

N.O. Notes, 11/24/71, en route Dallas Delta 817: Interview with Guy Johnson in federal court bldg. N.O., walking to and from Royal Orleans cocktail lounge, from a little before 1 p.m. until he had to go into Judge Fred. Heebe's court for at least two hours and despite an interruption when, on returning, who is there awaiting the same court but a coatless Dean Adams Andrews, Jr., with man and woman, poss. clients! In N.O., anything can happen! And ~~what~~ does!

What ordinarily would have been the easiest and perhaps one of the more pleasant parts of this trip turned out to be the most difficult: getting together with Guy. I tried beginning Thursday night, 11/18 or early Wednesday. Until the weekend it turned out to be impossible to get him in. Over the weekend I phoned his home countless times, and always got the info that he wasn't there, sometimes with the addition that they didn't know when to expect him. I, knowing his tastes, presumed he was flexible the flexible elbow, and the seeming embarrassment of the wife tended to substantiate it. I did leave my number, did not get a callback, and knowing Guy's capacity and ability to keep going under a heavy load did wonder. On one call a young man I take to be the son added his observation that Guy's car was not home.

Not until I saw and then spoke to him in Judge O'Hara's court the morning of Monday, 11/11/71 did I know the reason: a divorce is pending, he is not staying home, and he told me that when phoning his office to leave messages with and ask for them from "Alice". Guy was in that court to represent Boasberg in the State pinball case! Less likely of those to be on the same side with Garrison (representing co-defendants) are Dymond, Brener! (Dymond did just about all the talking that day and most today, with Mehridge arguing one or more points while I was there, before recess only). Monday, when Guy was busy, we arranged for me to keep in touch through Alice and I did, finally setting up an appointment after the hearing this a.m. But not being able to get back in time for the after-recess part, I just missed him. When Alice caught up with him I got the message that he'd be at Heebe's court as close to one as possible and would have to go into it before 2.

Digression: in an effort to help him, I told him two things at the outset: the report I'd picked up in D.C. right after the announcing of the charges, that one of the defendants was expected to turn State's evidence; and that in N.O. the report that this would be his client or that his client would, the later the actual form of the repeated report, in no case tied to D.C. The form of Guy's denial began with an explanation that if I knew Boasberg's antecedents I'd know this is impossible. He then traced a history and relationship that I caught only in part (we were crossing St. Louis for the Royal Bourbon - he prefers Cutty Sark\* and noise drowned his voice out). I also told him other rumors I had picked up. Despite my mission (I'd stayed over only to see him) and the press of time, I felt I owed him this. When we found the bulk of Andrews sitting where we would have to talk and we had to chat with him, at one point I confessed that even though I had talked to Jim and others (which includes Mehridge, Garrison twice, Scimabra, who is not in on this and hasn't talked to Jim in two months, he says, the press and other lawyers) there was much I could not figure out. For example, although I did not tell them, Garrison was my source for believing that the change of venue is his idea. That should be his last desire. Ivon says it is to be fair to the other defendants, and he or Mehridge say he desires noseparation from the other defendants. At this point Guy volunteered that even though he is one of the lawyers involved, some of the maneuvering he also can't understand. Mehridge explained the omission of Gervais from the indictment, I note, by saying that were he a defendant, he could make motions that would effect the other defendants.

At one point I asked Guy if he is now at liberty to give me the name of the man he had told me some years ago had met LHO on the lakefront. His "no!" was immediate and the most (and only) emphatic thing he said while we were together. I then told him that the ONI file, except for what I recalled as about 4 missing pages, made no reference to him or any report from him, suggesting it is what he'd expect, and he nodded agreement (He was and may still be ONI).

He began the substantive part by telling me that he had a client on the lam in Beirut who wants to make a deal so he can return. This is connected in an unspecified way with a sum that was first given in general terms as a quarter of a million, then referred to as \$325,000, and thereafter as "my" 300 grand. It is a fantastic story, of his going around and collecting whichever story in small sums only to have it stolen two weeks ago, with a police report that gives the sum as only \$15! He thinks Carlos Marcello has it through Sam Marcello.

At this point something like electricity developed in the carbon paper and I've spent more than 10 minutes trying to get the only sheets I have with me back into their folder, now under my foot and, I hope flat enough to use again. The conditions on the place preclude consultation with my sparse handwritten notes, and here the stewardess has come to remove the tray on which I'm resting the machine.

If all the story of the fugitive and his/Guy's money is not at all clear, Guy is positive in identifying Richie Pettibone of the Washington Redskins as the rendezvous on the heist, and apparently in some way in Washington. This is being resumed at the Ferrell's in Dallas, and the unclear story given in partly-whispered tones, Guy's speaking voice outside the courtroom, is less distinct after an evening and night of talk on other things. But it is my recollection that Guy was saying that whoever took his money from wherever he had it delivered it to Sam Marcello or someone working for him at Washington, at the residence of Pettibone. I do not think he was saying that Pettibone was the thief. Of the few notes I could make, one of the incomplete is also unclear. It says that the fugitive in Beirut paid F. "big, big money". At another point these notes say that it was not Sam alone but "Carlos has through Sam and Pete". They also say that an unnamed New Orleans lawyer is in London today, 11/25, on the Beirut deal, but Guy did not identify him or his mission. There was no time to question his ellipsis, and with so little time it seemed inadvisable to interrupt him.

I asked him if he knew anyone dealing in hot money in New Orleans. The first name he gave me is Max Schaumberger he says does look like a Latin and is a friend of Somoza. The second he didn't identify by name. He described him as the owner of the Dart Shop and the nephew of Trotsky. I asked him if he really meant Larry Borenstein, and he said he did. This does not seem to surprise Mary. She and Buck have known Larry for years. What gives it an eerie touch is covered in earlier notes, that Larry is the one I decided knew enough of the local scene to advise me, and I had told him the story I was checking, including the suspicion that included hot money. Among other things that are obvious, this also makes a little more awkward the moment of Tom Bethell's arrival, which cut off the introduction Larry was making to another lawyer whose name I didn't even get, a rather short man then in the Creole Cafe. I didn't get to see Larry a second time because his family arrived from Mexico.

On other things, he thinks Raul Esquivel will now talk, but only in Guy's presence. From Guy's schedule, this can't be arranged before the middle of December. He then said the time of the Sugar-Bowl game might please Bud more. When I told him the indication that Percy was handling Mafia cases and getting convictions of underlings, he said no more than "Percy is full of shit".

He asked me if the name Nick Popich rings any bells. I told him it sounded familiar, thinking I had heard it rather than that it figures in any JFK material. It seems (again the notes, this time written while walking are indistinct) Popich is in on a meeting now at the Riveira that figures in the story of the Beirut fugitive. He thought I should look Popich up in the federal court records, and I began to. He took me to the room where the cards are filed, on the same side of the intersecting corridor and the same floor as the Heebe courtroom. He told me the files themselves are across the hall. All I had time to do before having to rush to catch the plane is make a note of the numerous Popich card entries. If one lawyer handled all those cases, he'd have time for little else! There are four dozen of them. He and his various businesses, including ships, oil and transportation and relatives, unless Guy misled me or I misunderstood him, figure in four dozen cases of litigation, including criminal, against all sorts of litigants ranging from the Heller advertising company to the federal government. There was hardly time to copy all of these. Toward the end of the note I had to abbreviate too much, but I think if it is necessary, I'll be able to translate them. The Popich names on these cards are Popich Brothers, Popich Brothers Superior Oyster, Popich Brothers Water Transportation Co., Popoch, John, Popich, Joseph (?), Popich Marine Construction (there are a number of admiralty cases, and at one point 13 consecutive cards on this company alone), Popich ~~Nick and Peter~~, Nick Popich Transportation Co., Popich, Nick, Receivers, Popich, Roland, Popich, Thomas, Popich Well Service. There are also <sup>9118</sup>bankruptcy cases, insurance companies are involved, ships, construction companies. There are more than 48 cases, for I see one of 8 adm. and oil at one point in a note. Many individual figures. The notes will be with the original. Aside from the company names, the others in the suits mean nothing to me.