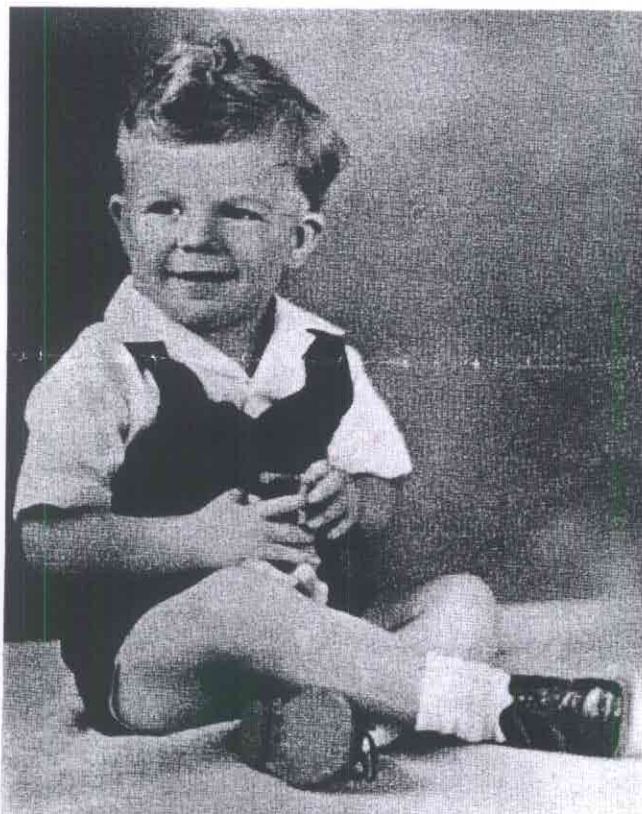


From the people whose lives crossed his,
a clinical study of Lee Harvey Oswald

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ASSASSIN



OSWALD AT 2. Smiling and chubby, with his hair combed into a curl by his mother, Lee poses for a baby picture. It was 1941 and the family lived in New Orleans where Lee was born.

Ever since the assassination of President Kennedy, two questions have haunted the nation and the world: what was the President's killer really like? How did he grow up to commit this terrible act?

Before Lee Harvey Oswald himself could supply any answers, he was killed by Jack Ruby (p. 26). But, though he led an elusive life during his 24 years, he brushed against many people in many places—and left a trail behind him of brief but unforgettable impressions.

Soon after Oswald's death, LIFE's staff began to assemble these clues. Dozens of reporters searched for the people who had known him—neighbors, teachers, classmates, employers, fellow Marines. They told what they knew and in some cases provided the rare pictures of Oswald shown on these pages. LIFE Reporter Donald Jackson wove the accounts into the article that begins on the next page and gives, in extraordinary detail, the evolution—from babyhood to death—of the assassin.

'Lee was the leader on our playground'

by DONALD JACKSON

Lee was the third boy born to Mrs. Marguerite Claverie Oswald. His father, Robert E. Lee Oswald, a life insurance agent in New Orleans, died two months before Lee was born there on Oct. 18, 1939. Mrs. Oswald went to work as a saleswoman about two years after the birth of her new son, holding a series of different jobs.

His mother was at home with Lee during his first two years, and later, when she went to work, her sister Lillian or whoever else she could get to baby-sit cared for him. When Lee was 3, he was placed in a boarding school which accepted children either orphaned or with one parent. His brother Robert and half-brother John had been lodged at the boarding school a year earlier.

"I took the children home on weekends," Mrs. Oswald recalled. "But I couldn't look after them and work, too."

In 1944 Mrs. Oswald met Edwin A. Eckdahl, an industrial engineer from Boston who was working in the South. They were married—she for the third time—in May 1945, and took an auto trip so she could meet his family in Massachusetts. Instead of returning to New Orleans, the family settled in a small house in Fort Worth. The two older boys were sent to a military school in Port Gibson, Mississippi; Lee lived at home with his mother and stepfather. Records show that Lee did not

enter elementary school until January 1947, when he was 7. The family home at that time was on the South Side of Fort Worth and Lee entered the first grade at Lily B. Clayton School. His marks the first year were mostly Bs with a few As.

Lee left a strong impression on at least one member of his second grade class, Phil Vinson, now a Fort Worth reporter.

"No one in our class was a close friend of Lee's," Vinson said. "Yet all of the boys seemed to look up to him. During recess periods, the boys would form into what we called 'gangs' and engage in friendly wrestling matches or games of touch football. According to our code, being in Lee's gang was a high honor. Lee chose those to serve with him on the grade school playground. In class, he remained quiet."

In March 1948, Lee transferred from Clayton school to the George Clark Elementary School, in the same general neighborhood on Fort Worth's South Side. He finished the second grade there and was promoted to the third.

In that year Edwin Eckdahl sued for divorce. In his complaint Eckdahl, represented by the Fort Worth firm of Korth and Wallace, said that his wife nagged him and argued about money. He testified that she once threw a bottle at his head and another time scratched and struck him. A jury upheld

Eckdahl and gave him a divorce. Mrs. Oswald was granted \$1,500.

Marguerite returned to her former name of Oswald—Lee had always gone by that name—and moved into a one-story frame house on Ewing Avenue, in the Ridglea district of Fort Worth. She and Lee—and occasionally the older two boys—lived there for the next four years.

Other families in the block remember Lee as a touchy, quick-to-anger boy.

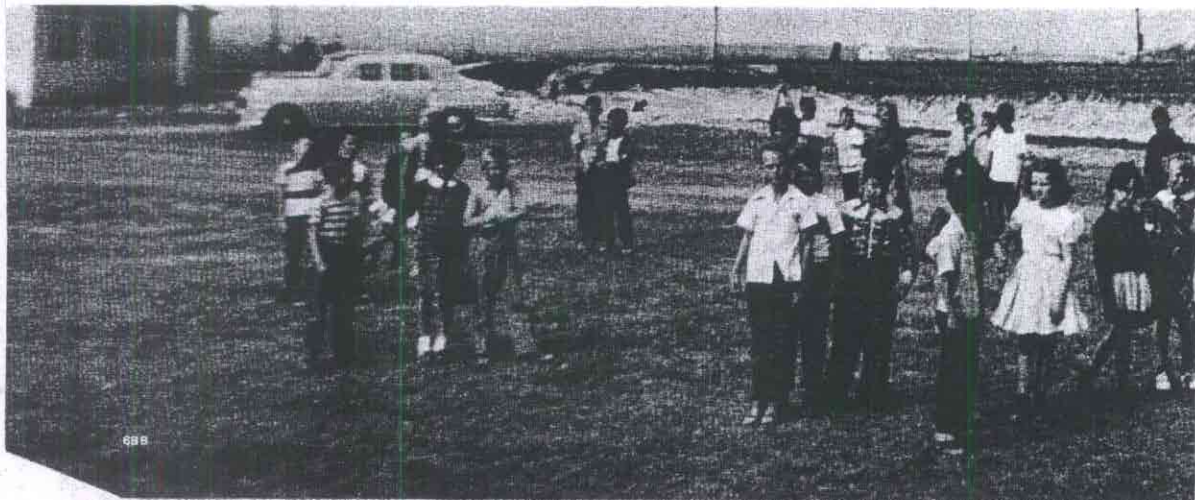
"He seemed antisocial to me," said Hiram Conway, who lived three doors from the Oswalds. "I thought he was vicious with other children. He would become quite angry at very little provocation. I saw him chuck things at other kids several times." His wife added, "I didn't think he was anything but just a high-tempered kid. He was a cute little boy with curly hair and a good build. The family all called him 'Lee-Boy.'"

Cecil Simmons, an accountant, lived two doors in the other direction from the Oswalds. His memory of Lee is terse and sour. "I'll tell you the way I got acquainted with that little squirt," said Simmons. "I came home from work one day and picked up the phone. It was dead. I figured what the hell, so I asked into the receiver if anyone was on the phone. A kid's voice says, 'You're goddamn right there's someone on the line.' This stopped me for a minute, then I asked the kid if he'd mind releas-



WITH BROTHERS AT 5. Lee Oswald (center) laughs with brother Robert Oswald, 10 (left), and half-

ing the line. So he says to me, 'I'll release it when I'm damn good and ready.' Well, naturally, I was a little burned. I asked my wife who was on our party line and she said it was the Oswalds. I knew them slightly—every single night she'd get off the bus at my corner and walk across my lawn. Well, this night I stopped her and told her what had happened. She asked me to quote exactly what was said and I did. She said, 'I don't believe Lee would say anything like that.' Then Lee walked up and said, 'What's the matter, Mother?' She told him that I had accused him of using profanity on the telephone. She asked him what about it and he denied it. So then she said, 'I guess you must be mistaken, Mr. Simmons.' I know damn well it was him. There wasn't anyone else in the house at the time,





brother John Pic, 12. Their mother had just married for third time and they had all moved to Fort Worth.



CHUBBY AT 8. Lee clenches his fist as he smiles for second-grade picture at Clayton school, Fort Worth.



THINNED OUT AT 11. In fifth-grade picture, Cawald has started playing baseball and lost his chubbiness.



TALL AT 12. The tallest boy in his sixth-grade class, Lee (top) already has reputation for being a roughneck.

I found that out later. And that was my first and last contact with Lee Oswald."

Lee's first teacher at Ridgley West Elementary School was Mrs. Clyde Livingston, a warm, lively woman who, took a special interest in Lee and probably knew him as well as anyone outside his family. "Lee left an empty home in the morning, went home to an empty home for lunch, and returned to an empty home at night," Mrs. Livingston said. "I once asked him if his mother left a lunch for him. He said, 'No, but I can open a can of soup as well as anyone.'"

Lee's fourth-grade marks revealed a downward trend. In the third grade he had failed spelling, received three Cs, four As and the rest Bs. In the fourth, the As disappeared altogether, but he passed spelling and received Bs and Cs

in the rest of his subjects. Around this time his I.Q. was measured. It was 103.

When the fourth grade held its Christmas party in 1949, Lee surprised his teacher, Mrs. Livingston, by giving her a puppy. It was the offspring of the family dog, a collie Lee called "Lady."

"He dearly loved that mother dog," Mrs. Livingston said. "He would check on her at home every day. After he gave me the little puppy he'd come over on weekends to see how it was getting along. But I had the feeling he wasn't coming by just to see the dog. He'd stay around and talk. He was friendly enough, but not particularly talkative."

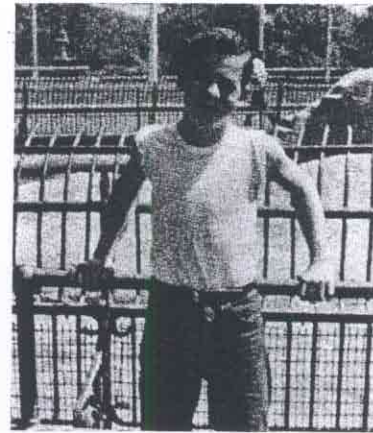
"He wasn't a hostile child, not even stubborn. He was good humored, but quiet. He was interested in a little girl in the class, Nancy

Kuklies. Lee was rather messy and I put him next to Nancy in class. He became a lot neater. He slicked his hair down, and kept his desk neater than he had. She'd say something to him if he didn't. But the romance didn't last long. Another boy interested Nancy."

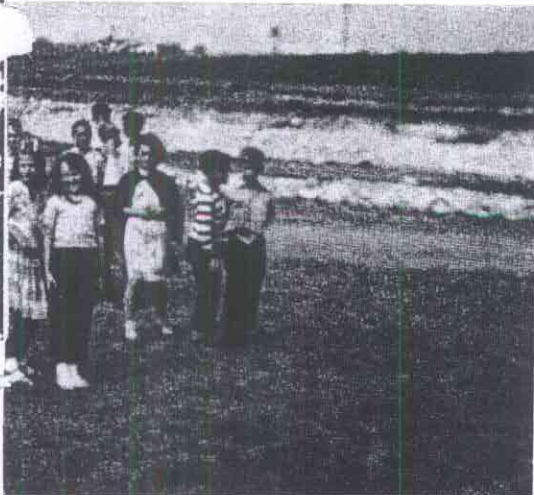
"He used to play ball with me and Pat O'Connor almost every day," said grade school classmate Richard Garrett. "We ran around together. And Lee was the dominant one among the three of us. We'd do what Lee wanted to do. He was larger, I remember, and tougher. But he wasn't particularly eager to fight all the time. One time the fad was to hold your breath until you passed out. Lee really liked that."

Garrett recalled that Lee's grades were not too good in the fifth and sixth grades, but that "he didn't

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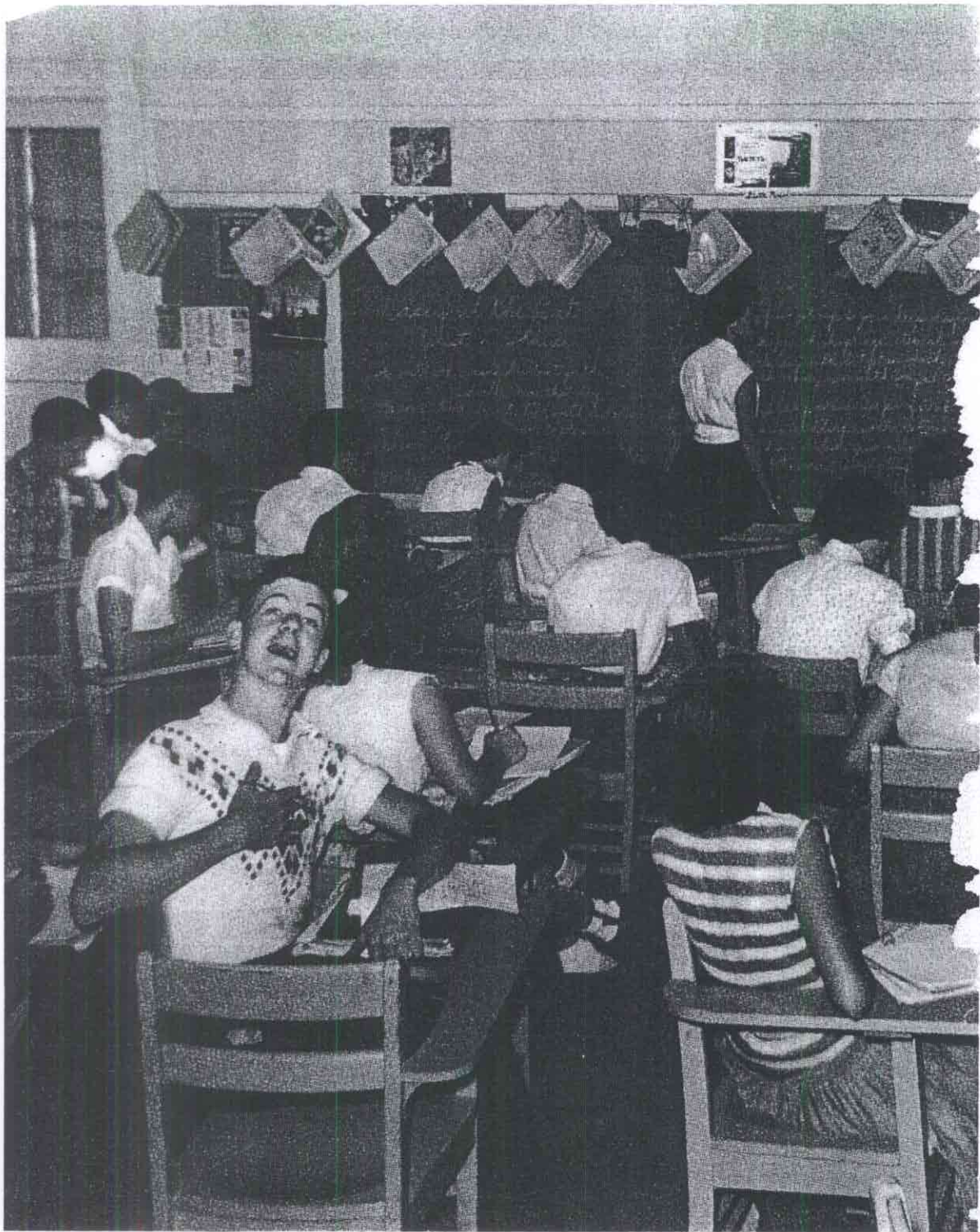


TRUANT AT 13. Lee visits zoo in New York. He cut so many classes that he was in trouble with officials.



GAMES AT 10. At Fort Worth, Lee (arrow) spends recess with fourth-grade classmates. His teacher remembers he was reluctant to join games at first, later took part eagerly.

FAVORITE TEACHER. Mrs. Clyde Livingston, who taught Lee for a year, plays with pup Lee gave her as a Christmas present. He visited her frequently to check on the dog.



'He didn't seem to miss having friends'

OSWALD CONTINUED

exert himself particularly in class." In the fifth grade he made two Ds—a failing grade in Fort Worth at that time—in arithmetic and spelling, two Cs, the rest Bs.

Another schoolmate, William Leverich, was struck by Lee's brashness in class. "I remember that he'd scoot his desk chair across the floor to the pencil sharpener—just to get attention of course. The kids would snicker and the teacher would get mad."

Lee was not altogether unnoticed by the fifth- and sixth-grade girls. One recalled that "he had muscles—he was strong." Another had such a crush on him that once, walking home with Lee and another girl, she asked him to kiss her. Lee said he wouldn't unless he could also kiss the other girl, whom he was sweet on at the time. Lee kissed them both.

Mrs. Pat Davenport Baum of Fort Worth, a former classmate of Lee's, said he once wrote her a love note and was bitter when she spurned him. "Oh, how he hated me for that. He didn't speak to me at all for a long time." Mrs. Baum also recalled that Lee "walked real proud. But he never wore Levis, he wore some other type of jeans, which looked cheaper."

Lee was quite capable of defending himself in those years. Classmate Monroe Davis recalled how Lee beat him one day after school. "He fought dirty, pinching and biting," Davis said, "but he would have licked me anyway." Davis said that as the fight was breaking up, Lee's mother appeared and "she was laughing. She was real proud of him."

Lee finished the sixth grade at Ridgley West in June 1952. He was approaching his 13th birthday—fairly tall for his age, well built and athletic. But he appeared lonely and wore an increasingly noticeable chip on his shoulder. At this time his mother decided to go to New York, a move that was to have a great impact on Lee. She said she wanted to be close to her son John Pic, by her first marriage, who was stationed in New York with the Coast Guard. She

also thought she could do better financially in New York.

They arrived in New York in September, moved into an apartment in the Bronx and Lee entered the seventh grade at Trinity Lutheran School, switching after three weeks to Junior High School 117. His public school attendance record was abysmal. Between October 1952 and January 1953 he missed 47 school days. His grades were barely passing. On the report card where teachers rate a child's personality factor, Lee was judged satisfactory in courtesy and effort, unsatisfactory in cooperation, dependability and self-control.

His truancy resulted in Lee's first brush with legal authority—in his case the New York Children's Court. Mrs. Oswald had moved again in March 1953, and Lee had been transferred to Junior High School 44—his third school in seven months. When he failed to report to the school John Carro, a young probation officer assigned to the Children's Court in the Bronx, got in touch with him.

Carro, a soft-spoken, 36-year-old father of six who is now assistant to New York Mayor Robert Wagner, said, "We talked at my office. My job was to find out his background, his attitude toward school, the attitude of his parents, whether there were any illnesses or extenuating circumstances and so on. I found him to be a small, bright and likable boy. I asked him why he was staying out of school and he said he thought school was a waste of time, that he wasn't learning anything there anyway." He also told Carro that the other children in school made fun of him because of his Texas drawl and his blue jeans.

"I asked him what his hobbies were, and he said he used to collect stamps but didn't do that any more. He said he liked horseback riding [there is no evidence that he ever did any] and said he wanted to go into the Marines. But, he said, most of all he just liked to be by himself and do things by himself. He would get up in the morning and watch television all day. There was no one else at home. The mother worked. He didn't have any friends, and he didn't seem to miss having any friends. He never said anything to me about reading. It didn't seem abnormal to him to stay home and do nothing, but it was.

"In my report I indicated this was a potentially dangerous situa-

tion—dangerous to his personality. When you get a 13-year-old kid who withdraws into his own world, whose only company is fantasy, who wants no friends, who has no father figure, whose mother doesn't seem to relate either—then you've got trouble. I recommended placement for Oswald. I thought of a place like Berkshire Farm in Cansan [N.Y.] or Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry. They have cottages for the kids there, and psychiatric treatment, as well as follow-up therapy. I definitely thought that would help this boy.

"I had the feeling that his mother was completely ineffectual, that she was detached and noninvolved. She kept saying that Lee wasn't any problem, and she didn't understand what the fuss was all about. She wanted to go back to Texas or Louisiana, but said she didn't have the money.

"Finally I remember telling Lee, 'It's either school or commitment.' He said, 'In that case, I'll go back to school.' His mother refused to take him to a court-attached psychiatric clinic. She said that he was attending school by that time and there was no reason for going to the clinic. Lee's behavior was slightly disruptive at school.

"In January 1954, I wrote to Mrs. Oswald, asking her to come into my office and bring the boy. The letter came back, 'Moved. Left No Forwarding Address.'"

Mrs. Oswald's memories of the 16 months she and Lee spent in New York are bitter, perhaps colored by a suspicion that it had been a mistake to move there.

"It was a very, very sad story," she said of Lee's truancy troubles. "Mr. John Carro told him, 'Lee, you'll have to report to me every week.' I said, 'Mr. Carro, my son is not going to report to you. He's no criminal. He's given his word that it's not going to happen again. The first time he doesn't keep his word, then he'll report to you.' I was not going to have a boy of that age and caliber going to a probation officer."

The most penetrating personality analysis ever made on Lee Oswald came from Dr. Renatus Hartogs, chief psychiatrist at New York's Youth House for Boys. Hartogs examined him at the recommendation of the Bronx Children's Court. His confidential report is in the hands of the federal commission now investigating the



CLOWNING AT 15: Just as a classmate photographs ninth-grade English class rehearsing Casey at the Bat, Oswald turns to mug at camera. He got passing grade of 70 in the course.

'He looked like he was just lost'

OSWALD
CONTINUED

assassination, but the substance of it is as follows:

It was apparent that Oswald was an emotionally disturbed, mentally constricted youngster who tended to isolate himself from contacts with others, was suspicious and defiant in his attitude toward authority, and overly sensitive and vengeful in his relationships with his peers. He saw himself as being singled out for rejection and frustration. Dr. Hartogs said, but did not seem to have developed the courage to act upon his hostility in an aggressive or destructive fashion. He also appeared to be preoccupied about his sexual identity and his future role as a male.

He was guarded, secluded and suspicious in his dealings with the psychiatrist. He had to be reassured that information he gave would not be used against him, but to help him. He could not become verbally productive and talk freely about himself and his feelings. About his mother he would state only that she was "O.K." He had ambivalent feelings about his mother—a strong need for maternal warmth but also an awareness that only a limited amount of affection was available. He protected himself against disappointment by not reaching out to others.

Dr. Hartogs concluded that there was definitely a child who had given up hope of making himself understood by anyone about his needs and expectations. In an environment where affection was withheld, he was unable to relate with anyone because he had not learned the techniques and skills which would have permitted it. A diagnosis of incipient schizophrenia was made, based on the boy's detachment from the world and pathological changes in his value systems. His outlook on life had strongly paranoid overtones. The immediate and long-range consequence of these features, in addition to his inability to verbalize hostility, led to an additional diagnosis: "potential dangerousness."

Dr. Hartogs' report was sent to Children's Court with the recommendation that the child be committed to an institution for his own protection and that of the community at large. He felt that treatment might have led to improvement, and that ultimately the boy would have been rehabilitated. His recommendation was not followed.

(The psychiatrist said he was not surprised when Lee Oswald was arrested for the assassination of President Kennedy. "Psychologically," he said, "he had all the qualifications of being a potential assassin. Such a criminal is usually a person with paranoid ideas of grandiosity who can get satisfactory self-vindication only by shocking the entire world and not just a few people. He had to show the world he was not unknown, that he was someone with whom the world had to reckon. When he was 13 he reacted negatively, by withdrawing. It took him a whole lifetime to develop his courage, and then all the accumulated hate and resentment came out. A person like Oswald resents a lifetime of being pushed to the sidelines. He culminates his career of injustice-collecting by committing a supreme, catastrophic act of violence and power.")

In 1954, Lee and his mother were back in New Orleans, and Lee entered the eighth grade at Beauregard Junior High School. Shortly before he graduated from Beauregard in 1955, Lee was asked to fill out a personal history sheet. On the form, he said he had two brothers but did not name them. He identified his religious affiliation as Lutheran but did not list a church. His hobbies were reading and outdoor sports, especially football. He wrote that after school he wanted either to join the military service or become a draftsman. Of his school subjects he liked civics the best, art the least.

When asked to list two personal friends, Oswald wrote two names, then erased them. They are not legible on the sheet.

His grades at Beauregard were generally below average, but his attendance was good. His record cards show he missed only seven days of school during the 1954-55 academic year.

But Lee was having more trouble getting along with his classmates. "He fought with a lot of guys," recalled one. "I don't remember him friends with anyone."

Edward Voebel is one Beauregard schoolmate who remembers Oswald, sympathetically, as a "loner"—a word used increasingly by persons who knew him from

the age of 13 on. "One day he showed me a toy pistol," Voebel said, "and he asked me if it looked real. I told him it didn't. Then some time later, he said he knew where he could get a real pistol, but would have to steal it from a pawn shop. I talked him out of it."

Lee did well on the achievement tests he took when entering Warren Easton High School in the fall of 1955, when he was almost 16. He scored an 88 in reading and an 85 in vocabulary; 55 was regarded as average. In English, mathematics and science his scores were lower.

He stayed in high school less than a month. On Oct. 7, 1955, his mother wrote a letter to the school, saying that her son would have to withdraw because they were moving to San Diego. This was a means to allow Lee to try to enlist in the Marine Corps. Actually, they stayed in New Orleans until late in the summer of 1956.

Lee remained out of school during this time, and apparently began to read avidly at New Orleans libraries. His mother said, "He was bored and restless in school. He used to come home and say, 'I already know all the stuff they're teaching. Why bother with that? Then he'd go off to the library.'"

Immediately after his 16th birthday, in October, he tried to enlist in the Marines, but was rejected because of his age. He managed to get several jobs—one as a messenger on the Mississippi River docks, another as a runner for a dental laboratory in New Orleans. In between jobs he read.

"He brought home books on Marxism and socialism," said his mother. "But I didn't worry. You can't protect children from everything, just try to help them see things in the right way. Besides, if those books are so bad, why are they there where any child can get hold of them?"

In August of 1956, Lee and his mother moved back to Fort Worth, and he entered Arlington Heights High School. The pattern of disaffection and separation from the other students, which had its beginning in New York, continued.

There was a poignant reunion with a grammar school acquaintance, Richard Garrett. "He walked up to me in the hall at school," said Garrett. "I remember I had to look down to talk to him, and it seemed strange, because he had been the tallest, the dominant member of our group in grammar school. He looked like he was just lost. He was very different from the way I remembered him. He seemed to have no personality at all. He couldn't express himself well. He just hadn't turned into somebody. He hadn't turned into anybody. I've read where people say he was a loner. Well, he wasn't in the sixth grade but he sure was in high school."

Lee turned out for the "B" football team, which was composed of boys not good enough for the varsity. After practice the team members were supposed to run a short distance at top speed. Nick Ruggieri, the coach, recalled that one of his assistants told him Lee Oswald had refused to sprint with the other boys. Oswald had said that this was a free country and he didn't have to run if he didn't want to.

"I told the boy myself that if he wanted to play he had to finish practice with the sprint, just like the others," says Ruggieri. "He gave me the same answer. I told him to hand in his cleats."

On Oct. 18, 1956, Lee turned 17, old enough to enter the service. He told his mother that he was going to drop out of school and enlist in the Marine Corps. "I just want to do something different," he said. She did not try to talk him out of it. On Oct. 24 he went to Dallas and signed up for three years in the Marines.

He went to San Diego for boot camp and then to Camp Pendleton where he took advanced infantry training. Allen Felde, also 17 at the time, who shared boot camp and advanced training experience with Oswald, said, "He was pretty hard to understand. I remember him as quiet, serious and trying to find himself. The rest of us used to wrestle and horse around, but he would have his bunk in the corner

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POSING AT 17. A Fort Worth photographer picked Oswald and Janet Bowlin just by chance for a yearbook picture. The picture was used though Oswald was at school only a month.

'Lee never came to squadron parties'

OSWALD
CONTINUED

and stay there, reading a book. He didn't have any friends."

Donald Goodwin was Oswald's section chief at Pendleton. "He was good with a rifle," Goodwin recalled, "but he was such a hot-head I was glad when he was finally shipped out for radar training. He was always having beefs with the guys. Never could figure out what it was about, really. Just to get into a fight and vent his emotions, I suppose."

His marksmanship record indicates he was only a fair shot, although the Marine courses are notably difficult and anyone who qualifies in them must be able to handle a rifle proficiently. He qualified as a sharpshooter with a score of 212, shooting at distances of 200, 300 and 500 yards. A score of 190 to 209 earns a Marine a qualification as marksman; 210 to 219, a sharpshooter; 220 to 250, an expert. On an easier course, where recruits fired at targets 200 and 300 yards away, he barely qualified with 191. He fired the M-1 rifle on both courses.

From Camp Pendleton, Private Oswald was assigned to the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Jacksonville, Fla. There he was trained as an aviation electronics operator, a job which involved maintaining and repairing aircraft electronics systems both on the ground and in the air. In July 1957 he shipped out of San Francisco for Japan where he was to serve as a radio maintenance man with the First Marine Air Wing at Atsugi Naval Air Station, 35 miles southwest of Tokyo.

At Atsugi he became a part of Marine Air Control Squadron One, known as "Max One" to its members. The mission of this unit, which included at various times between 100 and 150 men, was "to operate electronic and communicational equipment for surveillance, aircraft identification and fighter direction and to perform ground control intercepts and navigational assistance to friendly aircraft."

"He was a real oddball," said Peter Connor, who bunked in the same barracks with Oswald. "He used to bring up this stuff about his name, Lee. He was proud of it because he said he was named after Robert E. Lee. He thought Robert E. Lee was the greatest man in history. He used to get in lots of fights, but he didn't make

out too well. He had a temper, but wasn't too good a fighter. He was the kind of guy you told to do something, and if he didn't feel like it, he'd tell you to take a walk."

Oswald was court-martialed twice in 1958. On April 11, he was convicted of violating Article 92 by failing to register a personal weapon, a pistol. As a result some of his privileges were taken away. His second court-martial came two months later. He had talked back to an NCO when both were off-duty and had tried to pick a fight with him. The NCO turned him in. Because it was his second offense, Oswald was broken from private first class to private.

"I remember him as being very quiet, but wild when he was drunk," says Peter Cassisi, another former member of Oswald's squadron, now a policeman in Bronxville, N.Y. "We used to call him 'Private Oswald,' just to needle him. He was that kind of guy. He'd go on a spurt every once in a while, and wake up the barracks when he came back. But he was mostly by himself, and never showed up at any of the squadron parties."

Several ex-Marines recalled that Oswald would occasionally get drunk. This was probably the only time in his life he did much drinking. People who knew him before he went in the service and after think of him as a nondrinker.

In October 1958 Lee celebrated his 19th birthday and was shipped back to the U.S., his tour of overseas duty completed. He was reassigned to the Third Marine Air Wing at the El Toro Marine base near Santa Ana, Calif.

His plans apparently were fixed by this time. He began to study Russian by himself. He tried to enter a military language school by taking a test in Russian, but he flunked the qualifying test. So he continued to study on his own.

Former Lt. John E. Donovan, now a physics instructor in Alexandria, Va., was Oswald's commanding officer at El Toro. "He read most of the time," Donovan said, "histories, magazines, books on government and a Russian newspaper he used to get. He spent a lot of time studying the Russian language. There were no pocketbooks or comics for him."

Donovan recalled Oswald as an officer-baiter and a troublemaker. "He would ask officers to explain some obscure situation in foreign affairs," he said, "just to show off his superior knowledge. He seemed to be in revolt against any

kind of authority." Oswald played on the squadron football team for a short time. He played end, Donovan said, until he was bounced off the squad "because he kept talking back in the huddle." The quarterback was a captain.

In the summer of 1959 Oswald applied for a hardship release from the Marines. His mother, working in a Fort Worth department store, was injured when a box of glass jars fell and struck her on the head. She was forced to remain in bed for six months, and the medical bills rapidly exhausted her slim savings. "I didn't want to tell Lee and worry him, but finally I wrote." She said that the landlord of her apartment allowed her to bring in a rollaway bed for Lee.

Shortly before his release, Oswald applied for admission to Albert Schweitzer College at Churwalden, Switzerland, a private school with a program in world problems, philosophy, religion, sociology and languages. He was accepted for the spring term of 1960, but he never appeared.

He returned to his sibling mother's apartment. "Of all my sorrow," she said later, "I don't think I will ever forget the shame I felt when my boy entered that small place with a sick mother. In the morning, he said, 'Mother, my mind is made up. I want to get on a ship and travel. I'll see a lot and it's good work.'"

Lee spent only three nights at his mother's house. He had saved \$1,600 from his Marine Corps pay and he was anxious to get where he was going.

Two and a half weeks later Mrs. Oswald got a letter from Lee postmarked New Orleans. "Well, I have booked passage on a ship to Europe," it began. "I would of had to sooner or later and I think it's best I go now."

She learned what he really had in mind when a newspaper reporter called in late October 1959 and said that her son had defected to Russia. "I told them they were crazy," she said. "But I learned it was true. I couldn't understand it." Lee was only a few days past his 20th birthday.

Lee told Soviet officials at first that he was in Russia as a tourist. After two and a half weeks in Moscow, on Oct. 31, he appeared at the U.S. embassy, slapped his passport on a desk and said, "I've made up my mind, I'm through." He said he had applied for Soviet citizenship. The next day, Nov. 1, he was interviewed by Aline Mos-

by, United Press International correspondent, at the Hotel Metro-pole. "I will never return to the United States for any reason," he declared.

The interview gave him an opportunity, for the first time in his life, to feel important. His opinion was sought. His picture was taken. He responded by being as articulate as he had ever been in his life. He struck Miss Mosby as "a person very determined but unsure of himself, naive and emotionally unbalanced."

"I am a Marxist," Lee told her. "I became interested at about the age of 15. I've seen poor niggers, being a southern boy, and that was less so. People hate because they're told to hate, like school kids. It's the fashion to hate people in the United States."

Oswald was also interviewed by Priscilla Johnson, now a Soviet expert of the Russian Research Center at Harvard, who was in Moscow at that time. "He was the most interesting defector I ever saw," she said. "He talked in terms of capitalists and exploiters, and he said something about how he was sure if he lived in the U.S. he wouldn't get a job, that he'd be one of the exploited."

"I didn't perceive what the essential thing was—that this guy would be unhappy anywhere. I had this awful feeling that I could talk him out of it. He knew nothing about Russia. He was like a babe in the woods, like a lost child. He

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MARINE AT 18. At U.S. Naval base in Atsugi, Japan, Oswald flexes his muscles (right). He was a radio technician. He posed in combat gear later (top) at Marine base in California.

'I am the commander,' he barked at Marina

OSWALD CONTINUED

was not interested in Russia or the Russian people. As I talked to him, I realized he had a vein in him that was beyond reason, maybe, that was fanatic. I thought he was unstable. I thought he was the type of which martyrs and fanatics are made."

On Nov. 14, a month after he first turned up in Moscow, Soviet officials told him that he would not be granted citizenship. He would be permitted to stay in Russia, he was told, as a resident alien. Once again he had been rejected. Soon afterward he moved to Minsk, a city about 400 miles west of Moscow with a population of 500,000.

He got a job as a sheet-metal worker in a factory at a wage of about 80 rubles a month, the equivalent of \$88 in American money. Typically, he began collecting grievances. He lamented later that he had to work 12 to 14 hours a day, that there were no paid vacations, that the food was monotonous. He complained of the way several families were crowded into one room, of pressure the Communist party put on civilians, of the presence of electronic listening devices. He also objected to the political lectures he was subjected to during lunch hours, and the shortage of fresh vegetables and milk.

He joined a rifle club, according to what he told a man he knew later in Texas, and became an expert marksmen. He was unhappy at being unable to own his own rifle. "The government wouldn't

let you own a rifle," he said. "Only shotguns. So I joined a rifle club."

Meanwhile the Marine Corps, having learned of Oswald's attempt to renounce his citizenship, decided to give Oswald, still in the inactive reserves, an undesirable discharge.

In March 1961 Oswald met Marina Nikolaevna Pruskova, a pretty 19-year-old hospital pharmacist from Leningrad. Lee was the first American she had ever met, and she had thought often of going to America. He was difficult and unpopular, she realized, but she was attracted to him. "Lee not like anyone," she once said in her broken English, "but he love me." She said at one point that she felt sorry for him because he had no friends. "Everybody hated him," she said, "even in Russia."

On April 30, six weeks after they met, they were married. Oswald, by this time, had already made moves to return to the U.S. In a 1962 letter to Senator John Tower of Texas, he said that he had tried to get an exit visa as early as July 20, 1960, about eight months before he met Marina.

In February 1961, Oswald had first informed the American embassy in Moscow of his desire to return home. It took 16 months to get all the necessary documents—exit permits for himself, his wife, and for his daughter, June Lee, who was born on Feb. 15, 1962. Oswald's U.S. passport, which he had thrown defiantly on a desk when he announced his defection, was renewed and amended to include his daughter.

Things finally fell into place for Oswald in May 1962. The State Department, deciding that Oswald still held American citizenship, granted him a loan of \$435.71. Such loans are routinely made to Americans stranded abroad without funds. On May 30 he wrote

his mother from Moscow: "We shall be leaving from Holland by ship for the U.S. on June 4th."

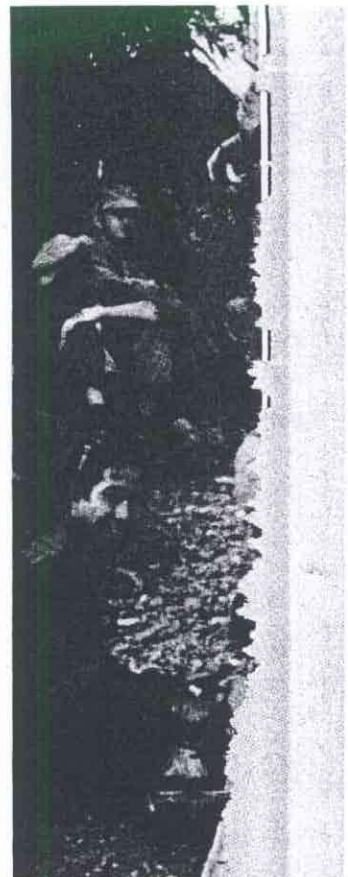
After Lee's arrival in the U.S. there was a family reunion at his brother Robert's house in Fort Worth, but it was a subdued one. "He didn't say much about living in Russia," said his mother. "He just introduced his wife and baby and said he wanted to find a job. He had an awful time getting work. People didn't like the idea of him having a Russian wife. They were awful to him and her."

Lee and the family stayed only briefly at Robert's house, then moved in with his mother, who had an apartment in Fort Worth. Mrs. Oswald said it took him a month to find a job. "I'd drive him downtown and say, 'How about that place?' He'd go in and come out and say, 'They don't need me.' He wasn't bitter. He knew he had made a mistake going to Russia and would have to pay for it." She said that at night Lee and his wife would play a Russian game, similar to ticktacktoe, at the kitchen table. At other times they read to each other in Russian.

In early July, with the help of the Texas Employment Commission, Oswald got a job at a welding shop in the industrial section of Fort Worth. He was a sheet-metal helper, a job similar to that he held in Minsk. He was paid \$50 a week, barely enough to sustain a family of three.

At the shop, owned by the Louv-R-Pac Company, Oswald was a sullen, unenthusiastic but competent worker. The shop foreman, Tom Vargas, said Oswald walked to and from work, and brought his lunch. "He'd take his sack lunch and sit in a corner by himself. He never talked to anyone."

Oswald didn't miss a day on the job until the end of September. Then he simply disappeared. "The last thing we heard was a letter



telling us where to send his paycheck," said Vargas.

The Oswalds had moved into a \$59-a-month duplex apartment on Mercedes Street, about a half-mile from where he worked. It was a small apartment, sparsely furnished, across the street from a big department-store warehouse. It had a small yard with a few trees, and its window shutters were painted green.

A neighbor, Mrs. Ernest Koerner, who lived behind the Oswalds, said that she and her husband often heard the young couple argu-

DOUBLE IDENTITY. Identification cards found on Oswald when captured included Marine Corps card (far right) giving his correct name and number. Other two cards, apparently forged by Oswald, give name he used to buy rifle that killed the President.





OVERSEAS AT 18. Seated in foreground, Oswald joins his fellow Marines during a break in a U.S. Navy-Marine training exercise on Corregidor in the Philippines in 1958. He was back in the U.S. later that year.

ing in Russian. "They would yell at each other at the top of their voices. I remember that when they'd go out for a walk together, she'd always be a few steps behind him. And it was him who used to take the baby for walks, not her. I had the impression she resented that. She'd run and meet him and take the baby when they got near the house and they would talk to each other in loud voices, like they were arguing."

Oswald forbade his wife to wear lipstick and to smoke. She told a friend about one occasion when he ordered her to get a bottle of cat-snip. "Quit being a commander," she told him. "I am the commander," he barked.

In early October 1962, Oswald, having quit his Fort Worth job, decided to try his luck in Dallas. He moved to the Dallas Y.M.C.A., rented a post office box, and began looking for a job. His wife and daughter stayed behind in Fort Worth. After about three weeks he found work as an apprentice photo

ner at Jeggars-Chiles-Stovall, downtown Dallas. He rented an apartment nearby, and

A Dallas friend of Marina's recalled getting an emergency telephone call from Marina shortly after they moved. She went to the Oswalds' apartment and found Marina with a black eye and bruises on her face. She said her husband had beaten her for smoking. Marina stayed with the friend for several days, then moved to the home of another acquaintance. She returned to Lee when he promised to reform.

Lee celebrated his 23rd birthday that month. He had tried military life, and failed; he was now failing in civilian life. He had tried Communism and didn't like it. He wasn't any happier living in a democracy. He had one year and one month left to live.

In November, Marina arranged for her daughter June to be secretly baptized in an Eastern Orthodox Church in Dallas. Father Dmitri, who performed the ceremony, said "it was done in secret because the father was an atheist and was opposed to it."

Lee had got his job as an apprentice photo printer through the Texas Employment Commission,

the same agency that helped him find work in Fort Worth. He was paid \$1.50 an hour. His relations with his fellow workers were, as ever, cold and distant.

During this period Lee and Marina met Mrs. Ruth Paine, the 31-year-old estranged wife of an engineer for Bell Helicopter Co. Mrs. Paine was studying Russian because of her interest in the national Quaker young people's group, which sponsored cultural exchanges of young Russians and Americans. She took an instant liking to Marina.

"I thought her to be a wonderful person," said Mrs. Paine, who has two children. "We were both young mothers and liked to talk about our families and housework. I thought that, perhaps, I could teach her English and she could help me with my Russian. She was by nature a loyal and proud and private person."

Marina and Mrs. Paine exchanged visits during which they spoke Russian. "She used to beg Lee to teach her English," Mrs. Paine says of Marina, "but he only wanted to talk in Russian. He insisted that his daughters learn

Russian. They used to have fights over that."

On March 20, 1963 a high-powered Italian rifle arrived at the post office box Lee had rented. It came from a mail order house in Chicago for an "A. Hidell."

Marina became pregnant again. The baby was due in October. Then Lee lost his job. Oswald's explanation was that "they didn't have enough work." Robert Stovall, president of the firm, said, "He was supposed to learn how to make photographic prints, but he wasn't competent." The firm's financial officer added, "We tried to teach him to make camera prints. He didn't take any pride in his work, or he didn't care."

On April 10 Oswald left the apartment after dinner. At about 11 o'clock Marina found a note in their bedroom from Lee. In Russian, it told her what to do if he left or was arrested. When he

Marina wondered if he was unbalanced

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CONTINUED

returned home, he told her that he had fired a rifle shot at former Major General Edwin A. Walker, a leader of ultraconservative groups. The bullet, fired through a window, barely missed Walker as he sat in his dining room.

Marina asked Lee why he had done it. He said that Walker was an extremist who deserved to die. She secreted the note in a cook book and warned him that she would show it to the police if he ever did anything similar. She was beginning to wonder if her husband was unbalanced.

In mid-April, according to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, an organization sympathetic to Cuban Premier Fidel Castro, Oswald wrote a letter to the organization's headquarters in New York. It read, in part: "Since I am unemployed I stood yesterday for the first time in my life, with a placard [sic] around my neck, passing out Fair Play for Cuba pamphlets, etc. I only had 15 or so. In 40 minutes they were all gone. I was cursed as well as praised by some. My home-made placard said, 'Hands off Cuba, Viva Fidel.' I now ask for 40 or 50 more of the fine basic pamphlets."

Vincent Theodore Lee, national director of the committee, said that someone in the office apparently sent Oswald 50 or more pieces of literature, because there was a notation on the letter which said, "sent 4/19/63."

About April 24 Mrs. Paine visited the Oswalds. "I discovered that

Lee's bags were packed. Marina, who is nothing more than a simple family girl who believes in family ties, suggested that Lee go to his birthplace, New Orleans, to look for work. Lee had agreed, but he was insisting that Marina go back to Russia.

"I felt sorry for her. She was pregnant. She had no other economic alternative. So I offered to let her stay with me for a few weeks until Lee found work in New Orleans. They agreed on this. As far as I know the idea of returning to Russia never came up between them again."

In New Orleans, Lee was hired as a \$1.50-an-hour machinery oiler at William B. Riley & Co., a coffee processing company. He took a \$65-a-month apartment. His landlady, Mrs. J. J. Garner, recalled that Oswald was unpleasant as well as unusual, with a penchant for putting his trash in his neighbors' garbage cans.

She said that twice Oswald put "Leave Cuba Alone" signs on the porch screen in front of the house, and both times she asked him to take them down. The second time she sent her husband, taxi driver Jesse James Garner, to talk to him. "I went over and told him to take the sign down," Garner said, "and Oswald said, 'Who objects to it?' I said, 'I object to it,' so he took it down."

Mr. Garner regarded Oswald as quiet and intelligent. He also noticed that "he had a military manner about him, walked very erect, looked straight ahead, never paid any attention to anyone."

Oswald obtained a library card

at the Napoleon Branch of the city library. The first book he checked out was *Portrait of a Revolutionary: Mao Tse-tung*. Then *The Berlin Wall, The Huey Long Murder Case*, a biography of President Kennedy entitled *Portrait of a President*. This book was later found to have "Fair Play for Cuba Committee, New Orleans, La." stamped on its flyleaf. The Long book dealt with the assassination of the Louisiana senator.

He also took out *What We Must Know about Communism, Russia under Khrushchev, Brave New World and Ape and Essence* by Aldous Huxley, Ian Fleming's *Goldfinger, Moonraker, Thunderball and From Russia, with Love*.

Lee lost his job at the coffee company on July 19. For the second time in three months, he was fired. One of his superiors explained, "He simply wasn't doing the job."

Oswald had begun collecting \$33 a week in unemployment compensation when he was fired from his Dallas job in April. The checks stopped when he went to work in New Orleans. After he lost his job he reinstated his claim to compensation in Texas, even though he was not living in the state. The payments started again.

On May 26, two weeks and two days after he went to work as a machinery oiler, Oswald wrote his second letter to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee in New York. He was anxious to become more active, and requested "formal membership in your organization."

He decided to stir things up by approaching an anti-Castro Cuban exile leader in New Orleans and offering to help. Carlos Bringuer, New Orleans delegate of the Miami-based Cuban Student Directorate, encountered Oswald about Aug. 5. Bringuer, a lawyer who fled from Cuba in 1961, said Oswald came into the store he manages, introduced himself as an ex-Marine, and said he felt he had the training to fight Castro. He asked for information about the Directorate, and gave Bringuer his *Guide Book for Marines*, which includes instructions in guerrilla tactics.

Bringuer rejected his offer of aid, but kept the guidebook, which had the name "Pvt. Lee H. Oswald" inside the cover. "I was suspicious of him from the start," he said. "But frankly I thought he might be an agent from the FBI or

CIA trying to find out what we were up to."

On Aug. 9, four days later, Bringuer said he was told by another Cuban that a man was on Canal Street distributing Communist propaganda, which said 'Viva Fidel' and 'Hands Off Cuba.'

"I went down there and found out it was the same guy who had come to see me. He tried to shake hands with me, but I refused and called him a traitor. We started arguing. A crowd gathered to watch us. I told them, 'You see, this fellow is a Communist. He wants to do to your country what he has done to us in Cuba.' The Americans started shouting at him. I grabbed his propaganda and threw it on the sidewalk. I was so angry I wanted to hit him. At first he had his hands up, then he dropped them and said, 'Okay, Carlos, go ahead and hit me.' I knew that he wanted me to attack him so he would be a martyr, so I didn't strike him."

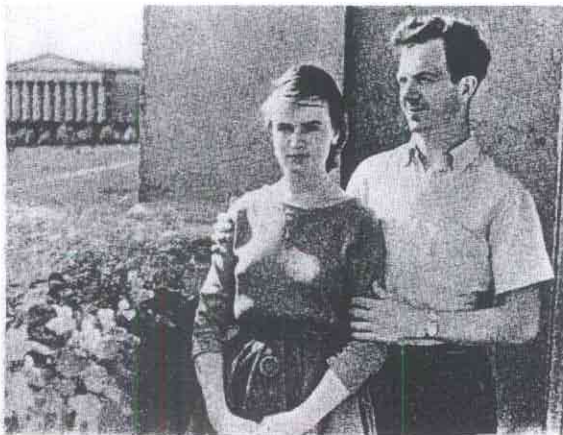
Oswald was arrested on grounds of disturbing the peace and he was eventually fined \$10.

In late September, Oswald left New Orleans for the last time and made a seven-day trip to Mexico City. He applied at the Cuban consulate there for a transit visa to the Soviet Union which would permit him to travel to Cuba en route to Russia. His request was for himself only. When the consulate said it could not grant the visa, Oswald went to the Soviet embassy, which told him his request would have to be submitted to Russia and that a reply might take up to three months. Oswald stayed a few more days, then, on Thursday Oct. 3, returned to Dallas.

"Lee called his wife at my home on Friday," said Mrs. Paine. "We were a little put out with him because Marina hadn't heard from him in two weeks. He said he had left his home in New Orleans, dropped by Houston looking for a job, then returned to Dallas. He said he had been in Dallas a few days before calling." He didn't mention his trip to Mexico.

Lee hitchhiked to Irving, the Dallas suburb where Marina was now staying with Mrs. Paine, and spent the weekend with his family. Before he returned to the city on Monday, Mrs. Paine gave him a map of Dallas. "You need one when you're looking for a job," she said.

On Monday, Oct. 14, he presented himself to Mrs. A.C. Johnson, who ran a rooming house at 1026 N. Beckley Avenue, in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas. She told him she had a room, and the rent was \$8 a week, payable in advance. Mrs. Johnson asked for the name of a relative in case of emergency. The young man



HUSBAND AT 21. Lee Oswald and his Russian bride Marina pose in Minsk soon after their marriage there. He was working in a Soviet factory and had met her at a dance. He brought her home to Texas the following year.

On the rifle range, 'he was excellent'

OSWALD

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her, "That won't be necessary. It doesn't matter." He signed his name as O. H. Lee.

Lee Oswald got his last job on a tip from Mrs. Paine. She had heard from a neighbor, Mrs. William Randall, that work was available at the Texas School Book Depository, which receives books from publishers and delivers them to schools and other customers. Lee promptly applied to Roy S. Truly, superintendent of the depository.

"He seemed neat, clean, intelligent, polite, willing to work," Truly said. "I told him it was temporary work and I could give him \$1.25 an hour, with a 40-hour week guaranteed." Oswald said he was a Marine veteran with an honorable discharge.

"I hired him and told him to report to work the next day," said Truly. The hours were 8 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. with 45 minutes for lunch. The work was filling orders—taking an order sheet from the office and roaming through the building gathering the required books, then bringing them to the desk.

He made no friends on the job, but no enemies either. Truly had a favorable impression of him as a worker; he considered it a good sign that he wasn't always talking.

"I might have sent Oswald to work in a warehouse two blocks away," Truly said. "Oswald and another fellow reported for work on the same day and I needed one of them for the depository building. I picked Oswald.

"Every time I saw him, he had an order in his hand and was trying to fill it. I often asked him, 'How are you doing? How is your

baby?' He seemed pleased that anyone was interested. He always answered, 'Very fine, thank you, Mr. Truly.'"

That weekend (Oct. 20) Marina gave birth to a daughter. She was named Audrey Marina Rachel Oswald.

A gunsmith in Irving, Dial D. Ryder, recalled that sometime around the end of October he mounted a telescopic sight on a rifle for a man named Oswald.

On Wednesday, Oct. 23, Oswald attended a large right-wing rally at the Dallas Memorial Auditorium. It was called by the U.S. Day Committee to counteract a scheduled United Nations Day observance in the same auditorium the following night. Oswald heard former Major General Walker lambaste the United Nations and Adlai Stevenson.

The first two weekends in November, Oswald rode out to Irving with Wesley Frazier, a young fellow employe and the brother of Mrs. William Randall. Marina was receiving a newspaper from Minak weekly. Lee read it eagerly. Other times he would play with his daughter June and the new baby or watch television—he particularly liked westerns, war movies, and football games.

He spoke hopefully of being able to rent an apartment in 1964 and reuniting the family. He never referred to his mother. He hadn't seen her since he left Fort Worth in October 1962.

Malcolm Price, who helps operate the Sportsdrome rifle range in Grand Prairie, two and a half miles from Irving, recalled that about the weekend of November 9-10, he saw Oswald shooting a rifle at the range. Price says he looked through Oswald's telescopic sight and was impressed by its clarity.

A range customer, Garland G. Slack, said that he saw Oswald there on the weekend of Nov. 9-10 and also on Sunday, November 17. He remembered that Oswald was an excellent shot—he was impressed by his "tight group," the close cluster of bullet holes he put in his target. "I was getting together 10 men for a turkey shoot and I was interested in getting this fellow because he was shooting such a tight group," Slack said. "But he didn't shoot with us because he didn't have a dollar for the entry fee." Slack said that on Oswald's first visit to the range another man accompanied him.

Oswald did not go to Irving on the weekend of the 16th and 17th. By Monday, the 18th, Marina was beginning to worry about him. She had the telephone number of the rooming house on Beckley Ave., but Lee had told her not to call him there.

"About dinner time," Mrs. Paine recalled, "Marina noticed June playing with the telephone. She said, 'Let's call daddy.' Lee had left us a number to call so I dialed the number for her. I asked for Lee Oswald. The man who answered said there was no Lee Oswald living there. I asked him to make sure. He said no person with that name was there." Mrs. Paine apologized and hung up.

Moments later, Mrs. Paine said, Oswald telephoned and demanded to speak to his wife. "I guess he overheard the phone conversation at the rooming house, because he bawled Marina out. He told her he was living under another name and she should have had better sense than to call him. Marina said she didn't understand the need for such deception."

On the morning of Tuesday, the 19th, the Dallas News announced the route of President Kennedy's motorcade. On his way to the Dallas Trade Mart, where he was to speak, the President would pass directly by the Texas School Book Depository. On Wednesday the papers announced that Kennedy and his wife would arrive at Love Field

from Fort Worth at 11:35, tour the downtown area and arrive at the Trade Mart at 12:30 p.m. This meant that the motorcade would pass the school book building at about 12:25, in the middle of Lee Oswald's 45-minute lunch period.

On Thursday afternoon Oswald asked Frazier to give him a ride back to Irving. "Lee showed up at about 5:15," Mrs. Paine remembered. "Marina and I were both surprised to see him because he hadn't called in several days. He ate dinner with us, played with his children, and went to bed early. As I remember it, the subject of the President's visit the next day did not even come up."

He apparently slept soundly, Mrs. Paine said. "Marina was up twice with the baby, but I didn't hear him at all."

In the morning Oswald rose without waking his wife or Mrs. Paine, dressed in a brownish-red shirt and gray trousers, and made himself some coffee. He left the house at about 7:15. Mrs. Randall was looking out the kitchen window as Oswald approached her house for his ride to work with Frazier. She noticed he was carrying a long thin object wrapped in brown paper. Oswald got into Frazier's parked car, and put the package on the back seat.

Frazier came out of the house and got behind the wheel. He noticed the package in the back and asked Oswald what it was. "Window shades," he was told.

The two men were silent during the drive into Dallas. "About the only time I ever got him to talk was when I asked him about his babies," Frazier said later. "Then he would laugh and tell me about them."

They arrived at the building shortly before 8 a.m. Oswald got out of the car with the package under his arm, Frazier recalled, and "walked into the building ahead of me. I never saw what he did with it."

Apparently Oswald put in a routine morning on the job. Warehouse superintendent Truly saw him filling orders, and remembered greeting him. Oswald replied, "Good morning, Mr. Truly."

A few minutes after noon, as the President and his wife were pulling away from the airport in the open presidential limousine, an employe in the school book building, Charles Givens, saw Oswald on the sixth floor and said, "Let's go down and watch the President go by." "Not now," Oswald re-

CONTINUED



PROPAGANDIST AT 23. In August 1963 Oswald passed pro-Castro handbills on New Orleans street (far left). He claimed membership in Fair Play for Cuba Committee (card at left) which denied he was a representative.

'He poked a rifle out that window'

OSWALD

CONTINUED

sponded. "Just send the elevator back up."

Truly was leaving for lunch at 12:20 with O. V. Campbell, depository vice president, when they heard the caravan approaching. They watched the President go by. Instants later Campbell heard a shot. At first he thought it was a firecracker, but then he heard the second and third shots and knew it was gunfire. He saw the President's car swerve to the left and slow, then speed away.

Campbell heard someone say, "I saw a young white man poke a rifle out of that window right up there and fire and draw back in." The man pointed to a sixth-floor corner window in the depository building.

Truly and a policeman ran into the building to the elevators but found they were not running. (Later it was determined that an elevator gate had been left open on a floor above.) Truly shouted, "Turn loose the elevators," but there was no response. He led the officer to a staircase and they ran up to the second floor, coming out on a landing with a door leading to the main office of the depository. Truly started up the steps to the third floor, but soon realized the officer was not behind him. He ran back to the depository office and found the policeman in the adjacent lunchroom, a small area with several drink machines, a stove and a sink. The officer had his gun drawn on Oswald, who stood with his back to a Coca-Cola machine. The officer turned to Truly and said, "This boy work here?" Truly said, "Yes." The officer wheeled and ran back onto the second-floor landing. Truly followed him.

Oswald came out of the lunchroom a few moments later with a Coke in his hand. A woman switchboard operator saw him and said, "Wasn't that terrible, the President being shot?" Oswald muttered something which

she didn't understand. He walked through the office, down the steps to the first floor and out the front door. It was about 12:35.

At 12:40, Oswald knocked on the door of a bus on Elm Street. The driver allowed him to get on. But the bus was unable to make any headway in the congestion. Oswald got up and asked for a transfer. He got off the bus and ran two blocks to a Greyhound bus terminal, where William Whaley was parked in his taxi at the curb.

"Can I take this cab?" Oswald asked. Whaley motioned for him to get in.

"Take me to 500 North Beckley," Oswald said. The ride took about five minutes. It was now a few moments after one o'clock.

Oswald jumped out of the taxi five blocks from his rooming house, gave Whaley a dollar for the 95-cent ride, and ran to his room.

Mrs. Earlene Roberta, the housekeeper, saw him and said, "My, you're sure in a hurry." He left his room wearing a gray zippered jacket. He ran through the living room and out the front door.

Oswald was next seen on East 10th Street, about seven blocks from his room. Mrs. Helen Markham, who was waiting for a bus, said she saw a police car stop and the policeman beckon to the slender man in the gray jacket. (A description of Oswald had been sent out over the police radio after a count of employees at the schoolbook building revealed he was missing.)

Mrs. Markham said Oswald walked to the patrol car, leaned down and spoke to the officer through the window. Then, she said, the officer got out. "All of a sudden they stopped," she said, "looked at each other and he [Oswald] pulled his gun and shot him down." The policeman, J. D. Tippit, died instantly.

A block away a used car salesman heard shots and saw a man trotting along the sidewalk. "He had a pistol in his hand," said

the salesman, Ted Callaway. "I got a real good look at him. It was Oswald. I picked him out of a police lineup that night."

Between Madison and Bishop Avenues on Jefferson Boulevard, Oswald ran into the entranceway of a shoe store and stood gasping for breath. The store manager, John Brewer, noticed that he was breathing hard, and that his shirt tail was out. "He looked scared," Brewer said. Brewer had just heard of Officer Tippit's murder and so he decided to follow Oswald.

Oswald left the shoe store entrance and dashed a half block to the Texas Theater, where two war movies—*War Is Hell* and *Cry Battle*—were playing. He got into the theater without either the cashier or the usher seeing him. Store manager Brewer watched him enter the theater. Then he told theater usher Butch Burroughs that a possible murderer had entered the theater. They checked the emergency exits to make sure they were closed and asked the cashier, Mrs. Julie Postal, to call police. It was almost 2 o'clock.

Police cars screeched up to the theater. A sergeant ordered the house lights turned on. Brewer walked onto the stage and pointed out Oswald, sitting in the center section, three rows from the rear. Oswald turned and yelled, "This is it." He pulled his gun as Officer N. M. McDonald reached him. The hammer of the gun clicked, but it didn't fire.

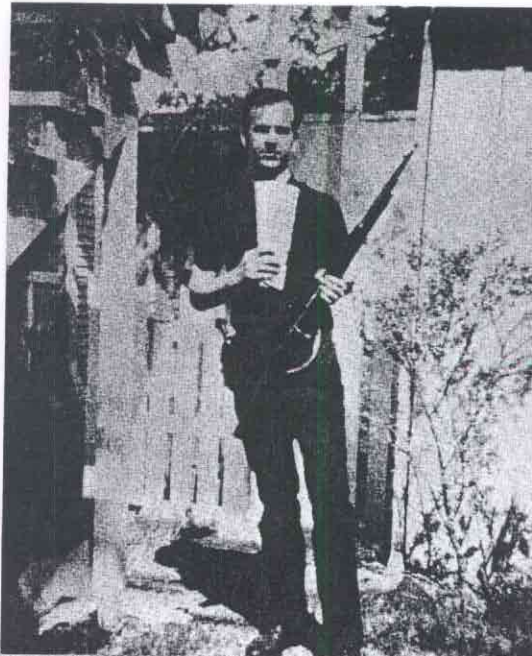
As Oswald slashed McDonald in



WIFE AND CHILD. Marina dresses June, 2, who was born in Russia. Her sister, Rachel, 4 months old, was born at same hospital where President Kennedy and her father died.

the face with the pistol, three more policemen jumped into the fight. One punched Oswald in the eye. He was subdued and dragged from the theater. A crowd had gathered on the street, drawn by the police cars. The country had been told an hour earlier that President Kennedy was dead. The crowd shouted, "Kill him! Kill him!" as Oswald was led past them.

Two days later, at the age of 24 years, one month and six days, Lee Harvey Oswald was mortally wounded in the basement of the Dallas police station by Jack Ruby.



ASSASSIN-TO-BE AT 23. Full version of photograph which appears on LIFE's cover shows Oswald proudly holding a Trotskyite newspaper, *The Militant*, in one hand and rifle he used to shoot President Kennedy in the other. Dallas police have confirmed that this is the rifle found in the Texas Book Depository. On Os-

wald's hip is revolver which killed Dallas policeman J. D. Tippit. Oswald posed for photograph in spring of 1963 outside his home in Dallas. He set the camera and then, handing it to Marina, directed her to take the picture. Shortly after, Oswald shot at Major General Edwin Walker. Seven months later, he killed the President.