OSWALD

'68 CARS
12th annual automotive preview
Lee tries on Robert's cap from his military school in Mississippi and plays Irish 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.

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 to go back to school in 1952, but is not allowed to return.

Lee Harvey Oswald was 11-15$5 when he twittered 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.

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 on the 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 Margarette 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 slated 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 coo.

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Jesse Curry, the Dallas police chief, and Captain Fritz in the corridor brought out my handkerchief. The officer relaxed. I thought that the situation was in Dallas. 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 room for us. As soon as we walked through the door, Mother leaned over me and whispered, "This room was bugged. Before any of this."

Her remark annoyed me, but it didn't surprise me. I have often heard her talk 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 here in the doorway. If you know anything that will help me go free, now, I want to hear it."

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 kids?"

"My friends will take care of them."

"Do you mean the Paine's?" I asked. "Yes," he said, apparently surprised that I knew of the Paine's.

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

"Yes, they are."

"Well, she sure isn't any friends of mine."

It was obvious that we could not reach agreement about the Paine's, and he changed the subject.

"Just mention a new pair of shoes," he said.

I had noticed before that one of the police officers' little girl was wearing just about worn through at the toe. This was on his mind, and during Mother and Marina's visit, he had asked Marina to be sure to buy Jane 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 Abe. "What about this attorney you tried to contact in New York?" I asked. "Who is he?"

"Well, he's an attorney I want to handle my case," Lee said. "I'm going to get an attorney down here."

"No, he's not staying out of it."

"Yes you are! It looks like we'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."
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. I'm going to be all right. Don't worry about that."

Mike's own calmness made me feel that Lee would be all right. He said Lee was at Parkland Hospital. "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 would be able to leave 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 chase the cabs. The Secret Service men were driving at top speed, but the two cabs were close behind. Then one of the agents motioned the Dallas police and asked them to overtake the taxicabs loaded with reporters and to direct the drivers for speeding or some other traffic violation. In about five minutes, three or four Dallas police cars raced up behind the cabs, forced the drivers off the side of the road and either killed 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 had 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 those 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 Feddies'), 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.

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

"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 that I did want a heavy steel outer vault which I was told would be all right. Mike Howard received definite word from the Attorney General as to the name of the doctor who had tried to save President Kennedy's life on Friday and had attempted to perform an autopsy. "All right," he 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 called telephoning various crematories to prepare the way for the body to be cremated. That evening, after a 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
Churches had driven out to Rose Hill by himself 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 tell me the cemetery lay. 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 morning, after the funeral, Mike Howard interviewed Marina at the Inn of the Six Flags. I listened closely, waiting 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 the 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 23, 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. "It's a girl," John said, "we'll throw it out the hospital window!"

John, who was then seven, said Marina's son by her first marriage, and kept his father's name, Pic. I was five. My father, Robert Edward Os-wald, 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 babysitter 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 ad-mitted to the Bethlehem Home. Once a week during the summer, we would visit Mother at the hospice 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 ac-ccent, 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 mar-ried 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 task to have a stepfather who paid attention to us, talked with us, took us out for ice cream, and had 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 more than anyone else. He returned with a member having a father to play with us when we were little, swinging us around the yard and picking us up when we fell. Our 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 com-mands. 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 weak.

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 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 lastsummer, after Mr. Ekdahl’s marriage, 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 happy. 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...
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 said 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!”

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. Even when 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.

“Come on, Mother!” he’d tell me. “You can’t take that kid again. That’s just another errand boy. Sometimes, he brooded for hours and refused to talk with Mother. He now realized that he really had nothing to lose. He’d give up and just another errand boy. He now realized that he really had nothing to lose. He’d give up and live with the lame contempt he showed Mother, just another errand boy. He now realized that he really had nothing to lose. He’d give up and live with the lame contempt he showed Mother, just another errand boy.

At first, Lee seemed like any other excited insecure youngster, exhibiting much anxiety about “the maternal figure.” He now 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 it, and he gave her a sharp answer. After that, he crossed Marge with the same contempt he showed Mother.

One afternoon, John came home and found the house in a shambles. 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. Anyways, 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.”

This 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 exhibited some difficulty in relationships 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 without Mother, without help from John or me.

A caseworker, Evelyn Steckman, 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, she never felt that she was involved with him in any way or cared very much what happened to him.””

Lee told Miss Steckman that he felt “almost as if there is a veil between him and other people through which they cannot reach him, but he prefers that 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 Voelker about joining the Civil Air Patrol. The boys went out to an airport in New Orleans together to see what the Civil Air Patrol 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.” Voelker 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 school principal 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 and are leaving 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, George P. Tujague, and asked me about the job, he was eager and enthusiastic.

“We’re sending an order to Portugal this week,” he’d tell me. “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 cargos. 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 there was looking for something to be long to. . . . He hit me as somebody who was
looking for identification, and he just happened, I guess, to latch on to this particular area (communist) 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 me he had passed the gun in his衣柜. It was a .22-caliber pistol. After he left the Marines.

Lee had photographed in an alleyway behind the home of Gen. Edwin Walker. And on March 12, 1959, he was busy in the kitchen while John and Lee ex-

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 teleype 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.

"Yes, 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 Lee died, his life was not only a secret, but the world 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 else to make him grow up. At the time, I

In March, he took the high-school graduation ed at the Churwalden, Switzerland. In a letter to me, dated June 6, 1959, he hinted that he had a very definite goal:

"Well, pretty soon I'll be getting out of the corps and I know what I want to be and how I'm going to get it, which is going beyond what you have to do in life."

I think that was the last letter I had from Lee until he left the Marines.

He was due for discharge on December 8, 1950. On August 17, he applied for a discharge from the Army, and on October 8, 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, a student's room 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 fondest dreams are shattered because of a pretty affair, because of bad planning. I planned to much! 7.00 P.M. I decide to end it. I have 1100 left. I

That was the last time I saw him until November 22, 1963. We did receive a thank-you note for a present we sent to June Lee, and when we wrote to him in March, 1963, addressing the letter to the person he could not be sent to, he answered my letter. His photographic work was interesting for me, and I have become rather adept at my photographic work. It is very interesting for me, I wrote. "I will get a rise in pay next month, and I have become less one-eyed at my photographic work. It is very interesting for me."

Did I 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 phoned a wire agency behind the home of Gen. Edwin Walker. And on March 11, he wrote to me in Dallas, reiterating his plans to meet again:"

They had an 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

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"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 me he had passed the gun in his衣柜. It was a .22-caliber pistol. After he left the Marines.

Lee had photographed in an alleyway behind the home of Gen. Edwin Walker. And on March 12, 1959, he was busy in the kitchen while John and Lee ex-

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 teleype 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.

"Yes, 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 Lee died, his life was not only a secret, but the world 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 else to make him grow up. At the time, I

In March, he took the high-school graduation ed at the Churwalden, Switzerland. In a letter to me, dated June 6, 1959, he hinted that he had a very definite goal:

"Well, pretty soon I'll be getting out of the corps and I know what I want to be and how I'm going to get it, which is going beyond what you have to do in life."

I think that was the last letter I had from Lee until he left the Marines.

He was due for discharge on December 8, 1950. On August 17, he applied for a discharge from the Army, and on October 8, 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, a student's room 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 fondest dreams are shattered because of a pretty affair, because of bad planning. I planned to much! 7.00 P.M. I decide to end it. I have 1100 left. I

That was the last time I saw him until November 22, 1963. We did receive a thank-you note for a present we sent to June Lee, and when we wrote to him in March, 1963, addressing the letter to the person he could not be sent to, he answered my letter. His photographic work was interesting for me, and I have become rather adept at my photographic work. It is very interesting for me, I wrote. "I will get a rise in pay next month, and I have become less one-eyed at my photographic work. It is very interesting for me."

Did I 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 phoned a wire agency behind the home of Gen. Edwin Walker. And on March 11, he wrote to me in Dallas, reiterating his plans to meet again:"

They had an 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 full-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 international 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 casts doubt on some 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 more time in practicing with the weapon than the Commission contains Lee spent. And, of course, the basic condition 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 accompanists aided Oswald in his escape was suggested by the testimony of Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper at the 1026 North Beckley roominghouse. She testified that as of 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 a horn several times. She said that she had thought the car she saw was No. 105 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 vehicle 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 re-assigned until February 1964."

I find this summary completely inconclusive. Mrs. Roberts was hired 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 them with information, but wrong when she made her formal 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—or 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 innocuous occasion. 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; Gunald H. Slack had an altercation with the individual on another occasion because he was shooting at Slack's target; and Stenting C. Wood, who on a third date was present at the [Sports Drome Rifle Range] range with his father, Dr. Homer Wood, spoke . . . very briefly with the unknown person."

The Commission failed to rake 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, 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 further 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 belief 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 as part of 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 Pacific garage some time before November 22, 1963.

4. Lee did have a package that contained certain rods—two told Burt Wesley Frazin, the neighbor who drove him to work—then those certain rods have continued
July, 1964, when I received a telephone call from Theatre, about eight blocks from the spot where something, he said, you go directly to the man with the revolver, Mill number V510210. Your cartridge and lust sued in ordering the rifle—Box at the corner of Tenth and Paton by three eye-witnesses had been fired from that particular pistol, according to expert testimony.

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 later in ordering the rifle—Box 12015, Dallas, Texas.

Five different people picked out Lee as the man they had seen shot. J. D. Tippit ran out of the rooming house,就被 approximately 1:15 p.m.

Tippit was shot, between 1:45 and 1:50 p.m., by a Smith & Wesson Special .38-caliber revolver, serial number V510210. Four cartridge cases had been discovered near the window in the southeast corner of the sixth floor.

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

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

Office J. D. Tippit was shot near the intersection of Tenth and Patton, a few blocks from the Depository Building.

Tippit was shot, between 1:45 and 1:50 p.m., by a Smith & Wesson Special .38-caliber revolver, serial number V510210. Four cartridge cases had been discovered near the window in the southeast corner of the sixth floor.

Tippit ran out of the rooming house, and was later killed in the robbery.

Lee had appointed Dr. Robert Hidell, his mother, Dr. Lurleen Hidell, his father, and Dr. John Murrett, his brother.

I began to wonder whether the Commission was sincerely interested in my question. Why?

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 Liebeler 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 Liebeler's written 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. Robert Hidell, 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. Hidell'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. Hidell: "Ironically enough, despite Lee's loyalty to his mother, he may have revealed his attachment to her by acting out through the assassination his conception of her wish to be famous..."

Lee had listed three references that might account for the final explosion: "the importance of an older brother's more successful military career," "a history of suicidal attempts 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 had still thinking of himself as a military man. Two of his job-application forms revealed that he was interested in the Lesley Welding Company. He was asked to list his experience, and he pinned these words: "AcTive DUTY MichNoT USMC ANI SHET SGT. ROBERT HIDELL 1945-1947 WwrrKerMcTal SGT. ROBERT HIDELL WwrrKer McTal"

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 was sincerely interested in my question. Why?

I began to wonder whether the Commission was sincerely interested in my question. Why?

But during these four years of looking back over my brother's life, I began to understand the effect of a thousand rejections. The violent end of his life was a violent end to which he was driven by the time he was 15. 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.