

WANTED BY THE FBI



CAMERON DAVID BISHOP

Cameron David Bishop, a violence-minded college revolutionary who is charged with the sabotage of war utilities in the dynamiting of Colorado power transmission towers, is on the FBI's list of "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives."

Between January 20 and 28, 1969, he allegedly was responsible for dynamiting four transmission line towers in Colorado supplying power to defense plants. Wreckage from one blast damaged property nearly a mile away and dozens of square miles near Golden, Colorado, were partially blacked out. A Federal warrant issued at Denver, Colorado, on February 14, 1969, charges Bishop with the destruction of war utilities.

Bishop, who is reputedly an active member of the Students for a Democratic Society, a loudly militant "New Left" group opposed to U.S. involvement in Vietnam and existing government policies, has reportedly voiced a desire to live in Cuba.

He is known to associates as a revolutionist or anarchist who believes in violence to secure social reforms and was given a discharge from the Army for unsuitability after being located, while a deserter, as a mental patient in a hospital. He reportedly has a violent temper, has reputedly bragged of using drugs, including LSD, and was convicted of assault and battery in Colorado in 1965. He has allegedly stated his willingness to kill a police officer and has reportedly possessed hand guns, including a .357 magnum, in addition to rifles and dynamite.

A white American, born at Pueblo, Colorado, on November 7, 1942, he is 5'8" to 5'9" tall, weighs 155 to 165 pounds, has brown eyes, dark brown hair, a stocky build and a medium complexion. He has worn a beard, long hair and long sideburns in the past. A tattoo of a skunk holding a mirror appears on his right forearm. He has worked as an assistant credit manager, auto parts manager, coffee house operator, laborer, mine worker and truck driver. Consider Bishop armed and extremely dangerous.

Should you receive any information concerning the whereabouts of Cameron David Bishop, you are requested to immediately notify the nearest office of the FBI, the telephone number of which may be found on the first page of local telephone directories.

HOT FOOT VIA THE HOT PLATE

JOHN J. SYNON

Ah, that Spiro! Spiro who? Agnew, mon petite, the man what threw the Virginia Republicans such a meat-and-potatoes curve a few days back. I declare I laughed at that; sort of. What happened was this: Virginia is in the throes — the dying throes — of a dispirited gubernatorial campaign. You know how those things go. The "ins" send for a glamor boy to brighten a given corner, to attract the faithful to a rally of one sort or another. They do that, so one gathers, in the hope the star's luminescence, in one degree or another, will rub off on their candidate. The "outs", of course, poo-poo such goings on. Well, the Virginia Democrats — the national "outs" for a

change — need not have bothered to ridicule the Republican effort at uplift. Spiro took care of that. The Republicans, you see, invited their No. 2 Boy — the best they could get — to Richmond to speak at a \$100-a-plate dinner. They had in mind honoring their gubernatorial candidate, a faceless critter named Holton. Spiro showed up, all right. But eat with that bunch? Not Spiro. Spiro had a hot plate sent up to the room and left the Republican shrimp to whistle for their \$100. That's Spiro. You don't catch him eating with no politician who, like Holton, bears the AFL-CIO and NAACP stamps of endorsement. Send me a hot plate, boy, and tell me when I'm to speak. and that will be all,

thank you. And tell Dick I did speak — that's all the contract called for.

What do you make of that? As I say, I loved it, in a sour sort of way.

What a slap by the man who didn't come to dinner.

Speak, Spiro did. But, then, if you show any politician any audience of 250 people, he will speak. Make that 25 people.

"Yes, sir," I can hear him now, "you have a great candidate here in Heebert, Hubbert, Hobert, Holtort, Holton — yes, Holton, I know it well — is a great candidate. And how far is it to the port.

"If it's Tuesday, this must be Richmond."

To get the full flavor of that political gaffe you should know the pseudo aristocrats who are the frosting on Virginia's Republican party. What a synthetic crew.

Until recently, with rare exception, they were all Byrd Democrats — to hear them tell it, they were. But now that the last great Virginian has gone on and the hoi-polloi have wrested control of the party, the country-club set has metamorphosed right before our eyes. Voila! Now they are Republicans.

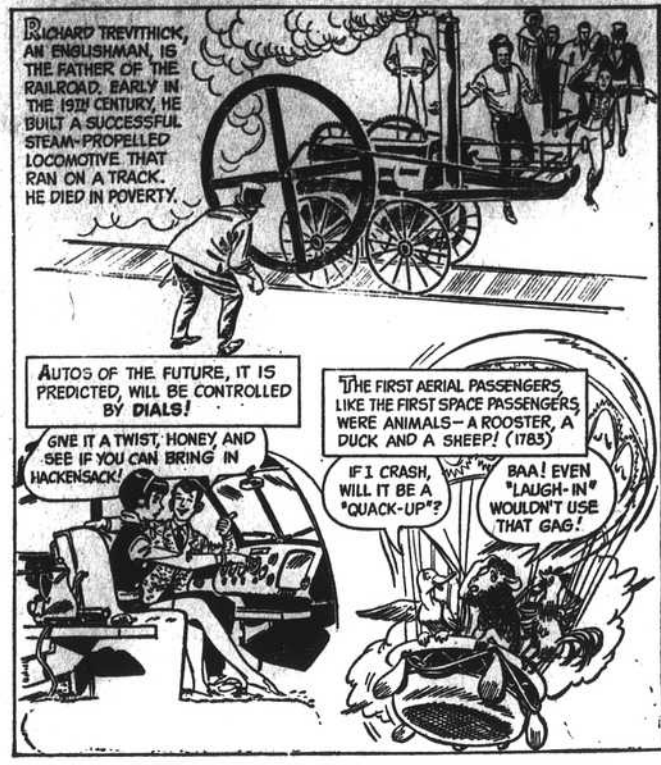
Ah, the Great Washed, seekers of the better 'ole.

They ain't nothing, is what they are. Sitting so, waiting to ride wave top, whichever wave is up. Spiro gave 'em what they had coming. There isn't a spine in the lot.

And all about them their citadel — Richmond — is collapsing, becoming a shambles, a jungle. And as one walks Monument Avenue, these days, one wonders up at the memorials along the way, at Stuart, at Lee, at Davis, and at Jackson. And a person can feel a chill, even on warm October day.

I wouldn't eat with 'em either, Spiro.

Cliff Merrill's SCRAPBOOK of MAN ON THE MOVE



literature. Lord knows why American avant-grade Negroes have taken it up. Your guess on that would be as good as mine.

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WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

by Henry E. Garrett, Ph.D.

PROFESSOR EMERITUS,
COLUMBI UNIVERSITY
PAST PRESIDENT,
AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

Q: Dr. Garrett, what is the Bantu language? Isn't it a sort of pig latin?

A: What you refer to, I take it is Swahili, Swahili is a Bantu language or lingo spoken by a variety of people in East Africa and Central Africa. It was originally the language of an East Coast Bantu group and has been called the lingua franca of most of East Africa. It is a mixture of African, Portugese, English, and especially Arabic. It has no

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