

May/June 1976 National
Watchdog Newsletter



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Dear Watchdogs:

President John F. Kennedy Assassination Conspiracy Have any of you noticed that only Democrats have been assassinated in the past twelve years?

1976, being an election year, makes all kinds of news. The contestants do all sorts of things for one another and to one another, in their bids for election.

The U. S. Senate has set up a Senate Watchdog Committee for oversight of Intelligence Agencies. Seven Republican senators and eight Democrats are supposed to watch the CIA and FBI. We shall see, in the months ahead, what kind of Watchdogs they will be.

An interesting CBS News cast for TV showed 17 May 1976: A senator said, "The decision to reopen the investigation of the JFK assassination may take six months". June to November will be six months from now, after the election. Why would they wait until after the election? The senators may have agreed among themselves not to divert the Voter's attentions away from the election news. Or, could it be, the Senate Watchdog Committee members have seen evidence that Ford knew of the conspiracy before November 22, 1963? Or, could it be, Ford was a part of the cover-up while sitting on the Warren Commission? Is the Senate trying to avoid another impeachment agony and a resignation followed by Rockefeller pardoning Ford? It has happened once before.

We do know Ford was the only Warren Commission member to write a cover-up book, Portrait of An Assassin, and receive \$15,000.00 advance money and royalties.

Many books have been written and published concerning the JFK assassination. I have not read all of them, but the last two I did read and analyzed, were obviously Red Herrings dragged across the Conspirators trails. Appointment In Dallas, written by a liar named Hugh McDonald. I checked and there is no possible way the "kill" could have been accomplished the way he theorized. The book Betrayal, is another effort to divert investigators. Author Robert D. Morrow should be ashamed to have created such a fairy tale. Morrow put the guilt on the Dead, who cannot deny his allegations. Henry Regnery Company is probably a CIA contract publisher. I do not intend to go to Chicago and find out.

What is interesting; each author has one or two facts. I know so much about the conspiracies facts that when the detail appears, I put the piece of the puzzle into place and the whole conspiracy is there in all it's ugly horror. Our Republic is in trouble.

Sex Scandals I have been watching, since the Watergate exposure of the Nixon Republicans, for the Republicans to counter-attack the Democrats. Sex scandals are always an American political weapon to disenfranchise an opponent. Christians love sin-sex scandals. It makes such voyeuristic news and conversation pieces.

Saturday, 12 June 1976, I learned about a common four letter word's origin. A crop duster pilot friend of mine flew into Hillport for the weekend. We talked about flying and old times until 4:00 a.m. Sunday morning. English prosecutors, in mid-Victorian times, were so sic and sweet, they could not bear to charge a man with this word. The written charge was, "For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge". Isn't that darling? Reminds me of the Sic-Sex News coming out every day, with the Hays/Ray News leading the sex-starved newspapers to the trough.

The Mystery of Harry Vozic The motto of the American Ex-Prisoners of War national organization is Non Solum Armis. "Soldiers Without Arms". A MAN can fight at all times without a weapon; even as a POW. It only takes a few brains and a lot of guts.

September, 1943, I met S/Sgt. Harry Vozic, from Brooklyn, New York. Harry was older than the average Army Air Corps (AAC) prisoner of war "existing" in Stalag VIIA, near Munich, Germany. Harry sported, what he called, a Joe Stalin mustache. He stood out, because Americans during WW II did not wear mustaches. I lived in barrack 7 of the American Compound and worked each day, drawing maps for the Escape Committee, in barrack 8 where Harry Vozic stayed.

October, 1943, all AAC boys were transferred to Stalag XVIIIB, about twenty miles west of Vienna, Austria. We did not have any American doctors. Harry volunteered to set up a first aid station and take care of wounded airmen. Vozic warned us, "I am not a doctor, but I have had a little medical training". Volunteers helped Harry set up a Lazarette and Dr. Vozic was apparently a very excellent medical man.

Early in 1944, three American doctors arrived. Major Beaumont moved into Harry's comfortable quarters and kicked Harry out. Harry came to the enlisted men's barrack and shortly afterward disappeared. I knew he had not escaped via the Escape Committee I headed, by that time. I contacted the French Compound and queried them. The Frenchmen reported Harry was very ill and in a French Prison Hospital a mile from Stalag XVIIIB. I escaped and went to see him. We had quite a re-union. Harry was fine. He had a very involved plan to escape that would deliver him back to the United States.

July 26, 1944, AAC boys without arms, legs or blind were repatriated. Harry went with them, limping painfully on his cane. A year went by and I returned safely to my mother's home. She had a letter for me. "Dear Ben: I am your XVIIIB buddy Harry Vozic. My real name is Dr. ~~R~~ Reuben Rabinovitch and my friends call me 'Rab' ". Dr. Rabinovitch wrote the truth about himself and we corresponded over the years. When my writings began to be published, Rab asked me to give my word not to write the story of Harry Vozic's successful escape. Rab did not want to embarrass the Swiss doctors he had fooled. I agreed and kept my word.

Dr. Rabinovitch was a famous neurological surgeon. He had a book published and many papers on the vertebrae and diseases. 1946, Rab was invited to Washington, D. C. and awarded our Nation's highest award. The United States Freedom Medal with Silver Palm, for services to American soldiers during WW II. He was loved and admired by everyone who had the good fortune of knowing him. I am studying my WW II diary, recalling the harrowing experiences involving the mysterious Harry Vozic; writing a bazaar tale of true adventures. Non Solum Armis!

Excelsior, my Watchdog friends,



Ben Phelper
The Visible Watchdog