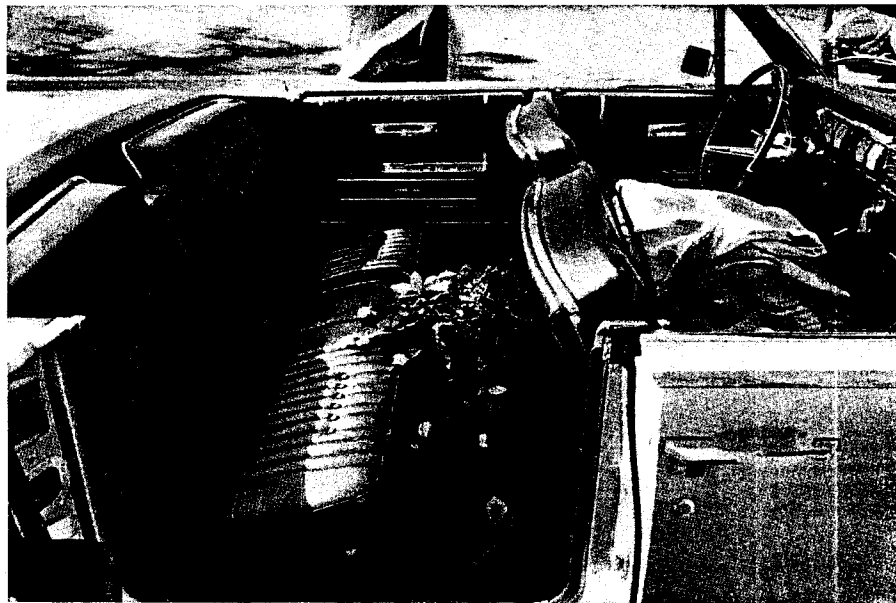


LIFE

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THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY



Now in the sunny freshness of a Texas morning, with roses in her arms and a luminous smile on her lips, Jacqueline Kennedy still had one hour to share the buoyant surge of life with the man at her side.

It was a wonderful hour. Vibrant with confidence, crinkle-eyed with an all-embracing smile, John F. Kennedy swept his wife with him into the exuberance of the throng at Dallas' Love Field. This was an act in which Jack Kennedy was superbly human. Responding to the warmth his own genuine warmth evoked in others, he met his welcomers joyously, hand to

hand and heart to heart. For him this was all fun as well as politics. For his shy wife, surmounting the grief of her infant son's recent death, this mingling demanded a grace and gallantry she soon would need again.

Then the cavalcade, fragrantly laden with roses for everyone, started into town. Eight miles on the way, in a sixth-floor window, the assassin waited. All the roses, like those here abandoned in Vice President Johnson's car, were left to wilt. They would be long faded before a stunned nation would fully comprehend its sorrow.

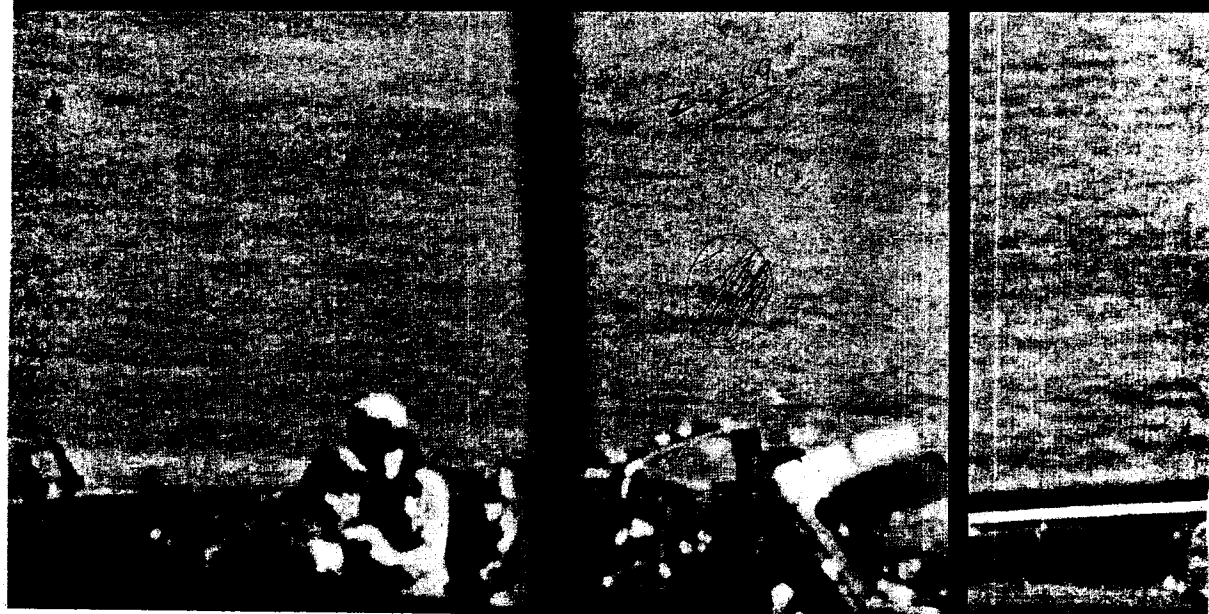
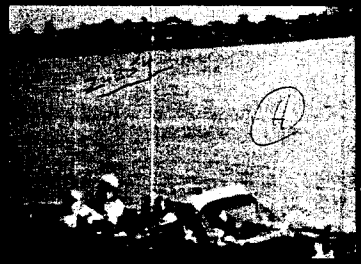
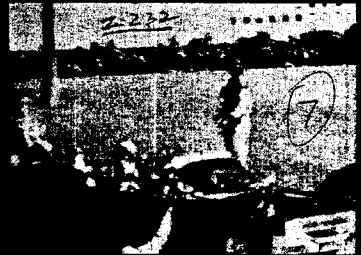


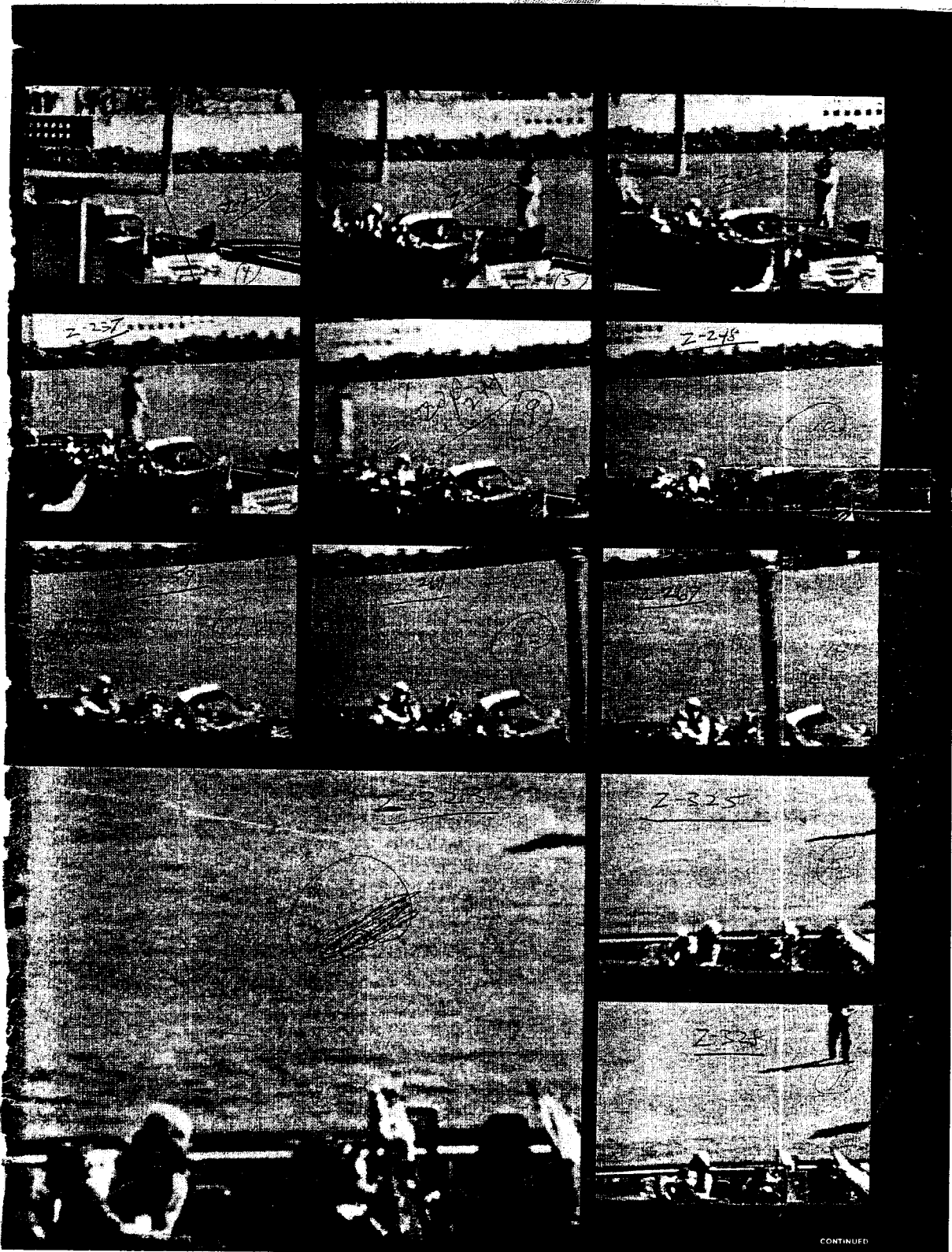
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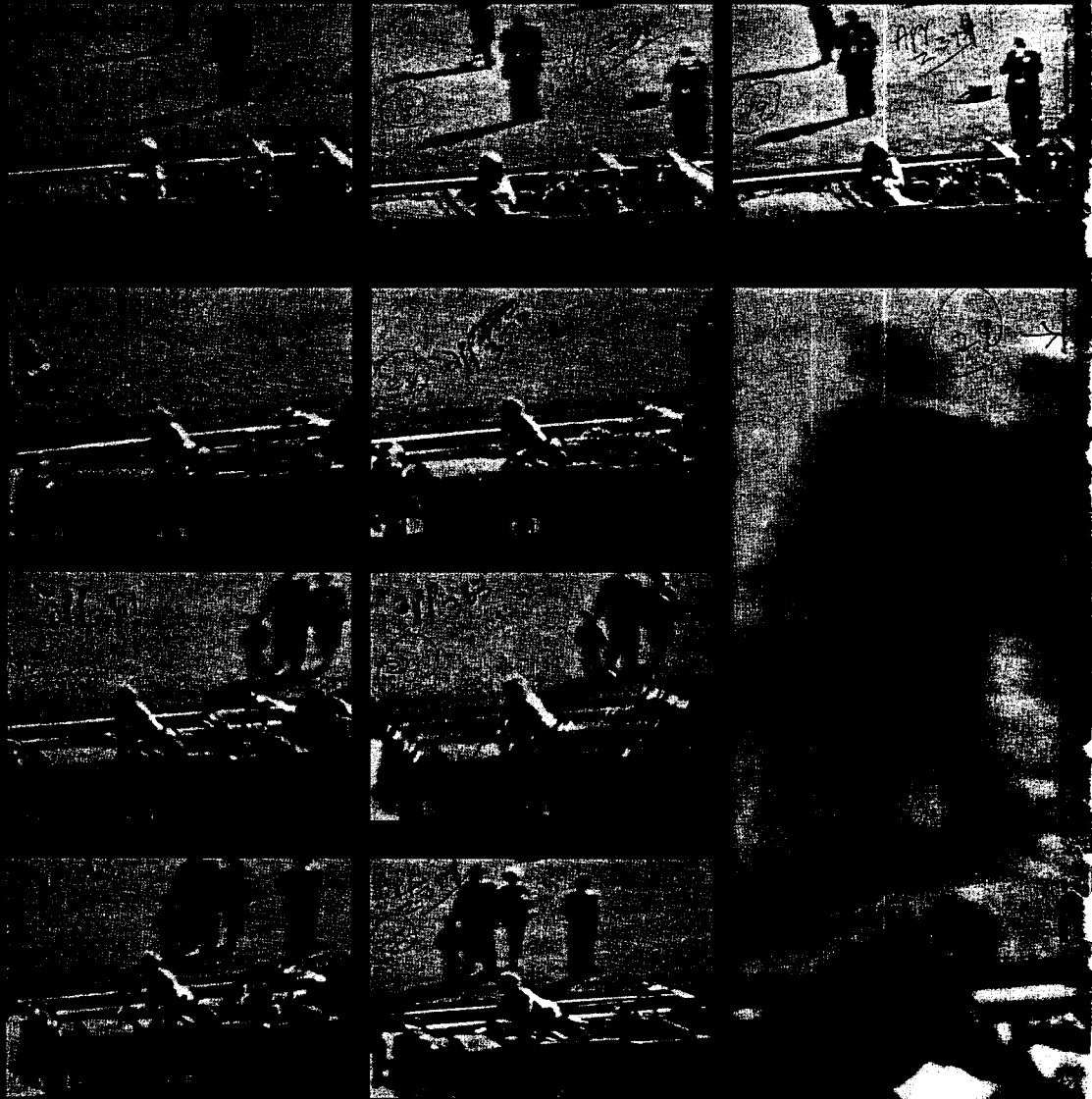
SPLIT-SECOND SEQUENCE ^{affsi} AS THE BULLETS STRUCK

On these and the following two pages is a remarkable and exclusive series of pictures which show, for the first time and in tragic detail, the fate which befell our President. The caravan had just passed through the downtown area of Dallas and made a sharp left turn at the corner of Elm and Houston Streets, where it headed down an incline into an underpass. First came the police motorcycle escort (above) and then the big Lincoln bearing the Kennedys and Texas Governor John Connally and his wife. The crowds were thin at this point, but the President and Mrs. Kennedy were smiling and waving as their car passed the brick building where the assassin lurked, and disappeared momentarily behind a highway sign.

Then came the awful moment. In these pictures, which run consecutively from left to right, it begins as the car comes out from behind the sign (fifth picture). The President's wave turns into a clutching movement toward his throat (seventh picture). Governor Connally, who glances around to see what has happened, is himself struck by a bullet (ninth picture) and slumps over (tenth picture). As the President's car approaches a lamppost (13th picture) Mrs. Kennedy suddenly becomes aware of what has happened and reaches over to help (large pictures below) while Governor Connally slumps to the floor. The President collapses on his wife's shoulder and in the last two small pictures the First Lady cradles him in her arms.





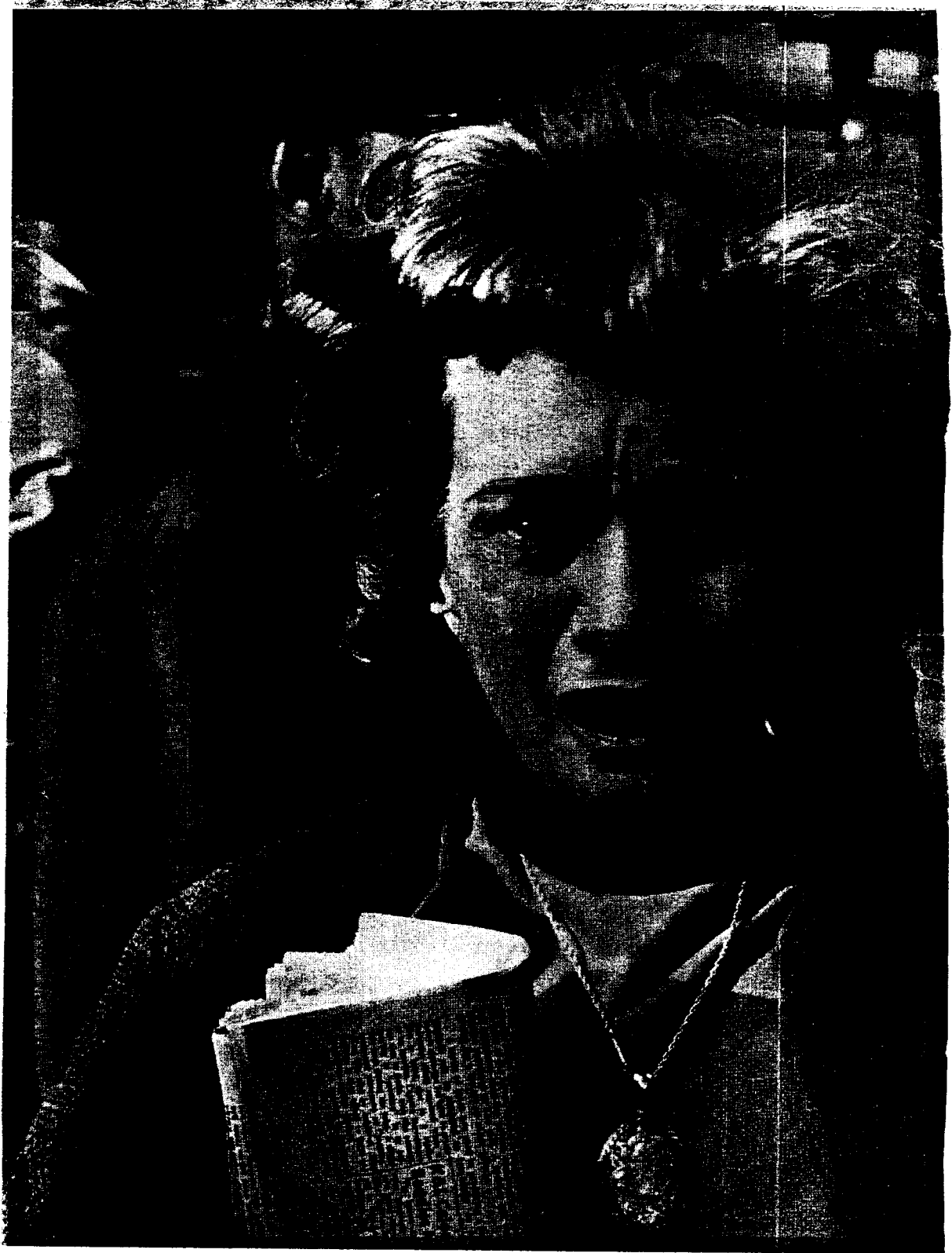


JACKIE CRAWLED FOR HELP

"Oh, no! Oh, no!", Mrs. Kennedy cries (top row of pictures) as she sees the blood flowing from the President's head. But the convoy keeps going, past the onlookers and photographers who stand frozen or fall to the ground as they hear the shots.

As the President lies dying, Jackie scram-

bles out of her seat and crawls onto the trunk of the car in a pathetic search for help. As she crouches on hands and knees, the President's head presses against her, staining her skirt and stockings with blood. A Secret Service man leaps on the bumper to protect the First Lady and get her back into the car.





CONTINUED

SPLIT-SECOND HORROR

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FIRST TWO SHOTS. Past

the book warehouse the President turned to his right to wave to someone (1). Just as his car passed behind the road sign shown in the foreground the first bullet struck him on the neck. He clutched at his throat (2). Although some onlookers heard the shot, Governor Connally still faced ahead, unaware (3).

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the book warehouse the President turned to his right to wave to someone (1). Just as his car passed behind the road sign shown in the foreground the first bullet struck him in the neck. He clutched at his throat (2). Although some onlookers heard the shot, Governor Connally still faced ahead, unaware (3).

STRICKEN. With the first bullet still lodged in him, the President slumped forward in his seat and down toward his wife (4). At the same time the second shot struck Governor Connally. Mrs. Kennedy reached out toward the President to try to help. His head rested nearly against her shoulder (5). Then the assassin fired a third time.

AS THE SNIPER'S BULLETS STRUCK

The sequence of events in the killing of the President and the wounding of Governor Connally is recorded for history with appalling clarity in the color photographs printed on these and the two following pages. A Dallas clothing manufacturer had found a point of vantage on a slight slope along the route of the Kennedy motorcade to take pictures with his 8mm home movie camera; it is from his film that these pictures are taken. The presidential caravan had just passed through friendly crowds in the downtown section of Dallas and made a sharp left turn at the corner of Elm and Houston Streets, where the road heads down an incline toward an underpass. First, as usual, came the police motorcycle escort, then the big black Lincoln carrying President and Mrs. Kennedy and Texas Governor John Connally and his wife. The crowds were thinner at this point, but the Kennedys were smiling and waving as their car passed the big Texas School Book Depository. From the window of the building Lee Harvey Oswald, aiming his carbine, tracked the presidential car in the cross hairs of his telescopic sight. Then, Oswald fired three times.

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THIRD SHOT. Oswald's last bullet, fired at a range of more than 250 feet about two seconds after the shot which hit the governor, struck the President in the

THIRD SHOT. Oswald's last bullet, fired at a range of more than 250 feet about two seconds after the shot which hit the governor, struck the President in the rear right part of his head (6). Mrs. Kennedy, only a few inches from being hit herself, shouted, "Oh no! Oh no!" and climbed toward the big rear deck of the Lincoln, desperately seeking help (7).

AID. Secret Service agent Clinton Hill jumped from the following car and rushed to catch the presidential car. As Mrs. Kennedy moved toward him he grabbed a handle and put a foot on the bumper (8). Mrs. Kennedy reached toward him as he climbed aboard (9), and the car sped toward the hospital, bearing the wounded governor—and the dead President.



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