

## Extremely hot iceberg

Editor of the Times:

The spy community is coordinating the 14th anniversary celebrations of President Kennedy's assassination with a spate of bedazzling documentaries — a full court press. Even Daniel Schorr is caging free throws from the foul line.

Another TV star, lawyer Carl Stern, gagged on the sulfurous fumes from a batch of heavily censored FBI Comtelpro documents obtained by lawsuit in 1973. He retched at a second batch disgorged the following year. It was a chilling peek at the tip of an extremely hot iceberg.

The director of Comtelpro, William C. Sullivan, was kicked out when caught burglarizing Hoover's most sensitive personal files. Some of the loot was too hot to deep-six in the Potomac. Pat Gray assumed a Santa Claus role and burned it at Christmastime.

William C. Sullivan was killed on Nov. 9. The accident weapon was not alleged to be the cheapest reject, affixed with a wobbly telescopic sight inapposite to a defective bolt, used by a bum shot to fire a magic bullet through a tree and road sign at invisible moving targets under absolute security.

He was shot by a state police trooper's son in an open field. The secret investigation is headed by chief law officer Mason Butterfield, not Perry Mason, not Alexander P. Butterfield — the Ervin committee TV star who divulged the elaborate taping systems.

Nine days later we learned that Sullivan had retained a criminal lawyer to face grilling by the House assassinations committee.

Nixon failed to formalize Mitchell's police state Senate bill 1400 during Watergate. The sulfurous effluvia from Ford's S. 1 forced renumbering as S. 1437. One of the senescent Southern senators who cleared it 12-2 has been practicing law since 1913 with total contempt for the Bill of Rights. The dirty dozen have powerful allies in the White House and Department of Justice.

George Wallace's attorney general has joined Evette Younger's covert mobilization to lobby the Nixon court to retroactively clean egg from the face of the Palo Alto police, acquired when caught raiding the Stanford Daily in April 1971. Such coordinated mobilization is costly — but they get what we pay for.

11-30-77

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The short fuses burning away at the tip of the "extremely hot iceberg" set off emergency fire sirens. It would conflict with the coordinated celebrations if run on the 14th anniversary of the spy community's greatest service in behalf of its masters—the assassination of President Kennedy. The media mentioned Sullivan's death, but failed to associate it with JFK's coverup.

It was pointed out that Carter's fascist bill, coupled with lobbying the Supreme Court, would retroactively condone criminal proclivities of the local authorities. If only the iceberg was safe for awhile, perhaps Clarence Kelley would extinguish the fuses with his fireproof embers at Christmastime—a practice of FBI directors.

Then on 11-28-77 one of the dirty dozen died—the one depicted as practicing law since 1913. It was the lead story on the wires. The editor telephoned. Assuming he would eulogize "one of the senescent Southern senators"—why not, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"? Within just two days, the eulogy was coupled with the burning fuses.

## Sen. McClellan, investigator

11-30-77

Sen. John L. McClellan, a conservative Southern Democrat from Arkansas who may have been the greatest investigations chairman in Congressional history, is dead at 81.

He wielded the gavel over the probes that beat back labor racketeering and organized crime in the 1950s and '60s, and later over hearings on the controversial TFX fighter plane contract, illicit operations in military service clubs overseas and the big city riots.

McClellan's deep drawl, "like the

voice of doom," as one observer put it, and his withering questioning style became familiar to viewers as he made rascals squirm. Many have forgotten that even before McClellan's heyday, he had made Sen. Joseph McCarthy, R-Wis., drop some of his most abusive inquisitorial practices.

McClellan was a lawyer from age 17, a congressman from age 38, a senator from age 49. He had served on The Hill longer than any living senator, and by his lights, well.

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