CHAPTER

10

INQUEST IN DALLAS

AS I look back at the events which brought me to Dallas soon after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy to probe behind the scenes into the motives of the great crime, it is evident that the kismet of revolutionary Russia is branded deep into the tissue of that ineffable tragedy. There is Lee Harvey Oswald, the assassin, who had defected to Russia and came back home to carry out his magnicide. There is his young wife, born Marina Prusakova, a product of the new Soviet order. There are my own relations with Jack Kennedy, when he was still a junior senator, and with his brother Bobby, stemming from their separate interest in Russia's world role. There is the studied leftist effort to ascribe the crime to conservative extremists so as to clear the Kremlin leadership from any suspicion of complicity in the murder. And there is my book, *The Mind of an Assassin,* dealing with the murder of Trotsky in Mexico City by one of Stalin's killers, which led to my journey to Dallas at the express invitation of Marina Oswald.

From the shattering afternoon of November 22, 1963, which found me

and my wife, Ruth, driving through the depressed and impoverished mining areas of West Virginia while we were on our way to Southern California, to March, 1964, my brain was teeming with a multitude of reflections.

During those three months, perplexing developments in the case were unfolding to the public view almost from hour to hour. But I had a privileged inside seat to scrutinize the constant crop of new sidelights on the Dallas tragedy. I made a shocking discovery at that time, involving the burning by two principal witnesses in the affair of a highly incriminating autographed picture—as described in detail later on. The enormous significance of that act has, to date, escaped the attention of all the investigators of the bizarre and tragic event, from the Warren Commission and the various police probes to the scores of authors of books and special studies.

It would have scotched at its inception the plague of speculative reportage and comment that confused world opinion about Oswald's terrorist master stroke. The mystery would have been expunged from the Dallas tragedy.

Having been absorbed since my early youth in the study of Russian terrorists—a breed of fanatical idealists many of whom were fit for a gallery of saintly martyrs—I was fascinated by the enigmatic figure of Oswald after my first shock of horror over the crime had subsided. But in addition, the sudden loss of the youthful President just when he was maturing for the role of a world leader hit me as a personal tragedy. I had met him when he was a freshman Senator looking for ideas, and I have never forgotten my surprise at finding that his was a first-class mind unusually well-informed on the subject of the Russian Revolution. Contrary to my expectations, he approached the world's most baffling riddle —the Soviet problem—not as a politician but as a student of international affairs.

The occasion for the discussion was the publication in *Life* for March 23, 1953, of a leading article, "A Weapon for the West," in which I advocated a series of constructive measures in the field of psychological warfare designed to demoralize the Soviet occupation forces in Germany.

In a few days the mails brought me a note from Senator John F. Kennedy inviting me to luncheon. It was one of those unexpected responses every journalist finds flattering, but my interest went far beyond mere vanity. As the editors of *Life* put it in an introductory note to my contribution, they "believed that the suggestions he (this writer) makes deserve a hearing and hope that they may provoke a fruitful discussion of what can be done to turn the tide against the Soviets in the cold war."

At luncheon in the Senate dining room I found myself seated around the general table one chair removed from that of Joe McCarthy. Senator Kennedy, in a buoyant mood, slapped him familiarly on the back, dis-

playing an intimacy that surprised me. He then introduced me to McCarthy, not knowing that I had had a memorable encounter with him in the privacy of his office in April, 1950, upon my return from a trip to Europe. With his characteristic friendly flamboyance, McCarthy greeted me as an old friend. As I turned away to sit down next to Kennedy, the latter noticed my cool response and asked in some astonishment: "Why, don't you like Joe?"

"It isn't a matter of liking or disliking him," I replied. "I don't agree with the way he goes about fighting Communism. And I told him so when I first met him."

"Oh, I see. That's interesting," Kennedy said, giving me a penetrating look.

Then he picked up the subject of my *Life* article, which he had digested in full, raising a number of searching questions. This was followed by a discussion of the aftermath in the Kremlin of the death of Stalin. I had written for the Scripps Howard newspapers several articles dealing with the consequences of that event. On March 5, the day of Stalin's death, I opened my commentary with the forecast: "The end of the Korean war within a matter of several months is likely to prove the first major global repercussion of the passing of Premier Joseph Stalin from the seat of supreme power in Moscow."

In the years to come, President Eisenhower was given credit for ushering in peace in Korea, a belief now part of the mythology of history. My exchange of views with the young Kennedy on this and other subjects erased any idea I had of him as a playboy from Boston. He probed deeply into my assertions that the unnerved Kremlin oligarchy needed peace to solve the problem of succession. Curiously, however, Kennedy never challenged in public the claim of Republican spokesmen that Eisenhower had extricated the United States from the bogged-down Korean negotiations with the Communists.

Some months later, under different circumstances, I met the Senator's younger brother Bobby. Early in December, 1954, Philip H. Willkie, the son of the 1940 Republican presidential candidate, told me that his friend, Robert F. Kennedy, was preparing to join Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in a safari to Russian Central Asia and was anxious to learn the essential facts about the ethnic and political conditions in that remote possession of the Soviet empire.

Phil knew that I had recently spent considerable time abroad in close touch with the refugee leaders of Kazakhs, Uzbeks, Turkmen, Kirghiz, Tadjik, and other Moslem peoples inhabiting the vast zone between the eastern shores of the Black Sea and the borders of China. He asked me if I would be willing to brief young Kennedy on the political environment of the area he was about to visit.

On December 18 Phil brought Bobby, then twenty-eight but looking

more like twenty-three, to luncheon at our farm in Waldorf, Maryland, and for some three hours we discussed the Kremlin's treatment of minorities and the specific elements of the struggles for independence in the lands which before the Revolution had formed Russian Turkestan.

Upon his return from the Soviet Union, Bobby Kennedy in two forgotten but highly significant articles revealed that my session with him had helped focus his attention upon a key problem of our times—the national liberation movements. Other American tourists had preceded Kennedy to Central Asia and had returned with enthusiastic reports on the Oriental glamor of Samarkand and Tashkent and Alma-Ata, but Bobby broke fresh ground when he wrote in *The New York Times Magazine*:

> The Soviet Central Asian republics . . . portray all the evils of colonialism in its crudest form. Less than a century ago these were all proud and autonomous territories . . . the natives of this area are people of Turkish and Persian stock infused with a strong Mongolian strain. They are as different from their European Russian masters as the Moroccan is from the Frenchman or the Malayan is from the Englishman.

Countering the Soviet propaganda against "Western imperialism," Kennedy challenged the Kremlin rulers in a long interview with the editors of *U.S. News & World Report:* "How about withdrawing their troops from Poland and Eastern Europe . . . or giving their independence back to the people of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania?"

That trip marked the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the tragic assassination of Bobby Kennedy in Los Angeles on June 5, 1968. It was their interest in Russia which brought the two martyred Kennedy brothers in contact with me. No wonder that when the President was struck down on November 22 by an assassin whose Russian adventures and marriage were subjects of much legitimate speculation, I was stirred to the depths of my being and was keen on investigating the many puzzling aspects of the case.

An inside door in Dallas was unexpectedly opened for me in Santa Monica, of all places, during the Christmas holiday, at a small party at the home of Oliver Carlson, a former teacher of journalism and author of biographies of W. R. Hearst, James Gordon Bennett, and Arthur Brisbane.

One of the guests was Joseph B. Ford, a young professor from San Fernando State College. He had studied at Harvard under the great Russian sociologist Pitirim Sorokin, whose experiences when he was under death sentence in Soviet Russia were well known to me. It appeared that Professor Ford had read my book *The Mind of an Assassin*, and taking me off to a corner, he surprised me by raising the question of

what had led Lee Harvey Oswald to commit his act. I told him that I had considered going to Dallas to study Oswald's mind and the political background of the assassination, provided an opportunity presented itself to gain access to some inside source.

"I can tell you in the greatest confidence," Joe Ford said almost in a whisper, "that I have a brother in Dallas, a geologist who is married to a Russian refugee girl. They befriended the Oswalds soon after they settled in Dallas. My brother, however, does not want any publicity that would involve him in the investigation of the affair."

"Well, if I give you my word of honor not to mention his name in print," I proposed to Ford, "will you give me his address solely for the purpose of my asking him to find out from Marina if she would be interested in meeting me and in the possibility of an offer from a publisher to print her story?"

The following day I wrote to Joe's brother, Declan P. Ford, in Dallas along those lines, assuring him that I would hold his relationship and that of his wife with the Oswalds in the strictest confidence.

Never having been to Dallas, I was completely unaware of the tight Russian community of perhaps some forty souls in the area, though I had known well the mother of the most active figure in that community—the organizer of the Greek Orthodox Church for the Russian colony, George Alexandrovich Bouhe. He was an accountant, whose widowed mother had spent five years in Soviet prisons, mostly in the dreaded Arctic camp on the Solovetz Islands. She had been charged with helping her son and daughter escape from Leningrad to Finland, whence they eventually made their way to the United States. Elsa Bouhe, whose husband had been a prominent jurist in the Imperial Ministry of Justice, was a lady of high culture and aristocratic bearing.

I met her when she arrived in New York in 1935. Madame Bouhe brought with her a manuscript written in Russian in which she related her unique experiences and observations as a prisoner of Stalin's, a story which I translated and condensed into a series of articles in 1936.

George had learned a great deal about me from his mother. I did not know that he had built a successful career for himself in Dallas. Least of all did I dream that he, though a dedicated anti-Communist, was the first to take a philanthropic interest in the destitute Oswalds when he discovered that they did not even own a crib for their infant.

George Bouhe and Declan Ford, it turned out, were the closest of friends. And so were Marina and Katya (Katherine N.) Ford, a tall, striking brunette. My note elicited a surprising long-distance call from Declan Ford. It was followed by several phone conversations with Marina Oswald's then business agent, James Martin. Speaking for Marina, he urged me to come to Dallas.

"I will be glad to come if I can talk to Marina herself over the phone and hear her saying to me directly that she wants me to come," I replied. Accordingly, we set up a date for a telephone conversation with Marina on Sunday, January 26.

My talk with Marina, conducted in Russian, lasted quite a few minutes and was most agreeable. It proved to me that, despite press reports, she was not under any restraints by the local police or the federal authorities. I told her that my wife, Ruth, an American who does not speak Russian, and I would be arriving at the Dallas Airport from Los Angeles around four-thirty P.M. the next day.

It was Monday, January 27, when our plane touched ground in Dallas. For Marina it was an especially exciting afternoon, for at five P.M. her pretaped interview on the Walter Cronkite program, her first appearance on TV, was scheduled to be shown. Imagine our astonishment when the slightly built Marina and her escort, the tall Jim Martin, met us upon our landing, with a couple of Secret Service men hovering behind them.

I recognized her at once from the numerous newspaper photographs. She wore a simple navy-blue shirtwaist dress which went well with her pretty blue eyes, and her hairdo was in the latest fashion. As we made a dash for two waiting automobiles, no one in the crowded terminal recognized Marina.

We arrived at our destination just as the TV program was starting. That afternoon, the Associated Press, as reported in *The New York Times*, informed the world: "Mrs. Oswald and her two small daughters are living under Secret Service custody somewhere in the Dallas-Fort Worth area."

The truth was that the Secret Service agents did not have her in custody. They raised no questions about my contacts with Marina, nor did they show the slightest interest in our talk, which was conducted in Russian. They did call my attention to the fact that the Chief Justice was going to call her soon to testify before the Commission, and there was concern about her safety and above all about the food she consumed, lest an attempt be made to poison her. They made themselves as inconspicuous as possible.

For the next six hours, with very few interruptions, Marina and I covered a wide range of subjects. Marina's education, superior to that of her husband, was evident. She was very much interested in the fact that my wife and I had spent a full month in the Soviet Union in the early summer of the year, that we had visited many landmarks in the city of Leningrad, so familiar to her.

When I mentioned that on Palm Sunday we had attended services in the Nikolsky Cathedral, she reacted with animation: "Why, that's where

the funeral services for my mother were held." It appeared that one of her grandfathers had been a sea captain in the merchant marine plying vessels between Murmansk and Scotland, and had even once been presented to the Czar. Many other little incidents of this nature cropped up in our conversation, such as her observation that as a teenager she used to attend performances and go backstage to see members of the ballet of the Marinsky Opera House, hoping to get connected with it.

I made it unmistakably clear both to her and to Jim Martin that my interest was in any light she could throw on Lee Harvey's political thinking and activity in Russia, that my assistance in obtaining for her a publisher's contract for a book and in collaborating on such a book would depend on her willingness to tell the full truth so as to clear up the mystery surrounding her husband's motives. In short, I emphasized that I was interested in a contribution to history and not in a romantic tale.

Marina told me that Lee had become disillusioned with the Russian brand of Communism, that he had made friends with some Cubans in Minsk and developed an admiration for Castro bordering on worship "as if he were Christ." She also said that Lee had been influenced by a family of former émigrés in Argentina who, in their enthusiasm for the Soviet system, had returned to their native Minsk after the war to adopt Soviet citizenship, only to suffer deep disillusionment. The grown-up daughters, born in Argentina, wanted to go back there but found it impossible to secure Soviet visas or to get a friendly response from the Argentine embassy in Moscow. When I touched upon the subject of Oswald's attitude towards Mao's regime in China, she quoted an unforgettable remark of Oswald's that I passed on verbatim to Allen Dulles in a private conversation several weeks later.

"Today Russia is the number-one Communist power," Lee Oswald tried to impress upon Marina, whose Russian patriotism could not stomach his internationalist ideology, "but ten years from now Red China will be the world's number-one power."

That was uttered about a decade before President Nixon announced his unprecedented pilgrimage to Mao Tse-tung's Red Mecca. That remark, cited by Marina, was an eye-opener to me and a powerful beam of light into the mind of Lee Harvey Oswald.

We took leave from Marina at eleven that night. I found Dallas, particularly the downtown hotels, swarming with newspapermen. They all seemed to believe that Marina was being kept incommunicado by the authorities, a belief that was fostered mainly by some leftist elements denounced later by Governor John F. Connally as the "scavengers" in the investigation of the assassination. The Dallas liberals, affiliated with the Civil Liberties Union, swallowed the yarn and even addressed an inquiry to the authorities about Marina's enforced isolation.

During the week I was a frequent visitor at the Martin home, but I also explored in other quarters, with the assistance of George Bouhe, many aspects of the affair. There was no escaping the signs of a feud between the Secret Service and the FBI. The agents of the latter organization had to make an appointment in advance to see Marina to ask her questions passed on to them from headquarters.

One day two FBI men appeared just as I was slated to go into conference with her. I introduced myself and asked them if they spoke Russian. They did not, so I offered to act as interpreter and gave them as personal references the names of the two highest officials of the FBI. They thanked me and said they would try to manage somehow despite Marina's poor English.

Her English was, indeed, fit only for some ordinary shopping. It was not adequate for a free exchange of views on subjects other than everyday matters. I could hardly believe it when I learned that Washington had neglected to dispatch any Russian-speaking interpreter to Dallas, immediately after Oswald's arrest, to question the number-one witness in the case—Marina, a Soviet citizen.

The Dallas police, aided by Secret Service and FBI agents, had to resort to several members of the local Russian colony, a physician and a couple of geologists, none of them trained interpreters, during the emergency. Many federal investigators were rushed to the scene of the crime during the first hours and days of the inquiry, but all had to rely on hasty notes taken down in Russian by amateur local translators drafted by the Dallas authorities.

It took nearly five days, from November 22 to November 27—a span which included the forty-five hours of Oswald's detention, during which he had several visitors and was frequently interviewed by the police—for the Secret Service in Washington to locate among its field men a Russian-speaking operative. He was Leon I. Gopadze, stationed in Los Angeles, a veteran of some thirty-five years' service in the counterfeiting division of the Secret Service.

A native of Georgia in the Caucasus and a graduate of the Tiflis High School, Gopadze had come to the United States as a student. His brother was a prominent physician in Philadelphia. Mr. Gopadze's education and experience were not political in character. A highly cultured and astute person, he came to play a key role in the case, especially in the way he handled the interrogations of Marina. In the mountainous records and literature on the assassination of President Kennedy, the valuable contribution made by Gopadze, whom I came to know and esteem highly, is hardly noted.

Even more disconcerting to me was my discovery—upon learning that Marina, her mother-in-law Marguerite, and Lee's brother, Robert, had

visited Oswald at police headquarters—that the detention rooms there were not wired and that the city of Dallas had never appropriated funds to purchase a tape recorder. Oswald himself indicated his conviction that such devices were concealed on the premises.

"I am sure that while I was talking to Lee," Marina testified about her conversation with him in Russian in the jail, "that everything was recorded."

I was of the same opinion, until the records of the hearings before the Warren Commission became available, when the shocking condition was verified during the examination of Captain J. Will Fritz by Joseph A. Ball, associate counsel:

> BALL: Did you have any tape recorder?
> FRITZ: No, sir; I don't have a tape recorder. We need one; if we had one at this time, we could have handled these conversations far better.
> BALL: The Dallas Police Department doesn't have one?
> FRITZ: No, sir; I have requested one several times but so far they haven't gotten me one.

Later in the examination, Counsel Ball returned to the subject:

> BALL: Is the jail wired so that you can listen to conversations?
> FRITZ: No, sir; it isn't. Sometimes I wish I could hear some of the things they say, but we don't.
> BALL: In other words, you don't monitor conversations?
> FRITZ: No, sir; we let them talk to anyone they want to. If they are allowed to use the telephone, of course, they are allowed free use of it. Sometimes they do a little better than that. Sometimes they place a long-distance call and charge it to the city.

When I first learned that no recording or listening devices were in use at the Dallas police headquarters, I inquired why the chiefs of the Secret Service or the FBI in Washington did not rush such equipment with a crew of technicians to Dallas on the afternoon of November 22 when Oswald was already in custody. All I got in response to my query was a shrug of the shoulders.

It was the kind of laxity one did not expect from an investigation into the assassination of a President. Captain Fritz was left to fend for himself in the reigning confusion, and he performed superbly. Within fifteen minutes of the shooting of President Kennedy at twelve-thirty, upon the discovery of the rifle (the murder weapon) at the Texas Book Depository building, it was established that one of the employees, Lee Harvey Oswald, had left the premises.

At two-fifteen the handcuffed Oswald, seized in the theater after the murder of Officer J. D. Tippit, was brought to police headquarters. A few

minutes later, Fritz dispatched three officers of the Homicide Bureau to Oswald's address of record at 3515 Fifth Street, in suburban Irving, the home of Ruth Paine, where Marina and her two infants were living and where Oswald had most of his effects stored in the garage.

The three men, Richard S. Stovall, John P. Adamcik, and Guy F. Rose, finding themselves outside the city jurisdiction, had to wait some distance away for the arrival of county police to enter the premises legally. Three members of the latter force—so-called Texas Rangers—joined them about three-thirty.

Detective Stovall explained to Ruth Paine that they wanted to search the house, but had no warrant.

"If she wanted us to get one, we would," he testified.

Mrs. Paine replied, "That won't be necessary," and invited them all in.

She acted as the interpreter in the questioning of Marina. When asked if her husband had a rifle, Marina led them to the garage and pointed to a rolled-up blanket which "was tied at one end, and the other end was open." She was greatly shocked to find that the rifle was missing. The six police officers spent over two hours at the Paine residence, but as Mr. Stovall later testified, "We were going over the stuff pretty hastily at that time."

That turned out to be a monumental understatement. There was neither system nor method to their search. Not one of the men had any notion of Russian, Communist, or other revolutionary literature. Although they were in touch by phone with Captain Fritz at police headquarters, where the Soviet record of Oswald had been revealed by James Hosty, the local FBI agent, neither the FBI nor the Secret Service dispatched anyone to the Paine home to supervise the search.

The sequestered material, consisting of the blanket, film taken mostly from Ruth Paine's bedroom, and many sundry items, was hauled in cartons to police headquarters, where a list of the contents was not prepared until the following day.

Left behind was the most explosive and incriminating evidence, which was only partly discovered on November 23 when the police returned with a warrant to carry out the second search. Even so, when I arrived at Mrs. Paine's house, I learned that there were still bundles of Oswald's books and papers that had never been impounded or examined and which she later turned over to Robert Oswald, the assassin's brother.

The six officers completed their search at five-thirty P.M. and asked Marina, Ruth Paine, and her husband, Michael, who had come to help out in the situation (although they were separated), if they would accompany them to headquarters for questioning. All readily volunteered to submit to such interrogation.

For Marina the imminent departure of the entire searching party was an unexpected relief. She was burdened with a tormenting secret. Buried in the trove of documentary evidence stored, for the most part, in the closet of her bedroom which barely attracted the attention of the policemen, was a photograph of Lee holding that murderous rifle. It was a snapshot taken by Marina and inscribed in ink by Lee to his daughter June ten days before he had gone out to try to assassinate General Edwin A. Walker in April, 1963—an act to which Marina alone was privy at that time. This picture Marina had in her custody.

She was not aware that there were other copies of the same posed picture *uninscribed* by Oswald in his effects. No wonder Marina welcomed the invitation to go downtown with the Paines. It gave her a respite to consider what to do with the lethal picture in her album. That the Dallas detectives and Texas Rangers did not even trouble to pick up a camera of Soviet make in the garage (let alone look into her album where the picture was kept) was unbelievable to Marina. She knew what a Soviet police search was like, in which every scrap of paper was scrutinized, the leaves of every book shaken and examined for code markings, pillows and mattresses ripped open, floor boards clawed loose, seams and lining of clothing minutely inspected. When I sought to broach the subject of the way the Dallas authorities had conducted the search at the Paine home, she icily discouraged me from touching such sensitive ground.

Marina realized that that autographed picture would clinch the case against her husband and leave no room for him to deny the charges or for her to equivocate and withhold information such as the story of the attempt on General Walker's life.

At headquarters Marina met her mother-in-law, Marguerite Oswald, who had not seen Marina and Lee for fourteen months. Marguerite did not even know that Marina had given birth in October to another child, her second granddaughter. This extraordinary condition was true, also, of Marguerite's relationship with her other two sons. But on this occasion Marina teamed up with her mother-in-law and took her along to the Paines' home in Irving after spending a couple of hours in trepidation in the pandemonium prevailing at police headquarters. She realized that in Russia in a similar situation she would have wound up in a Siberian prison camp. Fearing deportation from the United States and troubled with her crushing secret, she turned to Lee's mother for moral support.

It was ten P.M. when Marina and Marguerite found themselves alone in the bedroom where the evening before, Thursday, November 21, Lee had unexpectedly showed up to share for the last time a bed with his wife. As she told me (the facts had already been revealed to the authorities),

Lee had come to Irving a day ahead of his customary weekend Friday visit, because, as he put it, "he had something very important to do" the following day. He confided to her "not to expect him over the weekend . . . a statement Lee had never before made," according to Marina's testimony.

Marina closed the door of the bedroom and beckoned Marguerite toward the closet. Normally the town of Irving, like thousands of others across the continent, would be deep in sleep by ten o'clock, but this night was different. The lifeless body of John F. Kennedy was already at the Bethesda Naval Hospital on the outskirts of Washington undergoing a meticulous postmortem examination. The country was still in tears and in a rage of disbelief over the savage terrorist crime.

But neither woman in that bedroom was easily given to tears. Marina opened the closet door with that unruffled self-control which was characteristic of her from the moment the news of Lee's arrest was announced until two days later when she stood at the side of his corpse and "opened his eyelids" in the presence of his astonished mother.

To gain insight into Marina's character, it is necessary at this point to run ahead of the main thrust of the affair. In her sworn testimony Marguerite described the macabre viewing of Lee's body shortly after his death when the attending physician warned the two women, "It will not be pleasant. . . . It would be much better if you would see him after he was fixed up."

Marguerite replied, "I am a nurse. I have seen death before." But when Marina lifted Lee's eyelids, even the tearless mother was shaken: "I don't think I could have done that. This is a very, very strong girl, that she can open a dead man's eyelids. And she says, 'He cry. He eye wet.' And the doctor said, 'Yes.' "

Marina entered the closet, leading Marguerite, who beheld "a lot of books and papers." As she reached for a volume, a family album, Marina remarked: "Mamma, I show you."

She removed a couple of photos of Lee, in slightly different poses, holding a rifle and wearing on his right hip a holster with a pistol.

"Mamma—picture," Marina pointed to the snapshots. There was one autographed by Lee, bearing an inscription in his handwriting in English, reading: "To my daughter June, with love."

Thus, eight hours after the arrest of Oswald, his estranged mother became privy to two of Marina's greatest secrets. There was Lee's picture in full regalia, armed with two weapons, and displaying two Communist newspapers, the official *Worker*, which he regarded as banal, and the Trotskyist *Militant*, an aggressive revolutionary publication. And there was the even more astounding fact, filed away in Marina's head, of the occasion on which Lee had taken the picture.

Marina could hardly have avoided hinting that Lee had inscribed one

photo to June as a memento of her father's historic feat before he had gone out to shoot General Edwin A. Walker, whom he regarded as a rising fascist leader and potential Hitler. In view of that deed, and the shock of the missing rifle, Marina surmised that Lee was the assassin of President Kennedy. Marguerite perceived the point with lightning-like speed.

"Oh, Marina, police!" she ejaculated, according to her own testimony, and added the explanation, "meaning that if the police got that, they would use it against my son."

Both women understood each other instantly. It was incriminating enough, with the rifle in the hands of the police, to have a plain picture showing its owner holding it. One could perhaps disown it as a piece of evidence, claiming that it was a concoction, as Lee actually did. But how could one escape identification in the face of the handwritten inscription "to my daughter June," a testimonial calculated to break down the author of the crime and to bring the wrath of the law upon any accomplice in taking the picture which, in this affair, was Marina herself?

"Mamma, you keep picture," Marina urged upon her mother-in-law. "You take, Mamma," she pleaded, according to the transcript of Marguerite's account of the hush-hush dialogue in the closet.

"I said, 'No.' " repeated Marguerite.

"Yes, Mamma, you take."

"I said, 'No, Marina. Put back in the book.' "

"I state here now," Marguerite affirmed before the President's Commission, "that Marina meant for me to have that picture from the very beginning in Mrs. Paine's house."

Up to this point, the record shows no divergencies in the accounts of the two women. From this moment on, their sworn testimony is in direct conflict.

Marina testified: "She said that I should hide that photograph and not show it to anyone."

Marina took the advice given by her mother-in-law to heart and did not replace the incriminating picture in the album. In the morning, she concealed the inscribed snapshot in one of the shoes she was wearing, perhaps in anticipation of a return visit by the police.

At twelve-thirty P.M. on Saturday, November 23, four of the Friday group of officers, having secured a search warrant from Justice of the Peace Joe E. Brown, Jr., descended on the Paine home for a second scrutiny of the premises. This time they seized a brown cardboard box in the garage containing precious evidence, although what they overlooked, as we shall see, came to the police as a windfall ten days later to make sensational front-page headlines the world over.

Marina and Marguerite had been whisked away that morning by two

enterprising reporters for *Life* who were in search of special material. The two women were put up at the downtown Adolphus Hotel with the promise of generous remuneration for exclusive interviews. On Marina's mind was the death-charged autographed picture which she concealed on her person. On the disposal of this photo the two women could not agree.

Yet that morning the federal authorities made their first attempt to obtain from Marina some essential facts relating to the assassination. It was Saturday, November 23, and she was now interviewed briefly at the Adolphus Hotel by Special FBI Agent B. D. Odum, who advised her at the beginning, as she was informed in all subsequent interviews, that she did not have to make any statement, that she was entitled to be represented by an attorney, but that she was believed to possess information which would be helpful in the solution of the case.

"She stated she had no additional information to furnish and expressed dislike for the FBI," Agent Odum reported, "and that she did not desire to be interviewed by representatives of the FBI."

This reflected Lee Harvey Oswald's hostility to the FBI, which he regarded as a counterpart to the KGB, the Soviet punitive secret police, an attitude common to all Communist and revolutionary elements. The Soviet experience of terror has trained everybody to answer questions only, never to volunteer information.

After rebuffing Agent Odum, Marina and Marguerite proceeded to the nearby Dallas courthouse, where the police headquarters and the detention cells were housed, to await permission to visit Lee.

"We were sitting down, waiting to see Lee," Marguerite told the President's Commission. "She puts her shoe down, she says: 'Mamma, picture.' She had the picture folded up in her shoe. . . . I could see it was folded up."

Just then Marguerite's son Robert appeared on the scene, also in the expectation of seeing his brother, Lee. Marina wanted to show him the picture, perhaps to ask him what to do about it, but Marguerite interjected, as reported by her:

"And I said, 'No, no, Marina.' I didn't want her to tell Robert about the picture." Marguerite knew that Robert, a responsible and law-abiding man, would as a matter of duty turn the photo over to the authorities.

"Did you ever tell her to destroy the picture?" General Counsel J. Lee Rankin asked her.

"No . . . I want to tell you about destroying the picture," Marguerite said, and wandered away from the subject, embarking on a long digression. The members of the Commission dropped the subject at this point.

At the very time when Marina and Marguerite were ushered into the glass-partitioned cell in the jail to visit Lee, the squad of detectives at the

Paine garage in Irving lifted the cover of the brown cardboard box to make a startling discovery.

"I found two negatives first," Detective Guy F. Rose, who had spent ten years in the Dallas Police Department, testified, "that showed Lee Oswald holding a rifle in his hand, wearing a pistol at his hip, and right with those negatives I found a developed picture . . . and Detective McCabe was standing there and he found the other picture of Oswald holding the rifle. . . . I got back to the office and I took the small picture of Oswald holding the rifle and left the rest of them with the Captain, and I took one up to the Identification Division and they made an almost eight-by-ten enlargement of this picture, and I brought it back to the Captain. . . ."

To avoid possible confusion, it should be emphasized that none of these photos had any of Oswald's identifying handwriting on them.

That afternoon, after Marguerite and Marina had seen and talked with Lee during a twenty-minute visit—as it turned out, for the last time—they did not return to the Paine house at Irving. Because of the swirling tide of newsmen in every central hostelry, the two female wards were spirited away by the *Life* reporters to the outskirts of Dallas and installed in the plush Executive Inn in two adjoining luxury suites. They were left there to shift for themselves by their hosts, who vanished to scour the rumor-filled city for sensational news angles to the assassination. And, ironically, they had not the slightest inkling that the two women were in collusion to pull off a major operation of sensational dimensions.

All this did not become a matter of record until many weeks later. I learned then that Mr. Rankin had good grounds for his questioning of Marguerite. In his files was a confidential report by the Russian-speaking Secret Service agent Leon Gopadze. It was he, upon his arrival in Dallas, who first ferreted out from Marina the fact that at the "suggestion of Mrs. Marguerite Oswald" she had destroyed some snapshots.

Subsequently Marina repeated the same version in an expanded form to the FBI agents, Wallace R. Heitman and his accompanying interpreter, Anatole A. Boguslav. She then stated that when Marguerite had asked her what she had done with the pictures of Lee with the rifle, she replied that "Marguerite told her to burn them." She did not remember that there were other prints of the snapshots in existence, reported Agent Heitman.

"Had you said anything to her about burning it?" General Counsel Rankin asked Marguerite on the second day of her interrogation.

"No, sir," Marguerite declared. "The last time I had seen the picture was in Marina's shoe when she was trying to tell me that the picture was in her shoe."

But as Marguerite herself admitted in later testimony, this was not the

last time she saw the picture. The last time was when she helped destroy it upon returning to the Executive Inn. The two women were questioned separately about their contradictory testimony.

"Did you say anything to her about the destruction of the photographs when she suggested that?" Counsel Rankin inquired of Marina.

"She saw it while I was destroying it," Marina revealed.

What Marguerite challenged was the charge that it was she who had proposed and urged the destruction of the inscribed photographic evidence. And she turned upon Rankin when he brought up the matter: "You, yourself, yesterday said that she testified that I told her to tear up the picture. God give me the grace—I did no such thing. My testimony is true . . . she has lied. . . ."

Marguerite, in her rambling testimony, claimed that, after she had refused her daughter-in-law's plea to take possession of the picture, it was Marina who "decided to get rid of the picture." At one moment in her testimony, Marguerite stated: "She tore up the picture and struck a match to it. Then I took it and flushed it down the toilet." At another moment she gave a more impressionistic account:

> . . . There is an ashtray on the dressing table. And Marina comes with bits of paper and puts them in the ashtray and strikes a match to it. And this is the picture . . . that Marina tore up into bits of paper and struck a match to it. Now, that didn't burn completely, because it was heavy—not cardboard—what's the name for it—a photographic picture. So the match didn't take it completely.

General Counsel Rankin asked when this operation was performed. Marguerite responded: "Approximately five-thirty or six in the evening . . . on Saturday, November twenty-third. Now I flushed the torn bits and the half-burned thing down the commode. And nothing was said."

At six that evening Captain Fritz was handed the finished enlargement made from the negatives of the plain snapshots. At this moment no one except Marina, Marguerite, and Lee Oswald had knowledge of another print of the photo inscribed to little June, the copy just incinerated in the plush motel quarters paid for by *Life*.

Captain Fritz then had three detectives bring Lee into his office for interrogation. "I showed Oswald an enlarged picture of him holding a rifle and wearing a pistol," Captain Fritz wrote subsequently in his memorandum in which he summed up the developments of the first two overwhelming days. The interview with Lee was held in Fritz's office under "the most adverse conditions." The office room was nine and a half feet by fourteen feet and had only one door. "I have no recorder in this office and was unable to record the interview," Fritz noted.

"Oswald apparently got pretty upset when he saw the picture," observed Detective Rose, "and at first he said, 'Well, that's just a fake, because somebody has superimposed my face on that picture.' "

"When I told him that the picture was recovered from Mrs. Paine's garage, he said that picture had never been in his possession," Captain Fritz stated in his memorandum. When Fritz elaborated that the enlargement was from a snapshot found that afternoon in a search of the garage, Oswald replied that "in time he would be able to show that it was not his picture, and that it had been made by someone else."

Oswald "sneered" and "became arrogant," entering into "long arguments with Captain Fritz" about photography, reported the eyewitnessing Inspector Thomas J. Kelley to his superiors. "Captain Fritz displayed great patience and tenacity in attempting to secure from Oswald the location of what apparently is the backyard of an address at which Oswald had formerly lived, but it was apparent that Oswald, though slightly shaken by the evidence, had no intention of furnishing any information."

"Well, is that your face on the picture?" Fritz asked Oswald, who had earlier declared that his face had been superimposed on another man's body.

"I won't even admit that. That is not even my face," Oswald retorted, according to Detective Guy Rose, who testified: "I remember that part of it distinctly."

The frustrating interview was terminated then and there. Why Marina was not confronted with the enlarged picture that very evening, why she was not asked for the location where the snapshots had been taken, why she was not questioned as to the identity of the person who had taken the pictures (it was Marina herself who operated the camera)—these are points which neither Chief Justice Warren nor Counsel Rankin ever raised.

That evening the crime laboratory worked overtime producing copies of the enlargement for distribution to all and sundry offices and officials. No wonder the picture eventually found its way through unexplained channels into newspaper pressrooms, and eventually it appeared three months later. Yet it caused a widespread sensation upon publication. The wayward press had been chasing will o' the wisps, like the Ruby legends, and following spurious leads furnished by diversionary elements and a coterie of fellow travelers in Europe and the United States who formed the squad of literary "scavengers" in the wake of the assassination.

That night the irrepressible Jesse Curry, the Dallas chief of police, who had tipped off the newsmen about the forthcoming morning transfer of Lee Oswald from police headquarters to the county jail, let it be known that Lee and the murder weapon were now tightly linked. The morning

of Sunday, November 24, the Dallas *Times Herald* appeared with the exciting front-page headline: "Oswald Linked with Rifle."

Did the ghost of the burned picture haunt Marina and Marguerite? Their subsequent actions provide their own commentary on how they felt after the destruction of the picture bearing Lee's own handwritten inscription. The record shows that neither of them made a move to unburden her conscience before the authorities to inform them, while they were frantically looking for the facts, where and when the picture was taken, why, and by whom. But they went much further than keeping silent, as will be seen from further developments.

Could Oswald have failed to have the picture, with the damning inscription to his daughter June, on his mind? What we do know with certainty is that he had an opportunity to pass along a veiled message to Marina about the matter. He was astute enough to realize that it would completely destroy his defense that the picture had been doctored, if the circumstances under which it was taken by Marina on the eve of his expedition to assassinate General Walker were to be disclosed alongside the text of his handwritten dedication.

The inescapable impression left by a study of the various accounts of his lengthy wrangling with Captain Fritz that evening about the tricks of photography is that Lee had been mentally prepared for the confrontation. Inevitably the question arises: Was this preparedness a consequence of the visit of Marina and Marguerite some four hours earlier?

When Marina saw her husband in jail, the incriminating picture, as we know, was hidden in her shoe. The entire conversation between them was conducted, as always, in Russian, which, Marguerite testified, "I did not understand." She herself took only "about three or four minutes" of the time allowed in talking with her son. Marina translated to her what he allegedly told her in Russian, something which he could have conveyed to his mother in their native English.

"Lee tell me to make sure I buy shoes for June," Marguerite quoted her daughter-in-law, imitating the latter's poor English.

Did the whole odd subject of shoes for June arise because of allusions by Marina and Lee to the hiding place of the picture autographed by him for June? Even speaking with his wife in Russian, Lee would not discuss such a matter openly for fear of concealed listening devices.

Lee had opened his interview with his brother, Robert, later that afternoon, following the visit by Marina and Marguerite, by warning him against such secreted instruments. Although somewhat shaken by Captain Fritz's exhibit of the enlarged, *uninscribed* picture with the rifle, Lee had reason to feel that he was master of the situation during his interrogation by Fritz in the presence of the Secret Service and FBI representatives. Only Marina could tell now whether his defiant and brazen conduct

was due to her assurances to him that she would destroy the far more incriminating autographed picture, which she did immediately upon returning to the Executive Inn with the help of her mother-in-law.

But surely no one anticipated, least of all Lee himself, that his life would be extinguished the following forenoon by a professional "bouncer," Jack Ruby, who determined to take the law in his own hands and avenge the murder of his idolized John F. Kennedy.

On November 27, when Gopadze was dispatched from Washington to Dallas, Marina was interviewed for the first time with his collaboration by three agents, Max D. Phillips, of the Secret Service, and Charles T. Brown, Jr. and James T. Hosty, of the FBI. She declared that "she did not wish to be asked anything, as anything she had to say she had said before and she had no further information."

When informed that there were many unanswered questions in the inquiry, she asked for "assurances that she would be allowed to stay in the United States, and she was advised that this was a matter coming under the jurisdiction of the Immigration and Naturalization Service." She reiterated that "she had the same facts as everyone else, and no other."

This bland assertion was made by her three days after she had burned Lee's autographed picture with the rifle, and after a couple of hours of perfunctory questioning by overly considerate officers of the law. Furthermore, at this time she harbored the enormous secrets of Lee's attempt on the life of General Walker and his additional plan to assassinate Richard M. Nixon, the former Vice-President.

Thanks to Gopadze's diplomatic intervention, an official of the Immigration Service flew from Washington that night especially to see Marina. She received assurances that she need have no fear of being sent back to Soviet Russia.

When the sensitive item of the picture was raised, the interrogators found that Marina had no idea that the police had discovered the negatives of her snapshots in the brown cardboard box.

Gopadze reported:

> Before showing Marina Oswald photographs of Lee Oswald holding the rifle, she was forewarned to tell me the truth about the photograph. She replied she would. At this time two photographs of Lee holding the rifle, a newspaper, and a revolver strapped to his side were shown to her, and seeing them, it seemed somewhat of a shock to her. She started crying but after composing herself, she said that the pictures were taken while they were living in the duplex on Neely Street at Dallas, Texas, as she recognized the background of the picture.

"She was then asked who took the pictures. Marina hesitatingly said she didn't think she knew but immediately stated that there was no use to tell a lie, and added that it was taken by her upon Lee's request. . . . She said the reason Lee asked her to take the photographs was for the purpose of sending photographs to *The Militant* magazine to show that he was ready for anything. . . . She was very much concerned that her first version to the police concerning the gun was false . . . as she does not want to be branded as a liar.

Marina Oswald further stated that there was no question but that that was Lee's rifle, that she was now satisfied that he was responsible for killing the President, but that she had never had any inkling that he would be so violent to anybody.

Nevertheless, during the interview with Gopadze on November 28, she continued to hold back the story of Lee's use of the rifle the night of April 10, 1963, against General Walker. Nor did she breathe a word about the destruction of the autographed picture on November 23.

And then a bombshell burst, with the effect of forcing Marina's hand further. Ruth Paine had come upon some items belonging to Marina which the police in their two searches had neglected to pick up. Among these were two books in Russian, one entitled *Our Child*, dealing with infant care, and the other, *Book of Helpful Instructions*, basically a cookbook. By this time Ruth Paine had received some mail for Marina containing contributions in money and publishers' offers. She made up a package and delivered it on December 2 to the local Irving police station for transmission to Marina through the Dallas Secret Service office. The package was delivered by messenger without delay.

Leon Gopadze examined its contents. The first book was light green with a light blue back binding. The second was white with a picture of an infant on the cover. Gopadze rustled the pages of both books. Out of the cookbook a folded paper from a writing pad fluttered down. It was written in Russian in pencil, and a cursory examination disclosed that the grammar was poor and many words were misspelled. The undated and unsigned note appeared to be an extraordinary document, giving instructions concerning a key to a post-office box, the disposition of the writer's personal belongings and paid bills, in the event of his possible arrest.

The next morning, December 3, at eleven-thirty, Gopadze and Brady called on Marina. She instantly recognized the note and went on to say, according to the Secret Service report of that day:

The note was written by her husband, Lee Oswald, prior to his attempted assassination of former General Walker, the head of the Fascist organization in the United States who lived in Dallas, Texas, when they lived on Neely Street in Dallas; that the note, together with a post office key, was left on a dresser of their bedroom and after

reading the note she was afraid that her husband was planning to do something dreadful due to his hatred for the Fascist organizations and their beliefs.

She also stated that when her husband returned home late that night he was very nervous and finally told her that he shot Walker with his rifle and that it was best for everybody that he got rid of him. . . . She decided to keep the note as a threat against her husband so that he would not repeat the same thing again, which he promised not to do. . . . Statement concerning the Walker incident was obtained from Marina Oswald in her own handwriting. She requested that the matter not be reported to the police but that, if asked by the FBI, she would tell them everything.

The complete story of the affair, when Lee Oswald fired his rifle through the window of General Walker's study the night of April 10, missing him by a hair's breadth, is now a matter of general knowledge. Pertinent here are the destruction and suppression of vital evidence in the critical period of the investigation, which I attempted to explore at the stage when perplexed public opinion was in the process of forming judgment on the great doubleheaded crime in Dallas.

The news linking Lee Oswald with the attempt on General Walker's life, based on the discovery of the farewell note to Marina written by Lee on the eve of his killing expedition, burst upon the public on Friday, December 6. During the ensuing days Marina was questioned several times, but the record does not show that she was asked whether the incriminating picture with the rifle was linked to Lee's first-known exercise in murder. And Marina was satisfied to let sleeping dogs lie for weeks while the police and the FBI were frantically looking for the camera with which those snapshots were taken.

No one in authority bothered to visit the Paine house, on the theory that all of the Oswalds' effects had by now been thoroughly searched and examined, as evidenced by Ruth Paine's discovery of the two seemingly innocent books which she sent off to Marina through the local police.

It was not until her appearance before the President's Commission in Washington that Marina finally related how the picture was taken by her on the Sunday before Lee had shot at General Walker.

When Counsel Rankin inquired: "Did you put them in a photographic album yourself?" Marina replied: "Lee gave me one photograph and asked me to keep it for June somewhere."

This oblique reference to June also avoided mentioning the autograph on the destroyed picture, a crucial point that Mr. Rankin did not pursue.

In view of this attitude on the part of the Warren Commission, it should cause no surprise if it is now revealed that the one witness who was thrown in the most intimate contact with Marina for a longer period

than any other person, not excluding Ruth Paine, was never called to testify before the Commission and was never interviewed for the record by any member of its staff.

From November 30, 1963, to February 1, 1964, a period of nine weeks, Marina and her two infants lived in a bedroom next to that of Wanda Martin, shared the kitchen of the modest house of Jim Martin, Marina's manager, and spent virtually twenty-four hours of every day in her company.

Wanda, unlike Ruth Paine, is no intellectual, but an observant and warmhearted young matron who kept a diary of her conversations with Marina. She remains the forgotten witness of the grand investigation that produced such a mammoth crop of inchoate records, valuable and irrelevant, filling the twenty-six published tomes of the findings of the Warren Commission, with its opulent index. The name of Wanda Martin is missing there, although Marina held the main key to Oswald's motives and character.

It should be stated in all fairness to Marina that she was helpful in recovering the camera with which she had taken the picture, when the authorities finally got around to asking her about it.

"She described the camera as grayish in color, something like aluminum," J. Edgar Hoover reported to Counsel Rankin on February 28, and continued:

> On February 24, 1964, Mr. Robert Lee Oswald, brother of Lee, furnished to a special agent of the Dallas office of this Bureau a Duo-Lens Imperial Reflex camera which he stated was the property of Lee. . . . Robert advised that he obtained this camera from the residence of Mrs. Ruth Paine, Irving, Texas, in December, 1963. . . . On February 25, 1964, this camera was displayed to Marina Oswald, and she immediately identified it as the American camera which belonged to her husband and the one which she used to take the photograph of him with the rifle and the pistol.

The cover of *Life*, dated February 26, but actually off the press and on sale several days earlier, carried the picture of Lee Oswald with the rifle. The magazine paid five thousand dollars to Marina for the rights to publication, although a couple of Midwestern newspapers somehow obtained copies of the photo and published it first. The *Life* picture circled the globe and appeared in the press of every country in the world. It released a fresh flood of speculative comments.

My wife and I spent the evening of February 26 with Marina at the home of Declan and Katya Ford in Dallas where she was now living. Since I was in the habit of occasionally reading to her, in Russian transla-

tion, press items relating to her, the subject of Marguerite's observations about the picture came up. Mrs. Oswald was quoted as saying that the photo with the rifle was phony, having been doctored to ruin her innocent son. When Marina heard this, she lost her self-possession for the first time during my contacts with her and jumped up from the sofa on which she was seated. In the presence of both Mr. and Mrs. Ford and my wife, she exclaimed: "That's a lie! Why, she herself made me burn the copy of the picture which Lee had inscribed to June, and which he had asked me to keep for her as a historic souvenir."

Marguerite followed up her offhand comment by contributing an exclusive piece to the French periodical *Le Nouveau Candide*, the issue of the week April 2–9, 1964, under the caption, "They Doctored a Photo to Ruin Him," in which she informed the wide world:

> "Lee Harvey Oswald, my son, was a victim of a trap. . . . I asked some experts. They told me that it seemed to be a composite picture. Apparently, the face of my son was pasted upon someone else's body."

This was a line which anyone familiar with the Stalin school of falsification, with its "experts" in that craft, would instantly recognize as borrowed from the book of the great purge and frame-up technique. It was hardly a singular coincidence that the phrasing of Marguerite's charge was almost identical with the words used by her son Lee the evening of November 23 when Captain Fritz showed him the picture with the rifle. But Marguerite did not stop there; she added one more note to her latest version of the affair: "My daughter-in-law never talked to me about this photo during the weeks we lived together after Lee's arrest. Yet we discussed the affair interminably, recalling the smallest details. She never made any allusion to this photo."

Having testified under oath in minute and repetitious detail about her collusion with Marina in their joint destruction of the photo bearing her son's handwriting, Marguerite now displayed a side of her character that was built of the same stuff as that of Lee. Like mother, like son.

The key to the mind of Lee Harvey Oswald and to his terrorist motivations—a mind cradled and formed by our violent century—cannot be found outside his relationship with his odd and unmanageable mother. Just as his life with Marina and his adventures in Russia afforded prime insights into his dreaming and thinking, so did the extraordinary history of his childhood and upbringing expose the psychological compulsions that inspired Lee to become a political rebel and assassin.

Oswald, who grew up in the shadow of a world haunted by atomic nightmares and bedeviled by the cold war, was in conflict both with

society and with the family environment. That environment, in a different age, would have made a Dickensian tale of three husbands and three sons. It is a tale of a woman who deprived her three sons of their fathers —three sons who grew up to turn their backs upon their mother.

The central figure in this family tragedy was Marguerite, half-German and half-French by her parentage, a beautiful brunette in her youth. At the age of twenty-two she married the first of her three husbands, Edward John Pic, from whom she was separated during her pregnancy, which brought her first son, John, into the world on January 17, 1932. For eighteen years the mother did not permit her son to see his father, although they all lived in the city of New Orleans.

John then enlisted in the Coast Guard, as he testified, "to get from out and under," to escape "the yoke of oppression from my mother."

Robert Lee, the second boy, was born on April 7, 1934, the son of Robert Lee Edward Oswald, whom Marguerite had married the previous summer. A successful insurance agent, Oswald was able to purchase a respectable house in a good middle-class neighborhood and offered to adopt Marguerite's older boy, John. This was rejected by Marguerite on the ground that John's father would then discontinue his monthly subsidy for his support.

John was seven and a half and Robert over five years old when, on August 19, 1939, Oswald suffered a heart attack and suddenly died. Marguerite was seven months pregnant with her third son, Lee, when this blow fell.

After a lapse of five years, a period which left deep memories and scars on the fatherless boys, Marguerite married Edwin A. Ekdahl, a high-salaried electrical engineer from Boston. The ceremony took place on May 9, 1945, in Rockwell, Texas.

Lee, born on October 18, 1939, was eight years and eight months old when the court granted Marguerite's third husband a divorce decree on June 24 on the ground that his mother "has been guilty of excesses, cruel treatment, and outrages" against his recently found father. And it was not long afterward that Mr. Ekdahl died.

Perhaps the most striking trait in Lee's character during the critically formative years of his childhood, a trait that set him apart from his older brother and is evidenced in testimony and recollections from various sources, was his reading habit. He developed into an indiscriminate reader. He liked to read history books, to study maps, to visit museums, and to pore over encyclopedias. He told his aunt that he was smart enough, that he couldn't learn anything at school, that nobody could teach him anything.

Until Lee was almost eleven years old, as his brother John related to the Warren Commission, he slept with their mother, while the two older

boys slept in the living room on studio couches. "She and Lee slept together"—John repeated this fact in his testimony.

Lee was about twelve when his mother moved to New York to seek her fortune there. Here his truancy became so habitual that the school authorities were forced to take a very serious view of his problem. The probation officer, John Carro, of the Children's Court, noted in the boy's record that "he has consistently refused to salute the flag during morning exercises" in school.

From now on, to the last day of his life, the political development of Lee Oswald cut a path of remarkable consistency, one trodden by countless contemporary youths in search of a new god. If the opinion-makers of our times had been sufficiently informed to be on the alert for the rising rebel generation, of which Oswald was a precursor, they would not have hurried to brand him as "mad," "deranged," or "demented," characterizations which have become a fixture of the mythology of the century.

At the age of thirteen, as Lee himself related to Aline Mosby, who interviewed him in Moscow upon his defection to Russia, "an old lady handed me a pamphlet about saving the Rosenbergs." He avowed to Miss Mosby: "I'm a Marxist." The Rosenbergs, Julius and Ethel, were convicted as atomic spies for the Soviet Union and executed in June, 1953. The pamphlet made a lasting impression on the boy.

"Lee started to read Communist material . . . that he had gotten out of the library," his mother declared. "He brought home books on Marxism and socialism."

At the age of fifteen, Lee and a classmate of his in New Orleans, where the Oswalds had moved, had a memorable encounter. The two boys had an argument about Communism. Lee was so loudmouthed and boisterous that the father of his buddy put him out of the house. "Oswald showed himself to be a self-made Communist . . . actually militant on the idea," his schoolmate William E. Wulf testified.

Another chum of Lee's in New Orleans, Palmer E. McBride, recalled on the stand that "Oswald was very anti-Eisenhower, that he would like to kill President Eisenhower because he was exploiting the working class. This statement was not made in jest, and Oswald was in a serious frame of mind when this statement was made."

Lee was seventeen when he enlisted in the Marine Corps. One of his buddies there, while they were undergoing boot training in San Diego, was Allen R. Felde, of Milwaukee, who stated that "on frequent occasions Oswald found fault with Eisenhower and Truman and had been against the United States participation in the Korean war."

Perhaps the most politically sophisticated pal of Lee's in the Marine Corps was Kerry Wendell Thornley. While serving at the El Toro base

in Santa Ana, they had many intimate discussions. In his wide-ranging teaching textbooks, and he subscribed to a Russian newspaper.
best system in the world, he was studying the Russian language from self-teaching textbooks, and he subscribed to a Russian newspaper.

His obsession with Russian reached a point where his buddies gave him a Russian nickname. One of these, James Anthony Botelho, who lived in a quonset hut with Lee for about two months at Santa Ana, testified: "Oswald used expressions like '*da*' and '*niet*' around the squadron. Some of his fellow Marines kidded him by calling him Oswaldskovich. At times Oswald referred, seemingly seriously, to 'American capitalist warmongers.'"

Oswald's interest in Cuba was displayed early, when Castro was fighting in the Sierra Madre during the winter of 1958–1959, according to another fellow-Marine, Nelson Delgado. "He was a complete believer that our way of government was not quite right," Delgado testified, and avowed that he favored "the Castro way of life."

In September, 1957, Oswald was shipped off to Japan with his unit. One of the witnesses who appeared before the Warren Commission and who served with him in Japan was Daniel Patrick Powers, whose sharpest recollection of the mind of Oswald in those days was his declaration that "he'd just as soon stay in Japan rather than return to the U.S.A."

Lee obtained a discharge ahead of schedule from the Marine Corps on the ground that his mother needed his support. However, he spent only three days with his mother at Forth Worth, and without initiating her or his brother Robert into his plans, shipped out from New Orleans on a freighter and flew from England directly to Helsinki, Finland, where he applied at the Soviet consulate for a tourist visa on October 12. He was about to celebrate his twentieth birthday when he arrived in Moscow on October 16.

Five days after his arrival in Moscow, Lee was taken by his guide to a Soviet official to whom he declared his wish to become a Soviet citizen. He was given a very cool reception. "I am stunned," Oswald noted in his diary when the official told him that his tourist visa expired that day. In the evening he was notified he would have to leave the country at once. "I am shocked! . . . I have waited for two years to be accepted. My fondest dreams are shattered . . . because of bad planning—I planned so much!"

At this point Oswald decided to commit suicide. He slashed his left wrist and plunged it into hot water in the bathroom. He expected his Intourist guide, Rimma, to find him dead upon her expected arrival at eight P.M. She found him unconscious, the bathtub "a rich red color." She screamed, ran for help, and eventually an ambulance came.

The following day Oswald was taken to the Botkin Hospital and put in

the psychiatric ward, where he spent three days under observation. The medical records signed by the examining physicians concluded: "His mind is clear. . . . He has a firm desire to remain in the Soviet Union. No psychotic symptoms were noted."

On Saturday, October 31, 1959, he appeared in the American embassy and declared to Consul Richard Snyder that he had decided to "take Soviet citizenship and would like to dissolve his U.S. citizenship legally." The consul called him a "fool" and informed him that it would take time to dissolve his American citizenship.

"From this day forward I consider myself no citizen of the U.S.A.," Oswald, according to his diary, told Snyder.

The newspaper correspondents in Moscow quickly got wind of the newest defector. The American chargé d'affaires, Edward Freers, lost no time in cabling the Secretary of State:

> Lee Harvey Oswald, unmarried, aged twenty . . . appeared at Embassy today to renounce American citizenship. . . . Says action contemplated last two years. Main reason, "I am a Marxist." Attitude arrogant, aggressive. Recently discharged Marine Corps. Says has offered Soviets any information he has acquired as enlisted radio operator. . . . Press informed.

One of the first to reach Oswald at the Metropole Hotel was attractive Priscilla Johnson, correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, whose report opened with the statement by Oswald: "For two years now I have been waiting to do this one thing."

Although warned by the Russian official that his Soviet citizenship would not be easy to obtain, Miss Johnson quoted Oswald as referring to the Soviet government as "my government." She went on to quote him: "But even if I am not accepted, on no account will I go back to the United States. I shall remain here, if necessary, as a resident alien."

Oswald's attempt at suicide was sufficient to disqualify him for enlistment as an agent in the Soviet espionage network, as some extremists on the right believed him to be upon his return to the United States. That, of course, would not affect his future serviceability to the Soviet power as a propagandist or confidential informer. There is strong evidence, provided by Oswald himself, that some such status was granted to him.

He was put on the clandestine payroll of the Soviet "Red Cross," a cover agency that serves as the paymaster for all foreign defectors and sundry collaborators who are entitled to stipends from the Kremlin for special performances. Oswald was paid initially the handsome sum of five thousand rubles on the eve of his assignment to Minsk.

"It really was payment for my denunciation of the U.S. in Moscow . . .

and a clear promise that for as long as I lived in the U.S.S.R. life would be very good," he recorded in a note two years later, and added: "As soon as I became completely disgusted with the Soviet Union and started negotiations with the American embassy for my return to the U.S., my 'Red Cross' allotment was cut off. . . . I shall never sell myself intentionally or unintentionally to anyone again."

But early in November, 1959, he had not the least intention of returning to the land of his birth. On November 3 he formally addressed a handwritten note to the United States embassy in Moscow requesting that his "United States citizenship be revoked" in view of the fact that his application for Soviet citizenship was pending before the Supreme Soviet. "In the event of acceptance, I will request my government," Oswald wrote, referring to the Soviet regime, "to lodge a formal protest" against the American refusal to accept his renunciation of citizenship on October 31.

At the same time he wrote to his brother Robert:

> You really don't know anything about me. Do you know for instance that I have waited to do this for well over a year, do you know that I speak a fair amount of Russian which I have been studying for many months? . . . This then is my decision: I will not leave this country, the Soviet Union, under any conditions. I will never return to the United States, which is a country I hate.

On November 26 he penned these lines in reply to Robert's further pleadings:

> Ask me and I will tell you I fight for *Communism*. . . . America is a dying country. I do not wish to be a part of it. . . . I have been a pro-Communist for years. . . . I have always considered this country to be my own. . . . In the event of war I would kill *any* American who put a uniform on in the defense of the American government—any American. . . .

As I gleaned from my many talks with Marina and various members of the Russian colony, the full awakening of Lee to Soviet realities was a slow process that lasted a couple of years. While he was employed at the radio and electronic plant in Minsk, where he met and married Marina, he often rebelled against the exploitation of labor and the impoverishment of the masses by the state. The monstrous Soviet bureaucracy and the universal corruption—"greasing," as he described it—ran against his Utopian grain.

At the same time the star of Castro was beckoning many young Communist dissenters everywhere. The presence of Cubans training in Minsk whom he met directed Lee's vision to a purer form of Communism, to a

return to what he believed had been the order under Lenin. All this coincided with the early fissures in the alliance between Moscow and Peking which were already attracting the attention of serious Communist students. The figures of Mao Tse-tung and of Che Guevara and the revival of the Trotskyist movement began to loom as augurs of a new birth of world Communism under non-Russian auspices.

This deep ferment was reflected in Oswald's mind, as evidenced in the correspondence, diaries, notes, and other manuscripts of his which fill scores of pages of the exhibits published in the voluminous records of the Warren Commission.

These ruminations of Oswald cannot be disregarded on the ground of his poor spelling and grammar. The intellectual baggage, which he carried out as a result of his experiences in Soviet Russia, corrected only as far as his use of the English language, if issued as a pamphlet upon his return to the United States in 1962, would have provided a major message to the groups of students of the far left who made pilgrimages to Cuba in defiance of the government ban. (Finding the ninety-mile route from Florida closed, they were forced to travel all the way to Czechoslovakia and thence to Havana.) Oswald's writings marked his emergence as an embryo revolutionary apostle.

Hardly any leading publication or educator took the trouble to explore the thinking of the new breed of Marxist nihilists who in the coming years stormed the campuses of America's leading universities, burning academic records, smashing library windows, destroying books, and rioting with firearms and bombs.

It is therefore not surprising that the earnest efforts of Lee Harvey Oswald—spelled out in his crude essays—to find an ideology which would square a repudiation of Soviet Communism with a resurgent unadulterated idealistic Marxism were overlooked by the dominant press and other monitors of our society.

Within a few days of his arrival in Dallas, Oswald found a public stenographer and embarked upon the writing of a book embodying his observations in Russia and his own far-left social philosophy. He quickly dropped the project, apparently upon his discovery that the political climate in the country would welcome only an exposé of Soviet despotism and not an outline of a reformed revolutionary doctrine.

Marina rebuffed my inquiries on political subjects. When I asked her how she had been able to secure a Soviet foreign passport, she shrugged it off with the comment that the permit had been issued to her in a regular manner upon her persistent requests. But when she told me that she had an uncle in Minsk, Colonel Ilya Prusakov, who held an important post in the construction division of the all-powerful KBG, I attempted to pursue the matter further—without success.

I knew of cases of exit visas being granted to applicants in return for

their signing a secret pledge of loyalty to the Soviet government, signifying their readiness to pass on special information to Moscow's agents when required. My mention of this practice was sufficient for Marina to discourage further approaches to such topics on my part.

Oswald, shortly after his arrival in Dallas, subscribed to *The Worker*, the official Communist organ, and to *The Militant*, the Trotskyite weekly paper, both published in New York. He started out to look via correspondence for a revolutionary rostrum to which he could attach himself and soon enough found an organization formed in 1960 under the name of the United States Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

It was a pioneering group of far-out leftists who were in accord with his own creed, as noted in his diary, of being "more of a Communist" because of his disenchantment with the Soviet system.

Did he choose on his own initiative to become a propagandist for Castro's regime, or had he been prepared for it in the Soviet Union for a probationary assignment? There are some significant signs that the latter may have been the case. To begin with, he subscribed shortly after his return to an obscure professional Soviet magazine, *Agitator*, the title of which in Russian means the propagandist, a publication which even in the Soviet Union is not found on sale at newsstands. *Agitator* is used as a textbook in underground Soviet training schools for subversives. This fact somehow escaped analysis by our investigative authorities, although it points to an undisclosed chapter in Oswald's Russian career.

Another clue is his possible attendance during the first year of his stay in Minsk—when he was on the payroll of the Soviet "Red Cross"—at an academy for revolutionary operatives. This information was furnished by his mother, Marguerite, in her testimony. One day, when the relations between Lee and Marina began to crack up, she asked him: "Lee, I want to know one thing. Why is it you decided to return to the United States? You had a job in Russia, and as far as I know you seemed to be pretty well off, because of the gifts you sent me. And you are married to a Russian girl, and she would be better off in her homeland than here."

"Mother," Lee answered, "not even Marina knows why I have returned to the United States."

"And that is all the information I ever got out of my son," Marguerite added.

In the immense jungle of records of the Warren Commission there is still one more footprint showing that Oswald had at one time gone through some special courses in Soviet underground techniques. When Captain Fritz displayed to him, on the evening of November 23, the picture with the rifle, Lee denounced it as a phony, claiming: "I know all about photography; I worked with photographs for a long time."

Actually he had been employed as a "trainee cameraman" by the commercial photography firm of Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall in Dallas for less than three months and was dismissed, according to Mr. Stovall, as "a troublemaker" who displayed "Communistic tendencies." Lee had one day entered into a discussion about Russian police methods with a fellow employee, Dennis Hyman Ofstein, and asked the latter if he was familiar with the term "microdot." When the answer was no, Oswald explained to him that it was "the method of taking a large area of type or a picture and reducing it down to an extremely small size . . . and he said that the way spies sometimes sent messages . . . was to take a microdot photograph and place it under a stamp and send it."

I myself learned of this Soviet espionage device for the first time early in 1939 from General Walter Krivitsky, former chief of Soviet intelligence in Western Europe, who revealed to me that one of the means used by Stalin's international espionage network was through postal cards of the most innocuous content which contained one concentrated microdot. Once it was enlarged, it revealed an entire message. It is not unlikely that Oswald had been instructed in the art of the microdot in one of the Soviet secret photo laboratories.

During the eighteen months that passed from the day of his return to the United States to the hour of his death, the course of Lee's life was marked by many puzzling turns. Marina spoke freely about several of these, such as their marital quarrels and separations, or of his intolerance of her friendship with the members of the "White" Russian community whom he regarded as "traitors."

Nor did Marina hesitate to tell me of her and Lee's correspondence with the Soviet embassy in Washington concerning visas to return to Russia, although she insisted that her husband's application for a transit visa to Cuba was due to his desire to establish himself there, since his heart belonged to Castro.

Marina had scant light to shed on Lee's political discussions with Ruth Paine and her husband, Michael, whose marriage was also breaking up. The Paines were both fine and generous souls but politically gullible liberals for whom Soviet-trained folks had nothing but scorn. In her testimony, Marina described Ruth as a "fool," despite the extraordinary hospitality extended to her. Mrs. Paine could not quite understand Marina's rupture of their friendship in view of their past personal intimacy.

In her turn, Marina voiced to me her suspicions that Ruth was a "busybody," all too eager to assist the police with bits of evidence in the investigation. To prove how close they had been, Ruth showed me a batch of correspondence in Russian carried on when Marina was living in New Orleans during the summer of 1963, covering the period of Lee's maneuvers to secure visas to Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Ruth Paine, whose Russian was inadequate to decipher every word and to catch all the nuances of Marina's letters, asked me to translate them for her. This was in March, 1964. I then inquired if copies had been furnished by her to the authorities.

"But these are private, personal letters," she protested. "How could I?"

"You mean to say that the Secret Service or the FBI and the Warren Commission don't even know of the existence of this correspondence?" I exploded in disbelief. "In a case like this, involving the assassination of a President, there is no privacy. It is your duty to make available to the authorities the contents of all these letters," I insisted. Ruth Paine saw the point and quickly placed the correspondence at the disposal of the Commission.

Some weeks later, meeting me for a luncheon date in Washington after testifying that morning, she emerged with Albert E. Jenner, Jr., assistant counsel to the Commission, who had praised the data provided by the correspondence with Marina.

Where I struck a blank wall in talking to Marina was in my quest for information affording a deeper insight into Lee's mind and the reasons that led him to murder the President. She never attempted to exculpate him as Kennedy's assassin, and she never wavered in her account of his threat to shoot Vice-President Nixon, who at one time had been rumored to be contemplating a visit to Dallas.

Although he was already a former Vice-President, it was understandable to me that Marina, a Russian, could still refer to him by using the old title. The importance of Marina's voluntary disclosure of this episode lay in Lee's intellectual appraisal of both General Walker and Nixon as fascists and potential Hitlers. He made no secret of his belief that such dictators should be cut down before they seized supreme power.

Marina was at a loss to explain how Lee could equate ideologically the Walker-Nixon team with President Kennedy. But she did cast some psychological light on the puzzle. When Lee boasted to her that "after twenty years he would be Prime Minister," she tried to pull him down from the clouds and urge him to give up his fantasies in favor of practical work. However, according to Marina, he envisaged himself as "an outstanding man," who had an "heroic" mission to fulfill. In my experience, Lee was not the first pilgrim to the Soviet Utopia to entertain such delusions of grandeur.

In February, upon her return from the capital where she testified at length before the Warren Commission, Marina broke with her manager, James Martin, and her attorney, John Thorne, and switched to another team. The threat of protracted litigation between the two groups led to my determination to leave Dallas. Upon my departure, Marina told a

mutual friend: "Don Levine kept asking me the kind of prying questions which even Chief Justice Warren did not put to me—who treated me like my grandfather."

The record shows she was right. Unlike Senator Richard Russell, who thought Marina should be recalled for a more satisfactory interrogation, Chairman Warren addressed her after her testimony on February 6 as follows: "Well, Mrs. Oswald, you have been a very cooperative witness. You have helped the Commission. We are grateful to you for doing this."

In Washington, Allen Dulles, one of the key figures in the investigation of the assassination, later invited me for an off-the-record talk. I had known him since 1948, from the days of the Hiss-Chambers affair. We spent a late afternoon at his home in Georgetown. We were alone, and no notes were taken of our informal exchange. We discussed the assassination.

I laid great stress on the joint destruction by Marina and Marguerite of the autographed picture of Oswald with the rifle. It was my belief at the time that the two women should be recalled by the Warren Commission for a thorough exposure of their deed with a possible confrontation between them at a public hearing. I was convinced that such a procedure would arrest the stream of prejudgments from biased and dubious sources that was poisoning the media of world opinion and was worrying his colleagues on the Commission, as Mr. Dulles indicated to me.

What interested Dulles especially was my explanation of Oswald's alleged plan to kill Richard M. Nixon, an item I had explored to the limit. I had come to the conclusion that Marina's report on the subject was completely trustworthy. I went on to point out to him the historical developments during 1963 which, from Lee Oswald's standpoint, made Kennedy a logical target after his attack on General Walker and his design against Nixon. A study of the Communist press, which had profoundly influenced Oswald, supported my analysis.

"I wouldn't dismiss the theory that Oswald had at first planned to return to Russia with the intent of assassinating Khrushchev," I suggested to Dulles. "He was easy to reach, as my wife and I had occasion to observe at the Red Square in Moscow last June when we stood not far from him during the welcome ceremonies for Valentina Tereshkova, the woman astronaut. To Oswald and his comrades in the pro-Castro and pro-Mao camps, Khrushchev and Kennedy appeared as partners in a conspiracy against China's genuine revolutionary Marxism."

As a result of my talk with Mr. Dulles, Lee Rankin, general counsel of the Warren Commission, telephoned to invite me to present my findings to his staff. For about three hours I made a deposition covering my experiences in Dallas. (None of it has ever appeared in the published records of the Commission.) Again I went over the suggestion that a

thorough examination of Marina and Marguerite would irrefutably establish Oswald's guilt and reveal his political motivations. The significance of my statement, however, seemed to have escaped Mr. Rankin's attention. When I saw that there was no meeting of minds between us, I spoke up: "The trouble is, Mr. Rankin, that you've been reading *The New York Times* while Lee Harvey Oswald was reading *The Militant*." I was sure that Mr. Rankin had never heard of *The Militant* before he saw it displayed by Oswald in his historic picture.

Neither the inside framers of the policies of the Warren Commission nor the makers of American public opinion outside were then prepared to gauge the changed outlook of Lee Oswald from April, 1963, when he set out to assassinate General Walker to his terrorist deed in November, a change wrought by major shifts in the international subsoil and in the Communist world. Had Oswald kept a diary during these months, the following highlights would have marked the logical path that led him from his attempt on the life of General Walker to that on President Kennedy.

April 1. The Militant devotes several columns to the report by Claude Julien, assistant foreign editor of the Paris *Le Monde*, on his seven-hour interview with Fidel Castro dealing with the Soviet withdrawal of its missiles from Cuba. Castro's comment on the irritating subject and on A. Mikoyan's subsequent soothing mission to Havana reverberated in the world press in this colorful formula: "Had Khrushchev himself come, I would have boxed his ears. Nothing should have been decided without consulting us. We are not a satellite."

June 10. President Kennedy delivers a major foreign policy speech offering an olive branch to the Kremlin. The universal consensus is that it foreshadows a successful outcome from the negotiations for the conclusion of a treaty banning nuclear tests.

June 15. The long-smoldering Sino-Soviet schism bursts into an open flame upon Peking's release of an uncompromising note to the Soviet Central Committee which Moscow fails to publish, although it had just issued the full text of Kennedy's speech. I was in the Soviet Union at the time. Not only did the Chinese proceed at once to broadcast in Russian around the clock the message from Peking, which was in the nature of an indictment of the Kremlin leadership, but several Chinese attachés attempted to distribute the tract on the streets of the Soviet capital. There were unprecedented physical clashes, and the authorities seized and deported the demonstrators. These developments aroused fears in the populace of a coming war between China and Russia. It spelled, as I reported in my book *I Rediscover Russia*, the opening of an unbridgeable chasm between the two great Communist powers.

June 25. Oswald applies for and promptly receives a new United States passport for travel to Cuba and several European countries. He writes to the Soviet embassy in Washington to *rush* Marina's return visa and to send *separately* his own visa for admission to the U.S.S.R.

July 25. American, British, and Soviet delegates initial in Moscow the Limited Test Ban Treaty.

July 26. Castro calls Kennedy a "ruffian," denounces the Bay of Pigs organizers as "pirates" launched by imperialists. The cold war between Washington and Havana heats up with increasingly violent attacks from the Cuban side.

July 27. Oswald travels with Marina to Mobile, Alabama, to deliver a lecture on Soviet Russia to a group of Catholic students and professors at the Jesuit House of Studies, Spring Hill College. His appearance was arranged by Eugene John Murret, his thirty-one-year-old cousin, a student at the seminary. The talk and question period lasted over an hour. Oswald tailored his speech to fit his audience, avoiding such sensitive subjects as religion and the Cuban question. He dealt with the abuses of labor under capitalism and his disenchantment with the Soviet violations in everyday life of Marxist doctrine. If there was any sign of a deranged mind displayed by Oswald, no one in the audience suspected it, as demonstrated here later.

August 9. Oswald is arrested in New Orleans for disturbing the peace with a "Viva Fidel" sign he was carrying while distributing pro-Castro literature in the name of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. A throng of Cuban refugees surround him with cries, "Traitor! Communist! Kill him!" Rescued by the police, his behavior is described as "cool, not nervous, confident." It is a behavior that fits a trained agitator.

August 10. Interviewed by Lieutenant Francis L. Martello, former deputy commander of the intelligence division of the New Orleans police, Oswald declares that "there was no true Communism in Russia." Martello quotes him: "It stunk. He said they had fat, stinking politicians over there, just like we have over here." Thus did Oswald equate the leaders in Moscow and Washington, which was a revolutionist's way of saying that there was no difference between Khrushchev and Kennedy.

August 17. William Stuckey, of radio station WDSU in New Orleans, and Edward Butler, representing a respectable local anti-Communist organization, interview Oswald and record it on tape. In this document, Oswald declared himself a Marxist and handled himself like an astute lawyer. To Stuckey, in a private chat, he charged that Soviet Russia had "gone soft" on Communism, and that Cuba is the only real revolutionary country in the world today. Stuckey found him "very logical" and "intelligent."

September 9. The New Orleans *Times Picayune*, under the headline

"Castro Blasts Raids on Cuba," a clipping of which was found in Oswald's effects, reports threatening remarks made by Castro at a reception at the Brazilian embassy on September 7: "We are prepared to fight them and answer in kind. United States leaders should think that if they are aiding terrorist plans to eliminate Cuban leaders, they themselves will not be safe."

September 10. Peking's official mouthpieces indict Khrushchev for joining a Holy Alliance, on the order of the post-Napoleonic junta of the reactionary crowned heads of Europe, for the purpose of crushing modern colonial and revolutionary movements, and aiming "to reinstate capitalism in the socialist countries." Denouncing the Test Ban Treaty as a betrayal, Mao's organs characterize the "hot line" linking Washington and Moscow as a device to consummate "dirty and despicable deals" which "are in the making between the two sides."

September 27. Upon his arrival in Mexico City, Oswald applies in person at the Cuban and Soviet consulates for visas. He is sympathetically received by Silvia Tirado Duran at the Cuban consulate. He produces various documents in proof of his leftist activities. In her written comments on Oswald's application, she attested: "The applicant states that he is a member of the American Communist party and secretary in New Orleans of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. . . . He displayed documents in proof of his membership in the two aforementioned organizations." When told by the Cuban consul himself that he would have to wait for approval from Havana, Oswald became abusive and left. Actually, his visa was granted two weeks later, but he never picked it up, for he soon returned to the United States.

(More than a year later, my wife and I were in Mexico City and called on Silvia Duran in her home. Her husband, an active leftist journalist, was away at work. She opened the door and welcomed us. A pretty woman in her late twenties, she took us into her living room, where a large portrait of Castro decorated a wall. When questioned by me on the point which the Report of the Warren Commission failed to pursue, whether she actually had seen Oswald's party card, she became evasive and asserted that she no longer remembered.)

October 7. The Cuban ambassador to the United Nations, Carlos Lechuga, delivers an incendiary attack on the United States. Oswald, his ears glued to his shortwave radio in Dallas, could hardly have missed the blast which later filled fifteen columns in *The Militant*. The United States ambassador, Adlai Stevenson, in his reply, arraigned Castro's refusal together with that of Communist China to join the nuclear pact. He charged that by this action Castro "in effect, declared war on the hemisphere."

October 8. President Kennedy signs the Limited Test Ban Treaty upon its ratification by the Senate. At the same time Havana Radio blared:

"From the very moment of the signing of the Moscow Treaty, the imperialist government of the United States . . . had been extending the acts of infiltration by agents of the CIA." It went on to accuse Washington of staging jet raids and training counterrevolutionary Cubans for another invasion.

October 11. President Kennedy prods Andrei Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, on the removal of Russian troops from Cuba.

October 22. Radio Havana charges that attacks on the Cuban coastline and acts of sabotage and murder are carried out "under the direct orders of the President, in this case, Mr. Kennedy."

November 4. The Dallas *Morning News* announces under a front-page headline: "President in Dallas. Citizens Council May Handle Visit." The report discloses that Kennedy's visit was scheduled for November 21 or 22.

The motivations that drove Oswald to follow in the footsteps of the Russian revolutionary terrorists would have been quickly exposed had the investigation of the crime been conducted efficiently under a single competent command. The mushrooming myth of the assassin's insanity would have been deflated before it gained worldwide circulation if the text of his lecture at Spring Hill College, together with the comments on it of at least three highly qualified listeners, available on December 1, 1963, had been published then.

Seminarist Robert J. Fitzpatrick, a student of the Russian language, reported that Oswald "was disappointed in Russia because the full principles of Marxism were not lived up to" in that country. He quoted Oswald as saying: "Capitalism doesn't work, Communism doesn't work. In the middle is socialism, and that doesn't work either," an observation worthy of a Bertrand Russell.

Father Malcolm J. Mullen, professor of philosophy, observed that "Oswald conducted himself very well in giving the speech and that he [Mullen], at the time, thought he was a college graduate." And Father John F. Moore, professor of logic and epistemology, stated that Oswald used no notes whatsoever during his talk, but handled himself very well. He said he definitely received the impression Oswald had at least a college education.

Similarly, Oswald's intellectual creed that the end justifies the means is implicit in the open record of his life. At the time President Kennedy was assassinated, Soviet Russia's ugly offspring—the generation which idolized the renegade trinity of Mao, Castro, and Che Guevara—had not yet emerged from the wings to bask in the spotlight of history. And the forerunner of that generation, Lee Harvey Oswald, could hardly be identified in the public mind with his successors, the assassins of Martin

Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy, and with the nihilistic rebels of the late sixties.

The tidal wave of violence which swept over the nation in the years following Oswald's deed, marked by irrational riots, dynamiting, and arson, by orgies of wanton destruction and the sacking of university libraries and archives, was not yet in evidence in the fall of 1963. The predominant American opinion then was oblivious of the ideological jungle of the far left. It was conditioned, however, to regard Dallas as a stronghold of ultraconservative, Tory forces. As soon as the news of the assassination of President Kennedy was broadcast, many of us leaped to the conclusion that the shattering crime must be the work of a reactionary junta.

This belief, nurtured by certain schools of liberals who were as eager to exculpate Moscow as they had been to glorify Stalin, was challenged early by Dwight MacDonald. That steadfast iconoclastic radical, veteran of the leftist ideological wars, author of *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*, studied all the evidence, analyzed Oswald's writings and experiences, and courageously summed up the truth, to the detriment of his own political camp, in a homely phrase: "Oswald is our baby, not theirs."

tracks in Washington. Both men were unreservedly convinced of the veracity of Chambers' account of his collaboration with Alger Hiss in the Communist underground network.

CHAPTER 10

It was widely known in the publishing world that Marina Oswald, the Russian widow of President Kennedy's assassin, had signed a contract with Harper & Row to tell her full story in collaboration with Priscilla Johnson. Miss Johnson was the capable journalist who had interviewed Lee Harvey Oswald in Moscow when he arrived there in October, 1959, to renounce his American citizenship. She labored on the project for a couple of years, and much of that time was spent in being a constant companion to Marina. Despite the close relationship, the literary collaboration proved barren.

When I spent an evening with Marina's present husband, Kenneth Porter, he told me that she would never go through with the project. After seven years, in the fall of 1972, it was announced in the press that Miss Johnson was completing a book dealing with the Dallas assassination. It remains to be seen whether Marina had confided to Priscilla Johnson any hitherto undisclosed material evidence bearing on Lee Harvey Oswald's career in Russia or on his great crime of November 22, 1963.

CHAPTER 12

In addition to Owen Lattimore's *Pivot of Asia* and Alexander Barmine's autobiographical *One Who Survived*, both of which works contain data on the little-known territory of Sinkiang, Allen S. Whiting's *Soviet Policies in China* is indispensable to an appraisal of that vitally strategic area in the heartland of the Old World.

Some Russian students of modern history view the role of Sinkiang in the Sino-Soviet conflict in the same light as that of Alsace-Lorraine in the decades preceding World War I. These students compare Bismarck's creation of the modern German Empire, which was pivoted in the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine, with Mao's consolidation of the Chinese Empire behind the shield of nuclear-rich Sinkiang. There is no overlooking the striking geopolitical fact of the proximity of Russia's and China's main atomic bases within a circle of only a few hundred miles in diameter. It is a fact that no evangelical pleas for peace can obliterate.

President Nixon's avowed diplomacy of "peace in the world," which he again and again called the "overriding issue" in the closing months of the election year of 1972, had the same electrifying appeal as that of Nicholas II in 1899, when he summoned the nations to The Hague to build "a real and lasting peace." The varied statesmen of the last seven decades have demonstrated that such a peace cannot be built without a dedicated ethical foundation beneath the structure of international relations. The totally amoral nature of the rival Communist dictatorships in Russia and China offers no prospect of the rise of an ethical road to peace, either between them or in their respective relations with the great powers of the Western world.