ESPIONAGE

The Faceless Ones

The romance of spying went out with Mata Hari. Such is the nature of the game today that a lowly government code clerk or a technician who checks computer cards at a missile site may be more important intelligence sources and far more difficult to detect than the glamorous personnel at the intelligence headquarters. Last week, in a case that still has undetermined links in Britain, the FBI arrested a characteristically obtuse technician on charges of spying for the Russians. Held on suspicion that he was a civilian Air Force communications operator and repairman, Staff Sergeant Herbert Bockenstein, 23, who had worked for some 17 months in the Air Force's Pentagon communications center, and was distinguished only by his unhappy childhood in Nazi Germany.

The FBI was not wanting to prejudice its case in court, would give only sketchy details of the alleged conspiracy, but the pattern was as commonplace as the personalities. Bockenstein's uncle, a German, tells us, was a low-ranking clerk in the commercial section of the Soviet embassy. In June 1965, at the first of at least two meetings in Washington, Virginia suburbs, according to the FBI, the Russian apparently questioned Bockenstein about his duties in the Pentagon. At the second, in a bowling alley parking lot last April, Malinoff gave him a '15,000, slide listing the location of future rendezvous and drop areas where, presumably, information could be let for later pickup.

"One of the Many," the FBI said it had picked up the slide, as well as papers used for secret messages and notes taken at the second meeting, in Bockenstein's apartment in Riverside, Cal., near the Air Force Base, where he was stationed at the time he was arrested. At March, he had access to information going through the cryptographic machines. Shortly after his arrest last week, Scotland Yard picked up Cecil Malinoff, 47, a quiet, second-generation Sea businessman, on charges of violating Britain's Official Secrets Act, and English newspapers hinted that further arrests were planned.

Of the three, Malinoff, described by one observer as "just one of the faceless many" in the espionage scene, clearly had the bright future, suffering only the embarrassment of being expelled from the Air Force. If convicted, Bockenstein, on the other hand, might receive the death penalty: Malinoff, 4 years in jail. Whether Bockenstein was not Bockenstein and is only a Soviet agent is left to the imagination, or instead, any information at all, he had every opportunity to glean intelligence of interest to the Russians. The Pentas-}

SUSPECT BOCKENHEUPT

Obscurity pays.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Into the Archives

At the request of the Justice Department, 65 carefully guarded X rays, color slides and black-and-white negatives of pictures taken during an exhaustive autopsy of the body of John Kennedy at Bethesda Naval Hospital were turned over to the National Archives last week by the Kennedy family.

At the time that the Warren Commission was making its inquiry into the assassination, the X rays and photographs were available to investigators, but none left it necessary to inspect them, as was feared the mangled details testifying to the three autopsy authorities of the commission's controversial single-shot bullet theory. This is his conclusion that the bullet hit the back of Kennedy's neck and emerged through his lower throat before it struck Texas Governor John Connally in the back, smashed across a rib, shattered his right wrist, and punctured his left thigh. Commission members accepted this explanation after they saw a motion picture of the assassination, which indicated that the interval between Kennedy's reaction to being hit and Connally's first visible reaction to being hit was at the most 1.8 seconds. Because of the time it took to retrieve the bullet, action was delayed.

Could not possibly have fired more than once every 3.3 sec.

Ultimately, the conspiracy theorists claimed that the doctors' entire autopsy report had been tailor-made to bolster the commission's single-shot bullet theory. The doctors argued that in the sound was probably lower toward Kennedy's back, and that the bullet had actually lodged in his body. They insisted that the X rays and photographs could offer evidence of the wound through soft flesh.

Corroborating evidence. If the commission had really set out to present a fake autopsy, nothing would have been more logical than to retouch the photographs to support synthetic medical reports. The photos were examined last week by two of the autopsy doctors. The third is on duty in Viet Nam; they argued that the evidence fully corroborates their testimony before the Warren commission.

Even though the X rays and photographs are in the archives, the controversy will undoubtedly continue. One enigma is how the Kennedy—who consistently denied to the press that he had possession of the film—ever held onto them. Presumably, the Secret Service handed them over at the request of the then-Attorney General, Robert Kennedy. In any case, the family has stipulated that the pictures could be secured from public inspection during the lives of J.F.K.'s immediate family, including those of his children, who are now eight and five years old.

The Mythmakers

For many who believe that there was a conspiracy to assassinate John Kennedy in Dallas, the most menacing argument of all is that an extramural number of people involved in the case—however remote—have since lost their lives under mysterious circumstances. As of late, there are 14. To conspiracy theorists, the clear implication is that the victim knew too much and were systematically liquidated.

Chief mythologist and drumbeater for this theory is Penn Jones Jr., 32, the diminutive (5 ft. 2 in.) editor of a Tex- as weekly newspaper, the Midlandian News, before, 765. In 1965, Jones began a seemingly inexhaustible Mirror series intended, as he put it, to "bring this one intelligent whole on the events surrounding the assassination system.

This month, San Francisco's slick Ramparts magazine, a one-time Catho- lic quarterly turned New Left monthly, also carried several of the Jones reports, along with the outcome of Washington's, magazine breathlessly describes as an 871,000 copy probe by"a team of Ramparts editors, aided by researchers and trained investigators," who "traveled to Dallas a dozen times and interviewed nearly 100 people throughout the country knowledgeable about the assassina-
In Dallas, two shots ended in the same instant, a majority of the people most involved in the incident reported in the Ramparts article never heard of the magazine or its "team." Thus it is not so odd that the Ramparts crew, non-historian, is riddled with factual errors and perverse conclusions.

Earlene Roberts, 60, the fuzzy-haired book dealer who ran the Dallas apartment house where Lee Harvey Oswald lived—and proved a helpful witness before the Warren Commission—died last January. Ramparts writer who she had been subjected to "intensive police harassment," adds with sinister implication of foul play that "no autopsy was performed." In fact, Mrs. Roberts had severe heart disease, thyroid oversecretion, and calcification. The cause of death, "acute myocardial infarction," was determined after an autopsy by a doctor at Parkland Hospital.

William Whaley, 51, the cab driver who picked up Oswald after he left the Depository Building, was killed in a head-on car crash in December 1965. Ramparts views his death with suspicion because Whaley had never had an accident before and was the first Dallas cab driver to die on duty since 1937. In fact, Whaley was killed because an 83-year-old man (who also died) was driving north on a southbound lane.

Faulk Benaides, 29, identified as the look-alike brother of Domingo Benaides, a witness in Oswald's slaying of Patrolman J. D. Tippit, was shot to death in a Dallas tavern in February 1965. Ramparts reports that Dallas police counted it as death by "pistol shot, wrote up a cursory report and marked the case "unsolved." The magazine also suggests that "Domino was the intended victim." In fact, there is a full police report on the shooting (it was a shotgun, not a pistol). Moreover, one Rudolph Lee Hill, 41, confessed that he killed Ruby and served 20 months in prison for manslaughter.

On the Sunday night that Jack Ruby shot Oswald, six men met in Ruby's apartment. Editor Jones reported that three of the men at that "significant meeting" had "died-strangely." With typical hint-and-run reporting, he wrote that Dallas Times-Herald Reporter Jim Koethe was later "killed by a karate chop in his apartment" (auf ein astol (Café) Independent Reporter Bill Hunter was shot to death in a California police station, and that Dallas Attorney Tom Howard died of a heart attack after which "no autopsy was performed." All three are indeed dead, but it takes a powerful imagination to detect any connection. Reporter Koethe was a belligerent bully who liked to hang out with thugs: he had been strapped, not "kara-te chopped," and police suggested that homosexuality may have been a motive. Hunter was shot incidentally by an exhibitionistic detective, he had known closely for years while the cop was glowing tenshid with a radio in the station pressroom. As for Tom Howard, according to others who were there, he was not even at Ruby's apartment that night.

Heard Today: Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen died in her Manhattan house in November 1965. Because she was the only journalist ever allowed a private interview with Jack Ruby after his arrest, Penn Jones naturally decided that her death was to be added to "that list of strange deaths." Even Ramparts editors could not swallow that one, conceded that "no serious person really believes" Kilgallen's death—from alcohol and barbiturates—was part of the plot.

Nor for that matter did serious persons really believe that the rest of the Ramparts-Jones saga is anything but a macabre and mischievous exercise in mysmaking.

CITIES

Anniversary of the Night

In Manhattan, guests at a round of parties will sip their drinks in the dark. In Boston, Harvard students planned a series of lightless bashes. For sit-down restaurants, a chain of New York novelty shops offered a kit containing 50 "We There" buttons and a candle. Most of the 30 million Americans who lived through history's biggest blackout by year's end approached the fifth anniversary of The Night with a certain nostalgia. The memory also prompted a more practical concern. What, if anything, has been done to prevent another failure on the scale of the 1965 eclipse that plunged 80,000 sq. mi. of the U.S. Northwest and Canada into Stygian darkness?

The area's power companies have belatedly mounted a massive effort to overhaul, augment and modernize equipment and procedures. At the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission's Sir Adam Beck Plant No. 2, where the region-wide short circuit originated in an overloaded relay fuse, more relays have been added to increase the system's safety margin. To prevent the area's vast, interlocking power grid from being pulled down again, newly designed switches have been installed in northwestern New York State so that the southern part of the system can automatically cut itself off from the pool.

Generators & Computers: Throughout the area, electric companies have bought oil-fueled "black start" generators to help reactivate plant turbines more quickly. Some companies are making plans to install computers programmed to monitor loads and correct "cascading" frequencies of the kind that tripped off the Beck Plant in New York's Kennedy International Airport, whose runway lights vanished before the eyes of bewildered jet captains who have six meals dry diesel generators can kick on within twelve seconds. Many Manhattan skyscrapers are now equipped with emergency power for elevators, in which thousands of New Yorkers were trapped, and auxiliary lighting for the stairs down which many thousands had to escape.

Much still remains to be done. The New York City subway system, in which 200,000 passengers were stranded last fall, has yet to set up its own emergency power system or even a lighting plant. On the basis of the lessons learned from the blackout, both the Federal Power Commission and the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation strongly endorsed a joint congress this year that would give the FPC greater control over power-planning planning. The measure died in Congress, and the FPC will cause the utilities lobby oppose it. And through—until 1965—utility companies had for years denied that a major blackout could happen, they now concede that a repeat is by no means impossible.