

swung open, Larry O'Brien's round face peered out. The officials below saw the haggard profile of the Attorney General and were astonished; they hadn't known he had been in Dallas. He was holding the widow's fingers; her purse was dangling from her other hand. Presently they saw the stains on her. And then in the next moment Kellerman, Greer, O'Leary, Hill, and Landis manhandled the casket into place in front of the two Kennedys. The light fell full upon it, it glinted uglily. Theodore H. White yearned for "a cry, a sob, a wail, any human sound." Earl Warren saw "that brave girl, with her husband's blood on her, and there was nothing I could do, nothing, *nothing*." Taz Shepard saw the skirt; he looked up into her haunted eyes and felt a stone in his chest. Ted Reardon prayed to himself, *Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I wish I hadn't come*. Yet all these were unspoken monologues. There wasn't a single voice. Speechless, they were incapable of taking their eyes off the dark red-bronze coffin. All afternoon they had been thinking about it; now it was here. And that made it irrevocable. Now they knew, now it was true.

Unable to follow Dr. Burkley, Sergeant Ayres had been stranded in the corridor outside the bedroom midway between the Kennedy group and the Johnson group. Out of habit he stepped into the room for a final check. Crumpled in a corner lay the issue of the *Dallas News* which the President had reread that morning on the hop between Carswell and Love. During the wait for Sarah Hughes his widow had apparently touched it, for it was smeared with his blood. Ayres snatched it up and bunched it in his fists. Squeezing crablike past President Johnson, he bounded down the ramp and threw it away.

Atop the moving lift raised his white-gloved One's arrival was followed his second team marching lights went up, and from quiet crowd beyond the one was there. Then he the general perplexity: Dallas reported that the he died? At the sight of It disturbed him for a to the pageantry of Arl chieftain should be shield had brought one with h looked up into the face seen many generals, but photographs. He saluted the area. We'll take care scrambled unceremonious Looking over McHugh' Boring on the ground. "F called down. "It isn't flusl as it can go." The lift v Presidential door. Kellerm. and Godfrey McHugh t Jacqueline and Robert K the swollen faces of Eve stolid rank behind the wi precipitantly decided that was nearly caught betw back to safety by a stewar

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