

FRIDAY, MARCH

Killer's Alibi Too



SHIRLEY CARY
... slaying victim

By Paul W. Valentine
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Walter Lee Parman, the sad-faced Minnesota drifter convicted in the mutilation murder of a State Department secretary here seven years ago, now claims he and the woman were ensnared in a dark tangle of secret government missions and undercover work.

Parman's story—complete with names, dates, phone numbers and at least two verifiable CIA contacts—describes in detail a shadowy sequence of covert meetings and instructions through double and triple blinds leading to his first and only assignment here in early January, 1965, as a courier of false passports and other papers.

If true, the story could also set a new stage for Parman's continuing claim of innocence in the death of Shirley Ann Cary, the stout, dark haired, 32-year-old State Department secretary found strangled, nude and

mutilated in a Northwest alley the morning of Jan. 9, 1965.

The detail, elaboration and exactness of many of Parman's claims are balanced against what his prison psychologist calls Parman's history as an "almost brilliant pathological liar." It must also be measured against the judgment of a former high ranking CIA professional that Parman's story "has an amateur ring to it."

Yet both the psychologist, Dr. Frédéric de Aboitz, and the former CIA official, Victor L. Marchetti, say the whole thing could have happened.

"Anything is possible in the intelligence world," says Marchetti.

"Even pathological liars tell the truth," says de Aboitz.

Parman, 38, was convicted of the murder on June 16, 1966, and sentenced to life imprisonment. He is now at Lorton Correctional Complex 20 miles south of Washington.

There were no known witnesses to the murder. Police and FBI developed

Parman

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Good to Be True

an elaborate web of circumstantial evidence—fingerprints, blood traces, clothing—which led to Parman's arrest in Los Angeles three weeks after the crime and his conviction 17 months after that.

He appealed unsuccessfully to both the U.S. Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court in 1967 and 1968. He is continuing to attack the conviction today through a form of habeas corpus procedure but has no attorney and is representing himself.

Prosecutors claimed Parman drifted into Washington at the end of 1964, picked up Shirley Ann Cary and another State Department secretary, Lucille Kitterman, at the Hi-Hat Cocktail Lounge in the Ambassador Hotel at 14th and K Streets NW, on the evening of Jan. 8, 1965.

After a long night of drinking and general revelry, prosecutors said, Miss Kitterman went home and Parman lured Miss Cary to his Dupont Circle apartment.

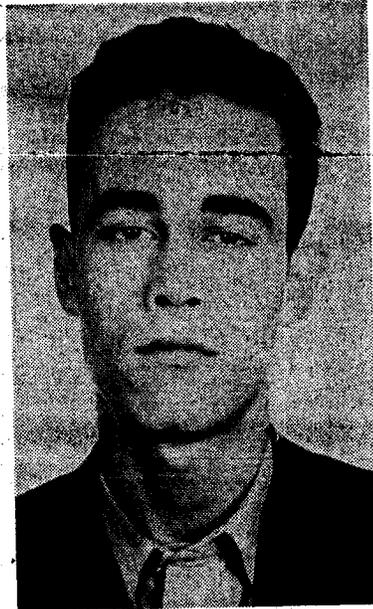
There, when she ridiculed his sexual

advances, a sudden uncontrollable rage was triggered in Parman, prosecutors claimed. He ripped off the woman's clothes, garrotted her with a rope, bit her savagely about the body, then dumped her corpse in an alley off the 3800 block of Garfield Street NW before fleeing to California, prosecutors said.

When the prosecution rested, defense attorneys introduced an unexpected and dramatic "truth serum" tape recording of Parman confessing the murder—a trial strategy calculated to convince the jury that Parman was, after all, insane. Groaning and weeping under the influence of sodium pentothal injected by a psychiatrist, Parman described the killing in minute detail. The jury, however, refused to find him not guilty by reason of insanity and convicted him.

Parman has since claimed that he faked the confession and has offered to undergo another sodium pentothal test to prove he can do it.

See PARMAN, C4, Col. 1



WALTER L. PARMAN
... alleges plot

PARMAN, From C1

(Parman has an I.Q. of 130, far above normal. Combined with his keen memory, rich imagination and mastery at masking his emotions, it is possible he could fabricate to a limited extent under sodium pentothal, his prison psychologist says.)

Parman says he falsified the confession at his 1966 trial because he felt it was the only way he could beat the murder charge. He says he never told his attorneys about his clandestine relationship with Shirley Ann Cary and the circumstances surrounding it because he feared no one would believe him and there might be unspecified reprisals against him if he went "public."

He says he now wants to take that step.

His story—given to this reporter along with many of his private papers, letters and a written waiver of any confidential relationship he had with his attorneys, psychologists and psychiatrists—is woven into the original police account in an intricate pattern, and at times the two are identical.

Parman's account begins with the summer of 1964, when he was an employee of Airmac, a Minneapolis aircraft parts manufacturing firm. As a member of Local 1313 of the International Association of Machinists (IAM) at Airmac, he was selected to attend a one-week IAM-sponsored summer school in union leadership training at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

There, he says he joined a rump group of five or six "rebels" who broke from the main class of 76 union members and began holding secret sessions in which they discussed local union takeover tactics, industrial espionage and the theft of airplane plans.

The leader of the rebel group, he said, was a man known to him only as "Red" who was president of the McDonnell-Douglas Aircraft Corp. local in St. Louis, Mo.

Vowing to keep in touch thereafter, Parman said, the group called itself the "Friends of Heidelberg," and each member received a small gold lapel pin replica of what Parman called the "Heidelberg Gate" as a secret identifying sign.

Parman said he returned to Minneapolis and in November, 1964, received a call from Holgate Young, then education as-

sociate for IAM headquarter in Washington, telling him to prepare to come to Washington on an undisclosed assignment. Young had not participated in the rebel group meetings the preceding summer, Parman said, but his name was often mentioned as though he were part of the apparatus.

Young told Parman he would receive more specific instructions on his Washington assignment from a man named Robert L. Gales at Minneapolis phone number 335-0811, Parman said.

A few days later, Gales called Parman, told him to report to Washington by Jan. 20, 1965, and contact a woman named Dolores Griedel for further instructions, Parman said.

In late December, Parman quit his job at Airmac and drove to Washington.

He rented an apartment at 2021 O St. NW near Dupont Circle, and on Jan. 5, 1965, he says, he called Dolores Griedel.

She instructed him to meet her the following morning at 6 o'clock in the waiting room of the George Washington University Hospital and to wear the Heidelberg pin for identification, he said.

When they met the next morning, he says, she remarked that "they" were surprised he was already in town. She gave him \$100 in cash and told him to go each evening between 5 and 8 o'clock to the Hi-Hat, Cocktail Lounge at the Ambassador Hotel until he met his next contact there who would be wearing a Heidelberg pin, Parman says. She also told him to wait at his apartment the next morning for a possible visitor, he says.

The next day, Jan. 7, Parman says a middle-aged man called himself Dick Follis came to his apartment and proceeded to ask him a series of questions relating to Parman's background, especially his education, travels and knowledge of foreign languages. (Parman was born in the Philippines and once spoke Spanish and Tagalog, a principal Philippine language.)

Follis then required Parman to submit to a sodium pentothal test during which he was asked additional questions as a "double check" against his earlier answers, Parman says.

Parman contends that he had no idea at this point of "what I was getting into." He

said he asked Follis whom he represented and was told he would "find out in due time."

Follis left, and that evening Parman went to the Hi-Hat according to instructions but made no contact, he says. The next evening, Jan. 8, he returned and this time, he says, he spotted a heavy-set, brown-haired woman wearing a Heidelberg pin. The woman was Shirley Ann Cary, he says.

She was with her friend, Lucille Kitterman, who was not wearing a pin. The three met, drank for a period, then went to Parman's apartment.

There while Miss Kitterman was in the bathroom, Parman says Miss Cary (who worked in the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research) pulled a sealed packet from her handbag and told Parman to take it to Pittsburgh the next day, park in the Forest Hills shopping center just southeast of the city and wait for his contact, a "Mr. Walters," to pick it up.

Parman said both Miss Cary and Dick Follis had asked for the make and tag number of his car (a 1963 Rambler Classic), presumably so "Mr. Walters" could be told how to find it in the shopping center.

After several more drinks at Parman's apartment, the three went to the Old Syriana Restaurant at 18th Street and Connecticut Avenue NW where they danced, ate and drank some more until about 3 a.m., Jan. 9. Miss Kitterman decided to go home, leaving Parman and Miss Cary alone. Sometime after that, he says, he suddenly felt ill, dragged Miss Cary with him out of the restaurant and vomited in the street, accusing Miss Cary of "doping my drink."

She left in a huff, he says, and that was the last he ever saw of her.

Parman says he then went home, sobered up and suddenly remembered his Pittsburgh assignment. He drove toward Pittsburgh, pulling his car over to the side of the road to sleep once or twice, and arrived at Forest Hills shopping center about 3:30 p.m.

While waiting, he says he bought an afternoon paper and spotted a snort story with a Washington dateline saying Shirley Ann Cary had been found murdered early that morning.

By 5:30 p.m., "Mr. Walters" had not shown up and Parman says he began to panic. Because he was bound to be implicated in the Cary death and because he did not understand the broader significance of his all the other people he had recently met in Washington, he said he decided to flee.

He sped westward, using assumed names, selling his car and eventually ending up in Los Angeles by bus.

Along the way, he ripped open the sealed packet for "Mr. Walters." It contained a U.S. passport, Canadian birth certificate, U.S. alien registration card and \$500 in twenties, he said. He threw away the credentials and kept the cash, he said.

With his arrest a few weeks later in Los Angeles, Parman's self-described career as an undercover courier came to an abrupt end.

The CIA denies any association with Parman. The State Department did not respond to inquiries about Parman's story.

The CIA cloaked its denial in affable obscurity. "You know these are nonconversations about unevents (and) I'm the man who doesn't exist," said Angus Thuermer, assistant to CIA director Richard Helms, in prefacing his brief and unrevealing off-the-record remarks.

A review of Parman's specific claims, however, reveals these facts:

- There is no Robert L. Gales listed in Minneapolis, but the phone number Parman ascribed to him is the public CIA field bureau phone number in Minneapolis. A spokesman there said he never heard of Robert Gales.

- Dolores Griedel, Parman's alleged initial contact in Washington, is a CIA employee at the agency's headquarters in suburban Virginia, a fact acknowledged by CIA. She denies knowing Parman.

- "Dick Follis," the man Parman says administered the sodium pentothal interview, has essentially the same name

as Dr. Richard H. Follis Jr., a prominent Washington physician and pathologist who died in 1966 under unclear circumstances in Amsterdam, Holland, where there was speculation that he was a CIA operative.

In an effort to press Parman on his claims, this reporter obtained photographs of Follis and six other persons of generally similar appearance — white, middle aged, square faced — presented them to Parman in a random sequence and asked him to identify Follis. He immediately eliminated four, then after a moment's study pointed to the correct picture and said, "I guess this has got to be him."

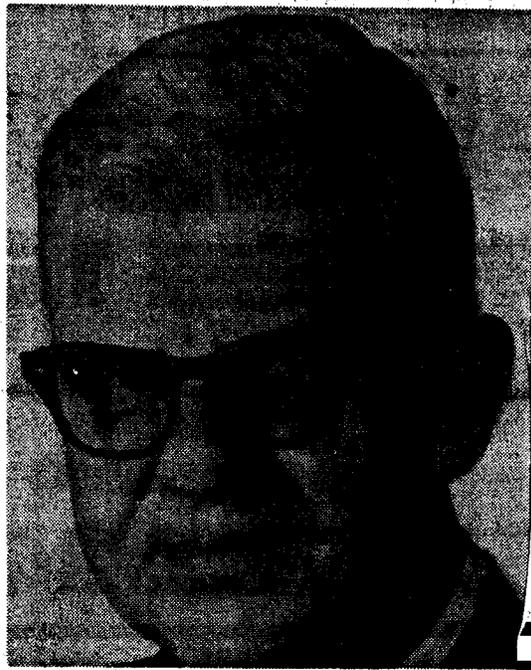
De Aboltiz, Parman's prison psychologist who witnessed the identification test, said Parman "definitely was not faking."

Parman also gave a physical description of Dolores Griedel which is correct in part. He described her as brunette, 5 feet 8, 135 pounds, 35 to 39 years old with a smooth, light complexion. She is in fact sandy haired, 5 feet 5½, 102 to 104 pounds, 38 years old (31 in 1965) with a smooth, light complexion.

Parman said that when he met her in the George Washington University Hospital, she was wearing hair curlers, obscuring the color of her hair and making her appear taller than she actually was, and she had on a bulky coat, making her appear heavier.

More significant, perhaps, is Parman's accurate description of the woman's distinctive manner of speech—a clipped, fast, almost British sounding voice. "She tended to speak English rather too perfectly," was the way Parman put it.

Also, Miss Griedel lives in an apartment building on Washington Circle NW, a block from George Washington University Hospital. She is listed in the telephone directory only as "D. M. Griedel," but Parman knew that her first name is Dolores. Her name does not appear in any other common public record in Washington. A search of records shows that she does not own any property or automobile, has no driver's license, is not registered voter and has had no civil law suits filed



The Amsterdam death of Dr. Richard H. Follis Jr. 1966 is a mystery allegedly connected with the CI

for or against her in the past 10 years.

Miss Griedel denies ever knowing Parman, either as a clandestine contact or in any other capacity.

"I can assure you I've never seen the man, and I hope I never do," she said. She is a \$14,660-a-year intelligence analyst for the East European desk at CIA. She told this reporter she works on the "overt side" and is thus able to divulge the nature of her work to a limited extent.

"Why would I be seeing somebody like him if I'm on the overt side?" she asked.

There is evidence that Parman wrote Miss Griedel at least one letter in early 1966 while he was in jail awaiting trial. He claims he also wrote the CIA and FBI in urgent pleas for help.

A log of letters that he meticulously maintained during his early incarceration shows a letter to Dolores Griedel dated April 28, 1966. The log entry says the purpose of the letter was "Social—Dick Follis—Map NW DC."

Another entry indicates a

letter to the FBI dated Aug. 1, 1966, relating to "Passports—Police Relation."

Miss Griedel says she never received the letter or does not remember it if she did. The log, containing entry references to scores of other letters to attorneys, city officials, congressmen and personal friends appears to be authentic. A check with several sources named in the log showed that Parman did in fact send the letters as dated.

Parman claims that the only time he ever saw or heard of Follis was on Jan. 7, 1965, when the middle-aged man came to his apartment for the sodium pentothal test.

He denies reading the widespread publicity of Dr. Richard Follis' death almost a year later in Amsterdam or seeing his photograph in newspapers.

Follis, 56, a nutrition expert at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology here, disappeared Dec. 5, 1965, in Amsterdam where he had stopped on his way to a nutrition conference in Tehran, Iran, according to officials. A search began and his body was recovered Jan. 4, 1966, from a canal. Amsterdam police officially speculated that he had been blown into the canal during a severe

storm and ruled his drowning accidental.

Dutch sources, however, told Washington Post correspondent W. G. Ket at the time that both Dutch intelligence (BVD) and the CIA were involved in the investigation.

Dr. A. Querido, a Dutch nutrition specialist who knew Follis and missed an appointment with him because of the American's disappearance, told Ket: "I was quick with my alarm because I thought

Follis did some work for the CIA. He traveled much more than necessary for his scientific duties." American authorities denied any SIA involvement.

Follis' widow, Edith, who lives in Washington, says, "I can't believe he was ever involved in any kind of espionage . . . He was strictly a scientist, a dedicated scientist . . . If he was in some sort of work like that, I didn't know of it"

She said she has not kept any journals, calendars or other documents of Follis' appointments and travels to help determine where he was on the day Parman claims he administered the sodium pentothal test.

Officials at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology on the Walter Reed Medical Center grounds here were also asked for documentation.

Personnel staff employee Ida Gaylin recalled Follis personally and said she had purposely maintained his employment file on record over the years "because of the circumstances of his death." However, when she made a search for the file two weeks ago in the presence of this reporter, she could not find it.

"I don't understand this," she said. "I've always kept it right here. I didn't lend it out. If I had, I would have made a note of it . . . If it was removed, I didn't authorize it."

She said the file contained various travel orders that would have indicated whether Follis was in Washington or elsewhere on any specific date.

All other persons named by Parman in the alleged undercover apparatus deny any involvement.

Holgate Young, the machinists union official who Parman says originally put him in touch with the Minneapolis CIA office, says the whole

thing is a fiction, as far as he knows.

Now a Labor Department employee, Young recalls the union summer school in Madison in 1964, and says the McDonnell-Douglas Aircraft local members especially stand out in his mind because some of them appeared "militant" and "very politicized." However, he said he could not recall that they met separately or privately with Parman and others.

The rebel group leader called "Red" by Parman turns out apparently to be Herman "Red" Barnes, then McDonnell-Douglas local president, according to summer school records. In a telephone interview, Barnes denied all of Parman's claims and said he hardly knew Parman at all. Barnes acknowledged that his local "was having various internal political fights at the

time" which might have made some members appear militant, but he said there never was any discussion of spying or industrial espionage.

Two other points deserve examination: Parman's claim that Shirley Ann Cary was wearing the "Heidelberg Gate" pin on the night of her murder and his assertion that he read about her death in a Pittsburgh newspaper on Jan. 9, 1965, causing him to flee.

Most of the slain woman's clothing was introduced at the trial, including a pin fastened to the neckline of her dress. Parman said the pin was gold colored, consisting of four or five columns topped by a triangular roof and was about the size of a "thumbnail."

Lucille Kitterman, Miss Cary's companion the night of the murder, testified at the trial that the pin was gold and "had four little loops on it," measuring 2 or 2½ inches across.

The pin, along with all other exhibits introduced at the trial, has been disposed of, and cannot be located, according to the Washington metropolitan police department property clerk's office.

Parman says he discarded his pin before his arrest. Miss Kitterman, who is still a State Department employee, declined to discuss the pin or any aspect of the Cary murder.

Though Parman claims he read a brief article about Miss Cary's death in an afternoon Pittsburgh paper on Jan. 9, 1965, no record of it can be found. Parman said he purchased the paper from a news boy crossing the parking lot of the Forest hills shopping center sometime after 3:30 p.m.

Parman agrees that the paper thus was most probably the Pittsburgh Press, the only afternoon daily paper in Pittsburgh. (The morning papers went to press on Jan. 9 before the news of Miss Cary's death got out).

The only edition of the Pittsburgh Press on record at the Library of Congress here and at the Press library in Pittsburgh Press editors said, which contains no account of the Cary murder. There were two earlier editions of the paper that day, however, and it is possible that the account was carried in one or both of them but dropped in the final, Pittsburgh Press editors said.

Also, they said, it is more likely that a person buying a Press in mid-afternoon in the Forest Hills shopping center would have received a second edition, not a final. No copies of the first and second editions could be located by The Washington Post.

Victor Marchetti, former CIA official and author of the CIA-inspired novel "The Rope-Dancer," says Parman's story does not ring true.

A one-time executive assistant to CIA deputy director Adm. Rufus Taylor, Marchetti said the sequence of events as related by Parman might have been "bungled" that way by the CIA or some other "less sophisticated agency" like Navy or AIR Force intelligence, but it is not likely.

Specifically, he said, the Parman story lacks a professional tone because:

- Robert Gales, the alleged Minneapolis CIA source, would not have given Parman the CIA's public phone number as a contact point. He would have given an unlisted clandestine number.

- Follis would not have given a sodium pentothal test to Parman in Parman's apartment. He would more likely have given him a polygraph (lie detector) test in what Marchetti called a "safehouse" where Parman would be isolated in unfamiliar surroundings. Sodium pentothal tests are administered rarely by the CIA in recruiting contacts and then only if the recruit has first "cheated" the polygraph in some way.

- The "Heidelberg" pin would not have been used as an identifying mark. More typically, contacts identify themselves in public places with a password or pre-arranged hand or arm gesture, rather than by something as conspicuous and permanent as a pin.

- The CIA generally avoids recruiting persons with criminal records. Parman, prior to the Cary murder, had a lengthy arrest and conviction records for bad checks, and false pretenses.

Parman's claims, despite the precision and detail of some, stand denied by all whom he would implicate.

"But," observes Marchetti, "agency people are going to deny things, whether they're telling the truth or not."

"You'll never know. That's part of the game."