wounds.

What went on at Parkland Hospital? Why wasn't Stinson called to testify? Why was Baxter, who did testify, never asked about the governor's wounds? One thing is clear: that someone had better re-examine the "superbullet" theory, and consider the possibility that Bullet 399—the only assassination bullet that has been ballistically matched to Oswald's rifle—was a plant.

NO ONE is as furious about the overlooked evidence as Penn Jones. Hardly a week goes by that he doesn't come across some startling agent's report or police affidavit buried in the 26 volumes, only to discover the Commission ignored it entirely. Recently he dug up an FBI interview with Arturo Alocer Ruiz, a Mexican attorney, and was intrigued enough to fly south with another reporter to visit attorney Alocer in his walled Spanish fortress in Mexico City. Alocer confirmed what he had told the FBI, giving additional details. Jones described him as "elderly, very dignified and very certain of what he saw."

Alocer was in San Antonio with his wife and a friend of hers on November 21, 1963, during President Kennedy's visit to that city and the day before his fateful trip to Dallas. At 9 in the morning the Alocers left the Gunter Hotel to go shopping and noticed a particularly obese woman standing near the entrance to the hotel. When they returned about 1 p.m. she was still there, apparently waiting for the Presidential motorcade which was about to pass in front of the hotel. They took careful note of her because of her appearance. They watched the motorcade pass, and noted that she left immediately thereafter. The following day the Alocers were watching TV accounts of the assassination when the interviews at the Oswald rooming house came on. Mrs. A. C. Johnson, the landlady, was on the screen, and Earlene Roberts, the plump housekeeper. And in the background Alocer, his wife and her friend were all startled to observe *the same obese lady* they'd seen in San Antonio. Two days later, after Ruby shot Oswald, the Alocers again saw the obese lady on TV; this time she was introduced as Eva Grant, sister of Jack Ruby. Eva Grant, a night club operator, was not questioned on her whereabouts on November 21. But she was not the only Ruby clan member reported watching Presidential motorcades on November 21st. One scared Dallas resident says he saw Jack Ruby himself in Houston when the President toured that city later the same afternoon. Ruby is unaccounted for between 3 and 7:30 p.m. on the 21st—ample time to fly to Houston, observe the motorcade and return.

[THE MISSING EVIDENCE]

PENN JONES and the "sleuths" have marshalled an impressive body of evidence to show that the Commission "solved" neither the assassination nor the murder of Tippit. They have exposed the Commission's religious determination not to track down leads pointing to other possible assassins and cop killers. And they have shown how the time limit given by President Johnson to the shorthanded Commission—"before the '64 elections"—meant the investigation could only be a frivolous one.

A Presidential assassination can shake the very fabric of a society. And if it is the result of conspiracy, as the evidence now available indicates, then the society is endangered as long as those responsible for its planning and execution are still at large. The "mysterious deaths" and intimidations alone are compelling enough reason for a new investigation, if only to establish whether or not they

are related to the Kennedy assassination.

It is time to reopen the investigation. And it is high time that the impressive quantity of missing evidence be "found," and that the mountain of withheld evidence be declassified and made available to the public. No matter what Penn Jones digs up, no matter what any private citizen uncovers about the assassination, the case cannot be solved until the suppressed evidence is released.

Among the missing evidence are the 22 color and 18 black and white photographs taken at the President's autopsy. Not even the Commission, nor the autopsy doctors themselves, were permitted to see them; the Commission saw only an artist's sketches based on an autopsy doctor's *memory* of the wounds. The photographs were turned over *undeveloped* to the Secret Service, according to FBI and Secret Service reports in the National Archives. The Secret Service states, in another Archives document, that "every item of tangible evidence" in its possession was turned over either to the Commission during its life, to the National Archives after the Commission disbanded, or was "placed in the custody of individuals designated by the late President's family." Archivist Simmons says the photographs are not in the Archives. No one seems to know where they are. Also missing are the x-rays of Kennedy's body, which were never seen by the Commission.

Another key piece of evidence is the Zapruder film. Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas clothing manufacturer, captured the assassination sequence on movie film. The original was purchased by Life magazine—"mainly to keep it off the market," says Richard Pollard, director of photography. Pollard says the original is uncut in any way. Not so with the copy of the film seen by the Commission and placed on file at the Archives. Not only are Zapruder frames 334 through 434 missing (showing the Grassy Knoll), but a splice appears, just about the time the Commission says Kennedy is first shot. The top of frame 208 is crudely spliced onto the bottom of frame 212; the intervening frames are missing. One of the first things a new investigation should call for is the release of the entire Zapruder film. The second thing a new investigation should ask is who spliced the Zapruder film? And why?

The Stemmons Freeway sign and a streetlamp post near where the President was shot have been unaccountably removed, as well as a manhole cover reportedly hit by a bullet. Where are they? Jacqueline Kennedy's freely given testimony about her husband's wounds has been "deleted." Where is it? An 18-page statement to police by key assassination witness S. M. Holland; notes by Captain Fritz and an FBI agent of their interrogation of Oswald; at least two motion picture films of the assassination confiscated by the FBI; 23 of the 54 documents supplied by the Texas attorney general's office, many of them relating to the Tippit murder—all are missing. Where are they?

More than one-third of the assassination-related documents in the National Archives are withheld by the "interested agencies." About half of the FBI reports and 90 per cent of the CIA reports are still classified.

Much evidence has been willfully destroyed or altered. The White House ordered the interior of the President's limousine cut up and destroyed; Johnson now drives around in the same car, newly outfitted, in which John Kennedy met his death. Governor Connally's suit, which Johnson's crony Cliff Carter signed for, was sent to be dry-cleaned and pressed before it could ever be examined as evidence. Navy Dr. Humes, who performed the autopsy on Kennedy, said he burned his original autopsy notes in his fireplace. The post office box application Oswald ostensibly filled out in the name of "Hidell" has been destroyed, despite postal regulations requiring they be kept for three years. The list goes on and on.

THE WARREN COMMISSION was appointed by Lyndon Johnson, was responsible to Johnson and respected a lawyer-client relationship with Johnson. It was truly "the President's Commission." A nationally syndicated columnist for the Hearst newspapers recently had an interview with Lyndon Johnson. He asked if it were true that Warren had been reluctant to head the Commission. Johnson replied in the affirmative. Warren, he said, had sent a note through an intermediary that he would not accept the job. "But I ordered him to," said the President.

The Hearst reporter asked if the President had read the recent books about the Kennedy assassination. No, Johnson replied, but an aide had given him a full report.

"What do you think?" asked the columnist.

The President looked down for a moment, knitted his brow, then fixed his doe eyes on the reporter and said:

"Warren's in trouble."

I was a burglar, wiretapper, bugger, and spy for the F.B.I.

RAMPARTS staff writer William W. Turner served as an FBI special agent from 1951 to 1961, receiving several personal commendations from Director J. Edgar Hoover. Subsequently he has written general interest articles for national magazines, contributed numerous police science articles to the legal press, and served as consulting editor to the Police Evidence Library series. An exponent of the progressive school of law enforcement, he was a panelist on Playboy magazine's "Crisis in Law Enforcement" roundtable discussion in March, 1966.

"DON'T FORGET," quipped the FBI's top "burglar" who had been my instructor in the fine art of break-and-enter, "possession of burglar tools in the State of Washington can get you up to ten years." It was 1958, and I was about to return to the Seattle FBI office outfitted with a set of Bureau-furnished lockpicking tools. The course in surreptitious entry had been part of a concentrated three-week course in the theory and practice of wiretapping and "bugging" euphemistically referred to as Sound School. Recently, when a Nevada district attorney announced he would criminally prosecute Las Vegas FBI agents caught violating the state's anti-listening device law, I was rudely reminded of my instructor's wry remark—and of the illegal acts I was subsequently to commit in the holy name of justice.

It was a chapter in my career I would just as soon forget. And now it appears that FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover would just as soon forget he ever authorized electronic snooping. His Las Vegas minions were caught bugging a number of gambling casinos, a contretemps that brought the FBI a $4.5 million damage suit and probably contaminated gambling connected prosecutions for some time to come. And in Washington, the discovery that in 1964 the FBI planted a listening device in the hotel suite of lobbyist Fred Black Jr., threatened to topple his conviction of income tax evasion. Worse still, it developed that both Black and Edward Levinson, one of the casino operator-victims, had been business associates of Robert G. "Bobby" Baker, Lyndon Johnson's erstwhile protege. As a consequence, the impending federal prosecution of Baker stood in danger of being lost on a technical knockout.

The chain reaction added up to an acute case of "embarrassment to the Bureau"—a phenomenon I knew only too well to be the FBI's Private Enemy Number One. Reportedly, Hoover is locked in a bitter quarrel with his nominal superiors in the Justice Department over who is to blame. Neither, it seems, had the blessing of John F. Kennedy, who, according to his aide Kenneth P. O'Donnell, "despised that kind of thing and never authorized it." On the horizon looms a showdown between the ne'er-do-wrong director and the popular young senator from New York, Robert F. Kennedy, who was attorney general

Illustration by Benedict Koclan

by William W. Turner

at the time that the ill-fated Las Vegas installations were made. But the pragmatic Kennedy, undoubtedly aware of the ultimate futility of extra-legal methods (he had attempted to persuade Congress to legalize wiretapping against organized crime under strict court supervision) has already indicated that the FBI cavorted on its own.

The tiff was another example of the old aphorism, "You're only wrong when you get caught." More than that, it illustrated the FBI's growing contempt for democratic frills that stand in its way. During my more than ten year stint I became increasingly conscious of a cynical belief that the end justifies the means. The faceless informers of the McCarthy days did what the legal process could not do. Padded statistics on recovered automobiles and fugitives were winked at because they helped Hoover get ever larger appropriations from Congress. And electronic snooping, whatever its odium, was invaluable because it penetrated impenetrable walls.

The current FBI predicament is not without irony, for a much younger Hoover had once denounced wiretapping as a lazy man's tool and an obstacle to the "development of ethical, scientific and sound investigative technique." But those were the days of Dillinger and "Ma" Barker, and the other flamboyant criminals who could be disposed of with the burst of a machinegun. Today's organized crime is slick and subtle, and somewhat of a phantom enemy. In trying to cope with it, the FBI has experienced headaches and nightmarish headlines it has never experienced before. The resort to illicit eavesdropping has been largely a desperate measure.

At one time wiretapping was at least legal if not a gentleman's sport. And since no trespass was necessary to install a tap, the Supreme Court had ruled that it was not a violation of the Fourth Amendment guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure. Nevertheless, Hoover scoffed at the practice, and most wiretapping was done by local police, private detectives and Treasury agents on the spoor of tax and narcotics offenders.

In 1934, Congress passed the Communications Act which outlawed wiretapping. Several years later, as war clouds gathered, Hoover reversed his stand. Backed by Congressman Emanuel Celler, he pushed for authorization to wiretap in matters involving "the national security." The legislation was tabled, but President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who admired Hoover's tough posturing, gave executive authority for the attorney general "to approve wiretapping when necessary involving the defense of the nation." By this time the prestigious FBI chief was functioning autonomously, and the attorney general's approval became in effect a rubber stamp gesture. But the official ledger only hinted at the extent of Bureau wiretapping. Some agents in the field who had acquired the wiretap habit took it upon themselves, unbeknownst to headquarters, to install what were known, for obvious reasons, as "suicide taps." From my experience, I suspect the practice was widespread.

THE END OF THE WAR emergency did not end FBI wiretapping. Hoover, a leading protagonist of the Cold War, took to announcing the number of taps—never in excess of a modest 100—that he had in operation at any given time to thwart the red menace of "espionage, sabotage and grave risks to internal security." For those with the temerity to point out that FDR's sanction might have died with him, there was a stock answer: the Bureau intercepts communications but does not divulge them outside the Justice Department; ergo, it is technically within the law.

This metaphysical view of thousands of persons acting as one was vindicated in the Bureau's mind by the notion that the law was intended for others, but not for it. "The Act was directed against telephone company employees," a Sound School instructor rather emphatically told us.

That the FBI taps on the one hand and is responsible for enforcing the law on the other has forced a take-it-easy policy permitting wholesale tapping by police and unscrupulous private detectives. In my 1958 Sound School notes are these instructions on what to do upon receipt of a wiretapping complaint. "No investigation. Send AirTel (an airmail communication in telegram form) to the Bureau. If investigation authorized, have telco (telephone company) employee inspect the tap." Authorization to proceed was rare. For example, in the year's period of 1959-60, a total of 691 complaints were received, yet since 1934 there has been only a handful of prosecutions. One of those singled out for prosecution was the FBI's old antagonist, James Riddle Hoffa of the Teamsters (he was acquitted). The hypocrisy of the situation was no better illustrated than by the fact that on the very day Justice Department attorneys were asking for Hoffa's conviction, J. Edgar Hoover was telling a nationwide television audience that his Bureau had 90 wiretaps in operation.

My own exposure to FBI wiretapping started in 1952 when I was assigned to two central monitoring plants for the Bay Area operated by the San Francisco division. Known to initiates as the "clubs," the elaborately equipped premises functioned behind a business facade. One fronted as a marine architect's office, and blueprints of ship hulls were scattered convincingly about the front room. But the police were not convinced. Evidently attracted by the furtive coming and going of personnel, they staged a raid thinking they had discovered a bookie joint.

The "clubs" listened in on a dozen or so tapped lines which were fed into a bank of recorders. I suppose I heard thousands of conversations, and I began to wonder whether all the effort was worth it. Most were idle chatter, teen-age talk, or intimacies between husbands and wives or lovers. On party lines totally unrelated talk was intercepted. Occasionally a supposedly privileged exchange between a lawyer and client came on.

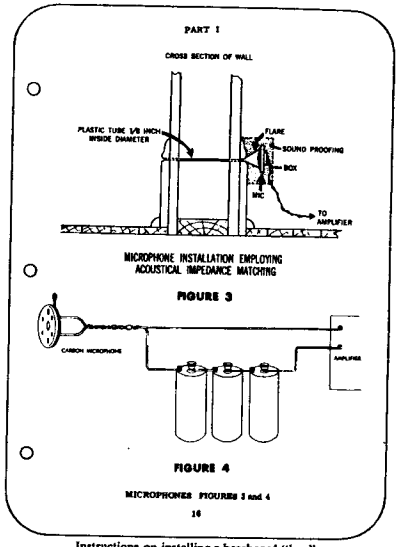
At a San Francisco cocktail party recently I had the odd sensation of hearing a voice from the past that I couldn't quite place. I studied the face—it was totally unfamiliar. Then it suddenly dawned on me: the voice was one I had heard many times while monitoring the taps in the "clubs." It belonged to Robert Treuhaft, a prominent civil liberties lawyer and husband of noted author Jessica Mitford.

AS FAR AS I KNEW, virtually all of the FBI's wiretapping during the early '50s was at least remotely related to "national security." It was in fact an abortive espionage investigation that might have, in a calmer time, ended FBI tapping once and for all. In 1949, Judith Coplon, a Justice Department secretary, was accused of passing classified documents to a friendly Soviet United Nations official. She was tried on one count in Washington and convicted. During the trial an FBI officer denied that wiretaps had been used. It was a key point, since the Supreme Court had long since ruled that the "fruit of the forbidden tree," i.e. any evidence flowing from wiretaps, was illegal.

In a hearing prior to a second trial in New York, an FBI employee unwilling to perjure himself admitted that he had monitored wiretaps in the case. It developed that taps had been placed on Miss Coplon's Washington and New York phones and on the phone of her parents, and that they had been continued through the legal proceedings, thus permitting the FBI to overhear privileged conversations between the defendant and her attorney. As is normal procedure, the information had been attributed in reports to a "confidential informant of known reliability" —in this case a code name "Tiger." Recordings made of the taps had been precipitously destroyed on the orders of Howard Fletcher, a top aide to Hoover.

In a flap remarkably similar to the current one over who instigated what, Justice Department prosecutors professed astonishment at the existence of the taps while the FBI tried to exonerate itself by claiming it had authorization from the attorney general. "Such authorization," fired back New York trial judge Sylvester Ryan, "does not clothe with legality the unlawful activities of the wiretappers nor detract at all from the interdiction of the Supreme Court on evidence secured by this type of investigation." As both the New York and Washington convictions went down the drain, the venerable appeals judge Learned Hand observed that while Miss Coplon's "guilt was plain," the government had sabotaged its own case.

It was a hard lesson but it hardly fazed the FBI: Hoover went right on proclaiming the number of taps in operation. Wiretapping, however, was fast becoming obsoleted by the surging technology of concealed microphones. The "bugs" were far more insidious—they heard everything, not just guarded telephone conversations. And unlike wiretaps, their installation usually required the surreptitious invasion of a man's office or his home.

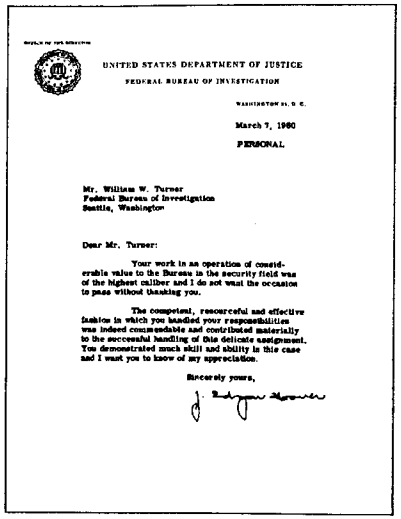


Instructions on installing a baseboard "bug" from the Bureau's *Handbook of Technical Equipment*

Since no covenant with the attorney general governed bugging, the FBI had a free hand. My Sound School notes, while stressing that wiretaps must be approved by the attorney general, bear the cryptic entry: "Authority for mikes: Bureau authority only."

Capitalizing on the lacuna, the FBI installed a plethora of bugs while maintaining full public decorum. Once, for example, I was instructed by headquarters to disconnect a wiretap whose allotment was needed in a more urgent case; in the next breath I was ordered to put in a bug in its place. Thus the books were primly in balance as far as the public was concerned—Hoover could in all half-truthfulness state that he had not more than 100 taps going. But the under-the-table switch required that I pick a lock and

sneak inside a man's home in order to plant the bug. Mr. Hoover was impressed with my feat and sent me a letter of commendation. (See below.)



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

March 7, 1960

PERSONAL

Mr. William W. Turner
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Seattle, Washington

Dear Mr. Turner:

Your work in an operation of considerable value to the Bureau in the security field was of the highest caliber and I do not want the occasion to pass without thanking you.

The competent, resourceful and effective fashion in which you handled your responsibilities was indeed commendable and contributed materially to the successful handling of this delicate assignment. You demonstrated much skill and ability in this case and I want you to know of my appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

The promiscuous use of bugs in criminal cases dates to 1957 and the Apalachin conclave of organized crime. That it took a solitary New York State police sergeant to detect the crime czars converging from all over the nation profoundly embarrassed the vaunted federal sleuths. It underscored, in dramatic fashion, a shameful fact: the FBI and organized crime had flourished simultaneously.

In an overnight attempt to make up lost ground, the FBI pulled out all the stops in launching a hush-hush "Top Hoodlum Program" aimed at putting the syndicate Mr. Bigs under the magnifying glass. One important facet of the program was bugging. In a 1959 inspection trip to the Los Angeles office, I noted that bugs had been secreted in the homes of several gangland figures.

ALTHOUGH BY THE TIME Bobby Kennedy became attorney general in the spring of 1961 the FBI's ardor for the organized crime fight had cooled, the brash young racket buster lost no time in pushing his aging subordinate into the pool and making him swim for it. Before long Hoover, who once belittled the existence of an American Mafia, was trumpeting: "The battle is joined. We have taken up the gauntlet flung down by organized crime. Let us unite in a devastating assault to annihilate this mortal enemy."

The perfervid call to arms clearly failed to impress attorney Edward Bennet Williams, who labeled the FBI's Las Vegas bugging caper "a studied, well-organized, amply financed criminal conspiracy." If the FBI itself ever thought of the practice in such harsh terms, it was not conveyed to those of us in Sound School. The curriculum consisted of matter-of-fact discourses on electronic eavesdropping and on countertechniques to preserve the security of Bureau space, and was not encumbered with ethical considerations.

Indeed, the Bureau technical program is thoroughly administered. Sound Schools are held regularly when the supply of qualified sound men—there must be at least one in each of the 55 field offices—is in need of replenishment. In the session I attended there were about a dozen agents, all with some degree of electronic background. Presumably I had been drafted because of my entirely technical education.

For the course we were sequestered to a room high in the Bureau's Identification Building, away from random eyes. The subject matter was fairly sophisticated, including a permutation method of finding a subject's wire location in the event an uncooperative telephone company refused to release the information. There was, I recall, a jerry-built room where we practiced hooking up concealed bugs, a feat that required some skill in carpentry and plastering. On Saturdays, when the Justice Building was practically deserted, we experimented in finding a particular wire out of the spaghetti-maze traversing the conduits.

We were issued telephone installers' tool kits and transported to the FBI radio station in the Virginia countryside to learn the knack of pole climbing. At the site there is a cluster of towering radio antennas that completely dwarfs a solitary wooden practice pole. Once I "flared out" when both spikes missed and went plummeting painfully down the pole.

One of the foremost responsibilities of a sound man, we learned, was to develop close ties with telephone company special agents and operating personnel. The cozier the arrangement, the easier it was to get confidential data on subscribers' lines and to lease lines without question. In most locales—New York City is the most notable exception—this was no problem. For example, on one occasion an agent handling a prostitution investigation importuned me to place a temporary "suicide tap." When a telephone lineman accidentally discovered it, I received a call from one of the telco special agents. "Know anything about some wires in the Ballard area?" he inquired. "Guess I do," I replied. "OK, forget I called," he said. The tap stayed in.

Now it appears that at least one telephone company may pay a stiff price for playing along with the FBI. In February 1964, the Central Telephone Company of Nevada was socked with a $6 million suit by Las Vegas casino operators charging breach of contract, conspiracy and invasion of privacy. Company officials grudgingly admitted that during the 1961-63 period they had filled FBI orders for 25 leased lines which were used to channel wires connected to bugs in the Stardust, Riviera, Dunes, Desert Inn, Fremont and Sands hotels. In preparing to pay the fiddler, the officials might have seen sardonic humor in the fact that the FBI hid behind the cover of the Henderson Novelty Co., a "musical rental service."

The most tight-lipped subject on the Sound School agenda was lockpicking. At the tag end of the three-week session, we were herded into a small room in the attic of the Justice Building, given non-inventory sets of lockpicking tools and several days' instruction in how to use them. The purpose of all this was assumed to be self-evident.

Breaking and entering a subject's premises to install a bug or photograph documents is known in the trade as a "bag job," a term derived from the equipment kit that is taken along. An actual bag job is not unlike the one described by mystery writer Rex Stout in *The Doorbell Rang*, with the exception that agents never carry badges, credentials or other items that might identify them with the FBI. All possible precautions are taken to preclude surprise discovery. It is verified that the normal occupants are well away from the premises, and an FBI agent sits with the police radio dispatcher to ensure that prowler calls from the target neighborhood are ignored.

During my career I went on a number of bag jobs and I didn't relish any. It wasn't a fear of compiling a criminal record if caught—the FBI is the national keeper of criminal records. It was more a visceral thing like the time I narrowly missed being discovered by a friend of the subject who had a key to the house. It was one of those dilemmas that agents on bag jobs dread: discovery and arrest or. . . . the alternative is to *act* like a burglar by knocking the man out and fleeing. It is the alternative that most old hands recommend. Yet I never intended to resort to it. Perhaps I would have compromised by throwing a body block and dashing out.

Although the FBI high muckamucks keep their hands clean of break-and-enter dirty work, they are quick to acknowledge the fruits of a successful bag job when submitted to Washington in carefully paraphrased form. Often the risk taking agent is rewarded with an "incentive award" of $500 or $1000 in cash. A few recidivist "badgeless burglars of the Bureau" make a steady supplemental income this way.

Probably because of the FBI's formidable image and its ability to cry "national security" when confronted, its illegal activities have not been challenged by a timid Congress. A case in point is the Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure headed by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri. For over a year now the subcommittee has been busily exposing a thicket of electronic snooping by government agencies, mainly the much-maligned Internal Revenue Service. But when Long's group cautiously peeped inside the FBI's closet in Miami (where it heard testimony from a private detective that he had bugged under FBI hire) and Kansas City (where the G-men had tuned in on the conversation of suspected racketeers), it gingerly shut the door.

For one thing, Long was sternly taken to task by his home state newspapers for trifling with the sacrosanct FBI. For another, in December 1965, he received a visit at his Missouri home from no less a personage than Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. The attorney general's mission, reportedly undertaken at the behest of the President himself, was to prevail upon the senator to lay off the FBI. Evidently he agreed. When San Francisco hearings opened after the first of the year, the FBI had been quietly removed from the agenda and the stentorian senator concentrated instead on eliciting admissions of bugging and illegal entry from agents of the beleaguered IRS.

Yet the Las Vegas casino operators are not vulnerable to suasion, and the issue will shortly come to a head in the courts. Already the preliminary sparring is underway. On July 13, 1966, U.S. Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall stepped before the Supreme Court to advise that the bug found in the suite of Fred Black Jr., the convicted lobbyist, had been installed on the express authorization of J. Edgar Hoover himself. Marshall acknowledged that, until recently, the FBI chief had possessed a blank check from the Justice Department to bug whenever he unilaterally decided that "the interest of internal security or national safety" was at stake or whenever combatting organized crime required it. There was no indication of how much previous attorneys general had known about the scope of FBI bugging.

July 13th shaped up as one of the most unlucky days for the FBI in its recent history. But before the day was out G-men had closed in on the principals in a couple of penny ante spy cases that had been kept simmering on the back burner, and stories of FBI prowess once again commanded the headlines.

As the bugging controversy heats up this fall it will be a fascinating game to see if Hoover has enough spy cases up his sleeve to go around.

Proem To Wichita Vortex Sutra

by Allen Ginsberg

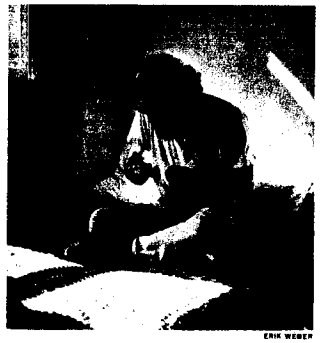
This is the first printing of Part I of Allen Ginsberg's two part proem.

Turn Right Next Corner
The Biggest Little Town in Kansas
Macpherson
The red sun setting streaked along the flat plains west,
gauzy veils of chimney mist
around the christmas tree lights of a refinery—aluminum
white tanks squat beneath
winking signal towers'
bright-lit bulbs and flares of orange
gas flame
pillows of smoke
midst machinery—
transparent towers in the dusk

In advance of the Cold Wave
Snow is spreading eastward to
the Great Lakes
News Broadcasts & old clarinets
car radio speeding acrost railroad tracks
Lighted dome watertower on the flat plains—

Kansas! Kansas! Shuddering at last!
Person appearing in Kansas!
angry telephone calls to the University
Police dumbfounded at the hoods
of their radiocars
While Poets sing to Allah in the roadhouse Showboat!
Blue eyed children dance and hold thy Hand O aged Walt,
who came from Lawrence to Topeka to envision
Iron interlaced above the city plain—
Telegraph wires strung from city to city O Melville!
Television brightening thy "rills of Kansas lone"
I come,
a lone man from the void, riding in a bus
hypnotized by the red tail lights in the straight
space road ahead—
& the Methodist minister with cracked eyes
leaning over the table
quoting Kierkegaard on the death of God a million dollars
in the bank owns all West Wichita
come to Nothing!
Prajna Paramita Sutra over coffee—Vortex
of telephone radio bank aircraft nightclub
Newspaper streets illuminated by Bright
Emptiness
Thy sins are forgiven, Wichita!
Thy lonesomeness annulled, O Kansas dear!
as the western Twang has prophesied
thru the banjo when the lone cowboy walked up the railroad track
past the empty station toward a squared canyon where
the sun sank

Westward: giant-bulbed orange at the other side—
Music strung over his back
and empty handed singing on this planet earth
I'm a lonely Dog, O Mother!
Come Nebraska, sing & dance with me—
Come lovers of Lincoln and Omaha,
hear my soft voice at last
As Babes need the chemical touch of flesh in pink infancy,
lest they die Idiot returning to the Inhuman—
Nothing—
So, tender lipt adolescent girl, pale youth, give me back my soft kiss
Hold me in your innocent arms,
accept my tears as yours to harvest
equal in nature to the Wheat
that made your bodies muscular on their bones,
broad shouldered, boy bicept—
from leaning on cows & drinking the Milk
of Midwest Solitude—
No more fear of Tenderness, much delight in Weeping, ecstasy
in Singing, Laughter rises that confounds
staring Idiot mayors
and stony politicians eyeing
Thy breast,
O Man of America, be born!
Truth breaks through!
How big is the prick of the President?
How big is Cardinal Viet-Nam?
How little the prince of the F. B. I., unmarried all these years—
How big are all the Public Figures?
What kind of hanging flesh have they, hidden behind their Images?
Approaching Salina,
Prehistoric indian excavation,
Apache Uprising in the drive-in theater
Shelling Bombing Range napped in the distance,
Crime Prevention Show sponsored by Wrigley's Spearmint Radio
A Dinosaur on the Sinclair advertisement, glowing green.
South 9th Street lined with poplar and elm
spread over the evening's tiny headlights—
Salinas High School's Gothic brick darkened
over a lighted door—
What wreaths of naked bodies, thighs & faces,
small hairy bun'd vaginas,
silver cocks, armpits and breasts
moistened by tears
for 20 years, for 40 years?
Peking Radio surveyed by Luden's Coughdrops
attacks on the Russians & Japanese,
red radio tower lights on a hill
winking against the black stars,
Big Dipper leaning above the Nebraska border,
handle down to the blackened plains,
ghosts of telephone poles crossed
along the roadside dim headlights—
Congressmen arguing radio
Capitol Cloakroom
running thru Cloud County.
Just crossed State line! Hot dog!
How much is gas in Nebraska?
Dark night, & giant T-bone steaks,
and in the Village Voice



ERIK WEBER

New Frontier Productions presents
Camp Comedy: Fairies I have met.
Blue highway lights strung along the horizon
East at Hebron
Homestead National Monument
near Beatrice—
Language, language
a circle of black earth in the rear window,
no cars
for miles along highway
beacon lights on oceanic plain
language, language
over the Big Blue River
chanting La Illaha El Lili Allah[1] Who
revolving my head to my heart like my mother
chin abreast at Allah
Eyes closed, blackness
vaster than midnight prairies,
Nebraskas of solitary Allah,
Joy, I am I
the lone One singing of myself
God come true—
Thrills of fear,
nearer than the vein in my neck—
What if I opened my soul to sing to my absolute self
Singing as the car crash chomped thru blood &
muscle tendon skull?
What if I sang, and loosed the chords of fear brow?
What exquisite noise wd
shiver my car companions?
I am the Universe tonite
riding in all my Power riding
chauffeured thru my Self by a long haired saint with eyeglasses
What if I sang till Students knew I was free
of Viet-Nam, trousers, free of my own meat,
free to die in my thoughtful shivering Throne?
freer than Nebraska, freer than America,
freer than my own self,
May I disappear
in magic smoke of Joy! Pouf! reddish vapor,
Faustus vanishing weeping & laughing
under the stars on Highway 77 between Beatrice & Lincoln—!
"Better not to move but let things be" reverend Preacher?
We've already disappeared!

Space highway open, entering Lincoln's ear
ground to a stop at the tracks Warning
Pioneer Boulevard—
William Jennings Bryan sang
Thou Shalt not crucify Mankind upon a cross of Gold!
O Baby Doe![2] Gold's
Department Store castle-hulks o'er 10th St. now
—an unregenerate old fop who didn't want to be a monkey
now's the Highest Perfect Wisdom dust
and Lindsay's cry
survives compassionate in the Highschool Anthology—
a giant dormitory brilliant on the evening plain
drifts with his memories—
There's a nice white door over there
for me O dear! on Zero Street.

1. *There is No God but God (Allah): Muslim muezzim cry & Sufi ecstatic chant.*
2. *Bryan, born in Lincoln, is rumored to have had interest in Baby Doe Silvermines.*

February 15, 1966

Ephemera

BOOKS ART CINEMA THEATRE MISCELLANY

Books:

INQUEST *by Edward Jay Epstein. New York: Viking. 224 pp. $5.*

WHITEWASH *by Harold Weisberg. Hyattstown, Md.: Harold Weisberg. 208 pp. $4.95. (paper)*

RUSH TO JUDGMENT *by Mark Lane. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 395 pp. $4.95.*

TIME OF ASSASSINS *by Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. Levittown, N.Y.: Ulov G. H. Leboeuf. 4 Vols. I: 495 pp., II: 387 pp., III: 691 pp., IV: 460 pp. $24.*

OSWALD: PATSY WITHOUT PORTFOLIO *by Leopold Zaftig. Vanitas. 29 pp. $.85.*

Reviewed by Jacob Brackman and Faye Levine

"IT IS SCARCELY to be wondered at that an event like the murder of a young and attractive President of the United States, coming at a historio-cultural moment characterized by sophisticated disbelief in the reality (as opposed to the cinematic verity) of cloak-and-dagger political conspiracy, should have occasioned a spate of disagreement as to the simple facts of what occurred. The traditional question of "Who done it?" seems to have been supplanted largely by the more perplexing problem: "What was it?" and "Which side are you on, boy?" The American public, itself without investigative tools to appraise the witnessed drama, must seek independent explications, be they criminological, political, or psychological. Is it a case for Dick Tracy, the CIA or Norman Podhoretz?

Thus far the consensus has attributed the Kennedy murder to one lonely, alienated psychopath. Once we accept the premise of Oswald's insanity, his every action becomes, in a sense, credible. Hence a boring and unreadable quantity of literature, notably the Warren Commission's 26 volumes, dedicated to a predetermined verdict of guilty for Lee Harvey Oswald. Unhappily, the works of the opposition have been little better. Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest* is merely a legal-pedantic close analysis of the workings of the Commission (So what? one is inclined to ask), and Harold Weisberg's *Whitewash*, a literary-pedantic analysis of the Warren Commission's collection of red herrings. One had hoped that Mark Lane, in *Rush to Judgment*, would at last provide something more nourishing than his already familiar theory of Oswald's innocence. (Impeccable documentation of 72 unnatural deaths—including the Oswald bus driver, both police officers who accompanied Officer Tippit, and 14 newsmen who interviewed Jack Ruby—linked intimately to the events of November 22 might be expected to serve as introduction to a tenable conspiracy theory...) But no, he too shares that overweaning reluctance to point an accusing finger.

It is therefore with gratitude that one completes a new work, Ulov G. K. Leboeuf's *Time of Assassins*, four volumes bound in unorthodox slick paper (it may be that the necessity to publish privately his unprecedented iconoclastic study occasioned certain money-saving measures). It would appear that Leboeuf's Franco-Russian parentage, combined with a rigorous grounding in applied sociology at the Austrian University and his subsequent residence in Levittown (to study first-hand the peccadilloes of the American psyche) have provided him with a breadth of vision and perspective equal to his undertaking.

Alone among the assassination authors, Leboeuf has had the courage not only to fly aggressively in the face of official arguments, but also to offer a recognizably new theory of his own. During three years of painstaking research, Leboeuf read the Warren Commission's 26 volumes 13 times through, studied the published works of Epstein, Weisberg, Lane, Salandria, Cook, Ford, Buchanan, Yossarian, and Holmes—as well as all their first drafts—and spent six months with FBI officers as they gathered their information on bi-weekly forays to Jack Ruby's strip emporium. Furthermore, Leboeuf made an impressive collection of hitherto unexplored documents, including the Dallas-Irving 1960 tax assessor's records and 1960-1963 telephone directories, the ledgers for the month of November, 1963, and several Irving retail stores, including Hutchison's grocery (scene of the much-discussed milk and cinnamon roll purchases), the Sports Drome Range, the Ford-Lincoln agency, and the notorious Tsien-Huang's hand laundry.

The massive evidence in these four volumes bespeaks a scholarly patience and attention to manifold ramifications which must be commended. Where he falls short (as in the thinly veiled suggestion that Aldous Huxley, also dying on November 22, was in fact poisoned by a female FBI agent working as a servant in the Huxley household as part of a scheduled psychedelic purge), one has the feeling that he has not had time to amass sufficient evidence and has decided, perhaps unwisely, to commit himself in print on the basis of intuition—as yet unproven, but not irrevocably so!

This lapse of scholarly caution is no doubt regrettable, but nevertheless relatively to be welcomed in the current lily-livered literary atmosphere. Several bold flights of speculation, such as the ingenious linking of the eastern seaboard blackout (the blackout which Leboeuf maintains was effected by LBJ for a giant laser beam test, began at 5:27 p.m. and ended at 5:27 a.m. "You could set your watch by that thing," he quips, in a rare playful moment), with George Hamilton's evasion of the draft and Ben Bella's ascension to power (II: 289–96)—or his striking establishment of identity between the Polaroid Land cameras which photo-

graphed JFK in the emergency room at Parkland Hospital, Adlai Stevenson in his last moments with Marietta Tree, and Malcolm X upon entering the ill-famed Harlem ballroom (II: 34–44)—are almost breathtaking in their incisive acumen.

An interesting form of argument is used by Leboeuf with reference to bullet 399, for which he unearths some pertinent new difficulties. Bullet 399, it will be recalled, is alleged by the Warren Report to have entered the back of Kennedy's neck, exited at his throat on a downward path, then entered Connally's back and exited just below the nipple, going through his wrist, reaching his fermur, and finally plopping out onto his stretcher, clean and undamaged (Commission Exhibits 67–80 and 689).

This bullet, found by a Mr. Tomlinson when he was adjusting two stretchers in Parkland Hospital blocking entrance to a men's room, is the most tangible piece of evidence against Oswald, since it alone links Oswald's gun and the wounded men in Parkland Hospital (although it still leaves moot the veracity of the bullet altogether, its whereabouts previous to being discovered, and the identity of the user of Oswald's rifle). What Leboeuf adds to our understanding of bullet 399 is the result of some investigations into the identity of Mr. Tomlinson. By studying municipal records of the Dallas-Irving area, Leboeuf discovered that the man named Tomlinson, employed as a janitor in Parkland Hospital, had moved into town only six months prior to November, 1963. Before that his trail disintegrates, for the Johnson City address he gave turns out to be completely false, the street non-existent, his name on no public records.

For a lesser sleuth than Ulov G. K. Leboeuf, this might have been a dead-end, however provocative. But a chance discovery led to further detections. A careful study of Jack Ruby's family tree (as listed on a 1959 wedding invitation posted in Ruby's kitchen cabinet) turned up a cousin-in-law by the name of Artemis Heverford, who had indeed resided in Johnson City up until exactly June, 1963. Leboeuf made inquiry, and found that Heverford had worked as a janitor in a Johnson City vocational school, but that upon moving out of that city had apparently disappeared. Like Tomlinson, though, he had a club-footed wife named Mary from whom he was divorced.

Having established his point, Leboeuf goes on to reveal that Mary Heverford, divorced wife of Artemis and second cousin to Jack Ruby, is easily traced to her residence in Las Vegas where, though continuing to use her first husband's name, she has become the common law wife of one Officer Toasty, an FBI agent who figured prominently in Lee Harvey Oswald's letter to the Soviet Embassy of November 9. Officer Toasty turns out to be the Bureau's munitions expert for the Nevada area, in whose Las Vegas workshop are contained a sample file of all bullets and gunpowders being used in America and Western Europe.

Leboeuf does not actually state that Tomlinson (Heverford) was in such close cahoots with Toasty that the bullet was supplied by the one man and planted by the other, nor even that his camouflaged move from Johnson City to Dallas was specifically planned for the incident, but the reader cannot help but come away with suspicions along this line. Almost without seeming to appreciate fully the significance of the data himself, Leboeuf mentions casually that among Toasty's wallet papers (which Leboeuf arranged to be pickpocketed from the agent at a New Year's Eve party) were a compromising photograph of Robert Kennedy and Marilyn Monroe, a sizable I.O.U. from Ronald Reagan, a United Airlines credit card in the name of Senator Ralph Yarborough, and a scrap of paper bearing the inscription A. H.: JO 8-9657—JO being a Johnson City telephone exchange. He presents a photostat of the scrap, decorated with doodles of lips, breasts, and swords, as Exhibit 17 (I: 404).

In this manner, Leboeuf time and again presents new information in areas scrupulously avoided by the official investigatory parties.

But it is in Volumes III and IV that Leboeuf really pulls out the stops. It is only here, among the murky Exhibits of the gigantic Volume III (Exhibit 226, III: 581: a James Beard cookbook from the pantry of Peggy Goldwater with a recipe for cinnamon rolls circled in red; Exhibit 252, III: 654: a comic book retrieved from a Mexican house of ill-repute with the name "Oswell" scrawled upon it), that the scrupulously academic reader might have occasional doubts over the unorthodox, even manic, spirit with which Leboeuf has conducted his investigations. One might have wished that the man had been able to write with a bit more of the restraint that appeals (albeit for superficial reasons) to the urban literate community which must, after all, approve his work.

Leboeuf elaborates on one recently purported theory of "a second Oswald," declaring that it is right as far as it goes, but hardly begins going there. He wholeheartedly assents to the view, and adds a third, fourth, and fifth Oswald, the four going by the names, respectively, of L. H. Oswell, H. L. Oswill, Lee R. V. Isabell, and Oswald Harby. All answer to the description of 5'9", 165 pounds. All five men must have lived in the domicile of Marina Oswald in Irving, Texas, for two years and six months preceding the assassination for, during that period of time, it would be physically impossible for fewer than four men to have accomplished all the tasks and appearances reported in oral testimony. All five variations on the name appear in the records of Dallas-Irving retailers and in the guest ledgers of Mexican hotels. Although Leboeuf admits to some uncertainties in this area, he has gathered evidence indicating that Lee Harvey Oswald was the only one of the five who was *not* a crack shot; that it was L. H. Oswell, and not Oswald, who took the often-discussed trip to Mexico in September, he having the greatest resemblance to Lee Harvey among the four and being already known to a certain few Mexican girls; that it must have been Isabell, an expert typist, who sent off the letter to the Soviet embassy; that it was H. L. Oswill who was the weekly buyer of milk and cinnamon rolls at Hutchison's grocery (a propensity of hiccoughing distinguished him definitively); and that Lee Harvey Oswald himself was seen around the city most rarely, since, of all five, he had the greatest tendency to spend his time sleeping, a tendency that amounted virtually to a compulsion.

Leboeuf suggests that these four men were the core of the conspiracy, or its fighting arm at least, and that they had been sent to Dallas-Irving to live with Lee Harvey Oswald precisely to learn to be replicas of him.

When given a lie detector test, Selma Fingle, a near neighbor of the Oswalds in Irving, reported that she thought Lee Harvey had a lot of brothers, for men that looked quite a bit like him seemed to be entering and leaving the house all the time. Also, Mrs. Fingle declared, after dark all the shades were always drawn in the Oswald home so that all that could be seen were a number of silhouettes. "I figured maybe they was having lotsa political meetings. You know," Mrs. Fingle said. According to Leboeuf, who was sitting in on the FBI interview, the agents interrupted at this point to say that Mrs. Fingle's testimony must be mistaken, for Oswald had neither brothers nor male cousins, nor did his political group have any membership. They went immediately on to the next witness.

By this point in the volume, Leboeuf's meaning is clear. The FBI had to ignore Mrs. Fingle's report. The four Oswalds, one infers, may well have been previously working with American Intelligence on a classified project in Burbank, California. Such a theory dovetails neatly with the intimations of Leopold Zaftig, in his otherwise strident little pamphlet *Oswald: Patsy Without Portfolio*. Zaftig reprints a portrait of Oswald with his rifle that appeared on a December, 1963 cover of Life magazine, pointing out that while the shadow from Oswald's nose is cast directly down onto his upper lip (indicating a twelve-noon sun), the shadow of his body and gun extend sideways at a considerable angle (indicating a late afternoon sun). Enlargements of key segments of the photograph reveal that Oswald's head has been grafted onto another's body (Oswell's, according to Zaftig's perhaps too-charitable assumption), and that a telescopic sight has been sketched in.

At various times during the years in which the maneuvers were incubating, the help of different political groups was enlisted: sometimes the Castroites, sometimes the anti-Castroites, sometimes the Communist-anarchists, and sometimes the radical right. Leboeuf presents convincing new evidence linking a number of prominent millionaire conservatives, as well as a few beer, oil and birth control trusts, with the plot. The case for an inside job is persuasive, if not incontrovertible.

Leboeuf shows, for instance, that the angle of the bullet hole in Kennedy's back, heretofore a subject of vigorous dispute, is of less significance that the fact, revealed by the Tupferman silicone test on the plastic seatcovers of the Presidential automobile, that the bullet was fired less than .0002 of a millisecond before making contact with the target within the car. This means that however fast the bullet might have been traveling, either from the Knoll or the Book Depository, it still would not have been able to reach the car so rapidly. The conclusion is startling: the Kennedy bullet must have been fired either from within the car itself or from extreme proximity to it.

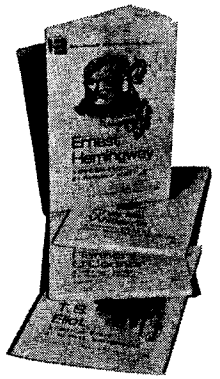
One eye-witness to the shooting, Merriweather Really, described the initial reaction as appearing to be an awkward, insufficiently rehearsed play. Two shots rang out in quick succession, he stated, sounding like they were coming from Kennedy's car itself, or from one of the cars right behind. "The Vice-President slapped Andy Youngblood on the back and whooped, and the entire brigade of police and secret service men made a dash for the Knoll, almost as if," testified Really, "they had known in advance they were going to head that way." Needless to say, the Warren Report did not include Really's assertion.

Whether or not Leboeuf's entire chain of interlocking evidence has its own tenuous links, it is disheartening apparent that the Commission Report has stretched plausibility to the breaking point to accommodate its single-assassin hypothesis. This country's babes have been lulled into a delusional sense of security by the purveyors of official pap. The time has come for us to start from our torpor and wail for the truth. Leboeuf and his colleagues have shown us the way. Let us continue.

Jacob Brackman is a staff editor of the New Yorker magazine.

Faye Levine, a graduate of Radcliffe, has published in the Harvard Crimson.

"I congratulate you on inaugurating such a series..."—AUSTIN WARREN



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Grand Rapids, Michigan

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GENESIS: ACID AND EVO

by Paul Krassner

SCENE I

THERE IS THIS huge Marvin safe which came with a certain East Side store front used as an office by an anti-Establishment, semi-monthly tabloid called the East Village Other. It contains bound volumes of a semi-Establishment, pro-weekly tabloid called the Village Voice, a dowry from John Wilcock, who was a founder of the Voice but who recently switched to the Other and is listed on its masthead as editor along with William Randolph Hearst.

EVO's managing editor is poet Allan Katzman. His glasses are thicker than his beard. In fact, his eyes are so bad that when he was in college training for the Olympic swimming team he knocked himself out on two occasions by banging his head against the wall. As a result he began to jump up in the middle of the pool in order to make a turn. His Olympics stint was called on account of silliness.

EVO's publisher is painter Walter Bowart. When he was still in high school he worked at the Enid (Okla.) Daily Eagle. He won a journalism scholarship to the University of Oklahoma. "I went one year, couldn't get laid, and came to New York, where it was runnin' in the streets." His ambition now is to implode the American myth toward more spiritual values.

EVO's inspiration is LSD-researcher Timothy Leary. An editorial predicted: "Fifty years from now Dr. Leary's picture might . . . be on a postage stamp. 'We are sorry,' America will say. 'We thought you were corrupting our children. We could not have possibly thought that you were seriously searching for methods and truths to improve man's condition.' "

SCENE II

IN WASHINGTON, D.C. a special subcommittee on narcotics of the Committee on the Judiciary had been holding hearings. There was a prosaic human element behind the scenes in the form of an underpaid attorney, Bernard Tannenbaum, special counsel to the subcommittee. How does one go about compensating for one's feelings of being exploited under such circumstances? Why, by livening up the hearings, man!

You invite Arthur Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church, to testify on the role of LSD as a religious sacrament.

You commission Allen Ginsberg to write a poem about the happening: "Under the giant chandeliers, boxed by marble and a red carpet, rolled out for the senators and the drug addicts . . ."

You arrange for a heroin-addict—a former Marine helicopter crew chief named Frank—to tell the senator addicts how he had digested four goof balls and a glass of beer for a chaser, as a preliminary to shooting a couple of South Vietnamese soldiers disguised in his mind as Viet Cong guerrillas.

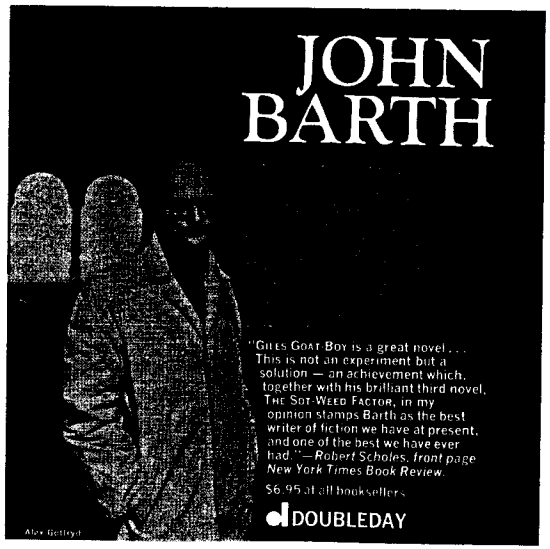
And you make contact with the East Village Other—where, between the lines, there is obviously a surfeit of acid.

SCENE III

A COUPLE OF MONTHS preceeding the friendly phone call from Tannenbaum, EVO had run a banner headline, "America Hates Her Crazies," with the rest of page one being taken up by photos of the unholy trinity, Tim Leary, Ralph Ginzburg and Allen Ginsberg, along with a notice saying "Wanted by the FBI," a lot of fingerprints and J. Edgar Hoover's signature reproduced from an official Wanted flyer.

And so it came to pass that two FBI men visited the office.

The fingerprints actually all belonged to Harvey Matusow, an occasional contributor to EVO who is now living in England where he wants to start the Greater London Other (GLO). Matu-



"O'er The Ramparts We Watched"

UPI PHOTO

. . . as a V.C. killed a U.S. and vice versa. It was beautiful—a stranger shot a stranger and *no one knows why*. We are now on the razor's edge of decision and reason. We can decide on a simple one-bomb suicide, or a one-world law; the sort of law that will create one world of peace and national sovereignty. This is what we are working for. You can join the group: *It's cheap life insurance.*

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sow is hated with equal intensity by the FBI, the communists and the late Senator Joe McCarthy, for whom he was a professional fink. He once stumped the entire What's My Line panel when they failed to pinpoint his occupation as "False Witness."

Anyway, it's against the law to use the FBI's name in vain. The agents also pointed out, for whatever it was worth, that you're not allowed to use Smokey the Bear's name without express permission.

EVO was let off with a warning, but of 10,000 issues that had been printed, the 3000 still remaining on newsstands had to be recalled like dangerous automobiles. However, they were eventually all sold individually over the counter, each copy having been rubber stamped "Collector's Item." Their other brush with officialdom occurred when they published a cartoon by Howard Shoemaker, the hippy-king of Omaha, Nebraska, depicting a young man with a sign reading: "Free LSD—Lick Here." It was deemed obscene by someone at the local post office who held up the mailing pending redemption by authorities in Washington. "We're not sure you're a newspaper," was the technical crux of the matter; after an affirmative decision two days later, the obscenity question was sent to limbo and EVO was sent to a thousand subscribers waiting for their issues with anxious tongues in cheek.

SCENE IV

THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL spewed forth friendly special counsel Bernie Tannenbaum into EVO's office. "We're playing to the gallery," he admitted. But not so much to the gallery that even EVO people didn't have to be screened.

"I didn't go to Washington," says Allan Katzman, "because I had a beard, and they already had a beard—Allen Ginsberg—and he's Jewish. Two beards on two Jews would've been too much for the subcommittee."

The chosen few were Walter Bowart in a package deal containing his suit and tie; Eve Babitz, who is alternately identified in the staff box as either Office Manager or Wonder Woman; and Paula Sherwood, who holds stock in both EVO and Bowart.

Then prepared statements were carefully honed.

Bowart, for example, had likened an LSD experience to "the feeling one has at the death of a parent, or when you were 15 years old and in love for the first time. It could be likened to a religious conversion experience, an accidental moment of transcendence in childhood or in a dream, or as a deepened awareness of psychoanalytic insight in the analyst's office." But he was instructed to delete a comparison "to the first sexual union." After all, Senator Dodd identifies with John Wayne's politics but not his potency.

Walter Bowart concluded: "In all humility, I would like to submit that before any action is decided upon, a representative from this committee—voluntarily and under proper conditions—should have an LSD session and report back to the committee."

Senator Burdick chuckled quietly.

Paula Sherwood concluded: "The problem of psychedelic chemicals places more responsibility upon you as legislators than even legislation about the conquest of outer space because it will affect the most personal, intimate part of man—his mind."

Eve Babitz concluded: "Maybe you can think of some way so that I will not become a criminal."

Later Senator Burdick asked Miss Sherwood: "You are in school now, are you not?"

Miss Sherwood: Yes.

Senator Burdick: Are you self-supporting?

Miss Sherwood: Partially. I was fortunate enough to have someone give me my tuition so I could finish school.

At which point the pride of Harvard, Senator Edward Kennedy, chimed in: "Nothing wrong with that. I have had the same experience."

Senator Burdick asked Miss Babitz: "If the Congress should see fit to make possession and use [of LSD] illegal, would you keep using it?"

Miss Babitz: Will you send somebody around to follow me?

Senator Burdick: Pardon me.

Miss Babitz: Probably, yes.

SCENE V

WELL, THE FEDERAL MEN came around to EVO's office again. You could immediately spot them as cops because of the deliberate distance they were standing apart: it was the lowest form of consciousness expansion.

They wanted to buy some lysergic acid.

When the official testimony had ended in Washington, the trio was unofficially warned: "Be sure you don't smoke marijuana or take LSD for the next six months. Always have a witness with you. Goddard's Army (the narcotics branch of the Food and Drug Administration) would like to discredit the committee . . .

And now, across Tompkins Square Park where the Welfare Building is, a man with a telescope keeps focused on the East Village Other people.

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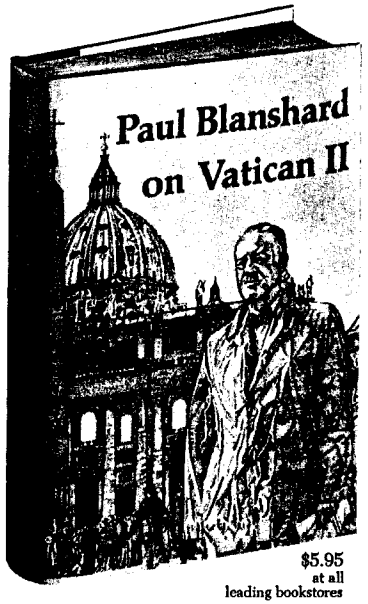

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— *Paul Blanshard*

Published by BEACON PRESS **BOSTON 02108**

Art:

EVERYMAN'S GIRL

by Arthur Secunda and Jan Thunholm

"SHE" IS RESIDING at the Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm this summer. A truly social product of her environment, "She" was made for many by many. A female Colossus of Gargantuan proportions, "She" reclines on her back, legs spread apart, with breasts hovering just below an otherwise austere looking ceiling. "She," painted and decorated in pure bright poster-colors, is probably the most enormous lady in waiting (with the possible exception of the Statue of Liberty) in the world today. There is always a brisk line waiting to enter her body by way of her vaginal portal. So voluptuous is "She" that she is capable of receiving, containing and entertaining up to 150 people simultaneously.

"She" is the baby of artist Niki de St. Phalle of Los Angeles, New York and Paris, whose concept and unique direction are largely responsible for bringing "She" to passive and helpless life. Nevertheless, the prodigious execution of this Lillith was a collaborative effort. Niki took care of the outside, while Swiss kinetic sculptor Jean Tinguely and Swedish artist P. O. Ultvedt joined hands to try and make the interior as homey a place as this bizarre environment would permit. As a team, this group worked together in creating "Dylaby" in Amsterdam in 1962.

Upon entering "She's" genitalia, one is at first appropriately shrouded in darkness. Soon, moving, grinding black and white wheels are discerned, and as one's eyes become accustomed to the eery light, macabre architecturally satirical discoveries may be made. There is an art gallery, then a bar where glass is being continually crunched in typical Tinguelian style. Further on, one can see a movie, then retire to a secluded corner with love seat generously provided. Literally speaking, when one enters "She's" bowels, one is awed by a mysterious dome from which drops a brittle ladder. This, it turns out, is the navel, and incidentally, a kind of exit with a wonderous view outside the museum's elegant front doors. For the record, "She" is also called, somewhat presumptuously, "The Cathedral."

Visitors to this strange shrine appear curiously amused in modern Sweden. One can only surmise the criticism and indignation of such a display in California, following the ridiculous goings-on by the Board of Supervisors during the recent Edward Kienholz exhibition at the Los Angeles County Art Museum.

The overall effect of this massive work seems to be that of an adult funhouse, whose exterior is, in effect, a piece of painted sculpture, while the interior ends up being a sort of international bourgeois playboy club. Related in a general way to the recent history of "happenings," "She's" meaning is intensive if shortlived, as if the plan is to provide a memory survival of an art event, not unlike the now famous manifestations which took place at the Grande Saison Dada on the 14th of April, 1921, that were to change the context of art history during the next 40 years.

The feeling throughout "She," both inside and out, is free and spontaneous, a kind of unreflected though well organized dialogue with every fantasy that erotic 20th century man's fanciful leisure produces. It is an ironic fact that "She" is more revealing, sociologically speaking, about the contemporary male than it is about the female. This, despite the fact that the creator in this case was a female, albeit a female who sees the world as her male chieftains would have her see it.

Superficially it would seem as if "She" is not so much a solemn homage as an earthy, lusty, materialistic event made for and by people who love life and a good time. In short, for people who are content. Even the inscription on "She's" legs, *"Honi Soit qui Mal y Pense,"* is a pun-like reminder not to seek depth of thought. It is rather a bizarre gag, woven in decorative beauty.

The truth is that this enormous characterization is a self-portrait with the most poignant implications. "She" is a double for "we," flat on our backs in primeval position, victimized, helplessly mauled over, laughed at, exploited and used, painted as we paint ourselves, objectified as we find ourselves objects, and in a sense laughing on the outside while dying on the inside. Our Brobdingnagian and Lilliputian relationships to "She" will be discussed and felt for a long time. And I believe that as a social document history will show it to be more in the tradition of Bosch than Duchamp.

Arthur Secunda is a noted artist and print-maker living in Los Angeles.

Jan Thunholm who teaches art at Uppsala University in Sweden, is a noted art critic.

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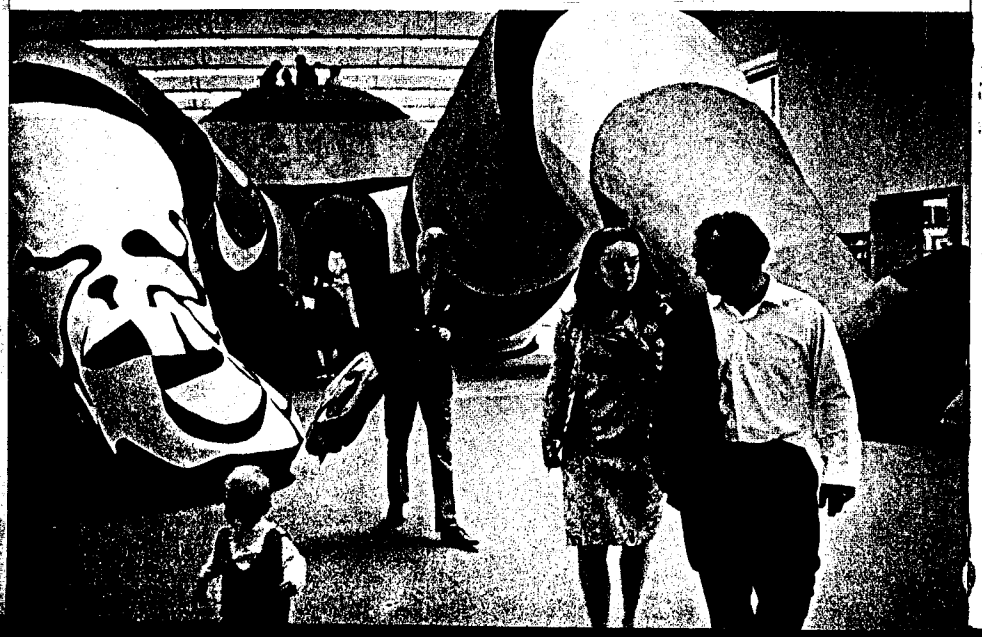
Model for "She."

See next page for additional photographs.

Left:
Slide,
and fake art
exhibition in
right leg.

Below:
Walking out of "She"
in foreground are
Niki St. Phalle and
Jean Tinguely—
artists who
created "She."



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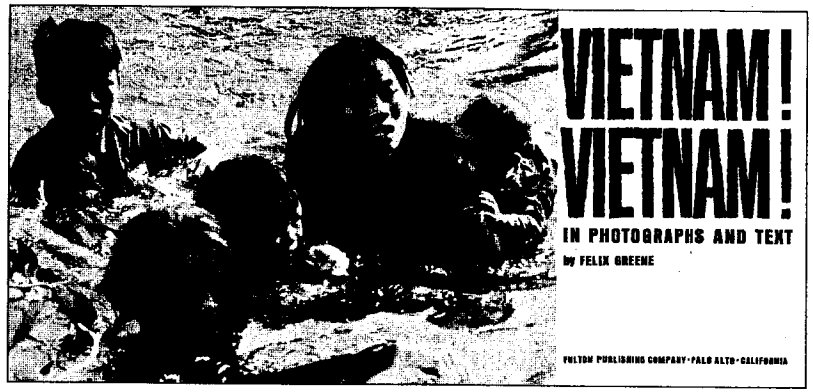

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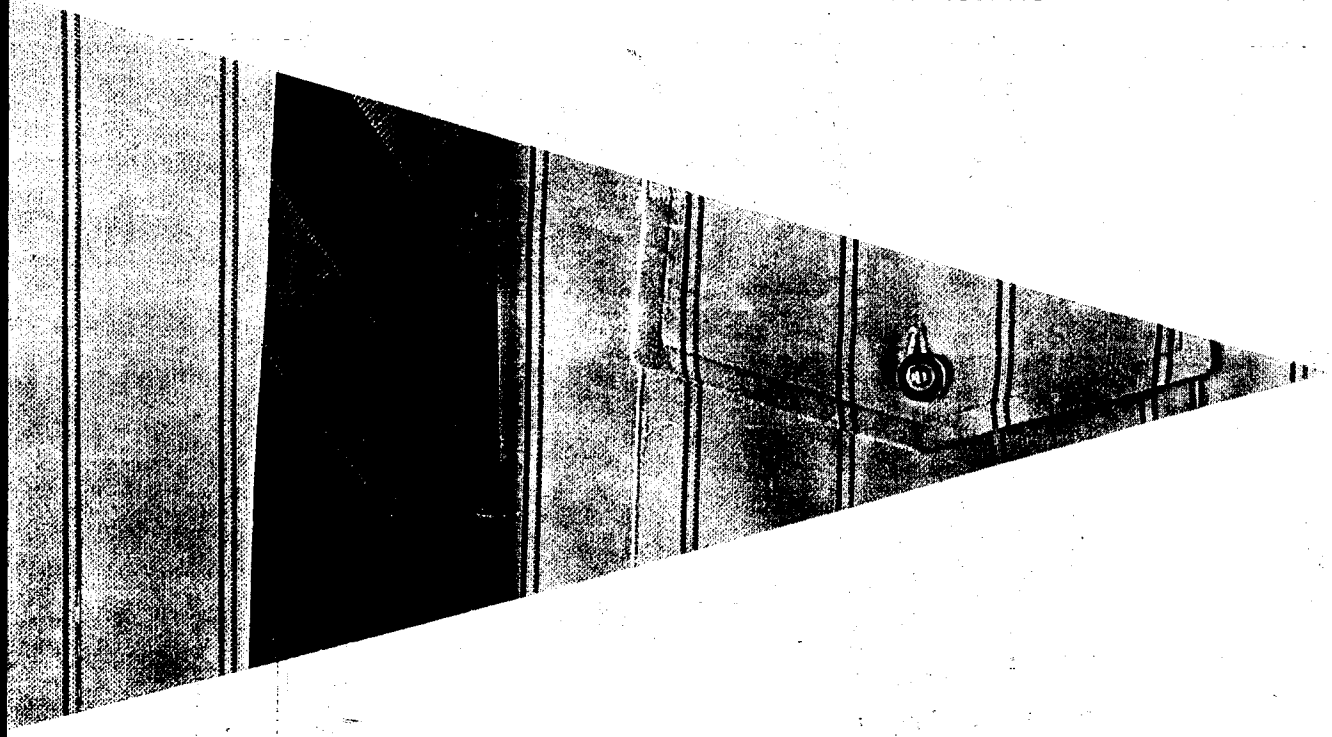
[Quakertown Eagles Field Heftier Squad; Coach Hopeful But Not Very]

O.K., MEN, WHOSE OLD SCHOOL TROMBLEE DID WE LEAVE OUT THIS TIME?



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