



## The Beat Goes On

DIST. ATTY. Jim "Off the Record" Garrison of New Orleans, lounging on the sunswept terrace of Mel Belli's T'graphill digs yesterday morning: "Off the record, I'm not watching the World Series. I'm a football fan. I've got a son who's going to be an All-American quarterback, but that's off the record. How old is he? Eight. Eh, No, that's not off the record. I guess. You understand I can't talk about the Clay Shaw trial, okay? No, I don't think it will start this month, off the record. His lawyers have asked for a six-months' continuance, which is ridiculous. We're ready to go right now, off the record. We'll grant them a few months—but six, never! What's the San Francisco angle? Well, Clay Shaw was here on the day of the assassination. In the days of Agatha Christie, that might have served to establish an alibi, right? But this is the jet age . . ." Off the record.

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