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IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF OXFORD, SAYS THE GENERAL KENNEDY JAILED

DALLAS, Wednesday.

TEXAS is 267,339 square miles of the unexpected; scarlet canyons, rolling sandhills, Panhandle plains, the Caverns of Sonora, mile-high mountains, tropical beaches, 20 million acres of pinewoods. All nature is here, in this vast strange tumultuous state that is named from the Indian word Tejas — meaning friendly.

The Texan is as unexpected as his country; he may do anything or say anything, but don't try to understand him too quickly. This is the land of the individual. To the

Texan nothing is impossible or improbable—imagine a people who call their towns Telephone, Topsy, and Good-night

Texans have no past but their Texas past. A favourite story hereabouts is of four cow-punchers sitting around a camp fire. Said one: "Let's all tell where we are from and why." Three guns spoke as one and then there were three cow-punchers sitting around the camp fire.

I called on Texas's most controversial figure, who now lives in Dallas. Edwin Walker, the right-wing army general who President Kennedy jailed and placed in a Federal home for the criminally insane. Walker lives in a rented house in the suburbs. He is not married.

He is tall and handsome-looking like a cross between Lord

Bath and Elliot Roosevelt. On the fourth fingers of both hands he wore heavy rings. A young man with the stiff courage of a budding rightist leader, who told me that he came from Phoenix — Barry Goldwater's home—waited upon Walker, not as a servant, but a friend.

He brought us coffee and cream-filled biscuits and referred to their television set as "the booby box." Walker does not live in splendour, although he has just won a half-million dollars libel suit and tells me he is fighting for five million dollars damages from other sources. A portrait of his mother dominates the room, a strong, handsome-looking woman in a shocking-pink dress.

Walker started on his favourite subject, the United Nations.

"The United Nations is a bunch of malarkey. There have been 25 wars since the Charter was signed and it's prevented us from having what we should have had, a council of free nations. The UN is simply a front for global conquests. We'll never know how many people have been killed and poisoned working in that building.

"I suppose you know that the order to integrate the United States came from the United Nations?" Walker talks with the rapidity of a shot-gun and I was suddenly reminded that this man sitting here with the wild blue eyes was the man of whom General Maxwell Taylor had said: "If I had to take a mountain, I'd get Walker to take it."

WRONG SIDE

He went on: "As for Sukarno, we Americans are on the wrong side; and the Russians have got us into the situation they want, an escalating war in the Far East. And we ruined our British over Suez. It was our influence that upset it all."

I asked the General what he felt was the underlying cause for the confusion in the world today. He raised his hands. "Oxford," he answered, without a moment's hesitation. "It's all Oxford." I remembered that General Walker had been arrested at Oxford, Mississippi, and listened in wonder as he went on: "Rhodes Scholars have caused all this trouble. Men that think like Senator Fulbright, these one-worlders. Oxford influence. You know they're wrong; you must have balance of power. You have it in the home, you have it in the family, you have it in business, you've always had it in politics; you just can't have Oxford's one world."

I asked General Walker what he thought of General de Gaulle.

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GENERAL WALKER: A Texan who can take a mountain.

"I don't like the way he handled his generals in jail," he answered.

"Look out for Mateos of Mexico recognizing Mao Tse-tung. We have hundreds of miles of border with Mexico; and that's going to be our next problem."

I asked Walker what he thought of our independent nuclear deterrent. "Everybody better get their independent deterrent now. America's playing politics with the button." The General had short comment on the Warren Report—he was also shot at by Oswald. "They sent a hundred copies of the report to the Soviet Union, and not one copy to me. One thing the report shows at least is that Lee Oswald knew a damn sight more about Communism than Chief Justice Earl Warren." He showed me the shot that missed. Oswald, the master shot, had aimed at a sitting duck—for Walker was working at his desk by night when the shot came. The bullet hit the wood of the window, and then the wall behind his desk.

EXCITED

"The neighbours say they saw two men running off and jumping into a car after the shooting," he said.

General Walker, the general without an army, gets most excited when he talks of guerrilla training. "You know I can make a guerrilla out of any American soldier in just three months."

"What makes a good guerrilla?" I asked.

"Well," said Walker, his eyes lighting up with joy, "he must be physically fit, alert, attuned to killing by the quietest methods and used to killing, both individually and in groups. Also he must have a psychological understanding of his enemy." The young man from Phoenix watched Walker like a hypnotised rabbit. "Let me give you my pamphlet on the law of the land. You realise Kennedy put me in prison for six days in Oxford; and then in a criminally insane asylum after I'd served 30 years in the American army?"

PROFILE

I looked at the proud general with the brilliant blue eyes and beautiful classical profile. Neither time nor circumstance would ever make him forget or forgive the indignities he suffered in Oxford, Mississippi. Raised to racial hate, and schooled to kill. Edwin Walker is a Texan who can take a mountain; but on the plain in peace-time he is an inhabitant from Tennessee

Williams's beanstalk country. They see not us nor any Sunday caller

Among the geraniums and the wicker-chairs, For they are Jacks who climb the beanstalk country.

A place of hammers and tremendous beans.

MURDERED

COSTINE ALFRED DROBY has long been President of the Criminal Bar Association of Dallas. He is a small man, with burning black eyes and knew Jack Ruby well.

"I said I would defend Jack," he told me, in his sumptuous office, with its soundproof walls and silent air-conditioning. "But I had to give up before I really started, as my wife's, Betty, life was threatened by anonymous phone calls and we were told our

house was to be blown up by dynamite." However, Droby told me that as Ruby's attorney he had rushed around to Ruby's apartment soon after the shooting with Jim Koethe, a Dallas news reporter.

"The place was in chaos. I think we were the first people to see it."

"You remember anything especially?" I said.

"No, just chaos and newspapers," Droby answered. "I wonder if Jim Koethe saw anything?" I asked.

Mr. Droby folded his hands and leaned forward: "Koethe's murdered," he said. "He was choked to death the Monday before last."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: Texas lawyer's joke on Texas justice on homicide: "The question is: did the deceased deserve to die?"