NATIONAL AFFAIRS

recommends rebabilitation 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 look 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 mir ear to the ground." As it turned out, the little exgovernor got an earful.

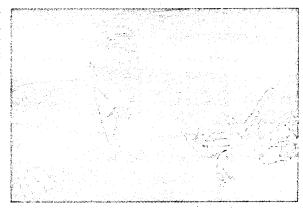
Screaming, hissing, stomping and cussing, hecklers at Dartmonth College stirred up one of the nastiest protests that Wallace has yet encountered on his northern forays—more bitter by far than the demonstration he met a week earlier in Syracuse (Newsweek, May 8), and more inruly, said Dartmonth observers,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

Virtual pandemonium broke out in Dartmouth College auditorium as soon as Walluce—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 increassant rumbling chant: "Wallace is a racist." Wallace is a racist. "Wallace to speak during the fulls. 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 consing to lynch you, Wallace!" The group was intercepted by university cops while Wallace was hustled off the stage by his own bodygands.

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

Dartmouth officials could scarcely have been more embarrassed. Dean Thaddous Seymour immediately wired appliages. Wallace himself wrote off the Dartmouth experience with a my temark. "Academic freedom like that," be said, "can get you killed."



District Attorney Garrison: Who were the real plotters in New Orleans? $\ll 3^{6-\eta/4}$

THE JFK 'CONSPIRACY

What lies behind New Orleans Disrict Attorney Jim Carrison's increasingly notorious investigation of a "plot" to kill John F. Kennedly To find out, Newsweek sent a vestrom 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 funtastic "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, barassed and financially gutted several others.

Indeed, Carrison'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 tob with an airline—if only he would "fill in the facts" of an alleged meeting to plot the death of the Prestident. I also know that when the D.A.'s office learned that this entire hithery latength had been tape-recorded, two of Carrison's men returned in the "witness" and, he says, threatened him with physical harm.

Another man who spent many hours with District Attorney Garrhoot in a wait attempt to dissuade him from his assistantion-conspiracy theory has twice been directened—nine by one of the D.A.'s own "winesses," the second time by Carrhoo himself, Others—Coban enties, convicts, drug addiets, honost kunk,

bums—have been hounded in more subtle ways. For most of Garrison's victims are extremely voluciable men. Some are already paying for their vulnerability. Chief among them is Clay L. Staw, 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 earmestly interested in the Kennedy assassination when he and Louisiana Sen. Russeil Long rede side by side on an nirplane 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: Carrison is known in New Orleans as a smart operator, a hit unorthodox, but nobody's fool. He made his name by cleaning up his old hauntthe French Quarter-and putting a temporary halt to B-girl practices and lewd dancing in its gaurly strip joints. Later, he anazed the whole city by accusing eight criminal judges of taking too away days off and of winking at Mafia activity. But although the judges sued him for libel, Carrison's right to criticize the indictary was finally upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court. Thus, when he first annonneed his "conspiracy" case, most New Orleanians believed that "Big Jim must have something.

What Garrison had to start with was a coloriully pathetic "suspect" numed David Ferrie. A onetime airline pilot, Ferrie had been questioned shortly after the LSG Newsweek, May 15, 1967