

# 300,000 Words . . . and the

N.Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN  
On the Line—By

WELL, ANY MINUTE NOW, you'll know for sure about how and why the young President met with assassination.

Believe the Warren Commission Report! To believe otherwise would be to align yourself with some of the top kooks of our time, including several who are making a jackal's living out of feeding on the imponderables of that senseless murder.



CONSIDINE

The Report will state simply, and ferribly, that a lone screwball named Lee Harvey Oswald, who pissed himself outrageously for every failure in life, rubbed out a man infinitely beyond the killer's intellect and breadth of vision. Oswald wanted to show "them"—a vague conglomeration—that he could be big. It was like a gorilla flattening Einstein.

The Report promises to propose also that Jack Ruby shot and killed Oswald in the hope of (1) lurching forward from the grinding anonymity of bucket-carrier all the way to international acclaim as an avenger par excellence, and (2) to spare the late President's widow the agony of appearing as a witness at an Oswald trial in Dallas.

The nearly 300,000 word report, to be followed by about 20 more volumes of Q. and A. testimony, will emerge in the end as the story of two punks: a U. S.

Marine who turned rancid and defected to the Soviet Union and flopped even there, and a chirpy nobody whose idea of accomplishment was paying a girl a double sawbuck to peel in front of a bunch of bums, male and female, drinking beer from his spoiled bar or gulping furtively, Texas style, from brought-in booze obscenely covered by brown paper bags.

Stylish, distinctive Jack Kennedy was a man of the people. But he would have had a tough time bringing himself to mingle or speak with either of these utter strangers who were destined to play ultimate roles in the last chapter of his life.

Somewhere in the report there is bound to be a helpless admission that the only way to provide maximum security for the President of the United States, the way we do for our gold and our intercontinental ballistic missiles, let's say, is to lower him into the earth in a steel closet, capsule or silo, put an H-bomb proof slab or armor over the top of the wall, and let him run things by astral control.

Even then, he could slip in his bathtub some lonesome morning and do himself in.

A President cannot be a man of the people and remain aloof of the people, if he expects to stay in office as long as the Constitution permits. And the people individually cannot be screened, unless we're

## Tragic Tale Is Told

9-27-64 (23 L:1)

Bob Considine

prepared to spend enough money to support a security force big enough to frisk everybody in every crowd that turns out to greet or growl at the Chief Executive.

Even if the taxpayer okayed that, we'd then need a super-security force to keep tabs on possible Oswalds assigned to the security force. Plus, of course, a super-super-security force to watch the super-security force. We'd go bust in five days, as this precaution was carried out to the nth degree.

So the Secret Service and the FBI, and the state and local cops do the best they can, to the limit of their intelligence and instincts. Each tragedy makes them a bit wiser. LBJ takes what his protectors feel are shocking chances by insisting on plunging into crowds of strangers and shaking hands.

But chances are that as a result of JFK's death, a crew or two has been in that place before President Johnson's arrival to check on who's in town, and, if some are suspect, keep an eye on them. An Oswald, with his known background and pro-Castro agitation just before the President's arrival in Dallas, surely could never again get a job in a building that afforded him a sniper's perch along a presidential parade route. But a sane person, secretly harboring homicidal instincts, easily could.

The sad thing about the Warren Commission

Report is that for all the hard work that went into it over the past 10 months, a certain number of persons won't believe a word of it—except the word that John Fitzgerald Kennedy was inhumanly shot through the back of his head while passing through the streets of Dallas last Nov. 22.

Especially overseas, particularly in intrigue-fancying Europe, the notion will persist that there must have been a connection of some kind between Oswald and Ruby, Oswald and Castro, Ruby and the CIA, and Lord knows what other improbable combinations. Oswald never heard of Ruby. Ruby never heard of Oswald until the day of the assassination.

And apparently the thought of bumping off Oswald never occurred to Ruby until the Sunday morning when it happened at the badly policed Dallas Headquarters. If Ruby carried a gun at all times, as testified during his trial, he had had a clear chance to shoot Oswald the night of the assassination when the Dallas cops brought the assassin downstairs from his cell to meet the press. Jack was there, ready with the sandwiches and free passes for cops and for a Dallas disc jockey who was, naturally, assigned to cover the death of the President of the United States and leader of the Free World. But Jack didn't shoot.

The Report made in the wake of Lincoln's death was sketchy. This one should answer all questions, if that's what a reader is truly looking for.

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