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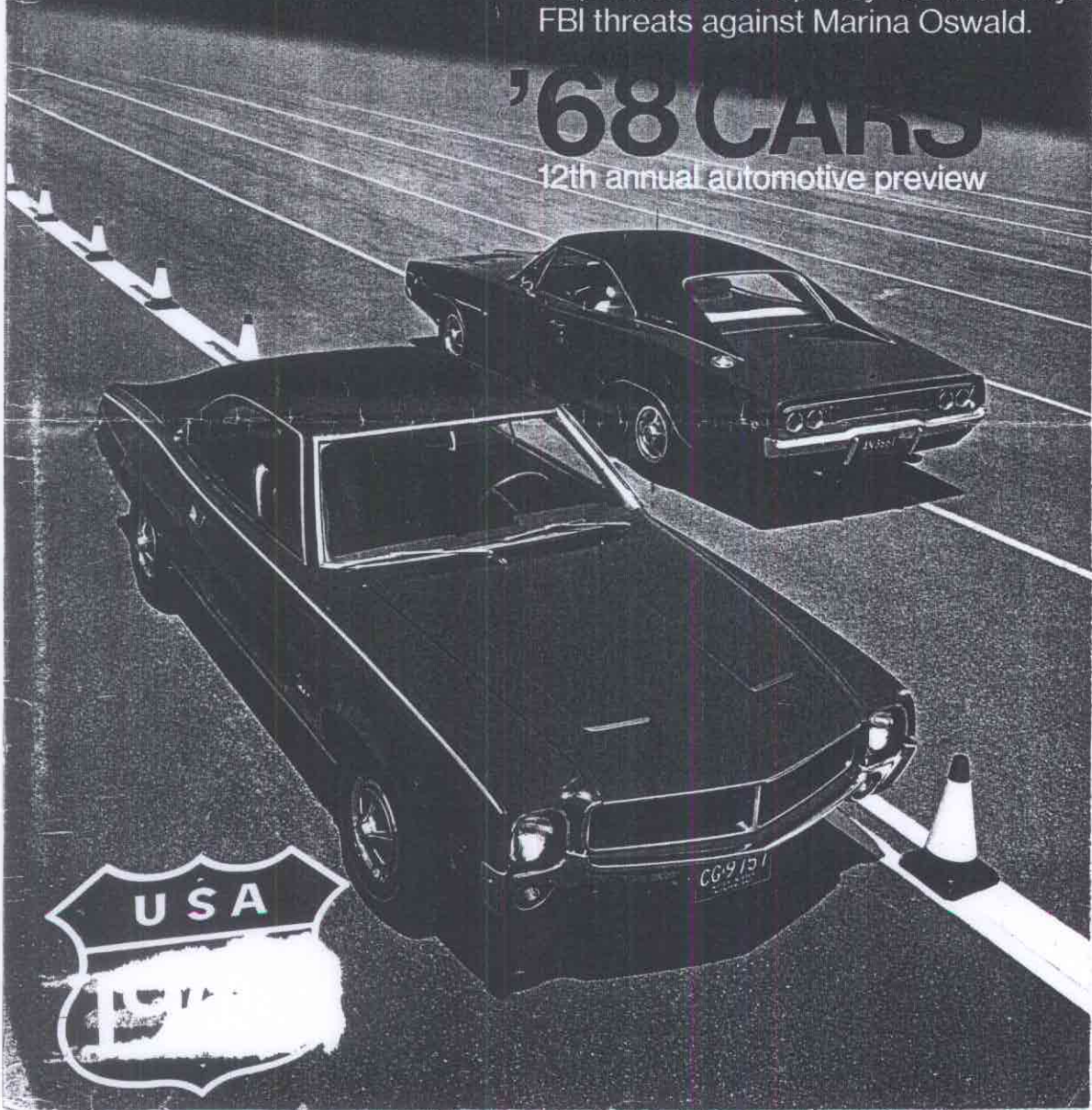
50 CENTS • OCTOBER 17, 1967

OSWALD

The brother of JFK's assassin discusses: The Warren Report. The "conspiracy" controversy. FBI threats against Marina Oswald.

'68 CARS

12th annual automotive preview





Lee Harvey Oswald was almost six when he visited Arizona with his mother.



Robert remembers young Lee as a happy, lively boy who wanted to read everything his older brothers read. He feels that Lee began to change at 13, when he was left completely alone with his mother.

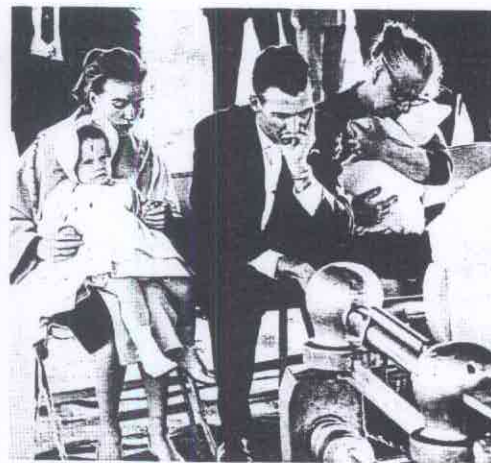


Lee tries on Robert's cap from his military school in Mississippi and plays with a cap pistol, 1948.



For a while after their mother's marriage to Edwin A. Ekdahl in May, 1945, the three brothers had a normal family life. Robert (in the sailor hat) and John (right) were away at school, and were not aware of the growing disagreements between their mother and stepfather, but Lee was deeply upset by the conflict.

OSWALD



On November 22, 1962, exactly one year before the assassination of President Kennedy, the three brothers and their families were together for the last time, at a Thanksgiving reunion planned by Robert. The color photos at left, published here for the first time, are from a home movie taken that day. Lee and Marina are at the right. Robert, center, holds his son Robert, Jr., in one frame. John Pic, wearing glasses, is in the background, and his son, John Pic, Jr., appears at the lower left in one frame. One year and three days later, on November 25, 1963, Robert and four others who were closest to Lee Harvey Oswald attend the simple funeral service (above). Marina holds June Lee, and Marguerite Oswald holds Lee's other child, the baby Rachel.

HE WAS MY BROTHER

BY ROBERT L. OSWALD WITH MYRICK AND BARBARA LAND

The brother of Lee Harvey Oswald writes about:

Marguerite Oswald's extraordinary influence on her son's life

The nightmare of November 22, 1963, and the aftermath

The questions left unanswered by the Warren Commission investigation

The attempts by the FBI to frighten Marina Oswald

The evidence that convinced him of his brother's guilt

I WENT DOWN TO MY OFFICE at the Acme Brick Company in Denton, Texas, about 7:15 on Friday morning, November 22, 1963. Several executives were coming from the company headquarters in Fort Worth for a meeting to discuss plans for the months ahead, and I was asked to attend.

At noon, all six of us went to Jay's Grill for a relaxed lunch, feeling that we faced no problems we wouldn't be able to handle. We had finished by 1:15 or so and were standing near the cashier's desk. She gave me a kind of commercial smile, and then said very calmly, as she counted out the change, "Have you heard? The President has been shot in Dallas."

We asked her for more details, but she said that was all she knew about it.

As soon as we reached the car, we turned on the radio. The brief early bulletins did not make it clear just how seriously the President was wounded, but we were all stunned.

I had voted for John Kennedy in 1960, but in the three years since his election, I had cooled toward him. Some of the others in the car were far more strongly anti-Kennedy than I was, but the news shook them too.

"Damn it," one man said, "I wanted him out of office, but not this way."

Acme has two plants in Denton, and as we drove over to the old one, we listened closely to the news bulletins. The announcer said the police were looking for one particular suspect: a male, white, slender, weighing about 165 pounds, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, in his early thirties. I remember noting each of the details and then deciding that I did not know anyone who could be described precisely in that way. I also thought for a moment of my brother, Lee Harvey Oswald. I had not heard from Lee for about eight months, but the last time I had heard, he was working in Dallas. I wondered whether he had taken a little time off to watch the Presidential motorcade passing through the city.

A few minutes after we reached the old plant, the foreman came over and said, "The President is dead." Suddenly, our business no longer seemed so vital to any of us.

We went back to the car and drove over to

the new plant, where my office was located.

I had some invoices on my desk that the time-keeper needed. I took them across to his office and was hurrying back toward mine, when I suddenly heard the name, "Oswald." I thought at first that someone was calling me, but then realized the sound had come from a transistor radio on the receptionist's desk. Now that I was concentrating on the sound, I heard it repeated—this time, the full name, "Lee Harvey Oswald."

"That's my kid brother!" I said.

I asked the receptionist, "What station is that?" I was thinking that I might call the station to request more details.

A salesman who had been listening closely to the news reports overheard my question and seemed to guess immediately what I had in mind. We had known each other a long time. He looked straight into my eyes and said: "Bob, let's not hope." And then he added firmly, "This is true."

After arranging for my wife Vada to take our children, Robert and Cathy, to her parents' farm, I then drove over to Dallas to see what I could do to help Lee.

I had received a call from the FBI and had told an agent I would drop by their Dallas office. When I reached it, I noticed a sign: "After 5 o'clock ring the night bell." I did, and a door further down the hall opened. A man came out, and I quietly introduced myself. "I believe someone here may be expecting me," I said.

Another agent arrived a moment later, and I asked where I could find a men's room.

"Downstairs," one of the agents said, and then added that he'd come with me. I felt that I could find it without any help, but I didn't say anything. I realized that I was going to have a watchdog with me for a while.

When we came back upstairs, I was taken into a dark office, with the only light provided by a single dim desk lamp, and questioned.

"Is your brother's name Lee Harvey Oswald or Harvey Lee Oswald?" an agent asked. "We have it here as Harvey Lee."

"No," I said, "it's Lee Harvey Oswald."

"When did you last see him?"

"About a year ago."

"Have you ever heard Lee express any hostility toward the President?"

"No, I haven't."

"We have a report that your brother was angry at Governor Connally because of some trouble over his discharge when Connally was Secretary of the Navy."

I said that Lee had received a letter informing him that Connally was no longer Secretary of the Navy. He had read it in my presence and had said nothing that indicated he held Connally personally responsible for his dishonorable discharge from the Marines.

The agent asked me what I knew about Lee's membership in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and his recent trip to Mexico. Nothing at all, I told him, and reminded him that Lee and I had been out of touch for months.

The agent seemed to be running out of questions after a couple of hours, and I asked if I could see Lee. He said I could make my request to "Will Fritz of Homicide."

At the building housing the Dallas jail, I found a directory and ran my eyes down the listing until I saw the words, "Homicide Division."

Either I misread the listing or pushed the wrong button. When I stepped off the elevator, I realized immediately that I was not on the floor where a major investigation was being conducted. I could see only one police officer, a captain. He was eating a light supper from a paper bag and nodded politely when I approached.

"Could you tell me where I could find the officer in charge of the Homicide Division?" I asked. And then I added: "I'm Robert Oswald, Lee Oswald's brother."

The captain jumped up, dropping his sandwich, and stammered a few words. Then he regained control, and tried to put a call through, but all the telephone lines seemed to be tied up. "I'll take you down there," he said.

We walked together back to the elevator, and then he pushed the button. While we were waiting, I reached in my back pocket for my handkerchief. As soon as he saw my hand move

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in that direction, he wheeled around to face me directly and braced himself. He must have thought that I was reaching for a pistol.

I stopped dead still for a second or two, then moved my hand much more slowly. When I brought out my handkerchief, the officer relaxed. In those few seconds, I had learned just how tense the situation was in Dallas.

Downstairs, the captain pushed his way through a mob of reporters and photographers, and I followed. After a few minutes, we reached Jesse Curry, the Dallas police chief, and Captain Fritz. "I'm tied up right now, but I do want to talk to you later," Fritz told me. Then he added, "I think your mother is still here. Captain, would you take him down to where Mrs. Oswald is waiting?" He nodded toward the opposite end of the hall, and we walked in that direction.

Mother told me she would like to talk to me, and an FBI agent found an empty office for us. As soon as we walked through the door, Mother leaned toward me and whispered, "This room is bugged. Be careful what you say."

Her remark annoyed me, but it didn't surprise me. I have often heard her talking about conspiracies, hidden motives and malicious actions of other people, and I had long since learned to discount much of what she said.

"Listen," I said, not bothering to whisper, "I don't care whether this room is bugged or not. I'd be perfectly willing to say anything I've got to say right there in the doorway. If you know anything at all about what happened, I want to know it right now. I don't want to hear any whys, ifs or wherefores."

Mother began talking very rapidly. Since Lee's defection to Russia in 1959, she had been convinced that he was a secret agent for the U.S. Government. She said he had been carrying out official orders in whatever he had done.

I felt that she received the news of Lee's arrest without any emotional reaction at all. She actually seemed to feel a kind of triumph. All her life, few people had ever been aware of her existence. She seemed to recognize immediately that Friday that she would never again be treated as an ordinary, obscure and unimportant woman.

A little later, I saw Lee's wife, Marina looked completely bewildered. She was holding the new baby, Rachel, and I was surprised, because Lee had not told me that they were expecting another child. Ruth and Michael Paine were there as friends of Marina and Lee, and Ruth invited Mother, Marina and the children to spend the night with her at her home in Irving.

After they left, a very cordial Dallas police officer, Lt. E. L. Cunningham, asked me if I would like to come into his office and sit down for a few minutes. He then told me that he had reached the Texas Theatre just before Lee was arrested and described the scene to me very quietly. His calm account of the facts made me realize for the first time just how strong a circumstantial case they had against Lee for the shooting of Officer Tippit, and it seemed difficult to explain that murder unless it was part of an attempt to escape arrest for the assassination of the President.

I was very tired. I asked Lieutenant Cunningham where I might find a hotel room for the night, and he suggested the Statler Hilton.

As I crossed the lobby about ten o'clock, I thought briefly that I might save myself some trouble by using a false name when I checked in. But while I was walking those few steps over to the registration desk, I made up my mind. I wasn't

going to hide. I printed my name, Robert L. Oswald, and gave my address in Denton.

The clerk was either a talented actor or else the name Oswald meant nothing to him at all. He asked me how long I would be staying, and I answered, "One night." Then he handed a key to the bellhop and said, "Room 1630 for Mr. Oswald."

I went up to the sixteenth floor and spent a little while there in the room. I was worn out, but I wasn't sleepy. I went downstairs to the hotel coffee shop and had a ham sandwich, which I ate without much interest, and then walked to the place where I had parked my car. I had no clear idea where I was going, but I decided I would drive somewhere by myself, to think about what I had learned in those long hours since the cashier in Jay's Grill asked us if we had heard the President had been shot.

I knew that some people were already speculating that the killing of the President was not an isolated act by one man but the result of a great conspiracy, perhaps involving some extremist political group of the Right or the Left, or even members of the Government. If they were right, who else was involved? Was it possible that Marina had played some role in the plan? What about Lee's other friends? These were the questions that ran through my mind during that long drive.

After I returned, I went back to the police station. The FBI agents questioned me again, and after a while, one of them said quietly, "Robert, you might as well know. Now, they are charging your brother with the President's death." I looked at my watch. It was just after midnight.

I had managed to keep full control of myself for 11 hours since I first learned of what had happened in Dealey Plaza. But as I walked the short distance from the police station to the Statler Hilton, my body suddenly began to shake all over.

I returned to the police station on Saturday, and after a long wait, I finally received a pass that permitted me to see Lee. Inspector Thomas Kelley of the Secret Service and a Dallas police officer took me up to the floor where he was then being kept. The room was rectangular and heavy glass separated it into two halves—one for prisoners and the other for visitors. On each side of the glass, rounded-off plywood was used to form eight or nine cubicles, each with a shelf and a telephone. The room was warm, and the stale air seemed absolutely still.

When Lee entered through the steel-barred doorway, I could not hear the clank of metal against metal as the door opened and closed. I had not been expecting him to enter at that point, and did not see him at first. I was conscious suddenly that he was walking toward me at something of an angle. He was not hurrying at all, just strolling in my direction at a normal pace.

As he entered the cubicle opposite the one I had chosen, we looked at each other through the streaked glass. Lee picked up a telephone and motioned to me to pick up the one in my cubicle. His voice was calm as he said, "This is raped."

"Well, it may be or may not be," I answered. I leaned forward, resting my elbows on the shelf, and took a close look at him. He had a cut over one eye and a bruise or wound of some kind on one cheek. "What have they been doing to you?" I asked him. "Were they roughing you up?"

"I got this at the theater," he said. "They haven't bothered me since. They're treating me

all right." I still remember how completely relaxed he seemed, as though all of the frenzied activity there in the Dallas jail and all over the United States had nothing whatever to do with him. He talked matter-of-factly, without any sign of tension or strain, as though we were discussing a moderately interesting minor incident at his office or my office.

No one had told me how long I would be allowed to talk to Lee, and I did not plunge in by asking the one question I most wanted answered. Instead, he and I talked casually about a few personal things. He mentioned the earlier visit by Mother and Marina, and then he asked: "What did you think of the baby?"

"Yeah," I said, "thanks a lot for telling me about the baby. I didn't even know you had one."

He smiled at my sarcasm. "Well," he said, "it was a girl, and I wanted a boy, but you know how that goes."

I finally asked him bluntly: "Lee, what the Sam Hill is going on?"

"I don't know," he said. "You don't know? Look, they've got your pistol, they've got your rifle, they've got you charged with shooting the President and a police officer. And you tell me you don't know. Now, I want to know just what's going on."

He stiffened and straightened up, and his facial expression was suddenly very tight.

"I just don't know what they're talking about," he said, firmly and deliberately. "Don't believe all this so-called evidence."

I was studying his face closely, trying to find the answer to my question in his eyes or his expression. He realized that, and as I stared into his eyes, he said to me quietly, "Brother, you won't find anything there."

Then, more relaxed, he began talking about Marina again.

"Well, what about Marina?" I asked him. "What do you think she's going to do now, with those two kids?"

"My friends will take care of them."

"Do you mean the Paines?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, apparently surprised that I knew of the Paines.

"I don't think they're any friends of yours," I said.

"Yes, they are."

"Well, they're sure not any friends of mine."

It was obvious that we could not reach agreement about the Paines, and he changed the subject. "Junie needs a new pair of shoes," he said.

I had noticed the night before that one of the red tennis shoes his little girl was wearing was just about worn through at the toe. This was on his mind, and during Mother's and Marina's visit, he had asked Marina to be sure to buy Junie some new shoes. "Don't worry about that," I said. "I'll take care of that."

A Secret Service man had mentioned to me earlier that Lee had been attempting to reach an attorney named John Abt. "What about this attorney you tried to contact in New York?" I asked. "Who is he?"

"Well, he's just an attorney I want to handle my case," Lee said.

"I'll get you an attorney down here."

"No," he said, "you stay out of it."

"Stay out of it? It looks like I've been dragged into it."

"I'm not going to have anybody from down here," he said very firmly. "I want this one."

"Well, all right."

After a few more words, a police officer came into the other side of the room and walked over and tapped Lee on the shoulder. That was all the time we could have, he told Lee.

I was surprised and disappointed at the interruption. I had been there no more than ten minutes, maybe even less, and it seemed to me that we were just beginning to reach the point of talking freely and easily to each other.

I still had many questions I wanted to ask him, and I felt that after some further probing, I would know firmly in my own mind whether or not Lee had assassinated the President and then killed Tippit. Even if he was guilty, I would not expect him to say flatly, "They are right, Robert. I am guilty." But it is conceivable that he had made up his mind that the assassination was necessary for some reason that was adequate to him, and that he would have wanted to make that

motive clear to someone—and I was closer to Lee than anyone else.

If I had been allowed to spend half an hour with Lee that Saturday and then continue our talk over the next day or two, I believe I would have been able to arrive at final answers to two questions: Was Lee guilty? If he was guilty, what were his motives?

Unfortunately, the police officer had his own instructions, and he waited impatiently for the final exchange between Lee and me.

"I'll see you in a day or two," I said.

"Now, you've got your job and everything," Lee told me. "Don't be running back and forth all the time and getting yourself in trouble with your boss."

"Don't worry about that. I'll be back."

"All right," Lee said. "I'll see you."

Those were the last words he ever said to me.

CHAPTER TWO

SUNDAY MORNING, I went to a Dallas motel to pick up Mother, Marina and the children and to take them to the isolated farm owned by my father—and mother-in-law. I was carrying some of their things out to the car when Mike Howard, a Secret Service man, came over to me and said quietly, "Now, don't get excited, Robert, but we've just gotten word that Lee's been shot. It isn't serious, and they've captured the man who shot him."

Mike's own calmness made me feel that Lee would be all right. He said Lee was at Parkland Hospital. After they had given me a few seconds to absorb the news, he and Charlie Kunkel, another Secret Service man, asked me, "What do you want to do now?"

"I believe I'll go to Parkland," I said. "But I wish you'd take Mother and Marina and the children on to the farm." I felt certain that we now faced a period of violent revenge, and I did not want Mother, Marina or the children to be exposed to that danger.

At Parkland, I waited on the first floor for some news from the doctors. One of the Secret Service agents came into the room and said, "Robert, he's going to be all right. Don't worry about it." This sounded so authentic that I relaxed there in the chair. Another agent, John Howlett, and I talked quietly for about ten or fifteen minutes. The telephone rang, and Howlett picked it up. He listened intently for perhaps thirty seconds or so, and then he said, "Would you repeat that?"

I watched him closely, struck by the tone of his voice. After another few seconds, Howlett put the telephone down and stood up, then started walking around the desk toward me. "Robert," he said, "I'm sorry, but he's dead."

I slumped back into the chair and put my hand to my face. The hospital chaplain came in, and we prayed together.

After a moment, Inspector Kelley came barging in. "Well, what do you expect?" he said to me. "Violence breeds violence."

"Inspector," I said, "does that justify anything?"

He did not reply.

The Secret Service men at Parkland seemed to be preparing to turn the responsibility for guarding the family over to the FBI, but then

there was an abrupt change in the plans that I did not understand until later. Mike Howard told me that we were to remain under the protection of the Secret Service men for a while longer, and would all be leaving soon for a new hideaway. Mother and Marina, who had been brought to the hospital, were asked to get into one car with some Secret Service agents, and I was told to get into another. As the two cars pulled out, several reporters who had been standing by jumped into two taxicabs and tried to catch up with us. The Secret Service men were driving at top speed, but the two cabs were close behind. Then one of the agents radioed the Dallas police and asked them to overtake two taxicabs loaded with reporters and to arrest the drivers for speeding or some other traffic violation. In about five minutes, three or four Dallas police cars roared up behind the cabs, forced the drivers off the side of the road and either arrested them or frightened them into giving up the chase.

A little later, we drew up at our destination: the Inn of the Six Flags. We were taken back to the most isolated part of the inn. Some of the agents still believed that we were to be turned over to the FBI within the next few hours or the next few days. But after we had been at the inn about three or four hours, Mike Howard received definite word about the change in plans. "They've talked to the President," Mike told me later, "and he has expressed concern for you and the entire family. So has the Attorney General."

I was particularly struck by Mike's final words. I wondered that week and have often wondered since whether Robert Kennedy was concerned simply because he was the Attorney General of the United States and had some official responsibility for our protection, or whether the human being behind that title—Robert Kennedy himself—in these hours of his deep grief was genuinely, personally concerned about the safety of the mother, wife, brother and children of the man accused of assassinating his brother.

Within an hour after our arrival, two men were walking around the perimeter carrying carbines, and one was stationed full time in the area between the main entrance to the inn and the door that would admit people to the area in which we were to stay. "All we need is to have one more of you killed or injured, and we're in real trouble," one of the agents said to me.

We felt completely cut off from the outside world. We were not allowed to see newspapers, listen to the radio or watch television that Sunday afternoon or Sunday night. Despite our complete isolation, I began to realize that there was some difficulty between the Secret Service and the FBI. I heard the agents talking among themselves about this (using their nickname for the FBI agents, "the Feebies"), and they seemed as puzzled by this development as I was. They were speculating over the reason for the absence of FBI men at Parkland and at the inn.

Gradually, the reports and rumors from various sources seemed to fit together. As early as Friday night, I had heard some speculation about the possibility of a conspiracy behind the assassination of the President, and during my long drive on Friday night, I had wondered whether Marina herself might be a part of such a conspiracy. On Saturday and Sunday, there were rumors in Dallas that the "conspiracy" might involve some Government agency. By Sunday night, I realized that the agency under greatest suspicion was the FBI.

Later that evening, I received a call from Parkland Hospital. Someone there asked me, "What is to be done with your brother's body?"

"Mike," I said to Mike Howard, "as long as I've lived in Fort Worth, I don't know the names of any funeral homes here. Could you help me out?"

"Sure," Mike said. He happened to know the director of the Miller Funeral Home, and the funeral director there merely asked me, "What kind of casket do you want?" I told him I wasn't interested in an elaborate casket, but that I did want a heavy steel outer vault which would be safe from vandals. He assured me that he could take care of the other details.

A Secret Service man then called the hospital to ask that the body be released to the undertaker. The hospital spokesman said they could do nothing until they had some confirmation that the order was genuine, and a rather elaborate method of checking the authenticity of the order was then worked out. The spokesman said that Parkland would send a message to the Dallas police department, giving a secret password. The Dallas police would then contact the Secret Service agents at the inn. The agents would in turn tell me what the password was, and I was to telephone the hospital, saying only the one word to the person who answered.

After the preliminary calls were placed, I dialed a particular number at the hospital and said the word, "Malcolm." (This was the first name of the doctor who had tried to save President Kennedy's life on Friday and had attempted to save Lee's life on Sunday.) The man who answered said simply, "All right."

This had been settled easily, but from that moment on, every step was both time-consuming and disturbing. The funeral director began telephoning various cemeteries to prepare the way for me to buy a burial plot for Lee. One cemetery after another refused even to discuss the possibility of accepting Lee's body.

While the funeral director was kind enough to continue that search, I began telephoning various ministers in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, to request that they officiate at the burial services. I had been surprised by the earlier difficulties with the cemetery officials, but I was astonished by the reactions of the ministers I talked to. The first one, the second one, the third one and the fourth

continued

one flatly refused even to consider my request.

One of the ministers listened impatiently to my request, and then said sharply, "No, we just can't do that."

"Why not?" I asked.

"We just can't go along with what you have in mind," he said. (All I had in mind was the simplest kind of funeral service.) And then the minister added: "Your brother was a sinner."

I hung up. The question of who would officiate at Lee's funeral was still unsettled when I went to bed Sunday night, although the time of the funeral had been set for Monday afternoon.

When my mother saw a picture of Jack Ruby in a newspaper on Monday morning, she brought the paper over to me. "This is the same man the FBI showed me a picture of on Saturday night," she whispered.

I didn't wait for her to say any more. "All right, Mother," I said. "If that is so, don't tell me. Tell the Secret Service man right over there." If the FBI had actually shown Mother a photograph of Jack Ruby hours before Ruby shot Lee, I felt certain the Secret Service agents who were there with us in the inn would see to it that a report on this episode reached the proper authorities. But I myself could not take her words seriously. I was convinced that she was deluding herself about this, as she had so often deluded herself about mysterious conspiracies.

A little later that morning, the chaplain at Parkland telephoned several ministers and tried to persuade them that Lee should be treated in the same way as other men who had committed irrational acts, but that approach did not work either. Finally, two Lutheran ministers who seemed sympathetic appeared at the Inn of the Six Flags about 11 o'clock Monday morning. The Greater Dallas Council of Churches had asked the ministers to come out and offer to serve at the funeral service, which was scheduled for 4 p.m. at the Rose Hill cemetery. One did not come in. The other did not seem at all eager to officiate, but he did say, rather reluctantly, that he would be at the cemetery at four.

As soon as we passed through the cemetery gate, the driver headed directly for the chapel, which was on a low hill. I saw a number of people standing quietly at the fence line, staring at the chapel and the grave, which was at the bottom of the hill. Guards were stationed every few yards along the fence.

The chapel was completely empty. I saw no sign of any preparation for the funeral service. Mike and Charlie said they would try to find out what had happened. Two or three minutes later, one of them came back into the chapel. "Well, we were a few minutes late," he said. "There's been some misunderstanding, and they've already carried the casket down to the grave site. We'll have a graveside service down there."

I had taken most of the earlier disappointments without showing my feelings, but when I heard this, I hit the wall with my fist and shouted, "Damn it!"

We drove down to the grave. The Lutheran minister who had promised to be there at four had not appeared, and the Secret Service received word that he would not be coming out. The Rev. Louis Saunders of the Fort Worth Council of Churches had driven out to Rose Hill by himself just to see if he could be of any help to Marina and the family. When he was told that the other

minister would not be there, he spoke the simple words of the burial service.

Just before the ceremony, the funeral director introduced me to the caretaker for Rose Hill. At the risk of his own job, the caretaker had agreed without hesitation to sell me the cemetery lot. The funeral director said that I could reduce the risk the caretaker had taken if I would respond to any inquiries about the lot in such a way as to leave the impression that the family had owned the plot for some time. Most people would then assume that the cemetery itself had no choice—that it retained no control over this grave site and could not deny us the right to bury Lee there.

I agreed, and I make the facts public now simply to pay my respects to one of the men who behaved with warmth and compassion during a period when some Christian ministers seemed more concerned over their public image than their moral obligations.

That Monday night after the funeral, Mike Howard interviewed Marina at the Inn of the Six Flags. I listened closely, watching for any sign that Marina was trying to dodge questions

or avoid giving details, and I was impressed by her attitude and her answers. I was convinced by the end of the evening that she had no advance knowledge of Lee's decision to assassinate the President, if he were guilty.

Two days later, the FBI finally appeared at the inn. Unlike the Secret Service agents, they were extremely hostile to Marina. Because of their arrogance, Marina refused to cooperate with them, and after a few minutes stopped talking to them at all. The agents then decided to use threats. They implied that Marina might not be allowed to remain in the United States—that she might be forced to return to Russia.

This made me angry. I told one of the agents that I didn't think Marina was in any danger of being deported, and that I did not like their attempts to intimidate her.

Later, he and another agent called me outside—out of Marina's hearing—and apologized for the effort to use this tactic on her. I wondered at the time what would have happened if Marina had been alone with those agents, who seemed to consider any approach acceptable as long as it offered some promise of success.

CHAPTER THREE

BEGINNING ON THE NIGHT OF November 22, I spent many hours looking back over my brother's life, trying to decide whether he was guilty of the assassination of President Kennedy. Over a period of many months, I learned more and more about his life—some parts of which had been hidden from me—and I began to see a pattern that had not been apparent before.

Lee was born October 18, 1939, and I remember that John and I were hoping for a baby brother. "If it's a girl," John said, "we'll throw it out the hospital window."

John, who was then seven, was Mother's son by her first marriage, and kept his father's name, Pic. I was five. My father, Robert-Edward Lee Oswald, died two months before Lee was born.

Mother found it difficult to support three children, and placed John and me in the Bethlehem Home in New Orleans. Lee was then only two, below the minimum age for the home, so she hired a couple to take care of Lee while she was at work. One day, she came home and found him crying and saw that he had big red welts on his legs. A neighbor told her that the hired babysitters often whipped him to keep him quiet.

When she asked the couple about this, they told her Lee was a "bad, unmanageable child." Mother said a two-year-old baby couldn't be that bad, and fired them.

Just after Lee's third birthday, he was admitted to the Bethlehem Home. Once a week during the summer, we would visit Mother at the hostery shop where she worked, and on weekends, she would come to the home to visit us. One weekend, she brought a friend with her—a tall, white-haired man with glasses and a Yankee accent, who knew how to talk to boys. This was Edwin A. Ekdahl, an electrical engineer from Boston who worked in New Orleans.

Early in 1944, Mother came to take Lee out of the orphanage. She and Mr. Ekdahl were married in May, 1945, after he had transferred to Dallas. John and I had stayed to finish out the

school year, but later, we also went to Dallas.

Mr. Ekdahl traveled a lot, but came home on weekends. It was a treat to have a stepfather who paid attention to us, talked with us, took us out for ice cream and made every little excursion a special event. He never made us feel that he was just doing his duty to his stepchildren, but really seemed interested in what we did and said.

John and I liked Mr. Ekdahl, but I think Lee loved him most of all. John and I could remember having a father to play with us when we were little, swinging us around the yard and picking us up when we fell, but Lee had never known a normal family life.

When the summer ended, John and I were sent to the Chamberlain-Hunt Military Academy at Port Gibson, Miss., where we spent three years.

The first time we came home from school, we brought our wooden practice rifles. We taught Lee how to hold a rifle and how to follow commands. He had a fine time, right-facing and left-facing and marching around with my rifle.

Later, when we learned to shoot, we passed along our knowledge to Lee. He did pretty well on targets—just a notch or two below me—but in the fields, he was awkward.

The Ekdahl household seemed happy during our summer visits, but we didn't know about the arguments and disagreements Mother and her new husband had when John and I weren't there. They separated several times, then made up. Lee was far more upset by their conflicts than we were, but he kept his feelings to himself.

The last summer before their divorce, Mother and Mr. Ekdahl were trying once more to make up. They drove up to the house one evening and said they were going out. Lee was one happy kid! More than anything else, he wanted them to make up their differences and go back together.

Lee wanted a normal family life. So did I, but I think I had already accepted the fact that our family was not like other families. When I saw other children with their parents, I recognized a distinct difference between our family life and theirs. Maybe because she had to worry about

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supporting us, Mother never had time to enjoy us. We learned, very early, that we were a burden to her. As long as she was married to Mr. Ekdahl, she didn't have to carry the burden alone, and we all felt relieved. But in 1948, Mother and Mr. Ekdahl were divorced.

We went back to Fort Worth, where Mother found a small, drab house near the railroad tracks. John said it meant we were "back down in the lower class." He hated it.

John and I learned to stay out of Mother's way as much as possible. We had been away from her for many years, and we had become accustomed to being disciplined by men—first at the orphanage and then at the military school. If we did something she didn't like, trivial or serious, she made a big fuss over it, or else she gave us the silent treatment and wouldn't talk at all.

When I was about 16, a friend bought some Danish cigarettes and gave me two or three to try. When I came home from school that day, I pulled them out and laid them on the table with my books. Mother knew that I smoked from time to time, but when she saw those foreign cigarettes, she shrieked, "Now you're on dope! I'm going to take those cigarettes to the police and have them analyzed. I'll find out what's in them! You can't get away with this in my house!"

"All right," I agreed. "Take them to the police. They're just cigarettes."

I had learned to deal with Mother's threats by telling her to go ahead and do whatever it was she was threatening to do. Most of the time, it was something so farfetched that I knew that she would never do it.

John and I had an important advantage over Lee when it came to handling Mother. In the orphanages and military school, we had developed independence very early. We could shrug off Mother's tirades, but Lee would sulk and pout. I could tell when he was upset because he would go off by himself and play with the dog or watch television. Sometimes, he brooded for hours and went to bed still sulking.

On January 25, 1950, John enlisted in the Coast Guard. Lee moved into his bed and shared a room with me. He followed me around when I was at home, and wanted to go where I went, do what I did and read books that were more advanced, to keep up with me.

He liked to listen to *Let's Pretend*, a Saturday morning radio program that dramatized popular fairy tales. I used to listen to it, too, but I didn't watch the clock, as Lee did, waiting for the show to begin. After it was over—after I had already started thinking about something else—Lee would still be talking about the story, pretending to be one of the characters. Even then, he seemed to prefer a fantasy world to the drab reality around him. Now, it seems clear to me that Lee's love of fantasy stayed with him, even after childhood. Throughout his life, it took him longer than other boys to move from the imaginary world to the real world. All of us had our dreams and fantasies, but Lee's always lingered a little longer.

Later, the center of Lee's fantasy world shifted to television. One of his favorite programs was *I Led Three Lives*, the story of Herbert Philbrick, the FBI informant who posed as a Communist spy. He watched that show every week.

In July, 1952, three months after my eighteenth birthday, I enlisted in the Marines. Lee was full of questions. What would I be doing? Would I go overseas? I told him I wouldn't know where

I was going until after boot camp. Soon after I left, Lee bought a copy of the Marine Corps Handbook. He said he was going to keep up with me, to learn everything I was learning. He was only 12, but he planned to enlist in the Marines as soon as he was old enough.

He saw in the Marines an escape from the drabness of school, a chance to lead his own life and an opportunity to impress the world?

That summer, Mother and Lee piled their belongings into her 1948 Dodge and drove to New York to visit John, his wife and new baby.

On her first day in New York, Mother came out of her room crying. She told John's wife Marge that Lee had slapped her when she asked him to look out the window to see if the car was all right. That slap, reported 11 years later by John, has been cited by various experts as an indication of the violence in Lee's personality that was ready to explode.

Perhaps it was a warning signal that his family should have recognized. If I had known about it at the time, I would have been surprised, because I had never seen Lee strike Mother, but I don't think I would have been alarmed by his behavior. Knowing how Mother could nag, I would have assumed that she goaded him into slapping her.

At first, Lee seemed like any other excited kid while they were sight-seeing, John said, but after a few days, he noticed a distinct change in his little brother's behavior. Lee was no longer the docile, easy-going kid he had been in Fort Worth. Lee was almost 13—an age when most boys rebel against their parents to some degree—but his rebellion against Mother seemed total. He was often angry and slapped her more than once, John recalled. He seemed to be telling her by his actions that he wouldn't take any more.

Marge said Lee was very gentle with the baby, but she was alarmed by his rudeness to Mother. She spoke to him about that, and he gave her a sharp answer. After that, he treated Marge with the same contempt he showed Mother.

One afternoon, John came home and found the household in an uproar. Marge said Lee had pulled a knife and threatened her with it. He had been watching television, she said, and she asked him to turn down the sound. He pulled out a pocketknife, opened the blade and moved toward her. She was frightened and moved away. Maybe she called for Mother. Anyway, when Mother came in and told Lee to put the knife away, he hit her. Now, he seemed to feel that everybody was against him. He began keeping more and more to himself, refusing to talk with anybody. John said, "I was never able to get to the kid again."

That year, Lee was absent from high school 47 days. On April 16, 1953, the Children's Court in the Bronx sent him to a detention home for delinquent children, where he was given a set of psychological tests by Irving Sokolow, a staff psychologist whose report is quoted in the Warren Commission volumes.

Mr. Sokolow noted that Lee appeared to be "a somewhat insecure youngster, exhibiting much inclination for warm and satisfying relationships to others. . . . He exhibits some difficulty in relationship to the maternal figure suggesting more anxiety in this area than in any other."

This observation didn't surprise me when I read it years later. Lee had plenty of reason to feel anxious about "the maternal figure." He now

found himself alone with Mother, without help from John or me.

A caseworker, Evelyn Strickman, whose report also was quoted by the Commission, questioned Lee about his relationship with Mother and then wrote: ". . . he . . . finally emerged with the fact that he just felt his mother 'never gave a damn' for him. He always felt like a burden that she had to tolerate, and while she took care of his material needs, he never felt that she was involved with him in any way or cared very much what happened to him. . . ."

Lee told Miss Strickman that he "feels almost as if there is a veil between him and other people through which they cannot reach him, but he prefers this veil to remain intact."

Mother and Lee returned to New Orleans in January, 1954. A few months later, a schoolmate, Frederick O'Sullivan, spoke to Lee and another student named Edward Voebel about joining the Civil Air Patrol.

The boys went out to an airport in New Orleans together to see what the CAP unit was doing. At that time, the leader of the unit may have been an Eastern Airlines pilot named David Ferrie. O'Sullivan remembered the leader as "Captain Ferrie." Voebel said he *thought* Captain Ferrie was in charge. Lee bought a CAP uniform and attended several meetings, then lost interest.

According to Lee's own later statements, 1954 was the year when he first became interested in communism. It is only a guess, but in view of the later developments involving David Ferrie in 1967, and his dramatic death, I can't help wondering whether it might have been Ferrie who introduced Lee to Communist ideas. I realize that I have nothing solid on which to base such a speculation, except the timing.

In September, 1955, Lee started the tenth grade at Warren Easton High School. Three weeks after school opened, the principal's office received a note in Lee's handwriting, which he signed with Mother's name:

To whom it may concern,
Because we are moving to San Diego in the middle of this month Lee must quit school now. Also, please send by him any papers such as his birth certificate that you may have. Thank you.

Sincerely
Mrs. M. Oswald

In November, he went to work as a messenger and office boy for a shipping company, Gerard F. Tujague, Inc. When he first told me about the job, he was eager and enthusiastic.

"We're sending an order to Portugal this week," he'd tell me. Or, "I received a shipment from Hong Kong, just this morning."

It was as if all the company's ships were his, and he could go to any of the places named on the order blanks he carried from one desk to another. It made him feel important to be on the fringes of something as exciting as foreign trade. But after a few weeks, he couldn't pretend any more. He realized that he really had nothing to do with the ships and their cargoes. He was, he told me, just another errand boy.

In January, 1956, Lee quit his job with Tujague's. Shortly afterward, according to the testimony of some of his fellow workers, he tried to join the Communist party. William E. Wulf told the Warren Commission: ". . . he seemed to me a boy that was looking for something to belong to. . . . He hit me as somebody who was

continued

looking for identification, and he just happened, I guess, to latch on to this particular area [communism] to become identified with."

As soon as Lee turned 17, he enlisted in the Marine Corps. When he left the Corps less than three years later, he was not yet 20, but a lot had happened to make him grow up. At the time, I knew very little about my brother's activities. Later, as the story was pieced together for me, in Lee's own words and in the words of men who were with him during those years, I could see the emerging pattern—the fatal pattern that determined the course of his life.

At first, he made good progress as a marine—good enough, at least, to win him a promotion to private first class, effective May 1. In August, he sailed for Japan, where he was assigned to a Marine Air Control Squadron at Atsugi.

A few weeks after the unit arrived in Atsugi, Lee had an accident. One of the men in his unit, Paul Edward Murphy, described it later:

"One night in the barracks in Japan, I heard a shot in an adjoining cubicle. I rushed into the cubicle to find Oswald sitting on a footlocker, looking at a wound in his arm. When I asked what had happened, Oswald very unemotionally replied, 'I believe I shot myself.' " A derringer .22-caliber pistol lay at his feet, and Lee told Murphy that the pistol had fallen to the floor and discharged when he opened his locker to take out some gear. He was charged with unlawful possession of an unregistered, privately owned weapon, and sentenced to be reduced to the rank of private, to forfeit \$25 a month for two months and to 20 days confinement at hard labor.

That summer, he was court-martialed again. A sergeant said that Lee came over to him at a café in Yamato, poured a drink on him and insulted him with "provoking words." Lee was found guilty of using "provoking" language and sentenced to 28 days confinement. He spent most of that summer in the brig.

On December 22, 1958, he returned to California, where he spent the rest of his Marine Corps career with a radar crew. The officer in charge, 1st Lt. John E. Donovan, said that Lee was well-informed about foreign affairs and "competent in all functions."

Lee had matured since his adolescent rebellion in New York and developed some self-discipline. He told me he would complete high school in the service, and he did. He also taught himself to speak Russian, although I knew nothing about it at the time. I believe now that Lee had made up his mind as early as February, 1959, to go to Russia.

In March, he took the high-school-level GED (General Educational Development) tests and passed them all. Soon afterward, he applied for admission to the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland. In a letter to me, dated June 6, 1959, he hinted that he had a very definite goal in mind:

"Well, pretty soon I'll be getting out of the corp and I know what I want to be and how I'm going to be it, which I guess is the most important thing in life."

That was the last letter I had from Lee until after he left the Marines.

He was due for discharge on December 8, 1959, but on August 17, he applied for a dependency discharge after Mother complained to him about an injury she had suffered while working in a department store. On September 13, he was

released from duty and headed home. Three days later, he was on his way to New Orleans, where he booked passage for Europe, as a student bound for Switzerland.

He seemed to know exactly where he was going—and it wasn't Switzerland. From London, he flew to Helsinki, where he applied for a tourist visa to Russia. A few days later, he was in Moscow, requesting Soviet citizenship. He was afraid his six-day visa would expire before anything could be done. Finally, on October 21, he went to the Russian passport and visa office.

After answering a few questions, Lee was simply told to go back to the hotel. He asked if his visa would be extended and was told he would be notified. At six o'clock that evening, he received a call from the police, telling him he would have to leave the country before eight o'clock. He described his feelings in his diary, which, like most of his letters, included many misspelled words:

"I am shocked!! My dreams! I retire to my room. I have \$100 left. I have waited for 2 year to be accepted. My fondes dreams are shattered because of a petty offial; because of bad planning I planned to much! 7.00 P.M. I decide to end it. Soak rist in cold water to numb the pain. Then slash my left wrist. Then plaug wrist into bathtub of hot water. I think 'when Rimma [his Intourist guide] comes at 8. to find me dead it wil be a great shock. somewhere, a violin plays, as I wacth my life whirl away."

When I read this melodramatic account of his disappointment, I recognized a familiar pattern. He had tried to do something to convince the world that he should not be ignored. When he thought he had failed in his attempt to become a Soviet citizen, he felt he had to do something more dramatic, even if it meant ending his life.

At home, we had no idea where he was—until newspaper reporters in Moscow got word about his visit to the American Embassy, where he turned in his passport.

I learned of his defection on October 31, when a reporter for the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* handed me the teletype of a story just received from Moscow. The reporter asked me if I believed the story, which told of Lee's renunciation of his United States citizenship.

"Well," I said, "here it is on your teletype. I guess I believe it."

It was the first time I became aware of one part of Lee's hidden life. And it was a clear demonstration of a pattern that I now see was repeated again and again. When did Lee's failures in the ordinary life that most people are content to lead cause him to decide that he must do something dramatic and shocking to attract the attention he so desperately wanted? When did his harmless interest in intrigue and make-believe become so strong that he could no longer distinguish between the real world and the melodramatic world of his imagination?

In examining his life, I have often felt that the first disturbing action occurred when he was 13. When he became a truant from school, I feel that he also became a truant from life. This was his first open rejection of the rules that most people live by. But he did not yet resort to violence.

During the next ten years, Lee grew increasingly contemptuous of the rules—in school, in the Marine Corps, in Russia—but he still kept his hostilities in check. Many people who knew him during those years called him "standoffish"

or "unfriendly" or "a loner"—but not violent. When New York City school authorities questioned him, he withdrew, telling one psychologist, "I don't need any help"—but he didn't strike out at the people he resented. Except for the times he slapped Mother, I don't remember anybody mentioning that Lee physically assaulted anyone during that stormy adolescent year.

In the Marines, he was court-martialed for unauthorized possession of a pistol and verbal insults to a sergeant, not for physical attacks.

In Russia, after he was granted permission to stay, he lived well, made friends, married a pretty and intelligent girl, became a father. He soon became disillusioned, but there is no record that he ever picked a fight with anybody. It was after his return to the United States that the frustration and anger became too strong to hide. When he couldn't find a decent job, couldn't provide for his family, saw his wife taking charity from strangers, his dreams of "being somebody" were shattered.

Marina, who was closest to him then, was the first person to realize how radically he was changing. "I did not know him as such a man in Russia," she told the Warren Commission.

I saw Lee and Marina frequently when they were trying to get settled in the United States, but as he moved from one unsatisfactory job to another, I saw him less often.

Vada and I invited John and Marge and Lee and Marina to a family reunion at our home in Fort Worth on Thanksgiving Day, November 22, 1962, and all of them accepted our invitation. I didn't invite Mother to the gathering because we wanted no arguments or unpleasantness.

Marina later wrote that that was one of the happiest days of the year. John and Lee exchanged stories about military service in Japan and had a lot to talk about after ten years. (They had been completely out of touch since Lee's visit to New York.)

Lee didn't mention Russia, and we didn't bring it up either. It was a good day for all of us, I thought, with Vada and Marge and Marina busy in the kitchen while John and Lee and I talked in the living room and played with the children. When Lee said good-bye, he seemed preoccupied, a little tired, perhaps discouraged, but there was no hint of the fury seething beneath the surface.

That was the last time I saw him until November 23, 1963. We did receive a thank-you note for a present we sent to June Lee, and when I wrote to him in March, 1963, addressing the letter to the post office box number he had given me in Dallas, he replied, congratulating me on a new job, relaying Marina's comments, telling about June's new teeth. "My work is very nice," he wrote. "I will get a rise in pay next month, and I have become rather adept at my photographic work. It is very interesting for me."

I did not know that just three days before he answered my letter, his "photographic work" had included a secret job his employers knew nothing about. On the weekend of March 9-10, Lee had photographed an alleyway behind the home of Gen. Edwin Walker. And on March 12, the day before he wrote to me, he had ordered a rifle from Klein's Sporting Goods in Chicago, signing the order with the name "A. Hidell."

I had asked him for his address and telephone number, but he didn't give them. "We don't have a phone," he wrote, "and we have moved to this new apartment just March 2nd, so

it would be better for you to write to me at P.O. Box since I shall always have it."

That was all. It was the last letter I ever had from my brother. I wrote to him again in the summer, saying we would be back in Texas for

our vacation in August, visiting Vada's family at the farm, and I would like to see him. I heard nothing. Only later did I learn what had happened to Lee in that missing year—a series of events that led, step by step, to the final tragedy.

CHAPTER FOUR

WHEN I FIRST READ the one-volume report of the Warren Commission investigation, I felt that it proved Lee had assassinated President Kennedy. But when the 26 volumes containing the actual testimony were published, I began to notice the weaknesses that have given many critics the opportunity to characterize the Report as misleading or even worthless.

I disagree with those who have made a profession of denouncing the Commission. I have seen no convincing evidence that the Commission, the FBI, the Secret Service, the State Department, the CIA and President Lyndon B. Johnson joined in some melodramatic conspiracy to deceive the American people.

At the same time, I do have strong reservations about the investigation and the Warren Commission Report. Some important questions were never asked. Some were asked but never answered. Some troubling inconsistencies were left unresolved. Some witnesses who gave testimony that cast doubt on some Commission findings were simply ignored.

I have always felt that the rifle tests made by the Commission were meaningless. The Commission selected three of the best riflemen in the United States, set up conditions that did not duplicate those of November 22, and then ignored any of the test results that cast doubt upon Lee's ability to fire the rifle accurately within the known time limits. For the test to have any validity, obviously the Commission should have begun by choosing three riflemen of average or even below-average skill. They should have spent no more time in practicing with the weapon than the Commission contends Lee spent. And, of course, the basic conditions should have been duplicated exactly. The shots should have been fired from the same height, at a target moving at the same speed, under similar light conditions, and in exactly the same period of time.

Although I am convinced that Lee fired the shots that killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally, I cannot exclude the possibility that he was influenced by other people. That is why I find several sections of the Commission's Report difficult to understand or accept. One of these passages says:

"The possibility that accomplices aided Oswald in connection with his escape was suggested by the testimony of Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper at the 1026 North Beckley roominghouse. She testified that at about 1 p.m. on November 22, after Oswald had returned to the roominghouse, a Dallas police car drove slowly by the front of the 1026 North Beckley premises and stopped momentarily; she said she heard its horn several times. . . . She testified that she first thought the car she saw was No. 106 and then said it was No. 107. In an FBI interview she had stated that she looked out the front window and saw police car No. 207. Investigation has not produced any evidence that there was a police ve-

hicle in the area of 1026 North Beckley at about 1 p.m. on November 22. Squad car 207 was at the Texas School Book Depository Building, as was car 106. Squad cars 170 and 107 were sold in April 1963 and their numbers were not reassigned until February 1964."

I find this summary completely inconclusive. Mrs. Roberts was treated as a responsible witness by the Commission, and her testimony alone placed Lee at the house at 1026 North Beckley at 1 p.m. on November 22, 1963. How could the Commission decide that she was right when she supplied that information, but wrong when she made her firm statement about the police car stopping and honking?

I think this will remain forever one of the mysteries surrounding the assassination. The occupants of that police car—and I personally believe they did stop in front of the house and honk just as Mrs. Roberts said—apparently decided four years ago to keep silent. They may have been on some relatively innocent mission. Perhaps they were policemen who were off their assigned beat and had stopped at the wrong house to greet a friend. Or they may have had some less innocent purpose in mind. I do not think we will ever know why that particular police car stopped at that particular house at that moment in history.

Another section of the Report that puzzles me is the one dealing with Lee's possible presence on a firing range. The Report states: "The witnesses who claimed to have seen Oswald at the firing range had more than a passing notice of the person they observed. Malcolm H. Price, Jr., adjusted the scope on the individual's rifle on one occasion; Garland G. Slack had an altercation with the individual on another occasion because he was shooting at Slack's target; and Stedding C. Wood, who on a third date was present at the [Sports Drome Rifle] range with his father, Dr. Homer Wood, spoke . . . very briefly with the man himself about the individual's rifle. All three of these persons, as well as Dr. Wood, expressed confidence that the man they saw was Oswald. Two other persons believed they saw a person resembling Oswald firing a similar rifle at another range near Irving 2 days before the assassination." Then the Report makes this startling statement: "Although the testimony of these [six] witnesses was partially corroborated by other witnesses, there was other evidence which prevented the Commission from reaching the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was the person these witnesses saw."

The Report then gives a rather detailed explanation of the reason the Commission decided to ignore this extraordinary amount of eyewitness testimony by at least six responsible people. I find the explanation itself baffling. Even while defending its decision, the Commission sometimes acknowledges the flimsiness of the "evidence" it has decided to credit while dismissing the eyewitness testimony. First there is this statement: "Neither Oswald's name nor any of his known aliases was found in the sign-in register

maintained at the Sports Drome Rifle Range. . . ."

But in the same sentence, the Commission notes: "many customers did not sign this register."

If Lee did not spend a considerable amount of time practicing with that rifle in the weeks and months before the assassination, then I would say that he did not fire the shots that killed the President and wounded Governor Connally.

How did he get to a rifle range or out into open country for his firing sessions? If he had depended upon public transportation, people would have noticed him carrying a weapon, however carefully he tried to conceal it.

I find it difficult to understand the Commission's eagerness to dismiss the one group of witnesses who give us a clear idea of when and where and how Lee learned to use his new rifle with the precision he displayed on November 22. By casually discarding the recollections, the Commission failed to take up another question that has always seemed important to me. At least two of the witnesses said that Lee was not alone when he came to the firing range. One of them said he saw someone hand Lee a rifle over the fence. The Commission apparently made no serious effort to discover who this man was.

The Commission also accepted the theory that one bullet first passed through the President's neck, and then wounded Connally, and exited in almost perfect condition. I do not believe this. I'm convinced that the first shot hit the President in the neck, the second struck Connally, and the third actually killed the President. This will never be proved beyond doubt, of course, but it is my reading of the evidence.

I am certain there are other mysteries in connection with the assassination, and I would never attempt to discourage anyone from serious investigation of any aspect of this tragedy. When the works of the Commission's critics first began to appear, I read them eagerly. Certainly no one in the world wanted proof of Lee's innocence more than I did. But my early interest turned to bewilderment as critics began making wilder and wilder charges. I wondered how anyone could take their charges and their interpretations seriously. When District Attorney Jim Garrison of New Orleans launched his investigation, I waited with interest for some important new revelation. I am still waiting.

While I am ready at any time to be convinced that the Warren Commission was wrong, I have not yet read or heard or seen any evidence that has shaken my conviction that Lee and Lee alone fired the shots that wounded Governor Connally and killed the President. Despite the blunders by the Dallas police and the errors of the Warren Commission, I am convinced:

1. Lee ordered the 6.5-millimeter Mannlicher-Carcano from Klein's Sporting Goods Company in Chicago in March, 1963. Handwriting experts told the Commission that the mail-order form and the money order were in Lee's handwriting.
2. Lee received the rifle. It was mailed to Post Office Box 2915, Dallas, and this was the last address Lee gave to me for his mail.
3. The rifle was taken from the Paine garage some time before November 22, 1963.
4. Lee did have a package with him when he went to the Texas School Book Depository on Friday morning, November 22, 1963. If the package actually contained curtain rods—as he told Buell Wesley Frazier, the neighbor who drove him to work—then those curtain rods have continued

never turned up after the most intensive search of the Depository Building.

5. Lee did have the general opportunity to shoot at the President without being seen by anyone else at the Book Depository Building. Charles Givens, who was working with a floor-laying crew on the sixth floor, saw Lee on the fifth floor around 11:45 a.m. and on the sixth at 11:55 on November 22, 1963. Lee was then carrying a clipboard, which was found ten days after the assassination hidden on the sixth floor.

6. The 6.5-millimeter Mannlicher-Carcano, serial number C2766, was found on the sixth floor of the Depository Building about 1:22 p.m. on November 22, 1963. About ten minutes earlier, three empty cartridge cases had been discovered near the window in the southeast corner of the sixth floor.

7. Lee did leave the Depository Building almost immediately after the assassination.

8. Lee did return to 1026 North Beckley about one o'clock on November 22, 1963, and left there three or four minutes later.

9. Officer J. D. Tippit was shot near the intersection of Tenth and Patton, a few blocks from the rooming house, at approximately 1:16 p.m.

10. When Lee was arrested at the Texas Theatre, about eight blocks from the spot where Tippit was shot, between 1:45 and 1:50 p.m., he had a Smith & Wesson Special .38-caliber revolver, serial number V510210. Four cartridge cases found a few minutes later in the shrubbery at the corner of Tenth and Patton by three eyewitnesses had been fired from that particular pistol, according to expert testimony.

11. Lee had ordered that revolver in January or February, 1963, from Seaport Traders, Inc., of Los Angeles. He had used the alias "A. J. Hidell," and had used the same address he gave me and later used in ordering the rifle—Box 2915, Dallas, Texas.

12. Five different people picked out Lee as the man they had seen shoot J. D. Tippit or run from the scene of the shooting, emptying his revolver as he ran.

I do not believe any one of these 12 statements can be disproved, and I find only one explanation for this sequence of events: Lee shot President Kennedy, Governor Connally and Officer J. D. Tippit.

While I accept the central finding of the Warren Commission, I do feel that the report fails completely in giving any answer to the major question: Why?

I began to wonder whether the Commission would succeed in the search for that answer in July, 1964, when I received a telephone call from Wesley J. Liebler, an assistant counsel whom I had met while testifying before the Warren Commission. He told me he was in an isolated cabin or ski lodge working on one chapter of the Commission's Report. He had now reached the point where he wanted to reveal Lee's motives for shooting the President, he said, and that was why he was calling me. "When you want to know something," he said, "you go directly to the man who should know the answer."

The Commission had spent months on its exhaustive investigation, yet here, suddenly, after taking the testimony of hundreds of witnesses, a member of the Commission staff was asking me to answer during a brief telephone conversation one of the most important questions about the entire case. I told Liebler that I could not give my theory about Lee's motives before making a

serious study of everything the Commission itself had discovered. [One published report indicates that Liebler's sections dealing with Lee's motives were rejected as "too psychological," and were rewritten by another staff member.—Ed.]

When the Warren Report appeared, I was startled by the few superficial paragraphs devoted to the subject of a motive. After offering a few generalizations that could apply to many people who have never committed any serious crime, the Commission confessed: "... the Commission does not believe that it can ascribe to him any one motive or group of motives."

Earlier, someone on the Commission staff had recognized the importance of exploring this question. Three psychiatrists had been asked to serve as consultants. But their analyses are not included in the report. The Commission decided to withhold any "psychiatric conclusions," Dr. D. A. Rothstein, one of the three psychiatrists, reported in September, 1966, and to limit itself to offering "essentially only the relevant basic information, which the reader might then utilize in arriving at his own conclusions."

Dr. Rothstein's comments about motive interested me and suggested some aspects of Lee's life that should be explored by other psychiatrists. I was particularly struck by this statement of Dr. Rothstein: "Ironically enough, despite Lee's hostility to his mother, he may have revealed his attachment to her by acting out through the assassination his conception of her wish to become famous. ..." He also mentions three other factors that might account for the final explosion: "the importance of an older brother's more successful military career," "a history of suicidal attempt or gesture," and "a recent rejection by a significant female."

I knew that Lee had dreamed of a successful military career through most of his youth, but I did not know until I had studied the Warren Commission volumes that he was still thinking of these matters in the final months of his life. His own years in the Marine Corps gave him little satisfaction and ended in failure. But he had paid close attention to the details of my activities in the Marines. Two of his job-application forms bear this out. In July, 1962, Lee applied for a job with the Louv-R-Pak division of the Leslie Welding Company. He was asked to list his experience, and he printed these words:

AcTive DUTY	MichiNisT
USMC	ANd SHeeT
MeTal	woRKeR

did he expect Lee to list these in the USMC?

Both of these claims were false. I had gone through sheet-metal school in the Marines, and had also worked for awhile as a machinist. Lee had borrowed my experience and qualifications.

Later, in New Orleans, Lee made a different use of part of my military background when he applied for a job with the William B. Reily Company. He listed three references:

John Murrett
Sgt. Robert Hidell
Lt. J. Evans

The first name was real—the name of one of our cousins in New Orleans. The other two were fictitious, and I feel certain that the rank and first name in "Sgt. Robert Hidell" referred to me. I was a sergeant in the Marine Corps, and Lee always called me Robert, not Bob.

Lee's use of my Marine Corps experience, my rank and my first name on these two forms surprised me, but other revelations in the Warren

Commission report were much more disturbing and difficult to understand. As I examined the 26 volumes, I suddenly realized that Lee committed the most reckless acts of his life on dates that had particular significance in my life.

April 7 is my birthday. On April 7, 1963, Lee took his newly purchased rifle out to the home of Gen. Edwin Walker with the intention of shooting him.

April 10 is the birthday of my son, Robert Edward Lee Oswald. On April 10, 1963, Lee again went out to General Walker's home, stood there in the darkness, and fired through a window at the General.

November 21 is the anniversary of my marriage to Vada. On our seventh anniversary, November 21, 1963, Lee rode to Irving to pick up the rifle which he used the next day to kill President Kennedy.

Maybe these are simply coincidences. I do not know. But Lee was conscious of the importance of these three days in my life.

After I noted these dates, I recalled a puzzling question raised during my appearance before the Commission. Albert Jenner asked me whether I had seen two films—*Suddenly* and *The Manchurian Candidate*. I had not, and therefore I did not understand what point he had in mind. When I did see *The Manchurian Candidate* on television later, it shocked me. In the film, Laurence Harvey plays the part of an American soldier who is captured and brainwashed by the Red Chinese. He is placed under deep hypnosis and then programmed to kill whenever he is shown a particular card—the Queen of Diamonds, I believe. Then he returns to the United States to carry out an assassination.

The Commission seemed to be exploring the possibility that Lee could have been subjected to some kind of brainwashing by the Russians, and that the assassination of President Kennedy might have followed some preselected signal. I have sometimes considered, with great skepticism, that these three dates in my own life could have served as signals for carefully programmed acts of violence—but I find this too preposterous to consider seriously. My own feeling is that a psychiatrist might read into Lee's actions on those three dates a much more deeply rooted kind of mind-conditioning, a natural mind-conditioning that had nothing at all to do with the Russians but grew out of his whole life.

The particular dates on which he took violent action could be entirely accidental. Or they could be the result of his realization that I had been lucky enough to achieve what he wanted and would never achieve—a certain success in military life, a happy marriage, a good job, reasonable financial security and a son. On the three dates when I was most aware of my own good fortune, Lee tried to gain the world's attention through violence and destruction, perhaps because he had been ignored by too many people, dismissed as insignificant by others and even treated with contempt by some.

That is not the whole explanation, of course. But during these four years of looking back over my brother's life, I begin to understand the effect of a thousand rejections. The violent end of his life was determined, I believe, by the time he was 13. The only question was what form that end would take, and who would suffer from his desperate final actions. The answer is that we have all suffered. Perhaps, at least, we can also learn something from the tragedy. END