



Commission Exhibit No. 453



Commission Exhibit No. 455



Commission Exhibit No. 490

Commission Exhibit No. 459-1
(Ruth Hyde Paine personal papers)

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R. D. # 1
Kalvern, Pa.
June 18, 1958 9

See pp 2-3

Dear Mom,

I got your letter in this noon's mail -just after taking the one I wrote this morning to the post office. That is just as well, as your letter deserves a letter given over fully to the subject you raise.

First let me say that your letter was a very welcome one...it made me feel very fortunate that I have a mother who can -and will -write as you did.

I have, of course, felt that you, -and I gather Dad, too, disapproved of the idea of my going to Middlebury. It is very helpful to have this disapproval stated -with the reasons and feelings behind it. Not only is it useful in clarifying the view each of us has of my going to Middlebury, but also -in a broader way- of helping me to see how a good parent-child relationship can operate -particularly that difficult relationship of the parent to the adult child. I agree with you that it is much the best course for the parent to say when he thinks the child is about to make a mistake. I could, as you observed in your letter, have profited earlier in my life from clear statements from you when you disapproved an action I proposed or undertook. I know it must have been very hard for you to write as you did. Thank you very much for doing it - and I know you realize I mean that with all my heart (although I feel it would be easier to express in person.) Your criticism, your concern, your stated recognition that as an adult I must do what I think best - all made me feel very much loved.

Being specific and open in your disapproval makes me feel like answering to the questions you raise -while the nebulous disapproval I felt on your end of the wire before made me feel like saying as little as possible. An in-person dialogue would be far more preferable to a letter -but much can be said here also.

I plan to go up to Middlebury a week from today, and will go expecting, and equipped, to stay for the duration of the 7-week session. I feel it is the appropriate thing for me to do. I may find it difficult to get a room, -or I may find that I don't get from the school what I hope for -I may find I can't bear being away from Michael -I may, in other words, turn around and come back.

The urge to go however (and the many things that urge represents) is so strong that it needs direct expression -I need very much to respect its intensity -and to find out what being there would really mean. I need to replace my pictures about it (pictures I have been formulating, as you know, ever since high school when I first learned of the Middlebury program) with real experiences in the real situation.

I feel Michael's support for my going -and feel that going will not injure what we have in our marriage that we want to keep. -Support from

the culture, so to speak, is as you would expect -negative. -Expressed by acquaintances by a "Is Michael going too?" or "How does Michael feel about that?" or "I wouldn't feel right being away from my husband that long." But to Michael and to me -the people closest to our marriage it seems right. -I can't say I expect you to understand or agree with this (or any of the views I'm putting forth here) -but I simply want to say how I feel -as clearly as I can -so you will know.

For a year or more I have questioned my motivations in wanting to go to Middlebury, tho' married. -For as long as I have been studying Russian I have wondered occasionally and discussed with myself the question of whether it is trying to prove something to myself in the academic area -something I didn't complete in high school and college -something motivated from revolt rather than freedom.

But my dominant feeling, as I have tested it in this regard over 2 years is that Russian interests me, and the study of it excites and enlivens me. I have pages of notes to myself on how Russian might be taught to a high school class. -I deal constantly with the Young Friends efforts to get correspondence going between the U.S. and Russia -and the frustrations of it that might in some part be eased if we offered to do some of the necessary translating, instead of requiring it all of them. I look forward to subscribing to Izvestia -when my skill warrants it- and reading the Russian view of the news. This last would be very exciting to Michael too, and he would be much interested in hearing the translations of Izvestia news. There is also, as you suggest, now, an interest in applying myself to a rigorous intellectual discipline -to working hard to get something that can be had only by working hard -and that will not allow me to slough through on an I.Q. and verbal bluff.

On this matter of getting into things when I don't meet the usual requirements. True, this has been done in the past -not to my harm, however, except in the expectation that did to some extent follow (as you correctly suggest) that having special privileges is a right. -A dangerous and unreal expectation, true. But it is not true in this case that I need another year of study in order to meet the requirements of Middlebury as you (and the director of the school in our first talk) have implied. I can handle myself in the language better than I could in German after 2 college years of study and better than any of the other students I have met (3 of them) who have had 2 or 3 years of college study in Russian. I was scared over the phone when I first talked to Fayer. I was not able to command command the knowledge of Russian which I do have. I forgot the word for "Saturday" the word for "come" -words I know perfectly well. I was thrown off balance because he didn't want me to speak, listen and respond in Russian (as would be required at the school) but simply to translate English sentences into Russian. I panicked -and did very poorly. I realize now what panic means to the person who is afraid of written tests -and forgets what he knows perfectly well.

There is the further point that there is no course I can take here that will take me on from where I am. What is offered is too elementary for me. Further, I cannot expect to study more here and apply another year. How could I expect to take a 7-month-old along with me? Conceivably it might be possible. But this is not something I could count on. -Especially knowing as little of the school and town set up as I do. I hope

to find out when I go to Middlebury, and when I have a baby and see how much work it is -whether I might even think of going to Middlebury with a child. But certainly it can be said I'm in no position now to be able to expect to go.

One side point. Perhaps I didn't say that in the second conversation with Fayer he said admission requirements for auditors were as strict as for regular students. He said the auditors were very much a part of the school -participated in all social functions and talked to the ~~the~~ other students between classes -and they didn't want anyone around who would garble the language too badly, or lapse into English. He said he would speak with me again over the phone in Russian, however. This he did -and this time he spoke in Russian, asking me questions which I answered in Russian. I answered this time without hesitation, and with considerable ease. He commented that I must have been studying hard and said I spoke very well. (Although thinking about it later I realized I had made a mistake.) I had not been studying -rather was in a discouraged slump and hadn't done anything for a week and a half. He said if an opening should occur at the school it might be possible for me to switch over and become a regular student. They are packed full, however, and there is not too much likelihood of this.

About the money. I meant for you to take me at face value and go ahead and use the \$200.00. I had in my own mind that we could swing the cost of auditing if I decided to do that -and that it would be best to give you a go ahead since my expectation was that I would probably stay here -and you wanted to know then. The \$50.00 is much appreciated, though, and will be used -but don't send the \$150.00. And don't raise the ridiculous question of interest on the \$200.00 again, please. I couldn't be less interested in interest. I appreciate your recognition that money can be used acersively, tho' and your desire not to use it so. I'm sorry to have seemed suddenly to have reversed position on wanting the \$200.00. I didn't mean to imply it was all wanted now. Along about baby-coming time the need will be more pressing for us. Further -I did say we wouldn't want the \$200.00 in full for several months, and I don't mean to go back on that.

How do you feel about a suddenly depleted bank account Max? Especially as it is representative of your no longer being or feeling in an "airtight box" as you so descriptively put it. I care how you feel -very much -and would rather you kept the \$50.00 for a time if not having it is going to make you feel boxed again. Do you have a means of income, so to speak, to replenish your account?

Thanks again for your letter. I find I am all talked out. But another time -or when we next see each other I might say more on the subject of undercover motivation in my interest in Russian. There is some, although it is not very undercover. It is more in the area of wanting SOME expression of myself that is larger than the duties of being a wife and house-keeper, than it is in the area of old academic revolt still going on in me.

Love,

P. H.

Commission Exhibit No. 460

Commission Exhibit No. 460

OSWALD

by Ruth Paine

I have not been able to look in the face the idea that if I had led my life differently President Kennedy might be alive. Perhaps most people whose lives touch the matter have a host of 'if only' thoughts. Mine will be with me forever.

If only I had known that Lee Oswald had hidden a rifle in my garage. If only I had appraised this man as someone able to do such terrible violence. If only the job that I helped him find hadn't put him in a building along the President's route. If only, quite by accident, I had done or not done a dozen things, the country might have been spared the tragedy, and Marina Oswald, whom I love as if she were a sister, would not have been turned into an assassin's wife.

I have to wonder whether my inclination to look for good in all people interfered with my seeing Lee clearly. Just three days before the assassination I learned that Lee was using a false name in his room in Dallas. In the light of this new knowledge, I questioned how much truth there was in anything he told me. What sort of man was this beyond the confines of my home, where he was simply Marina's husband and Junie's father?

I wondered whether he could be, in fact, sent by the Russian government to work as an agent here. I thought not. He was neither bright enough nor organized enough, I felt, to be given such an assignment. I really thought that even if he had volunteered

his services to the Russian. I didn't accept, or were fools.

I had told the FBI what I knew about him, and realized that they would know a great deal more than anybody else. I felt that I didn't have to worry about whether Lee was a spy or wanted to be one. The high caliber of the FBI men I met made me feel secure. They may have some 'if only' thought, too, but I am still convinced that if anybody could have anticipated the danger these men would have.

I first met Lee and Marina at a small party in Dallas about a year ago. The host invited me because he knew I was interested in learning the Russian language well enough to teach it. Lee told me about his experiences in the Soviet Union, where he met and married Marina. He talked to a clutch of people around him for perhaps an hour, but I missed half of it because I spent time getting acquainted with the kitchen crowd. He talked about the censoring of his mail. He realized after he got home that his brother had sent some letters that never reached him. He said all mail from foreign countries addressed anywhere in the U.S.S.R. must go first to a Moscow office for reading.

I wasn't sure as he talked whether he was dissatisfied with the Soviet system or simply wanted to make it clear to his listeners that he was not blind to its defects. He did say that he had gone there because he thought their system superior to ours, and while there he tried to renounce his citizenship. But our Embassy refused

to surrender his passport to the Soviet government, a fact which made it possible for him to come back to this country with his wife and their child.

I saw little of Marina the first part of the party. She was trying to get June, their one-year-old, to sleep. She explained that she didn't like to leave June with a baby-sitter. She was wearing slacks which, if anything, emphasized how slight her build is. She weighs about 110 pounds. I remember wondering whether it was possible that she was expecting a child again, though how it occurred to me I can't imagine. Perhaps it was because, although she said she liked beer, she refused a drink. She had quit smoking when she was expecting June. She always put her children first.

I got her address and wrote asking if I could come and visit some time. She wrote back, and I went to see her with my two children. Lynn was then three, Christopher two. We took all three children for a walk in the park near their apartment. She was very pleased that her June felt comfortable. The child was often frightened by strangers, but when I came she took to my children and their toys, and hardly noticed me.

In spite of my faulty Russian, I found Marina easy to talk to and very personable. Our conversation almost always had to do with home and family. Neither of us care much for politics. She told me that she was, as I had guessed, expecting a new baby in October. But she didn't want me to tell it around. I realized that she must have very few friends in whom to confide. After all, it was our first real talk together.

We visited two or three other times, and began to confide as friends. She said that a while ago her husband had told her to go back to the Soviet Union. I didn't know whether this was said in anger or a quarrel or was something he seriously wanted her to do. She had written to the Soviet Embassy to inquire about going back. When they wrote to ask why, she just didn't reply. She dropped the subject. She liked the United States. She hoped to learn enough of the language to become a part of the life here, and to get a job.

Her husband refused to speak English to her. It may be that he wanted to be certain of keeping his Russian up, but she argued with him the importance of her learning English. I couldn't help but feel that he wished to keep her dependent on him. It just seemed unfair for such a nice person to be in a helpless position, and unable to stay here. I thought about this a good deal over the next few days, and determined to offer my home to her as an alternative to going back to the Soviet Union.

Next time I saw them he had lost his job in Dallas--he did advertising layouts for a photo-engraving shop--and couldn't find another. On her suggestion, he decided to try for work in the city of his birth, New Orleans. His things were all packed in suitcases and U.S. Marine duffle bags. Maybe the rifle was in one of the duffles, I don't know. I delivered him and the whole pile to the bus station downtown.

Marina and June came to stay with me. Then if he found work, I said I would drive them to New Orleans in my '55 Chevy station

wagon. A long night bus trip seemed to me a rather hard thing for a pregnant woman with a small child. So she came home with me that day, April 24th. We brought along their playpen, the baby bed and a few kitchen utensils. I remember we both were glad that these large pieces would travel by car rather than commercial transport.

In the next two weeks, I often wished my facility in her language let me talk freely. She'd have to explain her jokes, even though she got mine easily enough. One day Chris and June were squabbling over a toy and I commented: "Soviet-American cultural exchange." She laughed and said, "Don't say it."

We didn't use the dictionary much. She was remarkably patient about communicating in simple terms and gestures. We only looked up hard-to-explain ideas like pin-worms. Yes, my little girl had them, the doctor said, and you can imagine my embarrassment. Here I had invited a mother and baby to my house to be infected. I was blue. But she laughed and assured me that pin-worms are just something that happen. All five of us took the cure.

Marina had been born in Archangel in 1941. She was still an only child when her father was killed in the war. Her mother re-married and had another daughter and a son. Then she, too, died after fighting cancer very hard because her young children needed her. Marina moved off to an uncle's home in Minsk, where she met an American, Lee Oswald, at a social club in the medical institute. He was very nervous six weeks later when he came to ask her uncle's permission to marry. Her family feared he might be a spy. The newlyweds soon applied for her visa to the United States, but had to wait a year for it.

Marina has a strong sense of pride and independence. She had trained and worked as a pharmacist in Russia. She wanted to get a job here when her English was better and the babies a little older. She never was quite comfortable accepting bed and board from me, and I never succeeded in convincing her of the value to me of having her live with me. How many struggling language students are lucky enough to have a resident (non-paid) tutor?

On the night of May 8th, Lee called to say, Hurrah! he had a job. We left next day for New Orleans, two women, three children and piles of paraphernalia. We stopped often for Seven-Up and diaper changes. When we got there next afternoon, Saturday, Lee took proprietary pride in showing us the apartment he had rented. It was on Magazine Street, a house cut up into apartments and furnished with local period pieces. Old and ugly. The cockroaches were in firm possession of the premises, and Lee's heavy bombardments of bug spray only brought them out fighting. Marina was less enchanted than he had hoped. She confided to me that she wanted some day to have her own furniture, modern things to her taste.

They bickered for the next two days. Petty things it seemed to me. I thought my presence added to the strain, so I took off Sunday afternoon with my children for a quiet trolley ride. When Lee went to work, Marina and I took all the children to Ponchartraine Beach. That was good fun. But it was with relief that I headed home Tuesday.

Back at my own quiet life in Irving, a suburb west of Dallas, I soon got a distressing letter. Marina might yet have to go back

to Russia. "What a pity!" she wrote. I invited her to come live with me at any time. She declined as an alternative to being shipped back. No answer came from her for a long time. I worried. From the Quakers in Dallas, I got the name of a woman in our church in New Orleans. I telephoned her and asked her to look in on the Oswalds. But all my fears were groundless. Marina soon wrote that all was well, and she'd been to a doctor for a pre-natal checkup.

In August I drove to Philadelphia and Cape Cod to visit friends and relatives. Marina had some of her addresses, so I learned that Lee had again lost his job. But, she said, their spirits were good and they were quarrelling less.

I drove home by way of New York and to see them and suggest, as I had already done by letter, that she come stay with me the last month before the new baby's birth and while she gained back her strength. Lee agreed. He seemed relieved that his wife would be with somebody who could translate for her and make arrangements at a hospital. I could see that he cared for his wife and her welfare. Before that, I'd seen only that he liked to order her around and insisted on having the last word. When his vocabulary was outstripped by hers, he would shut off an argument with a curt "malchi!" -- Shut up. I thought him very impolite.

But in New Orleans, for the first time, I felt sympathy for Lee as a husband and a father. He liked to play with Junie. Marina said that his love of his daughter was the strongest tie in their marriage. When he'd come into the apartment with an armload of groceries, he'd announce himself by calling out to them: "Devochki!"

-- Girls! When time came for the trip to Dallas, he was very helpful packing up. He looked very bleak when he kissed his girls goodbye.

Marina, very pregnant and with June on her lap, perked up when we crossed the state line. "Back in Texas!" she cheered. "You might not know I think of it as my home, but I do."

Ten days later, on October 4th, Lee called to say that he had been in Dallas for a few days, had found a room and was looking for a job. In New Orleans he had told us that he was going to job-hunt in Houston; however, the papers reported after the assassination that he had actually gone to Mexico at that time to apply for a visa to visit the Cubans. He deliberately misled his wife and me.

On the phone that day, he must have asked Marina if I would pick him up downtown. I heard her say no, because I had just come from giving a pint of blood in Parkland Hospital. That's the hospital where both the President and Lee were soon to die. We had applied there for pre-natal care, with aid from county welfare, because they could not afford "the full cost." The doctors had been kind and thorough. Since maternity patients might need blood transfusions, they asked each if some friend would donate two pints of blood for the bank. (I'll donate Marina's second pint in a few weeks.) Anyway, Lee hitch-hiked out to the house that day. He looked clean and spindly and soon caught a ride. When the man learned he was going to see his wife and child after two weeks away, he took Lee right to our door.

He spent the weekend at my house, and came again the next weekend (October 12 and 13). He liked football, and I realized how nice it was for a man to simply sit and watch television and be available

for the children to play with. Some things he didn't like. We sometimes have a Quaker grace at dinner. We hold hands around the table and each says his silent prayer. We did that once when Lee was there, and he issued a silence that was no prayer. In spite of his attitude on religion, Marina had taken June to the Russian Orthodox church in Dallas to be baptized. She had herself been baptized as a child, and raised partly by her very orthodox grandmother.

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Lee talked religion and politics to my husband Michael, who remembers the conversation. All religions were the same to him, and all were part of the power structure's method of maintaining its control. He got his answers out of Marx, and he simply recited them from the book, an old book. He could argue only when he could find a parallel in his bible, Marx, to what I had to say. He used a supercilious tone when he felt good; otherwise, he was sour and scornful.

The capitalist system, he said, is built on the exploitation of man by man for a profit, which he contended to be the cardinal sin. He felt himself personally exploited by his employer; this was the only area in which he mentioned a grudge to me. Of course, I contrasted the efficient, unprofitable manager who can pay only the minimum wage with the efficient, unprofitable manager who can pay more. The real wage goes up. He would declare that in Communism the decision on a man's pay is made by a manager who does not stand to profit from the decision. He could not present evidence to support his idea, as other people do, but would merely reassert his original thesis.

He thought himself a moral person, but his range of values were very limited. He didn't even gather the idea of the Bill of Rights. I took him to an ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union) meeting, and it was startling to him that ACLU's interest in human rights is without ulterior motive. He couldn't join that organization, he said, because it isn't a political action group. (He did hastily enough, join it about two weeks before the assassination.)

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He was looking, I'm sure, for other Marxists to be with. He said he hadn't found any Russian Communists before he left the country, and he didn't seem to have found any who would talk to him after he came back.

"In our arguments I told Lee that all the civilized values I hold dear are diminished or lost by acts of violence. But he held such human values in contempt, the same contempt in which he held most human beings."

Michael feels that Oswald became the President's assassin because he suddenly found himself with the opportunity to affect the course of history. He got his job at the Texas School Book Depository quite by chance. On Monday morning, October 15, Marina and I were having coffee with a neighbor. We mentioned that Lee had been unable to find work. He had just received his last unemployment check, smaller than usual because it covered the last fraction of his eligibility. The baby was due any day, and they were pretty desperate. My neighbor said that her younger brother was working in the Texas School Book Depository and thought there might be an opening. We told Lee about it when he phoned that night. He applied, and was accepted. He seemed very happy indeed. He came out the next Friday and we celebrated both the job and his twenty-fourth birthday.

That Sunday night, October 20th, Marina went into labor. I took her to the hospital while Lee stayed with the children. He could not drive. When I left Marina at the labor room, she asked me to pray for her. She gave birth to Rachel very soon, at 10:41.

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The birth was normal, and she came home with Rachel a day and a half later -- which seemed very fast to me.

We had a busy first week. She was pleased when the neighborhood children came shyly and asked if they could see her new baby. Marina commented that people here are much more free to lend and give than they are in the Soviet Union. She thought Americans very generous. In Russia, she said, you couldn't just go out and buy clothes when you wanted to. There is not the feeling that what you need is always available, so people tend to hold what they have closer to them.

She noticed, too, that I didn't lock my doors. The front lock didn't even work. She said how glad she was to see people live with a feeling of trust toward one another.

My trust in the world comes from a lifetime of experience in our country. She was much less confident than I on the day an FBI agent came to the house to see me. I assumed he wanted to see Lee. The FBI has to follow the activities of a good many two-bit Communists, and I was certain they kept themselves informed on Lee's whereabouts. This visit, however, was addressed to Marina, not Lee. Part of the activity of the FBI is to protect former residents of Communist countries from blackmail and other pressures. The agent was there to invite Marina to ask their protection if threats were made to her.

It distressed me to see how he expected people to be against him. His presence, and the attitude he brought, never did wear well. It was the first time I had talked personally with an FBI

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agent, and my already great respect for the agency went up. We discussed the difficulty in a free society of politely watching people with queer, possibly dangerous ideas. Unlike public opinion or a congressional committee, the FBI never even mentions an individual in public until they have evidence that will stand up in court. I never felt so proud to pay my taxes, and to live in this country as after talking with the FBI man.

We hardly realize the freedom we have here. Marina told me that in the USSR you have to register in a town as soon as you get there. All lodging and homes are assigned by the government. What you read is siphoned through a narrow channel of censorship. Here we live in freedom and trust the FBI to protect us.

It distressed me to see how Lee expected people to be against him. His presence, and the attitude he brought, never did wear well. Lee thought the FBI was trying to intimidate him. He came out each weekend, and on Veteran's Day weekend had four days at home. Marina felt also that it was too long, and asked him not to come the next weekend, and the one before the assassination. He called just about every day, so we had never used the telephone number he had left us for calling his room in Dallas. But on Monday, November 18th, Marina happened to notice Junie playing with the telephone dial and got the idea of calling him. At her suggestion I dialed the number he had given me. The man who answered didn't know a Lee Oswald. I asked if I'd reached the right number, and if it was a rooming house. The answers were yes. I hung up in bewilderment.

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Lee called next day and bawled out Marina for trying to reach him. He told her then that he was living under a different name, and demanded that she come out the telephone number in my book. She was very disturbed. "Imagine asking a thing like that!" she said to me. It was not the first time, she said, that she had been caught "between two fires," between loyalty to her husband and her belief that deception is never necessary or right. He didn't call the next day. "I guess he thinks he's punishing me," she said.

He came out late Thursday afternoon, the day before the President was due in Dallas. It was the first time he had come to my home without asking permission. Marina worried that he had not called to see if it were all right, and I re-assured her. Both of us took the visit as his way of making up for Tuesday's anger over the telephone. We had supper as usual, and he went to bed early.

I went out to the garage to paint some blocks for the children. I noticed that the light was on and judged that he'd been there to get something out of the things they stored in the garage. I walked all around getting the paint, but didn't notice anything unusual.

Friday morning I woke about 7:30. The house was so silent that I wondered if he'd overslept and would be late to work. But in the kitchen I found a coffee cup that had been used. I immediately turned on the television, as I wanted to see President Kennedy in Ft. Worth and Dallas, and I knew that Marina would want

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to see him, too, I left the set on for her when I took Lynn to an early dentist's appointment. When I got home she thanked me for leaving the TV on. She had nursed Rachel about 6:30 while Lee dressed for work, she said, and then gone back to sleep. Next time she woke up she was in a bad humor, but the thrill and excitement of Kennedy's arrival at the airport had made her feel fine.

We were on the sofa in the living room watching the television set when they announced that the President had been shot. I translated to her that the President had been wounded in the head. We waited for further word, and the lunch I had been preparing sat on the table untouched. I lit some plain candles. She asked if that were a way of praying, and I told her yes, it was my private way. When the news came that the President was dead, I told her and we wept together. She said what a terrible thing it is for Mrs. Kennedy, how sad for her two children to grow up without a father.

We were there in front of the TV when a knock came on the door. It was six men from the sheriff's office and the police department. They told me that they had Lee in custody, and that he was charged with killing a police officer (Officer J. D. Tippit, who had stopped him near his rooming house in Dallas.) They didn't have a search warrant but I told them to go ahead. I said most of the Oswalds' things were in the garage, and she and I went with them to look.

They asked if Lee had any weapons, and I translated the

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question to Marina. She told me, to my shock, that she had known he had a rifle, and that two weeks ago she had seen what she thought was the butt of the rifle wrapped up in a blanket on my garage floor. I stood on that blanket roll and translated to the officers what Marina said. I felt that the rifle must still be there. But when they picked up the blanket, it was quite limp. It was then I realized how strongly the evidence pointed to Lee as the killer of the President.

The police wanted us to come to the station for questioning. They were getting anxious about time, and didn't permit Marina to change her clothes. While I went to get a baby-sitter, they filled the trunks of two cars with things out of my house. Every scrap of paper the Oswalds had, and my filing cases of old correspondence and 78 rpm phonograph records. They packed us off to the police station. It was my first ride in a police car.

At the police station, I learned with relief that they had a Russian translator. I just couldn't gather my thoughts in Russian. Marina noticed that my Russian had suddenly become no good at all. I gave the police a statement on whatever they asked that I could answer.

When they typed it up for me to sign, they got impatient over my efforts to correct the grammar.

Mrs. Oswald, Lee's mother, came to the police station. She had heard his name on her car radio while driving to her practical nursing job in Ft. Worth. At that time, Marina didn't know where Lee's mother lived, and hadn't been able to get word to her of the

new baby's birth. Lee was in that way, but Marina said "a mother is a mother."

We got home about nine-thirty, ate hamburgers and put the children to bed. Marina said she couldn't imagine that Lee had anything against President Kennedy. She liked him, she explained, and most of what she knew about him came from the things Lee translated to her from the news on the radio. She thought that he would have expressed his feelings in translating. But she said little else. She knew she would not sleep much, so she borrowed my hair-dryer, took a shower and washed her hair.

Marina Oswald left my house the next morning, Saturday. The police took her into custody, in part for her own safety. She called once, just after Lee was shot and before he died. For the next few days my home became one of the centers in the tragic storm let loose by the murder of the President. Reporters, police, FBI, Secret Service men, and sheriff's deputies came or phoned all day. Through some of these men, I sent word to Marina that I hoped she would come back again to stay with me if she wished to.

Other Americans expressed their concern for Marina and her difficult situation. One man said, "I was writing out a check for Mrs. Tippit, the policeman's widow, and my wife said to me, 'will anyone think about Mrs. Oswald and her babies?'" A Baptist minister's wife called. Please let Marina know, she said, that we are a Christian country and do not condemn her. Calls came from all over America, and letters offering sympathy, support and contributions. People in Kansas, California, Texas, Pennsylvania and

Ohio invited her to live with them.

I suggested to people that while her finances were desperate, her feelings must be even more so. Perhaps the most helpful thing would be personal messages to show that they understand her plight and continue to welcome her in this country.

This tragedy has smashed the private world in which two mothers, Marina and I, concerned ourselves with diapers and dishes. But we are still the same two people, who must go through each day the light it gives. I hope she can forgive me for adding to the invasion of her privacy. I want the nation to know what an innocent, fine person she is. If only I can somehow do this, perhaps she can bring up her fatherless children in a place where they don't have to lock the front door at night.

COM. EXH.
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(2)

HYDE stated that her information about the OSWALDs was so limited prior to the assassination of President KENNEDY that when she heard of the assassination on the radio and television, she did not associate the alleged assassin with the family connected with her daughter. She said that upon reading the newspaper accounts of the assassination and seeing her daughter's name in the articles, she dug out some correspondence from her daughter which had made reference to the OSWALD family. HYDE furnished a portion of a letter which her daughter had written her on September 30, 1963, and which is set forth verbatim below. The portion of the letter not included pertained to personal family matters, according to HYDE, and is not set forth.

"Sept. 30

"Dear Mom,

"Thanks for your good letter and the enclosed panties. (HYDE said these are articles of clothing left by her daughter on a recent visit to Ohio which she returned.) I'm glad to hear things are starting off well at school.

"To my surprise LEE OSWALD was willing for MARINA to come here to have the baby, even grateful. He has been out of work since Aug. and their income was \$33.00 week unemployment compensation. Not much.

"So MARINA is now here for an uncertain length of time. A lot depends on when & where LEE finds work, I think. But I feel now that he does want to keep his family together & will send for them as soon as possible. Perhaps I could call you sometime to talk over how this development might effect your coming in February. Suggest a time if you'd like that. I spoke both to LEE & to MARINA of my expectation that you would be here Feb. to June. LEE asked how this would effect MARINA's tenure & I said she can have a place as long as they have need for it.

(his)

"Part of what effected their decision to have her come here, I'm certain, is the chance

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(3)

to get inexpensive care here in Dallas. They have to fulfill a 1 year's residence requirement and Texas is the only place they can qualify on this. We were this morning to the Dallas hospital that handles assistance cases. We spent 5 hours waiting to be received & fill out the form necessary in order to make an appointment to see a doctor. That appointment will be tomorrow. The wait was dreadful, but I am hopeful the care will be good. My translating is poor, but the whole matter is interesting.

"Much love,
RUTH"

EYDE also furnished letters from her daughter dated October 15, 1963, and October 27, 1963, which are set forth verbatim below:

"2575 W. 5th St.
Irving, Tex.
Oct. 15, 1963

"Dear Mom,

"Another item I meant to mention. Dad did get the job doing the commercial for Nationwide. He is scheduled to be seen on the Howard K. Smith program 'Issues & Answers', seen every other Sun. afternoon on A.B.C.-TV. Unfortunately they will not be showing the program in Dallas-Fort Worth, so I won't get to see it. CARL threatened to get a TV set if Grandpa was on it, so that may be a good thing.

"Big news. LEE was accepted for a job this am. Minimum wage & nothing special about it, but he is very happy and I feel things will ease for them. It is likely that MARINA will stay on here for some time, perhaps through Christmas or New Years anyway, with LEE coming weekends as he has the past two. He has

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(4)

a room in Dallas at \$8.00 a week currently. They'd like to save a bit before getting an apartment I think, and of course MARINA should be here until she has rested some from childbirth. I have mentioned to MARINA that I'd like to have you here in Feb., & that I have given up the idea of a trailer."

Oct. 27

"Dear Mom

"Well, we have a little baby at home! AUDRY MARINA RACHEL OSWALD (LEE, father) was born at 10:41 PM Sunday Oct. 20th in Dallas Parkland Hospital. MARINA came home Tues. noon! That is a record for being thrown onto one's feet after giving birth. It is standard at Parkland. A poor over swing from the 2-week requirement of your child bearing days, it seems to me. It goes with bottle feeding in my mind. Surely the mother should be helped to breast feed by being where she can rest until the milk comes in at least. Oh well. We have had a busy, but fine week. Baby RACHEL is well, sleeping & eating happily. The milk (Parkland not to be thanked) came in well the 3rd day and feeding is going beautifully.

"Write soon.

"Our love,
RUTH."

~~It will be noted the letter of October 15, 1963, is unsigned.~~

~~HYDE stated she received a telephone call from her daughter on November 26, 1963, in which her daughter stated that she wanted to inform her that she was getting along all right and was spending a considerable amount of time being interviewed by the law enforcement agencies with respect to~~

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(5)

MARINA and LEE HARVEY OSWALD. She stated that as a matter of fact two FBI Agents were there with her at the time she was making the call to HYDE. During this conversation HYDE's daughter mentioned MARINA OSWALD is fearful that the American people will not accept her and is concerned about her future. HYDE inquired of her daughter as to whether there was anything she could do to assist MARINA OSWALD, and her daughter informed her that what she needed most was moral support. HYDE stated that after this conversation she directed a letter to MARINA OSWALD and with this letter included \$10.00.

HYDE denied knowing or having ever heard of JACK RUBENSTEIN prior to the news that he had shot and killed LEE HARVEY OSWALD. She said she has never heard her daughter mention this individual and knows of no association between RUBENSTEIN, MARINA or LEE HARVEY OSWALD.

HYDE stated her daughter RUTH was born in New York City, where they lived for a number of years; that she is a Quaker and a pacifist. She said that in view of this her daughter cannot be a Communist, but she knows of the aims and purposes of the Communists and would be able to detect a "fellow traveler" of the Communist movement in the United States. She explained this by stating that while her family lived in New York City they were involved in a "Cooperative Movement" and had many run-ins with the Communists who were active in this group. She said that she and her former husband were very much aware of how the Communists would operate in this type of organization in order to get their opinions over to other individuals in the group, and they had often discussed these tactics when her daughter was present.

HYDE concluded by stating she understands her daughter is writing an article for "Look" Magazine which will include information concerning her association with MARINA and LEE HARVEY OSWALD.

Commission Exhibit No. 469

TRANSLATION FROM RUSSIAN

"Dear Marina:

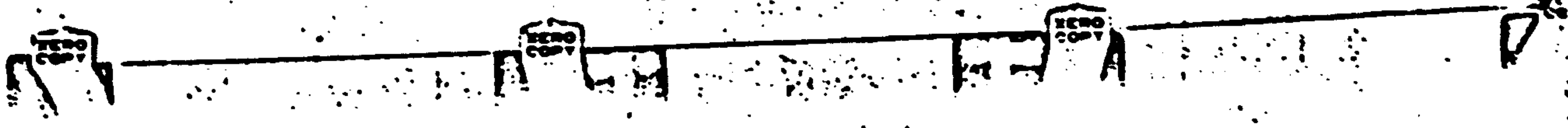
"I would like to know as to where you decided to live. Perhaps we will see each other in New York, Washington or Philadelphia.

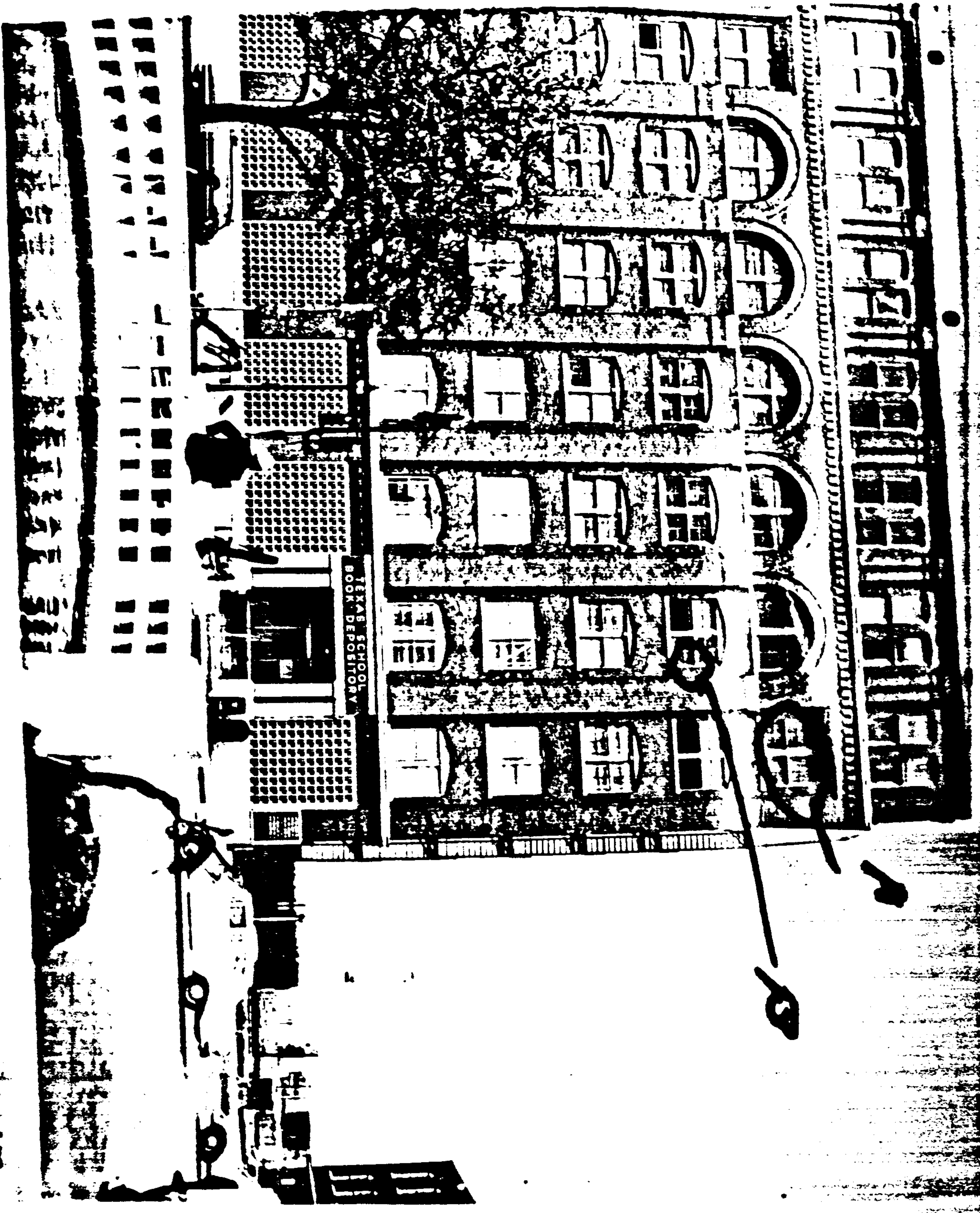
"It seems that the article will not appear in the 'Look' magazine. People there decided that newspapers wrote enough already about it. That's all right. My mother-in-law prefers me not to write such an article. She's glad that there will be no article and I, personally, don't care.

"I wish you everything of the best -- new life, later some nice work i.e. when youngsters will grow older.

"Kiss June and Rachel. I love you.

"/s/ Ruth"

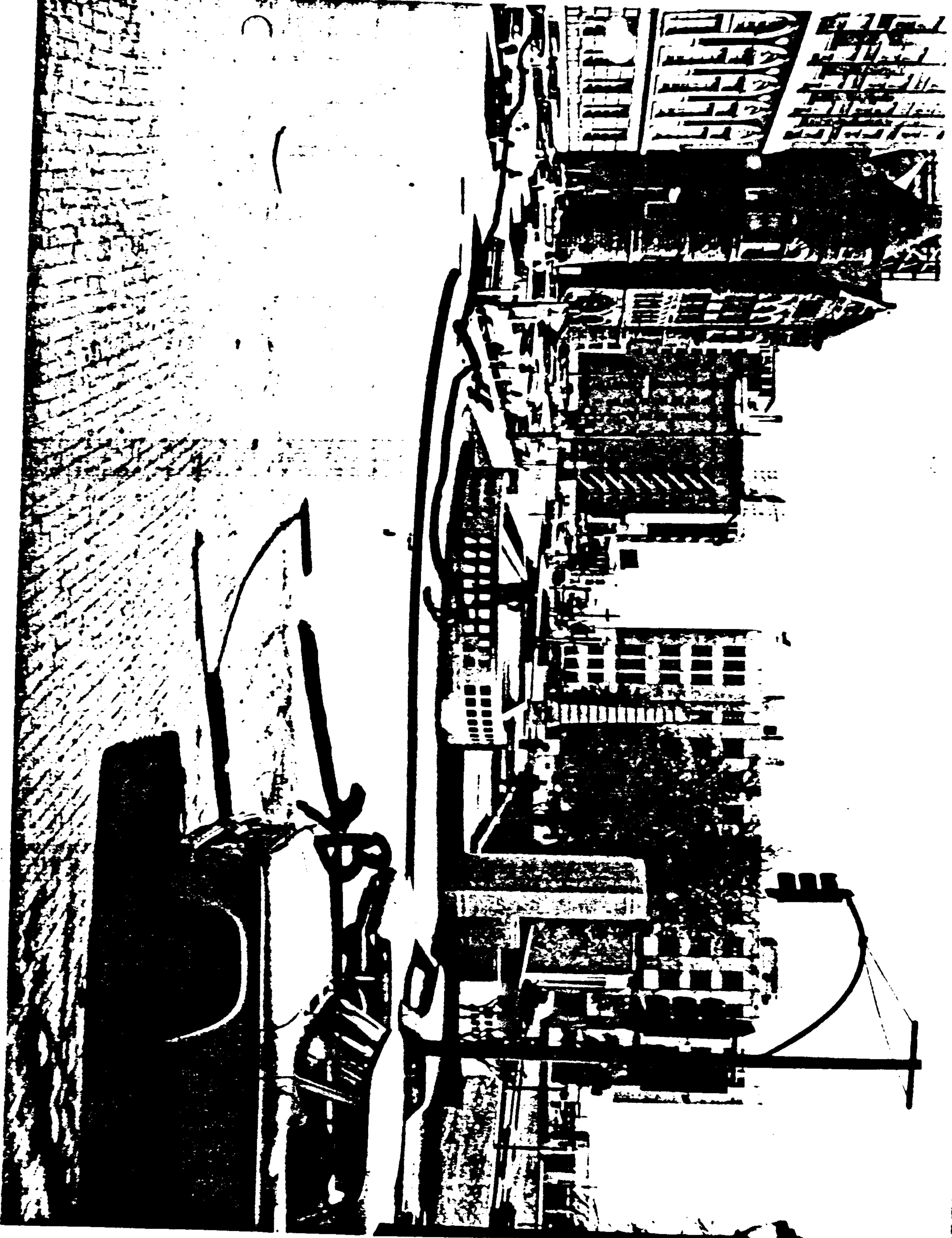




TEXAS SCHOOL
BOOK DEPOSITORY

FERRIS

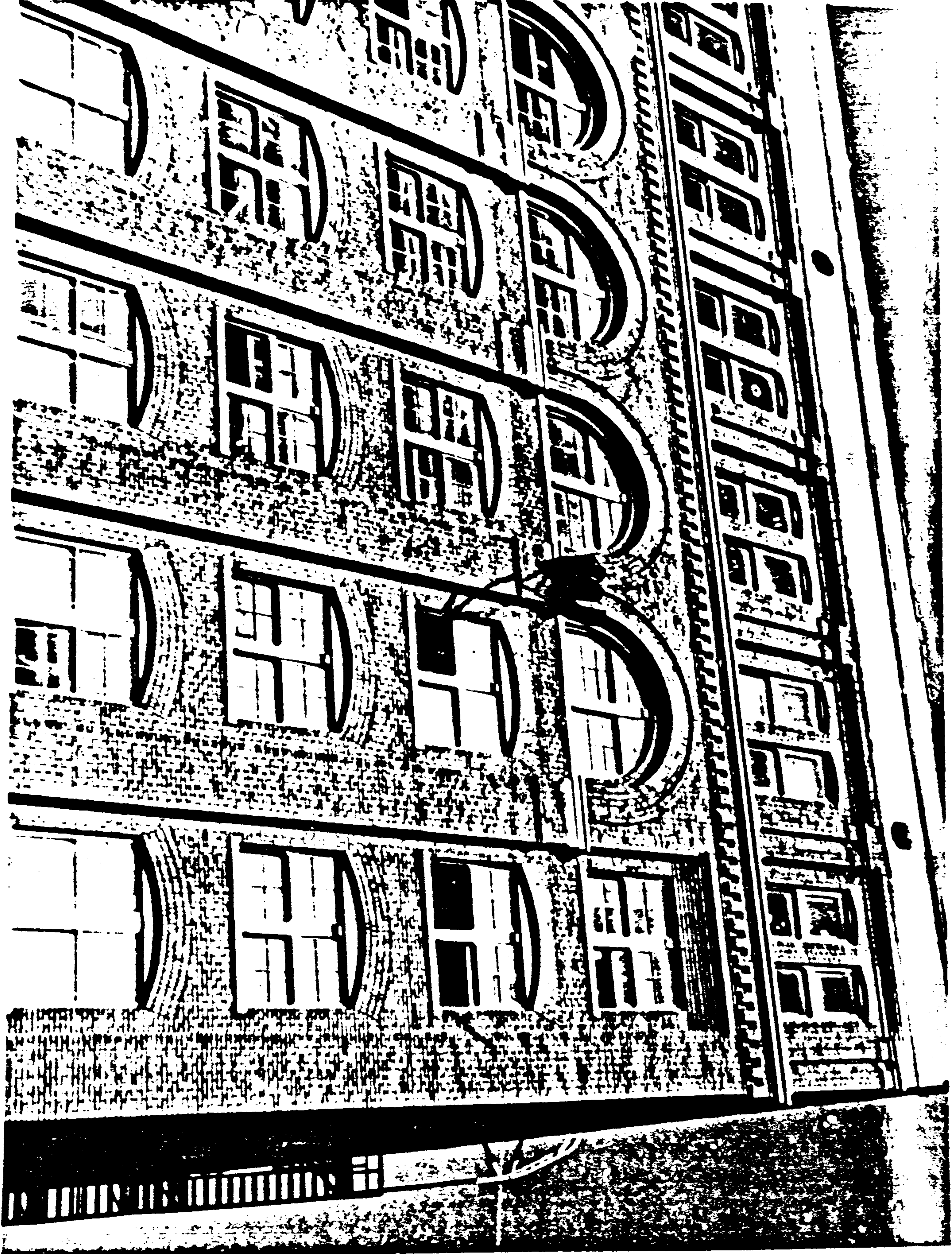
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Commission Exhibit No. 478

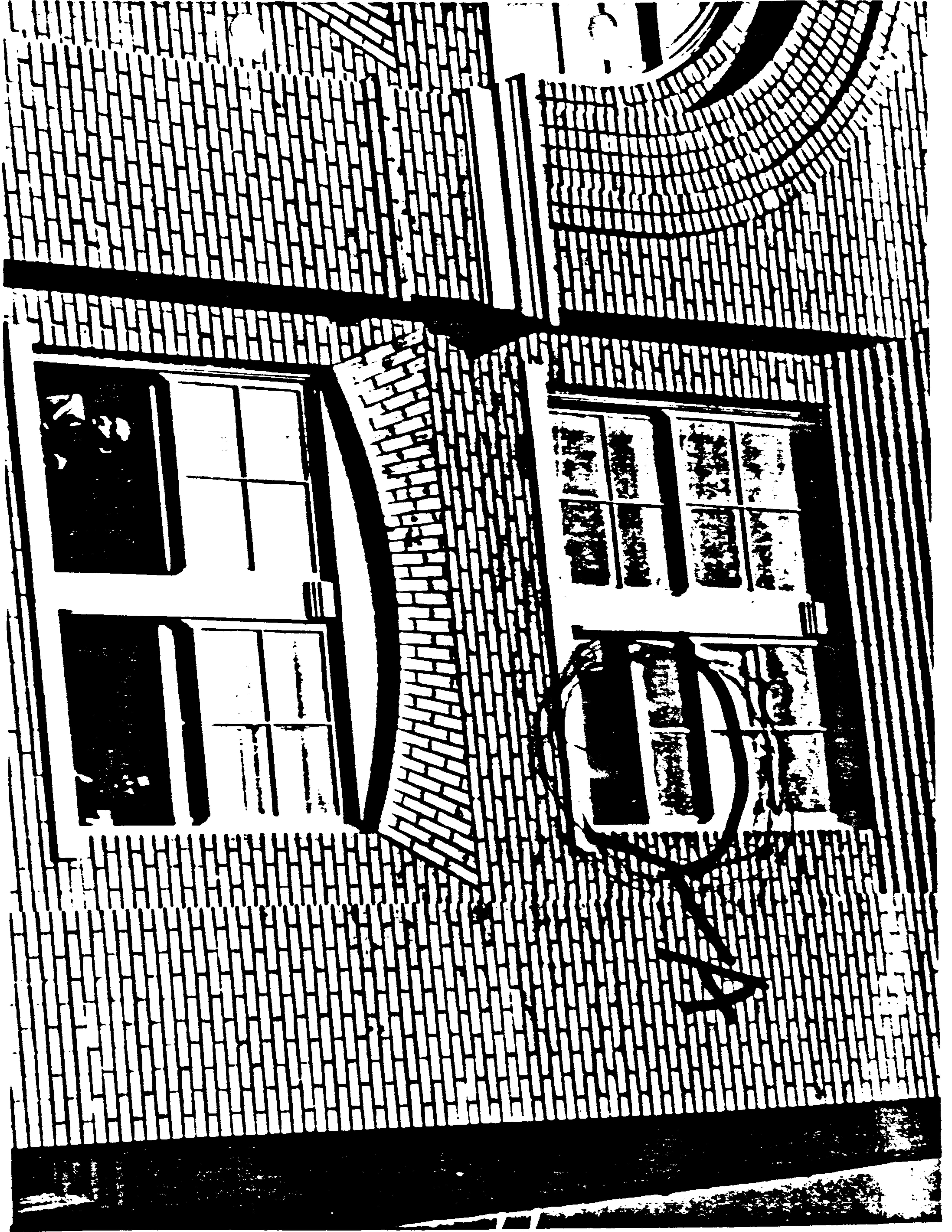


COMMISSION EXHIBIT NO. 479



Commission Exhibit No. 480

Commission Exhibit No. 481





Commission Exhibit No. 102

TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY DIAGRAM OF SIXTH FLOOR

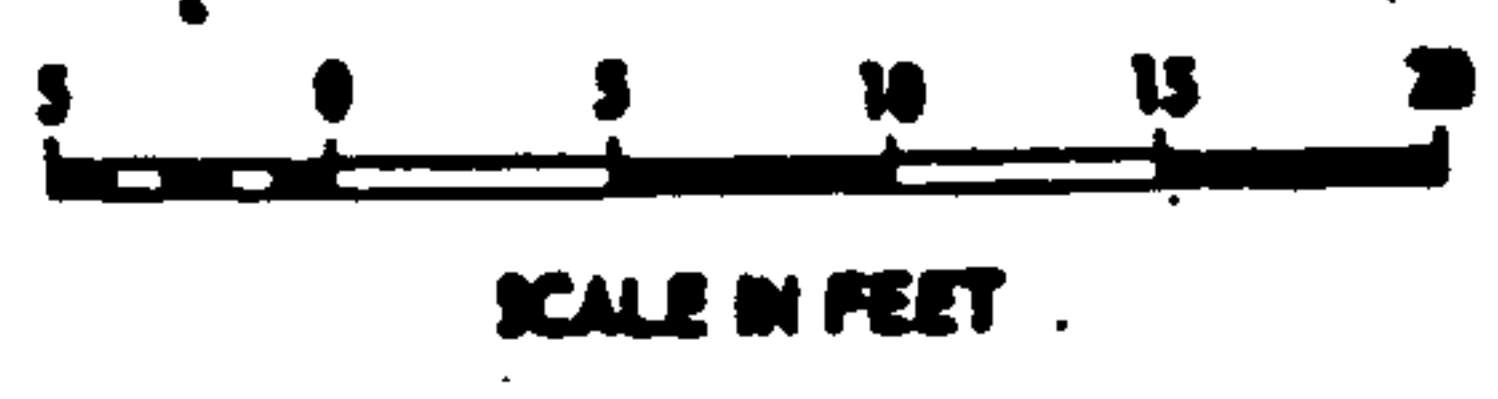
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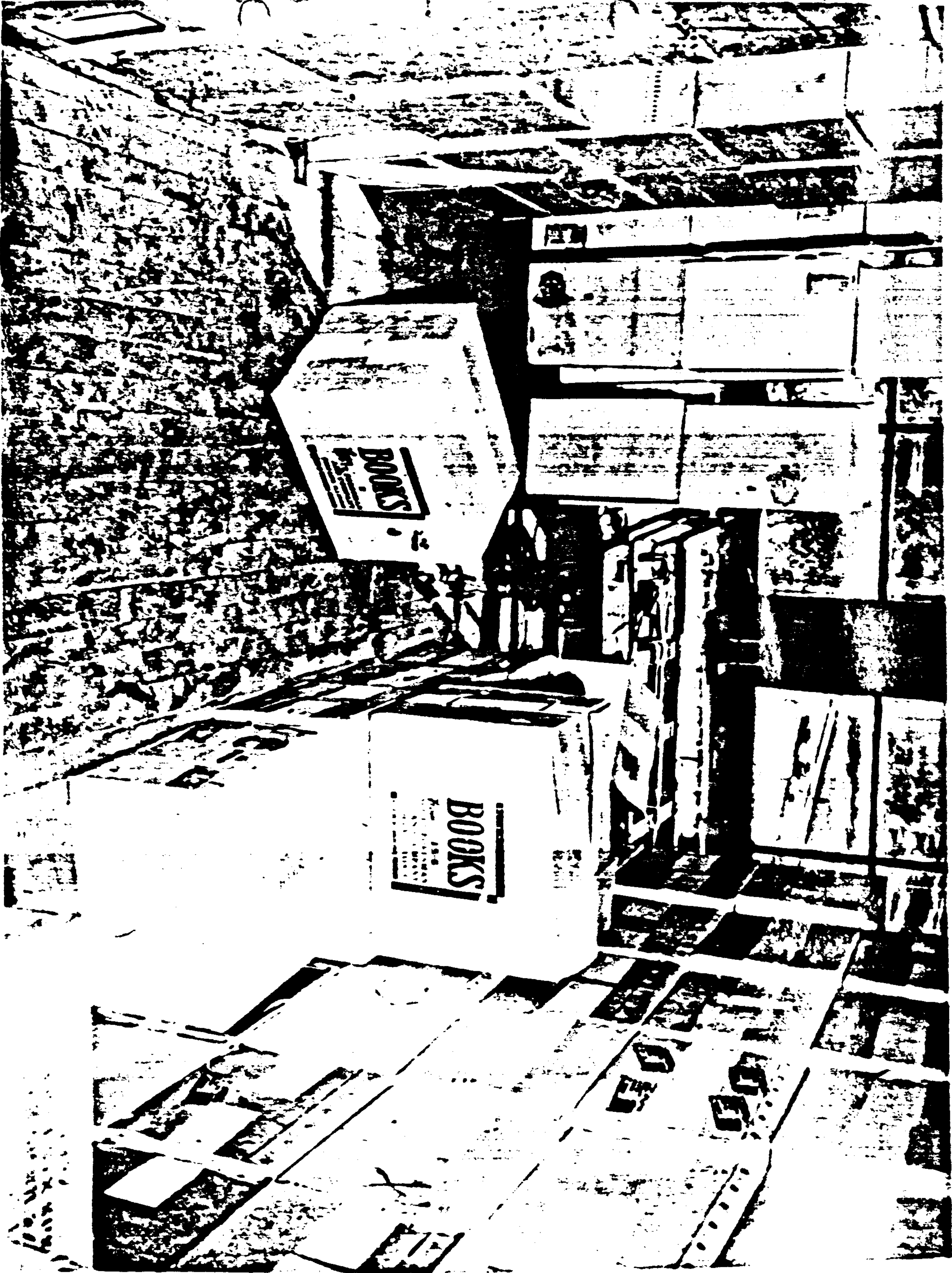
HOUSTON STREET

ELM STREET

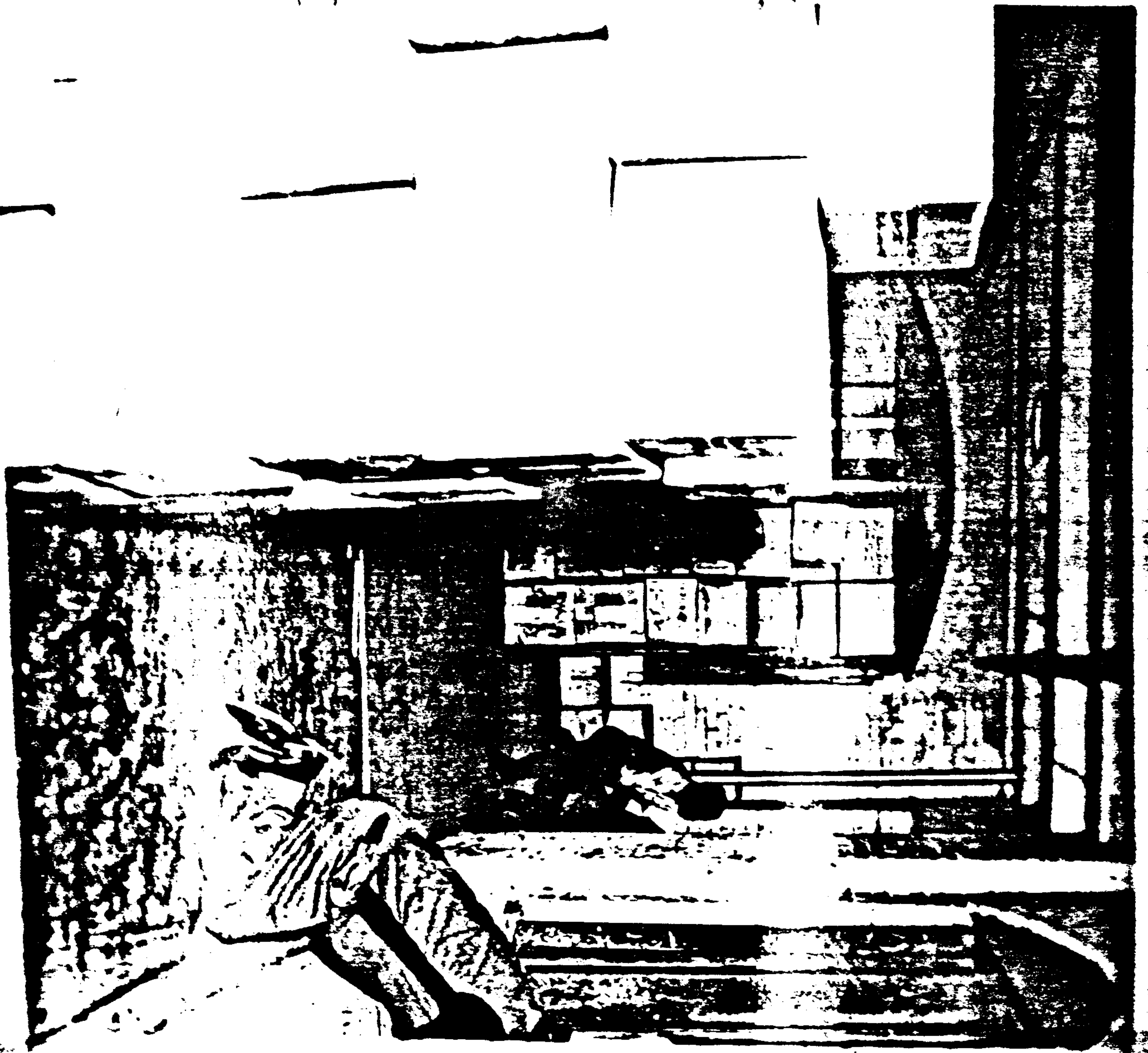
KEY
CAMERA LOCATION



Commission Exhibit No. 483



Commission Exhibit No. 484



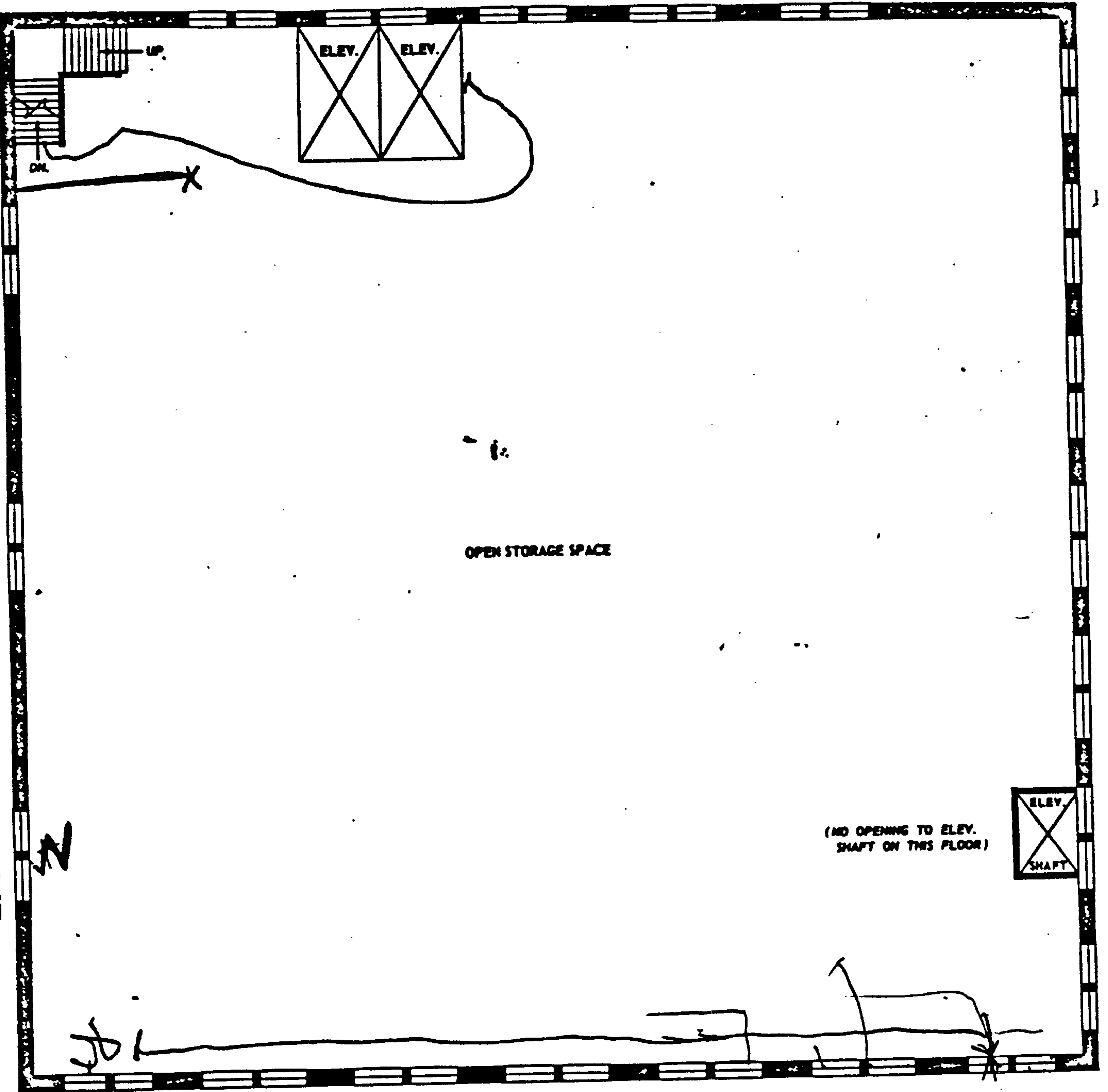
Copyright © 1988 by [illegible]



Commission Exhibit No. 486

TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY DIAGRAM OF FIFTH FLOOR

F



HOUSTON STREET

ELM STREET



0 5 10 15 20
SCALE IN FEET

Commission Exhibit No. 487



Commission Exhibit No. 488



Commission Exhibit No. 489

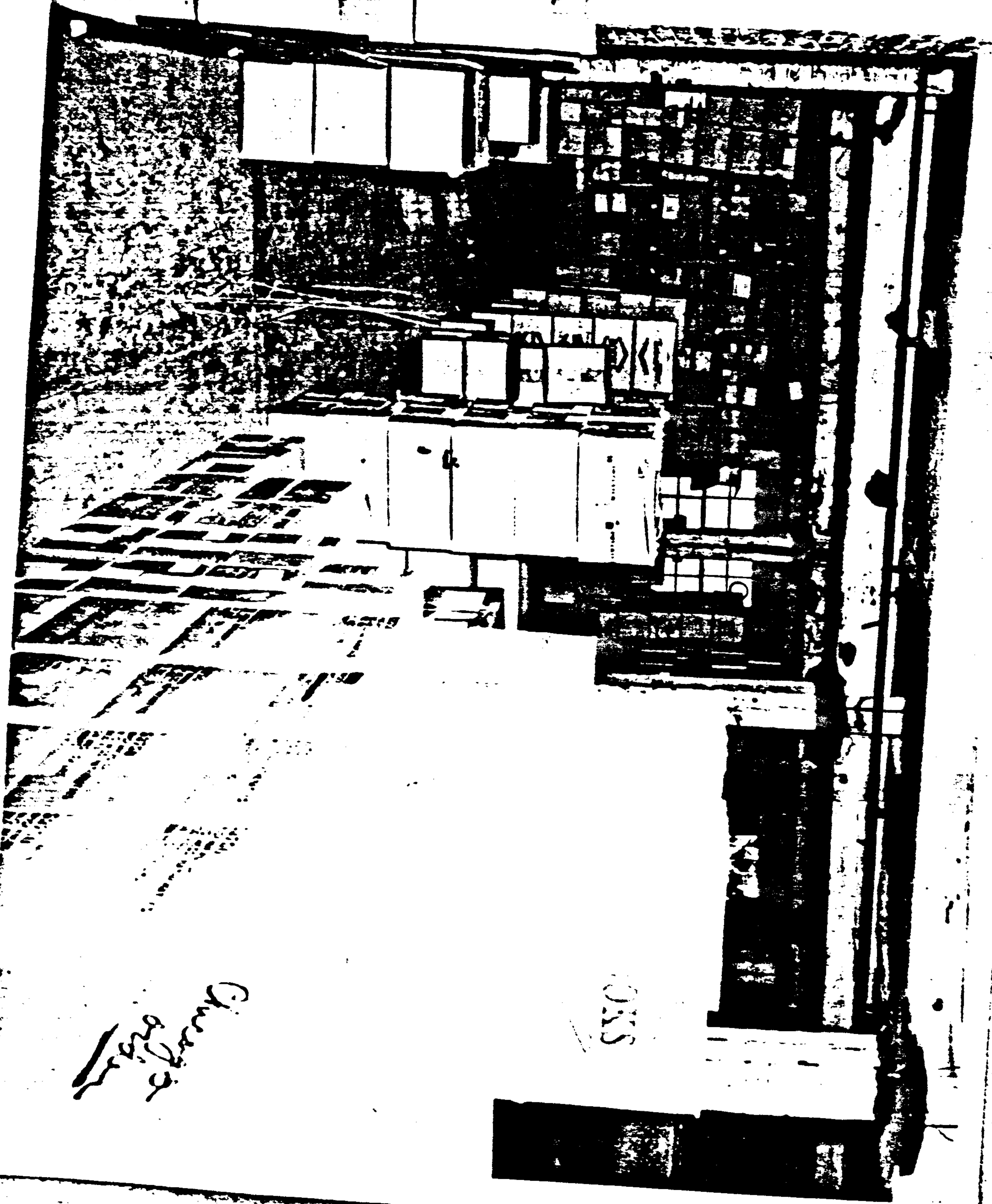
UNITED PUBLISHING DIVISION

53751

Commission Exhibit No. 490

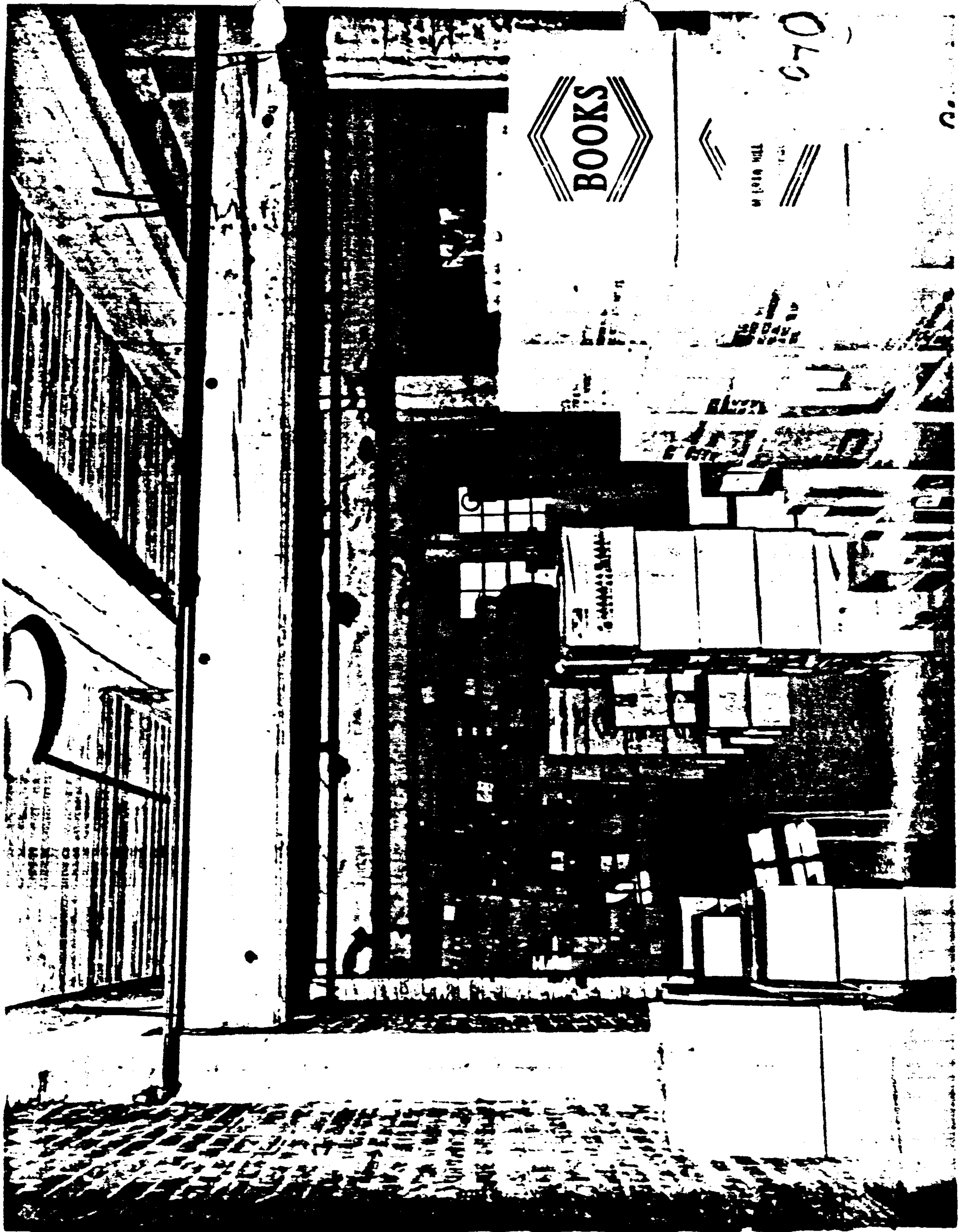
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ONS





Commission Exhibit No. 191



Commission Exhibit No. 492

AFFIDAVIT

State of Texas
County of Dallas
City of Dallas

I, **Harold Norman**, wish to make the following statement to Special Agents **William Carter** and **Arthur W. Blake**, United States Secret Service

I am 25 years of age, and I live at 4878 Euclid Street, Dallas, Texas. I do not have a telephone at my residence. I have been employed as an order filler at the Texas School Book Depository, 411 Elm Street, Dallas, Texas for about three years.

I was acquainted with Lee Oswald during the time that he was employed at this company, but I never did get to know him well. I have spoken to him briefly to say "Hello" or in connection with my work, but I never carried on any conversations with him. He did not mix with the employees and did not appear to want to make friends with me or any of the others. I never saw him at any time other than in the building at work.

On the 22nd of November, 1963, to the best of my memory, the last time I saw him was about 10:00 A. M. when we were both working on the first floor of the building. I did not speak to him at that time.

About 12:15 P. M. on this same date, after I had eaten my lunch, I went to the fifth floor of the building to watch the parade of the President pass the building. **Bornie Ray Williams** and **James Jarman**, who also work at this building went with me. We took a position in the south-east corner of the building on the fifth floor and I was looking out the window which is closest to the east end of the building overlooking Elm Street.

Just after the President passed by, I heard a shot and several seconds later I heard two more shots. I knew that the shots had come from directly above me, and I could hear the expended cartridges fall to the floor. I could also hear the bolt action of the rifle. I also saw some dust fall from the ceiling of the fifth floor and I felt sure that whoever had fired the shots was directly above me. I saw all of the people down on the street run toward the west side of the building, so I went to that side with **Williams** and **Jarman**, and looked out the west side window. We discussed the shots, and where they had come from and decided we better go down stairs. We walked down the stairs to the first floor and did not see anyone else on the stairs as we went down. From the time of the shots until we started down stairs was about five minutes.

I have read over the above statement and it is the truth to the best of my knowledge.

Harold Norman
Harold Norman

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 24th day of December, 1963.

William E. Carter
William E. Carter, Special Agent
U. S. Secret Service

Witness: *Arthur W. Blake*
Special Agent, U. S. Secret Service

(initials)



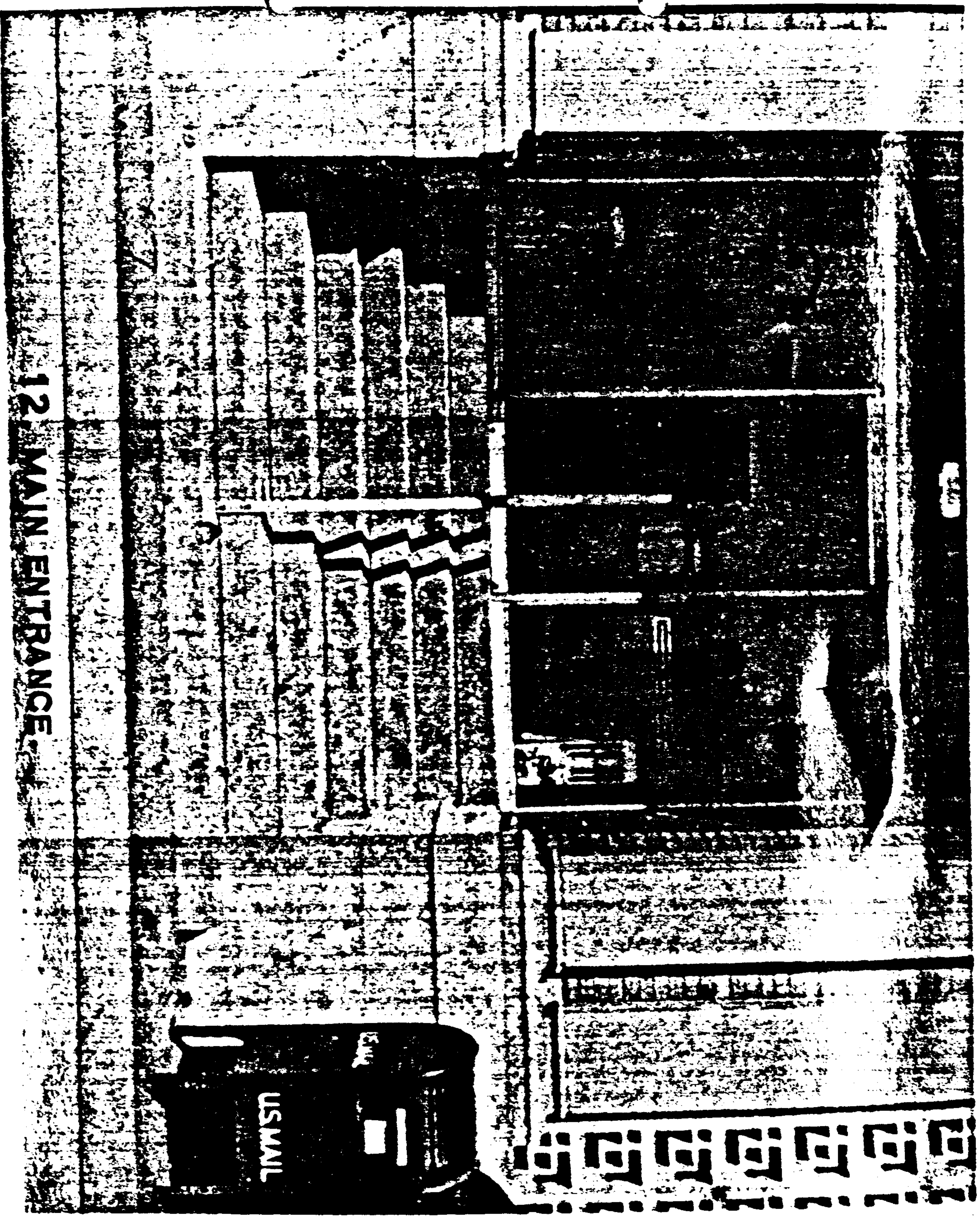
Commission Exhibit No. 494

12 MAIN ENTRANCE

POST OFFICE

USMAIL

Commission Exhibit No. 495



PLEASE FILL OUT APPLICATION BLANK COMPLETELY.....

NAME Oswald LEE H. STREET & NUMBER 2515 W. 5th St. TOWN Dallas
LAST NAME FIRST

PHONE NO 31628 SOCIAL SECURITY NO. 433-54387 AGE 23 WEIGHT 150 HEIGHT 5'9

PLACE OF BIRTH New Orleans, La HOW LONG LIVED IN DALLAS continuously

FINISHED WHAT GRADE IN SCHOOL 11th NAME SCHOOL Arlington Heights High School

DID YOU ATTEND COLLEGE no HOW LONG — NAME COLLEGE —

RACE C MARRIED () OR SINGLE () HOW MANY DEPENDENTS 2 dependents

WHERE DID YOU LAST WORK U.S. Army (three years) NATURE OF WORK air-wing

REASON FOR LEAVING LAST JOB Honorable discharge

HOW LONG DID YOU WORK ON YOUR LAST JOB three years

WHERE IS YOUR FATHER EMPLOYED Dead NATURE OF WORK —

IS YOUR MOTHER EMPLOYED yes NATURE OF WORK Practical nurse

MEMBER OF ORGANIZATIONS: — CHURCH — LODGE — VETERAN —

HAVE YOU ANY PHYSICAL DEFECTS (ANSWER YES OR NO) IF ANSWER IS YES STATE WHAT THEY ARE:
no

DO YOU ROOM AND BOARD no DO YOU LIVE WITH PARENTS no

SHOULD YOU LIKE TO MENTION SOME OF YOUR SPECIAL ABILITIES YOU WOULD LIKE COMPANY TO KNOW IN CONSIDERING YOUR APPLICATION USE THE THREE LINES BELOW.

Clerical (accounting) work in military service,
experienced with ditto, adding and some typing
machine and filing system.

DATE OF APPLICATION
Oct. 15, 1963

[Signature]
SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

Commission Exhibit No. 496