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THE MIDLOTHIAN MIRROR



By PENN JONES JR.

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Naturally, nobody believed Slim Harrison, an Assistant District Attorney on Staten Island, when he said he had solved the assassination three years ago of the Borough's U. S. Senator, Helms. Everybody knew he had his eye on the District Attorney's job!

Sure, Harrison said he had a signed confession from a former ferry boat captain, S. I. Ferry. But that didn't impress anybody. Why, they all asked, didn't Ferry confess three years ago when he did it? And why didn't he offer his confession to the Borough President's Commission?

The F.B.I., of course, had no comment on S. I. Ferry, other than to say they had investigated him right after the assassination and found no confession in his possession. And Warren Leavit, who had served as an Assistant Counsel for the Commission, was quick to point out that the Commission had asked the F.B.I. about S. I. Ferry. And the F.B.I. had told them that S. I. Ferry was working for the New York Ma-

rine and Aviation Department when the assassination took place. That was good enough for the Commission. "We couldn't call every damn suspect in the country to Staten Island," Leavit said. "Or we would have been there right through the 1964 election—maybe even the 1968 election, too."

When Slim Harrison announced he had S. I. Ferry's signed confession, everybody demanded to know two things: What was Harrison personally getting out of solving the assassination? Was he selling his story to Ramparts Magazine? The hell with S. I. Ferry! These were the two important questions that needed answers!

Then, last week Ferry was found dead on the beach in Staten Island, shot through the head with an arrow. The bow was nearby, sticking up out of the sand, its bow string broken. It was quickly pointed out that Slim Harrison had been hounding S. I. Ferry with that damn confession for weeks, and this had been making Ferry extremely nervous.