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Harvey's Introduction

When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.

Sherlock Holmes
Arthur Conan Doyle

Although I'm dead, I know there are people who still hate me, and if I'd done what I was accused of, I'd take what I deserved – but actually I was a loyal American serving my country. I killed no one. I liked and respected John Kennedy, believed he was a man of peace. If you think you know who I was, I've got just two words for you: you don't. Because, in spite of being known as "Lee Harvey Oswald," that wasn't me – although there *was* a real Lee Harvey Oswald, who was called Lee, while *I* was Harvey.

Most accounts of me are not only badly-drawn caricatures, but also include facts from the life of the real Lee Oswald. See, if you work under deep cover for an intelligence service, almost no one can recognize who you are, because you wear a mask – it's called a 'legend,' a

fictitious portrait. And when push comes to shove, your handlers will always deny knowing you, and your records will be hidden, falsified and trashed – if they ever existed.

But for now I'd like you to put aside the lies you've been told about me, so that I can give you my real story: how I became a patsy – a fall-guy – for the most vicious plot ever in American politics, which not only murdered JFK and perverted American history but created a huge wound in America's psyche that's festering even now. I wasn't "a lone nut" who shot JFK – it was a huge high-level conspiracy that killed John F. Kennedy and then covered it all up.

Let's start with who wanted President Kennedy dead: Cuban exiles who hated him for refusing air cover for the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) which JFK said he'd splinter into a thousand pieces, the Mafia dons who despised the Kennedy brothers and wanted to recover their gambling casinos in Cuba, and big Texas oil men who wanted JFK out and Lyndon Johnson in. There also were some military men who lusted for war against Cuba, Vietnam and even Russia, J. Edgar Hoover who feared and hated the Kennedys, the rulers of the Federal Reserve Bank, and of course Lyndon Johnson

himself, a ruthless man who loathed the Kennedys and was obsessed with becoming president. Most were furious with JFK's peace overtures to Khrushchev to end the Cold War, considering Kennedy a traitor.

Let's see which of these had their fingers in *my* pie.

Two Oswalds

The first faint thread of the ‘Oswald’ saga showed up when Lee Oswald was eight and living in New Orleans. Lee’s father had died before Lee was born on October 18, 1939, and eventually his mother, Marguerite, couldn’t make ends meet. So, in ‘42 his two older brothers, John Pic, 10, and Robert Oswald, 8, were sent to a children’s home, while young Lee was cared for during the next year by his mother’s sister Lillian and her husband, Charles “Dutz” Murret, a bookie with close ties to crime boss Carlos Marcello.

Around ‘47, Dutz met a Dallas mob associate of Marcello, Jack Ruby (Jacob “Sparky” Rubenstein), who in the late ‘50s ran guns to Cuba by boat and in ‘47 was a hired informant of Congressman Richard M. Nixon. Ruby had been recommended to Nixon by Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson, Ruby being one of “Lyndon’s boys.” Marguerite Oswald took Lee to some parties given by Carlos Marcello, where Lee and Jack might have crossed

paths. It's ironic that the man who may have patted the real Lee Harvey Oswald on his head at a New Orleans party when Lee was a kid, years later shot me to death in Dallas.

In August, 1952, when Lee was twelve and I was eleven, he and his mother – then living in Fort Worth, Texas – suddenly moved to New York City, where I lived. That's when I – by then also known as Lee Harvey Oswald – first surfaced. At that time I was only about 4'6" tall and thin (70-75 pounds), while Lee was 5'4", weighed 114 pounds, and was described as "the tallest, the dominant school kid" in his class in grade school. I was in seventh grade, Lee was in eighth grade. My 'cousin' Marilyn Murret, Dutz's daughter, later testified, "Lee was extremely quiet." She was talking about *me, Harvey* – Lee was the opposite of quiet.

His Uncle Dutz testified, "[Lee] was a loud kid, you know what I mean; he was always raising his voice when he wanted something from his mother." Myrtle Evans, a New Orleans friend of Marguerite, said that when Lee wanted supper "he would scream like a bull. He would holler, 'Maw, where's my supper?' Lee was about thirteen then and had a loud voice." Myrtle's husband, Julian, felt Lee "was arrogant, and no one liked him," thought that Lee

was “a psycho” and “very loud and insolent.” Three classmates, girls, could only remember Lee as “always getting into fights.”

Once in New York, Lee and his mother moved in with his brother John Pic – then serving in the Coast Guard – and John’s wife Margaret (Margy). John later testified, “If Lee decided to do something, regardless of what my mother said, he did it. She had no authority whatsoever with him. He had no respect for her at all.” During an argument over what TV program to watch, John claimed that Lee pulled a pocket knife on Margy and threatened her, then struck his mother. Lee wasn’t thirteen yet. As a result, Margy asked them to move out, and they went to live in the Bronx, John said. No way to tell if the knife incident actually happened. There were, however, teachers’ notes that Lee had a quick temper, lost control often, and got into fights.

I, Harvey, played hooky from school during the next eighteen months, rode the subways, went to museums and read a lot. A probation officer described me as “*a small boy, a bright boy, a likeable one, but extremely guarded when discussing certain areas of his life.*”

I was finally sent to Youth House in April, 1953, where all of the staff commented on my “frail appearance.” A

psychiatrist said I was “a slender boy with a pale, haunted face...how slight he seemed for his thirteen years.” I was only twelve – I had been told to use Lee’s birth date. “He had an underfed look reminiscent of starved children...in concentration camps.” The psychiatrist wrote in his report that I had a “superior mental endowment” but also that I was a “disturbed youngster, who suffers emotional isolation and deprivation, lack of affection, and rejection by a self-involved mother.”

Another psychiatrist – who knew me as “Harvey” – said I “was very quiet and introverted.” I told him about my mother’s five marriages and that all but one of my stepfathers had been cruel to me. I spoke of my brothers, who often provoked me to the point of “blind rage.” One would hold my head at arm’s length and laugh as I flailed the air trying to hit him. I said I never went to school, but a brother once went to class in my place.

People think those odd family accounts of mine were just fantasies of a disturbed boy, but I wasn’t just a little dreamy kid by then – I was almost thirteen, *and I actually was talking about my **real** birth family.* Can you see why I was glad to leave that family and perform a service for my

new country? Oh, yes, I was a Hungarian immigrant – and my birth mother was dead by then.

The Mothers

Then who was the “self-involved mother” that the psychiatrist mentioned? Her real identity still isn’t known – she always said she was “Marguerite Oswald.” However, multiple witnesses who knew Marguerite Oswald describe *two very different* ‘Marguerites’. People who had known the real Marguerite in the mid to late ‘50s couldn’t in 1963 recognize pictures of my ‘mother’ as the same person. Two of these people had known the real Marguerite *for thirty years!*

Julian Evans testified before the WC, first about (the *real*) Marguerite, “A fine woman...intelligent, very soft spoken – a beautiful woman, with black hair streaked with a little gray.... She used to be a fashion plate....” And then, his view of (the *bogus*) Margaret, in 1963, “When you saw her on television [now]...she really looked awful...looked like a charwoman....You wouldn’t have recognized her if they hadn’t told you who she was; she looked that different.” When told Marguerite was 57, Julian said,

“That's right; she's the same age as my wife, but [this Marguerite] looks about 70 now.”



1943



1945



1947



1957

The first Marguerite, born in 1907, was tall (about 5'7"), slim and trim, attractive, smartly-dressed, intelligent, with a pleasant personality – most of her photographs show her smiling (above). She was known to work in sales of apparel (far right photo).

‘Aunt’ Lillian testified to the *Warren Commission* (WC) that “[Marguerite was] a very beautiful girl, and she doesn't look today at all like she used to, you know. You wouldn't recognize her.... I don't think that she was resentful of anybody.... She was very entertaining. She could sing very well...had a good voice...and she learned to play by ear on the piano, so we really had a lot of fun.” This Marguerite was *Lee's* mother.



1954

1962

1963

1964

The second ‘Marguerite’ was short (less than 5’1”), squat, fat, unattractive, poorly dressed, with a very unpleasant personality – most of her photos show her unsmiling (above). The real Marguerite Oswald was fifty-six years old when I died. Does the ‘Marguerite’ above look about fifty-six (two photos on the right) or forty seven (in the far left photo)? A young friend I had in New Orleans, in 1957, Palmer McBride, in 1963 described my ‘mother’ as being “short and fat” *in 1957*. He identified the 1954 picture above as my ‘mother’. Palmer McBride was never interviewed by the WC.

This woman was known to work as a practical nurse. She also was once employed as a cashier at a New Orleans shoe store, in 1955. She was described as unfriendly, a constant complainer who never smiled. Being the cashier, her boss required her to be bonded. He gave her the forms to fill out, but she never completed them, nor would she

give a straight answer why she didn't, so she was fired – and went on to work as a barmaid! This 'Marguerite' was *my* 'mother'.

A reporter who drove her to the police station just hours after JFK's assassination later wrote, "She was a very peculiar person and she immediately began to talk about how nobody would feel sorry for her – they'd feel sympathy for [Lee's] wife and give her money. She was completely obsessed with money. She expressed no remorse about the president being killed." Another reporter later described her as "a thoroughly disagreeable piece of work – manipulative, abrasive, and mercenary to a fault." After November, 1963, neither her 'sons' Robert and John, nor my wife Marina, ever saw her or spoke with her again.

At any rate, in the fall of '53 I and my 'mother' moved to a sleazy part of New Orleans' French Quarter, where Lee had been born. Lee and his mother came back to New Orleans in '54.

Doppelgänger Marines



David Ferrie (left) and Lee Oswald (right) at a CAP outing.

During the spring of '55 Lee joined a New Orleans chapter of the Civil Air Patrol (CAP) led by David Ferrie, whose dream of becoming a Catholic priest was derailed by his taste for teenage boys, which also cost him his commercial airline pilot's job. Ferrie became deeply involved with anti-Castro elements, with the FBI and the CIA, with Carlos Marcello, and with running guns to Cuba by air, just as Jack Ruby had run guns by sea.



Late 1954 – Lee, clowning in school. An upper front tooth is missing. Also notice his wide neck, long and thick arms, and the almost parallel sides of his head.

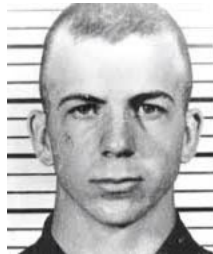
Lee's brother Robert had joined the Marines in '52, so in October '55, when he was sixteen, Lee tried to lie his way into the Marine Corps. Didn't succeed. But in '56 he did. Eventually he was sent to the Atsugi Naval Air Base in Japan, home of the U-2 spy plane. While there, the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) and the CIA used him to start setting up my 'legend' of being

‘a bad boy.’ This was part of “The Oswald Project,” funds for which were disbursed by the CIA in Japan.

In order to build the ‘legend’ that would give *me*, the fake Lee Harvey Oswald, a background for a covert assignment to Russia, Lee went to the expensive Tokyo nightclub Queen Bee, which was frequented by Russian operatives, where he passed along fake information to a KGB agent and became involved with an attractive Eurasian girl who asked him about U-2 flights. He got into a phony fist fight off-base with his sergeant, ‘accidentally’ shot himself with a .22 caliber derringer, was court-martialed twice and supposedly spent 45 days in the brig. Pictures of Lee are below.



1955 – CAP



1956



1956



1957



1957



1958

The 1958 photo was taken by Robert Oswald when Lee was on leave from the Marines – check the receding hairline and wide neck. In the passport photo below, Lee’s hairline was touched up by the CIA. This picture may be a composite of Lee and me, Harvey.



1959

The Lee Harvey Oswald at Atsugi was 5’11”, a husky 165 pounds, hazel eyes, left-handed, had almost black receding hair with a widow’s peak, no hair part, no cleft chin, a front tooth

knocked out, his tonsils removed, a mastoidectomy scar behind his left ear, a vaccination scar, a tattoo and two gunshot scars on his left arm, an I.Q. of 103, was nicknamed “Ozzie,” would fight anyone who called him Harvey or Harv. Occasionally, he’d talk about his family.

He was not interested in politics, did not subscribe to Russian newspapers, never studied, read, or spoke Russian in barracks. He was a good shot with a rifle, would get drunk, and got into fights. After he left the Marines he worked as an anti-Castro ONI/CIA operative in New Orleans, Florida, Cuba and Dallas. He could drive a car, had a Texas driver’s license, and got a haircut every two weeks – cropped short, *squared in the back*, right up to November 22, 1963. He learned to speak fluent Spanish, no Russian.



1956 – Me, Harvey, described as “scrawny” by a teacher, shortly before I joined the Marine Corps.

I also joined the Marines in ‘56 and was brought into the false defector program of ONI. I was a mediocre shot with a rifle (my Marine buddies ridiculed me for my shooting, and the Russkies later reported I was a terrible shot with a shotgun), never drank, didn’t get into fights, didn’t drive, had no driver’s license, never talked about my family.

I read Russian newspapers, spoke fluent Russian, preached Marxist communism in my barracks, and also spun a second thread: admiring the Castro-led Cuban revolution – even voicing my desire to join Castro’s revolutionary army. These two threads were twisted together to form my legend until I died, and long afterwards.

Pictures of me, Harvey, below. The 1959 (center) and 1963(left) photos may be composites- half my face, half Lee’s.



1957



1959



Mid-1962



1963 N.O. passport



1963 N.O. booking



1963 Dallas



1963 Dallas booking

I grew to 5'9", 135 pounds, blue-gray eyes, right-handed, a pointed and cleft chin, medium brown hair – parted on the left side, never close-cropped or squared, no widow's peak, rarely got a haircut, had an I.Q. of 118 and was *never* called "Ozzie." At death I had my tonsils, no tooth missing, no mastoidectomy scar, no vaccination scar, no tattoo and no gunshot scars on my left arm – see my autopsy report. I spoke fluent, almost unaccented, Russian, *no* Spanish.

Keep in mind, though, that when I went into the Marine Corps I was just 16-17 years old and became an undercover operative who said and did what he was told in order to create and maintain his legend. So you can't accept at face value *anything* I said, wrote or did from then on, since it was mostly the legend talking and acting, not me. In fact, once I joined the Marines I wasn't *me* any more – I *was* the legend 'Lee Harvey Oswald' until I died. But I was proud to be in the Marines, proud of the intelligence work I was doing – remember, I was just an immigrant kid with limited education. This was a big deal for me.

Late in '57 I received intensive training in spycraft at the CIA's Camp Peary, and when Lee returned to the U. S. in December, 1958, I took his place, while Lee went to the Army Language School by Monterey Bay to learn to speak Spanish. This is when fellow Marines noticed my interest in all things Russian. Toward the end of my Marine service I was stationed in Southern California, where the ONI taught me interrogation resistance techniques. Those came in handy in Moscow – and when the Dallas police later questioned me. During my last two weeks in the Marines I was constantly at my base's Criminal Investigative Division, being briefed on my overseas mission.