Lee was the third boy born to Mrs. Margarette Clayton Oswald. His father, Robert E. Lee Oswald, an agent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New Orleans, died two months before Lee was born there on Oct. 18, 1939. Mrs. Oswald went to work as a stenographer two years after the birth of her new son, holding a tense of jobs.

His mother was at home, with Lee during his first two years, and later, when she went to work, her sister Lillian or whoever else she could get to baby-sit cared for him. When Lee was 3, he was placed in a boarding school which accepted children under orphaned or with one parent. His brother Robert and half-brother John had been lodged at the boarding school a year earlier.

"I took the children home on weekends," Mrs. Oswald recalled. "But I couldn't look after them and work, too."

In 1944 Mrs. Oswald met Edwin A. Eakin, an industrial engineer from Boston who was working in the South. They were married—she for the third time—in May, 1945, and took an auto trip so she could meet his family. in Massachusetts instead of returning to New Orleans, the family settled in a small house in Fort Worth.

The family moved to a military school in Fort Gibson, Mississippi. Lee lived at home with his mother and stepfather. Records show that Lee did not enter elementary school until January 1947, when he was 7. The family name at that time was on the South Side of Fort Worth and Lee entered the first grade at Lily B. Clayton School. His marks, first year were mostly B's with a few A's.

Lee left a strong impression on at least one member of his second grade class. Phil Vasquez, now a Fort Worth reporter,

"No one in our class was a close friend of Lee's," Vinson said. "Yet all of the boys seemed to look up to him. During recess periods, the boys would form into what we called 'gangs' and engage in friendly wrestling matches or games of touch football. According to our code, being in Lee's gang was a high honor. Lee chose those to serve with him on the grade school playground. In class, he remained quiet."

In March 1948, Lee transferred from Clayton school to the George Clark Elementary School, in the same general neighborhood, on Fort Worth's South Side. He finished the second grade there and was promoted to the third.

That year Edwin Eakin sued for divorce. In his complaint Eakin represented by the Fort Worth firm of Nork and Wallace, said that his wife nagged him and argued about money. He testified that she once threw a bottle at his head and another threw a starch box, which he said was her uplift.

Eakin and gave him a divorce.

Marguerite returned to her former name of Oswald—Lee had always gone by that name—and moved into a semi-detached frame house on Emily Avenue in the Olive Branch district of Fort Worth. She and Lee—and occasionally the older two boys—lived there for the next four years.

Other families in the block remember Lee as a tough, quick-to-answer boy.

"He seemed provincial to me," said Phil Conner, who lived three doors from the Oswalds. "I thought he was vicious with other children. He would become quite angry at little provocation. I saw him chuck things at other kids several times." His wife added, "I didn't think he was anything but just a high-tempered kid. He was a cute little boy with curly hair and a good build. The family all called him Lee-Bay."

Ceddi Simmons, an accountant, lived two doors in the other direction from the Oswalds. His memory of Lee is terse and sour: "I'll tell you the way I got acquainted with that little scoundrel," said Simmons, "I came home from work one day and picked up the phone. It was dead. I figured what the hell, so I dialed into the receiver if anyone was on the phone. Little voice says. 'You're goddam right there's someone on the line'. This stopped me for a minute, then I asked the kid if he'd wind releas-
ning the line. So he says to me, 'I'll release it if I'm damn good and ready. Well, naturally, I was a little burned. I asked my wife who was on our party line and she said it was the Oswalds. I know them—every single night she'd get off the bus at my corner and walk across my lawn. Well, this time it stopped her and called her what had happened. She asked me to quote exactly what was said and I did. She said, 'I don't believe Lee would say anything like that.' Then Lee walked up and said: What's the matter, Mother?' She told him that I had accused him of using profanity on the telephone. She asked him what about it and he denied it. So then she said, 'I guess you must be mistaken. Mr. Simmons, I know damn well it was him. There wasn't any-

time left in the house at the time.

Commission Exhibit 281