

## Jim Bishop



# Assassination Postscripts

DALLAS — Four years after the assassination of President Kennedy, the people here recall it as a nightmare. Roy Truly, manager of the Texas School Book Depository Building, says that his textbook company may move out soon. He had to hang a sign on the front door to keep the curious out.

Every day, small groups with cameras congregate in Dealey Square and point to the window on the sixth floor.

Once a year, on Nov. 22, Parkland Hospital closes Trauma Room No. 1, and hangs a white wreath on the door.

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CHIEF JESSE CURRY, who tried to please the press and was run over by the reporters, is tired, heart-broken and has quit. He's a private eye who is still trying to find out what the hell happened.

Marina Oswald is fairly happy. She married Ken Porter, a good-looking young fellow who was willing to teach her English, and they bought a neighborhood bar.

They have a baby of their own, a year old. She heard that vandals had stolen the headstone from Lee Harvey Oswald's grave, but she had nothing to say. The theft solved nothing; neither would a comment.

Robert Oswald, the hard-working brother, has written a book. He thinks Lee probably killed the President. It

takes courage to say it in print. He also thinks his mother is fascinated by money. A reporter says that she has sold everything of her son's, and is down to a few final letters.

The widow of J. D. Tippit, the cop who was killed by Oswald, has remarried. America felt sorry for her and gave her more than \$700,000. Her dead husband is the faceless man in the story. There is nothing to say about him except that he was a plodding policeman who admired girls.

Judge Joe B. Brown, who tried Jack Ruby, has had several heart attacks, but has dropped his weight considerably and married a lovely woman named Joy a year ago.

Vernon Oneal sent his best casket (\$3900) to Parkland Hospital as ordered by the Kennedy men, but he had to wait 23 months to be paid, and then the U.S. Government sent a check for \$3495. His business has suffered. Once, he averaged 300 funerals per year. Now he has 125. No one knows why.

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FATHER OSCAR HUBER, who wanted to see his first "live" President, and walked three blocks to do it, also administered Extreme Unction within an hour. He is a gentle man, but if you mention a certain Kennedy writer, he seethes with righteous anger at what he calls "mis-statements."

Doris Nelson, in charge of the Emergency Area at Parkland, is a stout jolly Floridian with a deep dimple. She's hurt because writers have said she "shoved" Mrs. Kennedy in an effort to keep her out of Trauma One.

Witnesses say she didn't. Those who were there claim she tried to "reason" Mrs. Kennedy out of that room, but the First Lady went in anyway.

Even the official time of death—1 p.m.—is spurious. It was fixed to coincide with the departure of the two priests — Fathers Huber and Thompson—but the President's face was covered with a sheet when they arrived at 12:50. The final feeble heartbeat had been heard at 12:40. One book claims that Mrs. Kennedy and Admiral Burkley knelt in the President's blood. They stood. So did Father Huber.