

d out of his nose. He was  
 rplexed, which Shanklin in-

thing, but you know how  
 I knew who those "people"  
 iday morning quarterback-  
 the higher-ups sure to run

bout it, I began tearing up  
 Shanklin and Howe.  
 unt to see them again. Now

partially torn papers. Kyle  
 is office next to Shanklin's.  
 office, I saw him look up  
 Clark jumped up and went

oying the papers. I walked  
 e. In fact, I thought, if I was

wn half a flight of stairs to  
 is. I walked into the empty

es. I tore the papers into  
 of paper into the toilet. I  
 remnants of Oswald's note  
 I whirlpool of water. Then

: I hoped the cliché didn't

r to my desk, sat down, and  
 was no doubt that this note  
 m finding out about it. If  
 wn up, and probably done  
 at Shanklin was operating  
 ne back at headquarters. I  
 y Shanklin would have or-  
 had first had some kind of  
 give such an order without

n eighteen-year-old, one of

the first lessons I learned was that in battle a private had to blindly obey orders. He had to have full faith that the commander who gave the order knew what he was doing. The theory was that while it might appear to the GI in the trenches that the order was wrong or ill-conceived, he had to understand that he was only aware of his immediate surroundings, whereas the commander had a full view of the battlefield. When receiving an order, a private also 'didn't ask the colonel which general gave the order, or whether the colonel had given the order himself.

In many ways, the FBI was like the military, and I knew that the top brass back at headquarters had a full view of the battlefield. I also knew that Oswald had had some recent contacts with the Soviets, and therefore deduced that this whole sorry matter must have some serious international implications. I didn't know what was going on back in Washington, but Shanklin did. Something was afoot, and it smelled like cover-up.

At my desk, I said a prayer. I prayed that the people back in Washington knew what the hell they were doing.

TIME: 8:00 P.M.

All the agents had gathered for our meeting with Shanklin. Everyone was looking beleaguered, if not flat-out exhausted. We were a haggard bunch of men, but we were also a tight bunch of men, much like a fraternity. We stuck together and tried to look out for one another. Agents were also constantly sharing information, and everyone had a tidbit of unbelievable information they had come across the past few days.

One of our agents, Charlie Brown, said that when he heard over the radio that Oswald had been shot and was being transported to Parkland Hospital, he had turned his car around and dashed over there. When he arrived, emergency room personnel had wheeled Oswald into the operating room where the doctors were preparing to perform emergency surgery on the single gunshot wound to his chest. As Brown watched various doctors and nurses scrubbing up and gathering outside the operating room, he approached one of the younger doctors. He identified himself and told the doctor he needed to get in that room and stay next to Oswald in case he wanted to make a confession. No way, you can't go in there, the doctor replied. Brown persisted, telling the doctor that Oswald was charged with killing the president and that he had to stay near him in case he confessed. Finally the doctor agreed, but told Brown he would have to scrub up and put on a gown and mask.