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Blackest Time in History Assassination Day— Step by Step

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Of The Bulletin Staff

Dallas, Nov. 30—It was the beginning of the blackest Nov. 22 in the nation's history.

A light drizzle was tapping at the window panes of the small bedroom when Lee Harvey Oswald was aroused by the 6:40 A. M. (Central Standard Time) alarm.

Just 27 miles away in Fort Worth, President Kennedy and

his wife, Jacqueline, were getting an early start in preparation for the last day of a two-day political tour of Texas to heal wounds of a squabbling state Democratic Party and make the state safe for his reelection next year.

Oswald arose early as was his custom when he was permitted to spend the night with his wife and two babies at the home of Ruth Paine in suburban Irving.

His Russian wife, the former Marina Nicholaevna Proosakova, was a welcome guest of Mrs. Paine, a tall, 31-year-old Quaker, who wants "to improve international relations and learn to speak better Russian."

House 'Too Small'

Oswald's fixed ideas and his militancy did not make him always a welcomed guest at the house.

And, as Mrs. Paine explained,

"the house is just too small for all of us."

Marina stirred in the bed as Oswald pulled on his gray work clothes. It was time to breast-feed their new baby, Rachel, 33 days old.

Their older daughter, June Lee, 22 months, slept in the nearby crib.

Marina pulled the baby to her breast.

She is a slight woman with a skin pallor that shows she has little contact with the sun and outdoors. The pallor makes her blue eyes appear even lighter than they are.

Little English Spoken

She speaks little English because her husband wouldn't permit it.

He insisted they converse only in Russian, which he learned during the three years he spent in Moscow and working as a factory hand in Minsk, where he met Marina, a hospital pharmacist.

Oswald, the ex-marine with an undesirable discharge, who went to Russia as a defector in September, 1959, was a man who insisted on his own way.

His Russian, for a man who didn't get beyond 23 days of high school education, was good. He had a large vocabulary although his grammar was

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act very bookish.

Oswald left Marina in the bedroom with the baby.

He went to the kitchen of the small, five-room home, moving quietly so he wouldn't disturb Mrs. Paine and her two children, Christopher, four, and Lynn, three, asleep in another bedroom.

Prepares Breakfast

In the kitchen he put a pot of water on the gas stove for his usual morning cup of instant coffee before he went three houses down the street to catch a ride to his temporary job as a \$1.25-an-hour shipping clerk at the Texas School Book Depository, 11.2 miles east of Irving, in downtown Dallas.

Before leaving the Paine house, Oswald went into a small garage attached to the low gray frame dwelling. The garage was crammed with some of his family's household goods recently sent from New Orleans after he lost his second job in a year.

He had moved his family to New Orleans last May after losing a \$1.25-an-hour job with a Dallas photoengraving firm. He got a similar job in New Orleans, but lost it in August.

Views Caused Trouble

As a professed Marxist, he also had gotten into difficulty in New Orleans while passing out literature for the Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

But that was all behind now. He was back in Dallas and he and Marina were planning to take their fourth apartment since returning to the United States from Russia on June 13, 1962, with their baby on a trip paid for by the State Department. It cost \$435.71.

In the garage, a heavy green plaid blanket was rolled and tied with string like a camping roll.

It was among the items he had sent to the house from New Orleans.

Michael R. Paine, husband of Mrs. Paine, said he had seen the roll and had moved it several times in the garage.

The Paines are separated, but Paine visits the family frequently.

Bolt-Action Rifle

Oswald picked the blanket roll off the floor and put it on a white leather chair.

He was busy with the bundle for perhaps ten minutes, police said. From it, they added, he took the bolt-action rifle which was used to kill the President.

Police said he transferred the rifle from the roll to a brown paper bag.

Police were to base their reconstruction of these few minutes on Marina's assertion that Oswald had a rifle similar to the one used to kill the President and that she had seen it wrapped in the blanket.

Also, police said, they found an "imprint" of a rifle still left in the blanket when they searched the house after Oswald's arrest.

Suspicious Bundle

Paine said yesterday that the roll was a bit heavy for a camping blanket.

Although he said he had moved it around the concrete floor of the garage several times, he had "never looked inside." "It wasn't my business," he said.

Mrs. Paine said she didn't know what was in the roll, but that "Marina told me she once poked her hand down there and felt the butt of a rifle."

Marina was still feeding the baby when Oswald went into the garage. She stayed in the bedroom.

It had been unusual for her husband to visit on Thursday evening, but both she and Mr. Paine viewed it as a truce.

Quarreled With Wife

Oswald had quarreled with his wife on Tuesday (Nov. 19). Mrs. Paine explained the quarrel:

"They fought because I had called his rooming house on Monday (Nov. 18) when June asked if she could speak with her 'Pa-Pa.'"

Oswald had an \$8-a-week room in the house of Mrs. Gladys Johnson in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, just 2.2 miles from his work at the book warehouse.

He registered there Oct. 14 as O. H. Lee.

"We had no idea he had used another name," Mrs. Paine said.

"He had given us the telephone number to call him when the baby was born, but we didn't have to do that because he was here on Oct. 20 when we took Marina to Parkland Memorial Hospital.

"He was furious over the telephone and said Marina had no right to call him there. She became very upset.

"They quarreled frequently, but no more I would say than most young married people who are having financial problems.

Plays With Children

"Well, when I came home Thursday evening about 6 P. M. from shopping, Lee was in the yard playing with the children. He seemed to like playing with the children.

"We said nothing about his being there, even though it was not the weekend. Marina and I

thought he came to make up for the quarrel.

"He seemed happy and said very little as usual.

"We ate dinner and then Marina and I went into the living room to talk. Lee disappeared somewhere in the house for awhile.

"Later I realized he had been in the garage because he left the light on. I was in the garage later painting some children's blocks.

"The blanket roll was there then on the cement floor."

Mrs. Paine said Oswald went to bed earlier than usual that night, sometime between 8 and 9 P. M.

"He usually watched television with us until 10 or 11 P. M. on the nights before he went back to work.

She said, "That's about the time Marina and I went to bed."

Mrs. Paine explained that Oswald had spent three weekends with them since returning from New Orleans the first week in October. He had never come out in the house on a weekday before.

"We arranged this because the house is too small and we didn't want him to wear out his welcome."

Off to Work

At about 7:20 A. M., Oswald emerged from the Paine house with the bundle under his arm.

He walked three doors through the rain to the home of a new friend, Wesley Frazier, 19, another \$1.25-an-hour worker at the school book depository.

There was a light wind driving thin clouds. The Weather Bureau had predicted clearing skies.

Oswald had driven back and forth to the school book depository several times with Frazier in the latter's 1954 black Chevrolet sedan.

It was indirectly through Frazier that Oswald had gotten his job at the depository Oct. 16.

Mrs. Paine, hearing that Frazier had a job there, had called Roy S. Truly, 56, superintendent of the depository, and said Oswald's wife was expecting a baby and that Oswald seemed "desperate" for a job.

He was hired by Truly just four days before the baby came.

Friend's Story

Frazier, a tall, thin youth with pale face and black hair, said he was sitting at his kitchen table when Oswald tapped on the window.

As they drove off, Frazier said, he glanced to the back seat where he saw a paper-wrapped bundle.

"He said, yes. It was his—and he muttered something about curtain rods," said Frazier.

As a matter of fact, said Frazier, Oswald had told him the day before that he would be bringing some rods to exchange them for other rods he wanted for his room at Mrs. Johnson's.

"It didn't look to me as long as a rifle ought to be," said Frazier. "It seemed to me it should have been longer.

"If it was a rifle, he had taken it apart, to put it together in the warehouse."

Frazier said he asked his taciturn passenger if he had had a good time playing with his babies the night before.

"He allowed as he had," said Frazier.

Hopes for Clearing

The conversation languished for a while, said Frazier, and he said he tried to revive it by talking about the fact that the rain wasn't coming down hard enough to wash the dirt off the windshield—just enough to smear it.

Frazier said Oswald seemed to pick up at talk of the weather and expressed hope that it would clear.

He was, said Frazier, a "peculiar-acting fellow; never had much to say, except what per-

tained to his work; he didn't mingle; he didn't joke."

Frazier doesn't remember what Oswald did with the paper-wrapped bundle.

"I just lost track of it," he said, "although I guess he took it out of the car because I didn't see it again."

Those who remember seeing Oswald—Truly, Frazier and Charles Givens, another of Truly's 34 employes—for the balance of the morning remember him as diligent and quiet as usual.

He was, said Truly, a "good worker."

They broke for lunch at about noon, with Oswald, then on the sixth floor, telling Givens that he wasn't ready to eat. "Take it (the elevator down) and send it back up for me," Givens quoted him as saying.

Oswald Left Alone

Givens and five other employes who had been repairing the flooring on the sixth floor disappeared.

Oswald was alone. The sixth floor of the depository is a vast, dusty place.

It is filled with hundreds of thousands of books, some with bright covers—splashes of color in the gloom.

The window from which the shots were fired is hidden from the elevator and the wooden stairwell at the far corner of the building by cartons of books piled to the ceiling supported by huge, two-foot-thick sawed beams.

Cobwebs festoon the frame of the window, and around it old whitewash flakes from red brick.

The window is so grimed with dust as to be almost opaque.

The window was up today. It was warm, 63 degrees; the skies had cleared. And below, hundreds of workers were cramming their lunch into a half hour to leave time to watch the President go by.

It was shortly before 12:30 P. M. There was a 15-mile-per-hour wind.

Crucial Moment

At this moment, police say, Oswald becomes more than a sometimes jobless laborer with a head stuffed with a mishmash of Marxist ideology.

He becomes the sniper who killed the President and wounded Texas Governor John B. Connally.

The window is at the southeast corner of the building.

And radiating from this corner—as two spokes from the hub of a wheel—were the two streets over which the President was to travel within sight of the sniper in the next few minutes.

He was to approach the building on one street—Houston—and then, at the corner, just below the sniper six stories above him, he was to turn and take the other highway away from the building for an appearance at the Dallas Trade Mart, just five minutes away.

Between the two roads—again the spokes radiating from the corner of the building—was a park, where a long, narrow pond filled with empty cigaret packs and match folders gleamed in the sun.

4 Bullets in Rifle

The rifle was a 6.5 MM, containing four cartridges identified by police as "factory-loaded ammunition"—not hand-loaded. The bullets were slender, approximately .25 caliber, smaller, of course than a .32, but their velocity was high.

Fitted to the rifle was a telescopic sight of Japanese manufacture.

The immediate question occurring to the rifleman was, of course, whether to fire during the approach of the President's big, blue limousine, wait until it went into the long, slow turn at the corner or wait until the

Automobile was departing down
the other street.

Firing on the approach to the
pink brick building presented
an instant danger.

It would be immediately appar-
ent that a bullet full in the
President's face could only come
from straight ahead. And
straight ahead there was no
place to look but at the school
book depository. Police surmise
that Secret Service agents
would have located him quickly
and shot him out of the window.

On the turn then, as the big
limousine with its presidential
seals glistening inside the back
doors, wheeled from Houston
into the other highway.

Moving Target

The gunman almost would
ve had to lean out the window
to steep was the angle of fire.
Also, the automobile at that
moment would have been mov-
g across his line of sight,
which meant that he would have
d to keep his rifle barrel mov-
g in a slow arc to keep the
cross hairs on target.

It was within this angle
of fire—encompassed by these
two streets—that the shots
were to be delivered. And they
were to be delivered going
away.

This provided maximum safe-
ty for the gunman since a fol-
lowing shot would be—as in-
deed it was—hard to trace im-
mediately.

Also, it would be easier to
keep on target since the limou-
sine would be leaving in a fairly
straight line, necessitating
smaller corrections of aim.

There were to be witnesses
later to say they had seen Os-
wald's T-shirted figure through
the window.

Spectators were to wonder
about him; some were to look at
each other in mild concern and
surmise. But no one challenged
him. It seemed that a blind com-
bination of circumstances was
conspiring against the Presi-
dent.

About to Lose Job

Truly said he wouldn't have
hired Oswald in the first place if
some of his regular work force
hadn't been diverted to repair-
ing the sixth floor flooring.

As it was, Truly said he was
about to lay him off.

"He had only a few days to
go; he'd have been out of a job."

The shouting and tumult of
the President's approach was
getting louder. And at 12.30
P. M., the limousine, with its
presidential flags on the fens-
ders, turned from Houston into
the highway to the Trade Mart.

To the layman's eye, a tele-
scopic sight of the type used by
the rifleman, does not seem to
bring the target much nearer.
But it seems to etch it against
the background with greater
clarity.

And the cross hairs are so
cobweb fine that they can be
centered on a target without
hiding it as an open sight might
do.

At 12.31, the presidential
limousine had almost reached
a highway directional sign—
"Fort Worth Turnpike—Keep
Right"—in white and green.

Standing just across the high-
way from this sign was Charles
F. Brehm, 38, with his five-year-
old son, Joseph.

Brehm, a carpet salesman,
was a World War II rifleman in
the 5th Ranger Battalion. He
was wounded at Brest in the
invasion of France. He has seen
other men hit, too.

First Shot Heard

As the President passed him
about 20 feet away, Brehm said,
he heard the first shot.

It was 12.32 P. M. "He (the
President) stiffened," said
Brehm. "He had been sitting
forward on the seat—not sit-
ting deep back.

"He seemed to straighten out
—as if digging his heels into the
floor of the car."

The President's hand came up

slowly to his neck, said Brehm.
"He gave a cringe of pain," he
said.

This was not the bullet which
caused the massive head wound,
said Brehm.

"I saw what the next bullet
to hit him did to his head," he
said.

So this first bullet was the
one which entered the Presi-
dent's body at the neckline and,
perhaps splintering, left a
wound in his neck just below
the Adam's apple near the knot
of his necktie, and coursed
down into his chest.

Both Brehm and Truly, who
was standing in front of the
depository, thought that at this
moment the limousine swerved
—or "jerked" as Brehm put it—
to the left as if about to speed
away.

Car Slows

Then, however, Brehm said it
seemed to lose momentum—
"almost as if the driver had
taken his foot off the gas."

"Maybe I was just imagining
it," said Brehm. "Maybe I
thought it was swerving be-
cause I just wanted that thing
(the limousine) to leap out of
there—get out fast."

And then, for a long few sec-
onds, there seemed to be silence.
There seemed to be no imme-
diate awareness of what hap-
pened.

Brehm said the President's
smile was "sagging." He had
a pain-stricken look on his
face," he said.

The President was still sitting
straight, said Brehm. It wasn't
until the President was hit
again that he slumped against
his wife, and she took his head
in her arms.

"He seemed to be conscious
that something terrible had hap-
pened to him," said Brehm. "It
didn't look like it knocked him
out."

Two facts of hideous portent
emerge from the stories told by
Brehm and others.

Head Still Visible

The President's head was
still visible above the leather
upholstered seat of the limou-
sine to the eye on the other side
of the telescopic sight.

Also, the car was still mov-
ing at 15 to 18 miles an hour.

The rifleman, however, shift-
ed his aim to Texas Gov. John
B. Connally.

Brehm said he heard a second
shot, but didn't know where it
went.

"I was watching the Presi-
dent," he said.

This shot hit Connally in the
back just under the right shoul-
der blade. It splintered the fifth
rib, coursed down through his
body and emerged from his side
to break his right wrist lying
in his lap and lodge in his left
thigh.

Brehm said he knew by the
sound of the shots that they had
crossed his line of vision rather
than coming over his shoulder
or from the other side of the
road.

And still—after the second
shot—the President's head was
still visible above the seat; still
there was no sudden burst of
speed.

The effect of the third bullet
was murderous. It hit the back
of the President's head with an
ax-like or chopping effect.

Another fraction of an inch
—and the bullet might just have
creased the President's head.
Still another fraction of an inch
and it might have missed him
altogether.

As it was, it hit at a shallow
angle, ripping off a piece of
skull "perhaps the diameter of a
teacup," said Dr. William Kemp
Clark, a neurosurgeon.

Frenzied Activity

With the final shot, the
hideous tableau resolved into
frenzied activity. The limou-
sine spurted away at 60 miles
an hour to Parkland Memorial
Hospital. Three bullets had

been fired in ten, maybe 15 seconds.

Brehm ran a few feet with his son, then threw himself on top of him.

He said he was questioned later along with two other spectators who said they had seen the sniper at the window a short time before.

"They said he was just looking out the window just like everybody else; and they said they told each other that it was a hell of a thing for a man to be alone-like that at a window when the President was coming by. And then when the shooting started they saw the gun.

"Both of them felt real bad about it; they figured they should have done something when they first saw him."

Brehm said the description these two men gave of the sniper was so detailed and so accurate that he recognized Oswald immediately as the man they were talking about when he saw Oswald on TV late that night.

Fight for Life

The dying President was carried into Trauma One—a gray-tiled emergency room about ten feet by 15—and laid on a rubber-tired cart.

It was 12:33 P. M.

Mrs. Kennedy watched from the doorway as nurses and doctors scissored away his coat, shirt and undershirt and struggled to reverse what Dr. Clark called the "irreversible process of death."

A massive blood transfusion was commenced; intravenous fluids were administered.

To help sustain respiration, Dr. Malcolm Perry, surgeon, widened the hole in the President's neck and inserted a metal breathing tube in his throat.

It seemed that the bullet—perhaps a fragment—which hit the President in the neck had coursed down into his chest, striking his lung.

Air from this collapsing lung was escaping into the chest cavity and rising to the hole in

One Bullet Lost

Dr. Clark said he thought the bullet which hit the back of the President's head had exited, leaving—if anything, only minute fragments of lead adhering to the bone.

And doctors thought the other bullet was still in the President—perhaps his chest, when he was taken back to Washington.

[Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade said earlier this week that a bullet removed from the President, presumably at Bethesda Naval Hospital, matched the gun abandoned by the sniper as he fled the sixth floor of the depository]

Dr. Clark said "a considerable portion" of brain tissue was gone when the President arrived and that "he never knew what hit him."

As the President's pulse ebbed, then disappeared, Dr. Clark commenced heart massage, placing the heel of his palm on the President's chest, his other hand on top of that, then pushing rhythmically 60 to 70 times a minute, "close to normal heart rate."

Pulse Stops

Dr. M. T. Jenkins, anesthesiologist, said he could feel a pulse.

But it stopped after "only three or four beats," indicating that not only had the President's heart failed but that it had nothing to pump.

"Under pressure of heart message," said Dr. Clark, "some kind of pulse is felt as long as there is blood to pump; for the pressure literally forces the blood from the heart into the arteries with a consequent pulse."

The President's loss of blood was "massive," he said. "Half of the more than five quarts a man the size of the President would have had been exhausted" in Trauma One alone.

And, continued Dr. Clark, he had bled profusely before arrival.

Veins Nearly Empty

The President's veins were almost empty, he said.

Since it was awkward for Dr. Clark to reach through the tangle of tubes in the President's neck and chest, a steel stool was brought and Dr. Perry stood on it to continue the heart massage.

A cardiostachioscope was brought to determine if any electrical impulses still were reaching his heart from the damaged brain.

This is a tube-shaped instrument, 18 inches long, three inches wide. Protruding from one end are three wires. Set in the other is a glass screen.

A bead of yellow light travels across the glass to register impulses—or the lack of them: a wavy line for the former, a straight line for the latter.

The wires were inserted in the President's arms and one leg.

The line—with its faint yellow afterglow—was straight. All communication between brain and heart had ceased.

Wife Told of Death

Since the brain damage had

been the apparent cause of death, it was up to Dr. Clark to say so. And he said: "I guess this is it."

He went to where Mrs. Kennedy was standing in the doorway and told her the President was dead.

"I'm all right," she said. "I understand; may I go to him?"

Nurses and doctors commenced plucking out the tubes and wires in his body.

It was 1 P. M.

Secret Service agents telephoned Oneal, Inc., funeral directors, and told the proprietor, V. B. Oneal, to bring a casket, "the best" he had, and they admonished him not "under any circumstances" to divulge the cost.

Paper Shroud

Oneal said that by the time he arrived, the President's head had been wound around and around with gauze until his eyes, nose, mouth and chin—his whole face—were covered. He had been clad in "an expendable paper shroud," said Oneal.

Oneal and two of his attendants rolled the casket into Trauma One, where Mrs. Kennedy was standing at her husband's head.

Oneal waited there perhaps 20 minutes, he said, after the agents told him they would come back to tell him when to put the President in the casket.

Mrs. Kennedy took a plain gold band from her finger, he said, and slipped it on the President's finger.

Remarking that the ring was dangling from the tip of the President's finger and might get "lost off," Oneal asked if he might push it farther.

"Yes, please," she said. Oneal did.

Dispute Over Body

Outside Trauma One, the question of releasing the President's body to the Secret Service agents was being discussed with some heat.

Dr. Earl Forrest Rose, 37, Dallas County medical examiner and a graduate of the University of Nebraska Medical School, said that if "normal procedure under the law" was to be followed the body would be autopsied here, then released.

He said that in his opinion the body should not be removed without the autopsy which would "protect not only the President but whoever was charged with his assassination."

However, Dr. Rose—from all accounts, including his own—was not adamant on this point.

But he was insistent that if the body was to be released without autopsy, it must be done by a justice of the peace executing a "Record of Death" form which contains the phrase, "body released by . . ."

It was after this phrase, said Dr. Rose, that a justice of the peace's name should go.

"The law is the law," he said. "Who knows anything about the trajectories of these bullets—or even how many bullets were fired, or how many bullets the President has in him—all vital to the man we are going to try for this?"

Casket Moved

Meanwhile, the agents ordered Oneal to place the President's body in the bronze, brown velvet-lined casket.

This, Oneal and his two attendants did, lining the casket first with a rubber sheet and further shrouding the President's head in several plastic bags—all against the possibility of further bleeding.

As Secret Service agents gave the order to bring the casket out from Trauma One, Dr. Rose intervened.

"It was embarrassing," said Dr. Rose, "and I knew my position was virtually untenable, but I was going to insist on the law."

Again, he cited his claim that the body had not been released.

"It held up the entourage for a few minutes," he said.

The casket was wheeled back into Trauma One.

It was at this juncture that Justice of the Peace Therman Ward said he called several persons—including Dallas County Sheriff Bill Decker and District Attorney Henry Ward—to ask their advice.

He came away from the phone, he said, convinced that

he ought to release the body. And this, Ward did with a "wave of the hand."

No Records Left

Dr. Rose said, however, that he still protested the "illegality," arguing that the release was not being properly done.

Again the Secret Service agents directed Oneal to bring the casket out.

He did so, Mrs. Kennedy still by the President's head.

Rose said he called after them:

"You can't take that body; it hasn't been released."

At that moment, he said, the casket was disappearing into the hearse.

The President's clothing was carried away by the Secret Service agents in two brown paper bags; his personal effects—a wallet and a couple of letters from his coat—were put in a manila envelope and taken away, too.

Also taken was the hospital record on John Fitzgerald Kennedy, which had grown to almost ten pages in a half hour.

"They cleaned us out," said a hospital spokesman.

"We don't have a scrap of paper at the hospital about the President," said Dr. Rose. "It's just as if he had never been."

Back at the scene, the sniper shots had sent the crowd surging back toward the book warehouse.

Rushes to Building

Patrolman M. E. Baker rushed for the main door of the building.

"Where's the stairway?" he shouted at Truly.

"Come on with me," Truly said, running across the first floor toward the rear of the building.

Truly thought the shots had come from across the park near the railroad yards. To him they sounded like "a toy cannon being fired."

He had been standing almost directly under the sniper's window.

Truly and the officer raced up the steps.

The patrolman went into a second-floor hallway where there is an 18-by-20 foot lunchroom for employes. It has chairs, tables and vending machines.

Oswald was standing near a Coke machine. "Do you work here," the patrolman shouted at Oswald, thrusting his gun toward him.

Oswald Startled

Oswald appeared startled by the gun.

Truly, who was racing ahead of the officer, turned around to follow him into the lunchroom. "Is this man an employe here?" Baker asked.

"Yes he is," Truly said.

They continued their race up the steps to the seventh and top floor, then came back down to the sixth.

The rifle—a Carcano with Mauser-type bolt action mechanism and a clip magazine—was found hidden between cartons of books near a crudely lettered sign in red and white reading: "Stairway."

It was down the stairway the sniper could have run to the second floor encounter with the policeman.

Three spent cartridge casings were found near a sixth-floor window. A single cartridge was still in the chamber of the rifle. The safety was off. It would have taken only the press of a sniper's finger on the trigger to fire it.

There has been speculation that the gunner was getting ready to fire a fourth time when the limousine finally sped away.

Truly left the officer to his hurried searching and returned to the first floor where officers were trying to assemble the building's employes for a quick head count.

As Truly was returning to the first floor, Oswald was seen going out the back door which leads to Pacific av.

Deputy Sheriff Roger D. Craig saw him leave, heading west on Pacific av.

Boards Bus

Six blocks away, Oswald knocked on the door of a Dallas transportation bus driven by C. J. McWatters. The bus was headed west toward the book warehouse.

"This isn't a regular stop," McWatters said, "but I'll let you on."

Oswald said nothing. People in the bus were shouting that something had happened to the President.

"I'll bet someone's shot the President," a teen-ager said with a laugh.

A man in the stalled traffic ahead of the bus, which moved only one block after Oswald got on, came back to inform McWatters that the President had indeed been shot.

"I just heard it on my car radio," the man said.

Oswald got up from his seat and asked the driver for a transfer.

McWatters handed him a yellow transfer ticket and let Oswald off in the middle of the block.

He Takes Taxi

Oswald next showed up two blocks to the south at the taxi stand at the Greyhound bus

terminal on Lamar and Jackson sts.

"Can I have your cab?" Oswald asked the driver of a cab parked first in line.

"Sure can," said William Whaley.

Oswald got in the front seat with Whaley.

"Take me to the 500 block of Beckley st.," Oswald said.

Whaley tried some conversation, saying:

"I wonder what the hell is going on out there. Something serious must have happened. What was it?"

Oswald said nothing. He did not even look at Whaley.

"This is one guy who ain't going to talk to no one," Whaley thought to himself.

Whaley drove hurriedly the 2.5 miles from the bus station to the 500 block of Beckley st. They went right past Oswald's rooming house at 1026 Beckley.

Leaves Cab

"Stop here," Oswald signaled Whaley to the curb.

He gave the driver a dollar bill and left. The fare was 85 cents.

Whaley rushed back to the shooting scene to learn what had happened. He didn't notice which way Oswald went.

It was 12.45.

Police had already discovered Oswald missing from the head count back at the book warehouse. There were several other employes still missing, but Oswald was the only one seen leaving the building after the shooting.

The description was broadcast:

"This man is wanted for questioning in connection with the shooting of President Kennedy. He is about five feet six inches tall. He weighs about 150-160 pounds. Thin light brown hair about 24 to 30 years old ..."

Patrolman Alerted

Patrolman J. D. Tippit, 39, was cruising alone in car No. 10 when he heard the call. He began a search around the Oak Cliff neighborhood.

Oswald made it back to his rooming house by 12.50 P. M. He went directly to his six-by-12-foot bedroom just off the dining room in the small stone rancher.

Mrs. Earlene Roberts, housekeeper for the owner, Mrs. Johnson said: "You sure are in a hurry."

He said nothing as he came out of the room wearing a tan jacket. He had discarded a dark

one he had worn to work.

Oswald waited at a bus stop for a few seconds, then started walking west on Beckley.

It had taken him about two minutes to exchange jackets. The time was 12.52 P. M.

Waitress' Story

Mrs. Helen Markham, 47, a waitress, was getting ready for work in her apartment at 328 E. 9th st. She was going to catch a 1.15 P. M. bus three blocks away.

She left the apartment at 1.0 P. M. and started walking south on Patton st.

At the intersection of 10th st. she noticed a police car stopped by the curb.

W. W. Scoggins, a cab driver, sat across the street in his taxi observing the police car.

He had seen the car pull up to the curb and saw the patrolman lean over to shout something out the right front window to a young man walking northwest on 10th st.

When Mrs. Markham came on the scene, the young man was leaning on the car door with both arms crossed over the window sill.

She watched as the patrolman talked with the young man for several seconds.

Then the man stepped backward three slow steps as though he were waiting for the patrolman to do something to him.

Policeman Slain

Patrolman Tippit, who was looking for a man that answered the description of the President's assassin, got slowly out of the right side door.

Mrs. Markham watched him as he walked toward the front of the car.

As he turned around the front, the man whipped a gun from either a jacket or trouser pocket and fired three shots quickly.

The young man ran, with the revolver in hand, past Mrs. Markham.

He was running in a different direction than he had been headed when Tippit stopped him.

Tippit slumped slowly to the roadway in front of his police car. Three bullets were in his chest and abdomen.

He mumbled something to Mrs. Markham, but she couldn't understand.

Scoggins saw the man run through a nearby alley and disappear.

Later they identified Oswald as the man.

The Tippit shooting occurred nine-tenths of a mile from Oswald's rooming house.

It was 1.13 P. M.

Man Seen Running

A few minutes later, a young man ran frantically by the service station of C. E. Pope at the beginning of a long line of stores on busy Jefferson st. It was eight-tenths of a mile from the shooting.

John Brewer, manager of the Austin shoe store in the 200 block of Jefferson st., saw the man run by.

He ran out to look. The man appeared to duck into the Texas Theater a few doors away at 231 W. Jefferson st.

He went back in his store for about five minutes.

The young man did duck into the old, tattered Texas Theater. He walked right by Miss Julie Postal, the ticket seller.

She paid little attention to him. Her transistor radio was bringing her the news of President Kennedy's assassination. She was distraught.

She couldn't even remember if the man bought a ticket.

Theater Alerted

Brewer decided he had better check on the man since so much was happening in Dallas. He had heard about the Tippit slaying on the store radio.

Miss Postal called police at Brewer's suggestion.

FBI agents, sheriff's deputies and policemen converged on the theater.

The lights went up in the middle of "War Is Hell," being shown as a double feature with "Cry of Battle."

Oswald was among 12 patrons. He was seated toward the

back on the center aisle.

"There he is," said one of the theater employes, pointing to Oswald.

Patrolman N. M. McDonald wanted to Oswald. There were three other officers with him.

McDonald turned into Oswald's row. When he got about a foot away, Oswald jumped up.

"It's all over now," Oswald said.

Slugs Officer

Then he slugged the officer in the face with a fist.

He pulled a revolver from his waistband. McDonald leaped for it and caught hold of the butt. But Oswald had firm control of the trigger.

McDonald yanked at the revolver as Oswald pulled the trigger. The yanking saved him. The weapon misfired.

Oswald was subdued by McDonald and the other officers as they wrestled over the tattered red velvet seats in dim lights of the theater.

Outside, a crowd attracted by police cars and sirens waited for the outcome.

Oswald, bruised and bleeding from cuts over the left eye and right forehead, was walked through the crowd to a police car.

"Kill him, kill him," they shouted.

It was 1:40 P. M. the President had been dead 40 minutes.

Doubts Arise

Was it possible that police had arrested the man responsible for the assassination of a President and the slaying of a police officer all within the short span of 45 minutes?

They were almost certain they had the slayer of Tippit. A ballistics test on the .38 caliber revolver taken from him in the theater would prove in a few days they had the revolver used in the officer's death.

"They also had at least two witnesses who watched the entire shooting—Mrs. Markham, the waitress, and Scoggins, the cab driver.

They positively identified Oswald as the man they saw shoot Tippit.

What about the President? Was there a conspiracy or was it just some act of lunacy that brought President Kennedy down?

Frame-Up Charged

Oswald claimed steadfastly that "I am being framed."

He said he was being deprived of his civil rights, that Dallas police and the FBI were not permitting him to have counsel.

Police could get nothing but denials from him. But so much evidence had been released that public opinion already was against Oswald.

He was charged with both murders, the President's and Tippit's.

Last Sunday, just 40 hours and 70 minutes after the President was gunned down, Oswald was shot.

He was being transferred by Dallas detectives from police headquarters to the city jail several blocks away when Jack Ruby, whose name used to be Rubenstein, jumped out of a crowd of policemen and reporters in the basement of the headquarters to stick a gun against Oswald's abdomen and fire point blank. Oswald died at 1.07 P. M. in Parkland Memorial Hospital.

Who Is Ruby?

Who is Jack Ruby? A fellow conspirator?

Police today are still checking his angle.

Ruby was simply described as

a Dallas nightclub owner. He said he was emotionally upset by the President's assassination and wanted to avenge it. His lawyer claims he was "temporarily insane" at the time.

But the 52-year-old Ruby's background is far more complex than that.

He runs the type of business that attracts the underworld. He is reported to have roomed in Dallas with a man who actively worked for the Communist Party.

And one entertainer in a Ruby nightclub claims he had seen Oswald in the Carousel strip tease club operated by Ruby.

In Ruby's Area

And if Oswald was the killer of Tippit, the route he was taking at the time the patrolman stopped him was leading toward Ruby's Oak Cliff apartment.

The slaying occurred in the 400 block of W. 10th st. Ruby's apartment is about four blocks from the spot.

Tippit's slayer reversed his course after shooting the patrolman.

These facts are being checked now by the FBI and Dallas police, although the federal investigators have really taken over the case after severe criticism of the way Dallas police handled Oswald.

Oswald's background itself leaves many questions that may never be answered. He cannot confess from his Fort Worth grave.

Before the FBI took over, Dallas police claimed the case against Oswald as the assassin was closed except for attempting to determine if he had any help or was part of a conspiracy.

Weapon Traced

The assassin's weapon found on the sixth floor of the book warehouse was definitely traced to Oswald through a mail order house in Chicago, they said.

They also said laboratory tests prove that Oswald's palm prints were found on the cases of books near the assassin's window. His prints also were found on the rifle and on the window sill.

Paraffin tests to determine if Oswald had fired a gun last Friday proved positive, the police said.

It was learned today that a Dr. Homer Wood, of the Oak Cliff section, has told the FBI and Dallas police that Oswald was the man he saw practicing target shooting a few weeks ago at the Sportsdrome rifle range in Dallas.

Dr. Wood is reported to have told the FBI that Oswald caused most of the people on the rifle range to stop and look because he was such a good shot.

The doctor is reported to have identified Oswald from a television picture of the accused man before he was shot down.

A complete Justice Department report on these facts is expected to be put before the public next week.

Angry Young Man

There are many things in Oswald's background to point to the possibility of a conspiracy to assassinate the President, but most of the thinking now is that he was a twisted, angry young man.

Paine, the man whose wife befriended Mrs. Oswald last February, had many conversations with Oswald at the home in Irving.

He says he believes Oswald had the kind of mind that could carry out careful plans to assassinate the President.

"He was the kind of young man who believed that Marxism was coming to the United States," Paine said. "No one could shake him when he got an idea about something.

"I can see him shooting the President, believing he was pulling a string to change the course of history."

Paine Lived Here

Paine, 35, is an employe of the engineering department of Bell Helicopter Co. in Dallas.

His wife studied Russian at the University of Pennsylvania when she lived in Philadelphia from 1955 to 1959.

Her husband worked for the Bartol Research Foundation of the Franklin Institute. He attended Harvard University and Swarthmore College, but never got a degree.

He said Oswald was the "kind of person I would never have as a friend, but we had him to the house because of Marina.

"He would only talk about politics and once he got an idea about something, nothing could change it. He was irrational and illogical about it.

"He was quiet most of the time. I would have to push the conversations. After awhile, I stopped because he was so unreasonable."

Member of ACLU

Paine said he is a member of the American Civil Liberties Union and took Oswald to a meeting not long ago. He said Oswald joined the Dallas ACLU chapter a week before the assassination.

This is interesting in light of Oswald's statements that he was being deprived of his civil liberties after he was arrested.

Paine also claimed that FBI agents had visited Oswald more than one time after he returned to Dallas from a trip to Mexico City.

It was reported, for instance,

that FBI agents had talked with Oswald two weeks before the assassination.

That trip to Mexico was made after Mrs. Paine went to New Orleans to pick up Marina and bring her back to have the baby.

Paine says he believes Oswald thumbed a ride to Mexico City, where he tried in vain to get a visa to Russia via Cuba for himself and his family.

Activities Vague

Mrs. Paine had arrived with Mrs. Oswald in Dallas on Sept. 23 after Oswald, who was out of a job again after four months' work in a New Orleans photo-engraving shop, told her he would go to Houston to get a job.

He finally showed up in Dallas around Oct. 1, but did not call his wife at the Paine home until Oct. 5, Mrs. Paine said.

Mrs. Paine, who worked for the East-West Contact Committee of the Young Friends in Philadelphia, said he gave his wife none of the money he earned from the book warehouse job.

[The Young Friends Committee of North America is a Quaker youth group whose members range from college age to

about 30. The East-West Contacts Committee has acted as host to young Russians visiting this country and has arranged visits to the Soviet Union and elsewhere.]

She also said it is a mystery to her what Oswald did with his evenings after work, except that he did call almost every evening at 5:30 to talk with Marina.

"Other than that evening call and the weekend visit, Lee was not heard from around here," she said. "It is hard to say what he did with his time."