

THE NAFTA SHOWDOWN

JFK: 30 YEARS LATER

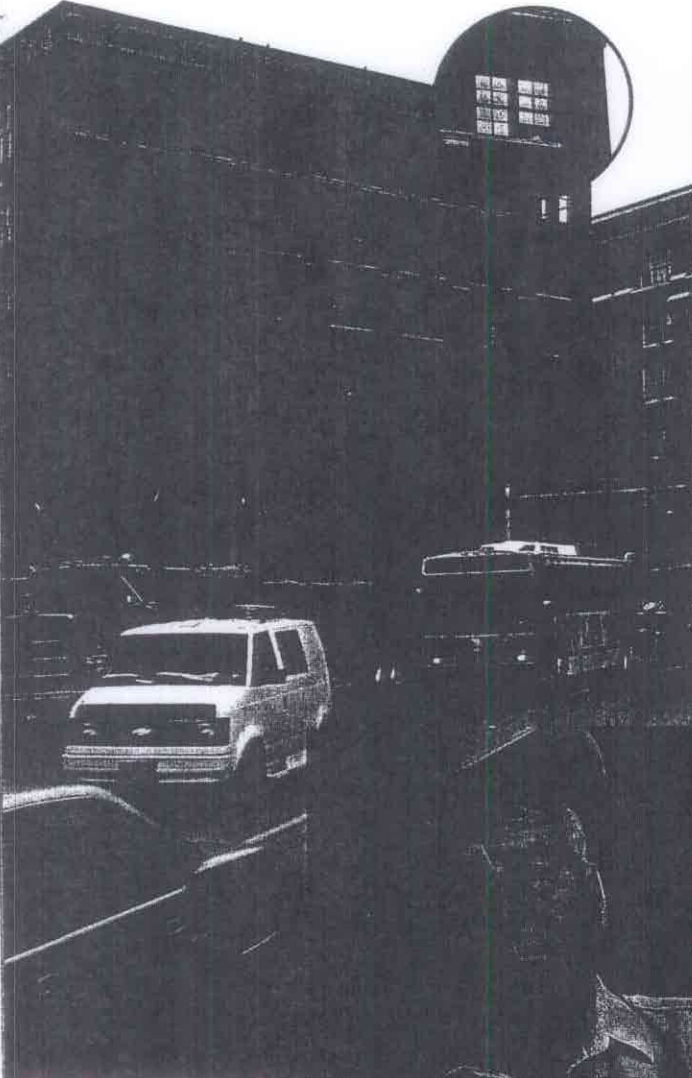
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friend, had been shot.

At about 5 p.m., he went to Parkland hospital where he sat for a time with Nellie Connally while her husband underwent surgery. "Then, I went home," Wade recalls, "and shortly after, I

got a call from Cliff Carter, who was a right-hand man of [vice-president Lyndon] Johnson's and he said it's come over the television that y'all are going to claim the Russians conspired to kill the president. I said I didn't know where that came from because as far as I knew we had no evidence that there were any Russians involved. Johnson apparently was hung up on that and was scared to death the Russians were going to release the atomic bomb."

At Carter's insistence, Wade drove to police headquarters at city hall to meet Oswald. "I asked him if he had a lawyer," Wade says. "He said he did and named a New York City lawyer prominent in the civil liberties movement who called back and said that he did not know Oswald and had no intention of representing him. Oswald was defiant. I asked him questions about where he was at the time of the shooting. He answered practically everything

with 'I want a lawyer' and 'Police brutality.'"

Henry Wade believes he could have won a conviction and that Oswald would have been sentenced to death. But death, as it turned out, was imminent.

Jim Leavelle is 73 and comes from a village called Detroit in Red River County, Texas. "I think my wife married me because she thought I'd take her to the big city," he chuckles. Their children grown and long gone, they live beside Lake Ray Hubbard in the Dallas suburb of Garland. In 1963, Leavelle was a Dallas police detective and on Sunday, Nov. 24, was about to become one of the most widely recognized players in the assassination drama.

That morning, police were preparing to transfer Oswald from the city hall police lock-up to the better-equipped and more secure cells at the Dallas County Courthouse across



Johnson taking the oath of office; the old Texas School Book Depository and its infamous window (left); Leavelle, then and now (below): 'I saw Ruby standing there with a gun. About then, he made two short steps and double-acted that .38 into Oswald's stomach'

town. Chief Curry, angered by rumors that Oswald had been beaten, was determined to move him publicly so that the TV cameras would display him undamaged. Shortly after 11 a.m., Secret Service, FBI and other law enforcement agents had finished questioning Oswald.

"He had two different sweaters there and he said he wanted the black one, a pullover, so we let him put it on," Leavelle says. "I put two sets of handcuffs on him, one set on both his wrists and then I handcuffed his right arm to my left. I was kind of kidding him. I said, 'Well, Lee, if anybody shoots at you, I hope they're as good a shot as you are.' He kind of laughed, the only time I saw him smile or laugh when he was in custody. He said, 'Aw, ain't nobody going to shoot at me. You're just being overdramatic or something.' I said, 'Well, if anybody *does*

shoot at you, you know what to do.' And he said, 'The captain said to follow you so I'll go wherever you go.' I said, 'In that case, you'll be on the ground pretty quick if anyone starts shooting.'"

Oswald and Leavelle, wearing a pale gray Stetson and his only Neiman Marcus suit, rode the elevator from the third floor to the basement and walked along a short corridor to the parking garage.

"All the floodlights from the TV cameras came on and we were blinded momentarily, couldn't see a thing," Leavelle recalls. "Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ruby standing there with a gun at his side. About that same instant, he made two short steps and double-acted that .38 into Oswald's stomach. I had Oswald by the belt in addition to being handcuffed to him, and I tried to jerk him behind me but all I succeeded in doing was turning

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG SMITH/SABA



■ Clockwise, from left, Jackie today, a book editor in New York City; son John, a lawyer, cycling with actress Daryl Hannah; daughter Caroline, a lawyer and mother of three, with husband Edwin Schlossberg; Jackie and her children on the Capitol steps the day of the funeral; America's royal family

his body a little bit so that instead of hitting him dead centre, it hit him about four inches to the left of the navel."

Leavelle grabbed Ruby with his free hand and shoved him backward. Other policemen seized both the gun and Ruby. An ambulance took Oswald to Parkland hospital, where he was put in the same emergency operating room that had received Kennedy, and Dr. Malcolm Perry, part of the team that had tried to save the president, operated in vain on the accused assassin. At 1:07 p.m., Oswald was pronounced dead.

Leavelle had had enough of televised police work. The next day, Monday the 25th, he whisked Ruby from City Hall to the county courthouse without telling even his lieutenant—"and he got huffy about that."

Ruby was badly frightened. "On the way down in the elevator," Leavelle remembers, "he was wanting to wear my hat and my coat and everything because he was afraid somebody was going to shoot him. I said, 'Jack, you ain't worth killin', nobody's going to shoot you.' Then, I said, 'In all the years I've known you, you've never done anything to hurt the police, it you didn't do us any favor on this.' And he said, 'All I wanted to do was be a hero.' He'd

figured we'd charge him with murder but the grand jury would say, 'Jack, that's a bad thing you done shootin' Oswald, but since he needed killin' anyhow, we going to excuse you this time but don't do it again.' And he could stand at the front door of his club and people would come from far and wide to shake the hand of the man who shot the assassin."

That same day, while kings, emperors and prime ministers bowed their heads in homage to the memory of a murdered president at Arlington National Cemetery near Washington, Lee Harvey Oswald was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery at Arlington, Texas, between Dallas and Fort Worth. There were five mourners—Oswald's wife, Marina, his brother Robert, his mother and his two infant children. The Rev. Louis Saunders, secretary of the Fort Worth District Council of Churches, says that he had called five different clergymen to perform the service but all had made excuses. Saunders, who had not conducted a funeral service in eight years, nervously recited scripture from memory: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures. . . ." Now 84, retired and living in Dallas, Saunders says that he eventually got more than 1,000 letters and postcards, only one of them critical.

But Lee Harvey Oswald did not stay buried. In 1981, British author Michael Eddowes, who had written a book contending that the body in the Arlington grave was that of a Soviet spy, got a court order for exhumation. Fort Worth funeral director Paul Groody, who had put Oswald into the ground 18 years before, returned to dig him up.

Now 74, Groody says that he found somebody had been there ahead of him. The steel-reinforced concrete vault containing the casket had been broken, probably when it fell while being lifted from the grave, Groody surmises. In any event, he delivered the body to the Baylor Medical Center in Dallas where, two years later, a pathologist confirmed that the teeth were indeed those of Lee Harvey Oswald.

However, says Groody, the body he collected from Parkland hospital in 1963 had undergone an autopsy that included a craniotomy—opening the skull. "But when we dug him up," he says, "I didn't see any evidence that the skull had been autopsied."

"You think the guy wasn't Oswald?"

"Yup, I'm kind of convinced of that."

"So what did they do, replace the teeth?"

"Replaced the head. Somebody went in, changed heads and put the head of the real Lee Harvey in there."

"So who did you originally bury?"

"Some guy who was groomed to look like him, but remember, it's only a dumb old undertaker talkin'!"

For years after Kennedy's murder, Dallas was reviled across America. Some newspaper stories called it "Murder City" and dwelled on