

Name of Person Killed KENNEDY, John F. (PRESIDENT OF U. S.)	First Name John	Middle Name F.	Last Name KENNEDY	Race W	Sex M	Age 47	Evidence of Person Killed Washington, D. C. (White House)	Officer Serial No. F-85990
Address of Person Reporting	Title of Relationship	Sex	Age	Address of Person Reporting	Place of Person Reporting			

Offense as Reported (Crime)
MURDER

After Investigation Checked In

Address of Scene Lim St. (approx. 150' W of Houston)	Division H&R	Station 101	Officer Making Report CN Dhority	I.D. No. 476 HH	Date 11/22/63	Time Reported 5:10PM	Report Accepted By Mayo	Received—Time 5:10PM
Day of Week Fri	Date of Occurrence 11/22/63	Time of Day 12:30PM	Date Reported 11/23/63	Time Reported 5:10PM	Report Accepted By Mayo	Received—Time 5:10PM		

DESCRIPTION OF DEAD PERSON									
Age	Height	Weight	Eyes	Hair	Build	Complexion	Identifying Marks, Scars, Etc.	Clothing	
Name of Person Joe B. Brown									
Name of Car Dr. Kemp Clark, LPM, Parkland Hospital									

DETAILS OF OFFENSE (Give Circumstances of Occurrence of Offense and its Investigation) Use Both Sides of This Sheet.

The expired was riding in motorcade with wife and Governor John Connally, and his wife. Witness heard gun shot and saw the expired slump forward. More shots were heard and the expired fell in his wife's lap. Governor Connally was also shot at this time. Car in which they were riding was escorted to Parkland Hospital by Dallas Police Officers.

N 12/9/63 Newsweek

OSWALD AND THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE

The Dallas police file on the crime of the century began in the relentlessly flat language of a standard homicide report: "... Name of Person Killed: KENNEDY, John F. (PRESIDENT OF U.S.) ... Offense as Reported (Crime): MURDER." For two days, it seemed the file might be closed just as matter-of-factly. The suspected assassin—a helter-skelter leftist named Lee Harvey Oswald—was captured; the mass of evidence against him was big and growing. But, just 48 hours after the late President died in a bleak emergency room in Dallas's Parkland Hospital, Oswald himself was shot to death on a basement garage ramp at police headquarters. There was no mystery this time; when nightclub operator Jack Ruby pulled the trigger, a platoon of cops and newsmen—and tens of millions of television viewers across the U.S.—were eyewitnesses. Yet, at a single stroke, Ruby had robbed the world of the only sequel that could give the event any meaning. Was Oswald guilty? For all the prepossessing weight of the evidence, American justice demands no less than an orderly determination in the courts. Ruby had cheated justice. And he had cheated history as well. Investigators were certain that Oswald had acted alone—that there was no conspiracy. But there were doubters in this country and around the world—doubters to whom Oswald's death seemed more than an act of vengeance made possible by a

Now, rumors flew thicker than ever. Was Ruby a fellow plotter in the assassination? Was he trying to seal Oswald's lips lest he start talking? Had police allowed him to slip through? Farfetched as the talk seemed to Federal and local authorities assigned to the case, the one man who might have finished the incomplete story was dead. At the weekend, investigators were no less convinced that both killings were precisely what they seemed—the unrelated acts of individuals with their own tortured, private missions to discharge. Indeed, the New York Post turned up a 1953 court psychiatric report on Oswald—then a truant of 13—

termining him a "potentially dangerous" boy with schizophrenic tendencies. Now, he could no longer be examined; now the file could not be closed until the evidence was collected and published for the judgment of history. But who should conduct the inquiry? There were plenty of bidders. At first, President Johnson ordered a full FBI inquiry and pledged to make the findings public. Then, with Congressional committees and a Texas state court of inquiry ready to step in, the President moved to preempt the field. At the weekend, he named a top-level seven-man commission—headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren—instructed "to report its findings and conclusions to ... the American people, and to the world." The first question: was Lee Oswald guilty?



Capital Case: Repeatedly, to Federal and local authorities, Oswald denied shooting anyone—not President Kennedy, not the wounded Gov. John Connally, not the slain Dallas Patrolman J.D. Tippitt. Now, he could not present the defense that the due process of the law demands. But weight of the circumstantial evidence was heavy. Reviewing it, Dallas D.A. Henry Wade—who has won the death penalty 23 times in 24 capital cases—passed a prosecutor's

*Other members: U.S. Senators Richard Russell (Dem.), Georgia, and John Sherman Cooper (Rep.), Kentucky; U.S. Representatives Hale Boggs (Dem.), Louisiana, and Gerald Ford (Rep.), Michigan; Allen W. Dulles, former CIA director; John F. McCloy, banker and former U.S. ambassador; and...

summoned to the President's side. Father Huber drew back the sheet from the President's face, and—with a thumb dipped in holy oils—traced a small sign of the cross on Mr. Kennedy's forehead. "If you are living," he intoned, "may the Lord grant to you through this Holy Anointing whatever you may need..."

Father Huber stepped out of the room. The President, he said, was dead.

The Last Word: Newsmen clustered in a nurse's classroom to wait for official word. At 1:33 p.m., assistant White House press secretary Malcolm Kilduff pushed into the room, a piece of note paper in one hand and an unlit cigarette in the other. Red-eyed and tremulous, he read: "President John F. Kennedy died at approximately 1 p.m., central standard time, today here in Dallas. He died of a gunshot wound in the brain."

The President was dead.

"Oh, God!" someone choked. And then reporters dashed for the phones.

Who had done it?

The first assumption, in a city with Dallas's Southern hue and radical-right colony, was that the killer was a segregationist or rightist fanatic.

But Lee H. Oswald, the prime suspect caught up in the citywide search that fanned out from the scene of the shooting, was instead a mercurial leftist—claiming to be president of a pro-Castro Fair Play for Cuba Committee in New Orleans and a sojourner, for three years, in the Soviet Union. The news didn't silence the insistence of Russia's propaganda organs that the slaying was the work of right-wing "gangsters." After Oswald's arrest, the party newspaper Pravda said police "obviously want to implicate the Communist Party..."

In the chaos at the scene, Oswald slipped once through the hands of the police. An employe at the Schoolbook Depository, he dashed out just as the first wave of police closed on the building. One officer grabbed him at the door. "I work here," Oswald said. "I was on my way down to see what happened."

The policeman let him go.

Sniper's Nest: In a top-to-bottom search of the building, police found the sniper's nest in the corner window of an out-of-the-way sixth-floor dead-storage room—a perch with an unobstructed view over the treetops to the roadway. The assassin had stacked some book cartons in the window to steady his rifle. While he waited, he coolly ate his lunch; a litter of fried chicken scraps and an empty pop bottle lay nearby. He left the gun behind, too—a sawed-off, high-powered 6.5 mm Italian Army rifle with a four-power telescopic sight.

Police started hearing intriguing things about Oswald. He had come to work as a clerk in the depository two months before. One detective reported that on the day of the motorcade, a Negro employe

had invited Oswald out for lunch. As they stood waiting for the freight elevator, Oswald said: "You go down and send the elevator back up for me." But no one saw him downstairs.

Homecoming: Between 12:45 and 1 p.m., a housekeeper at Oswald's boardinghouse told police, Oswald dashed in in his shirt sleeves, brushed wordlessly by her to his room, reappeared wearing a jacket, and hurried out again to a bus stop.

As the word went out, Patrolman J.D. Tippitt spotted a man answering Os-

ward's description. Oswald sprang to his feet and shouted: "This is it!"

Patrolman M.N. McDonald dived at Oswald. The suspect swung at him with his left hand and reached for his gun with his right. Just as he pulled the trigger, Lt. Paul Bentley desperately grabbed for the safety catch. The trigger clicked, the firing-pin nicked the cartridge—and stopped.

More officers crowded around and pummeled Oswald, blacking one eye and bloodying his mouth. Snapping handcuffs around his wrists, police led



Mourning: Robert Kennedy comforts the bloodstained widow

wald's description hurrying along East Tenth Street, 2 miles from the shooting scene, at 1:15 p.m. Tippitt hailed him, spoke to him through his car window, then leaped out. The man reached inside his shirt, drew a snub-nosed .38-caliber pistol, and fired four times. Tippitt sprawled dying on the sidewalk. The killer sprinted up the street, reloading his gun as he ran.

Ten blocks away, at the Texas Theater on Jefferson Street, Oswald brushed by the cashier without buying a ticket. Inside, he moved from seat to seat frequently. He was in the third row from the rear when police, summoned by the cashier, swarmed inside. As four officers

Oswald out of the theater, past an angry, muttering crowd ("Kill him! Kill him!"), and downtown to headquarters Room 317—the homicide office. Sharp-faced and baldish, the 24-year-old Marine veteran looked sullenly at reporters and raised his manacled fists.

'I Didn't': Homicide Capt. Will Fritz, a stocky, 43-year police veteran, and Forest Sorrells, a Dallas Secret Service man, questioned Oswald late into the night. "I didn't shoot anybody," he insisted. But, at 6:30 p.m., he was led down the hall to another room to be arraigned on charges of murdering Tippitt. And, at 11 p.m., after nine hours of questioning, Dallas authorities lodged

along Oswald's mad dash to escape. He got on a bus; the driver remembered him. He switched to a taxicab; the cabbie, who had just heard about the shooting, tried to strike up a conversation about it, but Oswald said nothing. Alighting at his boardinghouse, he barged past his landlady, rushed to his room, put on a jacket, and rushed out. Picking up a broadcast description, Patrolman Tippitt tried to stop him. But witnesses saw Oswald cut the patrolman, down with three revolver shots. Tracked to a theater, he put up a last desperate scuffle with police before his capture. Consciousness of guilt? Oswald's flight seemed a prosecutor's dream.

Road Map: And there was more. Oswald was carrying an ID card with the alias and the post-office box he used in ordering the gun; the order was in

firmed. D.A. Wade asked him why he was at a headquarters press conference that night. "Oh," said Ruby, "I know all the policemen and all the newsmen, too. I just came down to listen in."

'Cocky': All day that Saturday, small-timer Ruby thought about the big-time tragedy. Compulsively, he called his sister six times; he took some coffee to the cops down at headquarters. He thought about the President and his family; he thought about the "cocky" smile he had seen on Oswald's face. And he thought about himself.

On Sunday, Ruby was back again. The night before, Police Chief Jesse Curry told newsmen the investigation was far enough along to permit Oswald's transfer from city to county jail. Newsmen wanted to know when. "If you fellows are here by 10 a.m.," Curry said,

seemed to see Jack Ruby's too-familiar face until he darted from the line toward the approaching Oswald, jabbed a snub-nosed .38-caliber revolver close to the suspect's left side.

Only then, a vice-squad cop saw him and cried: "Jack, you son of a bitch!"

The *pop!* sounded muffled at the point-blank distance.

The Fall: The single shot tore through Oswald's liver, spleen, and aorta. His jaw dropped. His manacled hands shot up. "Ohhhhh!" he moaned, doubling up and sagging to the floor.

The scene was chaotic. Detectives fell across Oswald's writhing body, finally moved him to the booking-office door, then jammed up trying to get him inside. Others wrestled Ruby off to one side and overwhelmed him. "Close off the building!" someone shouted. "Nobody in or out!" Dazed officers sealed off the entrances. An ambulance rolled up and took Oswald to Parkland Hospital. Bleeding massively, he was carried into Emergency Room Two—a few paces from the room where Mr. Kennedy died. There, some of the doctors who had labored to save the President's life now raced the clock for Oswald's, giving him blood, opening his chest at the last to massage his failing heart.

The race was futile. At 1:19 p.m., Lee Harvey Oswald died.

Now it was Ruby who was charged with murder, hustled to the same fourth-floor cell-block Oswald had just left, and carried later on the 1-mile ride to county jail. D.A. Wade once again announced he would seek the death penalty; Ruby's lawyers mapped a defense of temporary insanity.

Burials: On Monday—the day a grieving nation buried John F. Kennedy in Arlington Cemetery—Lee Oswald was laid to rest in Fort Worth's Rose Hill Cemetery, where his mother owns a plot. The Secret Service arranged his \$550 funeral and guarded the handful of mourners—Oswald's wife, his mother, his daughters, his brother. The two men who dug his grave were told it was for someone named William Bobo. His pallbearers were seven newsmen. The preacher his family had requested didn't show up; the Rev. Louis A. Saunders, executive secretary of the Fort Worth Area Council of Churches, filled in.

"May God have mercy on his soul," Reverend Saunders intoned. "We commit him to a God who has understanding..." Behind a shielding line of police, Mrs. Oswald—her blue eyes streaming—kissed him good-by. The lid of the wooden coffin was closed.

And then he was gone. He might never have spoken; now the nation and the world would never know. The file on the crime of the century remained open. The chance for the final entry was buried with Lee Harvey Oswald.



Oswald's family at funeral: Burying William Bobo

handwriting. Police packed both his hands with warm paraffin and lifted off buried nitrate particles—an indication that he had fired a gun. In Irving, investigators found a photo of Oswald holding a rifle like the murder weapon. And in his rooming house, they reported a still more telling discovery: a Dallas map marking out the motorcade route and the trajectory of the fatal shot. Oswald was quickly charged with the assassination. But even then, his own rendezvous with death was approaching. Obsessed with the death of the President, Jack Ruby—strip-joint operator, police buff, roughneck, and perennial changer-on—shut down his Carousel Club that day. Hardly anyone noticed when Ruby turned up in the crowd of newsmen at Parkland Hospital, even before the President's death was officially con-

"you'll be early enough." At 7 a.m., police were tipped that an attempt on Oswald's life had been threatened. The slaying might have been averted by moving Oswald earlier; Curry conceded later that this could have been done. But he held to the announced time.

In light of the death threats, police borrowed an armored car to carry the prisoner. Too big to back into the basement garage, it was parked at the door.

At 11:20 a.m., Oswald was marched out of an elevator, his hands shackled, a detective at either elbow.

Bungle: And there, in the line of newsmen and whirring cameras, stood Jack Ruby. Again, despite all the security rules, he had slipped in unnoticed, sauntering down the garage ramp as a guard stepped away for a moment. The bungle seemed incredible; yet no one

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

judgment: "I have sent men to the electric chair with less evidence."

This was the composite picture assembled by authorities:

Oswald was a withdrawn, erratic man of the fringe left—an undereducated "Marxist" who defected to the Soviet Union in 1959 and returned last year with a Russian bride. (Edgy, the Soviets quickly turned over their Oswald file to U.S. authorities.) He bounced from New York to Texas to New Orleans and back to Dallas. In March, he sent in \$12.78 to a Chicago mail-order house for a high-powered rifle, using the name "A. Hidell" and a Dallas post-office-box address. In New Orleans later, he turned up as the self-ordained head of a "Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

Even his taste in library books seemed to fit: several works about Communism, the adventures of Ian Fleming's licensed-to-kill counterspy James Bond—and a biography of John F. Kennedy and an account of the assassination of Huey Long. In the Kennedy book, investigators found the rubber-stamped words: "Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

Traveler: One day last June, he applied for a passport and—despite his record—got it in a single day. He called himself a "photographer"; he said he planned to take a long trip abroad—perhaps including Russia—late this year. In September, he sent his pregnant wife, Marina, and his first daughter, June, 2, to Irving, Texas, to stay with the Michael Paines, a couple who had befriended them. His second daughter was born there two months ago.

Ostensibly off to Houston to look for work, Oswald went instead to Mexico City to seek a visa for a Communist country. Crossing the border Sept. 26, he first applied at the Cuban Consulate, then tried the Soviet. Both stalled him, and he went away fuming. He stayed in Mexico until Oct. 3. To those given to



Associated Press

Recovering in Dallas: Governor Connally and wife

the conspiratorial view of the assassination, the trip was doubly intriguing. But Mexican authorities, who kept Oswald under off-and-on watch, were "virtually certain" that he made no further attempts to contact known Communists.

The conspiracy theorists were equally interested in the fact that the President's trip to Dallas had already been announced by the time Oswald went to work Oct. 15 at the Texas School Book Depository—the warehouse from which the fatal volley was fired on the Kennedy motorcade. Yet investigators saw nothing more than cruel chance in Oswald's presence in the building that fateful day. A neighbor had mentioned a job opening there to Mrs. Paine; she in turn called Depository director Roy S. Truly to recommend the jobless Oswald. "I said to send him in and I would talk to him about temporary work during our fall rush season," Truly said. Truly put him on as an extra stock clerk, at \$50 a week.

Under an assumed name, Oswald took a room in Dallas for \$8 a week, staying there week nights, spending weekends in Irving. But, on the Thurs-

day night before Mr. Kennedy's arrival, he went to Irving a night early. On Friday morning, a co-worker, Wesley Frazier, 19, drove him into Dallas. Oswald was carrying a long bundle wrapped in brown paper. "Curtain rods," he told Frazier. But that morning, Oswald's rifle was missing from its hiding place in the Paines' garage; there was only the red-bordered gray blanket he had kept the gun wrapped up in, the cloth still creased with the imprint of the weapon.

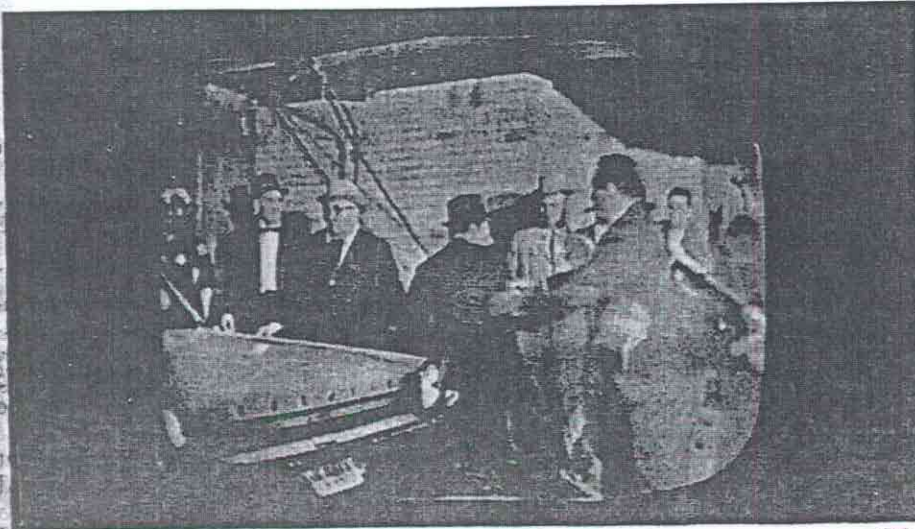
Sure Shot: At 12:30 p.m. that day, the President rode by the warehouse at a speed no more than half the 25 miles an hour first estimated by authorities. From the Depository, 100 yards away, three shots crackled—and the deadly work was done. Through the four-power telescopic sight on the sniper rifle, the President and the governor were sitting ducks. "It was like laying a cross-hair on a deer," said one investigator. "At that range, with a scope, I don't see how he could have missed."

At that moment, witnesses saw a rifle disappear into a sixth-floor corner window. One saw a man as well. "I can't identify him," he said, "but if I see a man who looks like him, I'll point him out." Later, he looked over a police line-up of four men—and chose Oswald.

In the chaotic spill of events after the shooting, Oswald eluded police—but not before he was seen in the building. Escorted by Truly, a cop bounded up to the second floor and saw Oswald coolly sipping a Coke. "He's all right," Truly said. "He works for us." The officer went on, and Oswald disappeared.

But, almost as though he were court-captured, he left a litter of evidence behind in the sixth-floor sniper's nest. Police found the rifle half-hidden under a stack of readers. Ballistics tests indicated it fired the shots into Mr. Kennedy and the governor. A fingerprint—Oswald's—was found where the stock joins the barrel; particles of his clothing were stuck to the rifle. His palm print was lifted from a book carton.

And there were witnesses plenty



TV drama: Ruby shoots Oswald in police station

...charges. On the assassination of the President. Oswald stubbornly held to his denial. But Police Chief J.E. Curry said tersely: "I think we have him."

By the morning, police were even more confident. "Without going into the evidence, I can tell you that this case is a cinch," Fritz told reporters. But throughout the long hours of grilling, Oswald denied killing anyone.

Cues: The case against Oswald at that point was circumstantial. One major clue: the rifle, which was sent to Washington for examination. Oswald's Russian-speaking wife, Marina, told police her husband owned such a weapon (in Texas, however, a wife can't testify against her husband in court). Furthermore, police said the FBI had a letter, sent to a Chicago mail-order house last March, ordering a \$12.98 rifle similar to

from her father, and placed it on his

As the coffin was wheeled out, Mrs. Kennedy walked beside it, her pillbox hat missing, her hair tangled, her suit bloodied, her hand resting gently on the casket as it rolled toward the white hearse. Then, declining to ride with the driver, she sat in the back beside her husband's body. An attendant quietly closed the door behind her, and the Kennedys started their last trip together.

But what counted most now was the continuity of government, the constitutional rite remitting the abruptly broken past with the uncertain future.

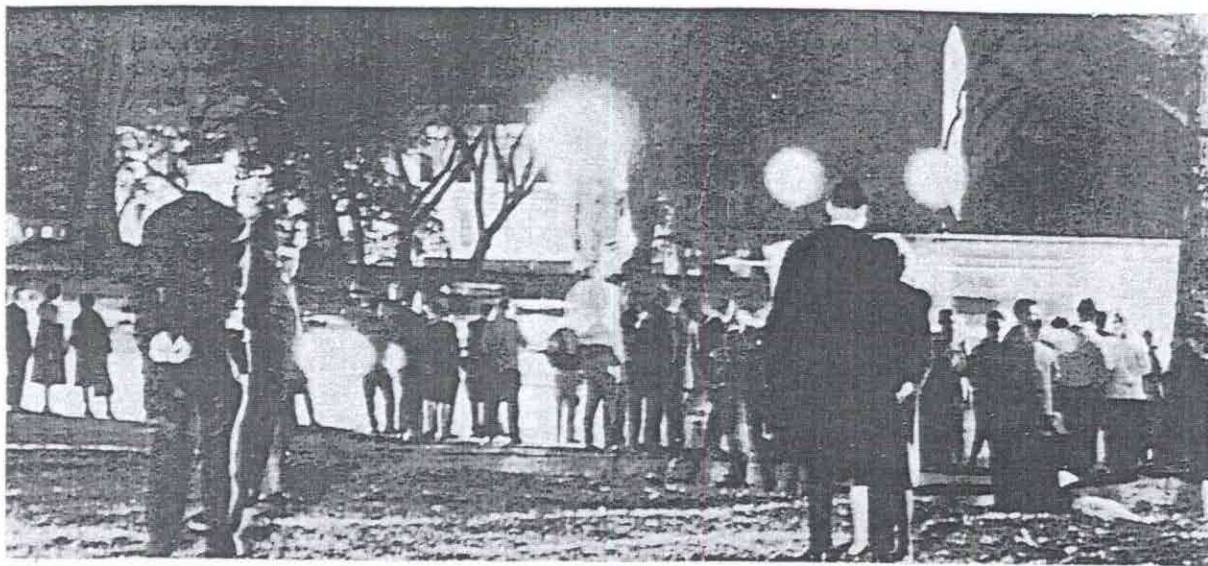
The Constitution dictated that the mantle of the Presidency pass to the Vice President, to the towering, folksy, politically wise Texan who had seemed so unlikely a running mate for Mr. Kennedy in 1960—and yet, only last month,

...Kennedy's wife and raised her voice

At 2:18 p.m., the hearse drew up and the coffin was carried up the rear ramp, Mrs. Kennedy still close behind. The gold-upholstered conference room was already crowded and sweltering after three hours in the hot Dallas sun. Larry O'Brien, Mr. Kennedy's legislative liaison man, handed Mr. Johnson the small, leather-bound Bible the former President had kept in his aft sleeping compartment. Lady Bird Johnson took a place at his right elbow, Mrs. Kennedy at his left. Among the 27 spectators behind them was Adm. George Burkley, Mr. Kennedy's personal physician, his shirt cuffs still bloodstained.

The Oath: Her words barely audible above the whine of the fan-jet engines, Judge Hughes read the oath:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faith-



Vigil: Washingtonians in Lafayette Square await the fallen leader

the murder weapon. The handwriting, they said, was Oswald's.

The suspect was caught.

But in 48 hours, he himself was to fall to an assassin's bullet. Incredibly, on Sunday, in full view of television cameras, Oswald was shot in the abdomen as police prepared to move him from the city jail to Dallas County Jail. Suddenly, a man dashed into the crowd, thrust a gun at Oswald, and fired point blank. Oswald slumped to the pavement floor. Police seized Jack Ruby, a well-known local character who likes to do his own bouncing in the strip-tease joint and night club he owns.

Within minutes, Lee Harvey Oswald breathed his last breath in an emergency room of Parkland Hospital, only feet from where a dark bronze coffin, 48 hours before, had been wheeled into emergency Room One, as Mrs. Kennedy waited with her dead husband. There, the First Lady had kissed her husband's lifeless lips, slipped the ring

had won the President's public endorsement for the 1964 ticket. (After Johnson, the line of succession now falls to two aged men—first, House Speaker John McCormack, 71, then Senate President pro tempore Carl Hayden, 86.)*

The Judge: Even before the hearse, Lyndon Baines Johnson—under heavy guard—sped unannounced back to Love Field, climbed aboard Air Force One, and stepped into the 12-15-foot Presidential conference room. Federal judge who would swear him in—his old friend Sarah T. Hughes, a tiny woman of 67—had been summoned. Waiting for Mrs. Kennedy, Johnson whispered gravely for a moment with some Texas Congressional friends. He spotted Mr. Kennedy's secretary, Mrs.

fully execute the office of the President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Softly, the new President repeated the words, adding at the close: "So help me God." He turned to Lady Bird—her eyes brimming—and kissed her on the forehead. Mrs. Johnson took Mrs. Kennedy's hand in turn and told her, "The whole nation mourns your husband." Mr. Johnson clasped her hand, too.

"God bless you, little lady," Police Chief Curry told her, "but you ought to go back and lie down."

"No, thanks, I'm fine," Mrs. Kennedy said, mustering a faint smile. But moments later she left to take up her seat beside her husband's coffin once more.

At 2:41 p.m., Mr. Johnson made his last good-bys and gave his first order as President: "Now let's get airborne." As the jet roared aloft and headed home to Washington at 885 miles per hour, a

*After them, the line of succession is: Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Secretary of Treasury Douglas Dillon, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Postmaster General John Gronouski, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, Secretary of Labor Wm. Wirtz.