

THE STEP-BY-STEP STORY

Sunday, December 1, 1963 New York Herald Tribune

LEADING TO THE DEATH

OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY

By Robert S. Bird

National Correspondent

NY HT-12/1/63

John Fitzgerald Kennedy left his home on Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington for the last trip of his life on that Thursday morning, Nov. 21, in much the same way many family men leave on trips with their wives.

Mrs. Kennedy was upstairs in the White House putting the finishing touches on her costume—a white wool boucle suit with knitted black hat, and black pumps with spiked heels.

In another room upstairs little Caroline, who was about to turn six years of age, and three-year-old John were being bundled into warm clothes for the trip to the airport to wave good-bye to their father and mother.

The President himself was in his Executive Office downstairs, sitting in his rocking chair, all ready to go in dark suit, tie and shoes.

He was getting a last-minute fill-in on conditions in two African countries from Thomas S. Estes, Ambassador to Upper Volta, and Charles F. Darlington, Ambassador to the Republic of Gabon. He waited only for the helicopters to arrive and for the rest of the family to come downstairs.

The day was dark and inauspicious, with lowering clouds and an unpleasant drizzle, and it was through this murky sky that at 10:45 a. m. he heard the first of two helicopters.

THE LAST KISS GOOD-BY

There were 26 hours and 45 minutes left before he would be shot by an assassin.

Mrs. Kennedy must have heard the Marine chopper whirring in too, for she and Mrs. Maud Shaw, the family nurse, came tripping down the stairs with the two children skipping along ahead. This was signal enough for the President. He joined them.

He turned down a proffered raincoat and the family climbed aboard this first helicopter, which took off for Andrews Air Force Base, 18 miles away in Maryland, a few minutes later. The second helicopter hovered in sight and trailed the President's, while the children chattered above the roar of the engines.

At Andrews airfield the President's plane awaited with engines idling. This is a big blue and white four-engine jet known as Air Force No. 1.

The parents kissed the children good-bye. John-John, as President Kennedy called his young son, tried to hold his tears as his daddy disappeared with his mother inside the door of the big plane. But as usual, John-John had no success and the tears came anyway.

He and his sister were never to see their father again.

His plane was airborne at 11:04 a. m., and the children watched it from the ground as it soared sharply into the clouds where it disappeared from view. It climbed to 26,000 feet and circled to a southwest bearing for the San Antonio Airport, 1,460 miles away.

ON THE PLANE

Other planes, called back-up craft, were taking to

various pieces of equipment for the Presidential tour, including the White House limousine in which the President usually traveled and in which he would be riding when the end came. A press plane had already gone ahead.

In the plane with the President and Mrs. Kennedy were, besides 10 members of the White House staff, the Texas Congressional delegation, including Sen. Ralph W. Yarborough, a Kennedy supporter, who was to seek his second six-year term next November.

Also aboard were Reps. James Wright Jr., of Fort Worth, Graham Purcell, of Wichita Falls, Olin E. Teague, of College Station, Walter E. Rogers, of Pampa, Ray Roberts, of McKinney, and George M. Mahon of Lubbock.

The President's tour was to take him to San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth and Dallas, and it was regarded as a major mission. The plea had gone out to the White House for the President to make a personal appearance tour in that key state and try to dissipate some of the opposition that Texas conservatives were stirring up persistently for the 1964 race.

He was fully aware of the hostility in Texas toward his Administration from the conservative and extreme Right groups, and he realized that in Dallas he would be entering an area where Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson, a Texan himself, was quite unpopular.

Also, the President had an understanding of the vicious factionalism plaguing the Democratic party, the conflict between the liberal Democrats and the conservatives of the party.

And he probably was reasonably well informed on the current Texas poll showing that Sen. Barry Goldwater was running stronger than ever in popularity in the state.

DISUNITY IN PARTY

But the big thing for the Democrats in Texas was the disunity within their own party. This tended to polarize around Sen. Yarborough as the liberal and Gov. John Connally, the conservative. This split could be disastrous if it were not somehow mended.

The President's hope seemed to be that he might, at best, bring about a reconciliation but more likely he would draw some of the bitterness out from the factionalism and perhaps make a sufficiently good impression on the people of Texas as to slow up Sen. Goldwater.

The Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson were to join the Presidential party at San Antonio; and, although the President may not have fully realized this, he was going to have to knock heads together figuratively in order to present at least an outward show of party unity while he was in Texas.

That the President was well briefed on the party disension was evident from the careful work done by White House advance parties which had gone to Texas to set up the tour arrangements and found themselves beset on all sides with almost childish haggling.

Even as the President's plane was heading toward Texas, Sen. Yarborough was criticizing Gov. Connally in Austin for the Governor's failure to invite him to a reception at the Governor's mansion.

In the light of the world tragedy which lowered the curtain on this trip of high political hope, the details of the Texas imbroglio of politics now seem trivial.

But the assassination of a President of the United

States is so shocking an event that the deed itself raises him and his memory to towering proportions in retrospect. And because of that fact the trivialities, the transient preoccupations of his last busy hours of life become to many people more precious than they could ever be during his lifetime.

This is an effort to put together a thread of continuity into those last hours of President Kennedy.

It was 1 p. m. when the Presidential plane circled in over Texas, and a half hour later it touched down at San Antonio Airport. There were 23 hours left to the President.

A crowd of more than 10,000 persons was at the airport to greet the party. Mrs. Kennedy was wearing a light beige Chanel suit with black trim and a black cloche-type hat crushed down on the back of her head.

CROWDS WERE HEARTENING

The party motored quickly into San Antonio and on to the Aerospace Medical School at Brooks Air Force Base, and from there to Kelly Air Force Base. Along the route heartening crowds of people had turned out to see the President pass. The police estimated that 100,000 persons may have seen him during the whole San Antonio visit.

And it was here that White House correspondents first noted Mrs. Kennedy's new zeal for handshaking, and they wondered if this was the result of some new high-level strategy formulated in Washington. She was extremely effective at it.

The President made a speech at Brooks Air Force Base, and then the big plane flew over from the San Antonio National Airport to Kelly Air Force Base. Here the party boarded the craft and took off at 3:48 p. m. for Houston, landing there at 4:35 p. m. The entourage rode in motorcade to the Rice Hotel, arriving there at 5:15 p. m., which left 18 hours and 45 minutes before the tragedy in Dallas.

The President and Mrs. Kennedy stopped off on the mezzanine floor of the hotel to appear at the state convention of a Latin-American organization called LULAC, where the President spoke briefly. Then he said, "Now I would like to present my wife, who can perhaps speak to you more clearly than I."

MRS. KENNEDY'S SPEECH

Mrs. Kennedy then made a graceful little speech in good liquid Spanish. She was wearing by now a different costume of black velvet, and the quality of her Spanish together with the compliments she paid to the Latin-American audience carried them away with applause and cheers. There was much jollity as a band played a selection composed in Mexico especially for Mrs. Kennedy called "Jacqueline."

After the ovation on the mezzanine the couple went to their rooms to freshen up and then joined an appreciation dinner given in honor of Rep. Albert Thomas at the Houston Coliseum. Congressman Thomas had come down with the Presidential party from Washington, though by mistake he was put in the second plane instead of the Presidential aircraft, where he had been scheduled to sit.

President Kennedy spoke very warmly in behalf of the 65-year-old Congressman and at 9:37 p. m. the party left the dinner for the airport. Their plane took off at 10:07 p. m., and the flight to Fort Worth took about 50 minutes.

During these flights between the Texas cities the members of the Texas entourage accompanying the President kept changing, and all during this time peace-making efforts went forward, but squabbling continued, even over such matters as to who would sit beside whom.

Fort Worth is known in the Southwest as a cow town, a cattleman's town, an oilman's town, and it's proud of it. It's only 32 miles from Dallas but you couldn't call Dallas a cow town and get away with it. Dallas is a banking and insurance town. The two cities have carried on a kind of feud for years.

CO-ORDINATOR FOR THE STOPOVER

But metropolitan Fort Worth's 585,000 population

boasts that its town is where the West begins, and it is, indeed, the leading meat-packing city of Texas and it is the center of the most active oil region in the country.

It is an important place, but it was almost bypassed in the early planning of the President's Texas trip.

Fort Worth had been placed on the Presidential itinerary early in the planning, then had been scratched, and finally put back on again in the weeks preceding the trip. A well-known lawyer of the city, David Belew, who at 43 still has the look and build of a football halfback, was in the state capitol at Austin arguing a case before the Supreme Court when he was tapped for a role in the visit.

A member of Gov. Connally's staff happened to see him in town and arranged to have him made co-ordinator for the Fort Worth stopover. Soon afterward on Oct. 20 the Washington advance party came up to Fort Worth and looked over several sites for a Presidential appearance and a place for him to stay. They examined the Texas Christian University stadium, the Hotel Texas and its big ballroom in the center of town, and Carswell Air Force Base, a Strategic Air Command installation seven miles outside the city proper.

At that time, there were 33 days left.

Then during the first week in November the Governor's office called Mr. Belew to tell him that it now looked as if the President would not be able to include Fort Worth in his itinerary after all.

This was a sad blow to all who were counting on the President's visit, and another Fort Worth attorney, Raymond Buck, president of the Chamber of Commerce who is a man close to Lyndon Johnson, now took the lead in putting the heat on the Administration strategists.

"We extended our official invitation through Lyndon Johnson, through Gov. Connally and through our Congressman, all of them," explains Mr. Buck, a heavy, florid-faced man with the long, curling gray locks of an old-fashioned Senator.

That was enough. That did it. Fort Worth was reinstated on the itinerary.

Eventually all was in readiness. The feeling among the leaders of the city was that since the President's trip was going well up to this point there was little reason to be apprehensive in Fort Worth about anything more than the rain, which did threaten to mar the arrival.

At the Hotel Texas, preparations for receiving the Presidential party were well in hand long before their arrival. The hotel is a 14-story, faded red-brick structure of 500 rooms, and it stands in the very heart of downtown Fort Worth at Eighth and Main Sts.

The suite that had been reserved for President and Mrs. Kennedy was in perfect order. It was No. 850 on the eighth floor of the hotel in the rear corner, on Commerce and Eighth Sts. overlooking the big parking lot where the President was to speak outdoors in the morning. The suite consisted of three bedrooms and a living room—or as the hotel calls it, a parlor—the latter furnished with a brilliant yellow Texas-made rug.

On the marquee of the hotel was a big sign that said, "WELCOME TO FORT WORTH, WHERE THE WEST BEGINS."

The routine installation of a white telephone in the Presidential suite by the Signal Corps several days before the President was due to arrive had caused speculation that a "hot line" was being hooked up from the Hotel Texas direct to Moscow.

Actually no such thing was being done. The white telephone is always installed for the President wherever he passes the night, and it is connected to a special Signal Corps switchboard set up near by. It is standard White House road equipment. The "hot line" to Moscow terminates in the Defense Department in Washington and has no extension of that special circuit outside, not even to the White House.

So on that last night, a rainy night, a dark and dreary night, President Kennedy and his party came in through black skies over Fort Worth and down on to the big runways of Carswell Air Force Base. It was 11 o'clock when the Presidential plane put down for a landing, and despite the inclemency of the night, thousands of Fort Worth

citizens were waiting in the dark to greet the President. There were 13 and a half hours left to his life.

The crowd stood outside a fence, which surrounds the runway and apron area, and it filled a great space for about a third of a mile along the fence. Some officials estimated that 6,000 persons had turned out. They cheered and waved a warm greeting.

The President and Mrs. Kennedy, Gov. and Mrs. Connally, and the Texas Congressional delegation, all emerged from the plane to be greeted by Mr. Buck, whose Chamber of Commerce was now the official sponsor of the Fort Worth visit, and by Mr. Belew, and other personages of the city.

The motorcade was quickly formed and started off along a fairly direct route to the Hotel Texas seven miles into town.

A CAPACITY TURNOUT

In a few minutes they were at the hotel and President and Mrs. Kennedy and Gov. and Mrs. Connally were passing under the welcome sign into the lobby.

The ballroom of the hotel, which is the biggest in the whole Fort Worth area, was getting on that Thursday night the final touches of bright decor from the hotel staff for the next morning's breakfast meeting of the Chamber of Commerce.

The President began the public part of the day of tragedy, the morning of Friday, Nov. 22, by making his appearance in the lobby of the Hotel Texas at 8:45 a. m. Mrs. Kennedy was not with him yet.

There were three hours and 45 minutes left.

The rain of the night seemed to be tapering off, diminished now to a drizzle, and he struck out bareheaded in his familiar, jaunty, stride into the rain toward the parking lot across the street.

Somebody held an umbrella over the President's head but he seemed not to need it or want it. This was not a rain to cavil at. The clouds were already showing signs of breaking. The sun would be out and the skies would be blue again before the President would die.

His trip had begun auspiciously in San Antonio and Houston the preceding day, and now the crowd here in the parking lot was another big and enthusiastic one. The place was full. A reporter estimated the crowd at 4,000, saying that was the maximum number the place could physically contain. But in Fort Worth they say today that 10,000 people were there.

A platform about a foot high had been set up for the President and another one a little in front of the Presidential platform had been put together for the camera men. The second one was about three feet high.

A QUIP FROM PRESIDENT

The citizens of Fort Worth were gathered all over the parking lot and in cars along the streets which bordered it. People were standing on top of their cars, and on the hoods, and all traffic stopped when the President appeared.

One of the most conspicuous things here and during the whole Texas trip was the way the Texas women dressed themselves in their finest clothes when they turned out for President Kennedy—and for the First Lady.

This was true not only for the normally dressy occasions such as the indoor functions but even for the street motorcades and for such outdoor appearances as this parking lot talk by the President. The women looked as well dressed, for the most part, as if they were going to church. And even those who were in slacks were wearing their dressiest slacks and sweaters and chic hair-dos.

But there was disappointment here, too, and the President must have sensed it because he made a very graceful reference to the matter. Out there in the parking lot these were the ordinary people of the city who were gathered, not the professional and business and civic leaders who would be at the Chamber of Commerce breakfast.

These people outside also wanted to see Mrs. Kennedy. They were aching to see her in person—standing there as the First Lady beside the President, both of them smiling and looking happy and vibrantly young and gloriously favored by fortune.

But Mrs. Kennedy was slow in getting started and she

was not there, and the President tried to ease the disappointment by making a humorous reference which has since been repeated all over America and, indeed, the world.

"Mrs. Kennedy is still organizing herself—it takes her longer, but then she looks better than we do," he said.

Then the President made his little talk to these friendly people, who must have included many Republicans and the whole thing was over in less than 10 minutes.

There were three hours and 30 minutes left.

The President entered the ballroom amid a standing

ovation and walked down the middle aisle between the tables and took his seat at the head table, immediately to the right of the rostrum. A great bouquet of huge, yellow chrysanthemums partially obscured his face. On his right Vice-President Johnson was sitting to the right of the whole thing was over in less than 10 minutes. There was an empty seat, awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Kennedy.

They were waiting for the President and Mrs. Kennedy's arrival, along with Gov. Connally, the Congressional delegation and state officials and legislative leaders.

Mr. Buck, the Chamber of Commerce president, made the introductions, and as befits these occasions the introductions and acknowledgements seemed interminable. Vice-President Johnson was too hungry to wait. He went to work on a plate of eggs and toast and had to swallow fast when his turn came to be introduced.

The Vice-President smiled and stood up for the introduction while everybody applauded, and then he said a hello to his fellow Texans and dropped back into his seat and began eating again.

After Mr. Buck finished all these ceremonies, there was a flurry of excitement at the door. The prideful toastmaster now beamed on the First Lady. There was no question about it, it was she whom everybody really wanted to see.

She was a charming and distinguished figure. She floated into the room with her smile and straight-on look into the faces of the people applauding her. She wore her plum-pink rough-textured, tailored wool suit with pillbox hat to match, and navy blue pumps, and the women said afterwards that she looked truly lovely.

"And here's the one that everybody has been waiting for, here's Jackie Kennedy." Mr. Buck boomed.

Women jumped up to stand on chairs, showing no sense of embarrassment whatever, as Mrs. Kennedy walked along, nodding up at them, smiling, saying hello, and finally reaching the empty chair which awaited her beside her husband.

If the President felt a husband's usual sense of annoyance at the tardiness of his wife, he did not show it. He looked proud of her. Her appearance put new momentum and spirit into the meeting, and when the time came for the President to speak she watched him, never taking her eyes off him. And when the audience gave him a standing ovation, she stood, too, applauding hard and gazing admiringly at him.

Then a boy's choir consisting of about thirty youngsters in choir robes broke out with a sweet but lively rendition of "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You," and the place was a crush of joyous celebration.

In his speech at this meeting the President recalled that he had made an address in Fort Worth three years before at the Burk Burnett Park in which he called for a second-to-none national security position for the nation. He talked briefly about that controversial Fort Worth product, the TFX fighter plane, and made a few more references to national defense subjects.

Outside the streets were filled with waiting, surging crowds of people. Many were holding big signs saying "Texas Backs Jack," with the top of the letter "T" drawn in the form of the horns of a longhorn cow, and the vertical line of the "T" an elongated cow's head.

Soon the Presidential couple were escorted out to the cheering street crowds to begin the motorcade ride back to Carswell Air Force Base for the fateful visit to Dallas.

It was estimated that between 70,000 and 100,000 persons turned out along the route of the motorcade to see and give a farewell cheer to the President and his wife in Fort Worth.

THEN ON TO DALLAS

It was 10:30 a. m. when the party left the Hotel Texas for the airport in a motorcade that headed

all decorated overhead with chains of greenery and little Santa Clauses; past the Tarrant County Courthouse with its brown pillars and high silver dome, and through Main Street's cluster of tall buildings and around the courthouse and on out to the airport. There were crowds of people all along the way.

The eight-minute plane trip from Carswell Air Force Base to Dallas Love Airfield was hardly more than a take-off, a lazy circle in the air and a landing.

Dallas is what you might call a sharp city. Its skyscrapers are tall and slender and rather jazzy-looking with their pastel-colored exteriors. All the more so because, unlike Manhattan where everything is unmercifully squeezed together, Dallas is built on the prairie, with endless room for expansion.

It considers itself the New York of the Southwest, and it is indeed an industrial, cultural and style center for the region. It passionately wants to be considered sophisticated. Its girls have a Texas kind of beauty; tall, classical features, and clean of line. Dazzling Dallas, they call the place.

The people will proudly tell you that no geographical reason exists for a great city where Dallas stands; that it is the result of determination, planning, hard work and good public relations. And all of this is true.

But what baffles an outsider about Dallas is that the vaunted Texas pride and boastfulness becomes, in this city, an all-pervasive ideology in the minds of its citizens. To a Dallas resident the city of Dallas and all its works seems dearer than life itself. Pride of Dallas amounts almost to fanaticism.

THE WELCOME IN DALLAS

Metropolitan Dallas sprawls far beyond its corporate limits and the population of the metropolitan district is impressive—an estimated 1,152,215 people today.

What the President saw from the plane window as he circled down on to Love Airfield, hardly more than four miles as the crow flies from downtown Dallas, was a shining city. The Dallas skyscrapers glint with light, and the whole city has the look of a big, shiny complex of clustered skyscrapers and satellite suburbs all plopped down in the middle of the prairie.

Now it was 11:40 a. m. when the Presidential plane touched the runway at Love Field. Time was running out.

There were 50 minutes left.

To the East the rain clouds were scudding away and over the horizon. The airport was puddled with water but the skies were a soft, light blue and the temperature of

the air in town was 76 degrees. A beautiful day on the Texas prairie.

At first it seemed as if there were not a crowd of any size at the airport. But when the President's plane had taxied over to the apron, suddenly he could see a very large crowd waiting off to one side, restrained by a heavy wire fence.

The plane taxied up close and the stewardess in powder blue uniform opened the door and the President and Mrs. Kennedy appeared in the doorway and quickly walked down to the ramp.

The crowd was cheering and waving welcome signs. The President was wearing a suit of a blended light gray and blue, a blue and white striped shirt and a blue foulard necktie.

THE DEATH CAR AWAITS

Somebody presented Mrs. Kennedy with a big bouquet of red roses and she and the President walked off the ramp together with the sun in their faces and smiles for Dallas. A couple of the roses fell from the bouquet on the pavement but she did not notice that.

A group of Dallas dignitaries and Democratic leaders were there to welcome the nation's chiefest couple, and the visiting press corps recognized many of them as people who had worked for the President during the 1960 campaign.

The Presidential car was pulled up and waiting. That

is the one which became the death car. It is a long, new, royal blue Lincoln which the government leases from the Ford Motor Co. for \$1 a year.

Luxuriously upholstered in a soft leather with deep rear seats and comfortable jump seats, it has special equipment including a radio telephone in both front and back seats. It carries in the trunk compartment a plastic dome which supposedly is for use in rainy weather. At such times it allows the President to be seen and at the same time keeps him dry. The rear seat can be raised more than a foot by a small electric motor.

But the belief among the White House correspondents is that the bubble top is made of a tough material which, if not bullet proof, is at least bullet resistant and would tend to deflect them. In that sense it is more than a protection against rain.

Still, it is reasonable to assume that it would have been placed over the rear of the car if the early morning rain had become a downpour by the time the motorcade in Dallas was to start.

In retracing the writ of fate in the dramatic sequence of events leading to the assassination of a President some of the pivotal points of life or death become blurred, at least for the time being, and others may become exaggerated in importance.

A fateful and blurred question now is, what were the factors, the decisions and the timing which lay behind the tragic fact of the motorcade? Certainly there was a question in the days or weeks of pre-arrival planning when the danger of having the President travel through Dallas in a motorcade was being weighed.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROLE

Did he himself participate in the evaluation of the perils? Did he himself make the final decision on this? Could the President's assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, have known enough about these circumstances from published accounts to seek employment weeks before in the building overlooking the route, from which he is believed from the evidence to have aimed and fired at the President?

It seems quite likely that the President did himself give the confirmation for the motorcade. And this seems to gain some support from the fact that in mid-November he made the decision to forgo the usual security arrangements when he visited New York on Nov. 14, insisting on entering the city in the evening rush period from La Guardia Airport riding in an ordinary automobile without the usual motorcycle escort. He did this, it was explained, in order not to tie up traffic in the rush hour.

Reasons favoring a decision to allow the President to travel openly in a motorcade included the overriding importance—a view which he shared—of taking the steam out of the Goldwater movement in Texas and to stop it if possible. Also, the crying demand from rank and file Democrats to be allowed to see the Presidential couple in person, and an ardent desire by Texas womenfolk of both party persuasions to view Mrs. Kennedy in all her glamour.

President Kennedy was, however, well aware of the Right-wing hate groups operating in Dallas, and he knew about the actual hitting of United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson by a member of such a Right-wing conservative group demonstrating in Dallas on Oct. 24. This happened after Mr. Stevenson had just finished making an address on "U. N. Day" at the city's Municipal Auditorium.

But that incident was being used in Dallas before the President's trip to support the argument that there was so much shame among Dallas citizens over the Stevenson affair that the city would go overboard for the President in order to redeem itself before the world. And it seems in truth as if the citizenry of Dallas did have that in mind in the way they turned out and cheered for President Kennedy.

AGENT VISITED DALLAS

In any case, decisions such as this one on the motor-

cade are not made without evaluations of risk from the Secret Service. A week before the President's trip a young Secret Service agent who seems greatly to have impressed Dallas leaders came to the city and spent the full week there studying these questions.

He is Winston G. Lawson, who has maintained the traditional silence of the service in the face of newsmen's efforts to find out what his views and role were.

Two weeks before the visit Jerry Bruno of the Democratic National Committee also visited Dallas and discussed the motorcade proposal along with various alternatives, one of which is said to have been a suggestion that the

President hold a public mass meeting with local Democratic leaders.

Two points seem evident, one, that the risks had been evaluated and considered at the White House level; and two, that the statements of persons willing to discuss the matter up to now are in conflict over the timing and source of the decisions although the persons who know exactly what happened may eventually clear it up if and when they are willing.

The Dallas Morning News reported that the President personally had approved the Fort Worth and Dallas motorcades on Nov. 15. But some of the groups who were arranging the visit were quoted prior to that report that it was unlikely the motorcade would be held in Dallas because of the tight schedule and security reasons.

The explanation given for the change in plans was along the lines of the complaint in Fort Worth, that not enough of the rank and file Democrats would be able to gain admission to hear the indoor speech being planned for the President by the Chamber of Commerce and they wanted at least to see him ride by.

THE PLANS REARRANGED

Eugene M. Locke, the State Democratic Chairman, says that the Dallas motorcade was decided upon a week in advance and prior to the announcement in the Dallas newspaper.

Raymond Buck, the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce president, says his recollection is that Gov. Connally was under the impression in Fort Worth that there would be direct transportation of the party from airport to hotel in Fort Worth and from airport to the Trade Mart site of the Chamber of Commerce luncheon in honor of the President in Dallas. In other words, no winding motorcade through the cities.

Rep. Teague says that while he was on the Presidential plane flying from Fort Worth to Dallas he heard Gov. Connally say he thought there was to be no motorcade in Dallas. Mr. Buck, the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce President, asserted that he understands that the decision

to hold the motorcade was made two or three days before the trip. On Wednesday preceding the visit, according to him, he was under the impression that there would be no motorcade and on Thursday he was notified by a White House representative there would be one.

Some members of the Dallas Citizens Council, the principal organization of business leaders of the city, say flatly that they had disapproved of a motorcade and had expected there would be none.

As the motorcade was formed this car became the first one in line. The President took his seat in the rear on the right, facing forward, with Mrs. Kennedy on his left. In the two jump seats were Gov. Connally sitting directly in front of the President on the right side and Mrs. Connally next to him on the left and directly in front of Mrs. Kennedy. The car was driven by a Secret Service Agent.

The No. 2 car contained Secret Service agents, and No. 3 was the Vice-President's, and that also is a White House car. It is an older model Lincoln which was formerly used as President Eisenhower's official tour car. It

has running boards on the side for Secret Service men to stand on. Vice-President Johnson and Mrs. Johnson were in that car, together with Sen. Yarborough. It also is equipped with radio telephones in front and rear.

The fourth car in line was the press pool car containing Malcolm Kilduff and four newsmen, one from The Associated Press, one from United Press International, one from the Dallas Morning News and one from the American Broadcasting Co.

The press bus containing the White House correspondents who regularly travel with the President was to be riding far behind the Presidential car and the arrangement was that these four newsmen would share what they saw with the other correspondents after the motorcade trip. It would fall to their lot to witness, though still at a hampering distance behind the President's car, one of the great news events of this century.

Ten minutes after Air Force No. 1 plane landed with the Presidential party the motorcade was on its way. It rode past the Spirit of Flight statue in front of the airport and out along Cedar Springs Road, turning left on Mockingbird Lane, a four-lane divided highway.

Crowds lined the route as the motorcade turned right on Lemon Ave., past the Coca-Cola building with its time-and-temperature sign, dipping under the railroad bridge bearing a sign saying "Cotton Belt Route," and then through the wealthy residential section called Loma Alta Village.

The cars rolled past Cedar Springs Park and approached Turtle Creek Blvd., where the President could see a 22-story apartment house which is the home of wealthy residents of the city, including actress Greer Garson.

Here and there among the people lining the streets there were occasional signs with friendly legends on

them but one had to look hard to find them. The crowds were overwhelmingly applauding.

Crossing Fairmont St. the Presidential party got its first glimpse of downtown Dallas, and the steel skeleton of the new, 50-story First National Bank Building loomed on the distant left. And suddenly the business district appeared, and a left turn was made on Harwood St., then another veer deeper into the center of town, past the big, brown brick First Methodist Church and across busy Elm St.

The police headquarters building, which was to become the focal point for the eyes of the nation on television in a few hours, was on the left. The motorcade turned down Main St.

There are less than fifteen minutes left for this grinning, seemingly happy, young President poking his arm from the car in that little characteristic salute to applauding lines of people on the sidewalks.

And now the motorcade turns right down Main St., for the ride through the very heart of the city. There were crowds thick in front of the Plaza Hotel and the Fitch-Goettinger Department store, and in front of the city's nationally famous department store, Nieman-Marcus, on the President's left.

Here the buildings were high and mostly modern until a few blocks down at Field St., the highway passed through an older section of town. At Griffin St., a parking lot was filled with cheering people, and ahead were more people by the Sanger-Harris department store on the right and in front of the Texas Bank on the left.

And now the President's life was being measured in seconds.

Ahead and to the left was the turreted old County Court House, surrounded by a little restaurant and offices for bail bondsmen and attorneys. This was such a big old-fashioned structure that the President must have gazed in fascination at it.

The motorcade was heading toward the Merchandise Mart. There Dallas civic groups and some 2,600 guests were waiting at a luncheon reception for the President. This promised to be a warm welcome to the Chief Executive and the First Lady.

J. Erick Jonsson, chairman of the board of Texas Instruments, head of the Citizens Council and the leader in making the luncheon arrangements is a strong, square-jawed man with a fringe of grey hair around the ears.

"We had in the mind the Adlai Stevenson incident," he

recalls. "And there was some feeling of why look for more trouble. But the percentage of nuts around here is, if anything, smaller than in New York City. It just happens that the percentage on the right happens to be larger. The Radical Right is mostly composed of fellows who don't do harm."

"The sponsors of the visit, the Citizens Council, the Dallas Assembly, and the Dallas Science Center, were

known to contain the kind of people who put the interests of the community first.

"They looked at the visit like this—this is the President of the United States. He must and will get a warm welcome."

So everybody was waiting expectantly at the Merchandise Mart.

THE MOTORCADE SLOWS

The motorcade made the left turn into Houston St. and it can scarcely be doubted that as the leading police motorcycle hove in sight, followed closely by the blue Presidential limousine, the assassin took his aim.

On Houston St. the Presidential car was heading almost straight for the Dallas Book Depository building where Oswald was lurking with his rifle behind a sixth floor corner window.

But there was still another turn to be made to the left at the end of the block, directly in front of that building, and this was the turn that would put the motorcade on the highway going under the railroad underpass and connecting up with the freeway a little beyond.

This turn was made at a slow speed, some eyewitnesses said at about 8 miles an hour. The accounts differ on details of the shooting.

Mrs. Connally, sitting in front of the President to the left, turned to him and said, "Mr. President, they can't make you believe now that there are not some in Dallas who love you and appreciate you?"

He answered the governor's wife, "No, they sure can't."

Gov. Connally was sitting on the right in the jump seat directly in front of the President. This is the account he gave of the shooting to Martin Agronsky of NBC in his bed in Parkland Hospital last week:

"We had just turned the corner, we heard a shot. I turned to my left and the President had slumped, he said nothing. As I turned, I was hit and I knew I had been hit badly. I knew the President had been hit and I said, 'My God, they are going to kill us all.'"

"Then there was a third shot and the President was hit again. When he was hit, she (Mrs. Kennedy) said, 'Oh, my God, they have killed my husband—Jack, Jack.'"

The time is put by most witnesses at about 12:30 p. m.

THE SEQUENCE OF SHOOTING

The shots came in quick succession, only seconds apart, but with a longer spacing between the second and the third, according to witnesses. The sun was shining in the President's eyes when the bullets closed them forever, and there had been a smile on his face, and his hand had been raised in a little gesture to the applauding crowd along Dealy Plaza.

Dr. Robert R. Shaw, chairman of the Department of Thoracic Surgery at Parkland Memorial Hospital, analyzes the shooting sequence as follows:

"The first bullet entered President Kennedy's trachea in the front of his neck, coursing downward into his right lung."

"Gov. Connally states he turned, saw the President slumping, then felt a terrific blow to his right shoulder which stunned him. That was the second shot."

"The Governor then was conscious of a dull explosion, the third shot that struck the President and went through his skull, killing him."

"We know that the first shot went through his throat because authorities have a Polaroid picture taken by a spectator right after the first shot."

"This shows the President slumping, but his head is intact, undisturbed. Additionally, Mrs. Connally said the third shot struck the President in the head."

At the present stage of sifting the confusion of ac-

counts given by people at the scene and from the evidence of the photographs so far made public it seems likely that the President was first hit while his limousine was on Houston St., either before making the left turn or during the turn. At that point he would have been facing toward the building from which the assassin shot. This would account for the throat wound.

A PERIOD OF PANIC

Gov. Connally's bullet in the right shoulder would be explained under this theory, too. And it could be assumed that the car completed the turn and was going down the hill toward the underpass when the third shot struck the President from behind. By that time the assassin in the sixth floor window would be behind and to the right of the Presidential car, which explains how a third shot might strike the President in that position.

The next sequences of events have been voluminously described by eyewitnesses and depicted in pictures. There was an interval of panic when nobody knew who was shooting or from where. The President's car sped off to Parkland Hospital after a few moments of zigzagging in evasive action against further bullets.

The news was flashed out to the world while the search quickly got under way for the assassin.

After the first moments of panic the Dallas police zeroed in on the Book Depository Building. Oswald was first seen in a lunchroom with other persons but he was identified as an employee and was not questioned at that time.

He became a suspect when police found the Italian-made rifle on the sixth floor and an elevator operator remembered taking him to the top floor before the motorcade passed. Six witnesses afterwards placed him in the building at the time of shooting.

Meantime a description of the wanted assassin had been broadcast and Patrolman J. D. Tippit spotted a man who seemed to fit it walking on a sidewalk in suburban Oak Cliff, two miles from the textbook building.

ASSASSIN'S FLIGHT

A woman witness says that she saw the patrolman get out of his car and walk toward the man, who shot the officer and ran. It is reported that Oswald's jacket was found at the scene. By the time police reinforcements arrived, Officer Tippit was dead with two .38 caliber slugs in his body.

The police say that Oswald reached this point by taking, first, a bus, where he was said to have laughed after telling the bus driver that the President had been shot, then by taxicab after he left the bus.

His landlady, Mrs. Earline Roberts, placed Oswald in his room at 1026 North Beckley Rd. in the Oak Cliff area, at between 12:45 p. m. and 1 p. m. on that Friday. She said he rushed in and got a coat and rushed out again.

The 24-year-old Oswald was arrested in the Texas theater in Dallas after theater employees noted a man acting strangely and called the police. He drew a pistol when police accosted him and tried to shoot one of the officers but the gun didn't fire. He is charged with the murder of the President with his 6.5 mm. Italian rifle which he bought from a Chicago mail order house last March.

A great deal of evidence, ranging from fingerprints found on the rifle and ballistics tests to a marked map found in his room, pointed to him as the assassin. He was, however, steadfastly denying the murder when a Dallas night club operator known as Jack Ruby gained entrance into the Dallas police station and broke through a police cordon to kill Oswald with a revolver. This was at 11:20 a. m. on Nov. 24.

THE END OF THE TRIP

The President was, according to the doctors, "medically dead" when he was brought into the Parkland Hospital, although desperate efforts were made to resuscitate him. His

death was fixed officially by doctors as occurring at 1 o'clock Friday afternoon, Nov. 22, immediately after the Very Rev. Oscar Huber, pastor of the Holy Trinity Church in Dallas, administered the last rites.

Mrs. Kennedy was with her husband at the hospital to the end. Then she went to the plane which had borne her so gayly with her husband on her first visit to Texas, and inside the plane she saw Vice-President Johnson take the oath as the thirty-sixth President of the United States.

She returned immediately to Washington with the new President and Mrs. Johnson, and that night little Caroline and John learned that their father would never come back. Throughout the stricken United States many Americans felt that somehow nation-wide hatreds and tragically distorted values were linked to the assassination, and that President Kennedy had not died in vain.