

Today I would like to extend my personal appreciation to Chief Henry Goudy, and I would like to thank him publicly on behalf of all the citizens of Wayne, for an honorable and most distinguished career of public service.

HONOR DUE A HERO

HON. JOSHUA EILBERG

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. EILBERG. Mr. Speaker, on October 11 we will celebrate the great contribution made to freedom in America by Casimir Pulaski, who died fighting in the Revolutionary War.

Recently there has been a great upsurge in the recognition of the contributions by "ethnic" Americans to our Nation's history and culture.

However, in Philadelphia we have been aware of the debt our Nation owes to these people who have worked and fought to make America great. Our recognition of Pulaski's contributions dates back to 1897. Traditionally the festivities honoring this great freedom fighter are held on the first Sunday in October so this year it will be on October 1.

At this time I enter into the Record a chronicle of the Philadelphia Polish community's activities in honor of Pulaski. It was written by the Honorable Joseph S. Wnukowski, commissioner of the Philadelphia Department of Public Welfare, and it was published in "Gwiazda," Polish Star, on September 7:

HONOR DUE A HERO

(By Joseph Wnukowski)

Some years ago I did some research on the Pulaski Day Observances here in Philadelphia. It ended in a manuscript, which was never submitted for publication. Now that I need it, I cannot locate the manuscript, nor the notes of my research. And, wouldn't you know it, I need that material now.

For now is the moment to make an appeal to Polonia for participation in this year's Pulaski Day Parade—to make this year's observance of Pulaski Day the greatest ever, a day to add still brighter luster to our Polish image and cause.

Permit me, please, to trust to memory in my presentation of the facts.

FIRST PULASKI OBSERVANCE

Somewhere, I recall, I found a brief reference to a Pulaski Day Observance in 1897. There was no detail as to when, where or who was involved. Perhaps someone's archives or somebody's attic holds the history of that time. It would be a pity if this invaluable information were lost to posterity.

Records are silent as to follow up of such observances until the first years of the new twentieth century, and silent again until after World War I. In the intervening years between the two horrendous holocausts, there appears to have been local observances in the way of parades and the traditional Polish "Akademja" in our local Polish parishes. The largest of these, seemingly, in the Richmond area under the aegis of St. Adalbert's Parish in conjunction with area fraternal and patriotic groups. The route of such parades was faithfully chronicled in

early issues of "Gwiazda", together with participants and speakers on the program. On one such occasion, festivities were conducted on Pulaski Pier, although, if memory serves me, this site was dedicated to Pulaski somewhat later, perhaps after modernization had been done.

It appears that in our own incomparable way of bickering, the growing unity of purpose in the Richmond area's observance and parade was enscathed by local petty jealousies. And then came World War II.

PULASKI PARADE MOVES TO CENTER CITY

Seemingly the Pulaski Day Observance was resurrected in the Richmond area again in 1945, although the records would seem to indicate a difference of opinion among the sponsors and supporters.

It was in 1946—again I wish I had my research notes in hand—that the first Pulaski Day Parade sponsored by Polish American Congress moved down the streets of Center City to Independence Hall. Casimir Przybrowski was the new parade's first Grand Marshal.

The 1973 parade, then, would be the 27th consecutive year of observance of Pulaski Day by Polonia under the aegis of Polish American Congress.

In that time, too, there appears to have been an interesting history of ups and downs. Through the late forties and early fifties, the observance hit its peak with the Pulaski Ball held after the parade and other official ceremonies at Independence Hall, growing in stature to the ultimate of Polonia's social function of the year. With time, the tail began to wag the dog. The parade came to lose its enthusiasm and excitement in the late fifties and early sixties. Bickering again reared its ugly head, and hair-dos and grooming for the Ball became more important than parade participation.

Somewhere in the mid-sixties, under the guts and guidance of Henry Wyszynski, there came a renaissance—a resurrection, if you will, of the purpose and goals of the Pulaski Day Observance. The parade was returned to its prominence and through Wyszynski's efforts and fatigue even to a position of prestige; so that only a few years later Mayor Tate could say of it: "The greatest ethnic parade of all."

NRW PARADE IMAGE

Wyszynski was not alone. There were many in Polonia—too numerous to mention here—who gave of their time, talent and substance to make the parade into the beautiful spectacle it is.

In this way are traditions built, and culture is based on beautiful traditions. We, of Philadelphia's Polonia, have a beautiful thing going for us in the Pulaski Day Parade and the attendant ceremonies both at his statue behind the Art Museum and at Independence Hall. Many luminaries have graced our podium to add luster to our efforts. This year's guest, Major General Joseph E. Picklik, Commanding General, U. S. Tank-Automotive Command, Warren, Mich., is no exception.

For the second year, our eminent architect, Joe Nowicki, is serving as Chairman of the Pulaski Day Observances. His indefatigable enthusiasm is both edification and inspiration to the men and women serving on the Pulaski Parade Committee. His hard work and the hard work of his committeepeople augurs to make this year's observance the most memorable ever.

I am honored to serve as Grand Marshal.

I call on all Polonia to join us in this our Polish cause. Support the parade. Participate in all the observances. Pulaski died for our freedom. Let's use the allowance of this freedom to honor him on Sunday, October 1st.

ARTHUR BREMER, THE COMMUNIST PLOT TO KILL GEORGE WALLACE

HON. JOHN G. SCHMITZ

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. SCHMITZ. Mr. Speaker, today I held a press conference dealing with some outstanding investigative reporting done by Alon Stang of American Opinion magazine. As the article written by Mr. Stang deals with some facts not before made public on the matter of the attempted assassination of Gov. George Wallace, I wish to share the contents not only with my colleagues but with the American public. Mr. Stang is a former business editor for Prentice-Hall, a television writer, producer, and consultant. He has done extensive writing in the past for Mike Wallace's TV program as well as others. Mr. Stang is the author of two books, has a masters degree from Columbia University, and lectures widely in the field of education. The first half of the article is presented here. My esteemed colleague, JOHN ASHBROOK, of Ohio has kindly consented to insert the other half of Mr. Stang's article, titled, "Arthur Bremer, The Communist Plot To Kill George Wallace."

The article follows:

ARTHUR BREMER: THE COMMUNIST PLOT TO KILL GEORGE WALLACE

Assassination is becoming as American as apple pie, to paraphrase H. Rap Brown. Every four years we have a Presidential election, and at almost the same intervals the assassins burst from the crowds and do their work. In 1963, President John F. Kennedy was murdered. In 1968, the victims were his brother Bobby and Martin Luther King. In 1972, an assassin has come within a spinal cord of killing Governor George C. Wallace, and appears to have ended his political career, at least for a time. Indeed, assassination is becoming so routine that as the quadrennial national insanity approaches, one wonders who will be murdered.

And, as we have seen, the events that follow every assassination have been as formalized as Japanese theatre. Before the echo of the shots has completely died away, before anything whatever is known about the assassin, the "Liberal" press is screeching that he was a "lone fanatic." Somebody "in the know" says he was involved in "no conspiracy." A social worker reveals that he comes from a "broken home." And a psychiatrist explains that he may very well be schizoid, and that he did what he did because he is a failure with girls.

The attempt on the life of Governor Wallace followed the usual script. As usual, "there was no conspiracy." There never is. Arthur Herman Bremer was a "lone fanatic." His mother gave him an inferiority complex. He did what he did to become a Hollywood star. And as usual there is a psychiatrist, in this case Dr. David Abrahamson, who has never met Arthur Bremer, but compares him as follows with the earlier assassins on the front page of the *New York Times* soon after the attempt: "There is a fantastic similarity. This man Bremer seems to have had much the same background. Looking broadly at the political assassin in our history, we see that he has always been a personal failure, an isolated human being, incapable of exhibiting genuine human relationships and possessing extraordinary ambitions that were

out of proportion to his intellectual and emotional assets."

In other words: He's all mixed up.

Your correspondent has since gone into the underground for the facts, with a special AMERICAN OPINION Investigating team, and the facts point inescapably to the following conclusions: The attempt to kill Governor George Wallace was a conspiracy. It was a Communist conspiracy. It could well involve agents of Communist China. And the Central Intelligence Agency might have had something to do with it. Here are the facts. Judge for yourself.

THE BACKGROUND

Arthur Herman Bremer was born in Milwaukee on August 21, 1950. He attended Kagel Elementary School, Walker Junior High, and on January 28, 1969, was graduated from South Division High School. That fall he took photography courses at Milwaukee Area Technical College, but dropped out. For a time, he worked as a Milwaukee Journal newsboy. On December 23, 1969, he went to work as a busboy at the Pieces of Eight restaurant. A few weeks later, he did not show up. Beginning in March of 1969, he worked Sunday mornings, off and on, also as a busboy, at the Milwaukee Athletic Club. And on September 1, 1970, he went to work at Story School as a part-time janitor's helper.

What does Arthur Bremer think? His boss at Story School was maintenance engineer Timothy Burns, with whom Bremer would talk from time to time. Bremer wanted all property divided equally, Burns recalls. Nobody should be allowed to have more than anyone else, Bremer said. "That's Socialism!" Burns remembers telling him. Indeed, in his living room some weeks after the shooting, Burns told us of Bremer: "He was some kind of Communist."

Then there is Paul V. Peterson, who taught Bremer in high school, and recalls that he was strongly in favor of socialism. Indeed, says Peterson, the only time Bremer showed emotion was in defending Socialism. In March of 1972, Bremer wrote to Congressman Henry Reuss, asking him to cut the "god-damned military spending" and "get rid of the generals." In April of 1972, he paid \$10 to join the American Civil Liberties Union, founded by the Communists for the original purpose of protecting revolutionaries who fell afoul of the law. On May 16, 1972, the day after the assassination attempt, an Associated Press reporter filed a dispatch which read in part: "A source close to the investigation said F.B.I. agents found evidence in Bremer's apartment that he was allied with 'left wing causes.' The evidence was mostly in handwritten notes scrawled on scraps of paper, the source said." And investigators found an issue of the *Black Panther* in Bremer's apartment. The *Black Panther* is published by the openly Communist Black Panther Party, and for years has recommended the murder of policemen.

Where did Bremer get these ideas? Conceivably during "Operation Jailbreak," when the Communist gang known as Students for a Democratic Society invaded Milwaukee high schools to propagandize and recruit. It is true, of course, that hundreds of thousands of other students share Bremer's beliefs, and yet have not participated in any conspiracy. Unfortunately, however, there is much more.

THE UNDERGROUND

One day in late 1968, in a street outside Marquette University, in Milwaukee, a young man who unfortunately must remain nameless, stood watching one of the endless Communist demonstrations that plague the area. Suddenly, he was hit hard in the head, by whom or by what he still does not know, and knocked to the ground. An automobile door opened. A man picked him up, pulled him in and patched him up. The

man was from the Milwaukee Police Department and asked him to attend a Black Panther meeting, to report on the other people who were there. The young man did. He was asked to attend other Communist meetings for the same purpose, and did so. Then he began getting envelopes, containing money, in the mail. He had become a professional undercover agent for the Milwaukee Police Department. Later, he did the same work for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

Among his assignments for the Milwaukee Police Department was infiltration of the openly Communist S.D.S. He attended innumerable S.D.S. meetings as a member. And a "three or four" of them he saw a young gentleman he did not know at that time, but whom he now identifies as Arthur Herman Bremer. The undercover agent, a professional police observer, is "positive" of this. There is no doubt whatsoever in his mind. Indeed, on Page 7 you see a reproduction of his original intelligence notes on one such meeting, held in November of 1969, in which Bremer is Number 15 among the participants described.

Among the others, as you see, there were such luminaries as Mike McHale, who was responsible for security at the meeting. McHale has been a student at Marquette and secretary of the Revolutionary Youth Movement II, an S.D.S. faction, and lived until recently at 2001 West Michigan. His telephone number is 342-9549.

There was Art Heitzer, a well-known local revolutionary who runs the Red bookstore called "Rhubarb." There was Peggy Anderson, president of the M.U. campus chapter of S.D.S. There was a gentleman identified only as Dennis, from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee chapter of Weatherman, the other S.D.S. faction. There was Dismas Becker, a revolutionary Roman Catholic priest.

And there was a gentleman named Mike Cullen. Michael D. Cullen is no doubt the best known of them all, since he was one of the "Milwaukee 14" convicted of publicly burning draft records in that city. He was born in Ireland, and has been fighting deportation for years. He runs an indoctrination center known as the Casa Maria, also in the general Marquette University area. And he has powerful Communist Party contacts. In a recently published book (*A Time to Dance: The Mike Cullen Story*, Messenger Press), Mike explains as follows: "In our times, I see people like the Father Berrigans and the Father Groppi as real people who are making history, who are shaping destiny." Berrigan, of course, is a revolutionary priest. So is Groppi, who lives in Milwaukee, and who, for instance, attended the 1968 Communist Tri-Continental Congress in Montreal where he entertained girl friends.

Cullen explains that his own radicalization began when he went to Mass at St. Boniface Church, and heard Groppi "rap about injustice . . . the poverty of the city and the racism in the schools." Groppi and his pals apparently inspired Cullen to take the lead in the "Milwaukee 14" plot.

Observe that at the time the undercover agent did not know who Bremer was. There was no reason why he should. As you see, he wondered whether the new boy was a reporter from the *Marquette Tribune*, or whether he was a "PCI"—a potential criminal informant. By the next day, Thursday, as you see, he is writing that "if unknown male is PCI," he is "being covered" by McHale. And by Saturday, he is writing that the "new kid not MU Trib. McHale still on trial . . ."

So Arthur Bremer, the future "lone fanatic"—who never knew anybody nor attended anything—was already getting the attention we are told he so craved.

Notice also on the same page of the notes that someone seems to be making explosives with gas, kerosene, and Duz detergent, and

that the undercover agent writes as follows: "200 to be sent ahead with Crazy Dave to Chicago."

And along these lines it is interesting to note that this same undercover agent, along with some Communist Party members and Mike Cullen, attended an S.D.S. meeting late one night at which the participants were taught how to make anti-personnel fire bombs, the chemical content of which was designed to stick to the skin of police officers to ensure third-degree burns.

Now let's move ahead to an evening in July of 1971, when a federal agent, who also must remain unidentified, followed this same Mike Cullen from Casa Maria to the Midget Tavern on West Wells. The agent later filed a four-page intelligence report. You see that report reproduced on Page 11. As you see, Cullen entered the tavern and immediately joined someone else, who was already seated at the bar drinking beer. The other man "was approximately 21 years of age, stood 5'7", 150 lbs., blond, and wearing dark framed glasses, a white short-sleeve pullover shirt and dark blue cotton wash pants . . ." Cullen addressed him, using as a code name "The Don" or "The Dawn." The other addressed Cullen as "Mister Cullen." They began discussing the newspaper Cullen had brought from Casa Maria. Mike Cullen referred to himself in discussing it. After about an hour, a uniformed Milwaukee police officer entered the bar, and Cullen and his young friend went to the men's room in the rear, leaving the newspaper they had been discussing on a bar stool. The police officer left, and the federal agent took a look at the newspaper. It was a copy of the *Daily World*—official newspaper of the Communist Party—dated September 10, 1968.

So professional revolutionary Mike Cullen and his young friend were reading a Communist newspaper almost three years old!

You see the front page of that newspaper reproduced on Page 11. As you see, there is a picture of the "Milwaukee 14," the most prominent convict among whom is the ubiquitous Mike Cullen. And there is a headline: "George Wallace—The Tell-Tale Record." Indeed, the issue is filled with horror stories about Wallace.

Cullen and his young friend came back from the men's room and continued to talk. Cullen explained that "the Fascists are succeeding at their campaign to breed fear and doubt and distrust among the people," and that "Fascist war-mongers and hate-mongers like Humphrey and Wallace have plans for political prisoner camps for the black people." At this the younger man apparently became excited and said very loudly, "These pigs force the laborers to work for pennies," and force young people to choose between "murdering the third world people in their racist war" or going to prison. Cullen replied that "if I must go to prison it will be for trying to destroy Fascism in this country." He explained that "being arrested is nothing to fear but allowing Fascism to destroy the black and brown is something I fear greatly."

So Cullen was bragging about his own arrest record, in order to convince the younger man that he should not worry about being arrested.

Apparently, they went on for about another hour, discussing the usual Marxist jingoisms and, specifically . . . George C. Wallace. The younger man said he had been reading a great deal but was discouraged, because he wanted "to lead in the action, not just read about it." Cullen replied that the Panthers are very active in the revolution, but they also know the importance of study and reading.

So, what Cullen was doing, as we have seen, was to test his young companion's ideology, to instruct him—and to prepare him psychologically for some unknown "great deed."

And the young man he was preparing was Arthur Herman Bremer. Notice that Bremer was already using a code name, standard operating procedure in the Communist underground.

Intelligence collection is strange work. Things arrive in the mail with no return address, and there is no way of knowing who sent them. The telephone rings and someone whispers information, but you don't know who he is—and you don't ask. An agent posing as a revolutionary reports on another revolutionary for years, and then discovers that he, too, is an agent—and that they have been reporting each other. No one knows anyone else's real name. An agent works with another for years, but doesn't know for which agency he works. Meetings are arranged at night in dark places.

Late one night in July of 1972, we drove slowly into Whitnall Park, which serves Milwaukee. It was dark. It was quiet. Parked automobiles stood silently here and there on the road shoulders.

We passed a parked automobile familiar to my guide. He told us to stop. He got out and walked back along the shoulder to the waiting federal agent who had seen Bremer with Cullen. It was a scene straight from *The Godfather*. Footsteps returned, the doors opened and two men got in. So dark was it that although the federal agent sat next to me I could not identify him now. But I could see that he wore long hair and a head band, and appeared to be a typical "freak." All of this—his appearance and the circumstances of our meeting—was necessary in order to protect his covert.

How a man keeps going in his line of work, I don't know. He expressed disgust for his "style." He had just come from a "pot party" and would have to return soon. He spends all his time in the underground, and said he longs for the day he can quit. He maintains his surveillances and files his reports—about the revolutionaries who are trying to destroy our country—and the reports are filed again and forgotten. In city after city, and especially in Washington, D.C., padlocked cabinets sag with the weight of such files. But, as we all know, nothing much is done. One wonders why such agents are still asked to risk their lives.

He explained that immediately after the attempt to kill Wallace he had realized that Cullen's disciple at the Midget Tavern had been Bremer.

"How sure of that are you?" I asked.

"Quite sure," he said.

I played defense attorney and tried to shake him, but could not. Maybe F. Lee Bailey can. But I doubt it.

"Could somebody have put the idea in your mind?" I asked.

He chuckled. "I've been at this business a long time," he said.

"How sure are you that the other man was Cullen?"

The federal agent chuckled again and replied: "One hundred percent!"

"What did they talk about?" I asked.

"Wallace," he said. "Fascism, oppression—all that Leftwings * * *"

The expletive was incongruous, coming as it did from a "freak."

THE PREPARATION

In January of 1971, Bremer bought a .38-caliber revolver. On September 14, 1971, soon after his meeting with Cullen at the Midget Tavern, he bought a blue, two-door, 1967 Rambler. Jerry Stone, a mechanic at a service station Bremer patronized, recalls that Arthur Bremer's tires were "always bald." Bremer came in twice to change them, and was accompanied by a man Stone estimates as age twenty-four, standing 5'8" and weighing about 150, wearing a brown leather jacket, a pony tail, and "looking like a freak." On one occasion a girl was with them. Bremer's friend had a green, 1960 Rambler, says Stone, which matches the description of a

car Bremer's mother says she saw following him around. The car contained more than three young people, the mother says.

So Arthur Bremer, a certified "loner," apparently spent time with so many people he had little chance to be alone.

On October 15, 1971, Bremer rented Apartment 9 at 2433 West Michigan, within walking distance of the Midget Tavern. On November 18, 1971, Officer John Sworske of the Fox Point Police Department saw Bremer sitting in his car, parked in a No Parking zone on a street in Fox Point, at 9:45 p.m. Officer Sworske investigated and saw two boxes of bullets on the front seat, so he asked Bremer whether he had a gun. Bremer said he had, and that it was in his coat pocket; Sworske frisked him and found the .38 revolver. Bremer said he had been *target practicing*. Sworske arrested him on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon, the charge was reduced to disorderly conduct, and on December 8, 1971, Arthur Bremer was convicted. The police kept his gun.

Fox Point is a wealthy, northern suburb of Milwaukee, a long drive from Bremer's apartment. Why was he simply sitting there, with two boxes of bullets in view? Timothy Burns, Bremer's boss at Story School, told us that Bremer was very calculating. "He told you only what he wanted you to know." And Mrs. Alfred Pemrich, the mother of a girl Bremer dated, says the same thing in almost the same words. So we can be reasonably sure that the presence of two boxes of bullets in open view on Bremer's front seat (in a No Parking zone) was no accident; that for some reason he meant them to be in open view.

An undercover agent tells us that the incident may well have been a test—to determine whether Bremer was willing to be arrested.

On January 13, 1972, George Wallace announced his candidacy for the Democrat nomination for President of the United States. On the same day, Arthur Bremer bought another .38. On February 1, 1972, he didn't show up for work at Story School or at the Milwaukee Athletic Club.

In early April of 1972, Maurice Sarfaty, a Milwaukee automobile worker, and the president of a local gun club, was practicing as usual at the firing range in the basement of Flintrop's, a gun and sporting-goods store. It had to be a Tuesday night, because that is the night Mr. Sarfaty goes there. On that particular Tuesday night he was using lane one. His partner, William Brandt, was using lane five. Sarfaty noticed an unknown young man watching him. He said Sarfaty shot very well. The unknown young man was holding a box of the sort a pistol comes in when you buy it. He also was holding the pistol itself. It appeared to have a short barrel. With the young man's hand around it, Sarfaty could not tell exactly what type of handgun it was. He asked the young man how well he shot, and the reply was, "Not so good." Mr. Sarfaty told him that the reason might be the shortness of his barrel, and recommended that he trade in his pistol for one better suited to target shooting. The young man said he would "hang on to it."

Sarfaty says he was uneasy, because the unknown young man watched him so intently. Brandt says the young man had an "unusual, blank expression."

After the attempted assassination of Governor Wallace, Maurice Sarfaty realized that the unknown young man was Arthur Herman Bremer.

So Bremer, the "typically impulsive, lone fanatic," had already been practicing with his pistol for at least five months; at least since his arrest on November 18, 1971. By this time, he had also bought a nine-millimeter, fourteen-shot, semi-automatic Browning pistol at Flintrop's.

He also began to attend political rallies and to take extended trips. On March 1, 1972,

he was at a Wallace organizational meeting at Milwaukee's Pöster Hotel. On March 23, 1972, he was at a \$25 a plate dinner at the Downtowner, and at a Wallace Rally at the Milwaukee Auditorium. On April 3, 1972, he was at a Humphrey Rally at the Capitol Court shopping center in Milwaukee. On the next day, he was at a Wallace victory party in the ballroom of the Holiday Inn-Midtown.

On April 7 and 8, 1972, Bremer was registered at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. On April 13 and 14, 1972, he was at the Lord Elgin Hotel in Ottawa. On the next three days, he was at the Sheraton Motor Inn in New Carrollton, Maryland. On May 10, 1972, he was at a Wallace Rally in Cadillac, Michigan. On the next day, wrote G. C. Thelma, Jr. and Dick Barnes of the Associated Press (May 19, 1972), he was reportedly at a Wallace Rally in Landover, Maryland. On May 12 and 13, 1972, he was at the Reid Hotel in Kalamazoo, Michigan, for another Wallace Rally.

The *New York Times* reports (May 29, 1972) that at the Rally in Cadillac, Bremer "sat with a neatly dressed man of about 40. Newsman familiar with Cadillac said that they could not recognize the man."

In Kalamazoo, Bremer waited all day in his car next to the armory where the Rally would take place. A policeman questioned him, but Bremer explained that he was waiting for a good seat. This time, there were no telltale boxes of bullets in view. When the doors opened, Bremer pushed his way in first, and took the able seat on the left in the front row of the unreserved seats—where Wallace would have to pass if he walked out the front doors of the armory. Dr. and Mrs. John A. Bleeker couldn't help noticing him, especially since Bremer wore a red, white, and blue striped shirt, open at the neck, with a red, white, and blue tie, knotted to the Adam's Apple. On Bremer's face was his usual, silly grin. Dr. Bleeker recalls that Bremer applauded only during the musical warm-up, and not at all during Governor Wallace's remarks.

There were fifty to seventy-five hecklers at the rally, banging chairs and shouting obscenities. One of them, a girl who was distributing leaflets, was the only person Bremer spoke to at the Rally. They talked cozily for several minutes. Dr. Bleeker went to them to see what she was handing out. It read in part: "George Wallace is the cutting-edge of the drive to turn America into a permanent military state. . . . Wallace pitches his appeal to phony patriotism and racism as well as 'against taxes' and the 'establishment.' Confederate flags with Nazi swastikas are his trademark. His friends include the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society." *Et cetera* and so on.

The leaflet explained that for further information the reader should write to the Young Workers' Liberation League, in Grand Rapids. That one is the latest version of the Young Communist League, and is under the direct control of the Communist Party. Its head is Jarvis Tyner, the Party's Vice Presidential candidate this year.

"Do you believe this stuff?" Dr. Bleeker asked the girl.

"You bet I do," she said.

"Are you a Communist?"

"Yes, I am."

Her name turns out to be Laurie McNally, she is indeed a Y.W.L.L. Communist, and at last word she was in Florida, hunted by the F.B.I. Once again, she is the only person at the Kalamazoo Rally to whom Bremer talked, which makes 37,695 coincides in a row.

Because of the hecklers, security officials took Wallace out the back door. If they had not, it is possible that Bremer would have tried to kill him in Kalamazoo.

Because of all this traveling, the matter of Bremer's income and expenses becomes crucial. In all of 1971, Arthur Bremer earned \$3,016.44 at his two part-time jobs. By way of withholding, the federal government takes

\$340.85 in income and F.I.C.A. taxes on that sum, which would have left him a total of \$2,666.59. In 1972, as you will recall, he worked for only four weeks. He earned \$315, or thereabout, and the federal government would have left him in the neighborhood of \$287.22. Which means that from January 1, 1971, until his arrest almost eighteen months later, his entire spendable income was \$2,953.81.

Let us compare that figure with what we know he spent in that time, and then make some educated guesses.

For instance, Arthur Bremer's rent on his apartment was \$138.50 per month, plus \$5.00 for the use of the parking lot in the rear, or \$143.50. He rented it for seven months, so it cost him \$1,004.50. His automobile cost him \$795, and he paid for it in cash. The automatic cost him \$114.50. Two .38s, at \$60 each, comes to \$160 even. The fine for his disorderly conduct conviction was \$38.50. Avin Domnitz, his attorney in the matter, says that the amount of his legal fee is privileged information, but he does agree that Bremer paid a fee. Timothy Burns, Bremer's boss at Story School, says Bremer told him after his arrest that legal fees would cost him from \$200 to \$250, and there is no reason in this case to believe that Bremer was lying. Indeed, Burns expressed surprise when told what Bremer's rent was, because Bremer had told him he would never pay more than \$80. So let us compromise and assume his legal fee was \$225.

In addition, Bremer made three trips on the C. & O. ferry across Lake Michigan, on at least one of which trips he rented a room—which cost altogether in the neighborhood of \$40. He flew to New York and back, which cost \$120. He stayed for two nights at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the cheapest room is \$28, which therefore cost him at least \$56. At the Lord Elgin Hotel in Ottawa, the cheapest room is \$15, so his two-day stay there cost him another \$30. Let's assume that his three-day stay at the Sheraton in New Carrollton, Maryland, cost in the neighborhood of another \$45. His two-day stay at the Reid Hotel in Kalamazoo probably cost another \$20 or so. He paid \$10 to join the American Civil Liberties Union. (It turned out to be wasted, because after his arrest the A.C.L.U. refused his request to defend him.) He paid another \$50 or so, when his car stalled last winter. He paid at least \$15 for bullets, and about the same in electric bills.

During the period we are examining, Bremer also bought a tape recorder, a portable radio with a police band, a pair of high-powered binoculars, and an unknown number of expensive cameras. (As I pressed my car to her securely locked front door, his mother shouted to me through it that Arthur has those cameras in jail.) Let us assume conservatively that this technical hardware cost \$150. Remember too that he had his own apartment for seven months or twenty-eight weeks: Let's assume, very conservatively as always, that he spent \$10 a week for food or \$280, which will probably cause you housewives to guffaw. Adding all this up produces a sum of expenditures of \$3,168.50. And, as you will recall, he had but \$2,953.81 available to spend.

From January 1, 1971, to October 15, 1971, Arthur Bremer had no car and lived at home with his parents. Let's assume they fed him free, and therefore that his only expenses during this period were for clothing, film, carfare to and from both his part-time jobs—and entertainment such as his beer-drinking party with Mike Cullen. Which means that he paid for all this, and, from October 15, 1971, to May 15, 1972, seven months, paid for clothing, beer, film, a date with Joan Pemrich, pornographic magazines—and the gasoline and oil necessary to drive his car thousands of miles throughout the East and to Canada—when he had already spent \$214.60 more than he had.

Let me be the first to suggest that when

Arthur Bremer is paroled, in fifteen years and nine months, he immediately be appointed Secretary of the Treasury. In fact, we can't wait that long. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent his appointment now.*

Whom are the *New York Times* and its satellites trying to kid? The facts of Bremer's finances are good enough reason alone to assume that there was a conspiracy to assassinate George Wallace.

WHO ARE IRISH AMERICANS' REAL FRIENDS?

HON. LESTER L. WOLFF

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. WOLFF. Mr. Speaker, yesterday, here in the House, many Members participated in a 1-hour special order concerning five men who have spent 10 weeks in a Texas jail.

The plight of these five men has aroused the conscience of a great many Americans, concerned with the rights and liberties of individuals. As was said here yesterday, these men are not hardened criminals, they have no record of violating the law, they have never been charged with offenses against the State, yet they languish in prison.

I think this case represents a gross injustice and I intend to continue my efforts, along with those of other concerned Members of the House and the Senate, men and women of both parties, to free these five Irish-Americans.

In accord with that effort, Mr. Speaker, I insert in the RECORD a column from Wednesday's *Newsday* written by Jimmy Breslin. I commend its reading to every Member of the Congress:

WHO ARE IRISH AMERICANS' REAL FRIENDS?
(By Jimmy Breslin)

On June 28, Thomas Laffey left his wife, three children and home in Williston Park and flew to Fort Worth, Tex., for a second appearance before a federal grand jury investigating gun-running to Northern Ireland. With Laffey were four others from the New York area, Matthew Reilly, Kenneth Tierney, Daniel Crawford and Paschal Morahan.

None of the five ever had been to Texas before the grand jury began its hearings. The only connection any of them ever had with Texas was a letter Kenneth Tierney sent to Lyndon Johnson protesting the bombing of North Vietnam. Further, the idea of any authority in Texas, from town sheriff to federal government, even discussing the questions of guns seemed ludicrous. But Justice Department people at Fort Worth openly said they were acting after they had received a request in Washington by British authorities asking for help against the IRA. The Nixon government consistently sides with English requests. This is based on the sound theory that the Irish in America are too preoccupied, primarily with blacks, to care. Texas was chosen as the location for the inquiry because perhaps the last Catholic seen alive in the state was John Kennedy.

On the first day in court, defense attorney Frank Durkan became concerned when he found reporters from British newspapers already admitted to the hearing. There had

*As I write, he still must be tried on federal charges.

been no official notification that the grand jury hearings concerned Northern Ireland. Government investigators then swore under oath that no illegal wiretapping had been done in the case. Later, in a brief, the U.S. attorney admitted an "overhear" of one of the defense lawyers. The government said, of course, this in no way prejudiced their case. After that, the government took the position that the "overhear" was an accepted aspect of the case and had nothing to do with current events.

Durkan then inquired about guarantees that the five New Yorkers could not be extradited to England on any possible charges coming out of the investigation. Tierney and Laffey are U.S. citizens, Laffey an Army veteran, and the three others all have filed declaration of intent to become citizens.

The government would take no position on the chances of any of the five being whisked out of the court and onto a plane for Belfast. Durkan wondered if the British newsmen actually were newsmen. The judge, a man named Brewster, became irritated. Mr. Durkan is of the Paul O'Dwyer law firm in Manhattan. The firm which defended the Berrigans. The judge referred to "lawyers of the type who would be sought by persons in serious trouble." The judge also said: "We are not going to make an Angela Davis fiasco out of it." Durkan advised his clients to take the Fifth Amendment in front of the grand jury. All were cited for contempt. Durkan requested bail. Brewster denied bail. He mentions the possibility of terrorists killing the five men. The judge had the five taken to a county jail, where they sat through the summer.

Tierney has a child in the hospital and Eileen Laffey took their oldest son, Phillip, 6, to school for the first time the other day. But before doing so she had to sit the boy down and tell him of the oldest and saddest and most common plight of the real Irish, a man in prison because of a government.

In Williston Park and in the neighborhoods the four others come from, nearly everybody with an Irish name is extremely cautious about any word or deed which might offend constituted authority. They have an irrational dislike for anyone who dares defy authority even by the slightest expressions.

But for months now, Eileen Laffey has been attending meetings of Irish-Americans and screaming about the government of the United States. Her complaints have caused discussion in Irish clubs for the first time about civil liberties and government oppression. Many Irishmen now see the Berrigans in a different light. Paul O'Dwyer says: "It took a loss of liberty by those we know to arouse many Irish. Now they see the most scandalous Justice Department since Harding."

Eileen Laffey says: "Sen. Kennedy and my congressman, Lester Wolff, and 20 congressmen had a meeting scheduled with somebody from the Justice Department and the man called up and canceled the meeting and my husband stays in jail. The Justice Department does whatever it pleases. People in the government steal millions. The Justice Department never catches anybody. All they can do is keep people with no money in jail. Like my husband."

And in Rockland County, the Rev. John J. Keaveney of St. Catherine's Roman Catholic Church wrote a letter to President Nixon which read:

"I'm writing to you about Matthew Reilly, a parishioner being held in jail in Fort Worth. What is disturbing about this to our politically conservative people is that we all heard charges in the media by people we consider 'radicals' that the United States is turning into a police state. We said: 'Well, they deserved it—it served the weirdos right.'

ARTICLE BY ALAN STANG ON
BREMER—PART II

HON. JOHN M. ASHBROOK

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. ASHBROOK. Mr. Speaker, our distinguished colleague, the gentleman from California (Mr. SCHMITZ) held a press conference today in which he presented a former police undercover agent who revealed that he had attended meetings of the Students for a Democratic Society—SDS—with Arthur Bremer who attempted to assassinate George Wallace. This information and additional background are contained in an article in the current issue of American Opinion by Alan Stang.

Without drawing any conclusions about this subject, I would like to reiterate what Mr. SCHMITZ told the press conference today:

You are certainly leaving this room with more information than when you came in.

While I have not documented Mr. Stang's allegations, I believe that this article should be read and studied closely by all who are interested in the radical left.

I insert at this point part II of the Stang article on Arthur Bremer:

ARTICLE BY ALAN STANG ON ARTHUR BREMER—
PART II

THE AFTERMATH

On May 15, 1972, "lone fanatic" Arthur Herman Bremer stepped from a crowd in Laurel, Maryland, and ended Wallace's political career, at least temporarily. Early wire-service reports said flatly that more than one suspect was involved, and that Maryland and Pennsylvania State Police had issued an all-points bulletin for a 1971 light blue Cadillac, driven by a white male with light blond hair, about 6'2", wearing striped trousers, a light blue shirt, and a yellow tie. The suspect was seen near Savage, Maryland, across the Patuxent from Laurel, changing Georgia for Maryland plates on the car. There was no conspiracy, of course. It is important to keep that in mind.

Immediately after the atrocity, as you will recall, various experts in the press discovered an amazing paradox: The attempted assassin wore a Wallace button. For there to have been no paradox, Bremer presumably would have had to step up to Wallace wearing a neon Communist Party card dangling on an electric eel from his nose, and would have had to say: "Good afternoon, Governor Wallace. I am a Communist assassin, here to assassinate you. That is why I am holding this .361 Please stand still."

What else would you expect an assassin to wear at a political rally, but a button backing the candidate he is there to kill?

And there is the matter of Bremer's sanity. As usual, we are told that it does not exist, and therefore that there was no conspiracy. The idea seems to be that insanity and conspiracy are mutually exclusive. But psychotics and psychopaths are capable of elaborate plots, and participate in them all the time. Indeed, their insanity may well be the reason for their participation, and doesn't necessarily excuse it. In fact, their insanity may well be essential to their participation. Hitler, who murdered millions, was obviously deranged. So is Mao Tse-tung, who has murdered tens of millions. No sane man would do such a thing. The fact that they conspired to enslave and murder millions is proof of

their derangement, which, once again, doesn't excuse them.

Yes, Arthur Bremer had an unhappy childhood. His mother hit him. His toilet training would no doubt be disapproved by Dr. Spock. There is no doubt that he is mentally disturbed. What other sort of person would the conspiracy pick for such a job? What other sort of person could they find? It is because Bremer is mentally disturbed that he was willing to do it. Instead, we are offered the theory that for a conspiracy to be possible, an assassin must be president of his local chamber of commerce and mental health chapter, who attends church every Sunday with his wife and no more than two children, subject of course to the wish of the Supreme Court.

Indeed, there is evidence that Bremer is not as crazy as we are told. For instance, Dr. Paul Purcell, the court psychiatrist who examined him after his arrest for carrying a gun, on November 18, 1971, found that Bremer, in his opinion, was sane. Needless to say, television interviewers in Milwaukee later browbeat the doctor for it. But Timothy Burns says Bremer was definitely "not weird." Mrs. Pemrich says he is "definitely not crazy." The world-famous incident in which Bremer shaved his head, she passes off as his attempt, typical of the juvenile he was, to prove he was crushed when her daughter told him not to call again. "Art loved to play games," says Mrs. Pemrich.

It is also interesting to note that according to intelligence tests Bremer was above average. He got some A's in high school, and was graduated in the upper half of his class. Mechanic Jerry Stone says, "He could be brilliant if he wanted. Bremer was definitely a leader, not a follower." Burns calls him "steady" and "competent." In almost eighteen months at Story School he missed only two days of work. "He could do whatever he set his mind to," says Burns. For instance, he spent hours reading in the Story School library during work—exactly as Cullen had told him to. As we have seen, he told you only what he wanted you to know. He was calculating.

Indeed, there is reason to believe that the manufacture of his reputation as crazy was a calculated part of the plan. Burns recalls Bremer telling him after his arrest on the gun charge that he "put the cops on." There was a knife on the table when Bremer was being fingerprinted, and he asked the policemen present, "Aren't you afraid I'll slash my wrists?"

And there is the curious tale of Mrs. Sharon Sampson, who is a woman of thirty. She relates that she and another woman were hitchhiking in downtown Milwaukee on April 19, 1972, and that Arthur Bremer picked them up. He also picked up two teenage girls and a young man with long hair. There were so many hitchhikers in the car there was almost no room for Arthur. The car was a mess, says Mrs. Sampson. There was no internal door handle on the passenger side. Arthur had to open the passenger door from outside. It was scary. There was a "peace symbol" inked on his right hand. And he talked funny. "What do you think is stopping us from reaching the age of Aquarius?" he asked. He answered his own question: "Yes, it's fear and doubt." As you will recall, those were the same words Mike Cullen used, when he and Bremer were together reading the Communist press and damning Wallace in the Midget Tavern.

After ten minutes, all five hitchhikers managed to get out. "It was a short ride but long enough for us to know that he was disturbed," said Mrs. Sampson. "We all walked away and agreed that this was the Oswald type."

What amazing foresight and talent for diagnosis! Her story appeared in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* of May 25, 1972. She knew

how to arrange that, because her husband James (who, like Arthur, attended the Milwaukee Area Technical College) is a district sales manager for the *Sentinel's* sister paper, the *Milwaukee Journal*. So in only ten minutes' work, Arthur had arranged for five "hitchhikers" to believe him to be crazy.

The jury, as you know, did not believe it. Could it be that the diary read them to prove his insanity had been manufactured by Arthur Bremer and others for that purpose? Could it be that Arthur Bremer really went to Ottawa to trail Richard Nixon in order to compare Secret Service techniques?

THE MYSTERY MAN

What you have read so far has been unavoidably incredible. But the reader is hereby warned that what is coming now dwarfs it.

Mr. Earl S. Nunnery is boss of the Milwaukee station of the Chesapeake & Ohio ferry which crosses Lake Michigan. Every day when he comes home from work he finds his wife watching soap operas on the television set in the kitchen. And every day, in an understandable demonstration of male chauvinism, the first thing he does is turn off the set. But on May 15, 1972, he hesitated. On the screen was a familiar face, the face of a young man who had been at his ferry station the month before. Later, Nunnery learned that it belonged to Arthur Bremer, who, as you will recall, used the ferry three times in his travels. Earl Nunnery went with the facts to the authorities.

It seems that on April 5, 6 or 7, 1972—Nunnery remembers the date because it was either on his daughter's birthday, April sixth, or the day before or the day after—Bremer came into the station waiting room. With him was an older man over six feet tall, in the neighborhood of 225 pounds, with thick black hair and a wide, bushy moustache. He appeared to be Greek, or of some other Mediterranean type. He spoke with what Nunnery calls "a Joisic brogue." He was well dressed. And he seemed to be the boss of whatever he and Bremer were involved in.

The mystery man talked volubly of some grandiose political campaign. Many people were to be moved from Wisconsin to Michigan, some across the lake on the ferry. The mystery man inquired of Nunnery about reservations. But when they got down to cases it turned out that only Bremer was to go, which he did, once again, on April 9, 1972, after flying to New York and back. Nunnery characterizes the mystery man as "a former athlete and political science teacher, who flopped at both."

Bremer, the "crazy, lone fanatic," was perfectly self-assured, Nunnery recalls. He was perfectly aware of what was going on. Indeed, he was noticeably annoyed with the mystery man. "I told you I know what to do," he said shortly, after Nunnery gave them the necessary information. His attitude, says Nunnery, was that of somebody who must "humor the boss."

During all the talk about politics, neither Bremer nor the mystery man had ever mentioned their candidate, so when they left Nunnery looked out the window to see whether there was a bumper sticker on their car. There wasn't, but in the car Nunnery saw the back and shoulders of a slightly built, long-haired person who could have been of either sex. And the car was a two-tone American-Motors product, white on the bottom and dark on the top. There was a rust streak on it, which Nunnery says is characteristic of the product, and is one of the reasons he is not an American Motors fan.

In other words, the car the three were using was not Bremer's blue Rambler.

AMERICAN OPINION set out to find the mystery man. Undercover agents gave us several names of persons matching his de-

scription. For days we drove back and forth across Milwaukee.

Then somebody remembered the name of Dennis Kushmann. This was the Weatherman described only as "Dennis" in the previously mentioned Milwaukee Police Department undercover agent's notes on the S.D.S. meeting of November, 1969, which Dennis and Cullen both attended—at which the agent spotted Arthur Bremer. Dennis is a man of murky background and connections. Apparently he provides security for the revolutionary movement, among other things. Undercover agents report he has always been able to deliver big money when needed. He also uses the names "Cousins" and "Cuzman." He has attended most of the meetings of both S.D.S. factions. He went to Cuba as a member of the Venceremos Brigade. An F.B.I. agent reports he is a member of the Communist Progressive Labor Party, and that his job has been to recruit trainees from the New Left. His job in S.D.S. was to weed out the "kicksters" from the real Marxist-Leninists. On January 12, 1972, he was spotted at Mitchell Field, in Milwaukee, buying a ticket on North Central Airlines for New York. This time, he used the name "Cossini," and in contrast to his accustomed proletarian garb was well dressed. On the next day, as you will recall, Bremer bought a .38.

And Dennis Kushmann-Cuzman-Cousins-Cossini perfectly matches Nunnery's description of the "boss" man with whom Bremer met in the station of the C.&O. ferry.

AMERICAN OPINION began asking questions. Hour after hour, day after day, we laboriously tried to find a picture of the suspected mystery man. The F.B.I. had some, but these of course were unavailable. At last, however, our painful page-turning was rewarded. In early November of 1969, there had been a typical, revolutionary demonstration on the campus at Marquette, in front of Joan of Arc chapel. The *Milwaukee Journal* was there and took a picture, which appeared on the first page of the second section on November 5, 1969. And in it was Dennis Kushmann-Cuzman-Cousins-Cossini, the Communist operative. The case was now in the hands of Mr. Nunnery.

THE HIT

Whether or not the two things are related, we don't know, but on July 6, 1972, less than two weeks after we began asking about him, Communist operative Dennis Salvatore Cossini—apparently his real name—was found by police in a parked car in Toronto, and he was very, very dead. The cause of death was an overdose of heroin, the interesting thing about which is that undercover agents emphatically assure us that Cossini was no junkie, and in fact did not use the stuff at all. In other words, Communist operative Dennis Cossini had been murdered.

"Somebody gave him a hot shot," says an agent.

It is interesting to note that his body was picked up by three Americans, who according to the agent may be from the Central Intelligence Agency, which is so super-secret that even Congressmen can find out nothing about it. And so Communist-riddled is it that, for instance, when Colonel Michael Goleniewski, who defected from the Polish secret police, went there to expose the Communists in our government, one of the C.I.A. men who came in to debrief him was among the Communist agents he was there to expose.

Some interesting things were found on Comrade Cossini's body. There was a draft card for each of his names. There was a phony Wisconsin driver's license. There was a hypodermic needle. There was a .45-caliber automatic. And there was a list of five telephone numbers without area codes.

Extensive tracing shows that (916) 487-2703 is listed to a John J. McCleary in Sacramento, California, who works at V & T In-

ternational, an export-import company in that city which Cossini telephoned a lot. V & T is run by Robert Lee Van Keuren, of 7810 Lorin Avenue in Sacramento, who is also employed as a tote-bin operator by Procter & Gamble. Mr. Van Keuren is said to be exporting water purification equipment to Australia. What all this means, if anything at all, we don't yet know.

Then there is (212) 988-4834, which is listed to a John J. Dugan, of 500 East 77th Street, in New York City. According to an F.B.I. agent, Cossini had a contact named Dugan, who is said to be a straight, "public relations type," who recently moved from Milwaukee to New York. It may mean nothing.

In Dallas at (214) 426-6004, there is a prostitute named Viola Edwards, known professionally as Tina, who lives in Apartment 205 at 3005 South Boulevard. She has been reported by intelligence sources to associate with the Communist Black Panthers and to arrange disappearances for the Communist Party, and was another of Cossini's contacts. We called Tina in her professional capacity and she told us to come right over.

There was (414) 342-0549, which is listed to our old friend Mike McHale, at 2001 West Michigan in Milwaukee. Mike, as you will recall, is an S.D.S. enforcer.

And there was (201) 248-3167, which is listed to a gentleman named Leibel Bergman (sometimes spelled Bergmann), who lives in Apartment 2E at 55 Osborne Terrace, in Newark, New Jersey. Bergman, fifty-seven, has been a Communist for years. On July 13, 1960, he invoked the Fifth Amendment rather than answer questions put to him by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He has lived in Communist China. He is a suspected espionage agent. And he was a founder, in California, of the Revolutionary Union, a Maoist-Communist terror gang, which specializes in firearms, explosives—and assassination. Bergman's job is to organize R.U. collectives across the country. You will remember that Cossini flew to New York on January 12, 1972. Was it Leibel Bergman he went to see? On the next day, Arthur Bremer bought a gun. And on April 7, 1972, as you will remember, he, too, flew to New York. Did he, too, see Leibel Bergman?

Law enforcement authorities in Milwaukee have been asking about the whereabouts of Paris Richard Baldacci on the day of Communist operative Cossini's murder. Baldacci, about thirty, comes from Scranton, Pennsylvania, and now lives in Apartment 18 at 1333 North Franklin Place, in Milwaukee, where his telephone number is (414) 276-3672. At one time he lived two doors away from Mike Cullen's Casa Maria. He is a member of R.Y.M. II, one of the factions of S.D.S. He is one of a group of white people close to James Groppl. An undercover agent recalls that he once bought a "clean" shotgun for transmission to the Black Panthers. He, too, has called the number listed to McCleary in Sacramento. And he was very close to Cossini.

Baldacci is a graduate student and lecturer in the Department of Theology at Marquette. His faculty advisor is Quentin Quesnell, S.J., who is Chairman of the Department and campus advisor of S.D.S.

Exactly what it means, we don't yet know, but an S.D.S. member tells us that two of Groppl's N.A.A.C.P. Commandos have recently been staying very close to Baedacci, conceivably either to watch or to protect him.

During the last year or so, Baedacci has spent much time with Cullen, McHale, and John Dolphin. Mr. Dolphin is said to be a "head" sympathetic to S.D.S. and lives on the fourth floor at 2445 West Wisconsin, which is a block away from Bremer's apartment and is a building he used to visit. On the same floor for a time lived a gentleman

named Mark Simos, who answers the description of a friend who helped Bremer change tires.

On July 26, 1972, we knocked at the door of Earl Nunnery's home. He opened it, flinched, and shut the door in our face—the same thing he sensibly had done to the *New York Times*. We went to a telephone, called him and told him who we were, and that we had a picture we wanted him to look at. Later, he explained that the press had given the purser on one of his boats "the works." The Associated Press had sent its "henchmen" around, from the *Journal* and the *Sentinel*. The press had put words in his mouth.

"I don't want to put words in your mouth."

I said.

"You won't."

Mr. Nunnery is a man of strong opinion, who makes up his own mind and sticks to it. The reader may well imagine the tension with which we flanked him at his kitchen table, as we presented the photograph we had worked so hard to get for his verdict. His judgment could well have made irrelevant the last few pages you have read. He leaned forward slightly and studied the picture.

"There is a tremendous, striking resemblance," said Nunnery. "This picture is by far the closest to the mystery man of any I've been shown." Indeed, Nunnery covered the highlights on Cossini's collar with his forefingers to study the face further, and found the resemblance to be even closer.

So there it is. Communist operative Cossini, who was at the S.D.S. meeting Bremer attended in November of 1969, was the man who appeared with him at the C. & O. ferry station in April of 1972—and three months later was found murdered in Canada.

Is it possible that all of this is a coincidence? Yes, it is possible. And if you believe it, please get in touch with me. I can get you a good deal on the Brooklyn Bridge.

Once again, the facts indicate that there was a conspiracy to assassinate George Wallace; that it was a Communist conspiracy—and that in some way it may involve Communist China and the Central Intelligence Agency.

THE MOTIVE

Why would the Conspiracy decide to liquidate George Wallace? Obviously because he does not fit the script they have written for the elections of 1972. In 1968, Wallace said that there wasn't "a dime's worth of difference between the two major parties." Today, after four years of Nixon's imitation, there is less than two cents' worth. This year, as usual, Socialist Party A confronts Socialist Party B, a fact of which more and more of the taxpayers who work in, and vote for, those parties are becoming aware. Wallace would have rewritten the script by giving the voters a real choice, which of course is something the conspirators who are trying to enslave us are afraid to permit. And the results of the various Democrat primaries made it realistic to speculate that Wallace might have won. So somebody, somewhere, in some smoke-filled back room, gave the order.

Some observers have said that Bremer's attempt was amateurish, and that a professional would have used a high-powered, sniper rifle. But, as we have seen, it was professional enough to prevent the Governor from running in 1972, and has provided fuel for the latest attempt to ban handguns. It is important to remember that every Communist Party act is designed to serve more than one purpose.

It is interesting to take note of the official response to the shooting. For instance, the Special Assignment Squad of the Milwaukee Police Department began looking for possible subversive ties to Bremer, but the investigation was stopped by high-ups. A Milwaukee Police Department intelligence

officer says that the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division of the Treasury Department sealed the Squad's files and took them away. The Squad was told to concentrate instead on possible subversion stemming from Milwaukee at the forthcoming national conventions in Miami Beach.

Earl Nunnery reports that the F.B.I. told him they didn't believe him—that he was lying—and that they also disbelieved two others who claimed to have seen Cassini. The F.B.I. went to Nunnery's neighbors, he says, and tried to create the impression that he and his wife are "drunks, who have illusions."

Then there is Mary Beth Carlson, a secretary at Marquette, whose address and apartment number were found on a piece of paper in Arthur Bremer's apartment. Miss Carlson has no idea how this happened, but offered to look at the note in an attempt to identify the handwriting. The Bureau nevertheless refused to show it to her.

And there are *Chicago Tribune* reporters Ronald Kozlowski and John O'Brien, who went to Bremer's apartment in search of clues, and according to an editorial of May 25, 1972, "found that Federal Bureau of Investigation agents had come and gone, leaving the place unguarded."

"As a consequence, the apartment resembled a circus. Newsmen, neighbors, curiosity-seekers, and college students fresh from a nearby beer party had been rummaging thru the place, overturning furniture, pawing thru clothes, pocketing bullets and other souvenirs and generally tracking up the entire scene with their fingerprints and footprints. Bremer's notebook, which might have provided some immediate and vital leads in the case, was taken away by a wire service reporter . . .

"The FBI agent returned a few hours later, and only then began putting evidence into boxes. At no time did they attempt to seal off the apartment and there was no indication that they ever made an effort to dust the place for fingerprints."

"Had this been the fault of the local police authorities, it would have been bad enough, but for so professional an organization as the FBI to have been so negligent is doubly inexcusable . . ."

The consensus seems to be that the F.B.I. is composed of some very courteous gentlemen, but that in this case for some reason they had been told not to find the facts.

And it is interesting to note that the agent who remembers seeing Bremer at that S.D.S. meeting in November of 1969, has recently been fired by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Apparently his revelation was not in the script either.

It will be interesting to see what happens now. And bear in mind that your intrepid correspondent has no immediate plans to leap in front of a truck or from a window, or to have a fatal "heart attack" or a lobotomy.

HON. CHARLES SANDMAN'S LATEST QUESTIONNAIRE RESULTS

HON. CHARLES W. SANDMAN
OF NEW JERSEY
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. SANDMAN. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased once again to release the results of my annual opinion survey of my constituents in New Jersey's Second Congressional District.

Just before this past summer, I sent my poll to every residence in my six-county district of Atlantic, Cape May, Cumberland, Salem, and portions of Ocean and Burlington Counties.

Our final tabulation by county this week showed that 22,275 persons answered the 10 questions I posed this year. Responding were 4,755 people in Atlantic, 3,635 in Cape May, 5,300 in Cumberland, 3,535 in Salem, and 5,150 in Ocean and Burlington combined.

It is interesting to note that the differences between counties is miniscule: the people of south Jersey seem to have very consistent overall opinions on these issues.

Another noteworthy aspect, Mr. Speaker, is that the results of this districtwide poll answered mostly by adults are almost identical to the views expressed in an earlier poll of 2,500 newly enfranchised and registered 18- to 21-year-olds.

The tabulations show, for example, that 95 percent opposed forced busing of schoolchildren to achieve a racial balance; 91 percent favor enactment of a constitutional amendment to allow voluntary prayer in public schools; 86 percent say the United States should claim jurisdiction over fishing to a limit of 100 miles from its shores; and 82 percent think 18- to 20-year-olds should be legally treated as adults.

The widest disparity of opinion between the counties is on my legislation that would have the Federal Government intervene in professional sports to solve problems like blackouts and strikes.

Fifty-seven percent of those responding say America's exploration program should concentrate on inner space—the oceans—rather than outer space.

In my other poll in the spring, Mr. Speaker, 60 percent of the young people responding said they felt President Nixon's trip to Red China was worth while. That opinion is now mirrored in the results of my district-wide poll: 62 percent feel it was worthwhile.

It is interesting that about 88 percent of my constituents feel the death penalty for murder should be retained despite the recent U.S. Supreme Court decision that it should not be.

Finally, Mr. Speaker, I asked: "Would you favor a voluntary option under Social Security where a person could purchase double benefits by paying double premiums?" Of those responding 50 percent said "yes" while 33 percent said "no" and the rest were undecided.

These evidences of opinion are very valuable to me. They have a great bearing on my votes in the House and on the legislation I concentrate my energies on. Those who participated have my appreciation for having taken the time to give me and the entire Congress the benefits of their views.

The results by county and young voter poll results follows:

1972 OPINION SURVEY—ATLANTIC COUNTY, N.J., PERCENTAGES

	Yes	No	Not sure		Yes	No	Not sure
1. Do you favor forced busing of children away from their neighborhood schools to achieve a racial balance?	3	94	3	6. Should Congress intervene in professional sports to solve problems like blackouts and strikes?	23	60	17
2. Now that they have the right to vote, should 18- to 20-year-olds be legally treated as adults?	80	15	5	7. Should the United States claim jurisdiction over fishing to a limit of 100 miles from its shores?	84	7	7
3. Would you favor a constitutional amendment to allow voluntary prayer in public schools?	90	7	3	8. Would you favor a voluntary option under social security where a person could purchase double benefits by paying double premiums?	52	33	15
4. Do you feel the United Nations is an effective peace-keeping organization?	19	59	22	9. Should America's exploration program concentrate on inner space (the oceans) rather than outer space?	57	15	28
5. Do you feel President Nixon's recent China trip was worthwhile?	62	15	23	10. Should the death penalty for murder be retained?	90	6	4

1972 OPINION SURVEY—CAPE MAY COUNTY, N.J., PERCENTAGES

	Yes	No	Not sure		Yes	No	Not sure
1. Do you favor forced busing of children away from their neighborhood schools to achieve a racial balance?	3	96	1	6. Should Congress intervene in professional sports to solve problems like blackouts and strikes?	27	59	14
2. Now that they have the right to vote, should 18- to 20-year-olds be legally treated as adults?	81	14	5	7. Should the United States claim jurisdiction over fishing to a limit of 100 miles from its shores?	88	5	7
3. Would you favor a constitutional amendment to allow voluntary prayer in public schools?	92	6	2	8. Would you favor a voluntary option under social security where a person could purchase double benefits by paying double premiums?	47	40	13
4. Do you feel the United Nations is an effective peace-keeping organization?	20	59	21	9. Should America's exploration program concentrate on inner space (the oceans) rather than outer space?	65	16	19
5. Do you feel President Nixon's recent China trip was worthwhile?	68	15	17	10. Should the death penalty for murder be retained?	85	9	6