



No, this man is not being electrocuted. It is Edgar Eugene Bradley, indicted by New Orleans District Attorney Garrison in connection with the Kennedy assassination investigation, passing his privately arranged lie detector test with flying colors (red, white and blue). Typical questions: Were you in Dallas on November 22, 1963? Answer: No. (It is believed that Garrison has a photograph of Bradley being arrested that day in Fort Worth, within walking distance of the assassination site. Ten men were allegedly arrested on November 22 in connection with the assassination; only the name of Lee Harvey Oswald appears in the Warren Report). Results of the lie detector test (according to privately retained criminologist Gugas), truthful answers. *** Reporter: will the results of the lie detector test be made public? Attorney for Bradley, George Jensen, answered: No. Will a law enforcement agency be permitted their own lie detector tests? Answer: No. After the circus, reporters left unconvinced but concerned that the attempted substitution of trial by polygraph for trial by jury will give Governor Reagan grounds to forbid the extradition of Bradley to New Orleans for proper trial.

Free Press photograph by Yoram Kahana

Bible-banger McIntire preaches hate at Southland rally to defend Bradley

PAUL EBERLE

"The Devil ... Communism ... enemies of The Cross ..." these are the forces behind Jim Garrison and his indictment of Eugene Bradley, according to Dr. Carl McIntire, who addressed a "Gene Bradley Defense Fund Rally" Saturday night at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium.

Bradley also addressed the audience briefly after McIntire finished. During the course of the evening a photographer taking pictures for the Free Press was attacked and beaten as he was trying to leave the auditorium.

Dr. McIntire's "20th Century Reformation Hour" is broadcast over approximately 600 radio stations across the United States. Bradley, who was recently indicted by Garrison for conspiracy to murder President Kennedy, is employed by McIntire and the "Reformation Hour."

As we entered the auditorium

the organist was playing softly. Religious music, but with a militant beat. The audience was less than capacity: about a thousand people. They were mostly over fifty, a study in gray, composed of withered old ladies and oafish old men, sparse remnants of a generation now nearly extinct.

There were also a few younger couples in their thirties and forties, dressed in drab Sunday clothes. And interspersed among the others, you could see them, every tenth or twelfth seat: the zealots. Faces with stark eyes that bulged with outrage and latent violence.

A young music director from some Baptist church came to the lectern and announced the hymn to be sung: "Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to War..." On hearing this, an ancient lady in the front row shrieked, presumably with pleasure. The young man sang in a stentorian baritone, waving his arms with the zeal of one about to storm the enemy's barricades. All around us, little old women sang in that thin ob-

er's podium, an obese man whose angry, belligerent face seemed fixed in an expression of perpetual loathing and scorn.

He stated the purpose of the rally: "... to help our good friend charged with this despicable charge ... we've worked together and we've had good fellowship together, and so when I heard about this, I knew instinctively that this man was not guilty..." He spoke of this "... attack from forces that are evil..." and of the need for a Gene Bradley defense fund.

Then, after a lengthy introduction, Dr. McIntire addressed the audience.

He starts out softly, but he is a bible-banger, shouting, evangelical preacher in the old tradition. He is a consummate performer who uses the full range of voice and gesticulation to arouse his listeners.

He tells them "God is our defense." Nasal voices call out sullenly, "Yeah!" "Amen!" He tells them the attack on Gene Bradley is part of a concerted attack on his (McIntire's) broadcasts. He



Dr. Carl McIntire: 'It is in the interest of justice that our good governor refuse to extradite Bradley'

Photo by Yoram Kahana

Evangelical preacher's diabolical radio crusade

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mlite, and anti-Negro and anti-Catholic. That's what they throw in.

We requested a hearing. They granted that hearing, and in addition to the questions which they had raised, the FCC itself raised the question whether it was in the public interest for the radio station to carry these sectarian religious programs, and to raise funds from the public for their support! Now that has never been raised before by the FCC and it was a direct thrust at our program, and at these great collocations that we have been taking by means of radio.

"Beloved, that hearing came and was in session for nine weeks. You should see it. Here's a man sits up there representing the commission, paid by the FCC. And over here's a bevy of lawyers paid by the FCC. Over here right by them are the lawyers representing the Catholic Church.

"And over here was our lawyer—we started out with two, but they were too expensive so we ended up with one. But he's the former chief counsel of the FCC. (Laughter)

"And there's never been a hearing like it in the history of the FCC. And they searched every record—they put everybody connected with the station on the stand, trying to find some basis that they could claim the station hadn't been paying the stocks or hadn't given people who had been attacked personally an opportunity

"They had fished and fished and fished. Well, ladies and gentlemen, they called me! Imagine their lawyer calling me to be their witness, so they can get something out of me that will help them so they can take the license away! I can tell you now they called the wrong fellow. Those poor FCC lawyers don't know enough about religion to ask the right questions? (Laughter)

McIntire ended his speech with the warning that "... I plan to go across this country and we gonna stop this communist menace!" Then he opened the floor for questions from the audience.

One man asked, "Are you going to sue Garrison?"

McIntire twiddled, secretively and said, "I'm not gonna answer that question."

A very very old man asked why people couldn't do more for Jesus, and talked interminably about all he had done for the "20th Century Reformation Hour." On and on he talked.

The obese Baptist Minister from Anaheim, seated behind McIntire, growled, "Hey McIntire, shut him up. We don't need him tonight."

Then a young man stood and asked, "What would be the harm in letting Bradley go to Louisiana and answer the questions of the grand jury?"

"A great deal of harm!" McIntire barked. "This is where Mr. Bradley lives. To take him away down there would cost money! It is in the interest of justice that

our good governor refuse to extradite him."

"But, the young man asked, "if you have the proof you say you have, and if Bradley is innocent, as you say he is, then wouldn't it be better to have him go down and answer the questions and clear it up once and for all?"

"No," McIntire snapped. "That's what the Communists are advocating."

Another man asked, "Wouldn't it be kinda funny for Earl Warren to frame a Communist, with his own left wing record?"

"Good question," McIntire replied. "The evidence was so conclusive that Oswald did it, that they had to say he was there but they separated him from the other Communists in the conspiracy and let them go."

Then, Eugene Bradley spoke briefly. He is a thin, angular, pink-faced man with Nordic features. Straight blond hair combed straight back. Sleepy-eyed and soft-spoken, he looks like a seedy basketball coach.

"I want all of you to think how you would feel," he said, "if there was a knock on your door and you were told that you had conspired to assassinate the President." He said it was time to "... wake up those sleepyheads who are complacent about freedom in this country."

He told how his son had answered the first telephone call from the New York Times, and had thought it was a crank call. Then, the reporters from many publica-

tions.

"It was a shock. It didn't scare me. I knew I had nothing to hide. I knew that God would take care of me."

He told of the lie detector test he had taken, and said that "... the government should begin investigating those who supplied them with information on me—not me. Mr. Garrison should be investigated," he said.

"Remember," he concluded, "you might be next."

Then, McIntire began taking his "offering" for the defense fund. At this point I decided to leave. However I wondered how to get out with my conspicuous tape recorder and writing pad and long hair without being hassled. I was in the very front row of the auditorium.

The bad vibrations in this place had become really oppressive and I decided to just get up and leave. As I walked down the aisle, McIntire began to make snarling, caustic remarks about the young fellow with the tape recorder. Several men sitting on the aisle stuck out legs to trip me as I walked but none rose to attack me. In a moment I was outside in the fresh air.

The thing I remember most in these people's faces is the sullen, latent violence, ready to uncoil itself at any moment.

And we might as well face it: this is America—or at least a substantial portion of it. The values of the right wing are values that a great many American peo-

ple accept and support. The right wing is very much alive; and we don't know very much about it.

And what McIntire has to say about the FCC is not entirely without substance. Unfortunately, the FCC has often been more in the business of censorship than in the business of providing information. Why shouldn't the extreme right, the extreme left be heard? Why shouldn't all voices be heard and seen—not just the respectable middle. When a man like McIntire is seen and heard by the general public, he is more often than not his own worst enemy, because he is such a transparently fanatical windbag.

But when the FCC applies subtle pressure to get him off the air, he becomes a martyr to thousands of people. Isn't he more dangerous when he is not allowed to speak?

Then, well-fed, well-dressed bureaucrats of the liberal Democratic establishment, in their mad rush for status and social climbing, have not understood the Right Wing—have failed to understand its nature, and its strength. These people of the extreme right are the custodians of a tradition that runs deep in the American grain—a tradition of violence, irrational fundamentalist religion and scapegoatism.

They exist. They are real. They are dangerous. They are capable of making a telling assault against freedom. They proved it on November 22, 1963.