

Oct. 9/67

Dear Harold and Lillian:

I DO hope you good folks don't think I have shuffled off this you-know-what! I am still very much alive and kicking . . . but events have conspired lately to keep me from taking care of important things, like writing to you.

About the time I heard from you via phone from Boston, Harold, I had a trip scheduled to New York City on Sept. 19th to take care of my 2½-year-old grandson and his dad, Bruce, while my daughter-in-law went to the hospital to have baby #2. Reservations via Northeast were all made - the whole scene. Then Bruce phoned me the PM of the 14th and told me the doctor said the main event couldn't wait longer than the next day. So I got new reservations and arrived at LaGuardia around midnight - little Amy arrived the next day. So I spent that week minding the two "boys" and was some delighted to get back to Maine and some fresh air after the emergency was over. Then earlier in the month I had decided to go to University of Maine in Portland one evening a week to take English Composition (prerequisite to their Creative Writing). Little did I know how much preparation time there would be for that - but I do enjoy it . . . and hope to get a decent mark so my company will pay the tuition! Then along with all these things to throw me off schedule, I have had to have some unexpected dentistry done - this always throws me into a TIZZY! But that's now over and satisfactorily so. FINALLY, My Team, the Boston Red Sox ended their season in a "gut-bustin" blaze of glory which had all of us on the edges of our seats constantly, and snared the American League pennant for the first time in 20 years. They're now enmeshed in the World Series - and I'm on vacation glued to the boob-tube and resting up! So with all these ingredients, you can see why I haven't written.

I sure was glad to hear you in the flesh from WMEX, Harold. Somebody Up There Must Like Me because MEX came in loud and quite clear. I was astonished, impressed, and delighted with the wonderful way you handled SO MANY DIFFERENT

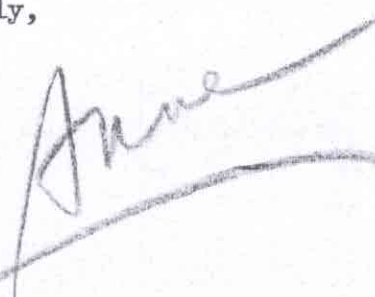
areas of questioning. The sonic boom jazz was very interesting to me. You did a fine job . . . and I will be hoping to hear from you that a regular program spot is yours, so do let me know.

How is the lovely new house, Lillian? The pool would be right up my alley, of course, and all the glass partitions sound great. Do you have some flower gardens? It must be exciting, getting settled in a new home. How did your dog and cat stand the transition? And is your "helper" still helping?

Do let me know about OSWALD IN NEW ORLEANS. I didn't bother to send back the slip printed in PHOTOGRAPHIC WW because I knew YOU knew I wanted to receive whatever you printed so put me on your permanent list, huh? And am more than ~~eager~~ ^{glad} to hear what you've done on Manchester. I have gathered together the Mass stuff where DOAP gives the Gospel According to William.... and will try to get it enclosed with this letter. There are other things in His Book I want to mention to you, but haven't finished what I want to say on that subject yet because my "School work" keeps me from researching as I would like to. Is there still time to send comments along, or have you just about buttoned that one up?

It's almost time for Game #5 (a ^{*}MUST game for us, down 3 to 1) so I'd better look up my scorecard and a pencil. Will be hoping to hear from either or both of you when you have a minute to send the good word to the hinterlands.

Sincerely,



* great day; 3 to 1, Boston - Now for Wednesday - how much can I take !!!

Oct. 9/67

Harold

Here's my mass material. Am enclosing

- ① Photocopy of DOAP pages⁽²⁾ where he gives his version
- ② Actual or copied missals (3) so you can see the "accepted" translations of the Latin. I underscored the lines in red & put page numbers on the front.
- ③ An unmarked Leaflet Missal for you to use in any way you see fit.
- ④ Two more DOAP pages copied that I thought were good material, particularly # 95 footnote.
- ⑤ A clipping of interest about his

numerous "changes" already made.

In # 2 above, I'm enclosing 3 so you
can see for yourself that ~~of~~ they are
consistent in translation, altho from
3 different "missal-makers."

Good luck!

Am

easy range of the warehouse tomorrow noon, leaves very little doubt that the two events were connected.⁸ Yet there is every reason to believe that his decision at this point was tentative. He had not quite reached the point of no return, and his behavior after he reached Irving suggests that it would have taken very little to dissuade him. Despite Oswald's envy of the President, John Kennedy was not the central figure in his life. That person was Marina Oswald. Like his rifle, his wife was at 2515 West Fifth Street, and he went to her first. Only after she had turned him away, only after she had made it emphatically clear that she did not want him—only then did he reach for the gun.

The Paine home was deceptive. From the outside it was a modest, one-story, four-room frame house like hundreds of thousands of others in the Southwest. The built-in garage was used for storage, which is not uncommon. Although the interior showed little taste and was almost barren of feminine charm, it was practical and comfortable. The living room, facing the street, was equipped with a sofa, a high-fidelity set, and a new Zenith television set. The kitchen in the rear was dominated by a large, sturdy table. The garage was off the kitchen, to the left; on the right there were a bathroom and two small, rather sparsely furnished bedrooms shielded by white Venetian blinds. The building was an ordinary suburban home. It was people who made it extraordinary.

Michael Paine, the head of the household, was not in residence. He was a slight, fair, rather wispy design engineer at the Bell Helicopter plant in Fort Worth. His father was an ardent Communist, and as a boy Michael had tagged along to party meetings and had tried to wrestle with *Das Kapital* and the *Communist Manifesto*. He found the people at the rallies too intense, the books too steep. He had a hazy conviction that the world needed changing, but he felt that the change needn't be so drastic. It was a girl who provided him with the prescription for milder tonic. Michael was introduced to his future wife, Ruth Hyde, at a folk dance meeting, and after their marriage on December 28, 1957, he became a minor participant in the sociopolitical movements of which she was the driving force, notably the East-West Contacts Committee. The committee encouraged pen pals in the Soviet Union; Ruth was the chairman. Unfortunately, interest in reform wasn't enough to keep the Paines together. In September of 1962, just before their fifth wedding anniversary, they separated. He

⁸ A subsequent controversy developed over whether or not the shots fired from the warehouse on November 22 had been difficult ones, and echoes of the dispute are heard today. Here the author must appear briefly as an expert witness. This writer has carefully examined the site in Dallas and once qualified as an Expert Rifleman on the U.S. Marine Corps range at Parris Island, S.C., firing the M-1 rifle, as Oswald did, from 500, 300, and 200 yards. From the sixth floor in the Book Depository Oswald would look down on a slowly drifting target less than ninety yards away, and his scope brought it within twenty-two yards. At that distance, with his training, he could scarcely have missed.

Response
to
this!!!
AB

shamming. He really did know them. After Sunday Europeans were to puzzle over the ease with which Ruby had strolled in and out of Curry's headquarters. The men and women who had surrounded President Kennedy were equally baffled; they were unacquainted with the maggoty half-world of docketts and flesh-peddlers, of furtive men with mud-colored faces and bottle blondes whose high-arched overplucked eyebrows give their flat glittering eyes a perpetually startled expression, of sordid walkup hotels with unread Gideon Bibles and tumbled bed-clothes and rank animal odors, of police connivance in petty crime, of a way of life in which lawbreakers, law enforcement officers, and those who totter on the law's edge meet socially and even intermarry. There is no mystery about Jack Ruby's relationship with Dallas cops. His type is depressingly familiar in American police stations. All police reporters know at least one Ruby. He worships patrolmen and plain-clothes men, and the fact that he is occasionally arrested doesn't dim his ardor. Often he is proud of his record. It is proof of his virility. He is usually overweight, middle-aged, has puffy eyes, wears broad lapels and outrageous neckties, and decorates his stubby fingers with extravagant costume jewelry. He is recognized by the spicy smell of his shaving lotion, and by the way he keeps touching officers, and handing them things, and combing his hair in front of them like an oarsman sculling.

That Friday Ruby, having abandoned the pretense that he had been entitled to attend the conference, was busy handing out cards giving officers free privileges at his two striptease establishments. The cards were wordlessly pocketed. The policemen saw nothing improper in this. Like their District Attorney, they knew Jack, and when off duty they frequently dropped into the Vegas or the Carousel in mufti, occupying reserved seats and consuming free setups—usually rye and 7-Up, the wine of that strange country—while hoarsely urging mascaraed women to peel off black net lingerie. One thirty-year-old detective, August Eberhardt, had been acquainted with Ruby for five years. The detective had met the strip boss while a member of the vice squad, and although he kept a professional eye on the Vegas and the Carousel, and had booked one of Jack's trulls for drug addiction, he was a regular patron of them. He had, indeed, taken his wife to both joints. Mrs. Eberhardt preferred the entertainment at the Vegas. You could always start a debate about that on Harwood Street, but while each of the two enterprises had its partisans, and every girl out of stir was followed by her claue, there was general agreement on the force that Jack could always be counted on to provide a lively performance.

Eberhardt glimpsed Ruby at the press conference. They gossiped; among other things, Ruby inquired about Mrs. Eberhardt. Jack trotted out his yarn about being a translator. As an old friend the detective knew Ruby spoke Yiddish, though he didn't think much about it. Jack said

he had bro
kosher stuf
"talked a li
called Ebe
complete ne
was." He r
the city of
hardt recal
officers pay
be back, an

← Ho Hum

Just this overblown
prose to the Nrr degre?

Gospel
of
Manchester

Haile Selassie. The Lion of Judah, who looked like a midget to Larry O'Brien, was a giant to John. Last summer he had come to the mansion bearing gifts: a leopard-skin coat for Mrs. Kennedy (which she, as a token of respect, had worn at the time despite the sweltering heat) and two toys carved of pure ivory, a doll for Caroline and a warrior for John. Since then the children hadn't stopped talking about Haile Selassie, and John pointed toward the side chapel and gazed across at him admiringly. Then the formalities became boring to the boy. He fidgeted. St. Matthew's bronze doors had clanged shut behind the last four persons to enter—Judge Sarah Hughes, Bunny Mellon, Martin Luther King, and Mary Ryan from Ireland. Luigi Vena was singing Leybach's "Pie Jesu" as the crucifer slowly returned the cross to the altar, accompanied by two other acolytes carrying candles. The Cardinal followed them, chanting in Latin. Behind him the casket team, moving stiffly like drugged automatons, wheeled the coffin into position in front of the first pew, a few feet from the widow.

"*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen,*" His Eminence prayed. "*Introibo ad altare Dei . . .*"

"I am come to the altar of God . . ."

None of this had any meaning for the President's little son. From across the aisle Nina Warren and Joanie Douglas, in the Supreme Court section, heard him say, "Where's my daddy?" The boy lifted his arms. "Somebody pick me up." Agent Foster, lurking near, carried him to the back of the church.

Ad Deum qui laetificat iuventutem meam . . .
To God, who makes me young and joyful . . .

It had been expected that the President's body would enter St. Matthew's at 12:13 P.M. Attorney General Kennedy's decision to enter the rotunda had disturbed the officers riding around in command cars with stopwatches, but the widow, in rapidly walking away from Charles de Gaulle, had cut the time set aside for that phase of the parade, so that the coffin passed through the cathedral doors at 12:14. The martinets were relieved, which was irrelevant; what did matter was that millions of individuals, reading the funeral timetable in the morning papers, had spontaneously chosen that moment to express their own bereavement. Officially the entire day had been set aside for mourning, but the tide of public sorrow reached its crest while Cardinal Cushing finished sprinkling holy water under the anxious eye of Lieutenant Sam Bird, walked past Captain Cecil Stoughton (who, after three days of brilliant photography, suddenly toppled to the stone steps, weeping into his camera), and led the procession inside. For the next five minutes the continental United States was virtually isolated: telephone and cable communication with the outside world was suspended

services. In New York over a thousand members of the Salvation Army gathered on Fourteenth Street to hear their famous band play the Navy hymn; on Fifth Avenue over five thousand Jews filled Temple Emanu-El, and another thousand were turned away. It was the one moment in those shredded days when Americans seemed genuinely responsive to religion. In the back of St. Matthew's Bob Foster described the antics of "Jasper the Jet" to young John. The boy was inattentive. It was very warm in their anteroom. He squirmed. A Marine colonel came in. The agent tried to interest John in his medals, without luck. Then Foster took a church leaflet from a rack. He began telling stories of Jesus, and John, engrossed, sat quietly.

From the altar the Cardinal's voice rose, harsh as a file.


Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

His Eminence had recited the 129th Psalm, verses from Paul's letter to the Thessalonians, the thirteenth-century *Dies Irae*, and the Gospel reading; he had made his own confession of sin, and was preparing to consecrate the Eucharist.

Sursum corda.
Habemus ad Dominum.

Turn your hearts heavenward.
We are facing the Lord.



In the cathedral, as in the country, individual reactions to the rites depended almost entirely upon one's Catholicism or lack of it. To Arthur Schlesinger the changing of vestments, the kissing of the altar, and the singsong chants were "incomprehensible." Lady Bird, shivering, felt the ceremony was "just ceremonial." Bundy reflected that he was listening to "the most grating priestly voice in Christendom," and Bunny Mellon was musing over how much more striking the urns would be had she had a few more hours and some magnolia. But Hubert Humphrey thought the rites had "a purity of simplicity." And the Cardinal, clearly moved, was comforting most of those who understood him. With the exception of Eunice and one other—Eunice thought that "the service was sad instead of hopeful, and Jack was never sad in his life"—the family and friends felt strengthened. For O'Donnell the ritual was "crisp, clean, and dignified." O'Brien and Radziwill were proud of being Catholics, and to Ted Reardon the Mass was "beautiful, typically Cushing. He was so great, and I knew how the Boss loved him so, that I was half in and half out of the world."