

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

recommends rehabilitation and the Secretary of the Army accepts its finding, the American Legion plans to have the body taken to Montana and reburied with all military honors in the national cemetery at the site of Custer's Last Stand. There, at long last, Maj. Marcus Reno would join forces with the fabled men of the old Seventh Cavalry.

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

Northern Hospitality

Sojourner George C. Wallace flew north once again last week, this time to New England, and after bouncing off his chartered Convair at Concord, N.H., the Presidential hopeful said he was still undecided whether to try his luck in the state's primary. For the moment, the assistant governor of Alabama insisted he had brought his campaign team to New Hampshire mainly "to put our ear to the ground." As it turned out, the little ex-governor got an earful.

Screaming, hissing, stomping and cursing, hecklers at Dartmouth College stirred up one of the nastiest protests that Wallace has yet encountered on his northern forays—more bitter by far than the demonstration he met a week earlier in Syracuse (NEWSWEEK, May 8), and more unruly, said Dartmouth observers, than any disorder on that usually staid campus in the last generation.

Virtual pandemonium broke out in Dartmouth College auditorium as soon as Wallace—the invited guest of The Daily Dartmouth editors—took his place behind the podium. Sarcastic banners waved wildly ("George, can you walk on water too?"), and students—led by members of the Afro-American Society—set up an incessant rumbly chant: "Wallace is a racist . . . Wallace is a racist." Wallace tried to speak during the lulls. But nearly everything he said drew gibes.

Hustled Off: The demonstration reached a near-riotous peak when roughly a score of sign-bearing protesters marched menacingly down the aisle toward the stage—heralded by a voice yelling from the balcony: "They're coming to lynch you, Wallace!" The group was intercepted by university cops while Wallace was hustled off the stage by his own bodyguards.

Later, outside, hundreds of students surrounded Wallace's car, rocked it and dented the roof. With Wallace trapped inside, it took the police half an hour to clear a path for the automobile through a milling throng of 2,000.

Dartmouth officials could scarcely have been more embarrassed. Dean Thaddeus Seymour immediately wired apologies. Wallace himself wrote off the Dartmouth experience with a wry remark. "Academic freedom like that," he said, "can get you killed."



District Attorney Garrison: Who were the real plotters in New Orleans?

DI 8475

THE JFK 'CONSPIRACY'

What lies behind New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's increasingly notorious investigation of a "plot" to kill John F. Kennedy? To find out, NEWSWEEK sent a veteran reporter, who covered the assassination and its aftermath, to New Orleans for five weeks. His account follows.

by Hugh Aynesworth

Jim Garrison is right. There has been a conspiracy in New Orleans—but it is a plot of Garrison's own making. It is a scheme to concoct a fantastic "solution" to the death of John F. Kennedy, and to make it stick; in this cause, the district attorney and his staff have been indirect parties to the death of one man and have humiliated, harassed and financially gutted several others.

Indeed, Garrison's tactics have been even more questionable than his case. I have evidence that one of the strapping D.A.'s investigators offered an unwilling "witness" \$3,000 and a job with an airline—if only he would "fill in the facts" of an alleged meeting to plot the death of the President. I also know that when the D.A.'s office learned that this entire bribery attempt had been tape-recorded, two of Garrison's men returned to the "witness" and, he says, threatened him with physical harm.

Another man who spent many hours with District Attorney Garrison in a vain attempt to dissuade him from his assassination-conspiracy theory has twice been threatened—once by one of the D.A.'s own "witnesses," the second time by Garrison himself. Others—Cuban exiles, convicts, drug addicts, homosexuals,

bums—have been hounded in more subtle ways. For most of Garrison's victims are extremely vulnerable men. Some are already paying for their vulnerability. Chief among them is Clay L. Shaw, the New Orleans businessman-socialite, who now faces trial on a charge of conspiring to kill the President.

How did it all begin?

Garrison first became earnestly interested in the Kennedy assassination when he and Louisiana Sen. Russell Long rode side by side on an airplane bound for New York. Long said he had never actually believed the Warren commission report, that he still had doubts. Garrison later told me that he immediately decided that if such an important man thought there was something odd about the case, it was time to start digging.

Cleanup: Garrison is known in New Orleans as a smart operator, a bit unorthodox, but nobody's fool. He made his name by cleaning up his old haunt—the French Quarter—and putting a temporary halt to B-girl practices and lewd dancing in its gaudy strip joints. Later, he amazed the whole city by accusing eight criminal judges of taking too many days off and of winking at Mafia activity. But although the judges sued him for libel, Garrison's right to criticize the judiciary was finally upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court. Thus, when he first announced his "conspiracy" case, most New Orleanians believed that "Big Jim must have something."

What Garrison had to start with was a colorfully pathetic "suspect" named David Ferrie. A onetime airline pilot, Ferrie had been questioned shortly after the