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

"Look out for Mateos of Mexico recognising 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 peacetime he is an inhabitant from Tennessee.

GENERAL WALKER:
A Texan
who can take
a mountain.



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?"

Windsmoor

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into your

