A Muckraker's Guide to 1968 & other horrors

Partial Contents:
The CIA/NSA Scandal;
"I Quit!" by a Green Beret;
The Vietnam Lobby Exposed;
Ten Mysterious Deaths surrounding JFK's Murder;
Jorel's Bestiaries;
BJ's Favorite Construction Co.;
Jutting the Black Panthers;
Confessions of an FBI Wiretapper;
How the CIA Murdered Che Guevara;
What the Hell is a University Doing Buying Guns Anyway?;
Muckraking Contraception;
Who Really Rules Columbia;
Teapot Dome in Colorado?;
Cheating the Indians in Maine;
The Barbie Doll Menace;

and 1969's first scandal:
The Army's Devil's Island in San Francisco

from the pages of Ramparts
1968 in Review, if you can stand it:

[Humphrey and his men did their thing at Chicago . . . and Wallace tooted his way to 14 per cent of the vote]

Apologia:

MY MAN SYDNEY SMITH, who said, among other lovely things, "I have only one illusion left and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury," gives us our text for that chamber of horrors of months which was 1968.

A lepid letter writer of the earlier 19th century, a wit and a Whig and by profession a parson, Smith assumed the editorship of a lively journal called the Edinburgh Review as the century was changing guard, and he saw the state of England as thus:

"The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the Game Laws were horribly oppressive—Steel Traps and Spring Guns were set all over the country—Prisoners tried for their Lives could have no Counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of Political Economy were little understood—the Law of Debt and Conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the slave trade was tolerated—and a thousand evils were in existence...."

It is doubtful whether Timon of Athens could have socked it to the reading public much gloomier, though Smith's Whiggish optimism led him to conclude, later, that many of these evils had in fact been lessened or removed by "good and able men" who were "not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the Edinburgh Review."

But such positive editorial thinking seems violative of 1968, which proved no time for optimists, let alone Whigs. Only Norman Mailer, feverish from elephantiasis of the ego, could issue a self-congratulatory advertisement for his deportment and efficacy in a year when demons seemed in charge and events occurred so often beyond our control, and often beyond our ken.

Men who promised change were murdered, those who stood up for justice—in Paris and Prague, Chicago and Mexico City—were violently and basely suppressed, hope in the electoral process was dimmed and the national spirit further darkened, and then there was Wallace and, ultimately, Nixon.

Finally the tempest year 1968 has worn itself down, and there remains only the tradition of us sallow journalistic types kicking it out of bed without any undue senti-
mentality.

This special, fat issue was conceived as such an exercise in journalistic retrospective, reviewing the jagged pieces of 1968 as they were seen with gloomy objectivity through Ramparts' horny-rimmed glasses.

Not to keep you in suspense, we have chickened out. A fulgurant shock of recognition at the quite fulsome horror which was

68 developed when we Scotch-taped on my office walls Rampants' living color coverage of the year (the tape stuck to the imitation mahogany so the pictures, all bloody and melancholy, will probably remain there until the next great Earthquake). We decided that, with the exception of the mean and the distempered, no one could want to go through 1968 again, ever. (Some of that pictorial coverage is reproduced on the top half of these pages. Enough is enough, however.)

Instead we pondered, in a morose moment of introspection, whether all journalists, ourselves included, were, like sailors strapped to the mast in a storm, destined only to observe and chronicle horror after horror—or whether the tradition of "honest
boldness" that RAMPARTS represents in our time could contribute something to alter the conditions of man, or at least to alter most men's permissive attitudes towards those conditions.

From that stringent perspective, at least, even 1968 had its up side. We pressed on with Jim Garrison's case against the Warren Commission, backed up the rebel Columbia students with an account of that institution's unbelievable business wheeling-dealing, exposed the CIA's operation to murder Che Guevara, explained how it all came to pass at Chicago, first reported the stirrings of black athletes against the white Olympics, dove into the year's greatest publishing race and came up with the plum of the Che Guevara diaries; the nation's leading black radical writer, Eldridge Cleaver, became a RAMPARTS senior editor, and among other exposes, we muckraked the extraordinary and unparalleled profit-friendship relationship between the federal bureaucracy and Litton Industries, the conglomerate thing. That was all good and well for 1968, but remember the other years too.

The year just expired marked RAMPARTS' fifth in the muckraking field, and that observation defined the scope of this special issue. The collection of muckraking essays in this edition begins back in 1964 when RAMPARTS had but 11,000 circulation and Viet-Nam was still a strange-sounding name. Most RAMPARTS subscribers have never read many of these articles—which taken as a literature of their own constitute a most affirmative answer to the question of what an "honest boldness" can produce in contemporary journalism. It is an even more serious indictment of the atrophied and complacent state of our press when one considers, as Sydney Smith certainly would, that most of these articles would never have been printed if RAMPARTS had not existed.

If the following overview of these last five RAMPARTS years of purposeful and resourceful journalism leave you more prone to err on the hopeful side of 1969, we have succeeded in our New Year's wish. Actually, putting this issue together has cheered us up immensely, too. —w.h.
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Inside the Army Stockade at San Francisco’s Presidio where 21 prisoners have tried to kill themselves.

At the time of his death, Private Richard Bunch was a prisoner in the military stockade at the U.S. Army Presidio, one of San Francisco’s prettier landmarks. He left, as his last testament, some scraps of paper covered with the scribblings of a tortured mind: “UNITED STATES I’ll pay . . . I’m not giving up my cross if I have to work for it a thousand years . . . . Very well since they want me I’LL DO IT . . . . Well if your [sic] not going to give me love at least do me the favor of complete elimination . . . . But one click and its over . . . .”

By Don Duncan
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Last May Private Bunch went AWOL and visited his mother in Dayton, Ohio, informing her he had died twice and had been reincarnated as a warlock, that he could walk through walls and that he had the evil eye. His mother took him to a civilian hospital which notified the military authorities. MP's were sent to arrest him, and although psychiatric help was promised, he was shipped to San Francisco and put in the stockade.

On the morning of October 11, after hiding his confused notes under his mattress, he refused to go on work detail. According to witnesses, the guard took a crucifix from the five-foot-four, 120-pound Bunch and returned it only when he agreed to work. Throughout the morning Bunch asked fellow prisoners how to commit suicide. Various methods were suggested to him, including running from the work detail. Finally, Bunch asked the guard whether he would be shot if he ran, and according to those present he was told, "You'd have to run to find out." Bunch is then reported to have answered, "All right, but please aim at my head."

What happened next is described by one of the witnesses, Linden Blake, in a sworn statement: "I heard footsteps and the click of a shotgun being cocked, and I turned to see the guard aim and fire, hitting Bunch in the small of the back. There was no command of 'halt' given by the guard, and Bunch was 25 to 30 feet from the guard when he was shot. There was one shot fired. After shooting Bunch, the guard whirled, pointed his gun at me and yelled, 'Hit the ground or I'll shoot you, too.' Then he seemed to have flipped and said, 'I hit him right where I aimed—in the lower back.' "

Bunch died on the street; the guard was absolved of blame and the shooting was termed justifiable homicide. The affair could grow out of a prisoner demonstration which had occurred the previous night when news of Bunch's death became known. Several prisoners filled out standard forms according to witnesses, the guard took a crucifix from the five-foot-four, 120-pound Bunch and returned it only when he agreed to work. Throughout the morning Bunch asked fellow prisoners how to commit suicide. Various methods were suggested to him, including running from the work detail. Finally, Bunch asked the guard whether he would be shot if he ran, and according to those present he was told, "You'd have to run to find out." Bunch is then reported to have answered, "All right, but please aim at my head."

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Bunch died on the street; the guard was absolved of blame and the shooting was termed justifiable homicide. The affair might have ended there if it hadn't been for some interested private citizens, Bunch's fellow prisoners and some unlikely coincidences.

On the following day a group of active duty GI's, reservists and veterans conducted a large peace march and rally in San Francisco. The shooting of Bunch was announced to the crowd. One of the marchers in the peace parade that day was Private Richard Gentile, who was counted AWOL and sent to the stockade.

Back at the stockade, the officer in charge, Captain Lamont, read Article 94 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice (Mutiny) to the prisoners; it was feared a mutinous action could grow out of a prisoner demonstration which had occurred the previous night when news of Bunch's death became known. Several prisoners filled out standard forms requesting communication with superior officers and press interviews to counter the justifiable homicide verdict. The requests were refused.

On Monday, October 14 at work call, after answering the roll call, 28 men sat down on the grass and started singing "We Shall Overcome" and "America the Beautiful." When Captain Lamont arrived, one of the men reread a list of grievances which had been submitted two days earlier. Heading the list was a demand for a full investigation into Bunch's death and into general stockade conditions. Complaints included bad sanitation, untrained guards and custodial personnel, discrimination against black prisoners, lack of medical treatment and overcrowding. The men also requested that guards be changed every 30 days to offset accumulated antagonism toward prisoners and that all guards be given psychiatric examinations to determine suitability before assignment to stockade duty. Captain Lamont walked away, and 27 of the prisoners were charged with mutiny.

Since that time, lawyers, concerned clergymen and others have visited the stockade to look around and talk to the prisoners. Their combined reports make the Presidio stockade sound like a cross between Bedlam and Devil's Island, and investigation has shown that Richard Bunch's case is not unique.

At the request of and with the assistance of the citizens' groups, the prisoners compiled and smuggled out a list containing the names of 21 prisoners who have attempted suicide, with varying degrees of success, since June 1968: Ricky Lee Dodd has tried hanging, cutting his arms and drinking lye; Mike Gallagher and Mike Johnson cut their wrists; Anthony Corroles cut his throat; Privates Birch, Irving, Lee, Fields, Cramer and Schwartz have slashed their wrists; Wilbur Rich has cut his arms, as has Lawrence Reidel in addition to trying to hang himself; Donald Heaston cut his throat and tried to hang himself; James Hayes drank oven cleaner and Private Washington drank poison; Mike Sanders slashed his wrists, arms and chest; William Hayes drank shampoo; Private Hall stuck a spike in his vein and drained off a quart and a half of blood before help came.

Richard Gentile, the young soldier charged with AWOL because he attended the GI Peace March, drank chrome polish, had his stomach pumped, was returned to the stockade and thrown into the "box"—solitary confinement. Later he slashed his wrists. Gentile finally had a complete breakdown and was taken to Letterman General Hospital psychiatric ward and kept under sedation. On December 10, upon hearing he was to be sent back to the stockade, he escaped from the hospital and is now hiding in San Francisco. He wants to turn himself in to another hospital at some other post, but he is determined not to go back to the Presidio stockade. Lawrence Reidel is also in the stockade because he attended the Peace March. Neither of these men had been convicted of a crime, only charged with one.

Ricky Lee Dodd, after slashing his wrists, was bandaged at the hospital and sent back to the stockade. He later tried to hang himself with his own bandages. He was pronounced dead at Letterman Hospital but was eventually resuscitated. Ben Seaver of the American Friends Service Committee, who visits Ricky at every opportunity, asked the young soldier why he keeps trying to kill himself. Dodd answered that he has never been conscious of wanting to kill himself, even though he generally feels pretty low. Every so often, however, he starts to feel good, even happy, and then he sees strange black and white patterns in front of his eyes and blanks out until he comes to in a hospital, an attempted suicide.

Father Mark Sullivan, Reverend Frank Plaisted (a reserve Naval officer), Brian Drolet of the National Committee for the Defense of Military Prisoners, and Paul O'Brien, a teacher and former Foreign Service officer, have found that so far as they can determine—investigating in the face of resistance from the military—this list of suicide attempts checks out. It has subsequently been sworn to under penalty of perjury by John David Colip, a prisoner in the stockade.

A delegation of citizens, headed by Charles Golden, Methodist bishop of the Northern California-Nevada Conference, Dr. Clifford Crummey, director of the Northern California Council of Churches, and Ben Seaver attempted to call on...
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Lieutenant General Stanley Larson, the Sixth Army commander, to ask for a full and impartial investigation into stockade conditions and the prisoners' charges. They were side-tracked to Major Harvey Homel, the post judge advocate. When asked about the suicide attempts, Major Homel dismissed them as "gestures." He was asked if he thought the case of Ricky Lee Dodd was an example of a "gesture." His only reply was a shrug, though he went on to explain how well the Army takes care of its own and how concerned it is with the welfare of all its men.

What drives so many men to make attempts on their lives? Father Mark Sullivan, a Catholic priest who has been a regular visitor for almost a year at the Presidio stockade, offers a partial explanation: "Only by visiting and talking with the men inside the stockade can you begin to grasp their torment, and even then I doubt if it's possible to realize what it must be like to live in the conditions there 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The physical and psychological conditions are such that it takes an extremely strong person to keep his head straight if he is kept in the stockade for even relatively short periods. The prisoners are thought by many of their guards to be less than people and are treated accordingly. There seems to be a constant effort to break them down until the prisoners also believe they are less than people. The rules of the stockade are continually changed, usually quite arbitrarily, a device well calculated to increase the confusion of those who must obey or be punished. I myself asked for a copy of the rules on several occasions but so far nobody has been able to locate them. . . . These are men on the hard edge of society under continual demonic pressure to force them over that edge."

Because the Army prefers to dismiss these incidents, rarely does the attempted suicide patient receive psychiatric attention. Usually his wounds are bandaged and the prisoner is returned to the stockade, most often to segregation in the "box." In fact, soldiers are not given any psychiatric testing prior to being put in the stockade, nor is there a psychiatrist in residence.

The standard capacity for the Presidio stockade is 88 men, with an emergency capacity of between 115 and 150. Regulations state that an emergency capacity is not to be tolerated for more than seven days. The stockade has held an excess of 115 prisoners since August 22, 1968. During the first two weeks of October, when the prison population averaged 129 and ran as high as 140, the stockade drew rations for 104 people which also had to feed eight guards and three cooks.

Most of the charges made by the prisoners have been verified by guards and others at a pretrial mutiny investigation. Prisoners, for instance, have access to only four toilets and seldom are all four working. Overflowing latrines spill human excrement on the floor, which has no drain. Private First Class Philip Cohen, a guard, testified under oath that in his opinion things were so bad at the stockade he had hoped that the prisoners' protest would be successful. When asked if he would be surprised to learn that Richard Bunch's death was actually suicide he replied in the negative. He went on to say that suicides and attempted suicides were all too common at the Presidio stockade for him to be surprised. Pressed further, he said he could recall, off-hand, 30 suicide attempts made by 21 prisoners. At the same hearing, Sergeant Miguel Morales testified that at least one of the guards was a known racist.

Under questioning, Major Lamont acknowledged Morales' statement and said that there had been no action taken to replace the guard.

There are five segregation cells at the Presidio stockade, three administrative and two disciplinary. The former are painted all white and measure 4 by 8. The latter are painted black and measure 4 by 5 by 8. In both cases the only light is artificial and comes from a grill on top of the cell. The federal court petition states: "None of said cells contains a commode and in order to relieve themselves, the prisoners must pound on the door of their cells and shout until they are able to attract the guard's attention. Frequently, the guards are otherwise occupied or unwilling to respond to the prisoners' calls. Prisoners are frequently forced to relieve themselves on the floor of their cells and their excrement or urine is allowed to remain on the cell floor for considerable periods of time. Prisoners in the segregation cells have been refused permission to brush their teeth, bathe, or change their clothes for periods up to a week. The heating in these cells is inadequate and to punish recalcitrant prisoners, guards take the prisoner's clothes and blankets from him and throw water on his naked body. At times urine has been substituted for water."

Private Keith Mather testified that when prisoner Ricky Lee Dodd was in administrative segregation, a guard squirted him with a urine-filled water pistol. He was also offered razor blades and told that if he wanted to kill himself, "Here you go." Dodd had attempted suicide the day before. Prisoners Jones, Pawlowski and Kramer, in the box at different times, were forced to lie in their own excrement after guards refused latrine requests. Other prisoners had their blankets pulled off during the night and windows were opened by the guards to increase the discomfort.

It must also be kept in mind that most of the soldiers in the stockade are not there as a result of major felony convictions. Most of the 27 "mutineers" were originally sent to the stockade on simple AWOL charges. In fact, a man can be in the stockade without a conviction, simply awaiting trial. Such is the atmosphere of the stockade, however, that if the pretrial period lasts more than a few days the man will become "guilty" of violating other regulations. Stephen Roland, the son of an Air Force colonel, states, "Because many men get additional charges after coming here, because of the tension of shotgun details, because of crude sanitation, because of the box, and because of the number of incidents . . . there exists a general atmosphere here which often forces an individual into action he normally would not even consider."

Roland and others, under penalty of perjury, have testified to the lack of proper medical attention or, when it is received, to the disregarding of medical orders by stockade personnel. And the guards either lack even the most basic first aid training or just don't give a damn. After ten days in the hospital with hepatitis, a prisoner who was still ill was returned to the stockade and put in the box. Men on bed rest are forced to stand formations, and "a sergeant once had a man's cast removed from his broken arm because he, the guard, thought the man was faking it." Custodial personnel steal medicines from the prisoners and even in the hospital, prisoners don't receive the same consideration as other patients.

The following are some other incidents sworn to by residents of the Presidio stockade:
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SP4 Love chambered a round, placed the barrel of his 12-gauge shotgun to the forehead of Prisoner Hemphill and said, "Fuck around with me and I will blow your head off." Guards frequently use this tactic on work details.

SP4 La Rosa was in charge of an eight-man detail to the post commissary. The men lined up randomly, and as it happened, prisoners Middleton and Hill (both black) were at the front of the line. SP4 La Rosa yelled, "You two get back to the rear of the line where your kind belong." He later refused to let the black men smoke, although the assistant confinement officer told the guard everyone was allowed to smoke. The prisoners were unable to have these complaints heard upon return to the stockade;

SP4 Rivera, a guard stationed with a shotgun on the stockade perimeter, appeared very "high" one day. When questioned by four prisoners he stated he was on LSD. When one prisoner jokingly said, "Will you let us climb over the fence?" he became extremely agitated, raised his shotgun and bellowed, "If anyone comes near this fence I will blow them in half." Later he claimed the head of the guards was pushing LSD that day, and that all the guards were "stoned;"

Prisoner Hemphill was sent to the stockade addicted to mephedrine and was refused medical care (the doctor laughed at him). He was sent outside the stockade perimeter in a half-crazed condition despite three escape attempts the day before. SP4 Clark was entrusted with the job of escorting prisoner Hemphill. He shot Hemphill in the back with a .45 pistol at a range of eight feet. SP4 Clark did not yell "halt" and there were six other guards present who could easily have stopped any escape attempt. Twenty minutes earlier, Clark had been heard to say to eight prisoners that he would shoot someone within the next three days so that he could get a choice of duty stations. As a result of the shooting, Hemphill will be permanently disabled.

That a full, open investigation of the San Francisco Presidio stockade is long overdue is obvious. Because of the troubles plaguing it since August, it would be reasonable to assume that the Army's inspector general has looked or is presently looking into the matter. But it is likely that the Army would try to keep any investigation "in the family" and away from public scrutiny.

Terence K. Hallinan, attorney for 17 of the 27 protesting prisoners, filed a petition in San Francisco Federal District Court describing the physical conditions in the stockade and the treatment of prisoners there, which the petition states has led to "thirty serious suicide attempts requiring hospitalization for emergency treatment." The court refused to order corrective measures.

The press has been equally insensitive. The San Francisco Chronicle treated the documented charges in the petition skeptically while giving full credence to the Army's argument that the stockade is adequate. The suicide attempts were not even mentioned in their main story on the filing of the petition, although there was a four-word reference to them buried in a filler article which appeared in the entertainment pages.

Attempts by private citizens to investigate the situation have been met with bureaucratic footdragging and hurdles. Clergymen who visit the 27 prisoners have been restricted to one visit per week and then limited to certain areas of the establishment. Private psychiatrists can only see the prisoners if they are requested by name by the prisoners themselves. The same is true for civilian lawyers, and those with clients inside are sometimes harassed. Terence Hallinan, having visited a client in the stockade prior to the sit-in, was himself investigated as a possible instigator of the "mutiny."

Attempts by representatives of the American Friends Service Committee, the National Committee for the Defense of Military Prisoners, Clergy and Laymen Concerned, and by the Reverend Alan S. Miller, regional secretary for United Ministries in Higher Education, to get to the bottom of the controversy have been turned aside. They are curious to know if the Army has any intention of attempting to improve conditions in the stockade or to provide psychiatric care for those badly in need of it. Not reassuring is the threat of execution for mutiny which the Army has thrown at the 27 for expressing a desire for change. Their protest does not constitute mutiny under Army law, and it is rumored that a lawyer-draftee in charge of part of the preliminary investigation considered the grounds for the charges insufficient. But his colleagues, career military personnel who are not attorneys, are less likely to be persuaded by the merits of the case, and the final decision on whether to prosecute for a capital crime will be made by the commanding officer of Sixth Army, Lieutenant General Stanley Larson, who so far has done his best to avoid even talking to the church groups.

With no help or hope of change from the inside and access to the outside world severely restricted, the prisoners find little understanding or sympathy—even from their families. When we contacted the parents of some half dozen of the men involved in the sit-in, the reactions were "out-of-sight-out-of-mind" or anger—not at the Army, but at their sons. Two parents stated that their sons had not been in trouble before and they "just can't understand how he got off on the wrong track." Some have been unconcerned to the point of not even bothering to contact their sons' lawyers. None of the parents seemed capable of conceiving that the military environment could be responsible for their son's behavior.

According to Ben Seaver, the parents of Ricky Lee Dodd—who could well be the next Richard Bunch—have actually asked the Army to keep Ricky Lee, in the belief that military life could "straighten him out."

The ages of Richard Bunch, the 27 who protested his death and the conditions leading to it, and those who have been made desperate enough to attempt suicide, average between 19 and 20 years. Even if these young men were hardened felons, their treatment and living conditions would still constitute cruel and unusual punishment. The military stockade is not a rehabilitation center nor does it pretend to be. (Nor is the Presidio stockade the worst of its kind. We have reason to believe that others, such as the Fort Hood stockade and some Navy and Marine stockades, are even worse.) A military stockade has only one function—to punish. Punishment is accomplished by debasement and dehumanization, and no single institution is as accomplished in the art of dehumanization as the military.

The futility of the 33 known attempted suicides lies in the fact that the act of self-destruction is a cry for help. But for those in the stockade, the military won't help, the public doesn't care and the families are ashamed.
Hang Down Your Head, Tom Dooley

“It was at this juncture of history that the Vietnamese Catholics became a pawn of American foreign policy.”

I SUSPECT THAT MANY American Catholics were secretly relieved last October at the demise of Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Nhu. The reports of their “Catholic Despotism” had threatened to get out of hand. It is one thing to spread the faith and have the Church prosper, and quite another to cause Buddhist monks to burn themselves and little schoolchildren to riot. American Catholics have come to understand well that a minority survives only through tolerance, and in a nation where Catholic politicians make it a point to show up at Bar Mitzvahs, it would be unnatural if they did not come to despise Diem for the sheer incompetence of his politics.

But all this is excessively cynical. There is, of course, the moral dimension. Ngo Dinh Diem was, after all, the man who provided a sanctuary for millions of refugees, who worked with young Dr. Tom Dooley to give these people medical aid, and who helped them to new independence and dignity with the aid of Catholic Relief Agency funds. Was it not all this that the student body of Fordham University had in mind when it gave a standing ovation to the embattled Mme. Nhu? It is a tortured connection that these students must have had with Viet-Nam, for they very likely had been raised to hope that in that country, at least the missionary program of the Church had an idealism that was modern and clean. And then one day they found that it too could be used to taunt them. It was good, then, to read Clare Boothe Luce in the National Review and find out that the bad things had never happened, or that, when they did, they were necessary and therefore not really bad.

This complex sense of guilt and achievement as regards
Viet-Nam is nowhere better exhibited than in the Jesuit weekly, America. Casual readers of that publication may have thought it odd that its cover this past October 3 was a stark black background for the white heading, "Marguerite Higgins on Viet-Nam." Miss Higgins, who had gone to bat for Diem in the last months of his regime, was now back to tell us about how bad things were in Saigon with her man, Diem, long gone. This article was featured so prominently in America because over the years that magazine had bought deeply of the Ngo Dinh Diem myth and now, after the fall, it was out to recoup some of its losses.

Before his demise, America had referred to Diem as "the courageous little President of South Viet-Nam" and had answered his critics with the following: "If the government is in some respects authoritarian, it is because the task it had in hand demanded authority. ... It is significant that the opposition within Viet-Nam to Ngo Dinh Diem does not come from the grass roots. The peasantry has given the President its full support. The discontented are usually disappointed would-be politicians."

This was written just before the fighting in the countryside began and, it is now clear that Diem's estrangement from the peasantry is the key element in the continued success of the Viet Cong campaign. But how did America come to work itself into a position of such total wrongheadedness? The answer is that it had confused the needs and aspirations of the Catholic minority (less than ten per cent) among the peasantry with those of the non-Catholic majority. The distinction between the Catholic and non-Catholic population was continually blurred in much of the information provided by Catholic sources about Viet-Nam. And it was this that was so to confuse many American Catholics when, in the last years of his regime, Diem came to be exposed as an unpopular despot.

Let me at the outset pay my respects to the position advanced by Miss Higgins. I quite agree with her (and I think with Mrs. Luce) that the issue which toppled Diem—persecution of Buddhist rituals—was largely fabricated by Buddhist dissidents to embarrass the U.S. into undercutting Diem. I agree further that the evidence indicates that the chief Buddhist agitator, Tram Quang, and those closest to him were after much more basic political objectives. Miss Higgins quotes someone she calls "a wise and experienced foreign observer in Saigon" who says: "... Tram Quang will soon or later seek to undermine any stable anticomunist government in Viet-Nam in the belief that anarchy will drive the United States to go home out of exasperation and bafflement. This would permit the emergence of a neutralist or, possibly, communist state. ..."

It would seem that the thousands of Buddhists who demonstrated in support of Tram Quang also had the objective of sending the Americans home and bringing about a neutralist or procommunist state. As Miss Higgins quite accurately notes, the recent demonstrations were pointedly anti-American. But this desire to rid the country of Americans seems to be fairly universal in Viet-Nam. It is because more enlightened observers from the New York Times and the State Department will not admit to this that they are so vulnerable to the barbs of Miss Higgins and the right-wing press. And the right wing does have a refreshing honesty. Miss Higgins records what everyone knows—that it was a faction in the U.S. administration which dumped Diem. This is fitting, since it was another U.S. faction ten years before which had picked him to run the country.

It is at this point that Miss Higgins' "realism" descends into what C. Wright Mills called "crackpot realism," for its basic assumption is that the U.S. has the right and need to determine the political future of Viet-Nam. This is a position voiced also by moderates who claim that it would be irresponsible for the U.S. simply to withdraw. And yet it has been quite clear for some time that the majority of Vietnamese would prefer just that. Although she still refers to the "fabric of free Viet-Nam," Miss Higgins implicitly accepts the unpopularity of the American position in Viet-Nam when she writes: "Maybe, if he is very lucky, Khan can salvage the situation in Viet-Nam by being—let us say it loud and clear—a tough but fair military dictator who will brook no opposition to what is necessary to win the war."

This is "crackpot realism" because the U.S. has neither a right nor a need to tell the Vietnamese what type of political system they should have. It has been doing this ever since 1950 when it came to the aid of French colonialism on the assumption that Ho Chi Minh was making his revolution on orders from Moscow or China. But Ho Chi Minh, although clearly a Communist, was also a Vietnamese nationalist, and the movement he headed satisfied a deep felt need in Vietnamese society. But in 1954, when the French had lost at Dien Bien Phu, the U.S. was quite simply panicked by a fear of Communist expansion. It was then that our bipartisan foreign policy acquired a strong man of its own to stop Ho—and that man was, of course, Diem.

It was at this juncture of history that the Vietnamese Catholics became a pawn of American foreign policy.

Catholicism first came to Viet-Nam as a by-product of Portuguese expansion. By the middle of the 19th century, the cause of the Christian missionaries had become hopelessly entangled with the designs of the newly arrived French colonialism. There is little doubt that Catholicism was much favored by French officialdom—but despite this, many Vietnamese Catholics shared in the intense search for independence from the French that crested at the end of World War II.

It is an uncomfortable but by now generally conceded fact of history that Ho Chi Minh and the other known Communists closest to him were the undisputed leaders of this very popular anti-colonial movement. In the earlier "united front" days, many individual Catholics joined in this movement while others (including Diem) remained outside, critical of both camps. But by 1950 the fighting had become fierce and the sides more clearly drawn. The French, purporting to represent the "free world" in a fight against "godless communism," were able to pull over many Catholic leaders who had been distrustful of Ho.

In the two major Catholic provinces of Bui Chu and Phat Diem, the bishops formed their own armies to fight alongside the French against the Viet Minh. After the French were forced by military reverses to sue for peace at Geneva in June 1954, the Catholics who had fought with them on the losing side were in a difficult position. Aside from facing the natural antipathy of the Viet Minh's ideological leadership, the Catholics were now distrusted by the majority of the population, who had sided with the Viet Minh. The Viet Minh, against...
whom the Catholics had fought, were immensely popular at the time. No less an authority than President Eisenhower had written: “I have never talked or corresponded with a person knowledgeable in Indochinese affairs who did not agree that, had elections been held as of the time of the fighting, possibly 80 per cent of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader.... The mass of the population supported the enemy.”

This fact, that the Catholic leadership’s hostility to Ho’s movement was not shared by the general population, is essential to an understanding of the history that follows.

After the Geneva Accords had been signed, the Catholic community in the North was aided by two developments. Firstly, the Accords contained a provision permitting migration from one half of the country to the other within a period of 300 days following the date of signing. The other development was the creation by the Americans of the Diem regime in the South. This last is important, for if the South had offered little promise of security, it might not have drawn refugees.

Diem would have been merely another émigré politician had he not won the favor of an intensely loyal and influential group of Americans. When Diem assumed power in 1954, he was perhaps better known in the U.S. than in Viet-Nam. Not the least among his American followers was Cardinal Spellman, who had met Diem in 1950 through the intercession of Diem’s brother, a bishop of the Church in Viet-Nam. Diem was to live most of the three years he spent in exile in the U.S. (1950 to 1953) as a ward of Spellman’s diocese, in the seminaries of the Maryknoll missionaries.

It would be an error to attribute Diem’s succession to power solely to Spellman’s effort. It was a much more universal lobbying effort which put Diem over and he emerged as much a favorite of the liberals as of the American Catholic Church, but Spellman’s commitment to Diem certified him as an important anticomunist, and it certainly helped considerably to boost the “Little Mandarin” into power. Once this was accomplished, the Catholic minority in the North had a place of refuge, and the bishops of Phat Diem and Bui Chu, who had led their parish armies against the Viet Minh, now started a massive migration South.

Most of the refugees came from these two provinces, and the priests, by all accounts, did their bit to increase the flow. Slogans such as, “God and the Virgin have gone South, only the Devil remains in the North,” proved very effective. They came to manufacture grisly atrocity stories about the fate of Catholics who fell into Communist hands, and in this they were aided by over-anxious American CIA agents.

The CIA was concerned, as it is paid to be, with a more narrowly political objective. The fact was that Diem had only slight support in Viet-Nam. The Americans (Michigan State University professors, AID officials, Catholic welfare representatives and CIA agents) who were pouring into Viet-Nam were for him, but few of the Vietnamese in the South had even heard of him.

Elections had been scheduled by the Geneva Accords for July of 1956, to choose a national government for all of Viet-Nam, and Diem’s prospects against Ho were laughable. If he was to hold the country and avoid holding the elections (another “free world” objective), he had to have some base of support that at least looked Vietnamese. This is where the Catholic refugees from the North came in.

The refugees also made good public relations copy for American consumption. It had become a bit sticky for the U.S., as the self-proclaimed leader of the “free world,” to continue to justify its efforts in Viet-Nam to shore up a government that it proclaimed as the anti-colonial, anticomunist, nationalist alternative. Too many reports from observers in Saigon had made it clear that most of the people favored the other side.

The refugees provided a way out. The political effort of their “flight to freedom” could only be successfully exploited by making the refugees and their hostility to the Viet Minh appear typical of the population at large. This was achieved by alternately blurring the fact that the refugees were primarily Catholic and/or by implying that the rest of the population was also of that faith.

The master publicist of this view was Dr. Thomas Dooley, in his book Deliver Us From Evil.

It is to be hoped that a modern American Catholic who attains sainthood would number among his accomplishments the skillful usage of prime TV time in the service of the Lord. The late Dr. Thomas Dooley is certainly to be taken as an important contender for such honor. His work as a naval medical officer in aiding the flight of the refugees was impressive enough. But his major achievement was to convince a goodly segment of the American public that the flight of the refugees represented a condemnation of the Viet Minh by the bulk of the Vietnamese population. It then followed that the U.S. must come to the aid of these people, to help them maintain their freedom under God and Diem.

But there is no doubting the sincerity with which Dooley shared the plight of the refugees. He wrote: “... recognizing us as friends and not as foes, they hoisted on a broken spar their own drenched flag; a flag they had hidden for years... their symbol, their emblem, their heraldry... to the top of their highest mast they hauled the Papal banner, a yellow and gold flag displaying the Pope’s tiara and the keys of St. Peter.” And a moving account it is. The difficulty with all this is that the symbolism of the Pope’s tiara and the keys of St. Peter would be meaningless to nine-tenths of the Vietnamese population, and to imply, as Dooley continually did, that the grievances of the Catholic minority were general to the population, was, quite simply, deceitful.

Dooley believed strongly that Ho Chi Minh and the other leaders of the Viet Minh movement, being Communists, were therefore “devils” in the medieval sense of that term. The 17th parallel, which divided the South from the North, was referred to quite literally as “the rim of hell.”

The blurb on the pocket edition of Deliver Us From Evil cries out for the “diseased, mutilated Asians fleeing from the Godless cruelties of Communism... thousands of evacuees fleeing from Communist terror.” What Dooley saw on this mission, he was never to forget. What he experienced there at the rim of hell was to determine the purpose and meaning of his whole life.”

This is one paperback that delivers on the claims of its jacket blurbs. As Dooley stated, “Justice demands that some of the atrocities we learned of in Haiphong be put on record.”

Unfortunately, Dooley learned only of Communist atrocities. Other observers have discovered atrocities committed, sporadically, by the French, the Vietnamese colonial troops,
bandits and the Viet Minh as isolated instances of a brutal war. But, in Dooley’s world, atrocities must be the work of the devil working through godless communism. Christian soldiers, be they in the French Foreign Legion or in Diem’s secret police, could never be consciously cruel. Dooley reiterated this theme in high schools, churches and television studios across America. Thousands of Catholic high school girls committed themselves to helping America stop “the demons of communism stalking outside.” Dooley never lost an opportunity to warn of “the Godless cruelties of Communists” and “the poisons of Communist hatred.” These audiences were regaled until late hours with Communist horror stories. For example, according to Dooley’s rendering of history, when Ho Chi Minh began his war against the French in December 1946, he “started it by disemboweling more than 1000 native women in Hanoi because they had been working for, married to, or living with the French.” This image of Ho Chi Minh dripping with the blood of a thousand females is gripping enough, but it is a lie. It is an assertion unsupported by any available evidence. The most authoritative French historian of that period, Paul Mus, has written: “I am today in a position to state and to prove that four-fifths of the stories or reports of awful atrocities inflicted by the Vietnamese on our compatriots in Hanoi, December 19, 1946, are either made up or in error.”

French deaths at that time totaled 43, a not very impressive number when compared with the 6000 to 20,000 Vietnamese left dead as a result of the French bombardment of the city of Haiphong, a city at peace a month earlier.

It seems that the priests with whom Dooley came into contact fed him a steady stream of atrocity stories (ears torn off, testicles beaten, nails driven into the head to make a crown of thorns) in order to elicit further American support for the refugees and Diem. Very often these atrocities were the result of bandit gangs (tearing off an ear is their traditional mark), sporadic violence by guerrillas or family feuds. There is simply no evidence to support the assertion that the Viet Minh had a policy of perpetrating atrocities or that they had any greater responsibility for them than the other parties in that vicious war. Dooley, holding to a simple “devil” theory of communism, was nicely set up to believe the worst, but this misses the point. If the Viet Minh had been as brutal as Dooley describes, they could never have elicited the popular devotion that was theirs. As President Eisenhower has written: “Again, the problem involved local public opinion. The enemy had much popular sympathy, and many civilians aided them by providing both shelter and information. The French still had sufficient forces to win if they could induce the regular Vietnamese soldiers to fight vigorously with them and the populace to support them. But guerilla warfare cannot work two ways; normally only one side can enjoy reliable citizen help.” If terror alone could produce popular support, Diem would still be the ruler of Viet-Nam.

Dooley’s simple hostility to Communist “devily” was matched by an equally simple respect for American goodness. That the United States had made possible the French effort to crush the enormously popular revolution led by Ho Chi Minh completely escaped him.

One gets the impression from reading Dooley that the American effort in Viet-Nam began not with the $2 billion that the U.S. spent between 1950 and 1954 in providing 80 per cent of the cost of the French war effort, but rather with Dooley’s humanitarian mission. As Dooley wrote, “We had come late to Viet-Nam, but we had come. And we brought not bombs and guns, but help and love.” Dooley shared the perception of most Americans during the Cold War that every action of the U.S. government abroad extended human freedom. It was his simple conviction that American institutions were the most desirable for all peoples at all times, and of those institutions Dooley seemed most addicted to the world of American advertising. “Rest assured, we continually explained to thousands of refugees, as individuals and in groups, that only in a country which permits companies to grow large could such fabulous charity be found. With every one of the thousands of capsules of Terramycin and with every dose of vitamins on a baby’s tongue, these words were repeated: ‘Dai La My-Quoc Vien-Tro’ [This is American Aid].”

Dooley had been sold the line of total Communist evil, and he passed it on to the millions who read his books. To them Viet-Nam was half slave-half free—the diplomats with their Geneva Accords had sold half the population into slavery, and if ordinary Americans didn’t follow Dooley’s lead and do something, the rest would soon go under. As it is put in Deliver Us From Evil: “There were still a couple of million behind the bamboo curtain who never had a chance. But we had done the best we could. And I hope the men who made the deal at the lovely Geneva lakeside are happy with the results.”

The lesson was clear: another attempt to deal with the Communists had led to the enslavement of free people. Dooley’s readers did not know that the Geneva Accords occurred only after the Viet Minh had overrun 80 per cent of the country and even on the brink of total victory. Nor did they know that the victory was based on the support of the bulk of the population.

Dooley was joined in his attacks on “the deal” at Geneva by Cardinal Spellman. It seemed in 1954 and the beginning of 1955 that the Eisenhower Administration might permit the elections called for in the Geneva Accords to be held in Viet-Nam. Diem would have lost the elections to Ho Chi Minh. It was at this point that Spellman weighed in heavily on the side of Diem and against any such “appeasement.”

In a widely covered speech before the American Legion Convention on August 1, 1954, Spellman stated: “If Geneva and what was agreed upon there means anything at all, it means . . . taps for the buried hopes of freedom in Southeast Asia! Taps for the newly betrayed millions of Indochinese who must now learn the awful facts of slavery from their eager Communist masters! Now the devilish techniques of brainwashing, forced confessions and rigged trials have a new locale for their exercise.”

Spellman called for the destruction of Ho Chi Minh’s revolution: “. . . else we shall risk bartering our liberties for lunacies, betraying the sacred trust of our forefathers, becoming serfs and slaves to Red rulers’ godless goons.”

Now this sort of thing, while in keeping with the spirit of the Cold War, has a tendency to get out of hand. The State Department and the President knew full well that Ho Chi Minh and his cohorts were a good deal more than one of the “Red rulers’ godless goons.” They also knew that negotiations with Red rulers were at times possible, for they had just
settled the Korean War with the “worst” Red rulers of them all—the Chinese Communists. Spellman’s speech was an attack upon the U.S. State Department as well as on the Communists, and an attempt to move the administration to a harder position on Viet-Nam.

After congratulating the American Legion for its “deep concern lest subversive groups undermine our American Way of Life . . .” Spellman warned: “There is a vast number of our countrymen who live in complete indifference to the terrifying fact that communism will settle for nothing less than the domination of the whole world.” The danger lay in the illusion of peace with the Communists: “The Americans must not be lulled into sleep by indifference nor be beguiled by the prospect of peaceful coexistence with the Communists. How can there be peaceful coexistence between two parties, if one of them is continually clawing at the throat of the other?”

And then Spellman neatly tied up his various themes: “Do you peacefully coexist with men who thus would train the youth of their godless, Red world . . .?” And finally, in the event that the administration did not respond to their call, the cardinal asked the assembled Legionnaires to pray for God’s intervention: “Be with us, Blessed Lord, lest we forget and surrender to those who have attacked us without cause, those who have repaid us with evil for good and hatred for love.”

The Eisenhower Administration gave in to this type of pressure, and the Geneva Accords were simply forgotten.

T he refugees, in addition to being a good vehicle for winning public approval in the U.S. for a “hard” position on Viet-Nam, were important as the only popular base for Diem’s regime. Diem consolidated his power by crushing the armies of the rival religious sects, by preventing opposition parties and by purging suspected sympathizers of the Viet Minh.

But as much as they desired to, the CIA was not really equipped to organize the refugees into a stable social base for Diem’s rule. It was much easier to encourage a poor and illiterate peasantry to flee their homeland by putting out horror stories than it was to reorganize them into new villages in the South. This task could not have been performed without the aid of the Catholic Relief Services division of the Catholic Welfare Conference. This project was administered by Monsignor Harnett, who now runs that agency’s Far Eastern operation from a suite on the 65th floor of the Empire State Building.

In the three years which followed the refugee migrations, Harnett’s agency was responsible for the distribution of some $35,000,000 in Catholic Relief Service aid. Monsignor Harnett also administered a much larger amount of U.S. aid which the official U.S. agencies could not handle. This was all accomplished through an administrative structure, with the village priests as its base unit. The priests would report the needs of their villages to Harnett, and the Catholic Relief Agency would then ship surplus American food directly to them in agency trucks. This slipshod arrangement was probably necessary, but it has given rise to a continuous stream of incidents of graft and corruption.

After three years of such efforts, Bernard Fall, a Viet-Nam specialist, reported: “Obviously most of the refugees were then still living from handouts rather than from the fruits of their labor.” It was basically a “welfare” program, based on the U.S. providing enormous amounts of surplus food and clothing. Dollar aid to the refugees in the first three years totaled $89 per person, a large amount in a country with an annual per capita income of $85.

It is now widely recognized in the U.S. that a very disproportionate share of the high military and government positions in Viet-Nam were held by Catholics. But it is not as generally understood that these officials were used to coerce the non-Catholic rural population which favored the Viet Minh. The Catholic refugees arrived in South Viet-Nam penniless and without land; the Diem government’s “welfare” program was an obvious gain for them. But for the non-Catholic rural population that same government was nothing less than a disaster.

The agrarian reform program which Diem and his American advisors introduced to the countryside seemed, on paper, to be a step forward. It fixed rentals at a maximum of 15-25 per cent and provided a system whereby the peasants could purchase land. But compared to the program which the Viet Minh had already instituted, it was a step backwards for the peasant. It meant a return of the landlord, and its “enlightened” provisions were translated into the reality of peasants paying maximum rentals and making installment purchases on land that the Viet Minh had already given them. It is for this reason that the Diem government never achieved any significant support from the non-Catholic majority of the countryside.

For the first months of its administration, the Diem regime undertook sweeping pacification campaigns throughout the countryside. These were designed to ferret out any opposition to the government. Children were given awards for testifying that their parents were sympathizers of the Viet Minh. Former members of the resistance were incarcerated in “re-education” centers, and those suspected of being active agents of the Viet Minh were jailed or simply shot. The government agents who carried out this terror were primarily Catholic refugees. The anti-Catholic riots of the past year were a reaction to this earlier coercion.

The refugees had come South in the pursuit of religious freedom and security. The Diem government and its American advisors then used these people for their own political ends. As a result, they came to be an alienated and despised minority in a country ripe for revolt. In 1955, Graham Greene warned: “Mr. Diem may well leave his tolerant country a legacy of anti-Catholicism.”

On the American side, the use of the Catholic refugees for propaganda served to confuse the American public about the true situation in Viet-Nam. It gave the illusion that we were helping a whole people along the path to their freedom when, for better or worse, they wanted to travel the other way. In order to stop them, we finally had to destroy their countryside and villages with napalm bombs and chemical defoliants. The one indisputable fact of the Viet-Nam story is that the U.S. is on the unpopular side. It is time for the American public to criticize America’s colonial adventure as much as we did that of the French. In order to do this we must rid ourselves of the Tom Dooley-Cardinal Spellman type of myth about the aspirations of the Vietnamese. After all, if the war continues, may it not one day be called Cardinal Spellman’s final solution to the Viet-Nam question?
Mississippi Eyewitness

Louis E. Lomax, author of *The Negro Revolt*, wrote the following document after he and nine other researchers, Negro and white, had gone into Mississippi and learned the facts from eyewitnesses to the actual events that transpired.

They—the civil rights "invaders"—were a diverse and unusual crew. Some were neat, others were beat; some were religious—deeply so—others were revolutionary—even more deeply so. Many of them were first-rate scholars, others were pampered football heroes. Most of them were bright students; all of them were argumentative; most of them were unable to contain themselves until they met some backwoods Mississippi segregationist to whom they were certain they could explain the gospel on equality and constitutionalism. In all fairness to them, it must be said that their naivety was exceeded only by their energy and their courage. They really believed that white Mississippians would listen to reason if someone were willing to expend the energy necessary to spell out the ABC's of Americanism, letter by letter.

Long on energy and patience, the civil rights missionaries set out on their assignments, the God of freedom thundering in their ears, their faith in the basic goodness of all men gleaming in their eyes. Like Negroes, they believed in the American Dream. It did not disturb them that once they entered the state of Mississippi, they were surrounded and followed by white policemen riding shotgun. Three among the young volunteers—Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner—did not return.

Mississippi is a quiet and reverent place on Sunday morning. The gin mills are silent, the field hands, dressed in their Sunday finery, can be seen packed into pickup trucks on their way to church. The white power structure, the bankers, the lawyers, the judges, the people who really run the towns and counties, move along the sweltering streets, some like the Snopeses out of Faulkner and some like crinolined characters out of a Frank Yerby novel. Only on Sunday, never on Monday or the rest of the week, are the traces of the old South really visible. The white ladies of relative quality don their frilly frocks, spread open their accordion-like fans and nod at the rabble, Negro and white, as they make their way to church. They come in from their large plantations and proceed to the First Baptist or First Methodist church. The white rabble, of course, do not attend these churches. They are to be found in the lesser...
Baptist and Methodist churches and along “holiness row” where the sanctified and Pentecostal preachers hold forth. These genteel white people pride themselves on their love and understanding of their Negroes. They have never lynched or beaten a Negro and they will lapse into a fantasy in order to swear that they don’t know any white people who would do such things.

Most of all, it is the air of Mississippi that crackles with the word of God on Sunday morning. From sunrise to sunset and then to midnight, the airwaves of the Mississippi Delta are cluttered with preachers, white and Negro, the respectable and the fly-by-night, reminding the audience that Jesus will, indeed, wash them whiter than snow. And the genteel plantation owners and their families who made their way to church on Sunday morning, June 21, paid no attention to the blue 1963 Ford station wagon that eased out of Meridian shortly after ten a.m. and headed along Route 19 toward the Route 491 cutoff. The Negro field hands, also on their way to church, paid no attention to the station wagon, either.

But the police did take notice of the station wagon and they knew that two of the three occupants were Michael Schwerner and James Chaney. The police, in unmarked cars, followed closely. Switching to the “citizens shortwave band” that is used to keep the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens’ Council informed as to the movements of civil rights workers, the police broadcast the alarm:

“They are headed north along 19. That nigger, Chaney, is driving. Over and out.”

Chaney and Schwerner were not afraid. They had been through it all before; Chaney had been jailed for civil rights demonstrations in Mississippi, while Schwerner had played hide-and-seek with Sheriff Rainey of Neshoba County on at least three previous occasions. In each instance Schwerner had won. This was Andrew Goodman’s trial by fire; it was his first time out on a civil rights assignment. The chances are that whatever fright he felt was overshadowed by the excitement and intrigue of it all.

The Ford station wagon—a gift to CORE from white liberals in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York—made its way along Route 19, across Lauderdale County, across the northeastern tip of Newton County to the Route 491 cutoff just on the border between Newton and Neshoba counties. With policemen following, the civil rights workers turned north onto 491 and headed toward Philadelphia. When they came to Route 16, some miles east of Philadelphia, the ill-fated civil rights workers turned left onto Route 16, just east of the hamlet of Ocoella; and headed for the scorched earth site of the Mount Zion Methodist Church in the Longdale area to see what they could find out about the fire.

NO ONE MOVES UNNOTICED IN MISSISSIPPI, and the arrival of strangers causes a general alarm in the community. This is particularly true when the police have been broadcasting the strangers’ every move over a shortwave band used by members of the Klan and the White Citizens’ Council. But the local Negroes were also watching. Some of them were hiding in the bushes, while others were pretending to be idly driving by. A few sympathetic white people were also vigilant. And from the sworn statements of these sympathizers, the following time-table can be constructed:

12:00—Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney arrive at the site of the burned-out church shortly before noon. They spend about an hour examining the ruins and talking with people who have gathered.

1:30—Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney turn up at services at a nearby Negro church. There they pass out leaflets urging the people to attend voter registration schools. (The names of the church and the persons who allowed the three civil rights workers to speak are known but cannot be released because of concern for the safety of the persons involved, as well as for the church building.)

2:30—Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney are given dinner in a friendly home and then leave for Meridian.

3:00—A person who knows all three civil rights workers sees them as they come along Route 16 from the Longdale area and make a right turn onto Route 491, which will take them back to Meridian.

As soon as they swing onto Route 491, the three civil rights workers are intercepted by Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, Schwerner’s ancient and implacable foe. Schwerner is at the wheel and, as he had done on both May 19 and May 31 when he was in the area for civil rights meetings, he elects to outrun the deputy sheriff. But this time Price can act with total license. His boss, Sheriff L. A. Rainey, is at the bedside of Mrs. Rainey who is hospitalized. Four Negroes witness the chase and have later sworn that Price shot the right rear tire of the speeding station wagon.

3:45—The disabled station wagon is parked in front of the Veterans of Foreign Wars building on Route 16, about a mile east of Philadelphia. Witnesses see two of the civil rights workers, now known to be Schwerner and Chaney, standing at the front of the station wagon, with the hood raised. The third civil rights worker, Goodman, is in the process of jacking up the right rear tire to change it.

Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price (he has by now radioed the alarm) is standing nearby with his gun drawn. Informed of the incident, one Snow, a minor deputy sheriff, comes running out of the VFW club where he works as a bouncer. Price and Snow are then joined by State Patrolman E. R. Poe and Harry Wiggins, both of Philadelphia. (The entire episode was broadcast over the shortwave citizens’ band which is relayed all over the state. There is evidence that police in Meridian, Jackson and Philadelphia, as well as Colonel T. B. Birdsong, head of the State Highway Patrol, were in constant contact about the incident. It is also clear that white racists who had purchased shortwave sets in order to receive the citizens’ band broadcasts were also informed and began converging on the scene.)

Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, by his own admission, makes the arrest. But there is confusion as to precisely where the arrest took place. Three landmarks, all within a square mile radius, are involved. Some witnesses say they saw the civil rights workers drive away from the VFW club to a Gulf station about a mile away. Others say they saw the arrest take place diagonally across the street from a Methodist church in Philadelphia. At first blush these accounts seem contradictory. But to one who has tramped the roads and swamps of Mississippi in search of evidence—and I have done this more times than I care to recall—the accounts make sense. What happened was approximately this:

Price, Snow and the state police decide that too much attention has been drawn to the incident in front of the VFW
hall. They allow the civil rights workers to drive into the Gulf station location. The station wagon pulls into the gas station while the police cars park across the street. The Methodist church in question is a hundred yards farther down the road on the other side of the street; an illiterate observer would identify the church as the landmark and say the arrest occurred across the street from the church.

4:30—Price arrests the civil rights workers. One of the state patrolmen drives the station wagon into Philadelphia. (This means that the tire had been changed and it accounts for the report that the wagon was at the Gulf station.) The three workers are herded into Price's car and the second state patrolman follows the Price car into town in case the workers attempt a break.

They arrive at the Philadelphia jail. Chaney is charged with speeding, and Schwerner and Goodman are held on suspicion of arson. Price tells them he wants to question them about the burning of the Mount Zion Methodist Church, an incident that occurred while they—all three of the civil rights workers—were on the campus of Western College in Oxford, Ohio.

The three civil rights workers are to report back to Meridian by four o'clock. When they do not appear their fellow workers begin phoning jails, including the one in Philadelphia, and are told that the men are not there. Meanwhile the rights workers—charged with nothing more than a traffic violation—are held incommunicado. What happens while these men are sweating it out in jail for some five hours can now be told. And it is in this ghastly atmosphere of empty jails, abandoned mansions, and a way of life hinged on fond remembrances of things that never were, that the poor white trash get likkered up on bad whiskey and become total victims of the Southern mystique.

T he facts have been pieced together by investigators and from the boasts of the killers themselves. After all, part of the fun of killing Negroes and white civil rights people in Mississippi lies in being able to gather with your friends and tell how it all happened, in the full knowledge that even if you are arrested, your neighbors, as juries, will find you "not guilty."

The death site and the burial ground for Andrew Goodman, Michael Schwerner and James Chaney have been chosen long before they die, months before in fact. Mississippi authorities and the white bigots have known for months that the invasion is coming. Mississippi officials have made a show of going out to let the nation know that they are ready and waiting with armored tanks, vicious dogs, tear gas and deputies at the ready. But there is another aspect of Mississippi's preparation for the civil rights "invaders" that they elect not to discuss.

Mississippi, as Professor James W. Silver has written, is a closed society. Neshoba County is one of the more tightly closed and gagged regions of the state. Some ten thousand people have fled the county since World War II. The five thousand or so who remain are all kin—cousins, uncles, aunts, distant relatives. For example, it is reported that Deputy Sheriff Price alone has some 200 relatives in this county. This is a land of open—though illegal—gambling. Indeed, the entire nation watches as a CBS reporter on TV walks into a motel and buys a fifth of whiskey—which is, of course, illegal. This is a land of empty houses, deserted barns, troubled minds encased in troubled bodies.

Once they receive word that the civil rights workers are coming, members of certain local racist groups begin holding sessions with doctors and undertakers. The topic of the evening: How To Kill Men Without Leaving Evidence, and How To Dispose Of Bodies So That They Will Never Be Found.

Negro civil rights workers who can easily pass for white have long since moved into Mississippi and infiltrated both the Klan and the White Citizens' Council. Their reports show that doctors and undertakers use the killings of Emmett Till and Mack Parker as exhibits A and B on how not to carry out a lynching. Not only did the killers of Parker and Till leave bits of rope and other items that could be identified lying around, they threw the bodies in the Pearl (Parker) and Tallahatchie (Till) rivers. After a few days both bodies surfaced, much to everyone's chagrin.

The two big points made at the meetings are (1) kill them (the civil rights workers) with weapons, preferably chains, that cannot be identified; (2) bury them somewhere and in such a way that their bodies will never float to the surface or be unearthed.

Somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of Sunday, June 21 (if one is to believe Deputy Sheriff Price and the jailers), James Chaney is allowed to post bond and then all three civil rights workers are released from jail. According to Price, the three men are last seen heading down Route 19, toward Meridian.

Why was Chaney alone forced to post bail? What about Schwerner and Goodman? If they were under arrest, why were they not also required to post bail? If there were no charges against them, why were they arrested in the first place? In addition, if Chaney was guilty of nothing more than speeding, why had his two companions also been placed under arrest? But these are stupid questions, inquiries that only civilized men make. They conform neither to the legal nor to the moral jargon of Mississippi—of Neshoba County particularly. (The report that Chaney was allowed to make bail and that all three civil rights workers were then released is open to serious question.)

They left the jail in the evening. That is clear, but—and here is the basis for questioning the story—it is one of the cardinal rules of civil rights workers in Mississippi never to venture out at night. The most dangerous thing you can do, a saying among civil rights workers goes, is to get yourself released from jail at night. These three were trained civil rights workers and it is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine that they walked out into the night of their own volition.

Nevertheless, we have the fact that they left the jail, and just about three miles from Philadelphia they fell into the hands of a mob.

It is not known precisely how many men were in the mob. Six, at least, have been identified by eyewitnesses. But because they have not been charged with the crime, their names cannot now be revealed.)

T he frogs and the varmints are moaning in the bayous. By now the moon is midnight high. Chaney, the Negro of the three, is tied to a tree and beaten with chains. His bones snap and his screams pierce the still midnight air. But the screams are soon ended. There is no noise now except for the thud of chains crushing flesh—and the crack of ribs and bones.

Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner look on in
horror. Then they break into tears over their black brother.
“You goddam nigger lovers!” shouts one of the mob.
“What do you think now?”

Only God knows what Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner think. Martin Luther King and James Farmer and nonviolence are integral parts of their being. But all of the things they have been taught suddenly become foreign, of no effect.

Schwerner cracks; he breaks from the men who are holding them and rushes toward the tree to aid Chaney. Michael Schwerner takes no more than ten steps before he is subdued and falls to the ground.

Then Goodman breaks and lunges toward the fallen Schwerner. He too is wrestled into submission.

The three civil rights workers are loaded into a car and the five-car caravan makes its way toward the predetermined burial ground. Even the men who committed the crimes are not certain whether Chaney is dead when they take him down from the tree. But to make sure, they stop about a mile from the burial place and fire three shots into him, and one shot each into the chests of Goodman and Schwerner.

A NEGRO COOK WAS SERVING DINNER and heard the white head of the household say, “Not only did they arrest those white nigger-lovers, they killed them and the nigger that was with them.” Then the man looked up and realized that the cook had heard him. She was fired on the spot and was rushed to her home by her white mistress who feared for the cook’s life. The cook fled Mississippi that night, as the cook well knew, her white employer was (and still is) an official on the Citizens’ Council.

The area is thinly populated by Choctaw Indians. There was a big Indian funeral on June 21st, and the Indians passed along both Routes 16 and 19. They saw something: the word spread that the police had found the bodies of the missing men. Suddenly the Indians took to the swamps and would not talk—even to FBI investigators.

“Lord, child,” a Negro woman told a CORE investigator, “I have never seen the white folks act so mean for no reason at all. They just don’t smile at me no more. It’s like they done something mean and the whole county knew about it!”

The white people were not too far from wrong. Somebody had done something mean and the whole county knew about it. They knew about it because, once murder was done, the whites involved went to a bootlegger, got themselves several gallons of moonshine and proceeded to get drunk and brag about the two white nigger lovers and the nigger they had just finished killing. Despite what Sheriff Rainey, Governor Johnson and the two Mississippi senators said, within 24 hours after the triple lynching, everybody in the county, Negro and white, knew that the civil rights workers were dead. They also knew who committed the crimes.

THE ENTIRE MATTER BURST UPON the national and world scene at a time when it was fairly clear that the Republicans would nominate Arizona’s Barry Goldwater. President Lyndon Johnson used every device to placate the deep South. He held numerous conversations with Mississippi’s Governor Paul Johnson, and the governor assured the President that everything was being done to locate the civil rights workers. Even so, the President ordered U.S. sailors into the area to aid in the search for the missing men.

Ignoring the claims that the civil rights workers were still alive, the sailors moved into Mississippi and proceeded under the assumption that the three were dead, as, of course, everybody knowledgeable about the matter knew they were.

Once they had arrived in Mississippi, the sailors donned hip boots and began to comb the swamps and the bayous, hardly places one would look for men who are hiding out.

Then two days later the first break came. The blue Ford station wagon in which the civil rights workers had been traveling was found charred and burned along a road some ten miles northeast of Philadelphia. The charred station wagon was discovered late in the afternoon and natives, Negro and white, who had used the road that morning, came forth to say that the wagon had not been there earlier in the day when they had passed the spot on their way to work.

The truth is that the station wagon was not there on the morning of the 22nd. Rather, the killers had doused the station wagon with the same kind of naphtha that had been used to burn down the Mount Zion Methodist Church. In addition, they set it on fire several miles from the area where the station wagon was finally discovered. This fact is borne out when it is recalled that most of the foliage around the area where the charred station wagon was found was unscarred. Had the station wagon been put to the torch where it was found the foliage would have been scarred and the blaze would have attracted people from miles around. Clearly, and without a doubt, the station wagon had been burned elsewhere, and had been towed to the site where it was discovered. Also, not only did traces of naphtha show up, but investigators were struck by the fact that only the metal parts of the station wagon remained undestroyed.

This grim discovery served to intensify the search. Only the noisy psychopathic Mississippians could continue to insist that the disappearance was a hoax, that the three civil rights workers had intentionally vanished and were hiding somewhere behind the Communist Iron Curtain, preferably in China.

GRIPPING HEAVY WOODEN CLUBS to fight off water moccasins and rattlesnakes, several hundred sailors sloshed the Mississippi swampland, searching for the bodies of the missing men. Padding about in 14-foot aluminum skiffs and talking with their commander over walkie-talkies, the sailors dragged the Pearl River, to no avail. The President of the United States ordered even more sailors and FBI men into Mississippi. All to no avail.

Other FBI agents were conducting an investigation on land. They zeroed in on Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence Rainey who, by his own admission, had killed two Negroes in recent years.

“Yes, by God,” Rainey told the investigators, “I killed them two niggers. The first had me down on the ground choking me. The other nigger I killed was shooting at me.”

But Sheriff Rainey did not join in the hunt for the missing civil rights workers. That same day there was a flurry of excitement when the body of an unidentified white man was found in a swamp near Oakland, Mississippi, some one hundred miles from the search area. The first reports indicated that the body was that of Michael Schwerner. Instead it turned out to be that of a carnival worker who had been run over and...
mutated in a highway accident. Just how that body wound up in a Mississippi swamp has yet to be explained.

While the world wondered and pondered, white Mississippi sensed the truth. As osmosis is the mysterious passing of a liquid through a membrane, so is spasmodic reality the mystic, lucid moment when white Mississippi admits the truth about itself. The moment is brief, the lucidity is blurred, but the memory remains and as white Mississippi awakes to the smell of magnolia blossoms it cannot deny that part of last night’s nightmare was real. Then white Mississippians grow mean and protective.

Meanwhile, the search for the missing rights workers continued. Negro comedian Dick Gregory flew into Mississippi and obtained an interview with a white man who said he had final evidence of what had happened on the night of June 21st. Gregory then went on to offer a $25,000 reward for information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the killers. And the FBI, under the whiplash from President Johnson who was being inundated with demands that the government do something about the killings, quietly spread the word that it would pay $25,000 for information leading to the location of the bodies and the arrest and conviction of the lynchers.

There was a brief flurry of excitement when the dismembered bodies of two Negro men were found floating in the river along the border between Mississippi and Louisiana. It turned out, however, that these were not the bodies of the missing civil rights workers and the grim search continued.

The killers had learned their lessons well. There was no longer doubt that the three civil rights workers were dead and buried. Rather, the Bayou bingo game turned on whether the FBI could find bodies that had been buried in such a fashion that they would never float to the surface, and on whether, like the Jesus the killers professed to serve, they would ever rise again.

The bodies did not float. They did not rise again. Had they remained where the killers buried them the bodies would have been unearthed, perhaps, by 25th century man as he attempted to decipher the hieroglyphics of our age, the nonsay language of a civilization whose founding documents, roughly translated, said all men were created equal: that all men, regardless of race, creed or color were free to pursue happiness, catch us as catch can.

Blood, in the deep South of all places, is thicker than water. But greed, particularly among poor Mississippi white trash, is thicker than blood. The government’s $25,000 reward was more than a knowledgeable poor white Mississippi man could bear. He cracked and told it all. The white informant knew it all and he spilled his guts all night long.

**The next morning the FBI moved into action. As one Negro man put it, “This was the first time I got the feeling these white investigators knew what they were doing and where they had to go to do it.”**

One morning FBI agents came calling on trucker Olen Burrage at his office some three miles southwest of Philadelphia.

“What y’all want?” Burrage demanded.

“We have a search warrant.”

“For this office?”

“Nope,” the Federal men snapped. “We have a warrant to search your farm.”

“Well, by God, go ahead and search it,” Burrage snapped. “Look all y’all want to.”

The FBI agents were all set to do just that. They moved on to Burrage’s farm, some two miles down the road, along Highway 21. They used bulldozers to cut their way through the tangle of scrub pine, kudzu vine, and undergrowth to a dam site under construction several hundred yards from the roadway. Then they moved in the lumbering excavator cranes. The cranes began chewing away the clay earth and the recently laid concrete. While the natives, Negro and white, looked on in disbelief, the cranes gnawed out a V-shaped hole in the 20-foot high wall that shielded the dam. There, under a few feet of concrete, in the drizzly Mississippi dusk, they found the bodies of Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman and James Chaney.

Deputy Sheriff Price was on hand and he helped lift the three bodies from the dam site and wrap them in cellophane for shipment to Jackson for further study. The remains were slithered into separate cellophane bags and tagged “X1,” “X2” and “X3.” In Jackson the bodies of Schwerner and Goodman were identified by fingerprints and dental records. There was no way to be certain, but the third body was black and there was little doubt that it was James Chaney.

Most respectable white Mississippians were shocked by the disclosure.

“I just didn’t think we had people like that around,” said the coach of the all-white Jackson, Mississippi, football team. But other white Mississippians took a different view. They were appalled that a white Mississippi stool pigeon would tell on other white Mississippians.

“Somebody broke our code,” one white Mississippian told the FBI. “No honorable white man would have told you what happened.”

But in the hearts of black Mississippians there was great rejoicing.

“I am sorry the three fellows is dead,” a Mississippi Negro told me. “But five of us that we know about have been killed this year and nobody raised any hell about it. This time they killed two ofays. Now two white boys is dead and all the world comes running to look and see. They never would have done this had just us been dead.”

Rita Schwerner, dressed in widow’s weeds, was much more precise about it.

“My husband did not die in vain,” she told a New York audience. “If he and Andrew Goodman had been Negro the world would have taken little note of their death. After all, the slaying of a Negro in Mississippi is not news. It is only because my husband and Andrew Goodman were white that the national alarm has been sounded.”

Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, and James Chaney are all buried now, asleep with their forefathers. Goodman and Schwerner lie in six feet of rest and peace, beneath the clay that covers all Jews in New York County. James Chaney rests alone, beneath the soggy clay on the colored side of the cemetery fence that separates the white who are dead and buried from the colored who are dead and buried in Mississippi.

The paths of their lives tangled, became all mixed up, and then merged on a single country road which led to tragedy and death that transcends race, religion, and creed.
The Menace of the Barbie Dolls

"Both boys and girls are introduced to a precocious, joyless sexuality, to fantasies of seduction and to conspicuous consumption."

by Donovan Bess
WE ARE SEEING children who are excited and disturbed by dolls like Barbie and her friends. With baby dolls, girls can play at being attractive, nurturing mothers and housewives; with Barbie, girls learn to expect to be valued by an ever-increasing wardrobe and by their ability to manipulate their fathers and, later, husbands, into buying clothes and more clothes. Boys are being seen in the clinic who use Barbie for sexual stimulation, a fact which might trouble the same parents who are scandalized by comic books and pinup magazines, were it not for the fact that Barbie masquerades as a child’s toy. Both boys and girls are introduced to a precocious, joyless sexuality, to fantasies of seduction and to conspicuous consumption. This reflects and perpetuates a disturbing trend in our culture, which has serious mental health complications."

— Dr. Alan F. Leveton, director of the Pediatrics Mental Health Unit, University of California Medical Center, San Francisco.

BARBIE, "THE HIGH-FASHION DOLL," is changing our way of life by reconditioning girls between the ages of five and fourteen. Barbie, Ken and three doll associates have been designed for little girls who hate to be little. Ever since the decline of Little Women as a moral force, little girlhood has gotten more and more awful, altogether too much like the girls in Ronald Searle’s cartoons.

If America’s little girls had access to narcotics, they would no doubt give one another injections to escape from the horror of their daily lives. They have to make do with what is at hand—and the Barbie doll group seems to give them some relief. Their fantasies, as they play, are directed by a corporation located at Hawthorne, in Southern California. The fantasies remove the children from little girlhood and transport them into what they regard as a teenage Utopia.

All little girls used to play Mamma, using lovable child-dolls. This year, about six million of them are playing Barbie, who isn’t the kind of young woman you would want to hug (unless you are a GI just coming back from a year in the Aleutians). Barbie is a frigid-looking teenager who somehow, through the magic eyes of childhood, is able to be simultaneously a sorority girl, a bride, a career girl, a debutante and a general all-around Superwoman. By earnestly playing with Barbie and her associates, America’s little girls learn how to live in the future. If they really concentrate, they can avoid that whole difficult period of early childhood which begins at age six.

In the process of playing, the little girls are educated by the promotion department of the Mattel Corporation, the parent Barbie company. The children adopt a value system rather different from that shaped by the McGuffey Reader: they grow up with Mattel-made expectations. It is important, therefore, to study the educational philosophy of this corporation. Much light comes from an analysis of the costumes manufactured for Barbie and her vinyl-plastic companions, and from studying the articles and short stories in the Mattel Barbie Magazine, which the company distributes to the 600,000 members of the Official National Barbie Fan Club. (The magazine costs the fathers of the nation 25 cents a copy. The club secretary receives more than 15,000 Barbie fan letters a week.)

The Mattel Corporation first hit the big toy-time with guns. In 1959, Ruth Handler, wife of the firm’s president, conceived the idea of Barbie. She felt that her small daughter needed something more mature to play with. Her husband, Elliot, was very pleased with this thought, and within months, Mattel had shipped out more than 500,000 Barbies manufactured under contract by a Tokyo company. Mattel licensed other firms to make accessories, such as Barbie cosmetics gear. In 1961, Mattel gave Barbie a boyfriend, Ken, and the nation, smelling sex in the wind, launched itself on the biggest doll-buying spree in history. Before long, Mattel had given the world Midge, the girl-next-door. She is a rather insecure creature blighted with freckles; her function is to provide the shabby obbligato to the Great Barbie Theme.

THE SUCCESS OF THIS THREESOME is reflected in Mattel’s 1962-63 gross-sales volume: $78,030,661, an increase of 58 per cent over the previous year. The corporation spent more than $9,000,000 last year on advertising and promotion. It sponsors 12 coast-to-coast television pro-
grams six days a week. The Barbie by-products are legion: you can get such items as a Barbie Ge-Tar, a 32-pound Little Theater and a Queen-of-the-Prom game. Five-and-dime stores carry Barbie primers that orientate tiny girls. McCall's magazine holds the rights on Barbie's fashion patterns.

Barbie now has a little sister, Skipper, and Ken has a buddy, Allan. There are Barbie Block Clubs in every family quarter of our cities. Many little-girl birthday parties are calibrated to the movement: the mothers conspire to see that everybody brings a new costume or accessory for one of the dolls.

Barbie is 11½ inches tall and has the long, unnatural legs of a Soviet female Olympic 800-meter runner. Her breast development, of course, is that of a healthy American woman of twenty. She can wear wigs in blonde, ash-blonde, platinum, brunette and titian. Her eyelids, to borrow Walter Pater's phrase about the Mona Lisa, are "a trifle weary." Last year she appeared in stores looking like a coed in a red jersey swimsuit. But in the 1965 deluxe model, she has been promoted; she looks very much like a bored but well-subsidized suburban matron: she sits in a stylish garden swing beside a planter, wearing a pink swimsuit with a matching fluffy bathing hat, matching earrings and matching high-heeled pumps. She looks as though she were waiting for a lover (the kind who would bring her a dozen American Beauty roses, sit at her feet all evening long and never go near the bedroom)

Mattel's assumption seems to be that Barbie is now ready to settle down in the grand manner and that, during the year, millions of fathers will rally to buy her the Mattel trousseau. It retail at about $20. It's very nice. Barbie is even provided with a plastic bouquet; Ken's tuxedo comes with a cummerbund; Midge and Skipper have matching bridesmaid dresses.

The costumes for Barbie range from a cap and gown, for her graduation, to prurient underclothes. Item Number 921 in the catalogue for retailers is a nylon petticoat with a mirror, comb and brush set, bra and panties, all for $1.25. Item Number 973 is a nightdress, which no Hollywood producer would dare to use. This diaphanous, yellow thing hangs down to just past the navel, so that when your tot walks her dolly to bed, all the more obvious erogenous zones waggle in living color.

However, Mattel prefers to think of Barbie as a young woman who is mad about dressing. She is always going out, or coming in to change and go out again. When she works, she is sometimes a nurse, sometimes a tweedy executive, sometimes a ballerina, sometimes a chanteuse. She likes tennis and any other upper-class sport that demands expensive clothes (the ski-queen outfit costs $3.25). If she lives up to her wardrobe, she will spend 18 hours a day in changing. No wonder she's so thin—no time to eat.

Thirty-eight of Barbie's outfits are for use on social occasions. There's a special "busy morning" outfit, a theater-date combination, an after-five getup, a special outfit for the sorority meeting, a special job for the Friday-night date, another for the movie date, and a really dreamy satin formal with long gloves and a fur stole (costing $4). The company estimates that if your child buys all the available costumes for Barbie, Ken and Skipper, it would cost about $225.

Considering how much time Barbie must give to changing clothes, it is clear that if she should decide to try Ken in bed she would be too worn out to make love. She is not likely to make such a decision: for her, Ken is just another accessory. If you go to a party, you need a masculine touch. That is about all that Ken provides.

This raises a serious question about Mattel's Weltansicht. Could this kind of conditioning of America's girls cause some unworkable marriages? Is it desirable that your little girl, playing with Ken, be reared to believe that college boys are sexless? When she grows up and gets married, will she get an awful shock on her wedding night?

The Mattel Corporation's promotion staff should rethink this whole concept. They might build a man-about-town doll. They could call it Errol and design it as a man. Mattel need not be reminded that if Barbie works up a bit of passion, she would have to lay in a big store of silk lingerie, huge pillows, stylish fireplaces, bear rugs, ceiling mirrors, pessaries, bidets and dozens of expensive after-dark items such as a "Motel Breakfast Smock" or "Ski Cabin Hostess Gown." Some narrow-minded fathers would write indignant letters to the company. But this, in itself, would present a new opportunity to Mattel—which graciously would let Errol become a rabbi. Barbie will become a nun and Ken will become an Episcopalian priest. Mattel can then offer the nation's little girls three mundane lines of religious habits, plus singing-nun dolls, archbishop dolls and Salvation Army dolls of all ranks. The cost to the nation's fathers would be enormous, but Mattel can assume they will be so grateful they will not complain.

Possibly Mattel is too square to create either the Errol doll or the religious dolls, profitable as they might be. The Mattel creative staff is devoted to the kind of ideals that have made The Reader's Digest what it is today. Mattel is less interested in making money than in shaping the coming generation. The company wants little girls to realize the American feminine ideal (growing up to be a big-spending, busy, powerful, frigid woman). Without the Barbie training, many girls would be influenced by passive European notions about femininity.
THE FICTION AND FEATURE ARTICLES in the fan magazines depict these dolls as having upper-upper-class incomes and lower-middle-class tastes. Barbie is 100 per cent Caucasian, and she never associates with a racially impure person. She and her friends live in white houses with blue shutters (symbolizing the white, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon ideal?) whenever possible, and they strive to have big gardens filled with costly gracious-living gear. There is little or no evidence that they ever read books or listen to music. Clothes and money seem to dominate their conversations and strategies.

In Volume IV, Number 1 of the Mattel Barbie Magazine, Barbie says: "Midge! I've got a great idea! Remember the blue dress you wore New Year's Eve?" Midge replies, "Yes, but he's seen that already." (Italics mine.) In Volume III, Number 6, Barbie tells Midge: "I just treated myself to a marvelous dress for the Society Debs Ball. I hope Ken likes it. He's spending so much money on the tickets." The assumption here seems to be that, while making money is the summum bonum, spending it is even more summum—especially if you spend it on clothes. The Mattel intelligentsia apparently believes that America's teenage boys are wild about girls' dresses. This thesis is further developed in Volume IV, Number 5:

"Barbie: 'Do you like this new dress that I bought today? Do you like my hair fixed up this way?'

"Ken: 'Uh . . . why yes, of course! I always like the way you look. You're as pretty as any girl inside a fashion book.'"

The ideal American boy apparently thinks clothes make the woman. If Ken found himself in a nudist camp, would he mentally dress each woman he encountered?

The Mattel people have never pretended that the value of Barbie and Ken is as great as the value of what they wear. Just after Christmas, economy-model Barbies were on sale in department stores for only $1.88 apiece, Kens at $1.99. Compare these prices with the $3 you have to pay for a Barbie nurse's outfit. Even the ballet clothes for Skipper cost $2.50—51 cents more than a whole Ken on sale. The trousseau for Barbie and Ken was on sale for $17.88 in some stores this January. You can get nine on-sale Barbies for that. This situation recently caused a Macy's salesgirl to ask: "Why do they sell the dolls cheap but not put the clothes on sale? Think it over."

It is worth thinking over. But the salesgirl is missing the broader picture. What she does not know is that Mattel's research and design group, according to the report to the stockholders, includes graphic artists, sculptors, writers and fashion designers. These are people with a lust to influence the young. A good example of their sort of earnestness lies in the slogan coupled with a four-poster Barbie bed manufactured for Mattel: "Toys That Mold Character."

What kind of character is it that the Mattel creative folk are molding? Let's look at the Barbie Magazine fiction.

In a short story published last March, Midge is in love with Allan (the redhead doll put on the market last year). It seems that Midge acts too naturally to get her man. She gets all flustered in the old-fashioned way that girls used to, in novels like The Human Comedy and in plays like Ah, Wilderness! and Romeo and Juliet. In this story, Barbie is depicted as having a "forced brightness," and she musters it to carry out her assignment—to beef up Midge's personality. Barbie is so surgical in her efficiency that, at one point, Midge "stared at the ceiling to get away from Barbie's hard glance."

"Barbie understood her friend," the Mattel literary team says. "And felt sorry for her. Midge was not a silly girl. It was just that she plunged into every situation with all her heart. . . . Poor Midge, She felt everything keenly." The point seems to be that Midge is hopelessly childish, that sincerity will get a boy-hunter nowhere.

Fortunately Midge is exactly Barbie's height, and she has the same busty shape (5'4"—3½—3½). Your little daughter need spend only $20 or so to rehabilitate Midge by buying her the Barbie garments needed to fascinate Allan. Once this affair gets off the ground, Allan's sartorial passion will be aroused and he will try to keep up. Fortunately, he is exactly Ken's size.

The Mattel Corporation's dislike of overt emotion came out again in last year's September-October issue, in a story entitled, "She's a Jolly Good Fellow." Again, Midge was threatening to behave spontaneously. "'Psst!' she [Barbie] hissed. 'Don't let her see how you feel, Midge. When she comes back here, pretend it was great.'" In the 1963 Christmas issue, Barbie advocates even greater dissimulation. In this short story, Barbie tries to shore up the Christmas of an old lady who is a friend of her mother. Barbie feels that in this case deception is the road to happiness. She fakes a telephone conversation with her mother and later fabricates a complicated story about the old lady's daughter. The old lady finds out. But Barbie is not downhearted. Before her tears have dried, she has invented a new lie—this time for her mother.

THE EVIDENCE of the educational motivations in Mattel's Southern California headquarters is badly clouded by an article in Volume IV, Number 5, of Barbie. In a suggested plot for a Halloween play, Barbie is presented "in costume, carrying sacks of cookies and candy" which she got on a door-to-door campaign. Inexplicably, this cold-hearted debutante/career girl/fashion model has made a humiliating climb down the social ladder to go trick-or-treating.

If your tot reads all of her Barbie Magazines attentively, she may have trouble figuring out what she's supposed to be molding in the way of character. If she can put this all together without developing clinical symptoms, see that she goes to medical school. This country is going to need psychiatrists with the experience to treat the coming rash of compound mental fractures (schizophrenia barbiekenia). Psychiatrists report that Barbie-instigated problems already harass therapists.

So much for the little girls who, in the decade from 1974 to 1984, are being equipped to take over the country. One feels sorry for the small boys who will grow up to be the men in their lives. A solution may be found in the work of Remco Industries, Incorporated, in Harrison, New Jersey. This company has developed a doll called "GI Joe"—"America's Movable Fighting Man." After some hours of sincere play with GI Joe, your boy might well become more impolite, hateful, sadistic and subhumanly mean than he now is. The doll costs only $3.88, and you can get him a helmet and bush to hide behind for only $1.

Joe is the kind of guy who would love to crash one of Barbie's garden parties. The ensuing altercation surely would bring about a major showdown between the education departments of the Mattel Corporation and Remco Industries. For $4.88, that's a bargain.
The Vietnam Lobby


Among the stacks of wood-based engravings filed in dusty pyramids in the New Leader’s editorial offices is a generously-sized, full-face reproduction of the late Ngo Dinh Diem.

The typed label on the back that used to identify Diem as “Viet-Nam’s Democratic Alternative” has been torn off. The steel plate is worn from rubbing, face down, against the shellacked surface.

By Robert Scheer & Warren Hinckle
of the public school surplus-type furniture in the magazine's quarters in the old social democratic Rand School Building on New York's still-cobblestoned 15th Street.

The New Leader's cut file is a strange place to begin the story of the Viet-Nam Lobby, but then it is a strange story. It is the history of a small and enthusiastic group of people—including a cardinal, an ex-Austrian Socialist leader, and a CIA agent—who maneuvered the Eisenhower Administration and the American press into supporting the rootless, unpopular and hopeless regime of a despot, and who believed it was actually an exercise in democracy. That this group was able to accomplish this against the better thoughts of Eisenhower and over the traditional wariness of the press is testimony to its power and its persuasiveness. Another chapter of the history of the Viet-Nam Lobby concerns how its thesis came to be accepted by a broad consensus of liberals and intellectuals in America—a consensus that only recently has begun to splinter and is still largely intact.

The thesis is based on an overriding belief in the beauty of the American way of life—and in the nefarious nature of communism. It is the belief that the only reason a nation might vote Communist is because it hasn't been properly exposed to the democratic way of life: if people know democracy, they will vote democratic. And if it becomes necessary on occasion to tolerate undemocratic means to achieve the ultimate democratic goal—well, it is all for the people's own good.

For the New Leader, a liberal, militantly anticommunist biweekly with a strong belief in social reform, this theory was naturally applicable to the case of Diem, a firm anticommunist. The New Leader in 1959 hailed Diem's "Democratic One Man Rule." To the school of liberalism where anticommunism is the sine qua non, the idea of a "Democratic One Man Rule" is not an anomaly.

The story of the Viet-Nam Lobby is a case study in American politics from the mid-1950's to the early 1960's, and the role of the New Leader in that period is worth singling out for special attention because the magazine played a smaller but similar role in spreading the thesis of the nation's most famous pressure group—the China Lobby. The disillusioned idealists and ex-radicals whom C. Wright Mills once dubbed "the NATO intellectuals" were prominent in both libraries. Like the New Leader, they were willing to believe the best about anything or anyone anticommunist.

The history of the Viet-Nam Lobby dates from a meeting in a Tokyo tea room in 1950. There Wesley Fishel, a young Michigan State University political scientist, had a serious conversation with Ngo Dinh Diem. Diem was in the 17th year of a self-imposed exile. A sort of Catholic mandarin, he was by family background, personal inclination and training a member of Viet-Nam's feudal aristocracy. The mandarin sense of survival called for cooperation with the French, and Diem had risen to the rank of governor of Phat Diem Province in the French colonial civil service. A militant anticommunist, in 1933 he helped the French fight the Communists who were then leading the Vietnamese anti-colonial revolt. But Diem decided that France and Viet-Nam were incompatible, and he went into exile. It is illustrative of his character that he chose voluntary exile rather than remain in his country and fight with the "masses" (which included the Communists) against the French. Diem was a firm believer in the ways of God dictating the acts of men. He would wait for some Hegelian force to sweep him back onto the center stage of his country's history. Providence, in 1950, took the form of Wesley Fishel.

The young professor was impressed by Diem's long wait to rule his country and his views on independent nationalism, anticommunism and social reform. Fishel urged Diem to come to the United States to seek this government's support. When Diem agreed, Fishel arranged for Michigan State to sponsor the trip. On the Michigan State campus, Diem found kinship and support among both faculty and administration—a relationship which later developed into the university's extensive aid project to Diem's government, where a team of some 20 professors did everything from drafting his budgets to training his secret police. Outside the academic world, Diem found support in the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. Diem's brother, Bishop Can, arranged for the Vietnamese exile to stay in Maryknoll seminaries in New Jersey and New York. This was Cardinal Spellman's territory, and the cardinal and the Vietnamese mandarin soon developed a close relationship. And no wonder. Diem was an anticommunist and he was a Catholic. His brother was even a bishop. One could not approach the cardinal with better credentials.

In addition to the academicians and the clerics, Diem found to his surprise that he had a strong appeal among American liberals and intellectuals. When Diem was in the United States, from 1950 to 1953, Senator Joseph McCarthy was on the loose and liberals felt it mandatory to show their anticommunism. The liberal-intellectual world was still quaking from the shocks of the loss of China, the Korean War, and the conviction of Alger Hiss. To suggest dealing with Communists—any Communists—on any terms was unthinkable in this climate. Yet Communist forces in Asia had monopolized the undeniably popular twin battle cries: nationalism and social reform. The liberals searched for a "third way." They thought they found it in the anticommunist Diem as the leader of a "free" Viet-Nam. To think that the Vietnamese people would suddenly give to an absentee aristocrat the credit and gratitude for the fruits of the 20-year anti-colonial war the Communists had been leading against the French was, to say the least, naively optimistic. It also ignored Vietnamese history. It proved disastrous. The same tragic results were to occur a decade later when, again ignoring recent history, the Kennedy-Johnson Administrations followed the same fruitless military path of the French before them.

One of the first liberals to openly champion Diem was inveterate traveler, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Justice Douglas had just returned, discouraged, from a visit to Viet-Nam. An influx of American military aid hadn't helped the French in their losing war against Ho Chi Minh's Viet Minh forces. The Viet Minh clearly had the support of the people; but the Viet Minh were Communist-led and thus clearly unacceptable as leaders of Viet-Nam. Then Douglas met Diem in Washington and became enthusiastic. The Justice arranged a breakfast with Senators Mike Mansfield and John F. Kennedy and introduced them to Diem. Both men were taken with him. And during the next few years, before Diem Bien Phu, both Mansfield and Kennedy were extremely critical of the French presence in Viet-Nam and of the Eisenhower Administration's support of them. They called for an "indepen-
dent nationalist alternative,” a phrase which was later to become a cliché. Kennedy, in a major speech immediately before the Geneva Conference in April of 1954, warned against any negotiated solution that would allow participation in the Vietnamese government by Ho Chi Minh. The Communists, he said, would then eventually take over because they were so popular. Instead, he called for an independent—i.e., a democratic and anticommunist—Viet-Nam, supported by the United States, which Diem was to lead.

The Geneva Conference, of course, called for no such thing. It affirmed the independence of the colonial government of Viet-Nam and called for an end to hostilities. A sort of interim trustee arrangement was agreed upon whereby the French would preside in the South and the Viet Minh in the North for two years, ending in national elections in 1956 when the Vietnamese people would choose their own government. Those elections were never held because the Viet-Nam Lobby didn’t want them. Clearly, Ho Chi Minh would have won a popular vote—and that would have been the end of the “independent nationalist alternative.”

Thus men as diverse in their backgrounds as Spellman, Douglas and Kennedy—not to mention John Foster Dulles—came to support an aggressive policy against a popular adversary in the name of freedom.

The telephone operator in the chancery was used to such things, but even she blinked a little when Cardinal Spellman picked up the telephone and said: “Get me Joe Kennedy.” When these two powerful men got on the line together one winter afternoon in 1955, they settled quickly, as men of decision do, the steps that had to be taken to swing the wavering Eisenhower Administration solidly behind the young regime of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem. The report of this extraordinary conversation comes from Joseph Buttinger, an official of the International Rescue Committee, who was sitting in Spellman’s office. Buttinger had just returned from Saigon, and he brought bad news. Diem’s administration was in trouble. Buttinger thought Diem was the only hope of Viet-Nam, but needed to consolidate his power. There was opposition from the Vietnamese, from the French, and from some key Americans. Diem could not survive without increased United States support, yet the present United States commitment appeared in danger of waning. Eisenhower’s special ambassador to Viet-Nam, General Lawton Collins, was openly skeptical of Diem’s ability to establish a viable regime. Journalist Joseph Alsop felt Diem’s base of support was too narrow to effectively rival the popular Viet Minh. Eisenhower himself was not particularly sympathetic to Diem. The general recognized Ho Chi Minh’s popularity and was opposed to the effort to install an “alternative” as both undemocratic and of dubious success, as he later remarked in his book Mandate for Change.

But the Eisenhower Administration, not noted for its rigidity of purpose, was vulnerable to the political pressures marshaled by Cardinal Spellman and the elder Kennedy. Kennedy arranged for Buttinger to meet with Senator Mansfield and some key State Department personnel in Washington. His son, Senator John F. Kennedy, was in California, but Buttinger had a long conversation with the senator’s assistant, Ted Sorensen. Spellman took care of the press. He set up meetings for Buttinger with editors of the New York Times, the editorial board of the Herald-Tribune, and key editors of both Time and Life. Two days later the Times printed an editorial containing the Buttinger thesis. Buttinger himself took pen in hand and wrote an article for The Reporter praising Diem as democracy’s “alternative” in Southeast Asia.

To fully appreciate Buttinger’s role in the Viet-Nam Lobby, it is necessary to go back to Diem’s ascendance to the premiership in July 1954. From his first day in office the new Premier began to crush all opposition and to concentrate power within a small, nepotistic group. Diem’s targets included the private armies of the religious sects, anticommunist Vietnamese leaders who made the mistake of also being anti-Diem, and the identifiable Viet Minh partisans remaining in South Viet-Nam. This did not make for popular acclaim, but Diem wasn’t looking for popularity. He knew that his base of support was minuscule, that he would have trouble with the majority of the population who had been supporting the Viet Minh in the long war against the French. So force was the only way he could effectively ready his people for the “democratic alternative.” His authoritarian tactics were not widely reported in the American press until eight years later, when he fell from favor.

Diem’s strong-man rule in South Viet-Nam gave the United States two policy choices. It could keep the Viet Minh from power, block the scheduled 1956 national elections, prevent unification of the country, hang on and trust for the best. Or it could follow the new French policy of flexibility in a hopeless situation, allow the elections, learn to live with an unquestionably greater Communist influence in Viet-Nam, and accept the necessary parallel of a lessening of Western power there.

There were arguments for both positions within the Eisenhower Administration. Helpful in pushing the United States into a “hard line” of support for the authoritarian Diem was an unusual array of visitors to Saigon in the early days of the new Premier’s rule.

Cardinal Spellman, who told an American Legion convention that the Geneva agreements meant “taps” for freedom in Southeast Asia, flew to Viet-Nam to hand-deliver the first check of Catholic Relief Agency aid. Wesley Fishel, the Michigan State University professor, took up residence in the presidential palace and became one of Diem’s chief advisors. Also bedding down in the palace was Wolf Ladejinsky, a New Dealer who had stayed on in the Agriculture Department only to be plowed under in the McCarthy period. Diem hired Ladejinsky to study land reform, which convinced many American liberals that Diem was serious about social reforms. (These reforms proved later to be not only inefficient but laughable. Diem tried to restore the colonial property balance by returning to absentee landlords land that the bewildered peasants thought they owned—land the Communists had given them during the revolutionary period.)

Another important visitor to Diem was Leo Cherne, the president of the International Rescue Committee. Founded to help refugees from Germany in the Hitler period, the committee turned during the Cold War to aiding refugees from Communist countries. Cherne spent two and a half weeks in Viet-Nam and came away convinced that Diem had great potential as an anticommunist leader. He then sent his assistant, Joseph Buttinger, to set up a Viet-Nam operation for the committee. There Buttinger met Colonel (now General) Edward Lansdale, the CIA’s man in Saigon, hero of Eugene Burdick’s The Ugly American and villain of Graham Greene’s
The Quiet American. Lansdale, a gregarious former San Francisco advertising man who believes in “selling” the American way abroad, is given sole credit in the recent book on the CIA, The Invisible Government, for the United States’ support of Diem. That is not quite fair. It ignores the hard work of Cardinal Spellman and Buttinger. It was the unlikely triumvirate of the CIA man, the cardinal and Buttinger, an ex-Austrian Socialist leader, that was responsible for forming United States policy behind Diem.

Lansdale went through channels. He convinced CIA Director Allen Dulles of Diem’s worth. Dulles talked to his brother, the secretary of State. And John Foster Dulles brought the word to Eisenhower.

Spellman’s influence was important in certifying Diem as a solid anticommunist, no small thing in the McCarthy era.

Buttinger made the contacts in the ex-radical and liberal circles which were eventually to support the consensus of the Viet-Nam Lobby for the next six years.

Buttinger’s background is important in understanding the eagerness with which he accepted Diem as the “alternative.” A disillusioned socialist, Buttinger saw in the stocky, five-foot-five premier the nationalist answer to communism that he had himself attempted to provide as an Austrian Socialist leader in the 1930’s. Buttinger was then one Gustav Richter, the provincial youth leader of the Social-Democratic Party which had been forced underground by the waves of victorious fascism. Buttinger fought back, but it was an embittering experience. His one accomplishment, he relates in his memoirs, In The Twilight of Socialism, was to halt the spread of the Communists. But just when Buttinger had reorganized his party, the Nazis goose-stepped in. He fled to Paris and then to New York, and in flight the certainty of his world of socialist politics vanished, and so did his ideology. Buttinger did not join the Socialist Party in America, though in a continuing search for new ideas to replace his fallen Marxist certainty he dabbled in socialist politics as an editor of Dissent magazine.

He took to Diem with the enthusiasm that can only be mustered by an ex-radical who once again has something to believe in. He had been in Viet-Nam only four days when, at Lansdale’s request, he met Diem. He was to meet with him frequently during the ensuing three months. Lansdale took Buttinger under his wing and introduced him to the top security people in Diem’s government and the Vietnamese Army. This convinced Buttinger that Diem had the strength to remain in power, if only the United States would give him complete support.

Before Buttinger left for the United States in December 1954, he had several five- and six-hour conversations with Diem. He returned a man with a mission: to settle for nothing less than a total commitment to Diem by the United States.

With the aid of Lansdale and Cardinal Spellman, he succeeded, and the Viet-Nam Lobby was born.

The Viet-Nam Lobby was an unusual alliance of ex-left intellectuals, conservative generals and liberal politicians. Its primary goal was to convince the public that “free Viet-Nam” was accomplishing miracles and could withstand the Red onslaught if the United States would continue its support. One year after Buttinger’s return from Viet-Nam, in the fall of 1955, the “Lobby” achieved a measure of formal organization with the establishment of the American Friends of Vietnam. For the next six years the Friends were in the forefront of the fight to maintain Diem’s regime as a “showcase of democracy.”

Like all such organizations, the American Friends of Vietnam had a letterhead with a string of impressive names running in small print down the side. But the Friends’ list was unusual because it was virtually a roll call of the liberal center: Senators John F. Kennedy and Richard Neuberger; intellectuals Max Lerner and Arthur Schlesinger Jr.; Representatives Emanuel Celler and Edna Kelly; diplomat Angier Biddle Duke. For balance, there was Socialist Norman Thomas (who has since changed his position radically) and ultraconservative J. Bracken Lee. Two famous generals, “Wild Bill” Donovan and “Iron Mike” O’Daniel, were cochairmen.

The Friends was run by its 14-member executive committee. An analysis of the committee reveals a curious relationship between the Friends, the International Rescue Committee, and a New York fund raiser and public relations man named Harold Oram. The relationship is extraordinary because the executive committee of the International Rescue Committee, the executive committee of the American Friends of Vietnam, and Harold Oram’s executive personnel were all pretty much the same people.

It was Oram, then public relations man for the International Rescue Committee and a former promoter of ‘30s leftist causes, who later became associated with anticommunist and liberal center groups, whom Buttinger first approached for help when he returned from Viet-Nam in late 1954. Oram arranged through a friend at the Catholic Relief Agency in Washington for Buttinger to meet with Cardinal Spellman.

Two months before the organization of the American Friends of Vietnam was announced, Oram’s public relations firm signed a contract to represent the Vietnamese government for $3000 a month plus expenses. They stayed on the job until 1961. Oram was a member of the executive committee of the American Friends of Vietnam. So was Elliot Newcomb, his partner at the time the contract was signed with the Diem regime. Newcomb left the firm a year later, but remained on the executive committee and was subsequently treasurer. The executive secretary, and later corporation secretary and assistant treasurer of the American Friends of Vietnam, was a young man named Gilbert Jonas—Oram’s account executive and “campaign director” on the Viet-Nam account. Oram and Jonas were registered as foreign agents acting for the Republic of Viet-Nam during the same period that they held key executive positions on the Friends, a seemingly independent committee dedicated to the blameless purpose of working “to extend more broadly a mutual understanding of Vietnamese and American history, cultural customs and democratic institutions.”

The interlocking directorates of the International Rescue Committee and the Friends was more to be expected than the strange connection between the Republic of Viet-Nam and the Friends of Vietnam. Nine of the 14 directors of the Friends were also members of the board of directors of the International Rescue Committee or were its employees. Both Leo Cherne and Joseph Buttinger were on the Friends’ board; Cardinal Spellman was represented by Msgr. Hartnett, a key official of the Catholic Relief Agency. Two writers for the New Leader, Norbert Muhlen and Sol Sanders, were also on the executive committee of the Friends. The anticommunism and quest for social reform that characterized the New Leader
were typical of the philosophies of men in these two groups: New Deal liberals like Leo Cherne and ex-radicals like Buttinger, Oram and Jonas. Jonas later became public affairs director of the International Rescue Committee and served on Kennedy's presidential campaign staff in 1960 as an advisor on minority group problems.

Oram earned his $3000 a month. Diem was not always an easy man to keep popular. His consolidation of power in Viet-Nam had authoritarian overtones, and his off-the-cuff remarks were often bluntly undemocratic. The first task of the Viet-Nam Lobby was to package Diem as a commodity palatable to the American public. The packaging operation assumed grand scale proportions during Diem's triumphal "official visit" to the United States in 1957. Diem landed aboard President Eisenhower's personal plane, addressed a joint session of Congress, then took off for New York and breakfast with Cardinal Spellman. Mayor Wagner hailed him as the man "to whom freedom is the very breath of life itself."

At a dinner jointly sponsored by the International Rescue Committee and the American Friends of Vietnam, Angier Biddle Duke presented Diem with the Admiral Richard E. Byrd Award for "inspired leadership in the cause of the free world."

Diem's American advisors took care that his speeches were liberally salted with democratic clichés. Many of Diem's speeches were written by Buttinger, others by Sol Sanders. Sanders, a Friends' director who was writing articles on Southeast Asia for the New Leader, had been close to Diem when the Vietnamese leader was in exile in America during the early 1950's. They enjoyed a poignant reunion, recalling those more difficult times when both were low on funds and Diem would come into New York by train from the Maryknoll seminary in Ossining, and have tea with Sanders in a Greenwich Village café. (Sanders, now an Asia correspondent for U. S. News & World Report, was one of Diem's few friends who remained loyal to the end—even when he fell from U. S. favor. To Sanders' credit, he resigned from the American Friends of Vietnam when the executive committee fired off a congratulatory telegram to the generals who had deposed and murdered Diem. The telegram arrived while Diem's body was still, literally, warm.) But in 1957 Diem was the certified President of South Viet-Nam, and during three years in office he had managed to crush rival religious sects and independent politicians and surround himself with a court of American advisors—Michigan State University professors, military counsel, AID officials, Catholic Welfare aides.

Diem, however, had achieved little else in three years in office. But during his visit to America the Lobby promoted the "miracle" myth. Everything that Diem did or attempted was described as a miracle. Articles appeared in magazines, from The Reporter to Look, hailing the "miracles" of political stability, land reform, refugee settlement and economic development allegedly achieved by the Diem regime. But the "miracle" was actually only a miracle of public relations.

The Viet-Nam Lobby also perpetuated a second myth—that free elections for all Viet-Nam, which would include the Communists, and were called for in the Geneva agreements, were simply a means of enslaving the free people of Viet-Nam. Since the Communist-backed Viet Minh would almost certainly win, because they had "duped" the populace, the United States was actually striking a blow for freedom by keeping the people of Viet-Nam from holding a national election. We were "saving" them from themselves and at the same time teaching them the golden way of American democracy through Diem's "showcase" government. This is the type of rationale Kipling used to write poems about.

In many ways the most important of the myths promoted by the Viet-Nam Lobby was the refugee myth. The dramatic story of one million refugees fleeing to the South from the Communist North supported the theory of the North Viet-Nam leaders as "devils" and Diem's regime as the sanctuary of freedom. Naive, well-meaning publicists like Dr. Tom Dooley projected this view with extraordinary success in the United States (RAMPARTS, January 1965). What Americans were not told was that the refugees were almost all Catholics, many of whom had fought with the French against the Communist Viet Minh and realized they could get better treatment under the Catholic Diem. These refugees were settled and well cared for through extensive American aid, becoming a privileged minority in South Viet-Nam. But Diem had to use repressive police measures to keep in line the remainder of the population (13 million) which did not share the Catholics' visceral hatred of communism, and in fact were sympathetic toward the Viet Minh. It took an equally dramatic event—the protest by self-immolation by a Buddhist monk—to center attention on Diem's preferential treatment of the Catholic minority.

The lobby had a myth for almost every occasion. When things began to go badly for Diem in 1961, the Kennedy Administration rationalized the radical increase in this nation's military involvement in Viet-Nam by adhering to the myth that aggression by the Communists had wrecked Diem's progressive programs, had even forced him to adopt some totalitarian means—temporarily, because of the crisis, of course. So persuasive and pervasive were the myths postulated by the Viet-Nam Lobby that few people were willing to believe that the source of the trouble might lie with Diem himself.

The crowd in Madison Square Garden was dressed like it was a coming out party instead of a political rally. But the tweeds and swept-back coiffures were proper because the Young Americans for Freedom's big "Thombe Freedom Rally" in October of 1962 was something of a coronation ceremony: the right-wing college group was presenting awards to its heroes. John Wayne got an award. So did John Dos Passos and Strom Thurmond. And so did Marvin Liebman.

Marvin Liebman is a 41-year-old ex-Communist-turned-publicist for right-wing causes—apparently a good publicist, judging from the way the YAF chose to honor him. Liebman provides an interesting link between the activities of the two great Cold War pressure groups: the China Lobby and the Viet-Nam Lobby. A late-blooming member of the China Lobby, Liebman quit the Communist Party in 1945, but it was not until 1957, while working with the International Rescue Committee, that his politics took a sharp curve to the right. Liebman, working for Harold Oram's public relations firm (his name appeared on Oram's stationery alongside that of Gilbert Jonas during the middle '50s), was instrumental in setting up the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the U.N.

Liebman became a sort of right-wing establishment man. He was secretary of the Committee of One Million, an advisor to the Young Americans for Freedom, a collaborator with
National Review editor William F. Buckley Jr. in setting up the Committee for Freedom of All Peoples—which was outdone in its protest over Khrushchev’s visit to the United States only by the National Review’s black-bordered cover.

The China Lobby, like the Viet-Nam Lobby, fused liberal and right-wing elements in the impassioned promotion of an anticommunist leader (for Diem, read Chiang Kai-shek), whose prime and perhaps sole qualification for leadership was his anticommunism. Ross Y. Koen, in his book The China Lobby in American Politics (remarkably unavailable since shortly after its 1960 publication), names among the prime outlets for pro-Chiang propaganda, Life, The Reader’s Digest—and the New Leader.

The New Leader’s role in the China Lobby became a cause célèbre in 1963 when Senator William Fulbright’s Foreign Relations Committee released testimony stating that Chiang Kai-shek’s New York publicity firm had paid the New Leader $3000 in 1958 to publish a pro-Chiang article. There are two conflicting accounts. One was given to Senator Fulbright’s committee by Mr. Hamilton Wright Jr., a principal in the publicity firm then working for Chiang: “... as I recall, they [New Leader editors] approached me and said, ‘Look, you are representing the Republic of China. We have this wonderful article that has been written, and we are going to put this out as a special supplement. Now, it is going to go; you know our circulation is to the intellectual group and, gee, we just don’t have enough money to get this into print all the way. We can certainly use a contribution.’”

The other version is the New Leader’s. It is even more interesting because it blames the whole thing on Marvin Liebman. S. M. Levitas, the New Leader’s longtime editor and a bitter anticommunist out of the European socialist tradition, died in 1961. The magazine’s new editor, Myron Kolatch, wrote Senator Fulbright and said that a check of the files revealed no such payoff. Kolatch said that the $3000 came to the New Leader from the American-Asia Education Exchange in connection with an article, “Communist China: Power and Prospects,” by Dr. Richard L. Walker. The article was to appear in a special issue of the magazine and Levitas asked the Exchange to purchase 10,000 reprints for $3000 to help finance the issue. Levitas was a member of the Exchange. The author, Dr. Walker, was on its board of directors and Marvin Liebman, whom the New York Times described as “a publicist connected with Nationalist Chinese causes,” was the secretary-treasurer. The Exchange, in fact, operated out of Liebman’s publicity office. Kolatch said that he subsequently learned that the Exchange got the $3000 from Liebman who got it, in turn, from Chiang’s publicity firm. The New Leader, Kolatch said, had not been aware that the funds originated in the Nationalist China camp.

The China Lobby/Viet-Nam Lobby syndrome came full circle in the spring of 1964, when Liebman was revealed as the promoter of an advertisement in the Washington Star, signed by the parents of American soldiers killed in Viet-Nam, which called for an extension of the war.

The New Leader, in recent years, has lost much of the blind anticommunism which allowed it to accept too readily the positions of the China Lobby and the Viet-Nam Lobby, according to author Paul Jacobs:

“The New Leader today is much different than it was under Levitas. For Levitas, the primary role of the magazine was fighting the Communists and very often he subordinated all else to it. Considering the bitter experience the non-Communist left had with the Communists, Levitas’ position was understandable. But the tragedy was that it led not only to an obsession but to an inability to accept the fact that changes were taking place inside the Communist world. Today, the New Leader does have a better understanding of the problems the world faces and an article is no longer measured only by how anticommunist it may be.”

But the New Leader school of anticommunism—shared in the ’50s by The Reporter and other liberal publications and such groups as the International Rescue Committee and the Congress for Cultural Freedom—is important because it helped to shape the Cold War as we live it today. When World War II ended, the State Department and the Pentagon had to formulate policies for a world where the Communists were now the enemy—but where splinter socialist movements, both “democratic” and “undemocratic,” were emerging all over Europe and Asia. It was obvious that we couldn’t be against everybody. Instrumental in helping decide where to draw the line was the circle of ex-radicals and disillusioned intellectuals, and social democrats like Levitas, whose principled anticommunism dated from the creation of the Third International. Where a State Department career man might be insensitive to the crimes of the Third International against the intellectuals, old Bolsheviks and the Jews, a former East European socialist like Levitas could speak with passion about who were the good guys and who were the bad guys—and which side the United States should support in the name of anticommunism.

The same liberals who backed Diem fought Senator Joseph McCarthy, but they fought McCarthy on his own battleground of anticommunism. This was the only ground acceptable in the hate climate of the ’50s, and the anticommunism of the ex-radical turned “liberal” had paramount influence in the hard line of America’s postwar politics.

The Viet-Nam Lobby was the ultimate product of this school of liberal Cold War anticommunism. Unlike the businessmen, missionaries and military politicians who joined the China Lobby for self-seeking reasons, the members of the Viet-Nam Lobby were True Believers. They were on a Crusade for Democracy. Looking at the world through anti-Red glasses, they convinced themselves that a Diem could be a democrat. They had trouble convincing Eisenhower, so they pressured his administration into line. Then they set out to convince the country. They succeeded, and the myths that they created—that we were “asked” to step in by the Vietnamese people, that we are protecting “democracy” by blocking elections—remain long after Diem to haunt the State Department White Paper and President Johnson’s speeches.

Senator Fulbright, in a recent speech on ideology and foreign policy, cited a thought of William Makepeace Thackeray which applies with extraordinary precision to the Viet-Nam Lobby: “The wicked are wicked, no doubt,” wrote Thackeray, “and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their desserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do?”

No Dice For Braceros

California’s tawdry history of imported labor dates back to mid-19th century Chinese railroad gangs; now Agribusiness tycoons keep profits up by holding Braceros down.

In the early '20s, at San Francisco’s Lowell High School, Edmund G. “Pat” Brown, now in his second term as governor of the Golden State, was a member of “The Nocturnes,” a group of crapsplaying schoolboys. One of his brother Nocturnes was Norton Simon, now a widely known art connoisseur and head of Hunt Foods and Industries, the nation's largest tomato processor. Over the years Brown has continued his affinity for powerful friends in the food production business. He has long been on intimate terms with Joseph and Robert Di Giorgio, of the Di Giorgio Fruit Corporation empire. Palmer C. Mendelson, a ubiquitous grower-spokesman, and Lionel Steinberg and Jim Camp, millionaire growers, are close confidants. These men are part of the nucleus of “agribusiness”—the California agriculturist complex that last year rang up $3.6 billion in receipts by supplying some 40 per cent of the nation’s table food—and they dissuaded Brown from exercising his best human instincts to kill once and for all the Mexican bracero program that has displaced and demoralized the American farm laborer.

The issue of the bracero versus the domestic worker is a hot one in a state where the political pot is always simmering. The temperature approached the boiling point last fall when Congress refused another reprieve for Public Law 78, the Korean War emergency measure that had been extended a number of times for the convenience of agribusiness. Theoretically, PL 78 permitted the importation of braceros only if sufficient numbers of Americans were not available to bring in the harvest. But in practice it didn’t work out that way. Braceros formed the hard core of the labor force, forcing indigenous workers to compete for jobs which were offered on the basis of sub-standard bracero norms. At the height of the season a seasonal tide of 100,000 braceros swept into California, disrupting any hope of the domestics for a semblance of job stability. To the single-minded interests of agribusiness, braceroism was a cheap labor windfall—it drove wages and working conditions below rock bottom and kept them there. And equally important, braceros were, for all practical purposes, a captive labor force that could be shuttled wherever needed, thus effectively preventing American workers from organizing.

Special license never dies easily, and agribusiness, faced with the prospect of losing the braceros, girded for an all-out fight. The strategy involved a two-pronged offensive—one directed at public sympathy, the other at political support. When California crops began to ripen this spring—as they inevitably do—growers complained of a crippling labor shortage and predicted crops would rot in the fields.

On the political front, the big guns of agribusiness were leveled at “Pat” Brown, then wavering between fence-straddling and open endorsement of the growers’ cause. For Brown, a former painters’ union attorney and a nominal liberal, the problem was racking. There was an inescapable parallel between wanton abandonment of the farm worker and civil rights—a field in which he had achieved a fair enough record. Dr. Paul O’Rourke, his own anti-poverty director, had flatly told him that any anti-poverty program in California was meaningless until the bracero was eliminated and the plight of the domestic farm worker alleviated.

When he first moved into the governor’s mansion in January 1959, Brown gave every indication that he was not only aware of the sad consequences of braceroism, but intended to do something about it. Acknowledging the bleat of agribusiness that California was in competition with other agricultural states, he nonetheless insisted that the farm laborer be included in the proposed $1.25 minimum wage for the state (at the time farm wages were hovering around 90 cents an hour). “If a person is worth hiring,” said Brown, “he is worth paying a decent, living wage. The special interest group which denies that imperils its own future as well as California’s.”

The probity of Brown’s remark—and its simple logic—was lost on agribusiness, which saw its prosperity as based solely on maintaining the leanest possible payrolls. And in the end it was not agribusiness which capitulated, but Brown. Within two years he yielded to the growers he once had been “ready to battle” and reneged on his pledges of a minimum wage. He found the tug of the big power alignment irresistible.

THE ANATOMY OF AGRIBUSINESS

The shape and form of the agribusiness lobby in California is awesome to behold. California Packing (Cal Pak), the world’s largest canner of fruits and vegetables, operates at every level, from the field to the supermarket, where its familiar Del Monte label appears; sales are well over $400 million annually. Hunt Foods and Industries, producers of Hunt’s catsup and tomato paste and Wesson salad and cooking oil, has diversified into steel, matches and glass containers; it generates some $400 million a year with profits climbing. Di Giorgio Fruit, one of the largest fresh fruit grower-distributors in the world, is a $75 million a year enterprise. Allied with these and other less conspicuous growers are the peripheral interests, e.g., Bank of America, the world’s largest bank, which has a stake in a huge slice of the state’s farmlands; Southern Pacific Railroad, shipper to the industry and owner of vast acreage in the fertile San Joaquin Valley; and Kern County Land Company, which for all practical purposes is Kern County.

The reticular pattern of interest is shown by the interlocking directorships of the corporations. Robert Di Giorgio is a Bank of America director, James Di Giorgio is president of the Kern County Land Company, and Robert Di Giorgio is the president of Di Giorgio Fruit, one of the largest fresh fruit grower-distributors in the world, which has a stake in a huge slice of the state’s farmlands; Southern Pacific Railroad, shipper to the industry and owner of vast acreage in the fertile San Joaquin Valley; and Kern County Land Company, which for all practical purposes is Kern County.

by William Turner
of America director, while Carl F. Wente, a Bank of America vice president, is a Di Giorgio director. Insurance-realty executive A. E. Scarboro sits on both boards, as does influential Southern California merchandiser Prentis Hale. Edward W. Carter, a director of Hale's department store chain, is also a trustee of the Irvine Corporation, which owns a major segment of Orange County fruitlands and Imperial Valley lettuce acreage. Four Cal Pak directors sit on the board of the Wells Fargo Bank, second largest farm lender in the state.

The corporate viewpoint has not suffered for want of spokesmen. For example, Jesse W. Tapp, an agricultural economist, is board chairman of the Bank of America and president of the State Board of Agriculture. He has consistently plumped for more braceros on the ground that domestic labor just won't fill the bill. This has been repeatedly echoed by Earl Coke, a retiring vice president of the Bank of America and former right-hand man to Ezra Benson, Eisenhower's ultraconservative secretary of Agriculture. Coke asserted: "Just what effect the unwillingness of the [federal] government to provide the usual numbers of seasonal labor would be to California is yet difficult to determine. Earlier this year we announced that we would not finance growers unless there was some assurance of labor supplies." Assured by Labor Secretary Wirtz that workers would be available, however, the Bank of America went ahead with loans to growers.

No less interested in braceroism are the state's large independent growers. Banded together in local associations and cooperatives and represented at the state level by the Council of California Growers, they form a united propaganda front. These associations earmark a portion of receipts for a so-called "promotion fund," actually one of the more potent political slush funds in California. Foremost among the big growers is Lionel Steinberg, a wealthy Coachella Valley grape grower and Democratic Party stalwart. Appointed by Brown as vice president of the State Board of Agriculture, Steinberg has little difficulty catching the governor's ear on agribusiness problems.

The dice are loaded on the State Board of Agriculture. Bank of America's Jesse Tapp, a Democrat, is president. Milton Natapoff was a registered lobbyist in Sacramento for a dairy farmers' association before his appointment. Ten of the 13 member board are growers. All members are Brown appointees.

Thus there is little mystery behind Brown's vacillation and eventual abandonment of the farm workers' cause. Adding to its deliberateness is the fact that the liberal wing of the Democratic Party—represented by the California Democratic Council and the State Democratic Central Committee—has expressed itself as opposed to further extension of the bracero system.

With the cost of field labor only two to five cents on the dollar, depending on the crop, even a substantial wage hike—passed on entirely to the housewife—would not appreciably affect prices. Increased payroll in themselves are not the primary concern of the agribusiness people. What looms most ominous in their thinking is that any concession in the area of wages would be the beginning of the end for their privileged "Blue-Sky Sweatshop"—the process of systematic exclusion of the farm laborer from the benefits of collective bargaining, accident and health insurance, unemployment compensation insurance, and other fringe benefits.

More to the quick is the realization by agribusiness that once the bracero passes forever from the California scene, unionization of farm labor will become a reality and Agribusiness will have to abide by the same touchstones of decency and equity as any other industry. As one Salinas Valley grower expressed it: "The handwriting may be on the wall, but we'll do everything possible to slow down unionization."

C

ALIFORNIA HAS A HISTORY of imported labor which dates back to the mid-19th century Chinese railroad gangs; Public Law 78 merely certified what had long been a de facto method of operation. In earlier times immigrants from Mexico and the Orient were dumped into labor "pools" to be tapped at the growers' pleasure under gentlemen's agreements governing wages and conditions. When, toward the turn of the century, the Chinese Exclusion Act tended to dry up the pool, growers fixed their eyes south of the border for what George Santayana termed one of the most important raw materials of industry: man.

The history of the migration of Mexican manual labor to the United States is one of gradual drift, pushed on the one side by chaotic conditions within Mexico itself and pulled on the other by the lure of the gringo dollar, which outweighed the peso two to one. What the Mexican found, however, was an equally barren existence. Dragged down by a bare subsistence income, insulated from the mainstream of American life by language and cultural barriers, he gravitated into ghettos, thus setting a standard of impoverishment upon which agribusiness grew to rely.

During World War II agribusiness found itself confronted by its first great manpower crisis. The drain caused by the military draft was serious enough, but it was compounded by an exodus of farm workers to better jobs in California's mushrooming defense industries. Holding the line on wages with one hand, agribusiness plugged on the government's sleeve for help with the other. A bracero recruitment agreement was worked out with the Mexican government, and like many other wartime measures it has never really ended.

After the war the manpower shortage continued: understandably, the workers who had tasted a better life in the manufacturing industries were not about to return to the abysmal conditions of farm labor, nor did the growers anticipate with pleasure the return of prodigals tainted with ideas of unionism.

But the codification of the bracero program under PL 78 in 1951 was due as much to the insistence of the Mexican government as to the clamor of American growers. Mexico had become increasingly sensitive to the wanton abuses that had crept into braceroism, and pressed for regulation.

Consequently, articles were written into PL 78 that gave the bracero at least a modicum of relief. An element of uniformity was introduced into the law of formulas; sanitary housing and adequate transportation were guaranteed (theoretically), and payment for at least three-quarters of the life of the contract was agreed upon. The scheme was at once humanitarian and hypocritical, for the little that it gave to the foreign farm laborer had never been considered for the American.

Agribusiness was hooked on braceroism and began to move political mountains to secure extension after extension of PL 78. As time went on, the artificiality of the situation became transparent; even some growers realized that braceroism—dependent as it was upon the attitudes of a foreign government—was neither a permanent nor an ideal solution to the prob-
lem of stabilizing the labor market. Opposition from church groups, labor organizations and political liberals mounted. In 1963, Governor Brown urged a balkning Congress to extend PL 78 for one year only, arguing that the time was needed to gradually "phase out" the bracero system. But the stall could not go on forever, so he needed a solid peg on which to hang his sombrero. He found one, and it wore the stately mantle of academic wisdom. It was popularly called the Giannini Report.

The Giannini Foundation of Agricultural Economics, a department of the University of California at Berkeley, was endowed by the late Joseph Giannini, founder of the Bank of America. At Brown's behest, a study of the farm labor problem was undertaken and summarized in the Giannini Report, issued in September 1964. It evoked a storm of controversy over its conclusion that the bracero system was bad and should be ended. Besides, he adds, "No one wants to do this work, and who wants to do this work?"

By November 1964, time was running out for "Pat" Brown to speak his mind on braceroism. PL 78 was virtually moribund, and braceros, which had made only token efforts at mobilizing a domestic labor force since the extension of the previous year, began to project an image of desperation. Actually, California's 600,000 farm laborers were guarded optimistic, since Brown had told a delegation led by Cesar Chavez—editor of El Malcriado: Voice of the Farm Worker and organizer of a grass-roots labor movement—that the bracero system was bad and he would not tolerate it. But on Friday the 13th, Brown seized upon the Giannini Report as the basis for a proposal for a new five-year "phase-out plan."

[THE SYNDROME OF DESPAIR]

The intractable majority of big growers regard the bracero as a form of machine—efficient, in good condition, economical to operate, and readily returnable with no strings attached. Palmer Mendelson of the Mendelson-Zeller Company in San Francisco, a large strawberry-asparagus shipper, says that, "The bracero is a professional—others are amateurs. You have to have a hard core of professionals who can be shifted with crop conditions." Besides, he adds, "No one wants to do this work, and who blames them?"

Hardly anyone contests the fact that the bracero, under the whip of what Dr. Paul O'Rourke terms the "sadistic field boss," works like a dog, and willingly and well. One citrus grower describes it as an "awful sight" to watch braceros "attack" a tree. (Paid mostly on a piecework basis, they are pitted against each other to determine who makes the most.) But in a free economy a labor force of chattels is unnatural and tends to generate a variety of undesirable consequences.

Except for a tiny trickle spent for immediate necessities, the entire earnings of a bracero return to Mexico with him, creating an outflow of currency against which President Johnson has counseled. Since braceros do not spend for goods and services in the United States, American merchants in bracero-dominated areas have been hard hit.

In maintaining the bracero as the core of farm labor there have also been imported the syndromes of his impoverished lot—deprecation, despair, dispirit. Would it make any difference if the farm workers' status were raised to compare with other American workers who form an integral—and indispensable—part of the production process? Most growers hold that it would not, that the domestic is by nature more disposed toward state largesse than a hard day's work. However, the experience of Gilroy farmer Les Grube and his Community Recruitment of Personnel (CROP) effort has disabused many skeptics of that notion.

Convinced there was an adequate labor reserve ready to step in if the price was right, Grube enlisted the help of Father Ronald A. Burke and his associates on the Interfaith Migrant Committee to conduct an intensive recruiting drive. This was the spring of 1965, as the strawberries started to ripen and large growers, including giant Salinas Strawberries, Incorporated, bemoaned the lack of braceros. Grube's lure was a $1.40 an hour wage.

The CROP experiment worked out so well that the California Department of Employment has subsidized it and given the green light for expansion of its scope. Perhaps the most salient fact is that CROP has demonstrated the existence of a sizable supply of people who consider themselves essentially farm workers, but who drifted away because they weren't wanted. And one of the most dramatic side effects was the sharp reduction in welfare payments in the area. Salinas County Welfare Commissioner William Leach announced that in April 1964, when the bracero was still the mainstay of strawberry labor, 313 families were on welfare rolls; by April 1965, the number had dropped to 77.

C. Al Green, director of the AFL-CIO Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC) in Stockton, believes that the farm labor "shortage" is more manufactured than real. On December 7, 1964, Green told a United States Department of Labor panel in San Francisco, "The fact is, there have been few real efforts made to attract United States farm workers. The wages offered are low and the working conditions miserable. When real efforts have been made to attract United States farm workers, the workers have responded with enthusiasm."

Green, a veteran building trades union official who shifted to AWOC in 1962, calls the supposed labor shortage a sham that ill-conceals the growers' desire for braceros exclusively. "The existence of the reservoir of cheap, captive labor effectively exempts the growers from having to bid for workers," he says. "They do not have to compete for laborers. They do not have to raise wages and improve working conditions to attract a sufficient number of workers."

So far AWOC has been able to sign up several labor contractors but no growers. Last May, in the Coachella Valley, AWOC succeeded in organizing sufficient workers to strike Lionel Steinberg's operation.

The modest headway that AWOC has been able to make is rather revolutionary in a state where agricultural unionism has always been decisively—and sometimes violently—beaten down. The National Farm Workers Union of the late '40s and early '50s found its attempts at strikes going up in smoke when growers rushed in complements of braceros and "wetbacks." At present the only labor movement of consequence, other than AWOC, is the Spanish-speaking Cesar Chavez group in Delano. It is founded on the gentle exhortation of
Pope John: "We for that matter express our satisfaction with those sons of ours throughout the whole world who actively are engaged in the movement of agricultural workers with the intention of elevating the economic and social level of the communities of agricultural workers." Yet concessions have been few and grudging. Perhaps one of the most distressing angles has been the failure of big labor in other industries to rally solidly behind farm labor.

["SLAVE-LABOR CONDITIONS"]

BEHIND THE FIGHT AGAINST braceroism is a collection of civic groups and church bodies. On the national level, Father James L. Vizzard, the Jesuit who heads the Washington Office of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, has been unequivocal. At a labor hearing on November 30, 1964, he declared: "I have no tears to waste on those who have been crying disaster at the prospect of losing the previously readily available agricultural workers from Mexico under PL 78, but who in the meantime have taken no realistic steps to secure an adequate and dependable United States labor force. . . . I can only deplore those politicians who feel they must cooperate with the growers in their continued refusal to face the demands of individual justice and the common good. . . . Since these growers show no signs of self-reform, they need to be told emphatically and with finality that the approximation of slave-labor conditions which they have perpetuated will no longer be tolerated by this nation. They need to be made to understand in what century and in what kind of economy and society they are living and operating. They must be forced to realize that to exploit the poverty of other nations in order to beat down and crush the poor of our own country is the grossest kind of immorality."

Father Vizzard’s scathing indictment has been seconded in principle by many churchmen, including Msgr. George Higgins of the National Catholic Welfare Council and Reverend Wayne C. Hartmire Jr. of the California Migrant Ministry of the National Council of Churches. A noteworthy dissenter is Episcopalian Bishop James A. Pike, who favors a stretched-out transition from braceroism. The bishop’s stand, glaringly anomalous to his usual liberalism, rankled the Rev. Hartmire, who paraphrased the reaction of the farm worker in a letter to Bishop Pike: "You Christians speak brave words about Alabama but when the money changers are in your temples then you stand for gradualism—gradualism which means justice can wait for those of us who don’t pay our way in those temples."

Perhaps the most sustained and vibrant voice the California field worker has had is Citizens For Farm Labor, organized by Henry P. Anderson, a California public health official. Its 56-man advisory board is composed of attorneys, legislators, professors, clerics and concerned citizens; it includes United States Representative Phillip Burton and Father Thomas McCullough, the boyish-looking Catholic priest who several years ago was silenced by the bishop of San Diego following grower complaints that he had participated in a field workers’ rally in El Centro.

Anderson himself has investigated the farm labor problem at close range—in the fields. In the late ’50s, as a research assistant attached to the school of public health at the University of California, he ranged the state probing the impact of braceroism on sanitation, housing and other aspects of farm labor. In 1958, he was ordered to stop interviewing braceros at the El Centro staging compound, under pain of arrest, because, he claims, the Department of Labor frowned on criticism of its program. Later, his report was suppressed, particularly a section on the power structure behind braceroism. "I was told it was suppressed because of pressures from the Department of Labor and the Farm Bureau Federation [a growers’ lobby]," says Anderson.

[CALLING THE "SHORTAGE" BLUFF]

WHEN PL 78 EXPIRED ON December 31, 1964, "Pat" Brown faced the new year as a man clearly on the spot. Although Congress had expressed its will that the bracero system not continue, Brown was besieged by agribusiness interests looking for ways to bring in the bracero—regardless.

As the harvest season impended, grower demands for braceros grew. When the din reached Washington, Secretary of Labor Wirtz flew out to California on a personal inspection trip. One of his first reactions was repugnance at finding no field toilets on the farms he visited, and in the case of one of the largest labor camps in the state, filthy conditions that "made me ashamed of anything of this kind exists in this country." Wirtz indicated he would consider limited importation of braceros only if growers were unable to recruit sufficient domestic help with at least the inducement offered to braceros, including a semblance of tenure. But, said Wirtz, it would be "the worst possible affront" to Congress to accede to mass importation of braceros.

Wirtz’ stand brought immediate howls from the growers and their spokesmen. Speaking on the floor of the House, Orange County’s ultraconservative James R. Utt blamed Wirtz for "a man-made catastrophe" in California.

In the wake of Wirtz’ visit a three-man panel was appointed to check into the labor supply in individual areas. "The most significant fact," said Wirtz, "is that all crops are being harvested despite all this talk." Brown, however, disagreed. "I think he’s wrong," said the governor, thumping for more braceros to ease what he termed the "desperate" farm labor situation.

What Brown and agribusiness apparently are after—now that Public Law 78 is dead and gone—is a de facto extension of braceroism under the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act. In the early ’50s, silver-maned Pat McCarran, in order to replenish his Nevada ranch cronies’ supply of Basque sheepherders, pushed through the law that permits importation of foreign help if “capable” domestics are unavailable. It is the fear of Father Vizzard and others that this law will now be used to perpetuate the influx of thousands of low-wage farm workers.

But for “Pat” Brown, heading into a fight for a third term, the outlook is not so bleak. Brown already has California’s farm workers in his hip pocket, since they obviously would not swing over to a Republican of the Ronald Reagan stripe. And having danced to agribusiness’ tune, he bids well to embark on the campaign with brimming coffers.
"I Quit"

"The Whole Thing Was a Lie!" by a Special Forces Hero

by Don Duncan
MASTER SERGEANT DONALD DUNCAN left the United States Army in September of 1965 after ten years of service, including six years in the Special Forces and 18 months on active duty in Viet-Nam. While in Viet-Nam he received the South Vietnamese Silver Star, the Combat Infantry Badge, the Bronze Star and the United States Army Air Medal. He was nominated for the American Silver Star and was the first enlisted man in Viet-Nam to be nominated for the Legion of Merit. He participated in many missions behind enemy lines in War Zone D, Vung Tao and the An Lao Valley. Last March he turned down the offer of a direct commission to the rank of captain. Instead he left Viet-Nam on September 5, 1965, and received his honorable discharge four days later.

WHEN I WAS DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY, ten years ago, I was a militant anticommunist. Like most Americans, I couldn't conceive of anybody choosing communism over democracy. The depth of my aversion to this ideology was, I suppose, due in part to my being Roman Catholic, in part to the stories in the news media about communism, and in part to the fact that my stepfather was born in Budapest, Hungary. Although he had come to the United States as a young man, most of his family had stayed in Europe. From time to time, I would be given examples of the horrors of life under communism. Shortly after basic training, I was sent to Germany. I was there at the time of the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolt. Everything I had heard about communism was verified. Like my fellow soldiers, I felt frustrated and cheated that the United States would not go to the aid of the Hungarians. Angrily, I followed the action of the brute force being used against people who were armed with sticks, stolen weapons and a desire for independence.

While serving in Germany, I ran across Special Forces. I was so impressed by their dedication and elan that I decided to volunteer for duty with this group. By 1959, I had been accepted into the Special Forces and underwent training at Fort Bragg. I was soon to learn much about the outfit and the men in it. A good percentage of them were Lodge Act people—men who had come from Iron Curtain countries. Their anticommunism bordered on fanaticism. Many of them who, like me, had joined Special Forces to do something positive, were to leave because “things” weren't happening fast enough. They were to show up later in Africa and Latin America in the employ of others or as independent agents for the CIA.

Initially, training was aimed at having United States teams organize guerrilla warfare in foreign countries. Emphasis was placed on the fact that guerrillas can't take prisoners. We were continuously told, “You don't have to kill them yourself—let your indigenous counterpart do that.” I was later to witness the practice of turning prisoners over to ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet-Nam) for “interrogation” and the atrocities which ensued.

Throughout the training there was an exciting aura of mystery. Hints were continually being dropped that “at this very moment” Special Forces men were in various Latin American and Asian countries on secret missions. The anticommunist theme was woven throughout. Recommended reading would invariably turn out to be books on “brainwashing” and atrocity tales—life under communism. The enemy was the enemy. There was no doubt that the enemy was communism and communist countries. There never was a suggestion that Special Forces would set up guerrilla warfare against the government in a fascist-controlled country.

It was a long time before I could look back and realize that this conditioning about the communist conspiracy and the enemy was taking place. Like most of the men who volunteered for Special Forces, I wasn't hard to sell. We were ready for it. Artur Fisers, my classmate and roommate, was living for the day when he would “lead the first ‘stick’ of the first team to go into Latvia.” “How about Viet-Nam, Art?” “To hell with Viet-Nam. I wouldn't blend. There are not many blue-eyed gooks.” This was to be only the first of many contradictions of the theory that Special Forces men cannot be prejudiced about the color or religion of other people.

After graduation, I was chosen to be a Procurement NCO for Special Forces in California. The joke was made that I was now a procurer. After seeing how we were prostituted, the analogy doesn't seem a bad one. General Yarborough's instructions were simple: “I want good, dedicated men who will graduate. If you want him, take him. Just remember, he may be on your team someday.” Our final instructions from the captain directly in charge of the program had some succinct points. I stood in shocked disbelief to hear, “Don't send me any niggers. Be careful, however, not to give the impression that we are prejudiced in Special Forces. You won't find it hard to find an excuse to reject them. Most will be too dumb to pass the written test. If they luck out on that and get by the physical testing, you'll find that they have some sort of a criminal record.” The third man I sent to Fort Bragg was a “nigger.” And I didn't forget that someday he might be on my team.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS of Viet-Nam were gained from the window of the jet while flying over Saigon and its outlying areas. As I looked down I thought, “Why, those could be farms anywhere and that could be a city anywhere.” The ride from Tan Son Nhut to the center of town destroyed the initial illusion. My impressions weren't unique for a new arrival in Saigon. I was appalled by the heat and humidity which made my worsted uniform feel like a fur coat. Smells. Exhaust fumes from the hundreds of blue and white Renault taxis and military vehicles. Human excrement; the foul, stagnant, black mud and water as we passed over the river on Cong Ly Street; and, over-riding all the others, the very pungent and rancid smell of what I later found out was nuoc mam, a sauce made much in the same manner as sauerkraut, with fish substituted for cabbage. No Vietnamese meal is complete without it. People—masses of them! The smallest children, with the dirty faces of all children their age, standing on the sidewalk unshod and with no clothing other than a shirtwaist that never quite reached the navel on the protruding belly. Those a little older wearing overall-type trousers with the crotch seam torn out—a practical alteration that eliminates the need for diapers. Young grade school girls in their blue butterfly sun hats, and boys of the same age with hands out saying, “OK—Salem,” thereby exhausting their English vocabulary. The women in ao dais of all colors, all looking beautiful and graceful. The slim, hipless men, many walking hand-in-hand with other men, and so
misunderstood by the newcomer. Old men with straggly Fu Manchu beards staring impassively, wearing wide-legged, pajama-like trousers.

Bars by the hundreds, with American-style names—Playboy, Hungry i, Flamingo—and faced with grenade-proof screening. Houses made from packing cases, accommodating three or four families, stand alongside spacious villas complete with military guard. American GI's abound in sport shirts, slacks and cameras; motorcycles, screaming to make room for a speeding official in a large, shiny sedan, pass over an intersection that has hundreds of horseshoe impressions in the soft asphalt tar. Confusion, noise, smells, people—almost overwhelming.

My initial assignment was in Saigon as an Area Specialist for III and IV Corps Tactical Zone in the Special Forces Tactical Operations Center. And my education began there. The officers and NCOs were unanimous in their contempt for the Vietnamese.

There was a continual putdown of Saigon officials, the Saigon government, ARVN, the LLDB (Luc Luong Dac Biet—Vietnamese Special Forces) and the Vietnamese man-in-the-street. The government was rotten, the officials corrupt, ARVN cowardly, the LLDB all three, and the man-in-the-street an ignorant thief. (LLDB also qualified under "thief.")

It occurred to me that if the people on "our side" were all these things, why were we then supporting them and spending $1.5 million dollars a day in their country? The answer was always the same: "They are anticommunists." This was supposed to explain everything.

As a result of this insulation, my initial observations of everything and everyone Vietnamese were colored. I almost fell into the habit, or mental laziness, of evaluating Viet-Nam not on the basis of what I saw and heard, but on what I was told by other biased Americans. When you see something contradictory, there is always a fellow countryman willing to interpret the significance of it, and it won't be favorable to the Vietnamese. This is due partially to the type of Vietnamese whom the average American meets, coupled with typical American prejudices. During his working hours, the American soldier deals primarily with the Vietnamese military. Many (or most) of the higher-ranking officers attained their status through family position, as a reward for political assistance, and through wealth. Most of the ranking civilians attained their positions in the same manner. They use their offices primarily as a means of adding to their personal wealth. There is hardly any social rapport between GI Joe and his Vietnamese counterpart.

Most contact between Americans and Vietnamese civilians is restricted to taxi drivers, laborers, secretaries, contractors and bar girls. All these people have one thing in common: they are dependent on Americans for a living. The last three have something else in common. In addition to speaking varying amounts of English, they will tell Americans anything they want to hear as long as the money rolls in. Neither the civilian nor military with whom the American usually has contact is representative of the Vietnamese people.

Many of our military, officers and enlisted, have exported the color prejudice, referring to Vietnamese as "slopes" and "gooks"—two words of endearment left over from Korea. Other fine examples of American democracy in action are the segregated bars. Although there are exceptions in Saigon, Nha Trang, Da Nang and some of the other larger towns, Negroes do not go into white bars except at the risk of being ejected. I have seen more than one incident where a Negro newcomer has made a "mistake" and walked into the wrong bar. If insulting catcalls weren't enough to make him leave, he was thrown out bodily. There are cases where this sort of thing has led to near-riots.

After my initial assignment in Saigon, which lasted two and one-half months, I volunteered for a new program called Project Delta. This was a classified project wherein specially selected men in Special Forces were to train and organize small teams to be infiltrated into Laos. The primary purpose of dropping these teams into Laos was to try and find the Ho Chi Minh trail and gather information on traffic, troops, weapons, etc. This was purely a reconnaissance intelligence mission, but the possibility of forming guerrilla bases later was considered. There was some talk of going into North Viet-Nam, but not by Project Delta. Another outfit, Special Operations Group, was already doing just that. SOG was a combined forces effort. The CIA, Air Force, Navy, Army and detached Special Forces personnel were all in on the act.

Project Delta was paid for by Uncle Sam from CIDG (Civilian Irregular Defense Group) funds. We had to feed, billet and clothe the Vietnamese. Free beer was supplied and lump sums of money were agreed on, some to be paid after completion of training and more to be paid when the teams returned.

Originally, it was thought that the teams would be composed of four Vietnamese and two Americans. Although many of the people we were training had natural aptitudes for the area of operations, strong and effective leadership was lacking. It was emphasized constantly to the Pentagon and to the ambassador by those intimately involved in the training program, that if any degree of success was to be realized it was imperative that Americans must accompany the teams.

When at the last minute we received a firm "No Go" for the United States personnel, we asked, "Why?" The answer was that it was an election year and it would cause great embarrassment if Americans were captured in Laos. Anything of that nature would have to wait until after the election. The reaction to this decision on the part of the Americans was one of anger, disappointment and disgust.

And like everyone, I was disappointed. This was the one thing, if I had to single one out, that made me really start questioning our role in Viet-Nam. It suddenly occurred to me that the denial of American participation was not based on whether it was right or wrong for us to be going to Laos. The primary concern was the possible embarrassment to President Johnson during an election campaign. Toward this end we sent people on a mission that had little or no chance of success. It became apparent that we were not interested in the welfare of the Vietnamese but in how we could best promote our own interests. We sent 40 men who had become our friends. These were exceptionally dedicated people, all volunteers; six returned, the rest were killed or captured.

When the project shifted to in-country operations, Americans went on drops throughout the Viet Cong-held areas of South Viet-Nam. One such trip was into War Zone D north of Dong Xoi, near the Michelin plantation. There is no such
thing as a typical mission. Each one is different. But this one revealed some startling things. Later I was to brief Secretary of Defense McNamara and General Westmoreland on the limited military value of the bombing, as witnessed on this mission.

I had seen the effect of the bombing at close range. These bombs would land and go for about 15 yards and tear off a lot of foliage from the trees, but that was it. Unless you drop these things in somebody’s hip pocket they don’t do any good. For 28 hours they bombed that area. And it was rather amusing because, when I came out, it was estimated that they had killed about 250 Viet Cong on the first day. They asked me how many Viet Cong I think had been killed and I said maybe six; I was giving them the benefit of the doubt at that. The bombing had no real military significance. It would only work if aimed at concentrated targets such as villages.

One of the first axioms one learns about unconventional warfare is that no insurgent or guerrilla movement can endure without the support of the people. While doing research in my job as an area specialist, I found that, in province after province, the Viet Cong guerrillas had started as small teams. They were now in battalion and regimental strength. Before I left, the Viet Cong could put troops in the field in division strength in almost any province. Such growth is not only impossible without popular support, it actually requires an overwhelming mandate.

We were still being held, both by our own government and the Saigon government, that the vast majority of the people of South Viet-Nam were opposed to the Viet Cong. When I questioned this contradiction, I was always told that the people only helped the Viet Cong through fear. Supposedly, the Viet Cong held the people in the grip of terror by assassination and torture. This argument was also against doctrine. Special Forces are taught that reliable support can be gained only through friendship and trust. History denied the “terror” argument. The people feared and hated the French, and they rose up against them. It became quite obvious that a minority movement could not keep tabs on a hostile majority. South Viet-Nam is a relatively small country, dotted with thousands of small villages. In this very restricted area, companies and battalions of Viet Cong can maneuver and live under the very noses of government troops; but the people don’t betray these movements, even though it is a relatively simple thing to pass the word. On the other hand, government troop movements are always reported. In an action against the Viet Cong, the only hope for surprise is for the government to move the troops by helicopters. Even this is no guarantee. General Nguyen Khan, while still head of the Saigon government, acknowledged that Viet Cong sympathizers and agents were everywhere—even in the inner councils—when he made the statement: “Any operation that lets more than four hours elapse between conception and implementation is doomed to failure.” He made these remarks in the last days of his regime, right after a personally directed operation north of Saigon ended in disaster.

To back up the terror theory, the killing of village chiefs and their families were pointed out to me. Those who were quick to point at these murders ignored certain facts. Province, district, village and hamlet chiefs are appointed, not elected. Too often petty officials are not even people from the area, but outsiders being rewarded for political favors. Those who are from the area are thought of as quislings because they have gone against their own by cooperating with Saigon. Guerrillas or partisans who killed quislings in World War II were made heroes in American movies. Those who look on the Viet Cong killings of these people with horror, and use them as justification for our having to beat them, don’t realize that our own military considers such actions good strategy when the tables are reversed. When teaching Special Forces how to set up guerrilla warfare in an enemy country, killing unpopular officials is pointed out as one method of gaining friends among the populace. It is recommended that special assassination teams be set up for this purpose.

I know a couple of cases where it was suggested by Special Forces officers that Viet Cong prisoners be killed. In one case in which I was involved, we had picked up prisoners in the valley around An Khe. We didn’t want prisoners but they walked into our hands. We were supposed to stay in the area four more days, and there were only eight of us and four of them, and we didn’t know what the hell to do with them. You can’t carry them. Food is limited, and the way the transmission went with the base camp you knew what they wanted you to do—get rid of them. I wouldn’t do that, and when I got back to operation base a major told me, “You know we almost told you right over the phone to do them in.” I said that I was glad he didn’t, because it would have been embarrassing to refuse to do it. I knew goddamn well I wasn’t going to kill them. In a fight it’s one thing, but with guys with their hands bound it’s another. And I wouldn’t have been able to shoot them because of the noise. It would have had to be a very personal thing, like sticking a knife into them. The major said, “Oh, you wouldn’t have had to do it; all you had to do was give them over to the Vietnamese.” Of course, this is supposed to absolve you of any responsibility. This is the general attitude. It’s really a left-handed morality. Very few of the Special Forces guys had any qualms about this. Damn few.

Little by little, as all these facts made their impact on me, I had to accept the fact that, communist or not, the vast majority of the people were pro-Viet Cong and anti-Saigon. I also had to realize that the position, “We are in Viet-Nam because we are in sympathy with the aspirations and desires of the Vietnamese people,” was a lie. If this is a lie, how many others are there?

I suppose that one of the things that bothered me from the very beginning in Viet-Nam was the condemnation of ARVN as a fighting force: “The Vietnamese are cowardly . . . the Vietnamese can’t be disciplined . . . the Vietnamese just can’t understand tactics and strategy . . . etc., etc.” But the Viet Cong are Vietnamese. United States military files in Saigon document time and again a Viet Cong company surrounding two or even three ARVN companies and annihilating them. These same files document instances of a Viet Cong company, surrounded by ARVN battalions, mounting a ferocious fight and breaking loose. I have seen evidence of the Viet Cong attacking machine gun positions across open terrain with terrible losses. This can’t be done with undisciplined bandits. For many years now the tactics and strategy of the Viet Cong have been so successful that massive fire power and air support on our side are the only things that have prevented a Viet Cong victory. These are all Vietnamese. What makes the difference? Major “Charging Charlie” Beckwith, the Special Forces commander at Plei Me, used the words “dedicated,” “tough,”
“disciplined,” “well-trained” and “brave” to describe the Viet Cong—and, almost in the same breath, condemned the Vietnamese on our side.

It became obvious that motivation was the prime factor in this problem. The Viet Cong soldier believes in his cause. He believes he is fighting for national independence. He has faith in his leaders, whose obvious dedication is probably greater than his own. His officers live in the same huts and eat the same food. His government counterpart knows that his leaders are in their positions because of family, money or reward for political favors. He knows his officers’ primary concern is gaining wealth and favor. His captains and majors eat in French restaurants and pay as much for one meal as the soldier makes in a week. The officer sleeps in guarded villas with their mistresses. They find many excuses for not being with their men in battle. The soldier hears his officers lie about their roles in battle. The soldier knows that he will be cheated out of his pay if possible. He knows equipment he may need is being sold downtown. His only motivation is the knowledge that he is fighting to perpetuate his government—a system that has kept him uneducated and in poverty. He has had so many promises made to him, only to be broken, that now he believes nothing from his government.

I have seen the South Vietnamese soldier fight well, and at times ferociously, but usually only when in a position where there is no choice. At those times he is fighting for survival. On Project Delta there were many brave Vietnamese. When I knew them well enough to discuss such things, I asked them, “Why do you go on these missions time and again? You are volunteers. Why do you not quit and do less dangerous work?” The answer was always the same: “We are friends. We fight well together. If we quit, it will make the project bad.” Never, “We are fighting for democracy . . . freedom . . . the people . . .” or any cause. The “enemy” he was fighting had become an abstraction. He was fighting, and fighting well, to sustain the brotherhood of his friends. The project had created a mystique of individualism and eliteness. He felt important. Trust and faith was put in him and he returned it in kind. The Americans didn’t condescend to him. The life of every American on the team was dependent on the Vietnamese, and we let them know we were aware of it. We found out early that appealing to them on the basis of patriotism was a waste of time. They felt that they were nothing more than tools of the scheming Saigon politicians.

ARVN troops and their commanders know that if they don’t bother the Viet Cong they will be safe from Viet Cong attacks. I’ll never forget what a shock it was to find out that various troop commanders and district chiefs were actually making personal deals with “the enemy.” The files in Saigon record instances where government troops with American advisors were told by the Viet Cong to lay down their weapons and walk away from the Americans. The troops did just that and the Viet Cong promises of safety to the troops were honored.

In an effort to show waning popularity for the Viet Cong, great emphasis was placed on figures of Viet Cong defections. Even if the unlikely possibility of the correctness of these figures is accepted, they are worthless when compared to ARVN desertions. The admitted desertion rate and reports of incidents of draft dodging, although deflated, were staggering. Usually, only those caught are reported. Reading OPUSMS (Operational Summaries) and newspapers while in Viet-Nam, I repeatedly saw references made to hundreds of ARVN listed as missing after the major battles. The reader is supposed to conclude that these hundreds, which by now total thousands, are prisoners of the Viet Cong. They are definitely not listed as deserters. If this were true, half of the Viet Cong would be tied down as guards in POW compounds—which, of course, is ridiculous.

This lack of enthusiasm and reluctance to join in battle wasn’t difficult to figure. The majority of the people are either anti-Saigon or pro-Viet Cong, or both, and ARVN is drafted from the people.

I was not unique among my contemporaries in knowing most of these things. However, whenever anybody questioned our being in Viet-Nam—in light of the facts—the old rationale was always presented: “We have to stop the spread of communism somewhere . . . if we don’t fight the commies here, we’ll have to fight them at home . . . if we pull out, the rest of Asia will go Red . . . these are uneducated people who have been duped; they don’t understand the difference between democracy and communism . . . .”

Being extremely anticommunist myself, these “arguments” satisfied me for a long time. In fact, I guess it was saying these very same things to myself over and over again that made it possible for me to participate in the things I did in Viet-Nam. But were we stopping communism? Even during the short period I had been in Viet-Nam, the Viet Cong had obviously gained in strength; the government controlled less and less of the country every day. The more troops and money we poured in, the more people hated us. Countries all over the world were losing sympathy with our stand in Viet-Nam. Countries which up to now had preserved a neutral position were becoming vehemently anti-American. A village near Tay Ninh in which I had slept in safety six months earlier was the center of a Viet Cong operation that cost the lives of two American friends. A Special Forces team operating in the area was almost decimated over a period of four months. United States Operations Mission (USOM), civilian representatives who had been able to travel by vehicle in relative safety throughout the countryside, were being kidnapped and killed. Like the military, they now had to travel by air.

The real question was whether communism was spreading in spite of our involvement—or because of it.

The attitude that the uneducated peasant lacked the political maturity to decide between communism and democracy and that “… we are only doing this for your own good,” although it had a familiar colonialistic ring, at first seemed to have merit. Then I remembered that most of the villages would be under Viet Cong control for some of the time and under government control at other times. How many Americans had such a close look at both sides of the cloth? The more often government troops passed through an area, the more surely it would become sympathetic to the Viet Cong. The Viet Cong might sleep in the houses, but the government troops ransacked them. More often than not, the Viet Cong helped plant and harvest the crops; invariably government troops razed them. Rape is severely punished among the Viet Cong. It is so common among the ARVN that it is seldom reported for fear of even worse atrocities.
SAW THE AIRBORNE BRIGADE come into Nha Trang. Nha Trang is a government town and the Vietnamese Airborne Brigade are government troops. They were, in fact, originally trained by Special Forces, and they actually had the town in a grip of terror for three days. Merchants were collecting money to get them out of town; cafes and bars shut down.

The troops were accosting women on the streets. They would go into a place—a bar or cafe—and order varieties of food. When the checks came they wouldn’t pay them. Instead they would simply wreck the place, dumping over the tables and smashing dishes. While these men were accosting women, the police would just stand by, powerless or unwilling to help. In fact, the situation was so difficult that American troops, if in town at the same time as the Vietnamese Airborne Brigade, were told to stay off the streets at night to avoid harm.

The whole thing was a lie. We weren’t preserving freedom in South Viet-Nam. There was no freedom to preserve. To voice opposition to the government meant jail or death. Neutralism was forbidden and punished. Newspapers that didn’t say the right thing were closed down. People are not even free to leave and Viet-Nam is one of those rare countries which doesn’t fill its American visa quota. It’s all there to see once the Red film is removed from the eyes. We aren’t the freedom fighters. We are the Russian tanks blasting the hopes of an Asian Hungary.

It’s not democracy we brought to Viet-Nam—it’s anti-communism. This is the only choice the people in the village have. This is why most of them have embraced the Viet Cong and shunned the alternative. The people remember that when they were fighting the French for their national independence it was the Americans who helped the French. It’s the American anti-communist bombs that kill their children. It’s American anti-communism that has supported one dictator after another in Saigon. When anti-communist napalm burns their children, it hardly matters that an anti-communist Special Forces medic comes later to apply bandages.

One day I asked one of our Vietnamese helicopter pilots what he thought of the bomb raid. “I think maybe today we make many Viet Cong.” In July, when Mr. McNamara asked me how effective the bombing was in War Zone D, I told him, “It’s an expensive defoliant. Unless dropped in a hip pocket it was only effective in housing areas.” He didn’t seem surprised. In fact, his only comment after my recital of my team’s experiences in War Zone D was when he turned to General Westmoreland who was sitting on my right. “I guess we still have a small reaction problem,” McNamara said. Ambassador Taylor said nothing.

While I was in Viet-Nam, the American and/or Saigon government was forever carping about North Viet-Nam breaking the Geneva Accords. Yet my own outfit, Special Forces, had first come to Viet-Nam in civilian clothes, traveling on civilian passports, for the specific purpose of training and arming the ethnic groups for the CIA, a violation of the Geneva Accords. The Saigon respect for the Accords was best symbolized by a political cartoon in the Saigon Post. It showed a man urinating on a scroll labeled “Geneva Accords 1954.” When the troops of Project Delta uncovered the arms cache at Vung Ro Bay, General Nguyen Khan, pointing at the weapons, happily presented them to the three ICC men as proof to the world that Hanoi was breaking the Accords. Evidently they were too polite to point out that the cache had been found by men wearing U.S.-supplied uniforms, carrying American weapons; men who had been trained by Americans and were being paid by Americans. Neither did they mention that the general had flown to this spot in an American helicopter and that the weapons were being loaded onto an American-made ship manned by American-trained sailors.

It had taken a long time and a mountain of evidence but I had finally found some truths. The world is not just good guys and bad guys. Anticommunism is a lousy substitute for democracy. I know now that there are many types of communism but there are none which appeal to me. In the long run, I don’t think Viet-Nam will be better off under Ho’s brand of communism. But it’s not for me or my government to decide. That decision is for the Vietnamese. I also know that we have allowed the creation of a military monster which will lie to our elected officials—and that both of them will lie to the American people.

For those people who, while deploring the war and bombings, defend it on the basis that it is stopping communism, I repeat the words of the Vietnamese pilot: “I think maybe today we make many Viet Cong.” The Nazi bombing of London didn’t make the Londoners quit. We have no monopoly on feelings for the underdog. People of other nations will continue to be increasingly sympathetic to this small agrarian country that is being pounded by the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

WHEN I RETURNED FROM VIET-NAM I was asked, “Do you resent young people who have never been in Viet-Nam, or in any war, protesting it?” On the contrary, I am relieved. I think they should be commended. I had to wait until I was thirty-five years old, after spending ten years in the Army and 18 months personally witnessing the stupidity of the war, before I could figure it out. That these young people were able to figure it out so quickly and so accurately is not only a credit to their intelligence but a great personal triumph over a lifetime of conditioning and indoctrination. I only hope that the picture I have tried to create will help other people come to the truth without wasting ten years. Those people protesting the war in Viet-Nam are not against our boys in Viet-Nam. On the contrary. What they are against is our boys being in Viet-Nam. They are not unpatriotic—again, the opposite is true. They are opposed to people, our own and others, dying for a lie, thereby corrupting the very word democracy.

There are those who will believe that I only started to feel these things after I returned from Viet-Nam. In my final weeks in that country I was putting out a very small information paper for Special Forces. The masthead of the paper was a flaming torch. I tried in my own way to bring a little light to the men with whom I worked. On the last page of the first issue were the names of four men—all friends of mine—reported killed in action on the same day. Among them was Sgt. Horner, one of the men I “procured” for Special Forces when he was stationed at the Army Presidio in San Francisco. To those friends I wrote this dedication:

We can best immortalize our fallen members by striving for an enlightened future where Man has found another solution to his problems rather than resorting to the futility and stupidity of war.
I was a burglar, wiretapper, bugger, and spy for the F.B.I.

RAMPARTS staff writer William W. Turner served as an FBI special agent from 1951 to 1961, receiving several personal commendations from Director J. Edgar Hoover. He has also served as consulting editor to the Police Evidence Library series.

"DONT FORGET," quipped the FBI's top "burglar" who had been my instructor in the fine art of break-and-enter, "possession of burglar tools in the State of Washington can get you up to ten years." It was 1958, and I was about to return to the Seattle FBI office outfitted with a set of Bureau-furnished lockpicking tools. The course in surreptitious entry had been part of a concentrated three-week course in the theory and practice of wiretapping and "bugging" euphemistically referred to as Sound School. Recently, when a Nevada district attorney announced he would criminally prosecute Las Vegas FBI agents caught violating the state's anti-listening device law, I was rudely reminded of my instructor's wry remark—and of the illegal acts I was subsequently to commit in the holy name of justice.

It was a chapter in my career I would just as soon forget. And now it appears that FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover would just as soon forget he ever authorized electronic snooping.

His Las Vegas minions were caught bugging a number of gambling casinos, a contretemps that brought the FBI a $4.5 million damage suit and probably contaminated gambling connected prosecutions for some time to come. And in Washington, the discovery that in 1964 the FBI planted a listening device in the hotel suite of lobbyist Fred Black Jr., threatened to topple his conviction of income tax evasion. Worse still, it developed that both Black and Edward Levinson, one of the casino operator-victims, had been business associates of Robert G. "Bobby" Baker, Lyndon Johnson's erstwhile protege. As a consequence, the impending federal prosecution of Baker stood in danger of being lost on a technical knockout.

The chain reaction added up to an acute case of "embarrassment to the Bureau"—a phenomenon I knew only too well to be the FBI's Private Enemy Number One. Reportedly, Hoover is locked in a bitter quarrel with his nominal superiors in the Justice Department over who is to blame. Neither, it seems, had the blessing of John F. Kennedy, who, according to his aide Kenneth P. O'Donnell, "despised that kind of thing and never authorized it." On the horizon looms a showdown between the ne'er-do-wrong director and the popular young senator from New York, Robert F. Kennedy, who was attorney general.

by William Turner
at the time that the ill-fated Las Vegas installations were made. But the pragmatic Kennedy, undoubtedly aware of the ultimate futility of extra-legal methods (he had attempted to persuade Congress to legalize wiretapping against organized crime under strict court supervision) has already indicated that the FBI cavorted on its own.

The tiff was another example of the old aphorism, “You’re only wrong when you get caught.” More than that, it illustrated the FBI’s growing contempt for democratic frills that stand in its way. During my more than ten year stint I became increasingly conscious of a cynical belief that the end justifies the means. The faceless informers of the McCarthy days did what the legal process could not do. Padded statistics on recovered automobiles and fugitives were winked at because they helped Hoover get ever larger appropriations from Congress. And electronic snooping, whatever its odium, was invaluable because it penetrated impenetrable walls.

The current FBI predicament is not without irony, for a much younger Hoover had once denounced wiretapping as a lazy man’s tool and an obstacle to the “development of ethical, scientific and sound investigative technique.” But those were the days of Dillinger and “Ma” Barker, and the other flamboyant criminals who could be disposed of with the burst of a machinegun. Today’s organized crime is slick and subtle, and somewhat of a phantom enemy. In trying to cope with it, the FBI has experienced headaches and nightmarish headlines it has never experienced before. The resort to illicit eavesdropping has been largely a desperate measure.

At one time wiretapping was at least legal if not a gentleman’s sport. And since no trespass was necessary to install a tap, the Supreme Court had ruled that it was not a violation of the Fourth Amendment guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure. Nevertheless, Hoover scoffed at the practice, and most wiretapping was done by local police, private detectives and Treasury agents on the spoor of tax and narcotics offenders.

In 1934, Congress passed the Communications Act which outlawed wiretapping. Several years later, as war clouds gathered, Hoover reversed his stand. Backed by Congressman Emanuel Celler, he pushed for authorization to wiretap in matters involving “the national security.” The legislation was tabled, but President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who admired Hoover’s tough posturing, gave executive authority for the attorney general “to approve wiretapping when necessary involving the defense of the nation.” By this time the prestigious FBI chief was functioning autonomously, and the attorney general’s approval became in effect a rubber stamp gesture. But the official ledger only hinted at the extent of Bureau wiretapping. Some agents in the field who had acquired the wiretap habit took it upon themselves, unbeknownst to headquarters, to install what were known, for obvious reasons, as “suicide taps.” From my experience, I suspect the practice was widespread.

The end of the war emergency did not end FBI wiretapping. Hoover, a leading protagonist of the Cold War, took to announcing the number of taps—never in excess of a modest 100—that he had in operation at any given time to thwart the red menace of “espionage, sabotage and grave risks to internal security.” For those with the temerity to point out that FDR’s sanction might have died with him, there was a stock answer: the Bureau intercepts communications but does not divulge them outside the Justice Department; ergo, it is technically within the law.

This metaphysical view of thousands of persons acting as one was vindicated in the Bureau’s mind by the notion that the law was intended for others, but not for it. “The Act was directed against telephone company employees,” a Sound School instructor rather emphatically told us.

That the FBI taps on the one hand and is responsible for enforcing the law on the other has forced a take-it-easy policy permitting wholesale tapping by police and unscrupulous private detectives. In my 1958 Sound School notes are these instructions on what to do upon receipt of a wiretapping complaint. “No investigation. Send Air-Tel (an airmail communication in telegram form) to the Bureau. If investigation authorized, have telco (telephone company) employee inspect the tap.” Authorization to proceed was rare. For example, in the year’s period of 1959-60, a total of 691 complaints were received, yet since 1934 there has been only a handful of prosecutions. One of those singled out for prosecution was the FBI’s old antagonist, James Riddle Hoffa of the Teamsters (he was acquitted). The hypocrisy of the situation was no better illustrated than by the fact that on the very day Justice Department attorneys were asking for Hoffa’s conviction, J. Edgar Hoover was telling a nationwide television audience that his Bureau had 90 wiretaps in operation.

My own exposure to FBI wiretapping started in 1952 when I was assigned to two central monitoring plants for the Bay Area operated by the San Francisco division. Known to initiates as the “clubs,” the elaborately equipped premises functioned behind a business facade. One fronted as a marine architect’s office, and blueprints of ship hulls were scattered convincingly about the front room. But the police were not convinced. Evidently attracted by the furtive coming and going of personnel, they staged a raid thinking they had discovered a bookie joint. The “clubs” listened in on a dozen or so tapped lines which were fed into a bank of recorders. I suppose I
heard thousands of conversations, and I began to wonder whether all the effort was worth it. Most were idle chatter, teen-age talk, or intimacies between husbands and wives or lovers. On party lines totally unrelated talk was intercepted. Occasionally a supposedly privileged exchange between a lawyer and client came on.

At a San Francisco cocktail party recently I had the odd sensation of hearing a voice from the past that I couldn't quite place. I studied the face—it was totally unfamiliar. Then it suddenly dawned on me: the voice was one I had heard many times while monitoring the taps in the "clubs." It belonged to Robert Treuhaft, a prominent civil liberties lawyer and husband of noted author Jessica Mitford.

As far as I knew, virtually all of the FBI's wiretapping during the early '50s was at least remotely related to "national security." It was in fact an abortive espionage investigation that might have, in a calmer time, ended FBI tapping once and for all. In 1949, Judith Coplon, a Justice Department secretary, was accused of passing classified documents to a friendly Soviet United Nations official. She was tried on one count in Washington and convicted. During the trial an FBI officer denied that wiretaps had been used. It was a key point, since the Supreme Court had long since ruled that the "fruit of the forbidden tree," i.e. any evidence flowing from wiretaps, was illegal.

In a hearing prior to a second trial in New York, an FBI employee unwilling to perjure himself admitted that he had monitored wiretaps in the case. It developed that taps had been placed on Miss Coplon's Washington and New York phones and on the phone of her parents, and that they had been continued through the legal proceedings, thus permitting the FBI to overhear privileged conversations between the defendant and her attorney. As is normal procedure, the information had been attributed in reports to a "confidential informant of known reliability"—in this case a code name "Tiger." Recordings made of the taps had been precipitously destroyed on the orders of Howard Fletcher, a top aide to Hoover. In a flap remarkably similar to the current one over who instigated what, Justice Department prosecutors professed astonishment at the existence of the taps while the FBI tried to exonerate itself by claiming it had authorization from the attorney general. "Such authorization," fired back New York trial judge Sylvester Ryan, "does not clothe with legality the unlawful activities of the wiretappers nor detract at all from the interdiction of the Supreme Court on evidence secured by this type of investigation." As both the New York and Washington convictions went down the drain, the venerable appeals judge Learned Hand observed that while Miss Coplon's "guilt was plain," the government had sabotaged its own case.

It was a hard lesson but it hardly fazed the FBI: Hoover went right on proclaiming the number of taps in operation. Wiretapping, however, was fast becoming obsoleted by the surging technology of concealed microphones. The "bugs" were far more insidious—they heard everything, not just guarded telephone conversations. And unlike wiretaps, their installation usually required the surreptitious invasion of a man's office or his home.
sneak inside a man’s home in order to plant the bug. Mr. Hoover was impressed with my feat and sent me a letter of commendation. (See below.)

PELL OF THE PRESSING
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.
March 7, 1960
PERSONAL

Mr. William W. Turner
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Seattle, Washington

Dear Mr. Turner:

Your work in an operation of considerable value to the Bureau in the security field was of the highest caliber and I do not want the occasion to pass without thanking you.

The competent, resourceful and effective fashion in which you handled your responsibilities was indeed commendable and contributed materially to the successful handling of this delicate assignment. You demonstrated much skill and ability in this case and I want you to know of my appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

The promiscuous use of bugs in criminal cases dates to 1957 and the Apalachin conclave of organized crime. That it took a solitary New York State police sergeant to detect the crime czars converging from all over the nation profoundly embarrassed the vaunted federal sleuths. It underscored, in dramatic fashion, a shameful fact: the FBI and organized crime had flourished simultaneously.

In an overnight attempt to make up lost ground, the FBI pulled out all the stops in launching a hush-hush “Top Hoodlum Program” aimed at putting the syndicate Mr. Bigs under the magnifying glass. One important facet of the program was bugging. In a 1959 inspection trip to the Los Angeles office, I noted that bugs had been secreted in the homes of several gangland figures.

Although by the time Bobby Kennedy became attorney general in the spring of 1961 the FBI’s ardor for the organized crime fight had cooled, the brash young racket buster lost no time in pushing his aging subordinate into the pool and making him swim for it. Before long Hoover, who once belittled the existence of an American Mafia, was trumpeting: “The battle is joined. We have taken up the gauntlet flung down by organized crime. Let us unite in a devastating assault to annihilate this mortal enemy.”

The perfervid call to arms clearly failed to impress attorney Edward Bennet Williams, who labeled the FBI’s Las Vegas bugging caper “a studied, well-organized, amply financed criminal conspiracy.” If the FBI itself ever thought of the practice in such harsh terms, it was not conveyed to those of us in Sound School. The curriculum consisted of matter-of-fact discourses on electronic eavesdropping and on countertechniques to preserve the security of Bureau space, and was not encumbered with ethical considerations.

Indeed, the Bureau technical program is thoroughly administered. Sound Schools are held regularly when the supply of qualified sound men—there must be at least one in each of the 55 field offices—is in need of replenishment. In the session I attended there were about a dozen agents, all with some degree of electronic background. Presumably I had been drafted because of my entirely technical education.

For the course we were sequestered to a room high in the Bureau’s Identification Building, away from random eyes. The subject matter was fairly sophisticated, including a permutation method of finding a subject’s wire location in the event an uncooperative telephone company refused to release the information. There was, I recall, a jerry-built room where we practiced hooking up concealed bugs, a feat that required some skill in carpentry and plastering. On Saturdays, when the Justice Building was practically deserted, we experimented in finding a particular wire out of the spaghetti-maze traversing the conduits.

We were issued telephone installers’ tool kits and transported to the FBI radio station in the Virginia countryside to learn the knack of pole climbing. At the site there is a cluster of towering radio antennas that completely dwarfs a solitary wooden practice pole. Once I “fared out” when both spikes missed and went plummeting painfully down the pole.

One of the foremost responsibilities of a sound man, we learned, was to develop close ties with telephone company special agents and operating personnel. The cozier the arrangement, the easier it was to get confidential data on subscribers’ lines and to lease lines without question. In most locales—New York City is the most notable exception—this was no problem. For example, on one occasion an agent handling a prostitution investigation imported me to place a temporary “suicide tap.” When a telephone lineman accidentally discovered it, I received a call from one of the telco special agents. “Know anything about some wires in the Ballard area?” he inquired. “Guess I do,” I replied. “OK, forget I called,” he said. The tap stayed in.

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Now it appears that at least one telephone company may pay a stiff price for playing along with the FBI. In February 1964, the Central Telephone Company of Nevada was socked with a $6 million suit by Las Vegas casino operators charging breach of contract, conspiracy and invasion of privacy. Company officials grudgingly admitted that during the 1961-63 period they had filled FBI orders for 25 leased lines which were used to channel wires connected to bugs in the Stardust, Riviera, Dunes, Desert Inn, Fremont and Sands hotels. In preparing to pay the fiddler, the officials might have seen sardonic humor in the fact that the FBI hid behind the cover of the Henderson Novelty Co., a “musical rental service.”

The most tight-lipped subject on the Sound School agenda was lockpicking. At the tag end of the three-week session, we were herded into a small room in the attic of the Justice Building, given non-inventory sets of lock-picking tools and several days’ instruction in how to use them. The purpose of all this was assumed to be self-evident.

Breaking and entering a subject's premises to install a bug or photograph documents is known in the trade as a “bag job,” a term derived from the equipment kit that is taken along. An actual bag job is not unlike the one described by mystery writer Rex Stout in The Doorbell Rang, with the exception that agents never carry badges, credentials or other items that might identify them with the FBI. All possible precautions are taken to preclude surprise discovery. It is verified that the normal occupants are well away from the premises, and an FBI agent sits with the police radio dispatcher to ensure that prowler calls from the target neighborhood are ignored.

During my career I went on a number of bag jobs and I didn’t relish any. It wasn’t a fear of compiling a criminal record if caught—the FBI is the national keeper of criminal records. It was more a visceral thing like the time I narrowly missed being discovered by a friend of the subject who had a key to the house. It was one of those dilemmas that agents on bag jobs dread: discovery and arrest or . . . the alternative is to act like a burglar by knocking the man out and fleeing. It is the alternative that most old hands recommend. Yet I never intended to resort to it. Perhaps I would have compromised by throwing a body block and dashing out.

Although the FBI high muckamucks keep their hands clean of break-and-enter dirty work, they are quick to acknowledge the fruits of a successful bag job when submitted to Washington in carefully paraphrased form. Often the risk taking agent is rewarded with an “incentive award” of $500 or $1000 in cash. A few recidivist “badgeless burglars of the Bureau” make a steady supplemental income this way.

Probably because of the FBI’s formidable image and its ability to cry “national security” when confronted, its illegal activities have not been challenged by a timid Congress. A case in point is the Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure headed by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri. For over a year now the subcommittee has been busily exposing a thicket of electronic snooping by government agencies, mainly the much-maligned Internal Revenue Service. But when Long’s group cautiously peeped inside the FBI’s closet in Miami (where it heard testimony from a private detective that he had bugged under FBI hire) and Kansas City (where the G-men had tuned in on the conversation of suspected racketeers), it gingerly shut the door.

For one thing, Long was sternly taken to task by his home state newspapers for trifling with the sacrosanct FBI. For another, in December 1965, he received a visit at his Missouri home from no less a personage than Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. The attorney general’s mission, reportedly undertaken at the behest of the President himself, was to prevail upon the senator to lay off the FBI. Evidently he agreed. When San Francisco hearings opened after the first of the year, the FBI had been quietly removed from the agenda and the stentorius senator concentrated instead on eliciting admissions of bugging and illegal entry from agents of the beleaguered IRS.

Yet the Las Vegas casino operators are not vulnerable to suasion, and the issue will shortly come to a head in the courts. Already the preliminary sparring is underway. On July 13, 1966, U.S. Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall stepped before the Supreme Court to advise that the bug found in the suite of Fred Black Jr., the convicted lobbyist, had been installed on the express authorization of J. Edgar Hoover himself. Marshall acknowledged that, until recently, the FBI chief had possessed a blank check from the Justice Department to bug whenever he unilaterally decided that “the interest of internal security or national safety” was at stake or whenever combatting organized crime required it. There was no indication of how much previous attorneys general had known about the scope of FBI bugging.

July 13th shaped up as one of the most unlucky days for the FBI in its recent history. But before the day was out G-men had closed in on the principals in a couple of penny ante spy cases that had been kept simmering on the back burner, and stories of FBI prowess once again commanded the headlines.

As the bugging controversy heats up this fall it will be a fascinating game to see if Hoover has enough spy cases up his sleeve to go around.
The University on the Make
[or how MSU helped arm Madame Nhu]

Introduction

During the summer of 1958, I cut my vacation short and rushed off to San Francisco to meet the four leading police figures of South Vietnam. Among them they controlled the Saigon police, the national police and the VBI, South Vietnam’s equivalent of the FBI.

Within an hour of their arrival the youngest, a nephew of Ngo Dinh Diem, conspiratorially drew me aside and informed me that one of the others was going to kill the eldest of the group. The story he told possessed plot and counter-plot. In essence, Michigan State University was being used to invite these men to the United States under the auspices of its foreign aid contract in Vietnam. The dirty deed was to be done prophylactically in the States, uncluttered by any complicating factors in Saigon.

At a time when relations between Diem and the U.S. were already strained, the whole story might have been a trick to embarrass Washington. Or else my informant’s facts could have been straight, and failure to take action would have been equally embarrassing. The upshot was some nocturnal maneuvers and a cross-country flight designed to separate the quartet by forcibly hospitalizing the supposed target on the pretext he showed signs of T.B.

Nothing ever came of the episode. The intended target lived long enough to be executed by Diem’s successors for having assassinated a variety of political prisoners himself.

The question is, why was I, of the Department of Economics at MSU, involved in such ugliness?
I was coordinator of the Vietnam Project at Michigan State University, and I am no less culpable of the charges I make herein, or are made in the following article, than are any of my former colleagues. Looking back I am appalled at how supposed intellectuals (aren't academicians supposed to be intellectuals?) could have been so uncritical about what they were doing. There was little discussion and no protest over the cancellation of the 1956 elections. Nor were any of us significantly troubled by the fact that our Project had become a CIA front. (The University is still denying this in an odd mixture of embarrassment and loyalty.) On the campus a pitiful handful of faculty — usually mavericks and among the best teachers — questioned MSU's role in assisting U.S. foreign policy. (One of these became an enthusiast when the opportunity arose for him to make a leisurely trip to Saigon on behalf of the Project.) From Saigon some professors did write popular and troublesome articles criticizing Diem's oppressions. Good, but even these bold venturers accepted U.S. policy as given with no questions asked.

The Michigan State professors performed at all levels. They advised on fingerprinting techniques, on bookkeeping, on governmental budgeting and on the very writing of South Vietnam's constitution. One was even instrumental in the choice of the President of South Vietnam. But in all this they never questioned U.S. foreign policy which had placed them there and which, thereby, they were supporting.

The following article on MSU's involvement in Vietnam is merely a case study of two critical failures in American education and intellectual life today. The first and more obvious is the diversion of the university away from its functions (and duties) of scholarship and teaching. The second has to do with the failure of the academic intellectual to serve as critic, conscience, ombudsman. Especially in foreign policy, which henceforth will bear heavily on our very way of life at home, is this failure serious.

For this failure has left us in a state of drift. We lack historical perspective. We have been conditioned by our social science training not to ask the normative question; we possess neither the inclination nor the means with which to question and judge our foreign policy. We have only the capacity to be experts and technicians to serve that policy. This is the tragedy of the Michigan State professors: we were all automatic cold warriors.

On every campus from Harvard to Michigan State, the story is the same. The social science professor, trained (not educated) to avoid the bigger problems, is off campus expertising for his government or industry client whose assumptions he readily adopts. His students are mechanically led through the same social science materials by a less competent instructor or graduate assistant, and they will be as little exposed to questions of judgment and the application of wisdom as was the professor in the first place.

No doubt the problem is far more advanced at parvenu institutions like Michigan State than in the Ivy League. The struggle for status, recognition and money is an irresistible lure; the glamorous project is grabbed and sometimes even invented. Within the university only the exceptional faculty member seeks reward and promotions via scholarship and teaching. The easier and even the more prestigious route, is that of the new breed professor with his machine-stamped PhD who orbits in the university's stratosphere of institutes, projects and contracts. The student is lowest among his priorities. The work he emphasizes is of dubious value — by reason of his bias against considerations of value.

Where is the source of serious intellectual criticism that would help us avoid future Vietnams? Serious ideological controversy is dead and with it the perspective for judgment. Our failure in Vietnam was not one of technical expertise, but rather of historical wisdom. We at Michigan State failed to take a critical stance a decade ago. This was our first responsibility, and our incapacity gave rise to the nightmare described in the following pages.

— Stanley K. Sheinbaum

**THE VIETNAMESE SOLDIER** in the sentry box stood at attention as the chauffeured limousine bearing license plate No. 1 from the government motor pool roared down the long driveway of the French villa, picked up speed and screeched off along the road towards the palace where the President was waiting breakfast.

The year was 1957, the city was Saigon, and the man who lived in the huge villa with its own sentry box was no Batman of the diplomatic corps. He was only Wesley Fishel of East Lansing, Michigan, assistant professor of political science at Michigan State University.

Peasants who scrambled off the road to make way for the speeding professor might have wondered what was happening, but Fishel's academic compatriots could have no doubt: he was "making it." To make it, in the new world of Big University politics, was no longer as elemental as publishing or perishing. You needed "contact" with the outside world. You had to get a government contract. You had to be an operator. And some people viewed Professor Fishel in South Vietnam in the mid-1950's as the Biggest Operator of them all.
Some professors on the make have had a bigger press, but none deserves notoriety more than Wesley Fishel. Eugene Burdick, for instance, got a lot of publicity out of his quickie novels and underwater beer commercials on television. But no academician has ever achieved Fishel's distinction in getting his school to come through with enough professors, police experts and guns to secure his friend's dictatorship.

That was what Wesley Fishel was about on that humid Saigon morning, burning rubber to visit Ngo Dinh Diem. The presidential palace was known informally and with some degree of jealousy by the United States Mission in Saigon as the "breakfast club," because that was where Diem and Fishel and Wolf Ladejinsky, the agricultural expert left over from the New Deal, ate morning melons several times a week and discussed the state of the nation.

Leland Barrows, the United States Mission chief, was disturbed because he couldn't get to see Diem anywhere near that often. And Fishel was particularly closed-mouthed about his regular morning conferences. Saigon in the early days of the Diem regime was a status-minded city, and Fishel had a bigger villa than Barrows, bigger, even, than the American ambassador's. This residential ranking attests to Fishel's importance as head of the Michigan State University Group in Vietnam, an official university project under contract to Saigon and Washington, with responsibility for the proper functioning of Diem's civil service and his police network, the shaping up of the 50,000 man "ragamuffin" militia, and the supplying of guns and ammunition for the city police, the civil guard, the palace police, and the dreaded Surete—South Vietnam's version of the FBI. No small task for a group of professors, but one which Michigan State took to as if it were fielding another national championship football team.

One lesser-known, and perhaps more unpleasant task of the MSU professors was to provide a front for a unit of the United States Central Intelligence Agency. This is a role that both Professor Fishel and Michigan State University have now chosen to forget. It is described here as a specific, if shocking, documentation of the degree of corruption and abject immorality attending a university which puts its academic respectability on lend-lease to American foreign policy.

[John A. Hannah, The President as Coach]

The decay of traditional academic principles found in the modern university on the make may well be traced to Harold Stassen and Clark Kerr, but it is best exemplified by President John A. Hannah of Michigan State University. Stassen, in the International Cooperation Administration, was responsible for the concept that American universities should be tapped as "manpower reservoirs" for the extension of Americanism abroad, and Clark Kerr, the embattled Berkeley savant, first came up with the vision of the large university as a "service station" to society. Hannah, an Eisenhower liberal with a penchant for public service, has made these concepts the raison d'être of MSU.

Hannah, in a blustery way, represents the best traditions of the American Success Story. The son of an Iowa chicken farmer, he took a degree in poultry husbandry from Michigan Agricultural College in 1922. Then, like the football hero who works for 30 years in the college bookstore because he can't bear to leave the campus, Hannah stayed on in East Lansing. He taught chicken farming, married the president's daughter, got his first taste of public service during a stint with the Department of Agriculture as an NRA administrator, came back to campus and in 1941 succeeded his father-in-law as president.

MSU, under President Hannah's tutelage, is more service-oriented than the average Standard Oil retail outlet. MSU's School of Agriculture aids farmers, its School of Hotel Management turns out educated room clerks, its School of Police Administration graduates cops sophisticated in the social sciences. MSU once offered a Bachelor of Science degree with a major in Mobile Homes under a program financed by the trailer industry.

BUT IT IS IN THE FIELD of international service that Michigan State has really made it. A shiny new building on campus houses MSU's Center for International Programs—an edifice built, incidentally, with funds from the administrative allowance on the seven-year Vietnam contract. The University has over 200 faculty members out every year in the boondocks of the world running "educational projects" in 13 countries including Colombia, Taiwan, Turkey, Brazil and Okinawa. Time magazine recently acknowledged the MSU president's extensive influence on the role of American universities overseas by recording Hannah's boast that he can "tap his campus specialists, get an answer to most any question for government or research groups within 30 minutes." Now that is service.

The list of countries MSU is presently "helping" is lopsided with military dictatorships, but it is not President Hannah's style to question the assignment his country gives him. A former Assistant Secretary of Defense under General Motor's Charles Wilson, Hannah sees the military, like football, as an important character-building element in life. His view of the modern university is tied to the liberal concept of America as the defender of the free world. That the university must prepare young citizens to assume this proud task, and to be a leader abroad in areas
chosen for it by the Federal government, is Hannah's educational credo.

Despite Hannah's obvious pride in the work his university is doing overseas, he is particularly reticent in discussing its most extensive foreign operation. In a colorful brochure about MSU's international programs, given away free to visitors, there is only one sentence about the Vietnam Project—despite the fact that this was the largest single project ever undertaken by an American university abroad, a project that spent the incredible amount of 25 million in American taxpayers' dollars in giving "technical assistance" to the Republic of South Vietnam under Ngo Dinh Diem. This one-sentence treatment of MSU's Vietnam operation is like reducing to a photo caption in the school yearbook the story of the prize-winning basketball team—because the coach was caught taking bribes.

A key to MSU's apparent official desire to forget about the Vietnam experience, dubbed the "Vietnam Adventure" by some professors who worked on the Project, might be found in the unexpressed fear that the details of the University's "cover" for the CIA may become public knowledge. If pressed for an answer, Fishel denies any such role and so does President Hannah. "CIA agents were not knowingly on our staff—if that were true we didn't know about it," Hannah said recently in his office, sitting beneath the portrait of Lincoln that hangs above his desk. But this assertion of innocence is flatly contradicted by the disclosures of other professors who held administrative positions in the Project. Indeed, the weight of evidence is that MSU finally had to ask the CIA unit to go elsewhere because its presence had become embarrassing general knowledge in Saigon and East Lansing.

Economist Stanley K. Sheinbaum, the campus coordinator of MSU's Vietnam operation for three years, was flabbergasted by Hannah's denial: "If John Hannah can make up something like that, he calls into question his competence as a university president," he said.

[WESEY FISHEI, THE PROFESSOR AS PROCONSUL]

One indication of Wesley Fishel's power in Saigon in the hey-day of the Diem era was provided by a veteran of that period who recently paid a return visit to Saigon. "I heard people talking about what 'Westy' would think," he said, "and for a minute I thought that Wesley was back."

"Westy," in the Saigon vernacular, is General William Westmoreland, but those in the know used to talk about "Wesley" in the same awe-struck fashion. There is one public reminder of the transfer of power. "Westy" is now running the war out of the same office building, a reconstructed apartment house at 137 Pasteur Street, that used to be "Wesley's" headquarters.

Like most fateful alliances, the Diem-Fishel axis had humble beginnings. The pair met in Tokyo in July of 1950 when each was going nowhere in his chosen field. Diem was an exiled Vietnamese politician with a mandarin personality and a strong sense of predestination but few tangible hopes of assuming power in his war-ravaged country. Fishel was just a run-of-the-mill academician, a young political scientist from UCLA who had written a nondescript thesis on Chinese extra-territoriality and was about to accept a position at Michigan State.

Both were ambitious, looking for an angle, and Napoleon-sized. Diem was 5' 4"; Fishel, a well-built, curly-haired man with the stance of a bantam rooster, appears to be about the same size. The men became friends and a relationship developed by extensive correspondence over the ensuing year. They exchanged favors early. Fishel had his friend appointed consultant to Michigan State's Governmental Research Bureau and helped arrange a long stay in the United States where Diem picked up substantial backing among prominent Americans from Cardinal Spellman to Senator Mike Mansfield (Ramparts, July 1965). In return Diem in 1952 asked the French to let Michigan State furnish technical aid to Vietnam at United States expense, but the French refused.

Fishel, however, had ultimate faith. An East Lansing colleague recalls that one day Fishel cornered him in the faculty lounge and, with the exuberance of one who could no longer restrain himself, whispered excitedly, "My friend Diem is going to be Premier of Vietnam one of these days!" The prediction was taken lightly; Fishel had neither the swagger nor the stripes of a kingmaker.

But when Diem was named Premier in July 1954, almost his first official act was to request Washington to send Wesley to Saigon to advise him. Fishel arrived within weeks, and just weeks later Diem asked for the second time that MSU set up a technical assistance program in Vietnam. The request, this time, had smooth sailing.

With Fishel already in Saigon, there was virtually no one on the East Lansing campus with any knowledge about Vietnam when Diem's assistance request was relayed through official Washington channels. President Hannah, not one to let the possibility of a substantial contract go by, tapped four faculty members for an "inspection team" and put them on a plane to Saigon in almost whirlwind fashion.

The four were Arthur Brandsatter, an ex-MSU football hero who now heads the Police Administration School; James Dennison, the University's public relations man; Edward Weidener, then chairman of the Political Science Department; and Economics Department Chairman
Charles Killingsworth. None of these men had any experience in academic or technical assistance roles overseas, nor did they have any expertise in Far Eastern affairs, a deficiency they attempted to repair by reading newspaper clippings on Vietnam during the plane ride. The first time they met as a group was when they fastened their seat belts.

Saigon was a city in ferment in September 1954, when MSU's "inspection team" arrived. Diem was nominally in power, but he had no real support except among a small number of middle-class Catholics and Saigon merchants. The French were preparing to pull out, the arms of the religious sects were in substantial control of the Vietnamese lowlands, the Vietnamese Army was in a state of stagnation.

The professors found their colleague Fishel and General Edward Lansdale of the CIA maneuvering furiously to consolidate Diem's support, an effort that culminated with the endorsement of Diem by the United States Security Council in the spring of 1955. The professors also learned that Diem was suspicious of the members of the United States Mission in Saigon, many of whom he felt held pro-French sentiments. The one American Diem really trusted was Wesley Fishel, and this trust was reflected two weeks later when the MSU inspection team returned to East Lansing and recommended a massive technical assistance contract, unprecedented in the history of university operations overseas. This contract committed Michigan State to do everything for Diem, from training his police to writing his constitution.

Contract negotiations bogged down over technical matters, but the jam was broken in the early spring of 1955 by a telephone call from Washington to Hannah requesting that the red tape be cut and MSU involve itself in Vietnam — in a hurry. Fishel once indicated in an interview that the request came from former vice-president Nixon, but he now denies this, and so does President Hannah. The phone call, Hannah told the Detroit News, came from an authority "even higher than Nixon." This leaves a choice of John Foster Dulles; his brother, CIA chief Allen Dulles; or Eisenhower himself. At any rate, President Hannah did his duty as he saw it. The first MSU professors joined Wesley Fishel in Saigon in late May of 1955.

In 1956 Fishel abandoned his role as "advisor" to Diem, and assumed the title of Chief of Mission of the MSU Group. For the next four years, he was the most important American in Vietnam. "Wesley was the closest thing to a proconsul that Saigon had," said one of the MSU professors. The assistant professor of political science entertained frequently and lavishly in his opulent villa, and if his parties got a little out of hand the Saigon police obliged by cordonning off the street. No professor has ever made it so big; in the academic world, Fishel was sovereign.

But if the proconsul lived well, so did his lieutenants. East Lansing is hardly a midwestern Paris, and for most of the professors the more exotic and free-wheeling life in Saigon was the closest thing to the high life they had known. Academicians and their families, at first a little uncomfortable, assumed the easy ways of the former French colonial masters. They moved into spacious, air-conditioned villas, rent-free, in the old French section of Saigon, bought the better scotches at the American commissionary at $2 a bottle, hired servants at $30 a month, were invited to all the better cocktail parties because they knew "Wesley," went tiger hunting for laughs, and, with various "hardship" and "incentive" salary hikes, made close to double their normal salaries. (A professor earning $9,000 for teaching class at East Lansing got $16,500 a year for "advising" in Vietnam — taxfree.)

The "Vietnam Adventure" also did wonders for the professors' tenure. Despite the activist nature of their work in Vietnam and the lack of any substantial scholarly research during the Project, two-thirds of the MSU faculty who went to Saigon got promotions either during their tour of duty or within a year of their return. Professor Fishel, in particular, scored points. His published work was virtually non-existent and he was absent from his classes for years at a time. But, in 1957, MSU promoted him to the rank of full professor.

Central Intelligence Agency men were hidden within the ranks of the Michigan State University professors. They were all listed as members of the MSU Project staff and were formally appointed by the University Board of Trustees. Several of the CIA men were given academic rank and were paid by the University Project.

The CIA agents' instructions were to engage in counterespionage and counter-intelligence. Their "cover" was within the police administration division of the Michigan State Group. The CIA unit was self-contained, and appeared on an official organization chart of the MSU Project as "VBI INTERNAL SECURITY SECTION." This five-man team was the largest section within the police administration division of the MSU Vietnam operation. The police administration division in turn was by far the largest of the three divisions of the MSU Group.

"VBI" was Michigan State shorthand for "Vietnamese Bureau of Investigation," the new name the professors
had given the old Suretè, the Vietnamese special police. The head of the “Internal Security Section” of the VBI under the Michigan State operation was Raymond Babineau who was in Saigon from the outset of the MSU Project. The other men were hired later by the University and listed on its staff chart as “Police Administration Specialists.” All four — Douglas Beed, William Jones, Daniel Smith, and Arthur Stein — gave their previous employment as either “investigator” or “records specialist” in the Department of the Army.

The CIA contingent, despite the continued denials of Fishel and Hannah, was identified by two former Project officials — Stanley Sheinbaum and Professor Robert Scigliano, an MSU political scientist who was assistant Project chief of the MSU Vietnam Group from 1957-1959. It is also confirmed, in writing, by Scigliano and Professor Guy H. Fox, a former MSU Project chief, in a book titled Technical Assistance in Vietnam: The Michigan State University Experience, published by Praeger in 1965.

Sheinbaum, as part of his duties as campus coordinator, hired Stein, Smith and Jones. At the time all he knew about the men was that they came from the “Department of the Army.” Sheinbaum recalls that he was proceeding to investigate the background of the three applicants before accepting them when he was told “that it wouldn’t be necessary to check out these guys.” The message came from Professor Ralph Smuckler, a former Vietnam Project head.

Sheinbaum said he was on the job for 18 months before he was taken into the administration’s confidence and told about the CIA men. “Smuckler pulled me aside one day and told me that I should know that these CIA guys were there, but that we didn’t talk about them,” he said.

Professor Scigliano’s first brush with the CIA came during his first meeting with the police advisory group in Saigon. He said that Babineau, whom he knew from the organizational chart as head of the VBI Internal Security, was introduced as a CIA man. The other CIA agents were also introduced, and Babineau made a short speech in which he expressed hope that the professors and his people would get along well. Scigliano recalls Babineau saying, “We hope we don’t get in your way.”

A professor and his wife became friends with one of the CIA men and his wife, and the couples often dined together. “We talked about books and music,” he said, but there was an unspoken rule that they would never mention the CIA. The entire unit operated on an identical hear-no-CIA, see-no-CIA basis. They worked out of offices in one corner of the police administration floor of the beige, converted apartment building that housed the MSU Project. The CIA men came in early in the morning, stayed for about an hour, and then locked their offices and left for the day. They all drove their own cars and their French was the most fluent on the Project.

If the CIA men got nothing else from their fraternization with Michigan State University, they became the first persons in the spy business to gain academic recognition. “Some of the CIA guys attained faculty status at MSU — some as lecturers, some as assistant professors, depending on their salaries. I know, because I remember signing the papers that gave them faculty rank,” Sheinbaum said.

The CIA unit operated within its Michigan State “cover” until 1959. Scigliano and Fox state in their book, in what must rank as one of the more terse statements of the decade: “USOM [United States Operations Mission] also absorbed at this time [1959] the CIA unit that had been operating within MSUG [Michigan State University Group].”

In plain language, Michigan State threw the CIA men out. One of the principal factors leading to the MSU decision was that by 1959 just about everybody in the know was cognizant of the CIA operation. This was not only embarrassing to the legitimate professors, but it served to taint the reputation of the limited amount of solid academic work that was done during the Project. For instance, an anthropologist working far out in the Vietnamese flatlands was flabbergasted to find a local police chief interrupt his work on the grounds that he was digging up bones on behalf of the United States Central Intelligence Agency. The decision to terminate the CIA unit was brought to Professor Scigliano by Smuckler.

Babineau was not in Saigon at the time, so Professor Scigliano gave Jones the bad news. He recalls that Jones was “quite upset,” as was the United States Mission which wanted the CIA unit to stay right where it was — sheltered by the groves of academe.

Within weeks, the entire “VBI Internal Security Section” had moved over to the offices of the United States Mission to operate, presumably, more in the open. By 1959, the United States was making little pretense of following the Geneva Accords anyway.

[Academics in Armored Cars]

In the spring of 1955 Diem gained control of the Army. The United States, which was (and still is) providing the entire South Vietnam Army payroll, said it wouldn’t give out any more checks unless the Army played ball with our boy. Diem then used the Army to crush the sect that had controlled the Saigon police and elements of the far-flung Suretè. The gargantuan task of rebuilding the entire Vietnam police apparatus, from traf-
fic cop to "interrogation expert," as a loyal agency of the Diem government then fell to Michigan State University.

Diem, lacking popular support, could only retain power through an effective police and security network. The American embassy urgently signaled the MSU contingent to concentrate on this problem, and, like good team players from a school with a proud football tradition, the professors went along.

The professors not only trained Diem's security forces but, in the early years of the Project, actually supplied them with guns and ammunition. In doing so, the East Lansing contingent helped to secure Diem's dictatorship and to provide the base and the arms for the "secret police" which were to make Madame Nhu and her brother infamous at a later date.

If not academic, the professors were at least professional. Many supplies—revolvers, riot guns, ammunition, tear gas, jeeps, handcuffs, radios—were requisitioned by the East Lansing School of Police Administration from stocks left over from America's aid to the French Expeditionary Corps. These supplies were then turned over to the Vietnamese who would strive to achieve Diem's own form of "consensus" government—a consensus gained largely by hauling the dissenters off to jail. Despite the largess left by the French, the professors found it necessary to order some $15 million in additional "equipment" from the United States Mission.

Listen to some of the official progress reports sent home to East Lansing by the professors:

November 8, 1955: "During the month of October we received notice of Washington's approval of the recommended expanded police program... Conferences were held at USOM on October 10 and the Embassy on October 23 and 24, trying to coordinate Internal Security Operations in Vietnam in which our government has an interest."

April 17, 1956: "The training of the commando squads of Saigon-Cholon police in riot control formations has continued during the month... A report on riots and unlawful assembly is nearing completion."

June 5, 1957: "Training of the Presidential Security Guard in revolver shooting began during the month. Thirty-four VBI agents completed the revolver course."

September 11, 1957: "Eight hundred pairs of Peerless handcuffs arrived in Saigon, but distribution is being delayed pending arrival of 400 additional cuffs."

February 17, 1958: "The training of 125 military and Civil Guard fingerprint technicians at the VBI proceeds satisfactorily. The Palace Guard is being put through another class in revolver training, with 58 men receiving instruction. Forty members of the VBI completed firearm training."

As befits a university project, many of the professors indulged in their academic specialties. Ralph Turner, a professor of police administration, feels that one of the Project's most singular achievements was the program whereby every Vietnamese citizen would be given an identification card—with a special American touch. The cards were laminated so the poor, plasticless Viet Cong would have difficulty forging them.

Dean Brandstatter did not move lock, stock and pistol to Saigon, but he managed frequent "inspection trips"—as did some 11 of the University officials, including President Hannah, all of course at government expense. Brandstatter, a former military policeman, utilized his expertise to immediate effect during one of his first trips. Rumors of a coup against Diem were escalating, and the East Lansing official personally inspected the Palace Guard to see that they had enough guns to meet the threat.

Brandstatter, a large, jovial man in his early fifties, and devoted follower of MSU's football fortunes, played talent scout for the police operation. The services that the MSU team was called upon to perform for Diem's security
apparatus were so esoteric that even its heralded School of Police Administration wasn’t up to the job. Brandstatter had to recruit specially trained cops from all over the country. Fingerprint experts, small arms experts and intelligence experts came from the Detroit police force, the New York police force, the FBI and even the Department of Defense. Other professors, doing civil service work, felt a little left out and labeled the onslaught of police experts “mercenaries.” This might seem a little unfair, but the term seems somewhat applicable since, at one point in the Project, only four of the 33 police advisors had roots at the Michigan campus; the others were nomads. The Project, of course, still bore the name — or the “cover” — of the MSUG since these “mercenaries” were all put on the MSU payroll and provided with faculty status. In the action filled world of the service station university, not only do the professors become activists, but the cops aspire to professorships.

[DECLINE AND FALL]

NGO DINH DIEM was a nice man to buy guns for, but in other areas of human endeavor, the professors discovered that he could be a tough man to do business with. Even Wolf Ladejinsky who broke bread regularly with Diem was subject to occasional indignities. When an issue of the New Republic appeared in Saigon containing an article mildly critical of the Diem regime, the President sent Ladejinsky packing off from the palace to buy up all the copies from the dozen English language kiosks in Saigon.

The game in Saigon was to cater to Diem’s pettiness and paranoia, and for the most part the men from Michigan State played it. There appeared to be a conscious effort within the Project administration to prepare reports pleasing, or at least palatable, to the President. Milton Taylor, an MSU economics professor who went to Vietnam as a tax advisor, said that his reports were often rewritten by the Project head. When he questioned this practice he was told that there were “higher considerations” at stake; other universities were in hot pursuit of the juicy Vietnam contract.

It became necessary to forsake principles for the good of the Project. At times, in the Saigon of the late 1950’s, that must have been difficult. Professor Adrian Jaffe of the MSU English Department, one of the most persistent critics of his university’s “Vietnam Adventure,” recalls some vivid street scenes. Each morning, men, and more often than not women and children, were hauled out of the jail directly across from his office at the Faculty of Letters of the University of Saigon, handcuffed, thrown into a van, and driven away to an island concentration camp known as a sort of Devil’s Island à la Diem. Professors in the Project, because of their intimacy with the Vietnamese security apparatus, knew this was happening, Jaffe said, but his colleagues said and did nothing.

The moral question raised by Jaffe is dismissed by many veterans of the Project as “unprofessional.” Perhaps more professional was the work of Wesley Fishel, who, as late as the fall of November 1959, wrote an article in the New Leader with the obfuscating title, “Vietnam’s One-Man Democratic Rule.” The text requires no recounting, except to observe that Fishel uses adjectives for Diem that only Jack Valenti might dare use for Johnson.

The failure of the MSU professors to bear witness against what are now known to be Diem’s outrageous violations of civil liberties raises serious questions about them as men. But their failure as professionals in exercising the traditional role of the independent scholar as critic accounted in large part for the general ignorance of the United States public about the true nature of Diem’s regime. Professors, presumed to be men of principle, were on the scene in Vietnam and had to be accepted as the best unprejudiced source of information. David Halberstam, after all, simply could have been mad at Madame Nhu.

The same disastrous vacuum of information occurred in this country only a decade before when the China experts, almost to a man, were purged as Reds and commies, and yahoos were all the public had left to hear.

In Vietnam, at least, there was a Buddhist monk with the fortitude to burn himself — and the public suddenly wondered how what they had been reading about Diem for six years could have been so wrong. But the professors, by this time, were long back in East Lansing. The University claims that it terminated the arrangement in the name of academic freedom — but the truth is, unfortunately, more complex.

Diem, painfully aware of the slightest criticism, was infuriated by the modicum of critical material published in the United States in the early ‘60s by veterans of the MSU “experience.” Professor Jaffe and economist Milton Taylor wrote an essay for the New Republic in 1961 that set Diem’s paranoia percolating. The author dared to suggest that the President rid himself of the Nhus. The contract between Diem and Michigan State stipulated that members of the Project could not use materials gathered on the job “against the security or the interests of Vietnam.” In other words, they were to keep quiet. Taylor recalls that many of his colleagues in Vietnam felt he was being “disloyal” in publicly criticizing Diem.

The President was also miffed that in 1959 MSU had drastically curtailed its police work after being urged both by Diem and the United States Mission to plunge more
deeply into para-military work than it already had. MSU’s reluctance was understandable, since a greater degree of involvement would just about require its professors to shoot off howitzers and drill troops in the jungle.

Nevertheless, the University genuinely believed that its contract would be renewed in 1962. President Hannah even sent a special envoy, Alfred Seelye, dean of the Business College, to Saigon to smooth things out by telling Diem that the University was prepared to weed out any future troublemakers in the Project by selecting personnel more likely to “write scholarly scientific studies and not sensational journalistic articles.” Diem, however, surprised everybody. He was adamant: no more MSU.

With no deal in sight, the business dean proceeded to make a strong declaration in defense of the academic freedom of MSU professors and beat Diem in announcing that the contract would not be renewed.

[THE RUINS]

LIKE A FACTORY that has contracted for a job and then completed it, there is little evidence on the MSU campus that it was ever involved in Vietnam. Thousands of pages of mimeographed reports and documents sent from Saigon have been piled haphazardly in out-of-the-way files in the University library, uncatalogued and unused. MSU has not a single course, not even a study program, to show for its six years in Vietnam.

Professor Wesley Fishel still flies in and out of East Lansing, but now he goes to Washington and advises the administration on Vietnam, a role which allows him to visit Saigon occasionally — where he has the look of a man who would like another try. But there is nothing for him to do. Fishel has been careful to exclude the infamous New Leader article from the otherwise thorough 64-page bibliography on Vietnam and Southeast Asia which he distributes to his students.

MSU is still big on police. There are, literally, policemen all over the campus, almost beyond the wildest expansion of the human retina. There is the campus police — a complement of roughly 35 men in blue uniforms. Then there are the professors and visiting firemen at the School of Police Administration. Finally, it is hard to find a parking spot on campus since so many police cars are occupying the stalls; state police headquarters adjoins MSU.

With all this protection the University officials should feel safe. But they do not. President Hannah has lately been publicly worried about the possibilities of what he terms a “Berkeley-style” revolt. The vice-president of student affairs bluntly stated that MSU had been “selected” as the “next Berkeley.” Hannah, fearful of “outside agitators,” has suggested that there is an “apparatus” at work on campus that is a “tool for international communism.” The University police have a special detail charged with keeping tabs on student political activities, especially anything “radical.” Several years ago a member of this “Red squad” endeared himself to the student daily by trapping homosexuals in a state-built bathroom.

These conditions would be sufficient enough for the light-hearted to suggest that MSU is a Lilliputian police state, but that is silly. Professor Alfred Meyer of the Political Science department, during his course on the Soviet political system, always gets a good laugh by telling the students to take a good look around campus if they want to know what the Soviet system is like.

Hannah’s concern over Berkeley is more than apocryphal. If the Berkeley experience meant any one thing, it meant that the University wasn’t doing its job. It had lost its sense of purpose; it no longer had meaning to the students. In that sense East Lansing is, assuredly, another Berkeley. The university on the make has little time for nonconforming students and rarely enough for conforming students. Its service function is the first priority. The students are, in Clark Kerr’s idiom, only the “raw material” that has to be processed. That was the making of the Berkeley revolt, and the ingredients are available in excess portions at Michigan State.

Acting dean of international programs, Ralph T. Smuckler, is perhaps the one person at MSU who got something lasting out of the “Vietnam Adventure.” He derived an ideology, and it is an ideology that goes Clark Kerr one better. Smuckler sees the future of the social sciences in the world-wide scope of the “action” projects he is now directing in Formosa — as he did in Vietnam. “Classroom teaching is a tame business,” said Smuckler, “and anybody who doesn’t see how his discipline fits into the overseas operations of the University is already obsolete.”

To question the assumption that the academician of tomorrow must be an operator is to ask but part of the essential question about MSU’s “Vietnam Adventure.” And to ask whether the University officials are liars, or whether the MSU Project broke the spirit of the Geneva Accords, is also neglecting the primary question.

The essential query, which must be asked before the discussion of Michigan State’s behavior can be put into any rational perspective, is this: what the hell is a university doing buying guns, anyway?

By Warren Hinckle in conjunction with Editors Sol Stern and Robert Scheer. Material appearing in this special report originated in Mr. Scheer’s pamphlet “How the U.S. Got Involved in Vietnam.”
In the Shadow of Dallas

These are not the only ones to have died mysteriously possessing crucial knowledge about the killings of President Kennedy, Officer J. D. Tippit or Lee Harvey Oswald. But this is the story of ten:

The 'Sleuths'

Anyone can write to the government Printing Office and, for $76, order the 26 volumes of testimony and exhibits. Hundreds of Americans, nagged by doubts about the completeness of the investigation, did just that. For a surprisingly large number of people, reading the volumes, establishing card files and interviewing witnesses became an all-consuming avocation. Working in virtual isolation from each other, methodically recompiling the evidence, it was only gradually that these amateur "sleuths" learned of one another's existence.

In time there developed a network of Kennedy assassination buffs, linked coast-to-coast by a bush telegraph of manifold ramifications. When one uncovered a startling new piece of evidence, the information spread like fire through plains grass until, before the week was out, it was common knowledge among all the operatives of this private intelligence apparat.

Some, like New York author Sylvia Meagher or Marjorie Deschamps, a west coast housewife, scholars of the Warren Report and 26 volumes, can quote chapter and verse on almost any facet of the case. Mrs. Meagher, find-

by David Welsh & William Turner
ing the Commission's index next to useless, prepared and published her own. Mrs. Deschamps put together a hundred giant "panoplies"—photostats of collected evidence—on different facets of the case. The "sleuth" ranks include salesmen Ray Marcus; David Lifton, a master's candidate in engineering; and housewife Elizabeth Stoneborough—all serious students of the photographic evidence relating to the assassination. Physicist Paul Hoch dug into the National Archives for hidden documents. Philadelphia lawyer Vincent Salandria did pioneer research on the ballistics and autopsy evidence; writer Harold Feldman on the direction of shots. Add to them the book-writers—Mark Lane, the most persistent public gadfly of the Warren Commission; Harold Weisberg, a Maryland gentleman farmer; and Leo Sauvage, the conservative U.S. correspondent for Le Figaro—and you have an awesome army of private citizens who are saying more or less explicitly: "The government lied to us about the Kennedy assassination."

Few of the sleuths are paid for their efforts, or reimbursed for long-distance phone calls, travel and research materials. Motivated by anything from an affection for President Kennedy to a plain zeal for truth, affiliated only in the most informal way, they are the embodiment of what is finest in the American tradition, and a living indictment of government-by-closed-shop.

At first we refused to take the sleuths seriously. Everyone secretly wants to be a detective. Here was the "crime of the century," apparently unsolved, with a mountain of poorly evaluated evidence at the disposal of anyone willing to shell out 76 bills. To the private sleuths it was irresistible; to us it was something of a joke. Then we reviewed their work and realized that they were doing the job the Dallas police, the FBI and the Warren Commission should have done in the first place.

And if many will treat these amateur investigators as some unique breed of kook, the Dallas police take them seriously. When Shirley Martin, a housewife from Hominy, Oklahoma, made trips to Dallas to interview witnesses, the police would tail her, openly following her car at short distance, and stay in her shadow until she left town. The FBI takes one of the "sleuths" seriously enough to tap his phone. Two San Francisco sleuths report that even their mail is habitually opened before it reaches their door. Such intimidation has become so common that the sleuths hardly talk about it any more.

On our trips to Dallas, Bill Turner, I, and editor Stan Sheinbaum interviewed many persons touched in some way by the killing of Kennedy. Some were willing to talk freely; most were guarded. Many said there was no conspiracy to assassinate the President, but almost invariably they would indicate they thought otherwise: a playful smile, a wink, a sardonic turn around the corners of the mouth. Others treated the Warren Report with open contempt.

We interviewed lawyers, reporters, cops, laborers, janitors, simple housewives, an exotic dancer; most of them asked us not to use their names. From time to time we checked in at the Midlothian Mirror to compare notes with Penn Jones. Occasionally he would take us to his "farm" a few miles away, where he keeps his collection of barbed wire, and where he has installed a waterwheel to irrigate the hilltop ("the only working waterwheel in Ellis County," Jones boasts). Once we were sitting in that bucolic setting, discussing the gory details of this grisliest of murder cases, when all at once the incongruity struck us as enormously funny—the barbed wire collection, Lyndon Johnson, the "Texas Mafia," the waterwheel, the mysterious deaths, the Grassy Knoll, the presumptuousness of our investigating a regicide—and we threw our heads back, broken up with laughter. Penn, who has a formidable cackle, laughed the hardest. You have to laugh on this case, or you can begin to doubt your sanity.

On another trip, we stood up and talked for 15 minutes with Bertha Cheek, a friend of Ruby's and sister of the lady who kept Oswald's rooming house, while she was explaining why she couldn't grant us an interview—unless we paid her $1000. "Marina Oswald is getting money for her story," said sexy, fortyish Bertha, a prosperous realtor. "Why should I give mine away?"

We spent six hours over vodka and orange juice with Wanda Joyce Killam, a former B-girl in Ruby's Carousel Club and widow of one of the mysteriously dead. Wanda, an attractive bottle blonde, looked a bit frowzy, not expecting visitors, and was embarrassed about it. She rambled on about how wonderful a guy Jack Ruby is and some minor details about her murdered husband; but nothing startling, nothing we did not already know. We bid a cordial goodbye to Wanda, who is a warm, gregarious person, and talked about the apprehension that chilled her features during most of our visit. But by this time we had grown suspicious of anyone who wasn't afraid.

Three years after the Kennedy assassination—and two years after it was allegedly "solved" by the President's Commission—fear still walks with the man or woman who knows even part of the truth of what really happened on November 22, 1963. If Penn Jones has done nothing else, he has shown us that. It is a fear beyond the ken of most Americans, who know only the ever-present, constipating fear of being honest and natural with one another. The Dallas fear is a fear for life, and livelihood. We saw it in the eyes of those who crossed paths with key figures in the assassination. We heard it in their voices. "Please," one of
Jack Ruby's strippers told us, "Don't put my name in your paper. Please. I love life too much."

More than all the persuasive and well-documented books on the subject, it was that fear that reached us, in our intestines; convinced us the Warren Commission was wrong. If Lee Harvey Oswald did the job all by himself, then what are these people afraid of? Whom are they afraid of?

The Kennedy "Curse"

Penn Jones' biggest reportorial coup is unquestionably his discovery of a series of mysterious deaths, possibly related to the assassination of the President. That he would print it, when practically nobody was printing anything but kudos for Earl Warren & Co., and print it in the Dallas area, is a sign of hope for the survival of independent journalism.

Jones' first scoop was the story of a meeting at Jack Ruby's apartment on Sunday, November 24, 1963, several hours after Ruby shot and killed Oswald in Dallas police headquarters. In his original editorial, reprinted on page 32, he disclosed that three of the five present at the meeting—Jim Koethe, Bill Hunter and Tom Howard—have died mysterious deaths. Of the survivors, Jim Martin, who curiously enough represented the accused killer of Koethe and got him off without prosecution, is still practicing law in Dallas. George Senator, at this writing, is living in upstate New York. He has said repeatedly that he fears for his life.

These were not the only ones to have died mysteriously who possessed crucial scraps of knowledge about the killings of President Kennedy, Officer J. D. Tippit or Lee Harvey Oswald. At least 10 such persons are known to have been murdered, to have committed suicide or died in suspicious circumstances since the Kennedy assassination. Scores of persons similarly knowledgeable have been beaten, shot, threatened, intimidated or run out of town. And at least a dozen others brushed by the event have voluntarily left Dallas—quite sensibly, it would seem.

The body of the young Dallas reporter was found swathed in a blanket on the floor of his bachelor apartment on September 21, 1964. Police said the cause of death was asphyxiation from a broken bone at the base of the neck—apparently the result of a karate chop.

Robbery appeared to be the motive, although Koethe's parents believe he was killed for other reasons. Whoever ransacked his apartment, they point out, was careful to remove his notes for a book he was preparing, in collaboration with two other journalists, on the Kennedy assassination.

Within a week a 22-year-old ex-con from Alabama named Larry Earl Reno was picked up selling Koethe's personal effects and held on suspicion of murder.

Reno's lawyers were Mike Barclay and the ubiquitous Jim Martin, both friends of Ruby roomie George Senator. Martin and Senator, one recalls, were with Koethe at that enigmatic meeting on November 24, 1963. When the Reno case came before the grand jury, District Attorney Henry Wade secretly instructed the jurors not to indict—an extraordinary move for a chief prosecuting officer with as strong a case as he had. The grand jury returned a no-bill.

Reno, however, remained in jail on a previous charge. When they finally sprang him, in January 1965, he was re-arrested within a month for the robbery of a hotel. This time the prosecution, led by a one-time law partner of Martin's, had no qualms about getting an indictment, and a conviction. Reno was sentenced to life for the hotel robbery. At the trial his lawyers called no witnesses in his defense.

[Hunter Covered The Kennedy Assassination]

Bill Hunter covered the Kennedy assassination more or less on a lark. He was a police reporter for the Long Beach paper and a good one, with a knack for getting along with cops. He drank with them, played cards with them in the press room—he was a sharp and lucky player—and they would often call him at home when a story broke. Hunter was a big man, described by friends as rough, jovial, "very physical," with an attractive wife and three children.

There was no real need for the Long Beach paper to send a reporter to Dallas, but Hunter, who grew up there, managed to promote a free trip for himself with the city desk. In Dallas he ran into Jim Koethe, with whom he had worked in Wichita Falls, Texas. Koethe asked him to come along to the meeting in Ruby's apartment; they arrived to find Senator and Tom Howard having a drink.

Bill Hunter was killed just after midnight on the morning of April 23, 1964—only a few hours after George Senator testified before Warren Commission counsel that he "could not recall" the meeting in Ruby's apartment. Hunter was seated at his desk in the press room of the Long Beach public safety building, when detective Creighton Wiggins Jr. and his partner burst into the room. A single bullet from Wiggins' gun struck Hunter in the heart, killing him almost instantly. The mystery novel he was reading, entitled Stop This Man!, slipped blood-splattered from his fingers.
Wiggins' story underwent several changes. His final version was that he and his partner had been playing cops and robbers with guns drawn when his gun started to slip from his hand and went off. The two officers were convicted of involuntary manslaughter. Sentence was suspended. There were so many contradictions in Wiggins testimony that Bill Shelton, Hunter's city editor and old friend from Texas, is "still not satisfied" with the official verdict. He declines to comment about any possible connection between Hunter's death and the Kennedy assassination. "But I'd believe anything," he says. It is a curious footnote that Shelton's brother Keith was among the majority of Dallas newspapermen who found it expedient to leave their jobs after covering the assassination. Keith was president of the Dallas Press Club and gave up a promising career as political columnist for the Times-Herald to settle in a small north Texas town. One reporter who was asked to resign put it this way: "It looks like a studied effort to remove all the knowledgeable newsmen who covered the assassination."

[TOM HOWARD—HEART ATTACK]

Although Dallas, like any other American city, is slowly being taken over by the well-groomed image-conscious wonders rolling off our college assembly lines, there is still a lingering appreciation for the "characters" — the Bob Thorntons the Jack Rubys, the Tom Howards — throwbacks to another age when the Old West values reigned supreme. Everyone around official Dallas knew Tom Howard, that familiar figure in the white Stetson who always seemed to show up where the action was. He was a defense attorney in the old rough-and-tumble Texas fashion, operating out of a store-front office, devoid of the usual law books, across from police headquarters. During his career he handled about 50 murder cases, and was more than once cited for contempt of court for fist fights and shouting matches with the prosecution.

Howard was a friend of District Attorney Henry Wade, although they often opposed each other in court, and it was not uncommon for them to meet for a sociable drink after court adjourned. He was also close to Ruby and others on the fringes of the Dallas underworld.

Like Jack Ruby, Howard's life revolved around the police station, and it was not surprising when he and Ruby (toting his gun) showed up at the station on the evening of the assassination. Nor was it unusual when Howard arrived there shortly after Ruby shot Oswald, two days later, asking to see his old friend.

Howard was shown into a meeting room to see a bewildered Ruby, who had not asked for any lawyer, and for the next few days — until Ruby's brother Earl soured on Howard and had him relieved — he was Jack's chief attorney and public spokesman. Howard took to the publicity with alacrity, called a press conference, wheeled and dealt. He told newsmen the case was a "once-in-a-lifetime chance" and that "speaking as a private citizen," he thought Ruby deserved a congressional medal. He told the Houston Post that Ruby had been in the police station Friday night with a gun. He dickered with a national magazine about an Oswald-murder story. He got hold of a picture showing the President's brains flying and tried to sell it to Life. Ruby's sister even accused him of leaking information to the DA. All told, it was never quite clear whether Howard was working for Ruby or against him.

Howard met frequently with his client in the days immediately following the death of Oswald. From this, along with his ties with both police and hoodlum circles in Dallas, and his presence at the Ruby-Senator apartment meeting that fateful Sunday, one would assume he was the repository of a wealth of privileged information about the events of November 1963. And we know he was an irrepressible talker, privy to the intrigues of petty criminality but hardly one to be trusted with any secrets surrounding the Kennedy assassination.

On March 27, 1965, Howard was taken to the hospital by an unidentified person and died there. He was 48. The doctor, without benefit of an autopsy, said he had suffered a heart attack. Some reporter friends of Howard's are not so sure. They observed that for three days before his death, the normally gregarious Howard seemed preoccupied and uncommunicative, and did not appear to recognize friends. One Dallas reporter says flatly that Howard was bumped off; others are more circumspect. "As far as I'm concerned the case is closed," one of them says. "You're not going to catch me messing in that hornet's nest."

[EARLENÉ ROBERTS—HEART ATTACK]

Mrs. Roberts, the plump widow who managed the rooming house where Oswald was living under the name O. H. Lee, was one of the key witnesses before the Warren Commission. She testified that "around 1 o'clock, or maybe a little after" on November 22, Oswald rushed into the rooming house, stayed in his room for "not over 3 or 4 minutes" and walked out zipping on a light-weight jacket. The last she saw of him he was waiting at a nearby bus stop. A few minutes later, one mile away, Officer Tippit was shot dead; Oswald was accused of the crime.

Mrs. Roberts also testified that during the brief time Oswald was in his room, a police car with two uniformed cops in it pulled up in front of the rooming house, and that
Kennedy-Oswald-Tippit investigation, Reynolds was not questioned by any police agency until two months after the event. When the FBI finally talked to him on January 21, 1964, the agent’s report of the interview said: “. . . he would hesitate to definitely identify Oswald as the individual.” The FBI report added, however, in most unpolice-

manlike fashion: “He advised he is of the opinion Oswald is the person . . . .”

Two days after talking to the FBI, Reynolds was shot in the head as he was closing up the car lot for the night; nothing was stolen. Later, after consulting at length with retired General Edwin Walker, he told Warren Commission counsel that Oswald definitely was the man he saw fleeing the Tippit murder scene.

A young hood named Darrell Wayne Garner was arrested for the murder attempt. He had made a long distance call to a relative and in some drunken bragging, admitted shooting Reynolds. But Garner had an alibi, and her name was Nancy Jane Mooney, alias Betty McDonald, who used to take her clothes off to music in Jack Ruby’s Carousel Club. Garner was freed.

Nancy Jane, a mother of four, was picked up about a week later—for fighting with a girlfriend, over a man—and jailed on a disturbing-the-peace rap. The girlfriend was not arrested. Within a few hours Miss Mooney was dead. Police said she hanged herself with her toreador pants, in her private cell at the Dallas City jail.

Garner was free, his alibi witness was dead, and Reynolds was going to pieces out of fear. A week after Nancy Jane was hanged, someone unscrewed a light globe on Reynolds’ front porch; it was clearly deliberate because some screws had to be removed to get at the globe. And the same week a man stopped Reynolds’ nine-year-old daughter as she was walking home from school and offered her money to get in his car. Fortunately she had the presence of mind to run like hell. Through all this, Reynolds had the distinct impression he was being intimidated. Today, after giving the Commission a firm identification of Oswald as the Tippit fugitive, he is breathing easier. “I don’t think they’re going to bother me any more,” he said.

[WARREN REYNOLDS—JUST MINDING HIS USED CAR LOT]  

WARREN REYNOLDS was just minding his used car lot on East Jefferson when he heard the shots two blocks away. He thought it was probably somebody’s marital quarrel. Then he saw a man having great difficulty tucking “a pistol or an automatic” in his belt and running at the same time. Reynolds gave chase for a short piece, being careful to keep his distance, then lost the fleeing man. He didn’t know it then, but he had apparently witnessed the flight of the killer (or one of the killers) of Patrolman Jefferson Davis Tippit. Feeling helpful, he gave his name to a passing policeman and offered his cooperation. TV cameras zeroed in on him, got his story. Warren Reynolds, the amiable used car man, was making history.

But in one of those curious oversights which riddle the Kennedy-Oswald-Tippit investigation, Reynolds was not questioned by any police agency until two months after the event. When the FBI finally talked to him on January 21, 1964, the agent’s report of the interview said: “. . . he would hesitate to definitely identify Oswald as the individual.” The FBI report added, however, in most unpolice-

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[HANK KILLAM—THROAT SLIT]  

HOUSEPAINTER HANK KILLAM was 6' 3" and weighed 250 pounds—“a big hunk of man,” said his wife Wanda, who used to push cigarettes and drink with the customers at Jack Ruby’s club.

Hank and Wanda were good friends of John Carter, another painter, who lived at Mrs. A. C. Johnson’s rooming house at the same time Lee Harvey Oswald lived there. Carter worked several painting jobs with Hank and used to visit at the Killam home.

To all appearances, his wife’s 15-year association with Ruby and his friendship with John Carter, Oswald’s fellow boarder, were Killam’s only tenuous links to the Kennedy assassination. For all that, he was inordinately interesting to the “federal agents” who visited him re-
peatedly after the assassination, causing him to lose one job after another. In addition to questions about Killam’s connections and whereabouts at the time of the assassination, the interrogators were especially interested in his political views; Killam said he had none.*

Certainly Killam was most absorbed by the assassination, even obsessed. A few hours after the event he came home “white as a sheet,” Wanda said, and stayed up all night watching television accounts of the assassination. He bought all the papers and diligently clipped the stories about Kennedy’s death.

Just before Christmas, Killam packed up and left for Florida, where he had family, taking his assassination clipping files with him. But the “agents” got to Wanda. “They browbeat me into telling where he was,” Wanda said. “I guess I’m just a girl that finds it very hard to say no to people.”

Hank got a job in Tampa, selling cars at his brother-in-law’s lot. Again the “federal police” hounded him, visiting the car lot so often that even his brother-in-law was persuaded to let him go. They harassed his second Tampa employer as well, until he lost that job too.

In mid-March he called Wanda in Dallas to say he had a new job lined up and would be sending for her soon. “I was all excited,” said Wanda, “because I loved that man.” Then in the early morning hours on St. Patrick’s Day 1964, Killam received a phone call at his mother’s home. Immediately he left the house. Not long afterward they found him on a sidewalk, in front of a broken plate glass window, his jugular vein cut. He bled to death en route to the hospital. His wallet and diamond ring were missing.

It is not clear whether the “federal police” who visited Hank and Wanda were in fact FBI men, or whether they ever properly identified themselves as such. If the FBI did interview Killam, there is no indication in the 26 volumes of the Warren Report. A check of the index to Commission documents in the National Archives reveals no mention of Killam. But then a number of FBI documents relating to the assassination are withheld, along with most of the documents prepared by the CIA. What is clear is that somebody considered Hank Killam a very important guy.

[EDITOR’S NOTE: A few months ago, John Carter’s brother, Henry Carter, was murdered in Dallas; the case remains unsolved.]

* [WILLIAM WHALEY—HEAD-ON COLLISION]*

Whaley was the Oswald cabby, one of the few who had the opportunity to talk alone with the accused killer of Kennedy between the assassination and Oswald’s arrest. He testified that Oswald hailed his cab at the Greyhound bus station, then graciously offered the cab to a waiting lady, who declined his offer. Whaley said he drove Oswald to the intersection of Beckley and Neches—half a block from the rooming house—and collected a dollar. Later he identified Oswald as his fare in a questionable police lineup, although police records are confused and he may have picked out another man.

Whaley was killed in a head-on collision on a bridge over the Trinity River, December 18, 1965; his passenger was critically injured. The 83-year-old driver of the other car was also killed. Whaley had been with the City Transportation Co. since 1936 and had a perfect accident record. He was the first Dallas cabbie to be killed on duty since 1937. When Penn Jones went to interview the general manager of the cab company about Whaley’s death, he was literally pushed out of the office. “If you’re smart,” said the manager, “you won’t be coming around here asking questions.”

[EDWARD BENAVIDES—SHOT DEAD]

Domingo Benavides, a dark, slim auto mechanic, was a witness to the murder of Officer Tippit and testified that he “really got a good view” of the slayer. He was not asked to see the police lineup in which Oswald appeared. Although he later said the killer resembled newspaper pictures of Oswald, he described the man differently: “I remember the back of his head seemed like his hairline sort of went square... it kind of went down and squared off and made his head look flat in back.” Domingo reports he has been repeatedly threatened by police, and advised not to talk about what he saw.

In mid-February 1964, his brother Eddy, who resembled him, was fatally shot in the back of the head in a beer joint on Second Avenue in Dallas. The police arrested the killer, an unknown, and it was written off as one more barroom incident.

Domingo’s father-in-law, J. W. Jackson, was so impressed with the police investigation of Eddy’s death that he launched a little inquiry of his own. Two weeks later Jackson was shot at in his home. The assailant secreted himself in the carport, fired once into the house, and when Jackson ran outside, fired one more time, just missing his head. As the gunman clambered into an automobile in a nearby driveway, Jackson saw a police car coming down the block. The officer made no attempt to follow the gunman’s speeding car; instead, he stopped at Jackson’s house and spent a long time inquiring what had happened. Later a police lieutenant advised Jackson, “You’d better lay off of this business. Don’t go around asking questions; that’s our job.” Jackson and Domingo are both convinced that Eddy’s murder was a case of mistaken identity and that Domingo, the Tippit witness, was the intended victim.
[DOUGHTY KILGALLEN ?]

We know of no serious person who really believes that the death of Dorothy Kilgallen, the gossip columnist, was related to the Kennedy assassination. Still, she was passionately interested in the case, told friends she firmly believed there was a conspiracy and that she would find the truth if it took her all her life.

Miss Kilgallen was the first to make public the existence of Acquilla Clemons, a witness to the Tippit killing whose name does not appear once in the Warren Report or volumes. She was also the only reporter ever to interview Jack Ruby privately since the killing of Oswald. During the Ruby trial, which she covered for the now defunct New York Journal-American, Judge Joe B. Brown granted her 30 minutes alone with Ruby in the judge’s chambers; the other reporters were furious.

One of the biggest scoops of Miss Kilgallen’s career came when she pirated the transcript of Ruby’s testimony before the Warren Commission and ran it in the Journal-American. Thousands of New Yorkers were shocked at the hopelessly inept questioning of Ruby by Chief Justice Warren, by Warren’s almost deliberate failure to follow up the leads Ruby was feeding him.

Miss Kilgallen died in her bed on November 8, 1965. Dr. James Luke, a New York City medical examiner, said the cause of death was “acute barbiturate and alcohol intoxication, circumstances undetermined.” Dr. Luke said there were not high enough levels of either alcohol or barbiturates to have caused death, but that the two are “additive” and together are quite enough to kill. This cause of death, he observed, is not at all uncommon. Was it suicide? Accident? Murder?—Dr. Luke said there was no way of determining that.

As we say, Dorothy Kilgallen probably does not belong on any list of Kennedy-related deaths. But questions do remain. An editor of Screen Stars magazine, Mary Brannum, says she received a phone call a few hours before Dorothy’s body was discovered, announcing that she had been murdered. Miss Kilgallen’s “What’s My Line” make-up man said that shortly before her death she vowed she would “crack this case.” And another New York show biz friend said Dorothy told him in the last days of her life: “In five more days I’m going to bust this case wide open.”

[LEE BOWERS—AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT]

Lee Bowers’ testimony is perhaps as explosive as any recorded by the Warren Commission. He was one of 65 known witnesses to the President’s assassination who thought shots were fired from the area of the Grassy Knoll. (The Knoll is west of the Texas School Book Depository.) But more than that, he was in a unique position to observe some pretty strange behavior in the Knoll area during and immediately before the assassination.

Bowers, then a towerman for the Union Terminal Co., was stationed in his 14-foot tower directly behind the Grassy Knoll. As he faced the assassination site, he could see the railroad overpass to his right front. Directly in front of him was a parking lot, and then a wooden stockade fence and a row of trees running along the top of the Grassy Knoll. The Knoll sloped down to the spot on Elm Street where Kennedy was killed. Police had “cut off” traffic into the parking area, Bowers said, “so that anyone moving around could actually be observed.”

Bowers made two significant observations which he revealed to the Commission. First, he saw three unfamiliar cars slowly cruising around the parking area in the 35 minutes before the assassination; the first two left after a few minutes. The driver of the second car appeared to be talking into “a mike or a telephone”—“he was holding something up to his mouth with one hand and he was driving with the other.” A third car, with out-of-state plates and mud up to the windows, probed all around the parking area. Bowers last remembered seeing it about eight minutes before the shooting, pausing “just above the assassination site.” He gave detailed descriptions of the cars and their drivers.

Bowers also observed two unfamiliar men standing on top of the Knoll at the edge of the parking lot, within 10 or 15 feet of each other—“one man, middle-aged or slightly older, fairly heavy-set, in a white shirt, fairly dark trousers. Another younger man, about mid-twenties, in either a plaid shirt or a plaid coat or jacket.” Both were facing toward Elm and Houston, where the motorcade would be coming from. They were the only strangers he remembered seeing. His description shows a remarkable similarity to Julia Ann Mercer’s description of two unidentified men climbing the Knoll (see Jones’ editorial, p. 38).

When the shots rang out, Bowers’ attention was drawn to the area where he had seen the two men; he could still make out the one in the white shirt—“the darker dressed man was too hard to distinguish from the trees.” He observed “some commotion” at that spot, “... something out of the ordinary, a sort of milling around ... which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify.” At that moment, he testified, a motorcycle policeman left the Presidential motorcade and roared up the Grassy Knoll straight to where the two mysterious gentlemen were standing behind the fence. The policeman dismounted, Bowers recalled, then after a moment climbed on his motorcycle and drove off. Later, in a film interview with attorney Mark Lane, he explained that the “como-
tion” that caught his eye may have been “a flash of light or smoke.” His information dovetails with what other witnesses observed from different vantage points.

On the morning of August 9, 1966, Lee Bowers, now the vice-president of a construction firm, was driving south from Dallas on business. He was two miles from Midlothian when his brand new company car veered from the road and hit a bridge abutment. A farmer who saw it said the car was going 50 miles an hour, a slow speed for that road. There were no skidmarks to indicate braking.

Bowers died of his wounds at 1 p.m. in a Dallas hospital. He was 41. There was no autopsy, and he was cremated soon afterward. Doctors saw no evidence that he had suffered a heart attack. A doctor from Midlothian, who rode in the ambulance with Bowers, noticed something peculiar about the victim. “He was in a strange state of shock,” the old doctor said, “a different kind of shock than an accident victim experiences. I can’t explain it. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

Bowers’ widow at first insisted to Penn Jones that there was nothing suspicious about her husband’s death. Then she became flustered and said: “They told him not to talk.”

**Warren’s in Trouble**

**DALLAS IS A CLOSE-MOUTHED place. Without question it is a city that feels uncomfortable about all the bad publicity it has been receiving. And it patently doesn’t like all these foreigners poking around, interviewing witnesses, dredging up more dirt about Dallas. Still, there are so many cases of obvious intimidation of witnesses that it appears to amount to more than an acute case of hypersensitivity. One notes that all of the mysteriously dead, with the exception of Bowers, had some association with Ruby or with the murder of Patrolman Tippit; many of the intimidations seem to fall into a similar pattern.

Wilma Tice, a Dallas housewife, told the FBI she saw Jack Ruby at Parkland Hospital right after the assassination, when he was supposed to have been elsewhere. Her observation was confirmed by Seth Kantor, a White House newsmen and ex-Dallas reporter who knew Ruby well and said he talked with him at the hospital. Mrs. Tice received threatening phone calls—“it would pay you to keep your mouth shut”—and once while her husband was at work, a ladder was found wedged against her door so it could not be opened.

Little Lynn, alias Karen Bennett Carlin, a plumpish 19-year-old stripper at the Carousel, told the Secret Service she heard another Ruby entertainer say he’d seen Oswald at Ruby’s club, and she “vaguely remembered” seeing Oswald there herself. She was also “under the impression” that Oswald, Ruby and other individuals unknown to her were involved in a plot to assassinate President Kennedy, and that she would be killed if she gave any information to the authorities. Later in the Secret Service interview she became scared, changed her story and denied any knowledge of a plot. She continued to assert, however, that her life had twice been threatened.

Harold Richard Williams was working as a chef at the Mikado, a Dallas bottle club, when it was raided in early November 1963. One of the arresting officers, he said, was J. D. Tippit, and seated next to him in the cop car—“so close you’d think they were lovers”—was Jack Ruby. Williams told attorney Mark Lane he knew Ruby, who “used to furnish us with girls,” and got a long look at Tippit. But Harold Williams did not follow the example of the other six known witnesses to a Ruby-Tippit association; he continued to shoot off his mouth about it. Williams said the police talked to him in December 1963 and advised him that he had not seen Ruby with Tippit.

**THE MOST CONSISTENT of the seeming patterns of intimidation involves those who knew something about the murder of Jefferson Davis Tippit. Shirley Martin of Hominy, Oklahoma, who has been repeatedly tailed by Dallas police, is not the only independent investigator to have noticed unusual “heat” when checking out details of the Tippit killing. Earlier this year Mark Lane located Domingo Benavides, a witness to the shooting whose brother was mysteriously killed (see above), and arranged to meet him at Lane’s motel for a filmed interview the next morning; Lane offered him $100. That night two men from the homicide squad came to the motel and inquired of Lane’s film crew why they were so interested in Benavides. “What did you offer our boy $100 for?” they asked. According to the film crew, the policemen knew the exact time of Benavides’ appointment with Lane, implied Benavides would not be there, and generally showed a great deal more concern about their footage on the Tippit murder than about the killing of Kennedy. Benavides never showed up.

Another witness to the Tippit killing, a nurse named Acquilla Clemons who described the slayer as short and stocky and said he fled with a tall, lanky man wearing khaki trousers—neither of whom resembled Oswald—has been repeatedly threatened. According to Mark Lane she was visited a few days after the event by a gun-toting man: “He just told me it’d be best if I didn’t say anything because I might get hurt.” She said several policemen came to see her after that, and one expressed hope that she would not be killed on the way to work.

We have hardly begun to describe the intimidation to
which important witnesses have been subjected. Enough evidence is in to justify an immediate investigation. We want to know why people in Dallas seem so intent on keeping the truth about Ruby and Tippit from getting out.

[TIPPIT]

The Tippit killing was never conclusively "solved" by the Warren Commission. The gross faults in its chain of evidence pointing to Oswald as the lone cop-killer have been exposed in several recent books; we won't go into it here. Certainly, the Commission did not adequately investigate Tippit's movements prior to his death, or the curious presence near the scene of off-duty Patrolman Olsen, a close associate of Jack Ruby's (see Penn Jones' story on Olsen above).

On Bill Turner's last whirlwind trip to Dallas—acting on a tip from "sleuth" David Lifton—he uncovered five witnesses to Tippit's whereabouts in the last minutes of his life. There is no indication that the Commission or any police agency was even aware of them. Photographer Al Volkland and his wife Lou, both of whom knew Tippit, said that 15 or 20 minutes after the assassination they saw him at a gas station and waved to him. They observed Tippit sitting in his police car at a Gloco gas station in Oak Cliff, watching the cars coming over the Houston Street viaduct from downtown Dallas. Three employees of the Gloco station, Tom Mullins, Emmett Hollingshead and J. B. "Shorty" Lewis, all of whom knew Tippit, confirmed the Volklands' story. They said Tippit stayed at the station for "about 10 minutes, somewhere between 12:45 and 1:00, then he went tearing off down Lancaster at high speed"—on a bee-line toward Jack Ruby's apartment and in the direction of where he was killed a few minutes later.

What could Tippit have heard or seen to cause him to leave his observation post at the Gloco station and roar up the street? Police radio logs show no instructions to move. We know that cabdriver Whaley said he drove Oswald across the Houston Street viaduct (past the Gloco station at the same time Tippit was reported there) to a spot near the rooming house. Is it possible that Tippit spotted Oswald in the cab, recognized him, and for some reason took off to intercept him? If we recall that while Oswald was in the rooming house, Earlene Roberts observed a police car pull up in front and honk the horn, and the police statement that all cars in the area were accounted for—except Tippit's—then it is possible indeed. Earlene, who was blind in one eye and whose sight was failing in the other, said she thought the number on the car was 107; Tippit's car number was 10. Earlene said she saw two policemen in the car; all patrol cars in the area that day were one-man cars and Earlene, with her poor vision, may have mistaken Tippit's uniform jacket, hanging on a coat-hanger in his car, for another cop. The Commission should at least have investigated the possibility.

It is scandalous that three years after the event we should be reduced to this sort of speculation; that Turner, in one quick trip to Dallas, could learn more about Tippit's movements before his death than the combined investigative resources of the police, FBI and Warren Commission.

Even the evidence the Commission did have was scrutinized in the most perfunctory way. Tippit's last known radio transmission, for example, was at 12:54, when he reported his position at Lancaster and 8th. But at 1:08, the approximate time of the shooting according to at least one witness, the dispatcher received two garbled transmissions from a patrol car. The FBI interpreted them as coming from 58 and 488, although no such call numbers are known to have been in service. Dallas police thought they came from 78—Tippit. Yet no one made any attempt to de-garble the transmissions, despite the existence of "voice-printing" techniques capable of reconstructing garbled transmissions phonetically. Provided the tapes have not been destroyed, it is still possible to voice-print those transmissions. They may provide a key to the mystery of Tippit's death.

[THE OVERLOOKED EVIDENCE]

We embarked on our limited investigation to get a story, not to solve the case. We are not cops, God knows. But we came across so much overlooked evidence that we can't help but wonder if the Warren Commission was set up to do anything but allay public fears of a conspiracy. Witnesses who supported its Oswald-lone-assassin-and-cop-killer theory, like Helen Markham, Howard Brennan and Marina Oswald, were coddled and the discrepancies in their hopelessly confused testimony ignored. Witnesses who told a different story, like Jean Hill and Patrick Dean, were impugned and browbeaten; Commission counsel openly accused police sergeant Dean of testifying falsely and of falsifying his reports to the chief of police.

The Commission even refused to take the testimony of Governor Connally seriously, although it was supported by a preponderance of evidence. Connally and his wife both testified that they were positive that the governor was hit by a second shot, and that the first and third shots had struck the President. But the Commission had its own theory, the "superbullet" theory, and the Connallys' positive recollection just didn't fit. The Commission's theory held that a bullet (Exhibit 399), found under a stretcher mat in the unguarded basement of Parkland Hospital...
had pierced President Kennedy's neck from the rear on a downward trajectory, entered Connally's back, shattered the fifth rib, emerged from his chest, broke his wrist into pieces, leaving fragments, entered his thigh, leaving fragments, and then fell out, somehow becoming wedged in a stretcher (never established to have been Connally's), beautifully whole and undeformed, without even a recognizable trace of blood or tissue on its surface. Unbelievable?—perhaps; but because both Kennedy and Connally were hit from the rear in less time than it takes to fire Oswald's bolt-action rifle twice, the Commission had to have a "superbullet" theory. Otherwise there would have had to be two assassins firing from the rear (not to mention anyone firing from the front), or, conceivably, one assassin other than Oswald firing from the rear with an automatic weapon. And this possibility, to the Commission, was inadmissible.

Before the Commission discredited Connally's testimony they should at least have heard all the important witnesses. Ramparts found one the Commission never talked to; they never even asked him for an affidavit. He is William Stinson, an aide to Governor Connally at the time of the assassination. Today, although officially employed by the Veterans Administration, he has an office in the White House. Stinson told us he was in the operating room, wearing a sterile uniform, when the doctors operated on Connally at Parkland Hospital. "The last thing they did," said Stinson, "was to remove the bullet from the governor's thigh—because that was the least thing that was wrong with him."

It was a startling disclosure. For if a bullet was embedded in Connally's thigh, then "Bullet 399" could not have done the herculean task it is credited with, and the Commission's theory of what happened on November 22 is knocked into a cocked hat. Intrigued, we contacted Dr. Charles Baxter, who assisted in the operation on Connally's thigh. He told us that bullet fragments, not an entire bullet, had been removed from the thigh—itself a startling revelation, and a fact the Commission either never bothered to find out or deliberately ignored. Even with these fragments removed, autopsy doctor Humes said the x-rays showed too much metal remaining in Connally's thighbone to have been caused by Bullet 399. Dr. Robert Shaw, finding "more than 3 grains of metal" in the governor's wrist, and finding Bullet 399 to have lost "literally none of its substance," joined autopsy doctors Humes and Finck in concluding: Bullet 399 could not have caused all of Connally's wounds.

What went on at Parkland Hospital? Why wasn't Stinson called to testify? Why was Baxter, who did testify, never asked about the governor's wounds? One thing is clear: that someone had better re-examine the "superbullet" theory, and consider the possibility that Bullet 399—the only assassination bullet that has been ballistically matched to Oswald's rifle—was a plant.

No one is as furious about the overlooked evidence as Penn Jones. Hardly a week goes by that he doesn't come across some startling agent's report or police affidavit buried in the 26 volumes, only to discover the Commission ignored it entirely. Recently he dug up an FBI interview with Arturo Alocer Ruiz, a Mexican attorney, and was intrigued enough to fly south with another reporter to visit attorney Alocer in his walled Spanish fortress in Mexico City. Alocer confirmed what he had told the FBI, giving additional details. Jones described him as "elderly, very dignified and very certain of what he saw."

Alocer was in San Antonio with his wife and a friend of hers on November 21, 1963, during President Kennedy's visit to that city and the day before his fateful trip to Dallas. At 9 in the morning the Alocers left the Gunter Hotel to go shopping and noticed a particularly obese woman standing near the entrance to the hotel. When they returned about 1 p.m. she was still there, apparently waiting for the Presidential motorcade which was about to pass in front of the hotel. They took careful note of her because of her appearance. They watched the motorcade pass, and noted that she left immediately thereafter. The following day the Alocers were watching TV accounts of the assassination when the interviews at the Oswald rooming house came on. Mrs. A. C. Johnson, the landlady, was on the screen, and Earlene Roberts, the plump housekeeper. And in the background Alocer, his wife and her friend were all startled to observe the same obese lady they'd seen in San Antonio. Two days later, after Ruby shot Oswald, the Alocers again saw the obese lady on TV; this time she was introduced as Eva Grant, sister of Jack Ruby. Eva Grant, a night club operator, was not his wife. According to the Alocers they had never seen her before. And in the background Alocer, his wife and her friend were all startled to observe the same obese lady they'd seen in San Antonio. Two days later, after Ruby shot Oswald, the Alocers again saw the obese lady on TV; this time she was introduced as Eva Grant, sister of Jack Ruby. Eva Grant, a night club operator, was...
down leads pointing to other possible assassins and cop killers. And they have shown how the time limit given by President Johnson to the shorthanded Commission—"before the '64 elections"—meant the investigation could only be a frivolous one.

A Presidential assassination can shake the very fabric of a society. And if it is the result of conspiracy, as the evidence now available indicates, then the society is endangered as long as those responsible for its planning and execution are still at large. The "mysterious deaths" and intimidations alone are compelling enough reason for a new investigation, if only to establish whether or not they are related to the Kennedy assassination.

It is time to reopen the investigation. And it is high time that the impressive quantity of missing evidence be "found," and that the mountain of withheld evidence be declassified and made available to the public. No matter what Penn Jones digs up, no matter what any private citizen uncovers about the assassination, the case cannot be solved until the suppressed evidence is released.

Among the missing evidence are the 22 color and 18 black and white photographs taken at the President's autopsy. Not even the Commission, nor the autopsy doctors themselves, were permitted to see them; the Commission saw only an artist's sketches based on an autopsy doctor's memory of the wounds. The photographs were turned over undeveloped to the Secret Service, according to FBI and Secret Service reports in the National Archives. The Secret Service states, in another Archives document, that "every item of tangible evidence" in its possession was turned over either to the Commission during its life, to the National Archives after the Commission disbanded, or was "placed in the custody of individuals designated by the late President's family." Archivist Simmons says the photographs are not in the Archives. No one seems to know where they are. Also missing are the x-rays of Kennedy's body, which were never seen by the Commission.

Another key piece of evidence is the Zapruder film. Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas clothing manufacturer, captured the assassination sequence on movie film. The original was purchased by Life magazine—"mainly to keep it off the market," says Richard Pollard, director of photography. Pollard says the original is uncut in any way. Not so with the copy of the film seen by the Commission and placed on file at the Archives. Not only are Zapruder frames 334 through 434 missing (showing the Grassy Knoll), but a splice appears, just about the time the Commission says Kennedy is first shot. The top of frame 208 is crudely spliced onto the bottom of frame 212; the intervening frames are missing. One of the first things a new investigation should call for is the release of the entire Zapruder film. The second thing a new investigation should ask is who spliced the Zapruder film? And why?

The Stemmons Freeway sign and a streetlamp post near where the President was shot have been unaccountably removed, as well as a manhole cover reportedly hit by a bullet. Where are they? Jacqueline Kennedy's freely given testimony about her husband's wounds has been "deleted." Where is it? An 18-page statement to police by key assassination witness S. M. Holland; notes by Captain Fritz and an FBI agent of their interrogation of Oswald; at least two motion picture films of the assassination confiscated by the FBI; 23 of the 54 documents supplied by the Texas attorney general's office, many of them relating to the Tippit murder—all are missing. Where are they?

More than one-third of the assassination-related documents in the National Archives are withheld by the "intersted agencies." About half of the FBI reports and 90 per cent of the CIA reports are still classified.

Much evidence has been willfully destroyed or altered. The White House ordered the interior of the President's limousine cut up and destroyed; Johnson now drives around in the same car, newly outfitted, in which John Kennedy met his death. Governor Connally's suit, which Johnson's crony Cliff Carter signed for, was sent to be dry-cleaned and pressed before it could ever be examined as evidence. Navy Dr. Humes, who performed the autopsy on Kennedy, said he burned his original autopsy notes in his fireplace. The post office box application Oswald ostensibly filled out in the name of "Hidell" has been destroyed, despite postal regulations requiring they be kept for three years. The list goes on and on.

HE WARREN COMMISSION was appointed by Lyndon Johnson, was responsible to Johnson and respected a lawyer-client relationship with Johnson. It was truly "the President's Commission." A nationally syndicated columnist for the Hearst newspapers recently had an interview with Lyndon Johnson. He asked if it were true that Warren had been reluctant to head the Commission. Johnson replied in the affirmative. Warren, he said, had sent a note through an intermediary that he would not accept the job. "But I ordered him to," said the President.

The Hearst reporter asked if the President had read the recent books about the Kennedy assassination. No, Johnson replied, but an aide had given him a full report.

"What do you think?" asked the columnist.

The President looked down for a moment, knitted his brow, then fixed his doe eyes on the reporter and said:

"Warren's in trouble."
America The Raped

How are the engineers destroying America? Take, for example, the Florida Everglades, and what they let Aerojet do to the alligators.

I have a frightening map of central and southern Florida. Published by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, it shows in glorious red and green the existing and proposed network of canals, levees, dams, pumping stations and control centers with which the Corps is transforming all of the bottom of the state. To anyone who has even heard the word “ecology,” the map is a horror. It is a bland and terrifying symbol of the triumph of the Engineers and the rape of America.

The key to the existence of southern Florida—not its Miami Beach economic existence, but its ecological existence—is the flow of water. From the central part of the state, water flows into Lake Okeechobee. From there it does not so much flow as seep southward and southwest-
ward, across vast acres of sawgrass dotted with higher areas (or “hammocks”) that bear shrubs and trees. On these hammocks for centuries lived the Seminoles, feeding off the 150-odd species of fish, the dozens of species of birds, living in harmony with deer and alligator, moccasin and panther. Finally, the water flows into Florida Bay, mixing with the salt water of the ocean to form one of the richest estuarine areas in the world.

“This tremendous productivity,” explains Roger Allin, superintendent of Everglades National Park, “is in part dependent upon gradual salinity gradients from fresh to sea water across a broad estuarine belt. The major aquatic species to a degree are abundant because they have free access to whatever proportions of the salt gradient they need at different times in their life cycle.”

The productivity of a fluctuating water system is, or should be, well known to anyone who has ever seen a rice paddy—the richest and most productive artificial agricultural ecosystem man has ever created. But the Engineers have decided to divert all the overflow from Lake Okeechobee into “drainage control canals” directly to the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, leaving the park to get most of its water from local rain. You don’t have to be an expert to know that’s going to louse up the whole Everglades bit. Actually, the Corps of Engineers is charged by Congress with the responsibility for providing water to the park—but that works out better on paper than in fact. In fact, the water it “controls” from Okeechobee south is stored under the administration of something called the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, which was set up in 1949, two years after the national park was established.

“The way it has worked out,” says Miami newspaperman John Pennekamp, “is that five unpaid men, who meet once a month, exercise enormous power on a project about which they cannot have the knowledge that comes with day by day application.” One of the five men manages his own investments at Kissimmee, one is a real estate operator at Melbourne, one is an agriculturist at South Bay (part of the Corps operation involves completely draining the area just south of the lake to open it up for agricultural development, and to hell with the water flow), one is an insurance man in Coral Gables, and the fifth sells Chevrolets at Fort Pierce.

The results of all this water management are dramatic. In May 1961 (the park counts its alligators in May), along the Shark Valley loop road and in that area, park officials counted 375 adult alligators and 75 young. Every year since, the numbers have declined, until in May 1966, in the same area, they counted only 24 adults—and no young. There are similar effects on a number of other animals and birds.

The park, then, is slowly dying, thanks to the Engineers. Outside the office window of Superintendent Allin, just inside the park boundary near Homestead, woody brush dominates a landscape that should be mostly sawgrass and a few hammocks. It is what happens when year after year is dry, and it will take years to restore the area to its “natural” form. In nature, of course, wildfire is the ecological restorer (serving also the function of decomposing much of the organic material for reuse), but Park Service policy is against even controlled burning.

Inconspicuous on the garish Corps of Engineers map is a short red line, running a few miles northwest from Barnes Sound and crossing U.S. Highway 1, labeled “C-111.” It is a canal that already exists; when I was there it had a “plug” in it, but by the time you read this the plug will have been pulled, unless some completely unexpected intervention has taken place.

C-111 has two avowed purposes. One of them is that ubiquitous excuse for anything the Engineers want to do: flood control. The canal will take the fresh water that flows “overland” in a southwesterly direction into the park, and divert it into Barnes Sound—thus changing, when and if it works, the salinity of the sound and probably of whole sections of Florida Bay. When there isn’t fresh water to divert, the salt water of the sound will come up the canal and—through overflow and seepage—change salinity in the other direction.

The second purpose of C-111 is to provide a channel for barge transportation to a plant operated by the Aerojet-General Company. C-111 is openly called “the Aerojet canal,” and true or not, it is widely believed that Aerojet’s tremendous political influence as a prime defense contractor bolsters the Engineers’ determination to ignore the protests of the Park Service and virtually everyone else about the opening of the canal.

The water which will not flow into the park carries the nutrients which are needed by the park’s vegetation and wildlife, and nobody yet knows who needs which nutrients. But even more important, according to Allin, are “the diluting effects of these waters which will be diverted to Barnes Sound. Without question, salinities in Florida Bay will be increased and circulation retarded. The eastern portion of this area could well become nothing more than a brine basin within a few years.” Scientists at the Marine Institute in Miami have already determined that changes in the salinity level in the Everglades estuary are lethal to the young and the eggs of nearly all marine species.

Within the alluded area, says Allin, are 60 per cent of the park’s roseate spoonbills, 25 per cent of the great white herons, 15 per cent of the American eagles and 95 per cent of the dwindling number of crocodiles (not alligators)—among other species. All of these birds and ani-

Linocuts by Henry Evans
mals are already in the “rare and endangered” classification.

Of course the Park Service has complained. The Engineers, however, have answered. We’ll pull the plug, the Corps has said, “to see what damages would occur and thereby justify the Service’s claim that a plug is necessary”!

The Corps of Engineers has legal authority over “the execution, operation, maintenance and control of river and harbor and flood control improvements authorized by law, and the administration of laws for the protection and preservation of navigation and navigable waters in the United States.” Its permit regulations make clear what the Corps’ orientation is: “... the decision as to whether a permit will be issued must rest primarily upon the effect of the proposed work on navigation ...”

The law does require the Engineers of the Army to “coordinate application for permits” with the fish and wildlife people of the federal government and the affected state, but it doesn’t require the Engineers to pay any attention to their recommendations, except to transmit them to the applicant. In the New York-Long Island area alone, the federal Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, from 1962 to 1965, recommended denial of 24 dredge-and-fill permits; 16 of the permits were issued anyway. During the same period the Bureau recommended that 35 other projects be approved only with restrictions intended to protect fish and wildlife; 21 of these projects were authorized by the Engineers without restrictions.

Not only in southern Florida and on Long Island, of course, do the Engineers run wild. The Corps’ Gathright Dam, on the Jackson River in Virginia, will flood the state-owned Gathright Wildlife Management Area. The last natural estuary area in the Puget Sound complex, near Tacoma, is threatened by a project to dredge out the bay and construct a railroad yard.

Nor are all the Engineers in the Army. On the Little Tennessee River in Tennessee is some of the last free-flowing, unspoiled river country of the Southeast, famous for trout fishing and for scenic values; the Engineers of TVA are about to destroy it with Tellico Dam. The Duke Power Company will threaten the entire Savannah River and destroy four of its wild tributaries—the Toxaway, the Whitewater, the Horsepasture and the Thompson—with a development in South Carolina. In Alaska, the proposal to build Rampart Dam—which would involve sweeping changes in the entire ecology of central Alaska—still stirs nationwide controversy.

If it isn’t a dam, it’s a highway. In New Jersey—the fourth smallest state in the union—studies now project 40 additional superhighway lanes across the state in the next few years. A proposed federal parkway will destroy Vermont’s famous Long Trail on the ridgetops of the Green Mountains. Another is aimed through the wilderness of the Spruce Knob-Seneca Rocks National Recreation Area in West Virginia. Still other projects will pave Franconia Notch in New Hampshire and Cumberland Gap, between Virginia and Kentucky, for interstate highways.

They are everywhere, the Engineers. And so pervasive in our nation is the Engineers’ mentality that a law passed last year to establish “a coordinated, long-range national program in marine science” is called the Marine Resources and Engineering Development Act. California Democrat George Brown Jr., during a Congressional hearing on the shortage of ecologists, put it into a single sentence: “Might I suggest that we could solve the problem ... if we retitled these ecologists as biological systems engineers and let the Department of Defense finance them?”

Teapot Dome in the Rockies

The incredible power of the American oil industry must be checked once and for all, before the richest natural resource remaining to the American people passes out of the public hands for good.

Much has changed in America since enterprising lobbyists passed out $100 bills in the corridors of state legislatures at the end of the last century. The West is settled, railroads are regulated, food and drug laws protect us and, as the prophets of the great American middle keep reminding us, the Populists and Progressives really won.

Thus in these days of Vietnam and Selma, Berkeley and the race for the moon, it is a bit reassuring, almost, to discover that things haven’t changed too much after all, and that the country is still capable of a good old-fashioned political scandal. The stakes in this one are millions of acres of the richest oil lands in the world, and the events so far include the purchase of politicians, the deliberate outing of public-minded federal employees, threats, intimidations, and at least one attempted murder.

Unless you are a mining engineer, own an oil company, or live in Colorado, you have probably never heard of oil shale.

Oil shale deposits were formed roughly 50 million years ago. Huge, shallow freshwater lakes covered the area where today the states of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming come together. Algae in the lakes, reduced over a long time to a uniform gel, mingled with silt and turned it to oil shale after the lakes dried up.

The richest deposits occur on the high, wild western slope of the Rockies in the remote northwest corner of Colorado. The land above them is used mostly for sheep and cattle grazing or by hikers who come to see the magnificent scenery. The Department of the Interior recently said that the three-state oil shale area has the equivalent of roughly 70 times the known U.S. reserves of crude oil.

Shale oil is already in commercial use elsewhere. Oil from shale fuels power plants in Estonia and Sweden, helps heat the city of Leningrad, and is put to other uses in several other countries. But this is only the beginning. When a more efficient way is developed to get the oil out of shale, according to a United Nations report, “A new industry will emerge that promises to dwarf petroleum in meeting the world’s energy needs.”

Thus the major oil companies are becoming more and more interested in the strange, brown-black rock whose rich, oil-impregnated layers are packed tightly together like layers in a baklava pastry.

Of this vast reserve of energy, the federal government owns roughly 80 percent. The remaining oil shale land is in private hands, pieces of it owned by every major oil company in America.

But a large amount of federally-owned oil shale, nearly half a million acres by most estimates, is claimed by private interests. These claims are essentially the same thing as the mining claims of Gold Rush days. If you’re a prospector and discover a mineral on government land, you can stake a claim to reserve it for yourself. Before that staked claim becomes your property, Interior Department agents have to look at the land and certify that you really did discover oil shale there and don’t just want the land for a ranch, that you staked the claim properly, etc. When the federal government is satisfied that you have a valid claim, it grants you a patent. This is a legal way of saying the government is giving you this land.

In 1920, Congress got disturbed because oil shale and other valuable minerals were rapidly passing out of the public domain and into private hands. It passed a law saying, among other things, that no more claims for oil shale could be staked. But there were still many claims staked before 1920 that had not yet been patented. Many of these claims had been hastily staked, and it was obvious many were fraudulent or didn’t meet the requirements of the law. Thus, for 47 years, the Interior Department has failed to patent most of them.

From 1920 on, large oil companies and their agents have quietly been buying these unpatented claims (an unpatented claim can be bought and sold just like stock or a piece of property) from the heirs of old prospectors who originally staked them. Usually, they paid virtually nothing for the claims—sometimes just a dollar or two an acre. The oil companies have repeatedly pressured the Department of the Interior to patent these claims. An unpatented claim is only a piece of paper, but a patented claim means you own land which may contain millions of barrels of oil per acre.

From 1946 until the late 1950’s, the Interior Department gave in to this pressure and patented a lot of the old claims. It should have been fighting like hell to keep this valuable land in public hands.

Federal oil shale policy improved somewhat with the beginning of the Kennedy Administration. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, who uses an oil shale paperweight on his desk, has not granted any more patents on oil shale lands since taking office. The oil industry is annoyed. For several years, an ominous, quiet, and many-faceted campaign has been underway. The oil companies want to get their old claims patented, and they also want to lease the remaining federal lands at very low prices. The campaign is proceeding on many fronts. Some of the fronts are legal and open. Others are not.

If you were an oilman and wanted to influence the federal government, what would you do? Generally, the oil companies’ answer

by Adam Hochschild
Secretary Udall's recent statements on oil shale development policy have had vague references to "conservationist values" and the like. But he has not flatly committed himself to forbid leasing of federal oil shale lands unless the developing companies guarantee they will use in situ retorting. If he does not do this, the western slope of the Rockies may be spoiled forever.

Besides trying to influence national oil shale policy and legislation, the oil interests have from time to time made use of politicians for other purposes. Many holders of unpatented oil shale claims have twisted a few political arms to try to get their claims patented. And sometimes these arms have been powerful ones. For example, Harlan H. Hugg, a somewhat enigmatic banker and business man in El Paso, has some friends in high places in Washington. He also has been busily buying up old oil shale claims. An Interior Department internal memorandum in the Bureau of Land Management's public files mentions that Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico once specially took up the matter of Hugg's unpatented claims with former Under Secretary of the Interior John Carver. On another occasion, Hugg sought help from more powerful sources. Bureau of Land Management employees recall the office flap created about seven or eight years ago when the office of Lyndon B. Johnson tried to get the Interior Department to patent Hugg's claims. Hugg wrote a letter on July 12, 1961, to a high Interior Department official complaining about his unpatented claims.

In case they get frustrated in their attempts to lease federal oil shale or get pre-1920 claims patented, certain oil interests have attacked from another direction. A little over a year ago, western Colorado and the nearby parts of Utah and Wyoming were the scene of a series of "rushes" for various minerals. When Congress "withdrew" the federal oil shale lands from availability for claim in 1920, it kept for the government just the oil and certain other substances.

For most of 1966, men swarmed over still-unclaimed parts of the federal oil shale lands and claimed them for a variety of other minerals, chiefly dawsonite, something thought potentially valuable in making aluminum. It's not fully clear yet if dawsonite is a "claim-
able" mineral under U.S. law, but people have been staking claims for it like mad. "Throughout the summer," said Frank Barry, solicitor of the Department of the Interior, in a recent speech, "claims were located at the rate of several hundred per week. By the end of August, essentially all the Federal land in the Piceance Basin [the richest part of the oil shale land] not covered by oil shale claims ... was covered by an estimated 3500 new claims."

The dawsonite comes in the same shale the oil does. Therefore, if you can get a patented claim which allows you to mine dawsonite, you almost force the Department of the Interior to lease you the mining rights for oil. It is no surprise that a number of oil companies have some of the largest interests in the new dawsonite claims. Among them are the Ancar Oil Company of Boston, the Liberty Oil Company of Toledo, Ohio and several oil firms from Texas.

But there is something even more suspicious going on here. Early this year, the Interior Department decided to "withdraw" these lands from their current availability for claim for dawsonite and other minerals. The Interior Department has the power to hold back federal land under certain conditions, and to say that no more mining claims can be staked. But the Department did not make this "withdrawal" until after almost all the richest lands had been claimed. According to reliable sources, the man responsible for the delay was former Under Secretary of the Interior John A. Carver, long the spokesman inside the Department for private oil shale interests.

Before you can understand the full story of oil shale, you must know something about the complex field of American mineral law. There are not very many mineral lawyers in the United States. There are still fewer in Colorado, and only a few of those know the history of litigation involving the oil shale deposits. And only a few of this small group are not working for oil companies or for holders of unpatented oil shale claims. Most of the remainder are or were in the Denver regional office of the legal division—the Solicitor's office—of the Interior Department.

It was to a few members of this small group of men and women that strange things began happening several years ago. It is difficult to trace because several of the principals are too scared to talk. If you mention the name of Fred March in certain government circles in Denver, people will shake their heads and mumble something about how "you can't fight the big boys." Fred March tried. A brilliant lawyer, he worked for nearly a decade in the Solicitor's office in Denver.

Fred March spent most of his time on oil shale work from about 1957 on. During the late '50s, applications for patents on unpatented claims passed over his desk. A stickler for points of law, he seized every opportunity that might provide reason not to patent an oil shale claim. Though he had no power himself to disapprove patent applications, he turned up much information on fraudulent claims that his supervisors could not ignore. During the transition between the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, many claim-holding oil companies tried to take advantage of confused new officials to get their patents granted. March worked long and hard to make sure new men were not misled into approving patent applications.

About this time March began stepping onto even more controversial ground: he started firing off memos trying to persuade his superiors to get back lands already patented. In 1957, March had worked on a suit the government brought in a Denver federal court to recover some land which had been carelessly patented years before. The government had found the original mining claims fraudulent and they had once actually been declared null and void by the Department. This case—which was settled out of court at a reported gain to the federal government of several hundred thousand dollars—disturbed the oil interests. Was the Interior Department going to bring more suits to get back other rich oil land than in private hands? And Fred March was repeatedly—and dangerously, to some—urging that the Department look carefully at the legal history of already patented claims. It was widely believed that March had dug up specific information on other patented claims that had past histories of fraud and could in fact be won back to the public domain in court. Documentary evidence in Ramparts' possession indicates such claims exist, though the Interior Department has quietly let the statute of limitations on bringing recovery suits expire for most of them. The question of whether these old patented claims are technically fraudulent or not could only be decided in a Federal court. But the issue never got there.

Two other lawyers in March's office knew him well, worked with him and were sympathetic to his view on oil shale. About five years ago things started happening to March and his fellow attorneys, Tom Stewart and Colleen Connelly. March is a conscientious and somewhat nervous man, the kind of person vulnerable to browbeating by others. Beginning in 1962, he was repeatedly interrogated and shouted at by his superiors, particularly Regional Solicitor B. Palmer King. He was accused of being difficult to work with, but his associates felt that the real reason for the pressure on him was his views on oil shale. An Interior Department employee is apparently supposed to support the public interest—but apparently just so far. In September 1963, after previous attempts to pressure him out of the Interior Department had failed, March was put on leave without pay. Early the next year the Interior Department tried to involuntarily retire him. Later that year, the U.S. Civil Service Commission halted the attempt to retire him and ruled that he should be given his back pay and be put back to work. So the Interior Department was forced to take him back. But March was sent to a regional office in Portland, Oregon, a thousand miles away from oil shale. He refuses to discuss his past.

But there are others who will talk. One of them is Eddie Moore, a former official of the Plaza Hotel, in Washington, D.C., where March stayed for a while in 1964. Moore remembers March coming to him in great agitation one day to complain that critical documents dealing with his case (then before the Civil Service Commission) had been stolen from his hotel room. A number of others who were then in touch with March say that at one point during 1964, his life was threatened by an unknown man with a gun, who told him he should stop stirring up trouble on oil shale.

Attorney Colleen Connelly herself was eased out of the Interior Department by a personnel hearing. The hearing came when she was unable to comply with a Department request that she leave the Denver office of the Solicitor and start work in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The fact that Miss Connelly was receiving
daily medical treatment for a recent injury and that she was taking care of an invalid mother in Denver made it look suspiciously as if the transfer to Albuquerque was an effort to get her to leave the Federal Service. On January 9, 1964, the Rocky Mountain News reported "Senator Peter H. Dominick (R-Colo) ... has advised the Senate Civil Service Committee that the woman's proposed transfer may be inspired by reasons other than official."

Affidavits concerning fraudulent and perjured testimony made during Miss Connelly's personnel hearing were later ignored by the Interior Department. Her case was heard by a three-man board of hearing examiners, all of them appointed by D. Otis Beasley, then assistant secretary of the Interior for Administration. Beasley is now a lawyer in Washington for Standard Oil of Indiana. Tom Stewart, according to what he told friends at the time, was approached in the lobby of the Denver Hilton Hotel, the day before he was to go on the witness stand, by two of the three hearing examiners. They said to him they hoped none of his testimony would reflect badly on Beasley.

When Stewart went on the stand he was highly nervous and excited. By way of apology, he said, "My life has been threatened." Despite two references to this, the hearing examiner never asked him to elaborate.

Today Stewart adamantly refuses to talk about that remark in his testimony or about anything to do with oil shale. "Look," he said, "my life has been threatened once. I don't want it to happen again. Goodbye."

Anyway, somebody wasn't kidding. Stewart went to Washington in late 1964. It was there one day, while he was about a mile outside Washington city limits, driving into the District of Columbia from Maryland, that his car was shot at from behind an earthen bank at the side of the road. The bullet hit the steel frame of his car's windshield.

In January 1964, five of Colleen Connelly's friends visited her home to listen to tape recordings she had made of the hearing. Each person who heard the tapes subsequently received anonymous, threatening phone calls. Neighbors reported to her that two men with binoculars were consistently watching her house from a nearby road.

When Colleen Connelly was trying to appeal her dismissal from the Interior Department, she employed a lawyer named Truman Coles. He is now a public defender in Denver. In a tape recording made for Ramparts, Mr. Coles describes two instances when important documents relating to Colleen Connelly's appeal were stolen from him. The first time, around May 8, 1964, Coles was in the Denver public library and left the documents on a table while he went to the library stacks. At that time, he said, "Somebody came to the desk and surreptitiously took all of Miss Connelly's documents and files and left the other documents, along with my briefcase, on the table." A month later, Coles again had documents on the Connelly case with him during his lunch hour in Denver's city park. He left the material on the back seat of his car for a few minutes, and when he came back it was gone.

Earlier, during her hearing, Miss Connelly had a lawyer named Marilyn Wilde. In a written statement, Miss Wilde describes how, on February 12, 1964, the door of her apartment house was broken open, and the lock on her third floor apartment's door picked. A chain on the door held, and whoever was trying to get in failed to do so. Hers was the only apartment in the building touched.

EARLY ENGLISH COMMON LAW let you own most minerals in the ground under your castle, but reserved to the Sovereign all deposits of gold and silver, which he needed to make coins. Though it cannot be minted into shillings and florins, the Colorado oil shale is worth far more than gold. Morris Garnsey, professor of economics at the University of Colorado, and a natural resources expert who has studied oil shale carefully, warns: "The American people are in danger of losing the most significant natural resource that still belongs to them."

Pitifully few people are concerned about the threat aggressive private interests pose to the fabulously rich oil shale deposits. One who is, J. R. Freeman, publisher of a weekly newspaper in Frederick, Colorado, a colorful, dedicated and courageous man, has spent most of his time and money during the past year investigating oil shale. Freeman has received a strange variety of harassment. He gets threatening phone calls regularly. A friend who is an electronics expert tested his telephone and told him it was tapped. In July of last year, Freeman went home for a week to his native Texas. When he returned, he found his newspaper office had been broken into and his desk piled open. The only thing in the office disturbed was the filing drawer of his desk, which had been thoroughly rifled. There were several $20 bills and small change in an unlocked cardboard cash box, but it was not taken. Five hundred dollars' worth of hunting rifles hanging on the walls were not touched either, nor were three hundred dollars' worth of cameras.

It is clear that the things that happened to Freeman, March, Stewart, Miss Connelly and others demand an immediate high level government investigation by some agency other than the Department of the Interior. There is no question powerful private interests are trying to keep quiet those who know too much about the oil shale land grab.

Today, unspoiled public land is so scarce that the government actually buys it back from private citizens for national parks and the like. Yet the oil shale lands can still be claimed—for other minerals at least—under laws that originated in Gold Rush days. The provisions of American mineral law which permit miners to stake claims on public lands were made when mining was a one or two man proposition. Today, no individual can produce oil from shale any more than he could single-handedly run the Queen Mary.

Former Senator Paul Douglas, one of the few men in public life who realizes the immense importance of oil shale, once introduced a bill in Congress specifying that all royalty revenues from oil shale should go towards paying off the national debt. He proved statistically that royalties from oil shale would be more than enough to do this. His point was that the Colorado oil shale is a natural resource of such a new order of magnitude—like atomic energy—that special attention must be paid to it.

The underlying issue here is the enormous political power of the American oil industry. It is a power that has been matched in our history only by the influence of the great railroads at the end of the last century. It is a power which manipulates state Houses and Congress with ease. It must be checked once and for all, before the richest natural resource remaining to the American people passes out of public hands for good.
The most familiar tufted redbird in the Western hemisphere, he is easily recognized by his tilted head, smiling beak and benign expression. His eyes are usually turned heavenward, in anticipation of enemy aircraft. Although possessed of a pentagon-like wanderlust, his customary nesting place is in the sparsely wooded canyons of Madison Avenue. In the fall, when his flock swoops to the polls, all species of Kingfish pay him homage but it is Tammany Warblers that the Cardinal takes under his wing. In his periodic migrations to the feeding stations along the Potomac he is always welcomed by the local Hawks who enjoy hearing him sing the praises of Franco-birds, McCarthy-birds and Diem-birds. Recent climatic changes along the Tiber have not affected his cold warble and he still migrates there from time to time to entertain Vatican bird-watchers with his lovely whistling of "Stars and Stripes Forever." The march of the doves, a recent phenomenon, has a negative effect upon him and he ruffles his feathers at the sight. Out-of-tune fledglings must become listeners or suffer banishment to some remote South American aviary. So too, those unfortunate novices who fly out of line with his right-wing formation. Although the Cardinal sanctuary is governed by local ordinances (separation of perch and state), this bird of pray does not suffer rules gladly.
The Crocodile

[Tyrannosaurus tex]

The Crocodile is always ready for a refreshing dip in the till. Although deeply and sincerely “concerned” about the predatory nature of the White-breasted Nuthatches who prey upon his black feathered “friends,” the Crocodile is nevertheless sensitive to all the legal ramifications that might ensue if he interfered with the traditions and customs of a sovereign southern country. In spite of these infuriating legalities the Crocodile has been able to liberate over 80,000 blackbirds for service in Vietnam and hence is sometimes referred to as “The Great Emancipator” by some naturalists. His motto: We shall overkill.
The English Lapdog

[Canis Wilsonis]

Voted best-in-show in recent competition, the Pekinese, or English Lapdog, is a great favorite of toy dog fanciers both here and abroad. His performance at obedience trials before British trade unionists and American foreign policy makers has consistently earned him top scores when it comes to learning diplomatic tricks or obedience routines. The Peke has an almost human capacity to understand what is required of him. All this in spite of a low pedigree, early training at unfashionable, state-supported kennels and intimacy with unruly Bev-an-ite breeds while still a puppy. The Lapdog’s photogenic appearance (his white mane shows up beautifully on the telly) and his calculated, unthreatening bark (he never shows genuine emotion), do much to explain his present position of eminence in the canine world. Like most show dogs, he is continually sniffing at public opinion polls, and will enter into competition only when his keen sense of smell detects favorable conditions. Though not considered a good hunting dog by skilled Marx-men, he can be a good retriever for unprofitable industries. His superb performance in protecting black Rhodesians has proved he is in the great tradition of English botch dogs. When bothered by peace-ticks or red mites who get under his skin with questions about Vietnam, the English Lapdog merely rolls over and plays dead.
SOREL’S BESTIARY

Common Boar

(pontificus maximus)

The Common Boar (or Slow Lerner as he is sometimes called) can be recognized by his short stature, unkempt appearance, and his small but sensitive snout, which enables him to tell exactly which way the wind is blowing. He is also known for swimming along with the tide, which may account for the fact that he once jumped headlong into the Bay of Pigs. Psychoanalytic naturalists attribute this behavior to intense Castro-ation anxiety. Although not a hunter by disposition, this pig once joined with lower species to prey upon the Horned-Rimmed Rosenberg (vita extinta). Pontificus is in great demand for cocktail parties, television panels, and Hadassah gatherings due to his ability to deal with the insignificant in a profound and condescending manner. While boars are quite common in the academic community, this one must feed alone at the academic trough due to his malodorous position on Vietnam. The young boar is colored with distinctive Marx, but the mature animal would rather be fed than red.
SOREL'S BESTIARY

Swellfish
(libris vendor)

The Swellfish (or Madison Avenue Puffer as he is known to the critics) is known for his pronounced wit and gaiety. He can be found in the fashionable watering spots of the world—in the fountain by the Plaza, in the Breakfast Nook at Tiffany's, on Jacqueline Kennedy's reading list. The Swellfish is short in stature, and has a high-pitched voice, black and white balls, and a swishy tail. In spite of his seeming myopia, he is unfailingly attracted by the spotlight of publicity. This fish is highly prized at literary canneries for his product, the non-novel fiction. Naturalists are astounded at his memory, which is 99 and 44/100 per cent retentive. He floats. His Motto: And The Truth Shall Set You Up.
SOREL'S BESTIARY

The Jackal

(Lox Vox)

Scarcely any animal is less understood or more confusedly described than this voracious little beast. Conservative naturalists observe with satisfaction that his fur rises at the mention of a stock transfer tax, while liberal naturalists note only that the fur has a union label. (This may serve to explain why the Jackal is referred to as Jake on Wall Street and Jackall on the lower east side.)

The female of the species has an apparent aversion to the damp intellectual climate along the Potomac in which her mate thrives. This causes a problem which is solved only on weekends when the male migrates north. This ritual may end, however, if he succeeds in becoming the number two beast of the jungle. This is unlikely, as the Thespis Californicus from the west (see Bestiary, October, 1966) certainly tries harder.

The Jackal, despite the unpleasant characteristics common to all vote scavengers, is not without friends in the jungle. Blackbirds like him for the way he uses his sharp clauses in their behalf; Hawks, for his participation in their pro-war "patriots parade" down Fifth Avenue. The Grand Old Elephant is less impressed, and keeps him in his place, while the Doves see him not as Jackal but as Hyde.
SOREL'S BESTIARY

The Giant Swallowtail

(Timothi psychedelicus)

The Giant Swallowtail was not always the high-flying, gaudily-dressed butterfly we see today. Though it now seems hard to believe, this exotic, winged creature was once a slow moving, monogamous, earthbound caterpillar, unaware of the "fabulous electric network" he was carrying around in his skull. His metamorphosis from larva to butterfly (or egghead into acidhead) began on the banks of the Charles where he turned on, tuned in, and was dropped out.

The Swallowtail is more active than most lepidoptera (311 trips at the last official count) and alights only long enough to lead the faithful or to grant interviews. This makes his capture difficult but not impossible. (He was recently netted near the Mexican border and is scheduled to go on exhibit in a Federal courthouse.)

Since the Swallowtail believes that only winged creatures can see God, it is not surprising that he is proselytizing for a new religion. If successful, he will become the only Messiah to carry an Equity card. His favorite hymn: Just a Cube Full of Sugar Makes the Medicine Go Down.
Happy Agnew Year
A Short Account of International Student Politics & the Cold War, with Particular Reference to the NSA, CIA, etc.

[I. SOME NECESSARY BACKGROUND]

THE CHILL OF THE COLD WAR was already in the air in August of 1946, when some 300 students from 38 countries assembled in the flag-bedecked Artists' Hall in Prague for the first World Student Congress. Among the delegates were 24 American students, many of them World War II veterans, representing various youth and student organizations and ten prominent universities. The communists were in the majority at the Congress, and disputes arose as to the proper role of international student organizations. Still, the Congress ended on an amicable note, with a call for further cooperation and the building of a truly representative international student organization—which came into existence shortly afterwards, and was named the International Union of Students (IUS). The American delegates, who came to be known as the Prague 25, returned home, fully convinced that a new, truly representative national organization had to be created which could fittingly represent the U.S. student community in the international student world.

Establishing themselves as an organizing committee, the Prague 25 issued a call for a national conference of student leaders to organize a new national union of students. They were remarkably successful. In the summer of 1947, a new body known as the United States National Student Association (NSA) held its Constitutional Convention in Madison, Wisconsin. By the time of this convention, the atmosphere of the IUS had become even more openly pro-communist than it had been in Prague. However, it was not until the communist coup had taken place in Czechoslovakia...
slovakia in 1948 and the IUS had failed to condemn the communists’ mishandling of Czech students that the break between NSA and IUS became official.

Finally, in 1950, NSA met in Stockholm with 18 other national student groups to form a new international student body which was ultimately called the International Student Conference (ISC). During the first meetings, the overwhelming majority of the delegates were opposed to the conception of the ISC as a “rival,” set up to fight the IUS and international communism. The delegates to the first ISC wanted to avoid controversial political questions and any further schism of the international student world.

The new international organization grew quickly and impressively. By the middle ‘50s, over 55 national student unions were participating, more than half of which were from the underdeveloped “Third World,” and the ISC had a huge budget providing for many programs of technical assistance, education and student exchanges. The ISC became the pacesetter for international student politics and NSA was on its way to becoming the most powerful force within the new international organization.

As the ISC grew, the students of the underdeveloped world pressed the hardest for it to take political stands on controversial issues such as colonialism and racism. And as the “Third World” student unions started to press political issues in the ISC, it was usually the NSA delegation that played the moderating role, trying to keep the ISC focused on the problems of “students as students.”

In a sense, the very growth of the ISC engendered its problems. Most student unions, originally attracted to the organization out of resentment against the strictures imposed by the IUS, became alienated from it when, partly under NSA’s prodding, the ISC began to set forth its own tight Cold War positions. By the 1960’s, the situation had begun to reverse itself: the IUS was making gestures for consultations that might lead to a reunification of the world student movement, while the ISC—with NSA in the lead—kept to a rigid Cold War line and put off most of these overtures.

At its peak in 1960, over 400 schools were affiliated with NSA. Its staff operations and budget grew every year. Though there was little income from the dues of its constituent members, NSA picked up financial support for its operations from a number of foundations. Most of this went entirely to NSA’s international operations. NSA was able to sponsor yearly international relations seminars, foreign student leadership training projects, scholarships for foreign students, and still maintain a large travel budget for its international commission staff and its overseas representatives.

Despite the formal democracy in NSA, there was little relationship between its overseas operations and its on-campus base. NSA Congresses were massive affairs attended mostly by students sent as delegates from the student governments of NSA’s member schools. They had little knowledge of NSA’s year-round staff operations. International affairs and the operations of NSA’s international staff were debated by a select few who could usually move the rest of the Congress on the basis of their esoteric expertise. Overseas representatives of NSA and delegates to the ISC were never elected by the NSA Congress.

NSA has always shown two faces. Its domestic programs, its Congresses and its regional meetings have always been open and spontaneous. If NSA national leaders were occasionally over-cautious, they still moved with the liberal currents of opinion among American students. In the ‘50s, NSA took even more liberal stands than the prevailing apathy among students might have suggested. And in the ‘60s, NSA responded to the new militant protest mood on the campuses. It supported students against the draft, opposed the war in Vietnam, and participated in civil rights struggles. It played a crucial role in the formation of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and was one of its staunchest supporters, a position which cost it the affiliation of many schools in 1961.

Yet NSA’s overseas image has been very different. Despite its liberal rhetoric, NSA-ers abroad seemed more like professional diplomats than students; there was something tough and secretive about them that was out of keeping with their openness and spontaneity back home.

In the light of all this, it is not surprising that a number of NSA’s critics have pointed a suspicious finger at its international operations. Nor is it a shock to discover that some people in the left wing of NSA, like Paul Potter, who was elected national affairs vice president in 1961 and went on to become president of Students for a Democratic Society, revealed that they had always suspected NSA’s international operations of being tightly tied in with the State Department. Very few ever seriously raised the more sinister spectre of CIA involvement.

[II. SOME FANCY FINANCING]

It is widely known that the CIA has a number of foundations which serve as direct fronts or as secret “conduits” that channel money from the CIA to preferred organizations. An intimation of the scope of this financial web was afforded the public on August 31, 1964, when Texas Congressman Wright Patman, in the course of an investigation into the use of foundations for tax dodges, announced that the J. M. Kaplan Fund of New York was serving as a secret conduit for CIA funds. As soon as Patman made his announcement, representatives of the
CIA and Internal Revenue came scurrying to his office for a hasty conference. Patman apparently was satisfied with the results. Without retracting his allegations about the Kaplan Fund he announced: "... The CIA does not belong in this foundation investigation."

Before bringing down the curtain of secrecy, he did, at least, reveal one fact of substance. It turned out that a number of other foundations had contributed to the Kaplan Fund during the crucial years of 1961-63 when the Fund had been serving the CIA. Five of these foundations were not even on the Internal Revenue Service's list of tax-exempt foundations. They were the Borden Trust, the Price Fund, the Edsel Fund, the Beacon Fund and the Kentfield Fund. The implication was clear that some or all of these were the channel through which the CIA money passed into the Kaplan foundation coffers.

Ramparts was provided with an unusual insight into the manner in which the CIA uses legitimate foundations with liberal interests, such as the Kaplan Fund, in a recent conversation with the president of a prominent New England foundation who asked to remain anonymous: "I didn't want my foundation dragged through the CIA mud." In 1965 he was approached by what he described as "two nice middle-aged Irish cop types who flashed CIA cards at me." The men asked the foundation president if they could look over the list of organizations that his foundation supports. He volunteered the list to them and after looking it over, the agents said that there were organizations on the list that they would also be willing to support. The CIA men explained, "We are trying to pose an alternative to communism and want to back third-force programs, which we could not do if it was known that this support comes from a government source."

The agents then proposed to support some of the organizations already on the foundation's list as well as suggesting new prospective recipients. The agents promised that if this arrangement was accepted, they would be able to channel CIA money into the foundation without it ever being traced back to the CIA. They said that they were very skilled at these manipulations.

The president, however, took the proposal directly to the board which rejected it by a vote of four to one, out of what the foundation president called "a 19th century sense of morality. We just did not like the secrecy of it."

To get its tax-exempt status in 1960. Since then, most of its funds have come from other trusts and foundations. In 1962, for example, the Independence Foundation received a total of $247,000, of which only $18,500 came from individuals or corporations; all the rest came from other foundations. Of the total, the four Funds cited in the Patman investigation gave $100,000.

Between 1962 and 1965, NSA received $256,483.33 in grants for its international programs from Independence. Much of that sum went to pay for NSA's International Student Relations Seminars, yearly extravaganzas which served as effective training grounds for future NSA international leaders.

NSA is still coasting on Independence's largesse. The building which houses NSA's present headquarters is occupied under a 15-year rent-free agreement with the Independence Foundation. Originally, NSA purchased the building with a down payment and a yearly mortgage payment to be secured from Independence. But Independence suddenly changed its mind and bought the property back from NSA. Deeds on file with the clerk of the District of Columbia reveal that NSA sold the property on October 20th, 1965, to the First National Bank, but that the bank was acting as a "trustee under an undisclosed trust." The undisclosed party is Paul Hellmuth, who secured the property, and leased it to the Independ-
ence Foundation which turned it over to NSA for the 15-year free rent agreement.

Shortly after NSA moved into its new, plush Washington offices in the fall of 1965, a reporter from the Washington Post, who was doing a feature article on NSA, asked NSA President Phil Sherburne who was paying the rent on the building. Sherburne refused to divulge this information. This secrecy in protecting the names of NSA's benefactors was not unusual. In fact, NSA has never made a full financial accounting to its own Congresses.

The Independence Foundation has served NSA's overseas operations in other indirect ways. It has provided a number of scholarships for former NSA officers, usually in the neighborhood of $3000 per year. The purpose of these scholarships was to enable former NSA officers to function as overseas representatives where they were free to make contacts with foreign student unions and roam as free operatives for NSA, sending back periodic reports. Ostensibly, the overseas representatives were supposed to be in overseas universities, but this was entirely pro forma.

Independence has not restricted its largesse exclusively to NSA. In the period between 1961 and 1965 it spent $180,000 in financing an interesting operation known as the Independent Research Service (IRS). This was the organization that made life so miserable for the organizers of the communist-leaning world youth festivals in Vienna in 1959, and in Helsinki in 1962. The Independent Research Service actively recruited a delegation of hundreds of young Americans to attend the festivals in order to actively oppose the communists. The travel expenses of all the delegates were fully paid for and the bill was footed as well for a jazz group, an exhibition of famous American painters and a daily newspaper printed in five languages, all of which accompanied the delegates.

Although the official position of the NSA Congress was not to participate in the youth festivals, important NSA officers and ex-officers were very active in the Independent Research Service activities in Vienna and Helsinki. The director of the IRS during the Helsinki Youth Festival was Dennis Shaul, who was elected NSA president shortly thereafter. Shaul has also been the recipient of one of the Independence Foundation's "scholarships" in 1964.

When questioned by a Ramparts reporter about some of the activities and sources of funds for his Independence Foundation, Mr. Hellmuth, a normally outgoing man, became guarded and curt. He refused to divulge the addresses or any other information about the money which had been donated to both of his foundations. However, he was quite voluble about his close friendship with the officers of NSA.

Still another foundation which has given to NSA is the Sidney and Esther Rabb Charitable Foundation of Boston. The similarities between the Rabb Foundation and the J. M. Kaplan Fund are striking. Rabb, like Kaplan, is a Jewish businessman, prominent in liberal democratic circles. The records show that up until 1963 the Rabb Foundation's only source of income was from Rabb himself. And up to that year, the Rabb Foundation's contributions were minimal and only to local charities.

Then, in 1963, two contributions to the Rabb Foundation flowed in from the Price Fund of New York—one of the Funds named in the Patman investigation, and a contributor to the J. Frederick Brown and Independence Foundations. The contributions were for $25,000 and $15,000 respectively. Strikingly, in the same year, the Rabb Foundation itself made two unusual and large contributions in precisely the same amounts—one for $25,000 to Operations and Policy Research Incorporated, a Cold War-oriented strategy organization; and $15,000 to the Fairfield Foundation. Fairfield, in its turn, has been a frequent contributor to the Congress for Cultural Freedom, previously identified in The New York Times as having received CIA funds.

During 1964, the Rabb Foundation again received unusual contributions, from three Funds, and also made three matching disbursements. It received $25,000 from the Tower Fund, and turned over the exact sum of $25,000 as a grant to the International Development Foundation which has been engaged in organizing anti-communist peasant unions in Latin America. It was particularly active in the Dominican Republic during that country's period of revolution and American intervention. The Rabb Foundation also received a $20,000 contribution from the Appalachian Fund, and during that year made a disbursement of $20,000 to the American Society of African Culture. Finally, the Rabb Foundation received $6000 from the ubiquitous Price Fund, and during the same year it turned over—would you believe—$6000 to the United States National Student Association to help retire an NSA deficit. Rabb made at least one other contribution to NSA in 1965 in the amount of $5000.

It is not always easy to obtain information on the foundations which have sustained NSA's international operations. Take the San Jacinto Foundation, for example. In the past, San Jacinto has not only funded important portions of NSA's international program, but it has also given huge sums of money to the program budget of the ISC. In particular, it has been overly generous in supporting The Student, an ISC publication printed in five languages and distributed all over the world as an anti-communist weapon.
One other interesting fact about the San Jacinto Foundation is that, like the J. Frederick Brown Foundation, it has contributed to the CIA-suspect American Friends of the Middle East. No one at NSA, or ISC for that matter, appears to have the vaguest notion of what the San Jacinto Foundation is, who is on its board of directors or where its money comes from. San Jacinto has also apparently managed to avoid the reporting procedures required by law of all tax-exempt foundations. No records for it have been entered at the district office of the Internal Revenue Service in Austin, or with the secretary of the State of Texas, or with the county clerk.

San Jacinto’s mailing address is the offices of F. G. O’Conner in the San Jacinto Building in downtown Houston. Mr. O’Conner is the secretary of the foundation. When asked by Ramparts’ peripatetic reporter for some information about the foundation, Mr. O’Conner, a graying, distinguished-looking man in his sixties replied, “It is a private, closed foundation, never had any publicity and doesn’t want any.”

As far back as anyone can remember, the mainstay of NSA’s overseas operations has been the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs of New York City, founded in 1952. In contrast to the likes of Independence and San Jacinto, FYSA has a for-real office, a full-time staff and an eminently respectable board of directors.

In recent years, FYSA annually pumped hundreds of thousands of dollars per year into NSA’s treasury. The figure for October 1965 to October 1966 was $292,753.60. It provided a general administrative grant of up to $120,000 per year and funded projects such as NSA’s magazine, The American Student, foreign student participation at NSA Congresses, technical assistance projects; and its funds paid NSA’s dues to the ISC. In addition, FYSA could be relied upon to pick up any operating deficit that NSA incurred during the year, and FYSA gives “scholarships” to ex-NSA officers for overseas study.

FYSA has also been the chief U.S. source for channeling money overseas to national unions of students favored by the NSA leadership. And FYSA has been practically the only external source of support, except for the mysterious San Jacinto Foundation, of the programs of the ISC. Between 1962-1964, ISC records show that these two foundations provided over 90 per cent of ISC’s program budget (most of it from FYSA)—a gargantuan total of $1,826,000 in grants completed or in progress. The ISC would be literally impotent as an international organization without the support of FYSA, having been unable to establish any sizable alternative sources of funding.

The executive secretary of FYSA is Harry Lunn, a tall, ruddy-faced, balding man in his middle thirties, himself a past president of NSA, who used to make applications for grants to the foundation which he now directs. Lunn vehemently denied the suggestion that his foundation might be channeling CIA money for NSA, although he would not release a financial statement to this magazine.

After his presidency of NSA (1954-55) had terminated, Lunn became a member of an ISC delegation to Southeast Asia. Then, following a short stint in the Army, he went to the Department of Defense as a research analyst. From there he went on up the ladder to the political desk of the American embassy in Paris and then on up to the Agency for International Development, where he worked on the Alliance for Progress. It was from this last position that Lunn came to FYSA in 1965. Lunn also took part in the activities of the militantly anti-communist Independent Research Service at the Vienna Youth Festival in 1959, while he was attached to the Department of Defense.

Lunn’s career is a case study in the intimate relationship between NSA, international student politics and the Cold War. It is living documentation of a slogan that used to hang in NSA’s old Philadelphia headquarters: “The student leader of today is the student leader of tomorrow.”

[III. AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSATION]

The scene was the Sirloin and Saddle, a plush, dimly-lit, continental style restaurant on Washington, D.C.’s Connecticut Avenue. It was lunchtime, the third week of March 1966, and over a table an earnest conversation was taking place that eventually resulted in the exposure of the CIA’s 15-year infiltration of the National Student Association.

There were two people there that day. One of them was Phil Sherburne, NSA president for 1965-1966. Athletic-looking, blonde, self-possessed, his NSA post was his latest stop in a meteoric career in student politics.

Sherburne’s luncheon companion that eventful day was 23-year-old Michael Wood, NSA’s director of development, or fund raising chief. Wood, too, had risen rapidly in student politics. He left Pomona College during his senior year to become a civil rights worker in Watts, where one of his projects had caught the eye of an NSA officer. He became an NSA consultant in the spring of 1965, and was soon promoted to the post of director of development. Besides raising money for NSA, he helped Sherburne work out new programs, and had even been consulted by the White House staff on possible Presidential proposals about the draft and the lowering of the voting age. He had received a letter from Douglass Cater, special assistant to the President, commending him for his excellent reports.

Wood was talking to Sherburne because he was troubled. He had been running into irritating roadblocks in trying to raise money for NSA. He had encountered a curious lack of concern among other members of the
Association's international staff about the rigorous preparation usually required for foundation fund raising. The amount of money needed often ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars, yet the proposals being submitted to the foundations funding the international program were ill-prepared, perfunctory and brief. Furthermore, President Sherburne was negotiating with the foundations without Wood's participation.

After six months of this confusion, Wood told Sherburne, with whom he had grown quite close, that he either had to be given full responsibility for the fund raising program or he would have to resign. It was at this time that Sherburne invited him to a heart-to-heart lunch conference. The following is Wood's account of what transpired during this and subsequent conversations:

Sherburne began by telling Wood that NSA had "certain relationships with certain government agencies engaged in international relations" which Wood didn't know about. This, explained Sherburne, was why Wood couldn't have full responsibility for NSA's fund raising. Wood was astonished. "You mean the CIA?" he asked. Sherburne nodded yes. Sherburne then told Wood that he was supposed to have been informed of the CIA relationship after he was appointed director of development, but that other NSA staff members and CIA contacts had decided he was politically unreliable. As well as having been a civil rights worker, Wood had gained a reputation as something of a radical. Because he couldn't be told of the CIA relationship, it was necessary to keep him in the dark about certain aspects of NSA funding.

Sherburne told Wood he hoped that everything said over lunch that day would be kept secret. He was divulging the information only because he did not want Wood to leave NSA. Later he explained that he wanted a friend he could trust with whom to discuss the CIA relationship, other than staffers who were already involved.

The CIA, said Sherburne, had managed to inject itself into the Association's international operations in the early 1950's. Since that time, virtually every president and international affairs vice president of the organization had been aware of the CIA relationship and had cooperated.

Sherburne went on to say that most of the foundations that had funded NSA's international operations were merely passing along CIA money. Moreover, some of them had made up NSA's yearly deficits, and had financed the purchase and renovation of NSA's new offices in Washington. This explained the mystery surrounding the acquisition and the rent for NSA's new national offices.

Among the CIA-front foundations specifically mentioned, according to Wood, were the Independence Foundation, the San Jacinto Foundation, the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, the Sidney and Esther Rabb Foundation, and the J. Frederick Brown Foundation. To the best of Sherburne's knowledge, CIA money did not pass through the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Asia Foundation, and other groups which had also funded NSA international programs in the past.

Sherburne presented the Agency's involvement in international student politics as a fait accompli; he argued that the CIA's vast supply of money was absolutely essential. Although he had serious doubts about the desirability of the relationship, he felt that NSA could not get as much money from any other source; moreover, the Agency had supported many worthwhile and liberal overseas programs. In any event, Sherburne felt that a sudden termination of the relationship would leave NSA in disastrous financial straits.

The CIA was interested almost exclusively in NSA's international programs. Over the years no staff member who worked exclusively on NSA's national program was involved in a CIA relationship, and few, if any, even knew about it. Keeping the CIA connection secret was made easier by the fact that NSA's national and international departments were in different cities from 1947-1960.

During their frequent conversations, Sherburne gave Wood a partial glossary of "black" language that was used by NSA's CIA operatives whenever they discussed the relationship in a semi-public place. They referred to the CIA as the "firm" and not the Agency; people were not described as operatives or agents but as being "witty"; those who worked inside the Agency bureaucracy were referred to as the "fellas" or the "boys." Frequently, important NSA-ers were given code names for their contacts with the Agency. Sherburne's code name was "Mr. Grants" (based on his facility for fund raising).

Sherburne told Wood that normal procedure involved a careful evaluation by former NSA international officers of international staff members for their reliability—as well as a full national security check by the CIA. If a staff member passed the test, he was made "witty."

The prospective "witty" staff member would usually be taken out to lunch by another already "witty" staff member, and a representative of the CIA. NSA's dealings were with Covert Action Division No. Five of the CIA's Plans Division, and the personnel they dealt with there were themselves former NSA officers. Thus, when the new officer was taken to lunch, he at first assumed that he was merely going out with another staff member and an NSA alumnus. The prospective "witty" staff member was told at lunch that there was information relating to work on the international staff which affected national security and which he should know about, but which required him to sign a national security oath. If he signed the oath, which pledged him to keep secret any information that...
was then divulged, he was then told about the CIA relationship and asked to cooperate.

The implication was clear that if the international staff member ever divulged any of the information about the relationship, there could be severe legal penalties. Thus the international officers were placed in a position in which they could not acknowledge the existence of the relationship, even to other "non-witty" NSA-ers. Sherburne made the first breach in a 15-year wall of secrecy.

The typical "witty" international staff member would first consult with an Agency representative about his overseas programs. Grants for international programs, travel allowances and expense accounts for NSA members going to overseas student conferences, would then all be supplied by CIA-front foundations.

S o intimated was the CIA involved in NSA's international program, that it treated NSA as an arm of U.S. foreign policy. The point is illustrated by a story that Sherburne told Wood. At one point during his tenure in office, Sherburne was to attend the International Student Travel Conference in Istanbul. There had already been much talk in NSA circles of opening up some bilateral contact with student unions in Soviet-bloc countries. Sherburne felt his trip to Turkey would provide a good opportunity to meet with Soviet students and discuss possible student exchanges. Sherburne sent off a cable to the Soviet National Union of Students saying that he would be in Istanbul and requesting permission to travel on to Moscow for a meeting with the Soviet student organization. But the CIA got wind of Sherburne's cable and admonished him for doing such things without first consulting the Agency. A CIA agent explained to Sherburne that since KGB (the Soviet "CIA") assumed that NSA took its cues from the U.S. government, Sherburne's gesture might be interpreted as an official change in CIA policy on bilateral student contacts. Sherburne, even though he was president of the United States National Student Association, was enjoined against making such diplomatic overtures without first requesting permission from the Agency.

The Soviet Union has always spent a good deal of money working with student and youth groups, especially in underdeveloped countries. The CIA's instrument for countering Soviet efforts was NSA, working through the International Student Conference. Former "witty" NSA staffers were always in the Secretariat of the ISC.

And NSA, with the CIA's aid, was able to play a major role in cooperating with favored national unions of students all over the world. No other union of students in the Western world has the kind of financial backing as NSA. The Canadian Union of Students, for example, operates on a budget of about $14,000 a year for its international programs, all of which comes from the dues of member schools. NSA, with its almost unlimited funds, was able to conduct a full program of foreign diplomacy.

Of course, the CIA was also interested in intelligence. "Witty" NSA international staff members would pass along reports on foreign student leaders directly to the Agency. This information helped the CIA in evaluating the political tendencies of prospective political leaders in critical areas of the world.

One of the lures the CIA dangled before NSA was the assurance that this intelligence gathering role did not seem to require NSA to violate its foreign policy principles. The CIA is interested in alternatives to communism in the underdeveloped world, even if the only alternative is a moderate left. "Witty" staff members were told that, in working with the CIA, they would be providing the information that would help get a more enlightened foreign policy presented in high Washington circles.

Thus an NSA international staffer, while on an overseas assignment cleared with the CIA, visited student groups in Spain that were militantly protesting against the Franco dictatorship's suppression of free student unions. This NSA-er, a genuine supporter of the Spanish students, joined a protest meeting and was roughed up by the Spanish police, jailed, and held incommunicado for three days. The same staff member had previously gone to the Dominican Republic shortly after the American intervention there. He brought back a report on his contacts with university students who had participated in the civil war on the side of the constitutionalists.

To NSA the CIA relationship was a comfortable one. It meant lots of money, a sense of doing important work, overseas travel, and, perhaps most important of all, very little feeling of having sold out one's political convictions. The CIA relationship meant something more personal, too. For years elected (and appointed) officials and staffers of NSA have been getting draft deferments. The deferment given for having an "occupation vital to the national interest" would last as long as the member worked for NSA; it was then possible for him to go on to graduate school and receive a student deferment again.

The standard practice was for the president of NSA to send a letter to the local draft board stating that the staff member's services were required in an area that affected the national interest. Always included was a Cold War paragraph about how NSA was combating communism. In what had become almost a form letter, the NSA president, asking for an occupational deferment for his staff member, wrote: "NSA is largely responsible for the creation and maintenance of the International Student Conference, which was established in 1950 to combat the..."
communist-controlled International Union of Students. More than 50 countries—almost every state with a national union this side of the Iron Curtain—now participate in the International Student Conference.”

During 1965-66 the war in Vietnam escalated, and a panic developed in the NSA office when staff members suddenly found themselves re-classified I-A under the impact of the increased draft quotas. Sherburne took the matter of the office staff’s status to the Selective Service Presidential Review Board, and also went directly to General Hershey. No NSA staff members, “witty” or “non-witty,” were drafted. The Agency looks after its own.

[IV. THE PRESIDENT REBELS]

When the CIA made Phil Sherburne “witty” it got more than it bargained for. Sherburne has a tough-minded, gritty independence that soon led him into conflict with those who were paying NSA’s bills. Not only did Sherburne break the CIA cult of secrecy, but he also began fighting for NSA autonomy in international programming.

Sherburne’s initial attitude to the Agency was friendly but reserved. He was willing to take CIA money for NSA projects and to consult with the Agency on matters of common interest, but he was the first NSA president who demanded full control of international programs. Previously, international programs—scholarships, student exchanges, conferences and the like—had all been worked out by NSA staff members and their CIA contacts.

But the Agency resisted Sherburne’s reforms and applied pressure through their foundations. For the first time in years there were delays in the granting of funds from foundations such as FYSA and San Jacinto. But Sherburne fought back. He refused to release the funds (paid for by FYSA) that would have paid the dues of NSA to the International Student Conference. Finally, most of the money was released to NSA and a modus vivendi of sorts was reached. Eventually, Sherburne told Wood, Covert Action Division No. Five became so upset at its errant child, it considered severing ties with the NSA altogether.

Sherburne’s effort at establishing some independence left its financial marks. Previously, any year-end operating deficits were quickly picked up by FYSA or some other foundation. In 1962-63 NSA had blundered into a disastrous financial venture with a book cooperative and wound up with approximately a $70,000 deficit. After NSA made a pro forma appeal to alumni that brought in only $35,000 worth of furniture and renovations for the new Washington offices were just as easily absorbed. Among others, FYSA put up $15,000 and two men, Thomas Millbank and George Baker, put up $10,000 and $5000 respectively. Millbank and Baker are both well-established New York corporate executives and fellow members of the Racquet and Tennis Club. These two men once joined with FYSA in making an $18,000 grant to the ISC for a Latin American student conference. When asked about his interest in NSA and international student politics by this magazine, Mr. Millbank, once an assistant naval attache in Cairo, said: “It is none of your business,” and promptly hung up the phone.

At the end of a year of relative independence, Sherburne was faced with approximately a $35,000 deficit that no one picked up. The deficit has remained, despite staff cutbacks. The “firm” doesn’t like rebellious children.

By the end of a year of wrangling with the CIA, Sherburne was convinced that it was impossible to maintain an independent but friendly relationship. In an attempt to find new funds that would free NSA of its financial dependence on the CIA, Sherburne went to see Vice President Humphrey in July of 1966. Humphrey had been friendly to NSA, had addressed its National Congress in 1965, and had met Sherburne once previously.

Sherburne told the Vice President about the CIA ties and NSA’s financial predicament. Humphrey promised to help NSA get other, independent sources of financing.

Humphrey kept his word and wrote to Roger Blough, Chairman of the Board of U.S. Steel, David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Henry Ford, among others. In a typical letter (the one to Roger Blough), Humphrey said:

I have been very much impressed by the work done over the past few years by the National Student Association. I know the officers of the Association well.

As with other such groups the NSA has had a continuing financial difficulty.

I believe that this organization should be able to find support in the private sector, which will enable it to continue its work independently and in the best spirit of private initiative.

Despite Humphrey’s entreaties, only a few hundred dollars rolled in from “the private sector.” Thus NSA went to its 1966 Congress, the deficit still on its back, and its relationship with the CIA badly damaged. Sherburne continued to resist Wood’s suggestions that he make a thoughtful public statement about the relationship and have it openly discussed as a public issue.

Yet what Sherburne had accomplished was considerable. For the first time in years, new national officers were elected without apparent commitments to the CIA relationship. The only problems bothering the new officers were their knowledge of the past, and the large financial
deficit—for it appeared that Humphrey's friends in the "private sector" were not as interested in supporting NSA as a rather un-public part of the "public sector" had been.

[V. EPITAPH TO A CAPER]

PHIL SHERBURNES FINALLY went to Harvard Law School after his year of escapades with the CIA. He was in Cambridge when Ramparts called him early last month to get his reaction to Mike Wood's revelations. In a subdued voice he said: "I think I would prefer not to say anything until I have had a chance to look at the article pretty carefully... I think the article should be discussed by the current administration of NSA, and that anything that I would say would be resolved in discussions with them."

Then he was asked, "Did you sign a national security oath?" Sherburne paused a few moments and said, "At this point I don't want to make any comment."

Sherburne was under enormous pressure, not only out of a remaining loyalty to NSA, but also from the CIA. That "enlightened" organization had viciously turned on him for talking to Wood, and was trying hard to intimidate him into publicly denying Wood's story.

Sometime in the middle of January, the NSA officers and Sherburne heard that Michael Wood had passed his information along to Ramparts. Sherburne called Wood and asked him to fly to Boston, where Sherburne pleaded with him for an entire day to retract his story. Then they both flew to Washington for four more days of intense and harrowing discussion with two of the current NSA national officers, an NSA staff member, and a former national affairs vice president.

In the Washington conversations with Wood, the officers of NSA desperately tried to dissuade him from giving the information to this magazine. Wood refused and instead urged the officers to affirm the story publicly, which would be the only way of salvaging NSA's dignity. The officers would not commit themselves.

There followed two weeks of hectic caucusing and emergency meetings at NSA headquarters. NSA officers visited a number of well-known NSA alumni, including Douglass Cater of the White House staff, to ask their advice. At least one of the officers also went straight to the Agency. The current CIA operative whom he contacted is a former NSA president. He is officially employed by the Agency for International Development in Washington.

At one point the officers assembled the staff, told them of the impending story and flatly denied that it was true. They suggested that Wood was making up the story to revenge NSA for having lost his job as director of development. Finally, another staff meeting was called and it was admitted that the story was true.

Meanwhile, on the west coast, two Ramparts editors were talking to Ed Schwartz, NSA's current national affairs vice president. Schwartz, talkative and quick-witted, had been the leader of the liberal caucus in NSA. He was in Berkeley, working as a behind-the-scenes student political advisor-negotiator during the student strike at the University of California campus.

It seems a direct, ironic result of Cold War politics that Schwartz had to drop his liberal Berkeley activities and cross the Bay to discuss his organization's cooperation with the CIA. Through a long and tiring discussion that lasted most of one night, Schwartz did not deny NSA's relationship to the CIA. Instead, he pleaded that great damage would be done to the good works of NSA by the revelation of this relationship. As the discussion ended, he muttered something about losing his draft deferment.

A few days later, in Washington, D.C., a Ramparts editor had an almost identical conversation with two other NSA officers. The talk began in NSA's national headquarters, a four-story colonial-style brick building in a quiet residential section. On the desk in President Gene Groves' office there was an autographed picture of Hubert Humphrey. With Groves was Rick Stearns, the international affairs vice president.

During the conversation neither Stearns nor Groves denied NSA's CIA connections in the past but stated that "all of our current financing comes from legitimate sources which observe the normal legitimate reporting procedures." And yet NSA's current budget records grants totaling $56,673.30 from FYSA. Stearns was asked, "Will you flatly say you have had no contact with the CIA during your time in office?" He shook his head.

Stearns and Groves pleaded that disclosure of the CIA relationship would be disastrous for NSA. It would put them in an awful political predicament. If they publicly admitted past CIA connections, it would tarnish NSA's image badly at home and abroad, and hurt its chances of receiving grants from other government agencies. NSA staff members also feared CIA retaliation, especially the loss of their draft deferments.

Having kept quiet about the CIA since their election, the officers now went into action to minimize the effects of the forthcoming disclosures. NSA President Gene Groves flew off to Leiden, Holland for an emergency Summit meeting with the leaders of the ISC. Groves came back convinced that NSA must make some acknowledgment of the CIA relationship—but at the urging of his colleagues in Leiden there would be as few details as possible admitted.

If older Americans have been a little put off by the style of the draft card burners or the Mario Savios, there has always been somewhat of a consensus about the good
works of the young men and women of the United States National Student Association. The NSA seemed to mix the idealism of the community organizers, the FSM activists and the Peace Corps with the buttoned-down practicality of young junior executives.

The quality which rank and file NSA-ers have cherished most about themselves is independence, especially independence from government controls. It was this quality that was supposed to distinguish their organization from national unions of students in the communist world. The quality for the most part was genuine, for the rank and file never knew of the CIA connection.

There were many arguments put forward by NSA's current officers as to why the CIA-NSA relationship should be kept secret, and many similar arguments desperately made to Mike Wood as to why he should not have given the information to anyone. Of all the reasons given—by Stearns and Groves to Ramparts' editor in Washington, and by others who pleaded with Wood—the most pathetic, which appeared again and again, was this: exposing the story would not only hurt NSA, it would hurt the CIA. Covert Action Division No. Five, after all, was not in the business of assassinating Latin American leftists, it was supporting liberal groups like NSA, groups with international programs in the best tradition of cultural exchanges between countries. NSA might be anti-communist, but certainly no one could ever argue that its anti-communism was more militant or more narrow-minded than that of the average American. Rather, it was less so. Thus the exposure of the NSA-CIA tie would deeply hurt the enlightened, liberal, internationalist wing of the CIA. Conservative congressmen, such as L. Mendel Rivers of the House Armed Services Committee, would cut off Agency funds for these purposes, and the hardliners in CIA's "core" would be proven right in their contentions that the Agency shouldn't give large sums of money to support liberal students, no matter what intelligence it was getting in return.

The twisted sickness of this Orwellian argument should speak for itself. Yet it is extraordinary, and frightening, that it could be so easily made by the talented young liberals at the head of NSA. One would think the idea of "an enlightened wing of the CIA" would be an obvious contradiction in terms. But the idea's acceptance and support by a generation of student leaders indicates how deeply the corruption of means for ends has become ingrained in our society, and how much dishonesty is tolerated in the name of the Cold War.

By Sol Stern
With the special assistance of Lee Webb, Michael Ansara Michael Wood, and Robert Scheer.

An Epilogue...

The decision to tell this story was the most agonizing of my life. Phil Sherburne, whose personal trust I have betrayed, was a close friend. Though we disagreed on many subjects (especially on how to handle the CIA), in seeking to terminate NSA's relationship he acted with a dignity rare among those who knew the facts.

Moreover, I still believe in NSA, and deeply respect the progressive stance it has taken among American students for 20 years. Yet the issues involved are larger, and my public trust as a citizen of the United States must transcend my private trust.

For years the United States National Student Association has stood for "a free university in a free society." Its resolutions on academic, political and social freedoms are clear. Its constitutional commitment to free and open democracy is of long standing. Its defense of civil liberties has been staunch and consistent. Yet because of NSA's relationship to the CIA, its leaders have for 15 years undermined those principles.

This story is only a case study in CIA corruption. When I was told of Covert Action No. Five's infiltration of NSA, I was also told of numerous other organizations similarly infiltrated. A few have been named in this article; many others have had to be omitted. In an age when the average man's only access to the centers of decision is through private institutions, the responsiveness of those institutions to his wishes is critical to the healthy workings of a democracy. The spectre of CIA infiltration of domestic institutions—and the covert creation of coordinated leadership among them—must horrify those who regard unfettered debate as vital to representative democracy.

Those of us who worked for NSA during 1965-66, experienced an unusual sense of personal liberation. While actively involved in many of the insurgent campus and political movements of the day, we were also able to move freely through the highest echelons of established power. If those who occupied the command posts didn't always sympathize with our goals, they listened nonetheless and were sometimes affected. We felt like full citizens, able to move freely without compromising our principles. It gave us a heady feeling and a sense of power beyond our years.

The mobility and influence was as it should be for a national union of students; to learn that it had been bought with so terrible a compromise made me realize how impotent we really were.
Because of the pain involved in public discussion of so sensitive an issue, I have often wished that I had never learned the truth. Yet to avoid the truth, however painful, would be irresponsible.

There have always been staff members of the international commission who were entirely unaware of the relationship. It is unfortunate that all of them could not be protected, and that many of them may suffer the onus of NSA's guilt. I should like to note, however, that Gregory Delio, Gilbert Kulick, and Marcia Casey were in no way aware of the relationship. I am similarly sure that Mrs. Isabel Marcus Welsh, international affairs vice president in 1959-60 had no knowledge of the CIA's presence in NSA.

For those individuals in NSA who—like myself for a time—knowingly allowed themselves to be part of the relationship with the CIA, the worst consequences are internal. Very few staff members so involved were callous Cold Warriors who cynically appreciated their work with the CIA. Most of them, rather, were deeply committed liberals, whose consciences had no rest while they served two masters. All of them, I am sure, have at times felt horribly trapped in the conflict between their actions and their liberal principles.

Perhaps worst of all is the everyday dishonesty, the need to clam up when in the presence of "non-witty" staff members, to fudge, to make excuses and deflect embarrassing questions. Perhaps a professional intelligence operative, who sincerely believes in anti-communism at any price, can learn to suppress with not too much damage that most basic instinct of youth—to be open, frank, questioning of all things, in communion with his friends. But for the typical NSA staff member, part of a generation whose instinct is to unmask hypocrisy, the compromise comes very hard indeed. Many of them have suffered as a consequence the most agonizing sort of emotional schizophrenia—part of the human toll in an otherwise impersonal and cynical international intelligence operation.

Michael Wood
San Francisco, February 1967

...and a Judgment

In Simone de Beauvoir's roman à clef, The Mandarins, there is a passage where the State Department tries to "help" Henri Perron (supposedly Camus) by offering him newsprint if his journal holds to an independent, neutralist line. Perron construes the offer to mean that the magazine should not criticize the fundamental methods of American foreign policy, and turns down the "aid." To protect the magazine's independence he also turns down aid from communist sources. But the gods play with men and their ideals. For a period of time the magazine receives its funds from a man who took gold from dentists who collaborated with the Nazis. Living in the world makes it hard to avoid dirty hands, perhaps because we are egocentric and overvalue the work we do. When we try to bring our projects into being they become more important to us than the reason we initiated them.

For example, it is not written in the Torah or the Constitution that educational institutions had to become fronts for the government, places where the rhetoric for the Cold War is supplied and the equations and technology for hydrogen bombs are manufactured. Nobody forced them into this position. Nor did the small, cliquish groups who ran the National Student Association have to take money from the CIA. Perhaps 15 years ago it was easier that way. For the young college graduate who was a "student leader" there was nothing quite as flattering as being approached by the CIA to help in the National Effort. Furthermore, it was the way up the status ladder, to success, travel, excitement, money, and government or foundation jobs. By following that road the student leaders of my generation—a decade ago—played it safe. As a result, they became instruments of the Cold War.

I have tried to figure out why the CIA would bother attempting to get to American students. After all, it takes a good deal of trouble and expense to set up front organizations and all the other tools that used to be the monopoly of the communists. The best way to understand the CIA's motives is to see it as primarily a commercial institution which deals in buying, renting and selling people.

Yet after we examine the CIA's motives and purposes, we are left with Cold War wreckage as serious and immoral as the Bay of Pigs operation, the U-2 overflights, or the Guatemalan caper. We are left with the fact that one generation attempted to corrupt the young by paying them off, buying and renting them on the installment plan. (Now that there is a crack in the door isn't it about time that we have a public accounting of CIA funds? How much of that loot sticks in the pockets of the CIA operatives themselves?) We are left with the fact that the CIA made patsies out of thousands of young Americans who went abroad to conferences or who studied under NSA auspices, but who unknowingly were being paid for, and were used by the CIA as contacts, covers and mail drops. Furthermore, how do we now face other nations who took us at our word that our students were "free" and therefore different from the communist-run youth groups? The CIA owes an apology to the innocent college students of this last generation.

Marcus Raskin
Co-Director, Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.
BROTHERS OF PASSAMAQUODIA:

I am glad to hear by Major Shaw, that you accepted the chain of Friendship which I sent you last February from Cambridge, and that you are determined to keep it bright and unbroken... Brothers, I have a piece of news to tell you which I hope you will attend to. Our enemy, the King of Great Britain, endeavored to stir up all the Indians from Canada to South Carolina against us. But our brethren of the six Nations & their allies the Shawanese & the Delawares would not hearken to the advice of his Messenger's sent among them, but kept fast hold of the ancient covenant chain. The Cherokees & the Southern tribes were foolish enough to listen to them and take up the hatchet against us. Upon this our Warriors went into their country, burnt their houses, destroyed their corn and obliged them to sue for peace and give hostages for their future good behavior. Now Brothers never let the king's wicked counsellor turn your hearts against me and your brethren of this country, but bear in mind what I told you last February and what I tell you now. In token of my friendship I send you this from my army on the banks of the Great River Delaware, this 24th day of December, 1776. George Washington.

The Royal Screwing of the Passamaquodias

by David Welsh
[HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION]

Do they still study the American Revolution in the schools—or just the mythology of that somewhat embarrassing (and subversive) episode before the flowering of the American-way-of-life? Some day, when American school children study our Revolution in detail as the French and the Mexicans study theirs, they may discover the campaigns of Colonel John Allan, George Washington’s field commander in eastern Maine. And when they do they will surely come across the Passamaquoddy Indians, some of the colonel’s best troops and one of the few tribes in New England to fight with the Revolutionary forces.

Col. Allan could not have picked a less warlike tribe than the Passamaquoddy. Hunters and fishermen (their tribal name means “speakers of pollack fish”), they never won an Indian war as far as anyone can remember. Theirs was a river civilization. The Passamaquoddy clustered along the St. Croix River like the Egyptians along the Nile, and their domain extended from the river mouth not far from Eastport to its source in the lakes of Aroostock County. While they followed the game, they also cultivated squash and beans along the river bank and taught the white man all about corn and maple syrup. They were a proud people, who scorned their more warlike neighbors as uncivilized barbarians.

Then there was the white man, even less civilized, possessor of still more barbaric weapons of destruction, for whom the Passamaquoddy, it must be said, had absolute contempt. But the white man’s war posed the most serious threat to their existence in the long and honorable history of the tribe. Encroachments by both Loyalists and Revolutionaries threatened their hunting grounds. It was time to choose sides. George Washington’s agents promised that the “ancient tribal haunts” would remain theirs and inviolable, and the Passamaquoddy, without counting on the now legendary perfidy of the white man, joined up with Washington.

According to Col. Allan’s account of the campaigns on the northeastern front, the Indians acquitted themselves with extraordinary distinction, saving all of eastern Maine for the colonies.

Listen to him recount a Passamaquoddy campaign of 1777: “The Indians in a body, to the number of 128 canoes containing nearly 500 men, women and Children, left the river with me at the End of Ten days, only a few families remaining to keep up a claim & give Intelligence, when there was not more than a weeks provisions for the whole. They left their little plantations well improved and a good prospect, with a great part of their clothing, & after 28 days Journey arrived at Machias, suffering many hardships & difficulties by the excessive heats, and the Lowness of the Streams, which greatly obstructed the canoes.

“Their Zeal & attention during the war... is so well known in that Country that it needs no comment. Their uniform conduct both in respect of humanity, as well as in submitting with patience under every difficulty was not Inferior to the most disciplined troops, & even when Imposed on at a time of Intoxication & fleeced of the little they had, they always sat down contented and resigned without any appearance of resentment or malice...”

Later the same year Allan was to write, “The Indians I still keep and have Reason to believe no people will defend the Liberty of America better.” George Washington himself sent a letter of appreciation, thanking the tribe for its loyal support (see opposite).

In 1794 Col. Allan and other officials of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts signed a treaty with the tribal leaders, granting the Indians some 30,000 acres of land in perpetuity—a pittance compared to the vast hunting grounds that had been theirs. They had surrendered not only their best land but their very source of livelihood, and with it their cultural identity as huntsmen from time immemorial. The treaty still stands today, amended by an additional grant of land to the tribe in 1801 and the transfer of Massachusetts’ obligations to the new State of Maine in 1820. Need one add that it is honored more in the breach than in the observance?

[THE GREAT LAND FRAUD]

And today? Today the Passamaquoddy live on two reservations in easternmost Maine, probably the most depressed area in all New England, and the 800 Indians who are left occupy barely 200 of their 30,000 acres. Most of them are welfare cases, for what jobs exist have been gobbled up by the white man. Swindled out of their land and deprived of gainful employment, cheated in countless ways, humiliated and progressively pauperized, the once proud Indians have been reduced to begging at the coattails of the master thieves.

Unlike most Indian tribes, the Passamaquoddy are wards of a state, not the federal government. Their great white father is the Indian commissioner, a political appointee whose job is to ensure that his “children” are happy on the dole and to avoid “trouble” on the reservations. But the Indians are not happy with their squalid shacks, their allotments of surplus food, or the fact that no one will give them a job. They are fighting today as they fought for George Washington, for the right to profit from their rich timberlands, long since taken over by the state and by white squatters and businessmen. They are fighting for the right to govern themselves like any other
Americans, to dispose of their property as they see fit; fighting for the chance to get off the welfare.

John Stevens, chief of the tribe’s Princeton reservation, talked about it on a Maine TV station. "In the Treaty of 1794," he said, "Massachusetts gives us our two reservations, to have forever and ever. One’s a small one, at Pleasant Point, down near Eastport; the other’s a large piece—36 square miles of timberland—just north of Princeton, Maine. Now in 1820, when Maine became a state, carved out of Massachusetts, she promised Congress and Massachusetts, both, that she’d honor our treaty lands forever. Well, the treaty’s being broken. The State of Maine has stolen our treaty lands away, by selling and leasing the lands right out from under our feet. Sounds hard to believe, doesn’t it? Well, you’re welcome to come down and see for yourself the shacks they make us live in, on what we have left.

"We shouldn’t have to be this poor," says Chief Stevens. "The State of Maine’s been stripping the timber from our land, selling it and never accounting to us for the money; said they’re putting it in a trust fund for us. Well, after 140 years selling the timber off our 30,000 acres, now all they say they can show for it is about $2 an acre in our trust fund. That’s without interest; every year they deduct the interest away. Well sir, we aim to put a stop to this; get them to observe the treaty and return our timberlands, and give us some kind of accounting for our money. They laughed in our faces; told us they didn’t have to honor any treaty if they didn’t feel like it, and unless we quit asking questions they’d fix us good; take away whatever they wanted, take away our kids’ lunches at school too."

The Pleasant Point reservation, 100 acres on a barren, windswept isthmus, is home for more than half the tribe. Some years ago the state cut a highway and a railway track through the settlement, without consulting the Indians or offering compensation. The Princeton reservation consists of "The Strip," a shantytown squeezed onto a few square yards of mud between the highway and Big Lake, where some of the huts have bare earth floors, no plumbing or electricity; and the sprawling Indian Township—36 square miles of timberland—most of which is ‘Indian’ in name only. From the settlement at Peter Dana Point, one can look across the still waters of Big Lake, a thin mist veiling the endless timberlands, and imagine Hiawatha. Not far away is Nemecass Point, the sacred tribal burial grounds, granted to the Indians in 1794 but occupied by white men. The treaty also granted the Indians two islands in Big Lake and 15 islands in the St. Croix River. These, like much of Indian Township, have been chopped up and sold away, with not a cent accruing to the tribe. It began with the Resolve of 1836 when the state arrogated to itself the right to sell or lease the treaty lands—in defiance of a law passed by Congress only two years before making it a crime to traffic in Indian lands without federal permission. The law, which is still on the books, stipulates that any such attempt shall be considered null and void. "Selling our treaty lands," says Chief Stevens, "is a little like selling the Brooklyn Bridge."

But the story of this colossal fraud does not stop there. Massachusetts, in compensation for grabbing most of their hunting grounds, had formally agreed to provide for the Indians’ annual support. For 26 years the promise was faithfully kept. When Maine assumed that obligation in 1820, it accepted 395,000 acres of additional timberland, earmarked for support of the Indians. But instead of holding the title perpetually in trust for the Indians, as provided by the deed from Massachusetts, Maine promptly sold it off to private interests. The Indians never saw any income from their trust property, and their fate as publicly supported paupers was effectively sealed.

The treaty provided one exception to the Indians’ total ownership of their reservations. Massachusetts retained the right to "all pine trees, fit for masts . . . making said Indians a reasonable compensation therefor." Soon, however, the white man was putting the axe to any tree he damn well pleased. Today, Maine leases timber rights on 17,000 acres of the Indian Township to private companies like the Georgia Pacific, making no more than token payment to the Indians for the privilege.

Administration of the tribal trust fund—a mere $70,000 today—has been a unilateral and often shady business. For 75 years Passamaquoddy leaders have trooped to Augusta to demand an accounting; each time it was refused them. A century of timber revenue had somehow vanished, and the state was not about to open the books. Beginning ten years ago, the fund was directly raided, ostensibly to provide the Indians with better housing. Nearly 30 boxlike dwellings were erected on the two reservations, costing between $7000 and $9000 apiece. The 11 houses built at Pleasant Point are already falling apart. The plywood floors sag, the walls lean, the wind zips through the cracks; the foundations, resting uneasily on a swamp, settle a bit more each year. The tribe’s attorney, Don Cotesworth Gellers, surmises that the building contractor hired by the state "must have had something more than mere competence to recommend him for the job." In any case, the company has gone bankrupt so there can be no possible claim. Gellers doubts that anything will come of the housing scandal. "No one will prosecute you in the state of Maine for robbing Indians," he says. "No one ever has."

Gellers, 31, has been working for several years without fee as the Passamaquoddy’s lawyer, preparing a court test for the restitution of treaty lands and trust fund to the
tribe, as well as compensation for past infringements. Since moving to Eastport with his wife, he has been threatened with death and disbarment. But the case is an important one. Indians have absorbed defeat after defeat at the hands of the colossus. If the Passamaquoddy can win their demands, their brothers across the nation will have grounds for hope that their treaties too, and their elementary human rights, may one day be respected.

[FAREWELL TO WELFARE?]

UNTIL RECENTLY, the Indians’ official nanny was the state Department of Health and Welfare, which spent about $160,000 a year on welfare payments to the Passamaquoddy (a per capita average of $200 for a tribe with an estimated unemployment rate of over 90 per cent).

For 17 years, until his death in 1964, the Indian agent for the Passamaquoddy was Hiram Hall, a retired fish inspector. The Indians’ complaints about Hall’s administration would fill a book: playing favorites with the welfare payments, collusion with white squatters and bootleggers on the reservation, and general indiffERENCE to Indian needs. It was only two years ago that the tribe found out there are scholarships set aside for Indians at the University of Maine; the agent had never told them about it or encouraged their youth to apply. George Francis, the tribe’s non-voting representative at the legislature, has a raft of stories illustrating what he calls the “anti-Indian attitude” of Agent Hall. “It was four years ago,” said Francis, “and a pregnant Indian woman was leaning against Hall’s car to ask him something. Hall gunned the motor and dragged her 50 feet, and the woman lost the child she was carrying. Hall tried the same thing with an Indian man one time and the man nearly killed him. But the worst thing about Hall was that he was in with those white squatters. He saw to it they had no trouble getting deeds to that land, and they went ahead and mortgaged it in their own names. We can’t even insure our houses because the state won’t give us the deeds.”

Late in 1965 the legislature transferred the guardianship of the Indians to a new Indian Affairs Department, headed by a commissioner who promised “full Indian participation in the decisions affecting their lives.” But the Passamaquoddy, who know perhaps better than anyone how cheap words can be, did not get much satisfaction. The new Indian agent, retitled Indian affairs specialist, has done nothing more significant than campaign to abolish drinking on the reservations. “They can’t drink as well as the white man,” he said with customary perception, “because they’ve only been out of bondage for 400 years.”

Chief John Stevens bristles when white people call the Indians lazy or incapable of governing themselves. “How do they know we’re lazy if there’s no work?” he asks. “Almost every Indian man here would give his eyeteeth to have a regular job at a decent wage.” Stevens, 33, is one of the privileged 15 persons with regular employment. He and his brother work at the pulp mill; six Indians are employees of the school system; one woman runs a grocery at Pleasant Point; and Joe Nicholas, called “Cozy” for his friendly relationship with the Indian agents, has his own barbershop in Eastport. The rest of the tribe subsists on part-time or seasonal work—woodcutting, sardine packing, wreath and basket making, potato picking, blueberry raking, guiding—and, of course, the welfare. Most of these jobs come under neither the Maine nor the federal minimum wage scales of $1.25; basket makers average 28 cents an hour.

Donald F. Brown, of Health and Welfare, says that many more Indians have jobs than admit to it, “because once you are officially employed there goes the old welfare tit.” However true this may be, there is precious little income on the reservation from any source at all. Children drop out of school for lack of winter clothing. Indians are deprived of their treaty hunting rights (allowing them to bag unlimited game in all seasons), so as to preserve the wildlife for sportsmen. Prices in the Pleasant Point grocery are almost double those in town, but the reservation store gives credit and many are obliged to buy there. And once their small wood ration is exhausted, the Indians have to pay $20 a cord for wood cut on their own reservation!

Even their basic political rights are trampled on with impunity. No Passamaquoddy was allowed to vote in any election, state or national, until 1956, 32 years after Congress gave the vote to all Indians. Today they still cannot vote for members of the state lower house. This means that Indians may be charged with breaking laws over which they have no say in the making. No Passamaquoddy had ever served on a Maine jury until 1965. Law enforcement follows a Mississippi-style double standard.

Chief Stevens’ father, George Stevens Sr., grand old man of the Passamaquoddy and sworn enemy of the white settlers, has quite a clear idea of “what the Indians want.” A veteran Indian politician, he believes these problems cannot be solved unless the Indians acquire the tools of power, through recovery of their real estate, their money and their full right to vote. “We have a certified copy of the treaty that says this is our land,” he says. “If we have our way, anybody residing on Indian Township will pay taxes and rent to the clerk of the Township, with the proceeds going to the Indians. We want to be masters of our reservations at the minimum. Then, as conditions change, this whole business of being ‘wards of the state’ has got to go. It’s really an insult to a man’s dignity.”
[The Augusta Hearings]

But even if George Stevens won his limited demands, the problem of the tribe's relationship to the larger society would remain. Differing views of this relationship came into focus in February 1965, at a legislative hearing in Augusta, the state capital. The subject of the hearing was the proposal to create a new Indian Affairs Department, and representatives of the Passamaquoddys and the Penobscots, Maine's other reservation tribe, were on hand to testify.

The chiefs of both tribes argued persuasively for the new department. More interesting was the procession of elite Penobscots to the podium to present the minority view and defend the Health and Welfare Department. Edwin Mitchell asserted that there was no stigma attached to being an Indian, pointing out that his son had been president of his high school class. "Like in any community," he said, "there are the good ones and the bad ones, and they are judged accordingly. There is no milestone around the Indian's neck." Harvey Mitchell, a young man of Penobscot birth who works for the state highway department and lives off the reservation, also testified at the hearing. He objected when a witness brought up the issue of civil rights and countered, "There is no discrimination as far as I can see. I didn't find any in school, in the service, or at work either." And then he added, almost wistfully, "Of course, every so often someone will call you 'chief,' but after a while they come to respect you."

The Penobscots, unlike the Passamaquoddys, live close to a prosperous urban area, and the majority of their men have steady jobs. They have a much lower percentage on welfare, and the tendency among younger Penobscots is to leave the reservation as soon as they can. The Passamaquoddys have jealously guarded their language, while the Penobscots have all but lost theirs. Intermarriage is much more frequent among the Penobscots. Given these conditions, one is not surprised to find a difference in tribal "ideology." The one, living in misery, retains a strong, tribal identification and, relatively speaking, a certain militancy toward the white man. The other, comparatively prosperous, is increasingly composed of Indians who have "made it" outside the reservation and who identify with the values of the American-way-of-life. Jonas Rosenthal, sociology professor at Colby College and witness at the hearing, put it another way: "Those members of the Penobscot tribe who spoke against this bill seem to be people who have attained personal success. It's like saying Jackie Robinson made the Brooklyn Dodgers and therefore there is no racial discrimination. And people who are successful like the conditions under which they have been able to succeed."

[All that Brouhaha about Integration]

Underlying the cultural clash that surfaced during the Augusta hearings was the gnawing question: is it necessary for Indians to move off the reservation and integrate into the larger society, if they are to achieve the material progress they quite naturally desire? It is a dilemma that concerns the Indians, and exclusively the Indians, but of course there are always a number of white men who feel ready and even duty-bound to answer for them. The federal, and in the case of Maine, the state "guardians" of the Indians have answered emphatically in favor of total integration. "The reservation system is untenable," says Donald F. Brown of the Maine Health and Welfare Department. "We can no longer justify these little islands on an ethnic or any other basis. So the Indian agents, for example, are encouraging school dropouts to leave for the Job Corps." Under Brown's successors, the goal remains essentially the same: move the Indians off the reservation and into the mainstream of American life.

Many Indians, certainly, are fiercely opposed to the idea of total integration. Chief Stevens says the mere thought gives him the shudders. "They have always wanted to chase us off of here," he recalls. "My mother used to tell me about the malaria epidemic here on the reservation, when they sent the afflicted people to Graveyard Island to die. One way or another, they still want us to just disappear. They say we should take training and find work outside, preferably in another state. But I don't want this. Then there will only be old people here, and they die off and then the white man can take all the land. Then there is no more tribe, no more Indians. I just wait for that day when we get our land back. Then we can build a good life for ourselves right here on the reservation. All Indians will benefit. All over the country they will see what can be done."

Chief Stevens has touched the central point. If the Indians were given full title to their 30,000 acres of rich timberland—almost all of it fraudulently claimed and held by the state and private interests—then there would be no need for welfare handouts or for the Job Corps, no need for the great white father at all. "Integration," in the view of many Indians, is just another subterfuge for the theft of their reservation lands, and grand theft at that.

Another key to the Indians' newly found militancy is their determination to hold on to their tribal heritage. Here again they have to fight the stranglehold of state control. The prohibition against teaching the Passamaquoddy language and culture in the schools, and the fact that the Indian agent has discouraged all but the aged and immobile from making baskets are, in Attorney Gellers' view, "signs of a deliberate attempt to annihilate the Indian culture." It is a tribute to the Passamaquoddys that
in such conditions and after 400 years as a subjugated people they have managed to preserve their language and their "Indianness."

"My feeling about integration is that we can learn from them," says Attorney Gellers. "Their values are more humane than ours, for example in the high degree of mutual respect and camaraderie between Indian adult and child. It is not uncommon to see a tipsy Indian man escorted by his child, who has no sense of shame about the fact that his father has had a few drinks. And although Indian kids are well behaved, they are traditionally allowed large amounts of freedom, to go on excursions to the woods or into town, as they please.

"I remember an old codger, a white man, who thought the Indians were lazy because they wouldn’t put in a big stock of cut wood for the winter," Gellers says, "What he didn’t understand was that for the Indians, hoarding is irreligious. To hoard is to set yourself against Glosscup, the Great Spirit, and implies that the day will come when the Great Spirit will no longer look on you with favor. ‘There is forest all around us,’ an Indian told me. ‘The trees will be there tomorrow. They were provided by the Great Spirit for man to enjoy and use.’

"You see, there is none of this ‘mine and thine’ crap with the Indians. Their culture stresses cooperation with your neighbor, not competition. How many fences do you see on the reservation?—damn few, and then you know it’s for a good, practical reason."

George Francis, 74, an erect and burly man with a massive head, worked 40 years in a Detroit auto factory. Like the other 300-odd Indians who live off the reservation but still consider themselves members of the tribe, he returned on holidays, or to vote in tribal elections. Eight years ago he came back to retire and was elected chief at Pleasant Point. His 40 years in Detroit left him more convinced than ever of the need to keep the tribe together; he sees the recovery of treaty lands as a key to tribal regeneration, a way of galvanizing tribal unity. "One day they came in here with bulldozers," he recalls. "I said, ‘Don’t come on my property.’ The man said the property belonged to the state. I told him he had another thing coming. He said, ‘Why are you always on my back?’ I said, ‘What are you going to do when you have 800 on your back?’"

The young Indian girls used to come over to Francis’ home to wash dishes and be close to his young wife Clara, for she was a woman they would have liked to emulate. A modern woman, educated in the social graces, who kept a good house, she was proud to be an Indian, careful to preserve her heritage and as militant as her husband. To the young girls, Clara was living proof that it is possible to be a 20th century woman—and be yourself.

In a sense, theirs is the problem of people in all the world’s “underdeveloped” areas: how to adapt to modern life and still maintain their traditions and cultural identity. As the experience of peoples who have acceded to independence since the war has shown, it is by no means an insoluble dilemma. In the process of decolonization, Algerian author Frantz Fanon has observed, one pattern recurs. The subject people resist the introduction of “Western” methods into their society, remain apathetic or resentful of modern techniques, identifying them culturally with the colonial master. A native might refuse to see a European doctor, or go to a European school. Apathy, laziness, adherence to inefficient, traditional ways: these are forms of passive resistance, of non-cooperation, which help the subject people to keep alive their group identity and spirit of revolt. Once independent, however, the same people “suddenly” thirst for knowledge of the modern world, discover unsuspected talents, find creative ways of rebuilding a nation that is once again their own. National ideology changes accordingly; modern ways become as much a part of being “Algerian” or “Guinean” or “Kenyan” as their revered traditions.

The American Indians, victims of one of the most brutal colonial wars in modern history and many of them living today on reservations in total colonial subjugation, face cultural and economic problems of a similar order. Political problems, owing to the Indians’ condition as a fragmented minority, are quite different, although it is possible that the widely scattered tribes might one day join in common political action.

It has been proposed that the government, which concluded “international” treaties with most Indian nations, should dispense “foreign aid” to the victims of our colonial expansion. But not only would this perpetuate the Indians’ dependency on the white government, but it begs the central question of reservation control. All the Indians are asking is total control of all the lands granted to them by treaty. With few exceptions, this is precisely what the federal and state governments are refusing to do.

The Passamaquoddys are determined not to disappear as a tribe. They did not fight the American Revolution to integrate into the white man’s world; on the contrary. They fought the Revolution, as others did, for the freedom to live and worship and do business, separately if they so chose, by themselves, not to submit to the tyranny of a unitary state of which they would be second-class subjects. All the Passamaquoddys want is the chance to get the white man off their backs—for once and for all. Only then will it be possible to have genuine coexistence, and integration, if desired, on an equal footing. Elementary, one would think, but still perhaps too difficult for the more simpleminded civil rights advocates to understand.
Building Lyndon Johnson

In Houston’s International Airport is an alcove decorated with color portraits of “The 15 Who Made Houston Tick,” mostly business tycoons who, as the Chamber of Commerce never tires of saying, “built our city.” Among them is George Rufus Brown, custodian of one of the nation’s larger fortunes, board chairman of the mammoth Brown & Root Inc., and close friend and business-political associate of Lyndon Johnson. If someone made a list of the 15 men who made Johnson tick, George and his brother Herman would be at or near the top. For the Browns were the principal financiers of his early rise to power, and Lyndon is the man who more than anyone else made them rich. Brown & Root’s ascension from penny ante Texas road builder to the world’s third largest construction company—which numbers among its contracts a piece of the $1,600,000,000 base construction program in Vietnam—was no accident. It is no Horatio Alger story. It is the story of a politician and a business, on the make together.
[Fingers in the Pork Barrel, Fingers in the War]

The Brown brothers, like Lyndon Johnson, started small. And like Lady Bird Johnson, they were children of a storekeeper, growing up in the central Texas town of Belton. George, the younger, went to college. Herman went to work on the roads. In 1915, Herman branched out and began hauling dirt on his own, after his boss fell on hard times and gave him equipment in lieu of pay. Four years after that he formed a partnership with one Dan Root to build roads with their mule-drawn fresnos, an arrangement that was to last until Root's death in 1929. Herman and George, who had since joined the company, decided to keep old Root in the company name.

Herman was a rough diamond, known for his daring and ruthlessness, but he shared with his more courtly, college-educated brother the realization that the path to the big passed through the seats of government. And so it was that on the eve of the Great Depression and the most extravagant public spending program the nation had ever seen, a pair of shrewd brothers from a humble Texas backwater took out incorporation papers and began to lobby. They reinvested their profits politically, making friends in city halls and courthouses all over central Texas and in the state capital at Austin.

By the mid-30s the Brown brothers had enough road jobs toweather the slump and were angling for some of those big federal contracts which FDR was passing out like jujubes. And in 1936 it happened. The federals were building a dam near Austin on the Lower Colorado River, and veteran Congressman James P. Buchanan of Texas, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, saw to it that Brown & Root (with 1 partner) made the low bid and got the contract. Those who submitted more realistic bids for the Marshall Ford (Mansfield) dam and powerhouse were not surprised when costs rose to $23 million—more than four times the original Brown & Root bid. Like other businessmen, the Browns may have had philosophical objections to the New Deal, but it didn't prevent them from raking in all that government green. For that matter, the New Dealers did not appear to have any serious objections to non-union, barrel-bottom-wage contractors like the Browns, for all their liberal talk.

Instrumental in the Marshall Ford contract award was Alvin J. Wirtz, who was both lawyer for Brown & Root and general counsel for the Lower Colorado River Authority, with political connections stretching from the Pedernales to the Potomac. It was Wirtz who had urged the appointment of Lyndon Johnson as congressional secretary to Richard Kleberg, when the heir to the King Ranch fortune was elected to Congress in 1931. Wirtz had been impressed, during Kleberg's primary race, with Johnson's political savvy as a campaign worker, the facility with cash and favors that was to become an LBJ trademark. "Somewhere in Johnson," wrote Robert Sherrill in The Accidental President, "is a compass that holds truest where the cash is piled highest." And when that lanky, back-slapping, 23-year-old schoolteacher was bundled off to Washington as Kleberg's secretary in 1931, the seeds of his long and fruitful relationship with Wirtz and the Browns were already in the ground.

In 1935, Sam Rayburn put the arm on FDR to appoint Johnson as Texas director of the National Youth Administration (NYA). Alvin Wirtz was chairman of the state advisory board for the NYA, which ultimately spent $32 million providing busywork for the hands and minds of Texas youth. Johnson used the opportunity to build a small political machine of his own and to make the acquaintance, through Wirtz, of Herman Brown, whom he asked to serve on the NYA advisory board.

Then, in 1937, Congressman Buchanan died in office, and an election was held to fill his unexpired term. Lyndon Johnson was chosen to succeed him—by Alvin Wirtz, the chief devoted servant in Buchanan's district of the New Deal-business coalition. Oozing encomiums about President Roosevelt, Johnson easily defeated his 11 opponents. Managing his campaign was a crony from his NYA days named Ed Clark, of the old Austin law firm of Looney & Clark which took care of business at the legislature for George and Herman Brown.

By the time the war hit, the alliance between Lyndon and the Browns was already solidly forged. Brown & Root had won REA, WPA and PWA contracts for a chain of dams and power stations on the Texas Highland Lakes and along the Colorado and Pedernales in Johnson's district—thanks to LBJ's efforts on their behalf. President Roosevelt was anxious to have Texas support for his programs, and Johnson, his protégé, got practically everything he asked for. In Johnson's first two years on the Hill alone, he funneled more than $70 million of federal money to the Texas hill country, with Wirtz's help. In 1938 he organized the Pedernales Electric Cooperative, the largest REA cooperative in the nation at the time, with headquarters at Johnson City. He and Wirtz paid a call on the President to ensure the necessary funds. Not surprisingly, Wirtz's law firm, attorneys for Brown & Root, came to represent Texas Rural Electric, a statewide association of REA cooperatives which helped disburse a disproportionate share of building jobs to the central Texas contractor.

But if New Deal porkbarreling put Brown & Root on its feet, it was the war that launched it into the "industrial giant" class. In 1940 came the naval air station at Corpus Christi, Texas—the biggest cost-plus contract ever awarded in the U.S. up to that time—with Brown & Root as one of the prime contractors. It was awarded after President Roosevelt called to his office Navy Secretary Frank Knox and Lyndon Johnson, then a member of the powerful House Naval Affairs Committee. Knox was advised that Johnson should be "consulted" on the Corpus Christi award. Brown & Root got 37-1/2 per cent of the action. Total cost of the air station, more than three times the original estimates, climbed to nearly $100 million.

The Corpus Christi contract was the first time Brown & Root feasted at the Navy trough, but that was only hors d'ouevres. There was Guam in the '40s, Spain in the '50s, Vietnam in the '60s—evidence of what was to be the Navy's general predilection for Texas contractors, and of Johnson's particular predilection for the brothers Brown. It was Congressman Johnson, with an influence over naval affairs entirely out of proportion to his seniority, who threw their way a packet of wartime shipbuilding contracts that must have made even those tough, tightlipped Browns grow vaguely enthusiastic. In mid-1941 they formed the Brown Shipbuilding Co., erected a $6 million shipyard along the Houston ship channel, and built subschapers and a fleet of $5 million destroyer escorts—359 ships in all, employing 25,000 workers at the height of the war. By 1944, Brown Shipbuilding had performed $357,100,000 worth of work for the Navy and ranked 68th...
by volume on the list of prime war suppliers. Although shipbuilding profits were the meat of their war winnings, the Browns picked up plenty of gravy on other government contracts, including the construction of military bases in the Southwest.

[BROWN & ROOT FOR SENATE—1941 AND 1948]

Meanwhile, Lyndon Johnson had twice been reelected to Congress, boasting of the dams and defense work he was bringing to Texas, when in 1941 he decided to run for the Senate in a special election following the death of the incumbent. He set up headquarters in the Brown Building in Austin (owned by Herman Brown) to take on Governor W. Lee (“Pass the Biscuits Pappy”) O’Daniel, and toured the state with a couple of blackface comedians. He lost to O’Daniel in a close race, despite heavy backing from Brown & Root.

In June of 1942, the Internal Revenue Service began investigating the Brown & Root campaign contributions—illegal when donated by a corporation. But what interested the probe was not so much that the Browns had financed Johnson’s campaign in return for multimillion dollar favors—for this has become such common political practice that it has acquired a kind of legitimacy—but an alleged attempt by Brown & Root to evade income taxes by deducting campaign contributions to Johnson as “business expenses,” “attorney’s fees” and “bonuses.” The IRS investigation, under the direction of Special Agent James M. Cooner, was dropped early in 1944, apparently on orders from the White House.

The full story of the ‘41 election probe did not break until March 1956 in the columns of Drew Pearson, at a time when Johnson was trying to block a proposal for mandatory listing of contributions in primary elections. Pearson’s information, from photostat documents of the IRS investigation which had somehow come into his hands, has never been successfully challenged, let alone disproved. Cited was an Internal Revenue exhibit showing that Victoria Gravel Co., a Brown & Root subsidiary, had paid a $5000 “business expense” to an employee who stated under oath that he had mailed $2500 of it to Johnson campaign headquarters. The IRS also uncovered Brown & Root payments of $12,500 in “attorney’s fees,” through Victoria Gravel, to a Houston lawyer who later wrote checks to pay LBJ campaign expenses. Although Johnson denied ever hearing of the lawyer, IRS agents said photostats of checks deposited to the Lyndon Johnson Club at Houston’s Second National Bank revealed that the attorney had indeed paid for radio time, printing and other campaign expenses. The IRS also turned up a series of Brown & Root “bonuses” to the company’s executives—not at Christmas but in the springtime, during and just before Johnson’s 1941 Senate campaign. Among the “bonuses” were $5000 to office manager Carl Burkhart (now senior vice president and secretary) and $30,000 to vice president L. T. Bolin (now senior executive vice president of Brown & Root). Questioned by the IRS, the recipients gave no explanation for the bonuses; nor would they explain what they had done with the money, although most of the checks were cashed within a day of their receipt. Bolin did recall making a contribution to Johnson’s campaign, but was uncertain of the amount. IRS agents were able to refresh his memory when they located Bolin’s checks for $1150 and $1870, both on behalf of the Johnson campaign.

In late 1942, Pearson reported, Brown & Root began complaining to Washington that the inquiries were hindering their war work; IRS agents were accordingly instructed to be “diplomatic.” The investigation continued for 14 months more, suffering fits and starts after renewed complaints from Brown & Root. Then, on January 13, 1944, the ubiquitous Alvin Wirtz, who had served as FDR’s undersecretary of the Interior (on Johnson’s recommendation) and was back again as Brown & Root’s attorney, accompanied Congressman Johnson to the White House for a chat with the President. That afternoon Elmer Irey, the Treasury Department enforcement chief, phoned Dallas to say the President wanted a full report on the investigation; the next morning the Brown & Root file was teletyped to Irey in Washington and shown to Roosevelt. And three days later, a new agent was sent to the Dallas IRS office, and a series of conferences were held to assess Brown & Root’s overall tax liability. The proposed assessment of $1,062,184, plus a fraud penalty of $531,092, was reduced to $372,000. The investigation was over.

How much of Brown & Root’s million dollars in delinquent taxes represented illegally deducted personal or campaign contributions to Johnson was not disclosed. But whatever they may have paid, it is clear that the Browns have reaped a consistently high return on their investment in Lyndon Johnson. As for the contested tax returns of Brown & Root, Victoria Gravel and their implicated employees, they have, fortuitously, disappeared. The records were moved to a quonset hut in South Austin which somehow caught fire and burned to the ground on June 5, 1953. Destroyed were all those disputed tax returns—or so it was said.

The Browns, as we have seen, were heavily dependent on Johnson for the war contracts that made them rich. But when peace was declared in ’45, someone turned down the valve on the government’s bloody money pipeline, and it became once again apparent that Lyndon Johnson in the Senate would be considerably more valuable than Lyndon Johnson in the House. War contracts depend for their very existence on a war policy, and no one had better credentials as a war politician than Johnson. From the beginning of his congressional career, Johnson fought as insistently as anyone for heavy increases in weapons,” “without superior air power America is a bound and throttled giant, impotent and easy prey to any yellow dwarf with a pocket knife.”

Lyndon was in his fifth term when O’Daniel’s Senate seat fell vacant in 1948. The detailed story of Johnson’s fraudulent, 87-vote run-off victory over Governor Coke Stevenson in that primary has been told before—the 203 late-arriving “extra” votes from Precinct 13 of Jim Wells County (202 of them for Johnson), cast by a few dead Mexicans and some live persons who “voted,” curiously enough, virtually in alphabetical order. The maneuvers by LBJ’s campaign manager John Connally to stymie an investigation are also a matter of public
record. Less well known is the fact that Connally was an Alvin Wirtz law partner and a Brown & Root attorney, and that altogether, George and Herman Brown were a major factor in Johnson's '48 victory. They contributed heavily to his campaign, together with representatives of the aircraft industry, and donated the use of company aircraft. When the state Democratic executive committee met to certify candidates for the rubber-stamp November elections, it was one of the Browns' closest business collaborators—Charles I. Francis—who argued the case for Johnson. It was Francis who, in 1947, engineered the sale of the government's war-built Big Inch and Little Big Inch pipelines to the Brown-controlled Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation, today the nation's third largest gas pipeline company, with Francis as stockholder and director and George Brown as chairman of the board. Francis argued the case again in federal district court, this time losing. Federal Judge T. Whitfield Davidson, finding prima facie evidence of "fraud in the manipulation and counting of votes" in Precinct 13, issued a temporary injunction prohibiting the secretary of state from putting Johnson's name on the ballot, and opened a federal court investigation.

When Johnson took his case directly to the U.S. Supreme Court and Justice Hugo Black—who, after a hasty hearing in his chambers, ruled in Johnson's favor, canceling the Davidson investigation—it was Francis again, together with New Deal/big business attorney Abe Fortas (now on the Supreme Court), who presented his case. Directing the battle in Texas were Alvin Wirtz and Ed Clark. The same Alvin Wirtz who helped quash the IRS investigation of Brown & Root contributions to Johnson's '41 campaign and whose law partner, Ben H. Powell Jr., became senior vice president and general counsel of Brown & Root. The same Ed Clark who managed Johnson's first campaign for Congress; whose law partner, Donald Thomas, runs the Brazos-Tenth Street Co., widely believed to be a front for part of LBJ's estimated $14 million personal fortune; and who is today Lyndon's ambassador to Australia, lobbying for Texas business investment down under. These were the very same Alvin Wirtz and Ed Clark whose law firms have histories as highly paid lobbyists and counsel for Brown & Root.

**[THE BEAUTIFUL THING ABOUT A WAR . . .]**

*Texas is a state with one senator from Standard Oil and one senator from Brown & Root—WAYNE MORSE, 1953.*

The beautiful thing about a war, for a company like this, is that it's always good for business—before, during and after. The flow of jobs to Brown & Root did not stop with the Japanese surrender. There was the reconstruction; more important still, the huge new foreign markets opening up for America, the only major capitalist country to survive the war with its economy intact. The war had not only built the likes of Brown & Root, Kaiser and Reynolds into large, diversified concerns; it had also crippled our foreign competitors, permitting an immense American business expansion abroad. Thus, Brown & Root, once a creature of the government contract, did only 12 per cent of its business with the government in 1966, by the company's own calculations. The rest was for private industry in the United States and more than 36 foreign countries and territories, as well as for foreign governments. But that 12 per cent figure can be misleading if we fail to consider the size of the Browns' holdings, and their more than a billion dollars worth of business over the last 27 years in direct support of war.

One of their first postwar jobs was the construction, with two other contractors, of Navy and Air Force bases on Guam, now a major logistical base for the Vietnam war. The Navy contract was for $130,000,000, but as usual this was far below the actual cost on completion. Before the job was over, Brown & Root was at work on the Pacific islands of Koror, Ponape, Turk and Saipan as well. The Cold War was on, and in the five years following Hiroshima an estimated $100 million in additional war work went the Browns' way, including a big job in Canada and Alaska rehabilitating the DEW line. During the Korean War, Brown & Root had an estimated $10 million cost-plus-contract to overhaul medium tanks, and another to machine turrets and hulls for new medium tanks.

Johnson, meanwhile, was moving with unprecedented speed up the Senate ladder—from Democratic whip (1951), to minority leader (1953), to majority leader after his reelection in 1954. He was also a member of the Armed Services Committee and, after 1950, chairman of the Preparedness Subcommittee—all of which put him in an admirable position to influence the award of defense contracts. Moreover, Johnson was Eisenhower's most valued lieutenant in the Senate, and Lyndon in turn had great pull with the President. Their close alliance was not in the least unusual. They were sympathetic to essentially the same interests—big oil and natural gas, big utilities, big aerospace and defense contractors—the same "military-industrial complex" that Ike waited until his farewell address to excoriate. It was not surprising, therefore, that Brown & Root won a healthy pile of contracts from the Eisenhower Administration. For when Ike carried Texas over Adlai Stevenson in '52 and '56, he did it not only with the behind-the-scenes support of Lyndon's Boy, John Connally, but with that of George and Herman Brown. And when contract time came, Ike could scarcely have forgotten the benevolent neutrality, during those campaigns, of Senator Johnson himself.

The '50s saw Brown & Root fighting on at least two fronts—the hot war in Korea and the Cold War in Europe. With partners, the company was management contractor under the Air Force for the construction of nine NATO air bases in France, a $200 million-plus contract. Then came Spain, where Brown & Root teamed up with Raymond International and Walsh Construction Co. on a $357 million cost-plus contract awarded by the Navy. The Houston Post reported that more than 150 companies had competed for the job. Brown-Raymond-Walsh, as the consortium was known, built four major U.S. Air Force bases, a large naval base and complete support facilities, ranking among the top 40 military prime contractors.

The U.S. General Accounting Office (GAO) was not too happy with Brown-Raymond-Walsh (BRW). In reports issued in 1960 and 1963, the GAO accused the contractors of overcharging the government $6.7 million by claiming (and collecting) excessive administrative costs. The charges, in keeping with the staid character of the GAO, were diplomatically couched. In December 1960, the GAO reported to Congress that when part of the contract was converted from a "cost-plus-fee" to a "fixed price" basis, the fixed price included "administrative cost allowances . . . about $6.7 million in excess of reasonable estimates . . . ." Included in this amount was $3,875,000 the contractors collected from the Navy for
expenses incurred at their home offices. But under the fixed price agreement, the allowance for "home office expenses" had been specifically set at $535,000 ceiling. In other words, Brown-Raymond-Walsh had been specifically set at a price for the Navy at its end, money the Navy was not contractually obligated to pay, which business world with no questions asked. The GAO contended that the three contractors had simply charged off a portion of their normal home office overhead to the BRW contract. "We found no evidence," said the GAO, and BRW has presented none, to show that the home offices of the individual joint ventures performed any significant services for which they had not been otherwise adequately reimbursed." Another item on the GAO list was $463,000 in "bonuses paid to American employees," which BRW had agreed would be paid out of profits but which was claimed as contract costs. Again, the Navy did not question it: they paid it.

The GAO charges were specific and essentially unchallenged, and the Navy promised to do something about it. A Navy official informed a congressional subcommittee that as of April 1, 1961, the Navy had recovered $5.1 million of the excessive allowances in breathtakingly simple fashion: by placing additional work with BRW with "little or no allowance for the contractor's related administrative costs."

But the GAO charged in its 1963 report that the Navy had "overstated the amount of recovery by $2.1 million" by juggling the terms of the contract and its change orders. "The Navy's actual recovery by placing additional work under the contract was about $3 million," the report said, pointing out that some of the Navy's claimed recovery of excessive costs resulted from duplicate accounting of jobs already performed. The GAO clearly implied that the Navy's preposterous $2.1 million "error" in BRW's favor was deliberate. To the GAO the errors were "evident" and "obvious." Moreover, the GAO report stated that when BRW finally terminated operations in May 1962, the Navy still had not recovered the outstanding $3.7 million from the contractor. While the GAO was urging Defense Secretary McNamara to "initiate any action which may be available to him, and is necessary, to obtain . . . recovery of the excessive administrative costs now outstanding," the Navy blandly stated its opinion that "the contractor is under no legal obligation to effect any refund..."

It is significant that throughout the Spain bases controversy the secretary of the Navy was John Connally, whose association with Brown & Root has been as close and longstanding as Lyndon's. (In Connally's 1964 primary campaign for governor of Texas, George Brown and his executives were to report contributions of $4500; associates of the First City National Bank of Houston, in which Brown has sizable holdings and influence, reported individual contributions to Connally in excess of $9500; Brown & Root's Washington lobbyist, Frank Oltorf, also contributed.) As a result, Brown & Root and co-venturers were in a much better position to silence the unpleasant business than the GAO was to keep it alive. One would have thought, at least, that the Pentagon would be wary of awarding future contracts to such obvious predators on the public treasury. But Raymond International and Brown & Root were promptly hired for one of the biggest base-building jamborees in history—Vietnam. Once again, the eagle-eyed GAO looked into the books, and came up with a report on contractor irregularities that made Spain look like small potatoes.

[W]hen Houstonians want to refer to something gigantic, they often describe it as being "of Brown & Root dimensions." But the Browns hardly ever sought publicity—for good reason, as we have seen. Houston man-about-town columnist George Fuermann tells of a rare interview George Brown once granted to Time magazine. Brown gave one of three answers to all significant questions: 1) "I'm not informed on that"; 2) "I don't know"; and 3) "No."

Brown & Root's assets and income have climbed geometrically from the early road contracting days. Balance sheets filed at the secretary of state's office in Austin show assets of $658,000 on December 31, 1935 (with a net profit for that year of $122,000), and $1,147,000 on December 31, 1937, after the New Deal contracts began to flow in. War contracts brought the corporation's June 30, 1942 assets to $5,332,000, and that excludes Brown Shipbuilding Co., its biggest warbreadwinner. The last balance sheet on file, dated October 31, 1954 (before the Spain contracts), gives a profit-loss surplus of $13,271,000 and assets of $27,497,000. The figures are those reported by the company and do not include the concealed assets for which the Browns were famous.

With Herman Brown's death in 1962, George sold the company for an alleged $36,745,000 to the Halliburton Company, the world's leading oil and gas service company, acquiring Halliburton stock in the process. Brown & Root continues to operate independently as a subsidiary of Halliburton. According to the authoritative Engineering News Record, Brown & Root alone did $639 million worth of business in 1965, $211 million of it outside the U.S.

All over the world, wherever big money is spent, George Brown has holdings. His interests own or control companies dealing in insurance, real estate and banking, as well as oil and gas production, distribution and service. They control Texas Eastern Transmission, which after the war bought up the government-built Big Inch and Little Big Inch pipelines for $750 million—a fraction of present value—and grew to a net worth of more than $1 billion in 1966. The acquisition made the Browns a power in the oil industry, and it was through them that Johnson's intimate ties with the industry developed. Throughout his career, George Brown has "remembered" his political friends. In one bank, the Capital National in Austin, Brown interests were co-stockholders as of 1964 with Ed Clark; Lyndon's ambassador to Australia; former Texas governors Allan Shivers and Dan Moody; two Johnson-controlled trust funds; and the Brazos-Tenth Street Co. The Browns used to control the $91 million bank (Herman was board chairman), but control has passed to what Texans call the "Johnson group." It is part of what appears to be a concerted drive by Johnson to acquire control of central Texas banking.

But if Brown was willing to give Lyndon his little bank in Austin, he is still a major power in Houston banking, with substantial holdings in the $900 million First City National Bank and reported interests in at least six others. Moreover, he has long ago ceased being a strictly Texas tycoon. He is not only board chairman of Brown & Root and Texas Eastern Transmission, but a director of International Telephone and Telegraph, ARMCO Steel, TWA and other corporate giants.

And there is no telling how much Brown has invested under little-
known “street names,” set up by banks to disguise ownership of companies by corporate buccaneers.

Another interesting family enterprise is the Brown Foundation, to which Herman bequeathed much of his holdings and which acquired most of the $36 million paid by the Halliburton Co. for Brown & Root. Assets as of mid-1965 were reported at $74,490,000. Aside from the Foundation’s tax-free business investments ($55,882,000 in corporate stocks alone), it has contributed to the Lyndon B. Johnson State Park and heavily to oil-rich Rice University. It also contributed to the Vernon Fund, a CIA conduit in Washington ($95,000 in 1960; $150,000 in 1962), and to the CIA’s Radio Free Europe. Especially intriguing are the Brown Foundation gifts to the American Friends of the Middle East (AFME), a CIA-supported group working closely with various Arab countries—where Brown & Root and other Brown-affiliated companies do a healthy business servicing the oil industry. The first donation to AFME on record was $50,000 in 1960. Not long afterward, Brown & Root won a contract to lay oil pipelines in Saudi Arabia for the Arabian-American Oil Co., a consortium of U.S. oil companies—itself a contributor to AFME. There followed a $50,000 donation to AFME in 1962 and another for $150,000 in 1964, as the Near East contracts continued to flow in. It is a short step from backing Lyndon to helping the CIA subsidize the propaganda activities of Arab governments.

Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, Saudi Arabia, Egypt—wherever the oil is, Brown is, too. But his self-interest in helping pro-Arab causes is not limited to immediate contract benefits. As Thomas D. Cabot, head of the Boston-based Cabot Foundation (which also contributed to AFME) and the Cabot Corporation (which extracts carbon black from Middle East oil), wrote in the Christian Science Monitor in 1953: “Oil is the key to war, the Middle East the key to adequate oil, and [pre-Nasser] Egypt the key to the Middle East. We need the friendship of Egypt. . . .” Since one of the apparent aims of the CIA is to make the world safe for U.S. business, it is small wonder that a man like George Brown would cooperate.

Brown’s interests were also peripherally involved in other CIA funding operations. William A. Smith, a director of Brown’s Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation and senior board chairman of Southern National Bank (a Texas Eastern property), was a founder and trustee of one of AFME’s principal benefactors, the San Jacinto Fund. This mysterious tax-exempt foundation received large contributions from anonymous sources and dispersed them to such CIA favorites as AFME (which received $500,000 from the Fund in 1960-61) and the National Student Association. Headquarters for the Fund were in Houston’s San Jacinto Building, downstairs from the offices of the Brown Foundation and several of George’s oil companies.

Other elements of the Houston corporate aristocracy associated with Brown in banking and business ventures also volunteered to provide secret conduits for CIA money. The interlocking ties are of bewildering complexity. One such conduit is the M.D. Anderson Foundation, which shares with Brown and the Brown Foundation major holdings in Houston’s First City National Bank and owns stock in the Brown-affiliated American General Insurance Co. (whose board chairman, Gus Wortham, is a longtime friend and financier of Lyndon Johnson). LBJ’s pal Leon Jaworski, an attorney for big eastern interests in Texas, is an M.D. Anderson trustee; his law partner, John H. Freeman, is the foundation’s president. A close banking associate of the M. D. Anderson Foundation, Ernest Cockrell Jr., is a founder and trustee of the San Jacinto Fund. With George Brown on the First City National board are two executives of Quintana Petroleum Corporation, whose vice president, Douglas B. Marshall, set up the Marshall Foundation, a pipeline for government subsidies to AFME and other CIA charities. George Brown lunches regularly, since Herman’s death, with Oveta Culp Hobby, Eisenhower’s first secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, publisher of the Houston Post, friend of LBJ—and founder of the Hobby Foundation, another CIA conduit to AFME. George A. Butler, a director of Texas Eastern Transmission and other Brown-affiliated companies, as well as of the Houston Post, is a Hobby Foundation trustee. William P. Hobby, Oveta’s son and another foundation trustee, readily admitted the CIA link. And he probably summed up the sentiments of George Brown and all these millionaire beneficiaries of federal largesse when he said: “We are glad to have done it and proud to have been of service to the federal government.”

Practically all large corporations are “political,” but Brown & Root is an extra-special case. For years Herman Brown ran the Texas legislature as a one-man show, employing two or three full-time lobbyists plus a stable of lobbyist-lawyers. “You couldn’t get any bill through the legislature,” recalls an Austin lawyer, “without the okay of Herman’s lobbyists.” Texas journalist Hart Stilwell wrote of Brown in The Nation in 1951: “Politically he is already the most powerful man in Texas and close to bossing the entire state.” When trade unions tried to organize some of Herman’s companies, he pushed a bill through the legislature making union shops illegal, and in 1950 arranged for a court order enjoining 92 unions from picketing any of his jobs. (The term “Brown & Root job” is a household expression among Texas workingmen used to describe anything distasteful or un­rewarding.) State highway contracts ($100 million in 1950) cascaded Brown’s way. Tax laws were written by the Texas Research League and “ratified” by the legislature; the league, which saw to it that Texas got more annual revenue from cigarettes than from oil and gas, consisted of Brown, his close allies, Humble Oil and Texas Gulf Sulphur, and a roster of the major economic powers of the state. This was the Brown machine, or the Johnson machine, as it was later called. It ran the state and brooked no interference.

Texas of the ’40s and early ’50s was still a state where industrial safety and the minimum wage were practically communist demands, and Herman Brown wanted to keep it that way. He could be vindictive to those who opposed him. When Stuart Long, a popular Austin radio commentator on station KVET, started making pro-labor noises, Herman had him fired. That was easy, for the chief owner of KVET was John Connally. KVET had been established as a satellite of Lady Bird Johnson’s radio station KTBC, located (where else?) in Herman’s very own Brown Building in downtown Austin. Later, as LBJ grew in power, Texas Democratic politicians would tell how they had incurred Lyndon’s wrath after crossing paths with Herman Brown.
Wherever the power is, the Browns have sought it out, cultivated it, incorporated it as another political subsidiary—from the lowest levels of Houston government on up. Their machine supports candidates for school board, legislature, Congress, with the full force of the Brown & Root organization. Contributions are made in curious ways. One common practice is an “annual safety show” organized by one of the city’s political law firms, for which Brown & Root will buy a (tax-deductible) block of $7.50 tickets for its employees. Grass-roots political organizing is another Brown specialty. Employees are encouraged to address personal postcards to their friends (postage paid by the company), urging them to vote for company-approved candidates. Saturation mailings giving the Brown & Root line on political issues are dispatched from such organizations as the “Conservative Action Club” at 4100 Clinton Drive, the company offices. C. D. Stephens, the company’s full-time political education officer, holds regular indoctrination briefings for employees. The Brown & Root house organ, although occasionally prone to lapse into mystical conservatism, stated the company’s political principles quite concretely in a recent issue. “Where a political issue directly affects the conduct of business,” it said, “whatever benefits one employee of Brown & Root affects all employees—whether vice president or craftsman. Legislation harmful to the aggregate productivity and profits of Brown & Root people is harmful to each.”

Those principles were rigorously applied last year to two congressional primary races in Houston. The incumbents, Albert Thomas and Bob Casey, who had represented Brown & Root in Congress for years, were threatened with an uprising of Texas liberals who wanted nothing to do with Brown. One of the challengers, Attorney Bill Kilgarlin, described the two campaigns: “On election day, Brown & Root had three hand-bill-pushers in practically every precinct in the two districts—about 350 of their employees in all, by rough count—and getting overtime because it was Saturday. Their forerunners had set it up. They were driven to the polls and told they would be picked up when the polls closed to be taken back to the Brown & Root grounds. It was just their job for the day.” When the results were in, George Brown had won a split decision. His boy Casey was reelected. His boy Thomas unfortunately died, and his stand-in lost—despite the full-time assistance of C. D. Stephens, Brown & Root’s agit-prop specialist, and despite Brown’s personal intervention with Oveta Culp Hobby to ensure the endorsement of the Houston Post.

There is a story that George Brown kept two dogs at the Huntlands, his estate in Virginia where Senator Johnson had his near-fatal heart attack in 1955. One dog was called “Albert,” the other, “Thomas,” and when Lyndon would drop in for a visit, which was often, George would stoop, snap his fingers and call, “Here, Albert. Here, Thomas.” Lyndon, reportedly, was invariably amused. The unkind anecdote is surprising, because Albert and George had been close friends ever since they were classmates at Rice University in Houston. George, moreover, had taken $500,000 of Brown Foundation money and founded the Albert Thomas Chair of Political Science at Rice—most appropriate, for Thomas was a genius at the kind of business proxyship that passes for politics in America. As chairman of the Independent Offices Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, he had virtual life or death power over funding for Civil Defense, the Veterans Administration and NASA, among other agencies.

When President Kennedy was on his Civil Defense kick, he discovered that Thomas didn’t believe in Civil Defense, and that until he made a believer of the congressman no amount of presidential pounding would shake an appropriation out of Thomas’ subcommittee. Kennedy failed to convince him and Civil Defense became a dead issue. It was perhaps Kennedy’s mistake that he neglected to guarantee Brown & Root a piece of the civil defending.

Kennedy was also keen on space, but again Albert Thomas was not so keen. Some appropriations went through, others were held up, interminably it seemed to Kennedy, particularly the Manned Spacecraft Center for which some 20 cities were clamoring. The logical place for the space center was near the launching pad at Cape Canaveral, Florida, certainly not on a treeless coastal plain 22 miles from Houston, just outside Thomas’ district. But realpolitik intervened, Houston won the space center and Thomas, thereafter, was an enthusiastic convert to space. Also helpful in the award were the chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Council, Lyndon Johnson; a member of the House Science and Astronautics Committee, Bob Casey, of Houston; and that man with a passion for anonymity, George R. Brown. Marvin Hurley, of the Houston Chamber of Commerce, writes about it in his book, Decisive Years for Houston: “Early in June, 1961... I heard rumors of some type of new installation for the nation’s space effort, and made calls at the office of Vice-President Johnson and upon Congressmen Albert Thomas and Bob Casey... The inspection team conducted its investigation a few weeks later... George R. Brown was especially effective in working out site arrangements with Congressman Thomas.”

The land on which the space center was to be built belonged to Humble Oil & Refining Co., largest oil company in Texas (now a subsidiary of Jersey Standard) and an old political and business friend of Brown & Root. “Mother Humble” was apparently prey to the same charitable impulses that led the Rockefellers to give a parcel of New York’s East River slum land to the United Nations, only to see their surrounding real estate skyrocket in value. Humble Oil’s donation of 1000 acres to NASA was arranged through Rice University; George Brown, chairman of the board of trustees, was a key figure in the negotiations. In the process, Humble, Rice and Brown made a killing. Not only did Humble’s surrounding land values go up, but its real estate subsidiary snatched plenty of business building an industrial park at nearby Bayport on the Houston Ship Channel; recreational facilities, and a huge housing development (for which Johnson crony Jack Valenti, a former Humble employee, won the advertising contract). Rice University won a government-subsidized space science department, and became a NASA contractor, very much like any other business.

Brown & Root, of course, was a prime contractor in building the $250 million center. And it has, with the Northrop Corporation, a continuing scientific maintenance contract awarded over nine other bidders and now worth $10 million a year. NASA awarded another maintenance contract to Darius Field, a Brown & Root subsidiary and one of the few unionized jobs in the entire company. But Brown & Root’s space winnings did not stop with the government contracts. The company performed about 80 per cent of last year’s heavy highway and industrial construction in space center suburbs, built a $1 million “spaceland airpark,” began a $100 million project to
develop nearby Nassau Bay, and was the principal contractor in Humble Oil's $900 million project at Bayport. And all because George Brown was "especially effective in working out site arrangements" with Congressman Albert Thomas.

**[1000 TICKETS TO THE WHITE HOUSE DOOR]**

Another agency subject to the whims of Thomas and his subcommittee was the National Science Foundation (NSF), which in 1962 awarded a most unusual contract to Brown & Root—digging a hole in the ocean floor four miles deep. Known as Project Mohole (or Project Rathole as one congressman termed it), it cost the government $55 million before it was scuttled. It seems that a group of scientists wanted to see what the rocks looked like, down where the earth's crust meets its mantle at a boundary known as the "Mohorovicic discontinuity," or Moho. A hole through the Moho would be, of course, a Mohole, and the scientists wanted to get on it immediately. Some even raised the frightening possibility that the Russians might get there first. Bidding on the Mohole were some of our leading corporations, including five oil companies, General Electric and Aerojet General. To them any immediate profit from the contract was as nothing; what counted was the technical knowledge to be acquired from drilling a hole of unprecedented depth from a floating platform, and the competitive advantage for the company that won the job.

Brown & Root's bid was late and unexpected. Its proposal, in contrast to the detailed, technical outlines of other bidders, was sketchy. Rated by a panel of experts on a 1000-point scoring system, taking into account "drilling experience" and, of all things, "responsiveness to the public interest," Brown & Root placed fifth, more than 100 points behind the leader, Socony Mobil. By the time the contestants had been rated and re-rated, and after NSF consultations with Albert Thomas, who held the purse strings, the bid procedure was dropped and the contract negotiated—with Brown & Root, at a price almost double the low bid. NSF explained that, although Socony Mobil and another contestant had the deep drilling experience that Brown & Root lacked, awarding the contract to an oil company would give it an "unfair competitive advantage" in the industry. Surely NSF members were aware that George Brown was already a power in the oil industry; if they were not, they must have found out during the ensuing controversy when President Johnson appointed the president of Humble Oil to the NSF board. And six months later, Brown & Root merged with Halliburton, the world's largest supplier of oil-well services and equipment, and prepared to get an education in deep well drilling—at government expense.

Mohole was a subject of congressional outrage throughout its four-year life, as estimated cost on completion rose to three times the original contract price. Its most fervent support came from representatives of Texas, Utah and California, where contracts were let, and Hawaii, where the hole was to be drilled. But even the outraged seemed motivated largely by pique over the failure of favored companies to win the award—like Senator Allott, of Colorado, where Socony Mobil has an installation. Funds for the project were blocked briefly, but with Albert Thomas at the valve they didn't stay shut off for long. The project went ahead slowly. For Brown & Root, assured of a $1.8 million fixed fee and a cut on the subcontracting, Mohole had lower priority than its bigger contracts, first NASA and then Vietnam. In 1965 it let a $30 million subcontract for the drilling platform to National Steel and Shipbuilding, of San Diego. Unsurprisingly, National Steel is 50 per cent owned by Morrison-Knudsen, Brown & Root's partner in Vietnam, and 50 per cent owned by Kaiser Industries, an old Johnson ally with a base-building contract in Thailand.

The Mohole controversy blew hot again on May 5, 1966 when, after Albert Thomas' death, the House Appropriations Committee refused to approve $19.7 million in additional Mohole funds requested by the President. Congressman Casey, of Brown & Root and Houston, who had two family members on the Mohole payroll (and who, like Johnson, made a habit of flying around the country in Brown company planes), failed in a last vain attempt to save it. By the time the House considered the Mohole funding again in August, a timely $23,000 contribution to the President's Club by George Brown's family was already public knowledge, and Mohole was definitely scrapped. President's Club reports showed that Brown's three daughters and their husbands made six donations totaling $23,000, all on May 13—eight days after the Appropriations Committee killed the Mohole funding and six days before President Johnson made a special appeal for the money. This was also more than two weeks after the President's Club dinner in Houston, by which time most of the city's party patrons had recorded their contributions. Brown himself had contributed $2000 the week before this dinner. "We do things in a family way," said Brown of his daughters' benefactions.

Brown's executives do things in a family way: Brown & Root president Herbert Frenley donated $1000 to the club (at the same time sending telegrams to congressmen urging their support for Mohole), and Texas Eastern Transmission vice president John F. Lynch kicked in $2000 during the same period. (Other 1966 contributions to the club included $10,000 from W. W. Heath, a millionaire Austin businessman, lobbyist and lawyer whom Johnson appointed this year as ambassador to Sweden; $1000 from Leon Jaworski, LBJ's crony and trustee of the CIA-serving M.D. Anderson Foundation, who is reportedly under consideration for the next vacant seat on the U.S. Supreme Court; and $1000 from H. B. Zachry, a San Antonio builder with a fat war contract in Thailand.)

Rarely has the facade of our corporation government been lifted so dramatically as during the Mohole/President's Club debates. "Influence peddling" is much too weak a phrase to describe the chronic and wholesale purchase of government officials by large corporations, which had gone on for three-quarters of a century before the President's Club was even a gleam in Lyndon's eye. Yet it went unnoticed by most Americans, except perhaps Texans, whose oral tradition is rich with satire about the raw exercise of corporate power in government. Today that power has increased to a point where discretion is no longer thought necessary.

The new brashness was first evidenced during the 1964 Democratic National Convention with the sale of high-priced corporation ads in the convention program, estimated to have enriched party coffers by more than a million dollars. More recently, such elephantine government contractors as Hughes Aircraft and Lockheed paid $15,000 a page to advertise in a Johnson-inspired guide to the Great Society. But the President's Club, by far the biggest Democratic fund raiser, is the nerviest
of them all. It collected more than $4 million between the '64 election and September of last year alone. And it's exclusive: only contributors of $1000 or more can join. Clifton Carter, a Johnson troubleshooter since the '30s and, until August 1966, executive director of the Democratic National Committee, explained the club to prospective members at meetings held last year in major cities. "Members," he said, "are assured of a direct relationship with President Johnson. Members who want to talk to the President, the vice president, or one of their assistants have only to contact my office. Members will immediately be put in contact with whomever they want to reach."

Carter said Johnson uses members "to solicit advice" in making appointments and "in developing a consensus on important domestic and foreign issues." At a meeting of wealthy Democratic Party patrons in San Antonio, Carter said the club would be used "to strengthen the President's hand as he builds your kind of Democratic Party." He said they could have confidence that Johnson himself would decide on the distribution of club funds to 1966 congressional candidates; the implication was that Johnson's favorites would receive more campaign money than other candidates of the party. By this time, Carter and Johnson had moved to ensure close control of President's Club operations. Nine months before the big '66 donations began to roll in, Johnson had already taken the membership list out of the hands of party treasurer Richard Maguire, and named the secretary of Marvin Watson, Johnson's trusted aide, as its custodian.

The Brown family's well-timed gift was one of several similar "coincidences" to come out during the House debate on the President's Club, all well-reported in the press. Among them was the case of the Anheuser-Busch brewery, which had an antitrust suit against it dismissed a few weeks after company officials and their wives gave $10,000 to the club. Of course, not all the President's Club donors stood to gain quite so immediately from their gifts to LBJ's war chest. There were long-term gainers too, like defense contractors H. B. Zachry and George Brown. According to Defense Department figures, Texas' share of military prime contracts jumped from 4.0 per cent in the 1962 fiscal year ($1 billion), to 6.6 per cent in fiscal 1966 ($2.3 billion); Texas moved in the same period from the seventh to the third-ranking state in war profiteering, right behind California and New York. It is perhaps not unrelated that of all contributions to the President's Club in the first five months of 1966, more than half were from the Texas rich.

Republican Congressman Donald Rumsfeld of Illinois was shocked. "The continuing revelations of 'coincidences,'" he said, "which attract the most unlikely business and political bedfellows to the privacy and intimacy of the President's Club, certainly would suggest to all but the most innocent mind that the President's Club is where the action is." He took the cases of Anheuser-Busch and George Brown (whom he called a "prime mover in the Houston cell of the President's Club"); added Clift Carter's statements about club members' hot-line privileges and influence at the White House, and threw them in Lyndon Johnson's lap. "If that isn't the implication the President wants the club to have," he said, "he has only to so state. He has not so stated." Three days later at a press conference, Johnson did issue a perfunctory denial, although indirectly, and ducked all direct questions about the club. Said the President: "You can expect to hear political charges of this kind until November." And he was right, in part, because after November nobody said much about the President's Club any more.

[VIETNAM—THE BUSINESS OF PATRIOTISM]

Mohole is little more than a drop in the Brown & Root bucket.
—GEORGE R. BROWN, AUGUST 1966

The capacity of the Brown & Root bucket is certainly vast, even by Texas standards. And it may prove to be bottomless as well.—CONGRESSMAN DONALD RUMSFELD

A cross from the Cathedral in Saigon at the headquarters of RMK-BRJ, the biggest war construction combine in history, a vinegary lady from Texas was leafing through the atlas-sized folders of names, badge numbers and IBM code data. "Who do you want to see? What are their badge numbers? Well, they've all been purified. You know, shipped home."

Fifteen miles away at Bien Hoa, the Brown & Root construction stiffs were sitting around the mess hall talking. "When they don't need you any more they surplus you, like an old generator; but you don't care, because you're only in Vietnam for the money anyway, and the money's good."

He was still drunk from the night before, but for him as for most of "the horrible ones," as American construction foremen are called, drink was a refuge from any vestigial qualms of conscience. "We're just building all this for the VC anyway. They'll take it over when the time comes. Already we're paying 'taxes' to the VC, to keep our equipment on the road. Half our Vietnamese work force are VC, come to work in the morning half-asleep because they've been up all night shooting mortars, and they steal us blind. But Brown & Root don't care: they'd build bases for the devil himself if the fee was good."

When Brown & Root came to Vietnam in August 1965 to help with the escalation it was like old home week. There (since 1962) were Raymond International, its partner in the Spain base-building, and Morrison-Knudsen, its partner in an $86 million federal dam project at Los Banos, California. Joining them in August was J. A. Jones Construction, a Brown & Root teammate since they shared a $17 million Army pork-barrel contract to rehabilitate a South Dakota dam. Put them all together and it spells RMK-BRJ, responsible for $1.2 billion of Secretary McNamara's $1.6 billion "final price tag" on military construction in Vietnam. Morrison-Knudsen is the "managing partner," with 40 per cent of the take; Brown & Root, Jones and Raymond each own 20 per cent of the action.

The action, of course, is almost over. After two years of frantic activity, more than a billion dollars of construction is already in place, leaving tiny South Vietnam littered with airfields, headquarters, barracks, and everywhere those eerie tropos - scatter antennas bringing George Orwell to the Southeast Asian jungles. Danang and Cam Ranh Bay, $150 million each and now two of the finest ports in Asia; a sprawling headquarters complex at Long Binh, including "the ole LBJ" as soldiers call the Long Binh military jail; a $1 million U.S. Embassy, with a helipad to spare Ambassador Bunker the dangers of the Saigon streets; and at Tan Son Nhat Airport, General Westmoreland's own $25 million "Pentagon West" (or Pentagon East as the old colonials call it)—RMK-BRJ-LBJ built them all. Even some of those Saigon streets.

Today, as the lady said, they're surpassing. From a peak
employment of 51,000 last year—including 4100 Americans, 3800 Koreans and Filipinos (mostly skilled) and 41,000 Vietnamese—the work force has dwindled to about a fourth that size. But it was a good deal while it lasted—for the Americans, that is. With salaries ranging up to $2000 for engineers and averaging well over $1200, exemption from income tax if they stayed 18 months, and infinite possibilities for profit-making sidelines, it was the American Dream come true for those sour, noisy "stateside rejects."

But the high wages paid to attract skilled foreigners to the war zone did not represent any change in Brown & Root's traditionally venmost attitude toward labor—not that its partners or the Navy were any more beneficent. The combine depended on mass labor from the countryside. Wages paid to these workers, based on a 1957 scale and lower than the hourly rates local contractors were paying, would buy very little in the inflation economy of 1966. (RMK-BRJ, then the country's largest private employer, had helped to create that inflation, not only as an employer but through large-scale currency manipulations on the black market by its American staff.) A Vietnamese carpenter made $45 a month, the occasional chief accountant $210. The average Vietnamese wage was around $35. But the mass of the labor force, unskilled workers, were making as little as $21 a month—17 piastres or 8 cents an hour, at the real market exchange rate, for a 60-hour week. American employees earned on an average nearly 60 times the wage of Vietnamese laborers. The wage differential—4100 Americans with monthly earnings over $5 million; 41,000 Vietnamese drawing $1.4 million a month—is comparable only to the white-colored pay differential in South Africa.

In May of last year, when labor discontent erupted into 11 separate strikes or riots on company sites, there were charges—and some vague admissions—that Americans were treating their Vietnamese workers as slaves. Beatings were reported with monotonous regularity, and one worker was fatally shot by an American guard. Revealing was the well-organized strike of May 9 against the New Port outside Saigon, a $60 million project under the direction of Brown & Root, which had prime responsibility for Region III surrounding the capital. The strikers charged that a Brown & Root supervisor had "treated workers as slaves on five occasions," and demanded his removal. Courtney Roberts, the RMK-BRJ labor relations director, said their charges were "largely unfounded" but had the man transferred anyway. "Had their charges been made against some of our other Americans," he conceded, "they might have been justified."

In some areas it was common RMK-BRJ practice to do their hiring at nearby internment camps among the "refugees"—most of whom had been either forcibly removed from their homes in NLF-controlled areas in preparation for a U.S.-allied attack, or driven out by U.S. bombs. Recruiting these otherwise jobless people to build U.S. bases, after uprooting them from their land and source of livelihood, amounts, in the kindest terms applicable, to forced labor.

The Navy contract was of the "more-you-waste-the-more-you-profit-so-damn-the-cost" variety, or cost-plus-percent-of-cost. Until May of last year, it provided a profit of 3 per cent of the "estimated cost" of construction. (Estimated cost includes labor, overhead and all equipment and materials pur chased by the contractor.) In May, the contract was converted; thereafter, profit was reduced to 1.7 percent of estimated cost, with an additional "incentive fee," based on a performance rating by the Navy, which could raise profits as high as 2.46 per cent. But "incentives" were awarded for speed, not economy; and for the first six months under the new arrangement, RMK-BRJ collected 2.31 per cent or most of the "incentive." All contract changes taken into account, the partners stand to make approximately $30 million in profit by the time their $1.2 billion project is completed. Brown & Root's share will come to about $6 million.

The partners insist they would much rather be somewhere else where the profit rate is higher, a somewhat questionable plea in view of the billion-dollar volume and the resulting dramatic rise in their gross profits. John P. Harbin, vice president of Brown & Root's parent Halliburton Company, said they agreed to go to Vietnam "mainly for patriotic reasons"; their business patriotism contributed to admitted 1966 revenues for Brown & Root 57 per cent higher than the previous year. Harbin said Brown & Root had been particularly reluctant to sign the Vietnam contract because it required the company to take out a $50,000 war risk insurance policy on every American employee. This couldn't have been too great a burden, however, since after April 1966 the Navy reimbursed the contractors for all war risk insurance premiums.

Morrison-Knudsen also adopted a patriotic stance. "While the return is not commensurate with the enormity of the effort involved," said a recent report to the stockholders, "we consider the company's role in the war zone as an obligation to our country and trust that stockholders wholeheartedly accept our position." The stockholders undoubtedly accepted the company's income position for the first half of 1966, because it was twice the figure reported the year before. Vietnam helped to pull Raymond International out of a deficit in the first six months of 1965 to its highest six-month earnings in this decade a year later. But even the sizable reported profits do not account for half the money these companies and their executives are sucking in from the Vietnam war. The reason? "air" in the costs.

In all fairness to the contractors, it should be said that they have put down an immense amount of construction in an unprecedentedly short period of time (reaching $3 million worth each day in the spring of 1967), under constant pressure from the military to speed it up and "damn the cost." This was an attitude shared by President Johnson, who a decade before had warned against letting the Korean War become a "bookkeeping war." As a result the bookkeeping was for a long time largely in the hands of RMK-BRJ officials, whose patriotism is, of course, unquestioned. But sometimes, in the scatter of construction, the confusion got out of hand. Witness this exchange from hearings of a Senate appropriations subcommittee earlier this year:

SENATOR SYMINGTON: Now when I was in Thailand talking to the Comptroller General's people out there, they said there was a private contract of $300 million and they had lost the records on $120 million of that amount. Do you know about that one?

SECRETARY MCNAMARA: A military contract?

SYMINGTON: Yes.

MCNAMARA: Never heard of it.

SYMINGTON: Will you have somebody on your staff look into it?

MCNAMARA: Yes, indeed, I will.

Those particular missing records, for construction in Viet-
Nam and Thailand, were later found. But last year the Defense Department discovered it had "underestimated" the cost of projects authorized for Vietnam by more than $200 million. It was potentially a scandal to rival the Moroccan air bases fiasco of the '50s; I say "potentially," because the public heard little more than righteous titters from the press. On the other hand, there was no reason for anyone to be surprised. Morrison-Knudsen had been a prime contractor in the Moroccan bases con game; Brown & Root and Raymond International were partners in the tainted Spain bases consortium.

It was a $200 million misunderstanding that neither the Pentagon nor the contractors could adequately explain. The Navy did, however, rise heroically to the defense of RMK-BRJ. At a not-for-attribution news conference September 8, a "top Pentagon planner" declared: "The contractor has come to us and said, 'You're wrong.' He now needs $200 million more to finish the projects currently authorized, due to underestimations by the Air Force, Navy and Army." The Navy, of course, was the service responsible for the contract. And once again, as in Spain, the Navy acted to protect Brown & Root and other contractors accused of fraud.

The Pentagon's "admission of error" was based on the way the Navy's contract with RMK-BRJ was supposed to work, but it had little to do with the estimating procedures actually being followed in Saigon. Under the contract, the Navy was to negotiate each new project with the contractors to establish a definite cost estimate. The contractors were married to that estimate. Profit would be paid only on estimated cost; if actual costs rose above that figure, the contractors would be reimbursed for the additional costs but would earn no additional profit. The idea was to prevent the contractors from ballooning costs to swell their profits. In practice, however, it didn't work that way. On most projects during the 1965-66 escalation, the field work outpaced estimating procedures. Often the contractors would finish a job and use their version of actual costs as the estimate; as a result, profit was figured on actual cost, over which the Navy had exercised no scrutiny. The contractors were in effect setting their own profits.

Moreover, the Pentagon could say what they liked because there were no carefully audited books to contradict them. In fact RMK-BRJ's expenditures on the billion-dollar contract had hardly been audited at all. The U.S. comptroller general reported to Congress that the combine's Saigon records had been audited by a single Navy auditor up to June 1964, and by two Navy auditors on temporary duty from Tokyo between that date and September 1965. After January 1966, following a congressional howl, the Saigon audit staff was beefed up to a grand total of six Air Force officers and one clerk—all on 12-month tours. At RMK-BRJ's office in San Bruno, California, two civilians were handling all the auditing as of April 1966. With that kind of cost control, the contractors could not have asked for a freer hand. Although estimating, planning and accounting were all on a job-by-job basis—with each project to be allocated its share of total overhead costs—overhead costs were never allocated in any systematic way, and as a result RMK-BRJ could demand and get almost any reasonable-sounding figure for a job.

The consequence of such wild practices first became apparent in early summer 1966. In June, a Navy official supervising the contract predicted that if no further funds were forthcoming, the program could be bankrupt by January 1967—with only about 60 per cent of the assigned work having been completed. And in July, RMK-BRJ informed the military that they would be able to put only $590 million of construction "in place" by January—but would have spent $830 million to do it! The $830 million is approximately what the military had allocated at the time for completion of work assigned. The $590 million projection represented value of work-in-place since the beginning of the contract in 1962, and based on total costs. And the $240 million difference? "The result of poor planning and waste," said an RMK-BRJ official in September. The combine was "not allowed to amortize equipment and material over a longer time frame and a larger span of projects," said a former official of the consortium. Congressional critics charged that RMK-BRJ had "lost or wasted as much as $125 million worth of materials" alone by summer 1966.

When the GAO looked into the Vietnam wasp's nest, it came up with a shocking, 108-page summary report on contractor irregularities, many of them with the apparent complicity or benign indifference of the Navy—and each one serving to raise the cost, and profit, of the RMK-BRJ contract. But whatever the reasons for the disappearance of more than $200 million, the Pentagon obligingly reached into a reserve fund and plugged $204 million more back into Vietnam construction. The contractors, as far as we know, continued to collect their more than two per cent cost-plus on every dollar spent. And if the armed services may have been correct in taking the blame for their "underestimations," they also conveniently neglected to mention the contractors' evident overestimations.

[POSTSCRIPT]

The story of the Brown & Root-Johnson team is a case study of big business control over American political life. Their connivance over the last 30 years may have been more blatant than usual, but it is not exceptional: it is representative. When Senator Johnson introduced a joint resolution on "acceleration of military construction" in 1958, he was joined as co-sponsor by 64 other senators, each with a vested interest in a speedier flow of tax dollars to war contractors in their states. The resolution said: "It is hereby declared to be the sense of this Congress that all such military construction programs . . . should be accelerated to the greatest practicable extent...." The main objectives of the resolution were to "reduce unemployment" and "put our productive facilities to fuller use," which in translation means a government subsidy to the giants of the defense industry. Such is the degree of concentration that the top nine prime military contractors in fiscal year 1966, including RMK-BRJ, accounted for 25 per cent of the total $33.5 billion allocated for defense contracts.

"A large military-industrial complex dominates Congress," said Senator Fulbright last October. "All we in the Senate are trying to do is put some kind of limit on the power of the military-industrial complex to control the foreign policy of this nation," said Senator Eugene McCarthy. In preparing this article, Ramparts reporters were time and again astounded by the labyrinth of business-government connections into which we had stumbled, exceeding our wildest suspicions and going far beyond the scope of this essay. The saga of George Brown and Lyndon Johnson is only the prototype.
Muckraking: 1968

Hail, Columbia!
How it Sold Out, Completely

by the Editors
God has blessed Columbia University in many ways, but not in its line of presidents. That demanding position has gone to only three men since the turn of the century—and each, in his own way, has bungled it.

The most legendary was Columbia's président à vie, Nicholas Murray Butler, who held the job from 1902 until 1945, nearly a full decade longer than the record reign of Pope Pius IX. Dr. Butler ran a tight ship, which was all right during prohibition, but as the century progressed his insistence on centralized power created serious administrative problems at the burgeoning university. He did, however, get along famously with many New York men of means—who might have shared Dr. Butler's pronounced antipathy for the New Deal.

President Butler—whose political and economic views seem to have been closer to Ayn Rand than to any recognizable 19th century theorist—caused the university occasional embarrassment by delivering fiery speeches against child labor legislation and defending the "right" of children to work. There may have been some method, however, in Dr. Butler's excess, for he attacked the organizing attempts of the American Newspaper Guild with the same vehemence he brought against anti-child labor laws. And in the mid-'30s, when Butler was doing most of his shouting, a large part of the child labor force was employed as newsboys. Columbia's board of trustees has been traditionally heavy with publishers who cannot but appreciate such sentiments; it currently includes New York Times publisher Arthur O. Sulzberger and Walter Thayer, president of the communications company owned by John Hay Whitney, publisher of the defunct Herald-Tribune.

But Dr. Butler's most lasting achievement in his 43 years as president was to pack the Columbia board of trustees with representatives of the New York business and real estate Establishment interests—a composition which has remained unchanged throughout ensuing decades.

The trustees' choice of Columbia's next and most famous president was, then, natural. Former General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower took office in May 1948, with his military aide, Colonel Robert Schultz, on deck to carry out what many Columbia professors swear were explicit orders to keep the faculty from ever seeing the general. This absentee president took over at a time when Columbia desperately needed intellectual and administrative leadership; there were suggestions that the trustees' choice of Eisenhower was influenced more by political considerations than by the university's needs. (This was denied by the two men instrumental in convincing Eisenhower, as the general phrased it, "to change the location of my headquarters."—Columbia trustees Thomas J. Watson of IBM and Douglas Black, president of Doubleday, publishers of Eisenhower's Crusade in Europe.)

Eisenhower managed to talk Averell Harriman and his brother Roland into giving their family estate, Arden House, to Columbia. Other than that, however, he proved a disappointment in the vital task of raising funds to refurbish university facilities and strengthen its faculty. The general spent many of his spare office hours tucked away in a tower of Low Library, playing bridge with General Neivins, brother of then Columbia historian Allan Nevins. In 1950 he heeded Commander-in-Chief Truman's call to duty and went off to become supreme commander of NATO.

Despite such predecessors, however, Columbia's incumbent president, Grayson Kirk, is very likely to be remembered as its worst. Columbia was founded as King's College by the grace of George II in 1754, and in its 214 years of existence it has had no disaster commensurate with the student revolt that Grayson Kirk both laid the foundation for and triggered.

Kirk, a dapper Columbia historian with the proper Establishment credentials, began his training for the presidency by attending meetings of the board of directors of a Rockefeller-controlled oil company. Rockefeller interests are widely represented on the Columbia board of trustees and its attendant interlocking directorates, a relationship anchored in the fact that Columbia owns the land under Rockefeller Center and charges the brothers a reported $3 million a year to let their buildings stand there. When, in 1950, Grayson Kirk was named provost and acting university president, he was also named to the board of the Rockefeller's Socony Mobil.

For several years Kirk pushed hard to sell such "services" to Washington as Columbia wished to provide in its self-proclaimed role as a "national university" (a favorite phrase of former President Butler). Today, half of Columbia's operating budget comes from the federal government for "services" rendered, including classified secret weapons research for the Pentagon and other secret government contracts.

Columbia and the Roman Catholic Church tie for the honor of being Manhattan's largest landholder, each with four per cent of the loot (the portion of Columbia's endowment portfolio invested in real estate is sizably larger than that invested in stocks and bonds; one half of these holdings are in mortgages). It was probably only natural, if not inevitable, that many real estate men would end up on Columbia's board of trustees. Unlike Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other Ivy League schools, the Columbia alumni do not elect the university trustees; the trustees elect the trustees.

This self-perpetuating mechanism has tended to make even more powerful the real estate men on the board like vice chairman Percy Uris, head of Uris Buildings Corporation. In 1956 Columbia leased an entire square block of Wall Street to Uris Buildings Corporation, which in turn leased a building it was constructing on the property to the First National City Bank (one of whose directors, Alan H. Temple, is on Columbia's board of trustees). Trustee Samuel R. Walker is one of the biggest real estate consultants and investors in New York. Moreover, Courtnev C. Brown, dean of Columbia's School of Business Administration, is on the board of directors of Uris Buildings Corporation.

As you can see, the Columbia board of trustees is a rather clubby place. Uris, for instance, has extensive dealings with
the Rockefeller interests—Rockefeller Center, Inc., owns 25 per cent of the New York Hilton; Uris owns 50 per cent—and when Uris’ firm went public a few years back one of his chief financial advisors was fellow Columbia trustee Benjamin J. Buttenwieser who was John McCloy’s assistant while he was high commissioner of Germany. (McCloy is now chairman of the board of David Rockefeller’s Chase Manhattan Bank.)

Kirk’s main functions as president since 1953 have been keeping his Establishment government and corporation ties flowing smoothly and raising additional capital with which to buy more and more real estate. That’s hard work. Along with his university duties, Kirk serves as a director of Con Edison, IBM, Nation-Wide Securities, Inc., and Dividend Shares, Inc. He remains a Socony Mobil director and is also a director of the Rockefeller-dominated Council on Foreign Relations, the equivalent of a private club for members of the defense and foreign policy Establishments.

Kirk’s mentality has clearly been that Columbia can do what it damn well wants—as long as he pleases the trustees. This includes running roughshod through Harlem with a shovel. In a privately circulated memorandum to Columbia trustees spelling out the university’s plans to take over the Morningside Heights area, Kirk made this argument for denuding the area of its Puerto Ricans and blacks: “These newcomers create an unsettled population, always pressing to secure cheap accommodations in this area. They are mobile with no interest in the community. Their average length of occupancy of apartments is about eight months.”

And after all, it was the trustees’ university. Who was going to complain besides a few blacks?

Now that is where Grayson Kirk made his biggest mistake. In the press of his corporate duties he had forgotten, of course, about his students.

[II. THERE IS NO GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY IN MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS]

MAYOR LINDSAY WAS OBVIOUSLY taken aback. “Have you dug your heels in that far?” he asked the president of Columbia University on the telephone. That may not be the way a mayor of New York ordinarily talks to a president of Columbia University, but the conditions were somewhat unusual—unusual enough for President Kirk, a thorough man, to dictate a memo of the conversation on June 21, 1966, for his files.

At that time Columbia was squabbling with almost everyone in sight over the Tartar tactics employed in its expansion efforts. Parks Commissioner Thomas Hoving had said that the university would build its cherished new gym in Harlem’s Morningside Park “over my dead body.” The City Planning Commission was frowning at the uncontrolled institutional incursions of Columbia and the other members of David Rockefeller’s Morningside Heights, Inc. into the hilly area overlooking Harlem, where people had begun denouncing aspects of Columbia’s expansion as racist. The residents of Morningside Heights had banded together in self-defense and through the Morningside Renewal Council—representing some 60 neighborhood groups and institutions—they had been holding less than satisfactory meetings with university representatives in a futile attempt to learn what Columbia’s redevelopment ouija board had in store for them.

Kirk had just told the mayor that there would be no more of those meetings and that Columbia would be “decisively outvoted” by the people on every issue that arose, so there was no sense even talking about the issue since Columbia was not to be stopped.

Kirk’s intransigent attitude toward the surrounding community stems from a passionate vision of Columbia weeding out all undesirable people and buildings from the area bounded by 110th and 125th Streets, from Morningside Park to Riverside Park, and with a Cinderella sweep of a $200 million wand, creating an intellectual Disneyland with suitable institutions for neighbors and pleasant housing for people working in this grove of man-made academe overlooking the ghetto.

A sense of divine right, if not manifest destiny (among the letters students parloined from Kirk’s office was a dispatch from Columbia’s chief counsel, John Wheeler, invoking the university’s “manifest destiny to expand west of Broadway”) has made Columbia rather callous about the fate of the people it is sweeping out. Unaffiliated residents, said a spokesman for Morningside Heights, Inc., are naturally displaced “by people who have some reason to be here. Historically this has always been the sense of the area.”

The 1955 prospectus for Morningside Heights, Inc.—the nonprofit private redevelopment corporation dominated by Columbia and including affiliated educational institutions like Barnard College, the Union Theological Seminary and the Jewish Theological Seminary, plus other religious and charitable institutions in the area around Columbia—gives a better picture of what the formerly lower middle-class, racially balanced, moderate-rent residential area will become: “With wisdom at our disposal we are better able to inform our neighbors and co-workers as to the best means of improving their lot,” the prospectus proclaims.

Columbia’s plans for Morningside Heights include the elimination of all low-cost units for “unaffiliated persons” and the construction of none. This proposal has been called by some wags an “egghead ghetto,” but the poor whites, blacks and Puerto Ricans who have been systematically booted out of cheap but clean living quarters have not been seen walking away smiling. The population displacement wrought by Columbia’s institutional programs in Morningside Heights amounted to almost 10,000 people in the last decade and could exceed another 10,000 in the next. Projects on the drawing boards at Morningside Heights, Inc. call for the removal sometime between 1977 and 1982 at the latest of an estimated 9000 tenants occupying 3200 dwelling units. “Additional plans may eventually involve a somewhat larger number of people,” Mr. Edward Solomon, an official of the development monolith, told the Westside News, a neighborhood weekly. A young Harlem writer said almost admiringly of Columbia, “They’ll eat up that space just like Moloch.”

Columbia has been called a slumlord by many evicted residents. The university is certainly acting the part; but the area it is “redeveloping” cannot be considered a slum by any reasonable standards. A map issued by Morningside Heights, Inc. shows three-fourths of the housing in the large area it has staked out for “development” as only “0-5 per cent dilapidated or deteriorating.” Indeed, many of the buildings that have been taken over have not been razed but “converted” into dorms or office space.

Since Columbia’s gargantuan expansion is not an urban
Columbia and its cooperating institutions simply buy on the market and when they want a particular space they get rid of the tenants. Columbia rarely goes through the tedious procedure of legal evictions, having developed other methods to achieve that end. Many of the buildings are rent-controlled and make legal eviction difficult. So the university, usually through an agent, stops servicing the building, and the consequent cold drafts soon make the building uninhabitable; or else it simply stops accepting rent. Not infrequently, Columbia's tenants have been known to come home at night to find a plug inserted in their locks, preventing them from locking their own doors in the future.

Whatever these practices do to the principles of academic fair play, they have generally been successful. When the university runs into an obstinate situation, it is capable of either cajoling (paying recalcitrant tenants to move out), or getting bitchy. For example:

When Columbia wanted the Bryn Mawr, a large rooming house, the tenants refused to move and the owner refused to sell. Thus rebuffed, the university set out to represent the Bryn Mawr as a house of crime with drug addicts crawling all over the hallways. It had the consummate nerve—or skill—to set up a social work "rehabilitation program" for the Bryn Mawr. While the university failed in its character assassination of the Bryn Mawr house, the social work program apparently so overwhelmed the tenants that they finally moved out.

Once, six black tenants refused to abandon their homes at 609 West 115th Street. So Columbia let the building run down disgracefully. But this time the city fined the university on two counts of criminal negligence. The fines were $277 and $262 respectively.

One might think that such outrageous acts would almost necessarily involve infractions of the law. However, it must be assumed that the university checked the legality of their actions with the New York District Attorney's Office, which is headed by Columbia trustee Frank Hogan.

Primary targets for Columbia's raiding team have been the old hotels or rooming houses where many of the blacks and Puerto Ricans in the area live. These buildings are "SROs" in real estate parlance—not as in the theatre, but standing for the far less prosaic "Single Room Occupancy." A Morningside Heights, Inc. "core area" study released in 1967 disclosed that there were once 31 such "SRO" buildings in that area, providing cheap housing for poor people, but that 19 of them have already been removed or "converted" for institutional purposes. The Morningside Heights, Inc. dilapidation study indicated that only one of these buildings was in bad enough condition to be considered unfit to live in. Most of the remaining 12 "SROs" are soon to become part of Columbia's fief.

Three years ago, Manhattan's tough-minded ex-borough president, Constance Baker Motley, managed for a hopeful moment to bring Columbia's land-grabbing under some measure of control. A map of Morningside Heights was marked with the buildings that all institutions on the Heights said they intended to buy within the next decade. There was to be no expansion of Columbia or any other institution except as indicated on the map.

Barely three months after the plan was approved by the city, Columbia bought the Oxford Hotel on West 112th Street—a building not indicated on the map—and turned it into office quarters for an agency of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Pressed about breaking its word, Columbia told the city it no longer felt bound by any agreement to limit its expansion.

Such a blatant expression of territorial ambition could be taken to mean that Columbia has still bigger plans, as indeed it does. It has taken Morningside Heights, and its eyes are now on Harlem.

There have recently been rumors of Columbia secretly buying up Harlem property, but the university has denied them. Though Columbia is not anxious to openly discuss it at this point, it submitted a proposal to the New York Housing and Development Administration last year asking for "exclusive development rights" in the Harlem area from 125th to 135th Streets, from Broadway to the Hudson.

Its expansionist proposal—involving $160 to $180 million in construction—is quite unacademic: housing units, industrial facilities, research facilities and some recreational areas are planned. Such a project would seem more natural for Litton Industries than a university. Indeed, Columbia is already something of a conglomerate, and part of the reasoning behind its designs on Harlem is the theory of trustee Percy Uris that the university would do well to expand into electronics. A possibility for its Harlem plans is a capital development something along the lines of the successful Stanford Industrial Park with companies built around professors whose research Columbia sponsors. This of course would require enormous space for computers and the like, so some people in Harlem may have to get out of the way.

This may be less than desirable since the university's social philosophy over the past decade has succeeded only in further exacerbating racial tensions on the fringe of Harlem. Thousands of blacks and Puerto Ricans who formerly lived in the integrated Morningside Heights area have been forced down the slopes into Harlem itself or have moved into the area below 110th Street, resulting in the consolidation of a new ghetto there. If Columbia is successful in taking all of Morningside Heights, the part of New York on which Columbia has put its dibs will be largely a hill of white, rising above black and brown lowlands.

[Ill. THE UNIVERSITY AS SECRET AGENT NO. 1]

Issued in 1960 and now out of print, the Employment Opportunities booklet for graduates of Columbia's School of International Affairs may become a collector's item in this now hyper-spy-conscious age. For number one on the list of career suggestions is the Central Intelligence Agency, headquartered in Washington, D.C.

Obviously, the booklet was issued before the Bay of Pigs, the National Student Association exposure and the national awareness of the implications of the CIA's manipulative role in American society. But, even then, it took some academic chutzpah to rank the CIA tops in preferred career opportunities—before the State Department, the Foreign Service, the USIA and the United Nations, which is near the bottom of Columbia's list.

If you read that list carefully you will know almost as much about Columbia's orientation as an institution of higher learning as the student rebels who spent the last part of this
A second category—jobs in private industry—gives first ranking to the overseas operations of Chase Manhattan Bank, First National City Bank, Mobil Overseas Oil, Socony Mobil, Standard Oil of New Jersey and Olin-Mathieson which, taken together, amount to the private foreign service of the Rockefeller financial interests. A third career classification emphasizes employment in CIA fronts such as the Asia Foundation, the Institute for International Education and the Free Europe Committee.

It is some list. In one column it explodes the myth that Columbia, as a well-endowed private university with a distinguished academic tradition, functions as an independent institution. Rather, the powers that define Columbia’s role in society are the same powers that define America’s role in the world. The internationalist eastern business interests, the great university research centers (exemplified in rather excessive form by Columbia) and the government’s national security and foreign policy bureaucracies work hand in hand to maintain and perfect the Pax Americana.

It is instructive to see how such a complex, interlocking system operates, since the shock of recognition that such realities are at work under the covers of independent research and the valedictory principles of the disinterested pursuit of knowledge has recently led Columbia students to riot. Columbia’s ties with the secret government are so extensive that the university actually has both an overt and a covert national security apparatus on campus. The overt one is the School of International Affairs whose dean, Andrew Cordier, came from the U.N. Secretariat with an interesting history: in 1960, Cordier used his U.N. post to make possible the successful CIA-backed coup against Patrice Lumumba. Conor Cruise O’Brien, the Irish diplomat and former U.N. official, reports in his book, To Katanga and Back, that Cordier prevented Lumumba from using Radio Leopoldville at the crucial moments of the coup and went so far as to put the wavering troops of right-wing Colonel Mobutu back in line by paying their salaries with U.N. funds. There is additional background that defines the complex scope of relationships at work in such an event. CIA chief at the time of the coup was Allen Dulles whose law firm, Sullivan and Cromwell, represented Rockefeller’s Standard Oil; secretary of State was Dean Rusk, who came to that position from his post as president of the Rockefeller Foundation. And the banker who led a delegation of American businessmen to the post-coup Congo to look over investment possibilities in the now pro-U.S. state was David Rockefeller of the Chase Bank and Morningside Heights, Inc.

The involvement of the CIA, Columbia and the Rockefeller interests in Africa goes deeper. Shortly after coming to Columbia, Dean Cordier established an African Studies program—one of a series of special divisions the School of International Affairs has consistently set up to do helpful research on America’s Cold War hot spots. Director of Columbia’s African program is Professor L. Gray Cowan, a key figure on the board of the African-American Institute, which once received 95 per cent of its funding from CIA fronts but which has also received heavy donations from the Rockefeller Fund, Inc. The AAI is critical to CIA operations in Africa since over 90 per cent of the African students who come to the United States to study are under its aegis. Two of Columbia’s trustees are also trustees of the African-American Institute.

Seminar studying Grayson Kirk’s correspondence.

The School of International Affairs enjoys the largesse of the man who invented Lifesavers, Edward J. Noble. The school will soon operate from a new $14 million building on the Columbia campus named in honor of Noble, who died in 1958. The largest contributions to the school come through the Noble Foundation, which has received funds from a heretofore undisclosed conduit which has received money from the CIA dummy, the Charles Price Whitten Trust.

Compromising as these internecine relationships are, it was a covert military operation at Columbia that surfaced as a point of student protest last month. Columbia is one of the primary university sponsors of the secretive Institute for Defense Analyses, a “think tank” program which was set up in 1955 in order to channel researchers into war technology.

But the IDA does more than cerebral work for the government. Columbia’s Electrical Engineering Department has received $5 million in secret IDA contracts for anti-ballistic missile research programs. Columbia is also a key base of operations for IDA’s controversial Jason Division which busies itself with questions ranging from the tactical use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam to the sophisticated problems involved in the application of biological warfare; Jason is also entrusted with research on counterinsurgency weapons for domestic and foreign use.

President Kirk is doubly damned by Columbia’s IDA involvement, since he is a member of the IDA board of trustees, as is Columbia trustee William A. M. Burden, chairman of the IDA board. Columbia students have demanded that Kirk not only get the university out of weapons research, but that he get himself out, too, by resigning his trusteeship.

As the scope of IDA’s weapons research becomes more widely known, several member universities are getting nervous and “reevaluating” their connections with it. The University of Chicago, for instance, has already withdrawn from IDA, an act which was applauded loudly by liberals who, it turns out, should have saved their palm skin.

The Columbia students who broke into Kirk’s files discovered that the “withdrawal” was a con to fend off increasing faculty objections to their university pursuing lethal weapons research. A memo to Kirk from University of Chicago President George W. Beadle revealed that although Chicago had “formally” severed its IDA ties, it continued to send a representative to the board of trustees.

Other documents disclosed that Kirk was also planning to maintain his representation on the IDA board and as a diversionary tactic to transfer IDA work to a new nonprofit corporation called the Riverside Research Institute, scheduled to begin work in July under the direction of Lawrence O’Neill, Columbia professor of electrical engineering.

Such machinations over such contracts easily make Columbia Secret Agent No. 1 among competing universities. A final, concentric twist to this business of a university mixing James Bond with David Rockefeller was provided by one of the papers lifted by the undergraduate counterspies. It was a memorandum pointing out that the new, disguised IDA laboratory would require “600 staff members” whose housing would be “an excellent nucleus for the kind of renewal that will most benefit the university.” The area targeted for such a nucleus was right there, west of Broadway and north of 125th Street. Harlem, finally, is getting an indigenous weaponry.
The Persecution and Assassination of the Black Panthers as performed by the Oakland Police under the Direction of Chief Charles R. Gain, Mayor John Reading, et al.

[PROLOGUE]

TIME: EVENING, Tuesday, April 23, 1968. Place: The City Council chamber in the Oakland City Hall. Present: The usual few hangers-on, augmented by a sizable audience, black and white, mostly young. Black activist Curtis Lee Baker has just finished suggesting that Oakland authorities should work more closely with militant forces in the Oakland ghetto.

MAYOR JOHN READING: If you expect me to negotiate or meet with the Black Panthers... that's the most ridiculous suggestion I've heard.


[ACT 1: SACRAMENTO]

EARLY IN 1967, at the instigation of the Oakland police—who, as we shall see, had reasons of their own—California Assemblyman Don Mulford introduced a bill to change the state law which at that time permitted private citizens to carry loaded weapons provided only that they were not concealed (permits were and are required for hand guns but not for rifles or shotguns).

In response to Assemblyman Mulford's bill, a group of lobbyists traveled from the San Francisco Bay Area to the state capitol in Sacramento, bent on urging their representatives to reject the proposed changes. Their approach rather startled staid Sacramento.

For one thing, they were all black. For another, they were uniformly wearing berets and black leather jackets and they stayed together in a body. For still another, they were (except for one or two for whom, because of parole regulations, it would have been illegal) carrying loaded rifles and shotguns.

The group's arrival at the imposingly formal capitol, it can be noted, put the capitol guards, the Sacramento police, Governor Ronald Reagan (past whose corner office the arriving lobbyists had to go) and a number of other people very uptight; but nothing illegal was happening, and the group seemed well-informed as to their rights. Some minor charges were ultimately brought against a few of their group, but they were clearly nothing more than a response to unorthodoxy.

The "armed invasion of the legislature," as the white press called it, didn't affect the gun law changes. It is now illegal in California to carry a loaded weapon inside city limits unless you have reason to believe that your life or property is in danger—an important qualification. However, the lobbyists did succeed in making the nation aware of their organization—the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense—and, as predicted
by Panther leader Huey Newton, the incident succeeded in calling attention to the Panthers in their home ghettos.

"Now I'm gonna show you how smart Brother Huey is when he planned Sacramento," Newton's co-founder, Bobby Seale, said recently. "He said, now, the papers gon call us thugs and hoodlums. A lot of people ain't gon know what's happening. But the brothers on the block, who the man's been calling thugs and hoodlums for 400 years, gon say, 'Them some out of sight thugs and hoodlums up there!' The brothers on the block gon say, 'Who is these thugs and hoodlums?' In other words, when the man calls us 'nigger' for 400 years with all its derogatory connotations, Huey was smart enough to know that the black people were going to say, 'Well, they've been calling us niggers, thugs and hoodlums for 400 years, that ain't gon hurt me, I'm gonna to check out what these brothers is doing!'

At the time of the Sacramento trip, Newton's claim of a total membership of 75 (men and women) was probably exaggerated. Today, there are at least 100 male Black Panthers who openly display their membership, and an unknown number of "secret Panthers" whose membership is concealed for job or other reasons. Increasing numbers of black women are deeply involved in the movement as well. An unidentified "intelligence agent" quoted by the San Francisco Chronicle gives the Panthers about 250 members all told.

[INTERMISSION: TEN POINTS AND PATROL CARS]

Chairman Bobby Seale speaks, at length:

"Now, when we first organized the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, Huey said, 'Booby, we're going to draw up a basic platform . . . that the mothers who struggled hard to raise us, that the fathers who worked hard to feed us, that the young brothers in school who come out of school semi-illiterate, saying and reading broken words, that all of these can read. . . .'

"Huey said, 'First we want freedom, we want power to determine the destiny of our black communities."

"No. 2: We want full employment for our people.

"No. 3: We want housing fit for shelter of human beings.

"No. 4: We want all black men to be exempt from military service.

"No. 5: We want decent education for our black people in our communities that teaches us the true nature of this decadent, racist society and that teaches black people and our young black brothers and sisters their place in the society, for if they don't know their place in society and in the world, they can't relate to anything else.

"No. 6: We want an end to the robbery by the white racist businessmen of black people in our community.

"No. 7: We want an immediate end to police brutality and murder of black people.

"No. 8: We want all black men held in city, county, state and federal jails to be released because they have not had a fair trial because they've been tried by all-white juries, and that's just like being tried in Nazi Germany, being a Jew.

"No. 9: We want black people when brought to trial to be tried by members of their peer group, and a peer being one who comes from the same economic, social, religious, historical and racial background. . . . they would have to choose black people from the black community to sit up on the jury. They would have to choose some of them mothers who have been working 20 years in Miss Anne's kitchen, scrubbing floors like my mother has done. They'd have to choose some of them hard working fathers . . . some of those brothers who stand on the block out there wondering where they're going to get a gig. . . ."

"And No. 10: Huey said, let's summarize it: 'We want land, we want bread, we want housing, we want clothing, we want education, we want justice and we want peace.'"

The ten-point program of the Black Panther Party (the words "for Self-Defense" have recently been dropped from the title, to emphasize the organization's identity as a party with a platform and a program) has been drawn up in more formal terms, but Seale's version (from a speech last February) is clearer and more precise. The importance of the ten points is twofold: they have existed, as a conscious program, for as long as the Black Panthers have existed; any picture of the Panthers as simply a "militant," get-your-guns group is a serious distortion. And the ten points have been calculatedly obscured in white Oakland's campaign to discredit the Panthers.

For instance: Oakland's police chief, Charles R. Gain, held a press conference on April 25, 1968 solely to blast the Panthers and their white allies. The Panthers, he said, "have no practical or implementable programs as regards the police."

But of course they do. It's just that the programs are not practical for, or implementable by, a white racist political and police leadership. The Panthers have suggested, for example, that the ghetto be patrolled by black policemen from the community itself (Mayor Reading calls the suggestion "anarchy," and William Knowland, Neanderthal publisher of the Oakland Tribune, supports his local police, but even the Chronicle's "secret agent" thought it an interesting idea), and Seale says simply that if the cop has to live in the community, "he ain't gonna be brutalizing too much if he have to come back and sleep there that night!"

Huey P. Newton, born in Louisiana in 1942, is the youngest of seven children. His father was a Baptist minister, but since the family moved to Oakland in 1943, the older Newton has become an employee of the Oakland Streets Department.

Huey was a street kid, and like any kid in the ghetto, he learned early to hate cops. "I think it was a general thing of being anti-police," he says now, "because the police were very brutal to us even at that age. There would be a policeman in the movie house, and if there was any disturbance we would get kicked out and the police would call us niggers."

Newton eventually managed to graduate from Berkeley High. His counselors told him to get a job because he couldn't make it in college, and the suggestion made him mad enough to enroll in San Francisco Law School. After a year, he transferred to Merritt College—which is Oakland's city college, located on the edge of the North Oakland ghetto.

During his time at college, Newton never completely stayed off the streets, and like most of his contemporaries he was occasionally arrested. In 1964, he was finally convicted of assault and sent to the county jail for a year. In jail he found himself organizing the black prisoners in food strikes and other demonstrations, which earned him lengthy stays in the "soul breakers"—the solitary confinement cells. It gave him, he says now, time to think "about the relationship between being outside of jail and being in."

Newton got out of jail and looked up Bobby Seale, who had been with him at Merritt. With a few friends they decided
to form a revolutionary party dedicated to black ghetto needs. They borrowed the symbol of the black panther from the Lowndes County Freedom Organization in Alabama because, Newton says, "It is not in the panther's nature to attack anyone first, but when he is attacked and backed into a corner, he will respond viciously."

Political power, Mao Tse-tung once said, comes through the barrel of a gun, and the Black Panthers have picked up that slogan. Their early organizational efforts depended heavily on their willingness to carry guns (and the credibility of their expressed willingness to use them), and while their actual carrying of guns has been de-emphasized, the rhetoric remains, frightening white citizens but arousing admiration among blacks. And of course they scared the hell out of the white cops.

The Panthers began to patrol the ghetto by car, with loaded shotguns prominently displayed. They were simply and openly policing the police. Whenever the cops would stop a black man, the Panthers would get out of their car to observe the operation. If an arrest seemed to be imminent they would advise the arrestee of his rights.

In return, the Panthers were constantly "hemmed in" by the police—who watched for every minor traffic violation, arrested known Panthers as suspects in robberies and other crimes and then released them after the maximum holding time, issued private threats and made their racism and hatred quite clear. But the incidents of brutality and harassment, the flow of obscene remarks to black women, the idle stopping and searching of black men, did, in fact, dwindle.

The arbitrary manner of some Panther leaders, their beret-and-jacket uniform, their clenched-fist salute, their penchant for grandiose titles and executive orders and some serious doubts about how many of the dozens of rank-and-file Panthers understand (or give a damn about) the subtleties of Fanon or even Guevara—all these things have led critics to charges of demagoguery and "black fascism." Still other critics point out that the Panthers are not the only ghetto organization in Oakland, not even the only militant one, and that their "organizational" successes are not that impressive.

But if, by white (and most black) standards, there is grotesquerie about the Black Panthers (and it can even be argued that it comes in part from their adoption of white standards of "militant" behavior), it only reflects the weird distortions of the culture against which they rebel. If they are a threat, even a danger, to quieter or nobler values—and they probably are—they are nowhere near as threatening nor as dangerous as the cops who are their sworn enemies.

The Black Panthers talk a lot of violence, and they have made their talk credible (there has been some actual strong-arm stuff within the black community). Beyond that, Newton and Seale have genuinely tried to build a revolutionary party, and Newton has even said that one possibility for the beginning of revolutionary action might be the selective killing of policemen. But he and the other Panthers have also said over and over again that no such activity is intended now or in the immediate future.

What the Panthers do advocate, in Bobby Seale's words, is active self-defense against aggression: "I'm saying every black brother put a shotgun in your home. That's necessary."

Police in San Francisco and Berkeley as well as those in Oakland have repeatedly burst into black homes with neither cause nor warrant, to harass the residents. In response to this treatment, Huey Newton issued from jail what the party calls "Executive Mandate Number 3," pointing out that such forced entries are illegal and can be legally opposed, and adding:

"We draw the line at the threshold of our doors. It is therefore mandated as a general order that all members of the Black Panther Party must acquire the technical equipment to defend their homes and their dependents and shall do so. Any member having such technical equipment who fails to defend his threshold shall be expelled from the party for life."

"Technical equipment" means guns. The question for white Americans is whether the Panthers need guns. Do they, in fact, have anything to defend themselves against?

Chief Gain, in his angry press conference, three times referred to the fact that the Panthers have accused the police of being murderers. These statements, he said, are "intemperate," "false" and "irrational."

But it must be very difficult to be black in Oakland and to be all that certain.

[ACT II: THE DEATH OF JOHN FREY]

On October 28, 1967, at about five a.m., Oakland Patrolman John Frey radioed in, "I have a Panther car." A short time later Frey was dead and Huey Newton was under arrest for murder—with a serious gunshot wound in his stomach.

Frey was particularly disliked in the ghetto and regarded as one of the worst of Oakland's racist police force—which has to be pretty bad. Some blacks newly arrived from the South claim to have seen posters openly offering Oakland police jobs to Southern whites. The department denies such recruiting, but in any case the white population growth in Oakland has consisted mostly of relatively poor Southerners. Certainly quite a few of the Oakland cops have marked Southern accents and the cracker physiognomy so familiar to civil rights demonstrators in the South. And in a city where 20 per cent of the population is black, the ratio on the police force is only 3.4 per cent.

By the time of Newton's arrest, the Oakland police had distributed lists of license numbers of Panther cars (and cars driven by their close associates, white and black), and Newton's photograph, along with Seale's and those of other Panther leaders, were on the walls of Oakland police stations. The lists and the photographs were used for the lengthy series of minor busts and harassments which the Oakland police regularly imposed on the Panthers in return for their ghetto patrols.

When Frey stopped the Panther car—which police now say contained two black males—the police dispatcher sent Patrolman Herbert Heanes to back up Frey. Heanes is now the only known witness, and he says that Newton shot Frey and wounded him, Heanes.

According to Heanes' version, the driver of the car presented a driver's license bearing the name of LaVerne Williams, and Frey started to write a ticket—for what, no one will say. Then he says, Frey recognized Newton (LaVerne Williams is the name of Newton's fiancee), and ordered him into the nearby police car—no one will say why he did that, either. It's all very curious. California drivers' licenses not only carry notations about gender, but a photo of the licensee.

Newton's companion, Heanes told the Grand Jury, was standing outside of the passenger's side of the Panther car,
with his hands in the air. Under questioning, Heanes said that he did not at any time see a weapon in Huey Newton's hand. But somebody certainly did some shooting, because Frey died and Heanes was wounded. Newton and his companion left on foot, but a short time later a car pulled up at Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, and Newton, seriously wounded, requested treatment. He was arrested and charged with murder.

A black Oaklander testified before the Grand Jury that the wounded Newton had hailed his car and forced him at gunpoint to drive to Kaiser Hospital. According to the minutes, the motorist testified, "When he got in my car he told me, 'I just shot two dudes.'"

On the other hand, Newton's attorney claims to have evidence demonstrating that "Mr. Newton is absolutely innocent of any crime whatsoever." He and other close associates of Newton refuse to elaborate, for a very good legal reason: they want to give the Oakland police no opportunity to fabricate a story in advance of the trial, to meet the information now in the hands of the defense.

What ought to disturb white Oaklanders, but apparently doesn't—they are so busy being disturbed about black men having guns in the first place—is that the activities and the reputation of the Oakland police are such that, should it be proven that Huey Newton did shoot Frey and that he did so in clear self-defense, it would surprise absolutely nobody in the black community and very few whites who have actually seen the Oakland police in action.

Newton arrived at Kaiser Hospital with four bullet holes in his abdomen and one in his thigh (a condition which by May, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, had improved to where his "belly" was "dimpled by a police bullet"). The hospital refused to treat him until the police arrived, and then, when they did treat him, allowed the cops to shackles him to an operating table. Although he was shouting in pain for the doctors to ease the shackles, the doctor treating him told him to shut up. He insists that at least one cop hit him in his wounded abdomen with a night stick and that several beat him on the wrists and elsewhere until he passed out from the pain.

Later, when he was in a hospital room being fed intravenously, police guards told him that they were going to cut the tubes. One pointed a loaded shotgun at his head and announced that he was going to kill him and report that he had tried to escape; then the policeman lowered his gun and said he wouldn't shoot Newton because he was going to die in the gas chamber anyway. It was a common practice for the police guards to kick the foot of the bed to jar Newton's wound open and to start it bleeding under the bandage.

Eventually, Newton was taken to the state prison at San Quentin (for "safekeeping"), where the medical treatment continued and the treatment by guards was a little less blatantly brutal. But shortly thereafter, he was moved to his present location in the Alameda County Jail.

His attorneys and some other supporters have argued that Newton is confined illegally, no matter what happened on October 28, because he is in prison on a charge brought by an illegally constituted Grand Jury—illegal first of all because the poor (and particularly poor blacks) are excluded, and illegal also because the Grand Jury proceeding (unlike a preliminary hearing before a judge, which the Grand Jury process supplants) does not allow for cross-examination of witnesses and proper legal representation. The California Supreme Court, highest in the state, has rejected both arguments, but the fight is going on in federal court.

[INTERMISSION: "FREE HUEY!"]

Even a white radical from Berkeley has to be pretty radical to give unqualified support to a movement which demands simply that "Huey must be set free now." Still, there are "Free Huey!" bumper strips all over the Bay Area and there were 2000 people, black and white, at a recent Oakland rally. And—while a lot of people are adopting the slogan and the cause for their own political reasons—there are a surprising number of people who will genuinely argue that Huey must, indeed, be set free now.

This is a strange attitude toward a man who, whatever his provocation, is accused of shooting down a policeman in an incident about which no one has any details. How can you ask for his freedom when you don't know what happened?

The answer lies in the nature of what the Black Panther Party has become—and in breaking through the sometimes sympathetic but still racist concept that the Panthers are "militants" who hate white men. They are certainly "militant"—militant enough to have named Stokely Carmichael as Prime Minister (not of their party, but of Afro-America), and H. Rap Brown as minister of Justice (Seale is the party's chairman; Newton is minister of Defense; Eldridge Cleaver of the RAMPARTS staff is minister of Information). But they have made clear a number of times that they are not racist. Seale says, "That's the Ku Klux Klan's game. To hate me and murder me because of the color of my skin."

The necessary concept—best articulated for the Panthers by Eldridge Cleaver, whose theoretical and programmatic approach to ghetto problems has been invaluable to the Panthers—is that of white America as a mother country in which black America is a colony. "I think you really have to get that distinction clear in your mind," Cleaver says, "in order to understand that there are two different sets of political dynamics functioning in this country."

But if white America is the mother country and black America is the colony, then the white police of Oakland are not police at all but occupation troops. And if they are occupation troops, then the question of Newton's guilt or innocence according to white law is really irrelevant: he is a political prisoner charged with defending the integrity of his people, whatever the charge may be called by the colonial power.

"Free Huey," then, is not a call for abandonment of due process or for anarchy; it is analogous, rather, to a 1961 insistence that the French free an Algerian rebel leader. That doesn't mean, of course, that some aren't shouting "Free Huey" for their own purposes, or merely out of frustration in the face of arbitrary police power, or even because that happens to be what "revolutionaries" are shouting this week.

At the end of 1967, when the Peace and Freedom Party was faltering in its efforts to get enough signatures to put it on the California ballot, an alliance with the Black Panther Party was proposed and accepted. The Panthers joined in the registration campaign, and the PFP made the ballot. Newton is now the PFP candidate for Congress in the same district in which Robert Scheer made his well-known bid two years ago, Eldridge Cleaver is a candidate for President, and Seale is a candidate for the state Assembly.
A lot of black militants didn't like the alliance. Cleaver describes a trip to Los Angeles on which he accompanied Seale and others: "We were put through a lot of changes by black cats who didn't relate to the Peace and Freedom Party. They told us rather frankly that we had become tools of the white racists." But it's not so, says Cleaver: "We approached this whole thing from the point of view of international relations. We feel that our coalition is part of our foreign policy...."

Given that point of view, of course, it doesn't matter whether some PFP leaders may, in fact, be trying to "use" the alliance. That's in the nature of foreign relations. More idealistic (or romantic) revolutionaries are less concerned about the alliance itself than about the Panther leaders who are making the revolution not by sabotaging the mother country, but by running for Congress and the state legislature.

While blacks were getting up-tight about the PFP alliance, some whites were getting up-tight about a "merger" between the Panthers and SNCC. Cleaver explains this by describing SNCC as "composed virtually of black hippies, you might say, of black college students who have dropped out of the black middle class." The Panthers can "move the black brother on the block," and SNCC couldn't; but SNCC has a national apparatus and national contacts.

With Newton in jail, Cleaver moved more and more into the role of theoretician for the Panthers; and more and more, the Oakland cops determined that he and Seale should be the next to go. But in the meantime, the coalition has continued to grow between the Panthers and the Bay Area's white radicals. The PFP, says Chief Gain, "endeavors to create chaos and anarchy in this city by their unlawful demonstrations, parades and other activities."

[ACT III: THE CONSPIRACY OF BOBBY SEAL]

When necessary, the police departments of nearby cities are willing and ready to lend Oakland a hand. Until his recent arrest, Eldridge Cleaver lived on Oak Street in San Francisco. At 3:30 in the morning on January 16, Eldridge and Kathleen Cleaver and artist Emory Douglas heard someone banging on their door. San Francisco police, without an arrest or search warrant and on no apparent provocation, demanded entry. Cleaver refused. The cops kicked in the door, barged in with drawn guns, and growling obscenities, proceeded to search the apartment. They found nothing—there being nothing to find—and left.

A little over a month later, four persons leaving the Berkeley apartment of Bobby Seale were stopped and their car searched on the flimsy grounds that (according to police) a citizen had heard someone in the apartment talking about killing. The cops found guns in the car, and after taking the four away went to the Seale apartment and knocked on the door. Seale and his wife, Artie, asked through the door what they wanted. The cops kicked in the door, and after turning up and explained to the kids that they were in the wrong bag. They urged the black pupils to cool it and pay attention in school, so that they could grow up educated and therefore better able to provide leadership for their brothers. They told them not to hate whites, but to learn to work with them and to explain to them how it is in the ghetto. And they warned them against violence.

That image of the Panthers is not the one that the Oakland cops like to disseminate.

The Panthers had been around Washington School before—a few months earlier when, in conjunction with some Office of Economic Opportunity types, they decided to do something about the corner of Market and 55th Streets. During the previous two years, three Washington School pupils had been killed at that corner. The Panthers went to work to get a street light. Refused at first, they announced that henceforth they
would direct traffic at 55th and Market. That announcement and a petition brought word that the light would be put up—sometime in late 1968. The Panthers said no dice—now, not months from now. The light is up and in place.

A street light and a school visit do not, of course, turn the Black Panther Party into a black Kiwanis Club with shotguns. Nor are a street light and school visit evidence of some revolutionary strategy. The Panthers are often inconsistent; and beyond that the Panthers are people—some of them uneducated or confused or uncomfortable with abstractions, some of them fascinated with attention and with their own importance. Some don’t know any more about Western civilization than the rest of us know about the Tang Dynasty, and more than a few have never been further from Oakland than nearby San Quentin.

But if street kids don’t make the best Kiwanians, neither do shotguns make a gang of trigger-happy ambushers. The importance of Shepard’s visit to Herb Wong is that the press, which takes its information from the cops, offers a picture of the Panthers that includes only the clenched fists and the guns—so that the comfortable, middle-class Grand Juries are all too ready to believe whatever they’re told. (The San Francisco Chronicle made an effort to present the stories of independent witnesses to Bobby Hutton’s murder—six weeks after the indictment.) They don’t hear about the school, or the street light, or the Panthers’ activity in stopping uncoordinated violence in the ghetto.

“Don’t sit down,” Seale had told a crowd two months before, “and let a spontaneous riot happen in the streets where we get corralled and a lot of us are shot up.” It was the cops who wanted a riot in Oakland, and the Panthers weren’t about to give them one if they could help it. As it happened, they couldn’t help it.

[ACT IV: THE MURDER OF BOBBY HUTTON]

The story of what happened on the night of April 6 is finally coming out, a little at a time. A lot has to remain shrouded for the same legal reasons that operate in the case of Huey Newton: if the cops know what the Panthers can prove, they can move to offset it. Indeed, they are trying already.

Eight Panthers were arrested on that night, and a ninth, Bobby Hutton, was killed. Three policemen were slightly wounded, and two of the eight Panthers, Eldridge Cleaver and Warren William Wells, were shot by the police. Seven of the eight have been indicted by a Grand Jury for attempted murder (the eighth is similarly charged but is a juvenile).

Newspapers in the Bay Area have run long excerpts from the Grand Jury proceedings, but there are some things to be kept in mind. First, none of the Panthers (on the advice of their attorney) testified; they would have had to go into the Grand Jury room unrepresented by their attorney and there is no possibility in a Grand Jury proceeding of cross-examination. The preliminary hearings to which the defendants would otherwise have been entitled were postponed, at the district attorney’s insistence and over the Panthers’ attorney’s objections, until after the Grand Jury proceeding. And once the Grand Jury has indicted, no preliminary hearing is necessary. All that exists in the record so far, then, is the testimony of some policemen and statements taken from five of the Panthers on the night of their arrest. What the press did not note, however—and the information was available to them—is that all five, in affidavits filed with a federal court, have repudiated their statements as having been made under duress.

The incident began when a group of Panthers gathered in Oakland that night (two days after King’s assassination) and left their meeting place in three cars. There were guns in the group, but no one knows or is saying who had them. Eldridge Cleaver says that the excursion was to collect potatoes for making potato salad—the Panthers were planning a picnic for the following day. (Cleaver was talking to, and probably shuddering, a white reporter.) Other Panthers told police (in the statements since repudiated) that they started out on a patrol.

The police version is that two officers, Nolan Darnell and Richard Jensen, saw a man crouching behind a car, got out to investigate and were shotgunned from behind in a deliberate Panther ambush. They called for help and were ultimately joined by at least 50 officers from Oakland and Emeryville (a separately incorporated, wholly surrounded community in the northern part of Oakland, largely industrial). After a running gun battle—police estimate that they fired 1000 rounds of ammunition—the eight were captured and Hutton was killed. More Panthers, the police claim, got away.

Aside from the extreme unlikeliness of the story itself—the Panthers had been trying for hours to prevent activity in the ghetto and would certainly not have risked Cleaver, the cops’ prime target along with Seale, on such a petty operation as the ambush of two patrolmen, even had they had such an ambush in mind—there are some gaps in the police story. Sergeant Roy Hooper, for instance, testified that he was one of the first to arrive in response to Darnell’s call for help—but that when he first got out of his car, he joined an Emeryville officer already on the scene. Since special arrangements would have been necessary for police from another community to be present, the testimony hints at either inaccuracy or some sort of advance preparation.

In any case, it’s certainly true that there was a shooting match, and in view of their past performances it’s entirely likely that the Oakland police started it. Whatever happened, the cops certainly didn’t act as though they were after a couple of bad guys in an otherwise respectable neighborhood; their attitude toward the ghetto was evident in every action they took.

There was, for instance, a radio report—police now say they don’t know who was reporting—that a policeman was being fired on by “automatic weapons” from a house at 1206 28th Street. Police promptly opened up on 1206 28th Street—from which, in fact, no shots had come at all. In the house were three sisters—Victoria Battiste, seventy-five, Melvina Jones, seventy-seven and Ophelia Jones, eighty-two. “I was in bed when the shooting started,” Mrs. Battiste says, “and I got up and put on my robe. One bullet hit just over my bed.” After the barrage, the cops broke in to find no one but the three old women. Nobody apologized.

Two doors up the street, the cops broke into the home of twenty-five-year-old Justice Williams and ordered him and his father to lie down on the floor with their hands behind their heads. There were no Panthers in that house either. Elsewhere on the block, people say that when the shooting started they ran to crouch in their bathtubs for protection—a trick you don’t learn in a white middle-class suburb.

Warren Wells was shot in the left buttock, the bullet going
down into his left knee; the bullet was still there two weeks later. When they took him to Highland Hospital, Wells' pregnant wife asked to see him but was refused. Instead, he was visited by Sergeant Norman L. Stevenson and another policeman, who said he could see her only when he had made a statement to their satisfaction. Stevenson insisted, according to Wells, that "my lawyer was interested only in helping Eldridge Cleaver and not in helping me, because Cleaver's case would bring all the publicity."

Wells was told that Cleaver had made a statement identifying Wells as one of those who had fired a gun (Cleaver made no statement): "They said not to worry because they knew that the reason that Eldridge Cleaver said that I had shot a gun was because he was the person who had done the shooting and instigated the incident, but that he wanted to drag someone else in with him.... They told me that if I did not cooperate with them and give them the statement that they wanted, that they had the power to see that Eldridge Cleaver and I would be convicted of the murder of Bobby Hutton."

Wells' wife had already lost one baby under stress; he agreed to sign a statement saying that he had had a gun and had thrown it away, if they would give his wife a pass. He also insists that he was promised nothing but a gun possession charge if he signed the statement—so he did.

His affidavit is typical of the others. Donnell Lankford, David Hilliard, Charles Bursey, Terry Cotton and Wendell Wade have all sworn that they were threatened, promised lower charges and given false information about Eldridge Cleaver—and except for Hilliard they all swore that they testified to phony stories because of the harassment (swore Hilliard of one policeman, "He said I had been looking at television too much if I thought I had a right to call an attorney").

It's obvious that it was Cleaver they wanted. They almost got him when, after the others had been captured, they cornered Cleaver and seventeen-year-old Bobby Hutton in the basement of 1218 28th Street. According to Cleaver, Hutton had a rifle, but under a barrage of bullets and tear gas there was no opportunity to use it even if he had wanted to. The two were huddled behind a strip of concrete when a tear gas canister or grenade hit Cleaver's shoulder and exploded. Hutton ripped Cleaver's clothes off to see whether he was injured—Cleaver already had a bullet wound in his foot—and Cleaver suggested that Hutton also disrobe, to prove they concealed no weapons, so that they might surrender without being killed.

Hutton, however, was too embarrassed to take his clothes off. They called out to the police, and Cleaver took the rifle from Hutton and threw it out into the flooded lighted space in front of the house. The two climbed out, Hutton first, both with their arms in the air. Several officers approached and they were told to stand still, then to approach the police cars. Cleaver's wounded foot, however, would not support him and he fell; some of the policemen and Hutton fell with him.

When Hutton rose, Cleaver said, someone yelled to him to run—and when he took a few terrified steps, they shot him. Now the police say that Hutton actually started to run, or that someone shouted that he had a gun. The idea that, in front of 50 policemen who had already fired 1000 rounds of ammunition (some of it from machine guns), slight Bobby Hutton actually tried to get away by running is almost too ludicrous to credit, and there are witnesses to say the cops are liars. The Grand Jury, however (which may not have known that all the Panthers had repudiated the statements that were presented at the hearing), must have believed it. "We find," they said, "that the police conduct in the death of Robert Hutton was lawful."

[DENOUEMENT]

If Gallup polls mean anything, most Americans will be unable to believe most of this report. People are willing to believe in an isolated case of brutality, and people with little education, at least, are willing to concede that cops probably don't know how to behave well in a ghetto. But few people seem willing to believe that the Black Panthers are opposed to initiating violence in Oakland at this time and that the Oakland police are trying to start it. Few seem willing to believe that a metropolitan police force can set out on a systematic pattern of harassment and deliberate false arrest, with most of its members praying for some action by a Panther which will offer a cop an excuse to shoot.

They wanted to kill Eldridge Cleaver; he out-thought them, and they killed Bobby Hutton instead. They wanted to—still want to—kill Huey Newton; not bring him to justice; kill him. They would like to kill Bobby Seale and Glenn Stafford and David Hilliard and all the others, and if they can find an excuse they probably will.

—JUNE 29, 1968

[AFTERWARD]

The trial of Huey Newton indicates to what lengths the authorities will go in order to "get" the Panthers. The state's case rested primarily on the testimony of two "star" witnesses, Dell Ross, who had told the Grand Jury that he drove Newton to the hospital at gunpoint, refused to testify at the trial. When Newton's attorney Charles Garry played a taped interview in which Ross denied his earlier story, Ross was totally discredited as a witness.

The other star witness, bus driver Henry Grier, admitted at the trial that he had picked Newton out as the assailant only after he was shown a picture of the Panther leader by police and told, "This man is in the hospital, wounded." Although Grier had originally told police that he "couldn't" see the assailant well, the trial transcript given to the jury stated that he "could" see him. A corrected version was supplied, but the change was not pointed out to the jury and several jurors later said they had never seen the amendment. The jury finally compromised on a verdict of "voluntary manslaughter" and Newton is beginning a two- to fourteen-year sentence while his lawyer prepares an appeal.

If the authorities had to concoct evidence to get Newton, they ran into a little more trouble with Cleaver. Immediately following the April 6 shootout, Cleaver was returned to jail and his parole was arbitrarily revoked, although he had been neither tried nor convicted of any crime resulting from the April incident. Two months later, a Solano County, California, judge ordered Cleaver's parole reinstated, saying it had been revoked for political reasons. The Adult Authority appealed the decision, and on September 27, the California Court of Appeals reversed it, ordering Cleaver back to jail in 60 days. Cleaver, as he had promised, did not turn himself in on November 27.
Some Disturbing Parallels

CONTRARY to the legend, the FBI doesn't crack every case. Many are stamped "Closed Administratively," with the explanation, "All logical leads exhausted." It took me the first couple of years of a ten-year stint as an FBI agent to find out what this meant. Sometimes the case was too petty to pursue. Sometimes it couldn't be solved. Occasionally it had been bungled. And there were times when a case was simply not to the Bureau's liking.

by William Turner
There never was much inclination to probe the radical right or much élan for solving civil rights cases, especially after J. Edgar Hoover called Dr. Martin Luther King the “most notorious liar in the world” in 1964, after King questioned the FBI’s zeal in pressing civil rights investigations.

Despite my misgivings about the FBI, I was not prepared to believe that it would muff or muzzle the investigation of a case of the magnitude of a presidential assassination. At first, I did not share the intuitive feeling of many Americans and most Europeans that John Kennedy was the victim of a political conspiracy. By training and instinct I was an investigator, accustomed to dealing with forensic evidence. The array of apparently legitimate evidence that was being stacked up against Lee Harvey Oswald was impressive. Consequently, I had no reason to reject J. Edgar Hoover’s version, leaked to the press barely three weeks after the assassination, that Oswald and Ruby had each acted alone.

The FBI version was adopted without noticeable discomfort by the Warren Commission, which never so much as publicly hinted that it was far from puncture-proof. But as the Commission’s inquiry proceeded, the holes began to appear.

There was, for example, the film taken by spectator Abraham Zapruder. It graphically showed that Kennedy’s head was jolted back and to the left, a reaction consistent with a shot fired from the right and front; that Oswald would have had to fire three shots with a clumsy bolt-action rifle in 5.6 seconds, and that Kennedy and Governor John Connally of Texas were struck by separate bullets within a second of each other, dictating at least two shooters.

Nevertheless, it soon became evident that the Commission was embracing the three-shots-from-behind theory to the exclusion of all others. Disturbed, I wrote the Commission on July 4, 1964, pointing out that the opinions of spectators to the source of the shots could be misleading due to a sound phenomenon known as the “bow-wave effect.” The reply disturbed me even more. “The Commission has completed its investigation,” wrote General Counsel J. Lee Rankin on August 28, “and is now in the process of reviewing the results in order to draft the Final Report as quickly as possible.” Obviously, there was a political imperative to get the report out before the fall elections.

Once a skeptic, I became a critic. Behind the lawyers’ rhetoric, the Warren Report is riddled with contradictions, inconsistencies and implausibilities. The alternative to the single assassin theory is a conspiracy. If Oswald did not do it alone, it remains that he was elaborately framed.

The assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King on April 4 presents a series of striking parallels to the Kennedy case. A rifle with a telescopic sight was conveniently dropped at the crime scene. Just as the Carcano left in the Texas School Book Depository Building was readily traceable to Oswald, so the Remington jettisoned outside the dingy hotel from which King was shot was readily traceable to Eric Starvo Galt (whom the FBI subsequently identified as James Earl Ray, a 1967 escapee from a Missouri prison).

In both instances, also, it appears that the police radio network was penetrated. Within minutes after the President was shot, the Dallas police radio was broadcasting a description of a suspect—he generally resembled Oswald—that to this day is of unknown origin. Within minutes after the King shooting, the Memphis police radio was describing a police chase of a white Mustang thought to be the getaway car; police spokesmen now say the chase never took place. A white Mustang registered to Eric Starvo Galt was found abandoned in Atlanta, Georgia, a few days later. In the car was an Atlanta city map with circles drawn around Dr. King’s home and church. The map was reminiscent of the Dallas city map found among Oswald’s possessions after his arrest which had the Book Depository Building and several points along the Kennedy motorcade route circled.

The parallels come close to forming what the police would call a modus operandi, in which a trail was laid down to point to Oswald on the one hand, Galt on the other.

Yet despite these compelling indications, Attorney General Ramsey Clark insists that there is no evidence of conspiracy in the King case. Within 24 hours of the Memphis slaying, he was announcing that it appeared to be the work of one man and that an arrest was imminent.

A few days after the King slaying, Memphis police released an artist’s sketch of the suspect, reportedly prepared in Mexico under FBI supervision (Figure 2). It bore hardly any resemblance to the Galt photograph, but did have a startling resemblance to a face I had seen before. The face appears in a series of photographs taken by newspaper photographer William Allen in Dealey Plaza shortly after Kennedy was killed (Figure 1). It belongs to one of three men being searched by Dallas police from the area of the Grassy Knoll to the Dallas sheriff’s department cater-corner across the plaza. The sketch and the photograph both portray a man with a sharp, pronounced nose (Memphis hotel witnesses were uniformly impressed by this feature), a wide mouth with thin lips, and a firm set to the jaw.

There is no record in the Warren Report or its volumes, or in the files of the Dallas police and sheriff’s departments, as to the identity of the man in the Allen photograph, or his two companions. If their detention was ever recorded—several others taken into custody and released are accounted for in the annals of the Warren Commission—the files have been stripped. The investigation of District Attorney Jim Garrison in New Orleans has developed a suspect—a man who was active in anti-Castro activities, had Mexican connections and checked into a Dallas hotel three days before the assassination—but the DA has been unable to mount a widespread search for him due to the lack of cooperation of federal authorities.

New Orleans, the city that Garrison contends figured prominently in the Kennedy assassination planning, also looms large in the King case. While residing in Birmingham last fall, Galt claimed he had formerly worked at a New Orleans shipyard (the FBI was unable to find any record of his employment). Last December, Galt told several acquaintances in Los Angeles that he had to make a trip to New Orleans to see an “important industrialist.” He made the trip in the white Mustang. The FBI has learned that Galt had lengthy meetings with a prominent industrialist at the Provincial Motor Lodge on December 17 and 19. The industrialist is also missing and a search is on for him.

Obviously the FBI, despite the disclaimers of its boss Ramsey Clark that there was no conspiracy, is operating on the theory that there was. In California recently, G-men questioned a man who had occupied a room next to Galt in a hotel
Thus we are confronted with the dilemma of an attorney general who insists that there was no conspiracy in either the King or the Kennedy assassination while the evidence reads otherwise. But Clark's credibility has already been opened to question. On the day after Garrison arrested New Orleans trade official Clay Shaw on a charge of conspiring to assassinate Kennedy, Clark informed newsmen that Shaw had been investigated by the FBI in 1963 after the assassination and "found clear"; three months later, in a retraction that received little notice, he conceded that the FBI had not investigated Shaw at all. Then last October, Clark tipped his hand by telling a University of Virginia law forum, "Much as I may hate to do it, I just might have to prosecute Jim Garrison . . . he took a perfectly fine man, Clay Shaw, and ruined him just for personal aggrandizement." Although the Department of Justice has denied that Clark made the threat, Rey Barry, a reporter for the Charlottesville, Virginia, Daily Express who covered the event, has publicly declared that the attorney general spoke precisely those words.

So Clark is determined to squelch any and all conspiracy talk—about either assassination. And J. Edgar Hoover re-affirmed his faith in the Warren Report in 1966 when the wave of criticism broke. But the weight of evidence in each case points to conspiracy.

One parallel that must not be allowed to develop further in the King case is the pattern of cover-up that characterized the Kennedy investigation. For instance, Richard Giesbrecht, a reputable Winnipeg, Canada businessman, reported to the FBI that on February 13, 1954, he overheard two men in the airport restaurant talking about inside details of the assassination. A few weeks later, he contends, the FBI called him back and told him, "Forget what you heard. It's too big." One of the men, says Giesbrecht, was the late David Ferrie, an ex-CIA pilot and central figure in the Garrison probe. Significantly, Giesbrecht is not to be found in the National Archives, nor is his name mentioned in the Warren Report or its volumes. He is one of a number of key witnesses who are as far as the official version is concerned never existed.

Some of those who did officially exist claim that their testimony has been altered. Julia Ann Mercer, who saw a man with a rifle get out of a truck parked near the Grassy Knoll an hour and a half before the assassination, alleges that her affidavit as published in the Warren Report volumes is a forgery. She says that she identified Jack Ruby as the driver of the truck the day before he killed Oswald, and this has not been included in the forged affidavit. Former Deputy Sheriff Roger Craig, who was on duty in Dealey Plaza at the time of the shooting, contends that his statement has undergone 14 material alterations.

Thus it has become manifest that the Department of Justice (and presumably its master in the White House) is determined to keep the lid on the case and hide the truth. Therefore I would propose the formation of a citizens' committee to bring pressure to bear on the powers—that-be in Washington. The committee would be composed of the foremost critics of the Warren Report, civil rights leaders, forensic science experts and others. Ideally, the Kennedy-King investigation should be undertaken by a joint Senate-House select committee, with its own investigative staff unbothered to the FBI, the Secret Service and the CIA. But Congress has shown little inclination to take on such a controversial and politically loaded task, and the citizens' committee might serve as an interim force until public opinion compels Congress to act.

It is said that those who do not profit from history are doomed to relive it—and the history of governments contemptuous of the truth is not pleasant to contemplate.

(See next page)

William Turner, for ten years an FBI agent and now a RAMPARTS Senior Editor, is the author of three books: The Police Establishment (Putnam); Invisible Witness—The New Technology of Crime Investigation (Bobbs-Merrill); and a forthcoming account of New Orleans DA Jim Garrison's investigation of the Kennedy assassination (Award Books).
Corporations in Government, Case Study
No. 1:

[CLIFFORD AND THE DU PONTS]

One day in 1962, a small group of dark-suited men filed into the office of Robert Knight, general counsel of the Treasury Department, escorted by two well-dressed lawyers. They set down some papers and illustrated their point with a quick, sticks-and-stones drawing. The point was that if the government were to receive a capitol gain tax ruling, the Treasury would have to pay a $100 million tax bill.

What ensued was a contest, if that's the word, between the du Pont Family and the federal government over approximately that amount of taxes, and whether the aggrieved du Pons couldn't find some way out of paying it. Representing the nation's premier corporation was Clark Clifford, their Washington counsel. Robert Knight headed the government defense team.

Clifford had begun his exposition when a secretary interrupted the meeting to announce, "Mr. Knight, the President is calling." Upon Clifford got up, turned to the others and solemnly intoned, "I think it would be appropriate for all of us to leave the room." Solemnly, they all rose. The secretary, sensing a misunderstanding, corrected, "Oh, but the call is for Mr. Knight." When Clifford took the call, then strode to the ante-room where the others were standing around joking about Clifford's reputation for receiving calls from the President at opportune moments.

Before the case was settled, Clifford and his associates had saved the du Pons not $100 million, but an estimated $2 billion in taxes, allegedly receiving what has become famous in Washington as the "million dollar fee." Some Washington insiders contend the fee was closer to $2 million.

The extraordinary du Pont tax case grew out of a Supreme Court antitrust decision ordering E. I. du Pont de Nemours, titan of the chemical industry, to divest itself of the 23 percent interest it held in General Motors. Focus of the dispute was not the du Pont company itself, but its largest stockholder, Christiana Securities, through which members of the du Pont Family exert control. ("They are like one ball," said Senator Paul Douglas, "within another ball within another ball.") After an involved series of court orders, Internal Revenue Service rulings, and an act of Congress, du Pont was instructed to sell, or distribute pro rata to its stockholders, including Christiana, all of its GM stock. Christiana, in turn, had to sell or distribute proportionately to all stockholders the GM stock it had received from du Pont. Members of the Family, in turn, had to dispose of all GM stock they received from Christiana.

Normally, gains realized by the Family from sale of GM stock would be taxed as "ordinary income." But since most of the 63 million GM shares held by du Pont had been purchased some 50 years ago for two or three dollars a share (worth about $55 in 1962), and since Family members receiving the stock were in the topmost tax bracket, they would have had to kiss goodbye over 90 per cent of all those golden gains. To avoid this cruel and unusual punishment, the Family petitioned Congress for special tax relief. The original du Pont proposal called for a tax of 16 cents a share from the sale of GM stock. Failing that, they asked that returns from the sale of their GM stock be taxed not as ordinary income, not even as capital gains, but as "modified capital gains" (about $7.25 a share in 1962)—a tax rate far less than you would pay on ordinary income.

It was a lobbying effort probably unmatched in the history of the influence business—generated by Clifford and captained by John Sharon, who was commandeered from another law office and later made a member of the du Pont firm. In a brilliant, unorthodox strategy, Clifford and Sharon had the president of du Pont himself lobby more than 60 congressmen and administration officials, including the Treasury's Assistant Attorney General and Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Unsurprisingly, neither the Treasury nor the Justice Department opposed the legislation.

The special tax relief bill was passed in 1962, providing for a modified capital gains tax essentially as the Family wanted it, and signed into law by President Kennedy. (Eugene McCarthy, true to form, was one of the bill's co-sponsors.) Clifford got his Military Family was dissolved, but its largest stockholder, Christiana, maintained its influence through a special consultant arrangement.Congress anticipated that the government would collect $470 million in taxes, based on a pro-rata distribution at prevailing GM prices. As for the "million dollar fee," a former Treasury official might suggest that Clifford and his colleagues did in getting that legislation through, any bill he'd submit would be inadequate.

But the cunning du Pont did not rest on their legislative laurels. In Clifford's 1962 meeting with Robert Knight was one of many in a continuing push for maximum tax relief. Knight, however, was obliged to follow the guidelines set by the courts and Congress, designed to assure that the Family paid at least some tax on the stock dividends of the du Pont

Undaunted, Clifford tried again in 1964, arguing that conditions had changed since the 1962 ruling. GM had since nearly doubled in price and was now hovering around $100 a share. This meant more than double the capital gains tax liability for the 8.4 million GM shares that Christiana had yet to distribute, which would cause them to change the rules, permitting an exchange of GM for Christiana stock on a non-pro-rata basis. This way, the GM shares would be funneled largely to tax-exempt organizations held by Christiana stock, and to individuals who had acquired their Christiana holdings relatively recently and at relatively high prices and would therefore show low capital gains.

The net effect of the du Pont proposal was a virtual exemption from taxes on the entire GM stock investment for the wealthiest Family members. Clifford met with Treasury Secretary Dillon on July 9, 1964. He argued that by allowing non-pro-rata distribution of GM stock at a higher price, the government would still raise the approximately $470 million in taxes anticipated by Congress in 1962. (Senators Gore and Douglas contended that singling out the du Pons for further special exemption was an enormous capital gain was by no means justified. They pointed out that the $470 million figure was merely an estimate, based on what the tax would have been if GM were sold at the then prevailing price. "What if GM had fallen in price?" the senators asked. Would the government have then changed the rules to recover the difference from du Pont?—patently not.)

In early fall of 1964, Clifford attended another meeting in the general counsel's office on the pseudo-classic pillared third floor of the Treasury. This time it was occupied by Fred Smith, chief counsel, and other Treasury officials. Clifford had use his private office for a while to talk to President Johnson. I turned to the others in the room and asked whether this was a common occurrence at such meetings. They told me, "It happens all the time. I couldn't be sure, but it occurred to me that it couldn't have been the President every time."

Since the Treasury tax lawyers were recommending that no changes be made in the rulings which would permit special favors for the du Ponts, the Family went to extraordinary lengths to apply pressure. A few days after the meeting in Fred Smith's office, Robert Knight received a phone call at his Wall Street law firm, Shearman and Sterling. It was Clark Clifford, asking for a reconsideration of Knight's 1962 ruling requiring pro-rata distribution of the GM stock. Knight testified that he opposed the fee. "He asked me... whether the fact that his clients produced a lot of revenue was the kind of factor that would permit a reconsideration." Clifford also raised the possibility that Secretary Dillon might bring Knight back into the case for a new ruling.

Sure enough, on November 2, 1964, Dillon called Knight to Washington for a reconsideration. On November 4, Knight was in Washington. By November 10, he held a meeting with Treasury and Christiana lawyers. And on November 20, he reiterated his recommendation, reversing his 1962 decision, permitting a non-pro-rata exchange by Christiana, the Family's half of the taxable GM stock going to tax-exempt stockholders; and saving the du Pons an additional $56 to $100 million in taxes.

This time, since Christiana shares exchanged for GM stock were retired by the corporation, the effect was to further concentrate the family's ownership of Christiana and increase the value of their holdings. In effect, the Family was paying tax on a more than $90-per-share rise in the price of GM stock without incurring a penny of immediate tax liability.

"Very frankly," Senator Douglas told the Finance Committee, "it seems to me this has been a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose ruling—heads du Pont wins, tails the government loses." Senator Gore indulged his indignation at "this last-minute change in a Treasury ruling.... negotiated and issued in secrecy and contrary to the clear intent of Congress."

He called it a "deal that Robert Knight, selected by Secretary Dillon and who served without the Senate's publicly negotiated on behalf of the Treasury with the du Pont lawyers and lobbyists.... Stranger yet was the fact that [Knight] first learned of his possible selection as special consultant... by way of a telephone call from a Washington lawyer for the du Pont interests, Mr. Clark Clifford.... Former Secretary Dillon, Mr. Knight.... and the present commissioner, the then chief counsel of Internal Revenue, Sheldon Cohen, all ought to have shares in whatever rewards are given out for service well beyond the call of duty to the rich and privileged." (Knight was recently named president of the CIA's Asia Foundation; one of whose functions is to promote U.S. business in the Far East.)
"identify and isolate him [Wallace] in the public mind with the communists."

[CLIFFORD AND THE EXPANDING ECONOMY]

Clifford’s influence did not stop with his departure from the White House early in 1950, as Truman continued to visit regularly at the Clifford home. But he was freer to air his political ideas in public: witness his extraordinary speech to the Chicago Executives Club a few months later. He began with an analogy to the First American Revolution in 1776. Appropriately, he identified himself and his audience of businessmen not with the patriots of Lexington and Concord, but with George III and his problems in holding onto this distant piece of the British Empire. "I have often thought that with some slight giving on his part," Clifford said of King George, "if he had rolled with the punch" a little and made some concessions here and some concessions there, the whole history of this nation might have been different....

Corporations in Government, Case Study No. 2:

[CLIFFORD AND THE GREAT PRICE RIG]

One important function of the government is mediating disputes among the large corporations, through regulation of intercorporate competition, ensuring that inter-giant competition is carefully controlled, and maximize production and profit for industry as a whole. The most celebrated recent case of the government’s resolving corporate conflict of interest came in 1961, when General Electric and 28 other electrical equipment makers were convicted of fixing prices and rigging bids. The “victims” of these practices included such mammoth public utilities as Consolidated Edison and Pacific Gas and Electric (whose combined assets are even greater than GE’s), although the utilities had, of course, passed the overcharges on to the real victim of the price conspiracy—the consumer.

The 29 companies had defrauded their customers of hundreds of millions of dollars; for that they paid fines totaling $1.9 million, and seven second-second-executives did 30 days in prison. Fines levied against GE totaled $430,000—"less than one tenth of one per cent of its total annual income, and about two tenths of one per cent of its net 1960 profits ... no more severe," said Justice Department official Lee Loevinger, "than a $3 ticket for overnight parking for a man with a $15,000 income."

The companies also faced damage suits from the Tennessee Valley Authority and other agencies of federal, state and local governments, plus triple damage suits from the private utilities. And what does a "top 500" corporation do when its power lines are overloaded?—it calls in the old reliable fix-it man, Clark Clifford. "The highly realistic General Electric Company," writes John Herlina in The Great Price Conspiracy, "decided its most fruitful approach might be effected through the appointment of somebody with maximum access to high places in the Kennedy Administration. ... Clifford’s appointment struck some people as an effort by General Electric to ‘polder influence’ with the Kennedy Administration, which would put the Department of Justice under extra-legal pressure to let GE undertake the government campaign to collect for damages." Sure enough, GE settled out of court with the federal government for $7.7 million, about ten per cent of the $70 million it charged for price-fixed goods from 1956 to mid-1960. The federal settlement, called "reasonable and fair" by GE’s board chairman, set a general pattern for the other damage suits against GE.

Not only did Clifford help to settle many of GE’s 1800 treble-damage claims out of court, he waged a special ruling out of the IRS, permitting GE to deduct fines and legal penalties as “business expenses” (explicitly forbidden under tax regulations). As in the du Pont case, he is reported to have received up to $2 million for his services to GE.

The court action, of course, did nothing to break the monopoly of companies like GE and Westinghouse over the electrical supply industry. General Electric not only maintains a dominant position in industry as a whole (the nation’s fourth largest industrial corporation, with 1962 sales of $7.7 billion and defense contracts worth $12 billion), but has virtually absolute control over certain markets. Take, for example, the light bulb market, where GE has forcedly excluded new competition half a century—a market so profitable that the company was able to compensate loses and declare regular dividends throughout the Great Depression. Antitrust actions against GE began in 1911; GE, unperturbed, bought up a new light bulb patent and set up cross-licensing agreements to fix prices and divide the world market. Over the next 36 years, 16 antitrust proceedings and eight Federal Trade Commission actions were launched against GE. In 1949, the company was again convicted of monopolizing light bulbs and settled $104 million in claims for $1.3 million. Yet by 1961, GE still had 60 per cent of light bulb sales (Westinghouse had 20 per cent).

During the 1961 price-fixing scandal, a utility man seeking damage claims summed up the dilemma of dealing with independent principalities like General Electric and Westinghouse: "Lawyers or no," he said, "where else can we buy our transformers?" Even the federal government handled the top GE executives with kid gloves, "Negotiations," wrote Business Week, "were made with one eye on re-peated charges that [the administration] is anti-business." The Kennedy Administration was about as anti-business as the Wall Street Journal. GE Board Chairman Cordiner was chairman of the Business Advisory Council (another mechanism of corporate influence over federal policy making); his predecessor, G.E. "Electric Charlie" Wilson, was a member of the Pentagon’s Logistics Management Group; neither was penalized. A wink of the official eye and these executives, protecting their ignorance of the tax and check writing done by the new corporate power, to hold onto those ill-gotten gains. "Their legal and public relations teams," writes Herlina, "called upon many cities and towns urging their leaders not to sue. The question here became not whether to fight City Hall, but whether City Hall should fight General Electric... . Teams of ‘persuaders’... held out the prospect of new plants to job-hungry communities.

But any search for the villains of the price conspiracy must go beyond Clifford, beyond Cordiner and "Electric Charlie," to the banks that supported both. General Electric was financed by T. K. Quinn, a GE vice president who resigned in disgust at "business hypocrisy," described it this way: "The big blocks of GE stock... are held by big insurance or pension trust funds, and to a lesser extent, in mutual funds. Who will vote this deciding stock interest on judgment day? Why, the trustees of these funds, of course. Who are they? Well, about ten New York banks are the trustees for about three-fourths of it." A typical trustee, said Quinn, is Sidney Weinberg, president of the Wall Street banking firm of Goldman, Sachs and Co., director of GE, Ford, COMSAT and a dozen other large concerns, and the man who sponsored Cordiner for his executive post with GE. Quinn said the decision to retain Cordiner and most other top executives was made by the "Great money Nazi... a hand full of other trustees... who together own less than one per cent of the outstanding General Electric stock. They are the ones who are really on trial. "We are left," said Quinn, "with the transparent mystery of why prices continue so uniform in the electric lamp, steel, drug, cement, roofing material and other industries." Or as Federal Judge J. Cullen Ganey put it, "General Electric and the others made a mockery of our ‘free enterprise’ protestations."
after taxes in 1948) came the recession of 1949, and a persistent increase in the number of unemployed. The Great Depression of the '30s had never really been overcome (there were eight million unemployed right up to 1941, when the switch to war production reinfated the economy). And although the expected postwar conversion crisis had been temporarily averted, the "boom" was filled with signs of an impending "bust." Clifford, like many others in Washington, was worried by this prospect. If unemployment continued to increase, he told the executives, "it will indicate that we are not capable of meeting this problem, and that there is something basically wrong in our system." He contended that unless the living standard of ordinary people increased (one-third of the nation's families lived on less than $2000 a year), they might become disillusioned with the American Way and fall prey to "the illusion of socialism."

There was only one way, Clifford argued, to provide "a reasonably decent American standard of living" for the masses and at the same time maximize corporate profits (i.e., avoid a general redistribution of income). And that was to "expand the economy" by any means necessary—what Clifford called "a tremendous task that can only be performed by government and business working together." He advocated two methods of ballooning the economy without inconveniencing the rich: first, a government-financed and militarily-supported expansion of overseas markets and investments; second, a huge armaments program.

While Clifford was musing about government/business partnership in Chicago, a top-secret strategy document (NSC-68) was receiving its final approval from the National Security Council in Washington—a document Clifford had helped to prepare. It envisaged a quadrupling of the Defense budget to an unprecedented pace-time figure of ten per cent of the Gross National Product, or about $50 billion. The plan was initiated by President Truman in April 1950. But it was not until the outbreak of the Korean War two months later that the American public could be expected to swallow such a costly rearmament. (At one point early in the Korean War, when it looked as if a peace settlement might be reached, President Truman actually warned of damage to the economy if a settlement were to undermine support for the rearmament program. Instead, U.S. forces crossed the 38th parallel; the war went on for two and a half more years, and arms-generated spending soared. The splurge continues to this day, defense contracts alone accounting for about ten per cent of all business volume in the United States.) Just as it had required a World War to pull the U.S. out of the Great Depression, so in the postwar period prosperity came to depend on a permanent war economy. And Clark Clifford, from his championship of a “strong strategic Air Force” in the Truman years to his current call for more nuclear overkill, has been one of its strongest advocates.

He also used his access to Truman’s ear to push government sponsorship of overseas trade and investment by U.S. corporations. And Clifford, once the inspiration for a Hollywood screenplay entitled “Mr. Smooth,” was eminently qualified to make this imperialist expansion seem like pure altruism. The Marshall Plan, which opened Europe to American corporate carpetbaggers (today U.S. capital dominates wide areas of the European economy with $20 billion in strategically placed fixed investments), was made to seem like a giveaway program. In the same way, the Truman Doctrine in Greece and the Middle East and Point Four in Asia were packaged as aid programs, while in fact they served primarily to establish beachheads for U.S. business.

As Truman’s chief ghost writer, expeditor and advisor, Clifford played a key role in drafting and securing the adoption of each of these policies for “expanding the economy.” As he foresaw, building the war machine at home and expanding the empire abroad did solve the unemployment problem, temporarily. As Clifford predicted, it did improve the living standard of the man-in-the-street, at least enough to dampen his discontent and restore his faith in the economic system. And, as Clifford predicted, corporate profits soared. Depression had been averted, and with it the potential for revolution which Clifford envisioned in his Chicago speech.

For corporate liberals like Clifford, the national security objectives of the United States and the economic interests of the large corporations were in perfect unity. To contain “communism” at home required an expanding economy, achieved largely through military spending; to contain it abroad required the application (or threat) of military force and economic pressure. And conversely, to obtain forced growth of the economy through military spending and an expansionist foreign policy required the pretext of containing the communist menace.

Way back in 1917, Secretary of State Lansing (the uncle of John Foster Dulles) made very clear the government’s duty to protect corporate property from the Red threat. In terms more candid than those currently in use, he wrote that the Bolsheviks sought “to make the ignorant and incapable mass of humanity dominant in the earth.” The Bolsheviks were appealing, he said, “to a [particular] class and not to all classes of society, a class which does not have property but hopes to obtain a share by process of government rather than individual enterprise. This is of course a direct threat at existing social order in all countries.”

Clark Clifford’s own career exemplifies the use of government (rather than “individual enterprise”) to enrich not the mass of people but the privileged few—including and especially himself.

Corporations in Government, Case Study No. 3:

[CLIFFORD AND THE MERGER MANIA]

AMERICAN VISCOSE COMPANY (Avisco) is up for grabs. Two “top 500” chemical companies, both suppliers to Avisco, vulture in to acquire it. Who gets it?—the company with the right government connections, in this case the one with Clark Clifford on its payroll.

The first contestant, Stauffer Chemical, announced its intention to buy up Avisco in August 1962. Within a day, the Justice Department warned of possible antitrust action and later filed suit to block the merger. A year later FMC Corporation acquired Avisco, after Clifford had prevailed on the antitrust division to allow the merger. Yet FMC had almost double the sales volume of Stauffer, sold more chemicals to Avisco and had acquired over twice as many smaller concerns in the preceding ten-year period.

Today, after five years of buying up every company in sight, FMC ranks in the top 60 industrial corporations, with an average annual growth rate of 12 per cent and sales three times that of Stauffer. The duel for Avisco (and the unimpeded rise of FMC) is a classic case of selective enforcement of antitrust laws, with the effect not of curbing monopoly, but of encouraging it.
[MR. FIX FOR THE GIANT CORPORATIONS]

"When you talk about the military-industrial complex, all you have to do is close your eyes and think of Clark Clifford."


I
t was with the explicit aim of making a pile of money that Clifford left his $25,000 post in 1950 and set up a private law/influence practice in Washington. Hanging out his shingle was an easy matter, particularly after Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson wrote to a score of the most powerful corporations suggesting that they retain Clifford as their counsel in Washington. (Johnson, another corporate attorney and director of Consolidated Vultee, the forerunner of General Dynamics, was to do the same thing on his own behalf when he resigned later the same year.) It was largely out of this incestuous relationship between industrialists and financiers in federal roles and the giants of the defense industry that Clifford made his fortune. In fiscal 1967 alone, his clients were awarded nearly $2 billion in defense contracts and nearly $500 million in grants for research and development.

Clifford used his influence in the antitrust division of the Justice Department, in the regulatory agencies, in Congress and in the White House to win a variety of favors for his clients. "Anything that's regulated," said a fellow Washington lawyer, "he can fix." Although he traded largely on his reputation as an intimate of Presidents Truman, Kennedy and Johnson, it was helpful that three of his legal associates were veterans of the antitrust division, with the kind of middle-level contacts that are indispensable in the influence business.

In the process, Clifford became known as the highest paid lawyer in the nation, earning over a million dollars a year in legal fees alone—an approximate figure confirmed by friends, legal associates and President Johnson. By some estimates, his firm, Clifford & Miller, earned as much as $3.5 million in 1967, of which the lion's share went to Clifford (Miller died in 1950). It may seem like a lot of money for one man operating with a staff of nine lawyers out of a medium-sized office. But when you consider, for example, that Clifford's maneuvers helped to save the du Pont family alone $2 billion in taxes—and that his clients included ITT, American Broadcasting, Hughes Tool, GE, Standard Oil of California, Phillips Petroleum, RCA, El Paso Natural Gas, Time, Inc., W. R. Grace Shipping, TWA, Pennsylvania Railroad, FMC, Kerr-McGee Oil, and various sugar and cocoa interests, drug and chemical companies and mutual funds—then a million a year seems quite a reasonable figure.

Still, his income from legal fees forms a relatively insignificant part of the Clifford fortune, by his own account. Over the years, he has parlayed inside knowledge of federal business policy and his intimacy with business leaders into a handsome investment portfolio. He not only acquired holdings in many of the corporations he served as a lawyer, but went into the oil business himself, with assistance from executives of Phillips Petroleum. According to St. Louis Post-Dispatch reporter Marquis Childs, he admits to having "hit it big" in oil.

Clifford has been jack-of-all-trades to the last two administrations. In 1960, President-elect Kennedy, aware of Clifford's influence during the Eisenhower interregnum, chose him to supervise the transfer of power. Kennedy also appointed Clifford as a member, and later chairman, of the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (FIAB; supposedly a watchdog over the CIA). His fellow board members included such military/industrial chiefstains as Frank Pace, former Army secretary and board chairman of General Dynamics; Robert Murphy, ex-undersecretary of State and chairman of Corning Glass International; General Jimmy Doolittle, board chairman of Space Technology Labs; William O. Baker, research vice president of Bell Telephone Labs; and Augustus Long, chief executive officer of Texaco.

The FIAB was reactivated specifically to investigate the CIA's role in the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba; how ironic that it should be composed of men with a vested interest in encouraging the subversion of governments—like Castro's—which are unfriendly to U.S. business. The appointment of Clifford was especially apt in view of his central role in setting up the CIA in 1946. And when Kennedy decided to replace Allen Dulles as CIA director, Clifford was considered for the post (he declined it). So congenial were the objectives of the CIA with those of his corporate clients that Clifford took a former CIA agent, Thomas Finney, into his law firm; now a campaign manager for Eugene McCarthy, Finney had done a three-year stint with the Agency in Denmark.

Clifford was one of the creators of COMSAT, the public/Corporations in Government, Case Study No. 4:

**[CLIFFORD AND A SHADY TRADE SCHOOL]**

Clifford began collecting clients long before leaving his post as special counsel to President Truman in 1950. Among the more disreputable was the Michigan School of Trades, accused by the General Accounting Office (GAO) of fraudulently collecting $1,313,000 under the GI Bill of Rights to train nonexistent students. The school's owner, a Mr. Peters, visited Clifford at the White House and retained his services for $25,000.

In July 1951, the Justice Department recommended that the million dollar claim be settled for $125,000. When the GAO protested that the Veterans Administration was withholding $190,000 in allegedly fraudulent GI Bill payments, the Justice Department insisted that the $65,000 difference be refunded to the school. The following year, during congressional hearings on influence in the Justice Department, it was revealed that Holmes Baldridge, assistant attorney general in charge of the claims division, had been appointed on the recommendation of Clark Clifford. Baldridge himself testified that Clifford had recommended him to head the antitrust division, but that he "had no knowledge" of Clifford's role in securing him the claims division post. He denied any influence by Clifford in getting the school off the hook.

RAMPARTS 139
private corporation which handed paramount control of the Telstar communications satellite to AT&T, in one of the more flagrant examples of public charity for the big utilities. At Kennedy’s request, he dissuaded leading steelsmakers from a general increase in steel prices (they later raised prices selectively to achieve the same result), and last year he helped organize a committee of business executives to support Johnson’s tax hike. And it was Clifford, primarily, who devised the plan for Lyndon Johnson to withdraw from the 1968 presidential race and simultaneously announce a southward shift of bombing tonnage in North Vietnam.

After the assassination of John Kennedy, Clifford was one of the first people Johnson called on to help plot the course of the new administration, and in the past few years he has become the President’s most trusted advisor, with a strong, hawkish voice in formulating Vietnam policy. Clifford consistently opposed pauses or restrictions in the bombing of North Vietnam—until the last Tet offensive obliged him to reconsider. As chairman of the Presidential Advisory Committee on National Security, he made three junkets to Southeast Asia. And in September 1966, Clifford helped collect names for an ad in the New York Times—signed by 45 men representing powerful industrial and banking interests, including the House of Rockefeller and the House of Morgan—announcing total support for Johnson’s Vietnam policies.

[CLIFFORD AS COAUTHOR OF THE COLD WAR]

To understand Clifford as Defense Secretary, one has to go back to 1947, when he drafted the major policy position that set the nation on the expansionist course we are still traveling today: the Truman Doctrine. Proclaimed by the President on March 12, 1947, it announced the era of America’s role of global policeman and it fired the first official shot in what was shortly to become known as the Cold War. From it would flow NATO, the containment policy, and the wars in Korea and Vietnam.

The specific purpose of the Truman speech was to ask Congress to vote a program of military and economic aid to the governments of Greece and Turkey, especially Greece, which was engaged in suppressing an armed popular insurgency. But the speech went far beyond this particular request, announcing a new and sweeping reformulation of the stated goals of American foreign policy. From that time on, it would be the policy of traditionally “isolationist” America to extend its power over most of the world, intervening militarily and economically whenever Washington deemed it necessary to preserve “economic freedom” (free access for exploitation by U.S. capital) and maintain “political stability” (government control of the “unruly people,” as George Kennan called them).

In effect, the Truman Doctrine affixed the presidential seal to U.S. moves to capture the old imperial preserves of Japan and the nations of Western Europe, then struggling to revive their own crippled economies. And just as U.S. intervention in Vietnam resulted from the “power vacuum” left by the French withdrawal, so the immediate cause of the President’s request for a presence in Greece and Turkey was the economic crisis in England, which forced the British government to discontinue its military/economic aid to those countries. Gradually, as Britain loosened her hold on former satellite regions, the United States moved in to take her place.

The Truman Doctrine set America on a warpath that would begin in the mountains of Greece and lead to the rice paddies of Vietnam—"in defense of “free peoples.” But the Greeks, like the South Vietnamese, were hardly “free” by any standards. Washington intervened in Greece and Vietnam to prop up governments of the corrupt and reactionary upper classes, which had generally collaborated with Germany and Japan during the Second World War. Moreover, American intervention in Greece was designed to destroy the popular anti­fascist resistance movement, overwhelmingly composed, like the Vietnamese National Liberation Front, of peasants and other underprivileged classes. As British historian Arnold Toynbee told an American audience in 1961, “America is today the leader of a worldwide anti-revolutionary movement in defense of vested interests. She now stands for what Rome stood for. Rome consistently supported the rich against the poor in all foreign communities that fell under her sway....” But of course, the U.S. did not intervene in Greece and Vietnam merely to help out some local fascists; as with Imperial Rome, the principal “vested interests” the United States has been defending for the past two decades are 100 per cent American.

Clark Clifford made the business motivations of the Truman Doctrine crystal clear in his draft of March 10, 1947, two days before the President read his message to Congress. Clifford made two additions to his earlier drafts. The first stated that “there had been a worldwide trend away from the system of free enterprise toward state-controlled economies; that continued chaos in other countries and pressure exerted upon them from without would mean the end of free enterprise and democracy in those countries; and finally, that the disappearance of free enterprise in other nations would threaten our economy and our democracy.” (Summarized from Clifford’s draft by Joseph M. Jones, then a State Department official; our italics.)

Clifford’s second substantive addition to the March 10th draft emphasized the strategic importance of Greece to control of the Middle East with its oil resources “which should not be under the exclusive control of any single nation.” (Jones’ summary.) After discussion with Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson, however, Clifford agreed that these particular arguments for the Truman Doctrine were politically inadvisable and should be deleted—not because they did not express its intent; on the contrary, they revealed too much.

What worried Acheson about Clifford’s first addition was that the reference to “state-controlled economies” might be interpreted in Congress as an argument against aid to Britain, which had a Labour government at the time and had nationalized a few industries. As for the second insertion, Acheson did not want an official administration pronouncement implying that American oil companies should muscle in on British dominance in the Middle East oil fields. But in fact, this is exactly what happened. Benefiting directly from the Truman Doctrine and the Cold War policies that flowed from it (such as the later CIA coup in Iran), U.S. corporations came to control nearly 60 per cent of Middle East oil resources—compared to less than ten per cent prior to the Second World War.

The corporate dividends from Greece were almost as impressive. Twenty years after the Truman Doctrine, while democracy in Greece (such as it was) lay prostrate under a
U.S.-trained and supplied military junta, the conglomerate Litton Industries of Beverly Hills was receiving an $800 million cost-plus contract from the junta colonels to promote "free enterprise."

[THE WAR CRY OF AMERICAN BUSINESS]

The cold war, by accelerating monopolistic concentration and state intervention in the economy, had of course put the coup de grace to that "free enterprise system" which Clifford and his colleagues so lovingly—and cynically—invoked. In reality, the corporate liberals were nearly as dedicated in their opposition to "free enterprise" as they were to communism. Clifford's role as an antitrust lawyer—defending corporate giants accused of dividing markets, fixing prices and generally conspiring to eliminate free competition—is a dramatic case in point.

Significantly, all the leading Cold Warriors saved their moralisms about "freedom" and "communist totalitarianism" for the general public. When they talked about Cold War policy privately, they talked business. War Secretary Forrestal, for example, wrote on March 3, 1947: "I felt very strongly that the world would only be brought back to order by restoration of commerce, trade and business, and that would have to be done by businessmen. . . ." Domestically, Forrestal favored further concentration of industry, urging the government to "encourage and not discourage business. . . . That would take the form of freedom from unnecessary prosecutions, etc. . . ."

The real motivations of the postwar "internationalism" expressed in the Truman Doctrine were enunciated in terms normally reserved for Marxists and businessmen, even before the war was over. Dean Acheson, then assistant secretary of State, told a congressional committee in 1944: "It seems that we are in for a very bad time, so far as the economic and social position of the country is concerned. We cannot go through another ten years like the ten years at the end of the '20s and the beginning of the '30s, without having the most far-reaching consequences upon our economic and social system. When we look at that problem we may say it is a problem of markets. You don't have a problem of production. . . . We have got to see that what the country produces is used and is sold under financial arrangements which make its production possible. . . . Under a different system you could use the entire production of the country in the U.S. . . . You could possibly fix it so that everything produced here would be consumed here. But that would completely change our Constitution, our relations to property, human liberty, our very conceptions of law. And nobody contemplates that. Therefore, you find that you must look to other markets and those markets are abroad."

One State Department official called the Truman Doctrine "a war cry." Clark Clifford said it was in the "historic tradition" of such business-motivated, interventionist texts as the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door policy in China. As such, it had an immediate and profound impact on the international political situation, especially in Europe. Truman had thrown down the gauntlet—the world was divided between two alternative ways of life, and "nearly every nation must choose" between them. Neutrality was deemed unacceptable by the rules of the official, anticommunist extremism which has dominated U.S. foreign policy for two decades.

This proclamation, backed by the entire diplomatic/military/economic arsenal at Washington's command, had dramatic effects. In the ensuing months communists were ousted from the cabinets of France and Italy; the noncommunist Smallholders Party in Hungary was eviscerated and the noncommunist Peasants Party in Poland reduced to impotence. By fall, Moscow had organized the Cominform, which issued a counter-challenge to the Truman Doctrine, echoing the message of fundamental world division. The year 1948 saw the coup d'état in Czechoslovakia, the Berlin blockade and airlift, the expulsion of Yugoslavia from the Cominform, and the first steps toward NATO, which was formed the following year.

[COMING HOME TO ROOST]

The cold war has meant permanent mobilization, a peacetime conscription unique in American history, a militarism alien to American traditions, gigantism in government, and a vast extension of that incestuous relationship between government, the corporations and the military which had grown up during World War II. It has meant Pyrrhic hot wars for control of two strategic Asian peninsulas. It has meant an unbelievable accumulation of surplus capital in the United States, capital panning for profitable, "economically free" and "politically stable" places to invest. Since the Second World War the yearly outflow of U.S. investment capital has increased fifteen-fold—from $230 million to over $3 billion annually.

The role of the military/political Cold War program in providing these capital outlets was gratefully acknowledged in recent comments by a man who should know: Alfred Worth, vice president for Far Eastern operations of the Chase Manhattan Bank. "In the past," he said in a summer 1965 interview, "foreign investors have been somewhat wary of the overall political prospect for the [Southeast Asia] region. I must say, though, that the U.S. actions in Vietnam this year—which have demonstrated that the U.S. will continue to give effective protection to the free nations of the region—have considerably reassured both Asian and Western investors. In fact, I see some reason for hope that the same sort of economic growth may take place in the free economies of Asia that took place in Europe after the Truman Doctrine and after NATO provided a protective shield. The same thing also took place in Japan after the U.S. intervention in Korea removed investor doubts." (Italics added.)

It was on the Cold War that Clark Clifford rode to power, as its organization manservant. It was on the Cold War that Clifford rode to fortune, in his 18 years of arranging multi-million dollar favors for the corporations that benefit most from war and overseas investment. And now, as the slaughter he consistently advocated in Vietnam grows to ever more bloody climaxes, as the crisis of American empire grows ever more intense, it is only fitting that Clifford should be appointed secretary of Defense—at the very center of the military/industrial power network—and face the consequences of a 20-year policy of unbridled greed and indifference to suffering. Because all the chickens, as Malcolm X prophesied, are coming home to roost.

Reporters: Judy Buchbinder, David Kolodney, Marc Sommer, John Spitzer.
In Cold Blood
How the CIA Executed Che

Michèle Ray, formerly a model for Chanel and an amateur race car driver, traveled to Viet-Nam in 1966 as a reporter for Le Nouvel Observateur and other French publications. She had been there for seven months when she was captured by the Viet Cong and detained for 21 days. Upon her release she wrote several articles interpreting the Viet Cong and their revolution to the Europeans.

A month after the death of Che Guevara, she went to Bolivia as a correspondent for Paris Match and spent seven weeks investigating the circumstances surrounding the guerrilla leader's death.

Michèle Ray is the author of Two Shores of Hell (David McKay, May 1968).

From all parts of the world they came to search for relics of St. Che. The vultures were already circling the body of the martyred revolutionary hero. As I flew over Mexico and Lima, across the Andes, over Lake Titicaca, across the barren and arid Altiplano, I made my plans. I knew that Don Schanche, who had been editor of Holiday, was now closing a deal with the corrupt Bolivian generals so that Magnum, the big U.S.-dominated news consortium, could traffic in Che's literary remains. A kind of romanticism left me repelled at this prospect. I found it bizarre and unjust that the diary of this man who had dedicated
his life (and death) to the fight against American imperialism should be exploited, expurgated, perhaps falsified, to the profit of the very political line he had abhorred.

I resolved to see the diary before the Americans took it from Bolivia so I could discover just what had motivated this unique rush to publish it. I also resolved to make the deal as difficult for the Americans as possible. I had one card to play, a bluff. When I left Paris, my friend, publisher Jean-Jacques Pauvert, gave me blanket accreditation to negotiate for the purchase of the famous diary. He felt he would have little chance against American money but told me to try. At least Pauvert would treat Che’s remains with the reverence they deserved. I had no idea that weeks later I would leave having reconstructed the last day of Che’s life and assured myself that the CIA was responsible for his death.

I landed at La Paz along with Schanche. He didn’t know who I was, so I stuck to his trail through customs and checked in at the same hotel, the Copacabana. The project which had brought Schanche to Bolivia, with me at his heels, had been planned and organized by Andrew Saint George, a photographer-journalist from Magnum. A Hungarian by birth, Saint George was named by Che Guevara in his history of the Cuban Revolution as an agent of the FBI who had been sent to visit the guerrilla band in the Sierra Maestra.

This same Saint George had landed in La Paz just a few days after the press had announced the presence of a diary in Che’s saddlebag. It hadn’t been much trouble for him to persuade the Bolivian government to abandon its plan to publish the diary and to put it up for sale instead. The New York Times had come in on the deal with the Magnum consortium and so Juan de Onís, their Latin American correspondent, had also flown to La Paz. The deal was set. Schanche had only to come to La Paz, take a look at the documents and sign the contract.

It was Saturday and Schanche counted on being back home by the next weekend. I didn’t have much time. I had arrived too late to find and talk with the intermediaries who are always vital to these sorts of negotiations. So I had to go right to the top: President René Barrientos and General Alfredo Ovando, Bolivia’s military strongmen. I already knew them, having interviewed them in August 1965, when they headed the military junta. This made my task easier, and 48 hours after I arrived I had obtained an interview with Barrientos in the presidential palace. But Schanche had worked even faster; his interview was set for four o’clock, mine for five. I was afraid the one-hour difference would be crucial and I walked into the President’s office expecting the worst.

Stocky and swarthy, his hair cropped short, the President was open and relaxed, even voluble with me. He began by speaking of the circumstances surrounding the death of Guevara. “You know,” he told me, “La Paz is far from La Higuera, and I can neither confirm nor deny for you any of the accounts which have been given of the details of Señor Guevara’s death. Was Barrientos implying he had no idea of what had gone on in La Higuera the day Che died? A difficult position for a chief of state to take, especially in a country as closely controlled as Bolivia.

“I am in Bolivia as a journalist,” I told the President, “but along with my study of the history of the guerrilla movement, I also represent the French publishing house of Pauvert, which is interested in buying the captured documents, among them, of course, the famous diary.”

You could have heard a pin drop. Barrientos, composed as before, said nothing. I went on: “Furthermore, if you negotiate with a non-U.S. firm on equal terms, the international press can’t accuse you of being in the hands of the United States. Whatever you decide in the long run, having two competitors can only be advantageous to the Bolivian government.”

But Barrientos already understood. “I’ve just seen Schanche and the other,” he said. “Everything had been decided, and the business was supposed to be finished by the end of this week. But it’s okay with me if you enter the competition. You can appear tomorrow before the Diary Commission.”

Bolivia’s grapevine worked even faster than I thought, for Schanche was waiting for me at my hotel; relaxed as ever, he introduced himself, stating he was still sure that “the most important narrative of the last few years” would soon be his. “Who is this Pauvert? Michele, you’re crazy to compete with a trust like Magnum. This stupid competition is only helping a handful of generals make a killing.”

Schanche had a lingering smile for the woman in me, but he had declared war against the competition I represented. Captain Philip Wimset from the American Embassy—a personal friend of Saint George—had obligingly furnished Magnum with very detailed “intelligence reports” on everything I had written, all my movements and how much I had in the bank. The information was passed through Schanche to the Bolivians.

The next day, while Schanche, de Onís and Saint George, accompanied by Captain Wimset and by Colonel Arana from the Bolivian secret service, examined the captured documents, I appeared before the “Diary Commission.”

In reality, the commission was composed of only two members: Hector Mejica, director of information for the President’s office, and Jaime Cespedes, director of information for the General Staff. The former represented Barrientos, the latter Ovando.

I submitted an initial offer of $80,000, knowing very well that this was too little, but I left the door wide open for further bids. I cabled Pauvert that the documents included not only Che’s diary, but also that of Joaquín (one of the guerrillas), a book of Che’s poems, the records of the guerrillas’ interrogation of various Army prisoners, the photos taken by the guerrillas and the Bolivian Army’s filmed reconstruction of the guerrillas’ main ambushes. It was really big business.

Naturally, the Bolivian authorities and my competitors had a good look at my cables and the replies. But I have to admit that this telegraphic espionage was mutual—and Schanche didn’t make it any easier by sending a yard of Telex to New York every day. I “borrowed” the key from the hotel desk and visited his room at a time when I knew he had a regular appointment, taking care that I didn’t do my “research” at the same time as the agent for the Bolivian secret service, who came every day to visit my room and those of my “friends.”

General Alfredo Ovando, chief of the Bolivian Armed Forces, received my offer—reluctantly. A few days later, he called me to his office.

Unlike Barrientos—who seems the very image of the American Way of Life—the general, with his stiff military uniform and his tiny mustache, is a prototype of the South American military man. Also unlike Barrientos, Ovando had a
specific answer to the question of how Che died: "Commander
Guevara, mortally wounded when he was captured, died of
internal bleeding seven or eight hours after his capture. Some
officers were able to speak with him."
He got down to the point: "Your offer is too low. The
Americans have offered $200,000 plus royalties. However, we
aren't too happy with a royalty agreement. Make us a better
offer in cash. I'll give you a few days."
Because I had seen the Magnum cables, I knew that the
figure he quoted as the American offer was correct. Pauvert
cabled me: "Still a little." Since I knew that Pauvert could
never beat the Magnum offer, I decided to bluff, and had a
lawyer draw up a contract for $400,000. Why not? And I
inserted an important escape clause: my offer would hold
only after I had seen the documents.
In reality I wasn't fooling anyone. Certainly not the Boliv-i
ians, since Ovando had copies of all the cables I had sent to
Paris.

But Schanche wasn't finished with the French. The French
members of the Magnum consortium, as well as some of the
Americans, took my place in the fray, threatening to leave the
trust unless the negotiations were broken off. In New York
there were, I found out, doves as well as vultures.

Finally, in Havana, with the news of the bidding now public,
Guevara's heirs threatened to file suit against whoever claimed
the copyright, for there was every reason to believe that the
diary had been altered either in La Paz or by the CIA in
Panama. And the prospect for such a legal entanglement was
enough to scare off many of the remaining vultures.

Weeks after he had left New York to take a look at the
documents and sign the contract, Schanche returned, observing
that he regretted that the affair appeared to have been
compromising for him. The New York Times sent Juan de Onís
to greener pastures in Cuba. Only Saint George, who had
given the diary its commercial value in the first place, con-tinued to try to interest publishing houses in the document.
I had no business left with the diary, so I resolved to begin
my investigation of the circumstances of Che's death.

[1968: CHE]

A

LTHOUGH THE NEGOTIATIONS for the documents were
still nominally secret, by now the matter had become
a public duel between France and the United States.
The bets were on the table; the embassies rose to the
occasion. And if Andrew Saint George was rumored to be
working for the CIA, I in turn became a dangerous interna-tional spy. But for whom was I working? "For the Cubans,"
claimed Saint George. And he asked his influential friend,
Captain Philip Wimset, to take me out of circulation for 48
hours to ask me a few questions. But Ovando, who knew very
well that I was bluffing, wouldn't let him.

Because I didn't want him to cut my negotiations short with
a cable of withdrawal, I never informed Pauvert that I had put
"his" $400,000 on the table. But finally, since time was
running out, I decided to make all the negotiations public and
gave the story to Agence France Presse. Barrientos had de-clared that very day at Cochabamba that "the diary will be sold
to the highest bidder"; my object was to make the destination
of the sale money a public issue.

In Paris, Pauvert nearly had a heart attack when he found
out just how much money he had "offered." He cabled me to
withdraw officially from the bidding.

We had interviews with Ovando scheduled for that after-
noon: Schanche at five o'clock, myself at four. General
Ovando, fingering a cable—which, as I later understood, was
Pauvert's withdrawal—said to me: "I assume that you are still
in the running. I hope that you have received no negative
reply." My competitors were all waiting in the next room.
Sitting there with a copy of Pauvert's telegram, they imagined
that I had come to announce to Ovando that I was pulling out.

But the original cable was in Ovando's hands, the copy in
the hands of my competition—and I had never seen it. Now it
was General Ovando who ran the bluff. With a smile he told
the gathering in the other office: "¿Qué no? Michèle hasn't
come to withdraw, but to confirm her offer. You had better
raise yours, gentlemen."

Two days later another cable arrived from Pauvert: "Con-

firm previous cable withdrawing." This time Ovando obligingly
had it sent directly to me.

The day before I left La Paz a young journalist came
to see me with some information. This wasn't the first
time that I had been approached, usually with bad
leads, but always for a healthy number of dollars. I
asked him how much.

"I don't want any money," he answered, "but I do want to
go to France to study. Besides, I have no way of publishing
what I know here. And I'm afraid, because they know that I
know the whole story of the death of Che. I spent four days in
La Higuera after he was shot."

If this was true, it was a bombshell. Since the 9th of October
no journalist had been able to reach La Higuera; the village
had been quarantined by the Army.

Jorge Torricel was the man's name, and I listened to his
story with growing interest. "As a journalist for a military
magazine," he contended, "I was accredited by the General
Staff, by the secret service and by the President's office. More-
ever I had followed the anti-guerrilla operations since the very
beginning. I had gone on missions with the Bolivian Rangers,
and they all knew me. So I had no difficulty in getting to La
Higuera and in staying there. Showing my official papers, I
told the peasants that I knew the whole story and said I was
supposed to write up a secret report. I was there for four
days; I explored on foot the whole area where Che passed the
last weeks of his life. I got back just two days ago. The authori-
ties threw me right out the door and took away my papers."

Why had he come to see me and not Juan de Onís of the
New York Times, for example?

"I want to go to France. You are the only French journalist
in La Paz at this moment except for the representative of
Agence France Presse. You are well known and are working
for a big magazine."

I was leaving the next day for Camiri and the guerrilla zone
and I was still innocent enough to think that I could get to La
Higuera myself. So I told Torricel when I expected to be back.
"O.K." he replied. "Call me when you get back 20 days from
now. I will speak to no one until you return to La Paz. If you
go to La Higuera, look for bullet holes inside the schoolhouse
in the larger classroom, to the left of the door. One more
thing: Che wasn’t mortally wounded when he was captured. He
had only one wound—in the left leg, nothing serious. He was
shot down in cold
blood.”

 TORRICO didn’t want to say more than this before I’d
committed myself to help him get to France. But this was more
than enough for me to begin my investigation.

[THE MYSTERIOUS Gringo]

S ANTA CRUZ, FOR EIGHT MONTHS the center of the anti-
guerrilla operations, is the most pleasant city in Bolivia.
Its residents are casual, yet at the same time full of the
joie de vivre which is the heart of the city’s charm. And
the most beautiful girls in Bolivia, mini-skirted and pony-
tailed, live here. Their looks are Spanish rather than Indian,
with pale skins and blue eyes. Although the streets are newly
paved, Santa Cruz is still infested by dust driven everywhere
by the wind.

At the General Staff headquarters I taped an interview with
Colonel Joaquin Zenteno, commander of the 8th Division,
now famous as the man who captured Che. Elegantly dressed,
/charging a small mustache, Colonel Zenteno had another
version of Che’s death, different from those of Barrientos and
Ovando. One month after the event—more than enough time
for a common version to be decided upon—Zenteno told me
that Che had never spoken at all after his capture; that he had
died while being transported from Quebrada del Churo to La
Higuera. But Colonel Zenteno was not eager to talk about
Guevara’s death, although he waxed eloquent on the subject
of anti-guerrilla tactics and military strategy in general. He
commented with dry humor on the anti-guerrilla training
which the U.S. Green Berets had given his Rangers, where the
Bolivians spent whole days shouting: “I’m the strongest! I’m
the best!” hoping that they would begin to believe it.

In Santa Cruz I rented a jeep and, accompanied by Terry
Malick from the New Yorker, headed towards Vallegrande, the
town to which an Army helicopter had brought Che’s body
from La Higuera. We took the main road out of Santa Cruz,
finding it thick with traffic. Four hundred kilometers long, it
is the only tarred highway in all Bolivia. We followed it for
90 kilometers, arriving at the village of Samaipata. It was
here at 11 p.m. on July 6th that Che and nine of his men auda-
ciously captured the town in a truck they had borrowed nearby.

Legend has it that Che was giving orders from the top of a
nearby hill. But the owner of the Hotel Velocidad, a very talk-
tive woman, knows better. For she shook the hand of Che
Guevara in town, telling him: “I am not afraid to shake the
hand of a guerrilla.” Five months later this event is still the
principal topic of conversation.

Three more hours by jeep over an almost completely over-
grown road and we were in Vallegrande, where two months
earlier Che’s body had been on display to the press for 24
hours. We could go no further. A roadblock had been thrown
across the path leading out of the town towards La Higuera,
which was still quarantined. In La Higuera there are 400

FELIX RAMOS, Cuban exile and CIA agent, specialist in counterinsurgency operations, shown here overseeing the preparation of
Che’s body. No pictures are available of Eduardo Gonzales, the other CIA agent.
campesinos who know the truth. And despite all the threats and promises, the Bolivian government still fears that one of them might talk. Besides the authorities, the only person authorized to go there is the Dominican priest, Father Roger Schiller. He was in La Higuera on that fateful Monday of October 9th, arriving just an hour after the death of Che.

About forty-five years old, Father Schiller has been living in the La Higuera area for seven years. I was to see him three times. Our conversation was made more comfortable and secrets easier to keep by the fact that we spoke the same language—Schiller is a French Swiss. Also, the information that Torrico, the young military journalist, had given me in La Paz made it easier for me to broach the topic of the murder of Che. Schiller’s testimony corresponded exactly with the little that Torrico had told me. He repeated in detail some of the stories that the peasants told about what had gone on in La Higuera that day. He also told me that a gringo had been in the village the day of Che’s death. “Who was he?” I asked. “I’m not sure. They called him Gonzales.”

I ran into Father Schiller again in Pucara, which I reached with Juan de Onis and a couple from the Peace Corps only by sneaking past the roadblock at the exit to Vallegrande. It was a four-hour trip by jeep across barren mountain ridges. No houses, nothing. The campesinos were startled to see us, because since the strange series of events two months before, we were the first strangers who had gotten that far.

But even before we had saddled the horses to push on to La Higuera, Major Mario Vargas stormed onto the scene. Vargas absolutely forbade us to go any further, saying: “I have given orders to my men in La Higuera to stop, and if necessary to shoot down, any journalist, Bolivian or foreign, who tries to get there. We will recognize no papers. And what is more, the campesinos will not talk to you. They know that journalists only tell lies.

To guarantee that we left the area promptly, Vargas began to escort us back to Vallegrande. Just as we parted, he couldn’t keep from saying: “Don’t tell Zenteno or Ovando that you got as far as Pucara. It’s off limits.”

On the road back to Vallegrande we suddenly saw a great stir ahead of us. A company of Rangers had just arrived, clambered down from their trucks and spread across the road amid a chorus of shouts and whistles. The remnants of the guerrilla band, commanded by Inti Peredo, had been sighted in the area. Two soldiers, armed with light machine guns, inspected our jeep and verified our papers. We were allowed to pass.

BEFORE RETURNING TO LA PAZ, I had one more visit to make: to La Esperanza, the camp where American Green Berets from the 8th Special Forces in Panama had for 19 weeks trained the battalion of Bolivian Rangers which was to capture Che Guevara.

World opinion in April still refused to accept the story that the elusive Che was really present in the Bolivian selva. But I learned at the Special Forces camp that the CIA, which had pursued Che constantly since his disappearance from Cuba in 1965, no longer had any doubts. This “Ramón” was Guevara, and it was from Bolivia that he had sent the message to the Tricontinental: “Create two, three, many Vietnams, that is the watchword.”

It was only after completing my stay at La Esperanza and returning to La Paz to talk at length with Torrico that I was finally able to understand the incredible lengths to which the Americans had gone to get Che. They had begun by sending CIA agents into the area of the guerrillas’ ambush; they had been armed with his entire dossier, and their mission was to verify that it was indeed Che who was leading the guerrillas. They were also determined to coordinate the intelligence efforts of the Bolivian military with its secret service. There were two CIA men heading the “get Che” campaign in Bolivia: one was known as “Ramos” ; the other was the mysterious “Gonzales” ; both are Cubans and members of the CIA counter-insurgency team composed of Cuban exiles operating out of Panama.

Dividing their time between La Esperanza, Camiri and the presumed guerrilla zone, Ramos and Gonzales did not advertise their presence. Both had good covers. The first evidence of Gonzales’ presence is contained in Régis Debray’s testimony: “Three days after my capture, I was interrogated by a certain Gonzales, the mysterious finger-man for the CIA.” In a letter smuggled out of jail, he wrote: “When I was first arrested... I was told by the mysterious mastermind of the CIA, Dr. Gonzales, who is probably a Puerto Rican and was in daily contact with both Barrientos and the American Embassy, ‘you interest them more alive than dead.’ ”

Ramón-Guevara was the CIA’s man, and they did not intend to let him escape because of the incompetence of the Bolivian military. The United States was determined to make Bolivia a model counterinsurgency operation. The Pentagon knows quite well that they cannot afford two or three more Vietnams.

I left La Esperanza and Santa Cruz and returned to La Paz. By now I had most of the threads of the story in my hands: Che was not mortally wounded when he was brought to La Higuera; Prado had handed him over to Selnich alive. I understood the role of the American Green Berets in training the Bolivian Rangers and I was beginning to suspect the presence of the mysterious Gonzales in La Higuera during the hours before Che died. I was anxious to talk to Torrico so that he could confirm what I already knew and pin down some of the missing details.

I found him quickly in La Paz. He was even more anxious to get to France now, and this made him talkative. Soon we found that by combining what each of us knew we could piece together a coherent, if not detailed, account of Che’s last 24 hours. Together with insights and details which other sources later provided me, the story, including the crucial role of the American CIA, is reasonably complete.

[THE DEATH OF CHE GUEVARA]

ON THE NIGHT OF SATURDAY the 7th of October, Che Guevara—or rather Ramón—and his men arrive in a canyon called Churo, one of the deep ravines that score the selva in the area to the southeast of Santa Cruz. Their last battle had taken place 11 days before, only a few kilometers away, near the village of La Higuera. That day, September 28, Coco Peredo, the Bolivian leader of the guerrilla movement, had been killed. Since then the band has been maneuvering back and forth around the area, passing from canyon to canyon. They choose to stop at a little field of sweet potatoes at the edge of the stream and at the foot of a huge fig tree. It is after midnight.

A campesino who is sleeping nearby to guard his crops hears
them coming. He sets out in the direction of La Higuera; the governor had promised a reward of 50,000 pesos for the capture of Guevara. His report reaches La Higuera, where Captain Prado and the 184 men he commands are stationed.

Prado, in a taped interview with the Chilean journalist Augusto Carmona, later said, "The information was transmitted to us by one of our informants who was operating in the area." This may explain why the reward was not paid to the campesino, but to the town of La Higuera. To this day, no one knows exactly who that campesino was.

While the guerrillas sleep the Army takes up its positions in the Quebrada del Churo. By morning there are four Platoons posed on two slopes of the canyon and two units cutting off the exit towards the Rio Grande. The Rangers are armed with mortars and Browning machine guns.

The first contact between the two forces takes place at about one o'clock at the point where the path to La Higuera comes into the gorge. The guerrillas try to escape by this route, but it is blocked, and the only way out for them is to descend the canyon and reach the Rio Grande.

A second engagement 20 minutes later lasts for around a quarter of an hour. Already there are two dead and two wounded among the Rangers. Then comes silence, almost more ominous than the staccato bursts of machine gun fire.

Suddenly, around three o'clock in the afternoon, all hell breaks loose: mortars, machine guns, grenades. Rocks are broken off, boulders come rolling down. The Ranger platoon of Sergeant Huanca ascends the canyon from the Rio Grande to cut off any escape.

Ramon is wounded in the leg. A bullet breaks the barrel of his Garant rifle. His comrade Willy helps him along on his shoulders up about 60 feet of steep climb to a tiny level spot and then up again. They clumb by grabbing hold of briars and thorns. Willy helps Ramon, who can't move his leg and is beginning to choke; he is having an attack of asthma.

Both of their hands are covered with blood. Below them the firing continues.

Suddenly four soldiers spring up in front of them and surround them. Willy doesn't even have the time to let go of Ramon and raise up his gun. They are prisoners.

"I am Che Guevara," Ramon says simply.

Gary Prado arrives. He takes a photo from his pocket and looks at the scar on Ramon's hand. "It's him all right," he says.

The impossible has happened. Che is in his hands. "I felt a kind of shock," he reported in a later interview, "a sort of elation. But I had no time to talk to him. I had to return to my command. We kept fighting until dusk."

At Vallegrande at about four o'clock, Colonel Joaquin Zenteno, who commands the 8th Division, receives a coded message: "500 Cansada." "500" means Guevara. "Cansada" (tired), means prisoner. "Pappy" Shelton receives the same message at American headquarters in La Esperanza.

Prado has handed the prisoners over to five of his men with explicit orders not to speak to them. Che is seated next to Willy, ranked by another attack of asthma. The soldiers whisper and stare at him.

At dusk the little caravan hits the road. Willy walks by himself with his hands bound and Guevara, limping on one foot, is held up by two soldiers. Behind them mules carry the dead and wounded Rangers in blankets. It is late night when they finally reach La Higuera.
this a prison. How can the children of the campesinos study here... It's antipedagogical."

"We live in a poor country," the schoolmistrress replies.

"But the government officials and the generals have Mercedes cars and plenty of other things... ¿Verdad? That's what we are fighting against."

"You have come a long way to fight in Bolivia."

"I am a revolutionary and I've been in a lot of places."

"You have come to kill our soldiers."

"You know, a war is either lost or won."

The maestra repeated this conversation to Jorge Torrico. "I had to look down while I talked to him... his gaze was unbearable. Piercing... and so tranquil."

Since early morning on the 9th helicopters have been coming and going. "It's hard to say who came, or when," the mayor of the village told Torrico. "Too much coming and going, too much movement. But I know that General Ovando was there, and General Lafuente, Colonel Zenteno, Rear Admiral Urgatece. And also a gringo. Wearing a uniform. Gonzales."

Eduardo Gonzales.

As he climbs out of the helicopter Urgatece rewards the Rangers for getting Che, handing out money to them.

Then all of the high-ranking officers file past this man who does not fear to die. Together and in turn, they try to make him talk. Rear Admiral Urgatece walks up. Suddenly he starts back, purple with anger. Che has spit in his face. Che knows that the interrogation is a mere formality—that the decision about what to do with him has already been made. His wrists bound, seated on his bench, his back to the wall, Che looks at them. Little by little their elation turns into an impotent rage. Who knows whether Che Guevara dead won't be even more dangerous than Ramón alive with the guerrillas? A little before 12:30 the superior officers depart by helicopter, leaving explicit orders.

During the morning another guerrilla, "Benjamin," has been taken prisoner in the Quebrada del Churo by another company of Rangers. He is brought to La Higuera, wounded and exhausted, and thrown into the other room with Willy. Some of my sources claimed that this was not Benjamín, but a man called "El Chino." Torrico and I could not decide on this point.

It is about 1:00 p.m. in La Higuera. Che has managed to make his way across the room and lean up against the opposite wall. The orders have come down to the junior officers. Three of them are competing for the "privilege and honor" of murdering Che. The door to the school opens and Mario Terán enters with his M-2 carbine on his hip. He paces to the other end of the room and turns around. "Sit down," he says.

"Why bother? You are going to kill me," Che answers calmly.

"No—sit down."

Terán makes as if to leave. Suddenly a burst of fire and Che crumples. Behind him, in the wall next to the door, the bullets have made two bloody holes, each as big as a fist.

Terán puts up his gun and calls outside: "That's it. I got him." Then (according to Father Schiller) he goes out to drink a beer.

Che lies on the floor in agony. Pérez comes into the room, a revolver in his hand. He walks over and puts a bullet in Che's neck. "A good hole for the formaldelyde," Doctor Moisés Abraham says the next day to the reporters in Vallegrande.

Two or three men have followed Pérez into the classroom. Now all of them want to fire on the adversary who has so long been invincible. "Okay," reportedly says the officer, "but not above the waist."

So they shoot him in the legs. Among them is the medic, Fernando Sanco, the one who had tended the captive's leg the night before.

In the next room, Willy and Benjamin have heard. When their door opens, they know the fate that awaits them. Sergeant Huanca enters with a gun in his hand; he faces the two men tied together on the floor.

"You have killed him," cries Willy, "I'd just as soon die, along with him."

Another burst of fire; Willy and the other fall to one side. On the wall, around the holes made by the bullets, there is blood mixed with hair.

Peasants come from all sides, mingling with the soldiers who are looking for stretchers to put the bodies on. There is great confusion. Those who know what has happened explain to the people who are arriving. In ten minutes everyone knows. And it is precisely for this reason that two months later the village is still quarantined.

An officer lifts Che's clothing and counts the wounds. Five in the legs, one in the left breast, one in the throat, one in the right shoulder, one in the right arm. Nine wounds, not seven as the doctors at Vallegrande will say.

It is three o'clock and the stretchers are next to the helicopters when Father Roger Schiller arrives on horseback. "As soon as I got the news that morning that Che had been taken alive, I hurried here, hoping to see him before they took him away. But when I arrived they had already shot him down.

"I went to the school," continues the father. "It still hadn't been cleaned up. On the ground I found a bullet. Here. Look. It is shattered. I will keep it as a souvenir. The blood was mixed with earth. In the classroom where Willy and Benjamin were, blood was spattered all over. I cleaned it up."

At five o'clock in the evening Che's body arrives in Vallegrande strapped to the runner of a helicopter. Most of the Bolivian officers who had interrogated him in La Higuera have already arrived sometime during the morning. Ramos has been in Vallegrande all day long. Gonzales arrived in the early afternoon, in a helicopter coming from the direction of La Higuera. But when had he left La Higuera? Before Che was killed, or after? Did he stay to supervise the execution? I was never able to find out.

A Chevrolet panel truck is waiting on the airstrip at Vallegrande. Inside it are Ramos and Gonzales. As the helicopter lands, Ramos springs out of the truck and hastily directs the soldiers to load the corpse into the back. The truck races off to the morgue which has been improvised in a nearby shack. It stops. Ramos yells to Gonzales: "Let's get the hell out of here..." In English... letting down for one telltale moment their carefully maintained anonymity. The disguise is quickly reestablished, however, and Ramos refuses to speak another word of English to the journalists who are arriving on the scene.

Inside the shack, Ramos quietly directs the operations. He helps the doctors inject formaldehyde into the corpse, and he takes the dead man's fingerprints, comparing them with those in the dossier. (The news dispatch sent by Chris Roper of Reuters mentioned the presence of a CIA agent at the morgue.

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But the paragraph was cut from most American papers.)

After October 10 the traces of the CIA in Bolivia fade out. Ramos was spotted once two days later at a hotel in La Paz, registered once more as a businessman. After this, nothing. Che is dead. They can return to Panama and seal his dossier: mission accomplished. All of the men, money and time used against the small, isolated band of guerrillas has paid off.

[MADE IN THE U.S.A.]

I must have asked too many questions while reconstructing the story of how they shot down Che, for the last week of my stay in Bolivia was particularly hectic. The French Embassy and the manager of my hotel received three or four anonymous calls every day threatening my person and advising me to get out of the country as soon as possible.

President Barrientos, on his way to New York, put in the last word for the Bolivian government: "The French señorita has spent a very agreeable and peaceful visit in our country, and I don’t think she could have had time to inform herself."

But despite the President’s certainty, subsequent digging allowed me to "inform" myself in even greater detail about the roles of the CIA men, Ramos and Gonzales.

As the net of American-trained and advised Bolivians tightened around Che, both men arrived on the scene to oversee his capture and execution. On August 5, they came to Santa Cruz, registering at the Hotel Santa Cruz as businessmen. Felix Ramos, aged 26, carried passport No. A093737. They left the hotel on August 12 and were identified by British journalists in Vallegrande some days later—in the company of Major "Pappy" Shelton. At this time they had dropped their cover. No longer posing as businessmen, they wore military uniforms without identifying insignias, with revolvers strapped to their waists.

Ramos and Gonzales were again in Vallegrande at the end of September, making that city the base of their operations and flying periodically to La Esperanza. All the testimony I have gathered has placed Ramos in Vallegrande all day on October 9 and Gonzales in La Higuera that morning. Whether or not Gonzales ordered the manner and time of Che’s murder, it is clear that he flew into La Higuera to make sure that the revolutionary hero died, that his fantastic career was finished once and for all.

The murder of Che was a symbol of the power of the United States throughout Latin America. But as far as the U.S. operations in Bolivia were concerned, it was only a bonus. For in Bolivia the U.S. counterinsurgency campaign has been well-established for years. The United States has pumped $15 million in military aid into Bolivia since 1962 and maintains a permanent military mission in La Paz.

Since 1965 the American "advisors" have trained a number of Bolivian regiments. Many Bolivian officers have been trained in Panama, and some, like Gary Prado, at Fort Bragg by the Special Forces. The operation at La Esperanza, however, dated only from April 1967, and was initiated as a direct result of the first engagement between the guerrillas and government troops at the end of March.

For the guerrillas (although they were not yet contemplating real military operations) hostilities began on March 11, 1967, when two of their men deserted. One of these said later in written testimony that he had come to the guerrillas to gather information, thinking that he could profit by denouncing them. Their statements also included a very schematic outline of the organization of the movement, the names of the guerrillas and, of course, the presence of "Ramón."

As soon as it got this information, the Army began to mobilize the campaign against the guerrillas. On March 16 it seized the home of Coco Peredo. On the 20th, Che, who had come to the central camp from a reconnaissance mission in the neighborhood of Vallegrande, made the decision to defend the area against every incursion of the Army. Although the Army was surprised tactically by the "ambush," strategically the guerrillas remained permanently on the defensive.

The encounter was a setback for the Army—seven soldiers were killed. Less than eight days after the ambush, a group of American military men from Panama, including the intelligence chief of the 8th Special Forces, visited the guerrilla area and conferred with Barrientos.

The first move of the U.S. was to increase the arms shipments to the Bolivians and to secure their supply lines. C-130 transports coming from Panama landed regularly in Santa Cruz, bringing small arms, radio equipment, napalm and medical supplies. At the same time, three-week training courses were hurriedly organized for Bolivian soldiers in the combat zone. Less than eight days after that first ambush on March 23, a photo published in the Bolivian press showed two Green Berets training Bolivians at Lagunillas, a few miles south of Casa de la Calamina, formerly the guerrillas’ own training center.

American military operations in Bolivia started in earnest around the 12th of April when a 16-man team of Green Berets arrived from the Canal Zone to set up shop at La Esperanza under the command of "Pappy" Shelton. Their mission, as reported in the Bolivian press, was to train a hand-picked battalion of Rangers in counterinsurgency tactics designed specifically for the Bolivian selva. "El Soldadito," as the common soldier is called in Bolivia, had to be transformed into "El Ranger." His nationality would remain the same, but his mentality and training were "made in the U.S.A."

The team of Green Berets, according to American Ambassador Henderson—who is anxious to maintain appearances—was under strict instructions not to enter the guerrilla zone itself and not to participate in the fighting. And, for the most part, these instructions seem to have been followed. However, radio contact was maintained between La Esperanza and the staff of the 8th Bolivian Division, and, from September 27th on, with the 2nd Ranger Battalion in the field.

All in all, American military intervention in Bolivia was remarkably "clean." All the dirty work could be left to the CIA agents. And—controlling the operation from the beginning, using a ruthless overkill to make the trap lethal—they were successful. Their plot to see Che Guevara dead worked with machine-like precision from the moment the machinery was put into operation. Their efficiency was almost uncanny. In April the London Times correspondent in Bolivia reported that "American military here say it will take six months to turn out a fully trained Bolivian battalion for jungle fighting."

Six months later Che was dead. A model exercise in counterinsurgency. "Create two, three . . . many Bolivias"—that is the watchword at the Pentagon.

But, revolutions are made by conditions, not by men. "This great humanity has said ‘enough’"; it will not soon forget Che Guevara.
Muckraking Contraception

[ENCYCLICALS]

I HAVE BEEN SUBJECT to the Roman Catholic Church's teaching on birth control twice during my formal schooling, originating with my high school religion teacher, a florid-faced Brother of Mary whom I always presumed was a homosexual because when proximity allowed, he habitually stroked the pants legs of the boys. When the chapter on sex came due in the course of the semester he appeared disinterested in it, and simply told the class to read the religion textbook and be prepared to explain, in an examination, the basic workings of the rhythm system and the circumstances under which married couples were allowed to use it. I dutifully memorized everything, but never quite understood the functioning of the thermometers and other gadgetry, though I retained a vivid picture of St. Paul's warning about spilling one's seed.

However, in my junior year in college I received a most thorough indoctrination in the Church's position, which came in a manner that for excess of detail and religious ferocity may have rivaled Stephen Daedalus' retreat. For the purpose, a guest lecturer was brought into our religion class, a tough, balding Jesuit who had been an Army chaplain and had, as he put it, "seen the world." He began by dispelling the notion that a chaste priest was unqualified to teach the rules of sex—after all, did a doctor have to endure cancer in order to cure it?

The special lectures lasted three weeks, during which the most remarkable illustrations were chalked on the blackboard. We learned the mathematics of menstrual cycles better than our multiplication tables; we were instructed in the art of interpreting the most minute gradations in the readings on our future wives' rectal thermometers; we discovered that Freud had taught that artificial contraception was psychologically harmful; and we became schooled in the disposition of unwanted or untimely erections.

We were assured that medical science...
Francis Bacon said also that "knowledge and wonder (which is the seed of knowledge) is an impression of pleasure in itself."

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was on the threshold of advances which would make the rhythm system "foolproof" (needless to say, such advances never came to fruition and rhythm remains the most frustrating and untrustworthy system of regulating one's issue), which would mean that Catholic couples need refrain from the full exercise of marital privilege for only a few days each month.

But we were warned, most sternly, that the immutable and obvious dictates of natural law said that one could never begin an act and not carry it to its natural end. Therefore any activity or thought that might lead one to become excited, our instructor said, was also forbidden during certain periods of the menstrual month. Perhaps somewhat carried away by the anatomical frankness of previous discussions, I was boot-ed out of class for asking if that meant we had to look at a calendar before getting a hard-on.

EITHER BY WAY OF SUCH RITUALISTIC exposition, or via the Sen-Sen'd breath of the priest wafting through the mesh screen of the confessional booth, most Catholics have had such insensate and barbarous conditions laid upon their personal lives.

But even in America the Church, for all its Irish-Catholic Stalinism, could not enforce guilt when its faithful didn't feel guilty. Gradually, individually, American Catholics increasingly practiced forbidden methods of birth control, and with the advent of the pill—introduced by a nice old Catholic doctor who, incidentally, looked like a Pope—the battle for rhythm was, statistically, just about all over. A sardonic monsignor of my acquaintance remarked last year that almost the only large segment of the Catholic population still using the rhythm method were nuns and priests engaged in extracurricular affairs.

But it is difficult to be a Catholic and not feel a little bit guilty, and most of us felt a great sense of relief with the advent of Pope John and the liberalizing decrees of the Ecumenical Council—it was taken for granted that the Church's outmoded teachings on birth control would soon go. As with the end of prohibition, everybody had a drink to celebrate.

So it was slightly disturbing when Pope John in effect took the decision on birth control away from the bishops by setting up a secretive six-man commissi-
early fathers of the Church had no easy

time of it. Origen, in an excess of Stoic

purity, castrated himself in order to end

the temptations of the flesh; much later

Abélard experienced a similar fate after

the shame of shacking up with Héloïse. As

early as 595 A.D., St. Gregory the Great
decided that sex, even for the singular

purpose of procreation, had to be at least a

venial sin. This sexual hysteria had not

appreciably subsided when in 1854, over

1200 years later, Pius IX proclaimed the

Immaculate Conception, for no discernible

reason other than that a group of probably

dirty-minded celibates around the Vatican

couldn't stand looking at all those statues of

Mary and imagining her Mother doing it.

The Church’s teaching on sex—most

particularly its ban on birth control—

was most rigidly formulated by St.

Augustine, although his views on Eros

were heavily influenced by an early ob-

cessive preoccupations with the Mani-

checans, and perhaps with his mistress.

But it is more enlightening to look at St.

Augustine’s teaching on lying than at his morose and predictable views

on intercourse. The very principle he

raises to define the proper use of the

tongue is, somewhat incredibly, the one

just espoused by Pope Paul in Humanae

Vitae to state the contemporary Cath-

olic position on the proper use of the

sexual organs.

Lying, the Bishop of Hippo held, is

wrong because man was given his tongue

only for the communication of truth.

Like George Washington, St. Augustine

found it impossible to tell a lie; there were

no redeeming circumstances whatsoever.

He offered the extremist example of a

man seeking refuge from robbers in

someone’s home. The master of the

house, if questioned by the thugs, must

be willing for the pursued man—and

perhaps himself—to die, rather than lie

about who was hiding in the broom

closet.

This was the rule in Catholic moral

theology for many centuries, and the ob-

viously agonizing absolutism of the

principle led to a mammoth theological

two as—greater, by far, if one

counts in centuries as the Church does,

than the argument over birth control.

Finally, after bending every which way,

the scholastic philosophers came up with

the casuistic and Jesuitical principle of a

“mental reservation,” which was clearly

artificial and stupid but at least had the

taste of allowing Catholics to lie in the

state of grace. Surely, if the Church

could find a way to make life easier for

man’s tongue, one would hope it could do

as much for his penis.

S

Surely, but surely not. “Sexual

intercourse even with a lawful wife

is unlawful and shameful, if the

offspring of children is prevented,”

wrote St. Augustine in the fourth century.

And that, with some scholastic refine-

ments by St. Thomas Aquinas in the

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RAMPARTS 153
13th century, has remained the basic Catholic doctrine.

St. Thomas set the Church teaching on masturbation by insisting that any seminal emission without coitus was unnatural—a theory still taught in most Catholic high schools today when warning the boys to keep hands off. (One could argue that since the female suffers no seminal loss when masturbating, her masturbatory activity is natural and therefore moral. Over such fine points of sexual ethics, castles-full of moral theologians have occupied themselves for centuries.)

Of course, Christians as a class have always been rather weird about sex, with attitudes ranging from the hostile to, at best, the ambiguous. The idea that sexual pleasure for its own sake is sinful and intercourse is only justified in the procreation of children has hardly been an exclusive of the Church of Rome. John Calvin was a hard man; even Luther's marriage to a nun did not serve to bias Protestantism in favor of free love; and then there was Hester Prynne. Indeed, it wasn't until this century that the consensus of Christendom against deliberate family limitation even began to break up. Protestant do-gooders like Anthony Comstock led the crusade in the U.S. against the public sale of contraceptives, and the Church of England, as recently as the First World War, was reaffirming its opposition to "preventives" and offering sexual abstinence as the only alternative to a large family.

The bishops attending the famous Lambeth Conference of 1930, where the Anglican Church gave its reluctant approval to "artificial" means of birth control, were deeply divided on the subject, and for decades thereafter there was much guilt-assuaging in the ranks of Protestantism. Indeed, it was not until the Lambeth Conference of 1958 that the Anglican Bishops dared to use the forthright language that liberal Catholic bishops were to use just a few years later in the Vatican Council, when they stated that the method of controlling the number and frequency of children was totally the concern of the individual conscience. Pope Pius XI, who otherwise distinguished his pontificate by giving his blessing to Hitler and signing a concordat with Mussolini, wasted no time in reacting to the 1930 Protestant declaration of independence from St. Augustine. The encyclical Casti Conubii restated in overkill rhetoric the Church's traditional teaching on sex in marriage and condemned artificial contraception as "shameful and intrinsically immoral" and "an unspeakable crime," among other things.

Casti Conubii, aside from putting hellfire in the minds of Catholic couples who were dabbling in condoms, is significant because the Pope mentioned, almost in passing, medical research into the ovulation cycle of women which was exploring "safe" periods when conception could not occur. He left the obvious interpretation that, for proper reason, intercourse limited to infertile periods would not violate Church doctrine. This was not giving away much, since the biology of this phenomenon was at the time rather uncertain. "The ordinary working-class healthy woman has no safe period at all," Dr. Marie Stopes said in 1924.

However, two independent studies published in 1930, one by a Japanese gynecologist, Dr. K. Ogino, the other by a Czech, Professor H. Knaus, reported rather definitely that ovulation took place either 12 to 16 days (in Japan) or 14 to 16 days (in Prague) before menstruation. They concluded that since the male sperm could only survive for two or three days after coitus, any sexual intercourse from, say, three days after menstruation to the outside calendar limit for the beginning of ovulation would, by the God-given laws of nature, be sterile.

That puts a big dent in the typical screwing month, but to the celibate, prudish and frequently octogenarian moral theologians of the 1930's, periodic abstinence from such an animalistic activity as copulation was good for body and soul alike. Thus Catholic theologians hailed the Ogino-Knaus report as if it were a new scientific proof for the existence of God, since it gave the Church a middle road between Pius XI's rigid condemnation of contraception and the brutal psychological and economic realities which dictated that Catholic couples should not produce offspring like bunny rabbits.

Although Rome had no formal comment, books on the "rhythm method" began to be published with the semi-official approbation of American and European ecclesiastics. Thus the Church's acceptance of the method came through a gradual fait accompli, and it was not
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until 1951 that Pope Pius XII put the Church down in writing as approving the "regulation of offspring" by the "licit method" of rhythm.

Pius XII's calm pronouncement was actually revolutionary, for it broke with the standing Catholic position that God alone had the "right" to decide the size of a family and man could not limit his issue on his own initiative. The Church's traditional teaching is summed up in this sentence from a 1927 ethics book: "If God sends another mouth to feed, he will find means to fill it."

Except for the two encyclicals in this century, the Church has very little doctrine on contraception, probably because modern science appears to have been slow in developing efficient birth control devices for the masses. Until well into the 19th century, the primary method of avoiding births—what Augustine and Aquinas were referring to when they wrote against "contraception"—was a practice called "coitus interruptus," a process which is self-defining and which the Church lumps into the sin of "Onanism," after Onan, the son of Judah, who is accused by St. Augustine of pulling a fast one, for which account he is said to have been put to death by God.

CONSIDERING THE RATHER awful single-mindedness Rome has exhibited over the centuries in insisting that man has no business being master of his reproductive facilities, the "rhythm" decision, allowing Catholics to control their family's growth by selectively plotting periods of intercourse, appears on the one hand too arbitrary and on the other too open-ended.

The Church had usually rejected or ignored advances in science, yet in the case of birth control it had changed some of its most rigid doctrines in an almost casual manner on the basis of a developing scientific study. Therefore, it could hardly argue, as Paul attempts to do in Humanae Vitae, that subsequent advances in biology might not also effectively modify its doctrine. By suddenly allowing family planning through rhythm, the Church also compromised the standard Christian belief that the primary or sole purpose of marriage was the begetting of children. To then continue to justify the rhythm method while condemning other means of contraception is, in the end, an impossible philosophical task.

The rhythm decision punched a hole in the dike of Catholic absolutism on birth control, and Pope Paul's attempt to plug the leak with Humanae Vitae is theoretically inconsequential. Paul will eventually die, and another Pope will eventually issue another encyclical updating his regression. That is the way things go in the Catholic Church.

The Church's liberals, of course, are outraged, mostly because they were beginning really to believe in the efficacy of prayer. Euphoric over Pope John, wishful thinkers about Paul, the laymen and priests who are now doing all the screaming about the encyclical have forgotten the authoritarian nature of the structure that serves their Church. They also forgot, until Paul reminded them, who was Pope.

Liberals don't like such factual unplesantries intruding upon their projections of reality, and as a result they have become publicly outraged at the Pope, which makes for good copy—like Newsweek's anonymous Detroit Catholic mother who snorted, "Who is the Pope to come into my bedroom?"

But the reaction of Georgetown University's conservative philosopher Germaine Greer had more bearing on the motivation for the Pope's encyclical: "If one is a Catholic, one is a Papist. And if one is a Papist, then one cannot say, 'Rome has spoken and the cause goes on.' One has to say, 'Rome has spoken, the cause is finished.' "

IN MANY WAYS, here is the classical political struggle: the liberals have logic, science, psychology and theology on their side; the Pope has power. Paul knew exactly what he was doing.

He fully understood the arguments of the liberals but chose to reject them. For all the horror it has caused Planned Parenthood, Humanae Vitae is not primarily an encyclical about Catholic ethics. It is, very crudely, an effort by a man who is a conservative but not a reactionary to regain pontifical control of the Church from the top, after Pope John got the bishops all excited about "collegiality," which is the Church's version of participatory democracy.

The essence of the encyclical is an appeal to authority, not to reason: "This is what the Church has always taught." Ironically, what the Church has always taught is that birth control is a question
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of natural law which can be resolved through the use of reason. England's caustic Archbishop Thomas Roberts pointed out that contradiction: "One does wonder about a rational faculty that seems to have been ordained for the exclusive use of theological thinkers of a certain persuasion."

The key to the reading—and dismissing—of Humanae Vitae can be found in the minority report of Paul's 57-member Birth Control Commission, the text of which was happily stolen by the National Catholic Reporter. The majority, of course, came out for basic changes in the Church's line on contraception. The minority report was signed by four theologians, three of them Jesuits. It almost ignored theological considerations, asserting that the Vatican must remain immobile on the issue of contraception because "if the Church should now admit that the teaching passed on is no longer of value, teaching which has been preached and stated with ever more consistent solemnity until very recent years, it must be feared greatly that its authority in almost all moral and doctrinal matters will be seriously harmed."

A careful textual exegesis will find a similarity of motivation in Pope Pius XI's 1930 encyclical blasting the Protestants. In their winning argument, the authors of the minority report reminded Pope Paul that Pius XII's Casti Conubii was written in direct response to the 1930 Lambeth Conference. "Is it now to be admitted," the four horsemen of the minority report asked in 1968, "that the Church erred in this her work and that the Holy Spirit rather assists the Anglican Church?"

Apologia
in Review

Being a compendium of the most pertinent gossip to appear under that title, w.h.

[JULY 1966]

The boys from Huntley-Brinkley set up camp at 301 Broadway last month, tied microphones around everything from our art director's little finger to the mirror on the wall in the ladies room, put enough kleig lights in the conference room to melt the ice in our bucket, turned all the venetian blinds backwards to keep the outside out, and proceeded for three days and nights to record, in living color, the life and times of RAMPARTS. The results ran for two evenings straight on the Chet and David half hour, sandwiched generously between petrol ads and how-to-do-it deodorant commercials. David (or was it Chet?) called us the most controversial magazine since Mencken's American Mercury. We put this in just in case you watch Walter Cronkite.

[AUGUST 1966]

EVER WONDER how a senator makes it, financially, on the side? Sen. Joseph S. Clark (D., Pa.) revealed all recently. He filed a financial statement showing that he earned $112,000 last year above his $30,000 Senate salary—as follows: $83,681.77 from an oil royalty lease on family property, $19,939.93 from investments, $2,200 in lecture fees, an $1,800 advance on a book, $189.15 in royalties on another book, and $50 for a book review in RAMPARTS magazine. Senator Dodd, take note.

Like garlic bread, L'Afarre MSU-CIA (April 1966) keeps recurring. In June, 1,000 disillusioned Michigan State students staged an exemplary riot that was quelled after three hours by 247 policemen. And last month, the MSU daily sent two virginal lady reporters to RAMPARTS' offices on San Francisco's topless strip, to see if there really was a RAMPARTS. The girls arrived around lunch and couldn't find much anybody around, but were told by a cracker at the front desk to come back "around 2, when the orgies begin." Orgies? "Oh, yes, about every day," the ace journalists were told, a fact they dutifully reported in the news columns of the student paper.

[JANUARY 1967]

There is a best seller that isn't in print and that nobody can buy, and we suppose we are to blame: Time of Assassins by Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. Levittown, N.Y.: Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. 4 Vols. I:495 pp., II:387 pp., III:691 pp., IV: 460 pp. $24. It is, in case you haven't guessed, a phony, reviewed in a satirical review of Warren Commission books in
November. We thought the satire ob-
vious, but we have been wrong before
and booksellers across the country have
been besieged with orders for Leboeuf.
Although sorry about all that, we are re-
straining the market society urge to talk
to a ghostwriter friend about whipping
out something to fill the demand.

Though the Leboeuf caper gave RAM-
parts an embarrassed moment or two,
things, ladies, were worse at the Boston
Globe. Two Globe ace reporters went
out of their way to dismiss many of the
Warren Commission critics, including
and especially Ramparts, as irrespon-
sible and unbelievable. Then the authors
postulated that the Commission should
be reopened anyway, because despite
these crackpots, what they considered
substantive questions had been raised in
really serious works about the assassina-
tion, among which, the Globe reported,
was the study of Ulof G. K. Leboeuf
of Levittown.

[February 1967]

Penn Jones Jr., the tough Texas editor
whose editorials on the assassination ap-
peared in November, had been saying for
months that Jack Ruby was going to die,
long before anyone knew he was sick.
News Editor David Welsh went to Dallas
just before Ruby expired, and came back
with an unpublished letter, smuggled
from jail, in which Ruby predicted his
own death. It is perhaps the final irony
of the assassination that this confused
and Poe-like epistle is about all we
have left to help us decipher Ruby’s still
uncertain role in this century’s greatest
domestic tragedy.

[April 1967]

Ramparts has won the George
Polk Memorial Award for ex-
cellence in journalism, an honor
shared this year with the essay depart-
ment of Time magazine. Any remarks
about strange bedfellows would be
fatuous, idle and undignified.

Our account last month of the CIA’s
secret financing of the National Student
Association made the Washington press
corps eat foundations for Lent. Outside
the Internal Revenue Service headquar-
ters ace journalists waited impatiently
in line, two score deep, to get their cracks
at scouring tax records in search of still

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another CIA conduit. RAMPARTS consulting editor Paul Jacobs, who was there, swears reporters were trading off copies of foundation tax reports as if they were bubble gum cards. That is funny, but funnier still is the fact that America is the only country where an outdated and incompetent intelligence agency could become a national joke and still retain its power.

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**[JUNE 1968]**

Perhaps the most noteworthy dump since Abelard found it necessary to leave Heloise obtained last month when the Saturday Evening Post announced uncenemoniously that 3.5 million of its loyal subscribers had become burdensome. The man who told all those people to please go away was Martin Ackerman, a rich young man who heads a smallish conglomerate called Perfect Film and Chemical Corporation, which is in the process of negotiating a delicate merger with Curtis Publishing and which hopes to share the Post's $57 million tax loss.

By dumping the half of the Post's circulation that involves poor and rural areas, Ackerman hopes to convince the gurus and soothsayers of Madison Avenue that the Post's surviving three million readers will be those better-groomed, relatively affluent, presumably swinging and presumably white city and suburban denizens whom big advertisers think they can manipulate best.

This act of self-disembowelment will no doubt cause a cultural shock out there in the boonies, where Norman Rockwell covers have been a wall-cover staple for generations. It is also something of a shame, since one presumes that those millions of less benighted souls actually liked the Post—the only mass magazine which editorialized strongly against America's involvement in Vietnam. Alas, Mr. Ackerman brazenly arranged for all those Post subscribers to receive, instead, Life magazine—which editorialized strongly against America's involvement in Vietnam. Alas, Mr. Ackerman brazenly arranged for all those Post subscribers to receive, instead, Life magazine—which editorialized strongly against America's involvement in Vietnam.

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**[NOVEMBER 1968]**

**LETTER FROM GALWAY: The great late John McNulty, who covered Third Avenue bars for the New Yorker, remarked upon preparing for a trip to Ireland that when he told people he was going to London or Germany or somewhere they said fine, but when they learned he was going to Ireland, they always smiled, and he couldn't figure out why. There remains much to smile about in Ireland, but once again in this country there are stirrings of The Trouble, the phrase the old-timers use to refer to the period of that Camelot of horrors when the Irish fought and defeated the English, and then began to fight each other.

The Trouble now is no longer so singular as the blowing up of John Bull, though a major part of it is that the English have succeeded in maintaining Ireland in an almost infantile economic dependence that would make any liberal colonial status seem, in comparison, like something approaching free trade.

One late evening in the back room of Galway's Skeffington's Pub, an embittered forty-nine-year-old bachelor physician spoke over yet another pint of Guinness in terms of the gloomiest economic determinism about the fate of Ireland, about its young boys having to go off to England to dig postholes because industry-weak Ireland could not provide sufficient labor. He feared that Ireland's future was so hopelessly tied to England that it probably never should have bothered to break away in the first place.
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though seldom put in such a heretical form, this same feeling of dependence upon a former enemy is found—if not spoken, at least felt—throughout the country. Indeed, one of the most surprising things about Ireland is the absence of hatred; it seems, among many, to have been supplanted by an affection of sorts for the English who, in the simplest of historical terms, have been bloody bastards to the Irish.

Such Anglo-dependence is not prevalent, of course, in the various outposts of the Irish Republican Army which one frequently and joyously encounters. In the West County Hotel, just outside of Dublin, former IRA Commander Pete Riley was relating, between stanzas of sad revolutionary ballads, how he and some compatriots had "mowed down" the English right there on the field as they played Rugby on a Sunday morning in 1918, "Lovely pronounced luv-lay," said Frank Cogan, the West County's proprietor, and everyone had another drink.

But the old IRA spirit is now more romantic than revolutionary, and the battle cry of regaining the "six counties to the North" is more a sentimental slogan in honor of those who died in the Dublin post office explosion in 1916 than it is a program for eventual action.

Thus the great waves of Irish nationalism have nothing to pound against but their own shores, and Irish politics are taken up with inter-party bickering in which the difference between the two major parties, Fianna Fail and Fine Gael, is actually less than the difference between the Republicans and the Democrats, which is little enough.

Ireland's great fighting spirit seems, at the moment at least, on lend-lease to northern Ireland (Ulster), where the discriminated-against Catholic minority is waging a tough and quite brave fight for the basic rights of democratic citizenship.

The televised specter of Catholics singing "We shall overcome," while having their heads cracked open by brutal special guard police in the northern city of Derry, made headlines in the South, but disappointingly had less actual impact on public conversation than the betrothal of Jackie Kennedy to that countryman of Spiro Agnew, which event the Irish, of course, viewed with alarm. "From a saint to a whore over the weekend," said a shoplady in Waterford while tearing Jackie photos from her wall.

But while Jackie's motives may have been relentlessly overexposed, The Troubles in the North has been both insufficiently and incorrectly reported, particularly in the American press.

The Los Angeles Times, for instance, went so far as to allow one of its writers, Bert Mann, who had been born and raised in Northern Ireland, to do an "interpretive" piece that explained away the strife in his homeland in the manner of a sophisticated Mississippian explaining trouble in the South. 1963. Mann pictured the controversy as the result of unfortunate Protestant-Catholic rivalry, aggravated in some Mac-Luhanesque manner by the televised coverage of American Civil Rights Movement

But the Los Angeles Times' Ulsterman ignored the actual issue—the effective denial of suffrage to Catholics in Northern Ireland, which is, for God's sake, a part of the United Kingdom, Magna Charta and all. Voting in Ireland is shamelessly gerrymandered against Catholics, and, incredibly, the right to vote is tied to owning a house—and thus it is properly difficult for a Catholic to buy a house.

Northern Ireland also allows plural voting for the owners of businesses who, not surprisingly, are predominantly Protestant. Thus a Protestant businessman gets 6 to 18 or 20 votes against a single Catholic vote—if that Catholic has managed the difficult task of getting a house.

It was left to one of the heroes of a free Ireland to sum up all the charm and spirit and kindness—and trouble—of his people. "Well, that's the thing, you know," said Peadar O'Donnell, a great fighting Irishman of the early 1900's who is still barred from the U.S. because of his radical socialist views. "Educator, novelist, union organizer and general gadfly Peadar, now in his eighties, was having a tea in the lobby of Dublin's Gresham Hotel. One of the wild men of the revolution, he surprisingly doesn't drink, and never did.

"The trouble with Ireland," Peadar said summarily, "is that it is a grand people with a great nationalism but without any sense of anti-imperialism."

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