

HERB CAEN



The Beat Goes On

DIST. ATTY. Jim "Off the Record" Garrison of New Orleans, lounging on the sunswept terrace of Mel Belli's T'graphill digs yesterday morning: "Off the record, I'm not watching the World Series. I'm a football fan. I've got a son who's going to be an All-American quarterback, but that's off the record. How old is he? Eight. Eh, No, that's not off the record. I guess. You understand I can't talk about the Clay Shaw trial, okay? No, I don't think it will start this month, off the record. His lawyers have asked for a six-months' continuance, which is ridiculous. We're ready to go right now, off the record. We'll grant them a few months—but six, never! What's the San Francisco angle? Well, Clay Shaw was here on the day of the assassination. In the days of Agatha Christie, that might have served to establish an alibi, right? But this is the jet age . . ." Off the record.

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ADOLPH SCHUMAN, the rich S. F. cloak'n's er, has been tapped by LBJ for a "fact-finding" of the Caribbean—a dry run for a possible Adorship, which Adolph covets . . . For L a-couple fund-raiser in Washington la better-heeled California Democrats gether a crowd large enough for but no chance; that's how bad Vietnam (even Ben Swig, a to be wheedled into goi gus, who reports traff Sorkin: "I just land air strip — first nose!" . . . Tir in an action when you toothbr Little ha'