

Ringed portions omitted from SF Examiner version. (See attached)

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Fate of Indicted Lawyer Will Be Garrison Inquiry Tip-off

BY HENRY J. TAYLOR

DALLAS—This city, not New Orleans, is the place to factually evaluate the developments in D.A. Jim Garrison's probe into President Kennedy's assassination.

You need knowing judgments and the men who have them are the chief federal and local officials personally in command of the investigating teams that supplied the material here for the Warren Commission Report.

They're strictly "hands off" Garrison's case but the real eye-opener, they say, is the indictment for perjury of New Orleans lawyer Dean Adams Andrews Jr.

Seeking the truth about Lee Harvey Oswald, you find that the FBI first began a file on him in

October, 1959, when Moscow news dispatches mentioned his defection to the Soviet Union.

Regional FBI chief J. Gordon Shanklin, famous in the bureau, ordered special agents John W. Fain and B. Tom Carter to interview Oswald as a suspected subversive on June 22, 1962, in Fort Worth.

After the assassination, Shanklin conducted the investigation against this background, and on Nov. 10 New Orleans agents Regis L. Kennedy and Carl L. Schlaeger were instructed to talk with lawyer Dean Andrews at 627 Maison Blanche Building, New Orleans.

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This resulted in the first mention of a Clay Bertrand, whom Garrison insists is prominent New Orleansian Clay L. Shaw. Andrews went through this again July 21, 1964, with assistant counsel Wesley J. Liebeler of the President's commission when the Secret Service subpoenaed him.

Andrews declared that after only once meeting Bertrand several years

earlier this man had become a "telephone voice" to him by having him bail out and get paroled certain of the apparent homosexuals "scooped up by the police, especially on Friday night."

Andrews told the FBI he assumed Bertrand sent him Oswald. This was about July 10 of the assassination year, the first of four visits, and Oswald came regarding immigration matters.

But he was accompanied by the same "apparent homosexuals" Bertrand had Andrews get out of the 1st District Precinct holding pavilion 10 days later. These included

"a Mexicano with a pongee silk shirt" who came back alone with Oswald on the subsequent visits. The FBI suspects this man of being one Frank Pizzu.

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Andrews emphasized that he did not think that Oswald himself was a homosexual, nor is there any known evidence that he was beyond the implied indication of association.

Agents Kennedy and Schlaeger reported to Shanklin here that Andrews said that the day after the assassination (a Saturday) he was in the Hotel Dieu hospital with pneumonia when "the phone rang and a voice I recognized as Clay Bertrand asked me to go to Dallas to help defend Oswald. Sick, I said I would get somebody else."

Andrews telephoned attorney Monk Zelden at the New Orleans Athletic Club but didn't reach him until Sunday noon. Zelden replied: "Don't worry about it. Your client just got shot."

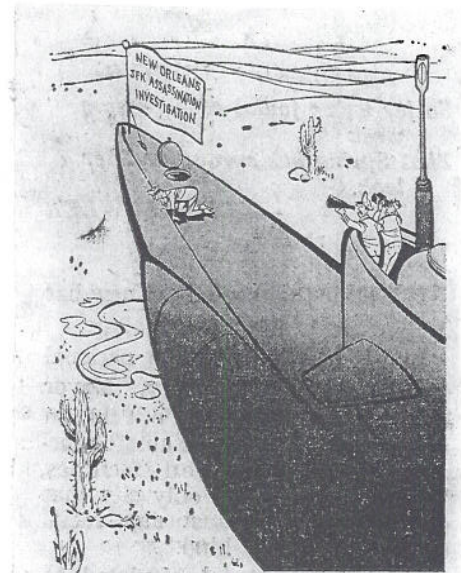
Then after the assassination when several of the scooped-up people who—among 50 arrested—were released through Andrews did not pay him, Andrews started looking for Bertrand. He told the FBI he located Bertrand in the Cosmos Bar. They recognized each other immediately and Bertrand avoided him by "running into the street." "I never could find Bertrand again," he stated. And the FBI has never located a Clay Bertrand any place.

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But when Garrison summoned Andrews to physically identify Clay Bertrand as being Clay Shaw, Andrews swore he could not make this identification. And Shaw has sworn repeatedly that it's ridiculous even to suggest he ever knew Oswald.

If Garrison can convict Andrews on the indictment for perjury on this point, no top investigator here would underestimate what this could open up.

They know intimately, and right off, many sleazy names our public is reading about (dead and alive) in the news from New Orleans. But, they say, watch carefully—very carefully — what happens to Dean Adams Andrews. It's a word from the wise.



"Hey, Garrison—you're sure that mud puddle will lead us to the open sea?"

Darcy in Philadelphia Bulletin