

# Gun Czar Talks ---A Tiny Bit

By Charles Howe

The munitions czar of Pacific Heights was in fine — but guarded — fettle yesterday as a mile away, Federal agents continued to inventory some 46 tons of weapons and explosives seized from his various private arsenals.

But as agents were sifting through an incredible array of foreign and domestic munitions stored in bunkers at the residence, William Thoresen III remained as silent as a gun with a broken crank on why he's accumulated the hoard.

"Geo," he smiled as he rattled around in his kitchen, dressed in a blue cloth bathrobe, "you'd better talk to Jake about that."

### IDEA

Jake, of course, is his attorney, J. W. Ehrlich, who maintained over the telephone yesterday that his client was planning to go into business as a dealer.

While his handsome wife, Louise, prepared coffee, Thoresen, whose fascination with weapons has led him to be charged in Federal court with two counts of unlawfully possessing machine guns and a count of unauthorized possession of his arsenal, across state said:

"I had this great idea. It was all there wasn't any illegal about it." He said he had been a junior diplomat at the court of St. James' Palace in London. "You'd better ask Jake about that."

### DISSENT

And Jake, who told his client to "keep your damn mouth shut or you'll have to get a new lawyer" when Thoresen was booked in the U.S. Marshal's office on Wednesday, continued to maintain Thoresen planned to sell to collectors, nothing more.

Thoresen, who is also under investigation for having several different passports in her purse when she was apprehended at Kennedy International Airport last year with a small assortment of weapons.

### PUBLICITY

She is also charged with two counts of unlawfully possessing automatic weapons and, like her husband, had nothing to say about these charges.

"No, I don't mind the publicity so terribly," she smiled. "But when I came into Municipal Court Monday for arraignment, I didn't dislike those television cameramen bending down and flashing their bright lights."

In the next room their 5-year-old son, Michael, gamboled, wearing a set of toy cap pistols. He didn't have much to say, either.

And as they ended the brief interview, only the gaudy nyanah bird they kept for a pet seemed inclined to talk for the record. Unfortunately, what he said can't be printed in a family newspaper.