



THE OSWALD MIND

His Notes on Russia Revealed by Steno

(Editor's Note: All the world wants to know what went on in the twisted mind of Lee Oswald, the firebrand assassin of assassinating President Kennedy. Here is the first story of how Oswald tried to picture life in Russia . . . as he told it to a public stenographer and as she said it in PRESS Reporter Caroline Hamilton.)

By CAROLINE HAMILTON, Press Staff Writer
Lee Oswald wanted the world to think he'd gone to Russia "on a job" for the State Dept. He left that impression, with Miss Pauline V. Bates, public stenographer in the Mark Burnett office.

He did it by evasiveness. "When the State Dept. granted my visa," Lee Oswald told her, "they stipulated they could not stand behind me in any way."

Oswald went to see Miss Bates June 18, 1962. He had in his hand a manila envelope full of notes condemning and criticizing life in Russia. Lee Oswald had found Soviet Russia no Utopia.

Or so he said. IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER 11 A.M. when he walked into her office, a pale man, lean almost to gauntness, with eyes that looked beyond her as he talked.

He had on a dark, lightweight, zip-up, waist-length jacket, a white T-shirt and dark slacks — Miss Bates never saw him in anything else.

"I saw your name in the phone book," he said. "Can you do some typing for me?"

EXCLUSIVE

"What?"

"Notes I made in Russia of conditions there."

"Notes I made in Russia of conditions there," Miss Bates agreed. He told her his name Lee Oswald — she didn't recognize it then. And gave her a phone number where he could be reached, mentioned he was living with his brother.

"Where?" she asked.

"In Arlington Heights," he said.

In his manila envelope Oswald had several sheaves of papers, stapled together in sequences on different cities of Russia. The first was Minsk, the second Kiev. The papers were all news and all slanted, some says like cut-up pulled from envelopes, some full sheets, some heavy brown wrapping paper.

THE NOTES WERE HANDWRITTEN in pen and pencil and typed. "I had a portable typewriter," Oswald explained, "and my wife used to muffle the sound when I typed at night."

He hoped to get a Fort Worth engineer to help him publish a book from the notes. Miss Bates is out sure today why.

That name, like the Russian names that abounded in the well-written, gripping narrative, has gone from her memory. Miss Bates just typed as he spelled. "The names didn't sound like names even, they were so unfamiliar," she commented.

He never allowed her to remain alone with his notes. He brought them when he came, took them when he left. And he made sure she had all typed copy, all carbons.

DURING THE THREE DAYS he sat, for hours at a time, in her office while she typed from his notes, Lee Oswald said her little about himself.

He said he had "just gotten back" after two years and 11 months in Russia where he worked in a factory at Minsk. He told her he was more than ready to return to the U. S. when his two-year visa expired but that he had married a Russian girl.

The Russian told him to go ahead back to the U. S. and they'd send his wife later. "But I know I'd never see her again if I did . . . so I stayed," Lee Oswald said.

Eventually, he'd raised an enough fuss . . . he said . . . they granted permission for him and his wife to leave Russia. Miss Bates thinks he told her they came across the Austrian border.

HE SOUNDED VERY BRAVE in his fight for his wife. "Lee," she asked, "aren't you afraid her relatives might be in danger?"

"No," he told her. She thinks he said his wife was an orphan whose relatives were killed in the war.

"Does she like America?"

"Yes," he answered. "She is impressed with the skyscrapers, cars, food, clothes, the busy movement on people's faces, like TV."

Then he probably came as close to a smile as he ever did in her presence. The food here was plentiful and rich and she ate it.

"We both did," he almost smiled. Miss Bates' impression: Lee Oswald was very fond of his wife.

LEE OSWALD said he had taken a course in stenography. (See THE MIND, Page 2.)



At the Tragic Moment

President Kennedy, mortally wounded by an assassin in Dallas last Friday, is shown above, slumping into his wife's arms seconds after bullets had ripped into his chest and head. Wounded Gov. John Connally can be seen to the right of Mrs. Kennedy. At right, Mrs. Kennedy struggles over the top of the convertible to summon aid as a Secret Service agent begins to leap onto the back of the car. — Photos Courtesy, Life Magazine. Copyright 1963, Time, Inc. All Rights Reserved.—VIA UPI TELEPHOTO.



D149 BATES EXHIBIT No. 1

PHOTOGRAPH BY UPI TELEPHOTO

FIRST Freeze Is Due

The first freeze of the winter is expected tonight when north winds are due to drop the thermometer to around 34 degrees.

It'll come with the ground well-soaked from rains that added up to 44 inches at Great Southwest Airport and 73 inches downtown.

Tonight's light freeze will come under fair skies and a day when the high is expected to be in the middle 50s. The five-day forecast sees a slow warming trend to begin tomorrow, when the high will be in the lower 60s.

COMPARATIVE TEMPS

High	Low	High	Low	High	Low	High	Low
10	34	11	35	12	36	13	37
14	38	15	39	16	40	17	41
18	42	19	43	20	44	21	45
22	46	23	47	24	48	25	49
26	50	27	51	28	52	29	53
30	54	31	55	32	56	33	57
34	58	35	59	36	60	37	61
38	62	39	63	40	64	41	65
42	66	43	67	44	68	45	69
46	70	47	71	48	72	49	73
50	74	51	75	52	76	53	77
54	78	55	79	56	80	57	81
58	82	59	83	60	84	61	85
62	86	63	87	64	88	65	89
66	90	67	91	68	92	69	93
70	94	71	95	72	96	73	97
74	98	75	99	76	100	77	101

Temperature records for the lowest and highest temperatures in the history of the city are shown in the table.

Two Young Men Killed in Crash

Two young men, one of them due to go on active military duty today, were killed when their car slammed into a concrete pillar of the toll road.

Ernest Clayton Phares, 31, of Route 1 Box 14 in Burklem, whose body was at Owens-Bronson Funeral Home.

James Albert Knox, 21, of 221 Baker in Burklem, whose body was at Crutcher-Pearson Funeral Home in Cleburne.

In Mr. Knox's pocket was found an authorization for him to report for active duty today. He was in the Air Force Reserve.

Autocides to This Date
1963 1962
73 61

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11:30 p. m. in the 1960 black of Poly Freeway. Officers said that apparently Mr. Knox, driver of the car, failed to make a turn and slammed into the pillar.

Audience drivers and the Fire Dept. rescue squad worked 30 minutes to pry out Mr. Knox and 10 minutes to pry out Mr. Phares, both of them pinned in the demethylated car.



Now is the time to start figuring out how you're going to pay your Christmas bills last Christmas, naturally! ... An old-timer is a fellow who remembers when the seasonal novelties had a lot of substance in them. ... Lee Fuld was saying down at our friendly neighborhood tavern, "I'll there's one guy I hate, it's a guy a know-how who keeps talking I don't know what I'm talking about."

The High and Low
NEW YORK, (UPI)—The lowest temperature reported this morning by the U. S. Weather Bureau, excluding Alaska and Hawaii, was 6 degrees at Idaho Falls, Idaho. The highest temperature was 52 at Vancouver and Fort Myers, both in Florida.

Tickets Given Driver of Run-Away Car

Traffic tickets for negligent driving and driving without a driver's license were given to a 60-year-old man involved in a spectacular three-car accident on the South Freeway Wednesday.

His car hit the rear of a pickup truck and then rammed up a 45-degree embankment and crashed into a house. Rufus Harvell, 60, of 1011 Harrison, was driver of the truck, and the driver of the run-away car as reported in yesterday's PRESS.

SANTA'S HELPER SAVES

SANTA CLAUS IS AT THE STORE

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SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

SHOP FOR GIFTS IN OUR AD PAGES

SUNDAY IN THE PRESS

What are the problems facing our nation's new President, Lyndon B. Johnson? Which will be assigned priority? Are any White House staff changes upcoming? What's ahead for the U. S.?

These and other questions will be answered in the authoritative weekly round-up, Washington Calling, exclusively in THE PRESS. . . on Sunday.



Pauline Bates . . . typed Oswald's story.—Press Staff Photo.

THE MIND OF OSWALD

(Starts on Page 1)

lary Russian, applied for a visa after he got out of the Marines. He said he could speak Russian better than his boss could speak English. But she enjoyed U. S. TV.

Miss Bates, who has had offices in the Burk District Bldg. for 10 years, typed for Oswald by the hour. He was in her office from shortly after 11 to 12:05 p.m., again from 1:30 to 2:05 p.m. on June 18. The next day he was there from 8 a.m. to 11:15, her work almost done. He was back in the afternoon when she worked on his typing from 7 to 8:25 p.m.

On June 20 he came in soon after 10 a.m. "That last day he was nervous or excited," Miss Bates said. "His face looked so and down, looking over his shoulder, wondering at what time I was typing the manuscript," she was typing about Kew.

He was there the rest of the morning, part of the afternoon. When she finished the 10th page of typing — single line — he stopped her.

"TEN DOLLARS IS ALL I've got," he said. She was about a third through his hard-to-decipher notes. "I'll finish it for you, 1.00, and you can pay me when you get some money," she offered, for Miss Bates was caught up in the bitter realism of the factual account.

"No," he said, pulled a \$10 bill from his front pocket, handed it to her and walked out. After that she saw him twice on downtown streets but in another matter she noticed. What does Miss Bates remember about the man she typed?

"I've forgotten," she admitted. "When you are typing you are copying and not thinking to remember." But . . .

CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA were terrible in his eyes. Several families living in one room. Enclosed working, some as well as men, children in bedrooms, and they were not enough to go to the state school.

The continual, perpetual pressure of the Communist Party. The spying and the fear of "dope"—electronic listening devices. People spoke secretly only in parks. He wrote about the May Day parades, carefully arranged. "The better you get out of you, you were really sick."

Oswald said he worked in a factory at Monk for 12 and 14 hours a day on a quota basis. If you did more than your quota, you got a citation — but it didn't show on your paycheck. No coffee breaks. No paid vacations. Just a shovelful few job vacations from each factory but even then they . . .

The TV carries nothing except the Communist party line but you have to turn it on or someone gets suspicious.

A FEW HAVE HIDDEN RADIOS and are suspicious over Voice of America. He had hidden boxes . . . but commented:

"I'll have to change the names if my bank is published or they will be in real trouble."

The food was minimum. Oswald didn't like it. He ate black bread, potatoes, occasionally fish. The little meat — and it wasn't much good even if you got it — and fresh vegetables were rationed. Milk was hard to buy. He had minimum notes on the prices of food, but Miss Bates can't remember them.

Sometimes she remembers something about his eating 30 rubles a month in the factory and that a pair of shoes cost 100 rubles. He readily turned rubles into U. S. dollars when helping her with the notes.

HE REPORTED VERBATIM conversations with many individuals — all critical of Russia — and had names and times and places she recalls none of them.

She recalls a comment that history education is only the Party line . . . and that their history began with Lenin and Marx.

In the notes — as far as she typed — there was no mention of Lee Oswald's reputation at his U. S. command.

One note in all was can have in Russia — and it gets cold there. Lee Oswald wrote. He had traveled some before he went to work in the factory. Would travel restricted, various requests . . . and trips cleared through a Party boss.

LEE OSWALD somewhere implied that his permission to leave Russia with his wife came from Khrushchev because "he is the only person who ever gave permission to leave" But Oswald never said he had seen Khrushchev himself.

He never said he was a U. S. secret agent either. But he gave that impression.

And the impression raised questions in Miss Bates' mind: Why would a secret agent have a public stenographer type his notes? Why was he short of money? Why couldn't he find a job? Why did he leave the impression he was a secret agent? Why did he watch his notes so carefully? She never found out.

But she thought about it again after Nov. 22. And she