

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Shots Echo Only in the Heart

- Mr. Tolson \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Belmont \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Mohr \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. DeLoach \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Casper \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Callahan \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Conrad \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Evans \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Gale \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Rosen \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Sullivan \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Tavel \_\_\_\_\_
- Mr. Trotter \_\_\_\_\_
- Tele. Room \_\_\_\_\_
- Miss Holmes \_\_\_\_\_
- Miss Gandy \_\_\_\_\_

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

By SID MOODY  
AP Newsfeatures Writer

The sorrowful year has passed and the motorcade has turned the corner and vanished, into the shades of history.

The shots ring only in the heart. The yellow lights of the clock sign atop the brick building are winking another time now.

But for some the hour it signals is still 12:30 Nov. 22, 1963—the moment their separate lives collided at that fated crossroads.

Their lives have gone on, but they aren't the same. Lee Harvey Oswald saw to that.

Not the same for the camera hobbyist who must steel himself to look through the eye of a zoom lens where once he saw sudden blood. Not for the widow misty with grief at the sight of the family station wagon in the driveway—empty. Not for the graying woman fiery and angry in her struggle to clear the name that marks her. Not for the tall, thoughtful man of power who admits his power is no protection against the tremor he feels at a sudden noise, be it only the pop of a burst balloon. Not for the young mother who drives herself with self-doubt as to why she did not see more than she did in the stranger welcomed into her home.

THESE ARE the people of the assassination and a year has not healed all their wounds.

Some still mourn. Some hide their sorrow and shock in work. Some the tragedy has touched lightly. Some it has made wealthy—and one of them would gladly trade the wealth for her loss. Others look for riches. One crouches on the floor and listens for voices none else can hear. Another fears a mysterious assassin none can explain.

They are as varied as they ever were—governor and school-boy, housewife and elegant beauty of the world. But now, peculiarly, they can trace a kinship, through the blood of a fallen President. They tell their stories:

... Abraham Zapruder, balding, emotional clothing merchant, happy to be out of New York's harried garment district and working in a loft next to the Texas School Depository, He walked out into the noonday sun to see the President and, at his secretary's urging, had brought his camera. Zapruder had been taking movies of his children for 25 years and when the presidential limousine came into the viewfinder of his zoom lens he began taking pictures reflexively, pictures that would never die.

"I heard the shot and saw the President grab his heart and lean over towards Jacqueline."

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

30 "The Dallas Morning News" Dallas, Texas

*SO [unclear]*  
*Burnham*  
*FD*  
*ADK*

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Editor: Jack B. Krueger  
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thought he was making believe saying 'Oh, he got me' but then I thought 'No, a President wouldn't be joking.' Then another shot broke his head open. I started yelling 'They killed him, they killed him.' But I kept on taking pictures until the limousine disappeared, still aiming through the viewfinder."

ZAPRUDER went back to the office kicking at desks in a mixture of grief and disbelief. Months later when he saw the pictures he had sold to a magazine (Life) he was too stricken to talk.

Only now has he agreed to talk to a newsman. When he was through, his eyes were moist. But he prided himself on getting through the ordeal of remembrance without breaking down.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY and Marina Oswald are from different worlds, the regal patrician who had everything, the humble Russian girl who had nothing. Their only bond is the bloody mayhem that made them both widows . . .

For Jacqueline Kennedy it has been a year of mourning. She lives in a Manhattan apartment, takes walks in Central Park with her children, is rarely mentioned in the headlines she once dominated, and then only indirectly. She refuses interviews. Her thoughts are her own. The brilliance of her life as First Lady has been put away, like a treasured memento.

For Marina, however, life is a Cinderella dream compared to the cheap apartments and beatings she knew a year ago. She lives in a modern 3-bedroom brick house in a Dallas suburb. It is air-conditioned, has modern appliances including the washing machine Lee Harvey Oswald had promised her the night before he shot John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

She is enjoying a life her saturnine husband denied her. She wears lipstick, frets over her hairdo like any 22-year-old, buys stylish clothes from the famous Neiman-Marcus store,

likes beer and the cigarettes her husband once slapped her for smoking. She has periodic dates at the Music Box, a dimly lit private club near downtown Dallas that offers drinks and dance music and the gaiety of fun-seeking young people.

SHE WILL CHAT, in passable English, about how she likes life in Texas and about her two blond little daughters on whom she dotes. She will not discuss Lee or the assassination although she has said she loved him, a man who somehow changed from the one she married.

She lives comfortably but not lavishly on the \$100,000 she received from donations and magazines. She stands to make another \$50,000 or so on a book being written by Priscilla Johnson, one of two American newswomen who interviewed Lee Harvey Oswald in Russia. She is not unaware of her monetary potential. She became furious at a Dallas newsman for releasing her husband's Russian diary. She could have made \$100,000 from it if she had sold it instead of the fraction of what she did receive.

"I have two children to look out for," she told one man. "I must make a little money."

She paid \$12,500 to break an exclusive 10-year contract she had signed with her first advertisers. She later broke with a respected Dallas lawyer who had been managing her affairs and has now entrusted the job to Declan Ford, a geologist, and his Russian-born wife.

She is suspicious of being had and at times she has been, said a man who had once advised her.

IF MARINA OSWALD is wary of those who would treat her as a property and not a person she is enjoying the company of those who are showing her a life she could only have dreamed of a year ago.

"Black," said a man who has been close to her, "is not Marina's color."

Amos Lee Euins, 16, schoolboy who went with friends

to the end of the motorcade route because he thought they could get a better view than in the crowds downtown. He saw the President fine. And also saw a rifle being withdrawn from the sixth floor of the depository . . .

Ever since the phone has been ringing at the Euins home. Often it is a man with a heavy voice saying "Amos better be careful with what he says. I have a complete copy of what he told police."

The Euinses told police but didn't ask for protection and none was offered. There have been a lot of crank calls to figures in the assassination. Meanwhile at the Euins home a light burns on the front and back porches all night.

ROY TRULY, manager of the depository, slight, kindly, the man who hired Oswald . . .

"Business has been very good this year. Whether it is due to the publicity, we just don't know. Every one was sort of feeling his way around the first few months but we've been so busy, people have put it out of their minds. There have been a lot of books moved around up there since that day.

"Sometimes if I happen to pass a certain spot I remember Oswald, or if I look out the window to the underpass I get a little grim. But I go on about my business because that's what I have to do."

A. C. Johnson, lanky, shuffling Texan who was Oswald's landlord . . .

Threatening phone calls warning him "not to talk" got so bad he lost his housekeeper, Mrs. Earlene Roberts, who was afraid someone might bomb the house. He got an unlisted number and nothing has happened since.

PEOPLE from all over the country drop by occasionally to see Oswald's room, vacant since the assassination. It's really only a tiny alcove off the dining room, barely big enough for the bed, neatly made, a few cheap wall decorations above

the head. Just a bed. Why doesn't he move it out, get rid of it?

"Well, you just got to get used to these things."

"If I'd been smart, I'd have made some money out of this but you don't think about it at the time," he grinned. "The police have all Oswald's bedding still. I wish I could get it back. I might rip it up and sell the pieces. I heard they were selling strips of the Beatles' sheets for \$25 each."

... Warren Reynolds, young used car salesman, gave chase to Oswald after the shooting of Patrolman J. D. Tippit . . .

Friendly, leaning against one of his cars in the warm Texas sun, Reynolds looks unmarked until he shows you the scars on his right temple and left jaw, the marks of a .22 bullet that passed through his head. It happened last Jan. 23 in the basement of a little office building on his lot. A gunman who had been lying in wait fired once as Reynolds was about to flick the lights. Reynolds staggered upstairs, the gunman following. The gunman stared at him, then fled. Two witnesses said he seemed to have a dark complexion, and carried a rifle. The only evidence is the bullet. Reynolds is lucky to be alive. Lucky?

**HE DOESN'T KNOW** if the man will come back. Or even why he came in the first place. "Nothing was stolen. And you don't hold up someone with a rifle.

"I don't live like I used to." His house is ringed by floodlights he can turn on in an instant. He bought a dog. He

doesn't take walks at night. There is always someone at the lot with him after dark. He worries. About himself. About his family.

The Warren Commission said in its report it could find no evidence Reynolds' shooting had any connection with the assassination or Tippit's murder. But there isn't any concrete evidence at all one way or another except the bullet.

... **MRS. TIPPIT**, mother of three, widowed by Lee Oswald in his dash to somewhere . . .

She is rich now. She would rather have her husband.

Just last month the money she has received from people the world over was distributed by the court. Prior to that she had been getting by on her police widow's pension of \$225 a month. The court gave Mrs. Tippit a check for \$312,916. Another \$330,946 was placed in trust for her two boys, 14 and 5, and daughter, 11. Zapruder reportedly gave \$25,000 to the fund from money paid for his movies.

In the dining room of her 3-bedroom bungalow is a picture of the Kennedy family with an inscription from Mrs. Kennedy:

"There is another bond we share. We must remind our children all the time what brave men their fathers were."

"It's hard to go on when the one you loved and lived for is gone," says Mrs. Tippit.

"There's often no point to anything. But I have three of his children whom I love very much and that's a big responsibility. When so many people write that they are thinking and praying for you — well, you

know you've got to do your best."

**AN ACQUAINTANCE** said: "It's nice she got the money and all but she had that inner stuff that made it a foregone conclusion she would raise her family well no matter what."

The future? The mortgage has been paid off by a Philadelphia bank as a gift. The boys have been offered scholarships to Texas A&M. She still has not bought the rug her husband planned to buy last Christmas. "We didn't have one when J. D. was with us. So what's the hurry now?" Maybe the house will be painted and she will buy a new car.

"Everytime I see the old one in the driveway I think J. D. ought to be inside."

... And in another city, Fort Worth, another mother grieves. And seethes . . .

In the sitting room of her small 2-family house Mrs. Marguerite Oswald spoke of her battle to redeem her son, adjudged an assassin. Above the sofa where she sat was a reproduction of Whistler's serene painting of his mother.

**MRS. OSWALD** sat, then stalked the room, then doodled vigorously on a scrap of paper while she talked on about how her son was a "patsy," how the Warren Commission had failed history, how she would never give up until she vindicated her son. She plans a book — "with beautiful pictures" — on his burial, then a later full scale book on the whole case.

"I'm doing this to honor my son. Even if he was guilty he should not be forgotten. I know the television and the press will be full of President Kennedy



*Jack Ruby . . . the sound of phantom screams.*

Nov. 22 and not Lee Harvey Oswald. But I'm not going to let him just be buried. He's history just as President Kennedy is.

"Why shouldn't there be as much sympathy for me as the president's family? After all, my son was murdered."

She has not seen Marina since last winter, thinks her daughter-in-law may have been brainwashed into accepting the Warren Report. Why, she said striding across the floor, didn't the commission give her the courtesy to cross-examine witnesses? Why didn't Marina and her own son, Robert, consult her, "the head of the family," before testifying?

She will press on with her own investigation, which has cost her over \$1,000 as well as \$300 in long distance calls to the Warren Commission.

... AND THERE was another woman who knew Lee Harvey Oswald. Or thought she did...

Mrs. Ruth Paine is 32, tall, bright and troubled. She is troubled because she failed to see any trace of the assassin in the sullen man who was a guest in her home, whose wife she had befriended and sheltered.

She sits in the very room where Oswald once sat playing with his children and hers, and wonders if there was anything she might have done, anything.

"Oswald's chances to murder hung on so many thin threads any one of which might have snapped. Suppose I had not had a birthday party the weekend before the assassination and Marina had not told Lee to stay away? I am left with the speculation whether this tiny matter might have made a difference."

The might-have-been: A kinder word or a closer look into the blanket where Oswald hid his rifle, perhaps a little more perception of the man who lounged almost wordlessly around her home for six weeks, perhaps a little more adding of two and two of the little foreshadowings.

BUT IT WAS not to be and Ruth Paine now lives with the fact that from her home went the man who killed the President of the United States, the home where her small children were now quietly coloring, where TV crews and reporters and authors offering to write her story have swarmed, a home with a pleasant backyard in a middle class suburb and a home where a great murder is upon it like dust that can never be swept away.

Ruth Paine is wondering why she did not see more deeply into Oswald, and has been talking to a psychiatrist.

"There is no usefulness in Dallas saying after the Warren Report 'Oh boy, we're clean' and leaving it at that. It is the same as my not criticizing myself for not seeing Oswald coming. I'm not going to let it worry me inordinately but I think I would be losing an opportunity if I didn't ask whether I was blind to Lee Harvey Oswald due to some defect, because I have opportunities to be blind every day, with my children, anybody."

To wonder. Did Marina Oswald nag and belittle her husband into a homicidal rage by mocking his dreams of power?

"You could look at it another way. She might have been saying 'Live in your environment, honey, that's where I like you.' Nagging? She's just over here from Russia and sees all the new houses and washing machines and wants her husband to get her some too. Well, why not?"

To wonder, Ruth Paine, a young mother mixed up in the business of running a nursery and a woman mixed up in a national tragedy, wonders as the nation does as to why Oswald did it. And her answers are no better—and no worse—than any one else's. She doesn't know.

... AND THE OTHER KILLER. What of him? ...

Jack Ruby stares at the walls of his cell, plays dominos with the guards who constantly watch him, tugs the remaining hairs from his head. He has tried to commit suicide three times by banging his head against a wall, hanging himself with his trousers and jamming his finger into an electric light socket. He asked a psychiatrist to get down on the floor of his cell with him to listen to the screams of the Jews who were being castrated and boiled in oil.

"All of the Jews are being killed because I killed a Communist," says Ruby. He begged one of his lawyers, Joe Tona-hill, to kidnap his sister and brothers before they are slaughtered and take them some place where they will be safe.

A psychiatrist who examined him after his trial said he was technically insane and recommended Ruby be committed to a hospital immediately and put under close supervision. In any event his lawyers hope to have his trial appealed by the end of the year.

If Ruby cares he doesn't seem to show it. He would rather talk to Henry Wade, the prosecutor who convicted him to die, than to his own lawyers.

He sits in his cell. His mind possibly gone, his nightclub closed then reopened under new management, his beloved dogs he called his children given away. He keeps but two things



*Mrs. J. D. Tippit . . . a heartfelt silence.*



*Gov. Connally . . . nervous at balloon pop.*

in his cell: a Bible and a picture of John F. Kennedy.

... THERE WERE other players in those November days: the professionals, men to whom death is no stranger. A priest. A doctor. A policeman...

The doctors at Parkland Hospital are still there. Dr. Malcolm Perry, who worked over both the President and Lee Oswald, is an assistant professor of surgery and still answers calls to the emergency room. Dr. Charles Carrico is now in his second year as a resident in surgery. They have made their reports, given their testimony. They don't want to talk any more of the assassination.

But one of them said "it is something you're not likely to forget. When you lose someone, whoever it is, it gives you a jolt. When it is the President, it jolts you particularly. What we did we have done many times in the past. And we will do it many times in the future."

Father Oscar Huber, C.M., 71, has a photographic memory. He memorizes his sermons. He remembers the first person he gave last rites to years ago. He vividly recalls giving last rites to the President — "I noticed the whiteness of his feet and thought 'There is no blood in this man'" — and he remembers just as vividly a woman lying in the street after an accident in front of his church.

"The assassination doesn't haunt me. Maybe it is because I am a priest. I have seen a lot of people die. Administering to the president was my duty and I did it."

Sgt. Patrick Dean has a memory, too. It is of the smoke from Ruby's pistol curling upward into a ray of sunlight after Ruby shot Oswald. Dean was in charge of security in the basement.

"This was the biggest thing that has ever happened to me. One of the greatest men of the century is assassinated by one of the sorriest and we goofed and let him be killed. Sure, we all still have it on our minds but what are you going to do?"

Do? Keep working, try to be a good cop. Dean does, and it is not often that he thinks backward and sees the smoke, hazing a sunbeam.

... THERE WAS another man shot Nov. 22.

Although Gov. John B. Connally still has trouble extending his right arm, his clasp is firm when he greets you. He appears tan, relaxed, composed. He has been campaigning for re-election, only this time it was different.

The crowds made him uneasy. They recall the crowd on another day.

"I am extremely sensitive to loud noises. A car backfiring or a balloon popping. I have a very marked reaction."

He has driven in several motorcades since Nov. 22 and does not like the feeling. He has driven down Elm St. past the book depository a number of times.

"I never go by without reliving the tragedy. But it is nothing you can run from. You develop a mental condition that permits you to think about it without being overwhelmed."

Nonetheless he and his wife never talk about that day.

THE ASSASSINATION and his own near death have left other marks on the governor.

"I have a greater realization that you never can be sure when your time may come and so you have little time to be shallow or selfish: I try to devote more conscientiously whatever energy and talents I may have that will have a lasting effect both on my family and the problems of this state.

"It's also drawn our family closer together." And it has created a desire to go off alone and think.

"That's why I like to go down to the ranch and just ride around on a horse or in a Jeep and look at the grass, look at the cattle, admire the wildflowers."

Recently the governor and his wife visited several other neighboring states and presented their governors with paintings of wildflowers on his ranch.

"It was a choice determined by an appreciation of beautiful things. By the magnificence of nature, a desire to give something personal, I don't know if I would have done something like that a year ago."

... THOSE ARE some of the people. There are also the places.

The little colonnade on Dealey Plaza, a small triangle of grass, had been draped with bunting for the Texas State Fair. On the other side of the columns are the plastic floral decorations, some dusty and weathered, some new. Someone has pinned a blank check from the Brownfield Bank & Trust Co. to a wreath and written on the back: "To a very great man who was very brave and a good leader."

"A great man we should not

forget. God bless his wife and children"—a note from someone in Shoals, W. Va. People have come from Mexico City; Iquitos, Peru; Lausanne, Switzerland; Garfield, N.J., and written their little tributes.

Turning to the right and looking over a small pool you can see the sixth floor window of the book depository, stacked high with cartons. Cars rush by in a steady blur and there are always a few people, pointing, snapping pictures or just standing, looking at a spot in the road.

**AND THE CITY?** Who can say, despite the many who have tried, what a city is thinking? But unlike six months ago there are Kennedy souvenirs now in shop windows. A camera store has an illuminated display of colored slides of the depository, 50c per slide. The neighboring window was filled with paper skeletons. Pumpkins and jack-o'-lanterns, decorations for Halloween.



*Marina Oswald... sounds of a new life.*

The last visit was to Rose Hill Memorial Park on the outskirts of Fort Worth. The only marker is a metal plaque in the ground and the words strike the eyes with almost physical force: "Lee Harvey Oswald, Oct. 18, 1939-Nov. 24, 1963."

The grass in the hilly graveyard is brown from the summer's dryness but this plot is bright green and a young tree and two small bushes are growing. The mother, they say, comes and cuts the grass that is so carefully watered. There are a plastic cross and a plastic floral wreath without inscription.

The gaze tries to penetrate the sod. What expression lies beneath? The proud affection of the newlywed in Minsk? The swagger of the backyard photo with pistol in the belt and rifle in hand? The defiant smirk of the first night in the Dallas jail? The shocked gasp when the fatal bullet stuck home?

The emotions suddenly rise. It is time to go, quickly without looking back.