

investigation that finally was wrapped up in 26 volumes of evidence and testimony.

...and who agree that the Warren Commission performed a creditable service are Earl Ruby, brother of Jack Ruby who shot Oswald; William Alexander, Ruby's prosecutor; Marina Oswald, widow of Oswald; and Holland McCombs, who coordinated Life magazine coverage of the tragic weekend.

Said Earl Ruby, who paid out \$30,000 in defense of his brother and who still operates the Cobo Cleaning Shop in Detroit: "I think the Warren Commission clearly established there was no conspiracy that involved Jack. Jack did not know Oswald, as some were saying he did."

"I HAD HOPED THAT Jack would have simply pleaded for mercy. I wish he would have told the court he was caught up in emotion of the time, that he did a thing that was bad, and that he regrets very much that he did it."

"Because that is the way it was. Looking back, it was a mistake to hire Mr. Melvin Belli as his attorney. I am satisfied with the Warren Report's conclusions on how-and-why everything happened," said Earl Ruby.

McCombs, a veteran reporter of more than 40 years with Life-Time and Fortune, said if the Warren Commission made any serious mistake, it

Alexander, the prosecutor who is in private law practice today at 500 Fidelity

of time. About the only criticism of the report one could make is that they talked to a bunch of people whose qualifications weren't established. They merely put down what everyone said. One man said he had seen Oswald and Ruby together. The report did not have a chance to go back and say the FBI later found that source to be a prevaricator of a very high order. And the man wound up in an insane asylum. The deputy who told the commission he heard shots from the railroad tracks and started a bunch of confusion has been thoroughly discredited.

"But people like Mark Lane continue to use the quotes to foster a theory that has kept him in the news, and enriching himself, for years..."

Alexander hastened to add that not only the Warren Report but local investigation of the events of the weekend "has stood the test of time—which is amazing, considering how many thousands of people were trying to shoot holes in the results of the investigation."

Marina Oswald has consistently agreed with the commission's conclusions; she has left no doubt that she believed almost from the start that "Lee did it, by himself."

pressed anger that they weren't getting the favors they deserved for their work in 1963. They had helped the JFK-LBJ

that Gov. Connally, with conservative support, had "taken over" the party.

There had been anger among the political leaders, but the tour had been successful beyond expectations in San Antonio and in Fort Worth. Both cities had supported JFK-LBJ in 1960. Dallas had given the Republican ticket a 60,000 margin. And now the President was in Dallas—to show that he could work his winning charisma on the "ordinary voter." The visit showed he could.

THE YOUNG PRESIDENT strode happily toward a fence that had restrained the crowd. Jacqueline was beside him, dispelling any thought that she might be uncomfortable among plain people.

There were handshakes all around. It was the start of a party that so many people hoped would go so well. The caravan moved out in a picnic air, a line of cars, and behind these the press buses that brought the nomads of the media to Dallas.

A decade has hardly dimmed the sweet joy at the arrival, the noise of the crowds that were everywhere lining the streets along the route... from the airport, south on Lemmon Avenue...



THE ASSASSINATION—These sequence photos show President Kennedy as he was hit in the throat by the first bullet. The second and third pictures were taken after the shot was fired into the head of the President. In the lower sequence picture Gov. John Connally falls forward after a bullet coursed through his body. (Photo copyright 1963 Times Inc.)

Dallas stunned as world turns anger on the city

By DICK HITT
Staff Writer

There were indictments all over the world naming Dallas as the murderer. It was in all the papers, the Oslo Arbeiderbladet, the Dziennik Ludowy, The Times of London, Excelsior de Mexico, Tokyo Asahi Shimbun, the Murwillumbah Daily News of Australia.

The indictments were hazy. No one could seem to say specifically which part of Dallas killed Kennedy: Lemmon Avenue, Commerce Street, the Cotton Bowl, the Trade Mart, the Mercantile Bank, the Continental Trailways station? The 88,874 Dallas Countians who voted for John F. Kennedy in the 1960 election? (149,000 didn't.)

Hate mail cannot be sent c/o General Delivery. Here a torrent of it was delivered to the then Police Chief Jesse Curry and Mayor Earle Cabell. Curry is quoted elsewhere in a remarkable statistic: his hate letters outnumbered his Christmas cards in 1963, 100 to 1.

Mass blame surged, most of it quite irrationally. Salesmen based in Dallas found frosty receptions at the offices of their customers. A national dressmaker firm removed "... of Dallas" from its labels.

The Dallas Cowboys, the first representatives of the "City of Hate" to appear outside the state, lost to the Cleveland Browns in Cleveland. A

headline writer in that city styled it in print, "Browns 27, Assassins 17."

The National Football League was forgiven for having scheduled the game long before the Cowboys were forgiven for being forced to play it.

Dallas indeed had a problem of image which antedated the events of 12:30 p.m. on Nov. 22, 1963.

As usual, in those days, the most succinct, ironic and accurate description of the problem of Dallas was said by John F. Kennedy, when he remarked to his aides on Nov. 21: "Tomorrow, we head into Nut Country."

That was the image of Dallas that had been earned by a miniscule but persistent, vocal and vicious group who were getting Dallas all of its national publicity that year. All of them, the National Indignation Convention, the crusaders against Polish Ham and jet planes for Tito, the buffoons in the Nazi shirts and the Uncle Sam suits, were building a foundation for Big D of a bed of slime.

They were allowed to blossom, or fester, by default, in a vacuum, because the leadership of Dallas did not consider it necessary to point out that the opinions expressed by theoretical exhibitionists did not necessarily reflect the opinions of all of Dallas.

There was a rigid conservatism here. It was fashionable. It was pervasive. But it was not, in the empirical sense,

the strutting and malevolent kind of boorishness that went out as the definitive view of Dallas: the little old lady bopping Adlai Stevenson on the pate with her picket sign. Or, three years before, the beehived, frosted-hair matrons in the peppermint campaign hats, the Bruce Alger girls, hissing and spitting at Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson in downtown Dallas.

The national mind was further conditioned in the matter of Dallas after the Stevenson incident, when our conservative Republican senator issued a statement that he was sorry such an ugly incident had occurred in his state, but many of his constituents felt that Ambassador Stevenson and other U.S. advocates "of his ilk" espoused unacceptable ideas.

After the assassination, when anti-Dallas feeling was at its most virulent, Dallas committed a tactical error. It abandoned its strong talent, salesmanship, and resorted for its defense to physics, Newton's third law of motion: it met reaction with an equal and opposite reaction.

Dallas bristled with such a fusillade of defensive rhetoric that it redoubled the efforts of the rest of the nation and the world to nail us.

The foreign press descended, to see first hand the city of hate. The French, the nation of logicians, sent a reporter here who rendered a scholarly conclu-

sion that we were all slavering psychopaths. He sent back a photograph of the Cabana Motor Hotel and labeled it as Parkland Hospital.

In the ensuing years, occasionally something from Dallas was sent out and it made a little echo ping on the sonar of public opinion.

When, for instance, the first effort made by a plaque commission commemorating the Dealey Plaza scene was to have the plaque point out that near the spot, a river boat once stopped in 1856. National outrage resulted in the plaque's eventually telling it like it was: the 35th president of the United States was assassinated near the spot.

And some years later, ears perked at the nationally quoted remark of an assistant district attorney here: "Earl Warren shouldn't be impeached, he should be hanged."

John Kennedy has been memorialized all over the world, at Cape Kennedy, at JFK Airport, at the John Kennedy-Heart of God drug store in Mexico City.

Some think that Dallas has been remiss in this category. Hundreds of towns have named, maybe, a school for JFK. Since 1963, there have been 34 schools opened in the Dallas Independent School District.

They have been named for Richard Ladd, Herbert Marcus, Leslie A.

Stemmons, R. L. Thornton, Martin Weiss, Pearl Anderson, Fred F. Florence, L. G. Pinkston, FDR, Julius Dorsey, K. B. Polk, J. N. Ervin, W. T. White, S. S. Conner, Tom C. Gooch, Adelle Turner, William Hawley Atwell, David W. Carter, Nathan Adams, Nancy Jane Cochran, Edna Rowe, John W. Runyon, Thomas Edison, Birdie Alexander, Arlington Park, B. F. Darrell, T. D. Marshall, Robert Cooke Buckner, Erasmo Seguin, Priscilla L. Tyler, Jose Antonio Navarro, D. A. Hulcy, Ewell D. Walker and the skyline.

But here and now, 10 years later, Dallas has changed. Everywhere has changed. Last week, Alabama Gov. George Wallace crowned a black homecoming queen, and very cordially, at the University of Alabama—which this season has 11 blacks on its football team.

That is the kind of episode which John F. Kennedy might have said he would have earnestly hoped for, 10 years ago, and one of the last things he would have believed could happen.

There is a wider range of voices heard now in the dialogues of politics, here and elsewhere.

There are 169,000 more people in the city of Dallas since 1963. Thousands of them were children whose first experience of a funeral was the televised panoply of JFK's last rites.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!", the lady wails in anguish. "The bullet hit his head, and..." And then, she repeats, disbelieving, "They've shot our President!"

NOW THE CROWD is surging around, engulfing everyone, and you try to get a name of the lady who is beyond talking now, a name to quote for the story you must write.

"Ask my boss to tell you about it," she blubbers. "His name is Abraham Zapruder; he has pictures of the whole thing..."

Everything about you is a blur. That is truth. Robot-like, you write the name Abraham Zapruder on the notebook you carry. You tell U.S. Dist. Atty. Barefoot Sanders, your friend, about the movies, and you tell a colleague. But you really don't believe it has happened.

You must get to the Trade Mart, you tell yourself. You'll be late for the President's speech. He won't be there. But it won't hurt to see.

Later in the day, you find a haunting thought that somewhere a child named Caroline and a tot named John-John would not see their father again. Wasn't this really what mattered? Out of your own heartbreak, you face a typewriter to do your job.

You begin, "Dear Caroline," you want to be comforting. But on the day that Camelot passed, all you have to share is your heartbreak.

In the ensuing decade they have seen other Presidents buried. Hoover, Eisenhower, Johnson, Truman, Winston Churchill. They have become unwilling experts on panoply.

The insidious effect of Nov. 22, 1963, is that it reminded us all, even those of us who didn't want to know, that assassination is an effective political statement. Americans don't subscribe to this, but foreigners think we do. All it took was three subscribers: James Earl Ray, Sirhan Sirhan and Arthur Bremer.

Abroad, Dallas still labors under an extra load. Post-assassination events are referred to invariably as "in the years after Dallas." No one speaks of Robert Kennedy "in the years before Los Angeles" or of the black interregnum of Martin Luther King's people in the years after Memphis.

"The unfair label persists where Dallas is concerned," says Erik Jonsson, the subsequent Dallas Mayor who in 1963 headed the businessmen's group that staged the luncheon that never was.

"I hear us blamed wherever I go, particularly in Europe. Yes, the entire city is blamed. It is a fact... the visiting press had preconceived notions and that notion is what they wrote."

Cabell reflects, "Dallas suffered

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