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See Next Section

See Main File

CLASSIFICATION NO.

44-1987-1A

Volume Number

8

Serials

1A-215-1A-218

(Title) _____

(File No.) 44-1987-1A

215. 8/1/68 "Voluntary Appearance: Advice of Rights" form FD-368 signed by [redacted]
[redacted]
216. 8/1/68 (1) a copy of an order signed by the President of the U.S. regarding the extradition of James Earl Ray
(2) a copy of custody log regarding noted flight to U.S.
(3) Copy of conversation between Mr. Deputy Consul General attached to the American Embassy in London, & Arthur James, Consul for James Earl Ray (See back of 1A envelope)
217. 8/1/68 Book on Hearings before the Committee on Un-American Activities

Disposition:

44-1987-1A

llh llh
Aug-1
llh

File No.

1A-215
~~44-1987-1A-107~~

Date Received

7-17-68

From

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

3776 Highland Park Place,

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Memphis, Tennessee

(CITY AND STATE)

By

H. E. Gylfe

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes

☒ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes

☒ No

Description:

"Voluntary Appearance; Advise of Rights" form FD-368 signed by

Re - Serial 44-1987-Sub-235

VOLUNTARY APPEARANCE; ADVICE OF RIGHTS
YOUR RIGHTS

Before we ask you any questions, you must understand your rights. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court. You have the right to talk to a lawyer for advice before we ask you any questions, and to have him with you during questioning. You have this right to the advice and presence of a lawyer even if you cannot afford to hire one. We have no way of giving you a lawyer, but one will be appointed for you, if you wish, if and when you go to court. If you wish to answer questions now without a lawyer present, you have the right to stop answering questions at any time. You also have the right to stop answering at any time until you talk to a lawyer.

WAIVER

I, [REDACTED] have come to the Memphis, Tennessee Office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) of my own choice to talk with Special Agents of the FBI about a crime which they are investigating. I know that I am not under arrest and that I can leave this office if I wish to do so.

Prior to any questioning, I was furnished the above statement of my rights at 9⁵⁹ AM on July 17, 1968 at Memphis, Tennessee
 (time) (date) (place)
 by Special Agent Harley E. Goffe of the FBI. I have (read) ~~(had read to me)~~ this statement of my rights. I understand what my rights are. I am willing to answer questions and make a statement. I do not want a lawyer. I understand and know what I am doing. No promises or threats have been made to me and no pressure of any kind has been used against me.

Signed [REDACTED]

10⁰² AM 7-17-68 Memphis, Tenn.
 (time) (date) (place)

Witness Harley E. Goffe Special Agent, FBI, Memphis, Tenn. 7-17-68

Witness Robert F. Boyle Special Agent, FBI, Memphis, Tenn. 7/17/68

File No. 44-1987-1A-216Date Received 7/27/68From HLIN
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By me
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☐ No

Description: 1. a copy of an Order signed by the President of the U.S. regarding the extradition of James Earl Ray

2. a copy of Custody Log regarding return flight to U.S.

3. copy of conversation between Mr. Meyer, Consul General attached to the American Embassy in London, & Arthur James, Counsel for James Earl Ray

Lyndon B. Johnson

President of the United States of America

To Wilbur Martindale, George Zeiss, Harold Light and John Minnich

Whereas, It appears, by information in due form by me received, that James Earl Ray,
alias Eric Starvo Galt, alias John Willard, alias Harvey Lowmeyer, alias Harvey
Lowmyer, alias Ramon George Sneyd, alias Ramon George Sneya, alias W. C. Herron,
alias James McBride, alias James O'Connor, alias James Walton, alias James Walyon,
alias Paul Bridgman, alias "Jim," presently in custody in Great Britain
under the name of Ramon George Sneyd, charged with the crime of

murder and convicted of the crime of robbery with violence (Robbery First

Degree by means of a dangerous and deadly weapon)

is fugitive from the justice of the United States,

~~supposed to have taken refuge in~~ Great Britain

And Whereas, Application has been made to the British authorities
for the extradition of said fugitive, in compliance with existing treaty stipulations
between the United States of America and Great Britain

And Whereas, It is understood that, in compliance with such application, the
necessary warrant is ready to be issued by the authorities aforesaid, for the delivery of the
above-named fugitive into the custody of such person or persons as may be duly author-
ized to receive the said fugitive and bring him back to the United States for trial:

Now, Therefore, You are hereby authorized and empowered, in virtue of the
stipulations aforesaid, and in execution thereof, to receive the said James Earl Ray,
alias Ramon George Sneyd, and other aliases

as aforesaid, and to take and hold him in your custody, and conduct him
from such place of delivery in Great Britain by the most

direct and convenient means of transportation, to and into the United States, there to surrender the said James Earl Ray, alias Ramon George Sneyd, and other aliases

to the proper authorities of the State of Tennessee and/or the State of Missouri

For all of which these Presents shall be your sufficient warrant.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 17th day
of July, A. D. 1968, and of the
Independence of the United States of America the
193rd.

By the President:

Dean Rusk

Secretary of State.

Escort Party - SAs Harold Light, George Zeiss, John Minnich and Wilbur Martindale and SA Kenneth Bounds who boarded the plane at Memphis

CUSTODY LOG
JAMES EARL RAY
JULY 19, 1968
ABOARD USAF PLANE C135 4129
(All times given as London time until landing at Memphis)

12:13 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray brought aboard plane by British, handcuffs removed by British and British officers left (Thomas Butler and Peter Elliott).

12:14 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Light requested Ray to undress for physical examination and he started to do so - Light also advised him of Agents' identities.

12:15 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Flight surgeon arrived and Ray completed undressing.

12:17 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Flight surgeon asked routine questions in connection with physical examination such as his age and Ray would only reply that he had nothing to say.

12:23 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Flight surgeon completed examination.

12:23 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray photographed by SA Light and given custodial clothing.

12:25 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray completed dressing and was handcuffed by SA Light after wrists were bandaged by SA Light.

12:28 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray asked by SA Light if handcuffs were all right and he did not reply.

12:29 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Restraining belt placed around Ray's waist by SA Zeiss and handcuffs padlocked to belt.

12:29 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Leg irons applied by SA Light.

12:31 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Light buckled Ray's seat belt.

12:38 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Light asked Ray if his seat was too far back and he shook his head.

12:40 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Airborne - Ray sitting quietly with legs crossed and eyes closed since 12:38 a. m.

12:48 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Light asked if he wanted anything at all - Ray shook his head - still sitting quietly.

1:03 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Light offered Ray a glass of Coca Cola - Ray refused by shaking his head - still sitting quietly - eyes sometimes open and sometimes closed.

1:30 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Light inquired as to whether the handcuffs were too tight and Ray said they were all right.

2:00 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Martindale asked Ray if he was all right - he replied that he was. Martindale then asked if there was anything that he wanted and he said no.

2:10 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray appeared to be trying to find a comfortable position to sleep. SA Zeiss asked if he wanted the seat adjusted - he said no.

2:22 a. m.
HL, GZ

SA Light asked Ray if he wanted a pillow. Ray answered "no thanks."

2:37 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray was asked by SA Light if he wanted anything to eat. He replied that he didn't want anything.

2:52 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

SA Zeiss rearranged chain on leg irons as Ray's legs appeared to be caught in an awkward position.

3:20 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray asleep.

4:10 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ

Ray resting quietly.

4:40 a. m. HL, WLM	Ray still resting quietly.
5:20 a. m. HL, WLM	Ray awake, some movement, but quiet.
5:27 a. m. HL, WLM	Ray coughed, asked for Kleenex, padlock was removed from handcuffs and Kleenex provided to blow nose. Ray was told that he should let the Agents know if he wanted to go to the toilet. He made no request to use the toilet.
5:50 a. m. HL, GZ	Ray's nose seems to be running slightly. He was given more Kleenex.
5:56 a. m. HL, WLM, GZ	Ray removed his glasses which he has worn since he was delivered aboard plane.
5:57 a. m. HL, WLM, GZ	Ray was asked for his glasses if he was not going to wear them. He said he would wear them and replaced glasses.
6:05 a. m. HL, WLM	Ray declined to execute Customs Declaration form.
7:20 a. m. HL, WLM, GZ	Ray, who had appeared to be sleeping, opened his eyes. he was told breakfast was being served to all persons on the plane but stated he wanted nothing to eat or drink and also said he was all right.
8:10 a. m. HL, WLM, JTM	Ray awake - was asked by SA Martindale if he wanted anything - said he had a cold and wanted asperin. Flight surgeon was called and provided two asperin and water. Surgeon asked Ray if he was warm enough and he replied that he was.
9:07 a. m. HL, WLM, GZ	Ray was asked if there was anything he needed and he inquired as to arrival time. Was told approximately thirty minutes and then asked to go to wash room. Seat belt removed, left handcuff removed, taken to toilet, urinated, washed face and hands.
9:08 a. m. HL, WLM, GZ	Returned to seat and left with right hand padlocked to belt, left hand free. Stated wrists did not hurt.
9:30 a. m. WLM, HL	Ray fastened his seat belt.

9:37 a. m.
London time
3:37 a. m.
Memphis time
WLM, HL

Memphis time
3:47 a. m.
WLM, GZ, HL

3:50 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ
KLB

3:52 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ
KLB

3:53 a. m.
HL, WLM

3:56 a. m.
HL, WLM, KLB

3:58 a. m.
HL, WLM, KLB

4:00 a. m.
HL, WLM, KLB

4:02 a. m.
HL, WLM, GZ,
KLB

Touch down at Memphis.

SA Light asked Ray how he felt and Ray said he felt fine and had no complaints regarding treatment.

SA Bounds, SAC Jensen and Sheriff William Morris entered cabin - SAs Light and Zeiss removing restraining devices and wrist bandages.

Ray stood up, belt removed and started stripping.

Finished stripping and flight surgeon began examination.

Examination completed - Ray carefully observed while stripped and showed no evidence of any injury. Started dressing.

Ray completed dressing and Sheriff began reading warrant. Finished reading warrant and advised Ray of right to remain silent, that anything said could be used against him in court and that he has the right to counsel and for counsel to be present.

Sheriff finished above and restraining devices and armored vest placed on Ray by SA Bounds, SAC Jensen and Sheriff Morris.

Ray left plane with the Sheriff, SA Bounds and SAC Jensen.

HANES: My name is Hanes, I'm a lawyer from Birmingham, Alabama, representing Sneyd or Ray that's in prison here. I notified the Attorney General yesterday morning at 11:30 for the purpose of coming over here to waive extradition and get this man back to the United States. I also requested in a letter to him a week or so ago that I be allowed to accompany this man back to the United States. Have you heard anything about that?

HERFURT: I did talk to Mr. Vinson yesterday and he informed me of the fact that he had written to you that it was impossible to accompany Mr. Ray.

HANES: I did not receive that letter. Do you know anything of the plans to return him?

HERFURT: No, I do not.

HANES: Of course, as of midnight tonight his time will have expired. I'm getting ready to announce to the press here that we will waive extradition and try to get back to the United States. I'm staying at the Royal Lancaster Hotel. I would insist, this man wishes that I go back with him. He is afraid of going back in custody alone. I have asked this officially. If it is denied, at least I ask that I be permitted once this man is turned over to see him and to talk to this man before his departure. I would like to be apprised of his departure.

HERFURT: I do not know the plans.

HANES: They will be dealing through your office.

HERFURT: It's possible.

HANES: Who will know about it when they're made? The British Home Office.

HERFURT: It's possible that they will deal directly with the British Home Office.

HANES: If you do hear from them, I'm at the Royal Lancaster Hotel, Room 501, and I shall be around here. Leave word for me.

HERFURT: All right.

HANES: I talked to the Attorney General's office and there was no mention of a flat turndown at that time. Maybe the letter came after I left or maybe today. I reiterate that I think it's a matter of right that this man not be interrogated without my presence. I would like to visit with him alone prior to his departure to the States. If not permitted to accompany him back, I want to see him the moment he lands Stateside.

HERFURT: If I am talking to Washington today, I will convey your request.

HANES: Thank you, Sir.

HERFURT:

I called Mr. Vinson in Washington and presented your request to him. He asked me to convey to you the following: "I am sure he understands why it is impossible to accompany Ray to the United States. Also I am sure he understands why it is impossible to see him at the departure." With respect to ~~his~~ your request to talk to him here, I can appreciate your desire to see Ray before his departure from the prison but this is purely a decision which rests with the British authorities.

HANES:

I see no reason why once the British authorities turn this man over to the custody of the United States Government why then and there on the spot at the airport or anywhere I cannot be permitted to see him.

HERFURT:

I cannot comment on that. You asked me to present the request and I did.

HANES:

Yes, sir. I would like to be apprised when this man is going to be transferred. I don't want to be waiting here three days and him departing two days before. I certainly would like to know this man's movements. They certainly will have to take the consequences or any criticism which may come. I am at least entitled to know when this man has departed or is going to depart so that I can make arrangements to get back to the United States. I do wish you would relay this to them.

HERFURT:

I did.

HANES:

After all, if the man is going to be here 3 or 4 days, I want to stay here to see him. If he's going to be carted away tonight, I want to get back to the United States. I have no other reason to stay here. I want to know if they're going to hold him for 3 to 6 weeks or what they're going to do with him.

HERFURT:

I can't answer your questions because I don't know.

HANES:

This message came from Mr. Vinson? If you have any more contact, I need to know when the man is leaving.

ENCLOSURE (3) TO (LETTER) (AIRTEL)

TO SAC, Memphis

DATED 7-25-68

RE: MURKIN

FILE NO.

BUFILE NO. 44-38861

File No.

44-1987-1A-214

Date Received

7-26-68

From

C

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By

Me

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes☐ No

Description:

Book on Hearings
before the Committee
on Un-American
Activities

B1221

**ACTIVITIES OF KU KLUX KLAN ORGANIZATIONS
IN THE UNITED STATES
PART 5**

**HEARINGS
BEFORE THE
COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
EIGHTY-NINTH CONGRESS
SECOND SESSION**

**FEBRUARY 14, 15, 21, 23, AND 24, 1966; SEPTEMBER 29, JULY 23,
AUGUST 24, AND OCTOBER 6, 1965; AND JANUARY 23, 1966
(INDEX IN SEPARATE VOLUME)**

**Printed for the use of the
Committee on Un-American Activities**



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III

File No. 44-1987-1A-218Date Received 7/31/68From Newark
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Me
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☐ NoDescription: 2 copies of the
April 7, 1968 issue
of "National Engineer"

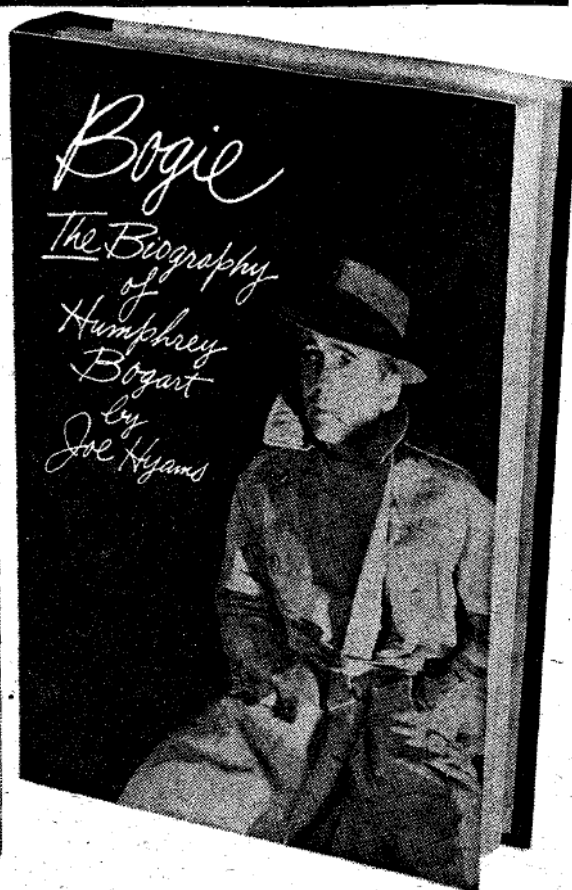
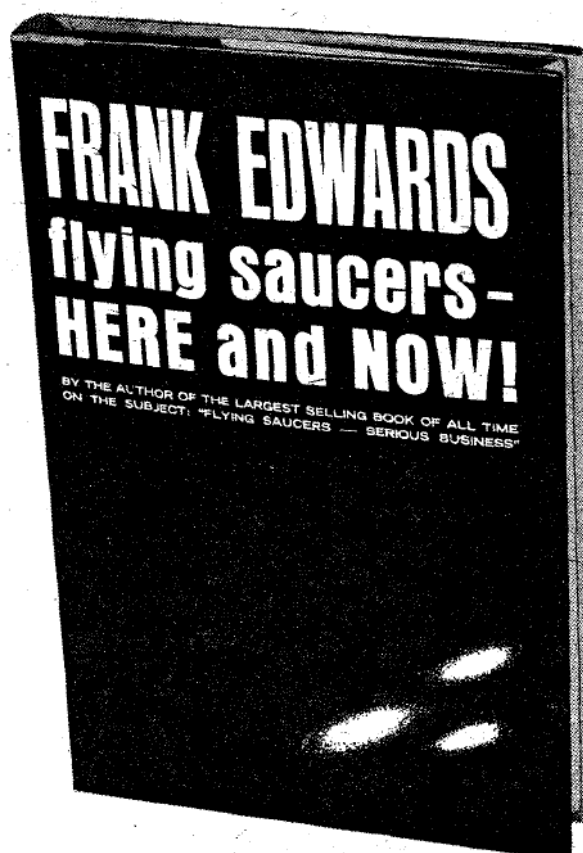
Whatever Happened to
The Dead End Kids?

EXCLUSIVE

MAN WOUNDED IN ASSASSINATION OF JFK FINALLY TALKS

A few minutes after the shooting, while blood was still streaming from the wound in my face, I showed police the mark on a curb where a bullet or bullet fragment hit near me. (Continued in centerfold)

DOUBLE BOOK BONUS:



**Rock 'n' Roll
Causes Serious
Hearing Loss**

**How You Can
Beat the Blues
When Depression Sets In**

How You Can Beat the Blues

By JOHN E. GIBSON

From TODAY'S HEALTH, published by
The AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Everybody gets the blues now and then. Sometimes they are a mild case of just feeling "blah," sometimes the mood is so downbeat that it's bluer than blue — more like black-indigo. ("I never thought I could feel so low. It's like the bottom dropped out of everything.") If you are lucky, the blues have never hit you that hard, but nobody is immune to them entirely.

Recently, psychiatrists and psychologists have become increasingly concerned about this old problem, what causes it and what you can do about it. Let's take a look at their findings.

How does it feel to have a first-class case of the blues?

One of the best descriptions is offered by psychologists Alden E. Wessman and David F. Ricks in their treatise on "Mood and Personality." "To varying degrees one withdraws into oneself, the world seems empty, one feels apathetic and dull, alone and unwanted — yet with no particular desire to participate with others. There is little satisfaction either in personal relationships or in one's work, and energy is so lacking that there is no particular incentive or ability to improve the situation.

"Time languishes, and the future is burdensome and oppressive. One may feel diffusely annoyed, irritable, anxious, or guilty. Often the sadness and fears seem vague and somehow incomprehensible, and difficult to attribute to any particular circumstance or definite cause. It is as if a formless, dismal cloud spread over one's life, muting everything with sadness."

Can your feeling of depression be caused simply by not getting sufficient sleep?

Yes. A lot of people don't realize that their depression may be due to nothing more than the cumulative effect of insufficient sleep. Sleep requirements do vary a great deal with the individual.

But if you don't get the sleep you need, the world can seem gray and bleak, your morale so sapped as to make even modest problems seem insurmountable.

Recent University of California studies have shown that when a normal, healthy individual suffers sleep deprivation to any appreciable extent it has a disruptive effect on his ego.

His sense of security wanes, and he is subject to marked feelings of inadequacy, irritability, and depression.

The cheapest antidepressant insurance you can buy is to avoid short-changing yourself in the sleep department. Have you ever noticed how much brighter the world looks, how much more confident you feel, when you've had a good night's sleep?

It won't make you immune to depressions, but it may make you less subject to them.

What can you do to snap a person out of a black mood and make him feel better?

Often, as studies conducted at Marquette University show, attempts to cheer a person who's feeling down are unsuccessful and succeed only in arousing resistance and hostility.

He will fight efforts to lift his spirits and the more you try to brighten his outlook, the more tenaciously he will cling to his dark mood.

What can you do then?

The studies showed a marked tendency on the part of depressed persons to respond to exciting music.

So when all else fails, switch on the radio or the record player. Lively, exciting music often can lift a person out of the doldrums when nothing else can.

The music's message bypasses the person's intellectual faculties and stimulates a response on

When depression sets in, it could be that you're setting your goals too high. Or it may be that you're simply not getting enough sleep. Lively music, keeping busy and helping others may help you shake those blues.

the emotional level. You might say it hits the depressed feeling where it lives.

Should you always try to cheer a person when he's down?

There are two sides to the coin, and sometimes a person is better off if he's left alone with his



DR. ALEXANDER HIRSCHFELD

blues allowed to run their course. Psychiatrists Samuel L. Safirstein and M. Ralph Kaufman have made a study of the protective, or beneficial aspects of depression.

They point out that depression often sets in when life and reality deals a hard blow and an individual becomes "deflated, shrinks, feels small and insignificant, becomes disinterested, and slows down in all his living processes."

This is also apparent, they observe, when a person suffers a physical disability, such as a sprained back, pneumonia, an acute gastrointestinal upset, or any other illness. Here,

the slowing down of functional processes seems necessary so that the organism can concentrate on fighting the illness at hand and repair the damage.

Depression often serves a similar purpose, with the slowing down of living processes helping to heal and mend the spirit.

Viewed in this light, the doctors conclude that depression often can be seen as a protective screen — an iron curtain of a sort — which isolates the individual from outer and even inner stimuli.

Behind this curtain, work goes on to restore the broken or damaged idealized self.

With a great deal of thinking and reevaluating to be done, the ego defenses have a better chance of putting the pieces together when there is a minimum of outside interference.

This, the doctors observe, could explain why the majority of depressions are self-limited and terminate in time.

What about the use of drugs to alleviate depressions?

Authorities point out that drugs have striking effects on moods. There are stimulant and depressant drugs, and people need to be warned about both.

Amphetamines ("pep pills"); for example, are used very legitimately by physicians to combat depression, and extreme care is required to prescribe the minimal amount indicated by the patient's symptoms.

Studies show that the use of these drugs, except under careful medical supervision, can result in serious dangers, including drug dependency and severe personality disorders.

It is also worth noting that some drugs used as tranquilizers can actually cause severe depression.

So if you are taking a tranquilizer and are feeling depressed, you should check with your doctor.

What about the person who is up one day and down the next?

The same study showed that this type of person has a life-style all his own.

He moves on a special axis, which can be drawn as a vertical line with the person going in two directions only — up-up-up and down-down-down. This kind of person, say Drs. Safirstein and Kaufman, is not really going anywhere in terms of

his life goals and accomplishments, because he goes sky-high in pursuit of an unreachable ideal and then falls back exhausted, licks his wounds, rests up, and then climbs blindly and compulsively toward the same unreachable goals.

And the closer he gets to the top, the harder and lower he is likely to fall.

There is, as the investigators point out, a magical, fairy-tale quality to this outlook on life, where the individual is, to some extent, a stranger to reality.

He may achieve many real gains on his road toward impossible goals.

But these can bring him little satisfaction as long as his sights are fixed on unreachable goals. The formula for coping with this problem?

Help the person to discard his system of magical self-inflation, to see himself as he is, and to set attainable goals.

Is it true that often accidents do not "just happen," but are depression-triggered?

Evidence indicates that often this is the case. At Wayne State University School of Medicine, and Lafayette Clinic, Detroit, Drs. Alexander H. Hirschfeld and Robert C. Behan made a study of 300 examinations of patients who had suffered chronic disability following accidental injury.

Their report: "The conclusion gleaned from these data was that often accidents do not 'just occur.' Rather, they are events which are captured by the personality for the purpose of solving the individual's life problems."

For example, a man suffers a severe and prolonged depression.

It so incapacitates him that he loses interest in his job and feels inadequate to cope with properly. He would like to run and hide from life, at least temporarily.

But if he did, he would lose face; he would be considered a failure in his own eyes and in those of his friends and family.

Unconsciously, he becomes less and less careful in guarding against mishaps; he doesn't court danger exactly, but neither does he go out of his way to avoid it.

Sooner or later, danger meets him halfway; he has an accident and acquires a disability which provides a socially acceptable reason for withdrawing from his work (or from wherever his problems lie).

His accident and disability have provided a face-saving answer to an untenable situation. ("How can a man with a bad back be expected to ... etc., etc.?")

This is unlikely, however, except in cases where an insupportable situation combines with a very severe depression.

It is least likely to occur in the relatively mild forms of depression to which most of us are subject. Nevertheless, whether you're driving a car, climbing a mountain, or crossing a street, your chances of becoming an accident statistic are far greater when you are depressed.

Studies disclose that the more depressed you are, the slower your reaction time.

Common errors (Continued on next page)

While Husband Goes for a Doctor...

Woman Uses Razor Blade to Deliver Own Baby by Caesarean

Neyza Cuellar de Arana delivered her ninth child by performing a Caesarean section on herself — with a razor blade.

Alone, in stabbing pain as birth neared, the 32-year-old mother brought her baby — a boy — into the world with her own hands because she was afraid he would die in her womb.

Astonished doctors say that both mother and child are well and progressing normally.

"I was not scared for myself — only for the baby," Neyza told this ENQUIRER reporter.

The remarkable operation took place last January 16 in Neyza's modest peasant's home in the tropical village of Portachuelo, Bolivia, while her husband, Eduardo, 50, searched for a doctor.

As Neyza writhed in agony, her eight other children were playing about 1,000 feet from the house, too far away for her to call to them to summon help.

Neyza recalled that she felt sharp labor pains when her husband left the house to get a doctor.

"I was lying on the bed and my pains got worse and worse," Neyza said. "I broke out in a heavy sweat. There was intense movement in my abdomen as my child demanded to be born."

"Then I began to fear that my baby might die inside me."

"So I got up from the bed and got my husband's double-edged razor blade from a nearby shelf."

"Slowly and as carefully as I could manage, I cut my abdomen until I had an opening big enough for my child."

"After that I inserted my hand and brought out my baby — first his legs, then his little body and, finally, his head."

"After this, I was completely exhausted," Neyza said.

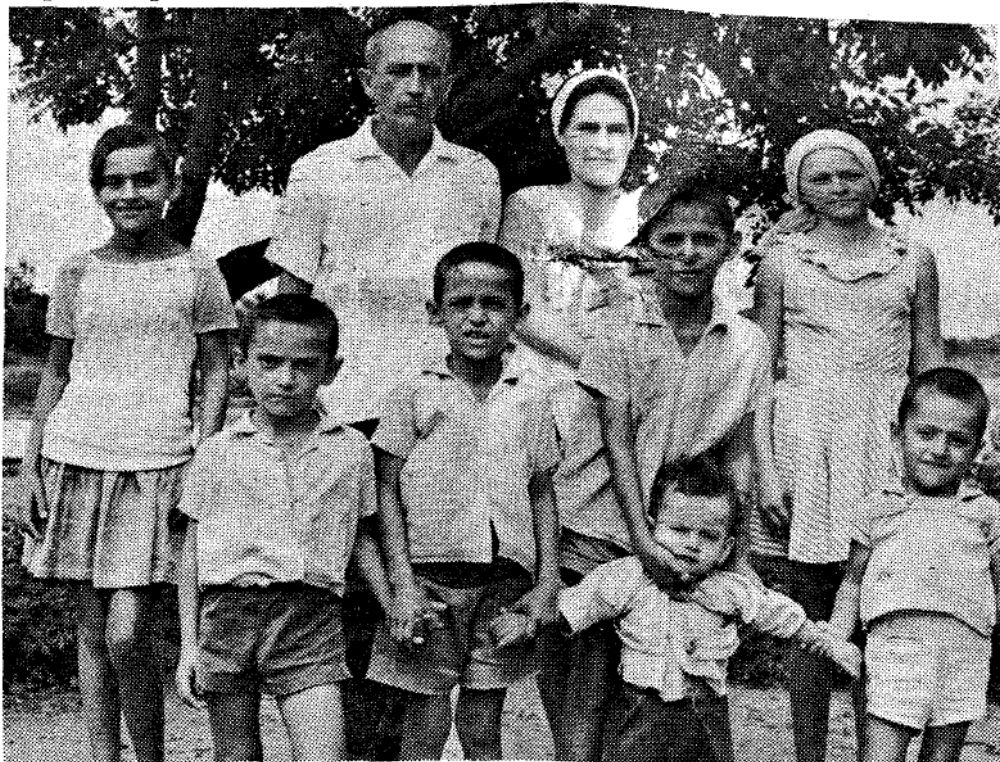
"I lay back on the bed, putting my new son beside me without cutting the umbilical cord."

The abdominal gash Neyza made was nearly 8 inches long and she was weak from loss of blood and from exertion.

The strong-willed Neyza, however, had the presence of mind to hold together the edges of the self-inflicted incision.

Neyza and her newborn lay there for 15 minutes before help arrived in the form of anxious neighbors who decided to look in on her. In those 15 minutes, Neyza recalled, her chief thought was that she had been able to save her baby's life.

Bustling around the bed, one of the



LUCKY FAMILY: Mrs. Arana with her husband and eight of their nine children outside their home after her return from the hospital. Baby she delivered is hidden by one son's head.

neighbors severed the cord between Neyza and the infant and another bathed the incision. A band of cloth was wrapped around her middle as an improvised dressing.

Then Neyza and the baby were bun-



MOTHER AND CHILD: Mrs. Neyza Cuellar de Arana holds baby she delivered herself — with a razor blade.

all they had to do was sew up the incision and apply antiseptics.

"It was really unbelievable," said Dr. Balderas, the hospital director.

"Here was a case of a perfect self-Caesarean operation."

Neyza and Eduardo took the situation in stride because they are accustomed to hard work and adversity.

Apart from occasional jobs as a truck driver, Eduardo and his wife eke out a meager livelihood from a tiny patch of ground, raising vegetables which they sell in the village, along with chickens and eggs.

Neyza meanwhile maintains a neat home and keeps all her lively children sparkling clean.

On the very day that she became a mother for the ninth time, she was up at 6 a.m., preparing breakfast for her husband and children and planning her day's work program.

"We are poor people but happy," Neyza explained.

The fact that she has made medical history does not impress Neyza at all.

"Only a mother knows what she is able to do for her children," she said with a quiet, maternal pride.

— ROBERT DOMAY

Beat the Blues

(Continued from preceding page)

in judgment during blue or depressed moods have been found to be more frequent than otherwise.

When you feel low, lay low — and you'll live longer.

What should you do when you feel depressed?

While a deep and unyielding depression may require the help of a specialist, most depressions are self-limiting, in that they run their course and suddenly you feel good again.

Noted Harley Street specialist John Pollitt, M.D., who also holds a diploma in psychological medicine, cites a number of ways which people find effective in helping themselves over short

periods of psychological depression.

One method is the self-reward system as compensation for disappointment, with some special treat in the form of a new hat or a delectable meal in a fancy restaurant.

Each individual, the specialist finds, depending on his personality, can discover ways of improving his spirits to enable him to carry on despite reverses.

Some personalities will respond best to constant activity, keeping busy with work or play, "always on the go."

Others will engage in some particular activity which crowds out disturbing memories of recent trauma.

Congenial company, Doctor Pollitt finds, is usually the easiest way to achieve this.

Another specialist points out that, in addition to self-rewards and self-gratifications, there is "the alternative possibility of finding some altru-

tic activity and trying to help others who are in worse straits."

And this course of action often is highly effective. Losing yourself in another person's problems helps you forget your own. Often a change of scene and a change in pace can combine to work wonders: Taking a short trip, getting away for a few days.

And, if you haven't had a physical checkup recently, it might be well to have one, since depression can be precipitated by various physical causes, including virus and bacterial infections and glandular malfunction.

But whatever you do, don't expect other people to feel sorry for you — the odds are better than even that life throws them just as many curves, and that they get those well-known "blues" just as often.

NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Page 3

By the summer of 1966, a Gallup poll across the nation indicated that at least 5 million Americans were willing to admit that they had seen strange objects which they felt were UFOs.

With so many people becoming interested, the authorities — primarily the U.S. Air Force — found it more and more difficult to keep the topic under quiet censorship.

A widely publicized incident in August 1965 had already destroyed many people's faith in Air Force "explanations."

On the night of August 2, an estimated quarter of a million persons stood out in the Great Plains states of America and watched dramatic mass formations of unusual lights maneuvering overhead.

From the Dakotas to New Mexico and Arizona, tens of thousands of persons witnessed an awe-inspiring aerial exhibition under the warm clear night sky.

Sometimes the lights moved in formation. Sometimes it was a single pulsating light. Sometimes they were high; sometimes so low they could be photographed by amateur camera operations. From time to time during the magnificent display, they changed formation, speed, color and size.

They were tracked on radar — both civilian and military — according to state police reports.

And among that large audience were many competent and credible observers.

Something spectacular had taken place — what was it? That question was put to the Air Force the next morning.

The official answer? Said the officials calmly: "Four stars in the constellation Orion."

The Air Force had made a serious blunder. And professional astronomers promptly revealed the mistake: At that time the constellation Orion was visible only from the other side of the Earth.

It was a turning point that convinced many people of the low caliber of the official "explanations" of most UFO sightings.

And at last the news media realized that the public was eager to know what was known about the subject — that the public did not really accept the official "explanations" as valid.

Take, for example, the incident that began about 9 p.m. on April 21 of last year. Mr. C.N. Crowder, manager of the Mobile Chemical Company in South Hill, Va., left the company warehouse, came around a bend in the blacktop highway — and discovered a strange roadblock.

The object, he said, "resembled a metal storage tank, at least 12 feet in diameter, possibly 17 feet high, and standing on legs about 3 feet high. It was astraddle of the road."

When he got to a point about 200 feet from the thing, he flashed on his bright lights.

"Just about that time, the thing shot out a tremendous burst of white-looking fire from the bottom of the object and it went straight up."

"In a flash it was gone, but with my bright lights I got a good look. The blast from the bottom of it set fire to the blacktop road."

When police returned to the scene with Crowder, they found a burned area about 3 feet by 2½ feet which was still warm to the touch.

Even more interesting, a search the next morning disclosed four holes broken through the blacktop, forming a rectangle about 16 feet long. The holes were about ¾ of an inch deep and ½ inch wide.

The official investigator working with the Air Force on this case was William Powers, who heads the electronics systems at Dearborn Observatory.

Powers, assisted by state police officers, tried to duplicate the burn on the blacktop by igniting gasoline and kerosene. Their efforts were unsuccessful.

The kerosene did not light easily and burned in streaks. The gasoline gave off black smoke instead of the white fumes Crowder described, and it burned much longer than the blast Crowder saw.

When Powers concluded his official visit to the scene of the incident, he told the South Hills Enterprise:

"Crowder is telling exactly what he saw and there is no reason to disbelieve him. However, I cannot account for what he saw."

The Air Force has in its files thousands of other re-

In the most fact-filled and authoritative book yet on the subject of UFOs, "FLYING SAUCERS — HERE AND NOW!", famed author Frank Edwards dares to tell the startling truth. In this exclusive ENQUIRER condensation are the names, dates and places that comprise the unshakable evidence of visitors from outer space.

This week, you'll learn how the U.S. Air Force has deliberately gone out of its way to cover up and censor vital information about UFOs.

ports of UFO sightings from the past 20 years, but it still seems to pretend the subject does not exist.

For all but a small percentage of cases each year, the Air Force gives out superficial explanations for the incidents: Satellites, ball lightning, mirages, gases and the like.

Why do the authorities insist on ridiculing reliable witnesses?

Should they not begin to take the subject more seriously?

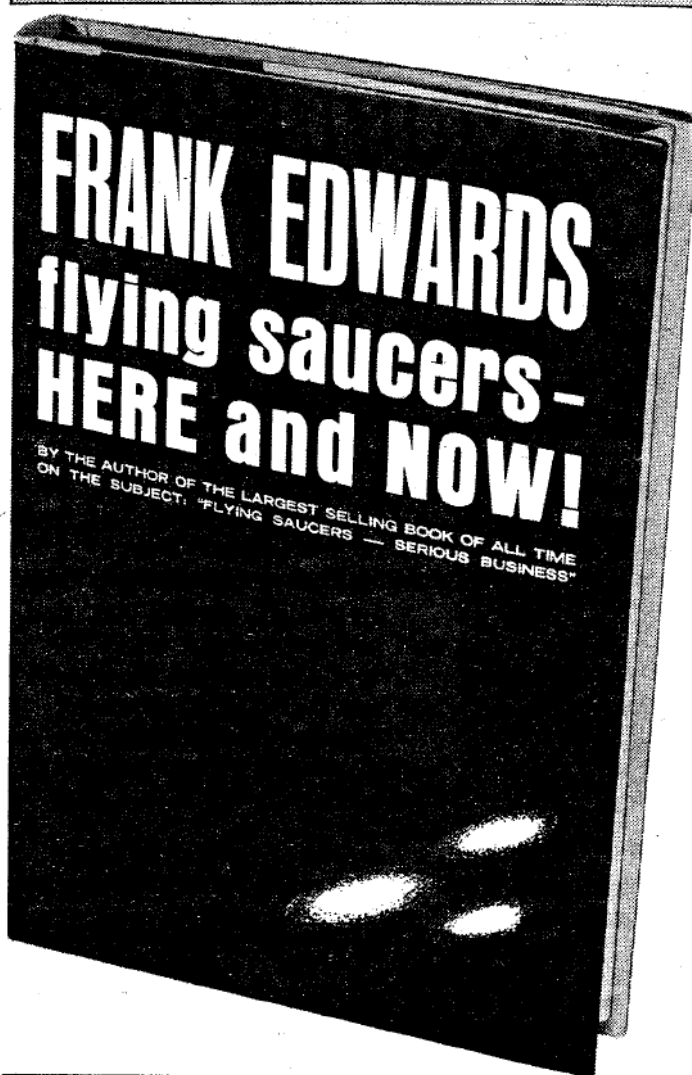
In October 1966, a new critic was added to the list of people who question the way in which the Air Force "investigates" UFO cases. The man was Dr. James E. McDonald, who spoke that month to the District of Columbia chapter of the American Meteorological Society.

Dr. McDonald is Senior Physicist, Institute of Atmospheric Physics, and Professor, Department of Meteorology, at the University of Arizona, Tucson.



AIR FORCE INVESTIGATOR William Powers (left) checks UFO landing-gear mark with Sgt. S.H. Raines near South Hill, Va.

FIRST INSTALLMENT OF...



CONDEMNNS AIR FORCE Dr. James McDonald, University of Arizona scientist, labels Air Force UFO reports "utterly worthless."

He had been studying the UFO phenomenon on a grant from the university, and his interpretation of Pentagon policy over the years was harsh.

Of the 1953 government-sponsored Robertson Panel, he said:

"The Central Intelligence Agency requested that the Air Force adopt a policy of 'debunking' flying saucer reports in order to decrease public interest."

"The reasons for this were associated with the 1952 wave of UFO reports, the largest wave ever recorded in the United States (prior to 1965). So many reports were flooding this country in 1952 that the CIA regarded them as creating a national security problem."

"In the event of any enemy attack on this country, the clogging of military intelligence channels with large numbers of reports of the evidently non-hostile UFOs was regarded as an unacceptable hazard."

The authorities apparently did feel in 1952 that the UFO visits to Washington, D.C. had forced them to make a serious choice. Either they had to admit that craft of unknown origin and purpose were visiting the nation's capital and that they could not prevent it, or else they had to pretend that the UFOs did not exist, thereby giving themselves time to find some way to cope with them.

They chose the second course — a course of deception and censorship. The official order establishing the ground rules and the penalties for violation of the censorship is known as JANAP 146. It covers all the military agencies of the U.S. government. One unfortunate result, from the point of view of science, of the strict censorship code was to seriously block the flow of new UFO information.

As Dr. McDonald told the Meteorological Society in 1966: "The strictures implicit in . . . JANAP 146 . . . made any public release of UFO information at Air Base level (by any of the military services and, under certain conditions, commercial airlines) a crime punishable with fines up to \$10,000 and imprisonment up to 10 years."

Dr. McDonald went on to say that "these regulations have not only cut off almost all useful re-

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

ports from military pilots, tower operators and ground crews, but even more serious from a scientific standpoint has been their drastic effect on non-availability of UFO radar sightings.

"Air Force Regulation 200-2 contained the specific admonishment that the 'Air Force activities must reduce the percentage of unidentified to the minimum.'"

Said Dr. McDonald: "This has been achieved."

In the early 1950s, military policy seems to have been for our planes to shoot at UFOs when they were spotted. However, by 1955 that policy had tapered off.

After that date, our jets still pursued them when the UFOs appeared over important military areas, but we no longer used weapons against them. There was one recent exception, however.

In 1963, one of our missile ships stationed in the South Atlantic launched a surface-to-air missile against a hovering UFO, but only after having been ordered to do so from base.

One of the missile ship's officers told me that the missile scored a hit and the UFO was destroyed. The subsequent search for debris was futile.

Although UFO activity increased around the world in 1964, the United States seemed to be of especial interest to the operators of the strange space craft.

The Air Force struggled manfully to carry out the policy of deception and censorship in spite of the increased sightings.

At the end of the first four months of 1964, it dutifully issued one of its "statistical reports," which asserted that in the 4-month period it had received only 87 UFO reports.

On that same day, however, the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton issued a statement which said that 1964 was in fact the biggest year on record for UFOs — that they were receiving reports of sightings at the rate of more than 700 per week!

In May of that year, there were two UFO cases over the nation's capital in a single day. But it soon became clear that the authorities did not want the nation to know about it.

The first case was reported to me by the electronics specialists who were involved.

On May 13, a team of experts based in Washington were putting the finishing touches on a new type of radar. Suddenly they noticed that it was recording an unusually large object at great altitude.

They doublechecked by switching on another radar unit, and it too began tracking the enormous object.

The experts were able to determine that it was at least 200 feet in diameter, about 15 miles above Washington, and that it was moving in a rectangular pattern at about 200 miles per hour.

After three hours of this maneuvering, watched by several government radar installations, the object finally moved toward the west and disappeared from the screens.

On the afternoon of the same day, two police officers assigned to the National Airport, just across the Potomac River from Washington, spotted two large glowing oval objects which approached the airport and maneuvered over both the airport and part of the city.

Their presence was confirmed by Military Air Transport. Newsmen who questioned an Air Force spokesman in the Pentagon were told to go ahead and call the things Unidentified Flying Objects.

That evening I carried reports of both cases on my nationwide news commentary over the Mutual Network. However, the newspaper reporters had less luck with their material. A story about the second case appeared in only one edition of the Washington Post.

The censorship lid had clamped down.

In February of 1954, another step was taken to quiet the UFO controversy.

A meeting was held at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood between Military Air Transport Intelligence officials and the Airline Pilots Association. An agreement was reached to stop airline pilots from making public reports on UFO sightings.

The year of heavy UFO traffic con-

tinued, however. On May 17, four veteran National Guard pilots in jets over Dallas, Tex., engaged in a game of high-altitude tag with 16 UFOs before the jets were out-manuevered and out-distanced.

The incident was reported in the local Dallas Herald a week later, but was not reported by any news service.

On May 31st, Fifth Air Force officials in Japan confirmed reports that U.S. jet fighter planes in Korea had been pursuing and shooting at UFOs.

From South America came a flood of sighting reports, to be added to the hundreds which poured in from Europe, North Africa, the Near East and Japan. Germany, Italy, Sweden and Yugoslavia in 1954 joined the list of nations which were admittedly engaged in serious probes of these objects.

A study of the reports indicates that the UFOs were conducting a systematic and cautious study of man's modes of travel.

They also visited every radar base, communications center, industrial complex and electric generating installation.

By 1955, it had been well established that we were dealing with specialized craft of unknown origin and purpose. There had been no indication of hostility on their part or of any de-

sire to actually establish communications or contact with man.

A careful study of the global record of the UFOs leads me and other students of the subject to the conclusion that since the mid-1950s the visitors have intentionally moved into a new phase of activity. The new program has consisted of landings or near landings, where the craft could be seen but not reached.

The UFOs have seemed to want to make their presence and non-hostile nature known to the greatest possible number of inhabitants of the planet under their study — Earth.

A rash of irate editorials have demanded reasons for the obvious official secrecy and deception concerning these UFOs. Some of the attacks on official policy concentrated on what is known as Project Blue Book.

Customarily, whenever UFOs are numerous, Project Blue Book issues another of its "statistical reports" which proclaims that the project has investigated thousands of reports and explained away all but a few hundred cases it says it could not explain "due to lack of

details." All explanations deny space visitors.

Project Blue Book was created and has operated as a smoke screen. Its purpose is to tell the public that there is nothing up there, no matter what it finds.

The project is located at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio.

The air base is also the home of the Air Technical Intelligence Center, which investigates and evaluates everything having to do with possibly alien objects in the air over the United States and its possessions.

From that base come the public statements by Propaganda Blue Book.

In order to stand a chance of being believed, Blue Book has to describe how it arrives at its alleged statistics.

In the March 1967 statement by the head of the project, we are told that 11,107 sightings since 1947 have been investigated, and only 676 of them are still unexplained.

This means that Project Blue Book, since its inception in 1952, is claiming to have investigated roughly 10,000 sightings coming in from every state in the country.

In a recent publicity photograph of the staff of Project Blue Book we are told that it consists of just five persons: Major Hector Quintanilla Jr., who was in charge of the project in early 1967; First Lieutenant William Marley Jr.; Staff Sergeant Harold T. Jones; Mrs. Hilma Lewis, typist; and Mrs. Marilyn Stancombe, secretary.

The two ladies are certainly not investigators. Major Quintanilla rarely goes out on an investigation unless it looks like a very difficult case to refute.

That leaves a staff sergeant and a first lieutenant to do the field work.

If the case load was evenly divided by years, each man would have had to investigate 330 cases per year, scattered over at least 25 states.

What kind of investigation could one man do, covering that many cases and that much geography?

Under the circumstances as stated, the staff could not possibly conduct the number of investigations claimed and devote any reasonable amount of time to any case, much less to all of them. It would be physically impossible.

Dr. James McDonald, speaking to the Meteorological Society, condemned the widely publicized Project Blue Book statistical reports as "utterly worthless."

A group which also criticized Project Blue Book is the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, NICAP, a civilian group headed by admirals and generals and scientists in many fields, long ago took the position that the UFOs were not a military problem, but a scientific problem.

In August 1966, NICAP's position was supported by none less than the man who has been top scientific consultant to the Air Force on UFOs since 1948: Dr. J. Allen Hynek, astronomer at Northwestern University. He said:

"These unidentified flying objects are not a military problem, but they do constitute a scientific problem and should be dealt with as such."

After years of frustrating re-buffs, NICAP and the many other non-military specialists interested in UFOs find the top Air Force scientist advocating exactly what so many of them had tried, and failed, to achieve.

NEXT WEEK: Why the Air Force's top UFO expert stopped debunking saucer sightings, and said: "Something is going on."

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C.N. CROWDER
Saw 17-foot-high saucer



UFO DEBUNKER: Major Hector Quintanilla, head of Air Force UFO project, spends much time studying weird objects (above) that are supposed to be Flying Saucers.



CHANGED MAN: Top AF expert, Dr. J. Allen Hynek, "explained" many UFO sightings as optical illusions. But recently he changed his mind.

Ear Specialist Says: Rock 'n' Roll Music Causes Serious Hearing Loss

The pounding beat of rock 'n' roll music is ruining the ears of its fans.

With continued exposure to the high-voltage music, many young people will suffer serious hearing losses by the time they are in their early 20s.

A Florida research group came to these conclusions after an exhaustive, on-the-scene test conducted at a dance that took place in Gainesville, Fla.

The group warned that impairment to the youngsters' hearing can not be corrected.

"There is no known medical or surgical treatment for removing the damage," said Dr. Kenneth C. Pollock, chief clinical audiologist at the University of Florida Medical Center.

The hearing specialist was joined in the study last January by Dr. George T. Singleton, the medical center's chief of otolaryngology and an ear-and-throat specialist; an assistant, Everett Scroggie, and Dr. William Cutler, a Veterans Administration ear specialist.

According to Dr. Pollock, the damage from rock 'n' roll music is not to the eardrum but to the sense organ, the organ of hearing, which is suspended in a fluid inside the ear.

The organ is covered with thousands of tiny hair cells which move in response to the sound pressures, sending impulses up the nerves and to the brain — the process which results in hearing.

Under the constant bombardment of anything such as rock 'n' roll, the hair cells lose their ability to recover or bounce back, Dr. Pollock told this ENQUIRER reporter.

"There is no way to get in to restore them," he said.

The four-man research group made the study — the first of its kind ever undertaken — with the help of 10 Gainesville ninth graders, five boys and five girls, all about 14 years old.

Before the youngsters went to a dance at the Gainesville Women's Club, they were taken to the university's medical center and their hearing was tested. A record was made of the level at which each child could just hear a series of pure tones.

Then all went to the dance, including the research team which lugged along its sound-measuring equipment.

Music for the dance was provided by a five-piece-and-vocalist combination whose din drove the chaparrons out of the porch and the cooks out of the kitchen.

But the kids loved it. Dr. Pollock and his team rolled the equipment onto the quaking dance floor and measured the sound



DR. KENNETH POLLOCK
Ear specialist



ROCK 'N' ROLLERS dance to the music of Herman's Hermits in movie, "Hold On!" Teen-agers like these may become deaf from music blasting their ears.

STOP THE PRESSES!



Dear Santa, I am a little boy 6 years old . . . I would like a steam shovel and a truck with a wench like Daddy's. — Wellington (Tex.) Leader.

AUTOS KILLING 110 A DAY; LET'S RESOLVE TO DO BETTER — Headline in Boston (Mass.) Globe.

When she washes dishes, he should wash dishes with her, and when she mops up the floor, he should mop up the floor with her. — Western Family magazine.

A Census Bureau report revealed today that southern girls do marry at an early age. — Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.

From STOP THE PRESSES!, © Haythorn Books Inc., New York.

and temporary, the doctor said, but it told the story of what would happen to ears under the constant assault of high levels of sound pressure.

The greatest damage is done in the higher frequency ranges, which contain the important consonant sounds in speech, Dr. Pollock said.

"It is the kind of loss that can be equated to that of elderly people who complain that 'everybody mumbles, nobody talks plain anymore,' " he explained.

Musicians in rock 'n' roll groups are in particular danger, he said, because of the repeated exposure.

Dr. Pollock said rock 'n' roll fans complain if the music volume is turned down because the sensation is not the same.

"It is not the auditory sensation they enjoy but the tactile sensation, the feel of it," he said.

"At the levels they seem to want it, there is an actual physical pressure on their bodies," he said.

Dr. Pollock said he began the project from personal motives. He explained:

"It was started from a purely selfish point of view. I have a 13-year-old daughter."

But as a result of the interest the test inspired, Dr. Pollock plans to continue the project, extending it over a longer period to include more subjects and places.

"I am most interested in trying to devise a quick and subjective test that a parent can use to determine the damage risk to his child," he said.

"It would be ideal if a sound-measuring instrument could be set up in every dance. But the expense makes this impractical.

"It's got to be a matter of adult supervision, a parent determining when the sound is dangerously high and turning down the amplifier," the doctor said.

"The kids won't like it. But, after all, it's the parent who pays for the dance," he said.

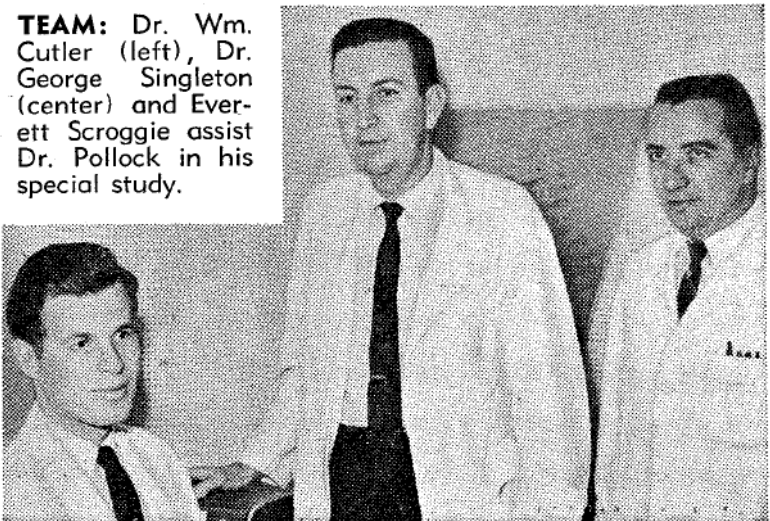
Dr. Pollock said he intends to keep a very careful check on what is happening to his own daughter's hearing.

"I don't want her to feel socially deprived, but I don't want her to have a hearing loss, either," he said.

The hearing specialist said another effect of the loud music on youngsters is fatigue. After a dance, he said, the teen-agers are limp, drained of energy.

"This is more psychological than physiological," he said. "It is the result of having to shout to be heard for three hours and straining to hear what anybody else is saying."

— ALBERT ASHTON



TEAM: Dr. Wm. Cutler (left), Dr. George Singleton (center) and Everett Scroggie assist Dr. Pollock in his special study.

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California Man Discovers Way to Hold False Teeth

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GOLDEN NUGGET
John J. Miller
ARTHUR CASINO

The Secret Service has reason to believe that an assassination attempt on the President is being plotted by a fanatical group, which would like to Make Their Move at the Democratic convention in Chicago next August . . . Bonnie Parker's sister, Billie Jean, grabbed a bundle from RCA to record a disc-album telling "The Real Story of Bonnie & Clyde" . . . Princess Ira Von Furstenberg and wealthy Italian industrialist Paolo Marinotti are a romantic blaze.



MILLER

Romy Schneider's spouse is having a fit about her friendship with British actor Tom Courtenay . . . Dr. Christian Barnard inked a contract to record an LP album talking about his heart transplant operations . . . Joanna Pettet's marriage talk with Alex Cord has an executive of Playboy Clubs International close to throwing himself out a skyscraper window.

Della Reese will star in the new national road company of "Hello Dolly" . . . June Allyson admits she's broke. She's whipping up a nightclub act, hoping to nab some fast cash . . . The Dean Martin NBC series will become the most expensive TV variety show next season. A 60-second commercial will cost \$59,000 . . . Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman's daughter, Maureen, will wed realtor Mike Johnson in Springfield, Ill., after the November elections.

A family feud is quietly smoldering between Bobby Kennedy and his brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver. They barely speak to each other . . . Audrey Hepburn and the young Aga Khan are a new two . . . "Lost In Space" television star Mark Goddard and his wife, Marcia, are expecting . . . Yves Montand is toiling on a song, dance and funny patter cafe act, which he intends to debut in Las Vegas this summer.

Frank Sinatra agreed to emcee the May 19 Emmy TV Awards show on NBC . . . The Jack Entratters (he bosses The Sands in Vegas) reconsiled . . . Julie Andrews quietly picked up her final divorce papers in Santa Monica, Calif. . . . Julie and Beaumont Blake Edwards just giggle when intimates ask them if they're secretly wed . . . Milton Berle inked to play a cold-blooded killer on television's "ponyride."

Omar Sharif has spent months checking with plastic surgeons and cosmeticians in the U.S. and Europe, trying (in vain) to find out if "there's a way I can look less Arabic" . . . Art Carney's abrupt exit from "The Addams Family" flick in London was publicized as the result of a sudden illness — which is bunk. Art quit when the studio refused to pay him larger loot and ignored his demand for equal billing with Phyllis Diller.

Red Skelton convinced his wife, Georgia, that they could go shopping in N.Y. stores without being recognized. It took almost the entire security force at Macy's (34th St.) to rescue Red from the throng that pounced on him . . . Behind closed doors, the network brass refer to their red-hot CBSeries as "The Smut-thers Brothers Show" . . . Gene Autry nixed a Wall Street syndicate's offer of \$60,000,000 to buy his Golden West Broadcasters network of radio and TV stations.

The Mamas and The Papas, feuding fiercely, finally agreed to continue recording, but never to make another public appearance as a group. Cass (The Fat One) will debut her solo-song stuff on an Andy Williams NBC-TV spec . . . LBJ caught the turtle-neck bug and ordered two dozen custom-made silk jobs at \$47.50 each. His favorite is colored "Hot Orange."

Jerry Lewis' favorite TV comedy character, "Sidney Portnof," the sad-sack dumb-dumb, will be getting a new name fast. Because there's a real-life Sidney Portnof who is threatening to sue Jerry and NBC if they continue to use his name . . . Eddie Fisher says the big buzz that he's going to be a daddy again is "ridiculous" — but Connie Stevens, who is getting fatter and sicker every morning, refuses to confirm or deny that she's pregnant.

Rod Steiger will appear nude (filmed from behind) in several scenes in his Warners - 7 Arts movie, "Illustrated Man" . . . On the first day of the Florida teacher's strike, over 800 teachers registered for jobs as extras in "The Lady in Cement" movie Frank Sinatra and Raquel Welch are filming in Miami. FS hired 250 of them to play the crowd at Gulfstream Racetrack for one scene.

Angela Lansbury's next Broadway show, "Dear World," opens December 26 and will have the highest ticket price in N.Y. history — \$25 per pair on weekends . . . Eartha Kitt has been stopping her nightclub act at Caesars Palace in Vegas almost nightly to level blistering blasts at the large staff of waitresses. Kitt claims the chicks are intentionally clinking glasses and dropping dishes to louse up her performance.



"I was just lucky, I guess . . . I caught him with another woman."

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By JIM BLAIR

In a last-ditch effort to trap the murderer of three little girls, British police are doggedly interviewing 35,000 men in a grinding door-to-door routine.

The most concentrated manhunt in Britain's history was launched in Walsall, a city of 162,720 population about 5 miles northwest of Birmingham.

By confronting all 35,000 of Walsall's white males between the ages of 21 and 50, Scotland Yard Detective Superintendent Ian Forbes expects his officers to come face to face with the killer.

"This is one of the things that has to be done," Forbes told this ENQUIRER reporter on February 13. "We will work from morning to night and see it through to the bitter end."

By Forbes' own estimate, the task could run into months.

But he is confident the killer will be found in Walsall, leading a normal life and possibly regarded by his neighbors as "too nice and quiet to worry about."

A force of 120 detectives, most of them drawn from Forbes' unit, but others supplied by neighboring police departments, is conducting the saturation-style search.

To each of the Walsall men in the 21 to 50 age group, the investigators will put this question:

"Where were you, and what were you doing, on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 19, 1967, between 2 p.m. and 4 p.m.?"

It was at 2:30 p.m. on that day that Christine Darby, 7, was kidnapped near her Walsall home by a man in a gray Austin car.

Three days later, Christine's body, showing evidence of a savage sexual assault, was found in Cannock Chase woods, 9 miles north of Walsall.

Christine's killer is believed to be the same sadist who kidnapped and murdered Margaret Reynolds, 6, of Aston, Birmingham, and Diane Tift, 5, of Bloxwich, a Walsall suburb.

Margaret was abducted on her way to school on Sept. 8, 1965, and Diane from near her home on Dec. 30, 1965.

Their bodies were found in a ditch at Cannock Chase the following January. Diane's body, bearing signs of sexual assault, had been placed on top of Margaret's.

Christine's kidnapping gave police their first clues to the possible identity of the man believed to be the triple killer.

Witnesses not only got a good look at the man, but heard him talk. He enticed Christine to his car by asking directions to near-by Caldmore Green.

Those who heard him noted that the man pronounced Caldmore as "Calmer," a local Walsall style of pronunciation which definitely links the man to the city.

From descriptions provided by witnesses, police fashioned a composite picture of the killer. Thousands of copies of the picture have been distributed and police are carrying them on their Walsall manhunt.

The picture shows a man between 35 and 40 years of age, with an oval face and straight nose, and brown hair brushed back close to his head.

He is believed to be about 5-feet-10, broad-shouldered with a medium build.

With the descriptions of both a man and a car to go on, British police completed exhaustive spadework on the case over five months before the Walsall house-to-house canvass was launched.

Forbes' squad sifted through an estimated 2 million car registrations, checked out 22,000 drivers, took 13,200 statements and filed some 7,000 letters.

One of these letters, obviously from a crank, was addressed to Christine's mother, Mrs. Lilian Darby, a Walsall shop assistant.

The writer identified himself as Christine's slayer and named a girl he said would be his next and final victim.

"I have seen her go to school for about two weeks now and I think this

Cops Quiz 35,000 Suspects in Manhunt for Slayer of 3 Girls



AREA OF SEARCH: Constable S. Bailey shows where body of Christine Darby was found. Area south of this will be scene of the manhunt led by Superintendent Ian Forbes (left).



LITTLE VICTIMS were (left) Christine Darby, 7, and (above, from left) Margaret Reynolds, 6, and Diane Tift, 5. Although the attacks took place separately over a span of nearly 2 years, police believe the same man is responsible for all three crimes.

will be my last kill," the letter stated.

"I'm getting fed up with it. My wife has left me and that is why I am killing girls of 7, 8 and 10."

Police declined to reveal the name signed to the letter and the name the writer gave as his next victim. Mrs.

Darby in recent weeks has received two similar letters, whose contents were not made public.

The early stages of the investiga-

tion also involved a total of 750 British soldiers, airmen and volunteers in a search of the Cannock Chase area, where the victims' bodies were found.

The discovery of Christine's body provided still another clue to the twisted mentality of the killer — a missing black canvas shoe which the man evidently kept as a souvenir of his terrible deed.

In the two other killings, all the children's possessions were found except an umbrella and a handbag — also apparently retained by the murderer as grim mementoes.

"Any man who would do this three times to innocent little girls must be

mentally ill and should give himself up, if only for the sake of saving the lives of other children," Mrs. Darby said in an appeal issued publicly to the murderer.

"In making this appeal, I am thinking of the other little girls who could well be victims later on."

The appeal was not answered.

And now, with all the so-called scientific detection systems exhausted, police are resorting to the drudgery of endless questioning.

While the house-to-house canvass is aimed at Walsall's 35,000 men in the general age group of the murderer, it is expected that almost every inhabitant of the city will eventually be questioned or at least shown the picture of the killer.

The net has been spread even so far as to involve a soldier in the Turkish Army, who was seen in Walsall on the day that Christine Darby was kidnapped.

He was called before his commanding officer to tell two policemen what he was doing in the city.

His story was forwarded to Superintendent Forbes through Interpol — the international police information exchange.

"We have had a lot of help from the public, but we need even more," said Superintendent Forbes.

"We think the killer is a Walsall man or has close connections with the city.

"We'll flush him out."



TROOPS engaged in hunt for triple slayer's last victim, Christine Darby, line up near Cannock Chase.

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ANOTHER ENQUIRER BOOK BONUS



"BOGIE, THE BIOGRAPHY OF HUMPHREY BOGART," by Joe Hyams, with the aid of Bogart's widow, Lauren Bacall, details the star's wild sprees, raucous brawls and razor-edged wisecracks. Recording Bogie's snarling feuds and deep friendships, Hyams gives a behind-the-scenes account of the loves, tragedies, successes and failures that made Bogart a legend in Hollywood.

This week, ENQUIRER readers are given the intimate heartbreaking facts of Bogie's brave but losing battle against cancer.



JOE HYAMS

Humphrey Bogart's Last Battle

Bogie was the bravest man I have ever met. And that includes a lot of unsung heroes who were my friends in the South Pacific during World War II — during those days when I formulated my personal belief that the final test of a man is the way he faces death. Bogie faced death the way he faced life: With courage and dignity, as a gentleman.

It was no secret in Hollywood that Bogie was dying of cancer. But it is a curious fact that until news of this sort leaks out in public a man's privacy is respected.

Bogie knew that and he knew that if it were generally known how sick he was, the press would soon have a deathwatch on his house. Cameramen with long lenses and news reporters with keen eyes would be waiting to be first with the story. So he battled alone bravely, and those of us who loved him and had respected his right to live as he wanted, also respected his right to die the way he wanted.

And he made it easy for us. If he was as conscious of the imminence of death as I am sure he must have been, he never mentioned it, never allowed its presence to cloud what might be a last visit or a last interview. Brave as he was, his wife, Lauren Bacall, whom he called Betty, was his equal in gallantry.

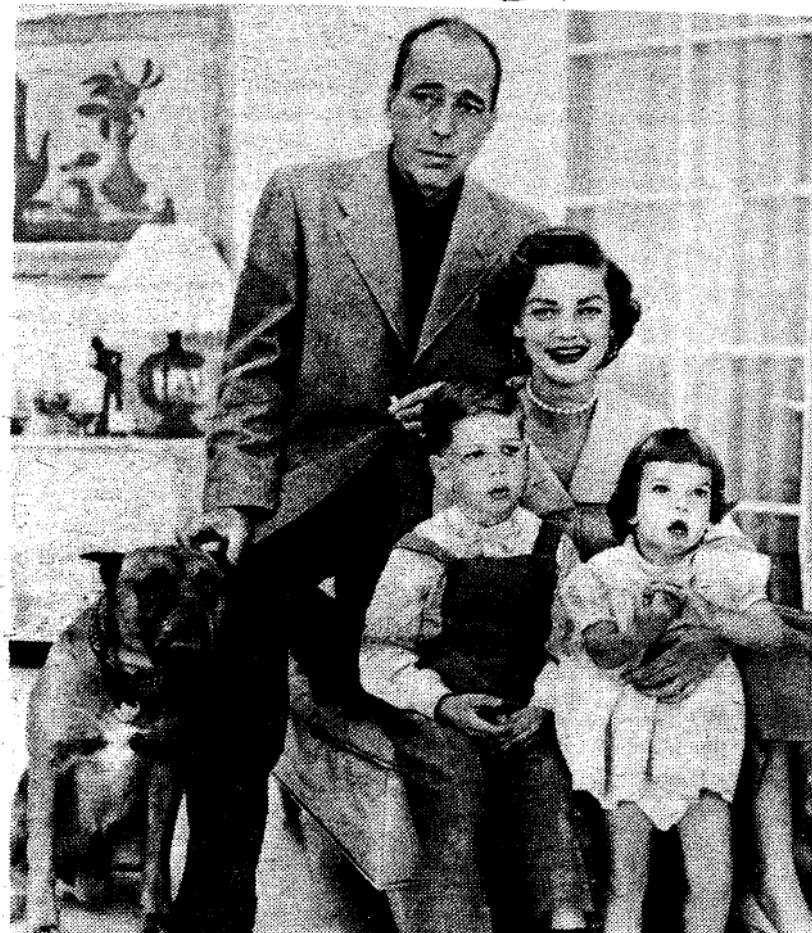
As the newspaperman closest to him for the last decade of his life, and the only one whom he saw regularly during the last year and hours of his life, I was privy to the terrible drama that preceded his death.

I will never forget one of those last days when he was being prepared to receive company at the cocktail hour. He was little more than a genial skeleton by then, lying most of the time in the upstairs bedroom of the Bogart home in Holmby Hills. He lay on the bed, head propped on pillows, and helplessly submitted to the nurses who attended him around the clock. On that afternoon a fat nurse cushioned his head gently and began to lather his face for his daily shave.

"There now, Mr. Bogart," she said, drawing back for a better look at her razor work. "We look just fine." She held a little vanity mirror of Betty's to his face.

He nodded and rubbed his right hand over his jaw slowly, reflectively. It was an old habit, started when the doctors dug a wood splinter out of his lip in the First World War.

Betty came into the bedroom, carrying the old Daks bought in London and the scarlet smoking jacket she had given him last Christmas-birthday. She put the trousers on, right leg first, then the left



FAMILY SCENE: Bogie poses at home with his family. He was especially proud of his two children — Leslie (right) and Stephen — shown on mom's lap. On left is pet boxer, Harvey.

leg, and then pulled them up over his waist. They were loose.

"Christ, I'm going to have to gain some weight," he said.

"Harry Cohn is having the script rewritten for you," Betty said.

"I always claimed he was a bastard," he said. "Maybe I ought to start changing my mind."

"Why?" said Betty. "He just wants you in the picture. He figures you're worth waiting for, but he's still a bastard."

"The hell with that picture," he said. "What about the boat? How're they doing on the hull?"

"Pete says it'll be ready by the weekend," she said.

He nodded, then winced with pain. Aurilio, the handyman, and the nurse picked him up out of the bed and lifted him into the wheelchair.

He pushed the wheelchair himself to the dumbwaiter shaft across the room, seeming proud that he still had the strength to propel it. For a moment it looked as if he would try to get out of the chair and walk, but then he gave it up.

They lifted him out of the chair and sat him on a little stool in the dumbwaiter shaft. The top had been removed to give him headroom. "Are you all right, Mr. Bogart?" the nurse asked.

"Yeah, just dandy," he said, making the words sound cheerful and sarcastic at the same time. Down below in the kitchen Aurilio was pulling the ropes. The little elevator started slowly down.

It was dark in the shaft and the ride from bedroom to kitchen was less than 20 seconds, but he obviously hated it. They lifted him out of the dumb-

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

waiter shaft and back into the wheelchair, in which he was transported through the house: A 14-room house, with a four-car garage, a tennis court, a swimming pool, and an acre of lawn. The taxes on the house alone were higher than most people's incomes. And there were four servants and three dogs, besides the two Bogart children.

The marble floor of the patio facing the pool was polished to a high gloss. He put his hands on the wheels of the chair and brought it to a halt, examining the pool house intently.

"It's off center," he said. "Fifteen thousand dollars and they can't even follow a plumb line."

The little group following him in the chair looked like a tableau from the film, "Sunset Boulevard." He rolled past the living room, which was rarely used. Everything in the room was expensive: from the paintings, which included Dufys and Picassos, to the French Provincial furniture.

They had spent a quarter of a million dollars on the room and it still wasn't finished. Betty was going to have the first big party in it when he was well.

A huge boxer dog came running in and jumped up almost on his lap. "Get down, Harvey," Bogie said gruffly, meanwhile patting him gently on the head.

In the library he wheeled to his chair opposite the bar. They sat him down, smoothed out his trousers, and gave him his props — a watered-down martini for the left hand, a cigarette for the right. It was a few minutes after 5, and he said his back already hurt like hell.

"How're you feeling otherwise?" I asked.

"You can say I'm down to my last martini," Bogie said. "But I'm fighting to keep my head above the press."

The library telephone rang. Betty came quietly into the room, moving like a leopard. She picked up the phone, listened a minute, then said, "Nonsense, Bogie is fine."

"Here, let me talk," he said and got on the extension phone on the table next to him. "I'm getting along well, just a little underweight," he said, putting his hand over the telephone while he coughed.

"This is an old rumor. Last time you people had me on the eighth floor of the Los Angeles Memorial Hospital. The fact that there is no such hospital

BOGIE'S FRIENDS TO THE END...



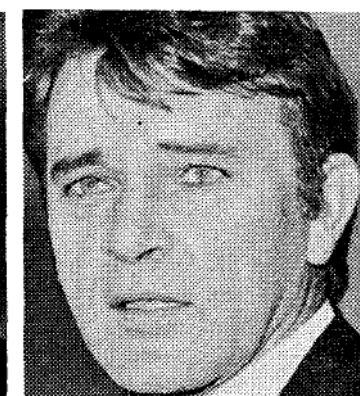
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BOGIE'S LAST FILM was "The Harder They Fall," in which he played an out-of-work reporter involved with boxing.

doesn't bother me, but the eighth floor is what burned me. That's ominous sounding, isn't it? You can tell your bosses I'm fine, never felt better."

He banged the phone into its cradle. Another coughing spasm was interrupted by the phone again. He reached for it. It was an editor calling to check for himself on whether a reporter had really talked with Bogart.

He was furious. "You don't trust your reporters, then fire them. What kind of newspaper are you running? I'm going to call my lawyer to see what legal action we can take against you people printing that I was in a coma. Then you'll know you talked with me."

This time when he hung up there was a thin smile on his face. "What's the matter with you newspapermen?" he said. "Don't you ever check stories?"

I recognized the familiar needling technique and started to fiddle with my pipe.

"Well, aren't you sometimes ashamed of your profession?" Bogie persisted.

"Aren't you sometimes ashamed of being an actor when you read a fan magazine?" I asked. Bogie grinned broadly and settled back in the chair as Betty brought me a Coke.

"I didn't ask you to come here to freeloader on my whiskey," Bogie said, and reached for a statement he had dictated the day before. Waving it in front of me, he asked, "Will you promise to print this exactly as written?"

It was a difficult promise to give. As the only reporter who saw Bogie regularly, I had written almost every story published about him since his illness began.

As a friend I felt I had an obligation to help keep his spirits up, but as a reporter I had an obligation to tell the truth.

Usually I flavored the truth with humor, as I had in the story written before Bogie had gone to the hospital on Oct. 8, 1956. I had told my editors the truth then: I suspected he was dying of cancer but I didn't want us to break the story.

Once it came out authoritatively that he was dying, the press would set a deathwatch by his door — reporters by the score and TV cameras, all vying to be first with the obituary. A grisly business.

But I figured I could agree to print the story as he wanted it — as long as I could preface it with an introduction. Bogie said he didn't care how I introduced the story as long as I ran it as written.

He handed me a carbon of a neatly typed, single-spaced letter and read aloud from the original in a hoarse voice, which was occasionally racked by coughing.

"An open letter to the working press:

"I have been greatly disturbed lately at the many unchecked and baseless rumors being tossed among you regarding the state of my health. Just to set the record straight, as they say in Washington (and I have as much right to say this as anybody in Washington has), a great deal of what has been printed has had nothing to do with the true facts. It may be even necessary for me to send out a truth team to follow you all around.

"I have read that both lungs have been removed, that I couldn't live for another half hour, that I was fighting for my life

in some hospital which doesn't exist out here, that my heart had been removed and replaced by an old gasoline pump salvaged from a defunct Standard Oil station.

"I have been on the way to practically every cemetery, you name 'em, from here to the Mississippi, including several where I'm certain they only accept dogs. All the above upsets my friends, not to mention the insurance companies — so, as they also say in Washington, let's get the facts to the American people — and here they are.

"I had a slight malignancy in the esophagus. So that some of you won't have to go to the research department, it's the pipe that runs from your throat to your stomach. The operation for the removal of the malignancy was successful, although it was touch-and-go for a while whether the malignancy or I would survive.

"As they also say in Washington, I'm a better man than I ever was and all I need now is about 30 pounds in weight, which I'm sure some of you could spare. Possibly we could start something like a Weight Bank for Bogart, and, believe me, I'm not particular from which portion of your anatomies it comes from.

"In closing, any time you want to run a little medical bulletin on me, just pick up the phone, and as they say in the old country, I'm in the book!"

"You promised," Bogie said when he finished the letter. "Now, keep your word and don't change a word or I'll nominate you for membership in the rat pack."

Bogie tilted his drink gently on his lips and savored the taste on his tongue. "Here's to Mark Twain. Reports of his death were exaggerated too."

The doorbell started ringing and other friends began to arrive: David Niven, Frank Sinatra, Spencer Tracy, George Cukor, Katharine Hepburn, Richard Burton. The guests settled down in the casual way of people who know each other well, see each other often.

The conversation was directed at him and made for him. He knew it and loved it. If he couldn't go out, his world came to him. It had been this way for months.

The list he kept of the people who had phoned or come to see him during the time he was sick almost filled a small notebook.

Only a few were conspicuous by their absences. But Bogie understood. "They're afraid of death and they don't want to be reminded of it," he once explained to Betty.

Betty felt differently. She was angry at the ones who stayed away. He tried to make her understand: He didn't like to be around sick people himself.

It depressed him, not because he was afraid of death but because he loved life so much.

His hand went automatically to his chin, as it always did when he was thinking, and he looked at all the people in the room with him. "Funny," he said to me quietly, "I never considered myself particularly well liked. I really never knew before just how many friends I do have."

Betty was the perfect hostess, talking and laughing with the guests, but always with an eye on her husband to see that he was comfortable.

"Class, that's what she has — real class," Bogie had once said, and he'd told me about the night he suggested she go out with the gang, feeling she must have been bored with staying at home with him night after night.

"I don't want to go any place without you. That's not why I married you," she said.

"A lot of broads in this town, but I married a real lady with class," he'd told me proudly.

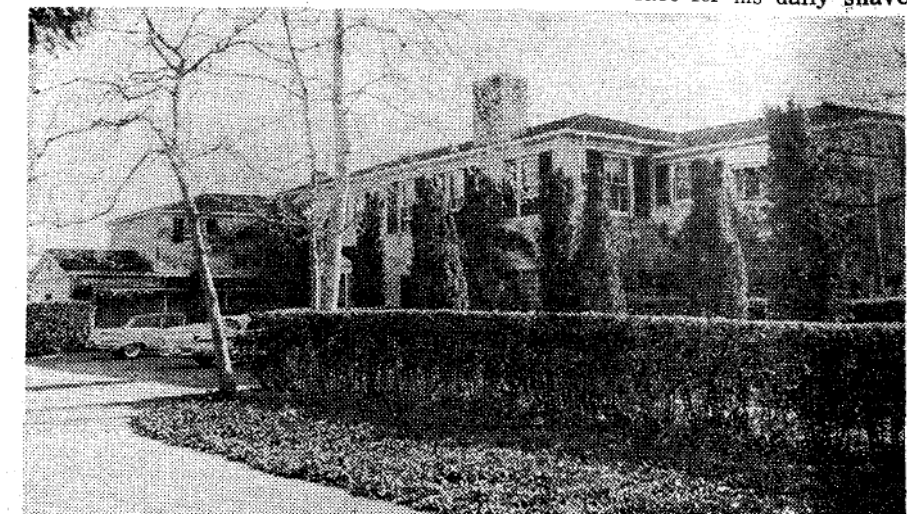
The crowd started to leave, one by one. He was still in the chair, cigarette in hand and glass half full, when the door shut for the last time and the routine that brought him to the room was reversed. Once more he was in the dumbwaiter shaft being hauled up to the bedroom and undressed by Betty and Aurilio. It was good to lie down. He was tired.

NEXT WEEK: Wife No. 3 stabs Bogie with a butcher knife while in a drunken rage.

From BOGIE, Copyright © 1966 by Joe Hyams. Reprinted by arrangement with the New American Library, Inc., New York.



DEVOTED COUPLE: Betty, as Bogie called wife Lauren Bacall, plants kiss on hubby in one of their last public appearances together.



LUXURY LIVING: The Bogart estate in Holmby Hills contained a tennis court and swimming pool, 14 rooms and a four-car garage.

2 Sisters Kept Alive by Diet Costing 3 Times Dad's Income

By FRANK FOSTER

Cakes and candy could poison — even kill — Patricia McClean, 5, and her sister, Bridget, 11. Even beans could do it. Or peas. Or gravy. That's why Patricia and Bridget — both otherwise healthy girls — are on a special diet that costs about \$168 a week. That's more than three times as much as their father, Martin McClean, earns as a steel worker in Blyth, England.

Patricia and Bridget have a rare disease called phenylketonuria, which causes a chemical upset in the body, turning protein into poison. It is hereditary, but can skip several generations.

The girls' mother, Mrs. Monica McClean, told this ENQUIRER reporter last month: "Almost all the goodies that youngsters love are out for Patty and Bridget — even ice cream. What might be a feast for other kids would be very dangerous for my girls."

The disease was discovered in Patricia when she was 10 months old, after she had refused food and appeared to be in a daze.

She was taken to a hospital, where urine tests showed what was the matter with her. Examination disclosed the same chemical disturbance in Bridget.

Bridget was 6 at the time, and her mother said: "The doctors told me they don't understand how she survived for 6 years. They said it was a miracle that she came through unharmed."

Since then the girls have been on a highly restrictive — and expensive — diet to reduce their intake of protein. In the 5 years since they have been under treatment, the special foods have cost more than \$40,000, all of which has been paid by the British National Health Service.

Bridget understands why she must refuse certain high-protein foods, such as sweets, and Patricia is learning. Meanwhile she wears a disc around her neck as a guide for food servers at school, where they sometimes have dinner.

The disc says: "Patricia, 2 Scoops Potato, 1 Scoop Veg. Never Gravy, Peas or Beans."

A typical daily diet, which adds up to about a tenth of what the average child would eat, goes like this for the sisters:

Breakfast: Half an ounce of cornflakes with half an ounce of diluted milk and a cup of tea.

Lunch: One mashed potato and a small portion of sprouts or cauliflower, but never peas, beans, gravy or meat.

Tea: A cup of tea and an apple or a banana.

Supper: A cup of tea or an orange. An important ingredient of the sisters' diet is a powder sold under the trade name Cymorgan. It is used in mixed drinks for the girls and in bread baked by their mother. The cost of it, about \$152 a week, is contributed by the National Health Service.

Without this preparation, Bridget and Patricia would be risking severe mental illness and death. Recent studies show that, among adults who have not been treated, the disease causes 3 percent to become morons, 30 percent, imbeciles and 65 percent, idiots.

"From the time their illnesses were discovered," Mrs. McClean told this reporter, "the girls have been allowed to eat only small amounts of selected foods and fruit."

"Each meal has to be carefully prepared. I had to take a special two-week course to learn how to prepare the right amounts of food and powder."

"At first I had great difficulty working out meals and how to overcome



FAMILY WALK: Despite their rare disease, Bridget (between mom and dad) and Patricia, are otherwise healthy and happy youngsters.

the problem of snacks to give them between meals. I often stayed up until after midnight working out the menu for the following day.

"If we ever went to a friend's house

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The Great Society Answering Service by Jack Kearney © 1967, Richard Montgomery Mason Inc., Boston, Mass.



WARNING: Patricia McClean wears a sign, listing her restricted diet, around her neck as a guide to food servers at school.

for a meal I had to take the girls' food with me to make sure it was properly balanced. We've never had a family vacation because of the difficulties involved in preparing food.

When milk is served in class and other children eat their cookies Patricia takes no notice. She just sits and gets on with her work."

In the candy stores it's the same. "Bridget often comes in but she never buys sweets," said Mrs. Winifred Bell, who has a shop near the McClean home.

"Patricia comes in when her school friends buy sweets but she never has any."

Martin McClean does gardening in his yard to provide fresh vegetables for the girls.

"It helps to keep the food bills down," he said. "But if this country did not have the National Health Service, I would never be able to keep my daughters alive."

The girls' treatment is under the supervision of Dr. Cyril Noble at Newcastle upon Tyne Royal Victoria Infirmary.

"This disease is most dangerous in the first year of life when the baby is being fed mainly on milk," he explained to this reporter.

"Both girls must restrict the amount of high protein food they eat. That includes milk and ice cream and vegetables such as peas and beans. Spinach is all right."

"If people with this disease eat too much protein it damages the brain, and if they continued for a long time they would die."

"The illness will always be present but it is thought that later in life they will be able to go off their diets."

But now it's strictly what the doctor ordered — and the girls are happy with it. Even Patricia.

"She is a happy, playful child," Mrs. Ann York, her teacher at Newsham Infants School at Blyth, said.

"She now knows exactly what she must eat and what she must not eat."

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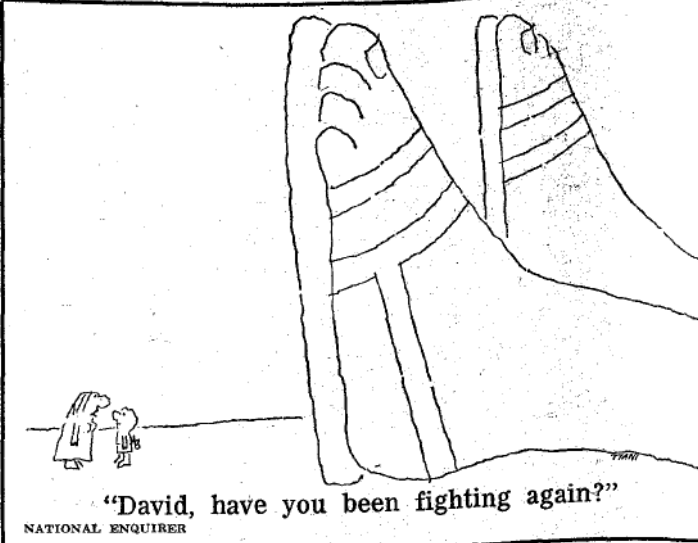
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- You are cornered by two toughs, looking for trouble.
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Father of the Creatures of the Silent World

Deaf-Mute Becomes a Priest to Help Deaf and Dumb Children

By JOSE MENDEZ

The Reverend Agustin Yanez cannot hear or speak — but his young charges have no trouble getting his message.

Today, in Lima, Peru, where he gives help and hope to deaf-mute children, the dedicated Roman Catholic priest is regarded affectionately as "the father of the creatures of the silent world."

"The deaf-mutes of Lima need a spiritual adviser they can confide in completely, someone who can share their anxieties and practically live with them," Father Yanez told this ENQUIRER reporter last month through an interpreter of the sign language.

"Here in Peru handicapped people, especially the children, are not given the help they would receive in Europe."

Father Yanez went to Lima last summer shortly after his ordination in Madrid, Spain, where he conducted his first Mass in the courtyard of the Church of San Francisco the Great.

Hundreds of deaf-mute children listened with their eyes, some weeping, as he gestured with hands and arms.

That occasion was the realization of a dream Father Yanez had carried in his head and heart for 22 years. He is one of only three deaf-mute priests in history.

Church law is strict concerning the elevation of a deaf-mute to the priesthood. Canon 984, section 2, says:

"Those who are entirely deaf in both ears are irregular (that is, questionable) for the reception of holy orders . . . A person who cannot speak at all is not only irregular but is forbidden the clerical state by Divine Law. The decision concerning ordination rests with the bishop who is to ordain the candidate and who must judge as to his ability to exercise his orders."

Two deaf-mutes before Father Yanez overcame the restrictions of Canon 984. Juan Maria Lafonta, a Frenchman, won approval of Pope Benedict XV in 1921 and was ordained. Vincent Penido Burnier, a Brazilian, attained the priesthood in 1951 during the papacy of Pius XII. Father Lafonta died in 1927. Father Penido still teaches the afflicted in Brazil.

Father Yanez was born in Havana, Cuba, the son of a Spanish-born carpenter.

As a child in Cuba and later in Spain, the boy was normal. Then, when he was 5, he was stricken with typhus, which left him deaf and partly blind. He recovered his sight, but never got back his hearing despite operations on his nose, his throat and one ear. Then his speech failed.

Now he can utter sounds and, in intimate conversation, is able to form a limited number of almost indistinguishable words which he cannot hear. These accomplishments undoubtedly were influential in satisfying the prohibitions of Canon 984. But Father Yanez communicates mostly with his hands and he can understand others by reading lips.

The desire to be a priest developed in him at



DEAF AND DUMB: Unable to hear or speak, Father Agustin Yanez can still communicate with the deaf-mute children he loves so much.

an early age and when he was only 11 he sought admission to a seminary. But often he was told: "Son, you cannot be a priest. You would not be able to confess."

He persisted. He studied with his father helping him. He finished high school and wrote poetry and studied more, determined to reach his goal.

The boy grew older, wiser and more eager to follow his star. He rejected the advice that he could never become a priest. He appealed to the Vatican during the reign of John XXIII. His request was granted.

And then came the day of attainment in Madrid. "It was hard," Father Yanez signaled with his hands, "but all that I have done I would do again."

His most painful years, he said, were between 12 and 19 when, as he was turning from childhood to manhood, he realized his companions were beginning to prefer the companionship of girls.

"Didn't you have one?" he was asked.

"Yes, but she left me when she saw I was giving more time to small deaf-mutes than to her. I liked her, but there was a greater love for me."

That greater love — a more rewarding life for deaf-mute children — is the constant concern of Father Yanez.

Lima is his base but he travels to far places in the interior of Peru. Recently he went to La Im-



CONDUCTING MASS: Father Yanez uses sign language while he celebrates Mass.

maculada College in the north at Barranca, where he found much lacking in the way of comfort and encouragement for young deaf-mutes.

"They need a place to work, study, play, with warmth and understanding," he indicated.

Father Yanez is vitally interested in finding another priest to share the burden of his work and eventually to take over. For he does not plan to stay forever in Peru. He feels there are other areas of the world where deaf-mutes also need his help.

Drink Makes You A Safer Driver, Advises Doctor

A drink or two before you step into your car could make you a safer driver, especially if you get tense in heavy traffic.

That's the theory of Dr. W.D.H. McFarland, medical officer for Stafford, England, who adds: "I don't approve of drunken driving."

But in his annual report last November 1 he said that an "appropriate dose" of alcohol as a sedative might be an advantage in controlling the aggression of drivers who become thwarted by heavy traffic.

Dr. McFarland emphasized in his report that the basic reason for accidents was frustration at having to travel on roads in inadequate for the traffic.

"A drink before driving could help a motorist relax," he suggested.

TEST YOURSELF

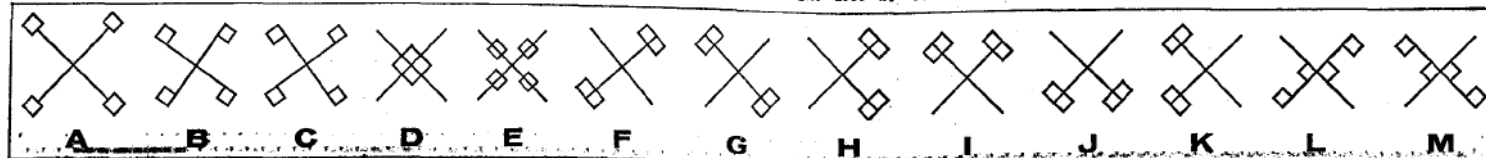
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NATIONAL ENQUIRER Page 14



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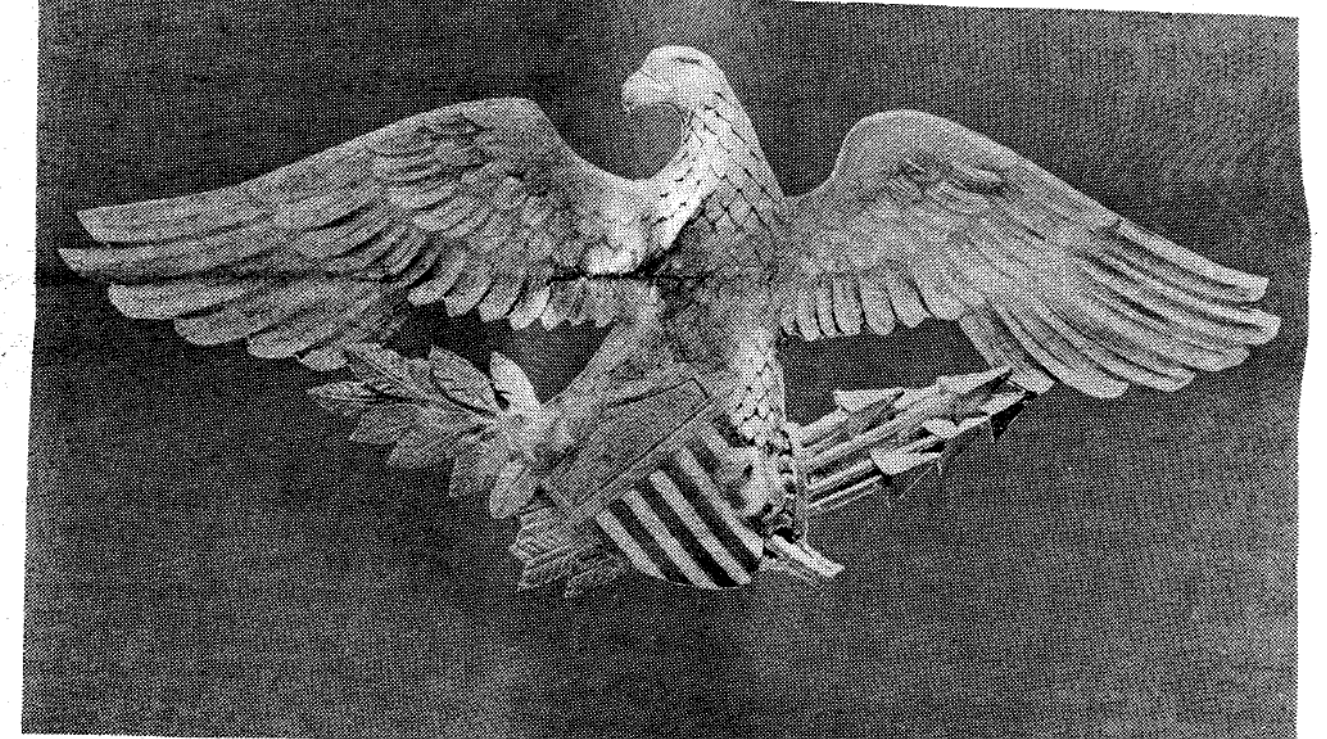
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WOUNDED HERE: James Tague, facing Book Depository, poses on narrow island where he was standing when he was struck in the cheek.

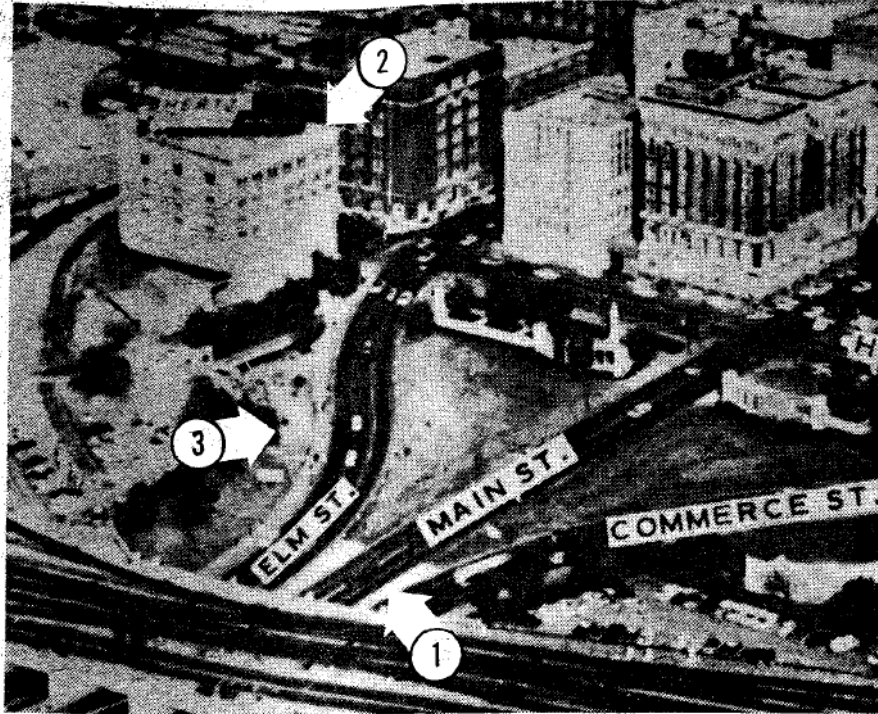


DIAGRAM OF DEALEY PLAZA in downtown Dallas, where Tague watched the Presidential motorcade. No. 1: Spot where Tague was standing; No. 2: Texas School Book Depository; No. 3: The park.



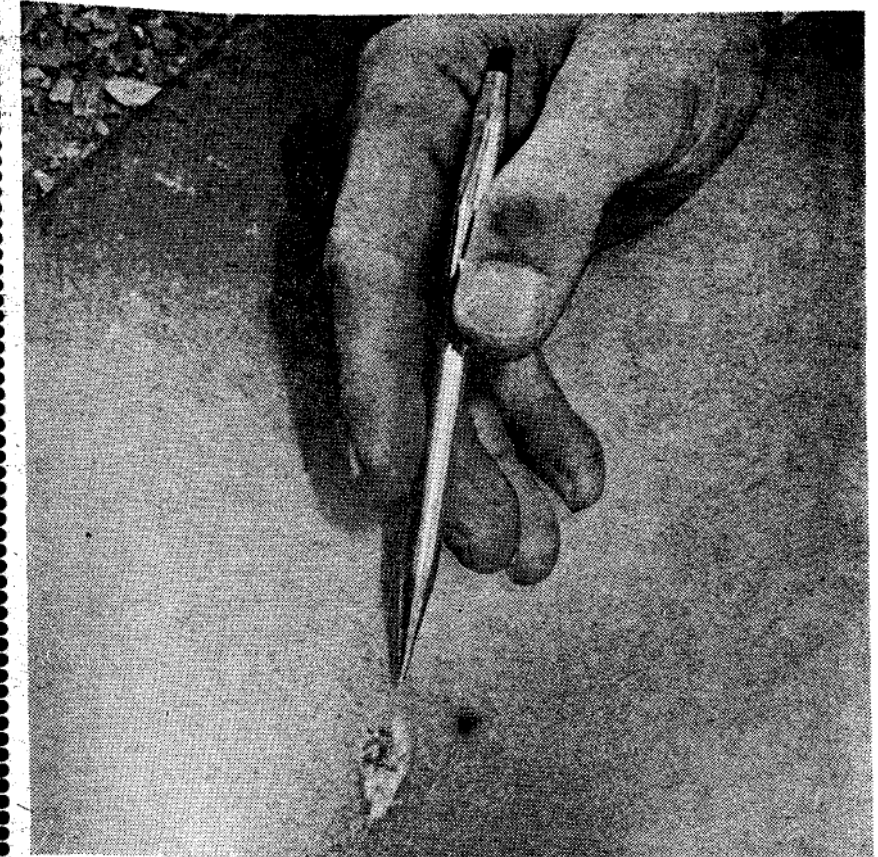
NEW CURB: Tague looks down at new section of curb that replaced one damaged by bullet.

Few people realize that a third man was hit when President John F. Kennedy was fatally wounded and Texas Governor John Connally seriously injured in Dealey Plaza, Dallas, on Nov. 22, 1963.

James Tague, struck on the right cheek by either a fragment of bullet or a chip of concrete kicked up by a ricochet, has avoided publicity since the assassination because he believed it would disrupt his personal life.

He believes that his injury and a bullet mark on the curb near where he was standing in Dealey Plaza were vital clues to where the shots were fired from. But his information was ignored by law enforcement agencies until months later — then used by the Warren Commission to tie in with the theory that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin.

Tague is not satisfied with that theory. Now, for the first time, exclusively for ENQUIRER readers, the 31-year-old car salesman tells his full story.



BULLET HOLE: A pencil points to gash in south curb of Main Street, made by bullet fired during JFK's assassination. Photo was taken the next day by Tom Dillard of the Dallas Morning News.

It might have indicated that all the shots were not fired by Lee Harvey Oswald from the window of the Texas School Book Depository.

But it was three months before the Secret Service got around to investigating the mark — and even then they went to the wrong piece of curb.

By the time the FBI subjected the mark to laboratory analysis, the wind and weather had done their worst to it.

And when FBI agents eventually talked to me they were more interested in my casual acquaintance with Oswald's killer, Jack Ruby, than the evidence I could give on the Kennedy shooting.

Then I found that my eyewitness impressions given to the Warren Commission were pushed and pulled around to make them conform to the one-assassin theory. I can't go for that theory.

From the caliber of police work I saw, the Warren Report settles nothing.

The investigation into President Kennedy's assassination must rank as the sloppiest piece of detective work in modern history.

Let's start at the beginning, and then judge for yourself.

I was 27 years old, that fatal Friday in Dallas. I was an Indiana farm boy turned automobile salesman, and I had nothing more serious on my mind that day than taking my girl out to lunch.

Why He Finally Talked

Here, in his own words, is why James Tague finally decided to tell his story to The ENQUIRER.

"Soon after the Warren Commission report was released in September 1964, I had good reason to feel glad I had stayed clear of the whole mess.

"Because many other witnesses were being subjected to crank calls and letters, and spiteful reprisals for having testified.

"Worse yet, the death toll of persons connected with the case rose steadily until it reached about two dozen.

"Reading about such things worried me.

"I wouldn't say that I deliberately hid out — but unconsciously that is just what I did.

"I kept an unlisted telephone. I always lived in apartment complexes, where people seldom know their neighbors, and where my name would not be on utility company records or real estate tax roles.

"And I kept moving about, never leaving a forwarding address.

"Then one day in January, 1968, I was startled to learn how thoroughly I had covered my tracks. A national magazine had set out to locate me for an interview, but ran into a stone wall. They couldn't find a trace of me.

"The magazine's ensuing article featured me as a mysterious 'third victim' — my whereabouts unknown to anyone since my appearance before the Warren Commission three and a half years before.

"The writer wondered aloud about my fate and, in view of the raging controversy over the Commission Report, why I 'chose silence.'

"Silence? That made me laugh.

"So I decided then to make an effort to tell my story, and to give my impressions of what happened that dreadful day in Dallas.

"I chose The ENQUIRER for this exclusive account for good reason: Because The ENQUIRER already had demonstrated a willingness to take an impartial stand concerning the assassination — and had not meekly accepted the official cut-and-dried version.

"I felt The ENQUIRER would truthfully present my full story to the American public."



KILLED: John F. Kennedy, President of the U.S.



WOUNDED: John Connally, Governor of Texas.



WOUNDED: James Tague, an automobile salesman.

streets come together in the triple underpass, I was forced to a complete stop.

I waited a few minutes, impatiently, for things to get started again. Then it became clear there was no hope of traffic moving until the President went past. So, like several other motorists caught in the same way, I gave in. I left my car, with its nose just out of the underpass, and got out so I could catch a glimpse of the President.

I had to walk only a few feet to have a full view of Dealey Plaza. Looming ahead was the Texas School Book Depository which overlooks the Elm St. intersection. The lead cars of the procession were already turning into the intersection.

To my left, paralleling the north side of Elm St., was a terraced park, sloping up steeply to conceal the ugliness of a railroad yard beyond. The park was pleasantly landscaped and dotted with colonnades, masonry walls and pillars. In the center was a large gazebo, an ornamental pavilion.

Not many spectators were near me, except for other motorists trapped as I

was. But many were watching from the slope of the park, the north curb of Elm St. and in front of the Depository.

I stood on a narrow concrete island where Commerce and Main Sts. run side by side.

The Hertz Rent-a-Car clock on top of the Depository building read just 12:29 p.m. I noted absently, as I tried to pick out the President's open-top car 300 feet away. I wondered if my girl friend had gone to lunch without me.

One of the limousines made the sharp turn into Elm St., and fluttering hands from the curb identified it as the President's car. But my eyes never had a chance to seek out Kennedy.

There was a loud report, a sharp sudden crackle of sound that seemed to linger in the air.

A gunshot, I thought; but not necessarily from a rifle. It passed fleetingly through my mind that perhaps there was some disturbance in the crowd and an eager-beaver officer had fired a warning shot in the air.

But the sound didn't seem exactly right for that. There had to be some other explanation. My gaze swept over

the rows of faces on the distant curb. Then it darted on to the grassy slope, taking in the masonry which had spectators perching on it or leaning against it.

Restlessly I moved a step or two. One foot struck the metallic cover of a sewer manhole.

Then there was a second blast, louder and even more distinct, as if from closer range.

At that instant I was facing the gazebo. My attention was so caught up that I was only dimly aware of a stinging sensation in my right cheek.

Then a third report followed quickly, not waiting — as the second one had — until the previous one died away.

By now there was a great flurry of movement. It seemed most frenzied in the center of the park. People were running in all directions, some up the slope, some down. Some fell flat and hugged the ground.

Somehow at the moment, sound didn't register with me. I know that people were moaning, swearing, crying out, but to me it was like an old-time silent movie. Faces were contorted in shock, fear and bewilderment, mouths were moving, but I didn't hear what they were saying.

But all the motion must have infected me with activity. I found I was retreating, moving to the underpass abutment nearest to my parked car.

This seems like a strange choice of shelter. It would give me protection from the center of the park — but not from the Book Depository!

Yet it was my instinctive line of re-

treat. I think there is some meaning in this.

I cowered there for a few seconds. In that time my sense of hearing began functioning again. I could hear car motors starting to roar, the staccato of the escort motorcycles, and finally the overriding banshee wail of a siren.

I stepped back into the open just as the speeding Secret Service car plunged into the tunnel beneath the overpass and disappeared.

Everything was still a tumult. People were flitting around purposefully or aimlessly. Some, I'm sure, thought there was still danger of being mowed down by guns.

I walked out to the grassy area which separates the streets, still unsure just what was going on.

I called out to the first man I passed. The way his facial muscles were twitching made clear he was fighting a losing battle with panic. He didn't answer me, because he was just shrilling out the same question — "What's going on?" — to someone else.

A motorcycle officer roared down from the intersection. He tried to park at the curb in front of the gazebo. In his haste the motorcycle fell over. He didn't stop to straighten it, but went running up the slope, drawing his gun as he ran. He disappeared into the railroad yard.

In the grassy plot between Elm and Main, a plainclothes deputy was minutely scanning the ground. Plainly he was looking for shells, or for tufts of grass kicked up by a misfire.

Only then did it dawn on me that the sting in my cheek had been caused by gunfire.

I started to tell him about my experience. Just then the uniformed cop came back down the slope.

There was a man standing in the street, crying. He was a big fellow dressed in rough work clothes and he was sobbing so hard he could hardly talk.

"I saw it!" he whimpered to all of us who were near. "I was right there

next to his car when it passed. His head exploded. Some of the pieces fell in the street!"

Then he choked up completely. He dropped his face into his ham-like hands and his body began shaking convulsively. The plainclothes deputy looked at me. His face was the color of ashes.

He said: "You've got blood on your cheek. Where were you standing?"

I took him across Main St. and pointed out the spot. Together we looked around, and then the officer came upon a small broken place in the south curb of Main St., a slight indentation where something had struck forcefully.

He said: "That's it. A bullet hit there, a fragment ricocheting up and striking you."

The place was on the round part of the curb, fresh and not marked by the film of dirt over the nearby areas. And it was bone-dry, too, in spite of the thundershowers earlier that day.

The deputy tried to circle the place with a ball-point pen, but the pen wouldn't mark.

He said: "We'll remember this location by the manhole cover."

I'm not passing any judgment on this deputy. He was a man trying to do his job, at a moment when lots of others were too panic-stricken to know what they were doing at all.

But I do want to go over part of those few moments again, from his point of view, in his words. His name is Eddy Raymond Walters. Here is his testimony to Wesley J. Leiber, assistant counsel of the Warren Commission. I'll just hit the highspots as it is printed in "Hearings Before the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy," Volume VII, beginning on page 546:

WALTERS: "I . . . went over on this grassy area . . . between Elm and Main and starting to looking at the grass to see if some shots had been fired and some of them might have chugged into (Continued on next page)



CHAOS: As spectators panic and fall to the ground, a motorcycle officer (arrow) and a patrolman head toward knoll in background.



SPECTATORS HUG GROUND as motorcycle cops speed toward triple underpass moments after sniper's bullet killed Kennedy. Park is at left.

(Continued from preceding page)
this turf here and it would give an indication if some had really been, if they were really shots and not just blanks or something, and a man, and I couldn't tell you his name if my life depended on it — he had a car parked right here in Main St. lane headed east, just under this underpass.

"... and he came up to me and asked me, he said, 'Are you looking to see where some bullets may have struck?'"

"And I said, 'Yes.'"
"He says, 'I was standing over by the bank here, right where my car is parked when those shots happened,' and he said, 'I don't know where they came from, or if they were shots, but something struck me on the face.'"

"... and so I had him show me right where he was standing and I started to search in that immediate area and found a place on the curb there in the Main St. lane there close to the underpass where a projectile had struck that curb."

LIEBELER: "Would you remember that man's name if I told you or if I reminded you of it?"

WALTHERS: "I'm sorry — I don't know if I would remember it or not."
LIEBELER: "There is a man by the name of Jim Tague, T-a-g-u-e, who works as an automobile salesman."

WALTHERS: "I remember he had a gray automobile — I remember that very well."

LIEBELER: "I think it must have been Mr. Tague because ... he told me his car was parked right there at No. 9 and ... he walked up there and talked to a deputy sheriff and he looked at the curb."

WALTHERS: "Yes; this was pure ignorance on my part in not getting his name — I don't know — but I didn't."

At this point Liebelier told Walters: "I think it is pretty clear it was Mr. Tague."

To go on with the story the way it happened: I had followed the deputy back to where the uniformed policeman was standing, and repeated my information. The cop promptly relayed it to his office on his two-way radio.

He told me: "Headquarters wants a full report from you."

I replied that I would attend to it. To give the picture from the officer's point of view, I can quote right here from his testimony, as given April 9, 1964, to David W. Belin, assistant counsel of the President's Commission. It starts on page 296 of Volume VI of the Commission hearings. The officer's name is Clyde A. Haygood. He described running up to the railroad and back, and talking to some people. Then:

BELIN: "You talked to any other witnesses there?"

HAYGOOD: "Yes. There was another one came up who was located, at the time he stated, on the south side of Elm St. back toward the triple underpass. Back, well, it would be north of the underpass there, and said he had gotten hit by a piece of concrete or something."

"And he did have a slight cut on his right cheek, upper portion of his cheek just to the right of his nose." Later in the interrogation Belin inquired about a radio transmission to the officer from headquarters asking: "How many do you have there?"

Haygood quoted his response to headquarters as: "One guy possibly hit by a ricochet off the concrete and another seen the President slump."

BELIN: "How many different people did you talk to? One that was possibly hit by a ricochet?"

HAYGOOD: "Piece of concrete."

BELIN: "Was he the one that saw the President slump?"

HAYGOOD: "No."



WARREN COMMISSION took 8½ months to remove bullet-chipped curb and preserve it as evidence. By then, Tague says, time and erosion had changed scar in concrete.

While I'm on the subject of Warren Commission witnesses, let us run through a few others here who back up what I have told.

There is A.J. Millican, reported on page 486 of Volume XIX, who related: "A man standing on the south side of Elm Street, was either hit in the foot, or the ankle and fell down."

He was talking about me; he had seen me stumble as I hurried to take cover.

There is also Mrs. Donald Baker, who saw the bullet strike. Her testimony, given to Liebelier, is in Volume VII, starting on page 507.

LIEBELER: "You say you saw something hit the street after you heard the first shot; is that right?"
MRS. BAKER: "Yes."

LIEBELER: "... what did it look like when you saw it?"

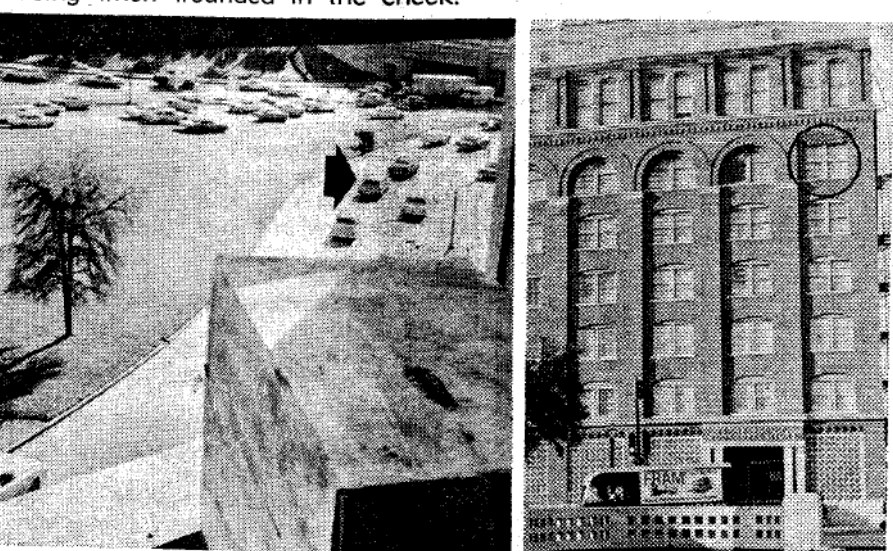
MRS. BAKER: "Well, as I said, I thought it was a firecracker. It looked just like you could see the sparks from it ..."

Then, in Volume XIX, is the statement of Royce Glenn Skelton. I'll quote a line from it:

"I heard a woman sa, (ed. note: say) 'Oh no' or something and grab a man inside the car. I then heard another shot and saw the ... hit the pavement. The concrete was knocked to the south away from the car."



PARK GAZEBO: Tague poses before pavilion which he says he was facing when wounded in the cheek.



SNIPER'S VIEW: Cartoon in Book Depository window was gun rest for rifleman firing toward spot (arrow) where President Kennedy was hit. Photo at right shows window, (circled) that the assassin used.

It hit the pavement in the left or middle lane."

In describing where they were, and the point of view from which they saw what they saw, these witnesses all corroborate my testimony.

Traffic was beginning to move on Commerce St. when I left the scene and I could see my car parked all alone beneath the underpass. I started toward it.

A cluster of motorcycle officers, escorts in the recent motorcade, thundered up from the underpass, traveling the wrong way on Elm St.

People were crying. By now they all knew the President had been shot. And somehow they seemed to know — long before it was announced — that he was dead. Nobody was ashamed of the tears.

Feeling numb, I got into my car. Somewhere behind me a motorist was honking his horn in irritation. I paid no attention, but took my time driving into the center of the city.

When I got downtown I parked and headed into the brokerage office where my fiancée worked as a receptionist. The office was a madhouse. When news of the shooting went out the market fell like a stone, causing the exchanges to shut down. Now everyone who had a share of stock was calling his broker, demanding to know what

was going to happen next.

My girl friend, answering telephones frantically, glanced up from her switchboard at me and gasped in dismay.

My face was bloody, my suit crumpled and littered with debris. When I had a chance to look at myself in a mirror later, I understood her horror.

I had the feeling of being terribly disorganized. I felt I should be doing something useful, and I wasn't. I phoned my father in Indiana and told him the news.

Then I walked to police headquarters and asked the way to the Homicide Bureau.

In this office there was a peculiar kind of excitement.

Something had gone wrong. Something besides the big, overwhelming thing, the assassination. Something else, and more recent. Detectives were moving around jerkily, speaking to each other in sharp monosyllables. I had trouble getting anyone to understand why I was there.

By the time I was there 10 minutes, I pieced together from words and hints that a patrolman had been murdered in a sleazy residential area.

No one said outright that this new killing was linked to the assassination, but I had a feeling these investigators thought it was.

Finally I was shown into an office marked CAPTAIN.

An officer sat behind a desk, scribbling notes in pencil as I talked. He asked if the bullet which hit me came from the School Book Depository building.

I told him I wasn't sure about this. I had been facing more toward the park, I said. It appeared possible to me it had come from that direction.

The officer listened and made his notes, but he didn't have many questions. His mind seemed only half on what he was doing; he kept glancing over my shoulder as if he expected someone or something.

I volunteered that the break in the curbing might throw some light on the direction of the shot. Its shape suggested that the bullet had been fired from a point north of Elm St. That could take in the Depository; but the angle of impact could indicate a firing point to the left of the Depository. And that would open up a whole new area for questions.

I added: "That's about as definite as I can be, but I guess your crime laboratory could find out for sure." Behind me there was a sudden stampede of footfalls.

A gang of officers, uniformed and plainclothes, were bringing in a prisoner.

My interviewer sprang to his feet, muttering: "That's the guy that shot the patrolman!"

Flashbulbs were popping, newsmen were yelling questions.

The prisoner was a young fellow. He looked as if he'd been having a rough time. It seemed plain to me that somebody had laid one into the side of his face. His hair was mussed, his clothes rumpled.

Through the plate glass window separating me from the main room, I saw him sit down. The officer who

(Continued on next page)

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had interviewed me headed in that direction, brushing by me. He flung back a few words to me over his shoulder, by way of farewell: "We'll be in touch."

I started to leave. It was difficult getting out through the door, because dozens of newsmen were pressed against it.

I remember I heard someone say: "That guy they arrested is named Oswald. Lee Harvey Oswald."

There is no reference to this little homicide bureau interview of mine in the Warren Commission testimony.

The story of what happened to me in Dealey Plaza is taken care of in two or three paragraphs in the official Report of the President's Commission, on page 116 of the Doubleday edition: "Some evidence suggests that a third shot may have entirely missed and hit the turf or street by the triple underpass. Royce G. Skelton, who watched the motorcade from the railroad bridge, testified that after two shots 'the car came on down close to the triple underpass' and an additional shot 'hit the left front of the President's car on the cement.' Skelton thought that there had been a total of four shots, either the third or the fourth of which hit in the vicinity of the underpass."

Dallas Patrolman J.W. Foster, who was also on the triple underpass, testified that a shot hit the turf near a manhole cover in the vicinity of the underpass. Examination of this area, however, disclosed no indication that a bullet struck at the locations indicated by either Skelton or Foster.

"At a different location in Dealey Plaza, the evidence indicated that a bullet fragment did hit the street. James T. Tague, who got out of his car to watch the motorcade from a position between Commerce and Main Sts., near the triple underpass, was hit on the cheek by an object during the shooting. Within a few minutes Tague reported this to Deputy Sheriff Eddy R. Walters, who was examining the area to see if any bullets had struck the turf. Walters immediately started to search where Tague had been standing and located a place on the south curb of Main St. where it appeared a bullet had hit the cement."

"According to Tague, 'There was a mark quite obviously that was a bullet, and it was very fresh.'"

"In Tague's opinion, it was the second shot that caused the mark, since he thinks he heard the third shot after he was hit in the face. This incident appears to have been recorded in the contemporaneous report of Dallas Patrolman L.L. Hill, who radioed in around 12:40 p.m.: 'I have one guy that was possibly hit by a ricochet from the bullet off the concrete.'"

"Scientific examination of the mark on the south curb of Main St. by FBI experts disclosed metal smears which 'were spectrographically determined to be essentially lead with a trace of antimony.' The mark on the curb could have originated from the lead core of a bullet but the absence of copper precluded 'the possibility that the mark on the curbing section was made by an unjacketed military full metal-jacketed bullet such as the bullet from Governor Connally's stretcher.'"

The Commission pondered over which shot missed, but seemed of the firm opinion that there were only three shots altogether.

It says: "Even if it were caused by a bullet fragment, the mark on the south curb of Main St. cannot be identified conclusively with any of the three shots fired. Under the circumstances it might have come from the



DEATH SHOT by Jack Ruby in Dallas police headquarters seemed to wrap the case up, and Tague says he was a forgotten witness.

bullet which hit the President's head, or it might have been a product of the fragmentation of the missed shot upon hitting some other object in the area. Since he did not observe any of the shots striking the President, Tague's testimony that the second shot, rather than the third, caused the scratch on his cheek, does not assist in limiting the possibilities."

However, it was formally recognized that one bullet went wild: "Two bullets probably caused all the wounds suffered by President Kennedy and Governor Connally. Since the preponderance of the evidence indicated that three shots were fired, the Commission concluded that one shot probably missed the Presidential limousine and its occupants ..."

When I left the police station that day I tried to slip back into my normal routine. But it seemed impossible. I was selling cars. Nobody seemed interested in buying, and to tell the truth I didn't feel much like selling.

I was keyed up about the assassina-

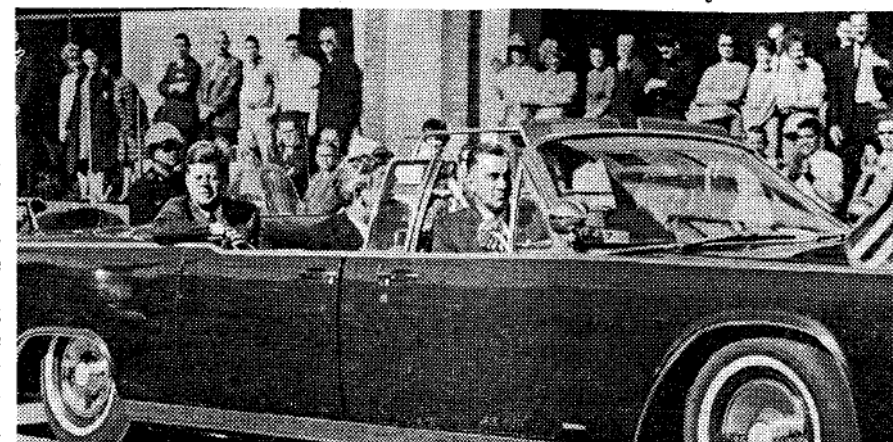


HOSTESS Eva Grant, Ruby's sister, ran his Vegas Club.

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FATAL RIDE: President John F. Kennedy rides with Texas Governor John Connally (center, in front of JFK), and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy (hidden behind Connally), in open car moments before he was shot.



DEATH OF PRESIDENT: President Kennedy slumps into the arms of his wife immediately after a sniper's bullet slammed into his head.

immediately contacted the FBI.

The agents who questioned me did not seem terribly interested in my story; they were going through the routine, that's all.

This strengthened my impression that as far as the investigators went, the arrest of Oswald and then his death had wrapped the whole thing up. I felt they did not see any point in looking further. They were satisfied there was nothing more to look for.

One of the agents asked pleasantly: "What else do you know?"

I shrugged. I said: "Well, I think I've given you the high points."

Then abruptly he asked if I knew Jack Ruby.

Later on, I wondered if this was a stock question, trotted out in every interview, because there was absolutely no reason for the interview to take this tack. Or possibly they simply figured that a bachelor my age might frequent Ruby's clubs.

At any rate, I admitted I knew him.

His interest suddenly whetted, the agent asked: "What was the nature of your association?"

I told him it was nothing of any consequence. Twice in my life, I had visited Ruby's downtown strip joint, the Carousel.

Each time the stocky proprietor gave me the glad hand and scurried away. Once he pressed a ticket into my hand which entitled the bearer to free admittance to his suburban cabaret, the Vegas Club, operated by his sister, Eva Grant.

On a few occasions I had seen him and chatted briefly with him at the Vegas. These encounters were, on his part, strictly routine public relations things for a nightclub proprietor.

He had simply impressed me as a money-hungry huckster with a volatile disposition. The most sinister thing I had observed about him was that he seemed to anger easily.

But Jack Ruby was the one subject I could talk about that seemed to interest the agents. They wanted to drain it dry.

So I went on: "Well, this can't have any bearing on the investigation, but one of Ruby's strippers used to make frequent calls on my former roommate, an entertainer named Jody Daniel."

The agent came back: "It might!" and urged me to tell him the details.

There was not much to add.

Daniel, a guitar-playing ringer for Elvis Presley and a television bit player, had lots of girls after him. This one, an exotic dancer known professionally as Tammi True, I had not met personally. She was featured at the Carousel.

The agents happily scribbled down all this trivia and thanked me for getting in touch with them.

At this point I tried to put the whole thing out of my mind and buckle down to my business of selling cars.

But every now and then I stopped by Dealey Plaza to see if the section of the curb with the teardrop-shaped indentation had been taken away yet. I knew it was evidence, valuable evidence, and I remembered much less momentous crimes in which evidence of this sort had been taken up for preservation or thorough analysis and even display in court.

I couldn't understand why it was still there, subject to time and all sorts of weather which day by day changed its appearance and dulled its possible usefulness.

I kept remembering how naturally interest had focused, the day of the assassination, on the park area and the railroad yard beyond it.

One day I tramped all around this area, examining the gazebo, a masonry wall and a wooden fence at one end. They were all places which could provide concealment for a sniper, it seemed to me.

At the same time I was impelled to do this, I felt foolish doing it. It

(Continued on next page)

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hardly seemed possible anything of significance could be left unfound at the scene so long after.

Jack Ruby was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. The trial produced no bombshells, nothing suggesting he was part of an assassination conspiracy.

By July, 1964, numerous witnesses had testified before the Warren Commission. Just by chance, I read a newspaper article that talked about a "mystery victim" whose name was not given, and said the Commission would apparently wind up its work without being able to hear from him.

Some acquaintance of mine had tipped off the Associated Press about my experience, but without revealing my identity.

A Warren Commission investigator contacted AP, wanting to know my name. The wire service referred him to its source, who in turn told the "mystery victim's" name — James T. Tague.

As a result, I was directed to give testimony before an attorney for the Commission on July 23. The attorney was Wesley J. Liebeler, a talented interrogator with a charming and persuasive manner.

I know, too, that he was overburdened with work.

But I can't help feeling that the tenor of my testimony might have been different, except for what I think was the faulty system employed by the Commission.

What I mean is, this taking of testimony was not like a trial, where opposing lawyers make sure everything that may have a bearing on the matter is brought out.

Actually, I was just giving a statement to one man, Liebeler. And while I have no right to say what was in Liebeler's mind, it seemed to me that my experience was being tugged into shape to fit the already-accepted facts.

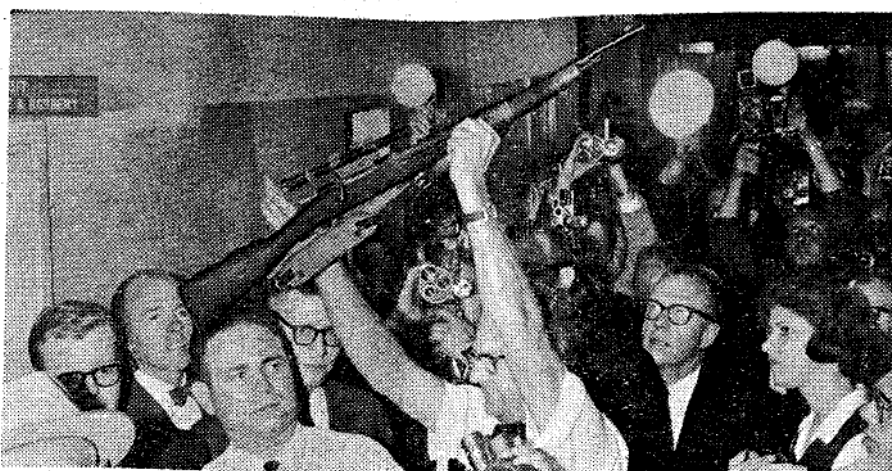
Somehow I felt constrained about putting forward anything that might disagree, making more work and more trouble. Never mind about the notion that it might lead to shedding more light on what happened.

My testimony before Liebeler is published on pages 552 to 558 of Volume VII of the Warren Commission hearings.

The published record illustrates what I am talking about. I think it



UNDERPASS: Tague stands at end of triple underpass where he abandoned his car.



HEADQUARTERS CONFUSION after arrest of Oswald caused Dallas police to sidetrack Tague when he tried to report his story to them.

shows clearly that Liebeler tried to color my thinking and lead me gently into conforming with the accepted story.

For instance:
LIEBELER: "Did you have any idea where these shots came from when you heard them ringing out?"

TAGUE: "Yes; I thought they were coming from the left."

LIEBELER: "Immediately to your left, or toward the back? Of course, now we have other evidence that would indicate that the shots did come from the Texas School Book Depository, but see if we can disregard that and determine just what you heard when the shots were fired in the first place."

And again, just a little while after that, there's a place where Liebeler put a question this way:

"Do you think that it is consistent with what you heard and saw that day, that the shots could have come from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository?"

I had to answer "Yes," to that one. It was "consistent," certainly; but it would also be consistent if one or more shots had come from somewhere else. Only of course he didn't ask that.

I'm a salesman, and I know a selling job when I see one. That's what the interview was. I did manage to get in a hint of my suspicions about the gazebo area of the park. I said: "... my first impression was that up by the, whatever you call the monument, or whatever it was — ... That somebody was throwing firecrackers up there, that the police were running up there to see what was going on, and this was my first impression."

Liebeler passed this off by suggesting that the panicky activity there (which actually came after the shots) was what drew my attention.

The record quotes him: "Your impression of where the shots came from was much the result of the activity near No. 7?"

I answered: "Not when I heard the shots."

But he went on immediately to other details, and even tried to suggest that I couldn't place the sound because it was echoing around.

According to the record, he said: "There was in fact a considerable echo in that area?"

I answered: "There was no echo where I stood. I was asked this question before and there was no echo."

He never opened the subject of whether the shots sounded different from each other. And I finished my session with him just trying to keep up with his fast-paced questions of a routine, non-controversial nature.

I should add, also, something that the printed volume of testimony does not make clear — that a preliminary feature was a brief rehearsal of the highlights, with Liebeler suggesting the answers, like a warm-up to set the mood before a television performance.

On Aug. 5, 1964, the Commission finally got around to removing the section of curbing — eight and a half months after the assassin's bullet bounced off it.

The FBI's microscopic studies of

the break in the curbing might have meant something, if only they had been conducted before freezes, rain, heat and the erosion of time had changed the character of the vital evidence.

This slowness in getting on with the investigation is, in my view, nothing short of a tragedy. What tangles the tragedy up with farce in an altogether fantastic hodgepodge is that three months after the assassination — in February — the Secret Service investigated information from the Dallas Police Department that a bullet was reported to have bounced off some

concrete near a sewer manhole cover. The Secret Service solemnly concluded there was nothing to the report, the concrete was undamaged.

But the agents had looked in the wrong spot! A photograph of the sewer manhole cover looked at by the Secret Service is shown in the Warren Commission report — and it is not the sewer cover near which I stood.

The FBI eventually also got around to taking some photo studies when the Warren Commission requested further information about the picture of the mark taken by Dallas News photographer Tom Dillard on November

23. Dillard had mentioned the photograph while talking to a member of the local U.S. attorney's staff in June, and shortly afterwards was asked to supply a copy of it for the Warren Commission.

So it was late July and early August 1964, before the FBI looked for the mark — a long, long time after the shooting!

One of the FBI photos shows the bullet-creased curb, another shows the temperature sign atop the Depository indicating 95 degrees — Texas in the summer.

I have only talked about the aspects of the case I was directly involved with, here.

But in the course of putting these notes together I had to do some reading in the Warren Report, and I couldn't help browsing.

What strikes me is that the gaps, holes, muddle-headedness and preconceived notions I ran into in my own little phase of the case seem to be showered all over the entire investigation of the shooting.

Several witnesses said they saw shots hit near the vicinity where I stood.

Yet for months the Commission was unwilling to question its first theory that all the shots fired by the assassin had hit within the Presidential car.

Many witnesses, including police and a Secret Service agent, believed someone was firing from the area of the gazebo. Their statements have been published but ignored.

On page 572 of Volume VII of the Warren Commission hearings, Abraham Zapruder, who filmed the tragedy with a movie camera while standing on an abutment near the gazebo, told Liebeler:

"... I also thought (the shooting) came from back of me."

He repeated this several times, but in the end Liebeler appeared to help him toward the notion that police running in that direction helped to form his memory of the sound coming from behind him.

Another item: I keep remembering a station wagon in the railroad yard, backed up against a fence adjacent to the park.

Several spectators saw it after the shooting, and wondered at the large number of overlapping footprints on the muddy ground by the tailgate — as if someone had waited there a long time.

Yet when officers went to see who owned it, perhaps to search the car, it was gone.

Were other obvious clues ignored until too late? This is an important question, one I often wonder about.

A reading of the Warren Report suggests that other things were brushed off and that conflicts in the testimony were resolved in favor of the preconceived picture of events already held by the investigators and those in charge of hearing evidence.

The other wounded survivor of the Dealey Plaza shooting, Governor Connally, is reported to be satisfied with the one-sniper theory.

I am not.

— JAMES TAGUE

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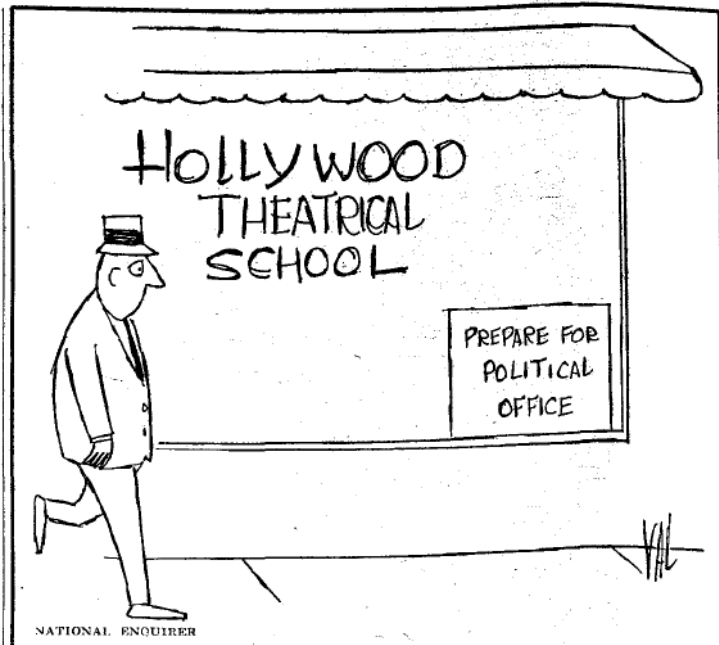
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In Golden Surf, as seething foam boils over glistening boulders, you feel the intensity of wine clear air carrying the shriek of seagulls, and sunlight so bright it almost hurts your eyes.

Finally, in *The Ebbing* is the placid, even movement of the sea as it returns to its home at ebbtide, leaving a jeweled strand of wet beach wreathed in flat ringlets of water lapping at the timeless rocks.

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He Teaches People to Read Animals' Minds

By JOAN PATTON

Fred Kimball teaches people to read animals' minds. He said he first realized he could do it himself when he was 9, on the New England farm where he was raised.

To make sure he wasn't just kidding himself, he spent a lot of time during his youth at the Central Park Zoo in New York, asking the animals questions about themselves and then confirming their answers with the keepers.

This ENQUIRER reporter brought a miniature dachshund named Heidi along to the interview appointment with 63-year-old Kimball.

Kimball is a gentle-voiced man with the cauliflower ear trademark of one of his former professions.

He sees callers in a large trailer in Gardena, Calif., holds his classes in nearby Orange, and lives with his wife in still another town, Southgate.

The first thing he said, after a greeting, was: "Your dog tells me that she took a long trip with you about a year and a half ago."

He was absolutely right on the nose about the long trip — from Long Beach, Calif., to Washington, D.C., exactly 18 months ago — but he went right on to prove the point again.

Blue eyes twinkling, he said: "I'll ask her what she has to eat."

His lips moved quietly, as if phrasing a silent question. Then he hesitated as if listening.

He said: "She tells me she eats table scraps and food out of a can."

This happened to be correct, but so ordinary that you would hesitate to hold it up as a great example of mind-reading.

Without waiting for any comment, Kimball went on to ask: "Do you have her on a diet? She tells me that she never has enough to eat."

The fact is, Heidi has back trouble and the veterinarian ordered that she should not be allowed to gain any more weight.

As a result she always seems to be hungry, constantly steals food from the family cat, and begs for tidbits when anyone eats.

Kimball said that the messages from animals come to him in the form of words or sometimes pictures that just pop into his mind.

He explained that he seems to get better answers when he actually phrases a question in words, though he does not need to speak them aloud.

Sometimes the words that come to him are a bit offbeat; maybe animals use the language a little differently. Kimball has to translate for them.

For instance, he said Heidi had told him this correspondent was "well-seasoned." That didn't mean "salted and peppered." It meant, he said, "leading a full and productive life."

Kimball believes that anyone who takes the trouble can learn to converse mentally with animals as he does.

This is what he attempts to teach



CANINE CONVERSATION

Fred Kimball (above left) shows owner of German shepherd-collie how he talks with the dog. According to Kimball (left) dachshund Heidi revealed to him that she never had enough to eat.

— were absolutely right.

Kimball was able to carry on his conversations with both animals together without the slightest hesitation. He described the location of the apartment where we first lived with Heidi six years ago.

Then he described the house on the side of a hill which followed that; and then the present house on the west side of a quiet street.

He said Greta told him about the couch against the north wall of the living room, and the location of other chairs and the television set in the room.

He saw also that Greta had been in pain and very angry at us eight or 10 months ago.

In fact, we had to send her to the animal hospital for surgery at that time. She was very bad-tempered with us when she returned.

All his life, Kimball has felt hunches, or premonitions, and he has learned to trust them.

But his most amazing gift is his apparent ability to read animals' minds.

staff was disturbed by the howling of two bloodhounds kept in the station. Frantically, the animals leaped at windows seeking a means of escape.

In the city zoo, keepers and officials had been awakened at 4:30 a.m. by animals going berserk. Lions and tigers paced their cages roaring and bel- lowing.

Elephants, trumpeting wildly, rushed at the fences of their enclosures seeking to escape.

A few minutes later, devastation came to Skopje.

At least 80 percent of buildings were destroyed or badly damaged and all services disrupted; over 100,000 people were made homeless and 2,000 injured — all in a few seconds.

The next day, the first few birds returned to the stricken city. How did they know that trouble was in the air?

Some experts believe that centuries of experience have left animals with a memory imprint of danger at hand. If humans ever had this sense they now seem to have lost it — cushioned against adversity by policemen, doctors and insurance companies.

Another theory is that animals are warned by a build-up in electrical pressure, or have a built-in "early warning system."

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in his once-a-week class in Orange.

During the first part of the interview, this correspondent's husband remained outside in the car with another family pet, a mixture of collie and German shepherd named Greta.

Kimball came out to the car. As soon as introductions were performed he said to my husband: "Greta tells me that you are very nervous and tense."

My husband looked at me as if to

say, "What have you been telling him?"

Kimball replied to the unspoken question, saying: "She hasn't told me anything. Your dog told me."

Then he asked Greta: "How does he show his nervousness? Does he walk the floor?"

A moment later he said: "She says that you don't walk the floor. You just forget things." Kimball — and Greta



EARTHQUAKE: Workers search for survivors.

collapsed as one of the most terrible earthquakes of the century hit the area.

More than 1,000 Yugoslavs died on that day of horror.

Yet many might have lived if only they had taken note of the animals' behavior.

For half an hour before the earthquake reduced Skopje to rubble, patrolling policemen had noticed that there were no birds around.

In the central police headquarters, the night

STRANGE HAPPENINGS

Nikola Marinko and his wife, Valentina, were awakened at 5 a.m. on July 26, 1963, to hear a scuffling and fluttering in the living room below.

On his way downstairs, Marinko glanced out of the landing window: The provincial Yugoslav city of Skopje was sleeping under the pale dawn sky.

As he entered the living room, the noise stopped. Feathers fluttered around the room. In a cage swinging near the window, the family's canary lay dead. It had obviously beaten itself to death in a frenzied struggle to get out of the cage.

Nikola Marinko felt instinctively that something was about to happen. He woke his two children and told them to get dressed. Then the family left the house and hurried up the sloping plain away from the city.

Throughout Skopje birds and animals were panicking. Inexplicably, they knew that disaster was near at hand.

At 5:17 a.m., with a sound of thunder, the city

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By ART MOGER

When the 3-Dimension film craze was at its height (it lasted well into one picture), the prophetic Jack L. Warner, executive producer of Warner Bros. Pictures, prophesied that within two years "everyone would be carrying around a pair of 3-D glasses in his pocket, just as he does a fountain pen and a wallet." This rumor caused Polaroid stock to soar from that day on.

The first time I met J.L., or "The Colonel" as he was commonly called, was when I was notified by my New York office, on a Thursday, that the Colonel himself was coming to Boston with three persons; his son, Jack, his secretary, Billy Schaefer, and Jake Wilk, the eastern story editor for the film company.

Would I be sure to get them all tickets to see the Harvard-Yale game on Saturday? And a suite at either the Ritz-Carlton or the Statler and see that "the boss gets the best of everything."

I was given the flight number and arrival time two days hence. The plane was due at noon. It gave me plenty of time to obtain two police escorts and a limousine to give "the ole man" the best show he had ever seen.

After all, "The Messiah of the Motion Picture Industry" was coming and here was my chance to show him what a good job I was doing as his new press agent.

A month before, I had obtained two tickets to the Harvard-Yale game, promising my son, Stan, that he and I would see his first big-time football game. Stan and I were inseparable buddies. We had planned to make a day of this event which had been sold out many months in advance.

Our seats were in the wooden stands, a temporary bleacher section erected for the capacity crowd. They were the best that my brother Nate could get from his Harvard class allotment. I was grateful that I had them. Now, all I had to do was try to get four more seats.

"If worse comes to worse," I told Stan, my 12-year-old son, "you and I will have to give up the game. I'll give Mr. Warner two seats and try to get two more."

"What does Mister Warner mean to me?" he asked.

As he slowly got off the floor, I reminded him that "The Colonel" meant bread and butter and an occasional éclair.

I put in a call to my "friends" for extra tickets. Did you ever try to get tickets to a sell-out affair a few hours before the event?

I called and called and called. Then I decided to make the rounds of the newspaper offices and try to inveigle my sports-writing friends to part with a pair of tickets. Price was no object.

The late Burt Whitman, sports editor of the Boston Herald, was sympathetic.

"It so happens that my brother-in-law is sick and can't go to the game. I have two tickets in the special section of the stadium reserved for old-time football players only. You can have them for what they cost me. Twenty dollars each."

I have yet to meet a sports editor who ever paid to go to a sporting event. I paid him the \$40. Now, I had four tickets. I then cornered Dave Egan of the Boston Record. He listened to my tale of woe and offered two press tickets, which I could have for nothing.

At least I had tickets for the boss man and his party. At the same time, I was trying to get a hotel suite for the Warner entourage.

I called my hotel friends. No one, but no one, would help me. It was impossible. Boston was jammed. People were sleeping as far away as Worcester.

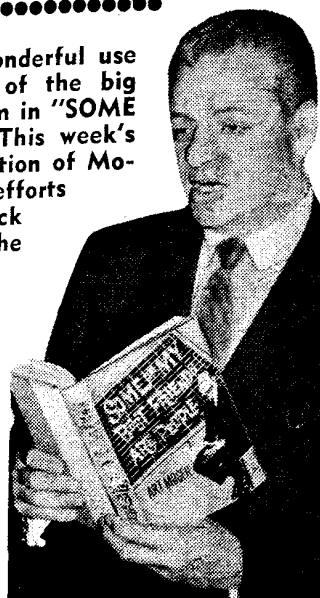
I couldn't take "No" for an answer. I had to make a good impression on Colonel Warner. One false move and Warner's might have a new publicity man.

I pleaded with Bert Stanbro, managing director,

Famed Press Agent Catches Hollywood Celebrities Off Guard

JACK WARNER

Top press agent Art Moger has made wonderful use of his hilarious adventures with some of the big names of Hollywood by writing about them in "SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE PEOPLE." This week's installment of The ENQUIRER's condensation of Moger's laugh-filled book tells of his frantic efforts to follow orders and make sure that Jack Warner of Warner Bros. Pictures got "the best of everything."



ART MOGER

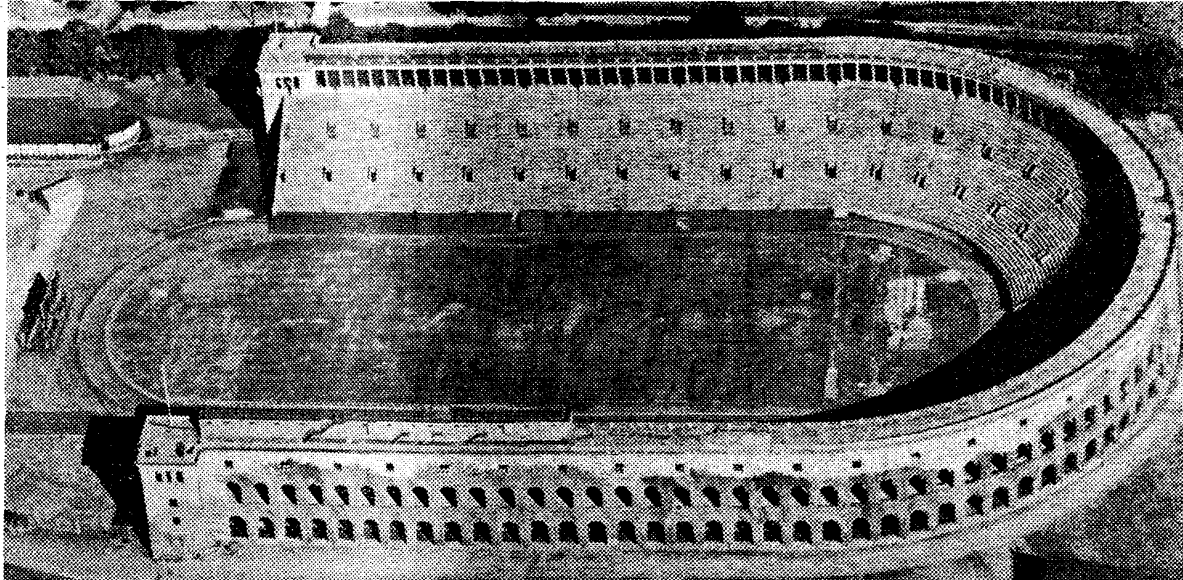
of the Statler-Hilton: "Look, Bert," I begged, "maybe there were times when I said I needed a room for Colonel Warner and the room was really for some character who had a broad in town. But this is for real! You must do something for me. I promise never to ask you again. Please!"

"What can I do, Art? I'm in a tough spot, too. I just don't have any rooms available. But I have an idea. My wife and my children are going visiting. We won't be back to the hotel until 8 o'clock in the evening."

"You can use our suite in the hotel until Saturday night. Comes 8 o'clock you must get out, because my family and I will be coming back. Does this help you any?"

I had no choice but to accept Bert's kind offer. Bert had no objection to having the suite registered in the name of Colonel Jack L. Warner and party of Hollywood.

I was moronically slaphappy! I had done it. The



HARVARD STADIUM: Only two days before the Yale and Harvard football teams met here for one of their classic struggles, Moger got orders to get tickets for Warner and his party.

suite was mine. I had the tickets to the game. I had the police and limousine ready to meet Warner at Logan Airport at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning.

My son and I arrived at the airport in the hired limousine at 10:30. The temperature was 8 degrees above zero.

When the plane with the Warner party aboard finally arrived at 2 p.m., the police escort had politely deserted me. Down the ramp, swaggering and jaunty, came Jack Warner, wearing a light-weight coat and pearl grey double-breasted vest. He looked like his publicity pictures, with a healthy California tan on his face. Tagging along behind him was a carbon copy of himself, his son.

We all piled into the limousine and headed for



JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer of Warner Bros. Pictures, was known as "The Messiah of the Motion Picture Industry."

Harvard Stadium. There was no time to lose... the game was on!

As we headed down Memorial Drive, toward the stadium, with no police escort, the Colonel asked me: "Do you have the football tickets for us, laddie?"

I told him that I had four tickets. Two were with the old-time players, former Harvard and Yale football stars (that was what Bert Whitman had told me). I also told him that I had two tickets for the press box, which Dave Egan had given me. I mentioned my two seats in the wooden stands.

"Where do you think I'll be the least conspicuous?" he asked Jake Wilk, who was with the Colonel and had come to Boston to catch the opening of "Decision of Christopher Blake," a new play by Moss Hart.

"If I were you, Colonel, I'd take your son to the section where the old-time football players are. I will sit in the press box with Billy Schaefer. I think you'll like meeting all those football greats."

"Good," the Colonel said. "Let's synchronize our watches. We'll all meet back in the car at 4:17 p.m." I still can't understand why he couldn't have made it 4:15 instead of 4:17.

As we passed Lever Brothers in Cambridge, the Colonel asked me if I could arrange to get him soap, a critical commodity during those war years. I assured him that I was friendly with "Chuck" Luckman, Lever's president, and could get him whatever he needed.

"I'm sailing for Europe in a few weeks. Have them deliver six cases to the Queen Mary, care of me."

"Dad," his son said, "I need some Lux Flakes for my apartment. Can you get me a case?"

"Granted, Jack Jr.," I said.

We were approaching Harvard Stadium. The game was well into the first half.

Our chauffeur was instructed to keep the motor running and the heater on. It was bitterly cold outside. We parked near the clubhouse where a sign read "NO PARKING." What was a parking ticket in a crisis like this?

As I accompanied the Colonel to the stadium, I glanced at the tickets that I handed to him. They read: "Coliseum Section. East Tower."

Walking over to an usher I asked him where the section was located. He pointed up to the sky and said: "Way up there, Mister."

"Where's the elevator?" the Colonel demanded. "Are you kiddin', mister? There is no elevator here. You gotta walk!"

I suddenly realized that I had been duped into believing that these \$40 ducats were for seats where the old-time players sat. Actually, the seats were located somewhere in the path of the airplanes taking off from Logan Airport. The East Tower

(Continued on next page)

continued from preceding page)

direct path of the blizzard-like winds now blowing from all directions.

Hours later, numb with cold and minus nails, I staggered back to the limousine.

I opened the car door and was greeted with: "goddam door!"

Colonel, rubbing his leg, ignored me: "Oh, I can get the circulation back in my leg. Oh, he moaned.

"Did you like the game?" I asked cheerfully. "There were no seats to sit down on. There were no old-timers, unless they grew old as they climbed the cement stairs. Every goddam freeloader saw was there. Newsboys, shoeshine boys, and banner-sellers were there. Where in the hell do you say you found these tickets?"

Turned to Jack Jr., in the back seat and said: "Dad's kidding, isn't he? How were the seats?" "No, he isn't fooling. After climbing up all those stairs, we finally got our second wind before we got to death and came back to the car."

"Where in hell is Wilk and Schaefer?" whined "Jake Wilk knows stadium. Why in hell he give me those tickets to the press box? Wait till he gets here. What's keeping him?"

"It's already 4:17, Art on the nose!"

About 4:45 p.m. I saw a group of people, with coats and their sleeves, walking toward us. It was Jake Wilk and Billy Schaefer.

"Hya, boss," said Wilk. He wiped off hot dog mustard stains from his sports shirt. "Boy, what a game! What seats we had, eh, Bill? Say, boss, we made connections with Bill Stern. He was in the press box near us. We're all set for the UCLA-Stanford game in California when we get back to Hollywood. That press box was so hot we had to sit around in our jackets."

Moger shuffled quietly into the doghouse, and licked his wounds. Worse was to come.

When we arrived at the Statler, I walked up to the desk and asked for Colonel Warner's suite. It was waiting for us, just as Bert Stanbro had promised.

We went up to the room. Brandy was ordered for all of us. The Colonel continued to rub his left leg and stare ruefully at me. He stated categorically that he was literally frozen.

"Forget it, boss," Jake Wilk said, admiring the room. "This is really cozy. It's like a home, not a hotel suite. Why don't we sleep over and take the first plane out in the morning? The last act of that play you want to see is the most important. You don't have to get the 11 o'clock plane. What do you say?"

I must have turned as white as a sheet. "What's the matter with you, Art," the Colonel demanded. "Don't you feel well?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't," I answered. "I think I'll take Stan home and come back."

"Before you do, call downstairs and get a dinner table for the five of us. Go home in the limousine and come back as soon as you can. We'll eat, then go to the theater. I think Jake is right. I'll stay over."

I reached for the house phone and called Albert, the maitre d'. "Get me a table for five, Albert. It's for Colonel Warner. I'll take care of you."

"But Mr. Moger," blurted Albert, "we have no room. The dining room is crowded."

"You have to do this for me, Albert," I pleaded. "All right, Mr. Moger. But have your party come down right away. I'll have a table in your room. Don't wait too long!"

I took Stan home and rushed back to the hotel. What was I to do? If the Colonel decided to stay overnight, I was a cooked goose — a dead duck.

Had promised Bert Stanbro that I would get out of his private suite at 8 p.m. sharp. No "ifs," "ands" or "buts."

Back at the hotel I went to the Terrace Room and searched for the Warner party. Albert told me no one had shown up. He was holding a table for five, gave it up 10 minutes ago.

I went up to Stanbro's apartment. The Warners,

Wilk and Schaefer were sitting around Stanbro's built-in kitchen.

"Cripes, they didn't have any reservation for us in the dining room!" the Colonel said disgustedly.

"What the hell cooks?" I found out they had gone to the Cafe Rouge, instead of the Terrace Room, and gave up in disgust when they couldn't get seated.

Warner then decided that he would order room service and mix his own special salad, from a studio recipe given to him by an old Frenchman. It was 6:15.

When the food finally arrived, he mixed the salad but added too much garlic and wound up with a slight gall bladder attack. When we finally finished our meal, I looked at my watch and it was nearly 7:30.

"Have you heard the radio bulletins, Colonel," I said, praying softly he hadn't. "There's a rumor that we are due for the biggest blizzard in 15 years. We'll be snowed in here for days."

"Good God, not that," the Colonel said. "Art, you better call the airport and tell them we want to get out of here by midnight. Here, take the plane tickets and change them for a midnight flight."

I lost my nerve. How could I tell him that the last plane to New York from Logan was at 11 p.m.? It looked as if the Colonel was going to miss the last act of Moss Hart's play even if it was the most important act.

I slowly walked back to the Plymouth Theater and met J.L., who was talking to Moss Hart, the author of the play. I heard J.L. say to Mr. Hart: "Have you a shower in the theater, Moss?"

"Why, er, I suppose so, Mr. Warner. Why do you ask?"

"Someone gave me one of these newfangled ball-point pens which write under water, so I thought you and I would make a deal for the movie rights to this play, now."

That was how "The Decision of Christopher Blake," one of the worst plays at the box office, was bought for \$300,000, even before the Colonel had seen the play, first, second and last act, good or not.

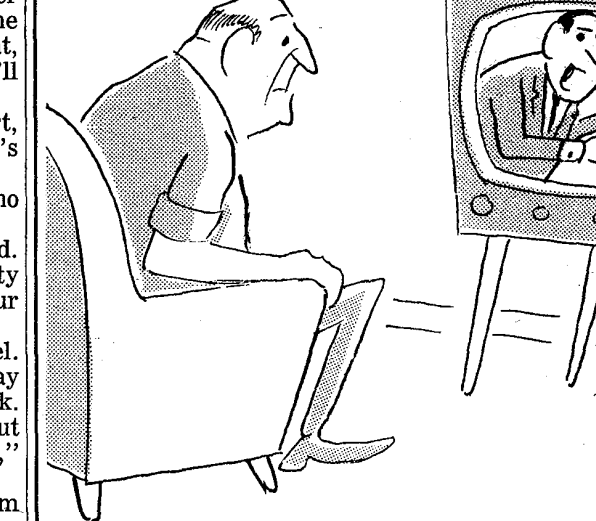
"Why are you looking so glum?" asked the theater ticket taker. "Your big boss is here tonight."

"That's why," I groaned. I explained how vital it was that I get the Colonel out of Boston right after the show. He suggested I call Fred Knight, at Northeast Airlines. He was in charge of public relations and might solve my problem.

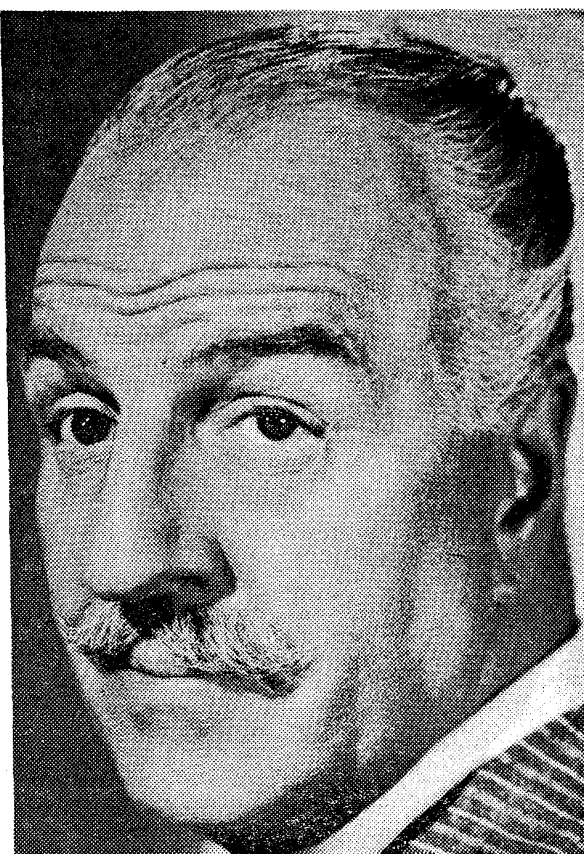
I called Fred and explained my plight. "How many are going back to New York?" he asked me.

"Four."

"Good. That gives me a reason to put on a special Show Plane. We do this on Saturday nights to accommodate the actors who want to go back to



"Notice how easily this hand drill works."



FAMOUS ACTOR Louis Calhern was the butt of a Jack Warner joke in Boston.

New York for the weekend. Your four people give me enough to fill a plane," he said.

I rushed to the Northeast Airlines office and changed the tickets for the special midnight flight. When I finally got back to the theater, the usherettes had instructions not to seat anyone during a first act soliloquy. I managed to evade them and walked down the aisle in my squeaking, wet shoes, annoying the hushed audience as well as those on stage.

The Colonel was sitting on an aisle seat. He had saved a vacant seat for me between himself and his son. I squirmed into my seat. I told him I had the tickets for his plane, leaving at midnight. He patted me on the back, muttering: "That's my boy!"

As I sat down, the button on the sleeve of my coat got caught in the hairnet of a dowager sitting in front of me. The more I tugged, the more it became snarled. The Colonel let out a roar of laughter.

The usherette ran down the aisle and flashed her light in the Colonel's face to keep him quiet. I finally untangled my sleeve from the old lady's hair.

"Take off your coat," the Colonel advised me. "Where'll I put it?" I asked. He showed me how he had rolled his coat under his seat.

"I can't do that. It's my brother's coat," I said. He emitted another raucous laugh. The usherette ran down the aisle, flashed a warning light in the Colonel's face.

Whether the Colonel regretted buying the play before he had seen it, I don't know. But Moger had bitten off his other five fingernails before we finally left the theater.

At last we arrived at the airport. "Who is that?" the Colonel asked me, pointing to a waiting passenger.

"That's Louis Calhern. He's appearing in Boston in 'The Magnificent Yankee,'" I informed him. "Hya, Looney," he shouted to Mr. Calhern.

"Hello, Mr. Warner," said Calhern. "What are you doing in the city of Boston?"

"Oh, I came to see my alma mater, Lever Brothers, play Proctor and Gamble."

"What was the score?" asked Louis.

J.L. walked away without answering.

As we walked to the plane, I finally could joke again. "Too bad you didn't tell Calhern that the score between Lever Brothers and Proctor and Gamble was: 'No soap!'"

Colonel Warner squinted at me and said sourly: "You should have quit when you were ahead. And you could certainly use a head, Art."

Copyright 1964 by Art Moger



DEBATING TEAM: Convicts with the head of prison's rehabilitation division, William Skelton, who introduced idea of debating to them.

Once a week, 24 hardened convicts get all dressed up and take on the outside world — in an argument. They include a convicted murderer, a safecracker, sex offenders, burglars and confidence men. So far they have won all their arguments.

For they are members of four debating teams fielded by South Australia's maximum security Yatala Labor Prison in a unique rehabilitation experiment.

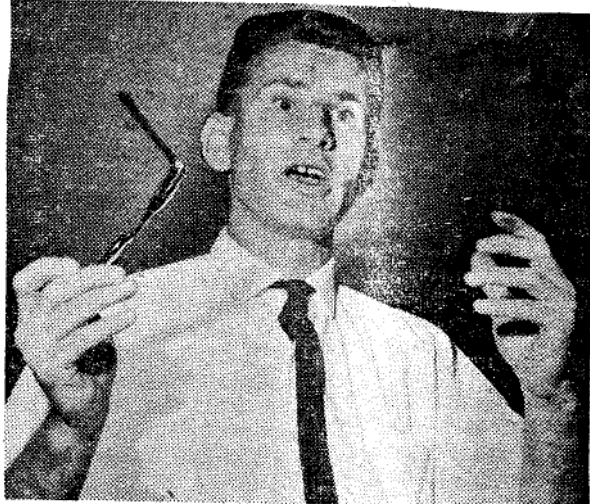
In one year of competition, they have swept to championships in four divisions of the South Australian Debating Association — bowling over law students, businessmen, politicians and even a group of women debaters.

While bringing honors to their prison and enriching their knowledge, the debaters are achieving another satisfaction. As one of the team captains, murderer Ray Kiker, put it: "We're releasing a hell of a lot of our aggressions and frustrations."

Yatala, just north of Adelaide, holds 800 prisoners. All of them are serving more than three months and are considered unsafe for labor farms and other detention centers. Many of them are "lifers."

It was to this tough group that William Skelton, 61, head of Yatala's rehabilitation division, introduced the debating team idea two years ago. In 1967, the prisoners won every

Convicts Never Lose an Argument—But Can't Talk Their Way Out of Prison



ENTHUSIASTIC: Convict Jim Staite debates against the motion, "Might is right."

debate, defeating teams of the Australian Labor Party, Liberal and Country League, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Rotary clubs and law students.

So far, all the matches have been held in the prison auditorium. But Skelton hopes to persuade the warden to allow prisoners to debate outside the prison.

Andrew Knox, 41, who has spent almost half his life in prison for sex offenses, is captain of the "A" team. Knox said he has never been able to control himself outside prison, but debating seems to be helping him face up to his problems and ultimately may free him of his psychological disturbances.

"It teaches you to argue calmly and logically, to see the other fellow's point of view," he told this ENQUIRER reporter.

In 1960 Knox was the last man to be whipped in South Australia for a sex offense under an old law. Knox said that when he is released, he would like to work with missionaries in Papua and New Guinea, "maybe among the lepers."

Knox's "A" team colleagues are Phil McDonald, 31, serving 5 years for safe-cracking; Neville Browne, 28, serving 3 years for house breaking; and Ross Bleasdale, 33, another sex offender. After their release, all three hope to continue debating in outside groups.

Captain of the "B" team is Kiker, 37, who is serving a life term for the 1959 murder of a taxi driver. His teammates include Jim Staite, 36, serving 7 years for bank robbery; Ted Gaston, 32, serving 3 years for robbery; and Mike Leinert, 24, serving 2 years for breaking and entering.

Rehabilitation director Skelton said: "Debating teaches the men that there are people who will respect their opinions if they are expressed thoughtfully and without malice or violence."

In a grand final match last October, the "A" team swept to the top debating prize in the state by defeating the Adelaide Junior Chamber of Commerce. The topic was "The legal sys-



THOUGHTFUL: Convict Phil McDonald studies before taking part in a debate.

tem is outdated," and the prisoners took the affirmative.

Team captain Knox remarked afterwards: "We all wished we could have pleaded our case as eloquently when we were before the courts ourselves."

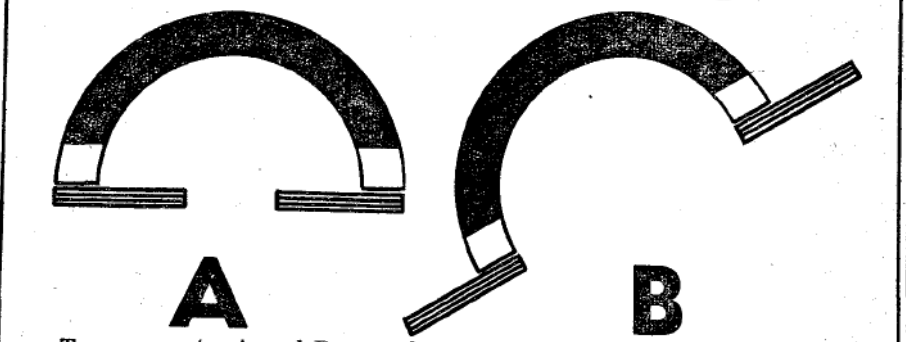
Of all the teams to face the prisoners, perhaps the most uneasy, at first, was the Kingston women's group. Although this team held the state's "A" championship in 1962 and 1963, it, also, went down to defeat.

Mrs. Lorna Holloway, a member of the Kingston unit, said: "We were all a bit scared. But once we were there, we quickly realized our opponents were friendly human beings the same as we are."

The wide range of subjects debated by the convicts last year and the positions they took, included: Tradition hinders progress (yes); Fear governs existence (yes); Women are the unfair sex (no); Might is right (no).

— THOMAS PORTER

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's Blood Saves Life Of Burglar He Wounded

officer Hermann — and then donated his blood to save the man's life. Schramm had captured the burglar at gunpoint last Feb. 15 in the act of robbing a store at Herford, near Hanover, West Germany. But after rendering the man unconscious, Schramm fired three warning shots and then aimed at the burglar's leg. The bullet hit the man in the stomach. He was found to need a transfusion of a rare blood type. Schramm's blood was that type and he donated it. Thanks to the transfusion from Schramm, the accused burglar is now recovering.

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NATIONAL ENQUIRER

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WEEKLY PAPER IN AMERICA

APRIL 7, 1968

By PAUL COHEN

A mysterious, screaming death lies in wait for women of the Stephens family.

Less than five years apart, two young, pretty sisters, both in perfect health, suddenly stared, began to scream — and died.

Medical science doesn't know why. Doctors who have studied the case are baffled.

The sisters were Patricia Stephens Rush, 24, who died screaming last January 17, and her younger sister, Beverly Joan Stephens, 17, who died the same way on Aug. 2, 1963.

Two other cases in the family background are eerily similar and Everett Stephens, the dead girls' father, worries that the strange doom may be stalking his two remaining daughters, Barbara, 17, and Diana, 11.

He told this ENQUIRER reporter: "Naturally we are very concerned and anxious about my other daughters."

But there is nothing he can do except pray.

His distraught wife, Ruth, declared: "I can face anything if I know the why of it. It's why, why . . .?"

She hugged her two motherless young granddaughters, living reminders of the latest family tragedy.

The mother of the two youngsters was Patricia, wife of Staff Sergeant Robert Rush, an army combat engineer.

After 13 years in the army, Sgt. Rush came home from Vietnam for leave and reassignment.

A week earlier than expected, he surprised his wife and their two daughters, Kristen, 3, and Kimberly 1, last January 14, in their home in Santa Maria, Calif.

For three days, Rush got re-acquainted with his family. Then, on January 17, he went down to Los Angeles to see about a possible new assignment as an army recruiter.

He returned to Santa Maria after nightfall.

He and his pretty wife were up late, talking. It was after midnight before they went to sleep.

Suddenly at 6 a.m. Rush was awakened by a scream. His wife was sitting bolt upright in bed beside him, staring straight ahead, and screaming.

The scream lasted about 10 seconds, Rush later said. Then she slumped backward, unconscious and not breathing.

Frantic with alarm, Sgt. Rush began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in an effort to bring her back to consciousness.

He paused only long enough to phone police for emergency aid.

When officers arrived they also attempted resuscitation, and then rushed the young woman to a hospital by ambulance. Oxygen was administered. It was all useless. She was dead.

Dr. John Blanchard, pathologist for Santa Barbara county, said an autopsy showed some evidence of pulmonary edema, fluid in the lungs — but he could find no cause of death.

He admitted: "In truth, we just don't know what happened to her. It is an unexplained natural death. I don't even have a theory."

The vital organs have been subjected to tests which disclosed nothing unusual. In the latest effort to find an answer, Dr. Blanchard sent a portion of the heart to a muscle specialist at the University of Southern California Medical School. He is still awaiting a report on this.

The story of the haunted family started two generations ago.

Ruth Stephens related: "My mother's mother, in her early 20s, gave birth to her third baby. Eight days later she sighed, stopped breathing and died."

"My mother's sister's daughter — a



DIED: Patricia Stephens Rush screamed before dying.



DIED: Beverly Stephens died the same way as her sister.

cousin of mine — died the same way at the age of 19. Neither death was ever explained."

The family lived in Porterville, Calif., where Everett Stephens was a correctional officer in the prison sys-



GRIEVING FAMILY: Mrs. Ruth Stephens holds Kimberly and stands behind Kristen, the children of her daughter, Patricia, who died mysteriously. Sisters of the dead woman, Barbara (left) and Diane (right), are too stunned to talk about the tragedy.

Family Plagued by Sudden Deaths Doctors Can't Explain

tem honor camp at Mountain Home, in 1963.

Beverly Joan Stephens was a high school senior when she went to a church social, one warm summer night.

Suddenly the girl screamed and collapsed. Her breathing had ceased. She fell out of her chair.

Two registered nurses who were at the dance began giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and in a short time, brought her back to consciousness.

Her mother insisted on taking her to the Porterville hospital, where doctors could discover nothing wrong. They suggested she might be suffering fatigue. Their advice was: "Take her home and put her to bed."

Then a week later, on August 2, after Beverly had taken it easy for a few days and was feeling all right again, she went swimming in a Porterville pool.

She swam across the pool, got out on the other side, and said: "Gee, I feel dizzy."

A look of horror came over her face. She screamed, a long scream — and fell dead.

Her mother said: "The doctors were never able to tell us why."

Now, since Patricia's similar unexplained death, the mother asked: "Why did they die? Why?"

Her husband said: "They'll never find out what caused it."

And Dr. Blanchard commented: "In all probability the girl's father is right."

But he added: "We are still conducting tests, and I'm hopeful we will eventually come up with at least a good guess."

But the family's grief has not been aided by crank letter writers from all over the country who have offered explanations — sometimes asking a price for their services.

Horrified by the type of letters she

received, Mrs. Stephens said: "I had no idea there were so many heartless people."

One letter from the midwest said: "I believe when she screamed she saw the devil. You all better mend your ways or you will see the devil as the two girls did."

Another letter from a midwestern state predicted: "If you don't heed the warning, dire tragedy will strike again."

Perhaps the most heartbreaking communication was a phone call from a man in New York who told Mrs. Stephens her daughter Patricia was not dead.

He said: "She is in a state of suspended animation. Promise me you will not have her embalmed. I will fly out and bring her back if you are interested."

Hundreds of letters told Mrs. Stephens to "cast out the devils," or offered to do it for her for a fee.

One man, in a collect phone call from Montana, claimed he could see the answer on a mountainside there. He wanted the Stephens family to help him build a monument to the two dead girls.

Mrs. Stephens said: "I don't read the letters any more."

After the death of Beverly Joan, Mrs. Stephens persuaded her husband to get a transfer, so they could put the bitter memory behind them.

They now live in San Luis Obispo, and Stephens works as a guard at a men's prison near there.

Mrs. Stephens said: "There are worse things to dread than death. I won't sit around worrying from one minute to the next about my two remaining daughters."

"But I don't know what the girls think. They are still too stunned to talk to me about it."

Barbara, the oldest one left, now 17, said: "I wonder what my future will be?"

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