

The Case Of Jim Garrison And Lee Oswald

By GENE ROBERTS

5/21/67

NEW ORLEANS.

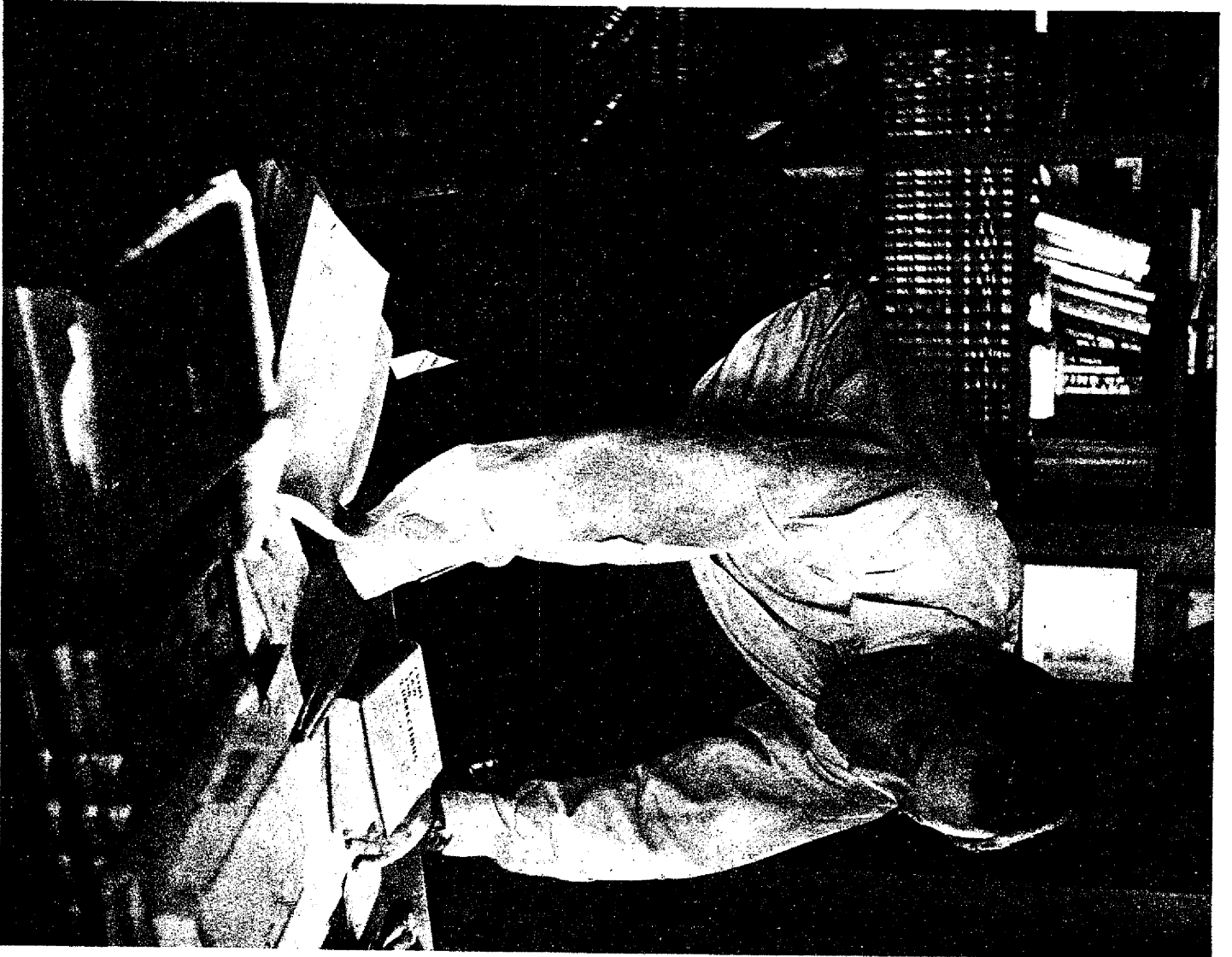
DURING the spring, summer and fall of 1966 an uncharacteristic malaise settled over Jim Garrison, the New Orleans District Attorney who claims that President Kennedy was assassinated as part of a conspiracy. He was just beginning his second term in 1966, and it wasn't proving at all like the first. In those heady four years of headlines, all 6-foot-6-inches and 240 pounds of Mr. Garrison seemed to be wading into any and everybody. He assailed vice along Bourbon Street, the garish row of honky-tonks and strip-tease emporiums that attracts tens of thousands of tourists each year. He charged that the actions of the city's eight criminal court judges raised interesting questions about their racketeer influences. He accused the judges, too, of each

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taking 206 holidays a year. He sailed into the city's ball bondsmen. He declared that Mayor Victor Hugo Schiro was indifferent to vice. He shouted that the city's police force was not doing its job, and that the State Legislature was corrupt.

With all this, he still found time to keep lighting his pipe, which had become his political trademark, time to read and quote Ibsen and Shakespeare, time to show up regularly at the city's Playboy Club, time to indulge his passion for chess, time to help elect John McKeithen as Governor of Louisiana, and time to tour Bourbon Street after midnight, sometimes in a white dinner jacket. There was also time for laughs. The entire city seemed to enjoy it when Garrison referred to his predecessor in the District Attorney's office as "the great emancipator—he let everybody go free."

Mr. Garrison seemed not only irrepressible, but indomitable. When



GARRISON—"He became intrigued by the fact that Oswald spent five months in New Orleans in 1963. . . . Even a stray bit of information might stir national interest." Above, New Orleans' District Attorney, gun on hip, in his office.



OSWALD—In custody after the assassination. "A second Oswald," looked like Oswald, has been lated by D. A. Garrison.

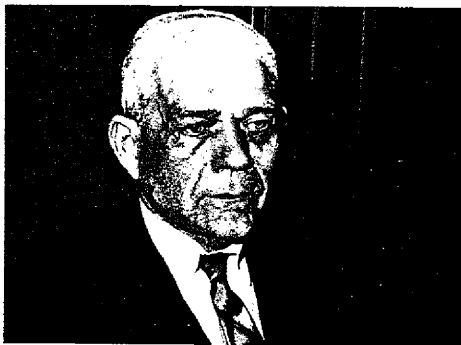
The New Orleans D.A.'s attempt to prove that there was a conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy has already involved 100 "witnesses" and "suspects"—and the end is not yet.



DAVID FERRIE—Found dead in his New Orleans apartment. He had told the press he "supposedly was pegged as a getaway pilot."



PERRY RUSSO—A star witness for Garrison, who jogged his memory with drugs. He linked Ferrie and Shaw to Oswald.



CLAY SHAW—Indicted on March 2 "for conspiracy [with Oswald and Ferrie] to commit murder," the retired New Orleans business executive is free on a \$10,000 bond.



DEAN ANDREWS Jr.—A New Orleans lawyer, he told the Warren panel that a man named Clay Bertrand had once sent Oswald to his office. After telling Garrison that he could not identify Clay Shaw as Bertrand, he was indicted for perjury.

the judges formally charged him with defamation of character and succeeded in having a state judge levy a \$1,000 fine against him, Garrison appealed into the Federal courts, which struck down the fine on grounds that, if the right of free speech were to remain intact, judges and other public officials had to expect a certain amount of criticism. His attacks on the Legislature forced it into making some reforms in the state bail bond law. His assault on Bourbon Street prompted many of the "B-girls," women who solicit customers for drinks, to look for other work.

These successes obscured his failure ever to prove that the judges and the Legislature were corrupt, or that the judges were taking excessive vacations. And when cynics pointed out that Bourbon Street was booming again within months of Garrison's crackdown, his followers retorted that at least there were fewer "B-girls" around to harass tourists.

New Orleans loves a spectacle, and in Garrison's first term almost every month was like Mardi Gras. In the manner of the late Senator and Governor Huey P. Long of Louisiana, a man Garrison has carefully studied, the District Attorney crushed his opponents with awesome counterattacks. He launched his attack on the judges after they tried to limit his investigative funds on the ground that the primary role of a District Attorney is to prosecute, not investigate. Garrison said the judges had not been so strict with his predecessors. And when station WWL-TV objected in an editorial to what it said was "the disgraceful spectacle of the District Attorney apparently buying headlines at the expense of the criminal judiciary," Garrison simply stepped up his assault. He financed the Bourbon Street investigation with borrowed money, engineered the defeat of one of the judges and struck back at Jack Gremlion, the Louisiana Attorney Gen-

eral who had prosecuted the judges' case for them, by subpoenaing him during an investigation into parole practices.

IN addition to hating his own critics, Garrison fought those of Pershing Gervais, who served as chief investigator for the District Attorney during his first term. Gervais had been fired from the New Orleans police department in the late fifties for alleged "infractions of departmental rules and regulations." Then, before joining the District Attorney's staff, he managed a bar that had the reputation of being a gathering place for homosexuals. His appointment caused a howl of indignation from the city's newspapers, but Garrison defended it by pointing out that Gervais was a seasoned investigator who had once helped a grand jury in its investigation into police corruption. The District Attorney also claimed that his chief investigator had been cleared by

the Metropolitan Crime Commission, a non-governmental organization that is financed by private contributions. The Crime Commission fired off a series of confidential memos to Garrison, denying that it had ever "cleared" any appointment and demanding a public retraction. It got it more than a year later after writing Garrison that it would make a public denial if he did not retract the statement immediately.

The most serious challenge, however, came from the police department, which, in the midst of a probe into gambling payoffs, began investigating Gervais. Garrison struck back once again. He accused the police department of having no interest in cleaning up organized crime. At one point he arrested nine policemen on charges of police brutality, then dropped the charges the next day. Ultimately, the police department let its investigation die, and Gervais re-

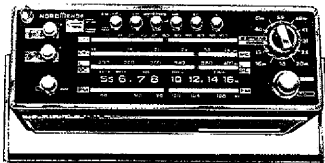
(Continued on Page 34)

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The Case of Jim Garrison and Lee Oswald (Cont.)

(From Page 33)
signed shortly before Garrison came up for re-election.

JIM GARRISON'S opponent in the election was Malcolm V. O'Hara, one of the criminal court judges. Although a poll showed the New Orleans Bar Association favored the judge by a 3-to-1 margin, the elements were on Garrison's side. On the night that Judge O'Hara was to make his major broadside against Garrison, Hurricane Betsy slammed into New Orleans and blackened the city's television screens. When he resumed his remarks three nights later, New Orleans was too busy digging out of the rubble to pay much attention. Judge O'Hara exhibited what he said was a photostatic copy of a medical discharge that Garrison received from the Army during the Korean War. The judge said the discharge was based on an "anxiety reaction," and went on to describe the term as "the ugly force in him to destroy everyone who falls to how to his will. It used to be . . . called a Napoleonic complex."

Garrison said later that the use of his Army record by O'Hara had been referred to the F.B.I. for investigation. He also declared that the misappropriation of Government documents was a crime punishable by imprisonment and a fine of up to \$10,000. If anything ever came of Garrison's request for an investigation, it has not been made public.

In the free-swinging world of New Orleans politics, the judge proved a poor match for Garrison, who was swept back into office by a margin of nearly 2 to 1. In retrospect, it seems unlikely that anyone could have defeated the District Attorney. In only four years he had made the name "Jim Garrison" a household word in New Orleans. Most voters smilingly called him "the jolly green giant" and looked upon him as a crusader, a Christian against the Saracens, an independent man with no ties to any political organization. Jim Garrison belonged to no one—not to the White Citizens Council, which assailed him for refusing to prosecute a bookstore dealer for selling James Baldwin's novel, "Another Country"; not to the American Civil Liberties Union, which had accused him of trying an accused Negro rapist in the press. In addition, his staff had not lost a single murder case.

By the end of his first term, even Garrison's close

friends had difficulty in remembering that he was not a native of New Orleans, or that he had been relatively unknown before 1961. He was born in Dennison, Iowa, on Nov. 20, 1921, served in World War II as a fighter pilot, then attended Tulane University in New Orleans. Except for his service in the Korean War, he lived in the city without fanfare through the fifties, working as an assistant district attorney and as an assistant city attorney.

Then in 1960, he ran for judge, was defeated, and continued working as a lawyer for the city until 1961, when suddenly he resigned with a headline-making attack on Mayor Schiro. He accused him of failing to enforce the city's laws, and then leaped into the race for District Attorney against the incumbent, Richard Dowling. Although he lacked any political organization and had far less money than the incumbent, he had a magnetic personality, an attractive family, and an acute sense of timing. He hoarded his meager campaign funds until the last 24 hours, then saturated the television screens with commercials, and emerged the winner.

FROM this point, the "big splash"—sweeping attacks and counterattacks—became his style and continued to be his style throughout his first term. Thus, there was widespread amazement when calm suddenly spread over his office in 1966 after his victory over Judge O'Hara. Entire weeks passed without a headline.

The only major controversy in all of 1966 came when he personally interceded with the Governor and won a pardon for Linda Birgette, "The Cupid Doll," a strip-tease dancer he had come to know during his frequent bar-hopping expeditions along Bourbon Street. Miss Birgette

had been facing 30 days' imprisonment after her conviction on a charge of lewd dancing. Although one of Garrison's own investigators had testified against Miss Birgette, Garrison told the Governor that he did not find her act to be lewd and thought, to the contrary, that jailing her would be a "gross miscarriage of justice."

This angered the Metropolitan Crime Commission. During the crackdown on Bourbon Street, Aaron Kohn, the commission's director, had praised Garrison's "vigorous, stubborn, courageous present independence as District Attorney, somewhat detracted from by the expedient manner in which he does things solely for publicity value." But here was Garrison, the man who once predicted there wouldn't be a strip-tease joint left on Bourbon Street after he had wiped out "B-drinking," actually rushing to the defense of a stripper. Kohn thought this could only serve to encourage organized crime in the city, and he said as much in a public statement.

This angered Garrison, and once again he struck back. He said he was tired of having the Crime Commission blacken the city's reputation by contending that organized crime existed there. He subpoenaed Kohn and another commission official to appear before a grand jury and "put up or shut up" about organized crime. However, he did not subpoena Louis La Cour, who, as United States Attorney for the New Orleans area, also contends that there is organized crime there. But La Cour, as the Crime Commission quickly noted, had not criticized Garrison for defending "The Cupid Doll."

The commission officials showed up at the Criminal Courts Building at the appointed hour, only to be kept waiting for more than four hours while newsmen and cameramen milled about. Kohn brought several boxes and announced that there was enough material in them about the Mafia to keep the grand jury busy for days. Garrison's assistants gave Kohn less than five hours in the grand jury room. The grand jury did not indict any alleged Mafia leaders and that, Garrison said, proved that the Crime Commission was wrong when it said there was organized crime in New Orleans. "The Cupid Doll" went back to her specialty, which is undulating on a couch on the stage of Club 500 on Bourbon Street, and once again a calm settled over Garrison's office.

By November the calm had

Garrison often reads about the assassination until daybreak. Later he sends his investigators out to pursue any 'angles' the reading suggests.

grown so noticeable that the magazine, New Orleans, wondered in print if Jim Garrison might be over the hill at the age of 45. David Chandler, author of the article and a friend of Garrison's, visited the District Attorney while preparing the article, found him morose, and gave this account of the interview:

"I asked why there had not been any crime-fighting crusades in the past year. 'Why bother?' he replied. 'I cleaned up Bourbon Street and I didn't get any credit. I never get any credit.' I said this was untrue and maybe he was a bit paranoid about it. He lived up, 'Paranoiac! Paranoiac!' He picked up the phone and told . . . chief assistant Charles Ward to come in. 'Chandler says I'm paranoiac because I say I don't get any credit. Do I get any credit? Am I paranoiac?' Charlie said I [Chandler] was wrong. Pleased, Garrison went on, 'Another reason we don't have fights any more is we've beaten the people trying to stop justice in New Orleans!'"

Chandler looked upon Garrison as a genuine crusader, was concerned about the change that had come over the District Attorney's office,

but thought that this, perhaps, was inevitable. "So far he [has] had only political ups," Mr. Chandler said of Garrison. "But roller-coasters always come to a halt at the bottom."

By now, of course, it is clear that Garrison had simply walked over to another roller-coaster, one with higher peaks and greater dangers. While the magazine article was being written, he was quietly investigating the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

LEE HARVEY OSWALD, the man who the Warren Commission said had killed the President alone and unaided, lived in New Orleans for about five months in 1963, and his stay there intrigued Garrison. The District Attorney was especially fascinated by testimony given to the Warren Commission by Dean A. Andrews Jr., a rotund New Orleans attorney who talked like a character out of Damon Runyon's short stories. Mr. Andrews had told the "feebies"—his name for the F.B.I.—that a shadowy figure named Clay Bertrand had once sent Lee Oswald and several "gay Mexicanos"



BOURBON STREET SCENE—Roundups of honky-tonk entertainers and headline-making charges of official corruption marked Garrison's district attorneyship before he saw the Warren Report.

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(Latin homosexuals) to his law office in the summer of 1963. Oswald had wanted to get a "yellow paper" (undesirable) military discharge upgraded to "honorable" status, and Bertrand, a sort of "queen bee" for homosexuals, had suggested Andrews might be able to help. The F.B.I. searched unsuccessfully for Bertrand, then returned to Andrews, who told them that the whole story had been a "figment of my imagination." When questioned later by a Warren Commission attorney, Andrews retracted his retraction, but conceded that he had given two different descriptions of Bertrand. With that, the Warren Commission dismissed the Bertrand angle.

Garrison, however, thought the whole matter worthy of another look. Could there really be a Clay Bertrand? Could he know something about the assassination? At any rate, what harm could there be in investigating the matter?

If Garrison kept quiet about the investigation, how could he possibly lose, even if he failed to turn up anything new about Oswald? On the other hand, even a stray bit of information here or there might stir national interest. And if by some chance the investigation should prove that the Warren Commission was wrong in concluding that Oswald acted alone and without being a part of a conspiracy, why, Garrison would electrify the world. He had told friends occasionally that he aspired to a seat in the United States Senate, and a successful investigation could easily bring him that.

THUS, secrecy was the watchword around Garrison's office. He talked to representatives of Life magazine and the C.B.S. television network about the investigation, but only on condition that his comments were "off the record." The curtain of secrecy was parted in February of this year, however, by The New Orleans States-Item. Its reporters knew that under Louisiana law District Attorneys have to account for their investigative expenditures by filing vouchers with the criminal judges. They checked the vouchers, then prepared a story saying that Garrison was conducting a major investigation into the assassination and had spent at least \$8,000 to send his investigators to places as far away as Miami, Fla., and California.

This story did not greatly upset Garrison, but he was disturbed by another article which the paper carried the next day. That was an account of an interview with David W. Ferrie, a former airline pilot who said he had become the target of the District Attorney's investigation.

Ferrie called the investigation a "big joke," and said, "Supposedly I have been pegged as a getaway pilot."

Within weeks of the assassination, Ferrie had been investigated by the F.B.I. and by several local and national newspaper reporters who had learned that he had traveled to Texas on the day President Kennedy was shot. Ferrie, the investigators determined, had been fired by Eastern Airlines for homosexual activity, lived amid a clutter of pills, wore a wig and false eyebrows to conceal a complete lack of hair, practiced hypnosis, was an unsuccessful candidate for the priesthood,

to kill Premier Castro of Cuba that, somehow, had turned into a plot to kill President Kennedy. Thus, he was dismayed to find Ferrie fighting back in the newspapers.

But he seemed even more concerned about an editorial that The States-Item ran on the day it carried the Ferrie interview. "Has the District Attorney discovered valuable additional evidence," the editorial asked, "or is he merely saving some interesting new information that will gain for him exposure in a national magazine? Mr. Garrison, it seems, should have some explanation."

As he almost always does

rests in the case, but believed them to be "several months away."

Garrison was difficult to find the next day, a Sunday, and by Monday more than 40 reporters and cameramen were milling about the District Attorney's office. Garrison stayed out of his office, but finally agreed by telephone to hold a news conference at the Fontainebleau Motel. He wanted to bar reporters from The States-Item and The Times-Ficayune, which are jointly owned by S. I. Newhouse, and thought they might insist they had a right to attend if the conference were held in a public building.

note and many of the out-of-town reporters left New Orleans as hurriedly as they had arrived.

Two days later, most were back. Ferrie had been found dead in bed, and Garrison was talking once again about his investigation. In rapid-fire order, Garrison called Ferrie "one of history's most important individuals," termed his death an "apparent suicide," and said he had planned to arrest him for being involved in "events culminating in the assassination."

Dr. Nicholas Chetta, the Orleans Parish (county) coroner, took another view. He said that, on one hand, preliminary



CYNOSURE—Garrison arrives for a press conference at a New Orleans motel after his "There-will-be-arrests" statement. "He was surprised by the roomful of newsmen and mumbled something that sounded like 'My God!'"

and once filled his apartment with mice in the hopes of discovering a cure for cancer. He had also joined with several anti-Castro Cubans in a guerrilla-training operation before the Bay of Pigs.

Neither the reporters nor the F.B.I. found anything to link Ferrie to Oswald or the assassination. The F.B.I. found that Ferrie had driven—not flown—to Texas on the day of the assassination, had gone to Houston and Galveston, rather than to Dallas. "The F.B.I. did a very substantial piece of work on Mr. Ferrie," says Wesley J. Liebeler, one of the Warren Commission attorneys. "It was so clear that he was not involved that we didn't mention it in the report."

Despite all of this, Garrison had developed a theory about Ferrie. The District Attorney thought it possible that Ferrie's homosexual and anti-Castro activity somehow tied in with the story Andrews had told about Oswald and "gay Mexicans." He believed there could have been a plot

when he feels he has been attacked, Garrison counterattacked. He broke his silence, complained of The States-Item coverage and announced that he was, indeed, conducting a serious investigation. What's more, he added, "There will be arrests." The Associated Press quickly dispatched the statement around the world.

ABOUT 9 P.M. on Feb. 18, about three hours after Garrison made this statement, I arrived at the Criminal Court Building in New Orleans. William Gurvich, who had replaced Gervais as Mr. Garrison's chief investigator, was there, and he said he had known nothing about Garrison's announcement until he heard it on television. He rushed to the office but had been unable to find Garrison, and since then had been kept busy answering phone calls from newspapers in London, France and other parts of the world. He said he did not know what to tell them. He thought there might be ar-

Until he walked into the room at the Fontainebleau, Garrison obviously did not realize what a stir his "there will be arrests" statement had caused. He was visibly surprised by the roomful of newsmen and he mumbled something that sounded like "My God!" By the time he reached the front of the room, sweat was pouring from his face.

The press conference lasted for 50 minutes and Garrison spent at least 40 of them talking about the local newspapers. He said he found it necessary to bar them from the room because they were "irresponsible." To make sure that Garrison's edict was enforced, armed investigators were posted at the door.

Except to say that no "getaway pilot" was involved and that he had not meant to leave the impression that the arrests were imminent, Garrison had little to say about his investigation. And he said there would be no further discussion of the case by him until arrests were made. The press conference ended on that

medical findings indicated that Ferrie had died from a brain hemorrhage; but that, on the other, investigators had found a note in which Ferrie had said "to leave this life is, for me, a sweet prospect." Later, Dr. Chetta announced that a complete autopsy had shown that Ferrie's death was due to a hemorrhage and not to suicide.

However, in a series of press conferences held during the three days following Ferrie's death, Garrison paid little attention to Dr. Chetta's statements, and even less to the Warren Commission's findings. At one point, he referred flatly to Ferrie's death as a suicide. At another, he said he had "no reason to believe at this point that Lee Harvey Oswald killed anybody in Dallas." This was, perhaps, the most startling charge that Garrison was to make. But one made on Feb. 23 rivaled it closely: "My staff and I solved the assassination weeks ago. I wouldn't say this if we didn't have the evidence

**Everyone is debating the case,
but no one wants to be quoted**

beyond a shadow of a doubt. We know the key individuals, cities involved and how it was done."

Once again silence settled over the investigation, only to be broken again on March 1 when Mr. Garrison arrested Clay L. Shaw and accused him of being involved in an assassination plot. As newspaper readers the world over soon learned, it was no ordinary arrest. Shaw was one of New Orleans's leading citizens. He had helped restore the French Quarter, and spent 19 years promoting the city's port facilities as managing director of the International Trade Mart in New Orleans. Some of New Orleans's most sophisticated citizenry attended the cocktail parties Shaw regularly tossed in his home, and they knew him as a man who had often expressed admiration for President Kennedy.

The next day, Garrison's office said Shaw was none other than Clay Bertrand, the homosexual "queen bee" Andrews, the attorney, had mentioned in his testimony to the Warren Commission. District Attorney investigators said, too, that they had searched Shaw's home and found a black hood and cape, a black gown, a black net-type hat, whips, chain and pieces of rope.

What did Andrews, whose testimony had started Garrison on the search for the mysterious "Clay Bertrand," think about the matter? He told reporters he did not know whether Shaw and Bertrand were the same person. Soon after, Garrison subpoenaed him to appear before a grand jury, which indicted him for perjury.

WHAT evidence, then, did Garrison have against Shaw, who protested that he had never used the name "Clay Bertrand" and did not know Oswald or Ferrie? The District Attorney produced two witnesses at a pretrial hearing and, as it developed, he had not known either of them until after Feb. 23, the date on which he said he had solved the assassination case.

One of them was a narcotics addict. He said he first talked to Garrison's investigators on March 16, and had told them that he saw Oswald and Shaw talking together on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain in the summer of 1963. He remembered the incident, he added, because he was preparing to inject a capsule of heroin in his arm at the time.

The star witness was Perry

Raymond Russo, a 25-year-old life insurance salesman. He had called up newspaper and television reporters in Baton Rouge on Feb. 24 to say he had read about Garrison's investigation, had visited Ferrie many times, and knew him to be so "obsessed with Kennedy" that he sometimes talked of killing him. He added that he had not talked with Garrison or his staff and had not known Oswald.

He talked to Garrison's staff later, however, and at the hearing told a different story. He said he visited Ferrie's apartment in mid-September of 1963 with a girl named Sandra Moffat and other friends, found a party in progress, and remained on after the party was over. Then, he added, he sat quietly by while Ferrie and two other men began talking of an assassination plot, escape routes and "triangulation of cross-fire." One of the men, a man with three or four days' growth of beard, called himself "Leon Oswald," and the other "Clem Bertrand," according to Russo.

He said he was able to identify Leon Oswald as being Lee Harvey Oswald after Garrison's investigators spent several hours painting whiskers on photographs and jogging his memory with sodium pentathol and hypnosis. And he singled out Shaw in the courtroom, and swore that he was the man he had known as Clem Bertrand.

At the end of the hearing, the three presiding judges ruled that Garrison had presented enough evidence to warrant a trial. Since then, Sandra Moffat, now Mrs. Harold McMains of Omaha, has denied that she attended the party with Russo in 1963. She said that she did not meet Ferrie until 1965. And James Phelan, an old acquaintance of Mr. Garrison's, wrote in *The Saturday Evening Post* recently that he examined a transcript which was made while Russo was in hypnotic trance. He concluded that Mr. Russo had been "prompted" and placed under "post-hypnotic suggestion."

MORE recently, Alvin Beauboeuf, a former roommate of Ferrie's, charged in a public press conference that one of Garrison's investigators offered him \$3,000 and a job with an airline if he would "help substantiate" the alleged conspiracy. Garrison responded by releasing a notarized statement in which Beauboeuf swore that he was offered money only after he complained that he could not af-

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ford to take the time to cooperate with the District Attorney. Beauboeuf charged through his attorney that he had signed the statement only because of "threats and coercion."

All of this has tended to put Garrison on the defensive, an awkward and unusual experience for him, and he is working overtime to reverse the situation. Once during Garrison's career as a city attorney, the late Mayor deLesseps Morrison observed that he was coming into work around noon, and registered a complaint. Garrison shrugged and said: "I keep late hours." Now his hours are even later. He often reads almost until daybreak in the vast pile of magazine articles and books that have been written about the Kennedy assassination. In the daytime, he sends his investigators out to pursue any "angles" which might have occurred to him during his nighttime reading bouts.

Although a precise count of the people who have figured in his investigation either as possible "suspects" or "witnesses" is probably known only to Garrison, the total appears now to have passed the 100 mark and is still climbing. Meanwhile, Garrison's theories about the assassination seem to have changed as often as his "suspects" and "witnesses." In the beginning, Garrison operated under the assumption that a group of Cuban refugees and right-wing Americans conspired to kill the President out of frustration over the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion. Later he toyed with the possibility that it might have been a left-wing plot. Homosexuality has figured in his theories at times, and recently he has said that he believes Oswald was associating with an operative of the Central Intelligence Agency in New Orleans in 1963. He says, too, that both the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. are trying to withhold evidence about the investigation.

To complicate matters further, attorneys for Shaw think that Garrison is also working on the theory that Oswald was not at the alleged conspiratorial meeting with Russo at all, but was represented there by a "second Oswald," a "co-conspirator" who looked like Oswald and was trying to lay a false trail to confuse investigators.

EVEN some of Garrison's admirers now concede that, for a man who claims to have solved the assassination, it is a haphazard way to conduct an investigation. Confusion abounds in New Orleans. "I wake up one morning convinced that Jim Garrison has absolutely nothing," says a veteran New Orleans reporter who has known the District Attorney for years. "And the next morning I tell myself that he is too shrewd to have got himself into all of this if he didn't have at least a little something new."

The latter, it is clear, is a view held by many in New Orleans. But skepticism is beginning to set in. "He's got something — at least he

better have, or he'll be run out of town," a cab driver said the other day. Others are convinced that Garrison did not mean to become involved publicly in the assassination matter at all. They believe he made the "There-will-be-arrests" statement while angry at the New Orleans newspapers, and now has to prove it or go down in defeat at the polls.

Friends of Shaw, meanwhile, are outraged that he was arrested on the testimony of a man who was developed as a witness while under hypnosis. "Clay Shaw is not the sort of man to be involved in a conspiracy," one of his friends said. "It's just that simple."

SO wrapped up has New Orleans become in the Garrison case that it is difficult to eat a meal, get your hair cut, or attend a cocktail party in the city without hearing a debate on the subject. But for all of this, there is a guarded quality about the conversation, just as there is about the

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investigation itself. Hardly anyone wants to be quoted on the case. Private citizens think this might, somehow, involve them in it all. The local newspapers are reserving editorial opinion on the grounds that they might be accused of prejudicing Shaw's trial. And Governor McKeithen seemed to be speaking for more than one public official when he declined comment with the observation that Garrison "when criticized, has a habit of criticizing back."

When will it all end? Almost no one, including Garrison, seems certain. An acquittal for Shaw might block that phase of the investigation, but the District Attorney appears to have an inexhaustible supply of theories. Once, in a press conference, he joked that the investigation might go on for 30 years. However, he must go before the voters in three years if he decides to seek re-election, perhaps even sooner if he decides to run for another office. The voters, it is true, did not seem to mind that he never proved his charges against the city's eight judges. This was looked upon mainly as a squabble among politicians. But his conspiracy charges are an entirely different matter. Voters are almost certain to demand much more proof than they have yet been given. ■