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File  
ROBERT F. KENNEDY  
NEW YORK

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20510

DEC 6 1968

May 15, 1968

Mr. Maurice de Metz  
92 Ten Eyck Walk  
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. de Metz:

Thank you for your kind words about the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. I share your thoughts on this tragic loss of one of America's most valuable leaders, and wanted you to know that I very much appreciated your taking the time to forward your views to me.

Again, my thanks, and my best wishes to you.

Sincerely,



Robert F. Kennedy

## What To Do, What To Do

There were screams there were shouts oh no - oh no  
Oh God - please God, don't let it be so  
But so it was and the end did come  
And it left our Nation ashamed and numb  
Men and women dazed as they walked the street  
Bitter Negroes scowled at the Whites they meet  
And the sirens rang as the bedlam grew  
They just don't know - what to do, what to do

Yes I died - yes I died for my legacy  
It was my goal to set men free  
I would have marched to Hell and back  
To unite our brothers white and black  
Put an end to all the violence here  
I was brave because "Love Hath No Fear"  
If you call yourselves good Christians too  
Maybe now you'll know - what to do, what to do.

Maurice de Metz



THE VICE PRESIDENT  
WASHINGTON  
20510

May 3, 1968

Dear Mr. de Metz:

I enjoyed your poetry entitled, "What to Do,  
What to Do." I appreciate your thoughtfulness and  
may you continue to express yourself in such an  
able way.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Hubert H. Humphrey".

Hubert H. Humphrey

Mr. Maurice de Metz  
92 Ten Eyck Walk  
Brooklyn 6, New York

---

FREEDOMS FOUNDATION  
AT VALLEY FORGE  
Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

Your nomination of the poem "What To Do, What  
To Do," and "The King Is Dead (Long Live The King)"

---

in the current National and School Awards Program has  
been received. It will be presented to the distinguished  
Awards Jury for review when it convenes at Valley Forge  
in the fall.

The Jury's awards selections will be publicly announced  
on George Washington's Birthday, February 22nd.

---

It's because of our Mayor, John Lindsay that my faith in mankind is restored  
And this prose would have never been written of the man who was so great and adored

---

"SAFE HAVENS WERE NOT FOR ME"

---

"Men are not made for safe havens" was a quote that he loved to recite  
With all the excitement and glory of that June fifth disastrous night  
An assassin had killed his dear brother and the same fate had met his true friend  
With a love to be close to the people brought a wonderful life to an end  
The campaign was really terrific with this jubilant crowd in LA  
His supporters were happy and anxious with so many things going his way

Then a volley of shots from the kitchen and the Senator slumped to the floor  
And the gunman was fighting and shouting as our Bobby lie still at deaths door  
Two athletes had grabbed the assassin and they did a magnificent job  
Just think of the task of refraining an unruly and difficult mob  
"Get a doctor," for God's sake please hurry, "oh what will we do if he dies"  
"Kill the bastard," "let's not have an Oswald" were the anxious and desperate cries

His wife Ethel was pushing and pleading to get next to her idol and love  
And she cradled him gently and whispered a few prayers to her God up above  
He smiled very weakly to tell her not to worry or lose her firm grip  
And then to convince him by planting a warm tender kiss on his lip  
Then she tried to console a young victim who had also been shot in the fray  
While the desperate waiting was endless as they carried her Bobby away

But when they put him on the stretcher not once did she move from his side  
It must have occurred at some moment oh what would I do if he died  
I will never forget how I heard it at the Americana Hotel  
There were hundreds of guests in the lobby and could not hear a radio well  
And then like a chant you could hear it "our Senator Kennedy's shot"  
Some sobbing, some cursing, while others were left to believe it or not

The elevators were crowded as they hurried to turn on TV  
But returned just a short time later to confirm the catastrophe  
Of course at this time of election it didn't help matters at all  
They tried to think of the persons who would gain most to see him fall  
The operation was over his condition was still touch and go  
While millions were praying and watching for the news that they dreaded so

Some doctors said they were doubtful of the outcome concerning his fate  
But there was no question about it, it would be a life that he'd hate  
Our Nation received the sad tidings, once again flags were lowered half mast  
Is this how we treat our "Great Leaders" and how long will this treachery last  
I remembered the unruly masses when the same fate befell Dr. King  
Would hysteria rule out discretion, or could we expect the same thing

His body was flown to St. Patrick's , it arrived Thursday evening at nine  
There were hundreds who waited til morning many patiently waiting in line  
Then hundreds of thousands had gathered to glimpse the closed casket and weep  
And still it was hard to believe that Bobby Kennedy was asleep  
The formal farewell was fantastic, ancient Roman Catholic Rites  
At this beautiful, solemn occasion there sure was some wondrous sights

The children of sisters and brothers plus the many fine kids of his own  
Took part in the funeral service, he never liked being alone  
To mention all those who attended from all walks of life and renown  
In death as in life they would never let Senator Kennedy down  
And then that eventful train ride that added much more tragedy  
All crowding the tracks and the platforms just to get a final look see

Two persons were killed and three injured all precautions were nicely ignored  
By touching the train it would show him that he would be always adored  
The family then gave strict orders to lessen the speed of the train  
To safeguard the people who loved him and never would see him again  
We all must have watched television and saw what we couldn't believe  
I wondered when he would be buried and how much a Nation could grieve

At Arlington where he is resting bencath a magnolia tree  
And facing another great hero our immortal John F. Kennedy  
Three men have been killed for great causes in this "Land of the Free and the Brave"  
We must search our hearts and our conscience or we won't have a country to save  
To hell with our politicians who are "talkers" and never "do"  
And cage all the morbid killers of our "heroes" who are so few

We'll only be left with the "cowards" and bigots to govern our land  
The dirt is swept under the carpet won't the rest of the World understand  
We talk about Hippies and Beatniks and scowl about riots and crimes  
I'm sorry I ever had children and sad that I live in these times  
The people who have all the money the ones who make all of the laws  
I guess they don't think that it's worth it to get to the cure or root cause

There won't be much time to consider and we surely can't think its a joke  
I wonder if we will be "ready" when our land is in ashes and smoke  
I guess we can get back to Bobby how the Kennedy clan would survive  
He said "It was pure mathematics too many of us are alive"  
If this was the work of a tyrant or a diabolical scheme  
They may always destroy the "Dreamer" but will never destroy the "Dream"

Maurice de Metz

THE KING IS DEAD  
(LONG LIVE THE KING)

I know without a doubt that April fourth will always be  
A day to be remembered as the Greatest Tragedy  
For when the snipers shot rang out it was an awful blow  
His body slumped right to the ground and friends cried, Oh No! No!  
They ran to him and cradled him, but knew it was the end  
For everything they hoped for in a leader and a friend

The anger and the fury of each woman, man and child  
So frightening and pitiful, a Nation running wild  
That spark set off a Black Rampage - left millions in dismay  
Besieging many cities that are suffering today  
The bombings, fires, lootings, were a terrible disgrace  
What happened in America should Shame the Human Race

Armed, helmeted police and combat troops with rifles too  
With minimum resistance for they didn't know what to do  
The passive Negro leaders were afraid to quell the mob  
Their King was slain because he tried to do a peaceful job  
He always hoped that Black and White together hand in hand  
Would walk the paths of 'Righteousness' - make this "The Promised Land"

To think that he was taken by an act of violence  
A man who only lived for goodness doesn't make much sense  
He was by far more popular than any of his peers  
With all that Doctor King accomplished in his short lived years  
His bombs could not have shaken and destroyed with such impact  
Or leave an ugly aftermath to cope with this - in fact

To Negroes every where he was the Hope and Guiding Star  
And other races loved him for his Greatness near and far  
He demonstrated, risked his life to make his "Dream" come true  
If all races fought together can't they live together too  
And he was saddened many times by other peoples plight  
Sent families condolences and tried to set things right

His Pilgrimage was sanctioned by his many friends abroad  
They knew he had sincerity that's why he was adored  
His enemies were numerous because he always knew  
That Tolerance and Bigotry would never, never, do  
But even they respected him and looked at him with pride  
Although they knew that he was like a needle in their side

A man of action knowing that he could not do enough  
Because of opposition many roads ahead were rough  
How many times we had compassion for his family  
Who lived in fear of death and suffered much anxiety  
His constant scorn for danger was a thing he couldn't stop  
It really didn't matter, he'd been to the mountain top

And while a saddened Nation watched proceedings on TV  
Despite the problems it was quite a spectacle to see  
I looked at his brave widow trying hard to stifle tears  
Beside her children wondering if she could hide her fears  
She comforted her daughter as she held her little hand  
How anyone could hurt her dad, she'd never understand

She had no time for sorrow and she planned in each detail  
The things he would have wanted and she knew she could not fail  
The services were splendid with his favorite hymns and prayers  
They spoke of his ambitions, plus the pitfalls and the dares  
Then Mrs. King requested that his own taped eulogy  
Be played for us to keep among our fondest memory

He said to make no mention of his Nobel prize for Peace  
But wants us to assure him that our efforts will not cease  
There's good and bad in all of us, that's why he had a "Dream"  
And made non-violence the very essence of this theme  
He said he was "Drum Major" for those "Beautiful Parades"  
With marchers of all Creeds, Religions, and of different shades

A quarter million peopled marched - where did they all come from  
Behind a mule drawn casket singing "We Shall Overcome"  
And all great leaders, church and state paid homage to the King  
The same expressions everywhere of those who felt the sting  
We land on other planets and we enter outer space  
And right at home we have a problem with the Human Race

To say that much has not been done would be a fallacy  
An all out effort should be given - dont we all agree  
He had a "Dream" - he had a "Dream" but if it all comes true  
To make that "Dream" be possible depends on me and you  
When we remember "Brotherhood" and put this in the past  
Then all of us can sing, we're "Free At Last" - yes Free At Last.

Maurice de Metz

95 47

Groff  
Ashrop oxen

DEC - 6 1900

Hon. Richard Nixon, Key Biscayne

Dear Mr. President and Mr. Rebozo:

As I see this lawn-order question that I hear discussed on the radio so much it is necessary to plant a brand of grass called in the trade *homogresimbilia* late in the fall and lightly water through the cool season taking care in the early spring to grab all blades not "*homogibilia*", for short, but this being impossible, it is better, as my Finnish-American friend Uuno Soderblom does, to let everything green grow and just keep it cut to a fairly even shape for Soderblom has the greenest, thickest, brightest lawn I ever saw, much better than *homogresimbilia*.

Best wishes to you both.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

E. L. Dulmer, gardener

55 Req. Endorsement of Project  
Message

45-  
Request  
for  
Endorsement

DEC 6 1968

CF

Mr. Richard M. Nixon, President-elect  
The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel  
New York, New York

EH

Dear Mr. Nixon:

My SINCEREST congratulations on your recent victory at the polls. Your amazing comeback from the brink of political oblivion proves once again that UNSTOPPABLE is the man who has:

- \* CRYSTALLIZED HIS THINKING - developed specific, concrete, worthwhile goals.
- \* Developed a PLAN for reaching his goals.
- \* Developed a BURNING DESIRE for their attainment.
- \* Developed SUPREME CONFIDENCE in his ability to achieve his goals.
- \* Developed a DOGGED DETERMINATION to follow through, regardless of obstacles, criticism, or what others say, think or do.

You will no doubt recognize Paul Meyer's "Million Dollar Personal Success Plan" in the foregoing paragraph, as it is my understanding that you also are the proud user of one of Success Motivation Institute's Personal Improvement Programs.

If the SMI concept and philosophy have had but a small fraction of the profound impact on your life that they have had on my own during the short time I have been associated with the company you should be willing, nay, eager to shout the fact from the housetops.

However, realizing that such a public proclamation at this point in time might be considered unbecoming to the high office of President of the United States, I wonder if it might not still be proper to solicit your help in "Helping others to help themselves", to which end SMI is totally and irrevocably dedicated and committed.

A personal letter from you expressing your feelings about SMI would, needless to say, be of untold value in helping to convince people that they too can achieve their fondest dreams if they will but pursue them as you have done and as I am doing. Such a letter would be for my personal use only and not for publication in any way, unless you so authorized it.

Page 2

Few men are ever afforded the opportunity to have such a profound influence on the lives of their fellow men, however few they may be, as you are here being offered!

You will be able to greet each new day with the immense satisfaction of knowing that somewhere in Ohio, because of a simple little letter which you were gracious enough to write, you have helped another human being take that first faltering step on the road to success - and to the full realization and utilization of his God-given talents and abilities.

Awaiting your reply in eager anticipation, I remain.....

Successfully and positively,

*Ralph G. Hamann*

Ralph G. Hamann  
Route 1  
Zanesville, Ohio 43701

P.S. to secretaries and/or mail scanners: Please allow Mr. Nixon to personally determine how this letter is to be answered.

DEDICATED TO: "MOTIVATING PEOPLE TO THEIR FULL POTENTIAL"®



**UNLIMITED**

RALPH G. HAMANN  
Divisional Manager  
P. O. Box 2306  
Zanesville, Ohio 43701

Phone A/C 614 453-4133

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*The National Broadcasting Company Presents*

DEC 6 1967



# MEET THE PRESS

*America's Press Conference of the Air*

*Produced by* LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK

*Guest* SENATOR ROBERT F. KENNEDY (D., N.Y.)

VOLUME 11

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DEC 6 1968

**IF YOU WISH TO BE REMEMBERED GIVE A MEMORIAL**

The new St. Mary's Villa Nursing Home will provide a select number of opportunities for Memorials to honor loved ones, living or deceased, and for special intention. Your generous gift will become a LIVING MEMORIAL - dedicated to the service of God and to provide the necessary Special Nursing Care and Home for our Residents. Your Memorial Gift will further be a constant reminder to all the Sisters and Guests of the Home - to remember you and your loved ones in their prayers. You will share daily in the prayers and good works of the Sisters of Jesus Crucified. In a special way you have a part in our Masses, the prayers and sacrifices daily offered at our Home. We are enclosing a list of Memorials for your consideration.

Sisters of Jesus Crucified  
St. Mary's Villa Nursing Home



# buy a brick

cut coupon and mail it with your offering in the enclosed envelope

DEAR ADMINISTRATOR: I HAVE MARKED BELOW THE NUMBER OF BRICKS I AM  
 HAPPY TO PURCHASE FOR YOUR NEW ADDITION.  
 EACH BRICK COST \$1.00

\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00
	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$20.00	\$25.00

Please make checks payable to St. Mary's Villa Nursing Home

NAME -----

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

# PLEASE GIVE US A HELPING HAND

MEMORIALS  
\$ 1,000

FOUNDERS share  
\$ 500

BENEFACTORS share  
\$ 200



BUILDERS share  
\$ 100

ASSOCIATES share  
\$ 50

MEMORIAL BOOK  
under \$ 50

St. Mary's Villa, Elmhurst, Pa.

MEMORIALS honor the memory of loved ones, living or deceased. Their names and the name of the donor will be placed on individual plates to be attached to the memorial unit. (For example, a patient's furnished room.)

FOUNDER'S AND BENEFACTOR'S names will be inscribed on centrally located tablets.

BUILDER'S AND ASSOCIATE'S will receive attractively embossed certificates.

A MEMORIAL BOOK, publicly displayed, will record the names of all who have made any contribution, large or small, to the new wing. All donors will be gratefully remembered in the prayers, good works and sacrifices of the Sisters of Jesus Crucified.

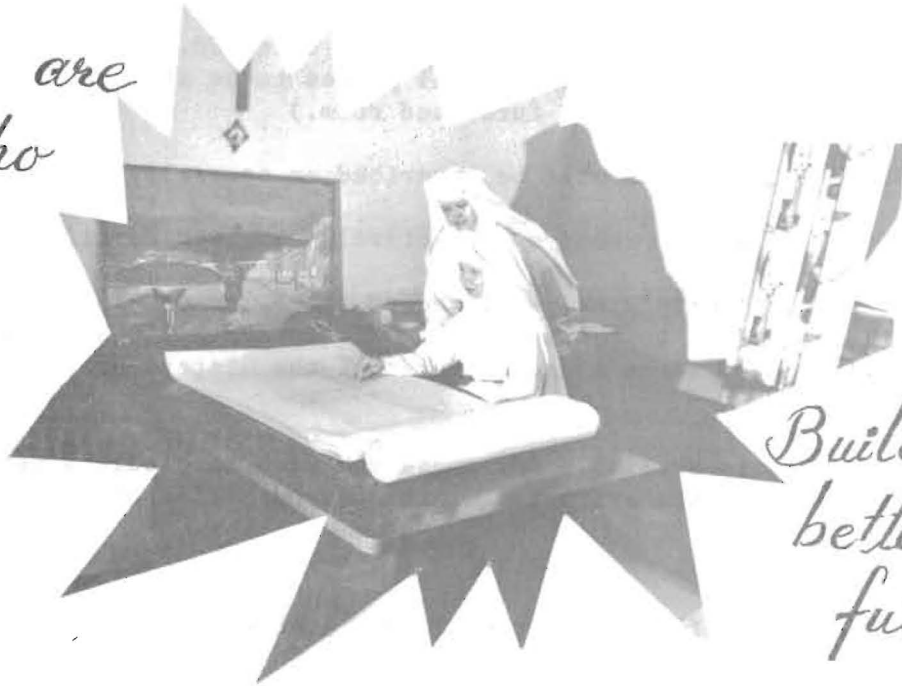
A DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN is available for those who wish to pledge a memorial or other gift, payable in installments every two months over a period of twenty months.

(Your gift is deductible from taxable income.)



*It's plain to see ...  
WE NEED YOUR HELP*

*Blessed are  
they who  
help us*



*Build a  
better  
future ...*



SISTERS OF JESUS CRUCIFIED  
SAINT MARY'S VILLA NURSING HOME  
ELMHURST, PENNSYLVANIA

PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE

# Post Card

Scranton Photo Studio

20603

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Kellogg, Minn. 55945.

Dear Mr. President and future President to be.

There seems to be a lot on the people that are many miles from us who are starving. And yet no one in Washington seems concern. Whats the reason for this? As a American i demand action on this and if you know what the christian way of doing things is you will agree with me that this is one time we as true Americans will do what God expects us to do.

True you have many problems and dont think that you are alone for there are some people who believe in a strong nation and they relize just what you are going though. And if we do our part by feeding these people who will not give in to the enemy. God will bless us, i know He will all we got to do is give Him the chance. You know God give us the power to gain riches. Now are we just going to waste them on war things or are we going to divide our wealth so we can do our part?

True i know the Vietnam Vietnam war is a big problem and you know what my reaction is on this so need not go over that. And it taking so much money it seems hardy possiable to help feed a nation but keep in mind we are a nation of waste-full people and any good American will agree to this. Now that your term is just about over would it be nice to know that our former president done something that stoped that war were these people are starving and also nice to know that our new president also got on the right foot by craying out the plans you made and made work. Just think future president and former president how good you broth feel if you done something right away. I know God will reward you broth for doing the thing

the good samaritan did, stop and not onely look at the man in need but took him and clean him up and had him taken care of. Now the other two men who pass him by even went on the other side in order to stay clear of him and right now we are no different than these two men who one thought he was a chistian and the other took little notice of chistian ways of life. But do you know that if some thing of little value was there these two men would of stop and wasted ~~thaire-~~ their money and time and got nothing in return. So do we always want to be as these men were like? And this is in the book of ST LUKE chapter IO verses 31 to 38. Read these will you and you will see what i am trying to tell you.

So lets once in our life time do as the good samaritan did. We must help for God has chosen this nation for to be a good guide for all others to try to live by. And He will be with our nation untill the end of time. True there will be no winner in the last great war but we will be the leading power and if God says this dont you think we should show Him our thanks by helping these people who dont even have a garbage can to open up and see if there is some food that someone wasted as is the case in this country somtimes? You see by helping these with food we will not get kicked in the back as those who we try to buy friendship with money and ind return these countries fight against us. If i had but three whishes on this earth and two i will not metion for you would not be interested in tham but one wish i would like and that if need be i be willing to stake my life over there in order to help tham on their feet. So hope to hear what your plans are.

7 1/2

filed E-1  
Economic

DEC 6 1968

Thanksgiving Day 1968

Aldo R. DiNardo  
329 W. 218th.St.  
Torrance, Calif.  
90502

2/8-2

Dear Mr. President Nixon:

My congratulations on your well-earned victory. You started at the bottom and made it to the top!

The Democrats have successfully posed as the "Champion of the working Man" or "A working man has no business voting for a Republican". During your administration you could alter this by a public stand against high interest rates, i.e. "I have not become president to crucify the people on the cross of high interest" or "The Democrats claiming to be the working man's friend raised interest rates to their highest level in a 100 years. We will lower them," or " I do not intend to finance the war by increasing interest rates on the have-nots of this country."

As one who chanted "wait till 64" in the Ambassador ballroom on November 1960, I hope you can make identification with "the people". Because given the slightest chance, the Democrats on the attack in 72 will conveniently forget 66 to 68 and attack you on this very issue!

Present interest policy is distorting our economy and inevitably will be changed. Leading the change and reaping the credit for it instead of appearing to be reluctantly forced into action, will enable the free-enterprise Republican party to repudiate the "Wall Street lackey" label.

With best wishes,

*Aldo R. DiNardo*  
Aldo R. DiNardo

Boyd Belding



DECEMBER 6, 1968 -- VALLEY FORGE, PA.

Five members of Freedoms Foundation's Executive Committee after dedication ceremony in Chapel. We are on the way to the "Credo Monument" to unveil the "seat."

L-R: Dr. Kenneth D. Wells, President; James Copley of Copley Press who unveiled the seat; "Bo" Callaway, Chairman of Trustees who gave a talk in the Chapel on the Pearl Harbor affair; Belding with his hat on, and feeling no pain; William Herbert Carr, soon to retire from California Packing Corp. (he is major stockholder) and give a large portion of his time to Freedoms Foundation.

DECEMBER 1-8

We went over to the garden apartment of Annette and Russ Eller in Park LaBrea around noon on Sunday, the first day of December, had lunch as their guests at the nearby Dublin Restaurant, returned home before 3:00.

LAST OF THE COBALT

Monday found me at the plant by 8:30 a.m. and on my way to the Military Information Center at Sunset and Gower by 9:15.

Cecille Shellenberger, President of the Los Angeles County Women's Division of Freedoms Foundation, and Mrs. Angela Scellars, Ball Chairman, joined me and representatives of Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard in the office of Colonel Herbert L. Wirth (Air Force), to discuss military participation in the February 21st Patriotic Ball. Everything went along well, and by 11:00 we were on our ways to other things and places.

My next stop was the office of Dr. Luis Lombardo, my urologist, then the cobalt place where I was due at noon.

This was my last cobalt treatment, and glad I was that the 60 treatments were over!

INFECTION DEVELOPS

Cobalt saps your energy and weakens body cells. Already an infection had developed in my urethra and the 4-a-day pills had not helped at all. The test showed puss cells but no bladder infection. The answer was a stronger antibiotic which Dr. Lombardo prescribed and I started taking Monday evening.

OFF TO SAN ANTONIO  
TO VISIT GENERAL GUY STANLEY MELOY AND WIFE TERRY

Mrs. B and I were up early Tuesday morning, took Continental's 9:30 a.m. flight to San Antonio after being driven to the airport by Hannah Arnold.

Terry and Stan Meloy met us at San Antonio airport and we were soon at their home talking things over.

I first met Stan when he was in charge of Army Information in the Pentagon.

General Meloy was the Commanding General of United Nations and U.S. Forces in Korea at the time of our DOCA tour in 1962, and Mrs. B and I stayed at his home then. We also visited him when he was in Stuttgart, Germany.

After retiring Meloy worked for Freedoms Foundation in Texas, later handling acquisitions for the Lone Star Brewing Company, the leading beer distributor in Texas. He was also Mayor of the suburban town of Terrell Hills (7,000) where he and his wife lived.

Three years ago Stan was operated on for cancer and the doctors told him they got "all of it." But apparently they didn't and the trouble flared up last summer, recurring in other areas of his body. Cobalt in massive quantities didn't help, edema set in.

Stan is one of those people I feel I have known through all eternity, not just this life. Since solid friendships are very dear to me and I had not seen him for several years, Mrs. B and I have been anxious to visit him and his wife, Terry.

The trip to Valley Forge offered a unique opportunity to stop over in San Antonio for a couple of days, which we did.

#### DINNER IN THE TOWER

Later in the evening the Meloys joined us in our suite at the Hilton Palacio del Rio, after which we went down a couple of floors to call on Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDonald, friends of the Meloys. McDonald is manager of the United Smelting interests in Chihuahua, Mexico.

From here Mrs. B, Terry, Stan and I went over to the Tower Restaurant for a lovely dinner.

This Tower reminded us of the Tower in Stuttgart, Germany and Seattle, Washington. As in Seattle, the restaurant revolves.

The Meloys dropped us at the Hotel around 9:15.

#### VISIT TO THE ALAMO

We had some other joint activities planned for the next day, but Stan had a severe pain develop in his right side during the night and all plans were called off.

So next morning we got up late, visited the Alamo, made some purchases, took a boat ride in the river which runs through the San Antonio business district and Convention Center.

Still playing plans by ear, Terry picked us up at 5:00 p.m., took us for a drive around San Antonio, terminating at the Meloys' home.

Stan was still in his pajamas and bathrobe, but we all had a fine talk until 7:15 p.m. when Terry took us back to the hotel. As we left Stan, we knew he was seriously ill, but didn't realize he had only ten days to live.

DECEMBER 3, 1968 -- SAN ANTONIO



The Meloys and Beldings at San Antonio 11 days before Stan died. We later went to Tower Restaurant for dinner. L-R: Stan's wife, Terry, General Stanley Meloy, U.S. Army, Mrs. B and me.

### ON TO VALLEY FORGE

We were up at 7:00 next morning, had a bite of breakfast in the coffee shop, left the hotel by cab at 8:00.

After phoning Stan goodbye (Terry had gone to a meeting), I left at 9:10 a. m. on Eastern Airlines for Philadelphia, and Mrs. B left at 9:30 on Continental for Los Angeles.

I had to transfer at Atlanta and the new plane had air-conditioning trouble delaying us an hour. So I landed in Philadelphia at 3:30 instead of 2:30 p. m.

Oliver Doan, our Seattle representative, met me, drove me to the President's House at Freedoms Foundation in Valley Forge where I was booked to stay during the time I would be at the Foundation.

### HUNT CLUB DINNER

I was in time to take a nap before going with General and Mrs. Bruce Clark and Ruth and Ken Wells to the Hunt Club where our Trustee, Elizabeth Van Alen and her husband were giving a dinner for the judges who were at the Foundation doing the regular annual judging for the 1968 awards. Incidentally, 19 Chief and Associate Justices of State Courts were there.

This over, we drove back to the Foundation a little apprehensive about Ken's gasoline. The guage showed zero. Ken was counting on that last 4 gallons below the "E" mark, but finally decided to stop and get a few gallons.

### UP AND DOWN NIGHT

All the rooms in the Wells' home as well as both Residence Halls were filled up, which made it a bit tough for me because I still get up every two hours or less during the night. But next day Ruth Wells moved me into the "Eisenhower Suite" and all was well. I had my own bathroom.

### FIRST MEETING

Next morning, after breakfast at the Wells' home, we went over to the Chapel for a meeting of the Executive Committee. Six were present, and we finished in time to have lunch in the "Belding Mess Hall" below at 1:00 p. m.

### SECOND MEETING

At 2:00 p. m. we were in the Frank Knox Building (Medal of Honor Grove) for a meeting of the Trustees chairmanned by "Bo" Callaway of Georgia.

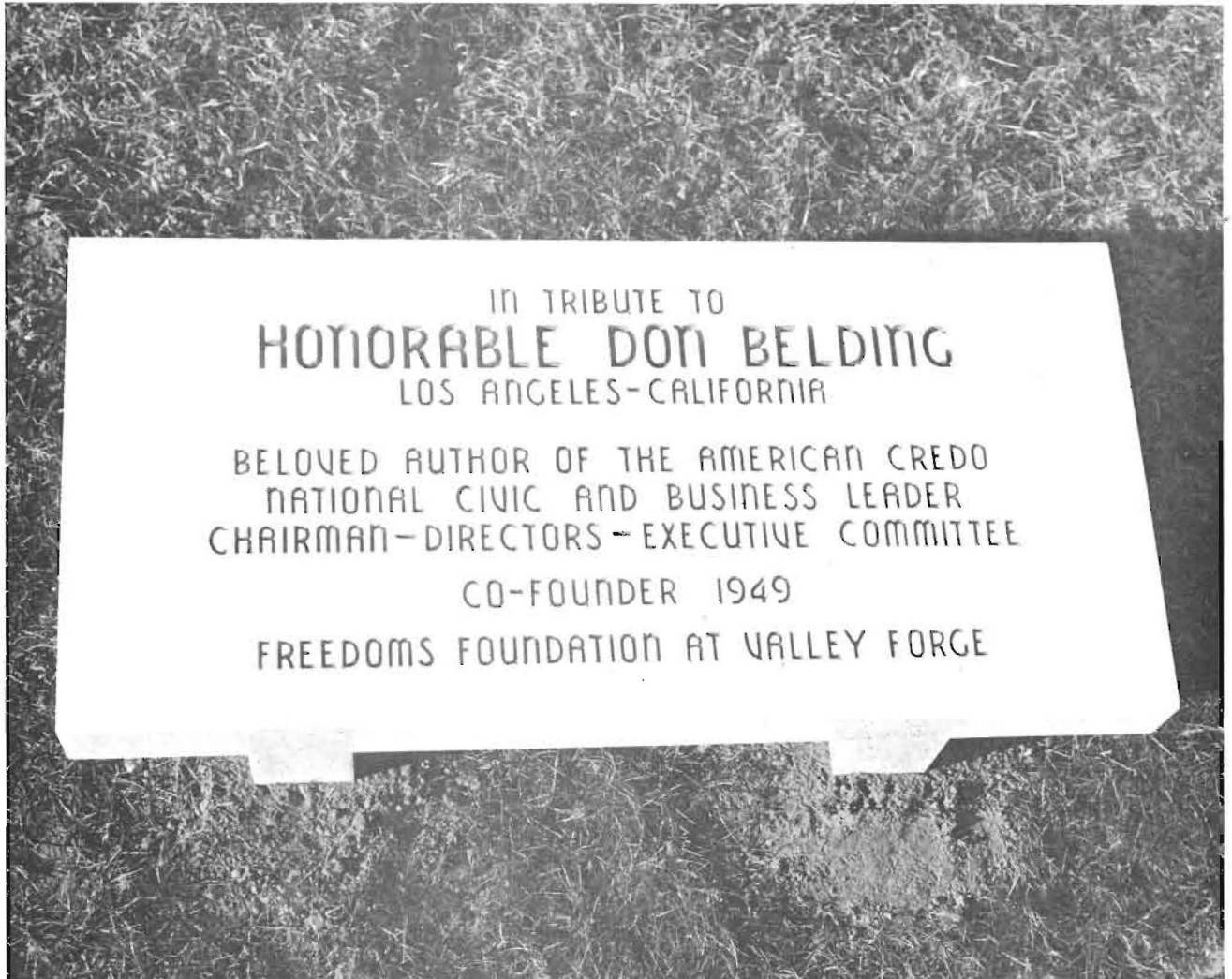
DECEMBER 6, 1968 -- VALLEY FORGE



At the unveiling just after Jim Copley pulled off the plush cover and red, white and blue ribbon.

L-R: (Kneeling) "Bo" Callaway, U-No-Who, Jim Copley. Standing: Arch Madsen of Salt Lake City, President, Bonneville International Corporation, and new member of Executive Committee; Mrs. W. L. VanAlen, Trustee, Edgemont, Penna.; Dr. Lawrence Jones of Piney Woods School, Trustee, who hasn't missed a single Board meeting since he became a member; William Herbert Carr, who has also assumed job of Chairman of the Nominating Committee; Mrs. Ashmead White, Trustee, of Maine.

DECEMBER 6, 1968 - VALLEY FORGE, PENNA.



'A lot of people are going to sit on me during the coming year. Seat is one of four around Credo, two of which were dedicated December 6, 1968 at Valley Forge. The other three are for Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, and the school teacher, Dr. Edith L. Nelson and the Civitan Service Club which paid for the Credo Monument.

This lasted until 5:00 when we gathered at the Wells' home again for cocktails. (I took a nap).

Then we went up the hill for the formal dedication of the "Spirit of '76 Library" given to the Foundation by Mr. and Mrs. Sol Feinstone.

#### THIRD MEETING & SPEECH #1

This was followed by a sit-down dinner at which I was scheduled to accept the Library for the Foundation.

For an acceptance speech I gave the last chapter of the book you have received "The Struggle for Religious Freedom."

Invocation for this affair was given by Reverend Leon Sullivan, the Negro Minister who single-handedly has developed his Opportunities Industrialization Centers (OIC). Without a single cent of government money, this OIC which trains Negroes for jobs is operating in 75 cities with 33,000 trainees in attendance.

#### FOURTH MEETING & SPEECH #2

Next day, after breakfast again at the Wells' home, I went up to the Chapel for the memorial service for the eight Trustees who had died in 1967 and 1968.

"Bo" Callaway read the names, I gave a brief account of their history, then quoted from several of our great authors on the subject of approaching death, winding up with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

#### FIFTH MEETING

We then went to the Martha Washington Building's moving picture room where we heard a lecture by John Brogen who handles all educational activities for the Defense Department. His subject was "What's Happening to our Youth," and he presented it in full illustrated color.

This pictured the sad story of moral decline and drug addiction. State Supreme Court Justices and Chief Justices present gave their rather frank opinion of the five U.S. Supreme Court members who reversed pornographic convictions of 32 states saying, in effect, it's O.K. to illustrate perversion and raw sex. If that is not contributing to the delinquency of minors for those 5 Supreme Court Justices, I don't know what you'd call it!

After this the Trustees met until 12:30, finished with their work, then adjourned for lunch in the "Belding Mess Hall."

DECEMBER 6, 1968 -- VALLEY FORGE



At dedication of Herbert Hoover seat by W. B. (Bill) Camp of Bakersfield, new Trustee and formerly a partner of Herbert Hoover in a farming enterprise. He (with hat on) stands in center with Mrs. Camp.

SIXTH MEETING & SPEECH #3

Then came the Dedication of two of the four seats surrounding the Credo Monument, one for Herbert Hoover, one for me. Being so cold we had the talking part in the chapel.

"Bo" Calloway gave an address on "The Day of Infamy - Dec. 7." Ken Wells gave a flattering testimonial about our 22 year association and I gave a rather feeble ad lib response.

Then we went out to the Monument and Jim Copley of San Diego and Arch Madsen of Salt Lake City, two members of the Executive Committee, pulled off the plush mantle with the wide red, white and blue ribbons which held it. The seat, pictured elsewhere in this Journal reads --

In Tribute to  
HONORABLE DON BELDING  
Los Angeles - California

Beloved Author of the American Credo  
National Civic and Business Leader  
Chairman - Directors - Executive Committee

Co-Founder 1949  
FREEDOMS FOUNDATION AT VALLEY FORGE

\* \* \*

Then our new Director, Bill Camp of Bakersfield did the same for the seat dedicated to Herbert Hoover. Bill was a friend of Hoover's and at one time they were partners in a ranching venture.

ON TO NEW YORK

Through here, I got in our New York Vice President C. J. Proud's car, stopped at Wells' house to get my bags and headed for New York where Jim dropped me at the Barclay at 6:00 p. m.

I had a \$2.50 dinner for \$9.00 at the hotel, called the Gills and the Peales, couldn't reach either, so turned in early.

WRONG ADDRESS

Next morning after breakfast, I took a cab to what I thought was the New York address of a friend of mine, but it turned out he lived on 77th St., not 71st St.

I continued on to Marble Collegiate Church, found that Peale was still ill at his country place near Pauling, New York, would not preach. I did have a nice chat with Rev. H. G. Teusink with whom I had lunch in Boston in November.

Back at the hotel, I got a call from my wrong-address friend, cabbed up to his apartment, spent 45 minutes there, then went back to the Barclay and checked out.

#### HOME VIA GREAT NECK

When Jim Proud dropped me at the hotel the night before, I left all my papers on the front seat. So I got a cabbie who knew Great Neck, drove there and got my stuff before going on to Idlewild Airport where I took American's Flight 37 for Los Angeles.

The flight was uneventful, the movie rather dull, and my seat companion was a chain smoker.

I took a cab after waiting 30 minutes for my bags -- got home shortly before 6:00 p. m.

#### DECEMBER 9-15

#### BOARD MEETING

Working at home, I spent the entire day Monday getting caught up with correspondence. It seems that when I am away one week, so many things pile up.

I went by the office Tuesday morning and left a lot of work with Dolores, then took some things to the bank, dropped by the cobalt place to pay my bill so it could start its course through the Medicare procedures. As of the moment, they are now 3 months behind in payments.

Then at 11:45 I was at the American Room in the Brown Derby for the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles County Society of Crippled Children. We had a long agenda, but by pressing along we finished at the regular time - 1:30 p. m.

I returned via the plant, signed my letters and picked up other mail which had arrived in the meantime.

#### LOST & FOUND

Next morning, Wednesday, I stopped by the office, then went over to Don's Body Shop for the final touches on my Chrysler. Sometime ago I lost a nice telephone directory and address book which Dolores had worked up for me. Well, as I drove up to the Body Shop, I had to stop quick, and lo and behold! out popped the address book from under my seat. I hadn't lost it at all. I had been sitting on it for three months.

DECEMBER 6, 1968 -- VALLEY FORGE



Another view of Credo Monument. Location of my "seat" shows in lower left-hand corner.

MEETING AT POMONA

I was picked up here and taken to the Crippled Children's Society, then at 11:00 a.m. Jack Lear and I left for Pomona. We had lunch with the Pomona Citizens Committee we are utilizing in preparation for the construction of a Crippled Children's Center in that area. The architects gave us a briefing on the plans which were approved. Next they will draw final plans and make a model. We should be under construction by May of next year.

BACTERIA SHOWS UP

Back in Los Angeles I dropped by Dr. Lombardo's office for a "sample." As mentioned before, I had been having pain in the lower region which was diagnosed as a low-grade infection. But on the last check, bacteria showed up and a culture had to be made to find what kind of bacteria was gnawing away at me.

From here we went back to the office on Argyle and Madeleine Schnieders drove me back to the Body Shop where I got my car and went on home. With my car now de-dented, I drove up our driveway and promptly ran into a tree, denting the front of the car.

A MINOR OPERATION

I spent a couple of hours at the office Thursday morning. My son and daughter-in-law came up with some pottery from Genevieve Golsh and the usual package of eggs, avocados, and other farm produce.

Then at 2:00, Mrs. B and I went down to Foote, Cone & Belding to pick up some goodies we had ordered for Christmas, then over to Dr. Tyler's office to have a polyp removed from you-know-where.

Fortunately, it had not grown in six months, so he burned it off, told me to come back in a month, since it takes that long to completely heal.

LUNCH WITH DOROTHY AND GENERAL HAROLD JOHNSON,  
KITTY AND GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY

During this week General Harold Johnson, who recently retired as Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, had been making speeches to youth in the Claremont area. I had been in touch with him and invited him down to the California Club for lunch Thursday at 1:00 p.m.

The traffic was horrible, and it was almost 1:30 p.m. before we actually got together in the Ladies Dining Room. I had invited General of the Army Omar N. Bradley and his wife, Kitty, to join us, but they were tied up in a script conference, so we made an arrangement to drop by their house next day.

DECEMBER 6, 1968 -- VALLEY FORGE



Just before I accepted "Spirit of '76" Library for the Foundation from Sol and Mrs. Feinstone of Washington Crossing, Penna. Subject of my talk was last chapter of "Our Religious Heritage" which you have received -- "The Fight for Religious Freedom."

DEATH OF GENERAL MELOY

The Johnsons and Mrs. B and I met at the Bel Air Sands around 11:30 Saturday, then leaving their car at the Sands, we drove over to the Bradley's home in Truesdale Estates. The Bradleys had arranged luncheon for the six of us and we sat down at exactly 1:00 p. m.

Four minutes later in San Antonio, General Meloy died, but the wire announcing his death did not arrive at our home until 11:00 p. m. Saturday night.

After lunch at the Bradleys we chatted for awhile, took some pictures, then took the Johnsons back to their car. They left immediately for Fort Ord, their first stop on their way to San Francisco.

I worked all day Sunday at my typewriter, getting things in order for the next week, during which I hoped the doctors would definitely locate the cause of my new groin pain.

Also, the books were off the press Monday and I hoped to have them all in the mail by Tuesday night.

DECEMBER 16-22

WORKING ON THE PAIN

I was scheduled as a judge in an Arbitration Case all day Monday, but the case was postponed, so I went by the office in the morning, the Crippled Children's Society later, the bank at 2:30 p. m., and at 3:30 to Dr. Lombardo's office to see what is causing my new groin pain.

He decided to put me in the hospital later in the week for a complete examination.

MY SKIN O. K.

On Tuesday after a stop at the office I went to the cobalt place for a skin examination. It seems no harm was done to the skin by my 60 cobalt treatments.

From the cobalt place, I went to Foote, Cone & Belding for a lengthy talk with Robert Koretz who has just retired from our Chicago office, and who is doing a History of Foote, Cone & Belding.

Then, after lunch, I went by the printers and picked up 1,000 copies of my book, returned home.

MRS. B GETS HONG KONG FLU

By now Mrs. B was in bed with the Hong Kong flu with a high fever. So Hannah and I, assisted by Jack Lear who came over later, stuffed 600 books

into envelopes and got them ready for mailing.

Next morning I dropped the books off at the plant so the mailing department could put them through the postage meter, then went back home.

#### DEATH IN DOLORES' FAMILY

Dolores Peterson's 1-year-old grandson had died Sunday, so naturally she was not in the office Monday through Wednesday when the funeral was held. So I hired Mrs. B's secretary, Cheryl Casler, for a day.

We went over to Pacific Palisades and did some Xmas shopping, she wrapped the presents at home, did about 20 letters for me.

#### TWO HOUR TAPING

Dolores was in Thursday, so I went by the plant early, gave her a bunch of letters, then went to Freedoms Foundation to attend a session where John Stearns, producer of "Youth and the Police" and "Agriculture, U.S.A." and the women were having a meeting about a new youth show which sounded very good.

From 11:00 a.m. for 2 hours I taped answers to questions which Bob Koretz put to me about the business when I was active. We later had lunch at the old Town House nearby.

#### BACK TO THE HOSPITAL

We then drove to the hospital of the Good Samaritan where Bob helped me with my bags, then took a cab to the airport for a flight to Tucson.

I checked in, the lab drew a lot of blood for tests Dr. Lombardo had ordered, checked into Room 830, wrote captions to this Journals pictures, and brought this Journal up-to-date.

#### THE EXPLORATORY

Dr. Lombardo came by around 4:30 and we had a chat. An "exploratory" was set for 10:30 Friday morning. Purpose was to find out what was causing the new pain in my groin.

I ate a big dinner, went to sleep around 8:30, and by taking aspirin twice during the night, slept well in four-hour stretches. I refused a sleeping pill.

Next morning the nurses started in on me at 5:30 a.m. for temperature, pulse and blood pressure. It seemed as if they were doing this about every hour until I went down to surgery at 10:30 a.m.

I woke up at 1:00 p. m. in the Recovery Room. A beatnick with long hair was in the next bed but hadn't wakened yet.

A big bottle was hanging above my bed and the glucose it contained was being fed into my right arm.

Back in my room, I still felt weak and half asleep, but soon found that the plumbing seemed to work O. K.

#### CULPRIT WAS SCAR TISSUE

Mrs. B phoned me at 2:00 to tell me she had talked with Dr. Lombardo. There was no sign of the cancer, but the trouble was a lot of scar tissue caused by the cobalt irritation.

Don and Grace came by at 4:30, having driven up from Escondido just to see me.

Dinner this night was a bowl of tomato soup, a cup of tea and a dish of Jello. I vomited the soup (a result of the anesthetic which was vein fed), but I took on the rest plus fruit juices and cocoa which I ordered extra.

By 8:00 p. m. I was ready for slumberland again, and quickly dozed off.

I woke up at 11:30 & found I couldn't void except a few drops. Again the bladder neck was swelling shut. This went on all night with more and more liquid in my bladder. I took two sitz baths, but this helped little.

Dr. Lombardo came by at 7:30 a. m. and finally got a catheter past the bladder neck. Then all pain disappeared and I felt completely normal except for the catheter.

We decided that I would stay in the hospital until Monday morning. He would remove the catheter early, and if everything was working normally I could then go home.

So I relaxed, ordered a TV set for my room, made several phone calls.

This night I slept better than anytime in weeks -- with the help of a hypo and two Bufferin. The head nurse on this floor is a wonderful person, was determined I have a relaxed night. Between breaks, she came and changed my bedclothes since I generally sweat a good deal at night.

Next morning (Sunday) was the regular routine. Temperature, pulse and blood pressure at 6:00 a. m. Then a bath in bed, change of bedclothes,

breakfast. I got out of bed for breakfast and like a boob stumbled over the catheter bag, pulling hard on the tube and scaring me a bit because blood showed.

Then I worked the crossword puzzles, finishing up about the time Dr. Lombardo showed up to see how I was doing.

You have to hand it to these doctors. Lombardo was up three times in the night during this past week, then with surgery in the morning and a long line of patients in the afternoon, he seldom finishes before 7:30 p.m. after which he visits patients operated on and those set up for the next day.

He felt sure my plumbing would work and I could go home Monday morning.

Barbara and Jerry and their two children came by in the afternoon.

I watched FBI on television and closed out for the night at 9:00 p.m. with a hypo.

DECEMBER 23-29

BACK HOME

Dr. Lombardo was on hand early Monday morning to remove the catheter, and by 10:00 a.m. I knew that I could go home without fear of another block.

A man from the Crippled Children's Society came by early, took some material over to Dolores and picked up some there to take back to the Crippled Children's Society.

Then at 10:30, Jack Lear came by to pick me up. I checked out, was run in a wheel chair to the business office to get my valuables, then out the back entrance which was nearest to the garage where my car had been standing since the previous Thursday when I came in.

Jack got me home by 11:30. I was amazed to note that I was about 7 pounds lighter than when I left the house on Thursday before, probably due to the nausea from the anesthetic and just not eating much.

HONG KONG FLU

Also found Mrs. B still in bed with the Hong Kong flu. She was really bushed.

I laid around all day not able to do much.

Next day I got up enough gumption to go down to the office and take care of a few matters before returning home late in the morning.

DECEMBER 14, 1968



Saturday, December 14th at the home of General of the Army and Mrs. Omar N. Bradley who hosted lunch for General Harold L. Johnson, recently retired Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army.

L-R: Mrs. B, General of the Army Omar Bradley, Kitty Bradley, General Johnson, Dorothy Johnson, and me with my white coat.

### WHAT A CHRISTMAS !

This evening after dinner and before Hannah left for her own Christmas, we opened our presents with about as much enthusiasm as a Chelone turtle running a 100 yard dash. It wasn't that we didn't appreciate the presents, we were both just too exhausted.

With rain pouring down most of the time Christmas Day was much of the same. We just alternated between sleeping, reading, and staring at the ceiling. By evening, though, we got up enough energy to play a game of Dominos and warm up a dinner.

I went to the office Thursday morning, got several letters off my chest, some phone calls attended to.

About 12:30 my son and his family arrived from Escondido, so we had a delayed Christmas opening of presents, lunch later at the house. My granddaughter Anita was along, said Grace for our delayed Christmas Dinner.

### BRONCHITIS FOR MRS. B

Mrs. B's condition was not improving, so we called the doctor to the house and he came by around 5:00 p.m. It turned out that her trouble had turned into bronchitis and he supplied medication for that.

Friday found me a little more agile. After a couple of hours at the office, I went by the Good Samaritan Hospital to get the overcoat I left there the week before. Then I went down to the Statler Barber Shop and got "the works."

As I went in there was a big argument going on between the manager and one of the manicurists. She wanted to go home because the air-conditioning was too cold. She finally made her point stick, but I guess she won't be around there long. Both bootblacks were out with the flu.

From here I went to the bank, then to the California Club for a routine lunch, a look at the London Illustrated Review, and a short catnap in the library.

Mrs. B was still in a bad way with her bronchitis left over from the Hong Kong flu. Coughing most of the time, she was in no mood of happiness.

### THIRD EXCHANGE OF PRESENTS

My daughter, Barbara, and her family came up on Saturday morning for the usual exchange of Christmas presents, then with the exception of Mrs. B (still in her bathrobe), we all went over with them to the Village for lunch at our Chinese Restaurant.

On Sunday I watched the Baltimore-Cleveland NFL game on television, glad that I lived in California and not where temperatures get down to Zero and slightly above. It's a wonder more people don't move to California!

Monday morning, Mrs. B seemed a little better and was beginning to head out of the woods. But we still wondered whether to call off our "Twelfth Night" party set for January 6th. With many friends coming, it just might be too much for Mrs. B. We decided to wait until I got the word from my urologist about what and when he was going to do something about the scar tissue which had hardened as a result of the irradiation from the cobalt.

DECEMBER 29-31

LOT LINE PROGRESS

So I went to the plant for a couple of hours, then over to the office of LaFollette and Johnson with our reply to a proposal made by the neighbor which might settle our lot line differences. This was made as a result of a request of mine that we turn the matter over to an arbitrator and both agree to accept his decision in advance. We'll see what happens next.

From here I went over to the Crippled Children's Society on Argyle, later had lunch with Jack Lear at the Brown Derby Coffee Shop. Our new building at Franklin and LaBrea is coming along fine now and we will be able to move in on February 1st.

DOCTOR'S DECISION

Doctor Lombardo called in the late hours Monday with the following result: I will now start a series of dilation treatments to counteract the scar tissue congestion at the bladder neck caused by the irradiation. This he feels will solve the problem.

I went to the office Tuesday morning, turning over final copy for the Journal to Dolores. Then I went on to the bank and to Freedoms Foundation, returned home at 2:00 p.m., spent the afternoon closing my books for 1968.

\* \* \*

In 1922 I spent 11 months in a military hospital getting over moderately advanced tuberculosis. 1968 was my worst health year since that time. During the year I experienced the following:

Went under anesthesia 4 times.

Underwent an emergency operation to open my bladder neck which had been completely blocked.

Suffered cancer of the urethra but overcame it with 22 cobalt treatments.

Took 38 more cobalt treatments on the lymph nodes below my waist, 19 on each side.

But during the year I continued my work as Chairman of the Executive Committee of Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge; Chairman, Law Enforcement and Its Needs; Vice Chairman of the Arthritis Foundation; Chancellor of the Society of St. Brigitte; President of the Los Angeles Society of Crippled Children; and was elected President of the California State Easter Seal Society for Crippled Children and Adults.

In addition to this I was on two Boards of Directors and was Consultant to Eversharp, Inc.

\* \* \*

Mrs. B had breast surgery in January, then in February, due to a laboratory error and a doctor's failure to recheck the lab report, began bleeding internally (kidneys), and passed 11 blood clots before recovery.

Then in December, one of our best friends, General Stanley Meloy, died in San Antonio.

It was a rough but busy year for both of us.

Total mileage in December -- 7,600.

Total mileage for the year -- 80,350 -- about 25,000 miles short of my average over the past five years.

So from Mrs. B and myself, to all of you, here's a wish for a

HEALTHY, PROSPEROUS & HAPPY NEW YEAR !

\* \* \*

## EDITORIAL KNX NEWSRADIO

Subject: Education is Wonderful !

Broadcast: November 20, 1968  
8:15AM, 12:15, 6:15, 10:15PM  
KNX, KNX-FM

Today's education is wonderful! It has taught us how bad yesterday's education was.

Under yesterday's education, our minds were cluttered up with some silly ideas about academic freedom in schools. We thought it was the right to seek and to speak the truth. And, to do it without fear of physical violence or reprisal.

Obviously, this is nonsense. Today, we have a modern viewpoint of academic freedom. Under this up-to-date definition, academic freedom is bursting into classrooms and terrorizing teachers and students. Academic freedom is kidnapping college administrators. Academic freedom is destroying school equipment and priceless books and files. Academic freedom is throwing fire bombs. Academic freedom is using filthy language and inciting people to riot. Academic freedom is letting a few dissidents close down a college serving 18,000 students. Academic freedom is praising hoodlums. Academic freedom is violence, lawlessness, and destruction followed by demands that no one be punished for these crimes.

In the opinion of KNX, the main cause of this new academic freedom of terror and violence is the apathy of the majority. The vast percentage of students, faculty, and citizens in general have sat on their hands while the swaggering bully-boys have taken over the campus.

Something that modern education apparently has not taught is that freedom is never given. It must be earned and defended. If this generation wants academic freedom, it had better start earning and defending it before it's too late.

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(This is one of a continuing series of KNX Radio editorials on topics of vital interest to the community. Responsible representatives of opposing viewpoints are given the opportunity to reply on the air. George Nicholaw, Vice President, CBS Radio Division/General Manager, KNX Radio)

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IC-13

Re increase for Pres.

9225 Priscilla Ave,  
Downey California.  
Dec. 6th 69 90242

*file*

Dear Mr. Nixon

I see the great Society through Mr. Johnson is going to propose A raise in Salary for you something like \$200 000 a year Also a high raise for Congress.

It seems to me it would cast a reflection on your administration. You know the poverty . Program launched by Johnson was not very well taken care of, And for the rulers of the land - to have their salaries raised to that extent, How can they talk about Poverty ?

How would Tax payers respond to that kind of a deal,?

I, am a Republican and hope this administration will get us back where we can all live . in peace and prosperity.

I congratulate you on obtaining your goal , I believe what you learned when you were Vice President will help you a great deal My Prayers are with you .

I, am an old retired Mail carrier our income is nt too much but we better off than those -- poor boys on battle front.

*c/52*