

The Texas Observer

DEC. 13, 1963

A Journal of Free Voices

A Window to The South

25c

Who Was Lee Harvey Oswald?



Photographs by Russell Shaw

All the photographs in this issue were taken on Padre Island by Russell Shaw, a photographer of the Corpus Christi Caller-Times. We have interspersed them throughout this issue with the permission of the Caller-Times.

Dallas

Much has been written about Lee Harvey Oswald, 24, of New Orleans, Fort Worth, and, for a time, the Soviet Union, but I have learned the most about him as he was on November 22 in Dallas from two long interviews here, one with a man who had an argument with him less than a month before that day and one with a man who knew him as well as anyone who has spoken up.

His mother, too, has had a part of her say, but she is determined to sell her story; she did not know him well at the end; and he had moved beyond her influence. His brothers kept their own counsel. His wife has yet to talk to reporters, other than a Life team who did not report much from her. And he is dead now.

The argument occurred at a meeting of the Dallas chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union at Selectman Hall on the S.M.U. campus Oct. 25. Michael Paine, Oswald's only close acquaintance, as far as is known, during the last months of his life, had brought him as a guest.

The program for the evening was built around a showing of a film developing the theme that a Washington state legislator had been defeated by right-wing attacks based on previous communist-type associations of the legislator's wife. The discussion was running along the theme that liberals should oppose witch-hunts, but with scrupulous methods.

Oswald rose during the discussion, Paine said, and said he had attended the rally addressed by Gen. Edwin Walker two nights before in Dallas. "He . . . gave some examples of how they were exhibiting anti-Semitism," Paine recalled. A woman said that during a discussion of the Adlai Stevenson affair the night of Oct. 24, she heard Oswald lean forward to Paine and say, "I was there."

Rev. Byrd Helligas, associate minister of the First Unitarian Church of Dallas, remembers having seen Oswald in discussion at a coffee table. Oswald struck Helligas as "erudite," with a good vocabulary and a knowledge of a wide variety of subjects. In discussion about the movie projector, Helligas said, Oswald showed intelligence about mechanical things.

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A Memorial

Hundreds of thousands of Texans have already paid John Kennedy's memory homage on Elm Street, near the Triple Underpass, where he was slain. Millions of Americans and citizens of the other nations will go there in pilgrimage as long as there is civilization.

In the name of those we have been among, who have driven the fatal curve, and walked the witness grass, and studied over the flowers, in the name of the grieving faces and the energyless hearts, the Observer calls upon the city fathers of Dallas to construct a Kennedy Memorial there where the President was shot.

Mayor Earle Cabell of Dallas favors Dallas citizens giving money to a fund to erect a monument in Washington. He opposes building a memorial near the Triple Underpass.

Perhaps the Dallas power structure does not want a memorial there, and wants the place unmarked, and the fact that the deed was done there, if not forgotten, at least not unduly remembered.

In all understanding but in all earnestness, gentlemen, we say that the people want this monument there. No matter how politically you shunt the subject off your agendas, and no matter how many study committees you have come up with reasons not, the people want their monument to the President right there where he was slain.

Two schoolboys put up a flag there and stood guard on it themselves, in their R.O.T.C. uniforms. Flowers from stores and yards and fields appeared on the grass unbidden in wild colors like shattered rainbows. Every day people have come to stand on the scene there. Thanksgiving and weekends since the death, they have driven by in their cars three abreast in steady streams, past and over the place where he was killed. As we left Dallas we saw that a picket fence had appeared from somewhere, to put the flowers on.

Under fire the President hallowed that place forever. Let the fact be known for all to know and not forget.

Of all that has been said about him nothing sounded out so true as this, that he was our first president who became a martyr for peace and freedom without having to fight a war to do it. He was the second great emancipator. He is with Lincoln now.

Think of all the monuments there are in Texas: monuments to many men of innumerable names meaning much to few.

We know that grief is no argument in how to proceed, but we would be shocked if the leaders of Dallas permitted there to be any basis for the belief that they are more concerned about the Dallas image than they are filled with respect for the fallen President.

Let us have our monument to him, there where he fell.

The Subject of Dallas

It is too early to assess the subject of Dallas. This will take more inquiry and reflection. One cannot yet be sure, either, whether Dallas is doing something about itself, and if it is not, whether it will. We do know that some of its leading citizens are very determined that something shall be done. But there is a distance to go.

Dallas too long has been daily fed a diet of suspicion and reactionary demagoguery by the Dallas News to become in a month of words a shining city where people say forth without fear.

A school teacher paying homage to the President there where he fell gave a reporter a statement—and then tearfully withdrew it when her mother said she'd be fired by the school authorities if she stood by it. She went away crying and insisting, "But mother, I didn't say anything."

We have in hand a letter from another Dallas teacher: "This letter is not for publication. I'm a teacher—and teachers of liberal bent are circumspect in this school administration. . . . The teachers in this system just don't speak out."

Last weekend Mrs. Elizabeth Cowan, 25, married, and a fourth grade teacher in Dallas public schools for five years, was suspended by Supt. W. T. White for a letter from her published in Time Magazine.

She has not been told that she violated any rule. School authorities told her, she said, "just that they think I signed it as a teacher, and since I was a teacher, I implied I was speaking for all the teachers of Dallas."

She signed the letter, she said, with "just my name." However, she said, "I started a sentence with, 'as a teacher,' and that was it."

In the sentence in question, Mrs. Cowan

wrote: "As a teacher in Dallas I have tried to instill in my students a respect for the leaders of our country." The theme of her letter was this: "The city of Dallas paved the way for the tragic event here."

So the mother of the teacher at the assassination scene was right. The teacher who wrote to us was right. Mrs. Cowan learns to her sorrow.

It is not enough that, under pressure of publicity, Supt. White and the school board reinstated Mrs. Cowan Monday. It may be a good sign, but real damage has been done. Consider the implicit warning to every teacher in Dallas:

Say something civic, or keep your mouth shut.

If this is the way the Dallas power structure means to shine up its image again—we do not say that it is; we only fear that it is—then we must conclude that the leaders of Dallas do not know that there is a relationship between the image and the reality.

They are not two different kinds of things, existing apart from each other. A true image cannot be conjured by public relations men, no matter how slick they are. The only image of value is the image that reflects the reality. The only honest way to fix an image is to fix a reality.

Don't the gentlemen know this?

NO VOTE

The Observer suggests that citizens of this area abstain from voting in the congressional runoff of Dec. 17. Neither Jake Pickle nor Jim Dobbs should be the congressman from this Democratic district; why vote for either?

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THE MAN WHO ARGUED with Oswald told the story only on condition that neither he nor his wife, who was present during part of the argument, be identified. The couple are friends of the Paines, and Paine had introduced Oswald to them during the meeting.

This is what happened, as it is remembered by the informant:

Paine had told the couple that his estranged wife Ruth and he had befriended Mrs. Oswald, and that Oswald had visited at Mrs. Paine's house over weekends to see Mrs. Oswald, who was staying there. Paine had told the couple that Oswald had defected to Russia and was a Marxist.

The informant and his wife went to the A.C.L.U. meeting as guests, also. They were rankled by the way Oswald made his point against Gen. Walker during the open discussion.

"It got me that he was sticking in a dirty little comment—needling people. It wasn't a violent sharpness, it seemed like a subtle seed for prejudicial sharpness," the informant said. "It wasn't loud, it was the way he clipped his words. It had a sarcastic undertone," his wife remarked.

This couple, Oswald, Paine, and another man who listened most of the time but put in a few comments, composed the group as the informant and Oswald squared off. Paine, who later said he knew what was going to happen, left the group as the argument began.

"We right quick came to the pros and cons of communism versus capitalism," the informant said. "I said to him, 'I know that you have communistic tendencies.' He interjected, 'I am a Marxist.' It left me with the impression that it was decidedly different.—Of course, Stalinist, communist, Marxist—to me he's a commie. . . ."

"He was arguing the capitalists are guilty of exploiting the worker. He said it was a crime for the capitalists to exploit the workers. . . . It seemed to me at one time I had argued him finally into a corner. . . . I said, 'You mean to tell me that in Russia, they don't exploit the worker?—the state doesn't?' He said, 'Yes, they do. It's worse than here.'"

Oswald said either that in Russia there is not a true communism, or that there is not a perfect communism there.

"I thought possibly I might convert the rascal. But he said, 'But still, what you're doing in your society, it's not a crime to exploit the worker,'" the informant recalled. Oswald alternately referred to Americans or U.S. society as "we" and as "your society."

Oswald's antagonist then offered himself as an example of a capitalist: he said a couple of craftsmen work for him part-time for \$3 an hour, and they work only when they want to and pretty much as they want to; he figures his price for the products they make for him at the rate of \$4 an hour for their labor.

"Oh, you're taking the cream off the

top—you are taking \$1 for nothing," Oswald told him.

"No, I have spent time getting jobs. I pay the bills. I buy their mistakes. I have an investment in my tools," the informant replied.

"Well, you're a petty capitalist," Oswald retorted.

"The way he said it riled me just a bit," the informant said. "It was very contemptuous. . . . I just sputtered for a few minutes. I disliked this man unfairly. He believed this, and it's his right to believe it."

The talk turned to other subjects. Is it not true that Americans have more civil liberties than Russians? the informant asked Oswald. "Very definitely, the man is freer here than in Russia," Oswald responded.

The subject of civil rights and President Kennedy came up. In connection with civil rights, Oswald said, "I think Kennedy is doing a good job." The informant believed this was an exact quote.

"That was the nearest thing to an exclamation in the conversation. When he said 'good,' he had emphasis on the word, 'good,'" the informant continued.

"I thought he was impressive. I feel that he had his mind made up and he had a closed mind and nothing could change the way he thought it was. . . . He was good at argument and debate. He was cool. He had very, very good control of the English language. His expression was good. His control was good. . . . He didn't seem violent to me. He was very calm about expressing himself."

As they left the hall at Southern Methodist University where the meeting had been held, the informant said to his friend Paine, "Michael, we're going to have to set up this boy in business. We might convert him."

Laughing, Oswald tossed back, "The money might corrupt me."

ALMOST EVERYONE in the country believes that less than a month later this haughty, dogmatic young man took careful aim and fired three times, until the President lay slain in his car. What kind of man was Oswald?—How did he think? No one can answer better than Michael Paine, who talked about him reflectively for three hours in the Irving home from which Oswald is believed to have taken his Italian rifle to work on the fatal morning.

Paine strikes one as a gentle, intellectual Quaker who responds to others sensitively and takes care to avoid doing anything that would hurt anyone's feelings. He attended,

A Note on Parentheses

Once again, I have had the problem of wishing to avoid, in the Observer's coverage of the assassination, any rewrites of the voluminous published accounts. Therefore, a simple stratagem has been adopted, and observed throughout my reports this issue from Dallas: any material that I have not myself obtained is enclosed in parentheses.—Ed.

but did not finish Harvard and Swarthmore; 35 now, and a research engineer, he is active in folk dancing circles in Texas.

The informant who argued with Oswald said Paine and his wife Ruth "are overly charitable, and they are overly respectful of other people." Until Nov. 22, the informant said, Paine was a high-spirited fellow who played the guitar and sang a lot, folk songs and classical music such as Handel's "Messiah."

Although they have been besieged with callers and questions, the Paines have not fled into privacy since the assassination. "I guess we all have to face the fact," Mrs. Paine says, "that we were associated with the man who killed the President."

After his wife took in Mrs. Oswald and her child, Paine had about four long conversations with Oswald, at dinnertimes and the night after the A.C.L.U. meeting.

"When I first met him, he was very eager to talk," Paine said. "He said no one at work wanted to talk about politics. Further along, he didn't support his arguments very well. . . . I think he really hadn't met people who were keen and who would try to sift evidence and find the truth of the matter."

He had a large vocabulary, but didn't use it properly; he wasn't intellectual, although he might have been potentially. The Paines agree that he did not read books at the Irving house, despite the published reports that he was a reader. He watched TV a lot, football games, for instance; he especially liked shoot-'em-up westerns, Mrs. Paine said.

"His discourse was not logical," Paine said. "When it got down to smaller examples, he didn't enter into it. . . . I don't think he had any expectation to find an explanation that was different from the one that he accepted. . . ."

"He had no program that I was aware of, or no ideas of how to modify the system . . . into a better one by evolution, or progressive, or small steps. Neither did he describe what his goals would be, what kind of a society or world he would like to have. . . ."

"He had to take everything in a big lump. There were no partial applications of oneself. It's a youthful idea," Paine said.

"It was the simplicity of his thinking, the starkness of his principles, that made me think that somebody who enjoyed eating or enjoyed anything couldn't be so obsessed or wouldn't take such pleasure in empty principles."

OSWALD HAD FEW VALUES. "He did feel the injustice of the exploitation of man by man, which I thought he emphasized because it was something he found in Marx, and explained what he felt the world had done to him. . . ."

"When I asked him why the country had to be changed or something, he said that in the capitalistic system it's based on the exploitation of man by man. When I first met him, it was apparent to me that he was aware of his employer exploiting him—that he was making him more money than he was paying him."

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"I wonder if maybe he communicated this to his employer [in his attitude at work]. He apparently counted the goods and value that his employer had—he mentioned the cars or something that his employer had. That was the only time that he seemed to have any personal animosity toward an individual."

Oswald believed that malevolent forces are conspiring against workers. "... I didn't feel so discouraged about the evil of the world and therefore wasn't blaming the evil on intent as much as ignorance. He felt it was malice," Paine said.

"The only place we found agreement was in our condemnation of the far right," Paine said. Oswald attended the meeting addressed by Gen. Walker, Paine thought, to "sort of try to get the pulse of American society."

"I think he was interested in the right wing for its corroboration of what he was reading."

Oswald was not bashful and thought himself able to cope with things well, Paine said. He was "not overly oppressed by the ruling bodies, shall we say—the ruling bodies couldn't really get him down."

Paine could not recall why, but he did feel called upon, responding to Oswald, to argue with him against violence.

"I emphasized that so many of the values which I considered most civilized and most precious were all diminished by a situation of violence. He always fell silent. That was typical of him, if he disagreed."

As to Russia, Mrs. Paine said, "I gathered he'd been lonely there. He mentioned going hunting with some friends. But I suppose it was the paucity of his description of it." Although it was in their first conversation, a possibly relevant circumstance, Paine said, Oswald had cited restrictions of his freedom in Russia, and had resented being assigned a job and assigned a place to live.

Paine believed that Oswald wanted to be active in the U.S. communist movement, but was "out of it."

He received the Daily Worker, the communist paper from New York; the Militant, a Trotskyite paper; "Agitator" and "Agonok," Russian magazines, and the Minsk daily paper, Mrs. Paine said. Of the Daily Worker, Paine said, "He told me that you could tell what they wanted you to do by reading between the lines. That was an indication he wanted to be active in the movement," but had to rely on guesswork as to what to do, Paine thought.

On Oct. 25, Paine said, he took Oswald to the A.C.L.U. meeting "to introduce him to some of the values that were precious to me." On their leaving, Paine said, Oswald told him "that he could never join that organization, that it wasn't a political organization." From conversation afterward in the car, Paine concluded that "it took him by surprise to find that I could care about freedom of speech for its own sake and not for some ulterior purpose."

"He was quite aware of freedom of speech—he was quite aware of all his freedoms and wanted to use them," but they

were not values to him, themselves, Paine said.

On Nov. 4, national A.C.L.U. received Oswald's membership application and \$2 membership fee. It has been presumed here that he picked up the form at the Dallas A.C.L.U. meeting.

Another remark Paine took as an indication Oswald was "out of it" occurred after the A.C.L.U. meeting. Oswald told Paine he thought, on the basis of what a man had said to him in conversation at the meeting, that the man was a communist.

"I dismissed this in my mind as a pretty inadequate description of a communist—and if this is the way he finds his communists, he's still pretty lonely," Paine said.

Paine, too, remembers Oswald speaking well of Kennedy on civil rights—"something to the effect, 'I think he's doing a fairly good job on civil rights.' I had the impression," Paine said, "that of the people on the political scene, he disliked Kennedy the least."

WHY WOULD HE KILL him then?

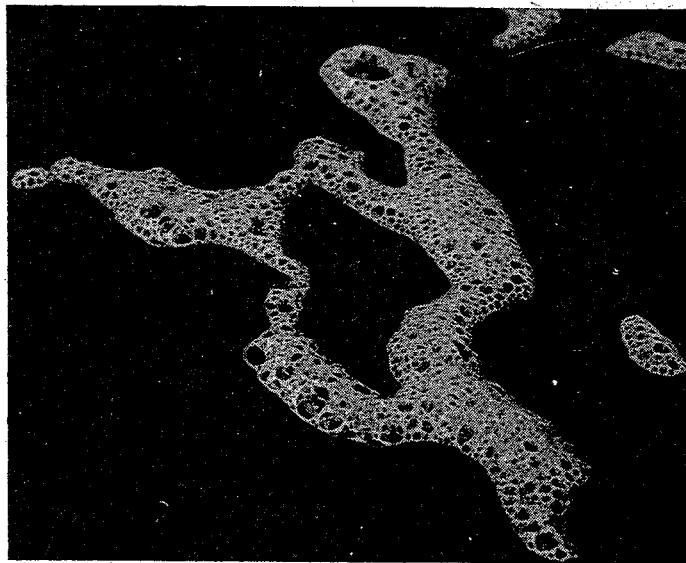
He had told Paine there were only 30 or 35 people in the book depository building. Paine speculated that he didn't like his work, shuffling books around, and he started looking out the window. "Here I really think it was, opportunity presented itself for him to..."

He might not have had a strong motive, Paine said. "He didn't perceive the feelings—all the values that people express in the realm of religion he didn't contemplate, or didn't recognize, and the complexities of life... He didn't recognize shades and degrees and complexities, and if you don't perceive that, I don't see how you can..."

Paine did not want to say, not being sure, that Oswald did not have much feeling. But, he said, "The only feeling that was common—he was polite in not showing it to me too much—was contempt for other people. It's a kind of corollary of disrespect... One goes with the other, I guess..."

"He didn't express feelings for music—he liked to bill and coo with Junie," his baby. "When I read a supposed eye witness report about this guy taking his time putting his reportedly well-aimed shots into the President..."

Well, said Paine, "There aren't many strong feelings [in him]. One with stronger feelings would require a stronger impulse. Physically it's a very simple thing to pull a trigger. When you think of a presidential assassin, you think this must have been a very strange person. I've seen many people who looked more inwardly tense than he."



After early October, Paine said, he had not given Oswald much of his attention. "I had stopped talking to him, because I felt there was no growth."

"Also, he regarded all religions as alike. ... 'Religions are an apparatus of the state and the opiate of the masses.' ... On the question of religions, that was offensive to me, because ... within religions, religious philosophy, there are all kinds of values expressed."

Oswald did not respond when Paine told him he gave several hundred dollars a year to his church, the Unitarian, not because he was forced to by the state, but because he wanted to.

"He was always trying to put me in a category," Paine said. Oswald would say to him that "I wasn't a Marxist, I wasn't a socialist, I wasn't a liberal, I wasn't a conservative, I wasn't a Bircher, or a churchgoer, or a non-churchgoer. He finally said, 'Well, you just don't belong to any category.'"

"... it just meant [to him] that he didn't have to bother with me... I thought perhaps he didn't like to be harnessed with questions. After Oct. 1 I was polite to him only for the sake of Marina," Oswald's wife.

LATER had a pang of sorrow," said Paine. When he heard that Oswald had joined A.C.L.U. and had indicated he wanted A.C.L.U. to defend him if the defense lawyer for communists, John Abt, would not, Paine wondered.

"He just really hadn't had much experience, and if I'd had longer and had persisted, he might have found an avenue for constructive activity where he would join with others," Paine said.

"If he had had more of that in his youth, some place where he'd had a chance for people to listen to him, some place where he wouldn't have been rejected out of hand. Of course, I didn't think of that—I didn't think of saving someone..."

"That takes a big person—there, I wasn't big enough, I rejected him on my own."

Then Michael Paine concluded: "I don't know him well. Few people do, so it's only relative to zero that it amounts to anything."

Was He a Loner or a Conspirator?

Where did Lee Oswald get the money for his reported trip to Mexico? How did he plan to finance the trips he has been reported contemplating to Europe and Russia, and then to Russia via Cuba, possibly with an excursion through Europe?

Accounts in Dallas of his work history and income the last year and a half of his life indicate that he bounced from one job to the next and led the life of a harried, penny-pinching common laborer of uncommon mind.

He may have been exigent to the point of desperation six weeks or so before the assassination, when he found himself out of a job, his Texas unemployment compensation exhausted, and his wife about to give birth to their second baby.

His wife's benefactress, Mrs. Ruth Paine, says that Oswald told her he was a Marxist, but never said he was a communist. Such a disposition toward radical disaffection from the society, combined with his doing so poorly in jobs and finances, could have coalesced into a motive for his shooting of the President.

Of course, there are many questions, and much more evidence that can bear on this question. But the financial evidence does not now appear, on the basis of what I've found here, to sustain a conspiracy theory.

Mrs. Paine said Oswald didn't tell her or his wife about his reported trip to Mexico this fall, but she speculated, on the basis of his habits as they are known to her, that he would have hitch-hiked to Laredo from New Orleans and then traveled to Mexico City by bus, which is a notoriously cheap mode of transportation.

(Thereupon the Mexican government announced in Mexico City that contrary to earlier reports, Oswald did not drive to Mexico City, but took a bus into the interior, and lived so frugally, he could have made the whole inside Mexico, food and all, for \$30.)

"He was a person to save money," Mrs. Paine said. If, as reported, but not confirmed, he had \$150 stashed at Mrs. Paine's in Irving, it might be relevant that Mrs. Paine said the Oswalds had planned to move Mrs. Oswald out of Mrs. Paine's, and take an apartment of their own, after Christmas.

"He tipped only five cents to that cab driver [after the assassination]. A man trying to leave a trail wouldn't usually do that, but I think he couldn't stand to pay any more," she said.

"I thought he felt insecure in jobs. He lost jobs, and he wanted to save money, for fear of being out of work." He felt that his having been to Russia and having a Rus-

sian-speaking wife worked against him, Mrs. Paine said.

THERE ARE documents that may implicate the communist and pro-Castro left in Oswald's activities. On the face of them, as they are described in Dallas, none of them implicates anyone but Oswald in the shooting of the President.

Bill Alexander of the district attorney's office says that when he accompanied officers to Oswald's Dallas room about 3 o'clock or 3:30 the afternoon of the assassination, he saw letters among Oswald's papers on letterheads of the Communist Party of America, the Worker in New York City, and the Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

The same man signed the letter from the Communist Party and the one from the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, as an official in both instances, Alexander said. The "big letter"—three pages, typed and single-spaced—was the one from the Cuba committee, telling Oswald how to organize a local Cuba committee and "conduct activities to avoid 'nosy neighbors,'" Alexander said. The contents of the other letters were not significant, he said.

Justice of the Peace David Johnston, who arraigned Oswald, accompanied the officers on this search, too. He saw an American-made address book that he said contained quite a few writings in Russian and English and some other languages, possibly including Spanish. A map of Dallas showing the trajectory of the bullet that killed the president was also found on this search, Johnston said.

Alexander said that on the fly page of the address book, Red Square in Moscow appeared to have been drawn in; but he was not sure that was what it was. Lt. E. L. Cunningham of the forgery bureau saw John B. Connally's name in the book. Detectives B. L. Senkel and F. L. Turner said they saw Fair Play for Cuba handbills among the papers; Senkel reported seeing a large picture of Castro, enclosed in clear plastic.

Other information would indicate that papers of Oswald's found in the Irving home of Mrs. Paine included a letter on Communist Party of America stationery thanking Oswald for "photographic work." It can be reported from Irving that his effects there included letters and photographic negatives. Officers could not read some of the letters because of the language they were in.

(New York newspapers have reported that the Fair Play for Cuba Committee admits having received five letters from Oswald, recounting his activities for the com-

mittee in New Orleans. Obviously relevant also in this general connection are the facts of Oswald's defection to Russia and the published accounts about his application for documents to travel to Russia through Cuba in Mexico City at the end of September.)

OSWALD was reported to be in Russia from late in 1959 through mid-1962. The financial record pieced together here begins around the first of June, 1962, when the Oswalds' landlord in Fort Worth remembers them moving into a one-bedroom duplex there. The rent was about \$60 a month; while the apartment was small, it was clean. The Oswalds stayed there through September of last year.

On a job application in Dallas this year, Oswald said he had worked before at a Fort Worth firm. (This company has since merged with another one; its business has to do with welding. A division manager says Oswald worked there about 12 weeks, probably from July to September as a sheet metal helper for less than \$1.50 an hour.)

A man named Ernest C. Koerner, who is presently very upset about all this, and speaks of finding out who this nation's enemies are, and taking up our guns again, lived in a duplex behind the Oswalds and worked at a large retail store in Fort Worth.

Koerner said that the Oswalds had no visitors that he saw, and frequently argued loudly in a foreign tongue. Occasionally they went walking, with Oswald walking far to the front of his wife; they had no car, Koerner said.

Koerner related an incident that suggests Oswald was what is sometimes called "cheap."

One day Koerner gave Oswald a discount slip that could be credited on the purchase of a TV set in the store where Koerner worked. Oswald was curt about this at first, but when he understood what the slip was, he told Koerner he had just bought a TV that day, but it wasn't working well, so he would take it back the next day and buy another one on the discount slip.

Koerner said that the next day he saw Oswald carrying the boxed-up TV he had bought out of his house, presumably to turn it in and buy another one on discount.

The Oswalds' landlord told a newsman that on occasion Oswald was late paying his rent, and that the Oswalds left without giving notice and with about \$30 rent and some utility bills unpaid.

Moving from Fort Worth to Dallas, Os-

wald went to work late in October, 1962, for a Dallas printing firm, which hired him on a referral from the Texas Employment Commission.

He was paid \$1.50 an hour, the secretary-treasurer of the firm thinks he remembers. This official did not ask him his previous work experience, because "he said he was let out of the Marines. We put lots of boys on who are just out of the service."

"The Texas Employment Commission sent him as a young veteran with a wife and child, eager to go work and make a place for himself in the world. That's all we knew," says the president of this company.

Samuel Ballen, of Dallas, a Republican petroleum economist, interviewed Oswald for a job for about an hour and a half at a time Ballen places at around last December or January. Apparently Oswald was looking for another job while he was working at the printing firm, perhaps knowing that he was not being well received there.

"I would have had the feeling that he was at the stage of destitution," Ballen said of Oswald at the time. "He was dressed very, very modestly, not dirty, but very modestly."

"I would have the impression that this would be a guy who could travel from place to place with very few funds. He could travel from one end of the country to the other, and people would be buying his meals. I had the feeling . . . that he had no money."

Meanwhile, the printing firm decided to let him go. "We tried to teach him to make camera prints . . . he didn't take any pride in his work, or he didn't care," the company's financial officer said. He was given notice at the end of last March and fired April 5 or 6, 1963, the president stated.

Mrs. Paine met the Oswalds at a party late in February, 1963, she said. She had the impression that Oswald became eligible for unemployment compensation under Texas law about last May.

Mrs. Paine now suspects that Oswald received jobless comp checks from Texas authorities throughout his twenty weeks in New Orleans last summer, although he worked there during that period.

His Russian-speaking wife was several months pregnant and suggested to him that he go to New Orleans, his birthplace, to look for work, Mrs. Paine says. She relates details of his setting out that seem to be symptomatic of a penuriousness:

Mrs. Paine called on the Oswalds about April 24 and found them packed for New Orleans. She took them to the bus station, where Oswald bought tickets for himself and his wife; but Mrs. Paine volunteered that Mrs. Oswald could stay with her at her home in Irving until he found a job and sent for his wife.

The Oswalds accepted her offer, and Oswald cashed in the ticket he had bought for his wife. He also gave Mrs. Oswald about \$10 for her living expenses, and did not send any more, Mrs. Paine said. "It lasted a little while," Mrs. Paine said mildly.

A slender woman with good features, Mrs. Paine speaks rapidly and with perception and decision, and answers questions headlong. She is sensitive against words like "charity" and "indigent," preferring kinder terms.

Her home the morning I interviewed her about Oswald's money was still a shambles from two searches and a week's neglect. Books were strewn about a bedroom table (I noticed *War and Peace*), and statues of Mercury and one she thought was Jason were in evidence. Saturday Review and Harper's . . . pastoral scenes on the walls . . . two golden eagles with stars around their bases . . . a doll on the couch and the daughter watching the TV western . . . wash on the line out back, a rusted toy car, a skiff upended . . . dishes in the sink and Wheaties on the drainboard.

ON MAY 8, Oswald telephoned from New Orleans and told the women he had landed a job, with a photoengraving establishment near the French Quarter and the Mississippi River and that his pay was \$1.50 an hour, Mrs. Paine said. Mrs. Paine drove Mrs. Oswald to New Orleans and was their guest for a few days in what she describes as their very modest, \$60 or \$70 a month apartment.

During the summer the women exchanged letters; in one of them at the end of August, Mrs. Oswald said her husband was out of work again. Mrs. Paine relates that after vacationing in the East, she returned to Texas through New Orleans, visiting the Oswalds approximately from Sept. 20 through 23.

"I think they were definitely feeling the pinch of not having an income," Mrs. Paine said. "I did feel charged by him to get the cheapest medical care" for his wife's childbirth. He gave Mrs. Paine a check he had saved from his printing firm job, but as it worked out, Mrs. Oswald was eligible for free Dallas County care, and Mrs. Paine returned it to him, she recalled.

Last Oct. 4 Oswald applied for a job at a second printing firm in Dallas, located on Industrial Boulevard, which might have been regarded as a possible route for the President's motorcade. The president of the firm where Oswald had worked five and a half months starting a year earlier recalled:

"This application that this fella made to this other company listed us as a previous employer. Their superintendent called me. I checked and found out that the reason he was discharged was that he was not competent in his work.

"Nobody had had any real liking or disliking for him. Somebody mentioned he had heard he had a Daily Worker. So, just shooting off at the mouth, as I think of it now, I said, 'Hell, for all I know, he may be a Communist.' Damn if it doesn't look like he was."

"He indicated he might be a Communist on the back of the application," said the executive who had made the remark. Oswald wasn't hired.

That very day, Oct. 4, Mrs. Paine said, Oswald telephoned his wife at Mrs. Paine's in Irving and related that upon leaving

New Orleans, he had scouted around Houston for a job without success and had been looking around in Dallas the last few days.

As for his trip to Mexico—which reports published here state occurred between the time he left New Orleans and the time he arrived in Dallas—"he never breathed a word of that to me or to his wife," Mrs. Paine said.

BECAUSE of a question of time, Mrs. Paine doubts a report from Alice, that Oswald was trying to get a job there on Oct. 4. Alice could be on a route from Mexico to Dallas.

On the phone from Dallas that day, Oswald asked that Mrs. Paine pick him up and drive him to Irving, but his wife refused him this, explaining that Mrs. Paine was still weak from having given blood to the county hospital, an act having to do with Mrs. Oswald's care there.

Mrs. Paine said Oswald therefore hitchhiked to Irving. This "indicates his use of money," she said.

The Dallas Time-Herald has reported that Oswald received small sums of money "ranging up to \$10 or possibly \$20 at a time" through Western Union from an unknown party during several months before the assassination. The paper also said Oswald sent a telegram a few days before the President's murder.

Such facts could certainly qualify or contravene other indications of his financial situation.

An official in charge of the Western Union here denied knowledge of such messages. "I absolutely know nothing about anything like this in this office," said A. I. English, assistant operations director.

"I would say that their story is without foundation, because our people wouldn't give 'em the information," the Saturday manager, George Warren, also said. The paper's city editor, Ken Smart, said, "We're standing by our story."

Mrs. Paine continued that Oswald first took a \$7-a-week room in Dallas for a week or so, but wanted TV and kitchen privileges and moved to his room on Beckley, where the rent was \$8 a week. He visited in Mrs. Paine's home weekends.

Mrs. Paine remembers that Oswald's last unemployment comp check arrived the weekend before he went to work Oct. 15 for the Texas School Book Depository in Dallas, from the building of which the President was shot. The terminal check was smaller than usual, apparently because Oswald was entitled only to part of a full period's benefits at the end, and this "disappointed him," she said.

Oswald wanted "any kind of job, I think quite sincerely. He was very definitely disturbed that last week [of his unemployment benefits] . . . no job, no prospects, baby due any minute. He was relieved that at least his wife had a place to stay."

When he got the job, he did not offer to contribute to his wife's support, and "she was living as my guest," Mrs. Paine said. "I felt he was very pleased to receive my generosity, it was another way of saving money."

The depository paid Oswald \$1.25 an hour, \$50 a week, which worked out to just more than \$108 each half-month, or a little more than \$100 after deductions. Roy Truly, an official of the firm, said. Oswald received such paychecks Oct. 31 and Nov. 15. Truly said there was overtime work to be done, but Oswald did not ask to be let do any of it, nor did he ask for wage advances, as some of the other workers did.

A COUPLE OF TIMES after a weekend in Irving, Oswald went to work at the depository Monday with a packed

lunch. "He had very little money." Mrs. Paine said.

He asked her, she said, not to tell hospital authorities he had gotten a job, apparently fearing there would be a charge for the child's birth if authorities knew, but when they asked her if he had, she told them yes, and the fact did not affect Mrs. Oswald's eligibility for free care.

The baby, the Oswalds' second girl, was born Oct. 20 at Parkland hospital, where the President and his accused assassin died the next month.

"I still feel like he was just hunting a job," Truly said. "When he did come to

work, he may have known the President was coming, but he couldn't have known the route.

"He impressed me all along that he was just anxious to go to work for his family."

He was not a neat dresser, but he wasn't sloppy. "He was that type of fella, if he didn't have any money, he could hitch-hike across the country," Truly said.

According to Will Fritz, captain of the homicide and robbery bureau of the Dallas police, Oswald had just \$13 in his pocket when he was cornered and captured in the Texas Theater.

The Killer of the Accused Killer

The way Jack Ruby seemed to people who knew him in Dallas depended on what kind of people they were, and which way they knew him, it seems.

Ruby was a member of the large conservative Jewish congregation in Dallas, and he ran a strip tease joint, the Carousel, across the street from the Adolphus.

He was always befriending and trying to be favor policemen and newspapermen, and a lawyer told me that one day he saw him beating another man until blood flowed and the lawyer stepped between them.

And according to one of the men who will prosecute him for killing Lee Oswald, which nobody can doubt that he did, Ruby tried to create a tough-guy atmosphere around his burlesque place and his night club, the Vegas, at the same time he was tipping off the police about questionable characters who might float into them.

No one I talked to (or read about, for that matter,) as to Ruby alleged that he had any politics except patriotic fervor about presidents. (The Dallas News and the Fort Worth Star-Telegram rode for a while with the happenstance that a man named Jack Rubinstein, Ruby's name before he had it legally changed, was identified as a communist in some old Washington files, but the suspicion they were the same man was blown out of the tub by statements from investigators in Washington who said they knew.)

RUBY AS A SAYER of prayers was well known to his rabbi, although not as well known as he would have been if he had gone to church more than two or three times a year.

When Rabbi Hillel E. Silverman of Shearith Israel visited Ruby in his cell here, Ruby broke down crying "every three minutes," and at one point, when the question of his psychiatric examination came up, he looked to Dr. Silverman and said, "Tell me, am I insane?"

Silverman has visited with him twice since he was locked up.

"All he remembers is seeing a crowd of people, and Oswald; and Oswald was just leering, there was a smirk on his face, and

he just lost his head—as an American he just had to shoot the man that shot the President," Silverman said.

"I'm convinced it was not premeditated," the rabbi said. "He saw crowds, he saw people around, he saw this man, this assassin, the man had a smirk on his face, as if he was proud of what he did."

Ruby told him, the rabbi said, "I kept thinking of Mrs. Kennedy coming back for the trial, and the poor children." Ruby never mentioned to Silverman, as an element in his motivation, indignation against communists, to which Ruby's defense lawyer, Tom Howard, has been quoted alluding.

"It would be awfully convenient if he (Ruby) represented the right wing, but I'm afraid it just wasn't that way," Silverman said.

"To me, he was very shallow intellectually. I don't think he knew the difference between a Republican and a Democratic platform. All he knew was he loved Kennedy, he loved Eisenhower, he loved every president—it was a symbol of his America," Silverman said.

"It's incredible that there could be any connection between Ruby and the communists, Ruby and Oswald, or Ruby and the right wing," Silverman said.

A related conclusion is stated here also by the first trial assistant in the district attorney's office, Bill Alexander, to whom a large role in Ruby's prosecution will be assigned, if Ruby is tried. "As of this point, I don't know of anything to connect the guy with Oswald," Alexander said.

Ruby was not deeply religious, but was sentimentally so, Silverman said. He did not attend Sunday services, but came to church on two or three religious holidays a year. When, four or five years ago, his father died, he attended 20-minute memorial services at the synagogue every morning and evening for eleven straight months; this is when Silverman came to know him.

"He's a member of this congregation. I'm not proud of that fact," Silverman said. "It's a dastardly crime by a person who was obviously deranged."

A bachelor, Ruby had a "morbid attrac-

tion" for dogs and once drove by Silverman's house with six little dachshunds in the back of his car. Apparently he wished he had children; he suffered "a tremendous emotional instability," Silverman contended, illustrating this with this story:

On Jewish New Year's, one of the holy days, about two months ago, Ruby called the rabbi, "crying on the telephone," because he and his sister had had a spat, and asked the rabbi to intervene for him with her. He did, and the next day they had made up.

Ruby is, not exactly a status-seeker, but a seeker of "the plaudits of the crowd," Silverman said. Raised in abject poverty in a tough part of Chicago, and failing to finish high school, he lusted after notoriety, and "he wanted to be a martyr," Silverman said.

People have been writing him, congratulating him on his deed and even sending him money for his legal defense. "His mind is not working," Silverman said, citing, as an example, his request that the rabbi see that instead of sending money to help in his defense, his admirers buy advertisements in their local newspapers saying "that they approve of what he's done and that he's done the American thing."

Silverman saw Ruby at services Friday night after the assassination. "You could see tears. He was very disturbed, you could see," he said. Ruby told him he had been very upset in conversations with his sister and by watching TV about the assassination: that he had closed his own two clubs and asked other operators why they did not close theirs.

Ruby was most concerned what people, and what the rabbi, particularly, thought of him. "I tried to comfort him, first of all," Silverman said.

He told Ruby he had deprived the government of an opportunity to bring Oswald to trial, and this was not right. "It didn't occur to him. It wouldn't occur to a man like him," Silverman said.

Speculation was abroad, too, Silverman told Ruby, that he had some tie-up with

Oswald or Communists. He quoted Ruby: "I don't know these people. I have no Communist background. I'll swear on this Bible that you gave me."

"He was in a terrible emotional state," Dr. Silverman said. "Every three minutes he would start to cry, and then he would say that he did the patriotic thing. He thought he was doing the American thing . . . this guy has a kind of a . . . hero complex."

He had read a column about him by Victor Reisel in which Reisel discussed some Chicago underground characters. "He said 'It's fantastic. I don't know these people,'" Silverman said.

RUBY'S RECORD with the Dallas police has been spotty. According to police information, he was accused in 1949 of disturbing the peace; in 1953, of carrying a concealed weapon; and in 1954, of a technical liquor offense, permitting consumption of beer after hours.

No disposition is shown of the 1949 case; Texas law permits a businessman to carry a gun if he is going home from his place of business with money on him; the liquor case should not have been filed in the first place, because no one saw anyone consuming the unfinished bottle of Schlitz in question, according to information here.

This year he was arrested in connection with a case of simple assault; nothing came of the matter.

"Jack blew in here in 1947," Alexander says. He ran a couple of lounges "wide open" for a while, but then decided to cooperate with the police while maintaining a tough-guy atmosphere to attract customers, Alexander continued.

"You can't exactly say he was a stool pigeon, but if a character drifted into his place, he would call the police," Alexander said. Nightly one or two police cars would stop by his place. Alexander thought Ruby had probably "avoided some problems" because of his cooperativeness.

Ruby would make a grand entrance at the boxing matches after the preliminaries, when the lights were up, and would invite police and newspapermen to his place for free beer, Alexander said.

Alexander confirmed that Ruby was in the hall Friday at a time when Oswald was brought through it. "I saw him," Alexander said. Thus, had he been of a mind, Ruby could have tried to shoot Oswald Friday instead of Sunday, when he did shoot him.

How did he get in? "He's got a pocketful of credentials," Alexander speculated. As to Ruby's motive in shooting Oswald, Alexander, one of his prosecutors, said, "I think he thought he was gonna be a national hero." The contention Ruby was temporarily insane is "pure baloney" in the judgment of the Dallas prosecutor, who had just spent \$25 for two books on psychology.

A club operator who has known Ruby for years adopts an attitude as skeptical as Alexander's toward the construction, of which Dr. Silverman is convinced, that Ruby acted in temporary insanity. The club man asked why, if Ruby so loved Kennedy,

was he placing an ad in the Dallas Morning News at the time of the President's motorcade in Dallas.

This old associate of Ruby's jeered the interpretation that Ruby could have been actuated by distress about the assassination. "Jack Ruby is for Jack Ruby," he said.

John Wilson, an attorney, said he witnessed Ruby beating up another man in a bar in downtown Dallas about a year ago.

"A guy ran in and started for the phone. He was followed in by Ruby, who took a couple of pokes at him. . . . Nobody did anything, and I saw blood begin to splatter, so I went in between them. He had cut him up pretty badly."

Wilson identified the man he said Ruby was hitting as Frank Ferraro, and said Ferraro told him he had been staying with Ruby, and Ruby had been good to him, so he did not want to cause him any trouble.

The police who came, Wilson said, gave Ferraro, not Ruby, the hard time, "because they knew Ruby, I guess."

Later Ferraro wrote Wilson from Milwaukee, asking him to help him find counsel in connection with the matter, but Wilson told him this would be difficult with him so far away, and the matter was dropped.

BARNEY WEINSTEIN, proprietor of the Theater Lounge, said Ruby feverishly sought publicity.

"He does everything he can to get known. He has no limits to just what he would do to get known," Weinstein said. Once Ruby complained to the top editor of a Dallas daily, wanting to know "why he couldn't get more publicity," according to Weinstein.

"He'd beat up people, thinking that would make him a name," and on one occasion a patron bit a piece of his little finger off. Weinstein said:

"I don't speak to him. I haven't spoken a word to him in two years," Weinstein said. He's "very arrogant, very quick tempered," and "not my caliber of person."

Weinstein agreed with Alexander's opinion that Ruby was open-handed with policemen in the hope of getting favors from them, and also out of a genuine liking for policemen.

"He did know a lot of police. He knew 'em all. He curried their favor all the time," said the club operator.

Abe Weinstein, proprietor of the Colony Club, where Candy Barr used to writhe, says he does not know Ruby, other than that he ran a club next door to his.

Several Dallas people who met Ruby casually said he had made a fairly good impression on them. One said he was not ostentatious; another, that he was almost shy. Yet a third saw him as "a typical Chicago fella down here to run a night club."

In his two clubs here now, the waitresses and bartenders keep a look-out for disguised photographers trying to sneak pictures from under their suit coats, and assure the reporters who make themselves known that Jack Ruby was all broken up over the assassination and had no connection with Oswald. (Except there was one entertainer who said he saw Oswald in one of the clubs, he thought). At the Carousel, in between tedious and tiresomely long delays caused by an emcee who makes wisecracks and operates a puppet, stripper ladies display their flesh, except for two bangles and a creeping G-string.

Some Questions

There is reason to believe, it can be reported from here, that the federal report on the assassination is to state, (or will have stated, if it has come out by the time this is published,) that all the bullet fragments recovered after the shooting came from the rifle that was presumed to be Oswald's. (Published leaks say it will report that Oswald acted alone.)

Nevertheless, three questions, why Sen. Ralph Yarborough, D.-Tex., smelled gunpowder nearly all the way to Parkland Hospital after the President was shot; how to make allowances for, or discount, certain other things witnesses have told some of us reporters; and where Jack Ruby, Oswald's killer, was at the time of the shooting of the President, had been causing a little, but not much concern here at the Observer's press time.

Four witnesses who were close by during the shooting, for instance, indicate that they all thought at the time that the first shot came, not from the book depository building where Oswald was, but from someplace closer to the Triple Underpass. Two of them contend that the first shot missed,

and that Kennedy looked around after it, before he was hit by a second shot and began to slump.

There has been speculation how the President could have been shot in the front of the neck by a sniper behind his car. However, Dr. Malcolm Perry, the physician who treated the President's neck wound, says here that the small puncture wound he saw on a midline below the Adam's apple could have been caused by a bullet entering or by the fragment of a bullet exiting.

Dr. Robert Shaw, the physician who treated Gov. Connally, said that the doctors here really cannot say for sure how many bullets were fired. For instance, in Gov. Connally, no metal was found in his most serious wound, only part of a bullet was found in his wrist, and his thigh wound was caused by a sliver of bullet metal.

"We can explain all of his wounds by the trajectory of one bullet," but need to use other information to conclude that all three of his wounds were caused by one bullet, Dr. Shaw said.

Dr. Perry mentioned the possibility; not

precluded by his own examination, that there was a wound in the back of the President's neck, and Dr. Shaw said he had heard that there was. Such a fact would ease the befuddlement caused by the difficulty of imagining Mr. Kennedy being shot in the front of the neck by a sniper behind him.

BUT THE SUSPICION there just might have been a second sniper was difficult entirely to allay.

Some officials knowledgeable about guns agree here that gunpowder smells emanate from a weapon, not from its fired bullets' place of impact. Sen. Yarborough, who said at Parkland hospital, while waiting for confirmation of the President's death, that "You could smell powder on our car nearly all the way here," is a hunter and ran with a gun as a boy in the East Texas woods.

Oswald and his rifle were reportedly six stories high and perhaps 75 yards behind the President's car at the time of the shooting. Yarborough was in the third car of the motorcade, with then Vice President and Mrs. Johnson. Some officials questioned here could not explain why Sen. Yarborough would smell gunpowder.

Dr. Perry said, "I'm inclined to discount olfactory sensations at a time when something like this is happening. As well as illusions of sight, there are olfactory illusions which occur."

Other details suggest either the confusions, in senses and in emotions, which prevailed at that assassination scene, or the possibility that the first shot came from nearer the underpass, and not from the building where Oswald was.

Three Dallas officers, traffic patrolmen J. M. Smith and W. E. Barnett and accident investigator E. L. Smith, were stationed at the bend from Houston onto Elm near the depository building, Patrolman Smith said. There were no other officers between them and the underpass, but were two officers patrolling the trestle over the underpass, according to Barnett.

Patrolman Smith, interviewed while he was standing traffic duty on a downtown street corner, recalled that he could not figure out where the shots were coming from.

"A woman came up to me in hysterics. She said 'They're shooting at the President from the bushes.' I just took off," he said.

A cement arch stands between the depository building and the underpass. On the underpass side of the arch, there is a fence that lets through almost no light, and is neck-high; an oak tree behind the fence makes a little arbor there. A man standing behind the fence, further shielded by cars in the parking lot behind him, might have had a clear shot at the President as his car began the run downhill on Elm Street toward the underpass.

Patrolman Smith ran into this area. "I found a lot of Secret Service men—I suppose they were Secret Service men—and deputy sheriffs and plainclothes men," he said. He was so put off by what the woman had said—he didn't get her name—that he

spent some time checking cars on the lot, he said.

He caught the smell of gunpowder there, he said: "a faint smell of it—I could tell it was in the air . . . a faint odor of it." The wind was blowing toward him from the building 350 or 400 yards away, and he guessed that the gunpowder smell had been blown down into the area from the window.

FOUR WORKERS in the society section of the Dallas Morning News were standing about mid-way between the depository and the cement arch. They were therefore in an excellent position to see what happened. Although one of them wrote what she saw in the Dallas News of Nov. 23, naming her three co-workers, they agreed late last week that none of them had been interviewed by the F.B.I.

They are Ann Donaldson, 26, News society editor; Mary O. Woodward, 24, the paper's food consultant; Maggie Brown, 22, a society copy editor; and Aurelia Alonzo, 24, a society reporter. All are single. They had decided to use their lunch hour to watch the President pass by.

Where they were standing is important to the accounts they gave. They were just about midway between the depository building and the arch. The building was on their left and the arch on their right; behind them, as they were of course facing the street.

The first shot, Miss Woodward wrote in the News, was "a horrible, ear-shattering noise coming from behind us and a little to the right." This would mean it came from the arch or from behind the fence beside it, under the oak tree; not from the depository.

Miss Woodward stood by her account.

The President's car had passed them when the first shot sounded out, said Miss Brown. The sound, she said, "came to my right. It was, you know, down by the President. The sound was down there. That's what I heard, right down there around him. That's where we first thought it was."

Officer Barnett said two officers were patrolling the trestle, and no one could have shot down onto the President's party from behind the railing on the trestle without being seen by the officers.

"He had just passed by and smiled at us," Miss Alonzo said. "The sound seemed to be coming from above our heads. I wasn't sure.—We looked up behind us. There are some trees, there are some cement structures. . . . I don't know whether I was just confused," she said.

Miss Donaldson said the four girls were standing next to a lamp post, right in front of the man who took the 8mm films of the President's car during the shooting. She had seen her own group's picture in Life Magazine, she said.

Standing below the tree in front of the depository, and 50 or 70 yards from the car when it was hit, she said, the sound came from "somewhere behind me and then it sort of echoed all around."

Misses Donaldson and Woodward attest that the first shot seemed not to hit anyone in the President's car.

WHERE was Jack Ruby at this time?

He has given as his main motive for shooting Oswald, his intense indignation about Kennedy's death. He is not represented as having gone to the motorcade to watch the President pass by.

He could have easily done so if he had wanted to, because he was just four blocks away, in the advertising offices of the Dallas News, during the noon hour when the President was shot.

At 12:10 p.m. the News reported, Ruby walked into the paper's display advertising office to place an ad. According to Donald Campbell, an advertising representative, "he (Ruby) was all wound up. He remarked what a 'lousy business' he was in, but said, 'if I'd get in some other business I'd have the same headaches, or maybe more of them.'"

Campbell confirmed that he left the office about 12:20 p.m. leaving Ruby there. Campbell said no one in the office had come forward as to Ruby's whereabouts between 12:20 and 12:30 or so p.m.; but of course there could have been some who saw Ruby then that Campbell did not know about.

Georgia Mayor, a secretary in the advertising department, said, "I saw him at 12:30 or 12:35. I came back from lunch between 12:30 and 12:35. He was sitting there in that chair," by her desk.

The exact time of the President's shooting may not be known. One source here says it was perhaps 12:25 or 12:27; some reports say 12:30. Based on a remark that is reported to have been made over the motorcade intercom just before the shooting, the time was 12:31.

THE FACTS, of course, have been promised to a candid world, and should, but may never, answer all the questions.

For instance, the two women's belief they saw Mr. Kennedy look around after the first shot suggests not merely the possibility there was a second sniper, about which great skepticism is justified; it suggests much more plausibly another and more plausible possibility, that the first shot missed.

An officer is known to have examined, twenty minutes after the shooting, a chipped place on the Main Street curb near the Triple Underpass, on a line from the fatal window toward where the car passed. He saw that it was a fresh chipping, and perceived clear traces of lead.

The most reliable information in Dallas as we left to put out this issue—a phrase that protects sources and glosses over a necessary indefiniteness, with the facts still officially secret—is that the President was hit only once, and his neck injury was an exit, not an entry wound.

How, then, can Sen. Yarborough's, and Officer Smith's, smelling gunpowder be explained? The gases ejected from the rifle muzzle could have carried that far, one wise old hand in Dallas law enforcement asserts.

R.D.

The Funeral

Jim Clark

Washington, D. C.

During the winter Washington is cold, wet, and grey. Bare, gnarled trees and the solemn white buildings are austere companions of the wintry skies. This year, unlike the three before, the grave landscape represents not only a seasonal change along the Potomac, but also a winter hour in the experience of the Republic.

On Sunday and Monday, November 24 and 25, 1963, the people of the capital and thousands of others from throughout the nation witnessed the late rites of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. They were quiet, solemn, and observant. And by the hundreds of thousands these people paid what respects they could to the fallen President.

The first public ceremony was the removal of President Kennedy's body, resting in a bronze, flag-draped casket, from the White House to lie in state in the rotunda of the capitol. As was done on the later occasions, the coffin was carried on a caisson pulled by six grey horses. It was followed by a black, riderless Arabian steed, signifying an ancient ritual, in which the spirit of the horse of a great leader accompanies him into the life hereafter. A military entourage led the procession, and the late President's family and associates in government followed in the wake of the cortege. From my viewpoint the most poignant scene was that of Robert Kennedy, looking constantly at the crowds through the open window of his limousine. It seemed he was trying to communicate to the people his understanding of the respect they were paying his brother, although recognizing the futility of his effort in this most grievous hour.

As the ceremonies in the rotunda began, the people who had lined the streets crowded toward the capitol, filling several blocks along the mall and the capitol grounds. Others had waited for the procession in the park facing the capitol; and, as the ceremonies inside the rotunda took place, they could see the American flag in front of the capitol, symbolizing the sentiments of the nation as it hung limply, at half-mast.

When the speeches had ended and the dignitaries had left, the people began a massive flow in one direction, then another, searching for an entrance to the capitol through which they might file past the bier of the President. They moved aimlessly, unsurely, like the masses in Sandburg's poem, as though asking, "Where to? What next?"

THEN THE WORD was passed that the line to the rotunda would form

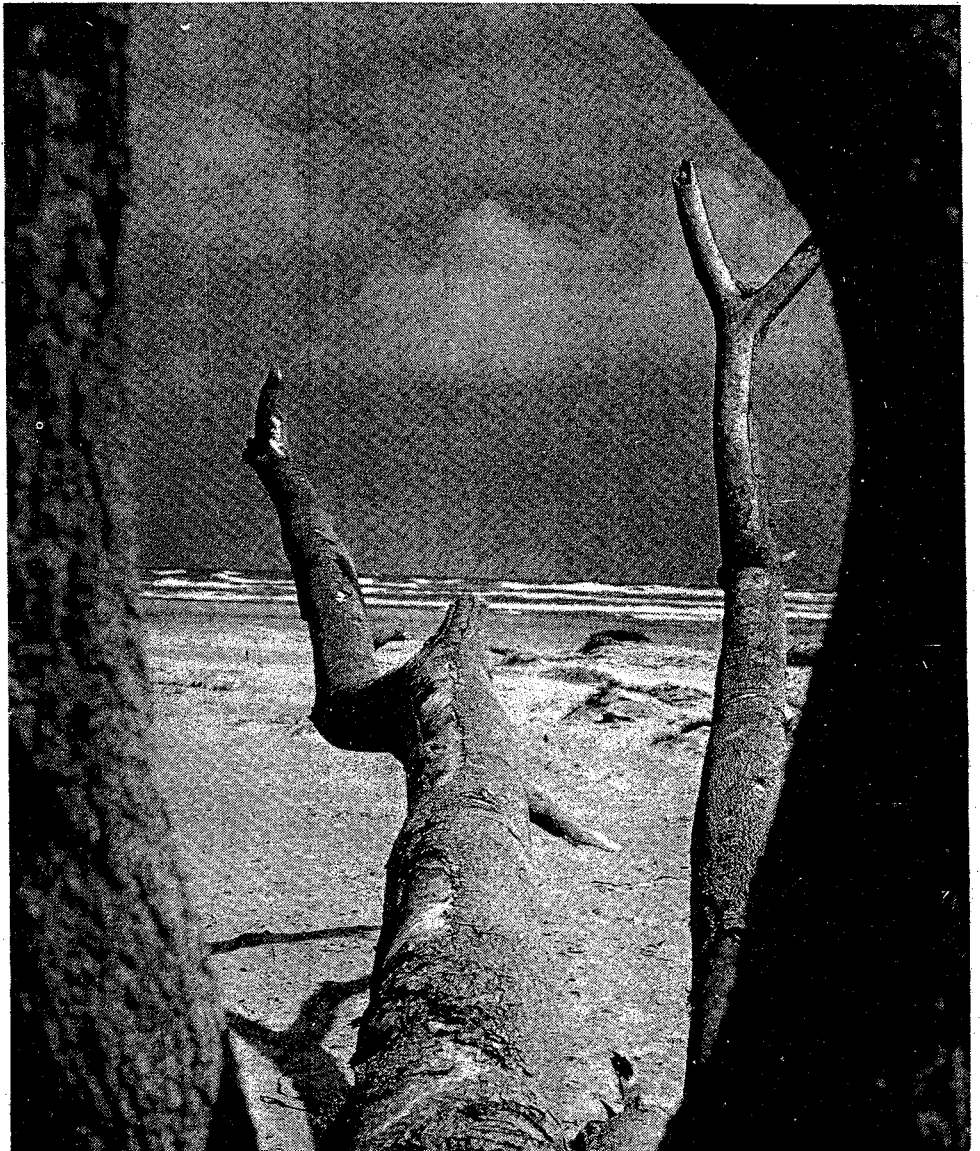
The writer, a student at the University of Texas from Carthage, went to Washington for the funeral.

along East Capitol Street, and the aimless wandering became a determined march. The people fell into a line, three or four abreast, that extended past Lincoln Park, some eleven blocks away. (Later in the chill, November night the line reached a reported length of thirty-two blocks.)

In the middle of Lincoln Park is a statue of Abraham Lincoln, standing with his hand outstretched above the kneeling figure of a Negro. The Negro's chains are newly broken: the manacles still bind his wrists. Beneath the figures is the word: EMANCIPATION. The scene is reminiscent of a Protestant baptism, and the Negro gazes upward, as one who has been freed from an original sin. It was fitting that the people, a number of whom mentioned that they had been in the August 28 march for jobs and freedom, should file past the statue on the way to the bier of John Ken-

nedy. And this coincidence illuminates the meaning of several newspaper cartoons, pre-eminent among them that of Bill Mauldin, which link the work and fate of John Kennedy with that of Abraham Lincoln. The determination with which these people waited to file past President Kennedy's bier was the greatest respect which they, at this dark hour, could pay him. Many had been close to the coffin as it passed up Pennsylvania Avenue. Yet they remained to express individual feeling for the late President by visiting his bier at the capitol. A feeling that whoever they were, they had a responsibility to pay homage to the man who, with such skill and determination, had been responsible for the welfare of the nation for three years. My sentiments and, I believe, the sentiments of most of the people were spoken by a "bespectacled Negro" who, according to the Washington Star, said, "It's the last, least thing I could do for him."

The people who stood in line were mostly young. Many children had accompanied their parents. About thirty to forty per cent in line were Negroes. One Negro man, with two young children, asked me where I was from. Texas, I told him. His daughter,



about six or seven, looked up at me wide-eyed and asked, "Dallas . . . Texas?" No, I assured her.

There were instances of humor which is said to be common in civil rights demonstrations. For example, before the line reached a size of twelve abreast as we neared the capitol, a Negro man told his wife, "After we have gone through the capitol, we're going to church." "Why?" she asked. A hazel-eyed Negro woman walking with them answered, "To pray and get my feet warm." Other people commonly seen in the line were nuns, servicemen, and high school girls.

AS I WALKED PAST the bier of President Kennedy, my unbelief when I first heard of his death returned. How could he be *there*, in the coffin? Later, as I thought about this moment, I sensed what for me is the real meaning of John Kennedy's tenure as leader of the United States.

Because of his intense involvement in Cold War diplomacy, civil rights legislation, and economic welfare for all Americans, the political process was identified with one man, John Kennedy. But now that Kennedy is dead and the procedures of government continue, we are able to see that

by his example he gave to our generation a new meaning to political affairs, a fuller understanding of our responsibility as Americans. He did not so much teach; although his words were compelling, as he revealed by his actions. The moment the President was shot he was no more courageous than at thousands of other times in the past three years. His courage was not so much that of the final moment as that which he called "the courage of life." This was the Kennedy style. The ultimate respect we can give the fallen President is to have such courage ourselves. □

Rep. Wright Contributes His Memories

This personal recollection from the President's last days and hours, including information that is of historical importance, was conveyed to the Observer, at this journal's request, by Cong. Jim Wright of Fort Worth.

Writes Cong. Wright:

"The President, I felt, was at his very best. . . . He was smiling, relaxed, in characteristic good humor and obviously moved deeply by the spontaneity of the warm and demonstrative reception he was receiving [in Texas].

"En route to Dallas from Fort Worth, he expressed to me with obvious sincerity his great appreciation for the enthusiastic reception he had received in my city. 'They liked you, Mr. President,' I told him. 'I liked them,' he grinned.

"Typical of him, I thought, was his decision to speak first to the large crowd which assembled in the rain outside the Texas Hotel, prior to his scheduled appearance at the formal breakfast. This decision had been made on the evening before when we did not know that it would be drizzling and uncomfortable, but knew only that the public had been invited to be there at 8:45 in the morning. Some had suggested a change in the schedule so as to let him speak first at the Chamber of Commerce Breakfast and then to the crowd outside. He asked my thoughts on the matter and I urged that he speak to the outside crowd first, since they would be there at the appointed hour and otherwise would have to wait. 'That's right,' he said, 'it wouldn't be right to keep them waiting outside while others were

having their breakfast. Besides, some of those people will probably need to be at work by 9:00, and it wouldn't be fair to make them wait.'

"Characteristic, too, was the manner in which he so unreservedly shared himself with the people, voluntarily shaking hands with long lines of the assembled throngs. When I went up in the elevator with him and Mrs. Kennedy Thursday evening and arranged to come by the suite for him the following morning, I tried to express to the First Lady our appreciation for her presence. 'Thank you for doing this,' I said, 'You are putting up with a lot of pulling and hauling.' Looking a little tired and disheveled, she nevertheless managed to come through with genuine warmth in her smile as she replied, 'We enjoy doing it.'

"When the elevator reached the eighth

floor, the President before leaving for his suite took time to shake hands with the young Latin-American girl who was operating the elevator to thank her for her services to him.

"On the way to Dallas there was some conversation in which the President engaged aboard the Presidential plane concerning the singular attitude of hostility which had been demonstrated in Dallas on occasions past to various public officials. The President himself expressed no conclusions. He seemed puzzled by the prevalent Dallas attitude and asked questions of each of us in an attempt to understand its genesis and cause. . . .

"This was a great man indeed, and truly a fine human being. May his spirit live to pervade our society."

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The Observer as a Christmas Gift

In many cases the Observer makes a very good Christmas gift, and a fairly inexpensive one.

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Dallas from a Distance

Harris Green

New York City

The slight boost in my reputation as an expert on all things Texan was about the only positive thing that emerged over the weekend of horrors that began with the shootings of President Kennedy and Dallas Patrolman J. D. Tippitt on Friday and ended Sunday when their accused assassin Lee H. Oswald was shot by Jack Ruby while the Dallas police force stood around under their Stetsons, stonily avoiding any direct glance at the TV camera.

At my office Friday, while secretaries wept and editors and writers wandered from desk to desk or gathered in whispering groups, I had been occasionally approached and asked, not too truculently, just exactly what kind of city is this Dallas. Who could have done such a thing? I could answer the second question easily enough. A madman had killed Kennedy. No city can be blamed for that. No one disagreed. After a pause, everyone would just wander off. The first question—What kind of city is this Dallas?—would, I knew, be answered soon enough by Dallas, itself.

I predicted as much that evening to friends while we sat around in numbed disbelief looking out on a strangely quiet New York City. "You can expect a keening note of self pity in any man-on-the-street interview from Dallas," I said. "Too many there are going to look on the assassination as a blow to their civic pride first and a national upheaval second—if at all."

This brought a few protests, particularly from a remarkably fair-minded female from Boston, but I persisted. "Just wait. Everyone is going to ask, in effect, 'What will you all think of us?' As if that

mattered." We closed the glum proceedings speculating on just how much due process this Oswald had left to him now that all the evidence had been made public before even an indictment. Everyone agreed that he had damn little left.

"The Dallas police are trying to prove they're the best," I said. "Dallas will always come first, no matter what. It's a monstrous civic pride, founded more on need than facts. A little thing like due process had damn well better move to one side if it's impeding Dallas' march to progress."

The Boston female phoned me Sunday to tell me about Oswald. "You were right

about those Dallas statements," she added. "Everyone I've seen just twangs away how awful the assassination was for Dallas and—oh, yes—Kennedy. What are they going to say about this? I mean, the whole police force just standing there in those silly hats."

"About Oswald's death? Why, nothing. Dallas would never acknowledge a flaw in its very own police department. Nothing that belongs to Dallas can be faulted. Oswald, after all, came over from Fort Worth. He could be crazy. But inefficiency or outright callous stupidity in Dallas? Never. Just wait."

Today, in its splendid coverage of every aspect of the President's funeral, the Times quotes an editorial of the Dallas News. This said no blame or guilt is necessary—none at all. "Our foundations are sound, our leadership solid, our aspirations high." I think it's safe to hazard my reputation as a prophet by predicting that Dallas will never learn the lesson in tragic drama taught 2,500 years ago in Atehs, a city of less than 600,000, that, without the help of Margo Jones or Paul Baker, produced decent enough theatre dealing with the tragic flaw of pride—civic or otherwise. □



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The Advertisement

Dallas

Welcome Mr. Kennedy to Dallas . . ." the big, black, full-page advertisement in the Dallas Morning News began. But.

The now notorious ad, which appeared in the News the morning of the assassination, went on asking why Kennedy had "ordered or permitted your brother Bobby . . . to go soft on communists . . ." and why "the C.I.A is . . . having staunch anti-communist allies of the U.S. bloodily exterminated."

It was signed by Bernard Weissman as chairman of "The American Fact-Finding Committee." The day after the assassination, John Rector, the advertising manager of the News, acknowledged (1) that he didn't know who Weissman was; (2) that he didn't know what the committee was; and (3) that the ad had been checked for publication "by our management" and approved.

Weissman and his sidekick, William Burley, checked into a Dallas motel on Reiger Street Nov. 5. They applied for jobs as rug salesmen with a Dallas company on Nov. 6, both giving Larrie Schmidt, a local insurance agent, as a reference. They were hired Nov. 10.

Schmidt acknowledged he knew Weissman and had tried to sell him an insurance policy and had had him in his home for coffee. It is also the case that Schmidt led a group of picketers at the Adlai Stevenson speech on the U.N. Oct. 24 in Dallas.

Schmidt says his picketers had nothing to do with the two persons who spat on Mr. Stevenson and hit him with a picket sign. By a curious irony, a Dallas woman says she heard Lee Oswald say at an A.C.L.U. meeting the next night that he had attended, not only the Walker "U.S. Day" rally of Oct. 23, but also the Stevenson rally as well.

From Nov. 10 daily through Nov. 21, according to sources speaking for the two rug salesmen's employer in Dallas, a Schmidt called Weissman daily at work. On Nov. 22, a Jones, according to the telephone ticket, called and asked Weissman to meet Jones, according to the sources, "in the same place where the brothers met for lunch."

Monday after the assassination Weissman called and quit work. Tuesday, these sources say, an official of the rug company went to the two pals' apartment to pick up their sales samples and saw them and a few couples sitting around, the ad on the table before them, and heard someone say placing it had been a mistake.

Wednesday morning at 2 a.m. Weissman or Burley got a wire, and later that day they told their landlord the F.B.I. had been to see them about the ad, they were in the clear, it had just been bad timing, and they'd been called back to New York.

(Interviewed by the New York Times in Mt. Vernon, New York, Weissman amplified this information. He said that Larrie Schmidt had telephoned him after the Stev-

enson affair and asked him to go down to Dallas to help him weather the aftermath.)

The matter has not yet been laid to rest by probing reporters. The ad cost \$1,464.

Who paid for it? Weissman and Burley drove a 1957 Ford and on their bond applications they said they had no private income and owned no real estate. □

A Political Notation

Austin

The Observer will resume normal political coverage in the next issue. There have already been signs of the renewal of activity in Texas politics, however, and one in particular seems to call for minimal reportage in this issue.

Leslie Carpenter, Washington newspaperman, has signed on as the Washington correspondent for the Austin-American Statesman. His wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter, is press secretary and staff director for Mrs. Lyndon Johnson.

Announcing that Carpenter would be writing for it from Washington, the Austin American-Statesman ran pictures and stories about Carpenter and Mrs. Carpenter side by side last Sunday.

On the front page of the same edition, Carpenter wrote from Washington, in the course of an account that Rep. Jim Wright, Fort Worth, might oppose Sen. Ralph Yar-

borough for the Democratic senatorial nomination next spring:

"At the breakfast in Fort Worth [on Nov. 22]—where President Kennedy was to make the last speech of his life—he met with Yarborough in the Texas Hotel within the hearing of a few people.

"President Kennedy spoke firmly and in tough language to Yarborough, according to a Texas congressman who said he overheard every word which was said.

"According to this Texan, President Kennedy told Yarborough: 'You will either ride in the same car with Lyndon Johnson in Dallas or you will walk.'

"It was then that Yarborough agreed to do so," Carpenter concluded.

Sen. Yarborough commented on this from Washington:

"The statement that Kennedy said that I would either ride in the same car with

December 13, 1963

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AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF INDIANA

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Waco, Texas

Bernard Rapoport, President

Lyndon Johnson or get off and walk is a base falsehood.

"I had already ridden with Johnson 15 miles the night before in Fort Worth. I had ridden in San Antonio with Henry Gonzalez, and in Houston with Albert Thomas, in their home towns. We had made previous plans to ride with our wives. As soon as we got past their home towns, I rode with Johnson. I had planned to ride with him, if no one had any objections."

In San Antonio and Houston, reporters saw Yarborough negative invitations from

Secret Service personnel that he ride with the Johnsons.

The night of Nov. 21, he joined the Johnsons in the ride into Fort Worth. He rode with them again on the way to the Fort Worth airport the next morning, and he was in the third car of the motorcade with the Johnsons in Dallas when President Kennedy and Gov. John Connally were shot in the lead car.

Yarborough confirmed that he had conversations with Kennedy on the trip, but he would say only that about it: "The last

conversation we had, he mentioned how long we'd been friends, what good friends we'd been."

Many reports have been published that Texas Democrats had resolved their differences, for the nonce anyway, the morning before the assassination. Sen. Yarborough had been added to the list of speakers for the fund-raising rally scheduled the night of Nov. 22 in Austin, and it was widely understood that harmony was to be the theme of his speech and the evening. □

Running the Clown

Charles Langford

Most of the streets in our neighborhood were named for dead writers, and, now that I look back on it, it seems appropriate enough. The small drama that took place there was both realistic and offensive to property, so it is fitting that the eyes of the district, so to speak, should have been fixed chastely and resolutely on the Eighteenth Century. And so they were: because we were close to Rice, presumably, we were laid out on the prairie in a sort of skewed mandala of the literature of England: I lived on Swift, to the south were Addison, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, and Sheridan, while to the north Dryden pointed us back toward Shakespeare.

Houston was a lot smaller then, and bits of the original prairie were still scattered around, circumscribed but whole, pinched off by streets but still bearing dewberries and touch-me-not in spring and clumps of Johnson grass seven feet high in summer. But in the built-up sections, it seemed to me, only fall managed to establish itself as a recognizable season. There was something about fall that harmonized with and reinforced the sense of our neighborhood, with its solid houses made of many shades of brick. Anyway, winter and spring hardly exist on the Gulf Coast, and what there is of one is cut up and interleaved with the other, so that we had, according to the northerners, either an uncoordinated set of greens or cold mean enough to kill cattle; our roses bloomed all year long, and quickly burned out and died. Summer was merely

a condition of life. It was fall that licked into the streets from the prairies and turned the grass brown and gave it the smell of the pastures outside. In a curious parallel to the turning of the leaves, the first cold weather caught the banana trees and seared the young bananas a deep red.

We made minor rituals, as adolescents: the girls began to wear skirts again, and suddenly became less familiar, older, and sweeter. The streets at night were damp and cool, and hollow; we had a habit then of getting up without much discussion and going outside and walking wherever any of us could think of. We stayed out very late on one of these walks, talking quietly, aimlessly, and honestly.

I imagine that was why we were out on Hallowe'en, because we were getting too old for it, as the city knew of Hallowe'en, anyway, with everything too expensive to break and the adults too eager to get into the spirit of things. I was thirteen or fourteen, Jane Gwafney was a year or so older, and the other girl, Betsey, was older than Jane, and tougher than either of us. All of us were dubious about having it thought that we were taking part in the observances of children, and we carefully steered away from the kind of house that had papier-mache jack-o'-lanterns burning on the porch and a friendly aunt-sort of woman behind the door with candy, though I knew for my part that the year before I had looked forward eagerly to Hallowe'en, and I think that none of us would have let what once had been an event pass without some gesture of celebration.

Still, as long as the small children were out, we stayed very much above the battle. We strolled along, Betsey tore up some of her old note-book paper and scattered it

on the lawns, and once I sailed a garbage-can top up a driveway with a grating roar, which was a kindness to whoever knew little enough to leave it out. We had one egg, which we tossed unexpectedly to each other, yelling "Think fast!" until we got tired of waiting for a target and smashed it on the fender of a parked car. We ran across other children, all of whom we knew, because of course we knew all the children in the neighborhood, but when we first saw the clown, we did not recognize him, and he was noticeable, because he was dressed in an outgrown or discarded dime-store costume, with a conical hat and a mask, that was too stretched and skimpy for his bony frame. He wore tennis shoes and carried a brown paper bag. He was alone, which made him conspicuous enough, and moving fast; though we could not see his face, we knew he was a boy from the loping stride he took along the far side of the street, and his general long-legged boniness. We decided we didn't know him, and we yelled something across to him about his being on our territory. He had to pull his mask down a little to get a good look at us, but otherwise he did not move or say anything. We laughed and went on; he stood watching us for a while, but when, at the corner, I looked back, he was on his way down the next block.

THE NIGHT was cool and foggy. We walked past a house that was not disturbed on Hallowe'en, where the red-penciled card reading *Please do not ring bell. Sick person inside. Thank you.*, newly wired to the screen door with hairpins, was unnecessary: inside lived a warm-hearted, graying woman and her terribly arthritic mother, who once had been kind but was growing tyrannical. A bit farther down lived our refugee from Hitler, who was also our inventor: he designed an incubator for premature babies that saved many of them. We crossed over to University and walked under a long line of live oaks on the edge of the Rice campus, down to the old iron and red-brick stadium where we had come to ride our bicycles down the ramps, the nearest things there were to hills in the flat city. Somebody, Jane maybe, remem-

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