The hands of the clock on the wall in Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas were at 12:46 p.m., when Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman came into the emergency room where a team of doctors had been struggling to save the life of President John F. Kennedy. A sheet had been pulled up over Kennedy's head as he lay on a table. The sheet wasn't long enough. The President's shinbones and feet gleamed under the overhead light. Kellerman looked at Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, who sat in the outer room. He looked at the doctors, and at the white-shrouded body on the table. Kellerman went back out into the hall and ordered a fellow agent, Clint Hill, to telephone Gerald Balm, chief of the Secret Service's White House detail in Washington. Kellerman said, "Tell Jerry that this is not for release and not official, but the man is dead."

While Kennedy's death was known to a select few, it was not known to Kennedy's successor, Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson, seated with Mrs. Johnson in Booth 13, a hospital cubicle 35 feet away from the room in which Kennedy's body lay. In that room, Dr. Kemp Clark signed the death certificate and gave it to Kennedy's personal physician, Dr. George Burkley. And an FBI man grabbed Parkland's administrators, Jack Price, and said: "Don't let anybody know what time the President died."

A few minutes before, Kennedy aide Kenneth O'Donnell had peeked in at the Johnsons. "It looks bad," O'Donnell had said, "perhaps fatal. I'll keep you informed." But Johnson had not been informed. Now, with Kennedy dead, who commanded the power of the United States? For one thing, where was the Bag Man, U.S. Army Warrant Officer Ira Gearhart? Gearhart was never supposed to be more than a few seconds from the side of the President, because in his attaché case with its safe dial was the electronic apparatus with which the President could call, in code, for a nuclear attack.

The Bag Man hurried to Johnson in Booth 13, but the Secret Service men didn't know him and couldn't identify him. They saw him with the satchel, and shoved him into Booth 8, where he remained under the watchful eye of an agent until Emory Roberts of the Secret Service came in and verified him as the Bag Man.

"THE DAY J.F.K. DIED" BY JIM BISHOP

Never before had Lyndon Johnson told how he felt and what really happened to him on that catastrophic day when he was suddenly President. Now, he has confided in Jim Bishop, author of "The Day Christ Died" and "The Day Lincoln Was Shot." It was an anguished, historic confrontation: "I am grateful to President Johnson for a private interview on the assassination," says Mr. Bishop. "It was the first time he had discussed it and, from the manner in which it affected him, it may be the last."
Kennedy had been summed up in a sentence years before: "She was a girl who was born to govern."

Nurse Youngblood and Roberts agreed that perhaps it was best to get Johnson out of the hospital at once and hurry him off to Air Force One, the Presidential jet, which was waiting at Dallas Love Field.

The smooth continuation of government depended on Johnson. They had to keep him alive. The Republic was in his hands, and, no matter how, the nation had to protect him and get him back to Washington safely.

Johnson's guards told him little. He kept asking for President Kennedy, asking if it was all right to go on, and was received suggestions in reply. Emory Roberts said, "I do not think the President can make it. I suggest we get out of Dallas." Youngblood asked Johnson to "think it over. We may have to swear you in." The Vice President held his wife's hand, trying to infuse her with courage. Only she and Cliff Carter, his Executive Assistant, knew that Johnson had never really aspired to be President.

Now Lyndon Johnson was President, but he did not know it. To keep him safe in that little hospital cubbyhole, Congressmen and Secret Service agents kept reminding Johnson that the assassination attempt could well be part of a much bigger day of terror. Johnson began to believe it.

Agent Roberts suggested that Johnson leave at once for Air Force One. Johnson refused to move.

Roberts returned to O'Donnell and asked again: "Is it all right for Mr. Johnson to board Air Force One now?"

"Yes," O'Donnell said, "yes."

Mrs. Johnson asked if she could stop a moment and see Mrs. Kennedy again. Lady Bird Johnson had seen Mrs. Kennedy a few minutes before, in the room outside the room where doctors were working frantically on Mr. Kennedy.

Mrs. Kennedy's opinion of Mrs. Johnson had also been summed up long ago: "If Lyndon asks, I think Lady Bird would walk down Pennsylvania Avenue naked."

No one spoke. There was nothing worth saying. No miracle could repair the personal wound.

Mrs. Johnson began to weep. She grabbed Mrs. Kennedy and said: "Jackie, I wish you knew what I wish it was all over with. I wish there was something I could do." Then Lady Bird Johnson walked away, looking back and shaking her head and wiping her eyes.

With President Kennedy's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, away on a diplomatic mission to the Far East, Salinger's duties had been taken on by his assistant, Malcolm (Mac) Kilduff, who walked directly through the hospital until he met Kenneth O'Donnell.

"Kennedy," said Kilduff, "this is a terrible time to approach you on this, but the world has got to know that President Kennedy is dead." O'Donnell looked surprised. "Well, don't they know it already?" To him, President Kennedy seemed to have died a long, long time ago.

"Well, you are going to have to make the announcement," O'Donnell finally told Kilduff. O'Donnell became conscious of a new order of things. "Go ahead, but you better check it with Mr. Johnson," he added. Kilduff nodded.

Kilduff found the new President sitting on an ambulance cot, his legs dangling, looking moodily at the floor. Kilduff swallowed hard and said: "Mr. President... Mr. Johnson held a hand against her mouth. This was the first time Lyndon Baines Johnson had been so addressed; it was the first time he knew that he was the Thirty-Sixth President of the United States.

"Mr. President," Kilduff said, "I have to announce the deprivation."

Johnson hopped off the cot and jiggled a hand in his trouser pocket. "No, Mac," he said. "I think we had better get out of here. I don't get back to the plane before you announce it. We don't know whether this is a world-wide conspiracy." O'Donnell, quoting Emory Roberts and Rufus Youngblood, "whether they are after me as they were after President Kennedy, or whether they are after Speaker McCormack or Senator Hayden." (Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusets and Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona.)
Johnson looked at the Secret Service agents. "I think we had better wait a minute. Are they prepared to get me out of here without anything happening?"

Kilduff went to discuss the matter with Roy Kellerman. If this was a plot, a conspiracy of some dimensions, Kellerman said, he would feel better if they got Johnson back on the plane. Robert and Youngblood wanted him to get aboard Air Force One and fly at once to the White House. The plane had brand-new, highly sophisticated equipment, some of which was directly related to the Bag Man. The Vice President's plane did not have this equipment.

Kilduff left. In his subsequent announcement, he gave the time of Kennedy's death as 1 P.M. Actually, Kennedy died at least 16 minutes earlier. When Roy Kellerman of the Secret Service entered the room at 12:46, Kennedy was already dead. This was corroborated by Father Huber, the Roman Catholic priest who administered the last rites. When Father Huber reached Kennedy's side, it was 12:49—and the President's face was covered by a sheet. The priest saw Mrs. Kennedy and said, "Mrs. Kennedy, my sincerest sympathy goes to you." Then he peeled the sheet back from Kennedy's head. The President's eyes were closed.

The Catholic Church maintains that the sacrament of Extreme Unction is not valid if the person is not conscious, but Father Huber gave the last rites anyway. As he left, Mrs. Kennedy took his arm. "Father," she said, obviously frightened, "do you think the sacrament had effect?"

"Oh, yes," the priest said reassuringly. "Yes, indeed."

Outside the room, two Secret Service men took Father Huber by the arm. "Father," one said, "you don't know anything." Huber understood. Kennedy was dead, but nobody was to know. The priest promised not to tell. As he emerged, reporters engulfed him with questions about the President's condition. Begging God's forgiveness for what he was about to say, the priest replied, "He was unconscious."

Then, did the official announcement say Kennedy died at 1 P.M.? The inaccuracy can probably be attributed to Mrs. Kennedy's desire to make it clear that the President had received the last rites of his church before he died.

With Kennedy dead, Lyndon Johnson's cathode became the center of power. Ken O'Donnell came to see Johnson. The new President was still unsure of himself. He had become the only President who ever witnessed the assassination of his predecessor, and it was too much for one set of shoulders to bear. At times, his ideas had been treated with contempt by Kennedy's palace guard; now the palace guard attended him and called him "Mr. President."

The President asked O'Donnell if it might not be best to issue Air Force One as the new official Air Force Base. It was military; security would be easy. No, it would not be better. Carew was 31 miles away. No, Mr. President, the safest course would be to traverse those two miles from this hospital to Love Field. O'Donnell also pointed out that the short trip should be all the more secure because it was not scheduled. No one knew about it.

Part of Johnson's political philosophy was to seek intelligent help with the utmost candor. He knew O'Donnell was a "take-charge" man, and the new President looked him in the eye. "I am in your hands now," he said.

O'Donnell misunderstood. He thought that Johnson was asking for a pre-endorsement of his actions by the Kennedy group. To the contrary, Johnson was as dazed as any of the others, and in urgent need of good counsel.

"Well," Johnson said, "how about Mrs. Kennedy?"

"She will not leave the hospital," O'Donnell said, "without the President." There was no doubt about which President he meant.

Mrs. Johnson nodded approvingly when her husband said that he would go back without Mrs. Kennedy and the body of her husband. O'Donnell said that he still thought the best move would be for President Johnson and his "people" to get aboard that plane now. "I don't want to leave Mrs. Kennedy like this," Johnson said. Perhaps, he conceded, it would be just as well to wait for her on the plane.

Had O'Donnell been clear-headed, he would have recognized that, even though Johnson automatically assumed the burden of the Presidency the moment Kennedy was incapacitated by a rifle shot, he had none of the executive powers until he was sworn in. He was President, but could not act as one until that oath had been taken. It was printed in almost all almanacs and could be administered by a notary public. The loss cost the nation the services of a chief executive for two hours and five minutes. All Johnson had was the title.

The silence thickened. Johnson asked if he could see Mrs. Kennedy for a moment.

Agent Clint Hill shook his head negatively. "You should not leave this room, Mr. President."

The Secret Service advised Johnson to get aboard Air Force One at once, and to take off for Washington. Johnson was shocked. He asked where Mrs. Kennedy and the casket would go. "Air Force Two," they said, referring to the Vice Presidential plane. Morally, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson could not consider the proposal. They would not fly back to the capital alone, with a dead President and a grieving widow on a following plane. Johnson said that he would agree to get aboard Air Force One, but he would wait for President and Mrs. Kennedy's palace guard; now the palace guard attended him and called him "Mr. President."

That settled it. Agent Youngblood filled a gap of conversational vacuum by announcing that the Secret Service had located one. Johnson daughter, Lynda, and that she was now protected. The younger daughter, Luci, had been found in a Washington, D.C., school and was at her side.

The Johnsons realized that the country was certain to interpret a quick return to Washington as "leaving the body alone with the body of her husband. The President solicited advice from everyone around him, but no one thought of the oath.

If it occurred to the President, he did not mention it, for the same reason that he would not depart alone on Air Force One—it would look like a precipitous power grab. No one recited the substance of Article 2, Section 1 (7) of the Constitution of the United States, which is explicit: "In case of the removal of the President from office or of his death or resignation, the Vice President shall assume the powers and duties of the President." The President suggested that the party leave in unmarked cars. He did not want to have his wife risk her life with him, so he ordered her to ride in another vehicle. Agent Youngblood said: "Mr. President, if we're leaving now, I wish you'd stick close to me." Johnson was pressed between Youngblood and Kilduff. He kept glancing over their heads to Mrs. Johnson, to reassure her that it was going to be all right. Youngblood also ordered someone to keep his head below window level when he got into the car.

"Let's go," the President said, and the party whirled out of the area at top walking speed. To keep up, Mrs. Johnson had to run between Secret Service agents.

Out front, Agent Johns had three unmarked cars. There is something profoundly humiliating to see a President of the United States emerge from a building in an American city running in fear. Some people, looming at the bottom of the huge hospital building, became alert and shouted: "Tell us something!" "What the hell is going on?" "What happened?"

The party kept walking at top speed, the Secret Service agents running in front and some walking backward. The President jumped into the back seat of the lead car, driven by Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry, and shouted as low as a big man can. Youngblood sat beside him. Mrs. Johnson was shoved into the second car.

The ride amounted to flight. When the police escort started the sing, they had been told: "Tell them to shut those sirens off." Still, the wailing could be heard for a mile. It required two or three requests before they shut down.

The last part of the run was made at dangerous speed, and at the airport the President's jet had never looked so big, so friendly and so impregnable. There was no
time for farewells. The party hurried to the ramp and ran up into the plane without looking back.

The forward door on Air Force One was closed. A Secret Service man turned the handle inside and locked it. Another agent was stationed there, and still another at the rear ramp.

When Kennedy got aboard, he ordered all the shades drawn. The interior was hot and stuffy. The air conditioning had been shut down when the engines stopped. Kennedy and his party threaded the aisle through the communications shack, where sergeants with headsets crouched, looked up in wonderment as their new President passed. In the middle of the silvery wing was the door to the President's stateroom. An attendant held the door open, and the seal of the President alone in white.

The first sound inside was from the television set. Johnson looked up to see Walter Cronkite, in New York, discussing a dark deed in Dallas. The President shuddered everyone, hoping to hear something new about the extent of the assassination plot.

Mrs. Johnson walked aft to the bedroom with tears in her eyes. She alone had noticed the hospital flag at half staff, and it had crushed her with its finality.

The President left the television and walked toward the back of the plane. He instructed the stewardesses to hold the private bedroom for Mrs. Kennedy's use. However, Johnson quickly discovered that there was no other place from which he could make a private phone call. He asked one of his aids, who was merchants against the communications crew that he would be using the phone for a while.

One of the first calls was to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. This one required some thought. Johnson wanted to convey the depth of his personal loss as well as offering an office as President...

Mrs. Kennedy was nervous and distraught when she hung up her phone call, so she removed her jacket, tossed it on a clothes tree, and signaled the communications crew that he would be using the phone for a while.

The latest book, the newest song, the gossip of high society, the tales at the watering holes were daily food and drink to the Kennedys. To the contrary, it was said of Johnson that he could run a good suit of clothes merely by putting it on; his humor was a rough, Texas guffaw, and his wife enjoyed buying dresses from the rack. Mrs. Kennedy enjoyed her lack of knowledge of politics. Mrs. Johnson worked full time at her husband's assistant from the time he left the White House detail, she would be there in 10 minutes. The President said to please hurry, they wanted to take off for Washington. He hung up and told Agent Youngblood: "Check on the location of Mrs. Kennedy. Let me know when she will arrive."

An ambulance, its red blinker flashing, was coming into the airport. It was followed by two cars, all traveling at high speed. The President hoped to pull up at the rear ramp of AF-1, which opened promptly. A host of Secret Service men carried aboard the casket of John F. Kennedy.

The door slammed shut. The casket was dragged across the floor. Kennedy aide Larry O'Brien noticed that a space had been made for the coffin. He told the agents to secure it on the left side of the plane, barely inside the rear door. Mrs. Kennedy jumped into a seat at the breakfast nook opposite.

The passengers were growing in number. There was no passport control. People just walked in and out of the plane. Kennedy aide Larry O'Brien noticed that a space had been made for the coffin. He told the agents to secure it on the left side of the plane, barely inside the rear door. Mrs. Kennedy jumped into a seat at the breakfast nook opposite.

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sophisticated Kennedys were cut, a single blow had reversed the roles, and no one was prepared for it. No one said: "Now the Kennedy's, a whisper that Johnson and the Johnsons will move in," but the shock wave moved through Air Force One as the passengers sat in grovky meditation. The Special Counselor, General Godfrey McHugh, Kennedy's Air Force aide, said, "The President is absent," he asserted that there was only one who could win the race. Many of the passengers could not acknowledge Johnson's supremacy even to themselves.

The President sent the first lady retire from the air compartments and Johnson went into the private bedroom to make certain that Marie Fehmer and the oath typed correctly. He was barely in the chair when the door opened, and Mrs. Kennedy was in the doorway. She looked as though this was the final humiliation.

The President bent to his feet, asked Miss Fehmer to leave, and apologized to Mrs. Kennedy. He said he was checking something—"there's a little privacy here—and was leaving at once. He got out, he went into the main stateroom, the area of desks and couches and television sets, and Mrs. Kennedy disappeared into the lavatory.

Johnson knew that his standard would be gone in history as one of the most somber. His impulse was to have it done quickly and simply.

"Do we have to have the press in here?" he asked Kilduff. "Yes, Mr. President," Kilduff replied. "Also, Captain Stoughton should be here. He was in the room when the President stepped into the plane."

The President rubbed his big hand down the mouth of his face. "All right," he said. "Okay."

If we must have them, then we might as well invite the other people to come in and witness the ceremony.

The President summoned O'Donnell and O'Brien. The new President admired these men. He wasn't certain that they were superior to his own term, but he knew that Ken and Larry had spent almost three years at the highest level in the White House, and they had an intimate working knowledge of the Executive office—which he lacked. Johnston asked both men to remain in government.

"I need you more than I did," he said, jabbing his finger toward the basic of the plane. Birchman glanced at each other and said they would do it as though he ordered it.

O'Donnell was anxious for the plane to move in history as one of the most somber. His impulse was to have it done quickly and simply.

"O'Donnell had heard from the President that he was going to be sworn in before takeoff. The room began to fill. Johnson told O'Donnell that someone should ask Mrs. Kennedy if she wanted to make another wish at the ceremony. He said he would like her to stand at his side and the oath-taking would be of short duration. The President said he would also need a Bible. Then O'Donnell said, "If you are prepared, we can't go on."

O'Brien had found that Mrs. Kennedy was not in the bedroom, brooding the hardest. He nodded on the bedroom door and, getting no response, turned the knobs and entered. The room was empty. He tried the knob to the lavatory and found it locked. Mrs. Kennedy was inside. "Maybe she knew what was expected of her, and was trying to avoid it, or whether the degradation of spirit led to mania is unknown.

"O'Donnell left and asked Evelyn Lincoln, Kennedy's press secretary, to see if she could get Mrs. Kennedy's attention. O'Brien would try.

Looking around the room, O'Brien found a small gift box. Inside was what he thought was a Bible. It was a missal—the prayers of the Roman Catholic Church. He took it out and gave it to the judge. Kilduff couldn't find a tape recorder, so he used an electric dictating machine. Then he placed the microphone between Judge Hughes and the President. Marie Fehmer handed the Judge a sheet of Air Force One letterhead with the proper words typed on it.

Mrs. Kennedy stepped timidly into the room. The President grabbed both her hands in his and whispered, "Thank you." He nodded for the ceremony to start. Mrs. Kennedy was on one side of the President; Mrs. Kennedy, still in her bloody gowns and garments, the face still stunned and expressionless, was on the other.

Kilduff switched the Dictaphone on. Judge Hughes recited the oath. Mrs. Kennedy looked down at his wife and placed his left hand on her. The right hand moved up slightly, almost automatically.

"The oath of office required but twenty-eight seconds. O'Brien said loudly: "God help me God! The Thirty-Sixth President, who now moved the power to implement his decisions, turned to His Lady Bird, grabbed her by both shoulders, and kissed her. Then he turned to Mrs. Kennedy, put an arm around her, and pecked her at her cheek.

Some rushed forward and tried to give him a hasty, handshake and a congratulatory grip. President Johnson had turned a stern expression on them and the ball of conviviality was crushed.

Mrs. Kennedy seemed unaware of what to do. She moved by the President with the President's seal embossed on it and looked blankly ahead. Mrs. Johnson grasped her hand and said: "The whole nation mourns your husband." There was no more response. Dallas Police Chief Curry tried to grab Mrs. Kennedy's hand. His voice cracked with sobbing. "We did our best," he said. "We tried hard, Mrs. Kennedy." She glanced at him, a small man with cross-hatched wrinkles on his face, his, hissing, crying in the dull exultant light. She nodded.

The chief shook his head. He took Judge Sarah Hughes by the arm. "God bless you, Indy," he said to Mrs. Kennedy. "You ought to go back and lie down.

Mrs. Kennedy smiled a "No, thank you," she said. "I'm fine."

The President said: "Let's get underway.

As the plane rose over Texas, one of the secrets thought: How strange. For the first time in which we have two Presidents aboard.

The big Texas, Cliff Carter, patted Ken O'Donnell, who appeared to be lost in thought coming from the back of Lyndon Johnson. Carter pressed O'Donnell warmly. O'Donnell neither flinched nor looked up. He stared without expression at Johnson. "He has what he wants, he said: "Let's go."

The people on the plane gradually into two groups. The Johnson people sat behind; the Kennedys sat. The Johnson remembered that the situation did not favor him. He croaked, which in to say Mrs. Kennedy, O'Donnell, David Powers, and McHugh talked in the rear compartment as though the situation did not favor him. But the Johnson people had appropriately appropriated the President's stateroom, evicting them all. Mrs. Kennedy, having surprised the President in her bedroom, sat in the entrance to the main stateroom, trembling with the shock of the sudden action.

For two hours and twelve minutes, the plane flew. The Johnson people had remained behind. They had forced the stewardesses to leave the corridor, changing the face of the airplane experience. Mrs. Kennedy, having retreated from the private bedroom to the hall gallery, found there were only two seats in that part of the plane. She sat on one. Ken O'Donnell sat on the other.

O'Donnell stood: "I'm going to have a hell of a stiff drink," he said. "I think you should go, too."

"Mrs. Kennedy said: "What will I have?"

O'Donnell said he'd make her a Scotch. She thought about it. "I've never had a Scotch in my life." O'Donnell moved on to call a steward. "Now it's a good time to start any," Mrs. Kennedy said.

The President had prepared a bowl of steaming vegetable soup. Mrs. Johnson saw the small package of salted crackers and, knowing that her husband was not a "chew the fat" diner, handed them herself.

The Johnsons, anxious to show a smooth continuity in the transfer of government, desired their group and the Kennedy group to appear as one family. At least, the Johnsons, the former report said, that the two groups could be separated. They were wrong. After the swearing-in, Mrs. Kennedy returned to the private stateroom of the First Lady. She remained with the cracker, and those of the Kennedy campaign who looked at the vigil remained at her side.

In Washington, officials began to depart for Andrews Air Force Base across the river. Former President Robert F. Kennedy was shocked. He turned, forbidding, or dissuading, some from going..."
Then he heard that more and more dignitaries were already waiting there.

Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota phoned the White House and asked if he could pay his respects by waiting at the air force base for the body of the President. He was told, "No."

"The hell with you," Humphrey said. "I'm going."

Two stenographers were in President Kennedy's office removing some of his keepsakes. The moment book of photos of his trip to Ireland which reposed on a table behind the desk, suddenly disappeared. A painting of a sailing ship followed. A mounted fish in an office across the hall came off the wall. The rocker with the U.S.S. Knightly embroidered on it was placed on a dolly and wheeled into the hall. It was incredible that anyone could have issued such a curious order, but the mementos were being moved abruptly—reportedly on the instructions of Kennedy's brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver.

By hurrying them outside to be carried away to a private place, the press cameras could make the Kennedy-brick-born appear to be far more human than could make it seem as though the new man was in a hurry to take over the executive office. In time, the Queen Victoria desk would disappear, too, although it was U.S. property.

The commanding officer at the U.S. Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland, Captain R.L. Cahan ordered an ambulance to be dispatched to Andrews Air Force Base. So far as the captain knew, no one had asked for one. Air Force One, two requests for an ambulance had been relayed to Washington, but both had been refused on the grounds that the District of Columbia prohibited the transportation of a deceased person in an ambulance.

Canada, who sat at his television set, recalled that, eight years ago, Senator Lyndon B. Johnson had sustained a myocardial infarction. Johnson had been his patient. The crushing events of this day could induce another heart attack. Captain Canada sent the ambulance and told the personnel to wait for Air Force One.

Back in the ornate President's Stateroom on Air Force One, Johnson telephoned Kennedy's mother, Mrs. Rose Kennedy.

"John was so kinder, more eloquent, or more vulnerable," Mrs. Johnson said. "I wish to God there was something I could do," he said. Rose Kennedy thanked the President for his thoughtfulness in calling. She never lost her composure.

"The road to safety, for Lyndon Johnson, is going to be difficult. He had spent a time of terror in that hospital, but it would not happen again. He made decisions. The Kennedy people asked that the press be barred from Andrews. Johnson said no. It will look like we're in a panic," he said.

"The news of the Johnsons and the Kennedy's in the plane for a period of 150 minutes was sufficient to clear the families in permanent shame. Johnson was not, and could not, aspire to be the Kennedy people. He could be tolerated as a Vice President because his loyalty to John F. Kennedy was complete and unquestioned. Within the family, only Bobby and Lee O'Donnell could not abide him as Vice President. To them, he was a rumbled wheeler-dealer—part Southerner, part Westerner, with cowdung on his heels. He lacked "class.""

Johnson lacked the confidence of John F. Kennedy. Most of all, Johnson needed a feeling of continuity of administration. And this is what the Kennedys would deny him.
his wife by the arm, entered the Presidential
thing... horrible... that little woman was
His speech was disjointed. "It was an awful
helicopter and sat down wearily. As the
started down the steps. Defense Secretary
rible. Terrible," the new President said.
microphones, rustled apiece of paper and made
around grimly, his mouth compressed. They
Mrs. Kennedy's slumber. The word "Okay"
for his sister-in-law Jacqueline.
Robert Kennedy watched it, saw the
men on the lift catch and steady it; then he
pulled on the forward handles. Others, at the
Standing beside the ambulance were the
The word had meaning that only the Presi-
Lynda was saying: "... the first thing
she nodded and summoned her small smile,
Johnson ruled his daughter-in-law. He nodded.
scared, it would have been proper for him to
the plane to the back. Sadly, the President
would never heal in his wife, The house would
be a warns refuge for her.
Lynda and John Kennedy Jr.
Lynda was saying: "... the first thing
And the President of the United States. But was any
murmured.' "He threw me down in that car
Mrs. Kennedy's slumber. The word "Okay"
for his sister-in-law Jacqueline.
Mrs. Johnson nodded. "That was just right,
Mr. Johnson was bringing an administration to life, "Chill,"
the plane? •
Johnson was going to write personal notes to
Johnson sustained a heart attack. They were
told that there was no room for him.
Now George Thomas sat silently in a car,
Lynda was saying: "... the first thing
Mrs. Kennedy's slumber. The word "Okay"
for his sister-in-law Jacqueline.
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