

Not Like Other Kids

Oswald: Hated Discipline

DALLAS (HTNS) — He would lie on the sagging narrow bed with the tufted green spread, the air conditioning unit near his toes, the pale green double-doors to his right, and he would think.

The people in the low brick rooming house with the wide front porch at 1026 North Beckley st., knew him as O. H. Lee.

They sat in a silent semi-circle early Saturday morning and watched the television set in the corner of the living room, telling again and again the story: the slight, uncommunicative young man who had left the house at 7:30, just as he did every morning, had been accused of murdering the President of the United States.

The signature in the loose leaf notebook with the torn red cover was found, childish, semi-printed. He had signed the register Oct. 14 after Mrs. Earlene Roberts, the fat, round-faced housekeeper showed him the narrow, little oblong of a room. It cost him \$8 a week, and Mrs. Roberts' careful entries showed that the man called O.H. Lee was regular in his payments.

Otherwise the folks there knew little about him.

"I'd be in there fixing a light or something," drawled the owner of the rooming house, A. C. Johnson, a rawboned man in slacks and a red checked sport shirt. "I read all the time myself, but I never did see any literature out."

When police poured through his room after the assassination, they said they found Communist literature in the



drawers in the cheap brown dresser.

"They found a pistol scabbard too," said Johnson.

The morning newspaper here said "Pro Communist Charged with Act" and that of course, was no answer at all. "I don't believe that boy did it all by himself," said the girl in the green uniform behind the drugstore counter. "He must have had some help."

His name was not O. H. Lee. He was born Lee H. Oswald in New Orleans, Oct. 18, 1939.

Even as a schoolboy he had been an odd one. A Ft. Worth policeman who insisted on remaining nameless ("In case

there are more like him running around. In case he wasn't alone in this . . ."), said he went to school with Oswald from the fifth grade to the 11th. "He never was like any other kid."

Once, he remembered, they were on the 11th grade football team and the coach told them not to drink any water. But Oswald took a drink anyway. "The coach flew off the handle and Lee yelled back at him. He said 'This is a free country. A man is supposed to be able to do what he wants to.'

"He always held it against people up there, any authority . . . He was always opposed to any kind of discipline," said the policeman.

To the people that Oswald had lived among for the month that he lay in that dreary room, he was a mystery. "He didn't come out too often and watch TV with the rest," said Mrs. Roberts. "He had a radio in there and he would stay inside and listen to it by himself."

"You would say something to him," said Johnson, "and sometimes he would answer you and sometimes he would not."

Johnson recalled that the man they knew as O. H. Lee would sometimes make telephone calls and talk in a "strange" language.

He never spent a week-end at the rooming house until last week-end, everybody recalled.

MAURICE C. CARROLL