

A Personal Story:

Reporting the Death of a President

by Connie Kritzberg

I STARTED OUT NOVEMBER 22, 1963 on a big "high." I was a reporter and was going back to cityside for the afternoon to work as a rewrite "man" during President John F. Kennedy's visit. That's as good as it gets! I didn't envy any of the reporters out along the motorcade route waiting for a glimpse of Kennedy. As for all the people at the Trade Mart, I felt down right sorry for them.

Later, I thought that Jim Featherston, who caught Jean Hill and Mary Moorman, was a close to second to me in the "lucky spot" contest.

Print reporters in the 1960s were still highly regarded and some of us were even respected. It was a romantic era for us. Some held star status; in close competition with sports figures today. Press cards could get a reporter in, while the ordinary citizen waited in line. We were given free passes to Six Flags Over Texas, and most of us attended the gigantic barbecue sponsored annually by the Texas State Fair. The "who", "what", "where" and "why" had better be the way it happened, or at least written approximating the editorial point of

view of their employer. Reporters from both papers, the *Dallas Morning News* and *The Dallas Times Herald*, where I worked, were fiercely competitive.

Dallas residents, if they read the *Dallas Morning News*, thought the *Herald* was "flaming liberal". Those who preferred the *Herald* considered the *News* "reactionary and right wing". What idealists. The papers were pure capitalistic enterprises. The publishers met to decide which side of any controversy each would take. Though both publishers owned television stations, dominance by on-scene television news had not yet arrived.

Jokes were made about newspapers being something "to wrap the garbage in," but they were closely scrutinized. An article was called a story, and many stories were carefully snipped from the page and dated to prove a point.

At first I was an obituary writer, covering feature assignments after the "obits" had been written and gone to press. Six months' later, the position of Home Editor became available and

I moved across the newsroom to the women's section. But that day, I was assigned to help out on "cityside" where hard news was written. The term "hard news" gained a new meaning in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

The scenario for the day was an editing challenge...one that made the *Dallas Morning News*' situation a stroll in the park. They had all afternoon to work before their first Presidential edition—we had a half hour. For the reporter or rewrite person, the assignment that day meant fast thinking and typing. Two editions had gone to press, and the deadline for the largest edition—the Home Edition—had been rolled back to 1 p.m. from its scheduled time of 12:30 p.m. Essentially we were to write and edit most of an entire news section in a half hour. At least five editions would be published by the *Herald* that day, totaling over 250,000 newspapers.

The newsroom could have been the setting for a factory. Windows were only on the south side. Desks were gray metal. Telephones were mounted on the sides of reporters' desks with headsets, so our fingers were free to type. The Dallas office of the Associated Press was situated in a room adjacent to the *Herald* newsroom. Teletypes had been frenetically clicking all day. We were all acutely aware that the President was coming.

Down a small aisle
occasionally
dashed Jack Ruby

Down a small aisle occasionally dashed Jack Ruby, headed for the entertainment writers. Not on November 22, but often enough that I recognized him, always dressed in a business suit and snappy fedora. He was usually passing out tickets to the entertainment writers whereas I haunted them to get opera and ballet

tickets. He was not loud or obnoxious at the *Herald*. I have found that many Jewish men share fondness for wearing hats, and in their culture wearing hats indoors is okay, probably stemming from the yamaka.

To me, and I am sure to others, the newsroom was more enticing than any paneled board room or the executive suites upstairs, directly over our heads. We were where it all happened. In the 1960s, news originated in the very room we occupied each day.

On the lowest floor were the giant presses. They were quiet when I finished my brief lunch and promptly reported to cityside. A special "presidential desk" had been created by adding several extra tables with single drawers beneath the top. Abutting the editors' station was the "rim"—a horse shoe shaped wooden table where telephones with headsets were attached, creating a "slot". Since it was a large common desk used by several persons, typewriters and telephones denoted the space where a single rewrite man sat. Additional rewrite men and copy editors were assisting the city editor in preparation for the upcoming deadline.

Everything possible had been done in advance. Jim Lehrer, the *Herald's* federal reporter, had written a story about meticulous Secret Service protection. It had been typeset. Only the lead paragraph would be changed to read that it hadn't worked (put more gently). Keith's advance copy had been received, the story written and set in type. It, of course, would never be published. Reporters were at assigned places along the motorcade route, though none had been assigned to

Dealey Plaza. Bob Jackson, the *Herald's* star photographer, was in a convertible disadvantageously placed eight cars behind the official cars. Tom Dillard, photo chief for the *Morning News*, sat in front of Jackson. To have a better view, Jackson sat atop the convertible's back seat. Unfortunately, they could see nothing of the Presidential limousine until it turned at an angle to the convertible.

Veteran police reporter George Carter was at the police station to call in if anything should happen. I can only guess at the pressure George felt following 12:30 p.m. But soon he had help from Jim Koethe, Ben Stevens, Bob Finley and others.

I sat on the rim directly facing City Editor Smart. Ken, Tom LePere, assistant city editor, and others began the process of taking calls from reporters stationed along the motorcade route from Love Field as

I looked straight into his eyes as he stood. Ashen-faced, he said, "Triple underpass... shooting.. the President."

it wound through the inner city and into downtown. The calls were referred to us for transcribing as dictated by telephone. My first call came almost immediately after I was seated. Castleberry had an "advance" story (stories written in anticipation of an event which would occur). As she talked, I rolled the dun colored copy paper in the typewriter and began to type: "Dallas rolled out the red carpet today for President John F. Kennedy..." There was actually a red

carpet leading to the podium in the Trade Mart.

"Triple Underpass... Shooting...the President"

The hot line buzzed and *Dallas Times Herald* City Editor Ken Smart listened for scant seconds, then cast the telephone aside. I looked straight into his eyes as he stood. Ashen-faced, he said, "Triple underpass... shooting.. the President." With those first blurted words, our small world changed. My cockiness flew out the window. My God, my fingers were paralyzed. How would I explain that?

I think the horror of being unable to type jolted me back to reality. Immediately, every photographer still in the building ran for the elevators and disappeared. It seemed that all the phones started ringing. I have no idea if I hung up on Vivian or what I said. Telephones rang where I never knew they existed—even in a restroom, I heard. Earlier, I had anticipated a challenging half hour, but it instantly became a journalistic nightmare. I resented the *Dallas Morning News*, which had hours to prepare its Presidential edition.

What I didn't realize at the time was that some of our editions with the massive black headline,

PRESIDENT DEAD, CONNALLY SHOT

would be selling on the streets for \$10 a copy.

Nothing existed, it seemed, outside the rectangular news section magnetized by the city desk. Other editors appeared from nowhere, and with the appearance of Felix McKnight, the desk assumed a protected status. McKnight, the Editor in Chief, seldom entered the newsroom. He had offices in the executive suite, and subordinate editors went to him. Now, McKnight took charge. We didn't approach the desk; they sent the copy boys to us.



*The Dallas Times Herald
front page 22 November 1963*

Paper—sheets and scraps—was everywhere. Copy boys told us what to slug our stories (a short word such as “shots” followed by a slash mark and our last name). We were told when to rip our paper out of the typewriter, often a paragraph at a time. Then the copy boy would scurry to the editor assembling the story. We could only hope we remembered where we had left off.

That is not the way a news room usually operates. Reporters reserve enough time for at least one rewrite. Some take three.

When I had a chance to see the first

I seemed to be getting some of the biggest calls coming in, while McKnight, Ken and the others had their ears plastered to phones connected with police headquarters and bigwigs the country over. There was no time to wonder why. I knew I wouldn't get any bylines that day. Rewrite men just didn't, because on normal days they take dictation from reporters in the field, edit, and rewrite the story; a joint effort which usually results in the field reporter getting the byline.

Jim LePere asked me to take a call from “Feather” (Jim Featherston,

edition tossed on my desk, I saw that the lead story had a paragraph printed twice. I was faintly relieved. Maybe I would be forgiven if I made a small error. It was bound to happen.

I overheard scraps of talk but only recorded them mentally. First, there might be a conspiracy, then Lyndon had a heart attack, then I almost paused when a reporter shouted, “They think Lyndon's in some downtown office building!” Then Lyndon was missing. I never heard that he was aboard Air Force One taking the oath of office. But I was working, as hard and fast as I could.

courthouse reporter). I willingly grabbed the headset. I thought—type fast. There was relief that Feather sounded breathless and almost as stunned as I had been a few minutes earlier. He had good reason. He explained that he was out of breath after running through the motorcade to retrieve a sack containing a roll of film tossed from a convertible by Bob Jackson. As quickly as he had the film in hand, he heard the sound of shots. Seeing a man he knew, he asked “What happened?” He was told there had been shots, and the friend pointed out Mary Moorman and Jean Hill, noting that Moorman had a camera and had been taking photographs. Standing off the curb on Houston Street, Jim had only to run a few yards to reach them.

When I asked Feather how far away he was from the scene, he half shouted: “I was right there.” He blustered “You know me, Connie, I'm over the hill in every way. Talk to these two women while I fight everybody off.” Jim wasn't over the hill, he just couldn't be in two places at one time. I heard sounds in the background, and although he hadn't said what they were, I knew that others were converging.

Feather told me if I would take the story, he would bring the Polaroid photograph in later. For all either of us knew, the photo taken just as the President was hit in the head by a bullet or bullets, was the only one in existence. And it did take its place in the history made that day.

Did They Really Say That?

“I asked - I looked at him. When I saw this man I wasn't sure, but I had cold chills run all over me.”

Tippit murder eyewitness Mrs Helen Louise Markham explains to Assistant Counsel Ball how she picked out Lee Harvey Oswald at an identification parade (3H 311).

Picture of Death

I was, as I later discovered, the first reporter to interview Moorman and Hill before they talked to television crews. My first thought as Feather called Moorman to the telephone was, "Find out how many shots they heard." Still, I knew that I had to take the required first steps—find out their names, addresses, where they were standing and what they saw.

Moorman had clearly been affected by the scene. She didn't speak until I asked where she lived. I found out that she was a school teacher and resided not far from me in central Dallas near Northwest Highway. Some small talk reassured her. She loosened up enough to readily say she heard four to six shots. She said her eye had been pressed against the viewfinder, and she hardly knew what she had seen until the film emerged from the camera. Even then she realized she had not seen any blood. She remembered that she sank to the ground or perhaps was pulled down.

Since they were in the same room, I talked first to Moorman, then to Hill, back and forth. Moorman seemed to agree that people were running up the "hill." At least some were, she said. Now the spot is called the "grassy knoll." When I talked to Jean Hill, it became a livelier story. Jean Hill has always been outspoken about her experiences as an assassination witness, with fine and not-so-fine results. She deserves much credit for telling her story as she experienced it. She said that shots were fired by officers toward possible suspects. She and other civilians ran up the hill to assist. Added to all this, there was a fluffy white dog on the seat between the President and the First Lady. Both Jean and I took flak over that over the years, as I included it in the story. In 1994, I saw footage of Jackie Kennedy accepting a white "petal covered" model of Lambchop. Friend

and researcher Barb Junkkarinen has recently seen footage of Jackie in the automobile holding the child's toy, obviously intended for her to give to Caroline or John Jr., cupped in her left hand beneath the roses. Although I doubted the possibility that a dog was in the Presidential limousine, I wrote the story as Jean gave it.

Both Hill and Moorman agreed that they heard Jackie Kennedy scream: "Oh my God, they've shot Jack." I changed "Jack" to "him" out of respect for the Office of the President. For that I do not apologize, as every other reporter did something similar. When I felt it was safe, I asked about the number of shots. Hill said she thought "four to six" and Moorman repeated the number.

My story read, in part:

"Both heard a sequence of shots, saw the President slump over toward his wife, heard the piercing scream of Mrs. Kennedy..."

'I took the picture at the moment the shot rang out,' Moorman said. She continued, 'President Kennedy slumped over in the car and it shows Jackie leaning towards him... I heard Mrs. Kennedy say, 'My God, he's been shot.' I heard another shot or two ring out and I turned to my friend and we got on the ground.'

Both women told me they believed they were directly in the path of bullets."

Assassination Candid Snapshot:

Picture of Death

Note that Moorman and Hill said they were directly in the line of fire. Now we know that they were.

A misunderstanding occurred between Jean Hill and Jim. It is unfortunate that reporters and "subjects" seldom have second meetings when they can relax and talk about their experience together. But that is the way a daily newspaper is. At midnight the day is over, and

yesterday's news is "old"; the reporter is propelled into the next day's news. Feather's intense emotions showed, I am sure, and Jean felt as if they were being detained against their will. Hence, Jim Featherston, landed in the 26 Volumes without wanting to, or being given the chance to tell his side of the story. (Volume VI, pages 215, 220, 222)

Naturally I wanted to know exactly what had happened to the President, but I literally did not have time to look up at anyone passing slower than at a run, until close to two o'clock. When the chance came, I asked a passing reporter, his head down, "Is he dead?" Whoever it was just nodded. I knew, but hadn't heard.

On the Phone with Clark and Perry

At about 3:30 p.m. one of the editors asked if I wanted to "talk to the doctors". Not really! I was not a medical reporter and might have had a struggle with complicated terminology. I shouldn't have worried. It was the easiest story I took. Doctors Malcolm Perry and Kemp Clark had taken part in the resuscitation attempt and medical treatment given the President. Although Malcolm Kilduff, Press Secretary to the President, had announced the President's death, Parkland Hospital officials could not be sure the local press had been present and, therefore, allowed the *Herald* and the *News* (I assumed) to interview Perry and Clark by telephone.

Both doctors seemed recovered from the stressful hours, and Perry made more statements than Clark, although the few questions I asked were answered without hesitation or qualification. The only speculative matter was the time of death and finally Dr. Clark said, "We put it at 1300". Later, I realized the importance of the Last Rites of the

Catholic Church. The rites were administered, and death was placed after that moment.

They agreed no decision had been made whether there were one or two wounds. Dr. Clark said the President's principal wound was on the right rear side of his head. Next, Dr. Perry said that the neck wound below the "Adam's apple" (the largest cartilage in the larynx) was an entrance wound.

After writing the article about the wounds I went on to other tasks, such as talking to callers about cancelled events, and scanning wire stories for references to local events. I heard scattered conversations—"They caught the guy who did it..." "Everybody's over at the police station..."

I, like others, was so busy with messages and writing additions and updates to other stories that the editors correctly assumed we could not obtain evening food. An industrial sized cart arrived piled high with sandwiches and hot coffee. We ate between calls. When the tempo slowed somewhat, I was sent out to the streets to do a mood story on the city.

Dripping Red Letters

A young photographer and I went through the lobbies of the grand hotels—the Baker and the Adolphus. We entered cafe after cafe, stopped pedestrians on the street, and talked to counter men. A cold wind whipped around my stocking ankles, pages



Connie Kritzberg with her husband Sam. Photographed at their Tulsa home. June 1994

of newspapers flew into the air and landed on sidewalks and streets. Still fired by adrenaline, my energy did not match the mood of interviewees. Their moods were glum or despondent.

I was struck by the wail of sirens when there was so little traffic in downtown Dallas that night. Mirroring the wail of the sirens, Dallas cringed, and cried in shame.

The photographer and I walked until we had sampled downtown, then turned down Commerce Street toward the bars. Unlike today, we had no fear of the seedier section, and unabashedly gawked at the posters

advertising the girly show. Several of the clubs were open. We stopped in front of a dark, drab club, it lights out, and stared at the poster board taped to the window. In large red poster paint were the letters "C-L-O-S-E-D." The poster paint was still fresh. Apparently the sign had been taped to the door before it dried. The red letters dripped, another reflection of what had taken place on Elm Street in Dealey Plaza.

The feeling was unforgettable. I remember it as yesterday. I honestly cannot describe it more adequately that what I wrote less than an hour later. I acknowledge that the style is "flowery" and embellished with adjectives, unlike most of today's news. In those days, we still enjoyed words, similar to sampling the newest blend offered in today's coffee houses, smelling it, sipping it and rolling it around our tongues to reach each taste bud.

My story, not bylined, as few were that day, was written and printed as follows:

CITY IN SHOCK

*Friday Night,
No Stars Shone*

There was no rain in Dallas Friday night. Neither were there stars...inexplicably there were occasional streaks of lightning.

The wind was merciless...

It blew tattered newspapers, wadded up scraps of paper and some coin dots

of confetti in a whirlpool motion across the nearly deserted intersections.

It was cold. But was the November night cold enough to cause pedestrians to hunch their shoulders and stand over the gratings in the sidewalk to feel the updraft of warm air?

Almost without exception, the few who walked the streets of downtown Dallas carried a newspaper under their arms. They walked slowly, the movement of their bodies showing emotion when their faces did not.

Clothed in a neat business suit, a man turned to his companion and said, "You are now standing within six blocks of history."

More sirens than usual broke the silence. Most of the other noises were made by newspaper vendors shouting, "President assassinated."

Business in the restaurants was poor. And it started early in the day.

"My boss called me down early. He went home," said a man behind the cash register at a Main Street restaurant. "He said they were ordering food and then wouldn't eat it."

"Now," he added, "they just aren't coming in."

"They are scared," said a cafe owner, of his few customers. The patrons regarded each other silently, looking up quickly each time the door opened. "And I'm scared too," he added.

Liquor stores weren't getting much business in the downtown area. "Everybody who comes in is so sad, and all they talk is this terrible thing," commented a counter man.

Private apartment clubs were closed for the most part, with many of the downtown bars closed or preparing to close by 8 p.m. There was no entertainment in Dallas hotels. Most patrons stared silently at overhead television sets.

Walking up to the burlesque house where she was employed as a waitress, a girl in white slacks looked at the red lettered sign, saying, "Closed" with astonishment.

"I didn't think he would close for anything," she said, then turned away.

It is possible to stun a city.

The photographer caught a photograph of one man, his big hand gripping a "Herald" paper. Parts of the headline, "President Dead" were visible. A photographic cliché perhaps, but that is the way it was.

Not caring where we were, or realizing that we stood in front of Jack Ruby's Carousel Club, the photographer finished his work. I talked to the girl in white as he photographed the poster. We returned to the paper where I wrote my story and afterward, was told I could leave.

It all took place in another world...another period in time. We parked in an open lot behind the "Herald" at Pacific and Field Streets. Dallas murder one statistics were at an all time high, causing police and press to give the problem considerable page space. Yet it was safe to walk the downtown streets at night. Nothing was likely to happen to you, unless you were drunk, a drug dealer, some one crossways with the police, or the President of the United States.

Without fear, I walked to my car, unlocked it and drove home.

Once in my home I looked at the edition I had brought me with, the only one I still have.

I read the story written by McKnight and next did what every reporter does—looked for the stories I had written.

I read the Moorman and Hill story, worried about the "fluffy dog" insert, then I was drawn to the television screen to watch Jackie return to

Washington a widow. Late that night, the local news was about Lee Harvey Oswald, a captured Communist, who had shot the President, and J.D. Tippit, a Dallas Police Officer. Tippit, a less-than-stellar policeman, was suddenly elevated to sainthood by the department. I heard reports that some school children in Richardson, a bedroom community, had cheered news that the President had been shot. My mind jumped back a day. It seemed impossible, but Thursday I had lunched with an interior designer and her friends at a private Richardson country club. Talk centered around John F. Kennedy, and became vicious. I remembered that my mental flash had been "He'll never get out of here alive."

As I remember it now, the story with Drs. Perry and Clark was not in the Friday edition I had.

Saturday was a new day...and began a new world for me. I finally saw my story on the wounds in the Herald. It read:

To President
**Neck Wounds
Bring Death**

Wounds in the lower front portion of the neck and the right rear side of the head ended the life of President John F. Kennedy, say doctors at Parkland Hospital.

Whether there were one or two wounds was not decided.

The front neck hole was described as an entrance wound. The wound at the back of the head, while the principal one, was either an exit or tangential entrance wound. A doctor admitted that it was possible there was only one wound.

Kemp Clark, 38, chief of neurosurgery, and Dr. Malcolm Perry, 34, described the President's wounds. Dr. Clark, asked how long the President lived in the hospital, replied, "I would guess 40 minutes

but I was too busy to look at my watch. Dr. Clark said the President's principal wound was on the right rear side of his head.

"As to the exact time of death we elected to make it - we pronounced it at 1300. I was busy with the head wound."

Dr. Perry was busy with the wound in the President's neck.

"It was a midline in the lower portion of his neck in front."

Asked if it was just below the Adam's apple, he said, "Yes. Below the Adam's apple."

"There were two wounds. Whether they were directly related I do not know. It was an entrance wound in the neck."

The doctors were asked whether one bullet could have made both wounds or whether there were two bullets.

Dr. Clark replied, "The head wound could have been either an exit or a tangential entrance wound."

The neurosurgeon described the back of the head wound as:

"A large gaping wound with considerable loss of tissue."

Dr. Perry added, "It is conceivable it was one wound, but there was no way for me to tell. It did however appear to be the entrance wound at the front of the throat."

"There was considerable bleeding. The services of the blood bank were sent for and obtained. Blood was used."

The last rites were performed in "Emergency Operating Room No. 1."

There were at least eight or 10 physicians in attendance at the time the President succumbed. Dr. Clark said there was no possibility of saving the President's life.

The press pool man said that when he saw Mrs. Kennedy she still had on her pink suit and that the hose of her left leg was saturated with blood. In

the emergency room, Mrs. Kennedy, Vice President Johnson and Mrs. Johnson grasped hands in deep emotion."

Note that Dr. Perry said that he was "busy with the neck wound". When I had asked directly whether one bullet could have made both wounds, Dr. Clark answered, "The head wound could have been either an exit or tangential entrance wound." Dr. Perry added, "It is conceivable it was one wound, but there was no way for me to tell. It did, however, appear to be the entrance wound at the front of the throat." The physicians told me there were "at least eight or 10 physicians in attendance at the time the President succumbed."

My eyes fixed on the underlined sentence. It didn't fit the story. Also, I had not written it. That sentence contradicted the story Drs. Kemp Clark and Perry gave to me. Checking the Saturday *Dallas Morning News*, I didn't find any story that was a direct quote from the doctors, which may have meant that I had an exclusive story—with one horrible error. I looked at the sentence again. "A doctor admitted that it was possible there was only one wound."

Had my story been crudely corrected by any of the editors I knew? If so, why was the remainder of the story just as I had written it? Also, responsible journalists always attribute remarks to sources, which I had done. The sentence completely lacked attribution. Knowing how it felt to have my "heart in my mouth" or throat at least, I jumped up and phoned the city desk, still set up and working. While I am not now sure who I talked to, it was an editor I knew. I asked where the sentence had come from. He was matter-of-fact. "The FBI," he said.

I can say with conviction that we did not joke and play around with our

stories. If a reporter made an error, he or she heard about it. If an editor made a change in your story, he told us why. That is the way it was at the *Dallas Times Herald* in 1963. Another fact caused me not to doubt the answer to my question. The addition simply was not a sentence a reporter would write. What physician? Just someone wandering by? And had the FBI been at the newspaper so soon? Since then I have confirmed that agents were at the *Herald* on Saturday. One of their tasks was to interview Bob Jackson, who had told police he had seen a rifle barrel in the sixth floor window.

Now I believe the story insertion began the public medical cover-up in Dallas. A shot from the front would not be allowed. My innocence was summarily executed.

The children and I went to church school Sunday and then home. Like most children who had been cooped up in a church where they had to be "good", they were hungry, and making life unbearable until I pulled the Sunday pot roast out of the oven. I missed the newscast that mesmerized millions as Ruby shot Oswald before their eyes, but quickly saw a replay. I heard the words that held all America spellbound—"He's shot. Oswald's been shot." Like most Americans, I watched, trapped in time. Oswald, dressed in a dark sweater was lead from the jail door. Then the camera angle changed. The view I saw that day was not the newsreel commonly shown today—a view from the front of the line. It was a newsreel from Dallas, perhaps KRLD, which I commonly watched, and it was played and replayed. Where it originated is speculation. It is not speculation to say that I saw Oswald's face from the crowd side. I have seen the view only once in recent years, and the newsreel was so grainy that I would not expect others to notice what I saw in 1963. I watched

as Oswald shot a single glance of recognition at Jack Ruby just for an instant, almost smiled, then faced forward again just as Ruby lunged forward and fired his revolver. Now most concede that Oswald did recognize Jack Ruby in that instant before he was shot.

I know FBI agents were at the Herald on Sunday. The desk called me at home before 1:30 p.m. When the telephone rang, I knew who would be calling. "Connie, do you remember where you were last night?" an editor asked. Were we at Jack Ruby's club? The FBI wanted to know. This time the editor's hasty demand left no doubt about the fed's impatient presence. I said that I thought so, but wasn't sure. I admitted I hadn't noted the street address and suggested they ask the photographer. The conversation was quickly over. I heard no more, principally because the photographer gave the wrong address and the focus left us.

Full of a reporter's curiosity, I left the dishes and, with the children piled in the car, headed downtown. I parked for a few minutes under the Carousel sign, recognizing it from the night before. It was coincidence...just a fluke...but why had the path of a

meandering newshound led directly to the door of the man who would forever cast shadows over the case of the assassination of President Kennedy?

I thought about the look on Oswald's face. In those moments, I surmised that Jack Ruby was the man Oswald had expected to rescue him.

I probably parked in front of the club no more than two or three minutes, because that is about as long as three young children could bear unoccupied time. It was long enough for a belief to solidify. Then, as now, I believed that Oswald and Ruby were connected in some way; that Oswald's glance was plain and inescapable. Also clear to me was that Oswald did not believe this trusted acquaintance would turn on him. Otherwise, he would surely have flinched or otherwise attempted to withdraw. Instead he took one more half step toward death.

That vividly displayed fact would not leave my mind. Why was my story changed? Why was Oswald left open to an assassin, as surely as if the handcuffs had been removed and in a whisper, he had been told to run. Like in the movies. But most movies make the scenes seem more

believable.

Citizens of this country were not going to be told the truth about the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Now the Kennedy cover-up is so commonly conceded that few readers may understand how, after having personally suffered it, your life could be changed. I complained enough at work that I became was subjected to ridicule. When someone offered me a copy of the Warren Report to read, bearing a big grin, I just waved it away. Eventually, I clammed up, except to always say I didn't believe the Warren Commission. I had good company in that statement. Lyndon Johnson said it, too. I only began to speak about my experiences with others after I heard about the ASK Symposium in Dallas in 1993. There I found others with as many questions as I, and no longer felt alone. Yet it was only my first step in investigating the death of John F. Kennedy--a frustrating yet necessary endeavor toward finding peace in a country founded on freedom of speech. Now that I have reached the "age of retirement," I do not rest, but continue my search for the truth about what happened in Dallas that day.

AFTER EXAMINING COPIES OF what are termed contemporaneous notes from a post-assassination interview with Oswald on 22nd November 1963 and hand-written notes from an interview with Mrs Ruth Paine on 23rd November 1963 I have the following comments to make. Interviewing is still one of the poorest practised of policing skills and what I have seen and read shows that these two interviews could be used as a training guide for all that could be wrong with the two different kinds of interview, namely one with a suspect and one with a witness.

Some thoughts on the interview notes of James P. Hosty

There are a number of stages in an interview of whatever type. The first stage is the same no matter what and is called Planning. It can be clearly seen from the notes and from Hosty's

by Les Bolland

book and from witness testimony at the Warren Commission that interview