

The Garrison probe

By EARL McRAE
Star staff writer

New Orleans' district-attorney Jim Garrison's investigation into the assassination of President John Kennedy has reached out to Toronto.

"We expect to send an investigator up some time next week to talk to a man up there," says the DA's chief sleuth, Louis Ivon. "We're hoping he can help us out."

The man is Earl Anglin James, claimant to an imposing number of titles and aliases and more than 2,000 degrees from universities around the world.

Garrison says James' unlisted telephone number was found seven times on David Ferrie's phone bills in 1962 and 1963.

Ferrie was the former Eastern Airlines pilot found dead in his New Orleans apartment early last year after Garrison named him as the getaway pilot in an assassination "conspiracy".

Garrison launched his probe after coming to the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald—who the Warren Commission says killed Kennedy—didn't fire a shot.

The DA says Kennedy was fired upon by at least seven persons at Dallas' Dealey Plaza that Nov. 22, 1963—the tragic climax of a conspiracy involving members of the Central Intelligence Agency, Cuban exiles angered at Kennedy's decision to call off air protection at the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion and a number of lesser lights.

Tough time

Garrison wants to know why Ferrie phoned James' unlisted number.

He'll have a tough time finding

touches Toronto

out from James.

"Could you come back in about half an hour?" James asked peering around the door of his Danforth Ave. walk-up apartment and business office.

"I have two doctors upstairs now and I can't talk to you."

He stood there trembling, leaning on a cane and looking younger than his 65 years. He was about five-foot-five with a moon face, tooth-brush moustache, goatee and gold-rimmed specs.

He wore a rumpled maroon suit, purple bishop's stock, white dog collar, gold-embroidered black vest and a large ruby ring on a finger of his right hand.

"It'll just take a minute."

"Well," he said agitated, "step inside the doorway for a second."

"They say I was involved, do they? Well, I wasn't. I've never been to New Orleans in my life. You come back in half an hour. Just go up the street to a restaurant."

He softly closed the door leaving me staring at about half a dozen signs nailed on the door. They said such things as: "All Welcome. No Contracts. Day and Night. Mission Schools. Non-Profit."

"Aid to hindered, confused, disa-

bled by training—guide, educate, instruct. Free tutor clinic. Inferiority complex, defective speech, no personality, shy, stammer, deaf, blind, etc."

I watched the door to James' apartment from a pizza parlor across the street. If the doctors left, they must have slipped out the back door. No one entered or left by the front in the half hour.

The walls along the corridor leading to his office were crammed with old and yellowed photographs of James in clerical garments with an assortment of characters at his side. There were magazine ads tacked to the walls and oil paintings of James in long, flowing robes.

"That's me marrying the son of Al Capone," he said, "and there's me with Mae West. Elizabeth Taylor phoned me to marry her and Burton, but I had to leave town and couldn't perform the ceremony. I'm the archbishop of Toronto. I perform many marriages."

Unregistered

James is not registered to perform marriages or in any other capacity, says T. D. Thomson, director of the marriage branch of the provincial secretary's department. "He tried to get registered," says Thomson, "but we couldn't figure

out what he was." All authentic clergymen in Ontario are registered.

His office was like a leftover set from an old Sydney Greenstreet movie. Small and musty, it was illuminated by a single Tiffany lamp perched on the corner of a gnarled wooden desk. The mantel of the fireplace was stacked high with dusty books. The window ledge was lined with movie cameras. The walls were carpeted with old photographs of James and the unknown.

The only recognizable photograph was one of President Lyndon Johnson. There were eerie oil paintings. Off to one corner, was a somber-faced bust of James "done by my art students in Europe years ago." There was a bust of Sir John A. Macdonald on top of the books on the mantel.

A small radio on a shelf behind his desk played melancholy classical music.

James sat down in his chair behind the desk, adjusted a gold nameplate with "Dr. Earl A. James" on it, rested his chin on his hands which cupped the top of his cane and asked sweetly:

"Now, what is this all about?"

He denied receiving any phone calls from "Mr. Perry or Mr. Kerry or whatever his name was" let alone even knowing Ferrie. Told Garrison has his unlisted number from Ferrie phone bills, James sighed and said:

"I was living with my mother at that time. She was old and senile. Always yakking on the phone. Maybe she received the calls. She died a year and a half ago, God bless her soul."

Gold key

I asked him why he was wearing a gold key to the City of New Orleans on his watch chain.

"Oh, this," he said fingering it gently, "was sent to me by a Mr. Jack Martin of New Orleans in the mail. He had heard all about me and my fame and sent it to me. Very nice of him."

He said he received about seven letters and seven phone calls from Jack Martin in and around 1963. Yet, he insisted he knew nothing about the man.

"You must understand that I am

world famous. People all over the world write me and send me things and want to be my friend."

Prodded, he admitted that Jack Martin "asked me once on the phone if I wanted to fly down and see the Mardi Gras. He said he wanted to take me on some trips. I said no."

There is a New Orleans private eye called Jack S. Martin. He was once a close friend of David Ferrie until bad blood came between them. He told Garrison that on the afternoon of the assassination, Ferrie suddenly flew to Dallas in his private plane.

Martin said Ferrie and Oswald were both in the Civil Air Patrol squadron at the same time. He said Ferrie taught Oswald how to shoot with a telescopic sight.

Martin says Ferrie was a getaway pilot in the assassination who was to fly the conspirators to Matamoros, Mexico.

"I'll show you how famous I am," said James. He opened a large green scrapbook on the corner of his desk. It was about half a foot thick. Inside were page after page of diplomas. Most were honorary degrees "for my efforts in working toward world peace and helping mankind."

Explained James: "About 10 years ago I saved the lives of hundreds of people in Mexico City who had a stomach disease from polluted water. I invented a filter for taps. This is the main reason for my fame and honors."

Luis De Villavillante, Mexican trade commissioner to Canada, says there was no such thing in Mexico City 10 years ago "or even 30 years ago."

Goodwill

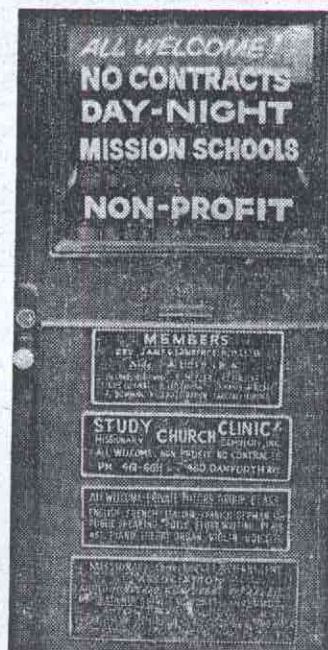
James flipped over the pages. Among the certificates were several making him (a) honorary attorney-general of Louisiana (b) goodwill ambassador for New Orleans (c) honorary sheriff for Jefferson County in Louisiana.

He pointed them out with glee. "People think I'm nuts if you mention I have all these degrees," he said. "They just don't believe one person could acquire so many. The Royal Ontario Museum wants them all when I die."

"I've heard nothing about them at all and I would know if we want-

ed them," says Bruce Eason, information director for the ROM.

James went on: "I came second to Lester Pearson in 1957 for the Nobel Peace Prize you know. I've



DOOR leading to James' office advertises aid for almost all ailments afflicting human beings.



—Star photo by Norm James

EARL JAMES, who says he has 2,000 university degrees, sits in Danforth Ave. office where walls are covered with photographs. James' unlisted

number was found seven times on bills of David Ferrie whom New Orleans District Attorney Garrison claims was implicated in JFK assassination.

been nominated nine times. I hear I'm going to win it this year."

Nobel Peace Prize nominees are never revealed, says a spokesman with the Swedish Embassy in Ottawa. Nevertheless, in 1957, a rare leak revealed the names of the other prime nominees: Eleanor Roosevelt, Prime Minister Pandit Nehru, UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld and Chinese leader Mao Tse-tung.

James sat down behind the desk again. "The day of the assassination? I was on the fifth floor of Eaton's having coffee. I heard people talking and saying what an awful thing it was. I asked someone what was awful and then I knew. I left and remember meeting this Salvation Army officer at the northwest corner of city hall. It was dark and raining I remember. I said to him 'Isn't it awful?' and he nodded."

Sorrowful

"What did you think of Kennedy?"

"I thought he was a wonderful man. It was a very sorrowful thing."

"Who killed him?"

"White Texans," he said leaning forward on his cane. "White Texans. He went south to get the colored vote. They said 'We'll stop this man.'"

"Was Oswald involved?"

He chuckled. "I hear he was. They say he did it with a \$12.50 rifle from a Chicago mailing house with a 10-cent bullet."

James, who claims he's the son of a millionaire race-track buff from Memphis, Tenn., says he's being shadowed now by unknown persons.

"A man came in one night to enroll in a course. He had an English accent and wanted it changed to American. He was about 40 or 42. But, he asked so many strange questions about me. This was about three months ago.

"About the same time, another man came in. He wanted to become conversant in French. He followed me around town but, I managed to lose him in the Eaton's elevators. That's the best place in town to lose people.

"But," he said, "I know nothing about this man Perry or whatever his name is. I received no phone calls from him. I don't know what it could be about."

His estranged wife Olive says she knows.

"He ran this diploma thing from this house," she said. "He used to

get these strange phone calls at all hours of the day and night from persons in New Orleans and Florida. All person to person. They were talking diplomas in a language of their own.

"I never got to talk to the people who called. But, it was to do with his diploma business. He'd sell them for as much as \$450 each. He used to say he was a millionaire. Well, how come I had to work all the time?"

"He could put on an act that would make Hamlet blush. He's no more a clergyman than I am. Too many people are taken in by a collar. After all, if you can't trust a minister—whom can you trust?"

Olive says James ran his National College University from his old Wroxeter Ave. home "and must have given out about 1,000 degrees.

"He so upset his aging mother, she wouldn't talk to him. He disgraced her. He made my life hell. We finally had him committed to the Ontario Hospital in February 1963. We threw all his diploma garbage out behind him."

A prominent psychiatrist with the Ontario Hospital at 999 Queen St., Toronto, confirms James was a patient from February 1963 until June that year suffering from "grandiose ideas and over-excitement. But, we don't think it was a cold calculating racket with him. He had a genuine belief in his higher mission."

Same number

Olive James, who doesn't like discussing her marriage to James "because I think it might have been another phony certificate thing," was asked her unlisted phone number in 1963 and 1962.

"It was HO. 1-1443."

"The number we have," says Garrison investigator Louis Ivon, "is 1-416-HO. 1-1443."

"I don't think he had the backbone to get mixed up in the Kennedy thing though," says Olive James. "It was probably to do with his diplomas. He was probably selling them down there too."

Ivon says a slew of phony diplomas were found in Ferrie's apartment.

"Are your degrees phony?" James was asked.

"No," he replied softly, "I wouldn't be involved in that. They just keep coming in to me from all over. I hope they aren't being sent by phonies."

James said he received his earned medical degree from "First National University of Naturopathy and Allied Sciences, 143 Roseville Ave., Newark N.J."

There is nothing at that address in New Jersey.

He said he received his Bachelor of Divinity degree from Trinity Southern Bible College and Seminary in Mullins, South Carolina in 1959. The president, he said, was one A. D. Shoemaker.

A. D. Shoemaker says James got the degree "for helping us get students in." He said the college has closed down. Asked if it was phony, he hung up.

Before leaving, James handed me a booklet crammed with legalese called: "Memorandum and Articles of Association of Eastern National Shipping Ltd." At the top of the appendix, it says:

Singapore

"President and Founder, Rt. Hon. Earl Anglin James, LL.D., D.D. N.D., MUS., D. Legion of Honor and Archbishop of Toronto, Canada."

The company is supposedly based in Singapore. The appendix says the vice-president is one Leo St. Louis, 75 Lemonwood Dr., Islington.

Leo St. Louis is a city industrial engineer with a wife and four kids. He says he is not the vice-president of Eastern National Shipping Co. or any other shipping company.

"I looked up in the yellow pages over a year ago for some place to take public speaking. I went up to James' place and he was all alone. He started hinting about degrees and his shipping company.

"The whole thing seemed a peculiar set up so, I only took two lessons and never went back.

"Now, I suddenly wind up as vice-president of this shipping company. I can't wait for the money to come rolling in."

The Official Steamship Guide for January, which lists all bonafide shipping companies in the world, does not contain Eastern National Shipping.

"Why," said James with a sweeping gesture of his arm, "I own half the buildings between here and Broadview."

If he does own any, it certainly isn't shown on city assessment roles.

"I just want to say again," he said from the top of the landing, "I have never heard of this Perry or Ferrie. Never."