

his number from Ruth's phone book. He was furious with Marina for refusing to do it. But after Monday he said no more about the phone number, and when he next went to Irving on Thursday, he didn't remove the number himself, as he might have done.

At the Depository on November 20 a textbook salesman brought in a Jew hunting rifle to show Roy Truly and some of the employees who happened to be in Truly's office. Lee Oswald among them. Oswald filed this incident away for future use—he would refer to it later that week.

On the morning of Thursday, November 21, Oswald approached Wesley Frazier at work and asked him for a ride to Irving that afternoon. Frazier readily agreed, but asked him why he was going home on a Thursday. Oswald said, "I am going to get some curtain rods. You know, put in an apartment." Later that afternoon Ruth came home from the grocery store and saw Oswald with Marina and June on her front lawn—"I was surprised to see him. . . . I had no advance notice and he had never before come without asking whether he could." As they all went inside, Ruth said to him, "Our President is coming to town." Oswald replied, "Ah, yes," and walked on into the kitchen.

Oswald told his wife he had come home to make up with her. That night he watched TV, helped Marina fold diapers, and talked about getting an apartment in Dallas right away. Before Marina got up the next morning, Oswald tucked \$170—almost all the money he had—into a wallet they kept in a drawer and left his wedding ring in an antique Russian cup on top of the bureau. When she woke he told her to buy something for herself and the children, and she wondered why he was being so kind all of a sudden. In the garage he picked up the disassembled rifle he had secretly wrapped in brown paper the night before. Then he rode into work with Frazier. After the Depository workers broke for lunch and most of them went outside to see the president pass by, he would have the sixth floor to himself.

In Fort Worth early that morning President Kennedy addressed four thousand people who had assembled in a misting rain at his hotel parking lot. Like the crowds in San Antonio and Houston the day before, they gave him an enthusiastic welcome. "Where's Jackie?" someone shouted, and Kennedy joined in the laughter. "Mrs. Kennedy is organizing herself," he said. "It takes longer, but, of course, she looks better than we do when she does it. We appreciate your welcome." During a breakfast speech later on, the president answered his right-wing critics by pointing to his efforts to improve

the national defense. Afterward, at his hotel suite, he looked through the Dallas *Morning News* and saw a full-page advertisement that accused him of selling out to the Communists. Entitled "Welcome Mr. Kennedy" and bordered in black, the ad asked twelve impertinent questions, among them, "WHY do you say we have built a 'wall of freedom' around Cuba when there is no freedom in Cuba today?" Because of your policy, thousands of Cubans have been imprisoned, are starving and being persecuted—with thousands already murdered and thousands more awaiting execution and, in addition, the entire population of almost 7,000,000 Cubans are living in slavery?" And, "WHY have you scrapped the Monroe Doctrine in favor of the 'Spirit of Moscow'?" Referring to the ad he told his wife, "Oh, you know, we're heading into nut country today." It reminded him of something he had realized since he took office. Despite Secret Service protection, anyone who was willing to exchange his life for the president's could do so. Now, to his aide Kenneth O'Donnell he said lightly, "Anyone perched above the crowd with a rifle could do it." Always fatalistic, and having a fine sense of irony, Kennedy put himself in the assassin's place—he pantomimed the imagined action, extending a forefinger like a weapon.

At 11:40 that morning, *Air Force One* brought the presidential party to Love Field, where Kennedy greeted a crowd of well-wishers. An open limousine driven by a Secret Service agent was waiting. The president and Mrs. Kennedy sat in the back, and Governor and Mrs. Connally took the jump seats in front of them. With another limousine carrying armed Secret Service agents behind them, the motorcade formed and left for downtown Dallas.

At 12:30 P.M., Lee Harvey Oswald entered history. Three shots from a sixth-floor Depository window hit Governor Connally once and the president twice. Oswald fled the building minutes later, caught a bus, and, when it got stalled in traffic, got out and took a cab to his rooming house. He picked up his revolver and a jacket and rushed out—on his way, Albert Newman believes, to try to assassinate Walker, too. At approximately 1:15 P.M., he was stopped by Patrolman J.D. Tippit, who had been cruising the area in a squad car. When Tippit got out to question him, Oswald shot and killed him. Within minutes, the manager of a shoe store a few blocks away heard police sirens and saw a disheveled young man outside his front window glancing back over his shoulder. The manager watched as he ducked into the lobby of a nearby movie theater.

The Assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.