

Dec 1977

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL/BOOK BONUS



What was it like to live with the man who shot President Kennedy? In this fascinating new book, Lee Harvey Oswald's widow paints an intimate, bizarre portrait—freshly relevant in this age of violent crime. By Priscilla Johnson McMillan

MARINA & LEE

Russian scholar Priscilla Johnson McMillan claims the unusual distinction of having known both John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald. She counted Kennedy a friend, having worked on his senatorial staff during the 1950's. In 1959, while working as a Moscow correspondent, she interviewed Oswald about his defection to the USSR.

Four years later, Oswald murdered Kennedy, and was himself shot dead the next day. It became important to McMillan to reconcile the quiet, gentle, young man she had interviewed in Russia with the dangerous assassin who had killed her friend, the President. She needed, she says, to answer the question that puzzled the nation then—and which still puzzles many people today: Why?

Working with Oswald's widow, Marina, she spent 13 years in search of the answer. In this first of a two-part series from her forthcoming book, the *Journal* presents what Ms. McMillan learned about Lee Harvey Oswald: husband, father—and assassin.

On March 17, 1961, Lee Harvey Oswald met petite, blue-eyed Marina Prusakova in the Soviet city of Minsk. An ex-Marine and a self-styled Marxist since the age of 15, Oswald had defected to Russia in 1959, where he staged a suicide attempt to convince Soviet authorities to let him stay. The Soviets relented, but did not grant him Russian citizenship; nor would they allow him to attend a Moscow university as Oswald, a ninth-grade dropout in America, had wished. Instead, he was given a job as a metalworker. He disliked manual labor and became increasingly dissatisfied with Soviet life. Just as he met Marina, a charming, good-looking pharmacist, and began an emotional, sexually-charged courtship, he also began a campaign to return to America.

Marina knew little about Lee or his plans, but she was attracted to him, and six weeks after their first meeting, she agreed to be his wife. They were married in a civil ceremony. Lee was 21, Marina 19. Their story, which begins on the following page, opens in the early days of their marriage—THE EDITORS →

Copyright © 1977 by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. From MARINA AND LEE, by Priscilla Johnson McMillan, to be published by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.

Only a few nights after they were married Marina came home to a surprise: a new kitchen table and tablecloth and a new set of silverware. Not only had Lee bought the table and set it, he had decorated it with a bunch of spring flowers he had stolen in a public park. But it was not, as some brides might suppose, a hint that he would like to start taking his evening meal at home. "Better the cafeteria," he said to her, "than what you fix."

He bought her another surprise—white lace curtains. When he got them home, they were the wrong length; his solution was straightforward. He took a pair of scissors and sheared them off across the bottom. At woodworking he was more accomplished. He made little legs for their bed and fashioned a rod to hang their clothes on in the closet.

But Lee's main concern was washing and cleaning. If he did not meet Marina at her pharmacy job, the first thing he did when he arrived home was wash the breakfast dishes and mop the floor. Then, on the days when they had hot water, he did the laundry. When Marina came in the downstairs door, she could hear her husband, four flights up, singing the "Volga Boatman" song or some other Slavic melody.

Lee was extraordinarily jealous. Even if she was only a few minutes late, he demanded a full explanation of where she had been, with whom and what she had been doing.

Even though Lee was jealous of Marina, he had never actually said that he loved her. Once, when she asked him if he loved her, he replied impatiently, "You ought to know how I feel from the way I act." He seemed content, it was true, especially when they were together. But sometimes when he was sitting by himself Marina noticed that an enveloping thoughtfulness settled over him, as if he were unhappy or uncertain in some way. She suspected that he might be thinking about another woman.

Marina's suspicions were correct. Lee was thinking about [an old girlfriend] Ella Germann. In the early weeks of his marriage, he confided to his diary:

May—The transition of changing full love from [Ella] to Marina was very painful esp. as I saw [Ella] almost every day at the factory but as the days went by I adjusted more and more [to] my wife mentally. . . . She is madly in love with me from the very start.

June—A continuence of May, except that; we draw closer and closer, and I think very little now of Ella. . . .

There was another woman in Lee's life whom Marina did not know about—his mother, Marguerite. Lee had told her that his mother was dead and she had no reason to doubt him. But a few weeks after they were married, she saw him reading a letter from home with such a thoughtful expression that she

asked whether it contained bad news. An hour or so later he glanced up from the book he was reading and said: "Forgive me, Marina. That letter isn't from my aunt. It's from my mother."

Marina was startled. "Why didn't you tell me your mother was alive?"

"I didn't know we were going to get married. If people had known I had a mother, I was afraid it might cause her some unpleasantness."

After that Marina noticed that the arrival of a letter from his mother never seemed to raise her husband's spirits. "Don't you love her?" she asked.

"No. It's a long story," he explained. "We had a fight when my brother Robert got married. I didn't like her treatment of his wife." He told Marina to ask no more about it.

The pain of learning that her husband had lied to her was blunted by Marina's discovery that she was pregnant. From the moment they were married Lee wanted a child. When the first weeks went by with no sign, he suggested that he might have something wrong with him. "Maybe it's my fault. If there's no sign in another month we'll go to the doctor to be checked."

Marina did not know it, but her husband had been treated twice in the Marine Corps for gonorrhoea. Perhaps that is why he suggested it might be his fault when she showed no sign of pregnancy in the early weeks of their marriage. Perhaps, too, that fear played a part in his elation at the news of Marina's condition.

Once she knew that she was pregnant, a change came over Marina, however. She had enjoyed making love before, but now she was repelled by it. When Lee approached her, she had to summon up strength in order not to push him away. She thought she had made a mistake getting married.

On the morning of July 8, Marina went straight to the pharmacy after seeing her husband off on a trip to the American Embassy in Moscow. She received a phone call from an old boyfriend asking if he might see her. How on earth, she inquired, had he known her husband was out of town? "Sheer intuition," he replied enigmatically. Marina agreed to meet him that evening. Half-hoping something might come of it, she went home after work and washed her hair. She took a nap, then rose and carefully put on her best dress. Perhaps the evening would show whether she had made a mistake getting married or not.

Her old boyfriend certainly knew the script. He had an empty apartment at his disposal; he even had a bottle of French aperitif. Once they were in bed, however, his sophistication proved to be a matter of appearances only. He was making love to a woman, or trying to, for the first time. It was all over before it had begun. Marina was furious. She in-

sisted on walking home by herself—at two o'clock in the morning.

Lee, on the other hand, never tried to see his old girlfriend. In fact, his social contacts were limited. While he liked his fellow workers, he was not really a part of things at the plant and Marina knew it. At lunchtime, he nearly always sat by himself, or at a table of men he did not know, rather than with the men he worked with. He did not join the other men on drinking sprees, or go to see them at their homes. He was considered antisocial, and with some of them he was actually unpopular because he had been given an apartment of his own simply because he was an American. They would have forgiven him quickly had he been either congenial or a good worker. But his work, if anything, was below average. He did only what he had to do and no more. It is ironic that Lee grew to dislike the Soviet system, in part, because of the restrictions it placed upon him, while his colleagues disliked him

Marina and Lee in Minsk soon after their marriage. At first, their sex life was a disaster. But, admits Marina, "the longer I lived with him, the more I felt attracted to him." He could be, she says, "quite a seducer."

because of the privileges he received.

Yet Lee was as well liked in Russia as he had ever been before or was ever to be again. At the plant, he was the object of a good deal of teasing, much of it with sexual overtones. Was he sorry he had married a Russian girl? Was she pregnant yet? So many and so personal were the matters discussed at the plant that Marina felt acutely self-conscious. "For heaven's sake, Lee," she would exclaim, "don't tell them about our lovemaking!" For her husband would come home with the most intimate details of the others' sex lives, together with suggestions that they try some new sexual technique he had heard about. Marina enjoyed his tales about the sex lives of others but had no wish for Lee to reveal their own.

The truth was that the Oswalds were having difficulty in sex and they were worried about it. It made Marina so furious that at times she could have hit him.

They tried all sorts of distractions—looking at television or talking about

something else—while they were making love, hoping that he could go on longer, until she was ready for him. Nothing helped. Sometimes, in the early months of their marriage, she refused sex altogether: "I'd rather you didn't touch me. You finish too soon. It makes me sick."

"All men are like that," Lee said. Or, "With you, what man could wait more than five minutes?" Or, "It would take five men to satisfy you!" Marina began to think it really was her fault. Then one day he suggested oral sex. Marina was greatly embarrassed. But Lee assured her that "between husband and wife everything is good and pure," and she consented to try it.

Marina was ashamed of her body. She was acutely self-conscious about it. All through the sexual act she would be thinking how sinful she was, how thin she was and wondering what Lee must think of her. He took endless pains to reassure her. Again and again he said that she was "the best woman" in the

deal. She continued to feel an underlying disappointment. But as time went on, their sexual relationship grew more harmonious, and eventually Marina came to consider her husband a tender and accomplished lover. "The longer I lived with him, the more I felt attracted to him," she says, adding that he was "quite a seducer" when he wanted to be.

Lee hated divorce and he hated infidelity, especially on the part of a woman. When he heard of a case, he would say: "Women are all alike." He also disapproved of abortion. People, he said, "ought to pay for their mistakes." He never sought out anybody else and neither, after that one night in July, did Marina. He never blamed or reproached her for his sexual difficulty—or theirs. Despite their problems they both enjoyed sex. It resolved many a battle between them and was one of the best things in their troubled life together. But because of the form it took, Lee thought he was less than he should be as a man, and Marina thought she was less than she should be as a woman. Even though their sexual relationship got better as the months went on, each felt that he or she had something still to prove.

One evening Lee came home in a special hurry. "President Kennedy is going to speak tonight," he said. He closed the balcony doors to shut out noises from the street, or perhaps to keep the neighbors from hearing.

Lee recognized Kennedy's voice the second it came over the air. This speech was Kennedy's address of September 25, 1961, given at the United Nations General Assembly, announcing the end of the Berlin crisis.

Lee was rigid with attention as Kennedy spoke for about an hour. The voice was wavy and distorted and now and then a word was lost by jamming. "Oh, *chort*" (damn) Lee swore each time it happened. Once, when Marina made a slight sound, he waved her in irritation into the kitchen.

The moment the speech ended, Lee bounded into the kitchen to make tea. "What was it about?" Marina asked. "About war and peace," he told her, and quoted a few of the President's phrases.

A day or so later, Lee defended the President's speech in a discussion with Marina's Uncle Ilya. He thought the Soviet government was "sneaky," since it had attacked the speech without publishing it or printing a fair account. Marina heard her husband speak up stoutly for the United States; Uncle Ilya was equally staunch in his defense of the Soviet Union. But on one thing they both agreed—the Bay of Pigs. Lee roundly deplored American policy toward Cuba and Fidel Castro.

Marina did not know it, but her husband had long been enthusiastic about Castro. That autumn, he took her to see

a movie about the Cuban leader. Lee loved it and he started calling Castro "a hero" and "a man of talent." And at about this same time, he began to seek out the Cuban students in Minsk, 300 or so strong, to learn what he could of Castro's revolution.

The Cuban students were a lively lot, who found Soviet communism a drab disappointment. They loved singing, dancing and playing the guitar, but no matter what amusement they thought up, the militia quickly forbade it. They were even discouraged from going out with Soviet girls, and they hated the cold weather. The Cubans were in dread that the Americans would invade their country and overthrow Castro, dooming them to stay in Russia forever. Looking at the dreary, colorless city around them, they asked—was it for this we built a revolution?

Lee shared their disappointment in Russia, but he had believed in communism for six years now, and it was hard to give up the dream that somewhere a perfect society was coming into being. Was it not sensible to suppose that the clumsy, stolid Russians, who had never done things right anyway, had merely fumbled the chance history had given them, and that in the hands of a livelier, more talented people like the Cubans, and with a heroic leader like Castro, communism might yet yield its promise? And so, perhaps seeking a cushion against his disenchantment, Lee turned again to Castro, who might truly achieve an egalitarian society and whose communism, he was certain, would be of a gaudier feather altogether than the drab thing Russia had created.

All through the fall, America was very much on Lee's mind. He pored through copies of *Time* magazine that began to arrive in bundles from his mother in Texas, issues that were full of stories and pictures of the Kennedys, and of another American public figure who would later be important to Lee, [right-wing activist] Major General Edwin A. Walker.

On the whole, however, it was the mechanics of getting to America that claimed most of Lee's attention. He was increasingly impatient for the Soviet authorities to issue their visas. But where he was inclined to push, complain and go "to the top" when he could, Marina's attitude was: What will be, will be. Finally, on Christmas Day, Monday, December 25, 1961, Marina was informed that she and her husband had been granted exit visas.

The Oswalds were free to leave Russia. But now the American government was causing the delay; and Oswald's letters to the American Embassy during this period were peremptory and, as always, impatient. On January 23 he added a new reason for his haste: "I would much rather have my child born in the United States, than here, for obvious reasons."

world for him, sexually and in every other way. As she grew to realize that her husband was not critical of her body in any way, Marina eventually came to feel freer with him.

Lee appears to have been proud of his body. Marina sometimes teased him about his shoulders, which were sloping or, as she put it, "weak" and "womanly." But she considered his legs, his back and his thighs objects of real beauty, and she was gratified to think that her children might inherit such marvelous features.

Marina was gratified, too, by his cleanliness. She would not have gone near the handsomest man on earth were he not also immaculate. In this respect Lee left nothing to be desired. He was as obsessed as she by the notion of cleanliness. Invariably, no matter how late at night it might be, he bathed, shaved and brushed his teeth before they made love, singing or whistling and looking forward happily to what was ahead of him.

Her sexual feelings changed a good

Oswald was expecting a boy, of course. He wanted his son born at home, and not in Russia, so that he could be president of the United States.

"My David will be president," he said a number of times as he lay on his back, stared at the ceiling and dreamed of the future. But when the visa business dragged on and it became apparent that the child would be born in Russia, he remarked matter-of-factly one day: "Too bad. If it's a boy, he can't be president." When the child was born and was a girl, he said: "That's all right. My son will be born in America. *He* can be president."

While Lee battled government officials, Marina left her job at the pharmacy on maternity leave just after the first of the year. The last month of her pregnancy was a privileged time, and she enjoyed it to the full. Her legs and thighs ached. Lee rubbed and kissed them and said: "My poor, poor girl. You're hurting yourself just to give life to our baby." He curled up into a tiny ball in one corner of the bed so that she could have the rest for herself. Soon she got used to sleeping with her feet on his back for warmth, as well as for the relief it gave her aching legs. He would ask, "Are your feet cold?" Even when the answer was no, he would tell her to "put your feet up there anyway."

They bought a secondhand crib for the baby and Lee lovingly gave it three coats of white paint. He got a copy of Dr. Spock, and well before the baby was due, had the book nearly memorized.

On February 14, their daughter June was born. Because of hospital regulations, Lee did not see the baby until she was eight days old, when he arrived to take mother and daughter home. He was, he confessed later, shocked by the sight of the child; he expected her to be partly grown and already pretty.

He made their homecoming memorable. In Marina's absence, he had washed the floors, cleaned the apartment from stem to stern and washed and ironed all the laundry. Ushering the two of them in, his wife and child, he was filled with happiness. He kissed Marina and said simply: "Thank you." Then, quietly, "What a pity we have to wait," meaning for sex. Marina herself felt that if they could have made love on that day, it would have been a kind of completion. It was, anyway, the happiest day of her life. She felt that her husband truly loved her and that, for the first time, he was aware of it.

That evening two of Marina's friends came by to teach her to swaddle and feed the baby. They left, and Marina was alone. Lee had gone to celebrate a friend's birthday. At one o'clock he came home, his cap falling off the back of his head, smiling and tipsy (the last time Marina was to see him so). "Where's my baby?" he said. "I want to look at her."

The baby was asleep, and Marina ob-

jected when he said he wanted to pick her up. So he stood over the crib and gazed at her. That night, and every night thereafter, he dragged the crib over to the bed and insisted on sleeping on the side closest to it.

His anxieties about returning to America were never wholly quiescent. In letters written before and after his daughter's birth, he was anxious about what might happen to him when he set foot on American soil. In a letter to the American Embassy on January 18, he wrote that he believed his passport might be confiscated on his arrival home.

Then, at the end of the month, a real blow fell. From his mother, Lee heard that his "honorable" discharge from active Marine Corps duty had been changed to "dishonorable." In fact, it was only changed to "undesirable," and it had all happened years before when he defected to Russia. But this was the first he knew of it.

Lee lost little time in mailing a new batch of letters. On January 30 he wrote the governor of Texas, John Connally. Under the impression that Connally was still Secretary of the Navy, and would have jurisdiction over the Marines, he asked Connally to look into the matter. "I shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice," he wrote. He claimed that he was a "boni-fied" American citizen, and had "always had the full sanction" of the U.S. Embassy and government. He went so far as to compare his sojourn in Russia with that of Ernest Hemingway in Paris during the 1920s. It was the first round of a prolonged, ultimately futile battle to change the status of his discharge.

By mid-March of 1962, Marina and Lee were allowed to leave Russia, and in June they sailed to America. The voyage marked the beginning of a change in Lee's behavior, and in his relationship with his wife. It was not a change for the better.

On the first day out, the two of them went out on deck, struck up a conversation with a Romanian girl, laughed and had a fine time. But after that, Lee hardly took Marina out on deck at all. He got seasick there and she did not. It did not occur to her to go alone.

She spent most of the voyage in their cabin with the baby. Lee would vanish upstairs to the library and remain there for hours. Often, at night, he went alone to the movies, leaving Marina and the baby behind. He came to fetch her for meals, and it seemed to Marina that the other passengers were staring and laughing at her. She became self-conscious about her appearance and her clothes, unaware that it was the baby, swaddled from her waist to her toes, that was the object of so much attention. They had never seen swaddled before.

Marina did not know what to make of

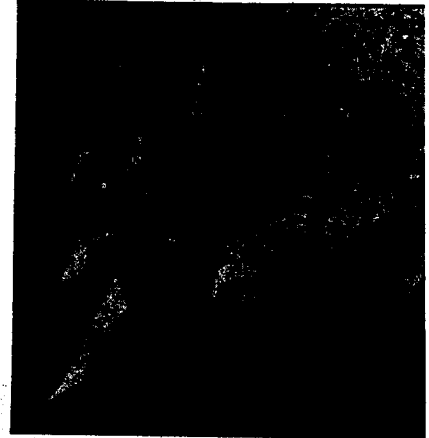
the change in Lee. Whenever he took her anywhere, it was plain from his expression that he was doing it only out of duty. It was not that he was making other friends. Marina saw no sign of that. She concluded that he was ashamed of her because, as she put it to herself, she looked like a "little Russian fool." Alone much of the time in the cabin, she sank into low spirits. Everything she knew and loved lay behind her; ahead, everything was unknown. Clearly, Lee neither loved her nor cared for her. Why on earth was she going to America?

Marina's unhappiness boiled over at a party they attended their last evening at sea. In spite of her attire—a red brocade dress she had worn the night she met Lee—she felt morose, and looked it.

"Wipe that expression off your face," Lee said. "People are staring at you."

"I can't look any other way," Marina said. "You've changed toward me. You don't love me and I feel hurt."

"If you don't care for me the way I am," Lee said, "go away."



"Where am I to go?" Marina said. "There's only one way to go. And that's the ocean."

"Okay. Go."

Marina ran from the table in tears. It was rainy and cold on deck, and below, the water was gray and forbidding. She did not know what to do. She walked around the deck, and finally, she thought of the baby, who was asleep in the cabin. "Junie needs me, even if Lee doesn't."

Lee found her in the cabin when he came in an hour later. "You're here, are you?" he said.

"Only because of the baby."

He quickly went out again. But he returned and they made up. He escorted her to the bar, bought her a liqueur and himself a soda.

Marina thought that she was somehow responsible for Lee's strange behavior. She did not know the real reason for his abstraction and indifference to her: as the ship steamed toward New York, he was deeply concerned about what might happen when he reached America.

Once in America, the Oswalds moved to Fort Worth, Texas, to stay with Lee's family. Lee's arrival in Fort Worth did not go unnoticed. He had several calls from newspapermen, with whom he declined to talk. And he had a call from the FBI, which he could not so easily put off. He agreed to an interview on June 26, at the FBI office in downtown Fort Worth.

Special Agent John W. Fain and his assistant, B. Tom Carter, pelted him with questions. The agents' real purpose that day was to try to find out whether Oswald had been recruited by Soviet Intelligence, possibly as the price for bringing Marina out. Again and again Lee denied it, stressing how hard it had been to get Marina out, how long it had taken and how much paperwork it had required. He sketched Marina's life for them, but refused to give names or addresses of any of her relatives, lest it get them in trouble.

The interview lasted about two hours. When he filed his report a week or so later, Agent Fain described Oswald as

The Oswalds in Moscow with daughter June before leaving for U.S. in 1962. Lee expected a son—and wanted him born in America, "so he can be President."

"impatient and arrogant during most of the interview." He felt that Oswald had been "evasive" and recommended that he be interviewed again. Later, looking back at a distance of two years, it occurred to Fain that behind the "arrogance" and the "coldness," Oswald might have been "just scared."

Lee and Marina lived with Lee's brother Robert for four or five weeks when Marguerite Oswald appeared on the scene. She gave up her job in Crowell, Texas, and took an apartment in Fort Worth so that she, her Prodigal Son and her Russian daughter-in-law could be united under one roof. According to Robert, Lee was "not overjoyed." He told his mother that he would soon be working, and he and Marina would then want to live on their own. But Marguerite got her way, not so much by arguing the point as by acting as if it were already settled.

Marguerite paid the rent. She slept in the living room, while Lee, Marina and the baby had the bedroom to themselves.

Marina found her mother-in-law a superb housekeeper, meticulously neat and one who used up every scrap of food. Moreover, it was she and she alone who held the key to Lee's appetite. With everyone else, his wife included, he was a finicky eater. But he demolished everything Marguerite cooked for him. Had the way to Lee's heart lain through his stomach, relations between mother and son would have been peaceful indeed.

Throughout his childhood, Lee had been unremittingly exposed to one person: Marguerite. The impact of her rigid, unyielding personality upon his emerging one had been undiluted. His father, Robert, had died two months before Lee was born. He had no one else, and especially no man, on whom he could pattern himself. And so he did the only thing he could. He conquered his mother. He took over her personality and became very like her.

He sensed it—and he loathed it. By joining the Marine Corps, he would not only get away from her but would find a sheltering substitute that would also make up for his lack of a father. But the Marine Corps, too, failed him as a parent, and Lee defected to Russia.

Marina once commented, with insight, that Lee must have been rejected as a child or he would not have become a Marxist. It is true. In Russia, in what he conceived to be a perfect Marxist society, Lee was again looking for an impersonal mother, a society that would give to him "according to his needs," without subjecting him to the angry vagaries of his real mother. Russia was, moreover, a society that was supposed to have ended "exploitation," such as he and his brothers Robert and John had known at the hands of Marguerite. But once again the substitute failed. Lee rejected Russia, and came back to his mother country and the real mother who was at the heart of it all.

Lee's brother John once said that from the moment Lee was born, he had the feeling that "some great tragedy" was going to strike him. And of course he was right. Lee's tragedy lay in the double conquest of the mother he despised.

He had conquered her first by becoming like her. And he had conquered her again by winning the battle for her affections. She loved him better than her third husband, better than his brothers. She made him feel that he was special. Yet his chances of achieving maturity rested on his perceiving that it was one thing to be special to Marguerite, quite another to be special in the world outside. The fact that he had unlimited prerogatives with his mother did not mean he had unlimited prerogatives with everybody else. If Lee was ever to grow up, he had to relinquish the feeling that he was special, that he was at the center of the universe, and trade it for another and better incentive system. But instead

of giving up that feeling of specialness, he was to spend the rest of his life trying to justify it.

Marguerite and Lee shared an uncanny constellation of emotions. Feeling, as they did, that "the world owed them a living," they both carried around with them a prickliness, a miraculous capacity for ingratitude. Both were forever accepting favors, and failing either to reciprocate or to thank anyone. As he saw it, it was not favors or help he was getting—it was his due. Lee, like his mother, was obsessed by his rights. And every now and then he gave the game away by standing up and roaring for them.

Since both felt that they were at the center of the universe, they assumed that others were thinking about them, and even plotting against them. Other things followed from this. Neither Lee nor his mother could open up or allow themselves to be vulnerable to anyone. They had to keep others from glimpsing what was inside their minds. As a result, both of them lied. But in this they differed from one another, for Marguerite apparently had enough contact with reality to control her abuse of it. This was not true of Lee. His sense of reality appears to have been so badly impaired that the line between truth and falsehood was wavy, and falsehood was often truer than truth. He lied pointlessly, to no purpose and all the time, even when he had nothing to hide.

Since mother and son both assumed that other people were thinking about them, publicity was essential to them. It did not matter if the publicity was negative, as it had been after Lee's defection, for it confirmed what they had known all along: that the world was against them. Publicity proved that they were the center of the universe.

After a fortnight or so of living together, Marguerite started scolding her daughter-in-law when they were at home alone. Marina could not understand her words. She thought Marguerite resented having to cook for her, or that somehow she had displeased her mother-in-law. But one day there was a scene with much weeping and screaming and slamming of doors; and Marina was afraid her mother-in-law was going to hit her. This time she caught the words and she repeated them that evening to Lee—"You took my son away from me!" Mother and son had it out the same night, once again with screaming and slamming of doors. Afterward Lee told Marina to forget it; they would be leaving soon, anyhow.

Marina knew nothing of the relationship between Lee and his mother. She did not know that Marguerite also had fought with her other two sons over their wives. She knew only that Marguerite had three sons, and not one of them wanted to live with her. To Marina,

Marguerite's jealousy was natural; it was Lee whose feelings seemed unnatural. She felt sorry for Marguerite and urged Lee to show more warmth toward his mother. "How will you feel," she asked, "if Junie won't speak to you when she grows up?"

"Don't meddle," he growled. "You know nothing about it."

On Saturday, August 10, less than a month after they had moved in with Marguerite, Marina and Lee moved out. Lee had found an apartment. Accustomed though he was to the family ways, Lee's brother Robert was astonished to hear loud sounds of discord when he drove up that morning to help them move. Marguerite was screaming, her hair mussed and her eyes red from crying. Lee was calm, but Marina looked bewildered. There was very little luggage, a few boxes and a couple of old suitcases, and Lee and Robert quickly carried them to the car. They confronted their mother's outcries with silence, creating a vacuum into which she poured even louder protestations. When the young people clambered into the car and drove off, Marguerite ran after them.

Pity suddenly broke through the numbness Marina felt. "It's cruel to leave her that way. She'll have a heart attack and die."

Lee was as cool as could be. "She'll be all right," he said. "It's not the first time."

The apartment Lee had found was a furnished "duplex," one-half of a shabby, single-story clapboard bungalow. It was located among other one- and two-family frame houses at 2703 Mercedes Street, Fort Worth, across the street from a Montgomery Ward retail store and down a dusty road from Lee's job. He had paid a month's rent in advance of \$59.50.

Friends who visited the place later described it as "horrible," a "slum," "a shack," "very poorly furnished" and "decrepit." But Marina did not feel that way. There was a bedroom, a living room with a dining area, a kitchen and bath, plus a yard and some grass outside. In Russia, they could have worked a lifetime and not had so much space. The furniture was cheap, but the place was clean, and that meant a lot to Marina. As content as she had been to live with her mother-in-law, Marina was happier still to be alone with her husband.

Marina had, indeed, found a fount of riches, a cornucopia of daydreams, across the street. With June in her arms, she spent hours wandering through Montgomery Ward, a fairyland of treasures that could not be bought in all of Russia no matter how much money you had. Ties, trousers, notions, dresses—Marina did not want to buy them. It made her happy just to look. When they went to the store together, she would visit the toy and dress departments while Lee, with the most obvious enjoyment, made his way to the gun department.

For the first week or so, he gave Marina \$2 a week spending money, but except for cigarettes she never spent it. Then he stopped giving her any money at all. "I never cared about money," she remembers. "I don't know why."

She loved grocery shopping. Lee would steer her to a delicatessen and say: "Look, Mama. No need to be homesick. You can get the same things as in Russia." He bought her the foods she especially liked—sour cream, sauerkraut, pickles, kidneys, herring. "Mama, would you like some caviar?"—as he lifted a jar of the red variety off the shelf. And, for all it cost him, he stuffed it in the shopping basket and took out something he had chosen for himself. When they got home, he sat at the dining table and looked on with a rapturous air while Marina ate the caviar. It was one of the few Russian foods he liked. But he refused to touch it, not even when she tried to feed him with a spoon; he did not want to deprive her.

About three days after their move, Marina heard a knock at the door. She looked out and there, to her astonishment, stood *Mamochka*, looking just as blithe and unconcerned as if the hysterical scene of parting had never occurred. Marguerite brought a high chair for the baby and silverware, dishes and utensils for Marina and Lee. Marina welcomed her in, Marguerite played with the baby and then left.

Lee was upset when he came home that night and heard that his mother had been there. He instructed Marina not to let her in next time. Marina objected. "She's your *mother*, Lee. How can I not let her in?"

"You know nothing about her," he said. "You're not to let her in again."

The next day Marguerite came again, with a live green and yellow parakeet inside a cage. Lee had given the cage and the very same parakeet to his mother nearly seven years before, in November 1955, when he was 16 years old, with money earned from his first real job as office boy at Tujague's shipping company in New Orleans. Again, Marina welcomed her mother-in-law.

Marguerite had a camera with her, and she was snapping a picture of the baby when Lee walked in. He started to scold her immediately. The moment Marguerite was gone, Lee turned on his wife. "Why didn't you obey? I told you not to open the door."

"You ought to be ashamed," Marina said. "You've no right to behave as if your mama didn't exist."

Lee was shouting now. "I have a right to tell you what to do! I told you not to open the door!"

"I will not obey."

"You will not open the door!"

"I will, too."

He hit her a few times across the face. One day, about a month later, Marina

came home to find the parakeet gone. Lee had taken it outdoors and let it fly out of the cage.

Despite her son's hostility, Marguerite came to the apartment fairly often. On one visit she found Marina in the bedroom, nursing the baby with her head down. Eventually she looked up, and Marguerite saw that she had a black eye.

"Mama—Lee," was all Marina was able to say.

Marguerite strode out to the living room, where her son lay reading. "Lee, what do you mean by striking Marina?"

"Mother, that is our affair," he said.

Marguerite, on balance, agreed. "There may be times," she remarked later, "that a woman needs a black eye." Just as Lee had hit *her* when he was growing up, now he was hitting his wife.

In fact, from the moment of Marguerite's first visit to Mercedes Street the beatings had become routine—once or twice a week. Typically, after Lee had beaten her, Marina would say: "Lee, I

am not your maid. I am good enough not to have you hit me." He, after an hour or two, would repent and beg Marina to forgive him. And the next day he would buy her caviar or a trinket for the baby.

At the smallest sign that he valued her and the baby, Marina forgave and forgot—until the next time. Their sexual relationship also began to deteriorate. Worn out by heavy physical work in hot weather, Lee did not want sex more than once a week or so, and Marina, dispirited at the turn things were taking, did not want sex much, either.

Still there were happy moments. Marina was grateful for the good times, fatalistic about the bad. As a child, her stepfather had beaten her, and he had done it exactly as Lee did, with the flat of his hand, across her face. She believed she deserved to be beaten.

She took the very Russian view that beatings are a private affair between man and wife, as private as sex: Still, she hoped that her brother-in-law Robert

might intervene. But Robert had suffered from Lee's anger in the past, and whether he was loath to invoke his brother's wrath again or was simply the non-interfering sort, he stayed out of Lee's marital affairs.

In early November, 1962, Lee decided that his job prospects would be better in Dallas, and the family moved again. The move was not a happy one. Within a day or two they were fighting again.

One evening Marina was angrier than she had ever been. Lee had used the Russian word *blyad*, a very strong word for "whore," which was simply so insulting that it seemed to give her no choice. Trembling, she ran out the door.

"Go. I don't care," Lee shouted after her. "I don't need you."

Marina telephoned a Russian friend she had met in Dallas, and was quickly offered a place to stay. Going back to the apartment, she grabbed the baby and a couple of diapers, and went out again. Lee was stretched out on the bed.

Marina and Lee arrive in America in June, 1962. The ocean voyage marked the beginning of a change in Oswald's behavior—and in his relationship with his wife. It was not a change for the better.

"I'll never go back to that hell," Marina promised herself when she left.

Finally, Lee telephoned and begged Marina to see him. "I'm lonely," he said. "I want to see Junie and talk to you."

Marina caved in. "All right," she said, "come over."

Marina's heart jumped when she saw her husband. They went into a room by themselves.

"Forgive me," he said. "I'm sorry. Why do you torture me so? I come home and there's nobody there. No you, no Junie."

"I didn't chase you out," Marina said. "You wanted it. You gave me no choice."

He loved her, he said. It wasn't much, he knew, but he loved her the best he knew how. He begged her to come back.

Marina realized that Lee needed her. He had no friends, no one to count on but her. Harsh as his treatment was, she knew he loved her. But she brushed him away when he tried to kiss her. He went down on his knees and kissed her ankles and feet. His eyes were filled with tears

and he begged her forgiveness again. He would try to change, he said. He had a "terrible character" and he could not change overnight. But change he would, bit by bit. He could not go on living without her. And Junie needed a father.

"Why are you playing Romeo?" Marina said, embarrassed at his being at her feet. "Get up or someone will come in the door." Her voice was severe, but she felt herself melting inside.

He refused to get up until she forgave him. Both of them were in tears.

"My little fool," she said.

"You're my fool, too," he said.

Suddenly Lee was all smiles. He covered the baby with kisses and said to her: "We're all three going to live together again. Mama's not going to take Junie away from Papa any more."

The heart of the relationship between Marina and Lee was a mutual willingness, indeed a mutual need, to inflict and accept pain. They were deeply and reciprocally dependent. Lee needed to keep Marina outlandishly dependent on him in order to mask the fact that he was humiliatingly dependent on her. Indeed, in the view of those who knew them best, Marina, not Lee, was the fulcrum of their marriage. Dependent as they both were emotionally, he seems to have been even more dependent on her than she was on him. He was exasperated by the fact that for the second time in his life he found himself dependent on a woman. And at times it made him so angry that he was driven to strip Marina of autonomy by his beatings. The beatings, in turn, depressed her and made her even less capable of breaking away from him than she had been before. Lee had her in his power.

At first, after their reconciliation, Marina and Lee were like children together and, like children, they had a good time. Grinning, holding aloft a cup of cocoa in one hand and a doughnut in the other, Lee did the Twist in the kitchen a night or so after her return. "Come dance with me," he said. "I can do it without spilling." Marina declined out of fear of looking ridiculous.

Every night he took her walking and bought her doughnuts and coffee. He escorted her to a bowling alley down the street and suggested that he teach her to bowl. Again she declined, this time because the balls were too heavy. He played "Moscow Evenings" on the jukebox while they watched others bowl and he crooned words to her in Russian. "No one here but us speaks Russian," he said, well pleased with himself.

For a few days he approved nearly everything she did. Fired by a new spirit of independence, Marina refused to draw his bath. It was three days before he objected. "Do you think you're a prince?" she told him. "You always complain, anyway. First I make it too hot, then I make it too cold."

And that was that. Except for a few occasions when she felt like "spoiling" him, Marina never drew his bath again.

Actually, Lee was not spoiled in domestic matters. It was he who vacuumed the apartment, carried out the garbage, did most of the dishes and turned down the bed every night. He rarely refused a household chore. He was not only a dutiful but an affectionate husband, and there were periods when he would follow Marina around all day. At such times, she says, he literally "wore me out with his kisses." Besides, he had allowed her two indulgences. One was deciding whether and when they would have more children. The other was letting her sleep in the morning. He got up by himself very early, made his breakfast and left coffee on the stove for Marina. On weekends he very often served her breakfast in bed. On Sundays, and Saturdays if he did not go to work, it was Lee who made up their bed.

He played with the baby daily and, most evenings, it was he who gave the baby her bath. He did not trust Marina and was afraid she would drown the child. He drew the water and tested its temperature with great care before he lowered the baby into the bathtub. Then, to Marina's horror, he would step in himself, utterly naked, with the exception of a washcloth over his private parts. Then he would splash Junie and play with her as if he longed to be a little child himself.

"Mama," he would shout to Marina, "we got water on the floor." Marina would tell him to mop it up himself. "I can't," he would shout back to her. "I'm in the bathtub with Junie."

"Mama," he would call out again, "bring us our toys." And she would bring them.

"Mama," came the call a third time, "you forgot our rubber ball." And, to the baby's delight, he would splash the rubber ball in the water.

"Mama," he would call out one last time, "bring us a towel, quick. We have water in our ear." Junie could not have cared less, but Lee was squeamish about his ears (he had had a mastoid operation as a child) and tenderly wiped the baby's ear, as if she were squeamish, too.

The first weeks of the new year, 1963, Lee continued to hit Marina, but their battles were within limits both could bear. Toward the middle of January, however, things subtly began to change.

Lee began having trouble with his work at a photography lab—trouble with the job itself and trouble with the other men. Everything had been going smoothly up until then. For his first three months there, he had been a trainee, and as promising as any other. But in January he was expected to take more responsibility and, according to his supervisor, John G. Graef, started to make mistakes. "It wasn't that he lacked indus-

try or didn't try," Graef recalls, "he somehow couldn't manage to handle work that was that exact." Moreover, in the extremely tight confines of the dark-room, Graef concedes, Lee's "hostile personality began to come out."

Lee was also preoccupied with politics. The John Birch Society had risen to national prominence while he was out of the country. But he had read about it in the news magazines his mother had sent to Minsk. Of particular interest were items about a segregationist, Major General Edwin A. Walker, who had played a leading role in the Society. Lee talked frequently about the "Birchers" and the "Minutemen" when he first moved to Dallas. The fact that Walker actually lived close at hand in Dallas seems to have stirred Lee a good deal. He had endless discussions about the Birchers, Walker and the danger of fascism.

Marina was puzzled over her troubled husband. One day Lee was the perfect husband, affectionate with her and the baby, while the next day he hit her for no reason. "I don't see how you can kiss me one day and beat me the next," she complained.

"We're young," Lee said. "We haven't yet learned to give in to each other. All couples quarrel over something."

"I know," she answered. "But not all husbands beat their wives."

For Marina, the month of February 1963 was far and away the worst in all her married life. Lee had been hitting her ever since they arrived in America; in February there was a dramatic change in the style and ferocity with which he did it. No longer did he strike her once across the face with the flat of his hand. Now he hit her five or six times—and with his fists. The second he got angry, he turned pale and pressed his lips tightly together. His eyes were filled with hate. His voice dropped to a murmur and she could not understand what he was saying. When he started to strike her, his face became red and his voice grew angry and loud. He wore a look of concentration, as if Marina were the author of every slight he had ever suffered and he was bent on wiping her out, obliterating her completely. To Marina it seemed that it was not even a human being he saw in front of him. Most terrifying of all was the gleam of pleasure in his eyes.

Their fights occurred over nothing, with Lee's anger ballooning up quickly, out of all proportion to the occasion. He became even stingier than usual, and if by accident Marina left some item off the grocery list she gave him, or if she went to a store herself and bought some item, no matter how cheap, that they did not absolutely require, it might be the cause of another beating.

Marina could defend herself only with words. "Your beating me shows your up-

bringing," she said on one occasion.

"Leave my mother out of this!" Lee cried, and struck her harder than before.

Marina yearned for some sign of affection. But whenever she tried to wheedle it out of him, he would say, "I know what you want," meaning sex, and Marina's feelings were so hurt that she would run from the room. His own sexual demands were violent. Late on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon he might bark at her: "Stop washing the dishes. Lee's hot!" and force himself upon her. He insisted on having sex any time he felt like it, whether Marina wanted it or not. He would pin her down by the arms and legs and take her by force while the tears came pouring down her cheeks.

Marina thought that it was only the violence, the struggle, that made him want her at all. Once she told him he was "crazy."

"What's that you said?"

"You're crazy."

He grabbed her by the throat and threatened to kill her if ever she said that again.

As his anxiety mounted, she was increasingly the object of his rages. He showed no concern for her even though she was again pregnant, and treated her in a manner that reached the point of ferocity. One day he hit Marina so hard across the face that her nose started bleeding. The moment Lee saw blood, his arms fell motionless to his sides, "Oh, my God, I didn't mean *that*. I didn't mean *that*." He made Marina lie down. But his anger was not spent. He slammed the door and went out. He found the front and back doors locked when he came home. Quietly, he smashed a pane of glass in the kitchen door, then coolly reached in and unlocked it. He scooped up the pieces of glass and piled them neatly on top of the kitchen trash. He strode into the bedroom and, without a word to Marina, lay down on the bed with his back to her.

As baffling as his anger were his repentances, for sometimes his fury departed quickly. Then he would burst into tears, and the two of them would cling to one another and cry. Marina, of course, saw that Lee was in terrible inner turmoil. She had no idea what was causing it, and told herself that perhaps he struck out at her because he had to hold himself in at work and she was the only person he could get angry at. She also told herself that she was to blame, that she brought on many of their quarrels and that her punishments were the least she deserved. She continued to beg for affection—he had none to spare.

The Oswalds' neighbors heard the sounds of discord from their apartment. One neighbor went to Mahlon Tobias, the building manager, and complained, "I think he's *really* hurt her this time." Mrs. Tobias cooked up a pretext and dropped by to see if Marina was all right.

When the noise grew even louder, and the frightened baby began to wake up, wailing, in the middle of the night, another neighbor complained to Tobias: "I think that man over there is going to kill that girl."

Tobias went to Mr. and Mrs. William Martin Jurek, the owners of the building, who in turn paid a call on Lee, warning him that he and his wife would have to stop fighting or move. Lee tried to shrug it off, but the visit told him what he was uncomfortably aware of already. He had too many neighbors on Elsbeth Street, too many eyes and ears upon him. His movements were being observed. People knew he was beating his wife. What might they notice next?

Lee kept the Jureks' visit secret from Marina. But he made up his mind to move. Before the week was out he announced to a startled Marina that he had found them a new place to live. If she liked it, they would move.

It was on the second floor of a building only about a block from the Elsbeth Street apartment. It was cleaner than the place they had and the rent was less, \$60 a month instead of \$68. But the big attraction was a balcony. "Just like our balcony in Minsk," Lee said. "You can plant flowers on it. And it's healthier for Junie. She can crawl out there and you needn't watch her all the time." He also pointed out one of the apartment's other advantages. There were fewer neighbors there, fewer witnesses to their comings and goings. He would like that, he said.

Sitting in the kitchen the first week of March, he asked Marina to fetch him the mail-order catalog. Marina was overjoyed. He was going to buy a present for her and Junie. She brought him the catalog, then crept behind his chair to see what he was going to buy. Abruptly, he snapped the catalog shut. Next time she got a better look. It was not dresses or toys he was looking at. He was reading the section on rifles.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 10, Marina thought Lee looked pensive and rather sad. With tears in his eyes, he confessed at last that he had lost his job. "I don't know why," he said. "I tried. I liked that work so much. But probably the FBI came and asked about me, and the boss just didn't want to keep someone the FBI was interested in. When *will* they leave me alone?"

Marina ached with sympathy. She had no idea how to comfort him; and when he went out for the day she supposed he was looking for work. He was dressed in his good gray suit and a clean white shirt.

As nearly as Marina can recall, Lee did not come home for supper that night. She waited until seven, an hour past their usual suppertime, then absent-mindedly cooked something for herself. Between eight and nine she was busy putting Junie to bed. Then she began to grow uneasy. (continued)

MARINA & LEE

continued

For months Lee had been tense, pre-occupied, ready, like the high-powered rifle he had purchased from a mail order house in Chicago, to "go off." Nor, despite efforts to censor her curiosity, could she suppress an awareness that his comings and goings had been out of the ordinary. Now it turned out that he had been fired. Marina sensed, too clearly for her own peace of mind, that this element on top of the rest made up a recipe for danger, although what kind of danger she could not have said.

She paced anxiously from room to room, doing her best not to think. On an impulse, about ten o'clock, she opened the door to her husband's study. There on the desk she saw a key with a sheet of paper lying under it. At the sight of the key, Marina felt a thud inside: Lee was never coming back.

She picked up the paper and read the note he had written her in Russian.

1. Here is the key to the post office box, which is located in the main post office downtown on Ervay Street, the street where there is a drugstore where you always used to stand. The post office is four blocks from the drugstore on the same street. There you will find our mailbox. I paid for the mailbox last

month so you needn't worry about it.

2. Send information about what has happened to me to the Embassy [the Soviet Embassy in Washington] and also send newspaper clippings (if there's anything about me in the papers). I think the Embassy will come quickly to your aid once they know everything.

3. I paid our rent on the second so don't worry about it.

4. I have also paid for the water and gas.

5. There may be some money from work. They will send it to our post office box. Go to the bank and they will cash it.

6. You can either throw out my clothing or give it away. *Do not keep it.* As for my personal papers (both military papers and papers from the factory), I prefer that you keep them.

7. Certain of my papers are in the small blue suitcase.

8. My address book is on the table in my study if you need it.

9. We have friends here and the Red Cross will also help you.

10. I left you as much money as I could, \$60 on the second of the month, and you and Junie can live for two months on \$10 a week.

11. If I am alive and taken prisoner, the city jail is at the end of the bridge we always used to cross when we went to town (the very beginning of town after the bridge).

Marina had no idea what his message was supposed to convey. Only two words meant anything to her. They were "prisoner" and "jail." She saw them and started shaking all over.

At 11:30 Lee walked in, white, covered with sweat, his eyes glittering.

"What's happened?" Marina asked.

"I shot [General] Walker." He was out of breath and could barely speak.

"Did you kill him?"

"I don't know."

"My God. The police will be here any minute. What did you do with the rifle?"

"Buried it."

Marina's teeth started to chatter. She was certain that police dogs would track the rifle and be at the house any second.

"Don't ask any questions." Lee switched on the radio. There was no news. "And for God's sake don't bother me." He peeled off his clothing and hurled himself on the bed. He fell asleep right away and slept soundly the whole night through.

Closeness and fear

Marina lay awake for hours listening for the barking of police dogs and the footsteps of policemen on the staircase. She glanced over at Lee, who was lying like a dead man beside her, and she felt sorry for him. She felt a pity almost physical in its closeness and fear of what the police would do to him.

An idea flickered across her mind. She would go to the police. She put the thought aside. The truth is that she had no one to lean on but Lee and was deathly afraid of losing him. (continued)

MARINA & LEE

continued

"I'll be alone without a husband," she said to herself, "and what good will that do anyone?" Nor, with her lack of English, did she know *how* to tell her story, much less make anyone believe her. The police would only send her home, and Lee would give her a beating.

The Dallas papers of Thursday, April 11, 1963, ran front-page stories about the attempt on General Walker's life. Lee left the apartment to buy both morning and afternoon editions, and lay on the sofa listening to news bulletins. It was reported that the police had identified the bullet as a .30-caliber. It was also reported that an aide to the general noticed two men in a "late-model, unlicensed car" in the alley behind Walker's house that night. A neighbor of Walker's claimed that he had seen two cars, one with one man in it, the other with several, speed away from the scene.

Reading that, Lee roared with laughter. "Americans are so spoiled!" he said, proud of his escape. "It never occurs to them that you might use your own two legs. They always think you have a car. They chased a car. And here I am sitting here!" Once again he said that before any car left the scene, "my legs had carried me a long way."

Lee also laughed at the police identification of the badly smashed bullet. "They got the bullet—found it in the chimney," he said. "They say I had a .30-caliber bullet when I didn't at all. They've got the bullet and rifle all wrong. Can't even figure that out. Fools!"

Low as his opinion of the police was, Lee was angry at himself and disappointed. "It was such an easy shot," he said again and again. "How on earth did I miss? A single second saved him. I fired and he moved. A perfect shot if only he hadn't moved!"

Capable of killing

Marina now knew that Lee took his politics far more seriously than she had ever, in her wildest dreams, supposed. She knew, for the first time, that he was capable of killing in cold blood, merely for the sake of his ideas. But her fears for the future started and ended with General Walker. She saw that Lee was bitterly disappointed by his failure to kill Walker, that he still was keyed up and tense and that his desire to do the deed had by no means burned itself out. She was afraid, terrified, that he would take another shot at Walker. It never occurred to her, then or at any other time, that he would try to shoot anybody else.

But on Sunday, April 21, all her fears were revived. Lee went out early to buy a newspaper and some doughnuts. They had breakfast together, and afterwards

Lee sat by himself in the living room and read the newspaper. It was the *Dallas Morning News*, that had a banner headline that day: "Nixon Calls for Decision to Force Reds Out of Cuba." The lead story reported a speech, which Richard Nixon had delivered the day before in Washington, accusing President Kennedy of being too soft on Castro and demanding a "command decision" to force the Russians out of Cuba. The speech could have been interpreted as a call for a new invasion.

Marina had no idea what Lee was reading. But she noticed that he had laid the paper carefully on the coffee table as if he wanted her, or someone, to see it. Then Lee stood before her, dressed in gray slacks, white shirt and a tie. He had his pistol at his waist and was about to put on his jacket. His face was white.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Nixon is coming to town. I am going to have a look." He spoke slowly and with deliberation.

"I know what your 'looks' mean."

Marina had no idea who Nixon was and she did not care. She knew his life was in danger and that was enough. Thinking fast, she went into the bathroom and asked Lee to follow her there. Once he was inside, she squeezed herself out and shut the door. Marina held the door closed as hard as she could, bracing her feet against the wall.

"Let me out. Let me out," Lee screamed. "Open the door!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Marina said. "How can you lie to me after you gave me your word? You promised me you'd never shoot anyone else and here you are starting in all over again. I'm pregnant. I can't take it all the time. I could lose the baby and you wouldn't even care." Marina was hurt, angry and in tears.

"Let me out!"

"Over my dead body I will. I have evidence against you. I'll take it to the police."

Their tug of war lasted three minutes. Although she weighed less than 100 pounds, Marina could summon up a wonderful, concentrated energy at moments like this. She had held Lee in the

bathroom before at least once in their apartment in Fort Worth, and she was to do so three or four times again, almost always to avoid a beating.

But her words seemed to disarm him this time: "I could lose the baby. You'll have killed your own child."

Lee relented. "Okay, I won't do it. Open up."

"Only if you give me your gun."

"Okay. Only open the door."

She opened it and Lee came out. His face was red from exertion and his eyes had the angry glitter she knew well.

Marina was trembling all over. She eyed him like a watchful bird.

"Give me the gun," she said.

He handed it to her.

"Take off your clothes."

He stripped to his T-shirt and shorts.

Marina went quickly into the bedroom carrying the revolver. She shoved it under the mattress without looking to see if it was loaded.

"If you're going to keep me here all day," he yelled, "at least give me something to read."

She looked around for his book and brought it to him. Then she took away his shoes. For two or three hours Lee sat on the toilet seat, reading with the door closed. Marina could not see him but she kept her eyes on the door and her ears alert for any sound.

Finally, at three or four in the afternoon, he came out of the bathroom and sat in the living room, reading in his undershorts, which were all Marina would allow him. They did not exchange a word. Toward evening, he carried the baby to her bath and sat with her, naked, in the tub. They played more quietly than usual and he did not use baby talk.

End of Part I

COMING NEXT MONTH

In the final installment of "Marina and Lee," Mrs. Oswald recalls how she taunted her husband by comparing him to her former lover—who she said looked like President Kennedy... and describes the events leading up to that day in November.

WHY OSWALD REALLY

Fourteen years ago, on November 22, 1963, an assassin named Lee Harvey Oswald shot President John F. Kennedy. Dozens of books have been written about that dark noon in American history—and many theories have been advanced about the motivations and personality of the man behind the violence. Here, journalist Priscilla Johnson McMillan, working with Oswald's widow, Marina, tells the intimate story of that tragic day—with disturbing echoes for 1977.



WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I: Marina and Lee meet and marry in Russia in 1961, and 15 months later sail for America. Marina notices a change come over Lee. He is tender and affectionate with their baby daughter June, but his attitude toward Marina now alternates between cruelty and devotion; his temper becomes more violent. Marina also sees that her Marxist husband is troubled about politics and, since she is pregnant again, worried about providing for his growing family. On April 10, 1963, Lee confides to Marina that he had tried to kill right-wing spokesman Major General Edwin A. Walker. Eleven days later, Marina has to lock Lee in the bathroom to keep him from attempting to shoot Richard Nixon. Marina realizes that her husband is dangerous—and that it is up to her to control him. As a first step, she persuades him to move to the calmer political climate of New Orleans.

Lee, meanwhile, has learned lessons of

his own. First, if he wants to win attention for himself and his political ideas, he must do something on a grand scale. He had shot at General Walker—the most famous man in Dallas—and had missed him by less than an inch, but the incident received scant newspaper coverage. Second, Lee is astonished at how easily he had escaped capture. As Part 2 opens, Lee Harvey Oswald is convinced that he is special and invulnerable . . . confident that he and he alone is entitled to do that which is forbidden to everyone else.

Why, after his failure to kill General Walker, did Lee choose to go to New Orleans? Going to New Orleans was not like going some place new. It was the city where Lee was born and in which he had spent seven of his 23 years, more than in any other place. He had memories there.

The two and a half years Lee had

spent there as a teenager—January 1954 to June 1956—when he was 14 to 16 years old—were filled with portents. It was there he became interested in Marxism, there he began to read *Das Kapital* and other communist books, and there he spoke for the first and only time about shooting a president of the U.S.

A friend, Palmer McBride, remembered the threat that Lee made. They were listening to classical music when Lee announced that "he would like to kill President Eisenhower because he was exploiting the working class." McBride recalled afterwards that Lee did not seem to be speaking "in jest." Lee also suggested to McBride that they join the Communist Party together to take advantage of its "social functions."

And a boy called William Wulf, then president of the New Orleans Amateur Astronomy Association, was engaged in only his second conversation with Lee when Lee openly stated "he was look-

Copyright © 1977 by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. From *MARINA AND LEE*, by Priscilla Johnson McMillan, to be published by Harper & Row,

KILLED KENNEDY

PART 2
BY PRISCILLA
JOHNSON McMILLAN

During the last 14 years of notoriety as the widow of the century's most notorious assassin, Marina Oswald has tried to live as obscure a life as possible. Today she resides in a modest ranch house on a secluded, 17-acre cattle farm in Heath, Texas, with her three children—and Kenneth Porter, whom she married in 1965. (They were divorced in 1974, but still consider themselves man and wife.) Left, an informal Porter family portrait: June, 15 (Marina's daughter by Oswald); husband Kenneth; their son Mark, 11; Marina, 36, and Rachel, 14 (her second child by Oswald). The Porters work hard at being just another farm family, and neighbors respect their privacy. Yet Oswald's crime constantly shadows their otherwise normal lives. Again and again, Marina has been asked if she thought Lee—and Lee alone—killed President Kennedy. Her reply of "yes" is still painful to make.

Photo by Ken Regan/Camera 5

ing for a communist cell in town to join but . . . he couldn't find any that would show interest in him as a communist."

"We were sixteen," Wulf remembered later, and Lee "was quite violent for communism." Then Wulf gave the epitaph, not only for Lee at 16, but for Lee during the summer of 1963 and indeed throughout his life. "He seemed to me a boy that was looking for something to belong to." But, Wulf concluded, "I don't think anybody was looking for him to belong to them."

Two weeks to the day after his arrival in New Orleans, Lee found a job as a greaser and maintenance man at the William B. Reily Company, distributor of coffee. The same day he found the job—May 9, 1963—he also found an apartment at 4907 Magazine Street.

The neighborhood was not good, but the apartment had been freshly painted, the icebox was new and some of the furniture looked new. Lee was not sure

that Marina would like it. It had high ceilings, and Marina, like many Soviet Russians, did not like high ceilings.

Marina hated the new apartment. She took one look at the high ceilings and the cockroaches and could barely hide her disappointment. Lee tried to show her how nice it was—the screened-in porch and the yard with wild strawberries growing in it. He had mopped the floor and cleaned the place, hoping she would like it. Marina knew his desire to please, but her feelings showed through.

Every day while Lee was at work, Marina scrubbed the floor and the furniture. But the apartment was old and dark and, no matter how hard she tried to clean it, the place still got her down.

What she did enjoy were their walks along Bourbon Street. She adored the lights and the music and the glimpses of strippers dancing. She begged Lee to take her inside. He refused, said Bourbon Street was "a dirty place," and put on a show of inattentiveness as they walked past the famous swinging doors. Marina thought that he liked Bourbon Street just the same.

Aside from their daughter, whom both adored, sex was the brightest feature of their marriage. For all his professed Puritanism, Lee enjoyed making love.

There was a mirror at the foot of their bed, and Lee would pile up pillows at the head of the bed so he could watch them making love. Marina did not like it. She pulled the pillows down or turned her head away. She was hurt that the mirror seemed to excite Lee more than she did.

Marina insists that their sexual life improved right up to the end, and that, well over a year after Lee's death, she still would have chosen him over any other man. In Russia it had been Lee who wanted sex more; in New Orleans it was Marina. Sometimes when Lee came home tired from work, he would beg off making love on the ground that he would be unable to keep it up long enough to satisfy Marina. But even when her second pregnancy made intercourse uncomfortable for her, Marina was glad to give him satisfaction even if she did not receive it in return.

For she was no longer sure that Lee loved her, and she wanted to be needed and reassured.

Lee had not forgotten Fidel Castro. The move to New Orleans, and the search for a new job and a new apartment, had distracted him from politics only briefly. Now he was to become more deeply involved in the Cuban cause than he had ever been, and was

to identify himself more strongly than ever with this particular revolution and its heroes. Marina says that Lee compared himself to great men and genuinely believed that he was one of them.

Marina might have sensed that he was again becoming involved in politics, for the blow she was dreading had fallen. Less than two weeks after her arrival in New Orleans, Lee told her that he did not love her. She was "in his way," and he meant to send her back to Russia.

"I'll go to Cuba; then China, and you will wait for me in Russia," he told her in his coldest tone. "I love to travel and with you I can't."

But his behavior was inconsistent. Sometimes he went a whole day without speaking, then spent the next day making up to her. He would take her and Junie to the park, do the laundry, mop the floor. He would even hang up the wash, while Marina leaned out the window and shouted directions, and Junie waved at her "Papa." He often told Marina how much he had missed her. And he was proud of her when he took her to see his family. But Marina was anxious. She was afraid that Lee was being nice to her only because he would soon be getting rid of her.

Marina could understand someone's giving her up. But she did not see how, for the sake of his "foolish politics," Lee could give up June, whom he loved above everyone, and the baby the pregnant Marina was carrying.

"Oh, I'll see it sometime," he said.

Suddenly, one night she piped up: "Okay, I'll go back to Russia so long as you give me a divorce."

(continued on page 179)



The murder witnessed by millions of TV-watchers: Nightclub owner Jack Ruby mortally wounds Lee Harvey Oswald on November 24, 1963.

OSWALD

continued from page 123

"And whom would you be planning to marry?" Lee asked with a little leer. "Anatoly?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"There'll be no divorce," Lee said in a hard voice. "I may want to come to you sometime. I won't give you a divorce. You're my wife and you'll stay my wife. The children are mine. You'll wait for me just as long as I want. There will be no divorce. That's it. The conversation is over."

Sometimes Marina had moods in which she thought she might go back to Russia if it would please Lee. But she did not want to go. She wanted to keep Lee and stay in America. She counted on time, Soviet red tape and a change in their relationship to save her. But now she had hit upon another device. She saw that Lee, for some reason she could not comprehend, would not allow her to go back to Russia without legal ties to him. And it worked. Each time she mentioned the word "divorce," Lee balked. If she continued to insist on a divorce, perhaps he would change his mind entirely.

Meantime an explosive new element had been introduced into their argu-

ments: the name of Anatoly and, with it, jealousy. Once the name was out of the bag, it came up again and again, and it was Lee who kept bringing it up. Lee had found a love letter Marina had written to her old boyfriend, Anatoly Shpanko, the previous winter and told her he would never forget it. He mentioned Anatoly every time they had a fight. If Marina reminisced about some escapade she had had in Minsk, he assumed that she had been with Anatoly. "Stop it," he would say. "I can't stand it." And, if she herself spoke of Anatoly, he would say: "Shut up. I don't want to hear about your boyfriends."

Marina goes too far

Once Marina went too far and remarked that Anatoly used to kiss so well it had made her head spin. Lee literally clapped his hand over her mouth. "You're my wife," he said. "You're not to speak of any other man ever again."

But another time, when she again had the temerity to mention Anatoly's kissing, Lee asked her to teach him how. At that moment Marina felt the full sweetness of revenge. Anatoly, she replied, half in humor, kissed so well that if Lee spent his whole life trying, he would never learn to kiss that way.

Marina often thought about Anatoly. In fact, she bought a photograph of President Kennedy to remind her of

him. An attentive observer of physical characteristics, a girl who was constantly drawing comparisons between the features of this person and that, Marina saw a resemblance between the two men: the ruffled, unruly hair; the heavy, slightly hooded eyelids, the nose, the lips, the lower half of the face—except for the Kennedy allotment of teeth.

As far as Marina is aware, Lee never knew that in her eyes the President's features were a prized reminder of the love she had lost. She did not tell Lee of the resemblance. Yet knowing her capacity to arouse jealousy, and his proclivity to be jealous, it could very well be that she somehow telegraphed her feeling that Kennedy resembled Anatoly, and that her message got through to Lee. In any case, Lee had seen Anatoly on the night he first met Marina, and if a resemblance truly existed, and was marked, he may have observed it for himself. He was, justifiably, jealous of Anatoly. And he was jealous of Kennedy, whether he had seen a resemblance or not. Once Marina said casually: "He is very attractive—I can't say what he is as President, but, I mean, as a man." Lee's response was as usual: "Marina, you mustn't like any other man but me."

In the summer of 1963 both Lee and Marina had special feelings about the Kennedys. The names of (continued)

she denied this on 4-26-70

When you say Special Dinners®, you're saying Special Taste.



Special Dinners® from Purina®. It means special taste because it gives cats two tastes in each nugget.

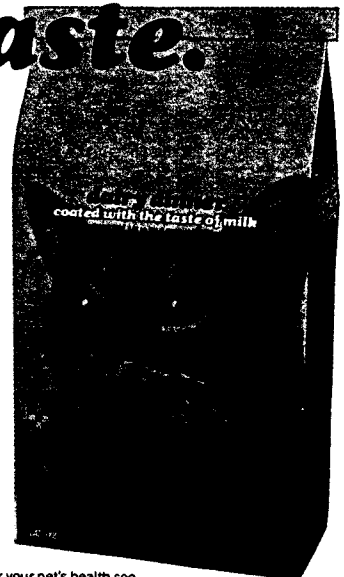
Inside each nugget we've captured a favorite taste—like seafood, dairy or beef.

Outside, a tantalizing milky coating tops it off. So, if you want a great tasting cat food, think twice.

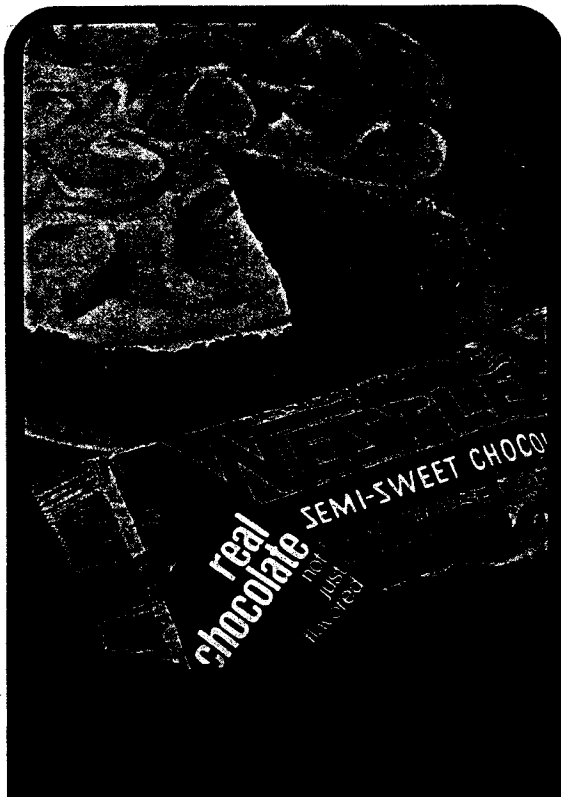
Think Special Dinners.

Note the delicious inside taste.

Outside—the tantalizing milky coating.



For your pet's health see your veterinarian annually.



**Nestlé Morsels put the
BOING! BOING!
in Grasshopper Pie.**

Grasshopper Pie

- | | |
|--|---|
| One 6-oz. pkg. (1 cup) Nestlé®
Semi-Sweet Real
Chocolate Morsels | 1/4 measuring teaspoon
salt |
| 1 measuring tablespoon
shortening | 3 measuring
tablespoons green
crème de menthe |
| 1-1/2 cups finely
chopped nuts | 3 measuring
tablespoons white
crème de cacao |
| 1/2 lb. marshmallows
(about 35 large) | 1-1/2 cups heavy cream,
whipped |
| 1/3 cup milk | |

Line a 9" pie pan with aluminum foil. Combine over hot (not boiling) water, Nestlé Semi-Sweet Real Chocolate Morsels and shortening; stir until morsels are melted and smooth. Add chopped nuts; mix well. Spread evenly on bottom and up sides (not rim) of foil-lined pie pan; chill in refrigerator until firm (about 1 hour). Lift chocolate shell out of pan, peel off foil and place shell on serving plate; chill in refrigerator until ready to use. Combine over hot (not boiling) water, marshmallows, milk and salt; heat until marshmallows melt. Remove from heat. Add liqueurs; stir until blended. Chill in refrigerator until slightly thickened (about 1 hour). Gently fold in whipped cream. Pour filling into shell and chill in refrigerator until firm (about 1 hour).
Makes one 9" pie.

**Nestlé Semi-Sweet
Real Chocolate Morsels
make a lot more than cookies.**

Real
Chocolate

OSWALD

continued

the President and his wife were a staple item of their household conversation. Lee appears to have had a small, special feeling for Mrs. Kennedy. He admired her for accompanying her husband on his travels (a reproach to Marina) and, from reading *Time* and the newspapers, he seemed to have about as detailed a knowledge of her obstetrical history as he had of Marina's. He told Marina that in addition to Caroline, John, Jr. and the child she was due to have that autumn, Mrs. Kennedy had lost two children, one a miscarriage and one a still-birth. Marina was very sorry.

As for the President, Lee said that Kennedy's father was a millionaire who "bought him the presidency," and to Marina's surprise she failed to detect resentment in the way he said it. "Money paves the way to everything here," Lee added, and she thought she did hear resentment in that remark—not against the President but against capitalism. Lastly, he told her that in spite of his father's help, Kennedy was equipped to be president and deserved it.

Marina admired Kennedy in his own right—not only as a reminder of Anatoly. The more she saw of him the better she liked him, and it got so that she would flip through the pages of every magazine she could lay her hands on, asking: "Where's Kennedy? Where's Kennedy?" With a patience that was utterly unlike him, Lee translated everything for her—every article and every caption—about the President, his wife, their children and the Robert F. Kennedy family. He did not balk, as he did when she asked him to read about movie stars, nor did he scold her for being unable to read it herself. He seemed nearly as interested in the Kennedys as she was and, if the article was favorable, he seemed to agree with it.

Marina got the impression that her husband liked and approved of the President and believed that John F. Kennedy was the best president the country could hope to have. His only reservation seemed to be that socialism was a better system.

As for Marina, her reactions were entirely personal. If anything, she thought more about Mrs. Kennedy than about the President because Mrs. Kennedy, like herself, was a wife and mother, and both of them were pregnant. To Marina, Jacqueline Kennedy was a latter-day goddess. She might conceivably have passionate feelings underneath, but Marina supposed that, being Catholic and upper class, she must have been taught to restrain them. Indeed, Marina wondered whether the First Lady, unlike herself, was not a "cold fish." But she was aware of Jackie as a human being, too. She was interested in what she wore and how she fixed her hair, and she was concerned about her pregnancy.

Marina's feelings for the President were once again utterly personal.

Marina speculates

She speculated—to herself, not to Lee—about Kennedy as man and lover. Since he looked like Anatoly, she wondered if he kissed like Anatoly. The resemblance suggested that he did. Marina did her best to convince herself that because he had a bad back, he probably wasn't much of a lover. Even so, the words Marina now uses to sum up her feelings toward the President are identical to the words she uses of only two other men in her life until then, Anatoly and Lee: "I was in love with him."

Marina had her photograph of President Kennedy and Lee had his of Fidel Castro, which he clipped out of a Soviet magazine and pinned to the living room wall. Marina did not know what Lee seemed to be worried about; he was showing nervousness. She did notice that Lee was getting very sloppy. By late May and early June, he had become alarmingly indifferent to the way he looked, and went around (*continued*)

OSWALD

continued

wearing only sandals, work pants and a dirty T-shirt. Marina would beg him, when they were going out, please to put on a fresh shirt. He refused—and she would cry. She was ashamed to be seen on the street with him.

He stopped shaving on weekends and by mid-July shaved only every other day. Where formerly he had brushed his teeth three times a day, now he brushed them only at night. He stopped washing his face in the morning. And, when he took a bath, he even stopped using soap. He just sat listlessly in the bathtub until he could stir himself to get out. "I'm not dirty," he would say.

It got so he was dirty and unshaven nearly all the time. He knew it made Marina angry. He would say, "You can't stand me this way. I won't wash and I won't clean up just because you want me to." But Marina saw that it had nothing to do with her. He had simply lost all desire to take care of himself.

By far the worst change, however, was the return for a few weeks in June of Lee's feeling that Marina was his property, or slave. This meant he had the right to take her, sexually, by force, any time he liked, and now and then he tried.

Marina was outraged. "You advanced revolutionary," she shouted at Lee. "You have a moral code no better than that of ancient Egypt." She now realized that Lee existed in two worlds: a fantasy, political world, of which he gave her barely a glimpse, and an everyday, down-to-earth world in which June was the one human being he truly loved. Marina, too, was part of this world, and it was her role to rear and protect his "treasure," June.

Anxiety attacks return

One night Lee cried in his sleep, yet when he woke up he could not remember what his dream had been about. He started having nosebleeds, once or twice he talked in his sleep, and one night toward the very end of June he had four anxiety attacks during which he shook from head to toe at intervals of half an hour and never once woke up. Just as in the period when he was making up his mind to shoot General Walker, these attacks appear to have presaged a decision that was causing him pain.

Marina, too, was sleeping badly because of her fear of being sent back to Russia. She looked tired and unhappy. "What's wrong with you?" Lee would ask. "Your face is making me nervous." Sometimes he went a whole day without speaking to her or, if he did, he would say, "Hey you," without calling her by name.

(continued)

183

FIT&TRIM ISN'T JUST FOR FAT DOGS.



If your dog has a great shape now, Fit&Trim® dog food can help him stay that way.

It's low in calories, low in fat to help keep the weight off. And it has all the nutrition adult dogs need.

So don't wait for your dog to get fat. Before he loses his shape, get him Fit&Trim.

From Purina®

20¢

**BEFORE YOUR DOG
LOSES HIS SHAPE
GET HIM FIT&TRIM.**

20¢

SAVE 20¢ WHEN YOU BUY ANY SIZE FIT&TRIM DOG FOOD.

MR. DEALER: For payment of face value, plus 5¢ handling, send to Ralston Purina Company, P.O. Box 1107, St. Louis, Missouri 63188. Coupon will be honored only if it was honored by retailer consistent with the terms hereof and submitted by a retailer of our merchandise or a clearinghouse approved by us and acting for, and at the risk of such a retailer. The obligation to redeem this coupon is expressly conditioned on the retailer's showing on request invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock within the past 90 days to cover coupons presented for redemption. Any other application constitutes fraud. This coupon is nontransferable, nonassignable and redemption is limited to one coupon per specified product and size. Any sales tax must be paid by customer. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Cash redemption 1/20 of 1¢. Limit one coupon per purchase of Fit & Trim® dog food. Any other use constitutes fraud. Coupon expires October 31, 1978.

20¢

For your pet's health...
See your veterinarian regularly.

19  19

20¢

©1977 Ralston Purina Co.

**“We put
Swiss Miss
Cocoa in
thrifty new
resealable
canisters
because...**

OSWALD

continued

But one night, Marina noticed that Lee looked unhappy, too. He stole a glance in her direction and she saw a look of sadness in his eyes. He put his book down and went into the kitchen by himself. Marina put June down and followed him. Lee was sitting in the dark with his arms and legs wrapped around the back of a chair and his head resting on top. He was staring down at the floor. Marina put her arms around him and stroked his head. She could feel him shaking with sobs.

“Why are you crying?” she asked. Then, “Cry away. It’ll be better that way.” Finally she said: “Everything is going to be all right. I understand.”

Marina held him for about a quarter of an hour and he told her between sobs that he was lost. He didn’t know what he ought to do. At last he stood up and returned to the living room.

She followed him, and he was quiet at first. Then he said suddenly, “Would you like me to come to Russia, too?”

“You mean it? You’re not joking?”

“I do.”

Marina danced around the room for joy, then curled up in his lap.

“I’ll go with my girls,” he said. “We’ll be together, you and me and Junie and the new baby. There is nothing to hold me here. I’d rather have less, but not have to worry about the future. Besides, how would I manage without my girls?”

A while later they were in the kitchen together. Lee held her by the shoulders and told her to write the Soviet Embassy. He would add his visa request to her letter.

Marina was to be 22 on July 17, and

Lee had promised her something special, a dress or a new pair of shoes. He went to work that day and returned home as usual, oblivious of the date. Over supper Marina looked morose, and he asked her why. “Today was my birthday,” she said.

A few minutes later, Lee said, “Come on. Let’s go out.”

He took her to the drugstore across the street and bought her face powder and a soda.

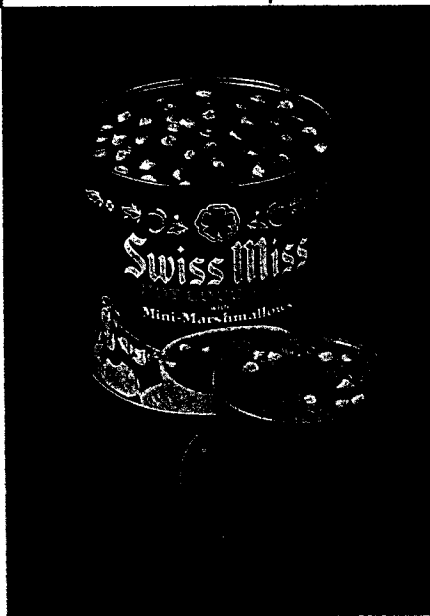
The next day he gave her his news: “Tomorrow is my last day at work.” He had been fired by the coffee company.

The loss of his job must have been a great blow to Lee, much greater than for most people, because his picture of himself was further out of line with reality. Certain that he was a great man who had been unjustly denied recognition, he now had been told that he could not even

about becoming president: William Manchester’s biography of Kennedy, *Portrait of a President*. Ordinarily, Lee read books rapidly. He took his time over this one.

That summer Lee read more about and by Kennedy than any other political figure. And from his boast to Marina that he would become president in 20 years—when he would be 43, Kennedy’s age when he was elected president—it appears that Lee wanted to be like Kennedy and perhaps follow in his footsteps as closely as he could. Reading Manchester’s book may have reminded him that in some ways he was like Kennedy already. Both loved to read books, both loved foreign travel, both had served with the armed forces in the Pacific, both had poor handwriting and were poor spellers, both had very young children, and both had a brother named Robert. But there was an unbridgeable gulf between them—and of this, too, Lee must have been poignantly aware. For Kennedy not only read books, he wrote them, and had received a Pulitzer Prize for his writing. Kennedy had not merely served in the Pacific, as Lee did; he had seen action and become a hero of World War II. Of the two, Kennedy was, of course, taller and better looking and was, as far as Lee knew, a more impressive physical specimen. Finally, Kennedy had a wealthy, affectionate father, who would do anything on earth for him and had, as Lee mentioned to Marina, “bought him the presidency.”

Although he cultivated the appearance of having made up his mind about everything, Lee was also suggestible, and there was a thread running through the Manchester biography that (*continued*)

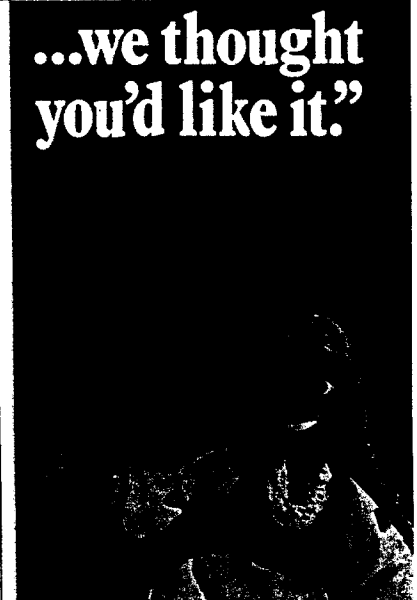


grease a coffee machine adequately. Lee could tell himself what he pleased, but with each new hurt or disappointment of this kind it was characteristic of him to draw deeper into a world of his own imagining and to retreat further from the world of reality.

About the time he was fired, Lee began to talk about himself and his future in exalted terms. It began with talk about the new baby. “I am sure this time it will be a boy,” he said. “I’ll make a president out of my son.” He had spoken this way before the birth of his first child, and again early in Marina’s second pregnancy, before he tried to shoot General Walker. But now he went a step further. He said that in 20 years’ time, *he* would be president or prime minister. It did not seem to matter that America has no prime minister.

Marina recalls that Lee was reading a particular book when he began to talk

**...we thought
you’d like it.”**



OSWALD

continued

may have fascinated him—the theme of death. Lee had tried to commit suicide at least once, and had attempted a political murder that might have resulted in his own death. Thus he may have been particularly spellbound by Manchester's many references to Kennedy's close brushes with death. During the PT-boat episode of World War II, Manchester wrote, Kennedy's superiors assumed that he had been killed in action. Throughout the book, Manchester emphasized the President's fatalism, his conviction that he was "fighting the clock." Even when he was speaking solely of politics, the words Manchester used were suggestive. He called Kennedy, in the purely political sense, "the biggest target in the land."

Manchester was captivated by the President and mystified that he was not yet preeminent in the affections of his countrymen. Kennedy, he conceded, was not so lovable as Lincoln had been. "He has a weaker grip on the nation's heart-strings," Manchester wrote, "and the reason isn't that he hasn't been shot." How might Lee Oswald read a passage like that?

Immediately after finishing Manchester's biography, Lee read a book by the President himself, the Pulitzer prize-winning volume *Profiles in Courage*. In it, Kennedy told about eight U.S. senators who, when called upon to choose between the politically popular course and the course they believed to be right, had chosen the right course, even at the cost of their careers. Kennedy called upon every citizen of the United States to bear on his shoulders all the burdens of the politician. Every man must do as his conscience required, do the great, the lonely, the unpopular thing, the thing that would in the long run be best for the people. He might be reviled, he might even lose his life, but history would vindicate and understand. With such words it is possible that President Kennedy handed his assassin the very weapon he needed most—not the gun or the bullet, but the argument.

One night Lee was shaving in the bathroom. June asked him for a piece of soap from the cabinet and he absentmindedly gave her Marina's makeup mirror instead. She banged it on the toilet seat, the mirror slid out of its frame and shattered against the toilet pipes. Marina cried. To her superstitious mind the shattered mirror meant bad luck. She was afraid that something was going to happen to herself or the baby she was expecting in October.

President and Mrs. Kennedy were expecting their child just a few weeks before that. The Oswalds had been dis-

cussing Mrs. Kennedy's pregnancy ever since it had been announced. Lee hoped it would be a girl; Marina wanted them to have a boy. She expected a son and wanted Jackie to have the same. One day in August—the 7th—Lee came home looking cheerful.

"Guess what, Mama? Jackie's had her baby, and it's a boy."

Gently, because he knew Marina was worried about their own baby, he went on to break the news that all was not well with the Kennedys' infant. The doctors were afraid for his life and had rushed him to a special hospital. The doctors, Lee added, would be the best and the baby would probably survive.

The next day, Lee listened to bulletins on the radio about the baby. Each time she heard the name "Kennedy," Marina asked the news. "Still the same," he would say, but Marina noticed that he was more and more reluctant to tell her anything. As evening came on, he admitted that Patrick Kennedy was very sick and the doctors did not have much hope.

Coming on top of the broken mirror, the news signified to Marina that things would go badly for their baby, too.

When the news came over the radio early on August 9 that Patrick had died during the night, Marina wept. Lee tried to comfort her. Maybe it was better for the baby to die rather than be sick all its life. Jackie was frail, he said. She had lost other babies. "We'll have an easier time," he said. "We haven't any money and maybe we can't get doctors. But you're strong. Ours will be healthy. Everything will be all right."

To hijack a plane

About the third week in August, Lee announced to Marina that he had decided to go to Cuba. Since there was no legal way to get there [the State Department had banned travel to Cuba by American citizens], he was going to hijack an airplane.

"I'll be needing your help," he added.

"Of course I won't help," came the sharp response.

Lee immediately started exercising to strengthen his muscles—deep knee bends and arm exercises. Each evening he tore through the apartment in his undershorts for half an hour, making practice leaps as he went. June, who thought he was getting ready to play with her, jumped up in bed, followed him everywhere with her eyes and burst out laughing.

Marina laughed too. "Junie," she said, "our papa is out of his mind."

Lee pretended not to hear.

"With shoulders like yours, exercises couldn't hurt," Marina commented helpfully.

Lee flexed his muscles. "You think I'm not strong? Just feel those arms. You think I'm weak and not a man?"

"Of course. You're just a foolish boy."

"And whose is that?" he asked, pointing to June. "I made her."

"That didn't take much time," Marina answered tartly. "I spent nine months of my time and health on her. I made her."

Marina listened with disbelief as Lee explained how he planned to hijack the plane. He would be sitting in the front row. No one would notice when he got up and quietly moved into the pilot's cabin. There he would pull his pistol and force the pilot to turn around.

"And how about the passengers?" Marina asked.

"I have strong muscles now. I'll deal with them."

His eyes shining, he told Marina what she would have to do. First, they would buy tickets under different names so no one would know they were man and wife. She was to sit in the rear of the plane. Once Lee had subdued the pilot, she was to rise, holding June by the hand, and speak to the passengers, urging them to be calm.

Marina reminded him that she did not speak English.

"Right," Lee said. "That script won't do. I'll have to think up something new." He sat her down on the bed, went out of the room, then burst through the bedroom door pointing his pistol straight at her: "Hands up and don't make any noise!"

Shaking all over with laughter, Marina reminded him that she could not speak those words, either. But Lee refused to give up. If only she would play her part, he promised to buy her a small, woman-sized gun. He said he had been shopping for one already.

Marina could restrain herself no longer. "Do you really think anybody will be fooled?" she said. "A pregnant woman, her stomach sticking way out, a tiny girl in one hand and a pistol in the other? I've never held a pistol in my life, much less fired one."

"I'll show you how."

"No, thanks. I can't stand shooting. I'd go out of my mind."

He implored her just to hold the pistol even if she did not mean to use it.

"Do what you like," Marina said. "But don't count on me. It's not my nature to go around killing people and I don't advise you to do it, either. The whole thing is so funny, it even makes Junie laugh."

At this stage of their marriage, Lee was confiding in Marina, making her his touchstone, his lightning rod to reality. And Marina understood what he was asking of her. Even though she wondered, as he unfolded his hijacking scheme, whether or not he was crazy, she drew funny word pictures for him to show how his plan looked in the clear light of day. Ever since the night he had broken down and cried in (continued)

OSWALD

continued

the kitchen, she perceived that Lee needed her. She responded to his need. "Do you know why I loved Lee?" she once said. "I loved him because I felt he was in search of himself. I was in search of myself, too. I couldn't show him the way, but I wanted to help him and give him support while he was searching."

Marina tried, not always successfully, to resist complicity in Lee's deceptions. She refused to approve such of his schemes as she knew about. But she now insists that he had a stronger character than she, "because he brought me low and made me cover up his 'black deeds' when it was against my morality to do so. I felt too much pity for him. If only I had been a stronger person, maybe it would have helped."

Meanwhile, she went on trying to help Lee find his way without letting him get dangerously off course. "Look," she said to him about the hijacking scheme, "it's not a good omen that the mirror broke. It means you've got to be careful. Go to Cuba if you must. But try to find a legal way. Don't do anything dangerous when you get there. And don't do anything illegal. If it doesn't go right, come back home right away."

Her words found their mark. A day or two later, Lee burst into the apartment. "Guess what, Mama? I've found a legal way. There's a Cuban Embassy in Mexico. I'll go there. I'll show them how much I've done for Cuba, and explain how hard it is to help in America. And how I want to help Cuba. Will you come to me if I send for you there?"

"We'll see," Marina said. But she was skeptical. It was her guess that no country would satisfy him and that he would be home in three months to a year.

Before the end of August, Lee was studying Spanish. At the close of each lesson, he asked Marina to give him a pronunciation test, since he had trouble with the Spanish "r."

"You understand me"

Lee appreciated Marina's acquiescence, or her awareness, anyhow, that it was no use telling him what to do, and that the only way for him to learn whether he liked Cuba was to go there and experience it for himself. After she had given him her consent to go peacefully, via Mexico, he gave her his highest accolade—"You understand me."

Despite the harmony that presently prevailed between them, there was an occasional sign that it was not a case of two minds with but a single thought. They had always agreed that their next child, hopefully a boy, was to be named

"David Lee." But for some time Lee had been turning another name over in his mind and he cautiously broached it to Marina. He told her that he thought it might be nice to call their new baby "Fidel."

Marina's old, magnificent asperity reasserted itself. "There is no Fidel and there will be no Fidel in our family."

Lee arranged for Marina and June to stay with their Texas friends, Ruth and Michael Paine, while he carried out his Cuban plan. Their last three weeks in New Orleans contained episodes that were funny, touching and sad.

It was fearfully sultry and hot, and their only air conditioning was an old kitchen fan. Lee went around naked a good deal of the time, and sometimes spent the whole day lying on the sofa on his stomach, without a stitch on, reading a book. Marina warned him that it was bad for Junie to see him nude.

"Oh, she's too young," he said. "It doesn't matter."

"By the time she's old, it will be too late," Marina pointed out.

He played with Junie continually, took baths with her and spent a good hour and a half putting her to bed. These were boisterous sessions, with Lee getting so much into the spirit that he sometimes leaped into Junie's bed himself, as if the two of them were babies going to sleep together. (continued)

Today's special. 15¢ off on 5 delicious tastes.

Let your cat feast his eyes on the delicious selection from Purina® Variety Menu® cat food. Choose any 5 great tasting cat pleasers that suit his fancy—then use the coupon below to save 15¢ for yourself.

While you're at it, delight your cat with our three completely new tastes: Hearty Feast, Super Stew and Southern Style. Each one is a nutritionally complete and tasty combination.

Notice something else new? It's our new labels. With bright colors for all 20 of our great tastes. Buy any 5, and save 15¢.



15¢ 15¢ off 5 cans 15¢
**Purina® Variety Menu®
 Cat Food.**

This offer good on all varieties.

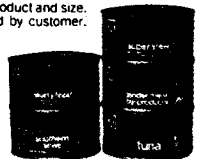
COUPON EXPIRES MARCH 31, 1978

DEALER: For payment of face value plus 5¢ handling send to Ralston Purina Company, P.O. Box 1107, St. Louis, Missouri, 63188. Coupon will be honored only if it was honored by retailer consistent with the terms hereof and submitted by a retailer of our merchandise or a clearing house approved by us and acting for, and at the risk of such a retailer. The obligation to redeem this coupon is expressly conditioned on the retailer showing on request invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock within the past 90 days to cover coupons presented for redemption. Any other application constitutes fraud. This coupon is nontransferable, nonassignable and redemption is limited to one coupon per specified product and size. Any sales tax must be paid by customer.

Offer void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Cash redemption 1/20 of 1¢. Limit one coupon per purchase of Purina Variety Menu Cat Food. Any other use constitutes fraud.

15¢

161 161

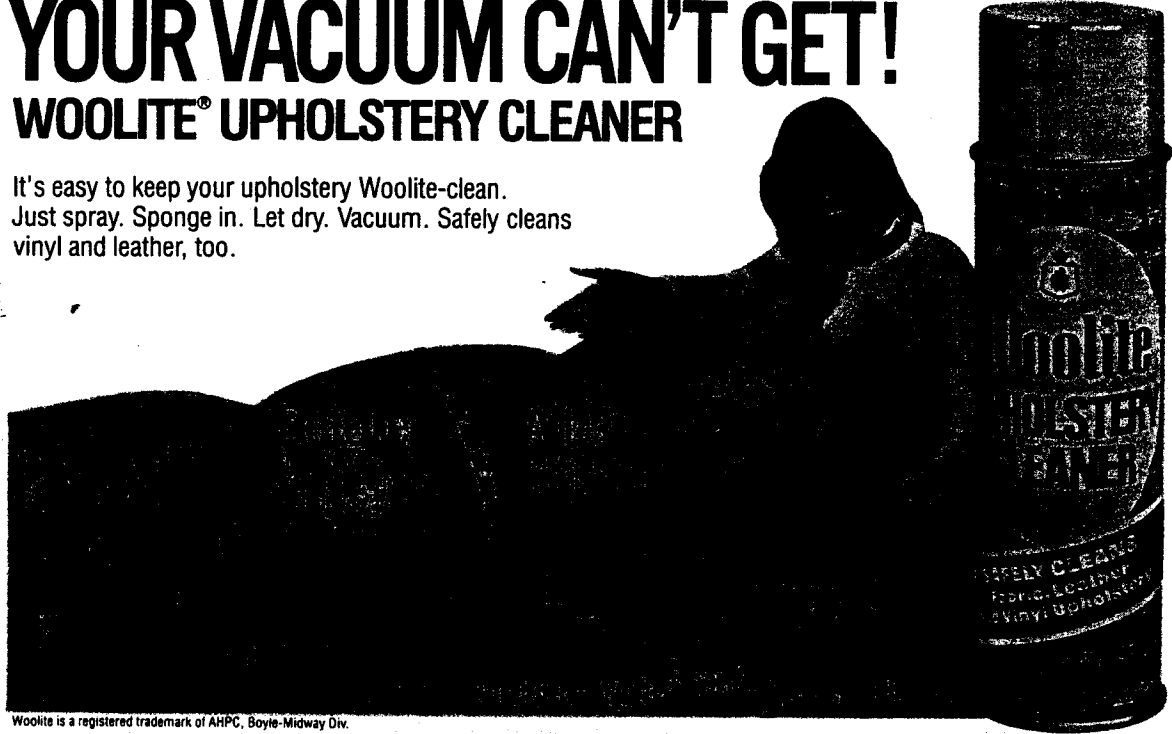


For your pet's health... see your veterinarian regularly. ©

NOW...CLEAN THE RUBBED-IN DIRT YOUR VACUUM CAN'T GET!

WOOLITE® UPHOLSTERY CLEANER

It's easy to keep your upholstery Woolite-clean.
Just spray. Sponge in. Let dry. Vacuum. Safely cleans
vinyl and leather, too.



Woolite is a registered trademark of AHPC, Boye-Midway Div.

OSWALD

continued

He behaved like a baby with Marina, too, competing with Junie for her attention. He might be lying on the sofa wearing a shirt. "Come here, girl," he would summon Marina, and hold out one arm, then the other, to allow her to pull off the shirt. It was the same way when he dressed. He would stick out one leg, then the other, and let Marina put on his underpants.

He was at his most babyish when he and Junie emerged from the tub. "Wipe my back first," he would say to Marina in baby talk. Or, "Quick, quick, there are drops of water on my leg!" If Marina did not dry him off quickly enough or refused to mop up the puddles he and the baby made on the floor, he threatened to stay in the bathtub all day. "Stop it, Lee," Marina pleaded. "I haven't got time to play."

"Our mama isn't good to us," he said to Junie. "She doesn't like looking after little children."

If Marina was busy and was not able to dry him off, he strode naked through the apartment, splattering water everywhere. He knew that Marina hated that; she was afraid to have the neighbors see him naked. "If you won't dry me off,"

Lee said, "then they'll have the pleasure of seeing me."

Once in a while the baby was naughty and Marina gave her a little slap on the behind. "Come to Papa," Lee would say. "Papa will take pity on you. Mama doesn't love our Junie. Otherwise she'd be ashamed to hurt such a tiny girl's feelings." Then he would give Marina a little slap on the behind.

Marina told him to stop; it undermined her authority. "I'll never get her to obey." Lee said the baby was too little to understand. "She understands more than you know," Marina replied.

Junie was the one person, Marina thinks, with whom he came down from the clouds and behaved like a human being. He was often cruel to Marina, but never to Junie. "His general mood was one thing," says Marina. "How he was with babies was another." She frankly admits that she was jealous.

Plan into action

On September 23, Lee was ready to put his Cuban plan into action. Parting was hard for both Lee and Marina. Lee tried to conceal his distress by doing chores. He assured Marina that he knew he did not have to worry about her so long as she was with Ruth Paine. "She is good and she will help you." But when he kissed Marina goodbye, his lips were trembling and it was all he

could do to keep from crying. Marina remembers that he looked at her "as a dog looks at its master." And in that pathetic look she thought she could see that he loved her.

By 2:30 on the afternoon of October 3, Lee was in Dallas, only one week and one day after leaving New Orleans. His plan had failed. He had spent perhaps \$100 on the trip, but its cost to him could not be measured only in money. The real cost was the destruction of his hope. He had yearned to belong, to join a cause, to become a revolutionary, a volunteer for "Uncle Fidel." Instead, he was told by the Cuban consul that people like him were harmful to the cause of revolution. He must have suffered a grave new wound to his self-esteem. The most he could do was to crawl back to the old places and attempt to do what he had done before: get a job, save money, support Marina and his child.

He rejoined Marina at the Paines' home in Irving, a Dallas suburb. Marina stood in the bedroom and stared at the prodigal who had come back to her. He kissed her and asked if she had missed him. Then he started right in: "Ah, they're such terrible bureaucrats that nothing came of it after all." He was especially vociferous about the Cubans—"the same kind of bureaucrats as in Russia. No point going *there*." Marina was delighted. Indeed, *(continued)*

skip this library

OSWALD

continued

Lee's disenchantment with Castro and Cuba seemed complete.

In spite of his disappointment, Marina thought he seemed happy. He followed her around the house like a puppydog, kissed her again and again, and kept saying, "I've missed you so."

Lee spent the weekend at the Paines. Ruth left them alone as much as she could, and even tried to keep Junie out of their way. Carefree as children, they sat on the swings in the back yard.

As Ruth drove him to the bus station on Monday, Lee asked if Marina could

stay until he found work in Dallas. Ruth answered that Marina was welcome to stay as long as she liked.

Lee had some job interviews that week but failed to turn up anything. On Saturday he returned to Irving.

Lee was again a good husband and houseguest that weekend. The baby was due any day now, and he told Marina not to worry. He insisted that he was not discouraged; he had only just started looking for a job. For the second weekend in a row, not a single harsh word passed between Lee and Marina.

Everybody noticed the change. Ruth thought Lee had improved greatly. He showed affection for Marina and June, and seemed to want to find a job and provide for them.

Even Marina thought her "prodigal" might be getting ready to settle down. She was encouraged by his concern for her and her pregnancy, and she felt that the weight of his interests had shifted away from politics toward family life, a sign that he might be growing up. For Marina looked on her husband as a mere boy, who had married too soon and had a series of childhood phases to go through before he arrived at maturity. Now, perhaps, he had been through them all and they could start making plans for a peaceful life together.

What Marina, like everyone else, failed to observe was that far from being better after his trip to Mexico, Lee was worse. All his life he had been close to an invisible border in his mind that separated reality from fantasy, and now he was closer than ever to slipping over into a world made up entirely of fantasy. Animal-like, he knew that he must keep his delusions hidden or, like an animal, he would be caught. Living alone five days a week with no one to talk to, he was not exposed to the scrutiny of those who knew him, and the strain of keeping his inner world out of sight was off him.

Lee got a job his second week in Dallas. A neighbor of the Paines mentioned that her brother worked at the Texas School Book Depository, and there might be a job opening there. At Marina's urging, Ruth called Roy Truly, superintendent of the depository, and asked him to consider Lee. Truly suggested that Lee apply in person.

Reports to work

Lee appeared the following day and made a good impression. He was "quiet and well mannered," called Truly "sir," and said he had come straight from the Marines. Lee looked like a "nice young fellow" with every chance of doing well. Truly told him to report for work the next day, October 16, at 8 A.M.

Next day Lee called Marina and said he liked the job. He told her that it was "good to be working with books," and that the work was "interesting and clean," not dirty or greasy as many of his jobs had been.

Lee's birthday fell on Friday, the 18th, his third day on the new job, and Marina and Ruth prepared a surprise birthday party. Lee was overcome. When they carried in the cake and sang "Happy Birthday," Marina remembers, he could not hold back the tears. It was his 24th birthday, but there were fewer than 24 candles on the cake. Even so, he could not blow them all out at once.

The rest of the evening he trailed Marina everywhere, asking if she felt any pains. He was upset that there were no signs. But he was tender, too. The veins had burst in Marina's ankles and her legs and ankles ached. He rubbed them and kissed them and (*continued*)

OSWALD

continued

cried. He told Marina that he was sorry to put her through such an ordeal and he would never do it again.

The next whole day was a happy one. In the evening, after supper, Lee asked Marina to sit with him and watch TV. They ate a banana together and later she curled up on the floor with her head in his lap and dozed. Marina was tired of being pregnant. "I do so want to go to the hospital," she said. Lee rubbed her stomach and said, "Don't worry, it won't be long, it will be any day now." Every now and then after that, she felt him sit up straight and strain toward the TV set, greatly excited. She had very little idea what he was watching.

Lee saw two movies that night. One was *Suddenly*, in which Frank Sinatra, plays a mentally unbalanced ex-serviceman who has been hired to kill the President of the United States. In the end, Sinatra is killed. Marina dozed through the first movie, and the one that followed—*We Were Strangers*. This, too, was about assassination—based on the overthrow of the Machado dictatorship in Cuba in 1933.

Later, as they lay in bed talking, Marina remarked: "You know what, Lee? I never *think* of Anatoly any more but last night I *dreamt* about him."

"And what did you dream?"

"We kissed, as we always did. Anatoly kissed so well it made me dizzy. No one ever kissed me like that."

"I wish I did."

"It would take you your whole life to learn."

No jealousy

Without a trace of the jealousy he always showed when Marina spoke about her boyfriends, he put his hand over her mouth and said to her with surprising gentleness: "Please don't tell me about the others. I don't want to hear."

He kissed her, they made love, and Marina was exceedingly happy. It was the last time they had full intercourse.

On Sunday Marina had labor pains, and shortly after 11 P.M. was delivered of a baby girl. They named her Audrey Marina Rachel, and called her Rachel.

After the baby was born, to save money, Marina and Lee continued to live apart. Marina and the children stayed with Ruth, while Lee, using the alias "O. H. Lee," lived in a rooming house in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, where he and Marina had lived before.

Lee was an order-filler for the School Book Depository, mostly for Scott-Foresman textbooks, which were located on the first and sixth floors of the building. He made an occasional mistake, but Roy Truly calls Lee "a bit

above-average employee," who "kept moving" and "did a good day's work." He paid attention to the job, did not spend time talking to others and did his work by himself. "I thought it was a pretty good trait at the time," Truly said later.

The depository was an easygoing, live-and-let-live sort of place. The men mostly gathered in a small, first-floor recreation room they called the "domino room." There they ate sandwiches at noon, made coffee and played dominoes. Lee sometimes ate a sandwich there alone and then went outside. Most days Lee made a point of getting to work early and reading newspapers that had been left in the domino room the day before. One of the men noticed that Lee did not read about sports, as the others did. "One morning I noticed he was reading something about politics and he acted like it was funny to him. He would read a paragraph or two, smile or laugh, get up and walk out."

Several influences could have affected the way Lee was looking at things, could even have affected what it was that caught his attention in the newspaper and made him smile or laugh in that derisive way of his. One of these influences was place. He was back in Dallas. Exactly one year before, Lee had been living in a rooming house that has never been identified but was in the same area in which he was living now. Then, also he had been living alone to save money—and then as now he had no family with him to ground his fantasies in reality. It was during that earlier period in Dallas that he may first have thought of killing General Walker. And Lee had a way of repeating things.

Another influence could have been the time of year—what psychiatrists call "anniversary reaction." Many, if not most, of the critical events in Lee's life had taken place about the time of his birthday (October 18): his enlistment in the Marine Corps (October 24), his arrival in Russia (October 16) and his attempt at suicide in Moscow (October 21). He had last seen his mother on October 7 of 1962; Marina had left him,

ostensibly never to return, on November 11-17 of the same year; and Lee had last seen his favorite brother Robert on November 22 the year before. Because so many important events in Lee's life, mostly sad ones or events that signified failure, were clustered in October and November, the autumn may have been a troubled time for him.

And now there was something else: the birth of Rachel, which not only added to Lee's burdens but placed him in a position that was curiously similar to the position his own father would have been in had he been alive when Lee was born. For Rachel was a second child, as Lee had been. She was a girl following a girl, while Lee had been a boy following a boy, but in each case a child of the opposite sex had been desired. And what Lee's father had done to him by dying before his birth, Lee was to do to Rachel shortly after hers.

On the afternoon of Friday, November 1, the children were sleeping, Marina was using Ruth's hair dryer to beautify herself for Lee's arrival and Ruth was doing jobs around the house when a visitor appeared. He introduced himself to Ruth as Agent James P. Hosty of the FBI. She greeted him cordially, asked him in and the two sat in the living room talking pleasantries.

While they were talking, Marina wandered in. She was frightened and a little repelled when Hosty showed her his credentials. He saw that she was alarmed, was aware that she had lately had a child, and tried to calm her. He explained, with Ruth translating, that he was not there to embarrass or harass her. But should Soviet agents try to recruit her by threatening her or her relatives in Russia, she had a right to ask the FBI for help. Marina was delighted. She liked the plumpish, pleasant-looking man who was talking to her about her rights and offering to protect her. No one had given her so much attention in a long time, much less offered to protect her rights.

Before Hosty left, Marina begged him not to interfere with Lee at work. She explained that he'd had trouble keeping his jobs and felt (continued)

OSWALD

continued

he lost them "because the FBI is interested in him."
"I don't think he has lost any of his jobs on account of the FBI," Hosty said softly.

Lee arrived late that afternoon in a fine, outgoing frame of mind. But when Marina told him about Hosty's visit, his face darkened. He wanted to know everything—what Ruth had said, how long the man stayed and what he had said. Marina explained that she had not understood much and Lee scolded her. Marina was astonished at how nervous he had suddenly become, and at the effort he was making to conceal it.

Marina was watching Lee's reactions. To her eyes he was a changed man. He was sad and subdued throughout supper and he scarcely spoke a word all evening long. For the first time since his return from Mexico, there was no sex at all between them that weekend, not even the limited sex that had been possible since Rachel's birth. The next day he again asked Ruth about the visit. Marina could tell that he was straining to catch every word, yet at the same time trying not to betray his nervousness.

Lee went to work on Monday morning and on Tuesday, November 5, Hosty came again. He says the interview was brief: "I didn't go in the house. I just went in the front door." Ruth met him at the door and said that Lee had been there over the weekend but she had not gotten his address. Hosty asked Ruth whether there might be anything wrong with Lee mentally. She answered, in a fairly light way, that she did not understand the thought processes of anyone who claimed to be a Marxist.

No sooner had he arrived on Friday than Lee went outside

196

where Marina was hanging diapers and asked: "Have they been here again?"

Marina said, "Yes."

Lee was pensive and withdrawn for the rest of the evening. Seeing how disturbed he was, a part of Marina decided that she must be a fool not to have understood the seriousness of the whole affair. But another part kept telling her that Lee was making a mountain out of a molehill.

But the next day Lee was as cheerful as Ruth had ever seen him. "He sang, he joked, he made puns" and word plays on the Russian language that caused Marina to double up with laughter. Marina was relieved at the change.

That night was a special one for them. It started on a playful note, with Marina, in bed, begging Lee to give up any thought of going back to Russia.

"Come on, Lee," she said, "let's not go to Russia at all."

"Okay," he said.

"Hooray," Marina nearly shouted, pouncing around the bed like a kitten. "Do you swear?"

"I swear."

At that moment he looked just the way Marina liked him best—"no clouds in his head."

Suddenly Lee turned tender and was more frank with her than he had ever been before. He told her that of all the women he had known, she was the only one he ever loved.

"Oh, Lee, you don't love me. Look at the way we fight."

"Everyone does that."

"If you loved me, maybe we wouldn't fight."

"You silly, don't you see that I love you?" He stroked her hair. "Did you grow your hair long especially for me?"

"Who else but you?"

"Mama will have long hair now. See how pretty her hair is. I love Mama's eyes, bones, nose, ears, mouth." He began to kiss her. "Who taught you to kiss?" he asked, looking into the mirror above her head. *(continued on page 200)*

OSWALD

continued from page 196

"It's all in the past," she said.

On the surface, he appeared calm, but Oswald's state of mind was no longer what it had been in August. The FBI's visits meant only one thing—he was about to suffer retribution for all his sins, both those he had actually committed and those that existed only in his imagination. It was this he had been dreading, it was for this he had been waiting all his life.

There was something else, too. Maybe Marina described Hosty's visits in a teasing, slightly provocative manner, or maybe Oswald merely took her description that way, but the visits evidently caused him to feel that his sexual hold over her was in jeopardy.

The visits to Ruth and Marina by an obscure FBI agent appears to have been linked in Lee's mind with the forthcoming visit to Dallas by President Kennedy, which was now only ten days away. Hosty's arrival was like a herald, or a precursor, of President Kennedy's.

Visit a catalyst

Ironically, the visits by an agent of the United States Government appear to have been a catalyst and a precipitating element of the events that lay ahead.

But as far as Agent Hosty was concerned, Oswald was a small fish, about one of 40 or so cases that he was carrying in November. As a malcontent who had defected to the Soviet Union and returned with a Russian wife, there was always the chance that Oswald had been recruited as a spy and posed a threat to the political security of the U.S. Hosty had accumulated enough evidence to warrant watching Lee for security reasons, yet there was nothing to suggest that he might pose a threat to the life of the President. It never crossed Hosty's mind to cite Oswald as a danger to the Secret Service, the agency specifically charged with protecting the safety of the president.

For the all-important missing ingredient was violence. Oswald was not known ever to have uttered a threat against a president or vice-president. He was not known ever to have shot at anyone. That secret—the secret of Oswald's attempt on General Walker—was locked up inside two people, Oswald himself and Marina.

Lee called on Friday, November 15, at lunchtime, to ask if he could come out that day. Marina hesitated. She sensed that he had overstayed the weekend before. "I don't know, Lee," she said. "I think it's inconvenient for Ruth to have you come every time."

He simply said: "Fine. There's plenty for me to do here. I'll read and I'll watch TV. Don't worry about me." (continued)

OSWALD

continued

Lee's reading that weekend is a matter of curiosity, but he almost certainly read a good deal about Kennedy's visit, which was to take place the following Friday. Although the visit had been announced two months before, the atmosphere in Dallas was so hostile to the President that there had been some question as to whether he ought to come. On October 24, Adlai Stevenson, U.S. ambassador to the U.N., had been struck and spat upon by a right-wing Dallas crowd armed with placards that had been stored in the home of General Walker. The police had lost control of the crowd and there was doubt as to whether they could cope with a visit by Kennedy. Stevenson himself advised the President not to go. In the wake of the Stevenson affair, the mayor called upon the city to redeem itself. The police were stung by all the criticism, and statements by Police Chief Jesse Curry began to appear, claiming that the local police would be in charge of arrangements to protect the President. Reading about the thoroughness of their preparations, Lee may well have laughed that scoffing laugh of his; for he, too, had had nothing but contempt for the Dallas police ever since they missed him by a long mile following his attempt on General Walker.

On Sunday, November 17, Lee failed, uncharacteristically, to call Marina. She missed him, and when she saw Junie playing with the telephone dial, saying "Papa, Papa," she decided impulsively, "Let's call Papa."

Marina was helpless with a telephone dial. Ruth dialed the number Lee had given, and a man answered.

Alias revealed

"Is Lee Oswald there?" Ruth asked.

"There is no Lee Oswald living here."

The next day, Monday, November 18, Lee called as usual at lunchtime. "We phoned you last evening," Marina said. "Where were you?"

"I was at home watching TV. Nobody called me to the phone. What name did Ruth ask for me by?"

Marina told him. There was a long silence at the other end. "Oh, damn. I don't live there under my real name."

Why not? Marina asked.

"You don't understand a thing," Lee said. "I don't want the FBI to know where I live." He ordered her not to tell Ruth. "You and your long tongue," he said, "they always get us into trouble."

Marina was frightened and shocked. "Starting your old foolishness again," she scolded. "All these comedies. First one, then another. And now this fictitious name. When will it all end?"

Lee had to get back (continued)

OSWALD

continued

to work. He would call her later, he said.

Until their argument on the telephone, Lee and Marina had been on good terms, and the significance of this quarrel, only one of hundreds they had had, seems to have lain in its timing—after Hosty and before Kennedy. Because of his fear of the FBI, Lee had been living under an alias since October 14. Now he had been found out. Hosty was closing in on him and Marina had discovered his alias. With Ruth in on the secret as well, it would be no time before the FBI tracked him to his lair. Most significant of all, any falling out with Marina was bound to have an amplified and destructive effect on Lee.

Lee did not call Marina the next day, Tuesday, or the day after. "He thinks he's punishing me," she said to Ruth.

Lee went to work as usual on Tuesday, November 19. That day, for the first time, both Dallas papers published the route of the presidential motorcade. President and Mrs. Kennedy, along with Governor John Connally and his wife, would pass under the windows of the School Book Depository Building.

Lee learned of the route either on Tuesday, November 19, the day it was

published, or Wednesday, November 20, when he might have entered the domino room first thing in the morning and read the announcement in the previous day's paper. Whenever he learned of it, it was the most important day of Lee's life. He now knew that history, fate, blind accident—call it what you will—had placed him above the very route that John F. Kennedy would take.

Chosen instrument

It is impossible to exaggerate the impact of this realization on Lee. Seven months earlier, before his attempt to kill a leader of the American right, he had composed a document predicting a "crisis" that would destroy capitalist society forever. Without his having been able to foresee it, an opportunity had now been vouchsafed to *him*, of all men, to deal capitalism that final, mortal blow. And he would strike it not at the right nor at the left, but, quite simply, at the top. It had become his fate to decapitate the American political process. *He* was history's chosen instrument.

The announcement of the President's route was the last in a chain of events without any one of which Lee might have approached his decision in a very different frame of mind. One was Lee's failure to receive any sort of punishment on his re-defection to the United States. Still another was Marina's letter of Janu-

ary 1963 to her former suitor, Anatoly Shpanko, who in her eyes and possibly in Lee's as well, bore a resemblance to President Kennedy. There had been the failure of Lee's attempt on General Walker and the heightened sense of immunity that he carried away from that episode. When Lee had moved to New Orleans, there was the murder, in June 1963, of [black activist] Medgar Evers, in a town nearby, and only a few hours after a speech by Kennedy. Then there was the passage in William Manchester's book comparing Kennedy to a president who had been assassinated; and the death of the Kennedy baby at a time when the Oswalds, too, expected a baby. And there was the fiasco of Lee's visit to Mexico and his failure to obtain a Cuban visa—which, curiously, may have turned Castro into a negative constituent. Far from wanting to fight for Castro, Lee may now have wanted to *show* him, as he almost always did after he was dealt a rebuff, what a good fighter Fidel had missed out on.

During that month of November, 1963, several events occurred which were profoundly disturbing to Lee, by far the most shattering being the visits of Agent Hosty to Marina. And now the bitter quarrel with Marina over the alias. Lee's wildly disproportionate anger at Marina was a symptom that, while he was able to cope, just (continued)

authorizing 2 copies of under
description made
11/19/63

OSWALD

continued

barely, with the demands of his life on the outside, he was on the point of coming apart within. Now, suddenly, unforeseeably, he had been placed in a situation in which he had an opportunity to alter the course of history.

On Wednesday, November 20, at about one o'clock, a small but seminal incident took place at the book depository. Warren Caster, a textbook company representative who had an office in the building, went to Roy Truly's office to show off a pair of purchases he had made during the lunch hour. Caster proudly drew from their cartons two rifles, one a Remington .22 which he had bought as a Christmas present for his son, and the other a sporterized .30/06 Mauser, which he had bought to go deer hunting. A number of men were present in Truly's office. Lee Oswald happened to be among them. Marina thinks that this could have been the decisive moment. Lee now knew the route, and he had seen guns in the building. If anyone should accuse him later of keeping a rifle there, he had a pretext. There were two rifles in the building already.

Still, he had not made up his mind. Marina had not noticed in him anything like the "waves" of tension that she had seen three times earlier: before his visit to the American Embassy in Moscow in 1961, when he expected to be arrested; before his attempt on General Walker; and before his visit to Mexico City. Each time he had been nervous and irritable for weeks in advance, each time he had talked in his sleep and suffered convulsive anxiety attacks at night, and each time he had lost weight. This time he showed none of those signs. Lee was seven pounds above his lowest New Orleans weight, a certain indication that he had not been worrying or preparing anything momentous. Even now, on Wednesday, he did not do what he could easily have done. He did not telephone Marina, make up with her and go out to Irving to fetch his rifle at a moment when bringing it into town would be far less conspicuous than it would be later in the week. And it is clear that he made no plan of escape.

Impulsive decision

Indeed, it appears certain that Lee's decision was an impulsive one, not only because the route had been announced at the last minute, but because the deed was so momentous and Lee's feelings about it apparently so ambiguous that if he had had time to prepare he might very possibly have failed, as he did in the case of General Walker, or he might somehow have slipped and given his plan away.

Lee was still hesitating on the morning of Thursday, November 21. When he left the rooming house that day, he did not take his pistol with him, as he is likely to have done had he made his mind up and realized that he would need his revolver for self-defense. On the other hand, he broke his routine that morning in a way that suggests he was coming to a decision. Instead of making breakfast in the rooming house, as he generally did, he went across the street to the restaurant and treated himself to a special breakfast. He complained his eggs were cooked "too hard," but he ate them.

At last, after his arrival at the book depository, Lee took a decisive step. Between eight and ten in the morning, he sought out Wesley Frazier, who lived near the Paines, and asked for a ride to Irving that afternoon.

Marina was in her bedroom with Rachel late in the afternoon when Lee arrived unexpectedly. He had not called her ahead of time, and ostensibly they were still angry with one another because of their fight over Lee's alias. Marina looked sullen as he entered the bedroom. Inwardly she was pleased that he had come.

"You didn't think I was coming?"

"Of course not. How come you came out today?"

"Because I got lonesome for my girls." He (*continued*)

OSWALD

continued

took her shoulders to give her a kiss.

Marina turned her face away and pointed at a pile of clothes. "There are your clean shirt and socks and pants. Go in and wash up."

Lee did as he was told. "I'm clean now," he said, as he emerged from the bathroom. "Are you angry at me still?"

"Of course," she said, turning aside another kiss.

Marina tried to leave the bedroom, but he blocked the door and would not let her go until she allowed him to kiss her. With indifference, she acceded.

"Enough," Lee said, angry that she was not glad to see him. "You get too much spoiling here. I'm going to find an apartment tomorrow and take all three of you with me."

"I won't go," Marina said.

"If you don't want to come, then I'll take Junie and Rachel. They love their papa and you don't love me."

"That's fine," said Marina. "Just you try nursing Rachel. You know what that's like. It'll be less work for me."

Marina left the bedroom and went outside to bring the children's clothes in off the line. Lee went to the garage for a few minutes, then the two of them came inside and sat on the sofa in the living room folding diapers. "Why won't you come with me?" Lee begged. "I'm

tired of living all alone. I'm in there the whole week long and my girls are here. I don't like having to come all the way out here each time I want to see you."

"Lee," Marina said, "I think it's better if I stay here. I'll stay till Christmas and you'll go on living alone. We'll save money that way. I can talk to Ruth and she's a help to me. I'm lonesome by myself with no one to talk to all day."

Just then Ruth drove up to the house. The car was filled with groceries and Lee, followed by Marina, went out to help. He picked up a load of groceries and went in the house, while Marina lingered outside and apologized to Ruth for his unexpected arrival. The women guessed that Lee had come to make up.

As Ruth went into the house, she said to Lee: "Our President is coming."

"Ah, yes," Lee said, and walked on into the kitchen. He used the expression so often that Ruth paid no attention to his extraordinary casualness.

Marina had also mentioned the President's visit. While they were sitting on the sofa folding diapers, she had said: "Lee, Kennedy is coming tomorrow. I'd like to see him in person. Do you know where and when I could go?"

"No," he said blankly.

Just for a second it crossed Marina's mind that it was odd that Lee, who was so interested in politics, was unable to tell her anything about Kennedy's visit.

Asks again about Dallas

Lee went out on the front lawn and played with the children until dark—the Paine children, the neighbors' children and June. He hoisted June to his shoulders and the two of them reached out to catch a butterfly in the air. Then Lee tried to catch falling oak wings for June. It was while they were outside, Marina thinks, that Lee asked her for the third and last time to move in to Dallas with him. His voice was now very kind, quite different from what it had been in the bedroom. Once again he said that he was tired of living alone and seeing his babies only once a week. "I'll get us an apartment and we'll all live peacefully at home."

Marina, for a third time, refused. "I was like a stubborn little mule," she recalls. "I was maintaining my inaccessibility, trying to show Lee I wasn't that easy to persuade. If he had come again the next day and asked, of course I would have agreed. I just wanted to hold out one day at least."

Marina expected to be with Lee after the New Year. But she enjoyed being in a position where Lee for once had to win *her* over, persuade *her*, prove again that he loved her and that she was not utterly at his mercy. He had given her a horrible scare with his alias and she wanted to teach him a lesson.

The evening was a peaceful one. The
(continued on page 212)

OSWALD

continued from page 208

conversation at supper was so ordinary that no one remembers it; but Ruth had the impression that relations between the Oswalds were "cordial," "friendly,"

212

Then he came over to the bed. "Have you bought those shoes you wanted?"

"No, I haven't had time."

"You must get those shoes, Mama. And, Mama, don't get up. I'll get breakfast myself."

Lee kissed the children, who were sleeping. But he did not kiss Marina, as he always did before he left in the morning. He got as far as the bedroom door, then came back and said, "I've left some money on the bureau. Take it and buy everything you and Junie and Rachel need. Bye-bye." Then Lee went out.

"Good God," thought Marina. "What has happened to my husband that he has all of a sudden gotten so kind? Then she fell back to sleep."

During the days and weeks that followed, Marina realized that there had been several small, out-of-the-way occurrences during Lee's brief visit. He had played much longer than he usually did with Junie out of doors the day before. Could he have been saying goodbye to the creature whom he loved more than anyone on earth? It seemed to Marina, looking back, that there had been a farewell quality to his playing, something valedictory almost in the way he reached out for the falling oak wings. He had

"warm" . . . "like a couple making up after a small spat."

After supper, Marina nursed Rachel and Lee put Junie to bed. Then he cradled Rachel in front of the television set and got her to sleep, while Marina put away the toys. Lee went on watching a movie about World War II, and Marina went in to do the dishes.

Despite the banality of the evening, there was an undercurrent of tragedy, a ludicrous lack of symmetry between what husband and wife were doing. They were apart. In the kitchen, engaged in her tasks at the sink, Marina was no longer angry at Lee over his use of an alias, although she still could not understand why he bothered with such childish games. She was wondering as always whether Lee loved her. And Lee—what was he thinking? Marina had refused his pleas that she move in to Dallas with him "soon." Earlier in the evening he had spent time in the garage where his rifle was hidden. Did his requests to Marina have a deeper meaning, a desperation, even, that was masked by his calm acceptance of her refusals? Alone that evening for the first time and staring at the television, what were Lee's thoughts?

Marina was still busy at the sink when Lee looked in and asked if he could

help. Marina thought he looked sad.

"I'm going to bed," he said. "I probably won't be out this weekend."

"Why not?"

"It's too often. I was here today."

"Okay," Marina said.

Marina as usual was the last to bed. She sat in the tub for an hour, "warming her bones" and thinking about nothing in particular, not even Lee's request that she move in to Dallas. Lee was lying on his stomach with his eyes closed when she crept into bed. About three in the morning, she thinks, she put a foot on his leg. Lee was not asleep and suddenly, with a sort of wordless vehemence, he lifted his leg, shoved her foot hard, then pulled his leg away.

"My, he's in a mean mood," Marina thought. She realized that he was sleepless, tense and she believed that he was so angry at her for refusing to move to Dallas right away that it was no use trying to talk to him. She thinks that he fell asleep about five o'clock in the morning.

Lee usually woke up before the alarm rang and shut it off. On the morning of Friday, November 22, the alarm rang and he did not wake up. Marina was awake, and after ten minutes she said, "Time to get up, Lee."

He rose, washed and got dressed.

never reached for them before. And his being unable to tell her anything about President Kennedy's visit had been out of character, to say the least.

He had been angry and tense in bed that night and it was nearly morning before he fell asleep. Marina supposed he was just angry at her for refusing to give in to him. Later on she wondered, what had he been thinking about?

Odd circumstances

There was the odd circumstance of his telling her not to get up to fix his breakfast. There was no danger—she had never done so before. Could it be that he did not want to run the tiniest risk of her seeing him enter the garage where his gun was hidden?

Then there was his telling her with unaccustomed gentleness to buy everything she and the children needed. He had never told her such a thing before. When she got up that morning and looked into the bureau, she found the extraordinary sum of \$170. It must have been nearly everything Lee had.

And Marina also remembered that twice after his arrival in the afternoon, he had tried to kiss her and she had turned him away. It was only on the third try that she relented and allowed him an obligatory kiss. He had tried to be tender with her, and she had been

obdurate.

Finally, she remembered the most earthshaking thing of all. Three times he had begged her to move to Dallas with him "soon." Three times she had refused. And he had tried to kiss her three times. Everything (continued)

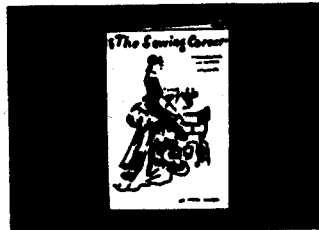


LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



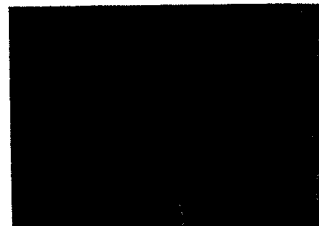
Genie pincushion

Her enormous turban accepts your pins generously. Genie's adorable little face is a dream, as is her preciously detailed and colorful outfit. She sits prettily on her magic carpet and, no matter where Genie "lands," she's a delightful decoration, too. \$2.50 plus 50¢ p&h. Hedenkamp, Dept. L-40, 361 Broadway, New York, NY 10013.



Thimbles 'n things

The Sewing Corner catalog fairly bulges with glorious color presentations of unbelievably exquisite thimbles. Prices range from tiny to more sophisticated. A magnificent must for collectors or sewers. Also, notions, spoons, show-cases, miniature do-it-kits and more. 25¢. The Sewing Corner, Dept. 6E, 150-11 14th Ave., Whitestone, NY 11357.



Harried with hair?

Unslightly and unwanted hair on arms, legs and face is downright embarrassing. Perma Tweez, a do-it-yourself electrolysis device, permanently removes unwanted hair without puncturing the skin. Clinically tested and recommended by many dermatologists. \$19.95. General Medical Co., Dept. LJE-33, 1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025.

OSWALD

continued

had happened in threes. Lee, who attached a significance to the number, fired three shots at President Kennedy.

Marina awoke on the morning of November 22 with a strained, unhappy feeling. Something had been wrong the evening before: Lee's asking her to move into Dallas with him so insistently, her refusing, his practically kicking her in bed. There had been something nasty between them.

But she was soon distracted. She tended to Rachel, gave cookies and milk to little June and settled down on the sofa to watch the President. She saw him arrive at Love Field and give a speech. Jackie, dressed in a raspberry-colored suit, looked wonderful.

A little after noon, Ruth went into the kitchen to fix lunch and Marina went to her room to get dressed. The television set was on and suddenly Marina heard a lot of noise. Ruth ran into the bedroom, very pale, and said that someone had shot at the President. The two women dashed to the living room and stared at the set. Marina kept asking Ruth to translate. Was it very serious? Was Jackie all right? Ruth listened, then said the President had been taken to the hospital. He had been shot in the head.

Ruth lit some candles and she and her little girl prayed. Marina went to her room and cried. She prayed for the President's life, and also for Mrs. Kennedy, who might be left alone with two children.

A little later, Marina was outside hanging up clothes. Ruth came to join her and told her that the reporters were saying the shots that hit the President had come from the Texas School Book Depository. At that, Marina's heart "fell to the bottom."

"Is there really anyone on earth but my lunatic husband crazy enough to have fired that shot?" she asked herself. Unlikely and unexplained occurrences suddenly started to drop into place: Lee's unannounced visit the night before, his shrugging and saying he knew nothing about the President's visit. Marina hid the fear that had seized her; she did not want to reveal it to Ruth.

She was sitting on the sofa next to Ruth when the announcement came over television that the President was dead. "What a terrible thing for Mrs. Kennedy," Marina said, "and for the children to be left without a father." Ruth was walking around the room crying. Marina was unable to cry. She felt as if her blood had "stopped running." A little later an announcement came that someone had been captured in a movie theater. No name.

An hour, or a little less, after the Pres-

ident's death was announced, the doorbell rang. Ruth went to answer. She was greatly surprised to find six men standing on her doorstep. They were from the sheriff's office and the Dallas police. Ruth's jaw dropped.

"So it was Lee," Marina thought. "That is why he came last night." She knew now why Lee had told her to buy "everything" she and the children needed, why he had left without kissing her goodbye.

The police announced to Marina and the Paines that they would all have to go to police headquarters. It was plain that every one was under suspicion.

At police headquarters, all of them were interrogated, with Ruth acting as Marina's interpreter. Marina had no idea that Lee was charged with shooting a police officer named Tippit. She was aware only that Lee was suspected of killing President Kennedy. Marina asked to see Lee. She was told that he was upstairs being interrogated and she could not see him that day.

After the police finished questioning her, Marina saw Marguerite Oswald, Lee's mother. It was the first time Marguerite had seen Rachel—indeed, she had not known that Marina and Lee were expecting a second child—and she greeted Marina and the children warmly.

Eventually, Marina, Ruth, Michael Paine and the four children were allowed to go back to the Paines'. Marina does not remember whether they ate, or what they ate, or who did the cooking. But the house was in an uproar. It was overrun by reporters who wanted to talk to Marina, Ruth and Marguerite. There were angry words between Ruth and Marguerite. Ruth defended Marina's right to speak, but Marguerite would not allow it. "I'm his mother," she shrieked. "I'm the one who's going to speak."

Terrible discovery

Marina later made a terrible discovery. She happened to glance at the bureau and saw that the police, in their search of the house, had left one of her possessions behind. It was a delicate little demi-tasse cup that had belonged to her grandmother. It was so thin that the light glowed through it as if it were parchment. Marina looked inside. There lay Lee's wedding ring.

"Oh, no," she thought, and her heart sank again. Lee never took his wedding ring off, not even on his grimmest manual jobs. She had seen him wearing it the night before. Marina suddenly realized what it meant. Lee had not just gone out and shot the President spontaneously. He had intended to do it when he left for work that day. Again, things were falling into place. Marina told no one about Lee's ring.

During the 12 hours of his interrogation, Oswald managed to keep his composure. He refused a lie (continued)

OSWALD

continued

detector test, appeared to anticipate questions that might incriminate him and declined to answer them. One of the few times his calm failed him was at 3:15 P.M. on Friday, when two FBI men entered—one of them Agent Hosty. Oswald became "arrogant and upset" and accused Hosty of twice "accosting" his wife.

Hosty asked Lee if he had been to Russia, and Oswald said, "Yes." Hosty then asked if he had been to Mexico City, and Oswald's composure deserted him again. "He beat his fists on the table and went into a tantrum," Captain Will Fritz of the Homicide Bureau said later.

Marina believed that her husband had every hope of making his trial a forum for his ideas, at which he would either proclaim his innocence or proclaim that his deed had been justified by history. But Oswald outwardly, and steadfastly, denied killing John F. Kennedy. He and his wife, he said, liked the President and his family—"they are interesting people." He had his own ideas about national policy and doubted that policy toward Cuba would change as a result of the assassination. Anyway, Oswald said, "In a few days people will forget and there will be another president."

Go to see Lee

On Saturday morning, November 23, Marina and Marguerite were told that they could see Lee. They went to the city jail about 1 P.M.

Marina had been trying to convince herself that Lee was innocent, and was under suspicion merely because he had been to Russia. His arrest had been a mistake. It would be straightened out soon.

Such thoughts were cut short the moment she caught sight of Lee. He looked pitiful, his eyes full of trouble. She could not reach out to him or kiss him because a glass partition separated them. They could talk only over a pair of telephones.

"Why did you bring that fool with you?" Lee said, glancing at Marguerite. "I don't want to talk to her."

"She's your mother," Marina said. "Of course she came. Have they been beating you in prison?"

"Oh, no," Lee said. "They treat me fine. You're not to worry about that. Did you bring Junie and Rachel?"

"They're downstairs." Marina could tell by the pitch of his voice that he was frightened. She saw fear in his eyes and the tears started rolling down her cheeks.

"Don't cry," he said, and his voice became tender and kind. "Ah, don't cry. There's nothing to cry about. Try not to think about it. Everything is going to be all right. And if they ask you anything,

you have a right not to answer; to refuse. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Marina said.

Lee had tears in his eyes, too, but he did his best to hold them back and he talked briefly with his mother. Then he asked to speak to Marina again.

"You're not to worry," he said. "You have friends. They'll help you. If it comes to that, you can ask the Red Cross for help. You mustn't worry about me. Kiss Junie and Rachel for me."

"I will," Marina promised.

The guards stood behind him now, ready to take him away, yet trying to give them an extra minute.

"Lee," Marina said, "remember that I love you." She was telling him that he could count on her not to say anything that would betray him.

He got up and backed out of the room, edging toward the door so that he could see her until the very last. He was saying goodbye with his eyes.

Marina was now certain that Lee was guilty. She saw his guilt in his eyes. Moreover, she knew that had he been innocent he would have been screaming to high heaven for his "rights," claiming he had been mistreated and demanding to see officials at the very highest levels, just as he had always done before. For her, the fact that he was so compliant, that he told her he was being treated "all right," was a sign that he was guilty.

She thought that he was glad he had succeeded, yet at the same time sorry. What he had done so impulsively could not now be undone. In spite of his obvious satisfaction, it seemed to her that he was carrying a burden of regret heavier than he, or anyone, could bear. He was on the edge of tears all the time they were together and was barely holding them back. He did not want to break down and show himself, or his fear, to the police. And, while much of his anger was spent, Marina saw that Lee's act had failed to lift off him the inner weight he had with him all the time, nor had it

made him any happier. He had looked at her, altogether uncharacteristically, with supplication in his eyes. He was pleading with her not to desert him. He was begging for her love, her support and, above all, her silence.

Marina did not see Lee alive again.

On Sunday, November 24, at 11:10 A.M., Oswald was to be transferred to the county jail. But the shirt he had been wearing when he was arrested had been sent to a crime lab in Washington, and he had on only a T-shirt. Some hangers with his clothing were handed in to Captain Fritz's office, and the officers selected what they considered the best-looking shirt for him to wear. Oswald was adamant. No, he said, and insisted on wearing a black pullover sweater with jagged holes in it. He was now dressed, as he had been in the photographs with his guns, all in black—black trousers and a black sweater. Fritz then suggested that he wear a hat to camouflage his looks. Oswald refused. He would let the world see who he was.

Oswald was taken to the basement of the police station, where he was to step into a waiting car. He reached the basement at 11:20 A.M., and was promptly led to the exit.

A few minutes earlier, Jack Ruby, carrying \$2,000 in cash and a .38-caliber revolver, entered the Western Union office on Main Street, a block from the police department. At 11:17 he sent a money order for \$25 to one of his night-club strippers in Fort Worth, left the Western Union office and headed for the police department. Because of his demimonde life, Ruby was known to some of the officers and he was not even noticed. Everyone was straining to see Oswald.

Someone shouted, "Here he comes!" Along with Captain Fritz and four detectives, Oswald walked through the door toward the car waiting for him. At 11:21 A.M., Jack Ruby stepped from the crowd and fired a single, fatal, point-blank shot into Lee's abdomen. **End**

