

Case 19: An Aside on the Robert Kennedy Assassination



Please first watch **RFK - "We've shot him. We've shot him." Cover up, secrecy** at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qq1bfkat-4g&NR=1>

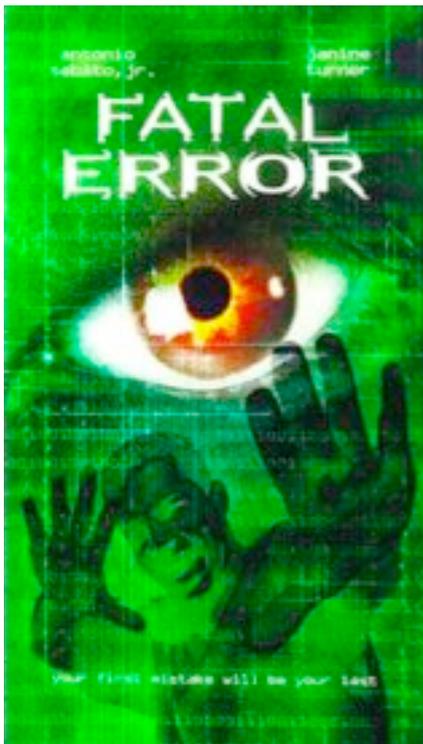
At the time of the Robert Kennedy Assassination, I was 15 years old. My father had been in military intelligence. I had been in CIA operations starting since age 9. It makes things look more innocent to have a child or two in the wings. There was a CIA officer assigned to make sure that I made it to Langley whenever I was sent for. Who that was varied over the years but he always had a daughter my age. The excuse was that I was on a trip with his family and their daughter or at camp. Anyway, when I was next at Langley after the

Robert Kennedy assassination I overheard 2 men talking about it. They were laughing over how easy it had been to carry off. They were in the next office while I was waiting to be debriefed. I had to be debriefed each time to find out if I had made any errors that the CIA had to coverup. Sometimes I had to wait hours before a debriefer was free.

So, I was sitting on the floor of the hallway waiting. There was a waiting room. But I was sexually harassed less often if I sat in the hallway on the floor, than waited with the male operatives. I was in the hallway listening to them speak about the Robert Kennedy assassination about 20 minutes before I was called away to the debriefing. I was offended by their conversation. I had a bit of a teenage crush on Bobby Kennedy. I thought that he was very handsome and intelligent.

One said to the other, “too bad about the girl”. That made my ears pick up. I was always afraid that I would get killed in one of the ops. As I listened I came to understand that a young woman in the op had made a mistake and the CIA had killed her for it. That made a big impression on me since I did not want to be wasted for making a mistake. I could not tell from what they said what her mistake was. Mostly they were talking about how cooperative the LA Police Dept. (LAPD) had been. A man in their dept. and in the LAPD were getting big promotions out of pulling off the assassination well. They were joking about who they could ‘nail’ to get a promotion. One of them said that maybe they should pick off another Kennedy ‘to please the old man’. They did not say who that was. I guessed they meant President Johnson as the DCI, Helms, did not seem so old to me.

I think that this was about a week or two after the assassination. It was not a long time. I think that I had seen an article about the Kennedy funeral just a few days before.



After the debriefing, I went back to my supervisor and asked him what mistake that girl had made and how I could avoid making it. He said not to wear a memorable dress. That made no sense to me because the CIA always gave me the luggage and clothes I needed when I went on assignment--all without labels. Maybe they did not do that for domestic assignments. I wanted to know, so I went down to the “Costumes Dept.” and hung around to see if I could overhear what had happened. I didn’t hear anything so I finally asked. They said that they couldn’t talk about it. But, the way they said it made it sound like their dept. was in hot water over it.

A couple of months later, I learned who the girl was from seeing her photo in Langley. It was framed with a plastic wreath of flowers around it in an alcove in the CIA’s chapel. There was a one paragraph clipping folded under the photo, an obituary.

Almost no one used the chapel, so it was a nice quiet place to go to pray where no one could find you. The photo was not big, about 4 by 6 inches. It seemed to be a personal memorial not an official one. I recognized the girl. She had brought me an ice cream sandwich from the cafeteria with money I gave her when she was going to get one for herself. We had both been waiting to find out if we were needed in a rush op. She was older than I was, about 22. That difference in age was

very significant in the way we were treated. I was still treated as a teenager, and she was treated as an adult. She was put into that op, I was not. So, I was never briefed in it and had no information on what role she played in it. But I heard that she was in MKULTRA in some fashion. It was a large project with many subprojects so that by itself did not mean much.



A couple of years later, I ran across some photos of her being killed by the CIA. They were incredibly violent. It was not a clean kill. She was raped first and apparently tortured to death. That really worried me. I had nightmares about it for months. The photos were in a stack to be considered for shredding. The dept. of ops had a file to put materials in for review of whether they had any further utility. I used to look in it because a lot of hot items went through it. By volunteering to find things in files for the man that oversaw that subsection, I ingratiated myself and had access to many more files. I was a curious kid because I needed to be to stay alive. When I saw those photos of her naked and partially mutilated I felt like throwing up. I headed towards the nearest bathroom but didn't

make it in time. I had to call the custodian to come mop up the hallway. That subsection head had seen the photos that I had looked at as I didn't have time to close the file drawer. He came out into the hallway while the custodian was mopping and I was apologizing for the mess. He was kind to me and asked me if I was alright. I started sobbing. He took me back inside the offices of his subsection and gave me a chair to sit in. When I composed myself, he asked me if I wanted to see a

physician. I said no. He asked me if I could be having morning sickness. I said that my period was not delayed. That was the end of the matter for then.

Maybe 5 years after that when I was definitely considered an adult at the CIA, I came across a file which listed the CIA men assigned to kill her. There were 3 of them on that list. Two of them were men I knew at Langley. One was on an overseas assignment and I did not know him. I never could relate to them in an easy informal way after that. Whenever they passed me in the hallway the hairs on my arms stood on end and my stomach did flip flips.



What that girl did in being part of the Robert Kennedy assassination was really wrong. What was later done to her for her errors in that op was also really wrong.

Because I had such a strong visceral reaction to those 2 men, I wanted to find out who had written the op to kill her. It was maybe when I was about 32 that I came across the information I needed to piece it together. The man who had written that op was by then the second in charge of the Dept. of Ops. He had not written in the op that she should be raped and tortured. But he had provided a setting for the murder in which that was the likely scenario--a basement in a remote wooded section of the CIA's FARM. Eventually, I was able to track down the snuff film that had been made of her death. In addition, I tracked down the payment from the distributor of the snuff film into his bank

account. He had made \$50,000 and then continued royalties from the sale. That made me feel sick in a different way; sick with moral repugnance.



I then wanted to know how much the 3 men who raped, tortured, and murdered her made off her snuff film. One made about \$12,000, another about \$8,000, and the third about \$6,000. They did not get royalties.

Then I tried to find out how much the snuff distributor made. I wanted to know how much incentive people had to “flush me out to sea” as ashes. The CIA has an incinerator for the purpose and the ashes just get flushed down the toilet. The first year the snuff distributor at that CIA front made about \$400,000 on that girl’s grisly murder. Or rather the CIA front made that money. It was only much later when I had access to the CIA’s creative accounting computer that I was able to see whose bank accounts that money went into. That was after Bush, Sr. had been DCI. He was getting about 12% of the profits. Most of the rest was going to the Rockefeller Family. Nelson was dead by then. But there was a cut of the profits, about 20% that was going into a death worship cult, Skull and Bones, account. It was getting divided among several people, including Clinton who was President at the time. That does not mean those people knew how the money was being made. But then I doubt that they looked into it either. It somehow reminded me of the movie Solvent Green.

War profiteers do know that they are making money off of maiming and killing others.



Those who made money off the slave labor at Auschwitz knew that the workers were dying of starvation and being sent to the crematoria when too weak. Please watch the clip **Interview with Slave who worked for NASA/Nazi scientists** to see the conditions in mines like I speak about below at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=164YuYXqs9o> . They knew the turnover and the problems that turnover caused at the factories and mines near Auschwitz. I read discussions about that in the private letters in the Rockefeller Archives.

One of those was a letter from Prescott Bush to a Rockefeller asking about feeding the workers more to decrease the accidents. I did not have the Rockefeller's reply. But a later letter mentioned that food prices had gone up in Germany about 15% during WWII and that it was a good thing that the food had not been increased. The letter from Prescott went on to say that he had solved the accident problem another way. The accidents had been caused by weak workers falling on winding stairs inside the mine. The metal stairway was slippery when wet and the mine was muddy inside. He said that the foreman had stopped picking the bodies up off the stairs and gone to pushing them under the stairs instead. Then he had figured out to use the long hair of the female dead to drape over the slippery metal stairs to 'carpet' them. Prescott was joking about it only working until the bodies decomposed enough that the hair pulled free of the body. I felt sick both ways when I had

read that. That time I had managed to make it to the bathroom on time to vomit. I prayed that I would not end up as ashes down a toilet someday.



About one month before he [Robert Kennedy] was killed, when asked by David Frost how his obituary should read, Robert Kennedy responded:

“Something about the fact that I made some contribution to either my country, or those who were less well off. I think back to what Camus wrote about the fact that perhaps this world is a world in which children suffer, but we can lessen the number of suffering children, and if you do not do this, then who will do this? I'd like to feel that I'd done something to lessen that suffering.

"There are children in the Mississippi Delta whose bellies are swollen with hunger ... Many of them cannot go to school because they have no clothes or shoes. These conditions are not confined to rural Mississippi. They exist in dark tenements in Washington, D.C., within sight of the Capitol, in Harlem, in South Side Chicago, in Watts. There are children in each of these areas who have never been to school, never seen a doctor or a dentist. There are children who have never heard conversation in their homes, never read or even seen a book." - RFK

He also believed that those who stand against injustice exhibit the highest form of courage.

"Each time a man stands up for an ideal," he said in a 1966 to South African students, "or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance." www.bobby-kennedy.com/rfkbiography.htm

References--Please see the end of Case 12.

