

Mrs. Garrison talks about home life in the midst of

In almost every home where there are youngsters, alarm-clocks are about as useful as celluloid collars. In one particular home a one-year-old with the imperial name of Eberhard Darrow sounds off each morning at about 6:30. He draws an immediate response from his Gulliver-sized father, who quickly rises and in short order has Eberhard Darrow quiet and contented with a full bottle. Then the father quietly shaves and dresses. At exactly 7 a.m. he nudges his sleepy wife and says with sunny gusto, "O.K. Egg, time to get up. Let's go."

So starts the day for Jim and Liz Garrison and their five children. All during the much-publicized investigation and even at the height of the Clay Shaw hearing, Jim would turn off the Eberhard "clock," wake Liz and then have breakfast and talk with the rest of the Garrison brood before leaving for his office.

"Jim is a typical, doting father at home," says Liz. "Since the investigation came out in the newspapers, we've had to make a lot of changes, and I've had a hard time adjusting to our not having privacy anymore. But I guess we have lived as normally as could be expected under the circumstances."

For Elizabeth Ziegler Garrison, there appear to be few circumstances which she could not handle normally and in stride—whether it be feeding breakfast to twenty unannounced newsmen or appearing fresh and elegant at a late dinner party after a one-hour notice from her husband.

Liz, 31, married Jim eight years ago after dating him for about four years. They met at the law offices of Deutsch, Kerrigan, and Stiles where Jim was an attorney and she was a file clerk. The first child, James Robinson, arrived a year later. They nicknamed him Jasper. He was followed by Virginia, who is now 5; Lyon Harrison ("Snapper"), age 3; Elizabeth Ziegler, 2; and Eberhard Darrow.

"Jim says if the next one is a boy," laughs Liz, her hazel eyes sparkling, "we will name him William Shaw. Approved For Release 2000/08/27 : CIA-RDP75B00380R000800140029-2
names and nicknames. He never calls me Liz. It's usually Egg, because he says I'm an egghead, or Edna,

which he thinks is ludicrous or Roachelda, because I just panic when I see a roach."

A trim (5' 5", 125 lbs.) and attractive woman with a classic face topped by ash blonde hair, Liz looks more like a post-season debutante than a housewife and mother. Her perfect complexion, the barest whisper of lipstick or makeup, the just-right hairdo, and the snug, simple Teal Triana dress all show a calm refinement and cool poise that do not disappear even when her five children are attempting to rearrange the formal living room of their comfortable home on Owens Boulevard in the Bancroft Park section.

Such was the case when Liz was being photographed and interviewed one breezy afternoon three weeks ago. "The three oldest children know something is going on," said Liz, "and though they have always been lively, lately they've almost been little brats." She paused, got up, and smacked Virginia on the backside for climbing over the sofa.

"We have a guard posted in front of the house," she continued, "and have changed our phone number so that only a few people have it, but the house looks like a bus depot sometimes." Liz got up quickly and went to a big window where a handsome piano stood. She grabbed Snapper from the piano and brought him to the door. "O.K., young man, out you go."

Apologizing, she sat back down and said, "I haven't finished decorating in here yet and often wonder if I ever will. Jim plays the piano by ear and I think quite well. We plan to start Virginia taking lessons and I hope to learn with her, that is, if the piano lasts." Before she could continue, the phone rang, followed by the doorbell and a whimpering two-year-old Elizabeth. Then there was a knock on the door and a man stuck his head in the living room.

"Oh, hello, Joe," Liz said cheerfully and introduced him as Joe Riorda, who with his wife, Dottie, are neighbors and best friends with the Garrisons. Joe then went to answer the ringing phone as Liz picked up her daughter and patted her.

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By Liz Bennett





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to you, Liz," Riorda called from the other room.

"O.K., coming," Liz answered, reaching for the afternoon newspaper and spreading it on the floor. "Now, Elizabeth, why don't you read the newspaper."

When Liz returned, Elizabeth had torn up the newspaper and appeared headed for one of the half dozen chess sets her father keeps around the house in various stages of play. Liz picked up the child and handed her to Mattie, the maid.

Liz and her husband talk politics a lot, and he has kept her up-to-date on the investigation. She says that sometimes he'll be restless and wake her up at 2 or 3 a.m. to talk about the latest developments.

Because teachers at school were worried about the children, the Garrisons hired a detective to take the two oldest to school and watch them during play periods. In addition, he checks people coming to the house. "I'm a little embarrassed because he ends up most of the time being just a baby sitter." Though the phone rings as much as before the number was changed, Liz has received no crank or threatening calls. One phone call of five weeks ago did shake her up, however.

"A reporter from *Life* was here going through some old photographs we had. The phone rang, I answered it, and it was for her. When she came back in the room, she looked at me quite strangely and said, 'I don't know how to tell you this, but it's rumored your husband has been shot. It was on the radio.' My mother and father were here, and it was he who kept everything calm. My mother just went to pieces. Then, about 20 minutes later Jim walked in and I couldn't believe it. I started hugging him just to convince myself he was alright."

Yet, Liz still finds time to grocery shop; to play bridge; shop for hers and the children's clothes; ride her bicycle to the store or grocery; go to the beauty salon once a week; look for bargain furniture; read *Time* weekly to keep abreast of the news; do embroidery (she loves to cross-stitch) and needle point; meet Jim at any time; and be ready for surprises at a moment's notice.

"It was the Sunday after the investigation," she said, recalling a recent surprise. "Jim forgot to tell me he invited 'a few newsmen' to break-

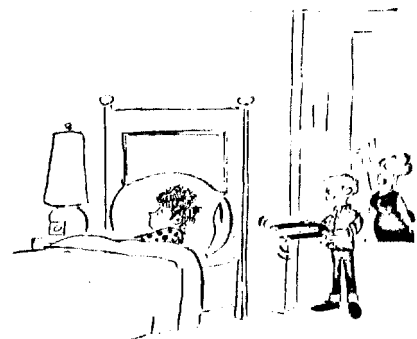
fast. There I was, the kids at various stages of dress, when about twenty people poured in. I scooted to the kitchen, scrambled eggs, made bacon, toast and coffee and served them. The china and silver didn't match, the kids ran wild, and we had a ball."

All her experiences with the press haven't been that pleasant, however. Several weeks ago, two reporters tried to follow her when she went to Manale's for dinner with friends. "It was pretty gruesome."

But, she is philosophical about such things, including critics of her husband ("I have complete faith in what he is doing") and his handling of the investigation. A close friend says of Liz, "She is a person of strong convictions on things that really matter. But, she is also a truly charming woman who could not be nasty or rude to anyone. And Liz never drenches anyone in unwelcomed good will."

The phone calls, the people in the house, the curious stares wherever she goes, the guard and detective, the irregular hours, the unfinished work, all this the unruffled Liz believes will have to end sometime. "And I've let Jim know quite firmly," she says in mock seriousness, "that when this case is all over we are going away and take a trip. Where will we go? I don't know. A cruise would be nice. But, it will probably never happen. I'll be happy if we get as far as the Gulf Coast."

No matter what the outcome of Jim's case, one thing is certain, things are in control at the Garrison household. ♣



SCHUBERT

"Tommy, don't you dare!"