

It is necessary to have visited Scandinavia—as I did twice—when President Kennedy was alive to understand the situation. John F. Kennedy was, to Norwegians, Swedes and Danes, much more than President of the United States. They considered him THE man of his time—the young, courageous leader of the nations of the Free World.

Millions of Scandinavians felt his loss as a personal stab. Norwegians, Swedes and Danes are said to be stoical and impassive (that reputation, for the most part, is not valid). On that awful night of November 22, 1963, when the tragic news was received, the streets of Oslo, Stockholm and Copenhagen were filled with people, moving about aimlessly, weeping unashamedly.

In the heart, they still weep. And most of them still find it impossible to accept the conclusion that JFK was killed by a lunatic loner.

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I KEPT no tally of the number of persons, from longtime friends to casual acquaintances, with whom I talked this year who asked whether I had "inside information" regarding the assassination. I can tell you, however, that it was a quite unusual conversation in which the subject didn't come up.

The questioners weren't kooks. I have, of course, no knowledge of the political leanings of the "casuals," whom I never had met before. I know, though, that my longtime friends, without exception, are political moderates.

I make the latter point because of baseless charges made in the U.S. frequently that Europeans who continue to question the Warren Report are, per se, Leftists. At least so far as old friends in each of the three nations are concerned, that just isn't so.

On one of those hot after-