

Bremer Diary Details Effort to Kill Nixon

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UPPER MARLBORO, Md., Aug. 3—Arthur H. Bremer's narrative of his futile Canadian expedition to assassinate President Nixon and his subsequent decision to assault Gov. George C. Wallace was read to a spell-bound jury today at his state trial for the shooting of Mr. Wallace and three others at a political rally at Laurel, Md.

The 21-year-old odd-jobman from Milwaukee wrote, in a manuscript that he hoped would become a best seller, of how he was frustrated several times from using his gun when the Nixon motorcade passed him on the President's three-day visit to Ottawa in April.

Bremer never got close enough to pull the gun from his coat pocket. Either the security was too tight or the President sped past before Bremer was ready, the diary disclosed.

"He passed me six times and he's still alive!" Bremer wrote in his diary. In growing desperation, for each failure intensified his feeling of self-digust, he thought of emptying his .38-caliber revolver on Secret Service men—"SOMETHING to show for all my effort," he wrote.

"Just another goddam failure," he reported in another entry. "I may werewolf now, change to a wild man. I'm tired of writing about what I've failed to do. I'm traveling around like a hobo, and nothing has happened."

But he tried to console himself. He blamed a small group of anti-Nixon demonstrators—"radical commies" he called them—for the "overly beefed-up security."

"Can't kill Nixie boy if you

Continued on Page 10, Column 1

Continued From Page 1, Col. 8

can't get close to him," he wrote.

Bremer assured his diary: "Again and again I am as important as the start of World War II." He also wrote: "This will be among the best read pages since the scrolls in those caves."

The reading of the manuscript by Bremer's attorney,

Benjamin Lipsitz, was the high point of the last day of testimony.

The prosecution had called two psychiatrists, who cautiously expressed the opinion that Bremer was "probably" sane when he fired the shots that paralyzed Governor Wallace from the waist down. But another prosecution psychiatrist declined to express an opinion on Bremer's sanity. All three agreed that he was a "schizoid" personality and mentally ill, although perhaps not to the point where he was unable to see the criminality of his conduct.

Jury Slated to Get Case

Mr. Lipsitz asked for the dismissal of all 17 counts against Bremer, but Judge Ralph W. Powers acquitted Bremer only on four counts of assault with intent to maim. That left four counts of assault with intent to murder, four counts of assault and battery, four counts of using a gun in a felony, and one count of transporting a gun illegally into Maryland.

The case will go to the jury tomorrow after instructions from Judge Powers and closing statements by Mr. Lipsitz and State's Attorney Arthur A. Marshall.

Spectators thronged the courtroom this morning, filling every seat and standing against the walls when Mr. Lipsitz resumed his reading of the Bremer manuscript, which he had begun yesterday.

Travels Detailed

Bremer said he had flown from New York back to Milwaukee almost on the eve of Mr. Nixon's state visit to Canada (on April 13-15).

"I was frantic," he said. "I should have been in Ottawa by now."

Bremer wrote that he had decided to enter Canada at a relatively quiet frontier point, and he chose Port Huron, Mich. He had acquired a .38-caliber pistol, a Browning automatic pistol and an old car.

He was happy: "It sure felt real good to be riding high in the saddle again," he wrote.

He was also tired, so he took a \$5-a-day room on the ferry from Milwaukee across Lake Michigan. "People trying to sleep on the sofas looked like uncomfortable dogs," he wrote. Bremer wrote, he squeezed the trigger on his Browning, forgetting that it was loaded. Several shots were discharged into the bedding and the floor, and the roar was deafening, the diary said.

"I felt sure the woman who

rented the room would come running," he wrote. "I turned the TV on real loud. Fifteen minutes passed. I thought the woman didn't come rushing because she was calling police. I intended to tell them if they came 'I accidentally fired the gun.' What . . . else could I say?"

The next morning, Bremer wrote, he hid the Browning in the trunk and carried the .38-caliber weapon in his pocket. He had his car washed, the diary said, because he had heard that customs officers had dogs that could detect the scent of gunpowder. He had bought an excessive amount of cartridges earlier, he said, and although he had dumped most of them down a Milwaukee sewer, he was afraid that the smel of powder had clung to the car.

Customs Officer Derided

Bremer wrote that he overcame an impulse to say "I declare it's a nice day" in response to the Canadian customs man. Instead, Bremer said he asked in confusion, "What should I say?" The customs man replied, "Anything you are leaving in Canada or selling in Canada."

Nothing, Bremer said he responded, and he was waved through without a search.

"I instantly lost all respect for the big bad Canadian inspector," Bremer wrote. "I could have taken in two sub-machine guns, several rounds of ammunition and 10 pygmies to carry them, as well as enough drugs for everyone and his brother."

Major Hotel Was Filled

In Ottawa, Bremer wrote, he thought Mr. Nixon would be staying at the biggest hotel, the Chateau Laurier. He tried to get a room, but the clerk told him that it was full of delegates to a geological convention.

He was angered by this, he wrote, because "I wanted to be near him [Nixon] and live it up during my last days." He eventually drove 58 miles before he found a room, the diary said.

It was cold and drizzly the next morning, but Bremer felt he had to keep his hands out of his overcoat pockets, the diary said. He had his .38-caliber gun in one pocket. Guards turned him away from the airport gate, Bremer said, and he spent the next two hours casing the route of the Nixon motorcade

License Number Taken

He said he was fearful of being stopped because of the conspicuous yellow Wisconsin license plates on his car. At an empty gas station, he wrote, he pulled up behind some parked

cars. "A handsome cop with a mustache took down the license numbers of all the cars," including his, he recalled.

Once a motorcycle passed and the people scrambled out of their cars in the parking lot and ran to the curb, Bremer wrote that he followed.

"Would the assassin get a

good view?" the diary said. But it was a false alarm, and when Mr. Nixon did pass, the motorcade "went through before I knew it."

"I had missed him on the prime target date" Bremer wrote.

Bremer said he spent the rest of the day walking dejectedly through the center of Ottawa.

Paused to Brush Teeth

"I saw what I thought to be the President's car right in front of the [U.S.] Embassy," Bremer wrote. "I went immediately home [to get his gun]. I stupidly took time to brush my teeth. When I got back the car was gone."

Why had he fussed over his appearance, Bremer asked in his diary. No one could remember, he wrote, whether Sirhan Sirhan's necktie was on straight when Sirhan shot Robert Kennedy.

That night, Bremer said, he walked past a theater where Mr. Nixon was the guest of honor at a white-tie-and-tails concert.

"Wow!" he fantasized. "If I could only shoot him wearing white tie and tails! If I shot him wearing a dirty T-shirt some of the glamor would have been worn off."

There were a couple of blank pages in the manuscript after the Canada material, Mr. Lipsitz said, and in the next entry Bremer was back in Milwaukee.

"I've decided Wallace would have the honor of—what do you call it?" Bremer wrote. "I'm like a novelist who doesn't know how the book will end."



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Lawrence Bremer, father of Arthur H. Bremer, leaving a restaurant in Upper Marlboro, Md., before the start of the court session of son's trial yesterday.