

PART TWO:
The Mardi Gras Solution of the JFK Assassination

CHAPTER 16

The Jolly Green Giant

Although it was more than two years in becoming a matter of judicial fact, almost two years before I could not avoid recognizing it, as I should have almost from the outset of his spectacular assassinations adventure, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison when lost himself, found others to blame for it.

Garrison, who died in 1993, was one of the most gifted, erudite, articulate, and when he wanted to be, one of the most eloquent and charming men I ever met. He was an authentic intellectual. He had limitless self-confidence. If he ever acknowledged making a mistake, being wrong about anything at all, it is without my recollection of it.

Beginning in November, 1966 in secret and in public the middle of February, 1967, he was off on what was locally referred to as his "probe" of the JFK assassination.

It is not possible to assess or report on the side of the JFK Assassination Industry other than the government's without him. He gave disagreement with the official mythology an entirely new aspect, of substituting theory for fact. His were the first of the most imaginative and widely-accepted and published theories of the assassination. He presented them all as fact and there was nothing he ever did, said or reflected that indicated he did not really and truly believe them. All of them, many as they are. All, including those that contradicted each other.

Collecting them all and listing them, with the ramifications, modifications, and enlargement of each, would take an extraordinary amount of time.

He was given his nickname, "The Jolly Green Giant," after the brandname of consumer-ready

Wisconsin agricultural products, by Dean Adams Andrews, a New Orleans lawyer. That nickname became so popular in Louisiana there were even T-shirts that, with a large green thumbprint read, "I've been touched by the Jolly Green Giant." I was given one by a police narcotics informer who became an informer for me. More on her later.

I introduced Andrews in assassination literature in 1965 in my first book, Whitewash. (pages 24-5, 150-1) Of all the 552 claimed Commission witnesses, including FBI and other experts on shooting, it was Andrews who gave it its most probative, most informative, most comprehensive and most unwelcome testimony on marksmanship. After all I learned about shooting before, after and when in the Army in World War II, after all the Commission expert testimony I read and sometimes studied, after all the expert testimony Jim Lesar and I took when we deposed five of the FBI's experts in several of my FOIA lawsuits, and after all the innumerable, great number of FBI laboratory records relating to shooting that I read after getting them in those lawsuits, and for all I've read in the literature of both sides in some 30 years, there is no testimony at all that compares in its dependability and informativeness with Andrews'. And he volunteered it in his July 21, 1964 deposition when he was questioned by Wesley Liebeler in the Old Civil Courts Building, at Royal and Conti Streets in the ancient New Orleans "French Quarter."

It is for this reason that I remind readers of it by repeating parts of page 24 and 25 of Whitewash, so they can know what was available to all who thereafter wrote on the subject or made what so many, without consultation with their dictionaries, referred and refer to as their "investigations" of the assassination.

This is how that book's fourth chapter, "The Marksman," begins:

"'The essence of intelligence,' Allen Dulles, Commission Member and former head of the Central Intelligence Agency, once said, 'is to get one fact and bulldog it to death.'

"Unfortunately, as a Commission Member, Dulles did not practice what he preached.

Had he done so, the Dallas shootings would have busied the bulldogs for years. There is no single thing that that is proved beyond a reasonable doubt about the marksman, the rifle, the ammunition, the shooting or the number of shots except that President Kennedy was killed, Officer Tippit was killed, and Governor Connally was wounded. The Report evades much of the solid evidence the Commission could not avoid developing, misuses the testimony to which it does refer, ignores and compounds the sins of the police agencies, escapes the obvious and evolves unalloyed speculation in contradictory forms."

In a murder by gunshot investigation, such a central "fact" that should be "bulldogged" and wasn't by the Commission is the possibility that the shooting it theorized was not possible.

"Entirely by surprise the Commission received and the Report neglects the most reasonable and probative testimony on marksmanship from one of the witnesses heard with least enthusiasm. New Orleans attorney Dean Andrews was called because he reported Oswald's connections with Cuban groups to the Secret Service, by phone, while hospitalized. He caught the Commission entirely by surprise by saying Oswald had not and could not have killed President Kennedy. He emphasized the point that the Commission had never asked all the experts quoted: Marksmanship is a skill that requires a high degree of coordination and practice (11H330-1).

"I am basing my opinion on five years as an ordnanceman in the Navy. You can lean into those things, and with throwing the bolts- if I couldn't do it myself, 8 hours a day, doing this for a living, constantly on the range, I know this civilian couldn't do it. He might have been a sharp marksman at one time, but if you don't lean into that rifle and don't squeeze and control consistently, your brain can tell you how to do it, but you don't have the capability ... to fire three shots controlled with accuracy, this boy couldn't do it.'

"Commission Assistant Counsel Wesley J. Liebeler asked, 'You base that judgement on the fact that, in your own experience, it is difficult to do that sort of thing?'

"Mr. Andrews: You just don't pick up a rifle or a pistol or whatever weapon you are using and stay proficient with it. You have to know what you are doing. ... Somebody else pulled the trigger ... It's just taking the 5 years (experience) and thinking about it a bit. I have fired as much as 40,000 rounds of ammo a day for 7 days a week. You get pretty good with it as long as you keep firing. Then I have gone back after 2 weeks. I used to be able to take a shotgun, go on a skeet, and pop 100 out of 100. After 2 weeks, I could only pop 60 of them. I would have to start again, same way with the rifle and machineguns. Every other person I knew, same thing happened to them. You just have to stay in it."

Nobody ever, before the Commission or anywhere else, ever undertook to rebut what Andrews testified to and nobody did.

The Commission did not merely "neglect" this Andrews testimony- it ignored it.

So did Garrison.

Garrison had an entirely different interest in Andrews' testimony. He picked that up from my second use of Andrews' testimony (page 150) in connection with another matter, identifying people, and there again Andrews volunteered what Liebelier had not asked of him:

"Closely paralleling the testimony of the Cubans was that of Attorney Deans Adams Andrews, Jr. (11H325-39), who flavored his remarks with a pungency of speech and picturesqueness of phrasing that lent an unseemly lightness to the seriousness of the occasion. He also volunteered expert data on firearms and other unsolicited information.

"In the summer of 1963 'Oswald came into the office accompanied by some gay kids. They were Mexicanos. He wanted to find out what could be done in connection with a discharge, a yellow discharge ... when he brought the money I would do the work, and we saw him three or four times subsequent to that, not in the company of the gay kids. He had this Mexican with him ...'. Later Andrews saw some of those 'gay kids' professionally after a police 'scoop' that resulted in the arrest of about 50 'for wearing clothes of the opposite sex.' Andrews apparently has more than a fair share of this kind of clientele from the Latin population. Asked to estimate the volume, he said, 'Last week there were six of them. ... Depends on how bad the police are rousting them. They shoo them in. My best customers are the police. ... God bless the police' (11H336).

"Andrews' link with this element was a semi-mysterious Clay Bertrand, whom he described as 'a lawyer without a briefcase' (11H337). Bertrand frequently phoned him on behalf of the homosexual clients 'either to obtain bond or parole for them. I would assume he was the one that originally sent Oswald and the gay kids ... because I had never seen these

people before at all' (11H331).

"He is looking for Bertrand and the Mexican but indicated the latter was no longer in New Orleans because 'he just couldn't have disappeared because the Mexican community here is pretty small. You can squeeze it pretty good. ... He is not known around here. ... Not too many places they can go without being noticed.' His search was subsequent to the assassination (11H331). Bertrand owes him money, and Andrews connects both with the assassination. Six weeks prior to his July 21, 1964 appearance, he saw Bertrand in a bar and he 'spooked' through another entrance when Andrews sought a phone to alert the FBI. Andrews berated himself for not following his instinct, saying, 'What I wanted to do and should have done is crack him on the head with a bottle. ... I probably will never find him again ... he could be running because they have been squeezing the quarter pretty good looking for him ... somebody might have passed the word he was hot and I was looking for him...' (11H334,337).

Some of Andrews' expressions in this introduction of Clay Bertrand into the Commission's evidence is more like the way he usually spoke. It was his own kind of jive talk. He used it even in court. He was by any standard, more for a member of the bar, decidedly an off-beat character. We did become friends.

My purpose here is to introduce New Orleans and Garrison. It and he were also rather off-beat from my experiences with mostly the staid world. Of the many people I recall looking back over the eight decades of my life each, Andrews and Garrison, is unique in his own way.

Although New Orleans is different in many ways, for example, in its tolerance of what and who is different, and although I did meet many people there who were in their own ways somewhat different than most, I also met many fine people there, more than in most cities in which I worked. I am indebted to quite a few.

Garrison and Andrews, who was the beginning point of Garrison's "probe" that ended in a spectacular fiasco when the jury returned in less than an hour to find Clay Shaw, the man Garrison said was Clay Bertrand, innocent, introduce us to what did become the Mardi Gras solution to the JFK assassination.

We have further interest in Andrews later. But jumping ahead a bit with what there is no need to return to later, Andrews was this good a lawyer: Garrison charged him with and had him dead-to-rights on perjury, false swearing that Andrews probably believed was essential to his keeping his lawyer's license if not to his survival, but Andrews did not go to jail for it and he did not lose his license to practice law over it.

To a large degree New Orleans has its own culture, a blend of many of the cultures of the world whose people at various times settled in New Orleans. In time, after Jefferson added Louisiana to the United States, New Orleans grew into a major international seaport. That attracted the ships of all the world to it.

Because of its mild climate and tolerant attitudes many young people who wanted to quit the world in recent years went to New Orleans to quit it. Like the mathematician I knew who was content to live a simple life on what he made as a bookstore clerk. It took him several months and then only on his live-in girlfriend's insistence, to notify the utility that it had cut his current off in error because he had indeed paid his bill.

Freezing is almost unheard of there. Simple houses are built off the ground on pillars. Their water and sewer pipes are exposed to the air because they do not freeze. Almost never, anyway.

I remember one Sunday after Thanksgiving when I was staying with the friendly and helpful Matt Herron family. They went boating that day. I had notes to work on. It was so warm in New Orleans that November Sunday I sat on their porch and worked wearing only a pair of walking shorts and sandals.

Many New Orleans cemeteries bury in marble vaults on top of the ground, it can be so wet there in that part of the Delta so much of which is built up to get above the river's normal level and so

much of which floods so easily. Levees to hold the Mississippi back in that area are impressively high, wide and long.

As in all cities, there is heavy traffic on the main streets. On the corner on which the building in which Garrison's office is, Tulane and Broad Avenues, the earth is so spongy one literally moves up and down with it when buses and trucks go by. It is a very unusual sensation, there and elsewhere in the city, to one not having experienced it before.

New Orleans grew in the marshes inside a deep bend in the river that is a full semi-circle. This led to its being called the "The Crescent City." Some of its most important and longest streets go almost in a circle. Like Claiborne Avenue. This is but one of the factors that sometimes makes recognizing or giving directions difficult for those who do not live there and learn the city's idiosyncracies.

Another is learning what "uptown" is. What is uptown in New Orleans is downtown in every other city in which I have been.

Then there are the streets that have different names when they cross Canal Street, the main drag beginning at the Mississippi's edge.

The strips of curbed grassland between the one-way halves of streets is known as "the neutral ground," as though each half of the street was at war with the other.

Notwithstanding the fact that for a newcomer or visitor it can mean three different directions, in the Crescent City direction is sometimes given as "the river side," referring to a part of town or the side of the street.

It clings to tradition, like Mardi Gras, or "fat Tuesday" referring to the beginning of Lent. A largely successful effort was made to preserve the old "French Quarter" (le vieux carre). It is old, as that Old Civil Courts Building in it is old, as is the beautiful St. Louis cathedral near it. When I was

there it still had a single street-car line in operation. You guessed it, "A Street Car Named Desire."

Running both ways in the neutral ground of St. Charles Avenue. If one continued past the end of that line in far "uptown" along the sweeping curve of the rushing river one came to beautiful old buildings dating to before the Civil War, still well-preserved and still in use. Although no longer as the manor house of vast plantations.

Much of the city is below the river's level when it is not flooding. Bayous run through it. Sitting and sipping the there still popular cafe au lait in one of the two then more famous places that served it, Cafe du Monde, in its patio, one got the impression that the keel of the ocean-going ship looming so high on the other side of the nearby levee was as high as the street level.

Beignets, the French version of doughnuts that are a puffy rectangular shape, are still popular specialties there, and at The Morning Call, a block further along Decatur Street from Canal Street, as they are elsewhere in the city. I remember that at The Morning Call the waiters made a graceful show of rapidly and simultaneously pouring the two hot liquids into the cup from large pewter-like pitchers with long handles without spilling a drop or having it run over.

The city is remarkably tolerant of sexual practices as long as they do not create visible problems. It did not hurt Clay Shaw's career a bit that he was probably the city's best-known homosexual. Nor did his seeming to have a mulatto ancestry.

New Orleans began as a different city, a city almost floating on the river, and in many ways it continues to be a different city than any other in the country.

Garrison and Andrews are not typical of New Orleanians but they are a fair reflection of that "probe" and the people in and around it.

The people do have their own attitudes. After the Shaw case blew up in Garrison's face he was

re-elected by an even larger majority. Twice, too. He was re-elected to that office more than anyone had ever been.

He once told me, on the night of an election- and he was speaking of Louisiana, not just New Orleans- "The biggest asset a politician can have here is to get caught in the wrong bed."

Whether I was there because Garrison wanted to talk to me or not, one of the detectives met my plane, every trip but one. They always checked me into the Fountainbleau Motel, a large one on Tulane Avenue, a long walk from Garrison's office, as long as I stayed there. Garrison financed his "probe" with money he obtained from private sources, most of whom I believe were his political friends. My air fare when I was to be with him and the motel were paid with SAFI checks. I think that represented Special Assassination Fund, Incorporated.

It all took some getting used to!

Once when Lynn Loisel met my plane when we got to the "Bleau," as it was called, "blue" as it was pronounced, he parked his car with my luggage locked in its trunk.

"We got a report that there is to be a hit on you," he told me, "so we want a connecting room. We'll have to wait until they are ready." So we went into the coffee shop, which was also an excellent and good-sized restaurant that served drinks, and relaxed until the rooms were ready. Loisel went up to the desk, used a phony name for himself and checked me in as "Mr. Anthony Dunne." They all knew me at that motel but nobody cracked a smile.

They sure knew him. That coffee shop was a favorite pub.

This should not give the impression that Garrison's detectives were in any way any less able than detectives in other cities. They were city police employees detailed to the office of the district attorney and his investigators. There were only two about whom I had doubts. With one it was that I did not

trust him, not that he was not a competent detective. The other, with the rank of captain, had to have been put to work as a street dick for some reason indicating he was in deep trouble. It later turned out he was.

But there were some rather odd aspects of the arrangements for me when they had reason to believe someone was going to try to kill me!

Those connecting rooms were on the only side of that large motel, built like a square, with the center section so large it had two swimming pools and one wing eight storeys high, that was dark on its outside, with nothing but unused land between it and Interstate Highway 10. The only light was from the dim bulbs over the doors to the room. Unless one let that light stay on he returned to darkness at night, darkness exaggerated by the shrubbery.

It was to one of these rooms that I was assigned. The connecting room opened onto the large bright inside square with the pools and many tables and chairs. They took that room for themselves! With a "hit" supposedly on me!

As soon as we got there they told me they had to bug my room for my security. I agreed. So they drilled a hole at the top of the connecting door jamb, inserted a spike mike, tested it on the large reel-to-reel tape recorder they had, one that accommodated a seven-inch reel for many hours of recording. Their "wire" man whose name was George told me he also wanted an FM bug. I agreed. Soon he was taping it to the underside of a chair.

"Wait a minute, George," I asked him. "How am I going to turn on the switch on that thing without being seen? Let me have it in my pocket."

"No sweat," he said. "Just reach your hand down here. You can feel the switch. Just push it."

Not anticipating any need to use that bug I just forgot about it. I really had to contort to reach

that switch. It would have been pretty conspicuous.

There was a woman justifiedly regarded as a good source. She knew New Orleans like very few people. I did not want to try to take extensive notes and I'd carried my own tape recorder. But once they had the room wired, I decided not to use my machine because so many people act up a little, exaggerate a bit when they are taped. It would just be a natural conversation with my tape recorder visibly not in use.

When I invited her to dinner and asked if she would talk to me afterward, she said "I have no babysitter." So, of all the unlikely possibilities, I got David Ferrie's godson, Morris Brownlee, to babysit her little girl, about nine years old!

I am the one who brought Ferrie's involvement in the FBI and Warren Commission investigations to light. Garrison had charged Ferrie as one of his three assassination conspirators (after Ferrie had died) and this young man babysat so I could question that fine woman about what she knew about so many people- including his godfather! (Oswald, who Garrison had so often stated, killed nobody, was his third assassination conspirator.)

After a pleasant dinner we went to my room and just talked. For hours. Without any call from those in the adjoining room supposedly listening to our conversation. I grew uneasy and the conversation became a little awkward.

It must have been close to midnight when the phone finally rang. It was Loisel.

"I'm glad to hear from you, Lynn. Can you give me and Barbara a ride to her home?"

He told me he'd let it take 15 minutes so she'd not know they were in the next room.

When he and I returned from taking her home we went to their room.

The first thing I saw was three or four restaurant carts with the debris of much food and many

beer bottles.

Inside were two or three other detectives, perplexed detectives.

They had nothing at all on their tape so many hours of which had run!

They said they'd checked it and it was working fine.

And then they paid no attention to it.

There was a football game on TV and they ate and drank as they watched it.

It wasn't even a Saints game. New Orleans' domed stadium had not yet been built.

They played that tape in the office the next day and they still had only gibberish.

After several trips to New Orleans I came to believe that those men so competent in their usual work were just plain intimidated- scared at the assignments they got from Garrison. It freaked them so that often they just felt lost. Even though they had goofed that one because they had paid no attention to it.

They felt lost not without reason.

Garrison had a set of the Commission's 26 volumes. He read them frequently, annotating them and the memos he got from his staff on what he had assigned them to do. One part of his staff was on his "probe." The normal office business was handled by his first assistant, Charles Ward, and the rest of his staff.

For some reason that defies understanding, Garrison believed there was less chance that the FBI would tap his phone calls at the New Orleans Athletic Club. So he used it as a second office. It had a variety of rooms he could use for that purpose. Several that he used were dining rooms. He had a blackboard in the largest of them. And did he use it!

Garrison held his meetings that he regarded as most secret at the NOAC or "The Club." It was

referred to by both ways.

All the "critics" who could poured into New Orleans. Except Sylvia Meagher. She immediately and as it turned out accurately castigated Garrison as "an Ayn Rand character."

My judgement was bad. I actually believed him when he explained away all the things he said he should not have said and all the really crazy stuff he seemed to believe. He said he was "fighting fire with fire." The government was, he said, giving him a hard time so he was returning the favor.

That was not true and it took me much too long to recognize it.

I was not in on most of those shenanigans partly because I had no interest in Clay Shaw. I was interested in learning as much as I could about Lee Harvey Oswald and his life and connections there.

That seemed not to interest Garrison at all.

What I was able to learn without any difficulty made it no less clear that the Warren Commission's lawyers also had no interest at all in learning what they could about their sole candidate for assassin. (Not that they did not know all along he would be the only one they designated "assassin.")

Oswald's most spectacular exploit in New Orleans was to get himself arrested by provoking one Carlos Bringuier into attacking him.

Bringuier was so far into the right political extreme that after his Warren Commission testimony he went on speaking tours under the sponsorship of one of the earliest far-right religious exploiters of radio and the money it could get pouring in. Billie Joe Hargis.

(Despite Bringuier's indebtedness to Hargis, he is not mentioned in Bringuier's poor apology for a book that at its best never rises to mediocrity. It has fewer than 120 small pages of text. Its largely pointless appendix is of less than 30 pages. But the appendix does include newspaper stories about

Bringuier, along with other meaninglessnesses. Oddly, in his criticisms of some critics he makes no mention of me. Why this is so odd follows. Charles Hallberg & Co. published it in Chicago in 1969, two years after that incident. Reflecting Bringuier's modesty, the dust jacket describes his book that appeared so long after so many that did in fact deal with the assassination, as "The true story in all its gruesome detail of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy on the day that will go down in history as:" followed by the book's title in large red letters, Red Friday. The book has no bibliography. In his lengthy dedication, "To my son Carlos," Bringuier refers to those critical of the official mythology as "fellow travelers." On his part Hargis slunk into well-deserved oblivion in the wake of a brilliant song that was a spoof expose of him that with a peppy tune became a radio hit.)

Bringuier had a Havana law degree but in New Orleans he was just plain nuts.

He was the New Orleans "delegate" of the Cuban Student Directorate, the DRE. He had not been a student for quite a few years. He was the only DRE member in New Orleans.

I had no interest in Bringuier at all from his Commission testimony but he apparently luxuriated in the belief that he was a most important witness and that anyone who did not think so had to be a Communist.

Bringuier, with his brother-in-law, owned Casa Roca, a Cuban-sort of general store at 107 Decatur Street, close to the river. He also catered to sailors and despite his pretenses and religious sponsorship, had x-rated books on display in his store window. Another Warren Commission witness who did interest me had one of the four bars he then owned, the Habana Bar and Grill, so close to Bringuier's there was but one storefront between them, the Grad Printing Company.

According to the Commission, Oswald staged a spectacular drunk at Orest Pena's Habana Bar and Grill.

It was not Loisel or Steve Bordelon, the other detective who was Garrison's driver who also met me at and took me to the airport, who drove me there when I left the first time I was there. I asked that detective to allow enough time for me to look at several places I to then had no time to see and photograph.

When we got to that block of Decatur, there very close to the Mississippi near Canal Street, the dividing street, being a detective, on a street where no parking is permitted, he drove onto the sidewalk of the United States Custom House, which takes up the river side of that block.

I had not even had time to focus the old reflex camera I was using when Bringuier came rushing from his store, running in a fairly full crouch yet. With each couple of steps he snapped a picture with his 35mm camera. And when he got to me he was about to jump me when the detective chased him.

Years later when I got the New Orleans FBI files I discovered that Bringuier was a disappointed man when he took those pictures to the FBI to give them. That they saw no value in them probably convinced him that the FBI, too, was Communist. But reluctantly they accepted those pictures when he persisted.

Seeing and hearing Bringuier for the first time did not convince me that he was really in possession of what is referred to all his faculties.

Discussing this strange business with a Cuban assistant district attorney, Bill Martin, and as I now recall his friend and another of the passionately anti-Castro Cubans, Manual Gil, on a later trip Martin laughed and asked me, "Do you know what he is called in the Cuban community?" I did not of course, so he told me: "El Estupides." Assuming correctly that I would interpret that as meaning stupid, he said, "And that means The Stupidity."

For a while Pena and I were friends. It happened in a strange way.

One night when I returned from the Archives in Washington my wife told me that he had phoned and that she had told him when I'd be home. He said he would call then.

Several hours past that time he did. I had, as I later always had, trouble with his accent. Orest had immigrated before Castro and he had a good command of English, but a very heavy accent.

He introduced himself, said he had only a short amount of time because he was in the hospital awaiting the reading of x-rays. He had been clubbed with a lead pipe. He had just seen my book, he said, and if I would come to New Orleans he would give me another book.

He attributed that lead-piping to his Commission testimony, although he made no effort to explain why. I did not understand why, either.

On my next trip it was apparent that he did not have another book to offer but that he had and he could lead me to worthwhile information about Oswald.

The biggest surprise on that next trip was Orest's new car.

It was the purplist of new Cadillacs. With all the extras. He was proud of it, too.

He told me he had gotten it when "they" caused an accident with his then car. He meant that "they" had tried to kill him with a lead pipe to the head and then by totalling his car.

"Fuck it," he said. "They kill me, so they kill me. Until they do, I live it up."

That meant a purple Caddy to him.

That trip Orest insisted that we dine and spend the rest of the nights together while he told me what he thought I should know. We came close to keeping his schedule, too. We did dine together each night the first week I was there. He even took me to The Playboy Club, of which he was a member, for drinks.

And he taught me never to order "Scotch and water."

"They give you the cheapest bar scotch they have and charge you a high price. Order by brand and they think you know your whiskey and give you what you order."

His recommendation for the Scotch that goes best with water were Chivas Regal and J&B. That made me a J&B man for years. Chivas cost too much for me.

All that week he was telling me stories of a Mexican reporter with whom he saw Oswald often.

His account of that alleged spectacular Oswald drunk was not at all the official version of it.

And he got two of his employees who were there to talk to me to confirm it. They spoke no English so he was the translator. I taped those interviews.

The bar maid, Armanda Jarvis, was no problem. We interviewed her on the job. But his barkeep on the night shift, Evaristo Rodriguez, was home sick. He had the mumps. I'd had them so Orest drove me to where they lived.

Having had the mumps I asked Evvy if the doctor had told him to stay off his feet.

The doctor had not, so I told him that it could develop into orchitis.

By the time that was translated and discussed in Spanish by all three Everisto Rodriguez seemed to have the wrong idea and believed that the complication could render him impotent.

From that moment on I had a new friend.

No, two new friends. His wife, too.

Evvy did testify on deposition before the Warren Commission lawyer Wesley Liebeler, in New Orleans on July 21, 1964. It was an assembly-line deposition day. Quite a few were deposed that day by Liebeler. He rushed them through. Before Evvy's testimony (11H339ff), he had Dean Andrews (11H325) and after it he had Pena (11H349). Liebeler's translator was FBI Special Agent Robert Logan.

Orest's brother Ruperto also testified (11H364ff).

(Reflecting the Commission's prosecution-like rather than fact-finding approach and method, these Cuban witnesses who raised unwelcome questions about what the Commission concluded about Oswald were not interviewed until after the Commission's Report had been scheduled to have been completed and filed. Bringuier, however, was one of its early deposition witnesses. He was deposed, again by Liebeler, as the note at the beginning of his testimony says, "on April 7-8, 1964, at the Old Civil Courts Building. (10H32-51) For the depositions, that was lengthy testimony. It is, for example, more than 10 times the length of Liebeler's deposition of Linda Kay Willis, who was as close as any other eyewitness to the President when he was killed and was looking at him when the bullets hit him. (7H498-9) It is three times the length of Liebeler's deposition of James T. Tague, the third man wounded in the assassination in the same volume (552-8). It is also three times the length of Liebeler's deposition of the man who was an assassination eyewitness and who took the famous movies of the assassination, Abraham Zapruder, in the same volume. (pages 569-76) It is four times the length of the deposition of Constable Seymour Weitzman who both retrieved a piece of the President's skull and was one of those who found the well-hidden rifle allegedly used by Oswald. (pages 105-9) It is three times the length of the testimony of Roy Truly, the building manager who hired Oswald and was with Officer Marrion Baker when they encountered Oswald in the building's second storey employees room after the assassination. With these but a few of the illustrations from that single volume of the published testimony it is apparent that in seeking to build its prosecution-type case against Oswald Bringuier was given a much more extensive examination than were those who were actually witnesses to major events in the assassination itself.)

Liebeler's chief interest was in building a case, any kind of case, against Oswald. The

Commission lawyers' proud boast was that truth was their only client. It was a boast, not the truth.

And from what these four Cubans told me it was not his intent in deposing them.

What was of special interest to Liebler was the report that Oswald had gone into Orest's Habana Bar and Grill drunk as a coot and had made a spectacle of himself in that drunkenness by making a scene ordering a lemonade only. In that tough area of that tough waterfront the bar people did not even know how to make a lemonade. The official line is that Oswald was also sick in his drunk and made a mess. And that he left, staggering in his drunkenness as he left.

While this is not the place for all I learned about Oswald in New Orleans, this business of that drunk, used so prejudicially by Liebler and the Commission, is illustrative. Orest had told me that it was a fake, a putup job, whether by Oswald or by what I referred to from the first as a "false" Oswald (Whitewash, pp 137ff). There were confirmations of the counterfeiting of Oswald that, while they could not be entirely ignored by the Commission and its lawyers, were ignored in their work and in their Report. There is doubt in the minds of those Cubans that the man who created that memorable disturbance so foreign to the disturbances in waterfront bars- asking for a lemonade- was the real Oswald.

What there is no doubt about on the parts of all three bar employees who were witnesses to it, as they told me, is that that man was not drunk. They said that when he and his companion left the bar he started walking straight, not staggering, and they were both laughing their heads off over the stunt they had pulled.

It is worth repeating that the translator was an FBI agent.

Whether it was the real Oswald or a false one, that such a stunt had been staged by two men who found it hilarious was a matter of investigation once Oswald was the official candidate for assassin

and was officially alleged to be a loner, a lone nut assassin. But based on the transcript of the translated testimony there was no basis for investigation of it.

There was quite a bit more like that in New Orleans but as the Commission avoided it all, so also did Garrison. The Commission's own records were my leads when I looked into some of what was obviously at the least dubious.

This business of the staged non-drunk is but one of many illustration of it.

The week he was driving me around nights in that purple Caddy he drove me twice to the home of Barbara Reid in the first block of St. Phillip going from the river and Decatur. The first time was so that a young woman reported to have information could size me up and decide whether to talk to me. The next night was for the first of a number of long interviews with her that followed. She was also a police narcotics informer so I do not mention her name. Instead I refer to her as "Dee."

Orest left before I did. He was soon back, exploding in wrath. That purple Caddy was the only car in the block of bumper-to-bumper parking with slashed tires. All four of its were slashed.

That young woman, then 20, was the least inhibited and most imaginative liar I ever knew, with the possible exception of the late Hugh McDonald, inventor of the fake book Appointment in Dallas. He had a professional writer do the writing. McDonald had it over her in his suavity, his smoothness, his air of respectability and the fact that he had been one of the higher deputy sheriffs in Los Angeles County.

But unlike McDonald's book, she sometimes did not lie and she did know several youthful Warren Commission witnesses.

Liar that she was, what I checked out did stack.

Including the destruction of Carlos Bringuier's explanation for his picking the fight he had with

Oswald on August 9, 1963 (10H37) that gave Oswald his first New Orleans publicity and press clippings he later used in that Cuban embassy in Mexico City. His use of them there was as credentials in his effort to get a visa to go to Cuba. He did not get it. Why is another story.

Oswald had gone to Bringuier's store, Bringuier testified, on August 5. (10H37) As his explanation for going after Oswald Bringuier swore that he was motivated by a raid on a supposed Cuban training camp. In fact that camp was no such thing, as my investigation and the pictures I took establish. Oswald was not in any way responsible for that raid in any event. The nutty anti-Castro Cubans themselves were. They used a U-Haul trailer to take a visible load of explosives to the private home the use of which they had off Pontchartrain Drive on the other side of that lake from New Orleans. Then, after raking up the debris from those grounds they set the trash on fire. The grass then burned. As the fire inched toward that small, whitepainted, wooden house the neighbor toward the lake, a black man, worried about all that could go boom! if the fire reached the house. His and other houses could have been lost. As he told me, he is the one who reported the dangerous Cuban irresponsibility that got the FBI there.

With that having been July 31, 1963, Bringuier swore that it was the report of that raid in the next day's paper that had him suspicious of Oswald when Oswald showed up at his store. His sworn testimony is that he then saw Oswald for the first time, on August 5.

He lied.

Liebeler and the Commission had to know that he lied from the information they had from the Secret Service, which was my lead. Bringuier had lied about when he first saw Oswald by at least two months.

Not only did Bringuier lie about when he saw Oswald for the first time, his explanation for being

suspicious of Oswald then is not rational. There was no connection between Oswald and that raid.

There was no reason even to suspect that Oswald, a total stranger to Bringuier, had any connection with that raid. Neither Liebler nor the Commission had any reason to suspect any Oswald connection with that raid. With any investigation at all, with as little as a simple inquiry of the FBI, Liebler would have learned the truth that I learned, that the man who feared a disaster from the irresponsibility of those anti-Castros with their fire nearing the house in which they had stored a trailer-load of explosives, made the report that in the end got the FBI there when it was notified by the local authorities.

But once Oswald was identified as picketing with a pro-Castro sign, for the mind of El Estupides that was all it needed for Bringuier to develop his after-the-fact alleged suspicion of Oswald on August 5.

As Bringuier testified, there were two boys in his and his brother-in-law's store when Oswald entered. Both boys testified, each again listed as testifying on both April 7 and 8, 1964 when, as with Bringuier, they were regarded by Liebler and the Commission as important in building the prosecution-type case rather than engaging in the Commission's assigned responsibility, to find and report fact. Phillip Geraci III testified first. (pages 74-81), along with his mother. Vance Blalock's testimony followed that of the Geracis. (pages 81-6)

Both boys were friends of my youthful narcfink informer. After speaking to her I was able to interview the parents of one, the Geracis. It was at their Metarie home, just across the parish line from New Orleans, in Jefferson, or as it is called locally, Jeff Parish. Phillip had been drafted and was serving in the infantry in Viet Nam.

They were willing for me to tape record the interview. As we completed each subject about which I asked them I played the tape back for their rethinking of what they had said. They approved

the entire interview as taped. Both of them.

The mother remembered clearly that Phillip had told her that he and Vance wanted to get some of their Civil Air Patrol uniforms. She drove them to near Bringuier's store the day she had a dental appointment near it. She remembered that this was as soon as schools were out for the summer. Both parents remembered Phillip later telling them that is when he saw Oswald. Oswald had spoken to both boys about what he said he learned and experienced in the Marines while they waited for Bringuier to be free. The date was shortly after Oswald got to New Orleans from Fort Worth.

It was not in August. It was in May.

It was also on that day that Bringuier had asked the boys to sell what he referred to as Cuban freedom bonds- at 50 cents each. The father got, showed me and mailed me copies of Bringuier's handwritten receipts for the small sums Phillip and collected from selling those bonds- that as it turned out Bringuier had no right to sell. Bringuier wrote it all out and dated it- two months earlier than he said he saw Oswald for the first time on August 5.

Both boys were sort of taken by Bringuier as a "resistance fighter," as he presented himself. They returned to his store several times, including the times Bringuier recorded on those receipts for the "bonds" Phillip sold and on other occasions. One of those occasions was recorded in the files of the juvenile squad of Jefferson Parish, where the Geraci's lived- and of which Garrison knew.

The father, also named Phillip, was a professional electrician. He killed himself by accident in the course of his work. The army then returned Phillip from Viet Nam.

Knowing from the Commission testimony that Phillip had been at Bringuier's when Oswald was, on Phillip Jr.'s return Garrison served a grand jury subpoena on him. Phillip ignored it, as Dee told me immediately. Before I was able to return to New Orleans again, Garrison had served two more grand

jury subpoenas on Phillip and he had ignored all three. Of course that laid him open to charges but Garrison had not filed them by the time I was there again.

Knowing of the son's vulnerability that began when he ran away from home and became a Jeff Parish juvenile case, I made a deal with Garrison, that I would interview Phillip and give Garrison the results of that interview if, in return, he would leave Phillip alone. He agreed.

To protect Phillip I arranged for the interview with the family lawyer, Mrs. Lillian Cohen Trent (she practiced law under her maiden name). The mother accompanied Phillip to the lawyer's home for the interview, which I taped. It was on a Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Cohen was awaiting the return of her husband, a local judge, Louis Trent. They were going boating that weekend.

She was impressed by my putting the tape recorder near her, within her reach, so that, as I said, she could turn it off at anytime she might want to. She was also impressed by some of what she heard Phillip say and his mother confirm. I do not report all of it here.

Phillip confirmed his many trips to Bringuier's store and that it was on his first trip there, seeking parts of his CAP uniform with Vance Blalock that he heard Oswald offer Bringuier his marine manual. It was entirely without value to Bringuier, who was not a "resistance fighter" in any event. He was only a propagandist.

After interviewing Phillip's parents and learning that the boys had been to Bringuier's often and when they had seen Oswald for the first and only time I went to the Archives and got a copy of what others never checked, the stenographic transcript of Phillip's deposition. Phillip had tried to tell Liebeler that he had been to Bringuier's more than once but with the Secret Service information that Phillip had seen Oswald months earlier than Bringuier, for his own reason, testified to, rather than following that up, Liebeler edited the transcript before it was published and eliminated that information from it! As

published the edited transcript has Phillip at Bringuier's only that one time the Commission wanted.

Liebeler, one of those Commission lawyers whose proud boast it was that truth was their only client.

When Liebeler deposed Bringuier, he led Bringuier into testimony that was not the truth. It was particularly not truthful with respect to when the boys were at Bringuier's when Oswald was there and it was not truthful in the false representation that is in the transcript, that the boys were there only one time. It is also not truthful with what Liebeler had the record reflect about the relations between Bringuier and Phillip. On Phillip's part it was a relationship in which he trusted Bringuier, an adult when he was a troubled boy in high school.

Phillip was a Jeff Parish juvenile case because he had run away from home. When away he kept in touch with Dee. I knew of that from her and from the Jeff Parish juvenile case records. When he decided to return to the New Orleans area, Dee met him at the bus station. Instead of going home Phillip went to Bringuier, his adult friend, with Dee. Instead of sending the boy home or phoning the mother to tell her her son was back and safe, Bringuier sent him to a nearby dive, a cheap flophouse, The Silver Dollar. The reception Phillip got at that dive, a notorious homosexual flophouse, drove him out of there and home.

This is some of fact that Liebeler did not elicit when it was readily available to him. It is some of what he avoided learning, as Garrison also did.

It should be remembered that David Ferrie had been charged by Garrison as part of the assassination conspiracy over which he had Clay Shaw indicated and that Ferrie, the professional pilot, had been a leader in the CAP, of which Phillip was a member as a few years earlier Oswald had been.

Ferrie had been fired by Eastern Air Lines when he was arrested for offenses against boys.

Another of those CAP boys of Oswald's day who, of all remarkable coincidences Liebeler also deposed was Frederick S. O'Sullivan. (8H27ff) By the time Liebeler deposed him O'Sullivan was a detective on the New Orleans police vice squad. In that brief questioning Liebeler sought to establish that Oswald was not to O'Sullivan's knowledge a member of the CAP. By the questions he asked he got the record to reflect what he wanted it to reflect. There is also something unusual about this testimony as it was published. (8H31) As published, Liebeler asked him, which was really telling him how to answer, a deceptive question:

"You have never had any contact with Ferrie in connections with your activities on the vice squad? Is that correct?"

O'Sullivan's response is, "No; Ferrie lives in Jefferson Parish. We have no authority in Jefferson Parish." After this in the printed testimony is "[Deletion.]"

There was an FBI report that it had had the Archives withhold. It is page 701 of the Commission record identified as CD 7. That is one of the earlier FBI multi-volume of collections of its reports. That report says that O'Sullivan "was in the Civil Air Patrol with LEE HARVEY OSWALD and that Ferrie knew Oswald."

Now what Liebeler deleted from the testimony so it would not be published as part of the Commission's record is what follows the quotation above, nothing omitted, as I quote the stenographic transcript:

"I know that Ferrie was arrested or was accused of some vice- well, violating some vice laws, I believe having to do with homosexuals, about two or three years ago, but I don't have personal knowledge of this."

Whatever O'Sullivan may have meant by having no personal knowledge of Ferrie's arrest it was

in fact by his unit of the police department and whatever Liebler had in mind by suppressing it from the published record, it had been reported in the papers that Ferrie's was a juvenile sex offense. Liebler's suppression of it did not protect Ferrie's privacy. This adds to the wonder that he did not call Ferrie as a witness when Ferrie was a CAP leader and Oswald had been in it.

In hiding the fact that Oswald was in fact in the CAP Liebler led O'Sullivan to testify only that he had spoken to Oswald about joining the CAP when they were both students at Beauregard Junior High School. The FBI records Liebler had and of which I later got copies, after the Archives first suppressed them, have O'Sullivan as Oswald's recruiter in the CAP.

There in fact was no question about Oswald's being in the CAP when Ferrie was well known as a leader in it and if Liebler had wanted to he could have gotten what I have, a picture of Oswald in his CAP uniform.

It should also be noted that when the Commission published this testimony it saw to it that the relevant testimony is scattered to appear in three different volumes of its hearings.

All of this is a partial background to what Phillip, confirmed by his mother in their own lawyer's home- and did it ever blow her mind- told me as I questioned him.

It is that after high school he got a job in New Orleans and left home to live in New Orleans. Garrison's alleged conspiracy case involving Ferrie was public knowledge. While there was still all the international publicity about it Ferrie died. The day after Ferrie died Phillip was in effect kidnapped, with his family's assent, by - O'Sullivan and the Jeff Parish Sergeant Bourne who had handled Phillip's juvenile case. O'Sullivan had jurisdiction in New Orleans, where Bourne did not, and Bourne had jurisdiction in Jeff Parish, where O'Sullivan did not. They kept him just outside Garrison's jurisdiction, over the parish line in Jeff Parish.

Phillip, again confirmed by his mother and in the presence of the family lawyer, told me they questioned him over a period of two weeks. Their questioning was done with such skill that, unless Phillip was not truthful, he never did get the thrust of their interest. What he did remember, or at least acknowledged remembering of their interest, was such things as was Dee part of a sex ring, a rather unlikely possibility.

When I reported this and more to Garrison, who had been so hot for getting Phillip to testify before his grand jury, he did nothing about it save have his people call another of that group of youngsters in and use him to try to undermine any information that originated with Dee.

The agreement with me was that Garrison would leave all those youngsters alone of Phillip talked to me. When I heard that his people had not kept that agreement, and they would not have only if Garrison wanted them not to, I really gave him hell in one of those small NOAC private rooms. With us was one of his assistant district attorneys, Andrew "Moo" Sciambra. Moo was a former boxer a burly man and devoted to Garrison. I expected him to jump me, his face grew that red in anger as I told Garrison off. But he didn't and thereafter all those vulnerable young people were unbothered.

After getting this information from Phillip and his mother I wanted to talk to O'Sullivan. He could just have told me to get lost so I did not make that effort on my own. I tried through Louis Ivon, Garrison's chief investigator. He was opposed to it. Assuming he knew of police matters I did not, I made no further effort.

So that Pink Panther of a demon investigator of the assassination of a president, Garrison, after being so hot after Phillip to learn what Phillip could have known about Ferrie and Shaw, both of whom he had charged as assassins, thereafter had no interest at all when I told him of Phillip's "kidnapping."

None in why Phillip had been kidnapped and removed from his jurisdiction? Phillip and his

mother had both told me, that the cop combo of both parishes had told Phillip and his family that they were acting for Garrison. That alone should not have interested him in the slightest? No interest in why Bringuier had lied about when he saw Oswald and his using that lie as an explanation of why he picked a fight with Oswald in August? No interest in why the Commission created such a phony record, knowing it was phony?

And when Garrison himself was making all those noises about homosexuals, also telling the press that Oswald was one, too, no curiosity at all about Bringuier sending Phillip to where the poorest of them flopped? Of all the places to which he could have been directed him rather than encourage him to go home and put his parent's worries behind them?

Garrison knew before he filed any charges because it was public knowledge, that both Ferrie and Shaw were homosexuals.

He knew that Ferrie's fancies included boys, the offense for which he had been charged. His scenario had Ferrie and Shaw close enough to each other to have conspired to kill the President. No interest in learning whether Shaw, too, fancied boys? Even when he imagined that as a boy Oswald also was homosexual?

Not even when he cast Shaw in the role of the mysterious Clay Bertrand Dean Andrews told the FBI and the Commission had phoned him and asked him to defend Oswald when he was arrested in Dallas?

In Garrison's defense, because he had been charged with leaking to the press the description of what had been found at Shaw's home when with a warrant it was searched, he did not leak that. A reporter who covered the courts knew that the returns on search warrants were filed with the court. That is how it got out that Shaw had a collection of whips, chains and costumes of various kinds.

Shaw's lawyers told the reporters that the chains and whips and strange costumes were for Mardi Gras parades. Garrison could have put that to rest with much prejudice to Shaw and his lawyers as the result, but to the best of my knowledge he never mentioned what was observed in Shaw's bedroom when that search was made. Loisel, one of those who made the search, told me.

Across the ceiling of Shaw's bedroom was a length of two-by-four lumber. In it were two large meathooks, the kind of hooks on which heavy beef carcasses are hung by butchers. All around those hooks were smudges that sweaty palms could have made.

The FBI was well aware of Shaw's sexual preferences and practices and had been for years. It lied about this in public and it lied under oath in my CA 78-0420, which was for all its records relating to the assassination of its New Orleans office. (This suit was later combined with that I filed for the similar Dallas office FBI records, CA 76-0320.) The New Orleans suit was specific in requesting all Shaw records. The FBI denied having any- under oath.

But at FBI headquarters a record somehow slipped through those who sought to withhold what could have been so embarrassing it. It is a "Letterhead Memorandum," known in the FBI as an "LHM." It is addressed to nobody and it is signed by nobody. This headquarters FBI letterhead memo is dated March 2, 1967. That was two weeks after the Garrison probe was first publicized. Those were two weeks of the heaviest media attention to it, two weeks during which many questions were addressed to the FBI. It was also a special day for another reason that follows.

The heading on this memorandum is

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

NOVEMBER 22, 1963, DALLAS, TEXAS

If this is not enough to leave it without question that it was relevant in my lawsuit for all those

records, then where it was filed certainly does. It is 62-109060-4720. This means it is Serial 4720 in the headquarters main JFK assassination file.

For mere mortals, those not working for the FBI, lying to a federal court about what is material is the serious felony of perjury.

FBI perjury was so commonplace in my FOIA lawsuits that in an effort to end it I made myself subject to the penalties of perjury- and the Department of Justice, which defended those lawsuits, is also the prosecutor who could have charged me with it- for stating under oath that the FBI agents had perjured themselves. If I had not sworn to the truth.

But for practical purposes the FBI is immune from any offense. The judges, well aware of the FBI's dossiers and of its leaking of nasty information and misinformation that can ruin lives and careers, did nothing at all, ever.

The most bizarre FBI defense against my proving unquestionable perjury by its agent John Kilty in my CA 75-226 was in its filing of its response before Judge John Pratt. In its "defense" I quote from I am the plaintiff. The "claim" I made is of perjury:

"In a sense plaintiff could make such claims ad infinitum since he is perhaps more familiar with events surrounding the investigation of President Kennedy's assassination than anyone now employed by the FBI."

This was to argue that because I know more about that assassination and its investigations than anyone in the FBI, all in the FBI are immune when they engage in the criminal act of perjury before the courts.

It worked, too!

Pratt not only accepted this, he first told my lawyer, Jim Lesar, that he and I could "catch more

flies with honey than with vinegar."

When we did not agree with that FBI-like acceptance of FBI perjury Pratt then told us that if we made such charges outside the courtroom we could get into serious trouble.

It all ended when we did not bow before Pratt's threat.

"We are willing to leave this courtroom now and repeat what Mr. Weisberg attested to," Lesar told him.

"You are?" is all Pratt said.

And Kilty was immunized in his perjury.

So that perjury is the means by which the FBI withheld the relevant records it without question had and without question was required by the law to disclose to me was not new.

What was new was the additional reason the FBI had for lying about this particular record when the media was hot for all that could relate to what Garrison had alleged.

The date on this memo is that date Ramsey Clark, then acting attorney general, testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee on his appointment to be the attorney general. He was briefed in advance that morning by the FBI. At the Senate Office Building the media asked him about Clay Shaw and whether or not he was Clay Bertrand.

"The same guy," Clark responded.

That made headlines across the country.

Then the FBI denied it and denied it had told it to Clark.

But it did, and that is why the record or file copy of its memo is a carbon copy.

The FBI was not about to admit that it knew all about Shaw and had for years.

Here is how its memo begins:

"This Bureau received allegations as early as 1954 that Clay Shaw former managing director of the International Trade Mart in New Orleans, Louisiana, was a homosexual. One source informed this Bureau on March 19, 1964, that he has had relations of a homosexual nature with Clay Shaw. The source described Shaw as a brilliant and powerful man, given to sadism and masochism in his homosexual activities. On February 24, 1967, we received information from two other sources that information available to them led them to believe Clay Shaw has homosexual tendencies.

"On February 24, 1967, we received information from two sources that Clay Shaw reportedly is identical with an individual by the name of Clay Bertrand, who allegedly was in contact with Dean Andrews, a New Orleans attorney, in connection with Lee Harvey Oswald. ..."

That Shaw was a sado-masochist doesn't make him guilty of assassinating the president. He is dead. May he rest in peace. So also may the dead Garrison.

What could embarrass it is spelled out in a memo to be bucked upward to the top echelon.

A New Orleans informer told it that he had had a homosexual relationship with Shaw and that Shaw was a sado-masochist. That informer also knew of other such sado-masochist relationships Shaw had. And two said he was known as Clay Bertrand.

Garrison did not have this FBI headquarters record. I got it 10 years after his case ended. But he did have the observations of his own detectives who executed the search warrant he got to permit a legal search of Shaw's home. Even if one forgets those smudges near those meathooks, how many reasons can there be for meathooks in a bedroom ceiling? Especially with all those chains and whips!

How punk a neophyte Pink Panther was Garrison, anyway?

Can it be believed that he was really conducting an investigation?

In his own mind and issuing from his own mouth repeatedly he linked the three he charged as assassins in homosexuality.

He is told that on the day after Ferrie died a boy who had been in the CAP in which Ferrie was an adult leader is actually removed from within Garrison's jurisdiction and in what amounts to a parent-assisted kidnapping by the police of two jurisdiction is removed from where Garrison could reach him and held away for two weeks, and as either the district attorney or the self-described assassination investigator he had no interest at all?

That is investigating? That is enforcing the law?

What it really was is vintage Garrison. It is far from the only such Garrison refusal to investigate solid leads, including those he got from me.

He was much better at speeches and statements to the press and the clique usually around him with theories, claims of proof he did not have and that did not exist, his "solutions" that were what he and others imagined, and in claiming there was an official conspiracy to stifle him and end his "probe." These did get him enormous attention and a large following.

But Garrison himself saw to it that no such official efforts were needed.

It should be remembered in reader assessment that Garrison charged Shaw, Ferrie and Oswald as assassins yet he ignored this extraordinary business of a New Orleans and a Jeff Parish officer kidnapping the boy, as soon as Ferrie was dead, who was in the CAP, as Ferrie was, and, remarkably, that Ferrie fled New Orleans the first moment he could the day of the assassination, as soon as Oswald was known to have been arrested.

I brought the Ferrie angle to light in my second book, Whitewash II, in 1966. Oswald in New Orleans was published in November, 1967. Garrison had the manuscript of the proofs that summer when the publisher, without informing me of it, asked Garrison to write a foreword for it.

In that book I used the available FBI reports relating to Ferrie, including his flight, his return, his

keeping in touch with people in New Orleans to determine whether he was wanted, and of his return when he knew that Garrison, not the FBI, was looking for him.

Having nothing at all on him, Garrison soon let him go.

In the available questionings, including those of the Secret Service and of the FBI, there is no reflection of any interest in learning anything from Ferrie and no real effort to do that. For example, the FBI has records on Ferrie allegedly violating the Neutrality Act to run military equipment to Cuba. I have one of those records the FBI denied exists in the lawsuit for all the Ferrie records. It gave that record several years earlier to a detective agency from which I got it. In its questioning of Ferrie, as the FBI reported it in 1963 and again in 1967, it made no reference to asking Ferrie any questions about that reported Neutrality Act violation, for whom he was to do it or did do it and who had what interest in it.

The questions that exist exist because the federal agencies and Garrison permitted them to exist by not investigating when there was so much that should have been investigated.