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145. 1 photo of EDWIN GERALD NESS. 7-19-68MC
146. Copy of the Publication "Junior Review" (See Ser 1394) (7-19-68MC)
147. "A Bad Night in Los Angeles" by Alistair Cooke (See Ser 1402) (7-19-68MC)
148. Two Envelopes re: Kennedy. See Ser. 1457 (7-24-68ED)
149. Arrest report re Richard David Giles. See Ser 1471. (7-26-68ED)
150. 3x5 slip & paper bearing notation "FBI Sirhan B. Sirhan." (7-26-68ED)
151. Signed Statement from Richard L. Cohen. (7-31-68ED)
152. 2 Slides Arab Orchest. March to Israeli Bond rally at Hollywood Bowl 6-7-68
(8-13-68MC) Serial: 457
* Copy of receipt for same.
153. Waiver of Rights & Signed Statement of Steven Nah. Aharon 8-13-68MC
154. Signed Statement of David S. Barrett 8-13-68MC
155. L.A. County Probation report on Crispin Carrel Longoria 8-13-68MC
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157. 1 Photo of Rega Talalipour 8-13-68MC

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Junior Re

Primary Elections 1968

In recent weeks, Richard Nixon (pictured at top left), Senator Eugene McCarthy (top right), and Governor George Romney (center) have been on the campaign trail in New Hampshire. All three have been



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In recent weeks, voters will cast their ballots in the first of 15 Presidential primary elections to be held in 1968.

Junior Review

VOLUME 40, NUMBER 23

MARCH 11, 1968

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Primary Elections 1968

In recent weeks, Richard Nixon (pictured at top left), Senator Eugene McCarthy (top right), and Governor George Romney (center) have been on the campaign trail in New Hampshire. All three have tried to win the favor of voters in the Granite State. Tomorrow will reveal how successful they've been. On that date, March 12, New Hampshire voters will cast their ballots in the first of 15 Presidential primary elections to be held in 1968.



THE New Hampshire election has two purposes. First, voters will indicate their choices for President in the November election. Republican voters will select their favorites from among several party hopefuls. Democratic voters will do the same, although there doesn't seem to be a real race for the nomination in that party. Lyndon Johnson is almost certain to be chosen.

The second aim of the primary is to select New Hampshire's delegates to the Democratic and Republican National Conventions. The GOP Convention will be held at Miami Beach in early August. The Democrats will meet in Chicago later that same month. The job of both conventions is to nominate candidates to run for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States in the November 4 election.

All states do not elect delegates to the national conventions by holding primaries as New Hampshire does.

In some states, the delegates are chosen at state and district conventions. Elsewhere, political committees pick the delegates.

Why Spotlight New Hampshire? For the past two months, this New England state has been stormed by politicians and newsmen. Now all eyes are on tomorrow's primary election results. Yet the hullabaloo is out of proportion to the number of voters in the state. New Hampshire has less than one percent of the nation's population. Its voters will send only eight of the 1,333 delegates to the Republican Convention and only a few to the Democrats' Chicago meeting.

But New Hampshire holds the first primary! And herein lies its importance. Political observers look for signs of a national trend in New Hampshire's election returns. They remember that Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, and John Kennedy all received their party's nomina-

tion following primary victories in New Hampshire and elsewhere.

'68 in New Hampshire. The big contest in tomorrow's election centers around the GOP Presidential hopefuls. This year, Republicans are not short of *Presidential timber* (men considered to be qualified for their party's nomination). The list includes Richard Nixon, a former Vice President of our country, and Michigan's Governor George Romney. Illinois' Senator Charles Percy; John Lindsay, Mayor of New York City; California's Governor Ronald Reagan; and Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York are other possibilities.

Despite the number of GOP Presidential hopefuls, only two have actually entered the New Hampshire primary. They are Richard Nixon and George Romney.

Mr. Nixon has entered tomorrow's primary and several others to erase his "can't win" image. He

has suffered two major losses at the polls—one in 1960 in his Presidential race against John Kennedy and another in 1962 in his bid for the governorship of California. The former Vice President says, "I will test my ability to win in the fires of the primaries and not in the smoke-filled rooms at Miami."

Mr. Nixon—a well-known figure in the Granite State—is favored to win. His campaign, which cost an estimated \$200,000, has consisted mainly of speeches at large rallies and dinners. He has tried to tie Governor Romney with Governor Rockefeller in the minds of the voters. Mr. Nixon suggests that the Michigan governor is not really a candidate in his own right. (Mr. Rockefeller says he is not a candidate, and he supports George
(Please turn to page 8)

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AUSTRALIA

"Land Down Under"

An island. A continent. Snowy mountains. Beautiful beaches. Blazing deserts. Charming cities. A back door on the equator, and a front door facing Antarctica. This is Australia—the "Land Down Under." But there's more. People go south to cool off from January's heat, and north to escape the cool of July. A mixed-up country? The explanation, of course, is that Australia lies south of the equator, so its seasons are exactly the reverse of ours.

SOME people consider Australia the world's smallest continent. Others say it is the world's largest island. Those who don't want to take sides combine the two and call it an island continent. In any event, it answers the description of both, and it is big—almost the size of our country, without Alaska and Hawaii. One of its states, Tasmania, is an island.

As nations go, Australia is new. Its first European settlers didn't arrive until 1788. Today the country wants more settlers, for despite its size it has a population of only 12,000,000—fewer people than live in our state of New York.

The trouble is that four-fifths of Australia's nearly 3,000,000 square miles is made up of barren desert wasteland too hot and rugged for comfort. More than half of Australia's people live near the coast where the climate is more agreeable. There, the sports-loving Aussies can swim, surf, and sail to their

hearts' content in their country's blue-green coastal waters.

British Background. Though it lies close to Asia, Australia has a Western outlook. Most of its people are of British descent, or have come from other European nations.

Dutch and Spanish sea captains first explored the coasts of Australia, but it was the famous British explorer, Captain James Cook, who landed on the southeast coast. His reports of the country led Britain to claim it.

The first settlers—a shipload of prisoners—arrived in January 1788. Britain often sent away, or *deported*, convicts to the American colonies. But after the War of Independence, Britain had to look elsewhere, and faraway Australia seemed a good place.

Grew in Clusters. Over the years Australians have clustered on the southeast coast first mapped by Captain Cook. The country's most important cities have sprung up in that region.

Sydney, with its busy port, is the largest city. It has 2,400,000 people. Melbourne was the country's capital until 1927 when Canberra became the center of government. Like our own Washington, D. C., Canberra was especially designed to be a national capital.

Wide, Open Spaces. Although most of its people live in cities along the coast, it is Australia's vast interior which gives the country its special flavor. Known as the *Outback*, this great region in



Though it is not yet finished, the unusual design of the new opera house in Sydney has already earned it several architectural awards.

the interior is home to robust and sturdy people. The breezy Outback manner is reflected in colorful words. A windstorm is a "willy-nilly." "Jumbuck" is the word for sheep, and "tucker" means food. "The big smoke" is not a chimney but a city.

The Outback fills two-thirds of the country. Part of it is desert with a stark, forbidding beauty. The low mountains and pebbly soil have a reddish tinge that comes from the iron in the earth. The bleakness of the region is reflected in names like Lake Disappointment and Nameless Mountain.

Most of the *aborigines*, or native people of Australia, live in this region. There are only about 40,000 of them today, many of whom still live in the Stone Age. They are nomads who hunt with spears, poison arrows, and boomerangs—

bent or curved pieces of hardwood. But some aborigines live on reservations or work as cattlemen. A few have gained fame for their unique paintings and carvings.

What's There? The Outback has rich mineral resources. Mines in the region help make Australia first in opals and lead; fourth in gold and zinc; and fifth in silver. Coal, tin, copper, iron, bauxite, and uranium are also mined.

In the past, Australia has been short of oil. But recent finds are expected to produce one-third of the country's oil needs by 1970. New deposits of phosphate and natural gas have also been discovered.

Australia has other wealth and it, too, is found in the Outback. A scarcity of water and poor soil makes it impossible to grow crops there. However, the region is ideal for raising sheep and cattle.

Ranches Are Stations. A large sheep farm is called a station. Headquarters of a station is like a small town with houses, barracks, storehouses, machine shops, and gardens. Once a year, sheep shearers come to the station. Using big mechanical clippers, they work with lightning speed. Some workers can shear as many as 200 sheep a day! No wonder Australia produces a third of the world's wool.

The vast, lonely cattle ranches are also known as stations. A "small" cattle station may fill a thousand square miles, a sizable one 2,000. A few stations are as large as Massachusetts or Connecticut. From the livestock on these big ranches come the meat, hides, and skins that are a major Australian export, along with wool and wheat.

Linking the Land. Because distances are so vast in the Outback,



The "mod" look has traveled all the way to Australia where these young people are looking at clothes in a Sydney shop named "In." Nearby is another named "On."

the radio and airplane are used as much as we use the telephone and automobile. Most children in the Outback are too far away to attend a regular school, so they go to the "School of the Air." The children do their lessons at home and then, by means of a radio hookup, talk assignments over with a teacher who may be 200 miles away.

Snowy River Project. As we have seen, Australia is largely a dry, barren land. But a gigantic project is now under way that will deliver more water to a thousand square miles of farm and rangeland in the southeast.

The project, one of the world's greatest engineering feats, will make the Snowy River move in the opposite direction. Instead of flowing into the Tasman Sea, as it does now, the Snowy River will move through the parched inland region to join the Murray River.

The gigantic undertaking is about two-thirds completed. Huge dams have created *reservoirs* (places where water is stored), and tunnels have been burrowed through a hundred miles of rock to send the water inland.

As the water flows through the tunnels, it will turn the wheels of seven new power stations. The electricity will supply the power to run Australia's fast-growing textile, automobile, aircraft, machine, and processed food industries.

Prosperous Land. Busy factories and growing trade have brought boom times to Australia. Today, the country enjoys a high standard of living. The average output per person a year is about \$2,000, a figure topped by few other nations.

As industry grows, Australia needs more workers. The government is encouraging foreigners to move there. More than 2,000,000



The island of Tasmania is one of Australia's six states. There are also two territories—the Northern Territory and Canberra, home of the capital.

KERMIT JOHNSON

people have done so in the past 20 years. Half have come from Britain, the rest from other European countries.

Until recently, Australia did not welcome immigrants from Asian lands. But this policy has been relaxed somewhat. In the last two years, 3,000 Asians have taken up residence in Australia.

Looks toward Asia. Australia is more concerned with Asia in other ways, too. As a member of the

Commonwealth of Nations, Australia has long had close ties with Britain in trade and defense. But even in the jet age, the trip to Britain is long and costly. Asian countries are nearer and, because some are more prosperous now, they can afford to buy Australian goods. Japan has become Australia's second most important trading partner—second only to Britain.

Close Allies. Britain expects to move most of its troops from Asian bases by 1969 in order to cut expenses. This action may place a heavier defense burden on Australia. That nation may then look to the United States for help in keeping up its defense role in Asia.

Ties between the United States and Australia are expected to remain close under the leadership of John Gorton, who succeeded the

late Prime Minister Harold Holt.

Mr. Gorton's Liberal Party and the Country Party, which together have the most seats in Parliament, uphold U. S. policy in Viet Nam. Australia has sent 6,000 troops to fight in that war-torn land.

The Labor Party (the other main political group) does not fully back the United States in Viet Nam. But Labor Party leaders agree that the United States and Australia must work together as defense allies.

—By BARBARA HURLBUTT

Words to Remember

to deport—to send away; to banish.

Outback—the vast interior region of Australia.

aborigines—the earliest known inhabitants of a country.

reservoirs—places where water is stored for later use.



BRISTOL/THREE LIONS

Each year Australia produces about a third of the world's wool. Its sheep are of the merino type noted for their fine fleece.



ANS

AUSTRALIA'S TOP LEADER

Australia's new Prime Minister, John Gorton, is a lean, tanned six-footer with a hero's record in World War II. He has been a member of the Liberal Party and a senator from Victoria since 1950. Mr. Gorton has close ties to the United States through his wife who is from Bangor, Maine.

AROUND THE WORLD



"Cheer up" says the doll strapped onto the helmet of this U. S. soldier. Some men, it seems, manage to keep a sense of humor even in the midst of the bitter fighting now raging in Viet Nam.

More Men for Viet Nam

The United States faces a critical situation in Viet Nam. Military experts say more Viet Cong raids can be expected on South Viet Nam's cities. They add that the most crucial battles of the war will probably come in the next few months, especially around the area of the demilitarized zone.

To meet these developing crises, the Department of Defense has issued a draft call for 48,000 men in

April. This is the second highest call in the war and the first to include Marines. Moreover, the Joint Chiefs of Staff are reported to be drawing up plans for partial mobilization of National Guard and Reserve ground forces.

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Earle Wheeler, recently visited Viet Nam to see how many more troops will be needed to carry on the fighting. General William Westmoreland, the U. S. commander in Viet Nam, is said to have asked for 50,000 to 100,000 more men.

As the United States increases its troops in Viet Nam, debate over U. S. policies there continues. UN Secretary-General U Thant recently reported to President Johnson that, in his opinion, meaningful negotiations would begin shortly if American planes stopped bombing North Viet Nam. However, President Johnson maintains that U. S. officials have had no sign from Hanoi that this would be the case.

In addition, there is a growing rift between the Johnson Administration and some members of Congress who are critical of our nation's efforts in Southeast Asia. Senator J. William Fulbright—Democrat of Arkansas and Chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee—recently called for a full-scale congressional investigation of U. S. policies in Viet Nam.

As the Presidential campaign gets under way, more and more de-

bate will be heard about Viet Nam. Next week, JUNIOR REVIEW will have a major story on that war-torn land.

News at a Glance

● The oceans are nibbling away at our nation's coastlines. Each year, Maryland alone loses about 300 acres. Point Barrow, Alaska, is receding at the rate of seven feet a year. And in the 1950s, a small New Jersey community—South Cape May—disappeared, leaving only the road that led to it.

Desperate communities have tried many remedies. Trees have been planted along the shores; jetties and seawalls have been built. But so far nothing really works. Senator Joseph Tydings of Maryland recently introduced a bill in Congress authorizing a three-year study of the problem.

● Ten years ago in Birmingham, England, you couldn't see the trees for the smog. Now, on a clear day, you can see trees nine miles away. It's all a result of an anti-pollution campaign waged by the city council. The burning of untreated coal has been outlawed, and the government will help a family pay for the cost of ripping out coal grates and replacing them with gas or electric heating.

● One of the wildest staking races in the long history of Canadian prospecting occurred recently.



Never batting an eye, this member of the Queen's colorful Horseguards sits rigidly at attention in London.

About 1,000 prospectors went out into frozen regions some 300 miles north of Detroit. The hunt was on for uranium; there were old-time prospectors, big businessmen, and lots of tired, freezing amateurs. Apparently, uranium was discovered in the area in 1952; by 1959, the boom was over. Now prospectors are hoping for another uranium boom.

● One of the most popular libraries in our country is probably at Longdale Elementary School in Richmond, Virginia. There, lucky youngsters can "check out" a rabbit, fish, mice, or even an iguana. This animal-lending library is a joint project of the school and a pet shop owner. When students return the pets, they hand in a report on animal behavior. Needless to say, some "reports" are hilarious.

● Lelystad, a new town in the Netherlands, is being built on what was recently an inland sea. Lelystad's thousands of acres are protected by dams, dikes, and pumps which work night and day to keep the sea from rolling back in. The town is another example of the genius of the Dutch, a people who have fought the sea for centuries.

Girl Scout Week

Over 3,000,000 girls in our country are now celebrating Girl Scout Week (March 9-16). One theme of the Scouts this year is, "Values to hold—worlds to explore." Through Scouting, girls learn to be good, helpful citizens. They also enjoy a wide variety of activities including camping, sewing, and swimming. Girl Scout projects range from babysitting to running a cookie sale.



NATIONAL EASTER SEAL SOCIETY

Pretty Stephanie Crane, who was crowned Miss Teenage America last November, has been named National Teenage Chairman for the 1968 Easter Seal Campaign, March 1 to April 14. Stephanie, who is from High Ridge, Missouri, says she'll do her best to get more teen-agers active in helping crippled children.

JUNIOR REVIEW

Washington, D. C.

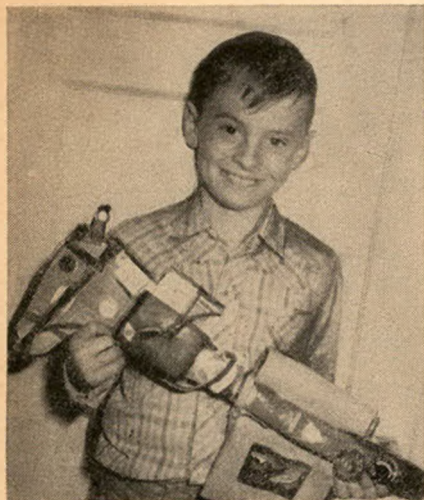
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Roger Reynolds and much-traveled Senor Amigo (see story).

World Traveler

At this moment, Senor Amigo is waiting to be taken to Arabia. Invitations for him to visit have come from nations all over the world. You might wonder why he's so popular. He's certainly not very handsome—he only stands two feet tall. And he doesn't say much at all. If you haven't guessed, we'll tell you the secret: Senor Amigo isn't a person . . . he's a horse made of wood.

The story began several years ago with a young boy, Roddy Reynolds of Putnam, Texas. Roddy made a stick horse to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Pony Express. He named him Gold Dust and set him on a trail outside his home. Pinned to Gold Dust was a sign asking travelers to take him along with them and then pass him on to somebody else.

Gold Dust made a big hit. He

rode to hundreds of places on five continents and then back home again.

But now, Roddy is in college and so his younger brother, Roger, has taken over. Roger created Senor Amigo to be a world ambassador for the ideals of freedom, equality, and friendship. Fastened onto him is a miniature saddlebag with a log book attached. Any one of Amigo's "friends" writes down when and where he visited them.

This goodwill ambassador has traveled far and wide on his "Operation Friendship." His hitchhiking tour has taken him to such far-away places as Viet Nam and Hong Kong. For awhile, he was temporarily enlisted in the U. S. Navy's Antarctic Air Squadron. In England, he met his "colleagues" at the International Horse Show. And throughout his travels, he has received lots of letters and medals—in short, every honor that a stick horse and his proud master could possibly want.

Plans for Cities

President Lyndon Johnson recently asked Congress for a multi-billion dollar program to save our nation's cities. The plan would include building new housing, erecting model cities, and improving public transportation systems. One of Mr. Johnson's main recommendations is the building of 26,000,000 new housing units over the next 10 years. These proposals may meet with strong opposition from congressmen opposed to spending large amounts of money while there is a war in Viet Nam.



A. DEVANEY

When spring returns, maple sap runs, and it's time to make syrup again.

Maple-Tapping Time

One morning this spring, a farmer in New Hampshire or Vermont may inform his family that "the sap will run today." He is not sure how he knows—but he knows. His forefathers also knew when it was maple-tapping time.

Sugaring time lasts about a month. Most of the tree-tapping takes place in eastern Canada and in the northeastern part of the United States. It's said that the sugar maples planted by the Pilgrims in 1620 still give sap!

When it's time, paths are beaten through the snow into the woods. Farmers drill holes about two inches deep into the trees and then attach spouts and buckets to catch the sweet flow. When the buckets are full, the sweet, colorless sap is

collected in big tanks—and sometimes pulled by horse-drawn sleds. More often, the tanks of sap are carried on large trucks and trailers.

If it's a small "haul," the sap is taken to a camp where it is boiled down over a log fire. If it's a big one, the sap is taken to a "sugar house" or to a central evaporating plant where more advanced boiling methods are used.

However, modern science has not forgotten the syrup makers. Today, more and more farmers are replacing their buckets with long plastic tubes. The tubes reach from the trees directly to tanks—or to the boiling shed.

At any rate, the sap starts out as thin as water—and ends up sweet and thick. It takes 42 gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup—but it's well worth all the effort.

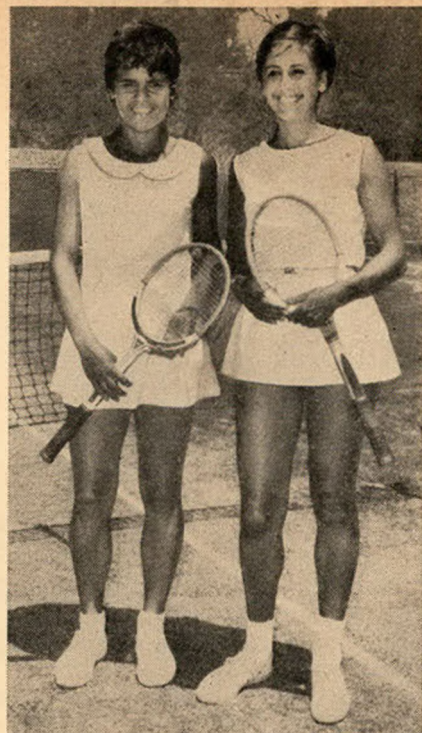
sports parade

In tennis-minded Australia, experts are keeping an eye on Evonne Goolagong, who at 16 appears to be Wimbledon material. Evonne is an Australian aborigine who took up tennis at the age of nine, and was soon spotted by a professional coach. Under his training she has won an impressive list of state and local tournaments—including the singles event for her age group in the Sydney hardcourt championships every year since 1964.

One of Evonne's first trophies was won in her home town of Barellan. The people of that community were so impressed with her ability that they paid her expenses so she could compete in the New South Wales state games.

The dark-haired girl makes her home in Sydney with her coach, Victor Edwards, and his family. But she often goes home to Barellan, 360 miles away, for visits.

—By Barbara Hurlbutt



AUSTRALIAN NEWS SERVICE

Australia's Evonne Goolagong (left) with Judith Salome of Holland.

puzzle corner

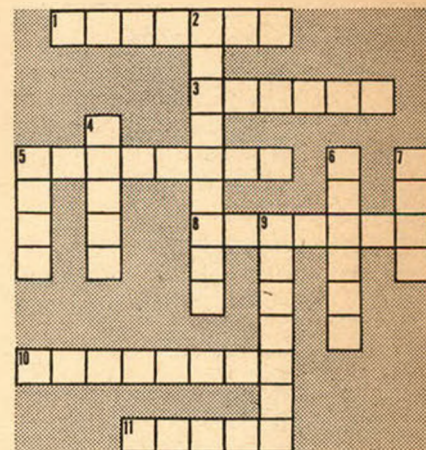
Across

- Name given to the isolated interior of Australia.
- The "Land Down Under."
- Largest and most important city of the world's island continent.
- A special project on the River will open up dry areas for crop production.
- This British explorer landed on the southeast coast of Australia.
- Australia's Prime Minister.

Down

- The "Land Down Under."
- A special project on the River will open up dry areas for crop production.
- This British explorer landed on the southeast coast of Australia.
- Australia's Prime Minister.

- Harold ---- was the former leader of the Australian government.
- Australia's leading trading partner.



Last Week

ACROSS: (1) Angeles; (6) Washington; (8) Chicago; (9) York; (10) Milwaukee; (11) Philadelphia. DOWN: (2) Louis; (3) Detroit; (4) San; (5) Baltimore; (7) Houston; (8) Cleveland.



NEWS QUIZ

Read a Map

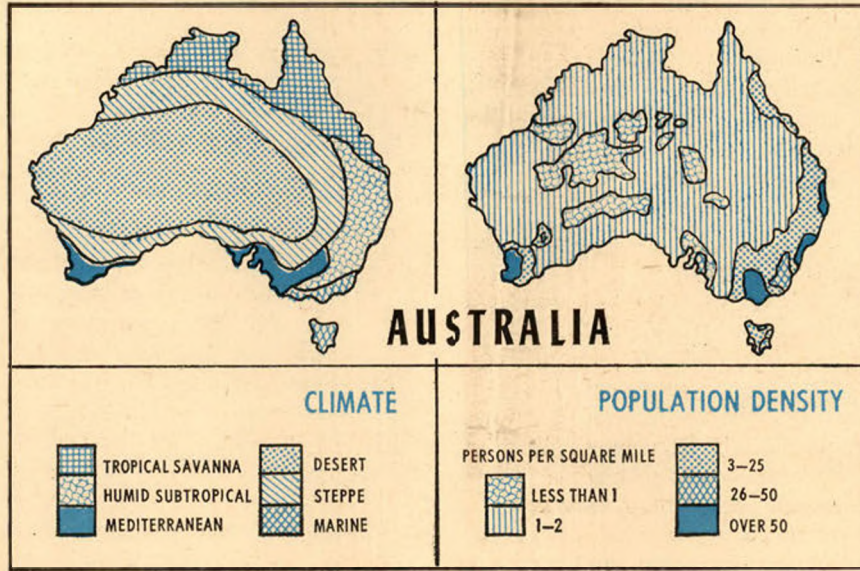
The maps on the right show facts about Australia. One gives information about the climate of that country and the other facts about population.

The map labelled "climate" shows six major types of weather conditions. Areas with a tropical savanna climate have dry winters and rainy summers. Long, hot summers with high humidity and short, cool winters are found in places with a humid subtropical climate. Areas with a Mediterranean climate have mild winters and warm, sunny summers. Winter is the rainy season. Summers are very dry.

Deserts are regions where rainfall generally averages less than 10 inches a year. In summer, desert temperatures may reach over 100°. Steppe areas have an average of about 10 to 20 inches of rain a year. The vegetation on the steppes is usually short grasses. A marine climate is characterized by cold summers and mild, damp winters. Seasonal changes are slight.

Use the maps on this page and the one on Page 3 to answer these questions.

1. The northern coast of Australia has a _____ climate.
2. Melbourne, in Victoria, has a population density of _____.
3. Tasmania has a _____ climate.
4. What type of climate does most of the interior of Australia have?



(a) Marine; (b) desert; (c) Mediterranean; (d) tropical savanna.

5. Most of the Northern Territory has a population density of (a) over 50; (b) 1-2; (c) 26-50; (d) 3-25.

The Primaries

6. Tomorrow, the state of _____ will hold the first Presidential primary of 1968.
7. _____ is favored to win the Republican primary in that state.
8. The only official candidate in the Democratic primary tomorrow is _____, a U. S. senator from Minnesota.

9. How many Presidential primaries will be held this year? (a) 50; (b) 15; (c) 25; (d) two.

10. Governor George Romney is being backed and "haunted" by a fellow Republican. He is (a) Lyndon Johnson; (b) Barry Goldwater; (c) Nelson Rockefeller; (d) Eugene McCarthy.

11. The Republican National Convention will be held in (a) Washington, D. C.; (b) Chicago; (c) Miami Beach; (d) Lebanon.

12. Some experts who are critical of our present system of selecting nominees for the Presidency of the United States would favor (a) a lottery to choose the nominees; (b) putting the names of all Presidential hopefuls on the ballot in November; (c) having the Senate select the nominees; (d) a nationwide Presidential primary.

13. The GOP Presidential hope-

ful with the "can't win" image is (a) Richard Nixon; (b) Lyndon Johnson; (c) Ronald Reagan; (d) Charles Percy.

Australia

14. The native people of Australia who hunt with spears, poison arrows, and boomerangs are called _____.

15. Australia was once a colony of _____, a European nation.

16. Most Australians live in the (a) Outback; (b) the southeastern coastal area; (c) Snowy River area; (d) northwestern part of the country.

17. The Outback is noted for (a) fishing; (b) farming; (c) sheep raising; (d) its large factories.

18. At present, the Australian government is (a) keeping all foreigners out of its land; (b) opposed to the U. S. policy in Viet Nam; (c) concerned about the lack of mineral resources in the country; (d) backing U. S. policy in Viet Nam.

19. In Australia, a station is a (a) large sheep farm; (b) reservoir; (c) mine; (d) region with poor soil.

20. A main means of transportation in the Outback is the (a) airplane; (b) bicycle; (c) canoe; (d) railroad.

Talking It Over

1. Do you think a national primary would be an improvement over our present system of selecting Presidential nominees? Why, or why not?

2. Why are ties between the United States and Australia expected to remain close?

Pronunciations

aborigines—ab-uh-rij'uh-nees
Auckland—ok'land
Canberra—can'behr-ah
Dunedin—dun-e'din
koala—koh-ahl'ah
Melbourne—mel'bern

in the mail

Shouldn't a 13-year-old girl choose her own clothes? By the time a girl reaches junior high she has a good idea about the kind of clothes she enjoys wearing. Then, too, she knows what her friends wear to school, church, games, and parties. She certainly should have a say in choosing her wardrobe.

On the other hand, it's a good idea if your mother helps in the selection of expensive items such as a coat, suit, or dress. If you're like most girls, you have to wear your clothes for more than one season. So it's only smart to have another person's advice when you buy an expensive item. There's one consolation: Stores have such a wide selection of attractive clothes these days that you shouldn't have any trouble finding something which both you and your mother will like.

One of my friends doesn't care how he looks. What can I do to help him? You run the risk of losing a

friend when you make personal remarks, so don't do that. Instead, try praising someone who is always trim. Let your friend know that most people put a lot of stock in neatness. This may encourage him to improve his appearance.

When I'm angry with a girl friend, I stop speaking to her. My sister says this is foolish. Is she right? When you stop speaking, you don't give your friend a chance to say she's sorry. It makes you appear childish and sulky.

If you really have something to be angry about—and you can't overlook it—why not tell the person how you feel? Then, she'll have a chance to tell her side and to apologize if she's wrong. And, it will give you a chance to set things straight—if you find that you share the blame.

I always say the wrong thing. All my friends are disgusted. We can't go around weighing every word, but we should try to think how our comments sound to others. Some people are naturally tactful; others must learn to be. So practice saying pleasant things until it's a habit.

—By HAZEL L. ELDRIDGE

just fun

Martian Boy: "Mother, may I have a sandwich?"

Mother: "Please wait a minute! My goodness, I only have six hands."

★

Jack: "I can turn a pumpkin into another vegetable."

Sally: "Really? How?"

Jack: "Throw it up into the air and it comes down, squash."

★

Lady Driver: "I'm afraid this accident was largely my fault."

Gentleman: "Not at all. I saw you at least three blocks away, and I had plenty of time to swerve down a side street."

★

City Girl (to farmer): "What a funny cow! Why doesn't it have any horns?"

Farmer: "There are many reasons. Some cows do not have horns until late

in life and still others are dehorned. But the reason this particular cow doesn't have horns is that it's a horse."

★

History Teacher: "Johnny, can you name the addresses by which we remember Washington and Lincoln?"

Johnny: "Mount Vernon and Springfield."



"Put that right back!"

CONTI



These two young wallabies seem to enjoy golf—at least watching it. They are smaller cousins of the kangaroo, and just as bouncy.

science WORLD

BIRDS that run rather than fly, and animals that hop rather than run. . . . These are some of the strange creatures found in Australia.

The most famous, perhaps, is the hopping kangaroo, which even has a place on Australia's coat of arms. Kangaroos come in all sizes (their smaller cousins are called wallabies). They are known as marsupials because they carry their young in pouches. Some Australians keep the animals as pets, and one even wandered into the lobby of a hotel in Melbourne. But the story goes that he was refused service in the hotel restaurant.

Kangaroos have powerful hind legs that enable them to make tremendous leaps of 25 to 30 feet as they bound along at speeds up to

25 miles an hour. When at rest, the kangaroo uses its muscular tail for support.

Cuddly Koala

The model for the teddy bear lives in Australia, too. He is the cuddly koala which is also called cute, lovable, clumsy, and roly-poly. The koala isn't so lovable, however, when he uses his large claws on the person holding him.

The furry creatures seldom survive outside of Australia. Their only food consists of eucalyptus leaves, which are plentiful in that country. They are fussy, though, and eat leaves of only 12 of the 600 species of eucalyptus. The koala likes to nap after a meal, and he often flops over a tree branch to take an afternoon nap.

Australia is also home to the strange duck-billed platypus which is part animal, part bird, and part fish. It has a furry body, ducklike bill, webbed feet, and lays eggs. The weird creature is at home on land or in the water.

The emu, a large bird that cannot fly, is another inhabitant of the "Land Down Under." It has tiny wings, but they are useless. Next to the ostrich, the emu is the largest bird on earth. Another strange bird is the kookaburra, noted for his harsh laughter. The gorgeous lyre bird, on the other hand, is famous for its amazing range of notes and calls. In a single "concert," a male lyre bird has been known to make as many as 40 different calls. It also mimicks the songs of other birds.

—By BARBARA HURLBUTT



A. DEVANEY

For being cute and cuddly, it would be hard to beat the koala, a little Australian native.

spotlight on NEW ZEALAND

The grass grows green and the sheep grow fat in New Zealand. And sheep are everywhere! One can't take a trip into the countryside without having to pause to let them cross the road.

BUT sheep aren't the whole story in New Zealand. For cricket and rugby players, the country is a world capital—a sportsman's paradise for horse racing, fishing, hunting, and mountain climbing. Although isolated and off the beaten track, New Zealand is easily one of the most beautiful places in the world (see map page 3).

Some people say New Zealand is a little bit of Britain that got stuck in the Pacific Ocean. Like Canada, it is an independent state belonging to the British Commonwealth of Nations. Two large mountainous islands—North and South—compose most of its 104,000 square miles (an area about the size of Colorado). Several smaller ones stretch for about 1,000 miles in the waters of the blue Pacific.

Touch of Britain

The city of Christchurch—where planes take off to explore Antarctica—looks like an English town with its bicycle traffic and tea shops. Yet New Zealand is unique in its own way. Dunedin, famous for its university, is as Scottish as it can be. And Auckland—home for hundreds of Polynesians from Fiji, Western Samoa, and Tonga—has

jokingly been called the capital of the South Seas.

Some 2,700,000 well-fed, easy-going people live in the island nation—including the Maoris, New Zealand's Polynesian natives. Even in the capital city of Wellington, life is slow—one reason why youngsters looking for adventure often go to Europe for a couple of years. There is usually steak or mutton for breakfast and a pint of fresh milk to wash it all down. Moreover, every family receives a weekly grant of \$1.68 for each child under 16.

Some Problems, Too

Still, New Zealand lags behind economically. Last year, its wool exports declined, and unemployment—something New Zealanders never heard of a few decades ago—is rising. These problems are causing Prime Minister Keith Holyoake's government some headaches. As one worried businessman complained, "I often want to pick up this country and shake it until it gets moving."

Yet some of New Zealand's plans have been imaginative. For example, New Zealand cooks taught Japanese TV stars how to cook New Zealand mutton. The stars went on the air and taught the Japanese. Now, mutton trade with Japan is growing. As one proud New Zealander put it, "This may not be the best place in the world, but it's good enough for me, mate."

—By VICTORIA Y. PELLEGRINO



NEW ZEALAND EMBASSY

Milford Sound in New Zealand's South Island is one of many picturesque spots in that land of mountains and peaceful valleys.

Primary Elections 1968

(Concluded from page 1)

Romney for the GOP nomination.)

Governor Romney's New Hampshire expenses are estimated at \$200,000—about the same as Mr. Nixon's. Because he was relatively unknown in the state, he has run a person-to-person campaign to meet the voters. Sidewalk handshaking and shopping-center tours have been part of his campaign.

He has been "haunted" by the Rockefeller image—even by his backers. When Rhode Island Governor John Chafee campaigned for Mr. Romney, he made a slip of the tongue. Speaking before a group of New Hampshire voters, he said, "I'm pledging my wholehearted support for Governor Rock—er—er—Governor Romney."

Some Surprises. Not all New Hampshirites voting in the Republican primary will cast their ballots for Mr. Nixon or Governor Romney. Some may write in their votes for one of the other GOP Presidential possibilities. In New Hampshire's 1964 GOP primary, Henry Cabot Lodge won the election. And his name wasn't even on the ballot!

This year, however, the ones who

can expect write-in votes are the Democrats. Minnesota's Senator Eugene McCarthy is the only official candidate in the Democratic primary. This handsome, silver-haired

Minnesotan opposes President Johnson's Viet Nam policies. While the President will not directly run against Mr. McCarthy in New Hampshire, his backers have organized a write-in campaign for him.

The Other 14. In addition to New Hampshire, 13 other states and the District of Columbia will hold primaries this year (see map, above). The number varies from year to year. In 1964, 18 states and the District had primaries.

The same candidates don't necessarily run in all the primaries. Wisconsin will hold the second primary on April 2. Besides Richard Nixon and George Romney, the names of two other GOP hopefuls will appear on the ballot. They are Ronald Reagan and Harold Stassen, a former governor of Minnesota. In Wisconsin's Democratic primary, President Johnson will run against Eugene McCarthy.

Another Way. Some political experts believe that the present system of choosing delegates to the party conventions could be improved. One answer, they say, would be a nationwide primary. Then, all voters throughout the country would go to the polls on primary day and express their opinions as to who should be the Presidential candidates.

At present, the candidates usually enter only the primaries they think they can win. As a result, such elections can create a false impression of the winning candidates' strength across the nation.

In states with no primaries,

party leaders choose the convention delegates. So, individual voters in these areas have no direct say about who the candidates will be. A national primary would give them a voice in that decision.

Those who oppose a national primary point out that such an election would be very costly. In effect, we would hold two national elections—one on primary day and the other in November when the Republican and Democratic candidates ran against one another.

"How many voters would turn out for the national primary?" critics ask. The turnout for primaries is usually much smaller than that for regular elections. There is no reason to believe more people would turn out for a national primary than do under our present system.

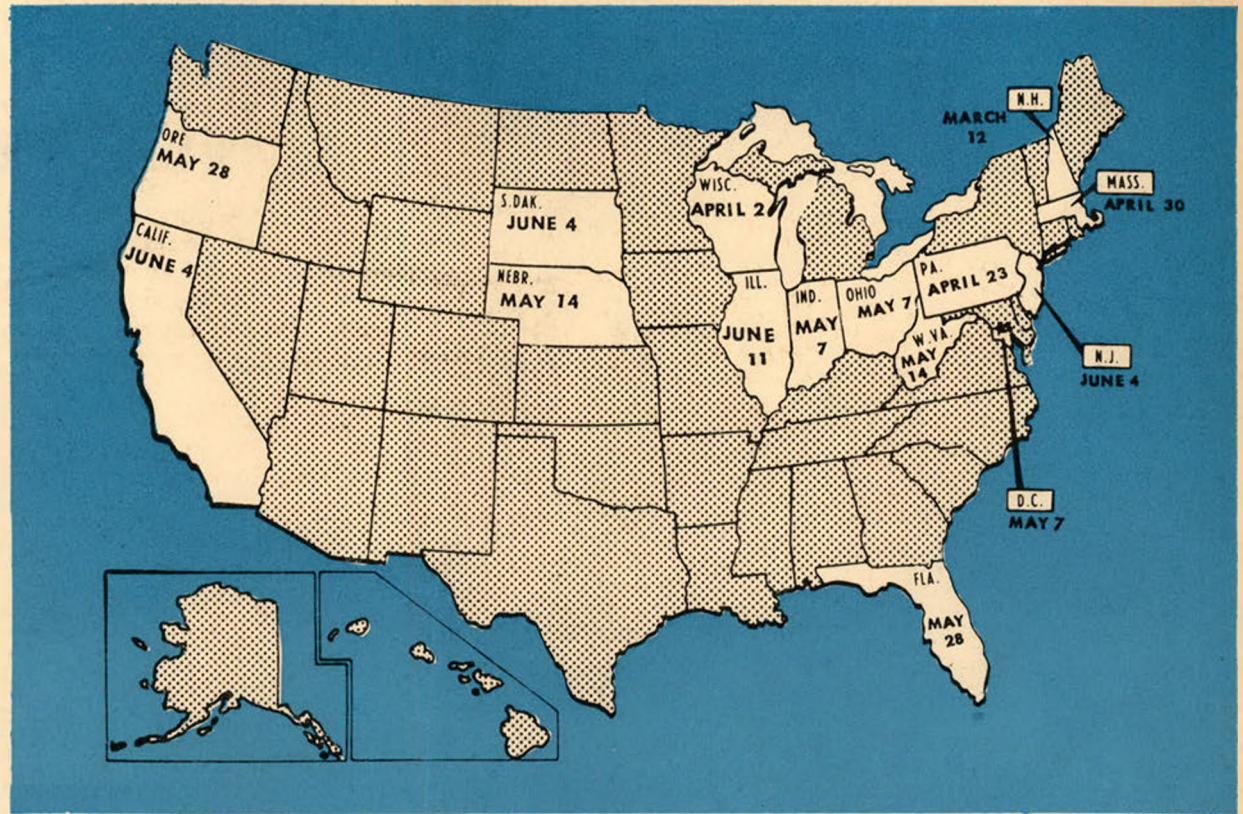
Whether the Presidential primary system is good or not, people enjoy the hullabaloo. In the 1964 primary campaign, Barry Goldwater made his way through a restaurant in Lebanon, New Hampshire. He shook hands and chatted with the lunchtime crowd. After the candidate left, the restaurant owner commented: "Oh, nobody minds. Last week Rockefeller, this week Goldwater—at this time of year we are glad to have any entertainment we can get."

—By ELIZABETH EINSIEDLER

Words To Remember

Presidential primary—an election within a party to select the nominee for our nation's top office.

Presidential timber—a person with wide public following who is considered a possible Presidential candidate.



Fifteen primary elections will be held across the nation in the next few months.



"The Political Sap Is Rising"—as this year's primary elections approach.

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A delirium of despair after victory roar

AT MIDNIGHT on June 4 a score or so of newspaper men were in a room adjoining the hotel pantry through which Senator Kennedy was going to talk to them after his victory speech in the ballroom of the Hotel Ambassador, Los Angeles. ALISTAIR COOKE was among them. Here is his account of the scene:

An hour or so before midnight, it was already clear that a wake was setting in at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, where the youngsters for McCarthy roamed in great numbers in and around the grand ballroom.

The percentage gap between McCarthy's lead over Kennedy was shrinking every quarter hour or so, as the returns from Los Angeles County began to overtake McCarthy's anticipated strength in Northern California. It was a young and doughty crowd gamely but hopelessly trying to keep its spirit up.

In this country, at any rate, only the very pure in heart love a loser. And it seemed a good idea to move on to the victory boy at the Ambassador. Wilshire Boulevard is one of the earliest of the long straight avenues that bisect the huge east-west spread of this city, and at such a time it seemed as long as a Roman road. The hotel's driveway was a miniature freeway in a traffic jam, and the human traffic inside the foyer was almost worse.

Glare of light

But at last, through the strutting cops and guards and the elated crowd and the din of whistles and cheers, it was possible to reach the North ballroom, a bone-white glare of light seen at the far end of the lobby.

Security is a fighting word at the Kennedy headquarters anywhere, and not without reason. You had to have a special Kennedy press card to acquire the privilege of being suffocated in the ballroom, and no other credentials for a reporter would do. I had only a general press card, a McCarthy badge, a driver's licence and such other absurdities. So I turned back and thought of fighting the way back home.

But just alongside the guarded entrance to the north ballroom was another door, around which a pack of ecstatic faces, black and white, was jostling for some kind of privilege view. There was a guard there, too, and a Kennedy man who recognised me, caught in the general wash, squeezed me through into an almost empty room. It was, like being beached by a tidal wave.

Taking a breather

The place was no longer than about 40 feet. It was a small private dining room, fitted out as a press room. There was a long trestle table against one wall loaded with typewriters and telephones; and standing by were a few middle-aged lady operators taking a breather.

In one corner was a booming television set switching between the rumblings of defeat at the McCarthy hotel and the clamour of victory in the adjacent ballroom. A fat girl wearing a Kennedy straw hat sucked a coke through a straw. There were 15 or 20 of us at most, exchanging campaign reminiscences and making the usual hind sight cracks at the Kennedys.

Pierre Salinger, Kennedy's press secretary, had promised,

that once the Senator had saluted his army he would go down from the ballroom stage, and come to see us through the kitchen that separated our retreat from the ballroom.

It was just after midnight. A surge of cheers and a great swivelling of lights heralded him, and soon he was up on the rostrum with his eager, button-eyed wife and Jesse Unruh, his massive campaign manager. It took minutes to get the feedback boom out of the mikes but at last there was a kind of subdued uproar and he said he first wanted to express "my high regard to Don Drysdale for his six great shut-outs." (Drysdale is a baseball pitcher whose Tuesday night feat of holding his sixth successive opposing teams to no runs had made him a legend.)

It was the right, the wry Kennedy note. He thanked a list of helpers by name. He thanked "all those loyal Mexican Americans" and "all my friends in the black community." Then he stiffened his gestures and his style and said it only went to show that "all those promises and all those party caucuses have indicated that the people of the United States want a change."

He congratulated McCarthy on fighting for his principles. He hoped that now there might be "a debate between the Vice-President and perhaps myself." He flashed his teeth again in his chuckling, rabbit smile and ended, "My thanks to all of you—and now it's on to Chicago and let's win there."

Cheers and tears

A delirium of cheers and lights and tears and a rising throb of "We want Bobby! We want Bobby! We want Bobby!"

He tumbled down from the rostrum with his aides and bodyguards about him. He would be with us in 20 seconds, half a minute at most. We watched the swinging doors of the kitchen. Over the gabble of the television there was suddenly from the direction of the kitchen a crackle of sharp sounds. Like a balloon popping.

An exploded flash bulb maybe, more like a man banging a tray several times against a wall. A half-dozen or so of us trotted to the kitchen door and at that moment time and life collapsed. Kennedy and his aides had been coming on through the pantry. It was now seen to be not a kitchen but a regular serving pantry with great long tables and racks of plates against the wall.

He was smiling and shaking hands with a waiter, then a chef in a high white hat. Lots of Negroes, naturally, and they were glowing with pride, for he was their man. Then those sounds from somewhere, from a press of people on or near a steam table. And before you could synchronise your sight and thought, Kennedy was a prone bundle on the greasy floor, and two or three others had gone down with him. There was an explosion of shouts and screams and the high moaning cries of mini-skirted girls.

The doors of the pantry

swung back and forth and we would peek in on the obscene disorder and reel back again to sit down, then to glare in a stupefied way at the nearest friend, to steady one boozy woman with black-rimmed eyes who was pounding a table and screaming, "Goddamn stinking country!" The fat girl was babbling faintly like a baby, like someone in a motor accident.

Out in the chaos of the ballroom, Kennedy's brother-in-law was begging for doctors. And back in the pantry they were howling for doctors. It was hard to see who had been badly hit. One face was streaming with blood. It was that of Paul Schrade, a high union official; and it came out that he got off lightly.

A woman had a purple bruise on her forehead. Another man was down. Kennedy was looking up like a stunned choirboy from an open shirt and a limp huddle of limbs. Somehow, in the dependable fashion of the faith, a priest had appeared.

The arrest

We were shoved back and the cameramen were darting and screaming and flashing their bulbs. We fell back again from the howling pantry into the haven of the pressroom.

Suddenly, the doors opened again and six or eight police had a "curly black head and a blue-jeaned body in their grip. He was a swarthy, thick-featured unshaven little man with a tiny rump and a head fallen over, as if he had been clubbed or had fainted perhaps.

He was lifted out into the big lobby and was soon off in some mysterious place "in custody." On the television Huntley and Brinkley were going on in their urbane way about the "trends" in Los Angeles and the fading McCarthy lead in Northern California.

A large woman went over and beat on the screen, as if to batter these home-screen experts out of their self-possession. We had to take her and say "Steady" and "Don't do that." And suddenly the screen went berserk, like a home movie projector on the

Turn to page 9, col. 8

REST OF THE NEWS

ERIC TABARLY yesterday withdrew Pen Duick IV from the "Observer" transatlantic yacht race, and two Britons were returning for repairs to their craft—but the other competitors were making good progress (report, back page)

GOLD: Britain is to draw \$1,400 millions from the International Monetary Fund, available under standby arrangements, to reorganise debt arrangements. Gold and convertible currency reserves fell by \$11 millions last month (back page).

int system

he said. Mr Callaghan hoped that this would be permanent, although it was too early to say. There had been a general acceptance of the law and the associated police activity.

"This is a remarkable achievement which reflects most highly on the whole service, who deserve indeed the very hearty thanks of all members of the public," he said.

One of the new measures decided to ban the press from all committee meetings; another decided to consider opening committee sessions to the press.

The ban—after 16 years' admission—by the Conservative controlled urban council at Redditch, was described as a "serious blow against democracy." The suggestion—carried by 12 votes to 10—had come from the council's new clerk, Mr Pat Rust.

After a campaign by reporters lasting several years Bournemouth council is now considering admitting the press to meetings of six committees as an experiment.

RAFALGH... SQUARE
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Rauhi Khatib (Mayor of Jerusalem) and Jordanian Arab British Members of Parliament

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A Whimshire Safari



THE GUARDIAN

Thursday June 6 1968

Price 6d

Despair after the roar of victory

Continued from page one

blink. And the blurred, whirling scene we had watched in the flesh came wobbling in as a movie.

Then all the "facts" were fired or intoned from the screen. Roosevelt Grier, a 300lb coloured football player and a Kennedy man, had grabbed the man with the gun and overwhelmed him. A Kennedy bodyguard had taken the gun, a .22 calibre. The maniac had fired straight at Kennedy and sprayed the other bullets around the narrow pantry.

Kennedy was now at the receiving hospital and soon transferred to the Good Samaritan. Three neurologists were on their way. He had been hit in the hip, perhaps, but surely in the shoulder and "the mastoid area." There was the first sinister note about a bullet in the brain.

In the timelessness of nausea and dumb disbelief we stood and sat and stood again and sighed at each other and went into the pantry again and looked at the rack of plates and the smears of blood on the floor and the furious guards and the jumping-jack photographers.

It was too much to take. The only thing to do was to touch the shoulder of the Kennedy man who had let you in and get out on to the street and drive home to the top of the silent Santa Monica Hills, where pandemonium is rebroadcast in tranquillity and where a little unshaven guy amuck in a pantry is slowly brought into focus as a bleak and shoddy villain of history.

Telephone threat

Los Angeles, June 5
Three weeks ago

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"A Bad Night in Los Angeles"
by Alistair Cooke

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501 Madison Avenue



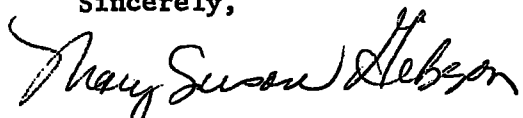
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July 3, 1968

Dear Mr. O'Neill:

Mr. Alistair Cooke asked me to send the enclosed chapter A BAD NIGHT IN LOS ANGELES to you. This is the text of Mr. Cooke's BBC talk to England on Sunday June 9th, 1968 and it relates his observations of the evening of June 4th.

Sincerely,



(Mrs.) Mary Susan Gibson

Federal Bureau of Investigation
201 East 69th Street
New York, New York

attention: Mr. O'Neill

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A BAD NIGHT IN LOS ANGELES

It does not seem nearly so long ago as thirty years that the trade of the foreign correspondent caught the fancy of the Hollywood producers. And for good reason. Hitler was on the loose, and Europe was crackling with crises and atrocities, and some of the best American reporters of the time—John Gunther and Vincent Sheean and Ed Murrow—always seemed to be on hand. They came to look like heroic agents of the American people, who were fascinated and repelled at long distance by the violence of Europe and who, I must say, indulged a good deal of self-righteousness in parroting the ancient American lament about “old, sick Europe.”

Well, I was saying, the foreign correspondent was in vogue. And soon Hollywood created a romantic stereotype of him. First in the Boy Scout version of Joel McCrea in a trench coat, then in the subtler variation of Bogart, who acted so tough and seemed as tricky as Goebbels but who—for all his smoker's cough and his cynical appraisal of passing females—was secretly on the side of all good men and true.

This attractive stereotype was not only larger than life but luckier than any journalist living or dead. He followed

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unerringly in the tracks of dictators and tipped off foreign ministers marked for *Anschluss*. He was behind the curtain when a king signed an instrument of abdication. He knew the man who shot the prime minister. He decoded the vital message that gave the date of the invasion. He was always where the action was.

In life, it is not like that. Only by the wildest freak is a reporter, after many years on the hop, actually present at a single accidental convulsion of history. Mostly, we write the coroner's inquest, the account of the funeral, the reconstruction of the prison riot, the *trial* of the spy, not the hatching of the plot.

On the night of Tuesday, June 4, 1968, for the first time in thirty years, I found myself, by one casual chance in a thousand, on hand: in a narrow serving pantry of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, a place that, I suppose, will never be wiped out of my memory as a sinister alley, a Roman circus run amok, and a charnel house. It would be false to say, as I should truly like to say, that I am sorry I was there. It is more complicated than that. Nothing so simple as a conflict between professional pride and human revulsion, between having the feelings and having to sit down and write about them. Yet, because I saw it for once not as an event to comment on but as a thunderbolt assault on the senses, my own view of the whole thing, now and later, is bound to be from the stomach up to the head. Visceral, as we say. I don't imagine that if your hand falls on a live wire you are in any condition to measure the charge or judge the sense of the public safety regulations or moralize about the electric company's dereliction of duty.

So my view of this miserable episode is probably strange and I ought not to ascribe to anybody else the shape or color of the opinions that floated up later from my muddled sensa-

29 ✓
 tions. I warn you about this, because I feel unmoved by some ideas that others feel strongly, and on the other hand I have some fears that others may not share. So, since this is a more personal talk that I could have hoped, I had better tell you how it came about.

On that Tuesday afternoon, I was in San Francisco, on one of those jewellike days that are revealed when the wrapping of the morning fog has been lifted. I had no great urge to fly to the vast spread of Los Angeles. On the contrary, I had hoped to spend the day padding down the fairways of the Olympic Club, which run like cathedral aisles between superb stands of cypresses. But it was election day, and Los Angeles is now the hub of California politics, if only because—of the fifty-eight counties of California—Los Angeles County alone accounts for 48 per cent of the vote. For the purpose of an election dateline, San Francisco, four hundred-odd miles away, was not much better than New York City. So it had to be done. I was going to have to report the general atmosphere of the winner's camp and the loser's.

I had seen scores of these election-night entertainments. They are amiable but blowsy affairs. But to give me a fresh view of a ceremony that had staled by familiarity, and also to make some compensation to a hostess who had offered me a bed, I had asked her if she would like to mooch around the town with me and see what we could see. She was agog with anticipation, for just as a foreign correspondent thinks a movie actress must have a fascinating life, so a movie actress thought a correspondent's life must be glamorous in the extreme.

So, high in the Santa Monica hills, amid the scent of the eucalyptuses and the pepper trees, we sat for a while after the polls closed and waited for a sign of the outcome. You don't have to wait long in these computer days. The

Oregon result was exactly predicted by the Big Brain twelve minutes after the polls closed, when the returns already in were less than one per cent. Somehow, the Brain was having more trouble with California. Party politics are, for various historical reasons, very loosely organized in that state, and, for one thing, its northern end tends to contradict the verdict of the south. So when the early returns from the north showed McCarthy in a commanding lead it proved nothing. Los Angeles County, with its heavy working-class vote and its swarms of Negroes (or blacks, as we are now more respectfully meant to say), and its Mexican-Americans, was fairly certain to go heavily for Kennedy. Pretty soon, the gap between McCarthy's tally and Kennedy's began to shrink and it became clear that, saving a miracle, McCarthy would not be able to withstand the avalanche of Los Angeles votes that began to move in for Kennedy. The computers were silent, but the writing was on the wall.

293 Just before eleven, then, we took off for the McCarthy hotel, and there was no doubt when we got there that the college boys and the miniskirt girls and the wandering poets and the spruced-up student leaders and the chin-up McCarthy staff were whistling in a graveyard. There was a rock band that whooped it up all the louder to drown out the inevitable news. They would pause awhile, and another ominous statistic would be flashed, and an m.c. would shout, "Are we downhearted?" And the ballroom crowd would roar its defiance of the obvious.

The Ambassador, a comparatively venerable hotel miles away on Wilshire Boulevard, was the Kennedy headquarters. And that was the place to be. We took off, and so did lots of other people, so that when we turned into the long driveway we lined up behind scores of cars containing all those sensible people who love a winner. At last we got into the

245 there. It's murder in there. Anyway, Pierre"—Pierre Salinger—"has promised that when Bobby gets through his speech he'll come through into this room and talk with us." It was an unbelievable break. We sat down and had a drink and heard the telegraph girls tapping out copy and tried not to wince at the television set in a corner that was tuned up to a howling decibel level.

A few minutes later the television commentators gave way to the ballroom scene, and Bobby was up there with his beaming helpers and his ecstatic little wife, and he was thanking everybody and saying things must change, and so on to Chicago. It was about eighteen minutes after midnight. We were standing outside the swinging doors that gave onto a serving pantry he would come through on his way from the ballroom to us. These doors had no glass peepholes, but we'd soon hear the pleasant bustle of him coming through greeting the colored chef and various waiters and bus boys who had lined up to shake his hand.

Then. Above the bassy boom of the television there was a banging repetition of sounds. Like somebody dropping a rack of trays, or banging a single tray against a wall. Half a dozen of us were startled enough to head for the swinging doors, and suddenly we were jolted through by a flying wedge of other men. It had just happened. It was a narrow lane he had to come through, for there were two long steam tables and somebody had stacked up against them those trellis gates, with artificial leaves stuck on them, that they use to fence a dance band off from the floor. The only light was the blue-white light of three fluorescent tubes slotted in the ceiling.

We heard nothing but a howling jungle of cries and obscenities and saw a turmoil of arms and fearful faces and flying limbs, and two enormous backs—of Roosevelt Grier,

hotel lobby and a tumult of singing, cheering, and happy hobnobbing. Election parties give out innumerable tickets and badges to keep out the rabble, but no one is more aware than a winning candidate that on such occasions the rabble are the people. So you can usually drift with the multitude and nobody asks for a credential.

294 It was not so at the Ambassador. Guards and cops blocked the entrance to the ballroom, and I doubt that a passport and a birth certificate and a personal recommendation from Senator Kennedy could have got you in. My own general press credentials were useless. The lobbies were too packed to lift an elbow and too deafening to talk in. My companion and I screamed at each other through the din of all these happy people and we decided that the whole safari had been a mistake. We turned and started down the corridor for the outdoors and for home.

On our left, about fifty feet along, was another door to another room and a pack of people trying and failing to get through. There was a guard shaking his head continuously and pushing people back and behind him a young Kennedy staff man turning down everybody. This man shouted over the bobbing heads, "Mr. Cooke, come on, you can get in here." We were folded in through the mob and emerged, as from a chute, into an open place: a cool, half-empty room, a small private dining room of the hotel stripped and fitted out as a press room. There were two newsmen I knew and a radio man untangling cables, and a swarthy photographer in a sweatshirt locking up his cameras, and one or two middle-aged women and a half-dozen Western Union girls, and a fat girl in a Kennedy boater, a young reporter in a beard, and, I guess, his girl.

It was a perfect private way through to the ballroom. But one of my reporter friends said, "You don't want to get in

the football player, and Rafer Johnson, the Olympic champion—piling onto a pair of blue jeans on a steam table. There was a head on the floor streaming blood, and somebody put a Kennedy boater under it, and the blood trickled down the sides like chocolate sauce on an iced cake. There were splashes of flash bulbs, and infernal heat, and the button eyes of Ethel Kennedy turned to cinders. She was wrestling or slapping a young man and he was saying, "Listen, lady, I'm hurt, too." And then she was on her knees cradling him briefly, and in another little pool of light on the greasy floor was a huddle of clothes and staring out of it the face of Bobby Kennedy, like the stone face of a child's effigy on a cathedral tomb.

296 I had, and have, no idea of the stretch of time, or any immediate sense of the event itself. Everybody has a vulnerable organ that reacts to shock, and mine is the stomach. My lips were like emery paper and I was feeling very sick and hollow. I pattered back into the creamy-green genteel dining room. And only then did I hear somebody yell, "Kennedy's shot, they shot him." I heard a girl nearby moan, "No, no, not again!" And while I was thinking, "That was in Dallas," a dark woman suddenly bounded to a table and beat it and howled like a wolf, "Goddam stinking country! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!" Another woman attacked the bright television screen and the image of the placid commentators, who had not yet got the news. My companion was fingering a cigarette package like a paralytic. I sat her down and went back in again. Everybody wanted to make space and air, but everybody also wanted to see the worst. By now, the baying and the moaning had carried over into the ballroom, and it sounded like a great hospital bombed and in panic.

It may have been a minute or twenty minutes later when a squad of cops bristling with shotguns burst toward us through the swinging doors of the pantry with their bundle

of the black curly head and the jeans, and the tight, small behind, and the limp head, and a face totally dazed.

Well, the next morning, when I saw and heard the Pope in his gentle, faltering English, I still could not believe that he was talking about the squalid, appalling scene in a hotel pantry that I had been a part of and would always be a part of.

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I don't doubt that such an experience is a trauma. And because of it, and five days later, I still cannot rise to the editorial pages and the general lamentations about a sick society. I for one do not feel like an accessory to a crime. And I reject, almost as a frivolous obscenity, the notion of collective guilt, the idea that I or the American people killed John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Martin Luther King and Robert Francis Kennedy. I don't believe, either, that *you* conceived Hitler, and that in some deep unfathomable sense all Europe was responsible for the extermination of six million Jews. With Edmund Burke, I don't know how you can indict a whole nation. To me, this now roaringly fashionable theme is a great folly. It is difficult to resist, because it provides emergency resuscitation to one's self-esteem. It deflects the search for a villain to some big corporate culprit. It offers cheap reassurance, cut-rate wisdom, but is really a way of opting out of the human situation: a situation that includes pity for the dead Kennedys and the living, compassion for Sirhan Sirhan, and sympathy for the American nation at a time when the vicious side of its frontier tradition—to which it has owed its vigor and variety—is surging up again, for reasons that no one has accurately diagnosed.

I said as much as this to a young friend. And he replied, "Me too. I don't feel implicated in the murder of John or Bobby Kennedy. But when Martin Luther King is killed, the

Above page is — lines SHORT

A BAD NIGHT IN LOS ANGELES 311

298 only people who know that you and I are not like the killers are you and I."

It is a tremendous sentence and exposes the present danger to America and its public order. The more people talk about collective guilt, the more they will feel it. For after three hundred years of subjection and lively prejudice, any desperate black man or deluded outcast is likely to act as if it were true: that the American people, and not their derelicts, are the villains.

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SEN.
KENNEDY



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Chiang Kai-shek give the communists representation in the government of China. He refused. On orders of General George C. Marshall, all American aid was withheld from Chiang.¹⁷ **GERMAN**

With Marshall's embargo enforced, Chiang had tanks and planes, but no gasoline. His troops had guns, but no ammu-

3
2
1
Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Republican of Wisconsin, charged during the hearings that General Zwicker was "not fit to wear that uniform." General Zwicker had refused to tell Senator McCarthy who ordered an honorable discharge for former Army Major Irving Peress, an Army dentist. (NY Times, Jan. 15, 1957, pg. 20)

Reuther's political stranglehold on the Democratic Party is not the only dangerous influence in the labor movement. Despite the well-publicized "cleanup" of the AFL and CIO in the 1940's when known communists were driven out, communists still control the unions in certain strategic areas of the economy.

The communist-control of the American Communications Association, whose members service many of Western Union's telegraph lines and the communications circuits from the Pentagon to key defense installations around the world was documented in an earlier chapter.²⁰ **GERMAN**

Harry Bridges, the Australian-born communist leader of the

the New York Times, Lattimore and a handful of pro-communist and pro-Soviet writers flooded the book channels with anti-Chiang, pro-communist books. Objective, anti-communist books on the Far East were "killed" when Lattimore and his pro-Soviet colleagues in the book review trade "panned" them.²³ **MARSHALS LOST CHINA**

being promoted to general. Another General who protected communists is not fit to wear that uniform."⁷⁵

Lionel Lokos, author of *Who Promoted Peress?*, the authoritative and comprehensive book-length study of the Peress-Zwicker-McCarthy case, said of those few words:

~~Those words were to haunt McCarthy to the end of his~~
graduates. Yet, their money, the prestige of their organizations, and their votes are frequently committed to the destruction of America. In a number of industries, sound thinking working men and dedicated union leaders have performed meritorious service in the difficult battle against communist infiltration. In other industries, the job still needs to be done.

A GERMAN CARL ERHARD OF 1978 OLIVE WAY.
PACA DENA GAVE THE ARAB RAY THE PISTOL IT KILLED
SEN. KENNEDY WITH GERMAN GAVE THE ARAB JOBS. A GERMAN
AN I.L. WIRIN IS GIVING THE ARAB MONEY IN PRISON. A GERMAN
AN R. PARSONS IS GOING TO DEFEND THE ARAB FREE OF
CHARGE SEN. KENNEDY REFUSED POLICE PROTECTION IN L.A.

HE SAID HE HAD HIS OWN BODY GUARD IT WAS GERMAN WM BARAK
WHO WAS GETTING DRUNK WHILE RAY WAS GETTING SHOT THE
KRAUT DIDNT SHOW UP TILL 30 MINUTES LATER GERMAN
L. THOMPSON OUR ARAB SCADIA TORUSSA GAVE GERMAN COMMIE
OSWALD \$450 IN RUSSIA TO GO BACK TO THE U.S. IT CAME
BACK AND KILLED PRES. KENNEDY AND POLICEMAN TIRPIT
8 MONTHS EARLIER IT TRIED TO KILL GEN. WALKER. COMMIE
OSWALD WANTED GERMAN COMMIE JOHN RBY AS HIS
LAWYER HE HAS DEFENDED KRAUT COMMIE SQUAREHEADS
FOR YEARS. THE OLDEST KENNEDY BROTHER JOE DIED IN WORLD
WAR 2 FIGHTING GERMAN FIENDS. TO BE A FRIEND OF THE
OF THE GERMAN VERMIN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS HATE THE U.S.
AND KILL HELPLESS PEOPLE LIKE THE ARAB AND OSWALD RATS DID
A GERMAN HANES OR HEINZ IS GOING TO DEFEND GERMAN BEAST
RAYN OR RAY WHO KILLED DR. KING. GERMAN FIEND R. SPECK WHO
SLAUGHTERED 8 NURSES JULY 14, 66 WAS DEFENDED BY GERMAN P. GATTY
WHY ARE GERMAN GERMAN VERMIN IN U.S. SO NICE TO THE ARAB VERMIN?
AFTER WORLD WAR 2 THOUSANDS OF GERMAN FIENDS MASS MURDERERS
ESCAPED TO ARAB COUNTRIES AND ARE BEING PROTECTED BY ARAB RATS
THIS IS THE KIND OF GERMAN FIENDS YOU FIND IN ARAB COUNTRIES

BERNARD BENDER IT WAS AN SS MASS MURDERER OF POLES IT WOULD
TIE UP POLISH CHILDREN AND TO AMUSE HIS CHILDREN HE SHOT OUT
THEIR EYES WHEN OUR GIs CAPTURED IT IT HAD A SACK OF
EYES IT TORE OUT OF LIVE POLES AND IT HAD 2 SHRUNKEN POLISH
HEADS IT IS NOW IN EGYPT WHERE IT ESCAPED TO IT'S CALLED
LT. COL BEN SALEM - LEOPOLD GEIS IT WAS AN SS FIEND IN ITALY IN
NAPLES IT FORCED 350 ITALIANS INTO A CAVE BLEW IT UP AND
BURIED THEM ALIVE THEN PUT MINES OUTSIDE CAVE AND KILLED
PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO HELP THEM IT TOLD ITALIANS TO GO TO CHURCH
AND PRAY THEN BURIED THEM ALIVE IN CHURCH TODAY IT'S IN EGYPT AS
COL. AL NAHAR

TO DAY GERMAN FIENDS ARE TRYING TO GET US INTO A
WAR WITH RUSSIA OVER BERLIN WHILE BEASTS IN W. GERMANY SELL
GUNS TO VIET COMMIES WHO KILL OUR BOYS - W. GERMANY BUILT
\$200 MILLION WORTH OF SHIPS FOR RUSSIA THE LAST FEW YEARS
JUNE 6, 67 THE U.S. SENATE VOTED TO DENOUNCE W. GERMANY
FOR BUILDING STEEL PLANTS FOR RED CHINA WHO IS HELPING
KILL OUR BOYS - W. GERMAN TRADE WITH COMMIE COUNTRIES IN
CREASED BY 100% SINCE THE WAR STARTED SO IF THE GERMAN
FIENDS DONT SPILL THE BLOOD OF OUR BOYS THEY GET RICH FROM
OTHERS WHO SPILL OUR BOYS BLOOD - RAY KIESINGER WHO RUN NEW. W.
GERMANY CLAIM HE DIDNT KNOW 18 MILLION HUMAN BEINGS
WERE GASED NOT ONE GERMAN FIEND KNEW ABOUT IT - BUT KIESINGER
WAS AN AIDE TO MASS MURDERER RIBBENTROP WHO WAS HANGED
AS A WAR CRIMINAL - KIESINGER TOP ADVISOR IS MASS MURDERER
ERNEST GROSSMAN WHO WAS AN S. FIEND IN CHARGE OF GUARDS IN
CONCENTRATION CAMPS - FEB 3, 64 PIG ERHARD WHO RAN W. GERMANY
CAME TO THE U.S. HIS SECURITY CHIEF WAS EWALD PETERS WHO
MURDERED 12,000 PEOPLE IN CON. CAMPS IT KILLED ITSELF AFTER IT LEFT
THE U.S. ONE OF THE NEW DOCTORS IN GERMANY WHO GOT 36000
MARKS FROM ADENAUER IS HANS MENGELE WHO SENT HUNDREDS
OF THOUSANDS OF MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO THE GAS CHAMBERS
HE MET THE INCOMING TRAINS AND POINTED OUT WHO WOULD DIE
IN THE GAS CHAMBER AND WHO WOULD WORK AS SLAVE LABORER
AND DIE LATER - GEN. SEPP DIETRICH WHO ORDERED THAT ALL AMERICANS
TAKEN PRISONERS AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE WERE TO BE
SHOT OUR BOYS WERE ROBBED TIED AND SHOT DOWN LIKE DOGS
THEN GERMAN FIENDS KICKED EACH BODY IN THE TESTICLES IF ONE
OF THE BOYS SCREAMED HE WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD - 5000 OF OUR
G.I.'S DIED IN THE GAS CHAMBERS GERMAN FIENDS SAID THEY WERE
SHOT WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GERMAN FIENDS AND THEIR
PAID STOOGES KEEP TELLING US TO FORGET ABOUT WORLD WAR 2
HOW CAN YOU WHEN THOUSANDS OF THEM ARE FREE IN GERMANY
ANY WE HAVE 200 OF THE FIENDS RIGHT HERE IN THE U.S.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE KRAVTSUM IN THE U.S. ARE THEY ANY
BETTER? JULY 14, 66 KRAVTSUM FIEND SPECK SLAUGHTERED 8 NURSES A FEW WEEKS
LATER GERMAN FIEND 17, ROBT. SCHMIDT OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA SAID IT WANTED
TO BE FAMOUS LIKE SPECK SO IT WENT TO A BEAUTY SCHOOL MADE 5 WOMEN
AND 2 CHILDREN LAY IN A CIRCLE ON THE FLOOR KILLED 4 WOMEN AND A CHILD
WOUNDED A 4 MONTH OLD BABY AND A WOMAN AND IT BECAME FAMOUS - AUG 1, 66
GERMAN FIEND DOPE ADDICT C. WHITMAN KILLED 15 WOUNDED 31 - AUG 3, 66 GERMAN
FIEND R. HILL STRANGLED AN EXPECTANT YOUNG MOTHER SO HARD IT
BROKE HER NECK THEN RAYED THE DEAD WOMAN AFTER KILLING THE BABY
SHE WAS MRS. PHYLLIS BLACK OF GRANADA HILLS - IN 1941 ALONE 33
U.S. GERMAN WERE CONVICTED AS SPIES FOR JAPS FOR \$110,000 GERMAN
LED THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR THEY KNEW EXACT TIME JAPS WOULD
BOMB P.H. IF THEY TOLD US 3500 OF OUR MEN WOULD HAVE BEEN SAVED.
LESS THEN A MONTH AFTER P.H. JAN 2, 1942 - 33 U.S. GERMAN WERE
WERE CONVICTED IN BRUXN N.Y. FOR SPYING FOR GERMANY AND SEN. TO
OVER 300 YRS. IN PRISON AND FINED \$5000 IN WORLD WAR ONE AND 2
U.S. KRAVTSUM HEADS KILLED THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS BY SABOTAGE

SEN. KENNEDY
KILLED BY A
GERMAN'S
PISTOL



THE
GERA-
CARL
ERH A
OF 1978

0411 WAF
PASADENA

56-156-1a148

the Soviet Mission were at the airport to wave good-bye.

Now the spotlight turned to Nelson "Bulldog" Drummond, the accused sailor, who was literally left holding the bag.

On October 5 a Federal grand jury returned a two-count indictment against the sailor. The first charge: espionage. The maximum penalty upon conviction: death in the electric chair.

ANOTHER GERMAN

The indictment also named the four former secretaries—Prokhorov, Vyrodov, Savelev, and Sorokin—as co-conspirators but not defendants; while Drummond was accused of conspiring to turn over to the Soviet Union or its agents "documents, writings, code books, signal books, sketches, photographs, photographic negatives, blueprints, plans, models, notes, instruments, appliances, and information relating to the national defense of the United States with intent and reason to believe that they were to be used to the injury of the United States and to the advantage of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

The second count alleged that Drummond attempted to ob-

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Wrote that
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SHOT KING
SHOULD BE
GIVEN A
MEDAL AND
A LARGE
PENSION
LIFE FOR
THE THUNDER
BOLT
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36
THAT
TAMM

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CLAIM DRINKING WATER
CONNECTED WITH COMMUNISTS

rest. The parents got the news from a newspaper reporter.

"If it hadn't been for that, my wife and I couldn't have taken the news when we heard it later over the radio," Drummond murmured. "The FBI should have notified us about the arrest."

The day after the arrest and on State Department orders, the United States Mission to the U.N. delivered a strongly worded note to the Soviet Mission.

"As host to the United Nations, the Government of the United States strongly protests these espionage activities directed against the internal security of the United States," read the note which mentioned Prokhorov and Vyrodov by name and accused them of paying substantial sums for classified documents they received.

"Not only are such activities clearly outside the scope of the official responsibilities of these members but they are an outrageous violation of their privilege of residence. . . . The United States Mission requests the permanent Mission of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to take the necessary

IN MEMORY OF
OUR SERVICEMEN
WHO NEVER HAD A
CHANCE TO FIGHT
FOR OUR COUNTRY
WHO DID NOT HAVE
A CHANCE TO
SHOW THEIR
COURAGE BECAUSE
THEIR BLOOD WAS
SPILLED BY U-S
GERMANS BEFORE
THEY HAD A CHANCE
TO FIGHT U-S GERMANS
SANK OUR SHIPS WITH
OUR TROOPS AND
DELIBERATELY RUINED
AMERICAN

RECEIVED
TV

They then commenced to beat him with iron bars all over the body until he lost consciousness and fell off the box. The two Kapos then went away. He was unable to work any more that day and had to be carried back to his block at the end of the shift. His body was badly bruised and he was in the hospital for four weeks. Siga was a deserter from the German Army. He was about 28 years old, 5 foot 7 in. tall, slender, with fair hair, thin face, long nose and pale complexion, clean shaven.

(110) STATEMENT OF HELENA KOPPER (Hungarian, aged 35)

I am 35 years of age. Neither my husband nor I are Jewish. I was arrested in Cracow in June, 1940, because the Gestapo suspected me of anti-German sympathies and found me in possession of an anti-German pamphlet. I was in prison for four months at the Gestapo prison, Cracow. I was sent to Ravensbrück Camp in October, 1940, and subsequently to Auschwitz-Birkenau in October, 1941, thence to Bergen-Belsen in December, 1944.

I recognize No. 2 on photograph Z/4/2 as S.S. Aufseherin Irma Grese. I knew her first in Ravensbrück in 1941, but I know of nothing against her during that time. She was Blockführerin at Auschwitz and subsequently in charge of the punishment company in Auschwitz from 1942 to 1944. She was in charge of the punishment company when working outside the camp, for six months in 1943. The remainder of the time she did not go outside. I was also in the punishment company and, during the time that Grese was in charge when working outside, we were employed outside the camp in a sand-pit. There were 700-800 women working in this company, some of whom were detailed to dig sand and fill iron trucks with the sand, and others had to push these trucks along a narrow gauge railway. The place in which we worked was surrounded by a strand of wire about three to four feet high and we were not allowed to go outside this wire boundary. There were twelve guards placed at intervals around the wire. It was the practice of Grese to pick out certain of the Jewish women prisoners and order them to get something from the other side of the wire.

She always worked with interpreters. When the prisoners approached the wire they were challenged by the guard, but as Grese usually picked out non-Germans, they did not understand the order and walked on and were shot. Some even of the prisoners who did understand German and knew it was death to cross the wire, did so because they were too weary and ill to bother. Occasionally a guard would not shoot but would force the prisoner to return to the working party. I myself was called as a witness at an enquiry which was held

in the morning of 15th April, the day on which the British arrived, he saw me with some of my friends. He followed us, driving us on all the time. He was carrying a wooden club. He shouted that all the corpses had to be removed from sight. In my party there was a Pole named Jacobovitsch who was very weak. He was aged about 40 and was a cobbler. Polanski started to shout at him to make him move more quickly, then started to beat him with the club. Jacobovitsch fell down and cried out, "I can't carry any longer." Polanski continued to beat him with his club until Jacobovitsch died. Polanski then ordered myself and other prisoners to drag the body to the large pit to drop it in, which we did.

(109) DEPOSITION OF SEVEK KOBRINER (Pole, aged 30)

On 20th June, 1945, I was shown by No. 14573509, Sergeant Edward Dinsdale, 86 Special Investigation Section, Corps of Military Police, a man whom I recognized as a Kapo in Drutte Camp. I knew him by the name of Burgraf, and I have now been told that his full name is Medislaw Burgraf.

At Camp Drutte, Burgraf was in charge of the working party to which I belonged. We worked in a shell factory, a branch of the Hermann Goering works, in day and night shifts. One night in February, 1945, a friend of mine called Wachtel, who came from Cracow, was very weak and could not work as quickly as the others. Burgraf approached him and commenced to beat him with a thick square stick all over the head, face and body. His eyes became very swollen and he had a bleeding nose. My friend was unable to continue working and had to sit down. When we left the factory at the end of the shift he was unable to walk, and another man and myself assisted him to the camp. When we arrived at our block my friend started shouting and throwing his bedding about. He spoke in a confused manner and generally behaved strangely, as if his mind was unbalanced. Burgraf called a warden of the hospital and I assisted the warden to carry the man to the hospital. Two days later friends in the hospital told me that Wachtel had died. I have not seen him since that date.

One day in January, 1945, I saw Burgraf beating my friend, Wolf Platkewitch, who worked in the same shell factory at Drutte. He hit him partly with his fists and partly with a wooden stick on the face. I do not know the reason for the beating, but I noticed that some shells which should have been stacked had collapsed. Immediately afterwards the Kapo, whom we called Siga, in charge of the working hall, appeared and I heard Burgraf tell him that Platkewitch had committed sabotage. Both Kapos then took him into a small wire-partitioned place where they laid him over a box face downwards.

AT THE LAST SUPPER, JEW CHRIST
SAID TO HIS DISCIPLES, "BECAUSE I LIVE
YE SHALL LIVE ALSO," THEN HE
REMOVED ALL DOUBT BY DYING ON THE
CROSS AND RISING FROM THE DEAD.
IN THAT MOMENT WAS ESTABLISHED
THE BED ROCK OF CHRISTIAN FAITH!

FRED DUQUESNE SEN. TO 18 YRS.
DIED IN A WELFARE HOSP. MAY 25, 1956 IN MINNAPOLIS
LILLY STEIN SEN. TO 10 YRS.

EVERETT ROEDER THE TRAITOROUS
DRAFTSMAN SEN. TO 16 YRS.
PAUL BANTE THE TOOL MAKER
18 YRS. CONRAD DOD SEN. TO 10 YRS.
HERMAN LANG 18 YRS.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN
BUND - WALTER KAPPE
WHO LOST THE

STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN
THE BUND TOPATZ KUHN

HE WAS IN CHARGE OF
THE SABOTEUR

IN THE SUBC

GERMAN TRAITOR PAUL BANTE WORKED
 AS A TOOL AND DIE-MAKER HE WOULD
 HANG OUT IN THE LITTLE CASINO RESTAURANT
 IN MANHATTAN'S TONKVILLE SECTION WITH A
 FULL OF U.S. GERMAN TRAITOR HE TOOK THE
 GERMAN'S THEIR ORDERS ARE TO CREATE
 INTERNAL DISCONTENT AND TO COME
 TROUBLE AMONG WORKERS EVERY STRIKES
 WILL ASSIST THE FATHERLAND
 OTHER G TRAITORS EVERETT TOLVEDER
 A DRAFTSMAN HE WAS PAID BY GERMAN
 CONRAD DOLO WAS A SHIP STEWARD
 WHO CARRIED MICROPHOTOGRAPHS AND
 MESSAGES FROM GERMAN AGENTS

GERMAN TONK TOLVEDER
 STARTED FINDER IN ONE
 SHIP AND WAS PLANT
 SET UP IN CHESTNUT STREET
 IN SEATED WITH
 PHOTOS PHOTOGRAPHS

33 GERMAN TONK TOLVEDER
 WERE SENT TO WARDEN
 THEIR 3000 TO
 FIND AND
 1900
 SEVERAL
 WHOSE GRAND
 FATHER WAS A
 NEW WAS REASON

File No. 56-156-1a ¹⁴⁹Date Received 7/17/68From Capt Don Burk
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)PD
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)Pomona
(CITY AND STATE)By J. Kellison
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No

Description:

arrest report
re Richard David
Giles

See Ser 1177 7-26-68

OFFICER'S FIRST REPORT

POLICE DEPARTMENT, POMONA, CALIFORNIA

I.B. NO.		BOOKING NO. 14190		D.R. NO. 68-12710						
BURGLARY	RES.	AUTO	OTHER	THEFT: OVER \$50	UNDER \$50	GRAND	PETTY	ASSLT DEADLY WEAPON		
ROBBERY:	WEAPON	STRONG ARM	OTHER CRIME/INCIDENT: 647f PC INTOXICATION							
OCCURRED: LOCATION, ADDRESS, NO., STREET				BEAT	DISTRICT	TIME	MO.	DAY	YEAR	DAY OF WEEK
Mission Blvd. and San Antonio Ave., Pomona				5		2:26 a.m.	7	16	68	X
VICTIM/OWNER: LAST NAME FIRST		ADDRESS		NO.	STREET	DATE-BIRTH	SEX	PHONE: RES. BUS. PHONE: RES. BUS.		
General Public										
REPORTED BY: LAST NAME FIRST		ADDRESS		NO.	STREET	DATE-BIRTH	SEX	PHONE: RES. BUS. PHONE: RES. BUS.		
Undersigned										
DATE AND TIME REPORTED: Tues 7-16-68 2:26 a.m.		REPORTED TO: Obs	REPORTED BY: PERSON	VICTIM CONTACTED: YES		NO				
VICTIM'S OCCUPATION		SEX	PHONE RACE	OTHER: AGE	DESIRES TO PROSECUTE: YES		NO			
					PROPERTY ATTACKED (TYPE PREMISES AND/OR TYPE LOCATION)					
HOW ATTACKED - POINT ENTRY		MEANS OF ATTACK (TOOLS, WEAPONS, OR MEANS USED)								
OBJECT OF ATTACK (TYPE PROPERTY TAKEN)		TRADEMARK OR PECULIARITY								
VEHICLE USED BY SUSPECTS (COLOR, YEAR, BODY, TYPE, LICENSE NO.)										
SUSPECTS (NAME, ADDRESS, IF KNOWN) PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION										

NAME (LAST NAME FIRST)		RESIDENCE ADDRESS (NO., ST., CITY)		DATE AND TIME OF ARREST					
CILES, Richard David		351 N. Indian Hill Blvd., Claremont		7 16 68 2:26 a.m.					
PLACE OF ARREST		CHARGE (SECTION NO. AND CHARGE)		BIRTHPLACE					
Mission & San Antonio Ave.		647f PC Intoxication		Utah					
AGE	BIRTHDATE	RACE	SEX	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HAIR	EYES	DRIVER'S LIC. NO.	SOC. SEC. NO.
44	5-20-24	white	X					None	
VEHICLE: MAKE, TYPE, LIC. NO.				NAME, LOCATION, GARAGE - IF VEHICLE STORED OR IMPOUNDED					
None									

CHECK APPLICABLE BOXES				ADMITS DRINKING? YES		NO X		WHAT? WHERE?	
ATTITUDE:	ANTAGONISTIC	STUPOROUS	PASSIVE X	CO-OP	WHEN?	FACE:	FLUSHED	X PALE	OTHER
BREATH:	X ALCOHOLIC	NOT ALCOHOLIC	strong			GAIL:	X STAGGERING	DOWN	OTHER
COORDINATION:	X POOR	FAIR				SPEECH:	INCOHERENT	X THICK	OTHER
EYES:	X BLOODSHOT	X WATERY	OTHER						

DETAILS: (1.) List names and addresses of additional suspects, witnesses. (2.) Reconstruct the crime/incident. (3.) Itemize and describe properly taken or recovered, listing all serial numbers, identification marks and value.

Undersigned observed the suspect sitting on the sidewalk on the E/side of the Budget Ranch Market, E. Mission Blvd., leaning against the E/wall. When the suspect stood up and walked undersigned noted that he was staggering in his gait. Undersigned made the above observations concerning the suspect's condition. Undersigned asked the suspect to walk a straight line heel to toe as demonstrated. The suspect stated, "Come on, you know I can't do that." The suspect attempted the maneuver, however fell off of balance and was unable to walk the line. Undersigned did not request any further tests in regard for the suspect's safety. The suspect was unable to care for his own safety and welfare, was advised of his constitutional rights and placed under arrest for 647f PC. Undersigned transported the suspect to the Pomona City Jail, where he was booked and lodged on the above charge.

ADVISED OF RIGHTS PER Miranda		DECISION: REMARKS: Yes I do		DATE		TIME		E.A.P. NO.	
APPROVED BY		REPORTING ARRESTING OFFICER'S SIGNATURE		DATE		TIME		E.A.P. NO.	
		Al. Betty / C Klippenstein		7-15-68					

INVESTIGATOR'S COPY

Rel 7/17/68

56-156-1A149

File No. 56-156-1a¹⁵⁰Date Received 7/17/68From Capt Don Burk
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)PD
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)Pomona
(CITY AND STATE)By J. Kellison
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes☒ No

Description:

3 X 5 slip of
paper bearing
notation --

FBI
Sergeant B. Serhan --

56-156-1a 150

Herbert Gile

F.B.I.

Seikan B Seikan

Saff & Lunn -

M.A.

800-5

029-8013

2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

File No. 56-156-1a 151Date Received 7/12/68From Richard L Cohen aka
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)Richard Rosen
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)Studio City, Calif.
(CITY AND STATE)By Richard P. Doucette
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes☒ No

Description:

Signed statement