Forty minutes after the assassination of President Kennedy, Mrs. Helen Louise Markham left her second-story flat at 328 Ninth Street in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas and walked over to catch a bus. At the corner of Tenth Street and Patton Avenue she noticed a police car cruise slowly along Tenth Street and then draw up to a young man walking in the same direction. The car stopped, and the young man walked over, rested his elbows on the window ledge of the passenger side, and started talking. A moment afterward the policeman opened his door and began to walk around the front of the car. As he did, the young man stepped back, raised a pistol and felled him with three shots. Then he turned, shook the spent shells out of the gun and trotted off. After a moment Mrs. Markham went over to the fallen officer and waited with him twenty minutes before anyone came. He tried in vain to talk to her.

The Warren Commission concluded that the young man Mrs. Markham had described had been Lee Harvey Oswald, whom police apprehended a half hour later in a movie theatre eight blocks away.

Not the coolest of observers, Mrs. Markham had covered her eyes with her hands after the shooting and commenced “hollering and screaming.” But the Warren Commission decided to accept her version of the killing against all others. This despite the fact that there had been four shots, not three as she had said, that the car window, through which Oswald had supposedly spoken, was found rolled up, that the policeman who had tried to talk to her had been killed instantly, his head split in two, that Mrs. Markham, according to other witnesses, was not the first to go to his aid, and that one Commission staff member described Mrs. Markham as “utterly unreliable.”

Critics of the Warren Commission were not satisfied with the official explanation of the Tippit killing. Mrs. Markham had described the killer as “bushy-haired,” which Oswald wasn’t, and she was completely confused about picking him out of the lineup that evening.

“Did you recognize anyone in the lineup?” the Commission counsel had asked her.
“No, sir,” she had replied.
“... did you recognize anybody from their face?”
“From their face, no.”
“Did you identify anybody in these four people?”
“I didn’t know nobody,” she steadfastly maintained. But a moment later, without warning, she changed her story. “Number two is the one I picked.” Number two, she said, had given her the chills, had made her go weak. That, apparently, was good enough for the Commission.

But not for the critics. There were a couple of witnesses, not questioned by the Commission, who had seen at least two people run away. There were also mysterious aspects about the two kinds of bullets found in Tippit’s body, about the arrest of Oswald in the Texas Theatre and about the comings and goings of some unidentified people in the area.

The critics were being pressed to stop the quibbling and come up with names. By February of this year they had one: Igor Vaganov, a twenty-seven-year-old Latvian emigré who lived in Philadelphia but who had arrived in Dallas under strange circumstances less than two weeks before the assassination. The independent sleuths had traced him for three years, suspecting him of involvement in the Tippit killing and, by extension, the assassination. Their efforts had finally led to a confrontation with him in Philadelphia. The confrontation had produced accusations, denials and challenges. One night recently I drove out to Mrs. Markham’s house in Oak Cliff to present her with the new “suspect,” Igor Vaganov, face-to-face.

Having arrived in Dallas the night before, Vaganov and I had gone first to see another of the Tippit witnesses: Domingo Benavides. Benavides was an underground hero among patrolmen.

Patrolman J. D. Tippit was killed on this street in Dallas. At the time of President Kennedy. Igor Vaganov (right), of People's University of London, researchers of being involved in the murder, vi
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Having arrived in Dallas the night before, Vaganov and I had gone first to see another of the Tippit witnesses: Domingo Benavides. Benavides was an underground hero among assassination buffs, having been connected with one of those “mysterious” post-assassination deaths. Although he had witnessed the Tippit murder from his pickup truck fifteen feet away, he told the police that he could not identify the killer. But he did mention having seen another man in a red Ford drive off quickly right after the shooting, come back a few minutes later and then leave again. Three months later Benavides’ brother, who resembled him, was shot in the head and killed. As a preventive measure, a Dallas policeman was posted full time at the auto shop where Benavides worked. Nevertheless he changed jobs, and the man who replaced him (and resembled him) was also shot.

Threats had become a daily occurrence. Benavides’ father-in-law had been shot at, and, according to Mark Lane, Benavides had died Dallas. By chance, I discovered his whereabouts and drove Vaganov out to see him. When we got there I left Vaganov in the car and went in alone. At first he did not want to talk. He said there wasn’t anything in it for him but trouble; people were always coming up to him now and picking fights. He showed me a scar on his chin and another across his chest from a fight he got into in a bar. He said he didn’t think he ought to get himself in any more trouble. But I had five pictures of Vaganov with me, and I gave them to him. He looked at them carefully, frowned, and then studied them again, one by one.

“I know him,” he said. “I’m sure I’ve seen him before, but I don’t know where.”

I told Benavides that the man in the picture was out in the car and he could see him if he wanted to.

“Uh, no. Uh-uh.” Benavides got up and started to go back to work. But he turned and said slowly, “I’ll tell you what, bring him in. I’ll look at him.”

I went out and got Vaganov. The two of them stared at each other.

Patrolman J. D. Tippit was killed on this street in Dallas forty-five minutes after the assassination of President Kennedy. Igor Vaganov (right), of Philadelphia, suspected by several independent researchers of being involved in the murder, visits the scene of the crime.
"Yuh, I've seen him," said Benavides.
"Well, I've seen him too," Vaganov answered.

But neither was sure exactly where. For the next twenty minutes Vaganov and Benavides tried to figure how they'd seen each other. If it wasn't at the Tippit site, could it have been the Navy (no), a bar (they named several, and it wasn't), jail (Vaganov had been in jail in California, Benavides had been in only for one night, and that was in Texas). They couldn't make the connection.

Benavides said he'd seen a red Ford at the killin. He told us now it had a white top: Vaganov had a red Thunderbird, with a white top. Benavides said he couldn't say for sure now if it was a Thunderbird. Obviously, we were not getting very far, so I left one of the pictures and asked him to call me if he could remember where they'd met. Then we started over to Mrs. Markham's.

Vaganov had been a little jarred by the meeting with Benavides, but he began to relax once more. When I pulled up outside 328 East Ninth Street I again left him in the car. Mrs. Markham was only too happy to be interviewed. There were children underfoot and a TV blaring in another room, but as she said, she was always willing to help out where the Tippit killing was concerned. "Why, you know I was with Mr. Tippit when he drew his last breath. There wasn't nobody else around. Yeaah," she said, grinning. "Oh, I been to Washington and had television fellas here and all. And magazine men too." I asked her to look at the pictures. She took them and held them to the light. "I don't believe I've ever seen the gentleman before," she said. I told her he was out in the car and asked if she would see him. "Sure, I'll look at him. Don't think I know him, but I could be wrong."

I went down and brought Vaganov back up. It would be an important confrontation: The Warren Commission's star witness meets the critics' leading suspect. Mrs. Markham put on her glasses, stood back and stared. Her children looked up at her with mute expectation. Finally, Mrs. Markham broke the silence: "Nawww, that ain't Oswald!"

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Allen Dulles uttered his put-up-or-shut-up challenge to the critics a year ago during the second wave of anti-Warren Report books. The Warren Commission had already showed its hand. Almost fourteen thousand pages of it, including five hundred and fifty-two witnesses, four thousand exhibits, and of course the trump card: one assassin—named, photographed, psychoanalyzed and, perhaps fortunately, dead. The opposition was playing it cute, turning over just one card at a time. Flip: Why did the Dallas police change their description of the murder rifle from a Mauser to a Carcano? Flip: Kennedy was hit below his shoulder, not in the neck as the Warren Report claims. Flip: Oswald worked for the F.B.I. Flip: And the C.I.A. Flip: Bullet 399 couldn’t have done all the damage attributed to it. Two witnesses (flip, flop) at the Tippit killing could not identify Oswald at first, but when pressure had been applied, they altered their stories obediently (flip-flop).

Early in the investigation, when irresponsible speculation had been at a premium, the irresponsible answers came fast and easy: the assassination was a plot arranged by H.L. Hunt, President Johnson, Fidel Castro, General Walker; you name it. But that sort of groundless theorizing gave way to more reasoned study once The Report, the 26 Volumes and the documents in the Archives became available. The second wave of researchers, who understood the meaning of libel laws, were more guarded about the suspects who intrigued them. Mark Lane, for instance, wisely deleted a chapter about a most intriguing person from the manuscript of his book, realizing perhaps that one rush to judgment did not condone another.

Quietly, and among themselves, the critics became “interested” in obscure people—people who turned up in the 26 Volumes, in Archives’ documents, and from original investigations carried out by the critics themselves. They were interested, for instance, in David Ferrie (Volume 8), the New Orleans pilot who died mysteriously last February after having been implicated in a conspiracy by District Attorney Jim Garrison. Ferrie’s case had been known to almost every researcher fully a year before Garrison’s new investigation came to light. They had studied the relevant testimony and speculated discreetly among themselves as to the contents of the Commission’s still-unpublished forty-page report on Ferrie. But while their public utterances were limited to the development of new scenarios for the as-

*Ironically, the loudest cry of “scavenger!” came from Lawrence Schiller, producer of the profitable pro-Warren Report long-playing record The Con
troversy, (later adapted into an article entitled Th
Scavengers) and co-author of a new book attacking the critics. Recently, one of the critics he ridiculed found testimony buried in the 26 Volumes which re
evaled that it was Schiller himself who acted a
agent for syndication of the tawdry series, My Stor
—Jack Ruby, which raked in $50,000. In an unguard
moment not long ago, Schiller recalled that if Ruby’s broth
er had permitted newspapers to print the stor
during the trial, “there could have been a lot mor
money.” As it was, the Rubys got sixty-five perce
and author and agent a thirty-five percent cut. Schil
ler went on to become an anti-scavenger.
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Joe Hart refused to transfer Turk Vaganov to Dallas. Whether it was the lack of opening there or insufficient enthusiasm for Vaganov in Pennsylvania, his employer did not feel compelled to move him. He was adequate on the job, but no great shine and over a period of time his superiors had begun to recognize him as an accomplish man. His wish to be transferred to Las Vegas was sudden, and it seemed strange.

He asked again and was turned down. During the month of October, Vaganov’s entreaties to Joe Hart became frequent, more insistent, more obseque: But G.E. would not budge.

Anne Dulin, a pretty, eighteen-year-old who worked behind the soda fountain at Ornesteen’s drugstore in Village, found it harder to resist him. She discovered Vaganov the first week in October, and fell for him.

Vaganov used to hang out around the store because he and Ornesteen shared an interest in radios. (Continued on page...
If they had anything up their sleeves in the way of second or third assassins, the critics of The Warren Report weren’t producing them. And to those who admired results, these assassination buffs were obviously bluffing, content to make a public stir with irrelevant and distorted findings. In attacking The Report the critics had shown, as Alexander Bickel put it, an instinct for the capillaries rather than the jugular. But as any gut-fighter knows, slit enough capillaries and you needn’t bother with the jugular. Already The Warren Report’s numerous superficial wounds were beginning to drain the life out of it. Irrefutably, it had fallen out of public esteem—even without the disclosures of more assassins.

Supporters of the Commission resorted to a broad counteroffensive. The critics were books. The critics were politically motivated. The critics were “literary scavengers” out for a sleazy buck.* The critics were wrong. Of all their protestations in defense of The Report, the one which made the most sense, to the critics as well as the interested public, was: Where does it all lead?

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assination, casting for the chief roles was carried on without fanfare well behind the scenes.

At the same time that D.A. Garrison was gathering steam earlier this year in New Orleans, a small number of researchers in the northeast were beginning to strike pay dirt with an investigation of their own. After three years, they had pieced together a bizarre and chilling story, and if it did not turn out to be a series of wild coincidences, then a second assassin was alive and well in Philadelphia. He was Igor Vaganov.

The dossier that was compiled up to the time of the meeting with Vaganov amounted, in essence, to the following:

Near the end of September, 1963, the White House announced that President Kennedy’s impending Texas visit would be extended by one day, thus allowing time for motorcades. Shortly after this, Igor “Turk” Vaganov, a credit manager in a branch of General Electric Credit Corporation outside Philadelphia, walked into the office of his boss, Joe Hart, and asked to be transferred to Dallas.

Joe Hart was mildly surprised. Igor Vaganov had worked for him almost two years, going out into the field and calling on overdue accounts, repossessing merchandise that clients had not paid for. Vaganov was well-suited for doing unpleasant tasks like this and enjoying them.

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He asked again and was turned down again. During the month of October, Vaganov’s entreaties to Joe Hart became more frequent, more insistent, more obsessive. But G.E. would not budge.

Anne Dulin, a pretty eighteen-year-old who worked behind the soda fountain at Doc Ornesteen’s drugstore in Village Green, found it harder to resist him. She met Vaganov the first week in October, and she fell for him.

Vaganov used to hang out around the drugstore because he and Ornesteen shared an interest in radios. (Continued on page 122)
"If they've found another assassin, let them name names and produce new evidence."

(Continued from page 82) Doc was a ham operator and Vaganov had a two-way citizens band radio in his red Thunderbird convertible. It was a So nar make, worth about $225. Vaganov was considered by other C.B. hobbyists, Robert Bryant of Green Ridge in particular, to be "no dummy and very capable around radios." Even so, for some reason, Bryant had flatly refused to admit Vaganov into his Civil Defense unit. Knowing Vaganov, Bryant imagined his set was "hopped up," fixed so that its output would exceed F.C.C. regulations and its range would be extended beyond C.B. limits. In a city with tall buildings, Vaganov could broadcast over a radius of five to eight miles.

Turk was also a superb marksman. He liked to hunt, and it was said that he could pick off birds in flight from a moving car. At about that time in October, he made a swap with Frank Willis of Green Ridge for a high-powered rifle. The two of them went out to a rifle range, set up a target at a hundred yards and tried out the gun. Willis was curious about Vaganov's reputed expertise. Vaganov loaded four rounds and, taking aim through the telescopic sight, fired off all four in rapid succession. Frank Willis was astonished: "You could have covered the holes with a half a dollar. Turk fired as though he had handled a gun all his life." And what about the rifle? It was a "250-3000," just 6 1000 of an inch smaller in caliber than the Mannlicher-Carcano owned by Lee Harvey Oswald.

His singular talents earned Vaganov respect in a man's world, which of course made him doubly attractive to Anne. He was tough, possibly brutal. It was learned on good authority that he got his kicks smashing cats against brick walls, that he had once tied two dogs together and beaten them practically senseless with a belt. Anne, perhaps, never heard about it. But there was a lot about him that would never reach her ears, owing to the fact that much of what he did, and was later to do, would be blamed on one of his aliases: John Nicholson, Kurt Kullaway, Vince Carson, Igor Baganov.

Vaganov told Anne that his first wife and child had been killed in an accident and that he had opened a bank in downtown Dallas, depositing $3389.02. With him also went his two-way radio, the rifle in the trunk and $800 in his pocket (he had "cashed some checks"). In addition Vaganov carried a .38-caliber pistol. Loading one bullet into it, he placed it between himself and Anne on the front seat, "Just in case we see any deer." Anne was frightened, she admitted later, but she didn't let on. "Even I knew you don't shoot deer with a pistol." They were married in South Carolina and, stopping briefly in Georgia and Alabama to visit two of Vaganov's friends, they arrived in Dallas on the tenth or eleventh of November. On the twelfth they took an apartment at Sunset Manor in the Oak Cliff section of town.

On the same day Secret Service Agent Winstom G. Lawson arrived in Dallas to conclude his investigation for persons in the area who might conceivably have it in mind to harm the President. The Dallas police gave him still photographs of some of the people who had been surveilled and spied upon Adlai Stevenson there two weeks earlier. Before leaving Washington, Lawson had consulted the Secret Service's "trip file"—a geographical listing of one hundred fifteen people the Service "had considered serious risks—but had found no reference to anybody currently under surveillance in Dallas. There had been thirty-four cases checked in the state in the last two years, but all had been settled one way or another. One person, for instance, had written to the White House from Dallas in July, 1963: "Sorry Kennedy, I am going to kill you in three days. Yours truly, Jackie Kennedy. P.S.: I am a stripper." The case had been investigated and closed. Another involved a sixty-year-old woman who mailed two live .22-caliber bullets to the President from Harlington, Texas, a year before. She turned out to be crippled by polio and"

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have covered the holes with a half a dollar. Turk fired as though he had handled a gun all his life." And what about the rifle? It was a "250-3000," just 6,100 of an inch smaller in caliber than the Mannlicher-Carcano owned by Lee Harvey Oswald.

His singular talents earned Vaganov respect in a man’s world, which of course made him doubly attractive to Anne. He was tough, possibly brutal. It was learned on good authority that he got his kicks smashing cats against brick walls, that he had once tied two dogs together and beaten them practically senseless with a belt. Anne, perhaps, never heard about it. But there was a lot about him that would never reach her ears, owing to the fact that much of what he did, and was later to do, would be blamed on one of his aliases: John Nicholson, Kurt Kullaway, Vince Carson, Igor Baganov.

Vaganov told Anne that his first wife and child had been killed in an auto crash and that he was lonely. Their courtship lasted about three weeks during which Anne’s mother met him only a few times. She didn’t like him; there was “something about him” she didn’t trust. “He was always getting money,” she recalled, “but we never knew where he got it.” Anne’s mother remembers that he kept mentioning a new job he’d been offered in the Midwest: it paid $17,500 a month. He was never specific about it, but he seemed sincere, even troubled. He didn’t know if he should accept it. Currently, he was earning a little more than a hundred a week.

But Vaganov never mentioned this job offer to Joe Hart; instead he kept asking to be transferred to Dallas.

Meanwhile, preparations for the President’s trip were well underway. By the first week in November, security assignments had been handed out to the Secret Service agents concerned; on November 4 the Dallas Trade Mart was tentatively selected as the site for the President’s lunch.

The next morning, November 5, Igor Vaganov made one last request to be transferred to Dallas. He wanted to go immediately, he said, and Joe Hart told him once and for all that it was out of the question. At one o’clock Vaganov simply walked off the job.

Ensnarled in his new furnished apartment, Vaganov established a daily routine. He would rise at seven, leave the house at seven-thirty wearing a dark suit and narrow tie, and come back around five in the afternoon. He told his landlords, Mr. and Mrs. Claude W. Sharp, that he had been transferred to Dallas from Philadelphia. He told his wife Anne that he spent his days looking for a job. He told neither of them the precise details of how he spent each day. In any case, he had paid the first month's rent of $100 plus $30 security.

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Going straight to his apartment at 1116 Seventh Avenue in Swarthmore, Vaganov spent the next day and a half selling his furniture and packing his clothes. He was going to Dallas anyway.

Anne could go with him if she liked, and she did, so the two of them left town on November 7 in his Thunderbird, for which he still owed $3389.02. With him also went his two-way radio, the rifle in the trunk and $800 in his pocket (he had "cashed some checks"). In addition Vaganov carried a 38-caliber pistol. Loading one bullet into it, he placed it between himself and Anne on the front seat, "Just in case we see any deer." Anne was frightened, she admitted later, but she didn’t let on, "Even I knew you don’t shoot deer with a pistol."

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Sometime during the following week the Vaganovs quarreled, and Anne spent one night with the Sharps, sleeping on their living-room couch. The young couple’s married life had started off poorly, and one day Mrs. Joan Anthis, Anne’s sister who lived in Conroe, Texas, came to the apartment to fetch her. Vaganov talked both of them out of it, and Anne stayed. It was the first time Mrs. Anthis had met her brother-in-law, and she was alarmed when he showed her a copy of Mein Kampf and made disparaging remarks about “Jews and niggers.” He was proud, he said, that he belonged to the master race.

On November 19, while Vaganov was out, a short, stocky man came to the door and asked for him. He did not identify himself, but it appeared to Anne and Mrs. Sharp that he had business to conduct with Vaganov, and Anne believes the two of them were seen together at some time. Vaganov would not tell Anne who the man was when she asked him, but two years later he dropped the remark that “Mike” was from the C.I.A.

On November 21, President Kennedy left Washington and landed at San Antonio in the early afternoon. He flew next to Houston and then to Fort Worth, where he and Mrs. Kennedy spent the night in the Texas Hotel.

That evening, events on Sunset Street in Dallas took a dramatic turn for the worse. Although the precise details were not clear, it was certain that during the night Anne Vaganov called her sister, crying hysterically, hardly able to talk. She blurted out, “Turk is going to do something horrible tomorrow!” Despite her sister’s frantic efforts to calm her and find out what was happening, Anne was incoherent and did not elaborate.

The next morning, November 22, 1963, Igor Vaganov broke his routine and slept late. He rose around noon and got dressed in khaki pants, as Mrs. Sharp recalls, and possibly a white shirt or jacket.

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Even if Agent Lawson had checked the geographical file for the Philadelphia area, he would not have found any reference to Igor Vaganov, for he was not at that time considered a Presidential liability. No more than Lee Harvey Oswald who, like Vaganov, had moved into new dwellings in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas less than a month before. In fact the two lived little more than a mile apart.

Ensonced in his new furnished apartment, Vaganov established a daily routine. He would rise at seven, leave the house at seven-thirty wearing a dark suit and narrow tie, and come back around five in the afternoon. He told his landlords, Mr. and Mrs. Claude W. Sharp, that he had been transferred to Dallas from Philadelphia. He told his wife Anne that he spent his days looking for a job. He told neither of them the precise details of how he spent each day. In any case, he had paid the first month’s rent of $100 plus $30 security Fort Worth, where he and Mrs. Kennedy spent the night in the Texas Hotel.

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At a quarter to one, Igor Vaganov walked downstairs where he encountered Mr. Sharp, who told him the President had been shot. He turned immediately and went upstairs. According to Anne, he seemed elated. They watched television for a few minutes, and then at approximately twelve-fifty, Vaganov rose suddenly, told Anne that he had to go to the bank, and left in his red Thunderbird. (According to the Republic National Bank of Texas there was “no activity” on Vaganov’s bank account any time that day.) Twenty-five minutes later, less than a mile away, Patrolman J. D. Tippit was shot to death with a .38-caliber pistol, the same type of weapon Vaganov owned.

Domingo Benavides had seen a man in a “red Ford.”

Mrs. Aquilla Clemons, who also witnessed the Tippit slaying, had seen two men standing near the police car before one of them shot the patrolman. Both ran off in different directions. Mrs. Clemons was never questioned by the Warren Commission, but she told Mark Lane that the killer was “kind of a short guy” and “kind of heavy” and that the other was tall and thin and wore khaki trousers with a white shirt. The first description fitted Vaganov’s mysterious caller; the second fitted Vaganov.
A few days after the assassination, Mrs. Clemons claims she was approached by a plainclothesman and warned not to talk to anyone about what she saw or she might get killed.

About an hour and a half after he went out, Igor Vaganov returned to his apartment. Anne told him she heard that a policeman had been shot in the neighborhood, and she recalls that “he seemed to know it.” After a while, she says, they got into the car and drove past Tenth and Patton, the scene of the Tippit killing, then crossed the Trinity River into Dallas proper and toured the assassination site.

At four-thirty, while they were heading back to Oak Cliff, two F.B.I. agents knocked on Mrs. Sharp’s door and asked for Igor Vaganov. She told them he was out, but as she was saying this Vaganov drove up. “There he is now,” she said. Both agents stepped quickly inside Mrs. Sharp’s entrance way to give Vaganov time to get out of the car and upstairs. When they were certain he had entered his apartment, they told Mrs. Sharp to go inside and lock her door. One of them went to the front stairway; the other to the back. Both had their hands on their guns.

Anne answered the door. When the agents identified themselves, she was terrified. “Turk, it’s the F.B.I.,” she called. He replied calmly, “Let them in.” After introductions, the interrogation began at once. One questioned Anne, while the other dealt separately with Vaganov. Occasionally one of them would get on the phone to verify the answers to certain questions.

After two hours, having checked Vaganov’s rifle and pistol and looked in his car, the two agents left.

A few hours later, Vaganov told Anne he had to go back to Philadelphia, to straighten out some things with General Electric. Anne was already upset by the day’s events and now even more so because of his sudden decision to leave. He had not mentioned anything about having to go back before. Anne called her sister again, and this time Joan Anthis came with the firm intention of taking Anne back to Conroe with her. At three a.m. they drove off, leaving Vaganov alone in the apartment. By sunrise he too had left.

Vaganov was seen in the Philadelphia area on Sunday. He drowned in the river that day.

Not a word about Vaganov or the peculiar circumstances of his movements appears anywhere in The Warren Report or the 26 Volumes. In fact, were it not for his red Thunderbird, Vaganov’s story might never have been uncovered. Three months after the assassination, a routine credit report on the car crossed the desk of an alert executive who had already questioned him. Friends were also suspicious of Frank Willis, the man with him in his rifle; Robert Brya, the Civil Defense unit; Ornesteen, drugstore owner; and the police and was told that it was off.

There were many numbers about Vaganov which val as a suspect in the eyes of the others. The mystery of his $17,500-a-month future and his unexplained alibi during the Tippit killing, his return to Philadelphia, and later visit to Mexico City still remained.

Eventually Vaganov’s reunion with Martha soured; in fact, she became worried of him and went back once again to live with her relatives in Texas. They swore out a peace bond to keep him away. Vaganov took off immediately on a series of moves around the country, and from that moment on, his trail became difficult to follow. The F.B.I. found a bundle of his clothes in a Dallas telephone booth six months after his assassination — and no clue as to why. Word of it that he was arrested in Texas on a warrant out of California for attempt to defraud, that he was tried and convicted on four bad-check counts in San Diego but that he somehow managed to get out of his expected seven-to-fourteen-year jail term after only a few months behind bars.

Late in 1966, Vaganov called Martha for the first time in two years. “How do you get away with everything?” she asked him. “I don’t understand. You pull all this stuff and seem to get away with it. How do you do it?” Vaganov answered, “Well, between you and me, the government can do a lot for you.” Then he dropped out of sight again. Rumor had it he was back in Philadelphia.

As with most vague crimes of nebulous detail, it turned out to be all-purpose adaptable. Whatever the facts, it can be made to fit at least one of the supposed crimes. In this instance, Vaganov was a suspect in the shooting of Frank Willis, but when his wife and alibi expired on that premise, he was converted to a suspect.

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Vaganov was seen in the Philadelphia area on Sunday. He dropped in on Doc Ornstein and Frank Willis, showing them a Dallas paper dated November 22, 1963, to prove he'd been where the action was. "Here," he said to Willis, "get rid of it for me." Willis thought he looked nervous and in a hurry to leave.

Vaganov stayed in Philadelphia only briefly, possibly because of the nature of the business he was there to transact. Using a $1,400 check he had run off months before on the General Electric check-making machine, he made a down payment on a 1964 Sting Ray—receiving $200 in change—and after parking the Thunderbird in a friend's garage, he set out again for Texas. Anne was still with her sister in Conroe when he returned, and Vaganov talked her into going back to Dallas with him. She did, for two days. By early December she had taken the train back to Philadelphia and he had also returned. He gave back the Sting Ray, settled with the dealer for $75; General Electric had stopped payment on the check. Then, picking up the Thunderbird, he returned to his first wife Martha (who was alive after all) and lived for a while with her in Atlanta. "He kept making strange trips back to Dallas, to El Paso and to San Diego," Martha remembers. "And all the while I kept wondering..."

Not a word about Vaganov or the peculiar circumstances of his movements appears anywhere in The Warren Report or the 26 Volumes. In fact, were it not for his red Thunderbird, Vaganov's story might never have been uncovered. Three months after the assassination, a routine credit report on the car crossed the desk of an alert executive who happened to be a friend of Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia lawyer, crusader for civil liberties and one of the leading independent assassination researchers. Two of the most damaging arguments against The Warren Report were to come from Vincent Salandria: the backward movement of Kennedy's head after the last shot (indicating, according to Salandria, a shot from the grassy knoll) and the discovery of the F.B.I. autopsy report contradicting the version published by the Warren Commission. Furthermore, Salandria always refused money for his articles and speeches. His credentials, in other words, were impeccable.

The credit report supplied some of the basic information about Vaganov, mainly that he had been questioned by the F.B.I. and that he had taken a rifle and a pistol with him to Dallas. Salandria, together with several fellow researchers, pieced together the rest of Vaganov's story over the next three years. The F.B.I., it turned out, had questioned Vaganov in response to the call from Anne's sister (who had been worried by her call the previous night). Anne's parents (who knew about the gun and were suspicious of his reasons for going to Dallas) called the F.B.I. after they'd turned out to be all-purpose adaptable. Whatever the clue be made to fit at least one of the supposed crimes. At instance, Vaganov was considered in the shooting of but when his wife and another alibi for that precise day, he was converted to suspect.

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After the assassination, no claims were accepted by the insurance companies and no one knew who might be killed. A man and a woman, both about forty, were shot, but neither survived. Police believe the man was an undercover agent and the woman was a suspected spy. The man was seen entering the building with a briefcase, but no one knows what was in it. The woman was seen talking to a man in a car, but his identity is unknown. The man's briefcase was found at the scene, but no evidence was found inside. The woman's car was also found, but no evidence was found inside. The police believe the man and woman were involved in some sort of secret mission, but they have no idea what it was. They are still investigating the case.
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The latter particularly attracted his
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(Whitewash) Weisberg, Edward (In-
quest) Epstein and Richard (The
Second Oswald) Popkin learned of
him in conversation with Saldanha,
and Mrs. Sylvia Meagher (compiler
of an index to The Report and Vol-
umes) kept track of the investigation
from New York. Wesley J. Liebler
(the only member of the Warren
Commission staff to become a buff on
his own) was also informed. Some of
the other buffs offered assistance. A
private citizen from Boston, whom
we shall call "James Henderson," be-
because of his passion for anonymity,
spent $400 making telephone
calls all over the country nailing
down leads on Vaganov. Henderson
had already caused a public sensation
with his analysis of photographs taken
at the assassination scene. And the
California researchers were alerted
and tried without success to find out
if Vaganov was in prison in that
state. One-page summaries of the
case of "I ... V ... ?" were shown
to selected friends. Life magazine
became interested and urged Thomp-
son, who had become his consultant
on the assassination, to continue his
check of laundries in Philadelphia.
District Attorney Jim Garrison got
wind of it from New Orleans and
sent a man up to see Saldanha for
the full details.

By the beginning of this year,
what had started out as The Shame
of Dallas was turning into The Phila-
delphia Story. Vincent Saldanha, the
Philadelphia lawyer, was pursuing
Igor Vaganov, the Philadelphia sus-
pect, who would eventually be ar-
rested by a former assistant counsel
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clouded identification of the jacket in the first place. The Warren Report stated that it was found in a parking lot by Dallas Police Captain W. R. Westbrook, but a check of the police radio log (in Volume 23) revealed that a policeman whose call number was 279 actually discovered it. And strangely, policeman 279 was listed as “unknown” by the Dallas police. In addition, witness reports regarding the jacket were contradictory. Oswald’s landlord said he went out wearing a “dark-color” jacket. The one that was found (Commission Exhibit 162) was a very light grey, almost, as Dallas police described it, white. Domingo Benavides, who was fifteen feet from the shooting, said the jacket was “light beige.” Barbara Davis, who saw the killer flee across her lawn, said he was wearing a “dark coat.” Another said he was wearing a “bluish” jacket. And still another witness, shown Exhibit 162, said the man running away wore a jacket that “had a little more tan to it.” When Mrs. Sharp was shown a picture of the jacket, she said she thought Vagnanov had one like it.

The jacket contained two clues to the identity of its owner: laundry marks—one a paper tag that was stapled on and the other an indelible stamped number. The F.B.I. initiated a long search for the laundries in question, checking 424 establishments in the Dallas-Fort Worth area and 293 in New Orleans, but they could not find the place that cleaned it. Nevertheless, the Commission was content to call it Oswald’s, even though his wife recalled that she used to wash it herself and could not remember his ever taking it to the cleaners.

Haverford Professor Josiah Thompson, one of Salandia’s cohorts, began a slow and arduous check of laundries and dry cleaners in Vagannov’s old neighborhood outside Philadelphia. Meanwhile, another researcher, Gaeton Fonzi, senior editor of the Greater Philadelphia Magazine, pursued it from another angle. He wrote to the manufacturer of the jacket, Maurice Holman of Los Angeles, and found that it was made and sold on the West Coast, but that

Igor Vagannov. We introduced ourselves and asked if we could come with him. “All right,” he said, “I’ll come with you.” In the living room, Soviet settled himself cross-legged on the couch, lit a cigarette and made up to see Salandia for the full details.

By the beginning of this year, what had started out as The Shame of Dallas was turning into The Philadelphia Story. Vincent Salandia, the Philadelphia lawyer, was pursuing Igor Vagannov, the Philadelphia suspect, who would eventually be arrested by a former assistant counsel on the Warren Commission, Philadelphia District Attorney Arlen Spector. The first public reference to the case appeared in the January issue of Greater Philadelphia Magazine. In a front-of-the-book article, Gaeton Fonzi had enumerated loose ends left by the Warren Commission, which included the case of a Delaware County man, “Mr. Brown.”

The Fonzi article did not gain much public notice, but it brought the Vagannov affair to a head. Shortly after it appeared, Anne Vagannov phoned Fonzi and told him she was frightened. “You put my life in danger, you know. Like I’m afraid to open my door, I’m afraid to walk the streets. He’s tried to call me on the phone. I don’t know what he’ll do.” It had been obvious in the article that many of the details relating to Brown had been supplied by her. A man claiming to be “Mr. Brown” himself called the magazine’s office and said he was going to hire F. Lee Bailey and sue for four million dollars. Fonzi was worried. If the man indeed was Igor Vagannov and he sued, he’d probably have a case. If it wasn’t and the real Vagannov was lying low, then Anne’s life well may have been in danger.

There was another development. Esquire editors, who had first heard of the Vagannov case months before, were now interested in doing a story about him, whether he was guilty or not. But they would do it only with Vagannov’s consent, and since he had
already been forced into a corner, they figured he might just take his chances and go along with them. They would offer him some money and guarantee that his side of the story would be told along with the other.

Vincent Salandria approved of the idea. He had never seen Vaganov, but he had found out where he was living, so one night in January, Salandria and I made our first visit, unannounced, to Vaganov's apartment in Upper Darby. There was no assurance he'd be there; earlier Fonzi had spent two weeks trying to find him. The address turned out to be a large masonry house, divided into four apartments on a floor. We seemed to be in luck; Vaganov's car (an MG) was parked outside. We went up to the darkened porch and rang the bell. No one came to the door. We walked around the back. There were lights in some of the rooms, so we went back and rang again. After a few minutes a middle-aged man came to the door, and Salandria asked if Turk Vaganov lived there. The man said no, nobody by that name. Salandria tried all the aliases, Baganov, Kullaway, Nicholson. The man shook his head. At that point, another door to our right rear opened and a man's voice asked, "What do you want with Turk?"

Standing in the darkened doorway, in a T-shirt and khaki trousers, was Igor Vaganov. We introduced ourselves and asked if we could talk with him. "All right," he said, "for a minute." In the living room Vaganov settled himself cross-legged on the couch, lit a cigarette and told us he had nothing to say, not about his actions in November, 1963, anyway. He had read the piece in the Philadelphia Magazine, and he hadn't made up his mind whether or not to sue. His mother was the one who had told him about it, called him at work in histreries. The piece was full of mistakes. Vaganov had called Anne and read her parts of it; they had both laughed like crazy. In response to a question from Salandria, Vaganov said he'd known that people were checking up on him for about two years, but he wouldn't say who told him. Was he bothered by it? He shrugged. He did let slip one interesting statement: that he'd never been out of the house on the day of

knows too much and unfortunately so does Anne. So they've ordered him to have a reunion with Anne, after which both of them will have a joint accident. He's in trouble, all right, and he knows it."

Salandria was certain that a conspiracy to kill Kennedy would be proved within months. Things were beginning to happen fast. Word from New Orleans was that Jim Garrison was making good progress on a separate investigation and would announce his findings soon. Salandria believed that the conspiracy was oriented along C.I.A.-military lines, and that the masterminds were making a desperate effort to throw the investigators off the scent. He thought so because of a curious development: all the researchers were lately flooded with false leads. For example, that night back at Salandria's house, the phone rang and a frantic woman on the other end said she had something of vital importance to tell him about the assassination. She was afraid to say anything over the phone (Salandria wouldn't have let her anyway; he assumes his line is tapped) and she was even leery of going to his house. "Oh, you're watched, I'm sure you are," she told him. They arranged to meet later that night, and for ten hours she told him a story implicating one of the eyewitnesses at Dealey Plaza. Her story seemed to check, down to the last detail. At three-thirty a.m., Salandria called Gaeton Fonzi and told him, "Gaeton, our worst fears are realized." The next morning Salandria called Sylvia Meagher, a New York researcher whose familiarity with the 26 Volumes is unparalleled, and M. S. Arnoni, the editor of The Minority of One. The two of them came to Philadelphia and questioned the lady again, for several hours. Finally she made a slip, and Mrs. Meagher caught her. She'd been lying. Her knowledge of the case and the evidence had been phenomenal—obviously she had been well prepared—but for some reason she was trying to mislead them. Mrs. Meagher archly told the woman that she had put on a remarkable performance but to go back and tell her employers that she had failed.

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esting statement: that he'd never been out of the house on the day of the assassination. His wife and the landlords had told it differently. As for cooperating on an article, he said he didn't think he would. He'd been in jail and passed bum checks, and he was afraid that if all that came out he'd lose his present job, which he liked. He wouldn't tell us where he worked, he had no phone, and he said he couldn't leave the state of Pennsylvania without permission. He said he'd call by the end of the week if he decided to accept the deal; but it would cost like hell. How much? He wasn't sure.

After we'd left, Saldania analyzed the situation. He was now more convinced than ever that Vaganov was involved in the assassination. Saldania thought he had tried desper-
ately to act cool while we were there, but that there was fear be-
hind. "He's waiting for the an-
swers," Saldania said, "but right now he doesn't know what to say. I think he's in trouble. You notice he said he was on good terms with Anne? Well, he's not; she's terrified of him.

"Of course, it's the wildest kind of speculation," Saldania went on, "but I think it's just possible that his bosses must realize it's not safe to have him around anymore, that he at Dallas, Texas. Not very decided to check, down to the last detail. At three-thirty a.m., Saldania called Gaeton Fonzi and told him, "Gaeton, our worst fears are realized." The next morning Saldania called Sylvia Meagher, a New York researcher whose familiarity with the 26 Vol-
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Saldania sent telegrams to all the other researchers, Penn Jones, Harold Weisberg, Richard Popkin, Ray Marcus, all of them, telling of his experience and asking if similar frauds had approached them. It had happened to all of them, they re-
ported, a number of times.

The next day, Vaganov called and said no, he didn't want his privacy invaded. But it was decided we'd make one more try. Two weeks later James Henderson, the Boston re-
searcher, and I joined Saldania and we dropped in on Vaganov again.

He let us in. "I thought I'd be seeing you guys again." When we sat down he walked over to a table and turned on a tape recorder. "This goes to my lawyer when we get through," he said. Saldania and Henderson exchanged quick glances. "He got a kick out of the other one."

"Which other one?"

"The one I made when you guys came before, I had the machine on in the other room."

Saldania and Henderson warmed to the challenge. Saldania was not to be underestimated.

"Look, we figure it this way," Hen-
derson started, "the whole assassi-
nation was coordinated by radio and walkie-talkies. You were a car co-
ordinator. You were the guy Benavides saw in the red Ford where Tippit was killed. You may or may
not have helped kill Tippit, but your function was to keep radio contact with the others, follow Oswald and put the finger on him when the cops arrived. You know there are a lot of missing photographs of Oswald's arrest at the theatre. J. Edgar Hoover supposedly lost them. I think if they were ever found, you'd show up in them."

Vaganov stared at him impassively. "Turk," Salandria said quietly, "you can't tell us why you went to Dallas, you can't account for the time you were gone during the Tippit killing or why you were in such a hurry to leave that night. The way I see it, you're in trouble. Anne says you took her to Tenth and Patton where Tippit was killed right after you came back home. Turk, why on earth did you go back there?"

No answer.

"You know what I think? I think Oswald was in the theatre while Tippit was being killed.

"We don't care if you did the shooting or not; we simply want to know who was behind the whole thing. You're just the little guy; it's the men who set it all up that we want to find. Tell us. You'll be forgiven; we'll help you get away. I'll let you stay at my place, where they wouldn't dare touch you. You'll go down in history as a hero. Honestly, Turk, believe me. These men are dangerous, and if you don't get help now, they may get to you first."

Vaganov shrugged.

After an hour of conversation, Vaganov still had not revealed anything and had not openly agreed to cooperate with an article. He suggested we adjourn to a neighborhood bar. It was agreeable, so he flipped the tape recorder off and we all went out.

At McMullin's Bar, Vaganov was known as John Nicholson; he told us not to be surprised if people called him "John" there, and they did. Once we were all seated, Henderson started explaining carefully his view of the Tippit killing.

"Tippit's car was here," he said, sliding a beer bottle in front of him. "This glass represents Oswald, or whoever it was who shot Tippit. Your car was over here, the grey jacket was found here, and the Texas Theatre was down here." Henderson looked up at Vaganov from his ar-
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"Except that," Vaganov said, "the Texas Theatre was down this way." He slid the bottle one foot to the right.

"How did you know that?" Henderson asked quickly.

"Well, it was on the map in that Greater Philadelphia Magazine article," Vaganov said, smiling.

"No it wasn't," Henderson said. "The theatre was not marked on the map and I put the bottle in the wrong position purposely just to see what you'd do. And you moved it; you must have known somehow. You must have been there; you knew its relationship to the Tippit site."

"Could be I lived in the neighborhood for a week before that and just knew where it was from seeing it," Vaganov said.

Henderson tried a new tack. "Look, why don't you come over to our side. Nobody's accusing you of anything."

"You are," Vaganov cut in. "And I can prove it. I've got it on tape back at the apartment."

Henderson looked at Salandria, "Hey, could he sue me?"

"Uh, well, if he wanted to, I guess," Salandria answered, slightly amused.

"But he'd have to prove damages."

"Look, fellas," Vaganov said, "I'm
gun he traded before the assassination was the first he had ever had (his first wife says he used to keep an arsenal of guns). Vaganov claimed at first that he had not read Mein Kampf and that he had never sounded off against "Jews and niggers," but later he allowed as how he didn't particularly like Negroes. What about Anne's claim that he was taking dope? She'd seen his small screwdriver set and thought it was a hypodermic needle. The "short, heavyset man" who called on him at the apartment in Dallas? Vaganov didn't know who it was, but suspected it was a representative of family court sent by Martha to collect support payments. Martha told me she never sent anybody. The man remains a mystery. And who was "Mike from Chicago"? He was an ex-policeman that Vaganov met in California well after the assassination. Martha concurs with this. When Vaganov told Anne that Mike was from the C.I.A., he'd been kidding. The frantic call on the eve of the assassination: Anne says she was afraid he was going to hurt her, or himself. She says it was definitely not because of any threat linked with the assassination.

Certainly there are a large number of uncheckable facts, and it is likely that about some matters Vaganov chose to exaggerate or play down the truth (his prejudices, his guns). Friends and ex-wives called him a braggart and a liar. But that only necessitates more careful scrutiny; it does not automatically mean that he was lying about his actions in Dallas.

The all-important question: what was Vaganov doing during the time of the Tippit killing? According to him, he left the apartment just before one o'clock, twenty minutes before Tippit was killed. He did intend to go to the bank, but first he went downstairs and took his car around the corner to have two front tires replaced for the return to Philadelphia. He got back to the apartment an hour or an hour and a half later, at which time the F.B.I. arrived. They stayed several hours, he said, "and that about killed the day." Mrs. Sharp, however, had placed his return two hours later, which would supposedly have left him time enough to be involved in the Tippit killing and then have his tires changed. She was positive about the time, and she

ber was 16 907 8470 5 in case anybody feels like drawing up a subpoena.

Vaganov claims he did not go to the site of the Tippit killing before or after the F.B.I. questioned him. "Anne's just mixed up," he says. They passed near it on the way to Dealey Plaza, however, and then they drove by the bank, but it had been closed by then.

The grey jacket? The laundry check had turned up nothing. But since we now had Vaganov in our possession, I ascertained his sleeve length (36 inches) and then called Marion Johnson at the National Archives and asked him to measure the grey jacket from the middle of the neck to the edge of the cuff. He called back in half an hour: 32 1/4 inches, much too short. Furthermore, the manufacturer told me that they had outlets not only in Philadelphia but in New Orleans, Dallas and points west, south and north.

What of the radio plot? Vaganov said it was simple: he'd gotten rid of his radio before he left Philadelphia, traded it for the rifle. Frank Willis said that was exactly right. But his statement doesn't square with what Mrs. Sharp told Josiah Thompson, that she saw a big aerial on Vaganov's Thunderbird down in Dallas. He may have bought another, or it could be Mrs. Sharp was wrong. When I spoke with her, she said she couldn't remember anything.

As for going to Mexico City in March, 1964, Vaganov says he never did. He only gave that address to the creditors to throw them off the track, and he says the call to Anne from "Mexico" was actually from Georgia. Martha says she was back with Vaganov during that time and that they did not go to Mexico City. Vaganov says that he is at a loss to explain how his clothes were found in a telephone booth six months after the assassination. But he says such a thing might have happened two years afterward, when he was arrested in Tyler, Texas, for passing bad checks. At that time, the F.B.I. disposed of his car and may have thrown some of his belongings out. It's possible they wound up in a phone booth.

The Philadelphia group is still suspicious of Vaganov. "I don't think he's telling the truth," says Salandra. "We've caught him in too many lies. The Nazi thing, his lie about killing that day or with: principals involved. If ind

Allen Dulles' challenges to the critics' work aspects of the case, Vincendetria's previous findings in have raised serious doubts about the veracity of The Warren E.

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WILL THE REAL WAI

(Continued from next page)
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One of the attendants at the gas station around the corner, Jack Griffis, recalls that indeed he was changing tires on a car about the time of the assassination. But he couldn’t recall what kind of car it was or what the owner looked like. He was young, that’s all he would say. When Vaganov and I went to Dallas, we dropped in on Griffis, but even that didn’t help. He couldn’t say for sure if Vaganov had been his customer. There was one more hope, Vaganov’s Texaco credit card. He is almost certain he used it to charge off the tires, and that Texaco would have a record of it, especially since he never paid his bills. I checked with Texaco, and they said that records from that far back were semi-computerized on tape and stored in New Jersey, and that to look for it would entail sending five months worth of tapes to Houston to be run through a machine. The process, they said, would take weeks, and they wouldn’t do it unless they were subpoenaed. Vaganov’s credit card num-

...WILL THE REAL WARI

(Continued from page 125)

...knew that what that picture was you had to know what it was was.

The food arrived. War burst into tears explain Spanish waiter, who spc
glish, why he would have put back to the kitchen. “The buttered and I...like...what can I do? What will you see...if I don’t se...you’ll never learn anything...that’s why...” The mumbling something is Warren devouring his or onds, then continued paci
tly swooping down like a sea gull to nibble on the tation of my cold eggs Ben...you eat these?” he asked, 

...truffles on top. “The part,” he said, swallowin...

It seemed like a good him into a discussion of was born in Richmond, March, 1937. He grew up brick Colonial house in the son of Ira O. Beaty (added an extra “t”), an psychology professor, estate man, and Kathi...Beaty, who taught actin Shirley (who later turn...
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as, it was something other than the
assassination.

Allen Dulles' challenge to the crit-
ics has been answered in desperation.
This is all the more unfortunate
because the critics' work on other
aspects of the case, Vincent Salan-
dria's previous findings in particular,
have raised serious doubts about the
veracity of The Warren Report. Au-
thorities apparently still disagree;
they feel The Report stands up. I
think whether or not it does is beside
the point: all that matters now is that
the critics are probing on their own,
chasing down suspects and uninten-
tionally infringing on the privacy of
innocent people. They are sincere in
their efforts, but sooner or later some-
body is going to get hurt. At one
point, for example, before Vaganov's
confrontation with the critics, it had
been proposed that a private detec-
tive be hired to tail him and find out
where he worked. Vaganov said later
that if he had noticed anyone follow-
ing him, he'd have got in touch with
a Mafia friend of his and finished
the guy off. Critics in another part
of the country were tracking down
leads about another suspect who
happened to be a Texas gun seller.
If that particular individual ever
caught on, he'd know how to take care
of himself.

The only way to stop these hazar-
dous private undertakings is to re-
open the case on the government level,
carry out new investigations (com-
plete with subpoenas) and reach a
less impeachable conclusion.

As for Vaganov, he is living now
in Upper Darby and has a job with
a plumbing-supply company, where
he uses his real name. Martha, his
first wife, lives with her parents and
two children in Virginia and con-
siders her years with Vaganov the
unhappiest part of her life. She'd
like to forget about them. Anne has
moved to Chicago and refuses to talk
with interviewers. By all indications
she only started to consider the pos-
sibility of Vaganov's guilt after the
researchers began poking around and
stirring her doubts. There was not, I
found, much concern about Vaganov.
At G.E., his old bosses still consid-
er him little more than a talented con
man. Anne's parents are sorry they
called the F.B.I. That day they had
thought about his gun, thought about
his Russian name, and they were
angry with him for running off with
their daughter. Martha's parents
just "feel sorry for the boy"; and her
father, a naval captain, assured me
if he had had any suspicions, he'd
have gone to the authorities long ago.

The only people still upset are the
researchers and, strangely enough,
Vaganov. He called me the other day
and told me that weird things were
beginning to happen. He had been to
The Latin Quarter nightclub in New
York and had paid to have his picture
taken. But there was an extra flash,
he said, like somebody else had taken
another picture right afterward. And
a few days after that he was shopping
in a Philadelphia department
store and somebody paged him as
"Vance Vaganov" over the loud-
speaker. Only Martha knew him by
that nickname, and she was five hun-
dred miles away. He had left the
store without answering the page.
And another thing worried him, he
said. "I just heard about that guy in
Florida who supposedly committed
suicide but now they think there was
foul play and want to dig him up."

"Yes," I said, "and his wife used
to work for Jack Ruby."

"That's right, and you know about
that guy Ferrie who just happened
to die in New Orleans after his name
hit the papers."

I said I'd heard.

"Well, I got to thinking," Vaga-
nov said. "You told me the F.B.I.
had warned Doc Ornesteen that I
had suicidal tendencies. I don't have
any, but maybe they think I should."

"I wouldn't worry about it, Turk,"
I told him. "But if it starts to get to
you, you can always take Vincent
Salandria's offer and hide out in his
house."

"I wouldn't want to do that," Turk
Vaganov said. "It's not safe there.
His phone is tapped; he said so
himself." #

WILL THE REAL WARREN BEATTY PLEASE SHUT UP