

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

## Shaw Paces and Smokes as Judges Ponder Case

By PAUL ATKINSON

How does a person act waiting to hear if a three-judge panel thinks there is sufficient evidence to bind him over on a charge of conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy?

Clay L. Shaw took a 34-minute interval Friday afternoon with little show of emotion, but plenty of cigarettes and aimless pacing in the courtroom of Criminal Court Judge Bernard J. Bagert.

Judges Bagert, Malcolm V. O'Hara and Matthew S. Braniff retired from the courtroom at 5:07 p. m. to decide this question.

Shaw at first stood and talked with a criminal sheriff's deputy.

### EXPRESSION GRIM

Tall, white-haired, Shaw looked as though the gruelling four-day hearing was at last taking its toll. Bags hung under his eyes; and his expression was grim, almost as if he were looking right past the deputy.

Someone at the press table remarked, out of Shaw's hearing, "Gee, what a way to spend a birthday." Shaw was 54 Friday.

Minutes ticked by. A murmur picked up; and Criminal Sheriff Louis A. Heyd Jr. shouted out, "Keep it a little quiet in the courtroom, please!"

Shaw looked at change in his pocket.

Without a cigarette for at least two minutes, Shaw took one out of a pack and lit it. A puff of smoke went up by his face.

A reporter gathered up in the tension of the moment, said, "You don't know up to the last minute, do you?" He looked up at an antique clock in the rear of the courtroom. It was now 5:29 p. m.

"Sheriff," a court attache called out. Heyd ducked into an anteroom.

Shaw's cigarette burned furiously as he held it deftly in his hand. He looked at his watch.

Heyd returned to the courtroom and conferred with Shaw's defense attorney F. Irvin Dymond.

Shaw stood off to the side and briefly looked at the press table. He moved a chair.

The defendant called a deputy over and asked for a glass of water. The deputy went out of the room and returned swiftly with water.

Now Shaw had the cup of water and cigarette in the

same hand. He took a swig of water.

Quiet, clear the outside" said Heyd. A reporter noticed it was 5:36 p. m.

Shaw took his seat at the ornate table. His feet rested on plush red carpeting.

The courtroom grew deathly silent, except for the constant whir of an air-conditioning unit and an occasional cough by a spectator.

Shaw put his cigarette down and took some water. He folded his hands while smoke rose up from the ash tray.

Now the cigarette was in his hand again, and he took one last drag off it.

Shaw took up the glass and drank a swallow. Moments later, he leaned over to ask one of his defense attorneys, Edward Wegmann, a question.

The conversation was brief, and then he was looking straight ahead at the empty judge's area.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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The Times-Picayune  
New Orleans, La.

Date: 3-18-67

Edition:

Author:

Editor:

Title: ASSASSINATION OF  
PRESIDENT JOHN F.  
KENNEDY 11/22/63

Character:

or

Classification: 89-  
Submitting Office: H.O.

Being Investigated

6

410

He pulled out another cigarette and lit it. Shaw leaned on the arm of his chair, the cigarette in his right hand.

Suddenly, there was a hush of anticipation. The judges came out of Judge Bagert's quarters, first Bagert, then O'Hara, then Braniff. It was now 5:41 p.m.

Shaw continued to look straight ahead.

Bagert poured a glass of water. He commenced. "There will be no shouts, cries or outbursts; I don't want anyone running out of here."

Then Bagert read the decision. There was no emotion on Shaw's face.

Quickly, Bagert and his two fellow judges, O'Hara and Braniff, were gone.

Shaw stood up. His attorneys offered condolences.

Heyd said something to Shaw, and Shaw smiled wanly.

After a few minutes of waiting for an official copy of the decision of the court, Shaw's attorneys were ready to go. The attorneys, Heyd and some of his deputies and Shaw disappeared behind the judge's bench.

Down the long hall of the Criminal Courts building, a reporter asked Dist. Atty. Jim Garrison for a comment. "The judges have made the statement," he replied. "Is there anything else to say?"

Outside in the Parish Prison courtyard, Shaw and his attorneys piled into a car and drove off.



ADMIRING THE SHILLELAGH on St. Patrick's Day are the newly elected leaders of the Celtic Club of New Orleans Friday night at Delmonico's Restaurant. They are Mike M. Burke, president-elect (left), and James G. Burke Jr., president. Others chosen for the 1967-1968 term are Robert Ryan, vice-president; M. M. Maxwell, secretary; John E. Jackson Jr., treasurer; Jack M. Gordon, sergeant-at-arms, and James T. Patterson, official bagpiper.