

Dallas—the Shadow Still Lingers

The shots that killed John Fitzgerald Kennedy changed a world for many others, too. Two widows grieve, another has found a new life; a mother rages at fate, a killer plays dominoes and hears voices, a salesman lives in fear, a woman wonders. . . . One year has passed, but that terrible day is not yet over.

By SID MOODY

Associated Press News Feature Writer

DALLAS—(AP)—The sorrowful year has passed and the motorcade has passed and the motorcade has turned the corner and vanished, into the shades of history.

The shots ring only in the heart. The yellow lights of the clock sign atop the brick building are winking another time now.

But for some the hour it signals is still 12:30, Nov. 22, 1963—the moment their separate lives collided at that fated crossroads.

Their lives have gone on, but they aren't the same. Lee Harvey Oswald saw to that.

Not the same for the camera hobbyist who must steel himself to look through the eye of a zoom lens where once he saw sudden blood.

Not for the widow misty with grief at the sight of the family station wagon in the driveway—empty. Not for the graying woman fiery and angry in her struggle to clear the name that marks her. Not for the tall, thoughtful man of power who admits his power is not protection against the tremor he feels at a sudden noise, be it only the pop of a burst balloon. Not for the young mother who drives herself with self-doubt as to why she did not see more than she did in the stranger welcomed into her home.

These are the people of the assassination and a year has not healed all their wounds.

Some still mourn. Some hide their sorrow and shock in work. Some the tragedy

has touched lightly. Some it has made wealthy—and one of them would gladly trade the wealth for her loss. Others look for riches. One crouches on the floor and listens for voices none else can hear. Another fears a mysterious assassin none can explain.

They are as varied as they ever were—governor and schoolboy, housewife and elegant beauty of the world. But now, peculiarly, they can trace a kinship through the blood of a fallen president. They tell their stories:

. . . Abraham Zapruder, balding, emotional clothing merchant, happy to be out of New York's harried garment district and working in a loft next to the Texas school book depository. He walked out into the noonday sun to see the President and, at his secretary's urging, had brought his camera. Zapruder had been taking movies of his children for 25 years and when the presidential limousine came into the viewfinder of his zoom lens he began taking pictures reflexively, pictures that would never die . . .

'I Thought No'

"I heard the shot and saw the President grab his heart and lean over towards Jacqueline. I thought he was making believe saying 'Oh, he got me' but then I thought 'no, a president wouldn't be joking.' Then another shot broke his head open. I started yelling 'They killed him, they killed him.' But I kept on taking pictures until the limousine disappeared, still aiming through the viewfinder."



MARINA OSWALD WITH HER DAUGHTERS
The heavy burden has been lifted somewhat

Zapruder went back to the office kicking at desks in a mixture of grief and disbelief. Months later when he saw the pictures he had sold to a magazine (Life) he was too stricken to talk.

Only now has he agreed to talk to a newsman. When he was through, his eyes were moist. But he prided himself on getting through the ordeal of remembrance without breaking down.

He has a new camera now. The manufacturer took the old one for its archives. He was glad to see it go.

"I don't shoot as many pictures as I did. When I pick up the camera and put it next to my eye it's tough. It's taken a little starch out of me." And when he thinks about the street outside, where it happened, he feels a cramp, "like a cramp in my heart."

. . . Jacqueline Kennedy and Marina Oswald are from different worlds, the regal patrician who had everything, the humble Russian girl who had nothing. Their only bond is the bloody mayhem that made them both widows . . .

A Better Life

"I have two children to look out for. I must make a little money," says Marina Oswald.

Lee Harvey Oswald's widow, living comfortably on the \$100,000 she received from magazines and donations, stands to make another \$50,000 on a book being written.

She is not unaware of the potential and after the first brush with the "assassination business" she, and her advisers, are taking a very close look at things.

For Jacqueline Kennedy it has been a year of mourning.

She lives in a Manhattan apartment, takes walks in Central Park with her children, is rarely mentioned in the headlines she once dominated, and then only indirectly. She refuses interviews. Her thoughts are her own. The brilliance of her life as First Lady has been put away, like a treasured memento.

For Marina, however, life is a Cinderella dream compared to the cheap apartments and beatings she knew a year ago. She lives in a modern three-bedroom brick house in a Dallas suburb. It is air conditioned, has modern appliances including the washing machine Lee Harvey Oswald had promised her the night before he shot John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Likes Texas

She is enjoying a life her saturnine husband denied her. She wears lipstick, frets over her hairdo like any 22 year old, buys stylish clothes from the famous Nieman-Marcus store, likes beer and the cigarettes her husband once slapped her for smoking. She has periodic dates at the Music Box, a dimly lit private club near downtown Dallas that offers drinks and dance music and the gaiety of fun-seeking young people.

She will chat, in passable English, about how she likes life in Texas and about her two blonde little daughters on whom she dotes. She will not discuss Lee or the assassination although she has said she loved him, a man who somehow changed from the one she married.

She lives comfortably but not lavishly on the \$100,000 she received from donations and magazines.

She stands to make another \$50,000 or so on a book being written by Priscilla Johnson, one of two American newswomen who interviewed Lee Harvey Oswald in Russia.

She is not unaware of her monetary potential. She became furious at a Dallas newsman for releasing her husband's Russian diary.

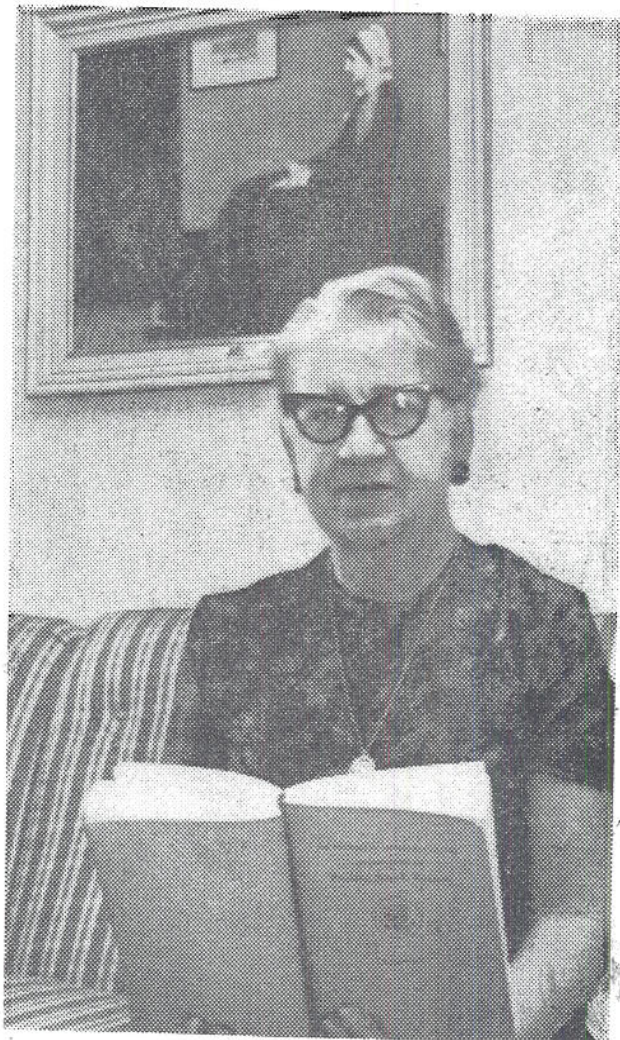
She could have made \$100,000 from it if she had sold it instead of the fraction of what she did receive.

"I have two children to look out for," she told one man. "I must make a little money."

She paid \$12,500 to break an exclusive 10-year contract she had signed with her first advisers.

She later broke with a respected Dallas lawyer who had been managing her affairs and has now entrusted the job to Declan Ford, a geologist, and his Russian-born wife.

She is suspicious of being had and at times she has been, said a man who had once advised her.



MRS. MARGUERITE OSWALD
The fierce determination of a mother

No Black

If Marina Oswald is wary of those who would treat her as a property and not a person she is enjoying the company of those who are showing her a life she could only have dreamed of a year ago.

"Black," said a man who has been close to her, "is not Marina's color."

... Mrs. Tippit, mother of three, widowed by Lee Oswald in his dash to somewhere...

She is rich now. She would rather have her husband.

Just last month the money she has received from people the world over was distributed by the court. Prior to that she had been getting by on her police widow's pension of \$225 a month. The court gave Mrs. Tippit a check for \$312,916. Another \$330,946 was placed in trust for her two boys, 14 and 5, and daughter, 11. Zapruder reportedly gave \$25,000 to the fund from money paid for his movies.

In the dining room of her three-bedroom bungalow is a picture of the Kennedy family with an inscription from Mrs. Kennedy:

"There is another bond we share. We must remind our children all the time what brave men their fathers were."

'To Honor My Son'

"I'm doing this to honor my son. Even if he was guilty he should not be forgotten. I know the television and the press will be full of President Kennedy Nov. 22 and not Lee Harvey Oswald. But I'm not going to let him just be buried. He's history just as President Kennedy is.

"Why shouldn't there be as much sympathy for me as the President's family? After all, my son was murdered. I've been all alone. I've done every bit alone."

MRS. MARGUERITE OSWALD

"It's hard to go on when the one you loved and lived for is gone," says Mrs. Tippit. "There's often no point to anything. But I have three of his children whom I love very much and that's a big responsibility. When so many people write that they are thinking and praying for you — well, you know you've got to do your best."

An acquaintance said: "It's nice she got the money and all but she had that inner stuff that made it a foregone conclusion she would raise her family well no matter what."

Seething

The future? The mortgage has been paid off by a Philadelphia bank as a gift. The boys have been offered scholarships to Texas A. & M. She still has not bought the rug her husband planned to buy last Christmas. "We didn't have one when J. D. was with us. So what's the hurry now?" Maybe the house will be painted and she will buy a new car.

"Every time I see the old one in the driveway I think J. D. ought to be inside."

... And in another city, Fort Worth, another mother grieves. And seethes...

In the sitting room of her small two-family house Mrs. Marguerite Oswald spoke of her battle to redeem her son, adjudged an assassin. Above the sofa where she sat was a reproduction of Whistler's serene painting of his mother.

Mrs. Oswald sat, then stalked the room, then doodled vigorously on a scrap of paper while she talked on about how her son was a "patsy," how the Warren Commission had failed history, how she would never give up until she vindicated her son. She plans a book—"with beautiful pictures"—on his burial, then a later full scale book on the whole case.

"I'm doing this to honor my son. Even if he was guilty he should not be forgotten. I know the television and the press will be full of President Kennedy Nov. 22 and not Lee Harvey Oswald. But I'm not going to let him just be buried. He's history just as President Kennedy is."

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Proud

"So he hit his wife? She came over here and started smoking, wearing lipstick, getting Americanized so fast, running around. So he slaps her down. I admire that. It shows character, good upbringing. What man wouldn't do that?"

"I am proud Lee Harvey Oswald didn't want to take things from those Russian friends of Marina's. He wanted to support his wife himself. That shows principle. And where did he get that principle? From his mother!"

"They say Lee Harvey Oswald threw a toy gun at a sitter when he was little. Well, lah-de-dah, how many little boys don't throw toys around? The Commission had to have this environment business to strengthen their evidence."

"I am taking an unpopular position but at least I sleep well. If this is what I must do, I will. If anybody today or tomorrow wanted to do away with me, I would at least know I had spoken and not had my mouth closed as my son's was."

"My evidence (she won't disclose it until she feels the time is right) would support the fact that there was more than one assassin."

"I think Lee was a patsy. I think President Kennedy was a victim of people in the State Department. I think we have a good government but there are, as in any business, a few corrupt people in government. Thank God Lee Oswald had a mother. They didn't bank on her when they planned this. It's frightening to think what would have happened if I had kept quiet like my sons and Marina."

... And there was another woman who knew Lee Harvey Oswald. Or thought she did...

Mrs. Ruth Paine is 32, tall, bright and troubled. She is troubled because she failed to see any trace of the assassin in the sullen man who was a guest in her home, whose wife she had befriended and sheltered.

Many Threats

She sits in the very room where Oswald once sat playing with his children and hers, and wonders if there was anything she might have done, anything.

"Oswald's chances to murder hung on so many thin threads any one of which might have snapped. Suppose I had not had a birthday party the weekend before the assassination and Marina had not told Lee to stay away? I am left with the speculation whether this tiny matter might have made a difference."

The might have beens: A kinder word or a closer look into the blanket where Oswald hid his rifle, perhaps a little more perception of the man who lounged almost wordlessly around her home for six weekends, perhaps a little more adding of two and two of the little foreshadowings.

But it was not to be and Ruth Paine now lives with the fact that from her home went the man who killed the President of the United States, the home where her small children were now quietly coloring, where TV crews and reporters and authors offering to write her story have swarmed, a home with a pleasant backyard in a middle-class suburb and a home where a great murder is upon it like dust that can never be swept away.

She lives with it well. "My feelings are very much involved but I must live so for instance I'm also involved in a neighborhood nursery." She wonders what demons drove Lee Oswald and wonders what to give the children for lunch. She warms some coffee and laughs at some of the rumors that she was part of an assassination plot, about the neighbor who thought his house was being bugged because his TV went fuzzy every night only to discover it was his electric blanket, about the schoolboy who interviewed her as part of a class project and said his teacher wanted to know if she believed in God and was a Communist.

To Wonder

"I said I certainly did believe in God and was not

a Communist and would rather have people ask than wonder."

To wonder. Ruth Paine is wondering why she did not see more deeply into Oswald, and has been talking to a psychiatrist.

"There is no usefulness in Dallas saying after the Warren report, 'Oh boy, we're clean' and leaving it at that. It is the same as my not criticizing myself for not seeing Oswald coming. I'm not going to let it worry me inordinately but I think I would be losing an opportunity if I didn't ask whether I was blind to Lee Harvey Oswald due to some defect, because I have opportunities to be blind every day, with my children, anybody."

To wonder. Did Marina Oswald nag and belittle her husband into a homicidal rage by mocking his dreams of power?

"You could look at it another way. She might have been saying 'Live in your environment, honey, that's where I like you.' Nagging? She's just over here from Russia and sees all the new houses and washing machines and wants her husband to get her some, too. Well, why not?"

No wonder Ruth Paine, a young mother mixed up in the business of running a nursery and a woman mixed up in a national tragedy, wonders as the nation does as to why Oswald did it. And her answers are no better—and no worse—than anyone else's. She doesn't know.

... And the other killer. What of him?...

Jack Ruby stares at the walls of his cell, plays dominoes with the guards who constantly watch him, tugs the remaining hairs from his head. He has tried to commit suicide three times by banging his head against a wall, hanging himself with his trousers and jamming his fingers into an electric light socket.

He asked a psychiatrist to get down on the floor of his cell with him to listen to the screams of the Jews who were being castrated and boiled in oil.

"All of the Jews are being killed because I killed a Communist," says Ruby. He begged one of his lawyers, Joe Tonahill, to kidnap his



JACK RUBY
The sound of voices

sister and brothers before they are slaughtered and take them some place where they will be safe.

APPEAL

A psychiatrist who examined him after his trial said he was technically insane and recommended Ruby be committed to a hospital immediately and put under close supervision. In any event his lawyers hope to have his trial appealed by the end of the year.

If Ruby cares, he doesn't seem to show it. He would rather talk to Henry Wade, the prosecutor who convicted him to die, than to his own lawyers.

He sits in his cell. His mind possibly gone, his nightclub closed then reopened under new management, the beloved dogs he called his children given away. He keeps but two things in his cell: A Bible and a picture of John F. Kennedy.

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Eliminated from this story: Amos Euins, Roy Truly, A.C. Johnson, Warren Reynolds, and remainder of story - see columns beginning under subhead "Other Players", Oakland Tribune, Nov. 15, 1964.