

Their Lives Go On—2 Years

By Mike Cochran

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 20 (AP)—Marina Oswald Porter snubbed out her ninth cigarette of the morning and lighted another.

"Have you ever tried to analyze yourself?" she asked. "It's very hard to do. I think about it a lot. I try to forget. It is very difficult. It is like a nightmare. Sometimes I have nightmares."

The former Mrs. Lee Harvey Oswald was speaking of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy two years ago. Seated at the dining table in her modern brick home in northeast Dallas, she fussed with her blond hair and drank coffee.

Now the wife of an electronics technician, Kenneth Porter, she is one of several Texans whose lives were wrenched apart when Oswald killed the President in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963.

Elsewhere in Texas

About five miles away from the Porter home, the man condemned to death for killing Oswald waits in his jail cell in downtown Dallas.

In Fort Worth, 30 miles away by turnpike, Marguerite Oswald, gray-haired mother of the assassin, continues trying to clear Oswald's name.

Across the Trinity River, in the section of Dallas known as Oak Cliff, Marie Tippit, quiet widow of the policeman shot by Oswald, strives to give her children a normal life without using the wealth showered upon her by a sympathetic nation.

In Austin, the state capital, Gov. John Connally, no longer in pain from wounds he suffered from the assassin but unable to use his right wrist properly and weak in the right side of his body, is plagued by memories. He is preparing to run for a third term.

Life Not Serene

Marina Oswald Porter's house is in the \$20,000 range, clean and comfortable. She spoke with disarming candor. When told her daughter, Ra-



MARGUERITE OSWALD



MRS. J. D. TIPPIT



MARINA PORTER

... two years later the shots still echo

After Kennedy

Assassination

chel, 2, was a lovely little girl, Marina said, "No, she is not lovely. It is something one must say to a mother, I suppose. Pretty maybe, but she is not a lovely girl."

Her life has not been serene lately. Two months after her June marriage to Porter, she charged in a peace bond affidavit that Porter slapped her, frightened her with a gun and threatened to kill himself. Porter said he slapped his wife because she became hysterical. He took the gun to keep it away from her, he said.

"Because of all the trouble she's been through, I thought she might try to kill herself," he explained.

Porter spent several hours in jail before the peace bond was dismissed. Then the

couple left the courtroom together, and the marital discord diminished.

Marina and her mother-in-law have not seen each other since Nov. 28, 1963.

A few days before the interview with Marina, Marguerite Oswald, 58, had chattered excitedly as she drove to Dallas from Fort Worth to see her son's image at a historical wax museum.

"I must know everything there is to know of the assassination," she said as she arrived at the museum. "It is something I must do."

Delighted by a small but attentive audience, she made her way through the semi-darkened building toward the

eerie waxen image of her son, poised with rifle in hand.

"That doesn't look like him too much," she told the museum director. "I know you tried to be as authentic as possible, but . . . the hairline is not so perfect.

"They caught his mouth real well. I think it was said that Ruby killed him because of the sneer on his face. The police said he acted arrogant, that he sneered. But this was not his way. This is his normal mouth. They have caught his mouth completely."

Speaking to a reporter, she said: "You can quote me also as saying this case will be reopened. It may take five years,

but this case will be reopened. If Lee killed President Kennedy, I'm very sorry. But I didn't teach him to kill."

Mrs. Oswald periodically visits her son's grave in Fort Worth's Rose Hill Cemetery, and travels to Dallas to "interview witnesses."

Ruby Defends Sanity

Jack Ruby disagrees with those who would label him a mental case.

"Do I look insane?" he asked reporters at one of his recent courtroom appearances. "If I'm a person who sounds insane at this moment, then the whole world is crazy."

Former operator of a strip tease club in Dallas, Ruby has

been under a death sentence since March 14, 1964. The verdict was appealed but numerous legal actions have delayed a ruling by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals.

Ruby's cell is just a stone's throw from the assassination site. The two years he has spent there apparently have not caused much physical deterioration.

"He plays dominoes, he plays checkers, he plays cards and he has puzzles and other diversions," Sheriff Bill Decker said recently. "His weight is normal and his appetite is good. He hasn't had an aspirin tablet in the last year. He's the picture of perfect health."

Screams Fade Away

More importantly, perhaps, Decker said Ruby has not complained lately of hearing voices or the screams of persecuted Jews as he once did. And he has made no attempts to harm himself since three crude suicide efforts failed more than a year ago.

The widow and children of J. D. Tippit remain in the familiar surroundings where they lived modestly but comfortably prior to Nov. 22, 1963.

Tippit was shot to death when he stopped Oswald on a Dallas street shortly after the assassination.

Donations poured in for the Tippit family.

Instant and substantial wealth—nearly \$650,000—apparently has had little effect on Marie Tippit, sons Curtis, 6, and Allen, 15, and daughter,

Brenda, 9. The only tangible evidence of wealth is a new car and a color television set.

"I wanted the children to grow up just like they would have if J. D. were still with us," explained Mrs. Tippit, a reserved and soft-spoken woman. "This is the house that J. D. and I picked for our family and we were hap-

py here, and we plan to stay here."

There is little outward evidence of Connally's wounds in the back, chest, wrist and thigh caused by a single bullet which left him near death that November afternoon. He still is unable to use a fork or spoon properly because of the wrist injury and he lifts

weights, seeking to strengthen his right side.

His wife said she still flinches at sudden noises.

"After it had been a year," said Nellie Connally, "we sort of put it in the back of our heads and stored it with the things that you never forget but that you don't want to belabor."