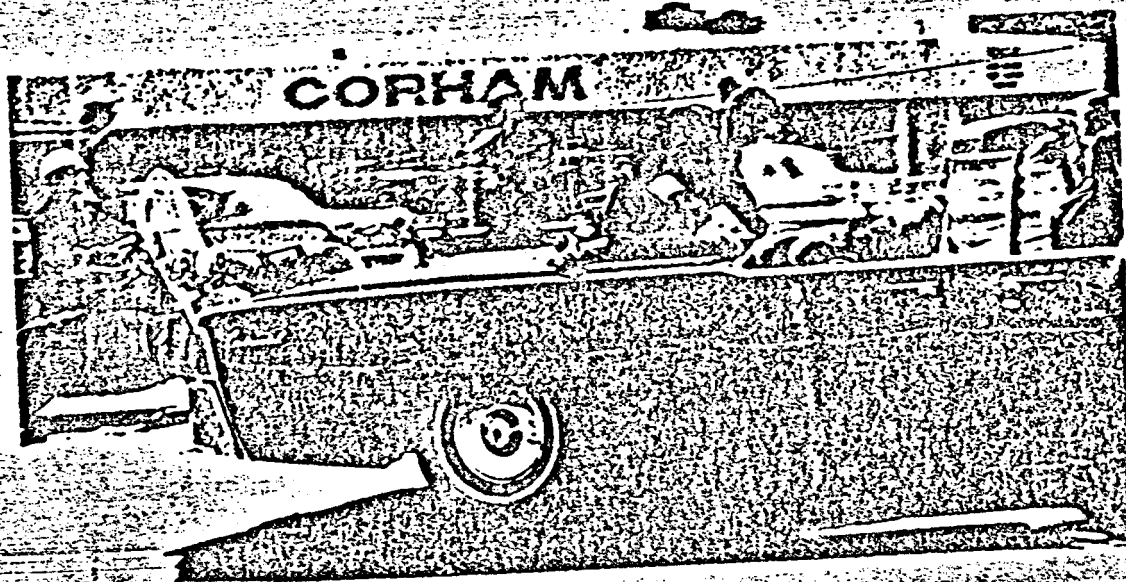
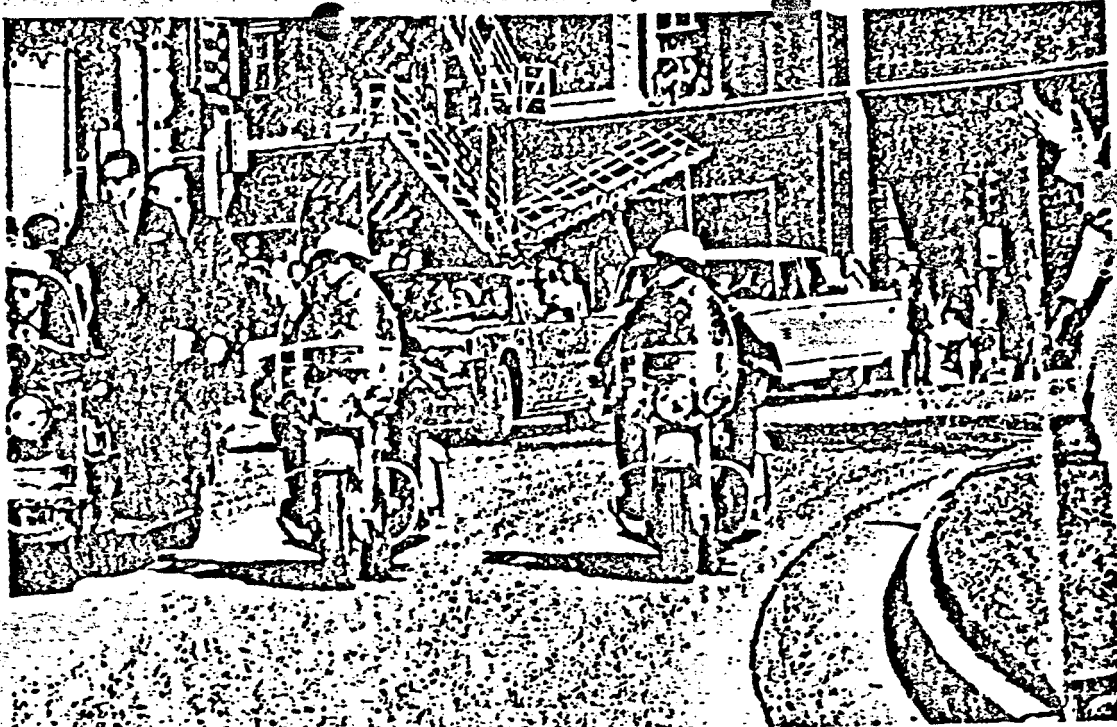
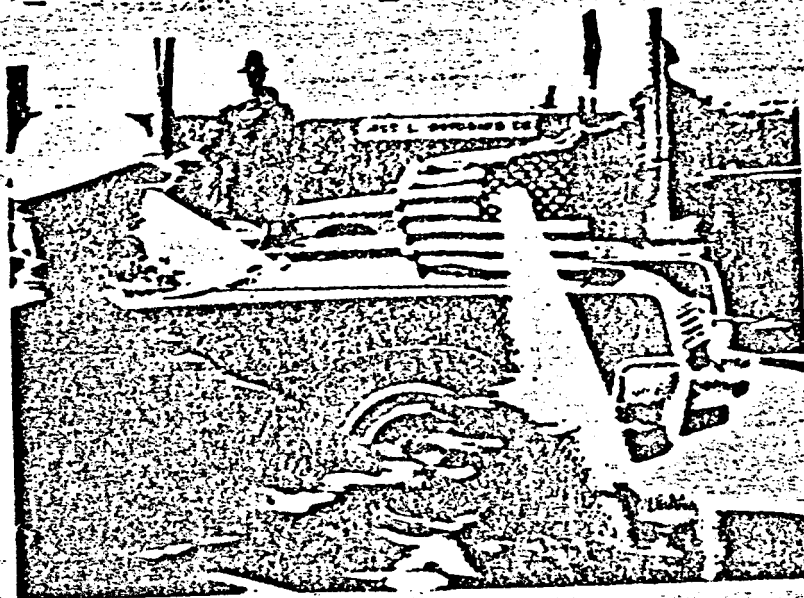


One hundred yards more and they would have reached the





safety of an overpass. Then three shots rang out.



They also continued on the way, of course, but the crowd in the street had not yet moved forward to the street level. The crowd in the street had not yet moved forward to the street level. The crowd in the street had not yet moved forward to the street level.

But President Kennedy was shot in the back. He had just turned past the right side of the entrance. The crowd had not yet moved forward to the street level. The crowd in the street had not yet moved forward to the street level.

Street. Vogel remembers he had a difficult time convincing Oswald that it would be better to go to the States than to stay in Europe.

The chain of his home and school life in New Orleans and Texas. In 1952 the Oswald moved to a double tenement district in the Bronx, N.Y., where in 15 months he attended three different schools. I went there, the family moved once more to New Orleans, where I attended the last half of his fourth grade. The next year he entered 10th grade and dropped out after one month. In 1956 the family moved back to Fort Worth, and he started 11th grade again.

It was not until after 21 days he quit school and went to the U.S. Marine. But whatever he was searching for he did not find. He worked his way from back private to private first class though he would later claim to have been a sergeant. Two years later he was court-martialed for using "swearing" words in front of a noncommissioned officer. He had already been court-martialed once for entering an unapproved post, and he was in the process.

In the Marine he performed on the 10th range, typically was better at the 10 than at the end. Oswald began his qualifying as a "sharpshooter" with a score of 212 points out of a possible 240. Two years later he scored a less impressive 198.

Thwarted by life in the Marine, Oswald claimed a hardship in the family and finally applied for his release from the Corps in September of 1959. The Marine granted it. "It was like getting out of prison," he said later.

Oswald's hardship claim stemmed from the fact that his mother was then in the hospital and penniless. When her hospital insurance ran out, she said a fortnight ago, she had sold her furniture to pay the bill, and then, after six months, he did not come to see her. She had to help her mother out of the hospital. The Red Cross helped her find a place to live in Dallas.

Yet it was perhaps characteristic of her that, after he got out of the Marine, he did not remain in Texas to help pay his mother's bill. Instead he left for Russia. "She's rather odd," he said later. "I wouldn't expect her to understand it when I quote her as saying 'go to Dallas to help her out of the hospital.' On October 15 of that year, he wrote the Supreme Soviet, the highest parliamentary body in the U.S.S.R., and asked for Russian citizenship. Seven days later, he gave a press interview in the Hotel Metropole in Moscow to explain what he was doing in Russia.

"For two years now I have been wanting to do this one thing," he said. "I want to see the American continent and become a citizen of the Soviet Union." The boy who had never been able to express himself adequately from the lack of fluency and civility. "My mother," he said, "has been a worker all her life. She is a good example of what happens to workers in the United States. At the age of fifteen, after watching the way workers are treated in New York, and Naples in the South, I was looking for a life in my own country. Then I discovered socialist literature."

"I am a Marxist," Oswald told Alvin Karpis, an American reporter in Moscow. "I became interested about the age of 15. An old lady handed me a pamphlet

about saving the Revolution. I still remember that."

He told reporters he then went on to read Karl Marx's Das Kapital. "It was," he said, "what I'd been looking for. It was like a very religious man opening the Bible for the first time."

After his interview with the press in Moscow, Oswald seemed to fade from public view. The American embassy in Moscow delayed several attempts of his repatriation to U.S. citizenship to give him time to think it over. Then, for some reason, Russia declined to confer Soviet citizenship on him, although he was told he could stay as a resident alien. He moved to Madrid and found a job.

More disillusionment

But Oswald's new religion of Marxism failed to satisfy him. Sixteen months after entering the Soviet Union he launched efforts to return home, only to find that the Soviet refused to expedite an exit visa. Two months later, Oswald completed his problem by marrying a Russian girl named Marina. Both became a pharmacist in Madrid. Then he discovered that the Marine Corps, because of his attempt to acquire his U.S. citizenship, had issued him an "undesirable" discharge, and his repatriation given. On January 10, 1962, he wrote an angry letter to John Connally in Fort Worth, an exhortation at the time that Connally had accepted his post as Secretary of the Navy's right before he ran for the governorship of Texas. In his letter Oswald promised that he would "employ all means to right the gross injustice or injustice to a home land [U.S. citizen and ex-serviceman]." He had gone to live in Russia, he wrote, "much in the same way as L. Honnigan traveled in Paris."

Two weeks after that his wife gave birth to a daughter. The couple named the baby June Lee.

On May 21, 1962, the State Department returned Oswald's U.S. passport, confirmed his citizenship and let him \$415.71 to purchase passage home. The Oswald left Rotterdam on June 4.

It was a warm, bright afternoon, June 11, 1962, when the Holland-America Line steamer Marlowe lowered its gangplank in Hoboken, N.J., and Lee Oswald set foot on American soil again. But the country had never heard of Oswald then and Americans had their minds on other things. In Texas a multi-named battle had been waging for a grand jury. In New York the moving Lucha was opening to mixed reviews. In Washington the President of the United States was conferring with President Roberto F. Chiari of Panama.

It seems hard to believe that Lee Oswald had any idea at the time that his fate and President Kennedy's were to collide 17 months later on a street in Dallas. Most likely Oswald felt only that he was coming home again, after still another failure to find his niche in life, to try once more to make a new start.

Moving his family to Dallas, Oswald worked at various jobs—starting, in usual, better than he ended. But somehow he managed to repay the State Department loan. In January of the year he was hired as a trainee with the Dallas advertising typographic firm of Jagers, Childs and Smith.

In May, 1963, Lee Oswald lost his job. His explanation to associates was "they

didn't have enough work." But there was another reason. Said Bob Sneed, president of the firm, "He was surprised to learn how to make photographic prints, but he wasn't competent. He was discharged." Then Sneed added in a non-familiar refrain, "He was a quiet person. He didn't have much to say to anybody. I guess he was a bit strange in that way."

The quiet man, the elderly person, the strange fellow—these were words some people used to describe Lee Oswald to the end. But beginning in May of this year more people began to see a glint of steel beneath the calm and soft exterior. Lee Oswald took his wife and child to New Orleans, where they rented an apartment at 8711 Magazine Street.

"He had a military manner, walked very erect, looked straight ahead and never paid an attention to anyone," said his landlady, Jesse James Carter. And he had ordered a gun—an Italian \$5 rifle, later listed with telephone number 427. The rifle was sent to a Dallas post-office box, addressed to "A. Hodel."

Another person who knew him in New Orleans, Mrs. Thora Jones, a next-door neighbor, remembered, "The neighborly person with anything never had any friends. No one ever came there to visit. He would never return a greeting, so people stopped greeting him. His little wife was just the opposite. She seemed very friendly—except when he was around. He didn't seem to want her to mix with anyone."

For two months in New Orleans Oswald held a job as a maintenance worker in a coffee-processing plant. Then again he was dismissed. "He wasn't doing the job," his boss said. "It was bright, quiet but not a tough to find." One place where Oswald was not difficult to find in New Orleans, according to singer Connie F. Rice, was the city's French Quarter. "He used to hang out in the Bourbon House," she recalled. "And sometimes he'd go to the bar at the El Comodoro, where I work. When the crowd was heavy, he'd push in where the wait-patrons are and see the show without buying a drink. I had a run-in with him a couple of months ago. I have a gig in my machine, something about Castro that

Rice." That gets a laugh. Well, the particular time, after the show, I went over to the Bourbon House and Oswald came up to me and said, 'What are you doing that late for?' I guess from the way he looked that I was drinking with a character as I got up and left."

But Oswald was not just another French Quarter character. On June 21 he applied for a passport—but no, he said in the late fall—to travel to the Soviet Union, England, France, Germany, Holland, Finland, Italy and Poland as a "photo reporter." Despite his previous record of foreign travel he was—unusually—issued the passport the next day. Six weeks later he provided another glimpse of a new and different Oswald. He made an attempt to pass as a double agent.

Carlos Bruguier, a French agent of Cuban exile, recalls, "I met him on August 15th. He came to our office to ask in what way he could help in light Castro. He wanted information about the activities of the Student Directorate. He said he was an ex-Marine with experience in guerrilla warfare and gave me a Marine handbook with his name on it. Bruguier gave Oswald nothing, but he thought that Oswald was a secret agent who had been seen by the CIA in the fall to initiate the exile organization and gather intelligence information about their anti-Castro activities."

Four days later a friend ran into Bruguier's office to say that an American citizen was distributing pro-Castro literature out of New Orleans. Bruguier hurried to the scene. "I was shocked," he said. "It was Oswald. He had one copy that said 'No more war' and another that said 'Honor the Corps.' He tried to shake hands with me, but I refused and called him a traitor. We had a small fight, because we got all his propaganda and we threw it up in the air."

During the fight, Oswald displayed a steel nerve. "He was trying to hit me so he put his arms down and said, 'No, Carlos. If you want to hit me, hit me.' But I thought if he hit me, he would appear as the victim, so I didn't."

The brief skirmish and the resulting publicity attracted the attention of new-



Months after the shooting police escort into the building from which the firing had come.

In the police station: a shocking drama

It was the police station... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

When he had a look... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

The next day... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

He brought... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

He was a... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...



THE MAN WHO WAS... THE MAN WHO WAS... THE MAN WHO WAS...

THE MAN WHO WAS... THE MAN WHO WAS... THE MAN WHO WAS...

When he had a look... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

The next day... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

That afternoon... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

He had... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

At... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

When... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

of a... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

The... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

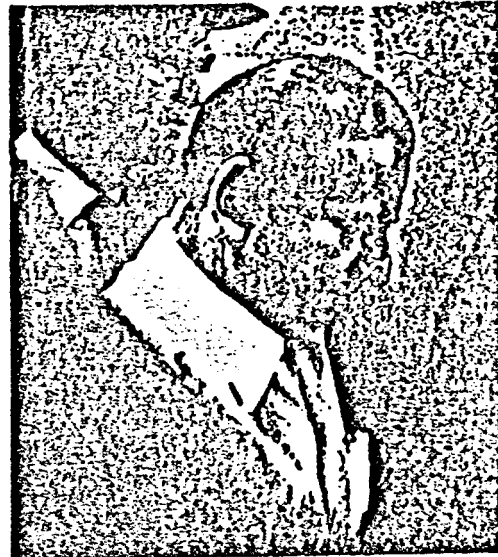
Ruby... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

As... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

When... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...

"Jack... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was..."

A... the man who was... the man who was... the man who was...



THE MAN WHO WAS... THE MAN WHO WAS... THE MAN WHO WAS...