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FILED
 BY
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 COMMUNICATIONS UNIT

Fifty years ago, in the theater a man on the stage would announce, "QUOTE" If a man ^{was} committed a crime today, 10 to 1 he'd not be arrested. If he ^{was} arrested 10 to 1 he'd not be indicted, If he ^{was} indicted 10 to 1 he'd not be sent to trial, If he ^{was} sent to trial 10 to 1 he'd not be convicted, If he ^{was} convicted 10 to 1 he not have to serve time in jail, If he did serve time 10 to 1 it wouldn't be for long. ITS TRUE TODAY.

Now you can see why crime is taking so well, I see the BRINKS notches are released, or when will be they only got 1 1/4 million, it's hard to keep a million dollars in jail.

Have the court decide the shape of the table where Graham, eat, maybe they'd do that later 10-12-1
 There's a 1/4 million being spent on that thing
 Jack Ruby could save the taxpayers much money if he were there. I wish he were there.

After Jack Ruby F. R. was assassinated by Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas, Texas. He had a law in advance - keeping any one shooting an official of our Govt. off a parade or diplomat - had known in fact in advance. The lawyers couldn't make a mockery of justice, then SHOT AT SUNRISE

[REDACTED]

-From The New York Daily News

That's the man everybody, quote - If a man
 in bed of heat had got 10 days in jail,
 a hundred a million \$ had. get 10 lawyers
 a lawyer.
 have, tell that lunch at Swan's post.
 do business or get off - 3 months
 to and no money yet - killed Betty,
 preserve admit he killed Betty,
 They feel around.
 Please, Speak Up.
 read the shipping
 in trading

in the theater the man would say, quote - if a man steals a loaf of bread he'd get 10 days in jail, if he'd steal a million \$ he'd get 10 lawyers and a ...

Sirhan Trial Pace Typical Of U. S. Justice

By RICHARD STARNES
Scripps-Howard Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES — The murder of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was not a typical crime in the epidemic of wrongdoing that is lacerating the nation, and his admitted killer is not a run-of-the-mill hoodlum.

But the glacial pace of the trial of Sirhan B. Sirhan is wholly characteristic of the plodding deliberation with

which criminal justice is dispensed in the U. S.

Grant B. Cooper, the soft-spoken, courtly — and, oh, so cagey — chief defense counsel for the accused assassin, has conceded in open court that his moody, whey-faced client fired the shot that took the life of Bobby Kennedy last June 5.

But despite that the trial of Sirhan promises to last at least another three months.

Sirhan was arraigned and pled not guilty last Aug. 2. Trial was set for Nov. 1 and was postponed twice. It started in the heavily guarded Superior Court of Judge Herbert V. Walker Jan. 7.

Three weeks later the jury has not been finally selected, and to all intents and purposes the trial has not even started.

Today, as the lead-footed proceedings resume after a four-day recess, there were still two time-consuming preliminaries impeding the actual trial.

Although eight men and four women have tentatively been seated as jurors, six alternates remain to be selected. Since neither prosecution nor defense has exhausted his peremptory challenges choosing the six alternates could drag on for the rest of the week.

There is also one more motion to be argued, Mr. Cooper

and his two assistants today will seek dismissal of Sirhan's indictment on the ground that the grand jury that returned it did not represent a fair cross section of the community.

Substantially the same argument was used in an earlier motion to dismiss the petit jury panel, and was rejected by Judge Walker. (It was renewed the next day, and was again rejected, but not until the 69-year-old trial judge had patiently listened to additional arguments from Mr. Cooper.)

Mr. Cooper said he would subpoena more than 100 Los Angeles County judges to support his plea to quash the indictment — a plea observers felt was a doomed ploy intended only to lay the groundwork for an appeal if Sirhan is convicted.

While California's far-out murder trial procedure is undoubtedly contributing to the delay in Sirhan's trial, delay for delay's sake is a time-honored weapon in the U. S. trial attorney's armory.

In California trials that result in a verdict of first-degree murder, the trial jury must then listen to additional evidence in mitigation or in aggravation of sentence and then must decide between life imprisonment or death in the gas chamber.

The "penalty" verdict must be unanimous, just as the guilty-not guilty verdict must

be. This doubles the possibility of a hung jury and of a mistrial, and it led to this exchange between Mr. Cooper and a reporter during a courthouse corridor interview:

What happens, Mr. Cooper was asked, if the jury agrees on a first-degree guilty verdict but can't agree when it later must decide on penalty?

"It means," Mr. Cooper replied cheerfully, "that a whole new jury must be selected to fix the penalty. And since the new jury has not heard any of the evidence, practically everything can be reintroduced — not just evidence in mitigation or aggravation."

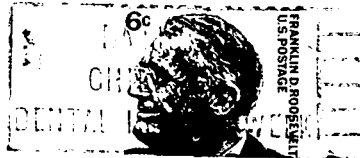
California, however, has no monopoly on endless criminal trials. At the beginning of the current fiscal year there were 14,763 criminal cases pending in Federal district courts, of which nearly 2000 had been hanging fire for more than two years, 2055 had been in litigation more than a year and 2408 had been pending more than six months.

U. S. Grant Helps Pay For CMU Building

Press Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON — The U. S. Office of Education has approved a grant of \$730,122 to help build a new fine arts University, it notified Rep. William S. Moorhead today.

The estimated total cost of the building is \$9,596,000.



President Nixon
White House
Washington
D.C.

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MAR 5 1969

Miss Diane Wolkstein
49 Greenwich Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Miss Wolkstein:

President Nixon has asked that we reply to your letter of January 25, 1969. Please excuse our delay in responding.

You can understand that it is not possible for the President personally to answer all correspondence addressed to him. He wants you to know, however, that he appreciates your taking the time to write him about your views which have been noted.

Sincerely,

JERRIS LEONARD
Assistant Attorney General
Civil Rights Division

By:

ETHEL A. OLLIVIERRE
Attorney
Western Section

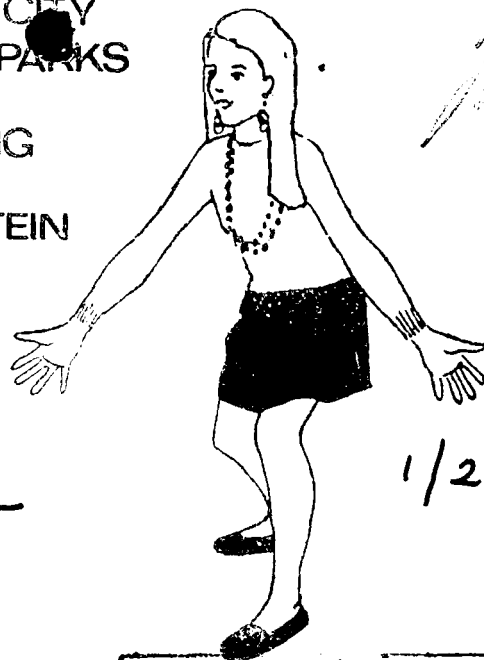
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THE NEW YORK CITY
DEPARTMENT OF PARKS
sponsors
STORYTELLING
with
DIANE WOLKSTEIN

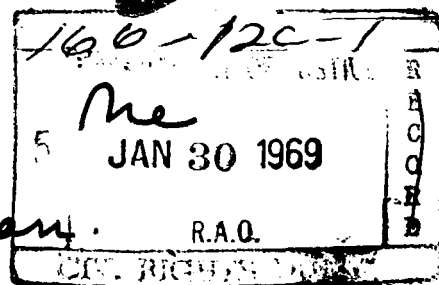


1/25/69

Dear President Nixon,

My best wishes to you
as our New President.

I am writing to you
specifically in regard
to present trial of Sirhan Sirhan.



Just This morning I sat
listening to Sandberg's own rendition
of "Frankie + Johnnie." I had
forgotten how it went. Then Frankie
said "Oh warden, what will it be for
me?" "The electric chair, dear Frankie, for
you killed in second degree." And so
it is a legend - an ^{American} legend built
because of passion + responsibility.

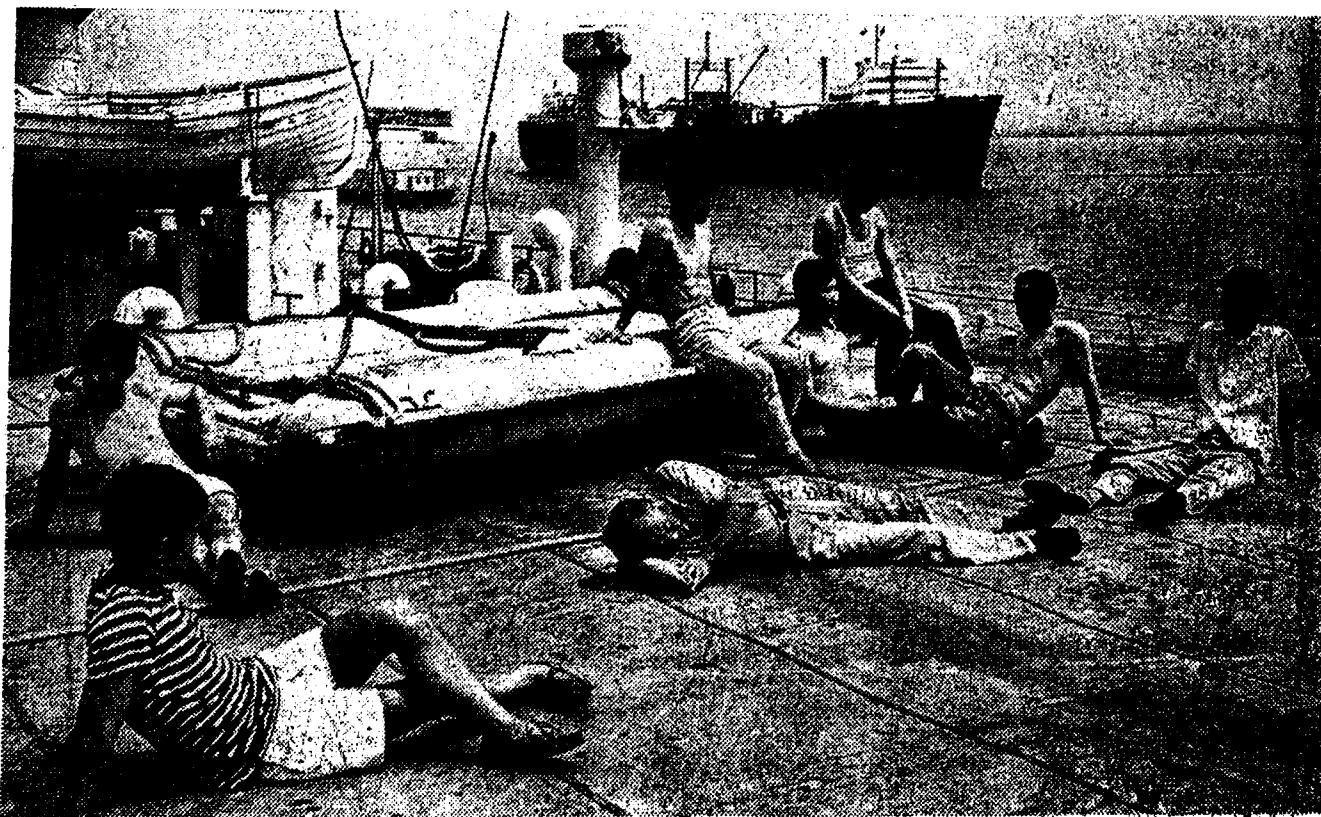
If Sirhan is freed or not committed to death. I think it will be a serious blow to the legend the culture the stuff of what ~~are~~ people are made. Bobby Kennedy was more than a man - as the youth all feel it - but he was also a symbol of a man - and if his murderer is not condemned to death. no man is free.

The very Thought That gives the present legal system a murderer will not be faced with murder. makes me sick and sad: for what is life ^(what do we prepare our children for? - how do we explain then?) At least the living must proclaim life.

I hope you as President will seek to secure our past heritage and do all to honor RFK and all men.

Sincerely, and with best wishes,
Diane Wolkstein

that Sirhan still lives?)



The New York Times (by Meyer Lisbowitz)

South Korean seamen lying about the deck of the Indonesian Star. The freighter has been held here since Feb. 26.

Stranded Korean Sailors Yearn for Home

By JOSEPH NOVITSKI

After being marooned almost five months in New York Harbor, they are unpaid, sometimes hungry, often unhappy and homesick, but still proud of their care for the ship on which they are trapped.

The men, Capt. Hongjo Yoon, master of the freighter Indonesian Star, and 26 other South Koreans in the ship's crew, have been stuck here since last Feb. 26 because creditors of the ship's owners will not let the Indonesian Star sail.

The crewmen have increasingly little to do, little to eat, and very little money to spend while the legal battle continues.

The owners have reduced the subsistence allowance for each man's full needs to \$1.50 a day, forcing the Korean sailors to do without a midday meal. With no money, a trip ashore is not attractive, yet there is little for the seamen to do aboard.

The gray-hulled freighter, built in Texas in 1944, lies at anchor in the Narrows, silent except for the deep rumor of the propellers. There are regular four-hour watches only for the 12 men in the main

paper keep the ship, the only guarantee of value to the owner's American creditors, from sailing.

Standing on his quiet bridge Saturday, Captain Yoon, a 47-year-old veteran of 10 years of command at sea, squinted into the sun, reflected a moment, and said:

"We believed in our owner as an American gentleman, but we are now disappointed. Our crewmen are very good seamen, but they have not received their wages, and they have to struggle with hard living conditions for their families [in Korea]."

"Crew morale is low, low, low," he added, gesturing with a chopping downward motion of his forearm.

The crewmen, still apparently tightly knit and friendly, have initiated their own legal action by filing a suit for back wages on June 20 in Federal Court here. They have not been paid since April 30.

Texas Concern Is Agent

Kenneth P. H. Nam, a Korean-American lawyer representing the marooned Koreans, said he was seeking an accelerated judgment

came to New York around the Cape of Good Hope.

One hundred and fifty tons of mahogany planking are still neatly lashed in piles on the deck under canvas covers. Some of the rubber was unloaded in March at the Bush Terminal, but 650 tons are still in her hold.

Standing on the canvas-covered after hatch, Chu Sang Kyun, the 22-year-old cabin boy making his first voyage, discussed the crew's plight.

Mr. Chu, a dark-haired, spirited man with a quick grin, said he was homesick for Korea and unhappy about the food situation on the ship.

"Every day there is no lunch," he said.

He keeps busier than some of the other men on the ship by helping the cook, Nam Yong Pong, prepare the two meals a day that are served.

Sausage Broth Is Main

Rice, a vegetable broth for an sausage, and deep-fried fish were the only dishes prepared in the galley.

Although the ship is crowded, the crew is not. The ship is crowded, the crew is not.

On Sundays, all the crew members who can leave the ship (a watch must be kept) attend services, translated by Mr. Awe, at the Highland Avenue Baptist Church in Jamaica, Queens.

A diesel-powered water taxi, the Coordinator, which operates from the old 69th Street ferry slip in Brooklyn, is both a creditor of the ship and the crew's lifeline to shore, and Nicholas T. Bonanno, the Coordinator's skipper, knows it.

Mr. Bonanno, a 40-year-old, 5'6" man, said he had been paid \$2,000 for each round trip, the Indonesian Star's launch bill has reached about \$2,000. Mr. Bonanno said, "But we wouldn't want launch services. They said it would be like taking home guys from the harbor."

Audience Also Has Role in Racism Play

By THOMAS A. JOHNSON

When the plantation overseer on the stage struck a female slave, her husband hurried to her defense but was at once frightened away by a threat from the overseer.

"Kill him," a youthful voice yelled from the darkened theater audience. "Be a man, dammit! Be a man!" But he had yelled too soon.

For, while the audience at the play "The Believers" is encouraged to tell the actors how it feels about the performance, the audience participation is not supposed to come until after the curtain comes down on the last act.

At that time the lights are turned up in the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village, and the all-Negro cast engages in a free-flowing dialogue with members of the audience on the black, and the white, experience in America.

An actor, Jesse DeVore, said the sessions were "almost a microcosm of America today."

'Dialogue' Every Night

He said requests for the discussions from the audience had made "dialogue night" an almost nightly occurrence for the past few weeks.

The play, which opened on May 9 at the theater at 38 Commerce Street, is described as "the black experience in song and traces Negro history from Africa to the present day."

"What do you feel we are trying to say?" a member of the cast, Sylvia Jackson, asked, after a recent performance of the play.

"You're saying, be black and be beautiful," a Negro girl called out. "Dig it—black and beautiful."

She was a part of a group of high school students from the Newark area who had



Cast members of "The Believers" exchanging views with the audience on the black, and white, experience in America. The scene is the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village.

come to the theater in two buses. About half of the people in the audience were adults, however. The audience also was about half white and half Negro.

'Burned Themselves Out'

"But what about riots?" a white youth asked, referring to a scene in the play that touched on modern-day violence.

"Riots are no good," a Negro supermarket manager

from Detroit said. "Sure they took things from the white man but they also burned themselves out. Education is the only real tool."

It did not end there.

"The riots showed only that the black man is tired of being oppressed," said Miss Ubie Bell, a Human Resources Administration employee. "They showed that it's time to get ourselves together to do whatever we have to do."

Mrs. Bette Brooks, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., called out from the last row of the small theater, "And when you get that education, just where can you go to work if you're black?"

"In the kitchen!" a student shouted.

Mrs. Brooks continued, "a man knocks you down and you don't do anything about it."

"He'll never respect you," a voice called out.

"He'll knock you down again," Mrs. Brooks said.

"And step all over you," the voice interrupted.

"Abused and Resentful"

Then a teen-ager, a Negro girl, called for order. She said the main problem was that Negroes were "abused, resentful, and used." This led to so much laughter that "no one" anything else she said.

Hans Christian Andersen Would Have Approved



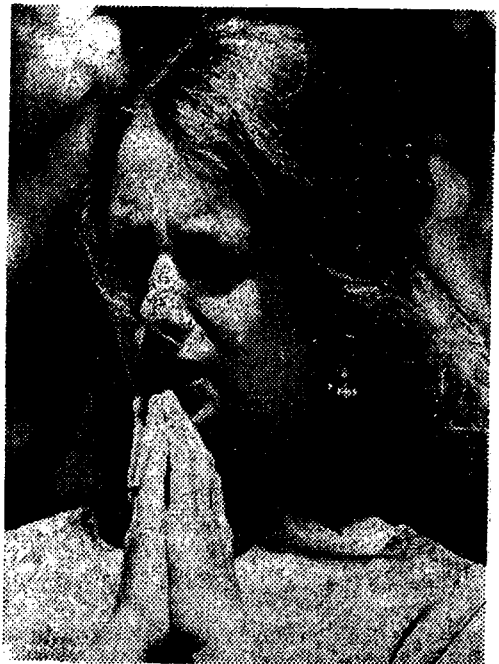
"Once there was a big elephant who lived at the end of a curling road."



"He was so... Then one day a butterfly came."



"The butterfly asked: 'Do you love me a little?' The elephant said 'No.'"



"I don't love you a little," the elephant said. "I love you a LOT."



"Then they walked down the road and the elephant said..."

By JUDY KLEMESRUD

SHE competes with ice cream vendors, booming jet planes, and skippers sailing their crafts in the Central Park boat pond. But distractions or no, Diane Wolkstein is still the park's undisputed Saturday star—and her reviews are mostly raves.

Miss Wolkstein, ash blonde, freckle-faced and 25 years old, is the official storyteller of the City of New York.

Each summer Saturday at 11 A.M. she appears at the Hans Christian Andersen statue just west of the boat pond (near Fifth Avenue and 72d Street) and tells stories to an enthralled audience for 45 minutes.

She tells them as they have probably never been told before. She moans and groans and laughs and cries and grimaces and gestures and shouts and whispers and jumps and squats—and "meows" so well that you look around for a real kitten.

Encourages Involvement

But her forte is weaving in and out among the tiny chairs and touching the children and encouraging their involvement in the stories. One child recently became so involved in a story about an elephant and a butterfly that he toppled off his chair and ran crying to his nanny, who was sitting on a bench on the sidelines wishing she could spin a tale like that.

"The only way to tell stories out of doors is to walk into the kids," Miss Wolkstein said recently after a Saturday session for 100 children. "When you touch them physically you bring them in. Otherwise the constant noise and distractions make it impossible for them to concentrate."

She paused for a second,



Diane Wolkstein, New York City's official storyteller, delights both children and adults at her Saturday morning story sessions in front of the Hans Christian Andersen statue near the boat pond in Central Park.

tugged on one of the dangly earrings she always wears because the children like them, and added:

"Last year a whole session was disrupted when a kid came up pushing a toy lawn mower. You wouldn't believe the noise!"

She Had the Idea

Miss Wolkstein is a year-round employee of the Administration of Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs, which pays her \$90 a week "after

taxes." She became the city's first full-time professional raconteur—an idea she suggested herself—following an audition last summer in Central Park.

During the week she tells stories in schools, libraries, parks, community centers and children's hospital wards all the way from Harlem to the Lower East Side, and in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn.

"It's funny the difference

between the white kids in Central Park and the Negro kids in the ghettos," she said. "The Negro kids are much more responsive to the stories, and they read your face better. They have more savvy."

Away from her audience, Miss Wolkstein is shy, intense and vulnerable, and she worries constantly about her performances. She gets up around 8 A.M. on Saturdays, gulps coffee to calm her nerves, and then practices about eight stories in front of a mirror in her Greenwich Village apartment. She never knows which ones she will tell until she arrives at the statue and sees the age group she has drawn that day.

She Knows 100 Stories

Her repertory includes 75 stories she has memorized and 25 more she can tell after glancing at a text. She learns word-for-word stories by authors such as Carl Sandburg and E. E. Cummings because "they're so perfect the way they are." Well-known tales such as "Hansel and Gretel" change with every telling, depend-

ing on the audience and Miss Wolkstein's mood.

"I don't tell ghost stories or any that scare just for scare's sake," she said. "But you can tell a story where there is some violence, as long as it has the redeeming factor of going someplace. Like 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'"

The modern-day Scheherazade also likes folk tales from other countries, which she tells on her weekly radio program, "Stories From Many Lands." It is broadcast over WNYC radio every Saturday morning from 8 to 8:30.

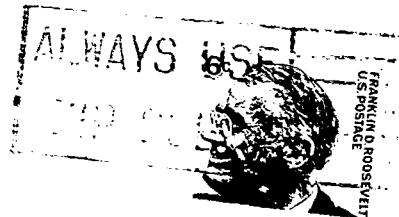
Studied in Paris

Miss Wolkstein was born in South Orange, N. J. She majored in drama at Smith College, holds a master's degree in education from the Bank Street College of Education, and studied pantomime for a year in Paris with Etienne Decroux, who taught Marcel Marceau.

The future? "I don't want to be an actress—it's all too phony," she said. "All I want to do is tell stories. Maybe someone will hire me to tell stories all over the world."



iane Wolkstein
48 Greenwich Avenue
New York City 10011



President Richard Nixon
The White House
Washington, D.C.

personal