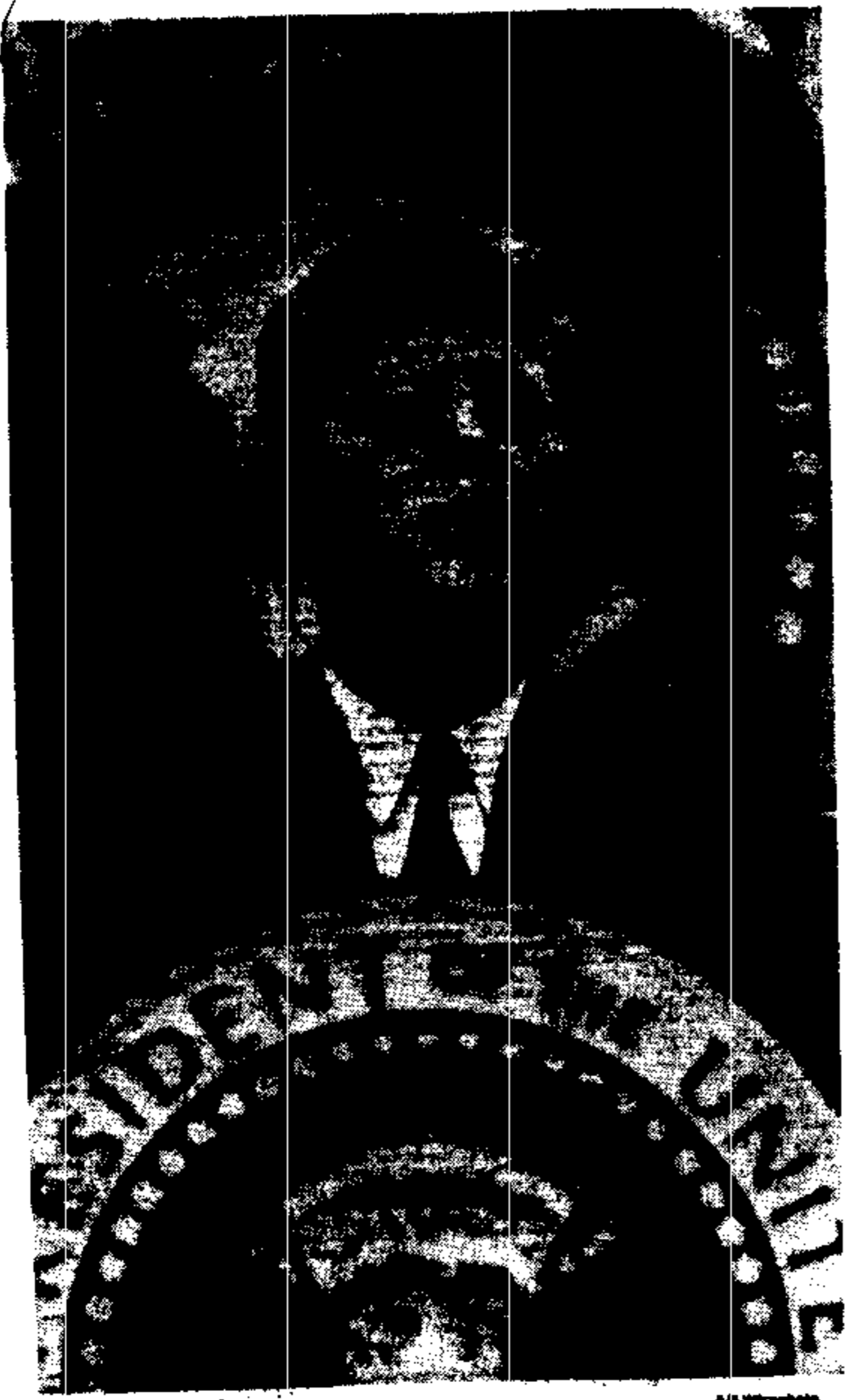


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John Fitzgerald Kennedy

## Warren Commission Assassination report stands test of time

The Warren Commission Report generally has "held up" under the scrutiny of the world in the 10 years since the Kennedy assassination. That is the shared opinion of many who were closely involved with the investigation that finally was wrapped up in 26 volumes of evidence and testimony.

was in the printing of the one-volume condensation of the 26-volume report. So many of the "unanswered" questions were answered "if anyone took the time to see the entire 26 volumes and to study them..." Alexander, the prosecutor who is in private law practice today at 500 Fidelity Union Building in Dallas, said.

By LARRY GROVE  
Staff Writer

IT WAS TO BE a day, like the day of Pearl Harbor, that anyone old enough to comprehend and to feel would never forget.

They would remember, precisely, even where they stood, what they felt, when the news came that the President had been shot.

It was Nov. 22, 1963, the day a young President died, the day we said goodbye to Camelot.

In Dallas, where it happened, the morning began with a dreary rain that stopped by mid-morning. The exuberance of a swelling crowd at Love Field grew as sun broke through and bathed the scene. Air Force One was landing, now rolling to a stop.

A Secret Service man coaxed some of the crowd back from the open black limousine where the President and the First Lady would ride. "We want it to look nice when they first see it," the agent was saying. He wiped a fingerprint away with a handkerchief.

President John F. Kennedy, his hair appearing redder than usual over a Florida tanned face, stepped outside. And the cheering swelled when the First Lady, dressed in lovely pink, appeared.

"Jackie! Jackie!" the crowd was saying.

Gov. John Connally, wife Nellie... the smiling Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson and his Lady... they were all here, and nothing could be really wrong with the Democratic party or the country when it was unfolding.

The tour of Texas cities had been announced Sept. 17. It came as a move to heal wounds in the state's Democratic party. Liberals led by Sen. Ralph Yarborough publicly had expressed anger that they weren't getting the favors they deserved for their work in 1960. They had helped the JFK-LBJ ticket win a narrow victory for Texas

Even the conversations of companions that day, idle talk between reporters in one car of the motorcade, come back:

The motorcade passes a Texas Instruments plant. There are crowds out. And one reporter quips, "Somewhere, Erik Jonsson is jotting down the name of anyone who isn't out waving..."

Jonsson, of course, had greeted the President at his arrival. For this visit, as head of the sponsoring businessman's committee, he had taken a lead in seeing to it that Dallas could be a gracious host city.

Suddenly, the motorcade stopped. Trouble? Not at all. Exuberant Democratic party faithfuls had detained the motorcade. Soon it was starting up again. Crowds three and four deep lined every inch of the way; and once the motorcade entered into the canyons of the downtown buildings, there was scarcely room for the motorcade to get through.

A PHOTOGRAPHER with an unfortunate pistol-grip on his formidable camera, is stopped by a Secret Service agent. "We can't be too careful," he says; the news photographer moves on. The crowd is cheerful; it is noon in

Dallas and everyone, just everyone, is out. The President is waving. All is right with the world.

The motorcade turns right off Main, and the Records Building is on its right now, the orange-pink Texas School Book Depository is just ahead, and the cars just ahead have made their turn toward the Triple Underpass.

"You can't say now that Dallas doesn't love you," Nellie Connally says to the President.

And then the shots. Three. No more. No less. And after 10 years, those who heard shots before could drum them out in their exact and awful cadence. They sounded like mortar shells, echoing there where the crowds muffle sounds, and, to no one in particular, you say that and add, "And I know he's dead."

To those who were there, the knowledge that the world would never quite be the same again came in a sickening second.

Men and women would act out their parts, methodically as robots, because, well because.

GOVERNOR CONNALLY, who had been badly wounded himself, would say,

"Get down... get down... they're trying to kill us all..."

Connally would recall later that it was his belief the first of three shots struck Kennedy, that he was hit by the second bullet, and the third was the fatal shot that hit the President's head. Gov. Connally would recover; the President would not.

In the Vice President's car, a trained agent named Rufus Youngblood would throw his body over Johnson's.

A clothing manufacturing executive, who had brought a little home movie camera, would hold his sights on the scene as blood ran crimson from the President's head.

There were helpless cries in the crowd. Cries of anguish, that came out simply "Awwwww," and "Ohhhhhh God!! God!!"

And, just as mechanically, all four doors of this news car have swung open; suddenly everyone is outside, with the stunned motorcade watchers.

Jacqueline Kennedy, an American princess, is a rose blur on the back of the Presidential limousine. Is she leaping out — a first impression — or was she trying to reach for agent Clint Hill, who was jumping onto the car to protect the occupants?

In the next split second, the motorcade has disappeared. Sirens are wailing as the presidential car races to Parkland Hospital in a futile try at life-saving.

Police are surging toward, and into, the School Book Depository.

A young woman, sprawled on the pavement and wailing, is sobbing "They've shot our President!" There are tears the like of which reminds you of a stained glass window in an old church somewhere, of a Mary at the foot of a cross.

"Was the President hit?" you ask, dumbly, knowing the answer.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!", the lady wails in anguish. "The bullet hit his head, and

