

YEAR AFTER ASSASSINATION

Many Scars Remain From Dallas Shots That Stunned the World

BY SID MOODY
AP Staff Writer

DALLAS—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 schoolboy, 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 Book 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 . . .

Saw Terrible Moment

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

Los Angeles Times

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 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.

He has a new camera now. The manufacturer took the old one for its archives. He was glad to see it go.

"I don't shoot as many pictures as I did. When I pick up the camera and put it next to my eye it's tough. It's taken a little starch out of me." And when he thinks about the street outside, where it happened, he feels a cramp, "like a cramp in my heart."

... 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.

Cinderella Dream

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 three-bedroom brick house in a Dallas suburb. It is air conditioned, has modern appliances including the washing ma-

chine 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 cigarets 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

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.

Must Make Money

"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 advisers. She later broke with a respected Dallas lawyer who had been managing her affairs and has now entrusted the job to Dean Ford, a geologist, and his Russian-born wife, who is 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."

Boy Not Afraid

"I got a phone call just last week," said Amos's mother, Eva, 40. "Twenty minutes la-

ter he called back. It sounded like the same heavy voice. I don't think it's a prank because no grown man is going to play that much. It makes me uneasy, it really does."

The Euins 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.

Amos doesn't usually take the bus to school. Members of the family take him by car. He isn't allowed to roam too far alone. Amos does not appear concerned over the calls.

"But you know children," said his mother. "They can't see as far down the line as grownups. When you get worried about something, the first thing you think about is crawling in a hole and staying out of sight. But you can't do this and stay on this earth."

So the lights still burn all night at the Euins'.

Phone Unlisted

... 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 house. Mrs. Earlene Roberts, who was afraid

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 the 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.

Patrolman's Widow

"I've never had fights with people. I believe you treat your customers good they'll treat you good." He had just given a set of tires free to a customer who said the ones on the car Reynolds had sold him were no good.

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.

"Any connection? I don't know. That's the worrying thing. I don't know. Nobody knows. It's weird."

... Mrs. Tippit, mother of three, widowed by Lee Oswald in his dash to some where ... She is rich now. She

someone ... the house. He got ... 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."

Gunman runs

... 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



Mrs. J. D. Tippit

DALLAS

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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 three-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."

J.D.'s Rug

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.

"Every time 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 two-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 redeemed 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 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."

Asks Sympathy

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

"So he hit his wife? She came over here and started smoking, wearing lipstick, getting Americanized so fast, running around. So he slaps

her down. I admire that. It shows character, good upbringing. What man wouldn't do that?"

"I am proud Lee Harvey Oswald didn't want to take things from those Russian friends of Marina's. He wanted to support his wife himself. That shows principle. And where did he get that principle? From his mother!"

"They say Lee Harvey Oswald threw a toy gun at a sister when he was little. Well, lah-de-dah, how many little boys don't throw toys

around? The commission had to have this environment business to strengthen their evidence.

"I am taking an unpopular position but at least I sleep well. If this is what I must do, I will. If anybody today or tomorrow wanted to do away with me, I would at least know I had spoken and not had my mouth closed as my son's was.

"My evidence (she won't disclose it until she feels the time is right) would support the fact that there was more than one assassin. I think Lee was a patsy. I think President Kennedy was a victim of people in the State



Mrs. Ruth Paine

(Newfeatures photo)

Department. I think we have a good government but there are, as in any business, a few corrupt people in government. Thank God Lee Os-

wald had a mother. They didn't bank on her when they planned this. It's frightening to think what would have happened if I had kept quiet like my sons and Marina."

Claims Unfairness

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 sat down again. "I do feel I have accomplished a bit in the last 11 months. I'm still in demand by the press and TV which proves I am telling the other side of the story."

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.

"I have had no help from any groups," said Mrs. Oswald, gazing out the open front door through a drizzle to the football field where some high school boys were practicing. "No, I've been all alone. I've done every bit alone."

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.

Thinking Back

"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 beens: A kinder word or a closer look



ANGRY MOTHER—Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, mother of Lee Harvey Oswald, hopes to vindicate son.

(U. Newsfeatures photo)

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 weekends, 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.

Glad to Answer

She lives with it well. "My feelings are very much involved but I must live so, for instance, I'm also involved in a neighborhood nursery." She wonders what demons drove Lee Oswald and wonders what to give the children for lunch. She warms some coffee and laughs at some of the rumors that she was part of an assassination plot, about the neighbor who thought his house was being bugged because his TV went fuzzy every night only to discover it was caused by his turning on his electric blanket, about the schoolboy who interviewed her as part of a class project and said his teacher wanted to know if she believed in God and was a Communist.

"I said I certainly did believe in God and was not a Communist and would rather have people ask than wonder."

To wonder, Ruth Paine is wondering why she did not see more of Oswald and his

psychiatrist.

"There's no mystery in Dallas saying after the Warren Report 'Oh boy, we're clean' and leaving it at that. It's the same as my not crying myself for not seeing Oswald on the

going to let it worry me ordinarily 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

Ruby and saw 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 dominoes 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 Tonahill, 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.

Mind Possibly Gone

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 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. It's our work."

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 upwards into a ray of sunlight after Ruby shot Oswald. Dean was in charge of security in the basement.

Still on Minds

"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 backwards 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 finished his campaign and was elected, only this time it was different.

The crowds made him an easy. They recalled 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

tion that permits you to think about it without being overwhelmed." Nonetheless he and his wife never talk about that day.

Lasting Effect

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 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 wild flowers."

Recently the governor and his wife visited several other neighboring states and presented their governors with paintings of wild flowers 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, was draped with bunting for the Texas State Fair. On the other side of the

columns were plastic floral decorations, some dusty and weathered, some new.

Homely Tributes

Someone pinned a blank check from the Brown Bank & Trust Co. to a wreath and wrote 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 Roman

de souvenirs now in shop windows. A camera store has an illuminated display of colored slides of the depository, 50 cents per slide. The neighboring window was filled with paper skeletons, pumpkins and jack o'lanterns, decorations for Halloween.

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."

Plot Well Kept

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 waters 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 struck home?

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