

ON THIS same Sunday, all the Senators were present in the right wing of the Capitol when their colleague, Margaret Chase Smith (later to be the first woman to seek presidential nomination) laid a red rose on the desk which John Fitzgerald Kennedy had used so long as a Senator.

IT WILL be remembered that on the evening before his death, the President had pondered the splendour of the funeral of King Edward VII in May, 1910 . . .

"That couldn't happen today . . ." he had thought . . . But on the following Monday – with amazing speed and discipline – it was shown that he too could be paid quite as impressive a homage. The time has gone by indeed when the President of the United States is relegated to the end of a procession.

An Emperor, three sovereigns, five presidents, six hereditary princes, thirteen heads of government and innumerable ministers and high dignitaries – representing fifty-three countries – came from all over the world to take part in the solemn funeral Mass in St Matthew's Cathedral, and then walked in procession to the cemetery.

De Gaulle, the inaccessible, was there – though during his lifetime Kennedy had vainly hoped to see him in Washington. Mikoyan, the man of the Soviets, too, who had brought a message from Krushchev expressing deep feeling. Krushchev had wanted to come himself, but the Americans had dissuaded him because of the danger involved. It was in any case necessary to take unprecedented measures to protect all these Heads of State, who had faced the risk and discomfort of hurried journeys decided upon in a matter of hours. In Washington, it was feared that there might be an outburst of popular indignation against the Russians, and the Embassies of the Communist bloc were closely guarded. Persistent rumours circulated about an assassination attempt on General de Gaulle.

On every seat in the huge cathedral lay a small card with a photograph of the dead President, and the words: *May 29th, 1917 — November 22nd, 1963. Dear God, take care of your servant, John Fitzgerald Kennedy.* The dead man had said this that day when before all Washington he took the Oath as the new president.

Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, celebrated the funeral Mass. It was he who had married John and Jacqueline, ten years before. Luigi Vena, who sang the *Ave Maria*, had sung at the couple's wedding.

All the family were there except the patriarch, Joseph Kennedy, the head of the dynasty, whose paralysis prevented his being present; and the 96-year-old grandmother. Among them was the little cousin from Ireland, Mary Ann Ryan, a nurse, brought in a special plane from Shannon Airport.

It was a fine funeral, attended by kings and emperors, dictators and prime ministers; with kilted Scottish pipers, that Kennedy liked so much; with hundreds of thousands of people kneeling and weeping along the route.

Of it all, I was to retain only one clear picture: of little John, standing upright at the salute, as his father would have wished, as the coffin left the Cathedral. That very day he should have been celebrating his third birthday.

His father should have been doing what he loved to do: whispering in his ear, then laughing loudly, crying "Secret, secret!" And the little boy should have been opening the parcel to find out at last what Daddy had brought back for him from his visit to Dallas . . .

THERE ARE only two presidents buried at Arlington. It is a national cemetery, the resting-place of the Unknown Soldier, reserved for the heroes of the battle-field – and for all those who have borne arms in their country's service.

Jacqueline Kennedy chose this place unhesitatingly . . .

she remembered a day, in March, when her husband had taken a walk near the cemetery with a friend. Breathing in deeply the warm air of Spring, he had remarked:

– “I could stay here for ever . . .”

It is there that his body will return to the earth, near to the grave of his son, Patrick, born some months before.

There were presidents and kings at the graveside, ambassadors and cardinals, generals and admirals; but there were, above all, the humble and nameless men come from great distances, men of the South equally with the men of the North, who wept as if they had lost a brother . . .

There was the marine stationed on guard, who let his rifle sink to the ground as he sobbed. There was the young woman who laid a huge bouquet of red roses – still more red roses – near the grave; when a journalist asked why she did so, she answered:

“Because I loved him . . .”

MRS KENNEDY has ordered a memorial to be designed by a great architect. Until it can be built, an eternal flame burns near the grave. But even while exceptional credits were being voted which would make it possible for Mrs Kennedy to reply personally to the hundreds of thousands of letters of sympathy from all over the world, a member of Congress demanded to know who was going to pay for this flame . . . Back already to the double-dealings of politics!

Fortunately, the bereaved family does not have to worry about such questions of expense. The Will revealed that the widow and orphans inherit more than \$10,000,000.

I DO not know what the final wording of the epitaph on Kennedy's tomb will be. The most obvious choice would be the concluding phrases of his speech that day in Dallas, of which the text had been issued in advance, and which may be summarised thus:

“Our generation, by destiny rather than by choice, is the sentinel at the wall of Liberty. Let us be worthy of our power and of our responsibility. Let us use our strength with wisdom and prudence. We must realise, in our own time and for all time, the ideal of ancient wisdom: peace on earth and goodwill to all men.”

ON THE night of the funeral, Jacqueline Kennedy went to Arlington Cemetery a second time, to pray, and to lay on the grave the two bloodstained red roses. Then she went back to the desert of her White House apartments. And there, for the first time, she wept. She wept for a very long time . . .

And John-John, just three years old that day, but now the man of the family, wandered about among the furniture as if he did not believe this story of a “bad man who has hurt Daddy so much . . .”

“But if Daddy has gone on this long journey,” he said sadly, “I shan't have anybody to play with any more . . .”

The Devil's Advocate

PHOTOGRAPHER JACKSON WAS in the middle of changing his film when Kennedy was assassinated. But he was less unlucky when in the basement of the Dallas police headquarters Jack Ruby shot point-blank at Oswald, crying, "Take that –" Jackson got a startling photograph of that and was to receive the Pulitzer Prize for it.

There had been no real witness to the President's murder, but thanks to the marvel of the relay satellite the whole world was to see that second Dallas tragedy in minute vivid detail on their television screens. At the White House, even, Mrs Kennedy, her brother-in-law Bob, President Johnson and those with them were all witnesses of that amazing scene – since at the time the networks were supposed to be going to televise the ceremonies at the Capitol but made a last-minute change.

IT WAS 11.20 on Sunday morning, November 24th, Texas time, a little less than 47 hours after Kennedy's assassination. But in America one seemed to be still living through that fateful Friday, as if all the clocks had stopped then.

"I did not want Mrs Kennedy to have to go through a trial," Jack Ruby was to say in explanation of what he had done. Later, clever lawyers would stage a fascinating trial, pleading insanity and making the situation more involved than ever.

All America watched the dramatic lynching, the first in the history of television, with horror. All America realised that this third murder must modify completely all preconceived ideas on the matter.

IT IS correct that Jacqueline Kennedy, and President Johnson too, would in theory have had to appear at Oswald's eventual trial; though it is difficult to imagine Defence Counsel asking for their attendance, which would automatically have meant his client's conviction. But immediately after his arrest, Ruby gave a number of other, contradictory, explanations of his action – quite apart from those, suggested by his experienced lawyers, to be put forward at his trial.

He wanted to punish a Communist; he wanted to unmask the extremist right-wing organisations whose appeals to hatred had incited Oswald; he simply wanted to fight the wave of anti-semitism (swastikas had been drawn on the windows of his nightclub) by proving that a Jew is not to be put upon; to get publicity for himself as an avenging angel; to avenge himself for the fact that after the murder he had had to close up for a while; or even just that he had done it because "he felt an uncontrollable horror of the President's killer."

This last motive is plausible, and all Dallas – all the South – will always believe it, since during those days almost anyone in the United States would have done the same. But it is difficult to understand why Jack Ruby did not do it that very evening of the murder, when in fact he was close to Oswald – who was being shown to the press on the ground floor of police headquarters. The time and the opportunity were there.

Why did he wait two days? Especially since he belonged to the town, and had had time to think things over.

ON THIS Sunday morning, Ruby went to buy a sandwich, then sent off a \$25 money order by telegram to enable his girl-friend, Karen Lynn Bennett, a stripper at his club, to visit her sick mother. Then Ruby took his dog for a walk, went off to kill Oswald under the eyes of his chums, the police. He just happened to have a revolver on him . . .

Even for Dallas, it seems a bit odd.

And what has become of that famous report in the dossier of Martin Dies, ex-president of the well-documented and very powerful Congressional Commission on Anti-American Activities, stating that a certain Jack Ruby was a "killer" in the service of the American Communist Party – a report ten years old? However, it must be admitted that Ruby is not only a common name but that Jack Ruby's real name is Rubenstein.

The invisible scriptwriter of the Dallas drama so arranged things that the dying Oswald was taken at 11.32 Texas time to that same Parkland Hospital where vain attempts were made to resuscitate Kennedy, where Tippitt died, where Oswald himself was cared for at the age of seven, and where his daughter Rachel had just been born.

Oswald was taken to Trauma Room 2, and then (at 11.42, the doctors making superhuman efforts to save him) to the large operating theatre.

Doctors Malcolm Perry, McClelland, Jones, Jenkins, Akin, and Pollock were present; together with Dr Bashour, the Lebanese, with his cardiac apparatus. In addition, Dr Shires, the chief surgeon, was in charge of the team. (He had been absent during the treatment of Kennedy, but had driven more than six hundred miles at top speed in order to operate upon Governor Connally.)

Ruby's bullet had penetrated the lower left side of the abdomen, perforating the stomach, and had emerged near the right kidney. When Oswald was brought in, there was very little bleeding, and his pulse was 130. But when the

wound was opened in order to examine the path of the bullet, an internal haemorrhage was discovered. Several pints of blood were pumped out, and two transfusions given.

The medical report by the eighteen doctors concerned is very long and detailed. It suffices to say that Oswald never regained consciousness, that the pulse-rate fell rapidly to 40, 20, and then to nil. The doctors made every effort. They tried all possible methods, including injections and electric shock. Indeed, they did even more for Oswald than they had been able to do for President Kennedy.

In vain. At 12.55 Dr Bashour's oscillograph came to a standstill. At 1.07 Oswald was pronounced dead – 48 hours 6 minutes after Kennedy.

His wife and his mother were waiting outside.

In the operating theatre, two F.B.I. agents were standing by, in hope of catching a last word . . . perhaps a confession.

OSWALD WAS buried, in the presence of his family and of an imposing force of police – one hour after the funeral ceremony at the Arlington Cemetery in Washington – in the Rose Hill public burial-ground at Fort Worth; and at the expense of the State of Texas. At the last moment, the Reverend Louis Sanders, a Protestant, agreed to preside at this sombre service – other ministers had declined.

Marguerite Oswald, his mother, had refused to have him cremated, and refused even more strongly to bury him in a cemetery further away.

"My son is an American. He died innocent, as guaranteed by the Constitution, and he will be buried here."

The grave was just a sloping piece of ground with a small wooden cross and a slip of paper bearing the unhappy young man's name. There are always flowers on it, brought by Marina – red roses.

Threats of desecration have not been carried out. But there is always a policeman on duty near the grave.

This officer, Howard Tenty, put this odd question to me: "Tell me, sir, is what I'm doing here honourable? Should I be proud of it, or is it a shameful task, to be guarding the remains of a wretch?"

That may well evermore be the epitaph of Lee Harvey Oswald.

POLICEMAN J. D. TIPPITT was buried at almost the same time; but his funeral ceremony was a glorious one. For him there were flags, a band and a military salute, in the Laurel Land Park near to his home, south of Dallas. It was televised.

The future of his widow and children has been provided for. They have received more than \$600,000 in aid, and money is still coming in.

One wonders why so much money should have been sent for this unknown policeman, the exact reason for whose death remains a mystery. The policemen who died defending Truman were never the objects of so much solicitude. Does America want to soothe her conscience with dollars? More than \$40,000 has also been sent to Oswald's widow.

Mrs Tippitt behaved very well through it all. With great dignity she has tried to avoid publicity and insisted upon remaining obscure; so far she has not touched a cent of all that money.

This is more than can be said for the other people concerned. People allegedly representing Ruby, Marina Oswald and Oswald's mother, offer their "memoirs" for sale at unheard-of prices: \$50,000, \$100,000, \$200,000; and lend themselves to all sorts of publicity manoeuvres in order to push the price higher still. Only in America could killers or the relations of killers automatically become best-selling authors.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER the murder, Marina Oswald proclaimed that she had been a great admirer of Kennedy, that

she had never suspected even for a moment that her husband could be the murderer, and that he had never spoken to her of any such plan. In a brief sole interview with a foreign journalist, she declared Oswald's innocence.

Later, however, she began to make statements contradicting this, and even told how some months before Oswald had tried to shoot General Walker.

It is difficult to assess Marina Oswald: a foreigner; brought up in a totalitarian country considered an enemy by the United States; wife of a man accused of an odious crime and tragically dead and practically a prisoner of the governmental police. She seems, on the other hand, to have developed a taste for the luxury life offered her by the same police and shows every intention of staying in a city where she is surrounded by hatred, in a country whose language she does not know, and of wanting to bring up her children there, although in America their very name will always remain accursed.

Why has the Federal police maintained a "wall" around Marina? Why should anyone be afraid that she might speak freely? Why could not her own mother-in-law go to see her? Or Mrs Paine, who for so long gave her a roof and a place at her own table?

The mother, Marguerite Oswald, who lives in a small bungalow on the outskirts of Fort Worth, adamantly defends her son. "The Constitution says that a man is innocent until proved guilty," she insists. "My son always had to suffer because he was poor. That's why he went to Russia. If at the time of his arrest in Dallas he had had the means to pay a good lawyer, he would be alive today. Look at Ruby - he's rich. He has a defence counsel and his trial is a masquerade.

"I want my son's interests defended during the enquiry at Washington by Earl Warren's Commission. The police must not be both prosecution and judge."

Mrs Oswald is right. Doubt of Oswald's guilt persists in the American subconscious. If it is not dissipated, it will go far to poison the life of the Nation, creating divisions, being exploited by factions, undermining morale. This doubt has seriously damaged United States prestige abroad, and had the effect of a grave diplomatic defeat.

An attempt must be made to find out the truth; and if that truth coincides with the official version, to give irrefutable proof.

The fate of Marina Oswald, of his mother, or of Ruby, the vanity of policemen, the image of Dallas, do not really count. What matters is Democracy itself, and there can be no real Democracy without real Justice.

It is therefore necessary to present a posthumous defence of Oswald. A "Devil's Advocate" should have been present alongside James Lee Rankin, the liberal lawyer who conducted the final enquiry in the name of the Warren Commission.

But who would dare defend Oswald?

There is no shortage of lawyers, and even some independent American journals have dared to press the theme of doubt.

"Oswald's defence is a duty for all jurists," affirmed Professor Paul Freund, doyen of the Faculty of Law at Harvard University. "If Kennedy were still alive, he would be the one to insist upon such a defence. All violation of the spirit of 'fair play' is in fact an insult to Kennedy's memory."

Society cannot blot out a man's life without regard for its own rules, and without guaranteeing that his rights will be protected. Ruby's action was a crime; but equally criminal has been the attitude of the police, the American press and the authorities.

ADVOCATE PERCY Worman, president of the Association of Defence Lawyers in Texas, who was to defend Ruby for two short days, declared:

"Like everyone else, I believe Oswald guilty. But Justice cannot be based on opinions, instincts, press news, or on deduction. Justice must be based upon facts, on facts as presented in a Court of Law. Had I been able to defend Oswald, he would have escaped the death penalty. It would have been decided that he was not fully responsible. But in Dallas there was no trial, since the trial was held by the press and television. One could never have found in Dallas twelve impartial jurors – short of discovering some sick persons who had been cut off for a couple of months from the rest of the world."

Certainly, lawyer Worman recognised that the press and television were only doing their job. After all, presidents aren't assassinated every day of the week, and a lack of news might well have given rise to a state of panic throughout the country.

American jurists recognise that the gravity of a crime does not justify extraordinary measures by the police, or violation of the rights of the individual. Otherwise, one is back with dictatorship and "special tribunals". Hitler doomed his opponents "legally", arguing that the plot against his person was so serious as to justify the use of exceptional procedures. Stalin, too, during the "purges", and the condemnation of the Jewish doctors.

"In the conflict between the rights of the mass and those of the individual, the rights of the individual should always triumph," says Professor Freund. "The Supreme Court of the United States always maintains this fundamental principle. It would certainly have quashed any sentence by a Texas tribunal which clashed with these principles of the American Constitution."

ONE SHOULD perhaps detail here some aspects of American law.

In the first place, the importance of the victim has no bearing at all. Whether Oswald murdered a President of the United States or a tramp should make no difference. In practice, the charge against Oswald of killing policeman Tippitt would have been the one to be pressed, since Kennedy's murder would have been more difficult to prove.

Further, much of the evidence against Oswald could not have been presented in court. The Supreme Court (a kind of Court of Appeal) is very meticulous on this point: a piece of evidence must have been obtained legally. If the police have entered a house without a search warrant, they cannot make use of documents seized there. No statement by the accused can be put in unless he was first formally charged. No arrest can be made at random: there must in the first place be some grounds for suspicion, based upon evidence.

The Supreme Court has set free guilty persons, who had confessed to their crime, because there had been a flaw in their arrest. The Court's standpoint is clear: better one guilty person at liberty than tolerate the least violation of the rights of the individual.

Oswald resisted his arrest in the cinema but a good lawyer might have been able to have shown this was understandable self-defence. It would also have been shown that as a sick man Oswald was not fully responsible for his actions.

Dr Lewis Robbins, director of a clinic in New York, examined Oswald and diagnosed him as an advanced paranoiac – "a psychopath who deliberately leaves tracks because he wants to be punished, perhaps for a crime he did not commit." Let Percy Worman be our "Devil's Advocate". Here is his defence of Oswald:

(1) Prosecution Evidence: Oswald worked in the building from which the shots were fired.

Yes; but there were nearly a hundred other employees in it that day.

(2) Prosecution Evidence: Oswald was drinking on the second floor.

But that shows that no one suspected him, because the policeman took no notice of him; and that he did not try to get away. How could he in a few seconds have put down his rifle and run (without being seen) down to the second floor – the lifts remaining above?

(3) Prosecution Evidence: Oswald left the building.

That was not forbidden. A man with Oswald's past was bound to feel uneasy in a building taken over by police. No one told him to stay.

(4) Prosecution evidence: Oswald took a bus.

And why not? Didn't he take the bus to go home from work?

(5) Prosecution Evidence: He left the bus to take a taxi.

Others did, too. The bus being held up, it was sensible to take a taxi.

(6) Prosecution Evidence: He was seen by the housekeeper of the rooming-house at one o'clock.

What more natural than for a man to go home? But if the witnesses are telling the truth, both bus and taxi went very slowly; and if Oswald went part of the way on foot, how could he in ten minutes have made a journey which normally took twenty? The housekeeper could not have seen him come back at one o'clock. Her statement would certainly have been thrown out by a good lawyer.

(7) Prosecution Evidence: Oswald killed Tippitt.

It hasn't been conclusively proved that anyone saw him shoot Tippitt, or speak to him. Five months after the crime, although producing many other items of evidence, the police have never yet shown the revolver used to kill Tippitt, shown the finger-prints, or proved that the revolver belonged to Oswald – or even that Oswald had a revolver?

(8) Prosecution Evidence: Helen Markham saw Tippitt's murder.

But from a distance, and she has never identified Oswald. Anyway, Tippitt's murder does not prove the murder of Kennedy. Oswald might have had a dozen reasons for killing Tippitt: a quarrel, to get his own back, an act of madness, over some woman . . . There had been seventy murders in Dallas during the previous ten months.

(9) Prosecution Evidence: At the moment of his arrest, Oswald said: "It's all over."

This is not certain. Nor does it prove that he was referring to Kennedy, or to a crime.

(10) Prosecution Evidence: Oswald's finger-prints were found on the window-sill at the Texas Book Depository, and on some boxes.

Why not? He worked on that floor, all the time touching the boxes and opening and shutting the windows. There were also hundreds of other prints there.

(11) Prosecution Evidence: The police found palm-prints on the rifle.

Any good lawyer would show that such prints are not legal evidence because there is not a sufficiently large stock of palm-prints to prove that no two are alike.

(12) Prosecution Evidence: Paraffin tests showed that there were traces of powder on Oswald's fingers, proving that he had discharged a gun.

Advocate Worman says that nine times out of ten such tests are inconclusive. Paraffin reveals the firing of a gun as much as six weeks beforehand.

(13) Prosecution Evidence: Marina Oswald stated that her husband owned a rifle, which could not be found in its usual hiding-place.

First of all, according to American law a wife cannot bear witness against her husband, even if she so wishes. This statement could therefore never be presented in

court. Further, Marina Oswald is not an arms expert, and to most women all guns look alike. How could she be certain it was her husband's? Perhaps Oswald had changed its hiding-place. And since the word "hiding-place" means what it does, he could deliberately not have told his wife where it was. Perhaps his rifle is still hidden there.

(14) Prosecution Evidence: Mrs Oswald has not defended her husband's innocence.

Mrs Oswald's first reaction when informed of the arrest of her husband was that he was innocent, but later she made conflicting statements. She may very well have hated her husband. Anyway, what weight can be given to the reactions of a woman brought up in a totalitarian country, whose home is brutally invaded by the police who sequester her for months?

(15) Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had bought a Carcano rifle.

Yes, but in Texas everyone buys rifles. Otherwise they wouldn't be sold wholesale, they wouldn't be advertised in the newspapers. Anyway, why didn't the police mention a *Carcano* rifle until three days later, after the F.B.I. had discovered an invoice for the despatch to Dallas of such a rifle?

(16) Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle by post.

But under a false name. No one saw him take delivery of this rifle, no one saw him with it. The handwriting of the letter was disguised. Several handwriting experts have stated that it was in Oswald's handwriting but others have said that it was not. Anyway, when the rifle was ordered he could not have been meditating killing Kennedy with it because the President's tour in the South had not yet been decided upon. Why then use a false name? Oswald could have ordered the weapon for a friend, for an accomplice, to re-sell it, to export it to Mexico - and so on.

(17) Prosecution Evidence: There are witnesses who say they saw him at the window.

Impossible to recognise anyone at that distance.

(18) Prosecution Evidence: Documents and letters were seized from his home.

Such a seizure was illegal, being without a search warrant, and the documents could not have been admitted by the court.

OSWALD WAS NOT informed of his constitutional rights, he was not allowed to telephone a lawyer, or his family; no legal representative was assigned him. All this would certainly have led to a quashing of the trial by the Supreme Court.

Then there is the episode of the F.B.I. agent who in 1961 had suggested to Oswald that he should join the pro-Castro organisations and inform on them to him – Joseph Hesty – and through him to the F.B.I.

Why did the F.B.I., which had Oswald listed as “dangerous”, not inform the police and the Secret Service? For there are 250,000 schizophrenics on that list . . . therefore 250,000 persons just as much suspect as Oswald.

How COULD Oswald single-handed have managed to wound the President from the back in the nape of the neck, and from the front in the throat?

The doctors of Parkland Hospital are certain that there were two wounds, from opposite directions. –

“We have two hundred cases a day; we know when a bullet enters from in front and another from behind.” Their report was published in the *Texas Medical Journal*.

Taylor Zapruder’s film shows that Kennedy did not turn round; he could not in any case have turned round in such a way that a bullet fired from behind could enter the throat.

The autopsy performed at the Bethesda Military Hospital in Washington refers only to two bullets (apart from Governor Connally’s one) and to two wounds at the back. But after all the Dallas surgeons had had to do, the President’s body was surely in such a condition that no autopsy could give any clear picture of the points of entry and egress of the bullets.

Why is the existence of a fourth rifle bullet denied?

Detective Bill Walthers declares that he found it. He described to me himself how he found the bullet and a picture taken immediately after the shooting by a *Dallas Times* photographer shows this detective and a Secret Service man in the act of retrieving a bullet from the turf at the roadside.

A journalist of the *St Louis Post Dispatch* states that the windscreen of the presidential car was splintered by a bullet.

Why has the medical report from the Parkland Hospital never been taken into consideration?

FINALLY, WAS anyone from the Chicago or New York underworlds that day in Dallas? Those quarters had recently not been on the best of terms with the Kennedys: Bob, the brother, had started a crusade against the Mafia and other gangsters, giving rise to the spectacular revelations of Valachi.

Oswald’s mother, who is absolutely determined to maintain her son’s innocence, has made many contradictory and often ill-advised statements. But her recollections and the voluminous papers she has put at my disposal, suggest a theory which may be defended with some success:

“My son is the victim of a plot. A few minutes after his arrest, the police gave the press a mass of biographical detail in which everything detrimental was carefully underlined . . . How did it happen that the police had all this

information about my son ready to hand, when they say they didn't know he existed a few hours before?

"We are a patriotic family. All my three children volunteered for service in the armed forces. Lee wanted to enlist in the Marines at sixteen years old – he was rejected as being too young. But he was a member of the Cadet Aviation Corps, and they wanted to make him a pilot – the American Air Force doesn't normally recruit young people whose patriotism is in doubt. An officer often came to the house to talk to Lee. That's how he came to read *Das Kapital*; but at the same time he learned by heart the big wordy manual, *The Perfect Marine*. At seventeen, he enlisted, and his letters said he was happy. He was decorated. He did not receive a medal for being a sharp-shooter; it was his battalion which received that distinction . . . but the police and the press lied, making the world believe that my son was a champion rifle-shot.

"I am sure that the Marines trained Lee to be a secret agent. True, he did not tell me so, nor does anyone say so today. But since when did secret agents tell their mothers what they were doing? Or the secret services acknowledge their members?

"Lee was never in contact with Communists. If he became a Marxist, it was because the Marines made a Marxist of him . . .

"Lee decided all in a minute to go to Russia . . . as if he'd received an order. He, always so truthful with me, told me that he was going to get on a cargo-boat for Europe. How could he, in the two days he stayed with me after leaving the military base, have arranged so quickly to get a passport, a Soviet visa and a passage to Russia?

"Why did the Russians never believe in his story of defection? Why haven't the Soviet dossiers on my son, passed by Moscow to the American Government, been

made public? Why was Lee, after renouncing his nationality, so very much interested in keeping his status in the Marines; to such a point that he wrote a letter from Moscow to Governor Connally, asking him to annul his discharge from the Marines? A Communist ought not to have cared about defending his military prestige in one of the U.S. forces . . .

"After he came back, Lee kept away from me for a long time. He didn't want to compromise me. He was on secret work. I believe that Lee, as an agent, was trying to infiltrate reactionary circles in Texas, perhaps to uncover a plot against Kennedy. He was, then, the victim and not the instigator of the tragedy. He was used as a scapegoat. By whom? Those who had discovered his role?

"With the help of friends, I have made my own enquiries. I have discovered that the policeman, Tippitt, was seen in Ruby's night-club some days before the assassination. A witness of Tippitt's murder says that the killer was square-set, short, fat . . . that description does not fit my son. Another witness saw an unidentified man leave the Book Depository Building just after the assassination and go off in a car belonging to an extreme right-wing organisation.

"As a mother, I know that Lee did not commit murder. I know too that if he had done so, he would have boasted of it. Lee was always proud of his actions, and never denied his mistakes . . . He would have told me . . . His last words, when he said good-bye to his wife and me some hours before his cruel death, were, 'Don't forget to buy June some shoes . . .' Is that an assassin's good-bye?"

Lee Harvey Oswald a secret agent?

Why not? Couldn't he have been acting on behalf of the Central Intelligence Agency? It isn't impossible that he was on the trail of the intending assassins. After all, Johnson's entourage, and the new President himself, did not exclude the possibility of a conspiracy in Dallas.

There are many unanswered questions. Why, for example, was the head of the C.I.A. closeted with Robert Kennedy, the Attorney-General, instead of running straight to the Pentagon, as was his duty? Why did he go to see Bob Kennedy, who had nothing to do with secret service matters? Wouldn't the logical answer be: "Because one of his agents had been mistakenly arrested in Dallas, and he was asking Bob Kennedy, head of the F.B.I., to get him out of the clutches of the Dallas police . . .?"

And why did Earl Warren, after studying secret documents, declare publicly: "Probably certain facts in this affair will never be made public in our generation." This was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the first magistrate, chairman of the nation's *ad hoc* Commission – and the man entrusted by President Johnson with the task of investigating the assassination.

ONLY THE future, then, will lift the veil from what really happened in Dallas on that unbelievable and unforgettable November 22nd, 1963.

It may confirm the convenient official version of the facts – just as much possible as a hundred others. Or it may, by revealing innumerable further contradictions, make even more mysterious what seems like the most far-fetched and thrilling "whodunit" of post-war years.