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Press Reporter Watches TV Report With Marguerite Oswald's Mother: Fury, C

By JOHN TACKETT
Mrs. Marguerite Oswald adjusted her television set. On top of it she carefully placed her tape recorder, the microphone dangling down before the speaker.

Her emotions were to run a gamut before the televised account of the Warren Commission report ended.

Her own image was the first to appear after the announcer's. She watched herself tell about Lee Harvey Oswald, her son. On the screen Marguerite Oswald spoke of how he was a normal boy in every way, even that he played hookey from school.

The announcer mentioned that Oswald married a Russian girl. This triggered Marguerite Oswald's thinking that her son was an agent for the United States.

"I believe Lee was told to marry a Russian girl."

THE ANNOUNCER said Lee borrowed money from the State Dept. to get his Russian bride, himself and one child home.

Mrs. Oswald ran to a file in her bedroom, pulled out a typewritten letter and tossed it on the coffee table.

The letter was signed by Anthony Novak, director of finance, U. S. Dept. of State. It related to Mrs. Oswald that she need not offer assistance toward paying her son's way home. Lee had borrowed and repaid the money to the State Dept.

"Here's proof," she said.

"that they not only paid his way but also his wife's. Since when does the government pay the way of refugees?"

She turned her attention back to the television screen.

Marina Oswald, the widow of her dead son, was next on the telecast. Marina told of Lee's attempt to kill former General Edwin A. Walker; she spoke in broken English.

"BOY IS SHE nervous," the mother said.

Then the image of Mrs. Ruth Paine appeared, and Mrs. Paine described Oswald as a man "lucky to get a job."

In a low, guttural tone, Mrs. Oswald spat out at the image on the screen: "Oh, you —"

A few more scenes passed across the screen. Mrs. Oswald moved her chair within two feet of it.

A photographer came in to the apartment to take her picture. Newsmen called on her phone to get her remarks.

To a network newsman on the phone she mentioned that

she was a poor widow without an income, and asked for his understanding.

Later, back at her set and tape recorder, she made some adjustments. Then she noticed it was intermission.

"I'm glad they put me on first," she said. "I think it was proper."

HERE SHE seemed pleased and happy, almost giddy.

Then there came the interviews about Officer J. D. Tippit's murder. She cast a few doubting sidebar remarks.

And then came the climax.

It was her son on the screen now. He stood between two Dallas police officers. Newsmen fired questions rapid-fire at him. He was on the defensive immediately.

Mrs. Oswald moved off her chair and kneeled before her son's image.

She looked at the figure of her son on the screen, as if it were a ghost coming into her living room. Her voice was

2 "Ft. Worth Press" Ft. Worth, Texas

62 10260 H
NOT RECORDED
126 OCT 9 1964

Date: 9-28-64
Edition:
Author:
Editor: Walter R. Humphrey
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: Dallas
 Being Investigated

42 19 64
FROM [unclear] HERALD
MARKED FOR FILE [unclear]

79 OCT 12 1964

thick and heavy as she said amid tears:

"The sad part about all of this is that we didn't have the money to walk in with legal assistance. If we had had a lawyer, my son would be alive today."

Still seemingly not able to control her words, she added, "This is the difference in our society. I'm not belittling our society . . ." and then she went on into a long, disconnected delivery.

The word "difference" seemed significant because of the way she said it. But she never enlarged on that.

Immediately following the interview, they showed the shooting of Oswald by Ruby.

Still half in tears, the mother uttered, "This is the first time I've seen this, but I'm going to watch."

After the film strip of the shooting, she seemed relieved, and she said, "CBS has done a very good job. And I've done

a very good job today and yesterday on radio and TV."

At this moment, Fort Worth Police Sgt. R. W. Yaws came to the door of her small duplex. He was just checking, he said. And he was invited in.

Later in the television report, the announcer stated the Commission had found no evidence of conspiracy. "That's a cover-up," Mrs. Oswald snapped.

Next, her son was shown on the screen handing out pro-Castro pamphlets. Mrs. Oswald took this to be more proof that her son was being set up as a patsy . . . that her son had been conspicuously televised as an obvious suspect to commit the crime of killing the President.

"It's too pat," she said. "They're going to cut their own throats."

The announcer paused to say that there apparently had been a breakdown in liaison between the Secret Service and other federal agencies.

"You know who killed the



Mrs. Marguerite Oswald

President?" Mrs. Oswald suddenly challenged.

"The Secret Service killed him," she answered herself.

The program moved on to the burial of Lee Harvey Oswald. Then it switched to the burial of John F. Kennedy.

Crying again, Mrs. Oswald said, "It's the contrast that I can't take. There were just three of us there at Lee's funeral."

When the report ended, Mrs. Oswald got in her car, drove to her son's grave at Rose Hill and put a cross with flowers at the foot.