Patrick Sullivan

The Warren Commission and American folklore



A sizeable lot of Americans are running around these days up in arms about the "sinister" questions raised by critics about the conclusions of the Warren Report on the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Everyone is entitled to his opinion, of course, but only, we feel, if he gives something for it — in this case the effort necessary to realize that the men on the commission may have slipped up in dealing with the crime of the century.

That, admittedly, is rather hard to do when a person has been brought up to believe in the invincibility of the gangbusting FBI and the courageous Secret Service and the rest of the folklore.

And apparently much of the citizenry is mentally too flabby to bring themselves to meet that task. Because even a superficial look at the evidence reveals the airy space in the waffle-like argument of the Warren Commission.

To hope that the stone-faces will soon emerge from the doldrums of complacency and stridency, where they seem content to loll around saluting the flag, is probably an unrealistic dream.

But maybe someday . . .

The past week has turned up a number of developments — some old and some new — in

the case against the Warren Report. That's one thing about this phenomenon: there are so many discrepancies in the Report it is easy to forget some when new ones are discovered.

At the Kennedy Workshop, an Experimental college class, last Wednesday night, close to 100 students saw blowups of photos taken during the shooting of the grassy knoll area adjacent to the Texas School Book Depository. At least three "images" of persons were pointed out to the class by David Lifton, a UCLA graduate student. One of the persons appeared to be wearing a set of earphones, another to be leaning against the corner of a stone wall — as if holding a rifle — and the third seemed to be clasping his hands in a cheer.

On a radio talk show the next night, the same Lifton brought out a number of "old" facts in the case that were revelations to the moderator and presumably to many listeners.

Among them was the reminder that even though the Warren Report said there was no person named "Hidell" — a name linked to the purchase of the Carcano 6.5 rifle used in the assassination — Oswald did in fact have a friend in the Marines named Heindel—who was often referred to as "Hidell." Lifton added that

there is some evidence the two spoke to each other in Russian while in ranks.

Again, the unanswered questions are multitudinous — far too much so to detail here at any length.

AND AS FAR AS last week's notation about the man who found the bullet in Parkland Hospital goes — well, it should not go any farther than it has. We were taken in by a Ramparts magazine spoof (?). There is no Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. Dick Draper, a student here, says the name stands for "You love, God Knows, The bull."