

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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Mr. Felt	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

Assassin's Letters Sold at Auction

Wife Supports Lee After From Grave

By DENA VASATHA

The widow of the assassin of President John F. Kennedy is supporting his mother from his grave, she says.

Lee Harvey Oswald is financing Mrs. Marcelline Oswald's world of pet plants, plaques and protests. From his plot at Rose Hill he helps to build what might be judged as a fine library on the subject of the assassination, his own landing at the hands of Jack Ruby and subsequent events.

This is the impression given by Mrs. Oswald in Fort Worth, four years after the episodes that began exploding in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963.

Mrs. Oswald, who looks much better than she did four years ago, hasn't held a job since she was fired as a practical nurse. She was fired because of who she was after that Nov. 22.

Now, she reads from letter to letter. That is, she supports herself by auctioning Lee's letters to "those interested in history."

The rooming house she occupied in late 1963, the one in which she was sampled by Secret Service men and a doctor, is now in her past. Two years ago she bought a house in the same neighborhood as off Byers. She is paying \$100 a month for the house, with monthly payments of \$10.

She drives a 1964 Buick.

MRS. OSWALD, when sitting quietly in her neat living room, gives off an aura of martyred motherhood. Now, at age 60, she has kept her figure a medium size and dresses well. Her white hair—a flat curl flirts on her forehead—is pulled back and knotted at the back of her neck.

But all serenity goes when she speaks in an agitated soprano. She ranges from kittenish to cattish.

In one hand she clutches five telegrams sent recently to protest something. All are connected with Lee. One telegram goes to Lock Magazine, because it recently published a condensation of the book by Mrs. Oswald's son, Robert Oswald. The same week she telephoned the CBS network in New York to complain about a part of a TV program dealing with Lee.

"THIS IS EXPENSIVE," she smiles, holding up the telegrams. "But I'd rather do this than eat. This is history. This is my life. To counteract errors."

Mrs. Oswald is custodian and guardian, she believes, of Lee's life. His life has become her life.

She estimates she has sent 2500 telegrams to news-media during the four years. "Each"

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

21-A "Ft. Worth Press"
Ft. Worth, Texas

Date: 10/22/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor: Walter R. Humphreys
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: Dallas
 Being Investigated

105-147805-17

NOT RECORDED
199 NOV 15 1967

F/2
53 NOV 17 1967

File
62-109-abc
6-11-67

...the word "assas-
...proceeding
...
...Warren Re-
...is kept in a sunlit
...of her home. There are pot
... She keeps a fire extinguisher
... on a book shelf.

SHE HAS TWO of all important books,
she says. She keeps one for reference, wrap-
ped in plastic dust cover, and another to
mark up. She searches for "errors" and
pencil notes in margins. In a spare bed-
room she keeps stacks of yet-to-be-clipped
newspapers and magazines. She has reams of
clippings and spends hours running her own
clipping service, with herself her only cus-
tomer.

One of her files says "Connally." Another
says "Whitman" and is exclusive for the
University of Texas sniper, who, like her
son, was an ex-Marine and a handler of
rifles. She believes there is "more to the
Whitman case than anyone knows."

She has 500 reels of tapes in her library
and keeps a tape recorder by her telephone.

She says she can afford to portray this
role, because "Lee supports his mother."

THIS IS THE evidence, according to Mrs.
Oswald:

On Oct. 6, auctioneer Alex Hamilton
in New York City sold to Lee's letters
from Russia. They were later seen by the
Warren Commission. They went for \$750 each,
minus commission.

In all, she has had five of Lee's letters.
One package of postcards and paraphernalia
brought \$100. One letter went for \$3500.

Mrs. Oswald turns coy when asked how
many letters she has left. She has to save
something for her book, she says, which is
"a potential \$90,000."

Last year she paid \$28 in income tax.

One year Internal Revenue Service called
her in to talk about a reported \$5000 she got
for a talk in Town Hall, New York, after she
appeared before the Warren Commission. She
denied getting that sum of money but said
she was paid \$100 for expenses. IRS accept-
ed her word, she says.

"I WAS DESTITUTE," with less than \$75
in the bank, from June through September,"
she said. Then, she sold the two letters.

Still, she doesn't want a job if she can
"scrimp by."

"Think of me behind a counter,"
she mocks herself. Another she says:
"Who'd want me?"

Why should she work, she asks, when
she considers herself a public figure?

Lack of money has dogged Mrs. Oswald
all of her life. But, she contends, she knows
how to handle the situation. She has a
poor-but-proud line.

She was born and reared in New Orleans.
Her mother died when she was two and her
father when she was 20. She had one year
of high school.

"When I was 10, I came home from school,
cooked and kept house for five. I was poor
but never trashy. I'd know better than to go
to the door in my apron."

MRS. OSWALD cries, she says, but not
from loneliness. She cries out of indignation.

Loneliness was always part of her life.
She separated from John Pic's father by
mutual agreement when she was three
months pregnant. This was her first-bor-
son. Lee's father died when she was seven
months pregnant. She and her third husband,
Edwin A. Ekdahl, were divorced and he sub-
sequently died.

Robert Oswald, in his book, writes of a
family reunion on Thanksgiving of 1962. Near-
ly everyone was there, including all three
of Mrs. Oswald's sons with their families.
But Mrs. Oswald was not there. She was not
invited, says Robert.

Restless at home, she gets in her car and
drives. She takes a hand mower and mows
Lee's grave. Sometimes she goes on "in-
vestigating" trips. Mrs. Oswald volunteered
the fact she wears a fluffy reddish brown
wig to investigate "incognito."

SHE AVERAGES three phone calls a day and occasionally receives a visitor in her home. One recent night she opened her doors to a man visitor who wanted to talk about the Kennedy death. Obviously, Mrs. Oswald believed there was a third listener, a conspirator, monitoring the conversation. She chalked on her kitchen blackboard this hush-hush message for her visitor:

"Someone interested in everything I do. Just nod and follow along."

She claims her telephone is "bugged," that her mail is read and that she is followed. The latter can be proven. Whenever Vice President Humphrey has been in this area, she has been followed. Police admit it and it's "embarrassing," she says.

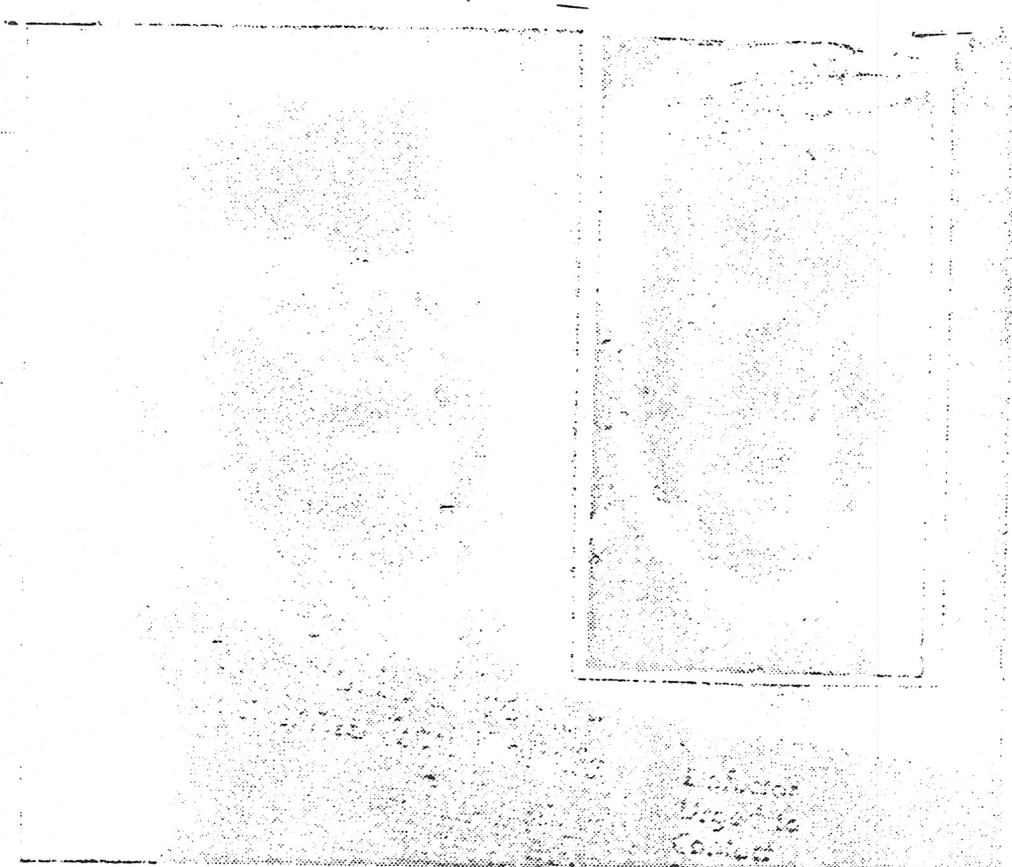
She says she keeps a police dog to guard her house.

RELEGATED by history's judgment to waiting in the wings, she has made up a gold plaque for Lee on his first anniversary. It hangs in her living room and reads:

"My son, Lee Harvey Oswald. Even after his death has done more for his country than any other living human being. Marguerite C. Oswald."

Another picture takes its place on the living room wall. This is a big print of Whistler's Mother.

"Another mother in history," Mrs. Oswald once remarked.



Mrs. Marguerite Oswald pictured at a press conference in 1964. Today she claims her son, Lee Harvey Oswald, supports her from his grave.