

# POST

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## IN MEMORIAM

A senseless tragedy

## THE NEW PRESIDENT



JOHN F. KENNEDY

1917-63

JACKSONVILLE FL  
MR E L FORSTH  
645 1/2 N JACKSON ST  
ARLINGTON VA



## A senseless tragedy



In the leaf-flecked gardens that surround the White House, a workman was planting a shrub when he heard the terrible news. He simply stopped work, stunned. And all through the rest of the country, too, time seemed to stand still. The unbelievable had happened. It was a moment that changed every life in the nation. It changed the color of the sky, left a dark cloud over the country, left every American feeling not only stricken but somehow dishonored.

Now we have come to accept the consequences of that moment. The vivid, confident, high-spirited figure of John F. Kennedy is gone. They have moved the rocking chairs out of the White House. The TV screen will no longer show the sudden flash of the Kennedy grin, or the forefinger reaching out toward the unreachable. The New Frontier is behind us.

When Mr. Kennedy was inaugurated, less than three years ago, he predicted that his dream of a new America would not be achieved "in the first 100 days . . . nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin." He did begin. And now our task is to begin again, to continue, under a new President. Because it reflects the nature of the American people, the American political system is tough and resilient, built to survive even the most shattering changes in a world that must keep changing. And so the shrub will be planted in the White House garden, and will grow. And the flags will fly again at full mast. Not because we have forgotten a beloved President, but because, as he knew, the ability to triumph over adversity is the measure of a man, and of a people.

*An extraordinarily complex man—proud, tough, shrewd—he will be master in his house.*

# THE NEW PRESIDENT

By STEWART ALSOP

Long before John F. Kennedy formally announced his presidential candidacy, he sat over a luncheon steak in his Senate office one day and dispassionately discussed his rivals for the office. "I know all the other candidates pretty well," he said, "and I frankly think I'm as able to handle the Presidency as any of them, or able—all except Lyndon, and he hasn't got a chance."

John F. Kennedy was a shrewd judge of men, and the remark suggests how very highly he rated the abilities of the man who has now succeeded him in the Presidency. Lyndon Baines Johnson is an extraordinarily complicated and remarkably fascinating human being—proud, excessively vain and oddly humble; tough as a whole hoghead of nails and sentimental to the point of corniness; long-headed, shrewd, even foxy, and yet in some respects surprisingly naive; rude and amazingly sensitive; a tough, time-battered politician who is still in part a boy.

Johnson's admirers—and he has admirers who hardly stop short of idolatry—are sure that he will be a great President. His detractors—and there are those who deeply distrust him—suspect that he may be a disastrous President. No one, of course, can now really predict what kind of President he will be. Yet certain of Johnson's characteristics are so very well marked that one can be absolutely certain that he will bring these qualities to the White House.

To see the real Johnson, it is necessary to leapfrog back over his three unhappy years in the powerless office of the Vice Presidency, to the time when, as Majority Leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson was the second most powerful man in the country.

Johnson was an unhappy Vice President just because the office is powerless. Lyndon Johnson loves power—power is his meat and drink. To say that Johnson loves power is no affront to the man. Kennedy loved power too—at that same lunch at which he paid his casual compliment to his successor, Kennedy remarked that he wanted to be President "because that's where the real power is." Indeed, any politician worth his salt loves power. Power is the chief reward of the political profession, as money is of other professions, and the exercise of power is the function of a politician.

As soon as Johnson became the Senate's Majority Leader in 1955, he reached out with a sure instinct for the chief levers of party power—the Policy Committee, the Steering Committee, the Democratic Campaign Committee and the party secretariat. He was chairman of the first two, and thus controlled both broad policy decisions and

the vital committee assignments. He had a majority of Johnson men on the Democratic Campaign Committee, and thus controlled campaign largess. And the whole party secretariat, from the now-fallen Bobby Baker on down, was devoutly and personally loyal to Lyndon B. Johnson and to nobody else.

The executive branch is, of course, wholly different from the legislative branch, and it is even more difficult to control than the Senate. But anyone who saw Lyndon Johnson operating as Majority Leader will be dead certain of one thing: Johnson will dominate absolutely his branch of the Government.

Johnson, a shrewd man and a cautious politician, will move slowly in making changes. But in time—certainly by the beginning of his second term, if he is nominated and elected—all the chief officers of the executive branch will be Johnson men first, last, and all the time; or they will not be in the Government. Johnson, in short, will be a strong President, a dominant President, master in his own house, for good or ill.

So much one can predict with absolute confidence about the Johnson Presidency. But the prediction leaves unanswered other vital questions. Where does Johnson really stand in the political spectrum between left and right? Is he, as some members of Americans for Democratic Action darkly suspect, by instinct a reactionary? Or is he, as some of his more vocal fellow Texans suppose, a roaring radical? And finally, what kind of human being is this man who now, because of an assassin's bullet, holds history in the hollow of his hand?

Johnson went to Congress in 1937 as that rare bird in Texas—an all-out New Dealer. As a result, he was a special favorite of President Franklin Roosevelt—"he was like a Daddy to me," Johnson says. Since those New Deal days, most students of the Johnson career believe, Johnson has moved rather steadily to the right. In a long interview I once had with him (see page 80), Johnson explained his position in typical Johnsonese: "One thing you learn by experience is that politics is about people—the greatest good for the greatest number. I believe strongly in our system of checks and balances—otherwise a simple numerical majority might get out of hand. But I've always thought I had a social conscience. I know one thing—you don't want to sit on your hands, you have to keep moving forward. If something has to be done, the Republicans always have reasons why you can't do it now."

This is hardly a detailed blueprint of Johnson's political ideology; indeed, President Johnson is

even less ideologically inclined than was President Kennedy. But it does sum up certain Johnsonian attitudes succinctly enough. As his dig at the Republicans suggests, Johnson is both a big-D Democrat, in a sense that many of his fellow Southerners are not, and an activist, a man who believes in a strong Federal Government to keep the country "moving forward." By and large, although he strayed from the reservation to vote for the Taft-Hartley Law, his "social conscience" kept him voting the liberal Democratic line in his years on Capitol Hill.

But as his implied defense of the filibuster suggests ("a simple numerical majority might get out of hand"), Johnson is also a Southerner. Indeed, the geographical accident of his birth is in some ways the most important political fact about Lyndon Johnson. The chances are high that the accident of his birth would have prevented him from becoming President, had it not been for another accident, the accident of the assassin's bullet. Now that he is President, there is a deeply important question to ask about Johnson: How will he, a Southerner, deal with the great and continuing crisis caused by the Negro revolt?

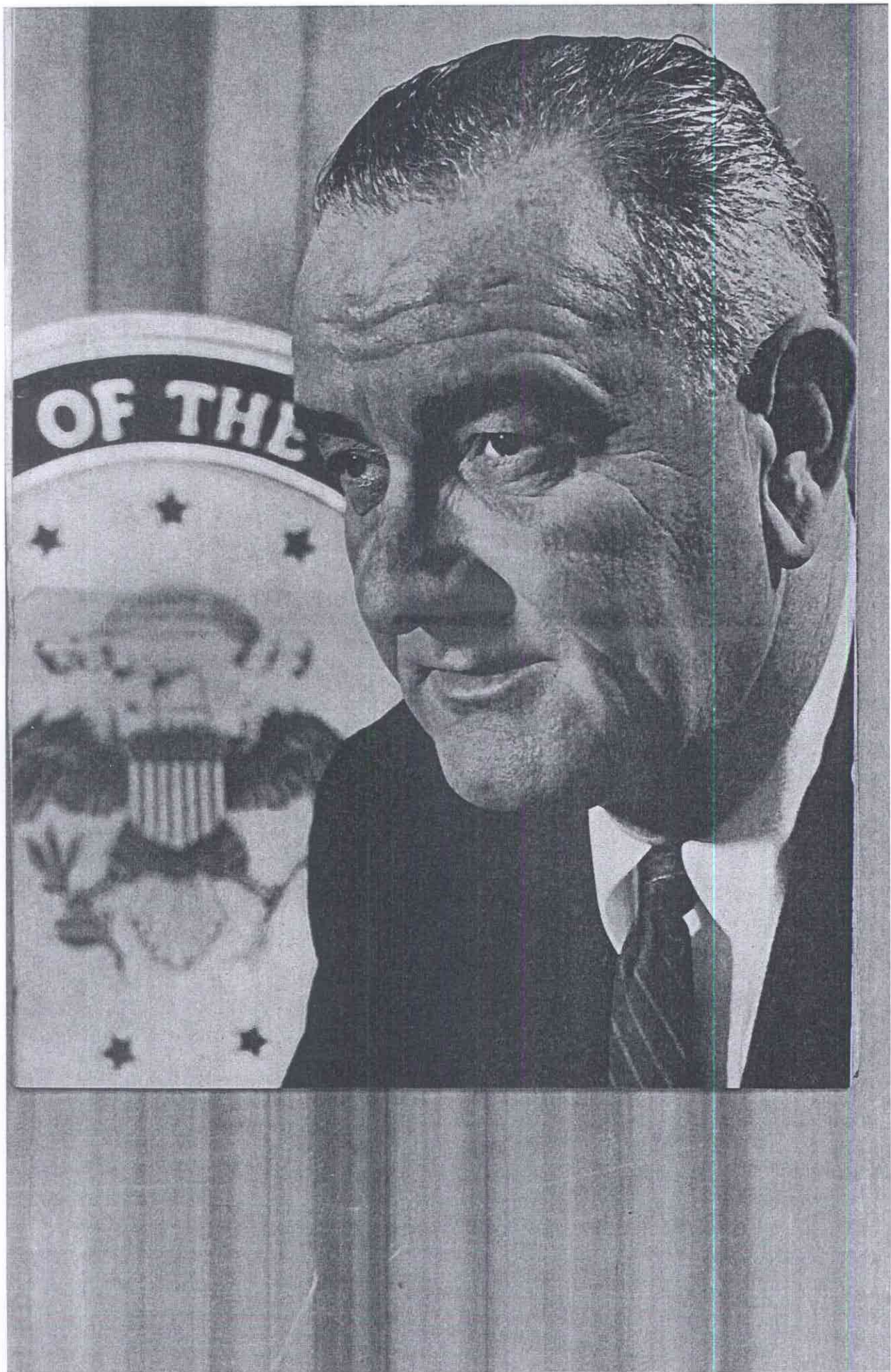
To guess at the answer to that question, it is necessary first to understand the kind of Southerner Johnson is. To that end, it is revealing to see him on his native heath, at the LBJ Ranch. The LBJ Ranch tells a lot about Lyndon Johnson, in all sorts of ways.

The ranch house is a rambling wooden building, a stone's throw from the Pedernales River, in rocky, rolling, semiarid country. Lady Bird Johnson, the new President's rich and charming wife, has fitted the ranch house out with shutters and elegant balustrades. But basically, this is a simple, no-nonsense, Western ranch house, the kind of house the richer cattlemen built for themselves around the turn of the century.

The fact is that Johnson City, Tex., which was founded by Lyndon Johnson's great-grandfather, is not really a southern town at all. East Texas is in the true southern tradition, the tradition of cotton plantations and Negro field hands. But Johnson's part of Texas is really part of the West, the West of cowboys and cattle. Indeed, the LBJ Ranch would make a fine setting for a TV Western, and Johnson himself, with his endless legs and his dark, long-eared face, could easily play the Tough Sheriff.

This is not to suggest that Johnson is not a Southerner. He is. As long as he was a Texas politician, and not the national politician he has

*(Continued on page 79)*





From the same building where Oswald lay in ambush, a telescopic lens reconstructs an approximation of what the killer saw at the moment of tragedy.

# THE ASSASSIN

By Ben H. Bagdikian

In what dark, hidden corner of the mind grew Lee Oswald's mysterious compulsion to shoot a man he didn't even know?

Among the millions who sat watching their television screens, none will ever forget the incredible scene—the gaunt, thin-lipped prisoner, his pale face bruised, the burly man in the neat, snap-brim hat pushing forward, the pistol suddenly outthrust, the sharp report, the look of fear and anguish on the prisoner's face as he crumpled to the floor, the voice of the stunned announcer repeating over and over, “He has been shot; yes, he has been shot . . . no question about it; he has definitely been shot.”

The mysterious shooting by a nightclub operator named Jack Ruby not only destroyed Lee Oswald but left unanswered and perhaps unanswerable the haunting question of what distorted internal force had driven Oswald to assassinate the President of the United States. In the first hours after President Kennedy's death, many assumed the killing was the work of Birchite fanatics; then, when Oswald was captured and professed himself a Marxist, there were outcries against both right- and left-wing extremists. But Oswald's Marxism was

less a political belief than a symptom of deeper drives and twisted passions that propelled this obscure and seemingly innocuous man to kill.

No one can know, now, when or how the obsession began, but its roots lie deep in the past. The third of three boys, he was born in New Orleans in 1939, shortly after the death of his father, an insurance salesman. He later spoke bitterly of the suffering his widowed mother had experienced; but people who knew him in childhood are vague about his family life. His IQ was 103. His grades were below average; he was always lonely.

“I remember that child vividly,” says Mrs. Clyde Livingston, his fourth-grade teacher in Fort Worth. “He wouldn't have his lunch at school but would go home for it. I asked him if he went home to eat with his mother, and he said she wasn't there, so he ate alone. I asked him if his mother prepared his lunch for him, and he replied, ‘No, I can open a can of soup as well as anybody.’”

He seldom displayed emotion, but Mrs. Livingston remembered two events that,

in retrospect, seem important. The first came at Christmastime in 1949. The other children in the class brought the teacher small bottles of perfume. Oswald struggled to school carrying a large cardboard box. Inside was a black-and-white puppy from the litter of a large mongrel that seemed to be the boy's only companion. He gave the puppy to his teacher and visited her every weekend to make sure the dog was cared for.

The second event occurred when Lee became smitten with the model girl of the class. She was the best-dressed, the best student, the most popular, and she was pretty. For the first time Lee began combing his bushy, curly hair. He tucked in his shirttail. This was so startling that Mrs. Livingston considered it a major change in the boy and encouraged it quietly. Unobtrusively she rearranged chairs and placed Lee beside the girl. But another boy began pushing his way into class lines beside the girl, and she smiled prettily at him. Lee drew back into solitude.

“He was just a little, lonely boy,” Mrs. Livingston said. “He wasn't for any-

thing, and he wasn't against anything. He just wasn't anything.”

After sixth grade the family moved to New Orleans, where Lee again was known as a lonely boy. “He just didn't get along with the others,” a classmate, Ed Collier said. For the first time he began fighting. “He fought with a lot of guys,” recalled another classmate, John Neumeyer, of Jefferson Parish, La. “I don't remember him pulling around with anyone. He just didn't have any buddies.” But he did have one, a schoolmate named Edward Voegel. “I sort of liked him,” Voegel said, “because he was not a ruffian like most of the rest of them.”

During these years, Lee Oswald developed a keen interest in guns—not abnormal, perhaps, except in its intensity. “One day at his house,” Edward Voegel recalls, “he showed me a toy pistol, and he asked me, ‘Does it look real?’ I told him, no, it didn't look real, it looked like a plastic toy. The next time I visited him he said he wanted a real pistol and knew where he could get one. He said he'd have to steal it from a pawn shop on Rampart

Street." Voegel remembers he had a difficult time convincing Oswald that if he broke the pawnshop window it would set off an alarm.

The chaos of his home and school life left him rootless and friendless. In 1952 the Oswalds moved to a shabby tenement district in the Bronx, N.Y., where in 15 months he attended three different schools. From there, the family moved once more to New Orleans, where Lee finished the last half of his ninth grade. The next year he entered 10th grade and dropped out after one month. In 1956 the family moved back to Fort Worth, and he started 10th grade again.

It was no go. After 23 days he quit school and joined the U.S. Marines. But whatever he was searching for he did not find. He worked his way from buck private to private first class (though he would later claim to have been a sergeant). Two years later he was court-martialed for using "provoking" words in front of a noncommissioned officer. He had already been court-martialed once for owning an unregistered gun, and he started to buck private.

In the Marines his performance on the rifle range, typically, was better at the start than at the end. Oswald began by qualifying as a "sharpshooter," with a score of 212 points out of a possible 250. Two years later he scored a less impressive 191.

Disgruntled by life in the Marines, Oswald claimed a hardship in the family and formally applied for his release from the Corps in September of 1959. The Marines granted it. "It was like getting out of prison," he said later.

Oswald's hardship claim stemmed from the fact that his mother was then in the hospital and penniless. When her hospitalization insurance ran out, she said a fortnight ago, she first sold her furniture to pay the bills and then, after six months, finally wrote her youngest son for help. On the basis of her letter, the Red Cross helped Lee Oswald get a release from active duty.

Yet it was perhaps characteristic of Lee that, after he got out of the Marines, he did not remain in Texas to help pay his mother's bills. Instead he left for Russia. "She's rather old," he said later. "I couldn't expect her to understand. It wasn't quite fair of me to go without telling her, but it's better that way." On October 15 of that year, he wrote the Supreme Soviet, the highest parliamentary body in the U.S.S.R., and asked for Russian citizenship. Sixteen days later, he gave a press interview in the Hotel Metropole in Moscow to explain what he was doing in Russia.

"For two years now I have been waiting to do this one thing," he said. "To dissolve my American citizenship and become a citizen of the Soviet Union." The boy who had never been able to express himself adequately now spoke freely of feudalism and exploitation. "My mother," he said, "has been a worker all her life. She is a good example of what happens to workers in the United States. At the age of fifteen, after watching the way workers are treated in New York, and Negroes in the South, I was looking for a key to my environment. Then I discovered socialist literature."

"I am a Marxist," Oswald told Alvin Mosby, an American reporter in Moscow. "I became interested about the age of 15. An old lady handed me a pamphlet

about saving the Rosenbergs. I still remember that."

He told reporters he then went on to read Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. "It was," he said, "what I'd been looking for. It was like a very religious man opening the Bible for the first time."

After his interview with the press in Moscow, Oswald seemed to fade from public view. The American embassy in Moscow delayed formal acceptance of his renunciation of U.S. citizenship to give him time to think it over. Then, for some reason, Russia declined to confer Soviet citizenship on him, although he was told he could stay as a resident alien. He moved to Minsk and found a job.

#### More disillusionment

But Oswald's new religion of Marxism failed to satisfy him. Sixteen months after entering the Soviet Union, he initiated efforts to return home, only to find that the Soviets refused to expedite an exit visa. Two months later, Oswald complicated his problems by marrying a Russian girl named Marina Nicholaevna, a pharmacist in Minsk. Then he discovered that the Marine Corps, because of his attempt to renounce his U.S. citizenship, had issued him an "undesirable" discharge, and his irritations grew. On January 30, 1962, he wrote an angry letter to John Connally in Fort Worth, not realizing at the time that Connally had resigned his post as Secretary of the Navy weeks before to run for the governorship of Texas. In his letter Oswald promised that he would "employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice to a bona fide [sic] U.S. citizen and ex-serviceman." He had gone to live in Russia, he wrote, "much in the same way as E. Hemingway resided in Paris."

Two weeks after that his wife gave birth to a daughter. The couple named the baby June Lee.

On May 24, 1962, the State Department renewed Oswald's U.S. passport, confirmed his citizenship and lent him \$435.71 to purchase passage home. The Oswalds left Rotterdam on June 4.

It was a warm, bright afternoon, June 13, 1962, when the Holland-America Line steamship *Mausimon* lowered its gangplank in Hoboken, N.J., and Lee Oswald set foot on American soil again. But the country had never heard of Oswald then, and Americans had their minds on other things. In Texas a man named Billie Sol Estes was testifying before a grand jury. In New York the movie *Lolita* was opening to mixed reviews. In Washington the President of the United States was lunching with President Roberto F. Chiari of Panama.

It seems hard to believe that Lee Oswald had any idea at the time that his fate and President Kennedy's were to collide 17 months later on a street in Dallas. Most likely Oswald felt only that he was coming home again, after still another failure to find his niche in life, to try once more to make a new start.

Moving his family to Dallas, Oswald worked at various jobs—starting, as usual, better than he ended. But somehow he managed to repay the State Department loan. In January of this year he was hired as a trainee with the Dallas advertising typographic firm of Jaggars, Chiles and Stoval.

In May, 1963, Lee Oswald lost his job. His explanation to associates was "they

didn't have enough work." But there was another reason. Said Bob Stoval, president of the firm, "He was supposed to learn how to make photographic prints, but he wasn't competent. He was discharged." Then Stoval added, in a now-familiar refrain, "He was a quiet person. He didn't have much to say to anybody. I guess he was a bit strange in that way."

The quiet man, the orderly person, the strange fellow—these were words some people used to describe Lee Oswald to the end. But beginning in May of this year more people began to see a glint of steel beneath the calm and soft exterior. Lee Oswald took his wife and child to New Orleans, where they rented an apartment at 4911 Magazine Street.

"He had a military manner, walked very erect, looked straight ahead and never paid any attention to anyone," said his landlord, Jesse James Garner. And he had ordered a gun—an Italian 6.5 rifle, later fitted with telescopic sights, for which he paid a Chicago mail-order house \$12.78. The rifle was sent to a Dallas post-office box, addressed to "A. Hidell."

Another person who knew him in New Orleans, Mrs. Doris Eames, a next-door neighbor, remembered. "He wouldn't associate with anybody, never had any friends. No one ever came there to visit. He would never return a greeting, so people stopped greeting him. His little wife was just the opposite. She seemed very friendly—except when he was around. He didn't seem to want her to mix with anyone."

For two months in New Orleans Oswald held a job as a maintenance worker in a coffee-processing plant. Then again he was dismissed. "He simply wasn't doing the job," his boss said. "He was bright, quiet, but often tough to find."

One place where Oswald was not difficult to find in New Orleans, according to singer Connie T. Kaye, was the city's French Quarter. "He used to hang out in the Bourbon House," she recalled. "And sometimes he'd go to the bar at Pat O'Briens, where I work. When the crowd was heavy, he'd push in where the twin pianos are and see the show without buying a drink. I had a run-in with him a couple of months ago. I have a gag in my routine, something about 'Castro that

Bastro.' That gets a laugh. Well, this particular time, after the show, I went over to the Bourbon House, and Oswald came up to me and said, 'What are you using that line for? What are you knocking Castro for?' I knew from the way he looked that I was dealing with a character so I got up and left."

But Oswald was not just another French Quarter character. On June 24 he applied for a passport—for use, he said, in the late fall—to travel in the Soviet Union, England, France, Germany, Holland, Finland, Italy and Poland as a "photographer." Despite his previous record in foreign travel he was—inexplicably—issued the passport the next day. Six weeks later he provided another glimpse of a new and different Oswald. He made an attempt to pass as a double agent.

Carlos Bringuer, a fiercely anti-Castro Cuban exile, recalls. "I met him around August fifth. He came to our office to ask in what way he could help us fight Castro. He wanted information about the activities of the Student Directorate. He said he was an ex-Marine with experience in guerrilla warfare and gave me a Marine guidebook with his name on it."

Bringuer gave Oswald nothing. At first he thought that Oswald was a secret agent who had been sent from the CIA or the FBI to infiltrate the exile organization and gather intelligence information about their anti-Castro activities.

Four days later a friend ran into Bringuer's office to say that an American citizen was distributing pro-Communist literature on Canal Street. Bringuer hurried to the scene. "I was shocked," he said. "It was Oswald. He had one sign that said VIVA FIDEL and another that read HANDS OFF CUBA. He tried to shake hands with me, but I refused and called him a traitor. We had a small fight, because we got all his propaganda and we threw it up in the air."

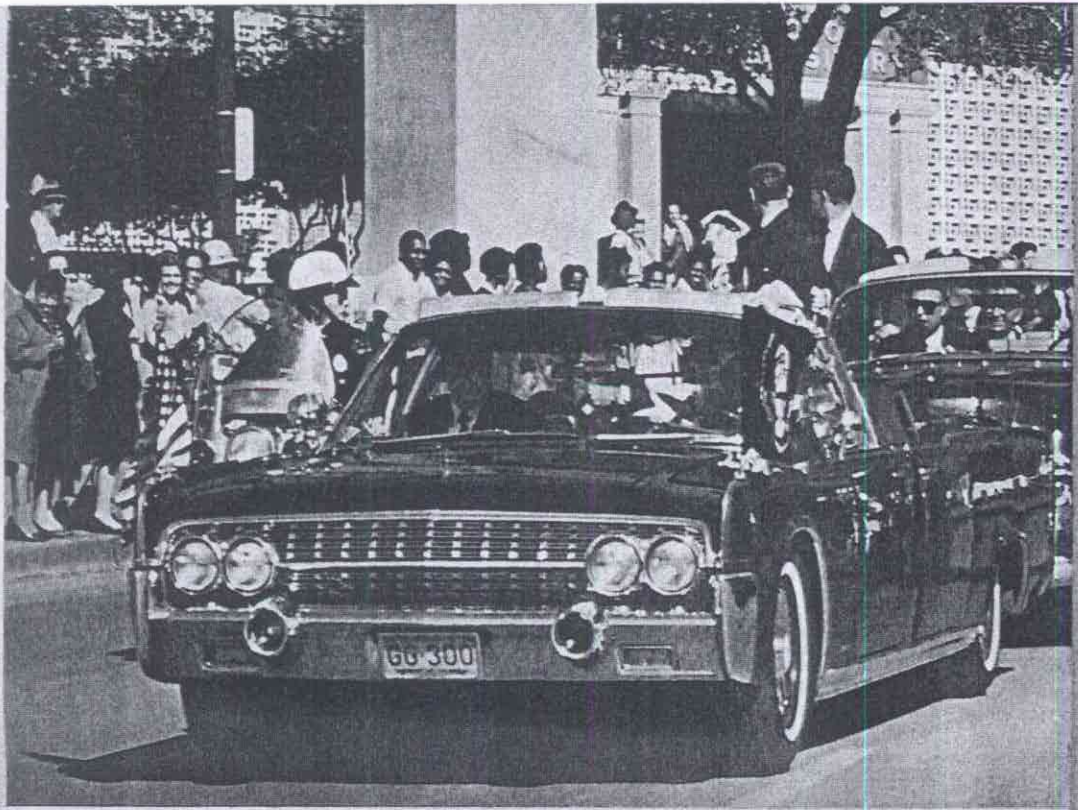
During the fight, Oswald displayed a steel nerve. "He saw I was trying to hit him, so he put his arms down and said, 'OK, Carlos. If you want to hit me, hit me.' But I thought if I hit him, he would appear as the victim, so I didn't."

The brief skirmish and the resulting publicity attracted the attention of news-

(text continued on page 35)

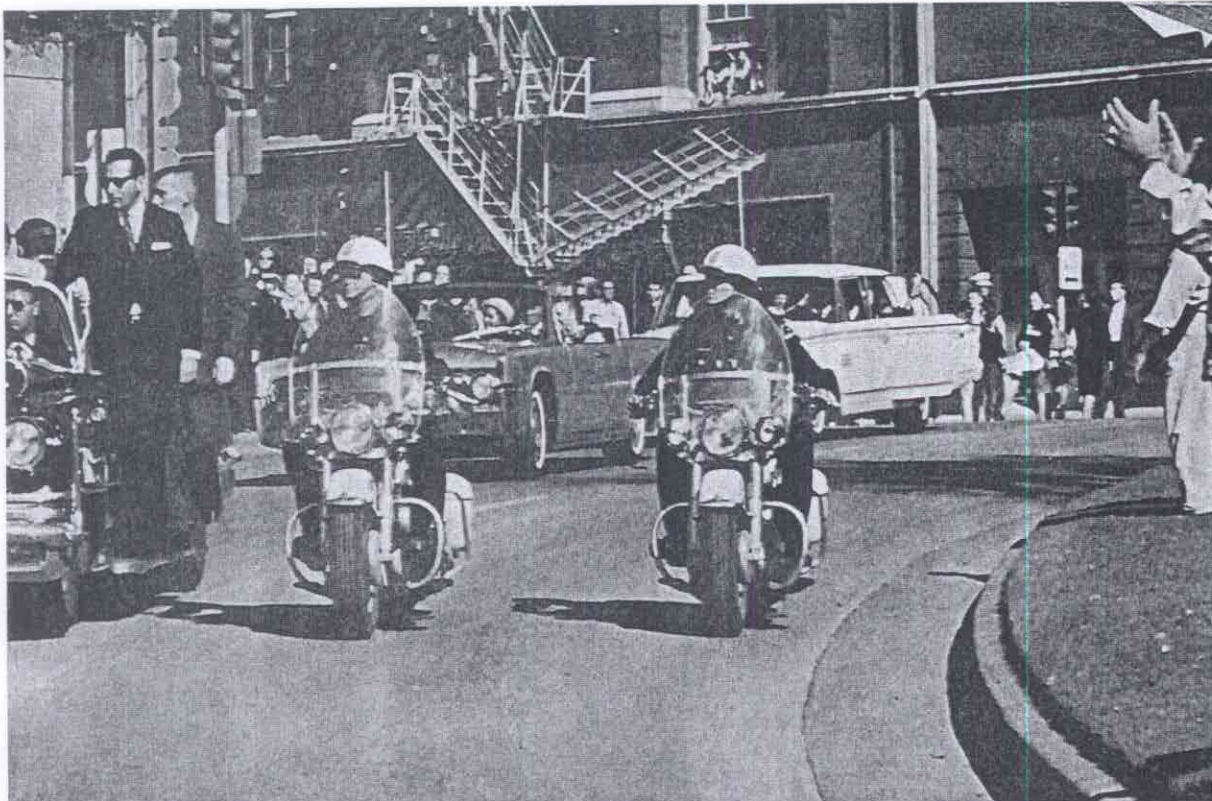


Moments after the shooting police swarm into the building from which the firing had come.

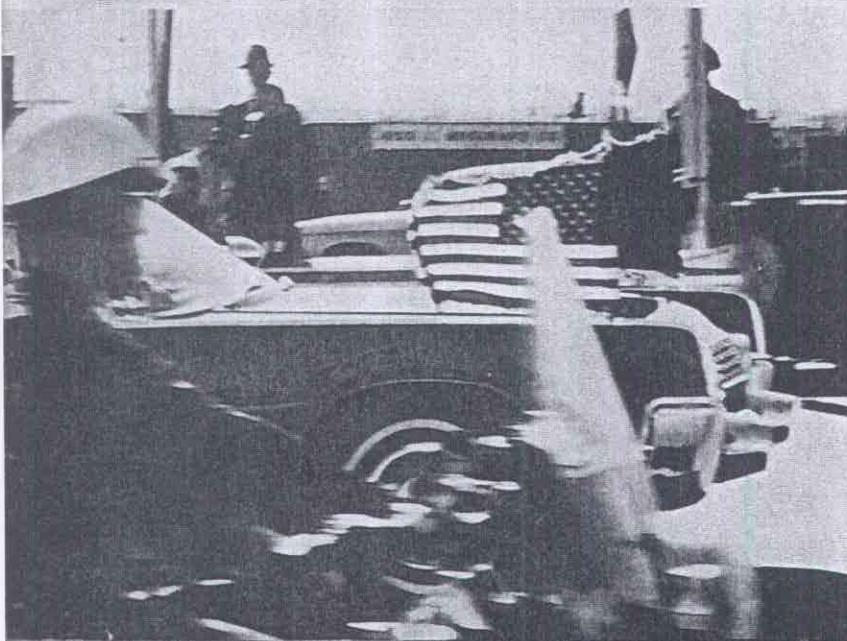


One hundred yards more and they would have reached the





safety of an overpass. Then three shots rang out.



▲ Everyone commented on the unusual friendliness of the crowds in Dallas. The President looked forward to the speech he was to give in a few minutes. Then, suddenly, the President slumped forward. Here, his face half concealed by the car mirror, he is already near death. Jacqueline (white glove) supports Kennedy's left arm. While the crowd is still unaware of the tragedy, Secret Service men on following car look back toward the brick building (left rear) from which the fatal shots were fired.

◀ With President Kennedy crumpled on the floor, his foot protruding grotesquely over the right side of the limousine, the driver pulled out of the motorcade and began speeding toward Dallas's Parkland Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Kennedy cradles her husband's head in her arms, while the wounded Governor Connally and his wife crouch to duck further gunfire. Secret Service agent at rear leans forward in vain effort to assist the dying President. But President John Kennedy never regained consciousness.



## In the police station: a shocking drama

(continued from page 21) men at radio station WDSL, who invited Oswald to appear on a panel show called *Conversation Carie Blanche*. On the show, Oswald said he was a Marxist, admitted that he had lived in Russia and extolled the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Shortly afterward Oswald left New Orleans—without paying his rent—and moved to Texas. His wife was going to have a baby, he said.

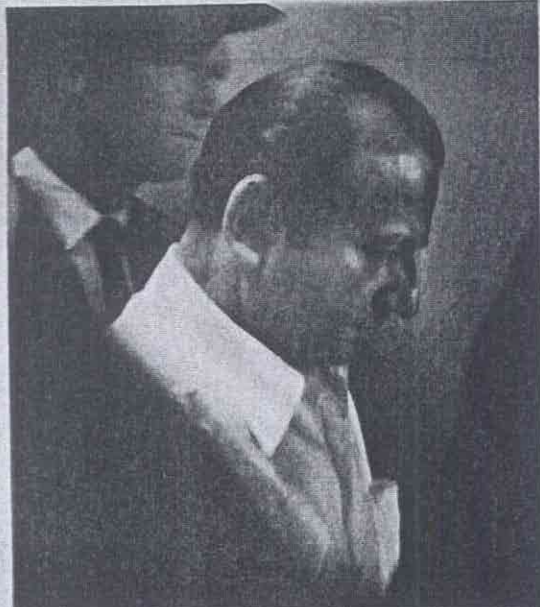
Marina Oswald and their daughter went to live with the Paines in a suburb of Dallas. On October 14 a nice, quiet fellow presented himself to Mrs. A. C. Johnson, who keeps a rooming house on Dallas's Beckley Avenue. He was alone. Yes, she had a room. No liquor, no visitors in the bedroom, no cooking. Eight dollars a week. The young man took it. He declined her request for the name of a relative "in case of emergency."

"That won't be necessary," he explained. "It doesn't matter." But he did sign his name: "O. H. Lee."

He brought in a few clothes, half a dozen books, a small portable radio, some cans of beans, apricot preserves, peanut butter, sardines, instant coffee.

"He was a good renter," Mrs. Johnson says. "Some renters, they'll come in with beer on their breath. But he never did. He was always quiet. Twice a day he called a number and spoke some foreign language. He was very well behaved.

Nightclub owner Jack Ruby, who killed the assassin, was immediately seized by police.



Lee Oswald (right) reaches Dallas Police Station after arrest.



Oswald's wife (left) with her infant child and husband's mother.

When he took a bath, he'd clean out that tub as clean as any woman you ever saw."

The next day Oswald got a job in a book-distributing firm in a building that dominated Elm Street in Dallas. He signed up as a \$50-a-week stock clerk. Usually, he spent weekends in Irving, a suburb, with his pregnant wife and child. On November 21 he varied his routine by going out to the suburb on Thursday night instead of on Friday. Friday morning he got a ride to work, carrying a long object wrapped in brown paper. When asked what was in the package he later said it was a bundle of window shades.

That afternoon, as President Kennedy's special car was moving down the curving incline of Elm St. at 12 miles an hour, a rifle barrel emerged, unnoticed, from a sixth-floor window of the building in which Oswald worked. The car and the eyes of the Secret Service men had passed the building. One hundred yards more and the car would have reached the safety of an overpass, but fifteen and a half seconds before the big open limousine would have been out of the assassin's sight, three shots rang out.

Oswald's marksmanship was astonishing. He had to shoot downward, a difficult feat. He shot from a height at which air currents can cause bullets to drift. His weapon was a cheap, Italian-made bolt-action Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. Yet he fired so rapidly that his victims scarcely had time to turn their heads. And each of the three bullets found a mark. Two struck the President; the third seriously wounded Gov. John Connally.

Moments after the shooting, when a policeman entered the building and rushed toward Oswald, by then on a lower floor, the manager said, "No, not him. He works here." Lee Oswald slipped out of the building, his absence noticed only after police took a roll call of all building employees. The police then broadcast an alarm: "Unknown white male, 30, slender build, 5-6, 160 pounds, thought to be carrying a 30-06 or 30-30 rifle."

Oswald ran to his rooming house. "You sure are in a hurry," the housekeeper, Mrs. Earlene Roberts, said. He didn't speak, grabbed a jacket and ran out again. About a block away from the rooming house, a policeman in a radio car—Patrolman J. D. Tippitt—saw him hurrying on the sidewalk, thought he fit the description broadcast in the alarm and called to him. When the policeman got out of the patrol car, "O. H. Lee" pulled a gun and shot him dead. Then he hurried away and ran into a theater. Witnesses who saw the patrolman murdered called other police. The reinforcements ran into the theater after him, trying desperately to find him by the light

of a film called *War Is Hell*. The owner of a nearby shop turned on the house lights, and pointed. "There he is!"

The rest was a sleazy drama in the Dallas police station. Oswald, pale, unemotional, unmistakable, denied his guilt. The next day, as he was being escorted by detectives down a police-station corridor, Jack Ruby pushed forward and shot him in the stomach.

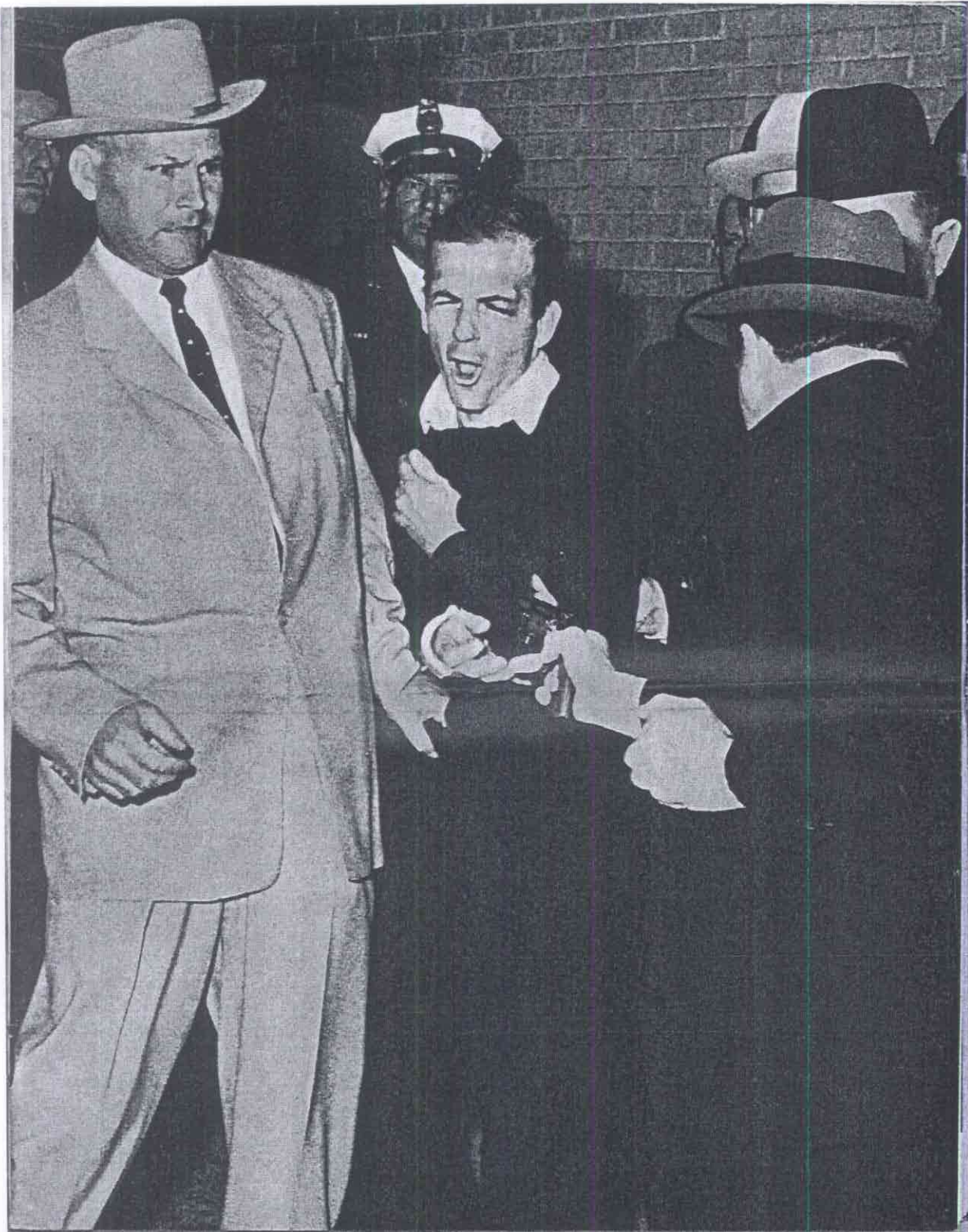
Ruby, a 52-year-old bachelor, is short, round and fleshy. Born Jack Leon Rubenstein in Chicago, he grew up as a street fighter and once had a finger bitten off in a brawl—his trigger finger. He has a record of petty charges—disorderly conduct, liquor-law violations, carrying a concealed weapon—dating back at least to 1949. In Dallas he was known mainly for his two striptease clubs, one of which provides an amateur night each week for aspiring local strippers. He has professed deep devotion to Democrats, especially the late Franklin D. Roosevelt and the late John F. Kennedy.

As millions of viewers watched the live performance of the Dallas police in their own corridors, the nightclub operator ran up to the manacled prisoner and thrust a revolver almost to his side. A detective recognized Ruby and shouted "Jack, you son of a bitch." But Ruby had already pulled the trigger—using his middle finger. Less than two hours later, at 1:07 p.m., Dallas time, Oswald died in Parkland Memorial Hospital—about 10 feet from the spot where the President had died two days earlier.

When *The Post* went to press there were still many curious rumors and unanswered questions. Was there a personal link between Ruby and Oswald? Had Ruby shot Oswald to shut him up? These questions would not remain unanswered. Over the confident statements of the bumbling Dallas police, the Justice Department and the F.B.I. assured the nation that the mystery was not resolved and the facts would be made public. THE END

"Jack, you son of a bitch," a detective yelled, but Jack Ruby pulled the trigger.

(Photograph © 1963, Dallas Times-Herald and photographer Bob Jackson.)



HE WALKED PAST THE GIRL IN PINK AND TOOK ON THE HOPELESS JOB.

## A DEATH IN EMERGENCY ROOM No. ONE

By JIMMY BRESLIN



Dr. Malcolm Perry was on duty.

The call bothered Malcolm Perry. "Dr. Tom Shires, STAT," the girl's voice said over the loudspeaker in the doctors' cafeteria at Parkland Memorial Hospital. The "STAT" meant emergency. Nobody ever called Tom Shires, the hospital's chief resident in surgery, for an emergency. And Shires, Perry's superior, was out of town for the day. Malcolm Perry looked at the salmon croquettes on the plate in front of him. Then he put down his fork and went over to a telephone.

"This is Doctor Perry taking Doctor Shires' place," he said.

"President Kennedy has been shot, STAT," the operator said. "They are bringing him into the emergency room right now."

Perry hung up and walked quickly out of the cafeteria and down a flight of stairs and pushed through a brown door, and a nurse pointed to emergency room No. 1 and Doctor Perry walked into it. The room is narrow and has gray-tiled walls and a cream-colored ceiling. In the middle of it, on an aluminum hospital cart, the President of the United States had been placed on his back and he was dying while a huge lamp glared in his face.

John Kennedy already had been stripped of his jacket, shirt and T-shirt, and a staff doctor was starting to place an endotracheal tube down the throat. Oxygen would be forced down the tube. Breathing was the first thing to attack. The President was not breathing.

Malcolm Perry unbuttoned his dark blue glen-plaid jacket and threw it onto the floor. He held out his hands while the nurse helped him put on gloves.

The President, Perry thought. *He's bigger than I thought he was.*

He noticed the tall, dark-haired girl in the pink suit that had her husband's blood all over the front of the skirt. She was standing out of the way, over against the gray tile wall. Her face was tearless and it was set, and it was to stay that way because Jacqueline Kennedy, with a terrible discipline, was not going to take her eyes from her husband's face.

Then Malcolm Perry stepped up to the aluminum hospital cart and he took charge of the hopeless job of trying to keep the 35th President of the United

States from death. And now, the enormity of what had happened to John Kennedy came over him.

*Here is the most important man in the world, Perry thought.*

The chest was not moving. And there was no apparent heartbeat inside it. The wound in the throat was small and neat. Blood was running out of it. It was running out too fast. The occipitoparietal, which is a part of the back of the head, had a huge flap. The damage a rifle bullet does as it comes out of a person's body is unbelievable. Bleeding from the head wound covered the floor.

There was a mediastinal wound in connection with the bullet hole in the throat. This means air and blood were being packed together in the chest. Perry called for a scalpel. He was going to start a tracheotomy, which is opening the throat and inserting a tube into the windpipe. The incision had to be made below the small bullet wound.

"Get me Doctor's Clark, McClelland and Baxter right away," he said.

Then he started the tracheotomy. There was no anesthesia. John Kennedy could feel nothing now. The wound in the back of the head told Doctor Perry that the President never knew a thing about it when he was shot, either. (The second bullet tore through his cerebellum, the lower part of the brain.)

While Perry worked on the throat, he said, quietly, "Will somebody put a right chest tube in, please."

The tube was to be inserted so it could suction out the blood and air packed in the chest and prevent the lung from collapsing. A transfusion was begun, with O-negative type blood.

These things he was doing took only small minutes, and other doctors and nurses were in the room and talking and moving, but Perry does not remember them. He saw only the throat and chest, shining under the huge lamp, and when he would look up or move his eyes between motions, he would see this pink suit and the terribly disciplined face standing over against the gray tile wall.

Just as he finished the tracheotomy, Malcolm Perry looked up and Dr. Kemp Clark, chief neurosurgeon in residency at

Parkland, came in through the door. Clark was looking at the President of the United States. Then he looked at Malcolm Perry and the look told Malcolm Perry something he already knew. There was no way to save the patient.

"Would you like to leave, ma'am?" Kemp Clark said to Jacqueline Kennedy. "We can make you more comfortable outside."

Just the lips moved. "No," Jacqueline Kennedy said.

Now Malcolm Perry's long fingers ran over the chest under him and he tried to get a heartbeat, and even the suggestion of breathing, and there was nothing. There was only the still body, pale white in the light, and it kept bleeding, and now Malcolm Perry started to call for things and move his hands quickly because it all was running out.

### There was no time

He began to massage the chest. He had to do something to stimulate the heart. There was not time to open the chest and take the heart in his hands, so he had to massage on the surface. The aluminum cart was high. It was too high. Perry was up on his toes so he could have leverage. "Will somebody please get me a stool," he said.

One was placed under him. He sat on it, and for ten minutes he massaged the chest. Over in one corner of the room Dr. Kemp Clark kept watching an electrocardiogram for some sign that the massaging was creating action in the President's heart. There was none. Doctor Clark sadly turned his head away from the electrocardiogram.

"It's too late, Mac," he said to Malcolm Perry.

The long fingers stopped massaging and they were lifted from the white chest. Perry got off the stool and stepped back.

Dr. M. T. Jenkins, who had been working the oxygen flow, reached down from the head of the aluminum cart. He took the edges of a white sheet in his hands. He pulled the sheet up over the face of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The IBM clock on the wall of the room said it was one p.m. The date was November 22, 1963.

Three policemen were moving down the hall outside emergency room No. 1 now, and they were calling to everybody to get out of the way. But this was not needed, because everybody stepped out of the way automatically when they saw the priest who was behind the police. He was the Rev. Oscar Huber, a small, 70-year-old man. He was walking quickly.

Malcolm Perry turned to leave the room as Father Huber came in. Perry remembers seeing the priest go by him. And he remembers his eyes seeing that pink suit and that terribly disciplined face for the last time as he walked out of emergency room No. 1 and slumped into a chair out in the hall.

Everything that was inside that room now belonged to Jacqueline Kennedy and Father Oscar Huber and the things in which they believe.

"I'm sorry. You have my deepest sympathies," Father Huber said.

"Thank you," Jacqueline Kennedy said. Father Huber pulled the white sheet down so he could anoint the forehead of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Jacqueline Kennedy was standing beside the priest, her head bowed, her hands clasped across the front of the pink suit that was stained with blood which came from her husband's head. Now this old priest held up his right hand and he began the chant that Roman Catholic priests have said over their dead for centuries.

"Si visis, ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

The prayer said, "If you are living, I absolve you from your sins. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

The priest reached into his pocket and took out a small vial of holy oil. He put the oil on his right thumb and made a cross on President Kennedy's forehead. Then he blessed the body again and started to pray quietly.

"Eternal rest, grant unto him, O Lord," Father Huber said.

"And let perpetual light shine upon him," Jacqueline Kennedy answered. She did not cry.

Father Huber prayed like this for 15 minutes. And for 15 minutes Jacqueline

Kennedy kept praying aloud with him. Her voice did not waver. She did not cry. From the moment the bullets hit her husband and he went down onto his face in the back of the car on the street in Dallas, there was something about this woman that everybody who saw her keeps talking about. She was in shock. But somewhere, down under that shock, some place, she seemed to know that there is a way to act when the President of the United States has been assassinated. She was going to act that way, and the fact that the President was her husband only seemed to make it more important that she stand and look at him and not cry.

When he was finished praying, Father Huber turned and took her hand. "I am shocked," he said.

"Thank you for taking care of the President," Jacqueline Kennedy said.

"I am convinced that his soul had not left his body," Father Huber said. "This was a valid last sacrament."

"Thank you," she said. Then he left. He had been eating lunch at his rectory at Holy Trinity Church when he heard the news. He had an assistant drive him to the hospital immediately. After that, everything happened quickly and he did not feel anything until later. He sat behind his desk in the rectory, and the magnitude of what had happened came over him.

"I've been a priest for thirty-two years," Father Huber said.

"The first time I was present at a death? A long time ago. Back in my home in Perryville, Mo., I attended a lady who was dying of pneumonia. She was in her own bed. But I remember that. But this. This is different. Oh, it isn't the blood. You see, I've anointed so many. Accident victims. I anointed once a boy who was only in pieces. No, it wasn't the blood. It was the enormity of it. I'm just starting to realize it now."

Then Father Huber showed you to the door. He was going to say prayers.

It came the same way to Malcolm Perry. When the day was through, he drove to his home in the Walnut Hill section. When he walked into the house, his daughter, Jolene, six and a half, ran up to him. She had some of her papers from school in her hand.

"Look what I did today in school, daddy," she said.

She made her father sit down in a chair and look at her schoolwork. The papers were covered with block letters and numbers. Perry looked at them. He thought they were good. He said so, and his daughter chattered happily. Malcolm, his three-year-old son, ran into the room after him, and Perry started to reach out to the little boy.

Then it hit him. He dropped the papers with the block letters and numbers and he did not notice his son.

"I'm tired," he said to his wife, Jenning. "I've never been tired like this in my life."

Tired is the only way one felt in Dallas the next day too. Tired and confused and wondering why it was that everything looked so different. This was a bright Texas day with a snap to the air, and there were many cars on the streets, and people on the sidewalks. But everything in this town seemed unreal.

At 10 a.m. we dodged cars and went out and stood in the middle lane of Elm

Street, just before the second street light, right where the road goes down and 20 yards farther, starts to turn to go under the overpass. It was right at this spot, right where this long crack ran through the gray Texas asphalt, that the bullets reached President Kennedy's car.

Right up the little hill, and towering over you, was the building. Once it was dull red brick. But that was a long time ago when it housed the Deere Plow Co. It has been sandblasted since, and now the bricks are a light rust color. The windows on the first three floors are covered by closed Venetian blinds, but the windows on the other floors are bare. Bare and dust-streaked and high. Factory-window high. The ugly kind of factory window. Particularly at the corner window on the sixth floor, the one where this Oswald and his scrambled egg of a mind stood with the rifle so he could kill the President.

You stood and memorized the spot. It is just another roadway in a big Texas

city, but now it joins Ford's Theater in the history of this nation.

R. L. THORNTON FREEWAY. KEEP RIGHT, the sign said. SYMMSONS FREEWAY. KEEP RIGHT, another sign said. You went back between the cars and stood on a small grassy hill which overlooks the road. A red convertible turned onto Elm Street and went down the hill. It went past the spot with the crack in the asphalt and then, with every foot, you could see that it was getting out of range of the sixth-floor window of the building behind you. A couple of yards. That's all John Kennedy needed on this road.

But he did not get them. So when a little bit after one o'clock that bitter Friday afternoon the phone rang in the Oneal Funeral Home, 2206 Oak Lawn, Vernon B. Oneal answered.

The voice on the other end spoke quickly. "This is the Secret Service calling from Parkland Hospital," it said. "Please select the best casket in your house and

put it in a general coach and arrange for a police escort and bring it here to the hospital as quickly as you humanly can. It is for the President of the United States."

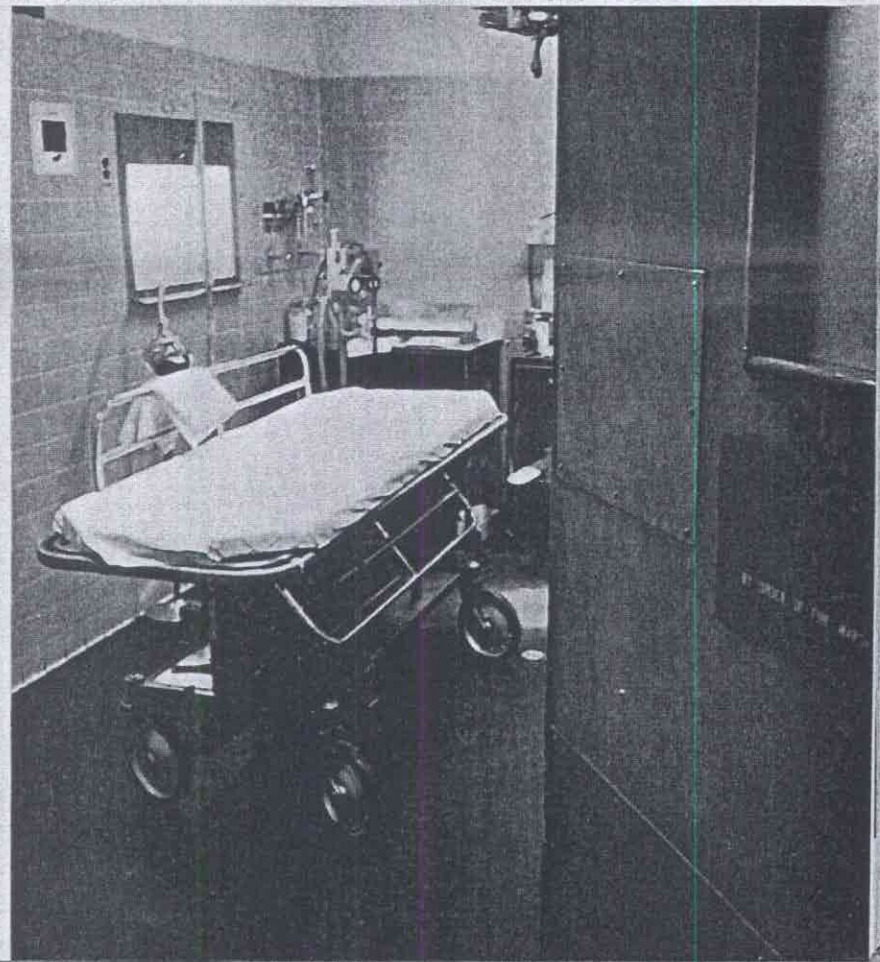
The voice went off the phone. Oneal called for Ray Gleason, his bookkeeper, and a workman to help him take a solid bronze casket out of the place and load it onto a hearse. It was for President John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Saturday, Oneal left his shop early. He said he was too tired to work.

Malcolm Perry was at the hospital. He had on a blue suit and a dark blue-striped tie and he sat in a big conference room and looked out the window. He is a tall, reddish-haired, 34-year-old, who understands that everything he saw or heard is a part of history and he is trying to get down, for the record, everything he knows about the death of the 35th President of the United States.

"I never saw a President before," Dr. Malcolm Perry said. THE END

This is Operating Room One, in Dallas's Parkland Memorial Hospital, where Dr. Perry fought vainly to save the President's life.



# A eulogy: JOHN FITZGERALD

The thing about him was the extraordinary sense he gave of being alive: This makes his death so grotesque and unbelievable. No one had such vitality of personality—a vitality so superbly disciplined that it sometimes left the impression of cool detachment, but imbuing everything he thought or did with intense concentration and power. He was life-affirming, life-enhancing. When he entered the room, the temperature changed; and he quickened the sensibilities of everyone around him. His curiosity was unlimited. The restless thrust of his mind never abated. He noticed everything, responded to everything, forgot nothing. He lived his life so intensely that in retrospect it almost seems he must have known it would be short, and that he had no time to waste. Or perhaps it was that, having lived closely to death ever since he swam those lonely, terrible hours along Ferguson Passage in 1943, ever since he nearly died after the operation on his back in 1955, he was determined to savor everything of life.

He was a man profoundly in earnest. Yet there was never a moment when his manner was not informal, irreverent, rueful and witty. He took life seriously, but never himself. He cared deeply, but his passion was understatement. No heart ever appeared on his sleeve, though only the unaware could have concluded that this meant there was no heart at all. He mistrusted rhetoric, and he detested histrionics. But the casualness, the dry humor, the sardonic throwaway lines, the cool precision in press conference, the sense of slight distance from emotion, the invariable courtesy and the inextinguishable gaiety—none of this could conceal the profound concern and commitment underneath.

His whole life gave him that concern. He came from a religion and race which had known discrimination and persecution. He came from a family which in its energy, its warmth, its subtle and disparate solidarity had nourished his capacity for competition, for tenacity and for affection. Education developed his intelligence and awakened his historical imagination. This was most important; for he saw the movement of events as an historian sees them, not as a morality play, but as a complex and obscure interaction of men and values and institutions, in which each man's light is often dim but each must do the best he can. As a senior at Harvard he wrote an honors essay to explain why Great Britain was so poorly prepared for the Second World War. The book was published the next year, and he wrote in the introduction: "In studying the reasons why England slept, let us try to profit by them and save ourselves her anguish." He had the insight and the sense of language which could have made him a distinguished historian, but his was the nerve of action.

The hard experience of war deepened and toughened him. He was, of course, an authentic hero, a man of valor and hope. As a young skipper on a PT boat, he displayed his capacity for command, which always meant for him, not

the compulsion to bark orders, but the capacity to enlist confidence and assume responsibility. After the war, he was broken in health but lively in spirit. Though his father had been one of the most successful businessmen of his time, something had saved the older Kennedy from the ethos of the business community; he inspired his children with the belief that serving the nation was more important than making money; and it was the natural thing for young Lieutenant Kennedy, pale and shaky from the war, to run for Congress from 11th District of Massachusetts. I had been a classmate of his older brother's at Harvard and had been aware of John Kennedy, who was a sophomore when I was a senior; but I first knew him when he became the congressman from the district in which I lived. One remembers the quick intelligence, the easy charm, the laconic wit. One did not then see the passion and power which lay underneath.

I have always felt that in these years John Kennedy perhaps thought he was going to die because of the unresolved trouble with his back, and that he was therefore determined to have the best possible time in the days left to him. This was his season of careless gaiety, of Palm Beach and Newport, of dances and parties, and he married the most beautiful girl of them all. But the trouble with his back remained; and in 1955 he underwent a long and complicated operation—a double fusion of spinal disks with ensuing complications. He received last rites and nearly died. But he fought through, as he had fought through the waters of Ferguson Passage. When he recovered, he knew that he would live. My guess is that at this point he decided to become President of the United States.

## "HE WANTED TO USE POWER"

There used to be a fashion of criticizing John Kennedy for being ambitious, as if anyone ever became President of the United States who had not schemed and labored to that end. Of course he wanted to be President. But he wanted to be President not because he wanted power for its own sake: He wanted to be President because he wanted to use power to advance the purposes of the nation. He was a supreme politician. He loved the flicker of tension and persuasion, the cut and thrust of political infighting, the puzzles of political strategy. He also came to love campaigning. He always seemed a little surprised by the ardor of the crowds which flocked to see him; but he gathered strength from them as they gathered strength from him.

But, overriding everything else, he had a vision of America, of what this country might do and might be, and he had a vision of the world. He saw this nation as a noble nation, rising above mean and ugly motives, subordinating private selfishness to public purpose, raising the standards of existence and opportunity for all its citizens. He was always receptive to new experience, and new experience steadily deepened his sense of

what America must do to fulfill the vision. Thus the primary campaign in West Virginia in the spring of 1960 gave his understanding of poverty and his determination to eliminate it new concreteness and urgency. He never could understand the complacent rich who, so long as they had everything they needed for themselves, were content to starve schools, medical services and social services for their less fortunate fellow citizens. In one of the last talks I had with him, he was musing about the legislative program for next January and said, "The time has come to organize a national assault on the causes of poverty, a comprehensive program, across the board."

So too the agony of the Negroes transformed another abstraction into cruel reality, and so he committed himself to the battle for civil rights. He did this not for political reasons, because he always believed it would lose him many more votes than it would gain him. He did this because it was necessary to keep the faith of American democracy and preserve the fabric of American life. He did this because he felt with cold passion that it was the right thing to do.

These things deeply preoccupied him, but what preoccupied him most, I believe, was the peace of the world and the future of mankind. His historian's perspective made him see the conflict with Communism not as a holy war but as a difficult and perilous struggle for adjustment and accommodation. The world, he deeply believed, was in its nature and its historical movement a diverse world—a world which had room for a great diversity of economic systems, of political creeds, of philosophic faiths. He respected the distinctive values and traditions, the distinctive identities, of other nations and other societies. He felt that, as the possessing classes in the American community had an obligation to the weak and defenseless, so the possessing nations had an obligation to the nations struggling to emerge from the oblivion of stagnation and want. And he saw this not just as a moral obligation but as a social necessity. "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible," he once said, "make violent revolution inevitable."

Above all, life must survive on this planet. He knew what nuclear war would mean, and he believed that the avoidance of such a war was the common interest of mankind—a common interest which must transcend all conflicts of ideology and national ambition. This common interest was the bridge across the dark abyss. His deepest purpose was to strengthen that bridge against the storms of suspicion and fear, and to persuade his adversaries that, if each nation and people respected the integrity of the rest and accepted the reality of the world of diversity, if nations abandoned a messianic effort to remake the world in their own image, peace would be possible, and humanity would endure.

These hopes, I believe, guided him in his terrible task. In the midst of his crushing burdens, he moved always with grace, composure and cheer. His office reflected his own serenity in

# KENNEDY

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.

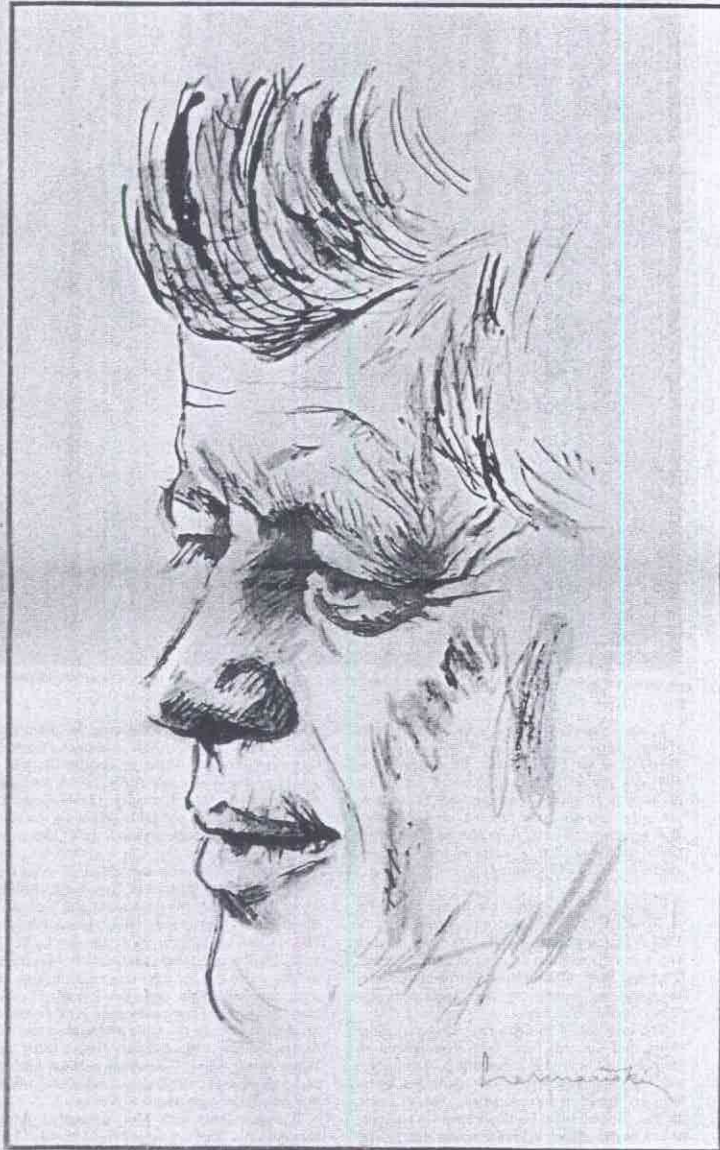
a world of chaos. He was a man born to the exercise of power, but also a man born to the responsibility of power. He immersed himself in the issues, understood what mattered and what did not, mastered the necessary information and dominated the process of government. I have so often seen experts come before him, men who had worked on problems for months or years, and I have seen him penetrate at once to the heart of the issue, and then place it in a wider context, raising questions of significance which the experts had not thought about. His presence pervaded Washington, and he infused the laborious and opaque machinery of government with a sense of his own standards, his own imagination and his own high purpose. With all this, his kindness, his consideration, his gaiety and his strength were absolute.

He had grown all his life, and he grew even more in the presidency. The ordeal of the first Cuba made possible the triumph of the second Cuba. He broke new paths in a dozen sectors of national policy—in civil rights, in economic policy, in the reorientation of military strategy, in the reconstruction of foreign aid, in the exploration of space, in the encouragement of the arts. But the bright promise of his Administration, as of his life, was cut short in Dallas. When Abraham Lincoln died, when Franklin Roosevelt died, these were profound national tragedies; but death came for Lincoln and Roosevelt in the last act, at the end of their careers, when the victory for which they had fought so hard was at last within the nation's grasp. John Kennedy's death has greater pathos, because he had barely begun—because he had so much to do, so much to give to his family, his nation, his world. His was a life of incalculable and now of unfulfilled possibility.

Still, if he had not done all that he would have hoped to do, finished all that he had so well begun, he had given the nation a new sense of itself—a new spirit, a new style, a new conception of its role and destiny. He saw America, not as an old nation, self-righteous, conservative, satisfied in its grossness and materialism, but as a young nation, questing, self-critical, dissatisfied, caring for greatness as well as for bigness, caring for the qualities of mind, sensibility and spirit which sustain culture, produce art and elevate society. He was the most civilized President we have had since Jefferson, and his wife made the White House the most civilized house in America. Statecraft was for him not an end in itself; it was a means of moving forward toward a spacious and splendid America.

And so a crazed political fanatic shot him down. With this act of violence, and with the violence that followed, the idea of America as a civilized nation—the idea which John F. Kennedy so supremely embodied—suffered a grievous blow. The best way to serve his memory is to redeem and revindicate the values of decency, of rationality, of civility, of honor—those values for which he stood through his life and to which in the end he gave his life.

THE END



# A PROFILE IN FAMILY COURAGE

By BILL DAVIDSON

*It was September, 1948. The lanky, mop-haired young congressman who was to become the 35th President of the United States lally-tassled a football back and forth to a neighborhood kid outside his home in Washington, and he said, "You know, the real strong one in our family is my kid brother, Bob, who just graduated from Harvard. My father keeps telling us that if anything ever happens, Bobby is the one who will hold the family together."*

It started out as a normal hard-working day for Robert F. Kennedy, Attorney General of the United States. On the agenda was the second of two meetings with his Organized Crime experts. They had been called in from all over the country to report on progress in their areas since the Cosa Nostra revelations.

The men sat in the Attorney General's huge office, and Kennedy faced them from behind his desk. He had arrived in a medium-gray suit of the two-buttoned, long-lapel style popularized by his brother, President John Kennedy, but, as usual, he had yanked down his tie, draped his suit coat over a nearby chair, and rolled up his shirt sleeves as far as they would go. The Attorney General

was feeling bouncy that morning. His men had encouraging things to say. Assistant Attorney General Herbert J. Miller Jr. recalls, "It was a good meeting. You could really feel we were getting somewhere." At exactly 12:14, Kennedy looked at his watch and said, "What do you say? Shall we make it back here at 2:15?" The meeting adjourned.

Kennedy got into his car with U.S. Attorney (for the Southern District of New York) Robert Morgenthau and Morgenthau's chief deputy, Silvio Mollo. They drove to Bob's home, Hickory Hill, in nearby McLean, Va., for lunch. Bob's wife, Ethel, greeted them, and since it was an unusually warm day for a November 22nd, they all went outdoors to the patio for a lunch of clam chowder and tuna-fish sandwiches. At 1:44 p.m., a maid came over to the table and said to the Attorney General, "Mr. J. Edgar Hoover is on the White House phone." Kennedy excused himself and walked over to the special telephone which was on a little stand about 40 feet away.

"I kept talking with Mrs. Kennedy," Morgenthau says, "but I could see the Attorney General at the phone. He had a conversation of

about fifteen seconds. There was a look of shock and horror on his face. Mrs. Kennedy saw that, too, and rushed to where the Attorney General had just put down the phone. He couldn't speak for another fifteen seconds. Then he almost forced out the words, 'Jack's been shot. It may be fatal.' He and Mrs. Kennedy went into the house and I didn't see him again. Ten minutes later John McCone of the CIA was there. By now we knew the President was dead. We waited until about 2:30, trying to stay out of the way. Finally, we said good-bye to Mrs. Kennedy and left, just as Dean Markham of the White House staff was coming in. The Attorney General was talking on the phone as we went out."

Bob Kennedy proved as strong as his brother knew he would be. Throughout the afternoon he kept on the move—pacing up and down on the back lawn of the house with Broumis, his big Newfoundland dog, who sniffed perplexedly at his heels. He kept using the two outside phones, organizing matters and pulling people together as he had done in the 1960 presidential campaign. He asked his brother, Sen. Edward Kennedy, and his sister, Mrs. Eunice Shriver, to fly to Hyannis



Caroline Kennedy, not quite six and not quite comprehending the personal tragedy that had



betfallen her, stands as a symbol of Kennedy courage against a background of a family dressed in black, as the late President's flag-draped casket is brought to the rotunda of the Capitol to lie in state.

Port, Mass., to be with his elderly parents. He charged one brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, with funeral arrangements and then appointed another brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, as assistant to Shriver at the White House. Ethel and Dean Markham, a Harvard classmate, were sent to pick up his children, scattered in three different schools, so that they would not hear the news in class. When they arrived, he assembled them on the lawn and told them. David, 7, was the only one who broke. He buried himself in his father's arms, but then he regained his composure.

Throughout the long afternoon, friends arrived. Bob kept pacing up and down on the lawn. Supreme Court Justice Byron White walked in and, without saying a word, walked up to the Attorney General and embraced him. Another friend approached Bob on the lawn. He couldn't speak, but Kennedy said to him, "How you doing?" The friend replied, "Well, I've had better days." The Attorney General said, "Don't be so gloomy. That's one thing I don't need right now."

He kept pacing up and down, stopping only to talk on the phone to people in Dallas and at the White House. Twice he called his mother in

Hyannis Port. At moments there on the lawn, however, he was by himself and seemed lost. Once or twice he stopped to wipe his eyes, and as the afternoon wore on, his eyes became noticeably red-rimmed. It was then that Ethel, in gray slacks and a green sweater, came out of the house, joined him in his pacing to and fro, and handed him a pair of dark glasses, which he put on almost absent-mindedly.

By late afternoon all the preliminary arrangements had been completed. "Now," he said, "I have to help Jackie." He drove out to Andrews Air Force Base and was waiting there when the presidential plane arrived. Mrs. Kennedy and Bob embraced quietly. There were no tears.

He rarely left her side after that. Early the next morning—November 23—after all the organizing was done and after Jacqueline had finally fallen into a fitful sleep at the Bethesda Naval Hospital, he slipped out of the White House into the cold drizzle of a charcoal-gray dawn, and he and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara drove to Arlington Cemetery. He selected the place near the Tomb of the Unknowns, where his slain brother was to lie. He faltered for just a brief

moment as he stepped back from the site. His shoulders slumped for an instant, but then he straightened up again, got into the car with McNamara, and headed back for what lay ahead of him in Washington.

*It was October, 1958, John F. Kennedy sat on the edge of a table in the bustling downtown Boston headquarters from which he was campaigning for reelection to the United States Senate. He spoke of many things, including his wife's participation in the campaign. "My wife," he said, "is a shy, quiet girl, but when things get rough, she can handle herself pretty well."*

When the first shot rang out and the sniper's bullet struck her husband, Jacqueline Kennedy was marveling aloud about the warmth of their reception in Dallas. An instant later, her husband toppled over. All she could say was, "Oh, no!" and she appeared to be in a state of semi-shock as the car sped to Parkland Memorial Hospital.

Except for those few brief moments after she learned the President was dead, she was entirely

**PRESIDENT KENNEDY BORE UP MAGNIFICENTLY UNDER THE GREAT WEIGHT OF THEIR GRIEF.**



composed. With Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson she got aboard the plane that carried her husband's casket to Washington. When Johnson was sworn in on the plane as the new President, she asked to be present. Federal Judge Sarah T. Hughes, who administered the oath in the plane's forward cabin just before take-off, says, "Mrs. Kennedy stood there right next to him—between Mr. Johnson and me. She didn't say a word. She just stood there straight and tall and listened. When it was over, the new President kissed his wife and then Mrs. Kennedy. He said a few words to her and then she went to the compartment in the rear of the plane where her husband lay in his coffin."

According to friends, Mrs. Kennedy never once broke down during the dreadful night at Bethesda Naval Hospital or when she returned to the White House. At the hospital, says a Kennedy intimate, "she responded to conversation, but there was a dazed quality to her speech." A friend who spent a few moments with her on the morning of November 23 says, "She was composed, though you had the feeling she was barely holding on. But she revealed this only among people she held close. In public, she seemed completely composed. She is the kind of woman whose grief is private."

On that morning, Mrs. Kennedy had to explain to her two small children what had been told to them briefly the night before by her mother, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss. She then took them firmly by the hand, and she and Caroline, nearly 6, attended a Roman Catholic Mass at the casket of the late President in the East Room of the White House. Only the immediate family and a small group of close friends were there. John Jr., who was not yet 3 and didn't quite understand, was left in the corridor with nurse Maude Shaw. It was there he complained that he had no one to play with.

Her ordeal—much of it made public through television—was almost more than any other

woman has been forced to bear. Her courage set an example for the people of the entire world. It will be a long time before anyone will forget what she did after her husband's casket was mounted on its catafalque for public mourning in the rotunda of the Capitol. Proud and dry-eyed, she and little Caroline approached the casket. Both knelt. Mrs. Kennedy kissed the flag that covered the casket; Caroline, following her mother's example, touched it. Then both walked back to their places. Late in the evening she returned to the bier with Robert Kennedy. Then she walked the streets of Washington among the people who had come to do honor to her husband.

But Mrs. Kennedy also did other remarkable, less-publicized things in the first day of her grief. She offered Mrs. Johnson all her help for their move into the White House. Then she called in her brother-in-law, Attorney General Kennedy, and asked him to find the wife of Dallas detective J. D. Tippitt, who had been killed by Lee Harvey Oswald, the principal suspect in the assassination of her husband. "What that poor woman must be going through," said Mrs. Kennedy.

*It was June, 1961. The President said, "I'm so close to Pierre and Ted and Kenny O'Donnell and Larry O'Brien and some of the others here, that I consider them members of my family. Do you know what I think of Pierre? In 1968 I'm going to buy a newspaper and I'm going to be its publisher and Pierre is going to be its far editor. Now let's make sure that piece of news doesn't leak out."*

Salinger got the news of the assassination on a plane bound from Honolulu to the Far East. It was two a.m. before he got back to Washington, and he was up the rest of the night. The following day he had to face the press for the first time since the President was killed. His briefings gener-

ally are held in his office, but there were so many correspondents from all over the world that the press conference was moved to a much larger room next door. Even so, many could not get in.

Salinger climbed up on a leather chair so he could be heard, and his bulk pushed down hard against the chair's springs. He recognized an old friend, and as he exchanged glances with him, a shadow of agony flickered across his eyes.

Salinger reported President Johnson's schedule and then went into details of President Kennedy's lying-in-state and funeral. He announced the schedule for dignitaries who would pay their respects at the bier of the assassinated President, but he couldn't bring himself to use any such expression. He kept referring to "visiting the President"—as if John F. Kennedy were still alive.

*It was March, 1962. The President said, "I guess we're a pretty unusual and close-knit family. Even our in-laws turn out to be just like us."*

Ethel Kennedy went over to the White House as soon as she was sure her husband and children were all right. A friend says, "She was like an efficient mother hen, taking care of all the little onerous details. She was the only one to show anger about what had happened. She could have led a battalion of troops into battle."

Joan Kennedy, wife of Sen. Edward (Teddy) Kennedy, was in the Elizabeth Arden beauty salon in Washington when the news of the President's assassination was flashed. No one in the shop wanted to tell her. One of the girls in the salon explained later, "We knew Mrs. Kennedy had driven here alone and we were afraid she wouldn't be in shape to get home." So Joan left the shop and heard the news from a crowd on the street in front of a storefront television set. She phoned her husband, drove home and in less than an hour she was accompanying him resolutely to Hyannis Port to be with his parents.

In Hyannis Port, Mrs. Rose Kennedy took the news well. She is reported to have said, "This is the third child I've lost. I've learned to be brave and to put my faith in the will of God." Her husband, former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, was not told until the next day. The elder Kennedy, now 75 and still suffering the effects of a crippling stroke, had been attended by day and night nurses for the preceding two weeks, and the family had fears that the news would have serious effects on his condition. But the fears were groundless. He was stoic. There were fears, too, for Pat Lawford. She is the most emotional of the Kennedy clan, so much so that she is known to her brothers and sisters as "Rubber Face." But Pat conformed to the example set by the others.

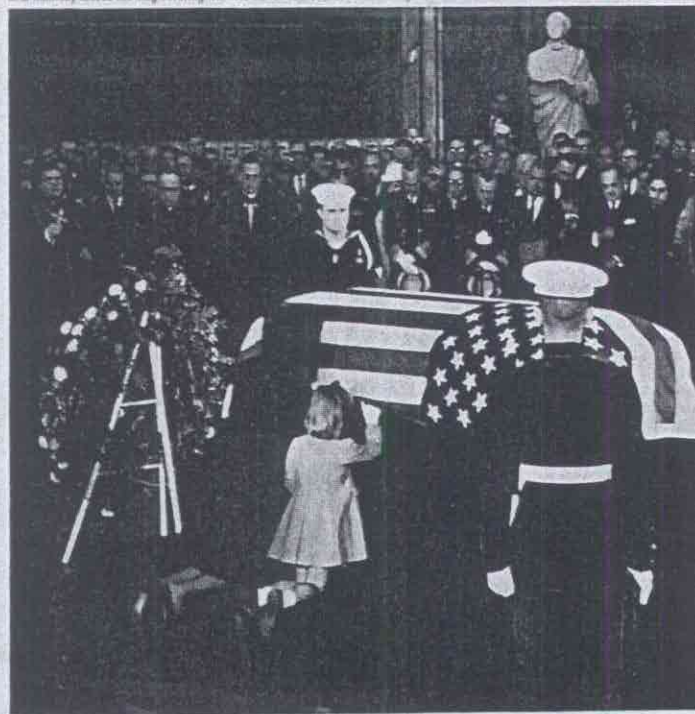
Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, husband of the late President's sister Eunice, had one of the most trying times of all. He made all the funeral arrangements, spoke continually with Government dignitaries and took his turn with Bob Kennedy, Pat Lawford and Steve and Jean Smith in the East Room receiving distinguished mourners who came to pay their respects.

Then Shriver supervised the removal of the President's personal effects from the Oval Room office. He watched the books go, then the paintings, then the ship models, then the files. Last to go were John F. Kennedy's two rocking chairs.

It was only then—as the chairs disappeared on furniture dollies—that a member of the family finally broke down. Shriver wept openly for about five minutes. Then he dried his eyes and rejoined the courageous group upstairs.

No one knew he had cried. THE END

Mrs. Kennedy kisses the flag covering her late husband's casket as her daughter Caroline kneels beside her in the Capitol rotunda.





Mrs. Kennedy's courage has surprised everyone but the family. Five years ago her husband said, "When things get rough, she can handle herself pretty well."





• Historic assemblage marches behind caisson to funeral Mass in Washington.



# THE NEW PRESIDENT



(Continued from page 20)

now become, there was a line on the racial issue, which he could not overstep, but there never have been any considerable number of Negroes in Johnson's part of Texas, and the southern attitude on the racial issue is not bred in Johnson's bones, as it is bred in the bones of a Russell or a Talnadge.

The first meaningful civil-rights bill since the Civil War was passed when Johnson was Majority Leader. As Vice President, Johnson took a consistently pro-civil-rights position. Partly, this was no doubt for political reasons. Johnson intended to make a hard try for the nomination in 1968, and he was quite aware that the "lib-labs"—labor, the liberal intellectuals, the pro-civil-rights groups generally—exercise a veto power at Democratic conventions. And they would certainly veto any Southerner with southern views on the racial issue. But it is always a mistake to be too cynical about the motivations of a politician, especially if that politician is, as Johnson is today, a President who wants desperately to go down in history as a great President.

Johnson's favorite quotation is from Isaiah: "Come now, let us reason together," and bridging seemingly unbridgeable chasms between seemingly irreconcilable viewpoints was his specialty as Majority Leader. Johnson is not going to "solve" the racial problem, because there is no "solution" to the problem. But Johnson has a better opportunity to contain the racial crisis, to find for the nation a way of living with the insoluble, than his brilliant predecessor had.

In other respects, Johnson will no doubt simply hew to the Kennedy line in the eleven months that remain before the election. If he is elected in his own right next November, it seems a good guess that he will be in most respects only a couple of hairs to the right of Kennedy, who was, despite the ideological idiocies voiced by the extreme right, the most conservative Democratic President since Grover Cleveland.

The real difference between Johnson's Washington and Kennedy's Washington is likely to be more a difference of style than of ideology. Although they came to have a real affection for each other, it is hard to imagine any two men more different than Johnson and Kennedy. Kennedy's Washington had an elegance and an intellectual quality which Johnson's Washington will certainly lack. But there are other qualities which Johnson's Washington is likely to have.

Again, the LBJ Ranch is the key to an understanding of the very special Johnson style. The Johnson style derives in part from the forts, and in part from the swimming pool.

Lyndon Johnson loves to slow the forts to visitors to the LBJ Ranch. There are two of them, small, shaped like beehives, with a double thickness of stone, and thin slits for rifle fire. They were built about 100 years ago by Samuel Ealy Johnson, the President's great-grandfather, to protect the settlers of Johnson

City from Indian raids. Johnson likes to tell how his grandmother—his grandmother, not some distant ancestor—saved her life during an Indian raid by hiding in a flour barrel.

Those forts are symbols of something that is no more than a legend: a distant folk memory, in older parts of the country—the vanished American frontier. The frontier has vanished from Johnson City, too, but it is still a living memory. The closeness of his frontier background explains a lot about Lyndon Johnson.

Johnson is a very elegant dresser—he goes in for silk ties, and long, single-breasted suits with very full skirts. But beneath this elegant—indeed, over-elegant—exterior, there is a lot of the frontiersman left. Johnson can be very rough and very rude when he is provoked, and he has odd personal habits—for example, he has a tendency, which he will presumably control at state dinners, to pull up his shirt at the dining table, and scratch his belly in a thoughtful fashion. But the real mark of the frontiersman in Johnson

is the restless hopefulness of the man, the undefeated quality.

The pool is also part of the Johnson style. The pool is large, luxurious, and permanently heated, so that Johnson and the endless stream of visitors to the LBJ Ranch can take a dip even in January. It is equipped with numerous telephone outlets, so that Johnson, a compulsive user of the telephone, can make calls even when immersed. Piped-in music soothes the nerves of the bathers, who usually include two or three decorative young ladies. Behind the pool there is a garage with space for no fewer than 11 vehicles.

The pool, in short, is modern Texas, oil Texas, millionaire Texas. This Texas society, in which Johnson has lived and breathed and had his being, is a vigorous, hard-driving, but far from intellectual society, in which success is the purpose of life, and money is its measure. This environment is as much a part of Johnson as the frontier. Johnson may well offend his fellow Texans by his stand on civil rights. He is, however, very unlikely to offend them by his stand on the oil-depletion allowance.

In fact, the people Johnson is most likely to offend are the "lib-labs." The liberal intellectuals, whose power in the Democratic Party is waning but still formidable, have never cottoned to Lyndon Johnson, even though he has generally supported the liberal line. The basic reason for their dislike is, again, a matter of style. Johnson is an intelligent man, but unlike President Kennedy he is in no sense an intellectual. The difference between Kennedy's intellectual background and Johnson's is the difference between Harvard and Southwest State Teachers College, which is Johnson's alma mater. Academic and intellectual types usually feel uncomfortable with Johnson, and he with them.

In terms of style, in fact, Lyndon Johnson has more in common with another nonintellectual President, Harry S. Truman, than with his immediate predecessor. Like Truman, Johnson has a homely turn of phrase, and a tendency to see complex matters in simple, basic, human terms. Here, for example, is Johnson on the subject of foreign policy:

"The real danger is that the other side is going to underestimate us—it's happened before. The danger is they'll think we're fat and fifty and fighting among ourselves about free enterprise and socialism and all that. We might mislead them, so they'll think these Americans are just the country-club crowd. That's a mistake our enemies have made before.

"I remember in school in Johnson City, there was a school bully, like there is in every school. There was one boy he used to pick on all the time; he'd follow him home from school, slapping and kicking him, sometimes right up to his front porch. This boy's mother had told him it was a bad thing to fight, and we all thought he was a sort of mother's boy, a Sunday-school boy. But one day he decided he'd had enough. He turned on the bully on the road from school, and he got him down, and he began to hit his

## "HE OUGHT TO TRY TO SLOW UP."

Lyndon Johnson made such a complete recovery from his 1955 heart attack that "you'd never suspect, from an examination, that he had one."

This sum-up of the new President's state of health comes from his friend and fellow Texan, Dr. James C. Cain, specialist in internal medicine at the Mayo Clinic. Doctor Cain, who recently visited the Johnsons in Washington, said, "His general health has been excellent, and I think we should be reassured on this point; we are in good hands with him."

Mr. Johnson suffered a moderately severe coronary attack on July 2, 1955, while visiting a friend in Middleburg, Va. He was immediately driven to the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Md. There he was attended by Dr. John Willis Hurst, then a lieutenant commander and chief of cardiology at the hospital, and now at Emory University Hospital, Atlanta. Doctor Cain flew to Bethesda to assist in the treatment of his old friend.

Explaining the coronary attack, Doctor Cain reported that "Mr. Johnson has had a myocardial infarction of a moderately severe nature. He was quite critically ill immediately following the attack, but his recovery has been satisfactory."

Mr. Johnson was discharged from the Naval Hospital on August 7, 1955, with the report that there had been "no complications [during the last month]" and that he "has made steady improvement." Senator Johnson told reporters Doctor Hurst expected him to be "as good as new in January," when Congress reassembled. Johnson flew to his Texas ranch later in August, accompanied by Doctor Hurst.

Senator Johnson was a good patient. "I've treated my health problem like any other job that had to be done," he said, "and the doctors think I've made a perfect recovery." His blood pressure remained down at 115/75, which is on the low normal side. And he was so proud of his electrocardiograph record, which doctors interpreted as normal, that he frequently pulled it out of his pocket and showed it around to his friends.

Discussing the management of the acute attack, Doctor Cain recalled that Mr. Johnson had been placed briefly on anticoagulants. President Eisenhower was kept on anticoagulants for a long time, but Mr. Johnson "has not taken them since the week of the attack itself," Doctor Cain said. "Nor has he taken digitalis or any other medicine for his heart. The length of time which has elapsed without a recurrence is most encouraging. It has been more than eight years."

Mr. Johnson used to smoke three packs of cigarettes a day. "He's cut them out," the Mayo physician said, "and he has pared his weight down from about 225 to under 200. It goes up and down, of course, as it does for many of us. He was down to 185 at one time, and that's very trim for a man who stands six feet three. He took naps for a while, but I don't believe he does that anymore."

From time to time President Johnson has been bothered by kidney stones. While these are extremely painful they do not threaten the patient's life unless a stone formation is so extensive as to destroy a large part of the kidney. Mr. Johnson suffered an attack while he was campaigning for the Senate in 1948. The stone was removed from the ureter by manipulation at the Mayo Clinic. In the spring of 1955 he suffered a more severe attack, and this time Mayo doctors performed surgery to remove the stone.

"However, in spite of these attacks I would say President Johnson's health has been excellent," Doctor Cain observed. "Nobody has a worse job than the President, and my only advice to him has been that he ought to try to slow up, but he continues to burn the candle at both ends."

This appraisal is echoed by Doctor Hurst, who flew to Washington a few hours after Mr. Johnson took the oath of office, and gave the new President a physical checkup.

"He is a very active and vigorous man," said Doctor Hurst, "and he has done very well. From a health standpoint, I would say that he has no problems."

THE END

# ALSOP INTERVIEWS L.B.J.

*Was it a bad heart attack? "As bad an attack as you can have, and still live."*

At the height of his power as majority leader of the U.S. Senate, Lyndon B. Johnson talked at length with Stewart Alsop, Washington editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Although parts of the talk were published at the time, the interview takes on a new significance today, for it provides a remarkable insight into the thinking of the 36th President of the United States.

Q.—Some say you're a mixture of your mother's family, mostly teachers and ministers, and your father's family, frontiersmen, politicians and men of action. Is that accurate?

L.B.J.—Well, there's some of that. But my daddy was a teacher too, and a successful businessman.

Q.—What was he like?

L.B.J.—He looked like me, only he was better looking. Six foot two, with coal-black hair, quick in his movements, an excellent rider. He was a warm man, he loved people, while my mother was sort of aloof.

I remember once on Christmas Eve we were all sitting down for dinner, when a road hand came in with his seven children and a cake for my daddy, to express his affection. It was a green cake, I remember, and terrible tasting—nobody could eat it. My mother said, "Oh my goodness," and she wasn't pleased at all, to have our Christmas Eve dinner broken up that way, but my daddy was very pleased and told them all to come right in. A warm man he was, and he loved to be with people.

Mother's people were Baptists, mostly, teachers and preachers. She took after them. She was a writer, she wrote a lot for the papers, and I suppose I took after her—I was editor of the college paper. Mother taught speech, and so did I.

Q.—Weren't you a debater?

L.B.J.—Yes, sir, we won sixty-five or sixty-six debates, only lost the last one. We won the city and the county championship, but we lost the state [championship], by a vote of the judges of three to two. We were on the wrong side—we had the affirmative in "Resolved, that the jury system ought to be abolished." I was so disappointed I went right into the bathroom and was sick.

Q.—Your mother has written that there was a time after you graduated from high school, a time of indecision. I think she calls it, when she was unhappy about you.

L.B.J.—Yes, I went out to California, for two years; that was in 1924 to about 1926. I lived sort of from hand to mouth, washing cars, doing

odd jobs. Then I came back home, and for a while I worked on the road gang. But my mother was always after me to get an education, and finally I said I would go to college. I had to do six weeks' high-school work to get ready for the college entrance exam—and I made all A's in the end, except for plane geometry. My mother worked with me all night before the geometry exam, and I got a seventy, just passing—I'm not sure yet whether I really passed. Then in college I went through the course in less than three years. In college I never let daylight catch me in bed. I lived and slept in the president's garage, on a cot. I had about five different jobs, janitorial, working for the president, selling silk socks, and so on, and when I graduated I had \$200 in the bank.

Q.—What does your extraordinary drive come from?

L.B.J.—Well, I suppose you'd call it pride. Some people have it in an unusual degree. For me there has been more satisfaction in politics than in anything else. I've always wished Lady Bird and I had a son; if we had a boy, I'd want him to be a politician, or a teacher or a preacher. Or maybe a writer or a publisher. But someone who deals with other people, who has an influence on the course of events. I get more satisfaction out of doing things for people than anything else.

Q.—The liberals say you're too conservative, and the conservatives say you're too liberal. How would you define your political position?

L.B.J.—Well, I like to think I'm a liberal without being a radical. To put it another way, I always want to keep moving—but not with both feet off the ground at the same time.

Q.—Have you become more conservative since you entered politics?

L.B.J.—Well, any man learns with experience. I've had ten years in the House, and ten in the Senate, and one thing you learn by experience is that politics is about people. The greatest good for the greatest number. I believe strongly in our system of checks and balances—otherwise a simple numerical majority might get out of hand. But I've always thought I had a social conscience. I ought to have—I know what it is to be poor. And I know one thing—you don't want to sit on your hands; you have to keep moving forward. If there's something that has to be done, the Republicans always have reasons why you can't do it now—it's too hot, it's too cold, it's raining too hard. Sometimes you get a little impatient.

Q.—Tell me about your heart attack in '55—exactly what happened?

L.B.J.—Well, I'd had a terrible day. It was Saturday, July second, and my daughter Lucy's birthday. I was going to George Brown's place in Virginia that night [Brown is a Texas contractor] to spend the Fourth of July weekend, Saturday's my cleanup day, when I do things I can't get done the rest of the week. First there was a press conference in the morning, and there was a new man there. This new man asked me about the immigration bill, when it would be passed and so on. I thought a minute, and said I really didn't know just where the bill stood. This new man said that it seemed to him "passing strange" the majority leader wouldn't know the facts about the immigration bill, and right then I blew my top. I said it seemed passing strange to me that when I did a newspaperman the courtesy of inviting him into my office and giving him the facts as far as I knew them that he should question my motives. "As far as I'm concerned in the future," I told this man, "you've had it." I was really angry. I remember an old friend saying, "Lyndon, you're tired, you'd better go on home and have a good rest over the weekend."

I'm always pressed for time—an hour late and a dollar short, that's the way I've been all my life. But I remember that day I had the feeling that I had a million things to do and I couldn't possibly do them all, a feeling of terrible pressure. I remember buying a couple of suits, a brown one and a blue one—I'd been wearing those old seersucker suits, and they looked terrible, and my wife had been after me, asking me when I was going to get some new suits. There were a lot of other things. Then I got a message that Senator Walter George had called me. The senator was feeling pretty sick, and Miss Lucy thought it would cheer him up if I dropped in on him, so I did so just before I left for Virginia in the late afternoon. He offered me a drink, and I refused it. I've wondered since if it would have helped if I'd had the drink. Maybe not.

On the way to Virginia I was alone in the car with the driver, Norman Edwards. I remember suddenly it began to seem terribly close, and I told Norman to turn on the air conditioner. He said it already was on, and I said to turn it on full steam, and he said it was already on full steam and was getting very cold.

I was an hour late, and I was trying to make it, and there was this sense of pressure. My chest hurt and I thought to myself, if only I hadn't eaten that cantaloupe at lunch. About twenty miles away from George Brown's

place, my chest really began to hurt, as though there were two hundred pounds on it. Then I belched a little, and felt better. But when we arrived I told Norman I didn't feel well, and to stay around for a bit, because I might have to go back. Well, I had some baking soda—all along I thought I had indigestion—and I went to bed. But then I got this feeling that I couldn't breathe.

Clint Anderson—Senator Anderson—was there too, and he said, "Lyndon, I think you may be having a heart attack." He'd had one himself. I said, "Don't scare me, Clint," but he was serious, and we sent for the doctor. He thought I was having a heart attack too. He said, "You'll probably go into deep shock in about one and a half hours, which just gives us time to get you back into town."

Well, I told them to call Lady Bird, and tell her to come to the hospital, and also Skeeter Johnston [Secretary of the Senate], and George Reedy [Lyndon Johnson's assistant] and Doctor Thompson, my personal doctor. On the road in, I still felt as though I had someone stepping on me, but I was able to talk all right. I got out a cigarette. I remember, and the doctor told me to put it away, but I said, "Let me have just one more and then I'll never have another." So I had that cigarette, and it's the last I've ever had. So when I got to the hospital, they were all there. I gave Bird my keys, and the money out of my pocket. I told Skeeter Johnston to call Earle Clements, who was the whip then, and tell him to take over the leadership for the rest of the session. Then I began to go into shock.

Q.—How did that feel?

L.B.J.—Well, I felt sort of addled. I was conscious part of the time, or half-conscious anyway.

Q.—Was it a bad heart attack?

L.B.J.—As bad an attack as you can have, and still live. But I've recovered completely—and really completely. The cardiogram shows absolutely no evidence of damage at all. I've got several thousand dollars' worth of insurance since the attack—and the insurance companies aren't in the business of giving money away.

Q.—Do you ever have any regrets?

L.B.J.—No, I have no regrets. There's more satisfaction in doing things for people than in anything else, and that's what politics is all about. You get a sense of achievement if you do your job well. . . . I can put my political philosophy in three sentences. First, I'm a free man. Second, I'm an American. Third, I'm a Democrat—in that order. THE END

## FOR THE PRESENT HE WILL JUST HEW TO THE KENNEDY LINE.

### THE NEW PRESIDENT



Recent tragedy haunts every face as Johnson, flanked by past and present first ladies, takes oath of office.



Moments after the swearing in, Texas Congressman Albert Thomas tries to console grief-stricken Mrs. Kennedy.

head on the concrete, till his brains almost spilled out. That bully was very different after that. But the chances are he'd never have bullied this quiet boy in the first place if he'd known what was going to happen."

As President, Lyndon Johnson certainly will not permit the United States to be bullied. Ever since his political "Daddy," Franklin Roosevelt, fitnagled a place for him on the Naval Affairs Committee as a freshman congressman in 1937, defense has been a Johnson specialty, and he has consistently favored a strong defense. His voting record in the House and Senate was that of a moderate internationalist in foreign policy.

Even so, one of the most effective arguments against his presidential candidacy in 1960 was that Johnson was essentially a "parochial politician," in Walter Lippmann's phrase. Until he became Vice President, his knowledge of the world outside the United States was, to say the least, limited. But in the last three years Johnson has been taking a sort of foreign-policy cream course. He has made several trips abroad, and as a member of the National Security Council he has participated in all the major foreign-policy decisions, including last year's decision to face down Khrushchev in Cuba.

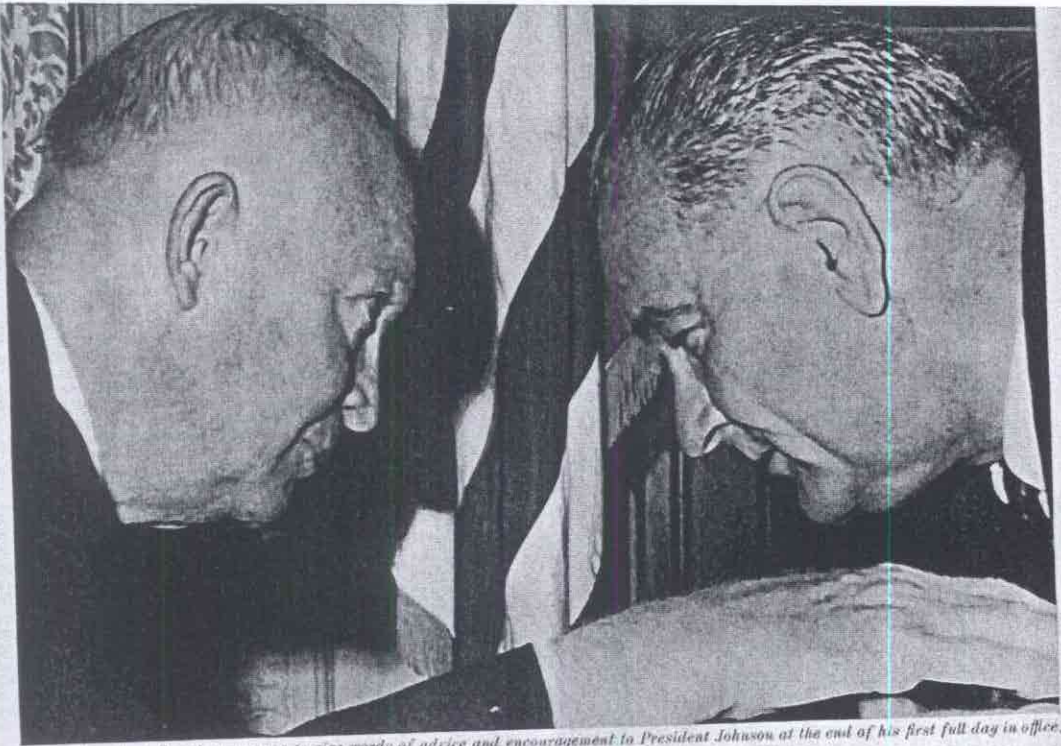
It will be interesting to see the personal style of Lyndon Johnson, as President, applied to foreign policy. A meeting between President Johnson and Chairman Khrushchev, for example, would be a peculiarly fascinating occasion, particularly if Johnson administered what was known in Johnson's Senate days as "Lyndon's Treatment A."

Treatment A was the Majority Leader's secret weapon for use against recalcitrant senators. He also used it, on occasion, on reporters, including this one. I had written a couple of sentences critical of Johnson in a newspaper article. For this magazine, I later described what happened in his office:

"The Majority Leader was, it seemed, in a relaxed, friendly, reminiscent mood. But by gradual stages this mood gave way to something rather like a human hurricane. Johnson was up, striding about his office, talking without pause, occasionally leaning over, his nose almost touching the reporter's, to shake the reporter's shoulder or grab his knee. Secretaries were rung for. Memoranda appeared and then more memoranda, as well as letters, newspaper articles, and unidentifiable scraps of paper, which were proffered in quick succession and then snatched away. Appeals were made, to the Almighty, to the shades of the departed great, to the reporter's finer instincts and better nature, while the reporter, unable to get a word in edgewise, sat collapsed upon a leather sofa, eyes glazed, mouth half open. Treatment A ended a full two hours later, when the Majority Leader, a friendly arm around the shoulder of the dazed journalist, ushered him into the outer office."

As Treatment A demonstrates, our new President is an extraordinary man, in the literal meaning of that word. In every way, he is out of the ordinary.

His drive is extraordinary. Every politician who gets to the top of the political heap has great dynamism, but at least in the past there has been something almost frenetic about Johnson's drive to power—"I'm always pressed for time," he has said. "An hour late and a dollar short,



Former President Eisenhower comes to give words of advice and encouragement to President Johnson at the end of his first full day in office.



Former President Truman, too, pays his respects to a fellow ex-senator.

#### THE NEW PRESIDENT

that's the way I've been all my life." Ever since he was a boy, he has been driven by a need to succeed. "My daddy used to wake me up at dawn," he has said, "and shake my leg and say, 'Lyndon, every boy in town's got an hour's head start on you.'"

He has been trying to catch up ever since. The pressure to catch up certainly helped cause the massive heart attack—"as bad as you can have and live," by his own account—which he suffered in 1955. Ever since the heart attack, from which he has staged a complete recovery, he has been trying to slow down. The effort is sometimes visible—Johnson will suddenly and abruptly halt the flood of his talk, lie back in his chair, gaze contemplatively at the ceiling, and scratch his stomach. But these moments of conscious relaxation rarely last long, and Johnson is soon striding restlessly about again, the floodgates of his conversation opened wide.

There are other ways in which Johnson is extraordinary. He is extraordinarily sensitive. An unfriendly story in the press will plunge him into gloom. This extreme sensitivity could be a serious weakness in the new President, for criticism, sometimes brutal and unfair, is the lot of every President.

He is extraordinarily proud. Sometimes his pride can degenerate into mere vanity, as evidenced by the endless proliferation of his initials, which are attached to his wife, his two daughters, his ranch, and even his dog. But in its es-

sence Johnson's pride is admirable, a pride in achievement, a love of excellence.

Johnson is also an extraordinarily likable man. His charm is not, to be sure, universal in its effect. But Sen. Earle Clements of Kentucky was not greatly exaggerating when, after Johnson's heart attack, he paid this tribute to Johnson: "I doubt if there is a member of the Senate, on either side of the aisle, who does not look on Johnson as a friend."

Johnson is a witty man, a good storyteller, and a fine mimic—his imitations of politicians he dislikes are sidesplitting. But the chief secret of his talent for friendship is a certain warmhearted and oddly boyish exuberance. Like other successful politicians—Winston Churchill and Theodore Roosevelt are examples—Johnson has never quite grown up.

Finally, as John F. Kennedy's casual remark suggests, Lyndon Johnson is a man of extraordinary ability. When he was Majority Leader, there was something magical about his performance—no one was ever quite able to explain how Johnson worked his legislative miracles. A devoutly loyal staff and a good intelligence system were part of the answer—and in the White House, Johnson will certainly insist on both. A certain restlessness was another part of the answer. But there was something else as well—an X quality, something undefinable.

"I don't quite know why it is," an old friend of Johnson has said, "but whatever Lyndon really wants, he gets in the end." And getting what he wants is a useful quality for a President of the United States to have.

THE END





*Looking somber under the burden of his suddenly acquired responsibilities, President Johnson strides between the White House and his former offices.*

EDITORIAL



And when he fell in whirlwind, he went  
down

As when a lordly cedar, green with  
boughs,

Goes down with a great shout upon the  
hills,

And leaves a lonesome place against the  
sky.

*—Edwin Markham on the assassination of A. Lincoln*