

The repeating history, a th checked career of a Thru
to Bill Nixon HW 8/21/73

THE REPEATING HISTORY; OR, THE CHECKED CAREER OF A THRU TO BILL NIXON HW 8/21/73

It sure seemed odd early yesterday morning to hear that there was a reported threat to kill Our Glorious Leader in New Orleans and on the day the criminal trial of Jim Garrison was scheduled to open. The more of what little was reported by radio, the more and more strange the story seemed.

Naturally, under this great strain the inner strength, that noble courage of the GL shone through. He would listen to the Secret Service, disciplined man that he is. But he also would not cop out. No, not he! He would, too, have a motorcade. * Course, for security it would have to be shortened and the route changed.

Shortened means less than five blocks. Route changed means a motorcade where there are no people or the change is a fake, and then what is the threat? Or, is it a motorcade without people. Not just a quick trip?

The first thing I wondered about is why use the car at all if there is a danger? Why not use a helicopter? His personal one wasn't there, but there are scads of them in and around the city. The story to the press was no pad. Who needs a pad? After VM? There is, right at the convention site, ample open and free or freeable space.

Tempered as suspicion had to be when this was in New Orleans, where the pecans are the least common nuts and where politics, except for the non-existent left can be hot, suspicion there still had to be. None of it stacked up.

If, as the reports had it, there was a conspiracy, there were many unaddressed problems not addressed by the reported precautions. Some are impossible. There is, for example, but one exit from the airport and then for a long enough distance, but a single road into town, with an abundance of jiding places along it if someone is determined to jid this brilliant career so well on the way toward establishing permanent peace forevermore. Evermore.

After turning toward New Orleans and travelling a short distance, the first of several alternate routes, all long and none safer, become possible with turns to the left, off Airline Highway. Then Airline can be paralleled. Or, it can be taken to the multiple entrance to Interstate Highway I 10, which is tricky as hell without locals to lead the way. If Airline is left earlier, doubling back to I 10 is simple, closer to the lake or via Metairie Road. Once I 10 is taken, it is possible to double-cross those intent upon offing in the suburbs by not staying on it, by going along the river to ~~St~~ Claiborne, which is a large, divided thoroughfare that could be fast with sirens and flashing red lights. It intersects with Canal, where the motorcade was supposed to be. Or, I 10 would be fast to the St. Charles exit, which would lead right to the spot on Canal where a 5-block motorcade could begin. Or 2 block, or 3, or 4.

But none of this would eliminate the real problem, how to keep him from being in the crosshairs downtown anywhere near the convention hall. (He appears to have been pretty uncool by the time he got there because CBS TV evening news tonight had footage, not the still picture of the papers, on him pulling Ziegler. It was not just an accident, as printed press reported. He actually turned around, walked back and gave Ziegler a real push, then return to his going to the hall. "eal uncool!")

In reading William Chapman's story in this morning's Post, I got the notion that he wasn't totally persuaded only the incredibly bravery of the world's smartest and bravest hero was the story. So, I spoke to him, especially about the quote to the effect that this Edwin "audet had been heard to say, approximately, "Somebody ought to kill Nixon and if nobody else has the guts, I guess I'll do it." It seemed like a familiar phrase, in not in Bartlett. First I thought Bremer, and then I realized that with slight desecration, replacing the fine name with "son-of-a-bitch" it was "ack Ruby, as quoted.

Then the stories on the radio yesterday made indefinite reference to a drug story. Boinggggg! Waterbury's on the side of Canal opposite the French Quarter and 4-5 blocks

