

NEW EVIDENCE

THE MISSING LINK THAT P...



Lee Harvey Oswald: his lips are forever sealed, but the evidence mounts that he was just one cog in the murder.

by BOB HARTFORD

WHEN Lee Harvey Oswald squatted in the Texas Book Depository that bright fall day in 1963 and sighted down the length of his mail order rifle to squeeze off the shots that killed President John F. Kennedy, the man who really pulled the trigger was Premier Fidel Castro of Cuba.

District Attorney Jim Garrison of New Orleans says he can prove that Oswald was part of a plot, hatched in Havana and nurtured in New Orleans, that came to fruition that clear, cool day in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

Louisiana Democratic Senator Russell Long, citing Oswald's interest in the radically pro-Castro movement, says virtually the same thing.

The Police Gazette, in a story published just weeks after the assassination of the President, offered proof that it was Red hate literature that inflamed the twisted mind of Oswald and his friends.

And as the days pass, slowly but surely, officials in New Orleans are getting closer to the truth about the death of the President. The evidence grows stronger day by day and all of it suggests a conspiracy

spawned in Cuba.

Why? What was the purpose? How did it all start?

It is no secret that Oswald, after his discharge from the Marine Corps, defected and went illegally to Russia, settling in Minsk where he met his wife, Marina.

What is not generally known is that in Minsk at the time were several hundred Cuban students, sent by the Castro regime to Russia for training in schools there.

Oswald, the *Police Gazette* learned, became friendly with one key man in the student group, a man known to have been an intelligence officer for Castro.

Idolized Castro

Through this man, Oswald is believed to have acquired a distorted zeal for the revolutionary movement on the island, so that when he finally returned to the United States and went to his native city, New Orleans, he spent more time passing out literature on street corners for the Fair Play for Cuba Committee (financed by Castro) than he did working for the Louisiana Coffee Co.

He worked there from late April 1963 until August, earning \$1.35 an

Fair Play

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Kennedy's Alliance for Profit

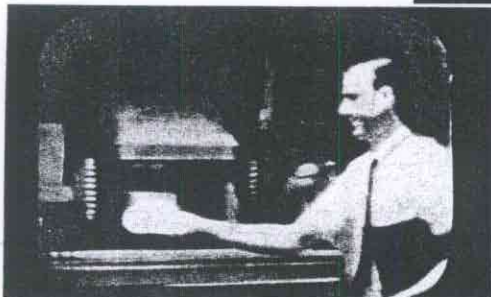
The Kennedy Administration tried to do with the cause of the "Alliance for Progress" economic conference at the United Nations in New York City last April. It was a failure. The Kennedy Administration is doing in one year—aid for agrarian reform—accomplished in Cuba. It calls for public housing schemes, providing potable water for half the population and for improving the health and welfare of the people of Latin America. Just how cynical the U.S. position is toward the people of Latin America is indicated by recent reports indicating that the U.S. and Western



Samples of literature distributed by the Fair Play For Cuba group. There's no question that Oswald and his friends were involved in it.



Here are the



This photo, taken off a TV screen, shows Lee Harvey Oswald as he distributed communist propaganda on a street in New Orleans. New Orleans



hour and living in a dingy house on Magazine Street, not far from the homes or business addresses of virtually all of the people questioned in Garrison's probe.

Late in August, less than three months before Kennedy was assassinated, Oswald quit his job and drew unemployment insurance, getting \$33 a week.

It was then that the sharp-featured, thin little man with the an-

gry eyes and the strident voice became a familiar figure on Canal Street, shrieking "Stop Kennedy from plunging America into war," as he handed out his Fair Play for Cuba leaflets.

According to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, the Committee even then was known to be financed, organized and directed by Castro.

At one point after the assassination, under questioning from the

PROVES

CASTRO HAD JFK MURDERED



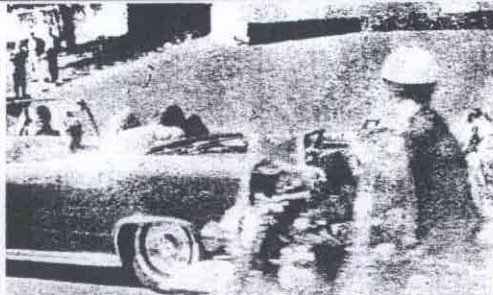
fantastic facts behind the New Orleans headlines that mark Castro: **GUILTY!**



DA Jim Garrison: conspiracy case.



David Ferrie; he died as Garrison planned to arrest him.



The death of a president: this photo, taken with a Polaroid by a woman at the scene, shows the late President Kennedy being shot.

Warren Commission's attorney, Oswald's wife practically begged to be allowed to give testimony about her husband's passion for Cuba.

The commission's lawyer was questioning her about her husband's preoccupation with the rifle he owned and its telescopic sights. Marina Oswald said he would sit home at night, studying the weapon. When she was asked whether he did this most of the time, she answered,

according to the Warren Report: "Most of the time, yes. But I know he became active with some kind of activity on a pro-Cuban committee. I hope that is what you are looking for."

It wasn't. For some reason, that line of questioning was never pursued. If they had they probably would have learned of Oswald's secret alliance with Castro terrorist groups.

According to Marina Oswald, Lee corresponded regularly with Communist party officials and was happy when he got replies because he felt he was being useful to the party. She admitted he was a devout Marxist who subscribed to the *Worker and the Militant*, the official organ of the Socialist Workers' Party.

At any rate, FBI records show that Oswald formed his own chapter of the Fair Play For Cuba Com-

mittee, claiming that he had enrolled some 35 persons in New Orleans. The claim was ignored by the Warren Commission which wasn't interested even though there are television pictures of Oswald and two other young men handing out leaflets around the International Trade Mart that ordered "Hands Off Cuba."

One of them, turned up in the Warren investigation, said Oswald had paid him \$2 for an hour's worth of such work. The second has never been found.

Why Oswald Killed JFK

The Warren Commission also closed its eyes to the opinion of Capt. J. W. Fritz, head of the Dallas homicide squad who spent hours questioning Oswald after the assassination.

Fritz said Oswald admitted he was an avowed, loyal, even fanatic, supporter of Castro's revolution and Fritz testified that:

"I got the impression, I got the impression, that he was doing it because of his feeling about the Castro revolution. . . I think that was his

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MICKY WALKER

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since the Sharkey fight. A lot had happened to me in that time. I didn't realize it then, but the thrill and glory of prizefighting got lost somewhere between the Sharkey and Schmeling fights.

After fourteen years in the ring, training became a terrible burden. In the years before it had to be done. But training for Schmeling turned into a jail sentence at hard labor.

In the fifth week of training, six days before the fight, Jack Kearns, my manager, had me weighed. The lever balanced at 156 pounds. Kearns became worried. He thought my body was drawn down too fine, that I showed signs of being stale.

Kearns suggested a game of golf for a change . . . and a few bottles of ale after the game. A relaxing day, and the ale would add the extra weight needed to finish training. I was all for Kearns' idea, except that I could see no reason to wait

until after the game for the ale.

On our arrival at the Summit Golf Club, the pro invited us into the clubhouse dining-room. Red-checked tablecloths, a friendly atmosphere, and a congenial host, all combined to hasten my downfall.

Seated at the table, I turned to Kearns and remarked, "Doc, I think I'll have a bottle of ale now." He gave the order, including a scotch and soda for himself. After the first order, more followed. I complained, "This ale bloats me, I'd better have a lighter drink."

Kearns and the pro were also ready for a lighter drink. The next order was champagne. More drinks followed until the pro reminded us that we had a golf game on.

My strength and spirit were returning fast. Why leave this renewed vigor in the clubhouse? So an extra boy was added to the caddy list; he carried champagne, in ice buckets, around the course.

Hours later, the dull-red sun, low in the sky, peeked through the trees surrounding the Summit clubhouse as we made ready to leave. Kearns reached for the car's door handle but before he could open it, my arms shot out and wrapped around his waist, pulling him away from the car.

"You're not going to drive," I ordered. "We'll take a taxi back to the camp."

Kearns began to struggle. He fell. My feet tangled with his legs and I plunged face-forward hitting my eye on a sharp rock protruding four inches above the ground.

Our camp was engulfed in gloom. The fight was postponed for two weeks.

The night of the big fight finally rolled around. The first punch thrown by Schmeling closed my eye and put me on the floor for a count.

In the second and third, I held my own. The fourth nearly saw the finish of Schmeling. He fell back against the ropes, groggy from a right cross. I stepped in close, with anxiety and dynamite wrapped in a left hook . . . but anxiety took

charge of the punch. It missed.

The fifth, sixth and seventh rounds ended in my favor, but the seventh round was the beginning of the end for me. A light punch from Schmeling, landed in a clinch, hit a nerve in my clear eye. That also closed.

When the bell rang for the eighth round, I came out swinging blindly. Schmeling's punches numbed my body. At different times, on my way to the floor, a strong vise seemed to crush me. I heard loud voices . . .

"Stay down, you damn fool, don't get up."

My foggy brain said, "I want to stay down. Roll over and get away from that crushing weight above."

But I found myself pushing up on one knee, struggling to my feet, pushing the whole world up with my shoulders.

Today I ask myself . . . "Why didn't I stay on the floor . . . why didn't I take the count? I don't know." THE END

Mickey Walker's personal recollections appear regularly in the Police Gazette. Don't miss them!

KENNEDY'S DEATH

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reason (for killing Kennedy)."

Everyone else who worked on the case felt that same thing.

Hoover testified that "we had information that had been obtained in Mexico City by another intelligence agency indicating there was a man who had seen a certain amount of money passed to Oswald at the Cuban consulate. I think it was \$6,000 . . . but the man later retracted the statement!"

Mysterious Visitor

Even so, the *Police Gazette* learned that a mysterious visitor has been in Mexico City for the last several weeks, retracing the steps of Oswald, asking questions about the assassin.

Among those he talked to were Dolores Ramirez, a lunchroom owner, and Sebastian Peres, an employee of the hotel where Oswald stayed there. Both of them said that the visitor, who has not been identified, was especially interested in whether or not Oswald had been seen with any other person in Mexico City or had talked to anyone there in late September or early October the year of the Dallas assassination.

John McCove, then head of the CIA, has also said his agency knew all about Oswald's trip south of the border. They knew that he had visited the Cuban consulate but ran into a stone wall because they lacked the resources to learn the confidential nature of his visit.

Which brings us to the people questioned or arrested by Garrison in recent weeks: Clay Shaw, free on bail on a charge of conspiracy to commit murder; David W. Ferrie, the ex-pilot who died under myster-

ious circumstances; lawyer Dean Andrews; J. B. Dauenhauer, a one-time assistant to Shaw at the International Trade Mart; erstwhile club owner Dante Marachini; and James Lewallen, now a missile plant employe but once a roommate of Oswald's.

What touched off this roundup, the *Police Gazette* learned, was secret testimony given by a key witness who said under sodium pentothol (truth serum) that Shaw, a respected and retired businessman, Ferrie, a known homosexual, and Oswald met during September of 1963 at Ferrie's apartment and agreed to kill Kennedy. Ferrie and Oswald are dead and Shaw denies this.

The informant was present at the meetings, actually saw the conspirators and heard the plan, according to sources inside Garrison's office.

The key to the question remains Ferrie, an expert flier, who said before his death that he had gone to Houston on a hunting trip the day Kennedy was shot.

Four notes found in his room indicated he committed suicide, but the medical examiner insists he died a natural death. Garrison is known to have been seeking him for questioning and when his room was searched, the DA's men turned up an arsenal that included a 100-pound practice aerial bomb, three rifles, a 20-gauge shotgun, a flare gun, two Army Signal Corps telephones, cameras and radio transmitting and receiving equipment as well as a quantity of ammunition.

What makes this more curious is the fact that Oswald knew Ferrie since his days at Beauregard Junior

High School in New Orleans when both were interested in a Civil Air Patrol group.

The group, which wore uniforms, met at the New Orleans airport once a week and the squadron leader was none other than David W. Ferrie. Though Oswald was known to have talked of kidnaping a plane to go to Cuba when the State Department refused to give him a visa to visit Castro's island, the Warren Commission didn't question the obvious connection between the two men.

Apparently they weren't interested in the possibility that when Oswald left his apartment after killing Kennedy and ran into Dallas Police Officer J. D. Tippett, whom he killed, he might actually have been headed for a rendezvous with Ferrie and an escape plane.

They weren't interested in the fact that both Oswald and Ferrie were known rifle enthusiasts, almost morbidly interested in weapons, and they didn't ask any of the obvious questions that are being asked by others now.

They scarcely bothered with Lewallen and never heard of Marachini, who knew Lewallen when he roomed with Oswald, and they weren't overly concerned with Dean Andrews who says he had a phone call from a man named Clay Bertrand asking him if he would represent Oswald after the assassin had been picked up in Dallas.

They either ignored or were unaware of the possible connection between Oswald and a munitions cache turned up in an FBI raid at Slidell, La., three months before the assassination.

But what is more important is that they failed to delve into the malevolent hatred that burned within Oswald, a hatred inspired by his pro-Castro leanings.

They were seemingly unconcerned with the fact that Castro

had branded Kennedy, whom he referred to as "the Boston millionaire," as Cuba's public enemy number one.

They ignored the fact that Castro terrorists are known to have plotted Kennedy's death as far back as 1961 when police in San Felipe, Venezuela, bagged a pair of well-armed killers in a car speeding along a hillside road just a few miles from where the late President's ship, the U.S.S. Northampton, was docked.

To Oswald, Kennedy really was what the endless flood of Castro propaganda said he was . . . a "warmonger" and a "profiteer" who was plundering Latin America.

And that was why, day after day in the weeks that preceded the killing in Dallas, Oswald recruited people to stand outside the International Trade Mart, screaming invective.

Even the defection of the founder of the Fair Play For Cuba Committee, Dr. Charles A. Santos Buch, who publicly admitted that Castro was pouring hundreds of thousands of dollars into the anti-Kennedy drive, failed to deter Oswald.

True Foe of JFK

Indoctrinated since his days in Minsk, Oswald was a true believer in Castro and a true foe of Kennedy, a bitter fanatic whose mind was poisoned by the propaganda.

The payoff came when he squeezed that trigger on an imported rifle in the sixth story window in Dallas and took dead aim at the President of the United States.

But that is not the end of the story because DA Garrison isn't kidding when he says there will be more arrests, more charges and convictions in a clearcut case of a Cuban conspiracy to kill President Kennedy. THE END