

people in the windows of the buildings as we were coming along.

Mr. Stern. Now, as you made the right turn from Main Street onto Houston Street, did you observe anything about the windows of any building in your view?

Mr. Sorrels. Yes, I did. . . The Book Depository, as we turned to the right on Houston Street, of course, was right directly in front of us . . . I saw that building, saw that there were some windows open, and that there were some people looking from the windows. I remember distinctly there were a couple of colored men that were in windows almost not quite to the center of the building, probably two floors from the top. There may have been one or two other persons that I may have seen there. . . But I did not see any activity--no one moving around or anything like that. . . . I do not recall seeing anyone in any of those windows. I do not, of course, remember seeing any object or anything like that in the windows such as a rifle or anything pointing out the windows. . . No activity, no one moving around that I saw at all.

(n.11)

Let us put ourselves in the mind of a rifleman set up in a nest of book cartons on the sixth floor. As the motorcade on Houston Street approaches the Depository building there is a clean and open view of the face and body of the President in

the rear seat of his open convertible. It is a direct head-on shot with the target growing in size in the eyepiece of one's telescopic sight.

On the other hand, trained professional eyes are looking up at the Book Depository windows from every lead car in the motorcade and police on motorcycles are scouring the building. A sniper's instinct would probably pull him into relative darkness a few feet back from the window.

If the sniper is, however, an amateur and not certain whether he will or will not have the stuff to cross that irrevocable bridge formed by the increasing pressure of his finger on the trigger, if he chokes and does not shoot, will he ever trust himself again?

The motorcade slows down, turns to the left on Elm Street and the first large opportunity with all its advantages and risks has been lost.

I, BONNIE RAY WILLIAMS, freely furnish the following voluntary statement to Eugene A. Patrakis and A. Raymond Switzer, who have identified themselves to me as Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

I am a Negro male and I was born September 3, 1943 at Carthage, Texas. . .

On November 22, 1963, I, along with HAROLD "HANK" NORMAN and JAMES EARL JARMAN, JR, both of whom are also employed by the Texas School Book Depository, were on the fifth floor of the Depository Building looking out the windows waiting for the presidential motorcade. . . As the presidential motorcade passed by the building on Elm Street below, I heard three shots which sounded like they came from directly above me. At first I thought the noise I heard was firecrackers. I looked up when little pieces of cement hit me on the head. . . (n.12)

Mr. Williams. Tell us.

Mr. Williams. My next words were, "He killed him."

Just a moment before, he had been watching the President smoothing his hair:

Who could have said anything more to the point?

Mr. Williams. After the President's car had passed my window, the last thing I remember seeing him do was, you know--it seemed to me he had a habit of pushing his hair back. The last thing I saw him do was he pushed his hand up like this. I assumed he was brushing his hair back. And then the thing that happened then was a loud shot--first I thought they were saluting the President, somebody--maybe even a motorcycle backfire . . . I really did not pay any attention to it, because I did not know what was happening. The second shot, it sounded like it was right in the building, the second and third shot. And

it sounded--it even shook the building, the side we were on. Cement fell on my head.

Mr. Ball. You say cement fell on your head?

Mr. Williams. Cement, gravel, dirt, or something. . . because it shook the windows and everything. Harold was sitting next to me and he said it came right from over our head. If you want to know my exact words, I could tell you.

Mr. Ball. Tell us.

Mr. Williams. My exact words were, "No bullshit.". . .
(n.13)

Who could have said anything more to the point?

Mr. McCloy. . . . after you heard the shots, did you have any thought that you might run upstairs and see if anybody was up there . . . ?

Mr. Norman. No, sir.

Mr. McCloy. Did you feel it might be dangerous to go upstairs?

Mr. Norman. Yes, sir. (n.14)

It would hardly be instinctive to mount a flight of stairs unarmed to face a gunman. Not at those wages.

The Chairman. When did you first come to the conclusion that any of the shots came from up above you?

Mr. Jarman. . . . I got to thinking about all the debris on Bonnie Ray's head, and . . . so I told Hank, I say, "That shot probably came from upstairs, up over us," and Hank said, "I know it did, because I could hear the action of the bolt, and I could hear the cartridges drop on the floor."

And I told him there we better get the hell away from up there. (n.15)

The Secret Service agent Forrest Sorrels was unable to see from which window the shots came because his car was by

then on Elm Street in front of the President's Lincoln and the angle looking up and backwards from his rear window was too great. The sound of each shot, however, was engraved upon his ear.

Mr. Stern. Can you estimate the overall time from the first shot to the third shot?

Mr. Sorrels. Yes. I have called it out to myself, I have timed it, and I would say it was very, very close to 6 seconds.

Mr. Stern. It sounds like you can still hear the shots.

Mr. Sorrels. I will hear them forever---it is something I cannot wipe from my mind ever. (n.16)

Equally was it engraved upon the memory of Lady Bird Johnson:

It all began so beautifully. After a drizzle in the morning the sun came out bright and beautiful. We were going into Dallas. In the lead car, President and Mrs. Kennedy, John and Nellie [Connally] and then a Secret Service car full of men, and then our car--Lyndon and me and Senator Yarborough. The streets were lined with people--lots and lots of people--the children all smiling; placards, confetti; people waving from windows. . .

Then. . . suddenly there was a sharp loud report--a shot. . . Then a moment and two more shots in rapid succession. There had been such a gala air that I thought it must be firecrackers or some sort of celebration. . . I heard over the radio system "Let's get out of here," and our Secret Service man who was with us, Rufus Youngblood, I believe it was, vaulted over the front seat on top of Lyndon, threw him to the floor, and said, "Get down."

Senator Yarborough and I ducked our heads. The car accelerated terrifically fast--faster and faster. . .

(n.17)

A motorcycle officer, Marrion Baker, would tell the Warren Commission of the immediate experiences of other motorcycle officers flanking the open convertible which held the Kennedys and the Connallys:

Mr. Baker. . . . at the time, the first shot, they didn't know where the shot came from.

The second shot they still didn't know, and then the third shot. . . . The blood and everything hit their helmets and their windshields and they knew it had to come from behind. . . .

Mr. Belin. All right. [This officer] was on the front and to the left of the President's car?

Mr. Baker. Yes, sir; that is right.

Mr. Belin. What did he say to you about blood or something?

Mr. Baker. . . . he said the first shot he couldn't figure out where it came from. He turned his head backward, reflex, you know, and then he turned back and the second shot came off, and then the third shot is when the blood and everything hit his helmet and his windshield.

Mr. Belin. Did it hit the inside or the outside of his windshield, did he say?

Mr. Baker. . . . Now, as far as the inside or the outside of the windshield, I don't know about that. But it was all on the right-hand side of his helmet.

Mr. Belin. Of his helmet?

Mr. Baker. On his uniform also. (n.18)

Baker will be the first policeman to enter the Book Depository's Building and there he will encounter Oswald.

First, however, let us take him back to Main Street where he is moving along on his motorcycle a number of vehicles back from the President:

Mr. Baker. As we approached the corner there of Main and Houston we were making a right turn, and. . . strong wind hit me and I almost lost my balance.

Mr. Belin. How fast would you estimate the speed of your motorcycle, if you know?

Mr. Baker. . . . we were creeping along real slow.

Mr. Belin. . . . Now, tell us what happened after you turned onto Houston Street.

Mr. Baker. As I got myself straightened up there, I guess it took me some 20, 30 feet, something like that, and it

was about that time that I heard those shots come out. . . It hit me all at once it was a rifle shot because I had just got back from deer hunting and [so] it sounded to me like it was a high-powered rifle.

Mr. Belin. All right. . . what did you do and what did you see?

Mr. Baker. Well, to me it sounded high, and I immediately looked up, and I had a feeling it came from the building . . . in front of me. . . this Book Depository Building [because] as I was looking up, all these pigeons began to fly up [from its roof] and start flying around . . .

Mr. Belin. . . . After you heard the third shot, what did you do?

Mr. Baker. Well, I revved that motorcycle up and I went down to the corner which would be approximately 180 to 200 feet from the point where. . . we heard the shots. . . You see, it looked to me like there were maybe 500 or 600 people in this area here.

Representative Boggs. Yes.

Mr. Baker. As those shots rang out, why, [those people] started running, you know, every direction, just trying to get back out of the way. . . .

Mr. Belin. You then ran into the building, is that correct?

Mr. Baker. That is correct, sir.

Mr. Belin. What did you see and what did you do as you ran into the building?

Mr. Baker. As I entered this building. . . I just spoke out and asked where the stairs or elevator was, and this man, Mr. Truly, spoke up and said, it seems to me like he says, "I am a building manager. Follow me, officer, and I will show you." So . . . we kind of all ran, not real fast but, you know, a good trot, to the back of the building. . . and he was trying to get that service elevator. . . He hollered for it, said, "Bring that elevator down here."

Mr. Belin. How many times did he holler, to the best of your recollection?

Mr. Baker. It seemed like he did it twice. . . I said let's take the stairs. . . .

Mr. Belin. . . .what was your intention at that time?

Mr. Baker. . . . to go all the way to the top where I thought the shots had come from, to see if I could find something there, you know, to indicate that.

Mr. Belin. And did you go all the way up to the top of the stairs right away?

Mr. Baker. No, sir, we didn't. As I came out to the second floor there, Mr. Truly was ahead of me and. . . I

caught a glimpse of this man walking away . . . from me about 20 feet away from me in the lunchroom.

Mr. Belin. What did you do?

Mr. Baker. I hollered at him at that time and said, "Come here." He turned and walked straight back to me. . .

Mr. Belin. He walked back toward you then?

Mr. Baker. Yes, sir. . . .

Mr. Belin. Was he carrying anything in his hands?

Mr. Baker. He had nothing at that time.

Mr. Belin. All right. Were you carrying anything in either of your hands?

Mr. Baker. Yes, sir; I was. . . I had my revolver out.

Mr. Belin. When did you take your revolver out?

Mr. Baker. As I was starting up the stairway. . . . Let me start over. I assumed that I was suspicious of everybody because I had my pistol out.

Representative Boggs. Right.

Mr. Baker. As soon as I saw him, I caught a glimpse of him and I ran over there and opened that door and hollered at him [and] he turned around and walked back to me. . .

Mr. Truly had come up to my side here, and I turned to Mr. Truly and I says, "Do you know this man? Does he work here?" And he said yes, and I turned immediately and went on out up the stairs. . . .

Representative Boggs. When you saw him, was he out of breath, did he appear to have been running or what?

Mr. Baker. It didn't appear that to me. He appeared normal, you know.

Representative Boggs. Was he calm and collected?

Mr. Baker. Yes, sir. He never did say a word or nothing. In fact, he didn't change his expression one bit.

Mr. Belin. Did he flinch in any way when you put the gun up to his face?

Mr. Baker. No, sir. . . .

Mr. Belin. . . . was there any expression after Mr. Truly said he worked there?

Mr. Baker. At that time I never did look back toward him. . . . I turned immediately and run on up. (n.19)

Chapter 40--An Afternoon at the Movies

Innocent or guilty, the average man would be bound to flinch looking into the implacable eye of a pistol barrel. Oswald had to be in an remarkable state at this point, a calm beneath agitation, as if at rest in the vibrationless center of a dream. This, of course, assumes that he was the man who shot at Kennedy from the sixth floor. For some, however, there is no greater evidence of his innocence than that he is so cool. How could a man aim his rifle three times at a moving target, see that he had struck, that there was impact, and have been able to spring up, hide his gun between other cartons in another end of the room, race silently down four flights of stairs and be standing there in the lunchroom, unwinded, gazing passively at Officer Baker and his gun? For many critics, that seems impossible unless Oswald was not on the sixth floor when the shooting took place. The only reply if one thinks that he did shoot Kennedy, is that he had passed through the mightiest of the psychic barriers--he had killed the king. All the controls were reversed. If this was his state facing into Baker's gun, it lasted, however, for only a little while. In the following minute, he slipped out of the

Texas School Book Depository and all of this remarkable grasp on his powers of control began to come apart. The next time we see him, and it is through the eyes of a highly biased witness, he looks demented.

First, however, we must conceive of the impact of Elm Street and Dealey Plaza upon his senses in that instant he steps outside. If he is the killer, then we know enough about him to understand that he has been living within a spiritual caul all morning, and the voices of others have seemed as far away as echoes heard from the other side of a hill. He has been centered on his mission, balanced on his own heart-beat, living in a sense of dread and expectation so intense that it is beyond agitation. He possesses the kind of inner silence some can know when ultimates are coming to a moment of decision: Will he have the courage to fire his rifle and will he shoot with accuracy? Everything else, including the mounting tempo of excitement in the crowds outside the Book Depository, have no more presence than the murmur of a passerby. Stationed within himself, he has now descended to those depths where one waits for final judgement.

He must still have been in such a state when Officer Baker confronted him.

Stepping out into Dealey Plaza, however, must have been equal to being hurled through a plate glass window. Hundreds

of people were milling around in shock and disconnected hysteria. Men and women were weeping. Police sirens from every street and avenue in the area were crashing emergency upon emergency of sound waves into the Dealey Plaza area.

If the act had taken place between himself and his vision of a great and thunderous stroke that would lift him at once from the mediocre to the immortal, he may never have reckoned that anyone else had anything to do with it, not even the victim.

Now, everybody was distraught. It was as if, after an explosion he had set off in a mine-shaft, he had come suddenly upon a crowd of the bereaved. Compassion for crowds of people was as alien to him as chaos strewn on the street by strangers. He hurried down the street away from the Book Depository. Then, several blocks away, he caught a bus.

On it was the landlady, Mrs. Bledsoe, who had cheated him of \$2 on his week's rent when he first came back to Dallas:

Mrs. Bledsoe. . . . Oswald got on. He looks like a maniac. His sleeve was out here [indicating]. His shirt was undone . . . was a hole in it, and he was dirty, and I didn't look at him. I didn't want to know I even seen

him, and I just looked off, and then about that time the motorman said the President had been shot. (n.1)

She may have been recollecting the inner light in his eye when she cheated him of \$2 on his first week's rent.

The bus moves a block and stops. It is jammed in the gridlock around Dealey Plaza. Oswald goes up to the driver, asks for a transfer and gets off, walks to the Greyhound Bus Station where he can pick up a cab.

Mr. Ball. . . . tell me about that, what the passenger said.

Mr. Whaley. He said, "May I have the cab?"

I said, "You sure can. Get in." And instead of opening the back door, he opened the front door, which is allowable there, and got in. . . .the front seat. And about that time an old lady, I think she was an old lady, I don't remember nothing but her sticking her head down past him in the door and said, "Driver, will you call me a

cab down here?"

. . . he opened the door a little bit like he was going to get out and he said, "I will let you have this one," and she says, "No, the driver can call me one."

I didn't call one because I knew before I could call one, one would come around the block and keep it pretty well covered [so] I asked him where he wanted to go and he said "500 North Beckley."

Well, I started up. . . to that address, and the police cars, the sirens was going, running, crisscrossing everywhere, just a big uproar in that end of town and I said, "What the hell. I wonder what the hell is the uproar?"

And he never said anything. So I figured he was one of those people that don't like to talk so I never said any more to him.

But when I got pretty close to the 500 block at Neches and North Beckley which is the 500 block, he said, "This will do fine," and I pulled over to the curb right there. He gave me a dollar bill, the trip was 95 cents. He gave me a dollar bill and didn't say anything, just got out and closed the door and walked around the front of the cab over to the other side of the street. Of course, traffic was moving through there and I put it in gear and moved on. . .

(n.2)

Oswald walked a quick five blocks to his rooming house. Was the image of Officer Baker with his pistol out

sufficiently electric to project him back to his rooming house for his own revolver?

Mrs. Roberts. . . . he came home that Friday in an unusual hurry.

Mr. Ball. And what time was this?

Mrs. Roberts. Well, it was after President Kennedy had been shot and I had a friend that said, "Roberts, President Kennedy has been shot," and I said, "Oh, no." She said, "Turn on your television," and I said, "What are you trying to do, pull my leg?" And she said, "Well, go turn it on." I went and turned it on and I was trying to clear it up--I could hear them talking but I couldn't get the picture and he come in and I just looked up and I said, "Oh, you are in a hurry." He never said a thing, not nothing. He went on to his room and stayed about 3 or 4 minutes. (n.3)

When he came out, he had changed his windbreaker for another. He does not know it, but a witness in Dealey Plaza, Howard Brennan, who claims to have exceptionally good vision, has already given a description of a man with a rifle that he

saw in a sixth floor window. The description is general, but can fit Oswald, and it has gone out at 12:45 P.M., fifteen minutes after the three shots are fired, and something like fifteen minutes before Oswald leaves his rooming house forever.

. . . in the east end of the building and the second row of windows from the top, I saw a man in this window. I had seen him before the president's car arrived. He was just sitting up there looking down apparently waiting. . . to see the President. I did not notice anything unusual about this man. He was a white man in his early 30s, slender, nice looking, slender and would weigh about 167 to 175 pounds. He had on light colored clothing but definitely not a suit. I proceeded to watch the President's car as it turned left at the corner where I was and about 50 yards from the intersection of Elm and Houston . . . I heard what I thought was a backfire. I ran in my mind that it might be someone throwing firecrackers out the window of the red brick building and I looked up at the building. I then saw this man I have described in the window and he was taking aim with a high-powered rifle. I could see all of the barrel of the gun. I do not know if it had a scope on it or not. I was looking at the man in this window at the time of the last explosion. Then this man let the gun down to his side and

stepped down out of sight. He did not seem to be in any hurry. . . . (n.4)

The ten minutes after Oswald leaves his rooming house are lost, but it was long enough for him to reach the corner of Tenth Street and Dalton, a trip of ten or twelve blocks of small family houses with back yards. There, Oswald--or a man who fit his general description (there were witnesses with enough disagreement in identification to offer a few opportunities to a defense lawyer)--was stopped by Officer J.D. Tippit who had been cruising by slowly in a police car. Presumably, he had heard the description of the suspect broadcast already four times on police radio since 12:45 P.M. Now, the man he had stopped was resting his hands on the right front window of the police car, or so witnesses later described it. Officer Tippit got out slowly from his side of the car, his pistol still in its holster, and started to go around the front of his car. He was then shot four times and killed by that man who had had his hands up properly on the right front window but took them off long enough to pull out a revolver and shoot. The man was heard by one witness to say, "Poor dumb cop," as he ran off. He was emptying his spent

cartridges as he departed.

There is a good deal of evidence that it was Oswald who shot Tippit, but since the approach of this work is neither legal, technical, not evidentiary, but novelistic--that is, we are trying to understand Oswald--let us make the judgement that if he killed Kennedy, then it is well within the range of our expectations of him that he would be frantic enough after the descent into Dealey Plaza to kill Tippit as well. If he did not shoot at Kennedy, then small but prominent details that confuse the picture in this second murder take on much more prominence.

In any event, a man who is most certainly Oswald is walking west on Jefferson Street a few minutes later. John Calvin Brewer, the young manager of a shoe store, notices that this man ducks into the long entryway between the shoe store's twin front windows just as some police cars go screaming by to the scene of the Tippit murder. As they do, the man puts his back to the street.

. . . "scared," "messed up," and as if "he had been running," [the man] peered over his shoulder, made sure the police car had gone, then turned into the street and

not evidentiary?!!
why can't

a novel also

be evidentiary?

It will be hard for a

reader to agree that it

isn't evidentiary at this point

exactly

walked a short way to the Texas Theatre. Brewer followed him down there. He asked Julia Postal, the cashier, whether she had sold a ticket to the man who had just entered the theater. "No, by golly," she said. Brewer and the usher checked the exits to make sure that none had been used, and then, in the darkness, scanned the audience. They did not see the man they were looking for. Mrs. Postal called the police. (n.5)

The Warren Commission Report (as opposed to the hearings) has not been quoted until now in this work, but the following description is concise, and to one's knowledge, not contested by critics of the Warren Report.

At 1:45 P.M., the police radio stated, "Have information a suspect just went in the Texas Theatre on West Jefferson." Patrol cars bearing at last 15 officers converged on the Texas Theatre. Patrolman M.N. McDonald, with Patrolmen R. Hawkins, T.A. Hutson, and C.T. Walker, entered the theater from the rear. Other policemen entered the front door and searched the balcony. Detective Paul L. Bentley rushed to the balcony and told the projectionist to turn up the house lights. Brewer met McDonald and the other policemen at the alley exit door,

stepped out onto the stage with them and pointed out the man who had come into the theatre without paying. The man was Oswald. He was sitting alone in the rear of the main floor of the theatre near the right center aisle. About six or seven people were seated on the theatre's main floor and an equal number in the balcony.

McDonald first searched two men in the center of the main floor, about 10 rows from the front. He walked out of the row up the right center aisle. When he reached the row where the suspect was sitting, McDonald stopped abruptly and told the man to get on his feet. Oswald rose from his seat, bringing up both hands. As McDonald started to search Oswald's waist for a gun, he heard him say, "Well, it's all over now." Oswald then struck McDonald between the eyes with his left fist; with his right hand he drew a gun from his waist. McDonald struck back with his right hand and grabbed the gun with his left hand. They both fell into the seats. Three other officers, moving forward toward the scuffle, grabbed Oswald from the front, rear and side. (n.6)

Mr. Belin. Who hit who first?

Mr. Brewer. Oswald hit McDonald first and he knocked him to the seat. . . . He knocked McDonald down. McDonald fell against one of the seats. And then real quick he was back up. . . . and I saw this gun come up--in Oswald's hand, a gun up in the air. . . . And somebody hollered, "He's got a gun."

And there were a couple of officers fighting him and taking [it] away from him, and he was fighting, still fighting, and I heard some of the police holler, I don't know who it was, "Kill the President, will you." And I saw fists flying and they were hitting him.

Mr. Belin. Was he fighting back at the time?

Mr. Brewer. Yes; he was fighting back.

Mr. Belin. Then what happened?

Mr. Brewer. Well, in a short time they put the handcuffs on him and they took him out. . . .

Mr. Belin. Did you hear Oswald say anything?

Mr. Brewer. As they were taking him out, he stopped and turned around and hollered, "I am not resisting arrest," about twice. "I am not resisting arrest." And they took him outside.
(n.7)

In all of his history, through all of his mishaps and adventures, this is the only account we have of him throwing a punch at another man since his fracas with the Neumeyer brothers in high school.

Chapter 41--The hour of death

He was driven to police headquarters and arrived in the basement about 2:00 P.M. There were reporters milling around in case a suspect in the President's murder should be brought in. He was asked if he would like to cover his face as he was taken inside. "Why should I cover my face?" he replied. "I haven't done anything to be ashamed of." (n.8)

The car accelerated.

Suddenly they put on the brakes as hard that I wondered if they were going to make it as we wheeled left and went around the corner. We pulled up to a building. I looked and saw it said "Hospital". . . As we ground to a halt--we were still in the third car--Secret Service men began to pull, load, guide and hustle us out. I cast one last look over my shoulder and saw, in the President's car, a bundle of pink, just like a drift of blossoms, lying on the back seat. (n.1)

It was Mrs. Kennedy, huddled over the body of her husband.

Chapter 41--The Hour of Panic

Lady Bird Johnson has last been left in the Vice-Presidential car with a Secret Service agent covering her husband's body; she and the other car occupants, but for the driver, have hunched down below the level of the windows as the car accelerated.

Suddenly they put on the brakes so hard that I wondered if they were going to make it as we wheeled left and went around the corner. We pulled up to a building. I looked and saw it said "Hospital". . . As we ground to a halt--we were still in the third car--Secret Service men began to pull, lead, guide and hustle us out. I cast one last look over my shoulder and saw, in the President's car, a bundle of pink, just like a drift of blossoms, lying on the back seat. (n.1)

It was Mrs. Kennedy, huddled over the body of her husband.

Perhaps half an hour later, Lady Bird encountered Jackie Kennedy again. She had been in and out of that operating room where they were trying to keep Jack Kennedy alive, keep his heart beating, even if a good portion of his brain had been lost. Jackie Kennedy had found that piece of his brain in the rear seat of the presidential limousine and had been holding it ever since in her white-gloved hand until, numbly, silently, nudging the head surgeon with her elbow, she had given it over to him.

Lady Bird knew none of this.

. . . Suddenly I found myself face to face with Jackie in a small hall. I think it was right outside the operating room. You always think of her--or someone like her--as being insulated, protected; she was quite alone. I don't think I ever saw anyone so much alone in my life. I went up to her, put my arms around her, and said something to her. I'm sure it was something like "God help us all," because my feelings for her were too tumultuous to put into words. (n.2)

Out in Irving, they are still in a relative state of innocence.

Mrs. Paine. . . . I had only just begun to prepare the lunch [when] the announcement was made that the President had been shot and I translated this to Marina. She had not caught it from the television statement. And I was crying as I did the translation. And then we sat down and waited at the television set, no longer interested in the preparing of lunch, and waited to hear further word.

I got out some candles and lit them, and my little girl also lighted a candle, and Marina said to me, "Is that a way of praying?" and I said, "Yes, it is, just my own way." (n.3)

Mr. Rankin. Did Mrs. Paine say anything about the possibility of your husband being involved?

Marina Oswald. No. But she only said, "By the way, they fired from the building in which Lee is working."

My heart dropped. I then went to the garage to see whether the rifle was there, and I saw that the blanket was still there, and I said, "Thank God." I thought, "Can there really be such a stupid man in the world that could do something like that?" But I was already rather upset

at that time--I don't know why. Perhaps my intuition.
I didn't know what I was doing.

Mr. Rankin. Did you look in the blanket to see if the rifle was there?

Marina Oswald. I didn't unroll the blanket. It was in its usual position, and it appeared to have something inside. . . (n.4)

It has been Marina's dirty little secret. She has not told Ruth that Lee owned a rifle and sent it along with Marina when the two women drove in Ruth's station wagon from New Orleans to Irving. It is camping equipment went the assumption in the Paine household concerning that green blanket with something heavy inside that lay on the floor near a window in the garage.

When Marina came back from the garage to the living room, she was informed by Ruth that President Kennedy was dead.

I was so shocked by this that I wept freely. I do

not know why, but I cried for the President as though I had lost a close friend, although I am from a completely different country and know very little about him.

(n.5)

Ruth is still not worrying about Lee's presence in the Texas School Book Depository.

Senator Cooper. Did you have any thought at all that Lee Oswald might have been the man who fired the shot?

Mrs. Paine. Absolutely none; no.

Mr. Jenner. Why was that, Mrs. Paine?

Mrs. Paine. I had never thought of him as a violent man. He had never said anything against President Kennedy, nor anything about President Kennedy. I had no idea that he had a gun. There was nothing that I had seen that indicated a man with that kind of grudge or hostility. . . I do recall then sitting on the sofa when the announcement was definitely made that the President was dead. And she said to me, "What a terrible thing this was for Mrs. Kennedy and for the two children." I remember

her words were, "Now the two children will have to grow up without the father." . . .

Mr. McCloy. Just take a little time to compose yourself.

Senator Cooper. Why don't you rest a few minutes?

Mrs. Paine. I can proceed. I recall . . . that we had put our children to bed. They were all taking a nap, though I am not certain. Yes, my little girl was asleep also. I cried after I had heard that the President was dead, and my little girl was upset too, always taking it from me more than from any understanding of the situation. And she cried herself to sleep on the sofa, and I moved her to her bed, and Christopher was already asleep in his crib. June was in bed asleep.

Mr. Jenner. Was Marina emotional at all? Did she cry?

Mrs. Paine. No. She said to me, "I feel very badly also, but we seem to show that we are upset in different ways." She did not actually cry. (n.6)

Then there was a very loud knocking on the door. When Ruth Paine opened it, six officers were on her threshold. They announced themselves as being from the sheriff's office in Irving and the Dallas Police office:

Mr. Barker. What did you say about that?

Marina Oswald. Well, what could I tell them? . . . They were rather rough. They kept on saying, "Get up, in."

Mr. Jenner. Did you say anything?

Mrs. Paine. I said nothing. I think I just dropped my jaw. And the man in front said by way of explanation, "We have Lee Oswald in custody. He is charged with shooting an officer." That is the first I had any idea that Lee might be . . . in any way involved in the day's events. I asked them to come in. They said they wanted to search the house. I asked if they had a warrant. They said they didn't. They said they could get the sheriff out here right away with one if I insisted. And I said no, that was all right, they could be my guests. (n.7)

Marina would characterize the behavior of the police as "not very polite."

Marina Oswald. . . . They kept on following me. I wanted to change clothes because I was dressed in a manner fitting to the house. And they would not even let me go into the dressing room to change.

Mr. Rankin. What did you say about that?

Marina Oswald. Well, what could I tell them? . . . They were rather rough. They kept on saying, hurry up. (n.8)

Mr. Rankin. When did you learn that the rifle was not in the blanket?

Marina Oswald. When the police arrived and asked whether my husband had a rifle, and I said, "Yes."

Mr. Rankin. Then what happened?

Marina Oswald. They began to search the apartment. When they came to the garage . . . I thought, "Well, now, they will find it." (n.9)

Ruth, meanwhile, was telling the officers what she believed to be the truth, that Lee did not have a rifle. Whispering rapidly in Russian, Marina corrected her. She told Ruth that Lee did have a rifle, and it was inside a blanket. Forgetting her Quaker faith, her pacifism, her impeccable truthfulness, Ruth stood on the blanket in an instinctive gesture to protect Marina. At the same time, paradoxically, she faithfully translated to the officers exactly what Marina had said to her--that Lee Oswald did have a rifle, and it was inside the blanket.

The officers ordered her to step off it. (n.10)

It is hard not to believe that the two sides of Ruth Paine's nature were as opposed to one another as the biceps of two men arm-wrestling each other.

Mr. Jenner. Were you standing on the blanket when you advised--

Mrs. Paine. When I translated. I then stepped off it and the officer picked it up in the middle and it bent so.

Mr. Jenner. It hung limp just as it now hangs limp in your hand?

Mrs. Paine. And at this moment I felt this man was in very deep trouble and may have done-- (n.11)

The reaction of the police was that the women were also in trouble. The women spoke Russian to each other and one, at

least, had known about the gun. They would have to come down to the police station.

Mrs. Paine. . . Marina wanted to change from slacks as I had already done to a dress. They would not permit her to do that. I said, "She has a right to, she is a woman, to dress as she wishes before going down." And I directed her to the bathroom to change. The officer opened the bathroom door and said no, she had no time to change. I was still making arrangements with the babysitters, arranging for our leaving the children there, and one of the officers made a statement to the effect of "we'd better get this straight in a hurry, Mrs. Paine, or we'll just take the children down and leave them in juvenile while we talk to you."

And I said, "Lynn, you may come too," in reply to this. I don't like being threatened. And then Christopher was still sleeping so I left him in the house, and Lynn my daughter, and Marina took her daughter and her baby with her to the police station, so we were quite a group going into town in the car. . . . The [police officer] in the front seat turned to me and said, "Are you a Communist," and I said, "No, I am not, and I don't even feel the need of a Fifth Amendment." And he was satisfied with that. We went on then to the police station and waited until such time as they could interview us. (n.12)

Back at Parkland Hospital there had been more than a few confusions. In the operating room, the President had been declared dead at 1:00 P.M. when all his systems failed. Lyndon Johnson, however, was more than a little concerned that they might all be in one or another form of peril and so he decided that the former presidential entourage and the new one should both hasten back to Love Field where they could board Air Force One and be out of Dallas before the death was actually announced. Who knew as yet what was behind this fatally successful attack on the Presidency? The sound of the shots in Dealey Plaza had had such authority. It could have been a manifestation of the John Birch Society, the Mafia, the Castro Cubans, the anti-Castro Cubans or, most fearful and dangerous of all, it could--God willing that the answer be no--prove to be a plot in a series of steps by the Russians to set off World War III.

Lyndon Johnson was hardly voicing these hypotheses, but his instincts as a Texan told him they ought to be hell-bent to get out of Texas before the shit hit the fan that Kennedy was dead. He had not been, by the judgement of his peers, the best or one of the best Majority Leaders the Senate had ever had, without having come to trust his own powerful gifts of

anticipation, but in the face of an event as large and horrific as this, anticipation can turn to paranoia--let's get out of town.

Jackie Kennedy, however, proved to be an unmovable obstacle. She would not leave Jack's body behind. So, Lyndon Johnson's contingent, which had already departed under full Secret Service guard, was out at the airport and had boarded Air Force One at 1:33 when John F. Kennedy's death was announced to the world, but Air Force One still sat on the tarmac, surrounded by guards, while a gruesome comedy went through its turns as Dallas city officials argued with grief-stricken, maddened JFK officials whether the body could be released. The crime had taken place in Texas, and there in Dallas, Texas being a sovereign state, the autopsy must be held. Before it was all over, there were claims that Secret Service men drew their weapons and pulled the body out of Texas jurisdiction. It was not until a little after 2:00 P.M. that Jackie Kennedy and a Brigadier General and four Secret Service agents were able to put the coffin in an ambulance and head out for the airport. They were able to board Air Force One by 2:18, and Lyndon Johnson, having had the courtesy and/or the political wisdom not to leave without Jackie Kennedy, also took the time to be sworn in by a local judge--a coddling of Texas sentiments--before they took off. Jackie

Kennedy sat by the casket all the way home.

Lady Bird testifies to his hour as well:

We had at first been ushered into the main private Presidential cabin on the plane--but Lyndon quickly said, "No, no" and immediately led us out of there; we felt that is where Mrs. Kennedy should be. . . . I went in to see Mrs. Kennedy and, though it was a very hard thing to do, she made it as easy as possible. She said things like, "Oh Lady Bird, it's good that we've always liked you two so much." She said, "Oh, what if I had not been there? I'm so glad I was there." I looked at her. Mrs. Kennedy's dress was stained with blood. Her right glove was caked--that immaculate woman--with blood, her husband's blood. She always wore gloves like that because she was used to them. I never could. Somehow that was one of the most poignant sights--exquisitely dressed and caked in blood. I asked her if I couldn't get someone in to help her change, and she said, "Oh, no. Perhaps later. . . but not right now." . . .

I said, "Oh, Mrs. Kennedy, you know we never even wanted to be Vice President and now, dear God, it's come to this." I would have done anything to help her, but there was nothing I could do . . . so rather quickly I left and went back to the main part of the airplane where everyone was seated.

(n.13)

Chapter 42--The Return of Marguerite Oswald

At police headquarters, Ruth would serve as Marina's translator.

When the police showed Marina the Mannlicher-Carcano, she told them she could not identify it because she hated guns. They all looked the same to her.

. . . she had no idea whether or not [Lee] was guilty. . . she did not want to add a scintilla to any evidence. . . For behind the President, as she alone was aware, lay General Walker. Suppose Lee was cleared of killing Kennedy. They still might find out about Walker.

(n.1)

Then she asked to see Lee and they told her he was being questioned and the interrogation was likely to go on all day. Perhaps, tomorrow.

At first she had been offended and angered by the way the police officers had burst into Ruth's house, ransacked everything, routed them out, and brusquely carried them off as if they were all criminals. But at the police station she felt badly frightened, and she expected to be arrested any second. That was how it would have been in Russia. Even if your husband were innocent, they would arrest you until it was straightened out. Now, inexplicably, the police were much nicer than they had been at Ruth's. One officer offered to get her coffee and another offered help with the baby. They saw her fear and tried to calm her. Even the officer who questioned her was kind. (n.2)

She need not have been surprised. During an arrest or a search, a policeman can be attacked. So, he tends to be as high-strung and irritable as a combat soldier entering an enemy nest. Back in the police station, however, such tension is gone. A cop can relax enough to see that he is only dealing with ladies.

After the police finished questioning her, Marina saw Marguerite Oswald, Lee's mother. It was the first time Marguerite had seen Rachel--indeed, she had not known that Marina and Lee had been expecting a second child--and she greeted Marina and the children warmly. (n.3)

Marguerite had been getting ready to go to work when she heard the news that Lee had been arrested.

Marguerite Oswald. Well, I was on a case in a rest home, and I had a 3 to 11 shift. I was dressed, ready to go to work. . .I had my lunch, and I dressed with my nurse's uniform on. . . . I have to leave home at 2:30. So I had a little time to watch the Presidential procession.

And while sitting on the sofa, the news came that the President was shot. . . . However, I could not continue to watch it. I had to report to work.

So I went in the car and approximately seven blocks away I turned the radio on in the car. I heard that Lee Harvey Oswald was picked up as a suspect.

I immediately turned the car around and came back home, got on the telephone, called Acme Brick in Fort

Worth, and . . . they had Robert call me.

Mr. Rankin. Three in the afternoon is when you had to be at work?

Marguerite Oswald. Yes, sir. And it was 2:30 when I heard the news and went back home. . . .

Now, Robert is in Denton. So I called the Star Telegram and asked that--if they could possibly have someone escort me to Dallas, because I realized I could not drive to Dallas. And they did. They sent two men to escort me to Dallas. . . . Star Telegram reporters, sent by the Star Telegram editor to escort me to Dallas.

Now, upon arriving . . . I asked specifically to talk to FBI agents. My wish was granted. I was sent into a room. . . .

Mr. Rankin. What time of day is this?

Marguerite Oswald. This is approximately 3:30. So I am escorted into an office and two Brown FBI agents, they are brothers, I understand . . .

Mr. Rankin. By that you mean their names were Brown?

Marguerite Oswald. Their names were Brown. . . . and I told them who I was. And I said, "I want to talk with you gentlemen because I feel like my son is an agent of the government, and for the security of my country, I don't want this to get out."

But first, I said to them, "I want to talk to FBI agents from Washington."

"Mrs. Oswald, we are from Washington, we work with Washington."

I said, "I understand you work with Washington. But I want officials from Washington . . . I do not want local FBI men. What I have to say I want to say to Washington men."

. . . They said, "Well, we work with Washington."

I said, "I know you do. But I would like Washington men. . . ."

Mr. Rankin. Did you tell them why you thought he was an agent?

Marguerite Oswald. Yes, sir; I am coming to this.

I said, "For the security of my country, I want this kept perfectly quiet until you investigate. I happen to know that the State Department furnished the money for my son to return to the United States, and I don't know if that would be made public what that would involve, and so please will you investigate this and keep this quiet?"

Of course that was news to them.

They left me sitting in the office. . .

--you see, I was worried about the security of my country. . . . And I didn't want the public to know. I wanted the FBI, not the police, to know.

Mr. Rankin. Did you know anything else that you told them about why you thought he was an agent?

Marguerite Oswald. No, I didn't tell them anything. But they questioned me, started to question me.

One of them said, "You know a lot about your son.

When was the last time you were in touch with him?" . . .

I said, "I have not seen my son in a year."

He said sarcastically, "Now, Mrs. Oswald, are we to believe you have not been in touch with your son in a year? You are a mother."

I said, "Believe what you want [but] my son did not want me involved. He has kept me out of his activities. That is the truth, God's truth, that I have not seen my son in a year."

And the gentlemen left, and I did not see them after that.

And they sent the stenographer that was in the outer office to sit with me, and she started to question me.

I said, "Young lady, I am not going to be questioned. You may just as well make up your mind that I am just going to sit here," [so] I sat in the office approximately 2 or 3 hours alone, gentlemen, with this woman who came in and out [before] I was escorted into the office where Marina and Mrs. Paine was. And, of course, I started crying right away and hugged Marina. And Marina gave me Rachel, whom I had never seen. I did not know I had a second grandchild until this very moment. So I started to cry. Marina started to cry. And Mrs. Paine said, "Oh, Mrs. Oswald, I am so glad to meet you. Marina has often expressed the desire to contact you, especially when the baby was being born. But Lee didn't want her to."

And I said, "Mrs. Paine, you spoke English. Why didn't you contact me?" (n.4)

Marina has no idea how long they were at police headquarters, but eventually, she, Ruth, Michael and the four children were allowed to go back to the Paines'. She does not remember whether they ate, or what they ate, or who did the cooking. But the house was in an uproar. It was overrun by reporters who wanted to talk to Marina, Ruth, and Marguerite. Suddenly there were angry words between Ruth and Marguerite. (n.5)

Marguerite Oswald. Why I am bringing this up was because after I was in her home about 5 minutes, there was a knock on the door, and these two Life representatives entered the home.

The name of the men, one is Allan Grant, and the other is Tommy Thompson.

And I was not introduced. . . .

Mr. Rankin. What time of day was this?

Mrs. Oswald. This was approximately 6:30. We had just arrived in Mrs. Paine's home . . . We are home 5 minutes when they knocked on the door.

Mrs. Paine immediately says, "I hope you have colored film so we will have some good pictures."

I didn't know who they were.

But then I knew they were newsmen, because of her statement and the camera.

So Tommy Thompson started to interview Mrs. Paine. He said, "Mrs. Paine, tell me, are Marina and Lee

separated since Lee lives in Dallas?"

She said, "No, they are a happy family. Lee lives in Dallas because of necessity. He works in Dallas, and this is Irving, and he has no transportation, and he comes every weekend to see his family."

"Well," he said, "what type of family man is he?"

She said, "A normal family man. He plays with his children. Last night he fed June. He watches television and just normal things."

She went on.

So he said, "Mrs. Paine, can you tell me how Lee got . . . the money to return back to the United States financially?"

She said, "Oh, yes, he saved the money to come back to the United States."

Now, while this little episode went on, I was fuming, gentlemen, because I didn't want this type of publicity. I thought it was uncalled for, immediately after the assassination, and the consequent arrest of my son.

But I was in Mrs. Paine's home.

Now I had an opportunity to be gracious. I spoke up . . . and I said, "Now, Mrs. Paine, I am sorry. I am in your home. And I appreciate the fact that I am a guest in your home. But I will not have you making statements that are incorrect. Because I happen to know you have made an incorrect statement. To begin with, I do not approve of this publicity. And if we are going to have the life story with Life magazine"--by that time I knew what it was--"I would like to get paid. Here is my daughter-in-law with two small children and I, myself, am penniless, and if we are going to give this information, I believe we should get paid for it." . . .

Then with that, the Life representative got up and said, "Mrs. Oswald, I will call my office and see what they think about an arrangement of your life story."

. . . He closed the door and called in private. And nothing was said--in the living room. . .

He came out from the telephone conversation and said no, that the company would not allow him to pay for the story. What they would do--they would pay our expenses while in Dallas, our food and expenses, hotel accommodation.

So I told him that I would think about it.

Now, they continued to hang around. And they were taking pictures continuously, all the while this was going on--the photographer, Mr. Allen, was continuously taking pictures. I was awfully tired and upset. I rolled my stockings down, and the picture is in Life magazine. . . So I got up and said, "I am not having this invasion of privacy. I realize that I am in Mrs. Paine's home. But you are taking my picture without my consent and a picture that I certainly don't want made public." It is the worst--with me rolling my hose. I wanted to get comfortable.

He followed Marina around in the bedroom. She was undressing June. He took pictures of everything. And Mrs. Paine was in her glory--I will say this. Mrs. Paine was very happy all these pictures were taken. And I had to go behind Marina to see that the photographers were not taking her, and they were taking me. . . .and we were all going around in circles.

And the photographer was taking pictures until finally I became indignant and said, "I have had it. Now, find out what accommodations you can make for us, for my

daughter-in-law and I so that we can be in Dallas to help Lee, and let me know in the morning."

So they left.

(n.6)

Mrs. Paine. . . . It was by this time dark, and I think it was about 9 o'clock in the evening. I asked Michael to go out and buy hamburgers at a drive-in so we wouldn't have to cook, and we ate these as best we could, and began to prepare to retire. . . .

Just close to the time of retiring Marina told me that just the night before Lee had said to her he hoped they could get an apartment together again soon. As she said this, I felt she was hurt and confused, wondering how he could have said such a thing which indicated wanting to be together with her when he must have already been planning something that would inevitably cause separation. I asked her did she think that Lee had killed the President and she said, "I don't know." (n.7)

Marina later made a terrible discovery. She happened to glance at the bureau and saw that, again by a miracle of oversight, the police had left another of her possessions behind. It was a delicate little demi-tasse cup of pale blue-green with violets and a slender golden rim that belonged to her grandmother. It was so thin that the light glowed through it as if it were parchment.

Marina looked inside. There lay Lee's wedding ring. (n.8)

At work sometimes, since the ring was loose, he would put it in his pocket for safekeeping. But he had never failed to have it with him. Now, this morning, he had left it behind.

There were other discoveries. In a baby book they were keeping for June, she found two photographs of Lee holding his rifle and his revolver, those same stupid pictures he had made her take of him that stupid Sunday on Neely Street.

She took them out of the baby book carefully and, in the privacy of the bedroom showed them to her mother-in-law. "Mama," she said, pointing to the photographs and explaining as best she could in English, "Walker--this is Lee." "Oh, no," Marguerite moaned, [and] put her finger to her mouth, pointed toward Ruth's room and said, "Ruth, no." She shook her head, meaning Marina was not to show the photographs to Ruth, or tell her anything about them.

(n.9)

Mr. Rankin. We have a report that there was quite a scene between Mrs. Paine and your mother-in-law at that time. Was there such an event?

Marina Oswald. . . . the reporters wanted to talk to me, but his mother made a scene and went into hysterics, and said I should not talk, and she would not talk. . . .

Mr. Rankin. Did she say anything about being paid if she was going to tell any story?

Marina Oswald. She has a mania--only money, money, money. . .

Mr. Rankin. And after the quarrel. . .

Mrs. Oswald. I went to my room. But then I showed Lee's mother the photograph, where he is photographed with the rifle, and told her he had shot at Walker, and it appeared he might have been shooting at the President. She said that I should hide that photograph and not show it to anyone. (n.10)

This, however, takes us well into Friday night, and we last saw Lee about ten minutes to two on Friday. What has been happening to him since he entered police headquarters in

City Hall after informing the police that he would not cover his face since he had done nothing to be ashamed of.

Chapter 41--The Octopus Outside

Scenes within police headquarters on the third floor of the City Hall of Dallas would continue an hour after Lee's arrest and would day and night with small respite in the early hours of the morning through Friday afternoon and night, Saturday afternoon and night, and Sunday morning. The press of America, and of the Western world, and much of the rest of the world, as well as every outpost, school, newspaper and my home of TV and radio able to get to Dallas, crowded onto that third floor, and the descriptions given by Captain Will Fike who led the interminable interrogation of Oswald during those forty-four hours, and by Forrest Norrell, the Secret Service chief in Dallas, are accounts to negate all questions of chronology, for there was hardly an hour when the following two testimonies fail to register the same.

Mr. Hubert. (Was it) your concern that the publicity and closeness and mass of the news media there presented a threat . . . ?

Chapter 43--The Octopus Outside

Pandemonium within police headquarters on the third floor of the City Hall of Dallas would commence an hour after Lee's arrest and mount day and night (with small respites in the early hours of the morning) through Friday afternoon and night, Saturday afternoon and night, and Sunday morning. The press of America, and of the Western world, and much of the rest of the world, as well as every outpost, scout, stringer and big name of TV and radio able to get to Dallas, crowded onto that third floor, and the descriptions given by Captain Will Fritz who led the intermittent interrogation of Oswald during those forty-four hours, and by Forrest Sorrels, the Secret Service chief in Dallas, are accounts to negate all questions of chronology, for there was hardly an hour when the following two testimonies fail to depict the scene.

Mr. Hubert. [Was it] your concern that the position and closeness and mass of the news media there presented a threat . . . ?

Mr. Fritz. We didn't know many of these people. We knew very few. We knew the local people. Many people were there from foreign countries and some of them looked unkempt. We didn't know anything about who they were.

For that reason, we wouldn't want them up there with us at all if we could avoid it, plus the fact that the camera lights were blinding, and if you couldn't see where you were going or what you were doing, anything could happen.

We didn't think we would have lights in our eyes but we were blinded by the lights. Just about the time we left the jail office, the lights came on and were blinding.

We got along all right with the press here in Dallas. They do what we ask. These people didn't act that way. These people were excited and acted more like a mob.

(n.1)

Mr. Sorrels. Mr. Stern, you would almost have to be there to see it to actually realize the conditions. The press and the television people just, as the expression goes, took over. I would, almost every time I went up there, definitely after the 22nd, I would have to identify myself to get in past the entrance of the elevator on the third floor, if I was going to the chief's office or the deputy chief's office, or Captain Fritz's office. You would have to elbow your way through, and step over cables and tripods and wires, and every time almost that I would come out of Captain Fritz's office, the minute the door opened,

they would flash on these bright lights, and I got where I just shadowed my eyes when I walked down there to keep the light from shining in my eyes. They had cables run through one deputy sheriff's office, right through the windows from the street up the side of the building, across the floor, out to the boxes where they could get power--they had wires running out of that, had the wires taped down to keep people from actually falling or stumbling over the wires. And it was just a condition that you can hardly explain. It was just almost indescribable. (n.2)

The media was an octopus: it seized the event with its limbs and suffocated movement with its body. It was a new force in human existence; it was on the way to taking over everything, as Nixon would learn at Watergate, and as Oswald would find out in a thunderclap on Sunday at 11:22 in the morning after two days of gathering in all the attention he had been denied for most of his life.

But let us take the events of those days in order, even if there was no order.

Mr. Ball. . . . Now, what time was it that you heard the President had been shot?

Mr. Fritz. . . . one of the Secret Service men that was assigned to [our] location. . . got a call on his little transistor radio and Chief Stevenson. . . asked me to go to the hospital [but] as we drove up in front . . . we intercepted the chief, Chief Curry, between the curb and the hospital, and I told him . . . I felt we were going to the wrong place, we should go to the scene of the crime and he said, "Well, go ahead," so I don't think our car ever quit rolling [and we went] directly to the Texas School Book Depository Building. (n.3)

Arriving at 12:58 P.M., Captain Fritz ordered the building sealed and began searching all the floors methodically, "looking for anyone with a gun." (n.4)

Mr. Fritz. We started at the bottom; yes, sir. And of course. . . different people would call me when they would find something that looked like something I should know about and I ran back and forth from floor to floor as we were searching, and it wasn't very long until someone. . . wanted me to come to the front window, the corner window,

they had found some empty cartridges [on] the sixth floor corner. . .

Mr. Ball. What did you do?

Mr. Fritz. I told them not to . . . touch anything until we could get the crime lab to take pictures of them just as they were lying there . . . (n.5)

Mr. McCloy. . . . Was there anything in the nature of a gun rest there or anything that could be used as a gun rest?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir; [one box] was in the window, and another box was on the floor. There were some boxes stacked to his right that more or less blinded him from the rest of the floor. If anyone else had been [there] I doubt if they could have seen where he was sitting. (n.6)

. . . A few minutes later some officer called me and said they had found the rifle over near the back stairway . . .

Mr. Ball. While you were there, Mr. Truly came up to you?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir; . . . Mr. Truly came and told me that one of his employees had left the building, and . . . he gave me the name, Lee Harvey Oswald, and . . . the Irving address. (n.7)

Truly's testimony offers the impression of a decent man in an indecent situation.

Mr. Truly. . . . I noticed that Lee Oswald was not among these boys . . . I asked Bill Shelley if he had seen him, he looked around and said no. . . So Mr. Campbell is standing there and I said, "I have a boy over here missing. I don't know whether to report it or not." . . . [and he] said, "Well, we better do it anyway." It was so quick after that.

So I picked the phone up then . . . and got the boy's name and general description and telephone number and address at Irving. . . .

Mr. Belin. Why didn't you ask for any other employees?

Mr. Truly. That is the only one that I could be certain . . . was missing.

Mr. Belin. Then what did you do after you got that information?

Mr. Truly. . . . I told Chief Lumpkin that I had a boy missing over here--"I don't know whether it amounts to anything or not." And he says, "Just a moment. We will go tell Captain Fritz."

[And Captain Fritz] says "Thank you, Mr. Truly. We will take care of it."

And I went back downstairs in a few minutes.

There was a reporter followed me away from that spot, and asked me who Oswald was. I told the reporter, "You must have ears like a bird or something. I don't want to say anything about a boy I don't know anything about. This is a terrible thing." Or words to that effect.

I said, "Don't bother me. Don't mention the name. Let's find something out." (n.8)

Captain Fritz now went over to city hall to ascertain whether the missing employee had a criminal record, but when he got there--

Mr. Fritz. . . . we heard that our officer had been killed, [and] I asked . . . who shot the officer, and they told me his name was Oswald, and I said, "His full name?" And they told me and I said, "This is the suspect we are looking for in the President's killing." (n.9)

At that point, Fritz started to send some men to the house in Irving, but an officer told him, "Captain, we can save you a trip. There he sits."

Yes, there he sat in an interrogation room in City Hall.

Mr. Fritz. So then I . . . asked them about how much evidence we had on the officer's killing and they told me they had several eye witnesses. . . and I instructed them to get those witnesses over for identification just as soon as they could, and for us to prepare a real good case on the officer's killing so we would have a case to hold [Oswald] without bond while we investigated the President's killing where we didn't have so many witnesses.

(n.10)

Now that he had a suspect who could not be sprung on him in a hurry, he was ready to begin questioning:

Mr. Ball. Will you describe the interrogation room. . .

Mr. Fritz. . . . room 317, on the third floor of the courts building. I believe it is 9-1/2 feet by 14 feet. . . .Glass all around, and it has a door leading out into a hallway. . . . through the back window out of my office would be the squad room where the officers write their reports. (n.11)

My office is badly arranged for a thing of this kind. We never had anything like this before, of course. I don't have a back door and I don't have a door to the jail elevator without having to go through that hall for 20 feet, and each time we went through the hallway to and from the jail we had to pull him through all those [press and TV] people and they, of course, would holler at him and say things to him, and some of them were bad things, and some were things that seemed to please him and some seemed to aggravate him, and I don't think that helped at all in questioning him. I think that all of that had a tendency to keep him upset.

Mr. Ball. What about the interview itself?

Mr. Fritz. . . . we did have a lot of people in the office there to be interviewing a man. It is much better, and you can keep a man's attention and his thoughts on what you are talking about to him better, I think, if there are not more than two or three people.

But in a case of this nature, . . . we certainly couldn't tell the Secret Service and the FBI we didn't want them to work on it . . . so we, of course, invited them in too but it did make a pretty big crowd.

Mr. Ball. Did you have any tape recorder?

Mr. Fritz. No, sir; I didn't have a tape recorder. We need one; if we had one at this time we could have handled these conversations far better.

Mr. Ball. The Dallas Police Department doesn't have one?

Mr. Fritz. No, sir; I have requested one several times but so far they haven't gotten me one. (n.12)

Mr. Ball. And you had quite a few interruptions, too, during the questioning, didn't you?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir; we had quite a lot of interruptions. . . . I don't think there was a lot that could have been done other than move that crowd out of there, but I think it would have been more apt to get a confession out of it or get more true facts from him if I could have got him to sit down and quietly talked with him. (n.13)

Yes, there was Captain Fritz without a tape recorder, taking notes on a pad when Oswald would answer a question; pleasant, almost friendly was Fritz, a short, bull-necked man built like a bull and he wore thick-lensed glasses. He was famed in Dallas for his powers of interrogation which were considered both very good and not good at all by Henry Wade, the District Attorney of Dallas.

Mr. Wade. . . . Fritz runs a kind of one-man operation where nobody else knows what he is doing. Even me, for instance, he is reluctant to tell me, either, but I don't mean that disparagingly. I will say Captain Fritz is about as good a man at solving a crime as I ever saw, to find out who did it, but he is the poorest in the getting evidence that I know, and I am more interested in getting evidence, and there is where our major conflict comes in.

(n.14)

The solution to a crime, and the evidence to prosecute the perpetrator, were often at odds. The laws of evidence were strict, and full of pitfalls. An improper question could result in the inadmissability of evidence or even in reversal on appeal.

Rigid forms of questions, however, are in the way of the kind of rapport an interrogator seeks to find with a suspect. He is looking to relax him, even seduce him spiritually into a confession. That is at odds with an evidentiary approach which will look to keep the evidence pristine, so that the prosecution will have a case, or will have constructed a

strong position for plea-bargaining.

Whether an interrogator is interested in the solution of a crime, or in gathering enough evidence to make a conviction stick, the need in both cases, however, is not to have a tape recorder. The machine, after all, will reveal every step in the questioning that might be in arguable violation of the prisoner's rights: Given the tricks, threats, and traps through which an interrogation progresses, a transcript is a breeding ground for appeals.

In Russia, KGB officers found it impossible to believe that the police department of a city as large as Dallas would function without a tape recorder, but then, the KGB had never had to contend with Miranda (or with its precursors before 1966), and so did not understand that one mistake in phrasing, visible there on a transcript, could overturn a conviction.

Captain Fritz might have paid lip service to the department's need for a recording instrument, but odds are he had no use for one until this exceptional weekend in November when there was not only Lee Harvey Oswald to deal with, but history itself, and the gathering suspicion of the world community that the police in Dallas had been up to no good with this man Oswald.

One's tendency, however, right or wrong, is to believe that Fritz, under the circumstances, was simply doing his

best, or so it appears as he reconstructs his interrogation of Oswald from the notes he took at the time:

In any event, he began with quiet, relatively easy questions:

Mr. Fritz. I asked Oswald about why he was registered under that other name of O.H. Lee. He said, well, the lady didn't understand him, she put it down there and he just left it that way. (n.15)

When Fritz asked him why he had his pistol with him while seeing a movie, Oswald replied, "Well, you know about a pistol. I just carried it." (n.16)

Mr. Ball. Before you questioned Oswald the first time, did you warn him?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir.

Mr. Ball. What did you tell him? What were the words you used?

Mr. Fritz. I told him that any evidence that he gave me would be used against him, and the offense for which the statement was made, that it would have to be voluntary, made of his own accord.

Mr. Ball. Did he reply to that?

Mr. Fritz. He told me that he didn't want a lawyer and he told me once or twice that he didn't want to answer any questions at all. And once or twice he did quit answering any questions and he told me he did want to talk to his attorney, and I told him each time he didn't have to if he didn't want to. So later he sometimes would start talking to me again. (n.17)

After a while, given the pressure of the people in the room, the questions had to get downright personal:

Mr. Ball. Did you ask him if he shot Tippit?

Mr. Fritz. Oh, yes.

Mr. Ball. What did he say?

Mr. Fritz. He denied it. . .The only thing he said he had done wrong, "The only law I violated was in the [movie] show; I hit the officer in the show; he hit me in the eye and I guess I deserved it." He said, "That is the only law I violated." He said, "That is the only thing I have done wrong."
(n.18)

Mr. Ball. Did you ever ask him if he had kept a rifle in the garage at Irving?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir; I did. I asked him, and I asked him if he had brought one from New Orleans. He said he didn't.

Mr. Ball. He did not.

Mr. Fritz. That is right.

I told him the people at the Paine residence said he did have a rifle out there, and he kept it out there and he kept it wrapped in a blanket and he said that wasn't true.
(n.19)

Oswald was not about to open any door. So long as he didn't admit to having a rifle, he could claim that others were framing him.

All the same, his vanity keeps him from staying silent

for too long. He wants to best his interrogators in a battle of wits. When the cost of this indulgence mounts, he becomes cautious again. But he is on a high, and full of combat insanity. How alive he feels!

When they show that Neely Street photograph where he is holding the rifle, he disavows it:

Mr. Fritz. . . he said that wasn't his picture.

". . . that is my face and [somebody] put a different body on it." He said, "I know all about photography, I worked with photography for a long time. That is a picture that someone else has made. I never saw that picture in my life."

(n.21)

On occasion, he was coy. Or was it sacrilegious? In the supercharged atmosphere of that interrogation room, it was not routine to qualify his answers as they come back to us through Captain Fritz's notes:

Mr. Ball. Did you ever ask him what he thought of President Kennedy or his family?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir; . . . he said he didn't have any particular comment to make about the President.

He said . . . that he admired his family, something to that effect. . . . I told him, I said, "You know, you have killed the President and this is a very serious charge."

He denied it and said he hadn't killed the President.

I said he had been killed. He said people will forget that in a few days and there will be another President. (n.22)

Yes, indeed. It is interesting that he disavows the importance of a deed he may have been contemplating for years--a deed that might make a difference.

Andre Gide once remarked, "Please do not understand me too quickly." It could have served as a logo for Lee.

Mr. Dulles. What was Oswald's attitude toward the police and police authority?

Mr. Fritz. You know, I didn't have any trouble with him.

If we would just talk to him quietly like we are talking right now, we talked all right until I asked him a question that meant something, that would produce evidence, he immediately told me he wouldn't tell me about it and he seemed to anticipate what I was going to ask. In fact, he got so good at it one time, I asked him if he had had any training, if he hadn't been questioned before.

Mr. Dulles. Questioned before?

Allen Dulles must now be wide awake!

Mr. Fritz. Questioned before, and he said that he had, the FBI had questioned him when he came back from Russia for a long time and they tried different methods. He said they tried the buddy boy method, and thorough method, and let me see some other method he told me and he said, "I understand that." (n.23)

There had been one verbal fracas, however. Not too long after serious questioning had begun, a call had come in tha

afternoon from Gordon Shanklin, the FBI Special Agent-in-Charge for Dallas:

Mr. Fritz. . . . Mr. Shanklin asked that Mr. Hosty be in on that questioning, he said he wanted him in there because of Mr. Hosty knowing these people. . . . (n.24)

. . . and [Shanklin] said some other things that I don't want to repeat, about what to do if [my assistant] didn't do it right quick. So I . . . walked out there and called [Hosty] in. (n.25)

We have to recall the note that Oswald left for Hosty at FBI headquarters. Shanklin may, by now, have become aware of the existence of that piece of paper. It is certain that he would know all about it by six o'clock that evening.

So soon as Hosty came into the interrogation room, and Oswald heard his name, everything changed:

Mr. Fritz. . . . Mr. Hosty spoke up and asked him

. . .if he had been to Russia, and he asked him if he had been to Mexico City, and this irritated Oswald a great deal and he beat on the desk and he went into kind of a tantrum [and] he said he had not been. He did say he had been to Russia, he was in Russia, I believe he said, for some time. . . .

Mr. Ball. Who asked the question whether or not he had been in Mexico City?

Mr. Fritz. Mr. Hosty. I wouldn't have known anything about Mexico City.

Mr. Ball. Was there anything said about Oswald's wife?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir. He said, he told Hosty, he said, "I know you." He said, "You accosted my wife on two occasions," and he was getting pretty irritable and so I wanted to quiet him down a little bit because I noticed if I talked to him in a calm, easy manner it wasn't very hard to get him to settle down, and I asked him what he meant by accosting, I thought maybe he meant some physical abuse or something and he said, "Well, he threatened her." And he said, "He practically told her she would have to go back to Russia." And he said, "He accosted her on two different occasions." (n.26)

Oswald beat the table again. Since his wrists were

handcuffed in front of him, the sound must have reverberated sufficiently to make his point.

On his return from interviewing Oswald in the Dallas County Jail, Hosty was confronted at the FBI office with the note which Oswald had left several days earlier. Shanklin, who appeared "agitated and upset," asked Hosty about the circumstances in which he had received the note and about his visits to Ruth Paine and Marina Oswald. On Shanklin's orders, Hosty dictated a two to four-page memorandum setting forth all he knew and he gave the memorandum, in duplicate, to Shanklin. (n.27)

That would hardly be an end to it, but the outcome would be months and years away. Hosty's life would be changed by Oswald's note.

The only breaks in the interrogation room on this Friday afternoon, however, are for line-ups (or as they called it in Dallas, show-ups) where Oswald could be identified. The taxicab driver, William Whaley, was one of the people asked to look Oswald over. The means were conventional. Whaley sat

behind a one-way window and looked at the group assembled for him:

Mr. Whaley. . . . six men, young teenagers, and they were all handcuffed together. Well, they wanted me to pick out my passenger.

At that time he had on a pair of black pants and a white T-shirt, that is all he had on. But you could have picked him out without identifying him by just listening to him because he was bawling out the policemen, telling them it wasn't right to put him in line with these teenagers and all of that . . .

Mr. Ball. They had him in line with men much younger?

Mr. Whaley. With five others. . . . young kids, they might have got them in jail.

Mr. Ball. Did he look older than those other boys?

Mr. Whaley. Yes.

Mr. Ball. And he was talking, was he?

Mr. Whaley. He showed no respect for the policemen [running the showup], he told them what he thought about them. . . . they were trying to railroad him and he wanted

Hyphomated?
14 is on p. 762)

his lawyer.

Mr. Ball. Did that aid you in the identification of the man?

Mr. Whaley. No, sir; it wouldn't have at all, except that I said anybody who wasn't sure could have picked out the right one just for that. It didn't aid me because I knew he was the right one as soon as I saw him. . . When you drive a taxi that long, you learn to judge people and what I actually thought of the man when he got in was that he was a wino who had been off his bottle for about two days, that is the way he looked, sir, that was my opinion of him. . .

Mr. Ball. Did he look dirty?

Mr. Whaley. He looked like his clothes had been slept in, sir, but he wasn't actually dirty. The T-shirt was a little soiled around the collar but the bottom part of it was white. You have to know those winos, or they will get in and ride with you and there isn't nothing you can do but call the police, the city gets the fine and you get nothing. (n.28)

At 7:10 on Friday evening, Oswald was arraigned for the murder of Officer Tippit. Then, he was brought back to

interrogation again. Later that night he would be taken out again through the cables and the TV lights to another show-up with Howard Brennan, the eye-witness who had seen the rifleman on the sixth floor. Brennan, however, refused to make an absolute identification that night. This time, there were not five other men with Oswald but three. Fritz was running out of raw material for his lineups.

Mr. Ball. And then, now in this showup there were two officers of the vice squad and an officer and a clerk from the jail that were in the showup with Oswald?

Mr. Fritz. That is true. I borrowed those officers. I was a little bit afraid some prisoner might hurt him, there was a lot of. . . feeling right about that time, [and] we didn't have an officer in my office the right size to show with him so I asked two of the special service officers if they would help me and they said they would be glad to, so they took off their coats and neckties and fixed themselves where they would be like prisoners and they were good enough to stand on each side of him in the showup, and we used a man who works in the jail office, a civilian employee, as a third man.

Mr. Ball. Now, were they dressed a little better than

Oswald, do you think, these three people?

Mr. Fritz. Well, I don't think there was a great deal of difference. They had on their regular working clothes and after they opened their shirts and took off their ties, why, they looked very much like anyone else. (n.29)

Of course, Oswald was the only one who had bruises on his face. On the other hand, Brennan had his own reasons for not picking Oswald out:

Mr. Brennan. I believe at that time, and I still believe it was a Communist activity, and I felt like there hadn't been more than one eyewitness, [myself], and if it got to be a known fact that I was an eyewitness, my family or I, either one, might not be safe.

Mr. Belin. Well, if you wouldn't have identified him, mightn't he have been released by the police?

Mr. Brennan. No. [A] greater contributing factor than my personal reasons was that I already knew they had the man for murder and I knew he would not be released.

Mr. Belin. The murder of whom?

Mr. Brennan. Of Officer Tippit.

Mr. Belin. Well, what happened in between to change your mind . . . ?

Mr. Brennan. After Oswald was killed, I was relieved quite a bit . . . there was no longer that immediate danger. (n.30)

After Brennan refused to identify him that night, Oswald was put back into interrogation. On they went through half of the night.

It is worth hearing the reaction of a police officer who was present with Captain Fritz while Oswald was being questioned by the Dallas police, the Secret Service and the FBI.

Mr. Stern. What was your impression of Oswald--the way he handled himself, what kind of a man did he seem to you?

Mr. Boyd. I tell you, I've never saw another man just exactly like him.

Mr. Stern. In what way?

Mr. Boyd. Well, you know, he acted like he was intelligent; just as soon as you would ask him a question, he would just give you the answer right back--he didn't hesitate . . . I never saw a man that could answer questions like he did. . . .

Mr. Stern. Of course, this was a long day for everybody--did he seem by the end of the day still to be in command of himself, or did he appear tired or particularly worn out?

Mr. Boyd. Well, he didn't appear to be tired as I felt--he didn't appear to be, because I imagine he could have been tired--he didn't show it.

Mr. Stern. This is quite unnatural--really rather exceptional; this is, of course, why you say somewhat unusual, a man accused of killing two people, one of them the President of the United States, and at the end of the day he is pretty well in command?
(n.31)

Yes, Mr. Stern really has a good question.

Mr. Boyd. Yes, sir; I'll tell you--he answered his questions until [he finally] got up and said, "What started out to be a short interrogation turned out to be rather lengthy," and he said, "I believe I have answered all the questions I have cared to answer, and I don't care to say anything else."

And sat back down. (n.32)

They even put him back in his jail cell for a time.

Mr. Ball. You had an arraignment charging him with the assassination of President Kennedy, murder of President Kennedy?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir; I went to that arraignment.

Mr. Ball. That was at what time? I believe you showed it as 1:35 a.m. in your records?

Mr. Fritz. That would be about right. (n.33)

. . . Oswald was taken from his cell and escorted into a small room lined with file cabinets. Justice of the Peace David Johnston stood there somberly with a piece of paper in his hands.

"Is this the trial?" Oswald asked facetiously.

"No," Judge Johnston answered. "I have to arraign you . . . for the murder with malice of John F. Kennedy." . . .

"Oh, this is the deal, is it?" replied Oswald. . . Demanding to know whether he still had constitutional rights, Oswald again requested a lawyer. It was nearly ten hours since he had first asked for the services of John Abt.

The judge wrote on the bottom of the arraignment form, "No Bond--Capital offense" and ordered Oswald remanded to the custody of the sheriff of Dallas County to await trial.

(n.34)

So ended the longest day of that year, Friday, November 22, 1963, even if it came to its conclusion early Saturday morning. Later that second day, in the afternoon, he would get to see his brother Robert, and Marina, and Marguerite.

Chapter 44--A Black Pullover Sweater with Jagged Holes in It

Maguerite Oswald. We arrived at the Adolphus Hotel between 9:30 and 10:00.

Mr. Rankin. This was what day?

Marguerite Oswald. This was Saturday, November 23, the morning of Saturday, November 23.

While we were there, an FBI agent, Mr. Hart Odum, entered the room with another agent and wanted Marina to accompany him to be questioned. . . . And I said, "No, we are going to see Lee." We were all eating breakfast when he came in. . . . "

So, he said, "Well, will you tell Mrs. Oswald, please"--to the interpreter, "I would like to question her. . . . "

I said, "It is no good. You don't need to tell the interpreter that because my daughter-in-law is not going with you. . . .any further statements that Marina will make will be through counsel."

Mr. Odum said to the interpreter. . ."Will you tell Mrs. Oswald to decide what she would like to do and not listen to her mother-in-law." . . .

Just then my son Robert entered the room and Mr. Odum said, "Robert, we would like to take Marina and question her."

He said, "No, I am sorry, we are going to try and get

lawyers for both she and Lee."

So he left.

We went to the courthouse and we sat and sat, and while at the courthouse my son, Robert, was being interviewed by--I don't know whether it was Secret Service or FBI agents--in a glass enclosure. . . . So we waited quite a while . . . in the afternoon before we got to see Lee.

Mr. Rankin. Was anyone else present. . . .?

Marguerite Oswald. No. Marina and I were escorted back [to] where they had an enclosure and telephones. So Marina got on the telephone and talked to Lee in Russian. That is my handicap. I don't know what was said. And Lee seemed very severely composed and assured. He was well-beaten up. He had black eyes, and his face was all bruised, and everything. But he was very calm. He smiled with his wife, and talked with her, and then I got on the phone and I said, "Honey, you are so bruised up, your face. What are they doing?"

He said, "Mother, don't worry. I got that in a scuffle." So I talked and said, "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

He said, "No, Mother, everything is fine. I know my rights and I will have an attorney . . . Don't worry about a thing." . . . That was my entire conversation to him.

Gentlemen, you must realize this. I had heard over the television my son say, "I did not do it. I did not do it." . . . I think by now you know my temperament, gentlemen. I would not insult my son and ask him if he had shot at President Kennedy. Why? Because I myself

heard him say, "I didn't do it, I didn't do it."

So, that was enough for me. I would not ask that question. (n.1)

Mr. Rankin. How could you tell that?

Marina Oswald. I saw it in his eyes.

Marina's conversation with Lee was almost as brief:

Mr. Rankin. . . . did you ask him if he had killed President Kennedy?

Marina Oswald. No. I said, "I don't believe you did that, and everything will turn out well."

After all, I couldn't accuse him--after all, he was my husband.

Mr. Rankin. And what did he say to that?

Marina Oswald. He said that I should not worry. . . . But I could see by his eyes that he was guilty. Rather he tried to appear to be brave. However, by his eyes I could tell that he was afraid.

This was just a feeling. It is hard to describe.

Mr. Rankin. Would you help us a little bit by telling us what you saw in his eyes that caused you to think that?

Marina Oswald. He said goodbye to me with his eyes. I knew that. He said that everything would turn out well but he did not believe it himself.

Mr. Rankin. How could you tell that?

Marina Oswald. I saw it in his eyes. (n.2)

Marguerite Oswald has a Proustian capacity for extrapolating moments of interest into chapters of text, but these moments, after all, are anything but trivial.

Mr. Rankin. About how long did you and Marina spend with your son?

Marguerite Oswald. I would say I spent about 3 or 4 minutes on the telephone, and then Marina came back to the telephone and talked with Lee. So we left. So Marina started crying. Marina says, "Mama, I tell Lee I love Lee and Lee says he love me very much. And Lee tell me to make sure I buy shoes for June."

Now, here is a man who is accused of the murder of a President. This is the next day, or let's say about 24 hours that he has been questioned. His composure is good. And he is thinking about his young daughter wearing shoes.

Now June was wearing shoes belonging to Mrs. Paine's little girl, Marina told me--they were little red tennis shoes and the top was worn. They were clean, and the canvas was showing by the toe part, like children wear out their toes.

I ask you this, gentlemen. If Marina had a hundred and some odd dollars in the house, why is it necessary that my son has to tell her at the jailhouse, remind her to buy shoes for the baby, for their child? Just a few dollars out of that hundred and some odd dollars would have bought shoes for this particular child.

Another way to look at this, as I stated previously--that the boy is concerned about shoes for the baby, and he is in this awful predicament. So he must feel innocent, or sure that everything is going to be all right, as he told me. (n.3)

Then it is Robert's turn. It is a year since they have seen each other at Thanksgiving, but they are brothers, and Robert is older, and they have habits of speech with each other:

After a little more talk about the baby and Marina, I finally asked him bluntly, "Lee, what the Sam Hill is

going on?"

"I don't know," he said.

"You don't know? Look, they've got your pistol, they've got your rifle, they've got you charged with shooting the President and a police officer. And you tell me you don't know. Now, I want to know just what's going on."

He stiffened and straightened up, his facial expression was suddenly very tight.

"I just don't know what they're talking about," he said very firmly and deliberately. "Don't believe all this so-called evidence."

I was studying his face closely, trying to find the answer to my question in his eyes or his expression. He realized that, and as I stared into his eyes, he said to me quietly, "Brother, you won't find anything there."

(n.4)

Robert is not about to give up that easily:

"What about this attorney you tried to contact in New York?" I asked. "Who is he?"

"Well, he's just an attorney I want to handle my case."

(n.5)

Lee is hardly about to tell Robert that his choice, John Abt, was the lawyer who had defended the leaders of the Communist Party, Gus Hall and Benjamin Davis, against charges of conspiracy to overthrow the U.S. government. It would provoke a quarrel bigger than their brotherhood.

Robert, however, knows Lee well enough to sense that something large is amiss. He says:

"I'll get you an attorney down here."

"No," he said, "you stay out of it."

"Stay out of it? It looks like I've been dragged into it."

"I'm not going to have anybody from down here," he said very firmly. "I want this one."

"Well, all right."

(n.6)

The gift Southerners receive with their mother's milk is not to let a family disagreement go on for too long. They are all aware of old family histories of relatives who brooded on

a minor insult for twenty years and then came to your great-grandfather's door with a loaded shotgun and blew great-grandfather's head off.

Mr. Fritz. Then about 1:15 or 4 I got a telephone call . . .

. . . just after his visit with Marina, Oswald tried to reach Abt. He succeeded in obtaining Abt's home and office numbers from the New York operator, but he failed to find him at either place. . . .

Fritz later asked whether Oswald had succeeded in reaching Abt. He answered that he had not, then courteously thanked Fritz for allowing him to use the prison phone. (n.7)

Mr. Fritz. I said, "Well, he's"

We can picture the consternation of the Communist Party in New York when Oswald's desire to retain Abt is announced in the newspapers. If Oswald was ever working for COINTELPRO, it would seem he had not yet resigned!

Or, perhaps, he is being doggedly simple. Abt will know how to give him a political defense and dramatize his trial. The Communist Party will have to pay a heavy price for that, but by Oswald's balance sheet, the plus for him will more than compensate.

Mr. Paine. . . . I asked him at that time what about his religious beliefs. . . and he said he didn't think too much of it. . . . I asked him if he believed in a deity. He said he didn't care to discuss that with me . . .

Mrs. Paine. Then about 3:30 or 4 I got a telephone call. . . .

Mr. Jenner. Did you recognize the voice? . . .

Mrs. Paine. The voice said, "This is Lee."

Mr. Jenner. Give your best recollection of everything you said and, if you can, please, of everything he said, and exactly what you said.

Mrs. Paine. I said, "Well, hi." (n.8)

Lee instructed her to call Abt as soon as the long-distance rates went down that evening. "Ruth was stunned--stunned by his gall [but] angry and appalled as she was, Ruth did try to reach Abt and . . . failed." (n.9) The lawyer was in Connecticut in a cabin and not reachable.

Mr. Fritz. . . .I asked him at that time more about his religious beliefs. . . and he said he didn't think too much of it. . . . I asked him if he believed in a deity. He said he didn't care to discuss that with me . . .

Mr. Ball. You asked him about the gun again, didn't you?

Mr. Fritz. I asked him about a lot of things that [Saturday] morning, I sure did. . . .

Mr. Ball. And you asked him the size and shape of the sack, didn't you?

Mr. Fritz. He never admitted bringing the sack. . . .He said he brought his lunch was all he brought. . . . I remember telling him that. . . two people saw him because not only Frazier but Frazier's sister saw that package, you know, and I did question him about that.

Mr. Ball. Did he say anything like this: "He might be mistaken or perhaps thinking about some other time when he picked me up." ?

Mr. Fritz. That is probably right. (n.10)

The lie has been his tool all his life. But now it is different. Where once he could muster five quick lies to confuse one person, now five experts in the study of mendacity

are examining each one of his lies. His tool is now obliged to be employed against the most obdurate human materials.

Mr. Fritz. I asked him [again] about the photograph and he said . . . It wasn't his picture at all. . . .

Mr. Ball. . . . the picture was made by somebody superimposing his face?

Mr. Fritz. That is right; yes.

Mr. Ball. He denied ever having lived on Neely Street, did he?

Mr. Fritz. Yes, sir; he did. (n.11)

Shortly after 5:00 P.M. on Saturday, Louis H. Nichols, president of the Dallas Bar Association, [was led] to Oswald's maximum security cell on the fifth floor. Oswald was at the center of three cells with no one on either side. He was lying on his cot. He stood up to greet Nichols and the two men talked on a pair of bunks 3 or 4 feet apart. Nichols explained that he had come to

see if Oswald wanted an attorney.

Did he, Oswald asked, know a lawyer in New York City named John Abt?

Nichols said that he did not.

Well, Oswald said, that was the man he would like to have represent him. Failing that, Oswald said he belonged to the A.C.L.U. and would like someone from that organization to represent him. But if that should fall through, he added, "and I can find a lawyer here [in Dallas] who believes in anything I believe in, and believes as I believe, and believes in my innocence"--Here Oswald hesitated--"as much as he can, I might let him represent me." (n.12)

About an hour later, at six on Saturday evening, Marina and Marguerite, now moved by Secret Service fiat from the Hotel Adolphus (where Life was paying the bill and there were too many people around for good security) to the Executive Inn near Love Field, had come as good women to the decision to burn the photograph of Lee that showed him in the back yard of the Neely Street apartment with his pistol in his belt and his rifle in his upraised arm.

Marguerite Oswald. We had two beautiful suites--two, not one--completed rooms and baths adjoining, at the Executive Inn. . . . I was stranded with a Russian girl and two babies. . . . But then it was time for food, and I had to order food. I told Marina to stay aside and I would let the man in. She stayed in her room. I let this man in with the food, and then I became uneasy, that he might know who we were is what I was uneasy about. . . .

I sensed we were alone. And there I was with a Russian girl . . .

So this is where the picture comes in.

While there, Marina--there is an ashtray on the dressing table. And Marina comes with bits of paper and strikes a match to it. And this is the picture of the gun that Marina tore up into bits of paper, and struck a match to it.

Now that didn't burn completely because it was heavy --not cardboard--what is the name for it--a photographic picture, so the match didn't take it completely.

Mr. Rankin. Had you said anything to her about burning it before that?

Marguerite Oswald. No, sir. The last time I had seen the picture was in Marina's shoe when she was trying to tell me the picture was in her shoe. I state here now that Marina meant for me to have that picture, from the very beginning, in Mrs. Paine's home. She said--I testified before--"Mama, you keep picture." . . .

And when I refused it, then she decided to get rid of the picture.

She tore up the picture and struck a match to it.
Then I took it and flushed it down the toilet. . . .

Mr. Rankin. What day?

Marguerite Oswald. On Saturday, November 23. Now, I
flushed the torn bits and the half-burned thing down the
commode. And nothing was said. There was nothing said.

Mr. Rankin. That was at the Executive Inn?

Marguerite Oswald. At the Executive Inn. (n.13)

So they destroyed the photograph and did not know that it
was not crucial evidence they were removing but merely one
more copy of material already in the hands of the police who
had found other copies of those photographs among Oswald's
effects in the Paines' garage when his rented room in Oak
Cliff and the house in Irving were searched. (n.14)

Marguerite, however, must have thought she was sleeping
on the embers, for in the morning she awoke with an attack of
anxiety as if one more trouble, still unfocused, was close at
hand to meet all those other troubles such as where she and
Marina were going to live, and how were they going to pay for
it? They were two women alone and in need of assistance.

They also needed to be able to speak to one another in greater detail without an official translator of the government hovering between.

It was not long that morning before she thought of Peter Paul Gregory, the distinguished Russian who gave language lessons in his native tongue at the Fort Worth Library, yes, it was meant to be--Marguerite had taken language lessons with Peter Gregory earlier in this year of 1963 so that on the day Lee was in the mood to see her again, she would be able to speak to her granddaughter in Russian. It had been a dream. She gave up after two lessons. Mr. Gregory had given no sign at all that her name was familiar to him and besides, Russian was very difficult to learn.

Still, it was meant to be. Paul Gregory was the first important person outside the family that Lee had gone out to meet when he first came home fifteen months ago from Soviet Russia.

Marguerite Oswald. . . . I said "Marina, we need help, honey. I am going to call a Mr. Gregory."

And I told her about me taking Russian lessons.

"Oh, mama, I know Mr. Gregory. Lee know Mr. Gregory. . . ."

So I called. . . I said, "Mr. Gregory, I won't say who I am, but you know my son and you know my daughter-in-law, and I am in trouble, sir. I am over here."

He said, "I am sorry, but I won't talk to anybody I don't know."

Mr. Rankin. What name did you give him?

Marguerite Oswald. I didn't give him any name.

He said, "I am sorry, but I won't talk to anyone I don't know."

And I said again, "Well, you know my son real well."

He said, "Oh, you are Mrs. Oswald."

I said, "Yes, sir, this is Mrs. Oswald. We are at the Executive Inn in Dallas, stranded. And do you know of anyone who would give my daughter-in-law and I a home, and put us up for the time this is going on, so we can be near Lee at the courthouse? I need help, Mr. Gregory."

He said, "Mrs. Oswald, what is your room number? I will help you. Hold still. Help will be coming."

And so that was the end of my conversation with Mr. Gregory. (n.15)

Marguerite could not know, but they were ready at City Hall to transfer Oswald to the County Jail where he would be under the custody of the sheriff's office and there would be better security. Since three o'clock on Saturday, there had

been plans to move him, and different procedures for a safe passage had been discussed and rearranged and the time had been altered as well--from three o'clock Saturday afternoon to an aborted plan to do it in the middle of the night to a scheduled move at 10:00 A.M. on Sunday, and even then they were late.

Fritz, who would lose custody of Oswald so soon as he was with the sheriff, was talking to the prisoner all morning. Finally, at 11:10 A.M., after this last interrogation had

. . . lasted longer than expected, Oswald was ready to be transferred. But the shirt he had been wearing when he was arrested had been sent to a crime lab in Washington, and he had on only a T-shirt. Some hangers with his clothing were handed in to Fritz's office, and the officers selected what they considered his best-looking shirt for him to wear. Oswald was adamant. No, he said, and insisted on wearing a black pullover sweater with jagged holes in it. He was now dressed as he had been in the photographs taken by Marina, all in black--black trousers and a black sweater. Fritz then suggested that he wear a hat to camouflage his looks. Once again, as he had done on entering the jail two days earlier, Oswald refused. He would let the world see who he was.

Accompanied by Captain Fritz and four detectives,

Oswald was taken to the basement of the police station where he was to step into a waiting car . . . Oswald reached the basement at 11:20 A.M and was promptly led to the exit. . . . (n.16)

Mr. Ball. Did you ever consider transferring him at night? . . .

Mr. Fritz. During the night on Saturday night, I had a call at my home from a uniformed captain, Captain Frazier I believe is his name, he called me out at home and told me they had some threats and he had to transfer Oswald [right away].

I said, well, I don't know. I said there has been no security set up . . . He called me back then in a few minutes and he told me . . . to leave him where he was.

. . . I don't know whether we had been transferring him ourselves, I don't know that we would have used this same method but we certainly would have used security of some kind. . . .

Mr. Ball. What do you mean, if we were transferring him ourselves?. . . how would you have transferred him?

Mr. Fritz. I did do one thing here I should tell you about. When the chief came back and asked me if I was ready to transfer him, I told him I had already complained . . . about the big cameras set up. . . and I was afraid we couldn't get out . . . with all those cameras and all

those people in the jail office.

So when the chief came back he asked if we were ready to transfer and I said, "We are ready when security is ready," and he said, "It is all set up." He said, "The people are across the street, and the newsmen are all well back in the garage," and he said, "It is all set [and] we have got the money wagon up there to transfer him in," and I said, "Well, I don't like the idea, chief, of transferring him in a money wagon." We, of course, didn't know the driver, nor who he was, nor anything about the money wagon, and he said, "Well, that is all right. Transfer him in your car if you want to, and we will use the money wagon for a decoy." . . . (n.17)

Mr. Ball. How far behind Oswald were you. . . ? Oswald was behind you?

Mr. Fritz. Behind me.

Mr. Ball. How many feet would you say?

Mr. Fritz. In feet, I would probably say 8 feet. . . . We first called down and they told us everything was all right. . . . I kept my officers back in the jail until I asked two officers outside the jail if security was good, and they said it was all right. But when we walked out, they climbed over my car and we met the crowd and the officers coming forward. . . . (n.18)

Chapter 47: The Cry

It could be said without undue exaggeration that Dallas, the corporate soul of Texas, has not yet recovered altogether from what transpired in the next few seconds.

Marguerite Oswald. . . . At 11:45 a.m., Sunday. . . . My son [Robert] and Mr. Gregory came to the Executive Inn, all excited. We had diapers strung all over the place. My uniform was packed. I had no clothes with me.

I went with the (wet) suitcases.

"Hurry up, we have to get you out of here."

I was not able to be told what to do, and you mentioned how that by this time. I said, "What's your hurry? We have diapers and all. I want to tell you what happened."

"Mother, Mother, stop talking. We have to get you out of here."

Mr. Gregory said, "Mrs. Oswald, will you listen and get things together? We have to get you out of here."

I said, "That is all we have been doing since yesterday, running from one place to another. Give us just a minute. We are changing, but we have to pack things."

"Mrs. Oswald, we will talk later. We have to get you out of here."

Chapter 45--He Cry

Let us, at least, bury Lee before we try to comprehend what intent lived in the mind of Jack Ruby.

Marguerite Oswald. At 11:30 a.m., Sunday. . .my son [Robert] and Mr. Gregory came to the Executive Inn, all excited. We had diapers strung all over the place. My uniform was washed. I had no clothes with me.

I went with the [wet] uniform.

"Hurry up, we have to get you out of here."

I am not one to be told what to do, and you gentlemen know that by this time. I said, "What's your hurry? We have diapers and all. I want to tell you what happened."

"Mother, Mother, stop talking. We have to get you out of here."

Mr. Gregory said, "Mrs. Oswald, will you listen and get things together? We have to get you out of here."

I said, "That is all we have been doing since yesterday, running from one place to another. Give us just a minute. We are coming, but we have to pack things." . . .

"Mrs. Oswald, we will talk later. We have to get you out of here."

Mr. Rankin. Did you have television in this room?

Marguerite Oswald. Yes, sir.

Now here is another Godsend. We watched the television, Marina and I. She watched more than I did. We were very busy, Mr. Rankin. The babies had diarrhea and everything. I was very busy with the babies and the Russian girl. . . . we were just getting snatches of it. But Marina wanted to know. "Mama, I want to see Lee." She was hoping Lee would come on the picture, like he did. So this morning, Sunday morning, I said, "Oh, honey, let's turn the television off. The same thing over and over."

And I turned the television off. So Marina and I did not see what happened to my son.

We turned the television off.

So we did not know.

But frantically Robert and Mr. Gregory kept insisting that we pack and run.

So when we get downstairs, there was Secret Service men all over. (n.1)

One reaction you could depend upon: Marguerite Oswald always bristled at the sight of authority:

Marguerite Oswald. . . .as soon as we got in the car Mr.

Gregory says, "We are taking you to Robert's mother-in-law's house."

Now, they live out of Boyd, Texas. . . .They are dairy people--Robert's in-laws. And they wanted to take us there, which would have been approximately 45 miles from Dallas.

And I said, "No, you are not taking me out in the sticks . . . I want to be in Dallas where I can help Lee."

"Well for security reasons, this is the best place. Nobody would ever find it."

I said, "Security reasons? You can give me security in a hotel room in town. I am not going out in this little country town. I want to be in Dallas where I can help Lee."

And so I am not being well liked, because all the arrangements were made that we were going to go to this little farmhouse. But I would not go.

I could not survive if I was 40 or 50 miles away and my son was picked up as a murderer. I had to be right there in Dallas [but] we needed clothes--Marina and the baby needed clothes. So then they decided that they should go to Irving . . .

When we reached there, they brought us to the chief of police's home. And there were cars all around.

As soon as the car stopped, the Secret Service agent said, "Lee has been shot."

And I said, "How badly?"

He said, "In the shoulder." . . .

I cried, and said, "Marina, Lee has been shot."

So Marina went into the chief of police's home at Irving, to call Mrs. Paine to get the diapers and things ready. . . . And one or two of the agents would go and get

the things for Marina.

So I am sitting in the car with the agent. Marina is in the home now.

So something comes over the mike and the Secret Service agent says, "Do not repeat. Do not repeat."

I said, "My son is gone, isn't he?"

And he didn't answer.

I said, "Answer me. I want to know. If my son is gone, I want to meditate."

He said, "Yes, Mrs. Oswald, your son has just expired." . . .

As a matter of fact, when I got the news, I went into the home and I said, "Marina, our boy is gone."

We both cried. And they were all watching the sequence on television. The television was turned to the back, where Marina and I could not see it. They sat us on the sofa and his wife gave us coffee. And the back of the television was to us. And the men and all, a lot of men were looking at the television. It probably just happened, because the man said, "Do not repeat." And I insisted.

They gave us coffee. . .

(n.2)

Later on that Sunday, the Secret Service decided to move Marina and Marguerite and June and Rachel to the Inn of the Six Flags, a motel between Dallas and Fort Worth that would be deserted in November, but first there was the question of

whether the wife and mother could see Lee's body.

Marguerite Oswald. . . . Immediately I said, "I want to see Lee." And Marina said, "I want to see Lee, too."

And the chief of police and Mr. Gregory said, "Well, it would be better to wait until he was at the funeral home and fixed up."

I said, "No, I want to see Lee now."

Marina said, "Me too, me want to see Lee." . . .

They didn't want us to see Lee, from the ugliness of it, evidently. But I insisted, and so did Marina. So they could not do anything about it with the two women. So they decided to pacify us.

We got in the car. On the way to the car they are trying to get us to change our minds. And he said, Mr. Mike Howard--he was driving the car--"Mrs. Oswald, for security reasons it would be much better if you would wait until later on to see Lee . . . "

I said, "For security reasons, I want you to know I am an American citizen, and even though I am poor I have as much right as any other human being, and Mrs. Kennedy was escorted to the hospital to see her husband. And I insist upon being escorted, and enough security to take me to the hospital to see my son."

Gentlemen, I require the same privilege.

So Mr. Mike Howard said . . . "I want you to know when we get there we will not be able to protect you. Our security measures end right there. The police will then

have you under protection. . . ."

I said, "That is fine. If I am to die, I will die that way. But I am going to see my son."

Mr. Gregory says--and in the most awful tone of voice, I will always remember this--remember, gentlemen, my son has been accused, I have just lost a son.

He said, "Mrs. Oswald, you are being so selfish. You are endangering this girl's life and the lives of these two children."

I want to elaborate on this. He is not thinking about me. He is thinking about the Russian girl. I am going to bring this over and over--that these Russian people are always considering this Russian girl. He snapped at me.

I said, "Mr. Gregory, I am not speaking for my daughter-in-law. She can do what she wants. I am saying I want to see my son."

And so they brought us to the hospital. And Marina said, "I too want to see Lee. . . ."

So then they did leave us at the entrance of the hospital. . . and the police took over. We were escorted by police in the hospital.

Mr. Rankin. And then what happened?

Marguerite Oswald. Then Mr. Perry, the doctor, came down. . . . He said, "Now, you know the Texas law is that we have to have an autopsy on a body."

I said, "Yes, I understand."

And Marina understood.

Marina is a registered pharmacist.

So Marina understands these things. And Marina

understood.

And he said, "Now, I will do whatever you ladies wish. . . . However, I will say this. It will not be pleasant. All the blood has been drained from him and it would be much better if you would see him after he was fixed up."

I said, "I am a nurse. I have seen death before. I want to see my son now."

Marina--as I am trying to say, she understands English--she said, "I want to see Lee too." So she knew what the doctor was saying.

We were escorted upstairs into a room. They said it was a morgue, but it wasn't. Lee's body was on a hospital bed, I would say, or a table--a table like you take into an operating room. And there were a lot of policemen standing around, guarding the body. And, of course, his face was showing. And Marina went first. She opened his eyelids. Now, to me--I am a nurse, and I don't think I could have done that. This is a very, very strong girl, that she can open a dead man's eyelids. And she says, "He cry. He eye wet." To the doctor. And the doctor says, "Yes."

Well, I know that the fluid leaves, and you do have moisture. So I didn't even touch Lee. I just wanted to see that it was my son. . . .

Mr. Rankin. You were satisfied that it was your son?

Marguerite Oswald. Yes, sir. That is why I wanted to see the body. I wanted to make sure it was my son.

So while leaving the room I said to the police--"I think some day you will hang your heads in shame."

I said, "I happen to know, and know some facts, that maybe this is the unsung hero of this episode. . . .

And with that, I left the room.

Then we were . . . introduced to the chaplain. . . at Parkland Hospital . . . So I spoke to the chaplain in private and told him that I thought my son was an agent, and that I wanted him to talk to Robert. Robert does not listen to me, never has, and I have had very, very little conversation with Robert ever since Robert joined the Marines, because of the way our life has intervened.

Mr. Rankin. Did you tell the chaplain why you thought your son was an agent?

Marguerite Oswald. No, sir, but this is what I told the chaplain. . . . I wanted my son buried in the Arlington Cemetery.

Now, gentlemen, I didn't know that President Kennedy was going to be buried [there]. All I know is that my son is an agent, and that he deserves to be buried in Arlington Cemetery. So I talked to the chaplain about this. I went into quite detail about this. I asked him if he would talk to Robert because when I talked to Robert about it, as soon as I started to say something, he would say, "Oh, Mother, forget it." . . . (n.3)

From the hospital they are driven to the Inn of the Six

Flags. Robert comments that "within an hour after our arrival, the inn was like a armed camp":

"All we need is to have one more of you killed or injured and we're in real trouble," one of the agents said to me.

We felt completely cut off from the outside world. We were not allowed to see newspapers, listen to the radio, or watch television that Sunday afternoon or Sunday night. (n.4)

Robert was busy all evening trying to make arrangements for Lee's funeral on Monday. The first step was to hire an undertaker (known even thirty years ago in the Dallas-Fort Worth area as a funeral director).

[He] began telephoning various cemeteries to prepare the way for me to buy a burial plot for Lee. One cemetery after another refused even to discuss the possibility of accepting Lee's body. . . .

While the funeral director was kind enough to continue to search, I began telephoning various ministers

in the Dallas-Fort Worth area to request that they officiate at the burial services [and] I was astonished by the reactions . . . The first one, the second one, the third one, and the fourth one flatly refused even to consider my request.

One of the ministers, a prominent member of the Greater Dallas Council of Churches, listened impatiently . . . and then said sharply, "No, we just can't do that."

"Why not?" I asked.

. . . "Your brother was a sinner."

I hung up. The question of who would officiate at Lee's funeral was still unsettled when I went to bed Sunday night, although the time of the funeral had been set for four o'clock Monday afternoon. (n.5)

It would hang over him all morning Monday as well. His stress is painful to contemplate. Robert is on his way to becoming a successful corporate executive but like many a straight arrow before him, all private distortions from the approved pattern are to be held within and damn the psychic cost. That has to be one real cost. After all, he owes half his genes to Marguerite. So he now exhibits a share of his mother's gift for strong scenarios. He has, for instance, needed but one look at Ruth and Michael Paine when he met them early Friday afternoon with Marina and the police to decide

that the Paine couple were highly suspicious and could be linked up conceivably in some plot with the Russians. Perhaps it was their faintly patrician air. Robert, after all, must have seen a good deal of Alger Hiss in the early days of TV.

So he is more than alert to the growing friction between Secret Service and FBI. He hears the Secret Service agents talking about it . . .

They knew that they were carrying out an assignment that would be more logically turned over to the FBI [but] gradually the reports and rumors from various sources seemed to fit together. As early as Friday night, I had heard some speculation about the possibility of a conspiracy behind the assassination of the President, and . . . I had wondered if Marina herself might be a part of such a conspiracy. On Saturday and Sunday there were rumors in Dallas that the "conspiracy" might involve some government agency. By Sunday night I realized that the agency under greatest suspicion was the FBI. (n.6)

Given the covert existence of COINTELPRO in the early Sixties, there may have been reason for suspicion--we shall

eventually get an inkling of his distrustful was J. Edgar Hoover of his own people--but in this setting, the rumors had been started probably by the police gossip that inevitably followed Oswald's tirade on encountering Hosty in Captain Fritz's office.

Not for too little is there a near-automatic American love of situations that are suspicious. This country was built, after all, on the expansive imaginations of people who could envision the lands to the west: They moved westward on the strength of their imagination. When the frontier was finally closed, imagination had to turn into paranoia (which can be described as the enforced enclosure of imagination--its most useful form is scenario) and, lo, there where the expansion westward stopped on the shores of the Pacific, grew Hollywood and it would send all its cans of film reels back to the rest of America where imagination, now landlocked, had become American paranoia. By the late Fifties and early Sixties, the American imagination saw a red menace ^(?) everywhere including Marina Oswald's.

Now, in addition to Robert Oswald's grief over the death of his brother, the horror of the assassination, and his own fear that Lee did it, as well as his suspicions of Marina and the Paines, plus the new look ^(?) askant at FBI, he was faced with the recognition that it would have been easier to arrange a

askance?

funeral for a leper than for his brother Lee Harvey Oswald.

Finally, two Lutheran ministers who seemed sympathetic appeared at the Inn of the Six Flags about eleven o'clock Monday morning. One stayed in the lobby, but the other came back to see us. The National Council of Churches office in Dallas had asked the ministers to come out and offer to serve at the funeral service, which was now scheduled for 4 pm that day at the Rose Hill Cemetery.

The minister did not seem at all eager to officiate, but he did say, rather reluctantly, that he would be at the cemetery at four. Two Secret Service men who were there in the room with us confirmed the time and checked to be sure that the minister knew how to reach Rose Hill.

(n.7)

In Dallas-Fort Worth, it could cost a minister loss of assignment to a better church if he officiated at Oswald's last rites. Soon enough, word arrived that the Lutheran minister who had given his assent to conduct the service had now rescinded it. He wasn't going to show up after all.

While these unhappy negotiations continue, Marguerite finally convinced one of the Secret Service agents to record

her on tape--she wishes to set down for posterity why Lee, in her opinion, should be interred in Arlington.

Marguerite Oswald. . . . I thought, well, now, this is an opportunity, since this tragedy has happened, for Mr. Robert Oswald to know some of the things that his mother has known all these years.

So I started.

Then Robert had a phone call and he came out of the room and he was crying bitterly. So I ended the tape--I would say I talked approximately 10 minutes. I ended the tape saying, "I'm sorry, but my thoughts have left me because my son is crying."

I thought for a moment that Robert was crying because of what I was saying, and he was sorry he had not listened to me before, because I tried to tell him about the defection and my trip to Washington. But Robert was crying because he received a telephone call that we could not get a minister at my son's grave. (n.8)

He hadn't. She states her credo in rebuttal:

Marguerite Oswald. . . . I have no church affiliation. I have learned since my trouble that my heart is my church. . . . I go to church all day long, I meditate. [Besides] I am working on Sunday most of the time, taking care of the sick, and the people that go to church, that I work for, have never once said, "Well, I will stay home and take care of my mother and let you go to church, Mrs. Oswald."

You see, I am expected to work on a Sunday.

So that is why--I have my own church. And sometimes I think it is better than a wooden structure. Because these same people that expect me to work on Sunday, while they go to church--I don't consider them as good Christians as I am--I am sorry. (n.9)

It is a credo for lonely people: my heart is my church.

Meanwhile, the complications continue: At some point, another minister appears:

Marguerite Oswald. . . . Well, a Reverend French from Dallas came out to Six Flags and we sat on the sofa.

Reverend French was in the center, I and Robert on

the side. And Robert was crying bitterly and talking to Reverend French and trying to get him to let Lee's body go to church. And he was quoting why he could not.

So then I intervened and said, "Well, if Lee is a lost sheep and that is why you don't want him to go to church, he is [exactly] the one that should go into church. . . . Let's say he is called a murderer. It is the murderers and all we should be concerned about."

And that agent [who had heretofore] had the decency to stay at the far end of the room, near the entrance door, while the minister and Robert and myself were sitting on the sofa, [now] said, "Mrs. Oswald, be quiet. You are making matters worse."

Now, the nerve of him--to leave the group and to come there and scold me.

This Mr. French, Reverend French, [told us] that he could not take the body into the church. And we compromised for chapel services. (n.10)

The agent who had told Marguerite that she was making matters worse, soon reappears in her narrative:

Marguerite Oswald. . . . He was very, very rude to me. Anything that I said, he snapped. At this particular time, they showed the gun on television. I said, "How can

they say Lee shot the President? Even though they would prove it is his gun doesn't mean he used it--nobody saw him use it."

He snapped back and he said, "Mrs. Oswald, we know that he shot the President."

I then walked over to Mr. Mike Howard and I said, "What's wrong with that agent? That agent is about to crack. All he has done is taunt me ever since he has been here."

He said, "Mrs. Oswald, he was the personal bodyguard to Mrs. Kennedy for 30 months and maybe he has a little opinion against you."

I said, "Let him keep his personal opinions to himself. He is on a job." (n.11)

When it comes to circling the wagons around her ego, she is the equal of any FBI or Secret Service man.

Her complaints at the unfeeling deportment of everyone around her will not abate. It is difficult for Marguerite to grieve because she must first pass through the circle of her discontents and that are so numerous that they seal her off from her sorrow:

Marguerite Oswald. Marina was very unhappy with the dress--they brought her two dresses. "Mama, too long." "Mama, no fit." And it looked lovely on her. You can see I know how to dress properly. I am in the business world as merchandise manager. And the dress looked lovely on Marina. But she was not happy with it.

I said, "Oh, honey, put your coat on. We are going to Lee's funeral. It will be all right."

And we had one hour in order to get ready for the funeral.

I said, "We will never make it. Marina is so slow."

She said, "I no slow. I have things to do." (n.12)

While Marina was complaining about her dress, my little grandbaby, two years old--she is a very precious little baby, they are good children--was standing by her mother. And Marina was very nervous by this time. She was not happy with the dress. And Marina was combing her hair. She took the comb and she hit June on the head. I said, "Marina, don't do that." And this agent--I wish I knew his name--snapped at me and said, "Mrs. Oswald, you let her alone." I said, "Don't tell me what to say to my daughter-in-law when she was hitting my grandbaby on the head with a comb." . . .

Now, why did this man do these things?

Mr. Rankin. Are you saying that the agent did anything improper, as far as Marina was concerned?

Marguerite Oswald. Now, what do you mean when you say improper?

Mr. Rankin. Was there any improper relationship between them, as far as you know?

Marguerite Oswald. No. I am saying--and I am going to say it as strongly as I can--and I have stated this from the beginning--that I think our trouble in this is in our own Government. And I suspect these two agents of conspiracy with my daughter-in-law in this plot.

The Chairman. With who?

Marguerite Oswald. With Marina and Mrs. Paine--the two women. Lee was set up and it is quite possible these two Secret Service men are involved.

Mr. Rankin. What kind of a conspiracy are you describing that these men were engaged in?

Marguerite Oswald. The assassination of President Kennedy.

Mr. Rankin. You think that two Secret Service agents and Marina and Mrs. Paine were involved in the conspiracy?

Marguerite Oswald. Yes, I do. Besides another high official.

(n.13)

Grief, fear, rage, woe, and growing detestation of

Marguerite are a few of the emotions circulating in the car that goes out to the cemetery where the last rites for Lee will be held:

Marina, Mother and the children went into the chapel first. I followed, accompanied by Mike Howard and Charlie Kunkel.

The chapel was completely empty. I saw no sign of any preparation for the funeral service.

"I don't understand," I said to Mike and Charlie, and they were obviously puzzled too. They said they would try and find out what had happened.

Two or three minutes later, one of them came back into the chapel where I had been waiting.

"Well, we were a few minutes late," he said.

"There's been some misunderstanding and they've already carried the casket down to the grave site. We'll have a graveside service down there." (n.14)

To which Marguerite adds in her testimony, "Robert cried bitterly." (n.15) She had to know how much he would detest these numerous descriptions of him in tears that she freely offers to the Warren Commission.

Robert's account remains determinedly restrained:

I could see uniformed officers stationed every few yards along the fence that surrounded the cemetery. I suppose this should have surprised me, but I was still numb from the other experiences of the previous three days. (n.16)

The coffin was covered in mole-skin and the "grave-diggers had been told earlier in the day that the site they were preparing so hurriedly was for one 'William Bobo.'" (n.17) Of course, they soon found out. A horde of newsmen had arrived at the cemetery.

We drove down a curved road to the grave site. Just before we reached it, one of the Secret Service men turned to Bob Parsons and said, "All right, now. You stay in the car with the carbine. If anything happens, come out shooting."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to mow