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Another Bizarre JFK Plot Story

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FOR THE TITILLATION of the millions of anti-Warren Report skeptics, the May "Atlas" magazine presents one of the most bizarre stories yet told on "Why Was JFK Shot?"

You've got to have a lot of faith in drunken seamen to believe this one. And it will help your credibility if you despise Russia thoroughly. But enough of warnings; it is a fantastic story:

A Belgian sailor named Peeters (not his real name, because he fears revealing his identity) was having a drink in Antwerp on the night of Sept. 4, 1963. A half-dozen foreign sailors entered the bar.

"They had obviously drunk a lot and seemed determined to keep right on drinking."

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ONE OF THE SAILORS wore the uniform of a Russian merchant marine and was plainly the head of the group. In a spontaneous burst of confidence, this "Ivan" told Peeters that he was a homosexual and very much wanted to start up a close friendship with the Belgian.

Ivan also insisted on telling Peeters he could speak seven languages perfectly, among them "English" and "American." And he showed Peeters five different passports with five different names, all of them fake, under which, he boasted, he traveled.

Later, deep in drunkenness, Ivan smiled mysteriously and said, "This is 1963 and you think, my dear fellow, that the war in Viet Nam is coming to an end. That's completely stupid!"

"The Vietnamese war is only a beginning, a prologue. It will become even dirtier and more vicious, not just in Viet Nam, but in China and America as well.

"We Russians have decided to become the new and first world power, but we don't wish to become involved in war. We want to get China and the U. S. to destroy each other. If our plan is to succeed, the Vietnamese conflict must degenerate into an open war between Peking and Washington. . . ."

Peeters was bored. "You've drunk enough," he snorted. "Just forget it. Besides, Kennedy is a peaceful man. He'll never let himself be dragged into a hopeless war with Red China."

Ivan was silent. For several minutes. Then he looked Peeters straight in the eye: "I'm going to tell you something, comrade, and it's not a joke. There will be no Christmas, 1963, for John Kennedy. By Christmas he will have been buried a long time." His voice went even lower. "And his successor will do exactly what John Kennedy doesn't want to do: he will expand the war in Viet Nam. He will increase the number of Americans in Viet Nam. He will provoke China more and more. . . . Kennedy must disappear from the stage. . . . Everything has been set up, every step has been taken to silence the assassin. . . ."

Peeters shook himself loose from the Russian and went home.

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THE NEXT DAY, he was accosted on the street by one of the other sailors who'd been in the party the night before with him and Ivan. "Tell me," he asked, laughing, "what did that drunken Russian say to you last night?" Peeters said it was "just drunken gab." But the stranger kept asking questions, and finally said, "Tell me everything and I'll give you a lot of money." Peeters refused. "Please, leave me alone," he said.

But for "weeks" this man shadowed Peeters and questioned him. Then, one day at the beginning of November, the menacing stranger approached him for the last time —said sharply, "If you know anything, keep your mouth shut. Understand?"—and vanished.

When it seemed certain the man had left Antwerp, Peeters claims he sent off a registered, special delivery, air-mail letter addressed to President John F. Kennedy at the White House, marked "strictly personal," warning the President of the plot.

Three days later the President was killed.