

Newsweek 12/5/66, 25, #2 "Beats + Journals
of left and right" false, esp. of me.
"FORTUNE HUNTERS" - Manchester 2,750,000
26#3 "No leftist pamphlet but LIFE
all earlier "leftist pamphlets"?

I first said what Newsweek says of "single
bullet" in 2/65, not 12/66, & not in LIFE
Col 3 - "IMPACT" MASES ASSUMPTION
all his injuries by one bullet only
& no fragments caused any of his injuries
In arguing against LIFE & Canally, NW ig-
nore Zap Dix ONLY split second after 204,
where Doctors & FBI agree his position
made hit possible.

In arguing "delayed reaction", NW
ignores contrary medical testimony (bms)
26, #1 Canally cannot have it both ways
as NW would have known if it knew what it
was talking about. And how honestly
does it write & think when it calls us - of
Lane - "scavenger" & fails to mention
Manchester, Lott & many others on the
other side?

26#3 Those who are "pro-Commission" are "experts" but anti-Commission are "climbers" "scavenger" - what kind of writing is this? Cal 2, last 2 sentences, P1, need of comment a "mild" factual error by Boswell. IF THIS is error, why trust rest? Point out what changes were made in autopsy to make it "sustain the one-bullet one-assassin theory" - highlight but twice points.

Part #2 Horn does not "rebut" - he does not even miss W. Both of his reports to the Com, 12/9, 1/12 do not account for front neck wound or miss shot hit "at one shred of evidence of a conspiracy"

- 1) Shooting could not be duplicated by ^{REAL} ~~PROD~~ Marks in over official time of 5 seconds
- 2) Single bullet theory disrupted by misrepresented testimony & evidence
- 3) Evidence of frame up a) real b) bullet #99 c) AT-knowledge fix

Comment on last par. 5 adds against it. Can we be satisfied with this?

Roberts: 26, Vol 3:

Comment on independent ability of eye-witness test, in any vs. in Smith? Self? 67 car being this behind JFK's vs Smith. Which car by number? Pop from "almost directly over head" This incident shenanigans, with TSPD, for he had not yet reached ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~area~~ ^{area} of Elm + Houston.

Vol 2 "pathologists found that the President had not been hit from the front" Show me white thro!

CALL ME IF WHAT HE GOT FROM WITNESSES WAS "PRODUCT OF ^{IMAGINATION, SHOW} CONFESSION" or "MAYBE" DESIRES, HOW CAN HE ACCEPT SAME WITNESSES FROM COMMISSION & IN REPORT? ESP BRENNAN, WHO IS SUPPORTED BY NO EVIDENCE.

YARB "NO GUN HAD BEEN FIRED WITHIN HALF A BLOCK OF HIS CAR" IF TRUE, THE ENTIRE REPORT IS 100% WRONG. DETAIL ASK R. Questions.

LAST P NONSENSE & FICTION.

ROBERTS 28: P1 compare him to Perry in
ENJOYABLE WOUND VS REPORT & ITS FICTIONS
& EVASIONS IN 5 W/4 THIS P/1 W/4 & SOLICITOR'S

FAILURE TO SHOW PRATY & W/4 P/1 P/1

P/1, HOW CAN HE CALL FRONT-EMERGENCY "LIE"

A SAID THAT AUTOPTIC "ESTABLISHED" FRONT

WOUND WAS EXIT? DR. NEVER DID. AND WHY

THE PROPAGANDA DEVICE OF CALLING THIS

"BUCHANAN'S THEORY"? WHY NOT DOWMAN'S?

P/1 "high school who had photographed the death

car as it sped past him" - WHERE ARE HIS

PIX? WHO IS HE? BETZNER?

P/2 "HOW SHE HELD HIM I WILL NEVER KNOW.

IMPORTANT? NO." HE COULD KNOW & IT COULD

BE IMPORTANT (HIS BODY ON CAR FLOOR

NOT SEAT) BOTTOM ON REWRITING HISTORY-

COMPARE WITH COMMISSION.

^{col 3} Bottom "UNPROBABILITY OF THE NUMBER OF SHOTS"

This is false, for more than 3 can be proved

Bottom & P/1 Rowland - "Lied to FBI agents

in the Commission on a half a dozen for while

FAST questions" vs Brennan, Mankham - &

only 2, & that an FBI agent put on stand

that even now is Report!! NOTHING R SAID OR
WHAT HE SAW P/1 P/1

29th magic bullet "retroactively unscathed"?
entirely so

"Found in" Connally's stretcher? Show me evidence
Read IP & ask for word use he quote? Does not
exist. & he makes no ~~mention~~ mention of doctors.

"Same man", ref. to 3rd film. What was its speed?

Lengthy quote on Connally to express dis-
belief that Connally was unaware of
some wounds - did he just read the text.
of the doctors, who said C's shocked re-
action was normal

#2 Connally on "gave credence to the most
believable statements of the most credible
witnesses" - Whaley - Brennan, Markham
& "relied heavily on" "famous" evidence:

"movie films" (only) "documents not admiss-
ible" of rifle - which it did not,
C-3, #1 ask him to relate this to me & my book

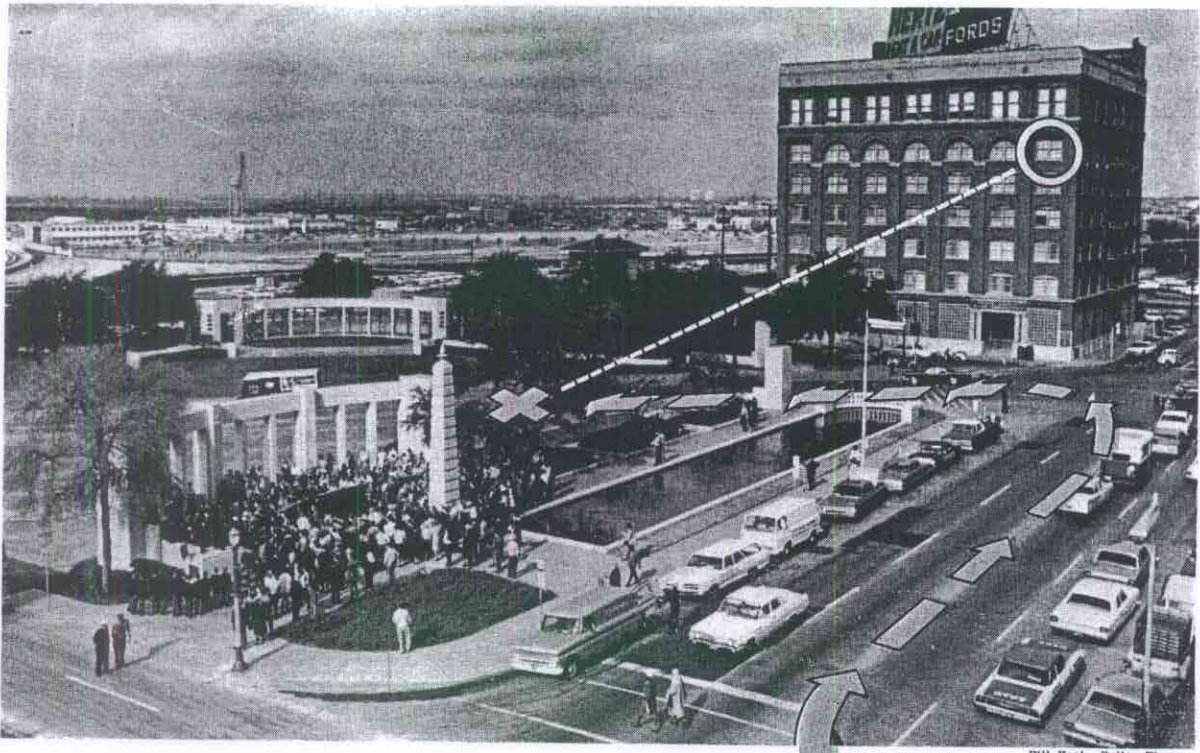
The question is not how "disfranchisement"

The ~~possibilities~~ of the Commission are -

What is wrong with "self-appointed critics

of my society? Should we not be? But he

"Big conspiracy" play - RFK, all others - jazz!



Close by the route of John F. Kennedy's last motorcade, Dallas residents pause to remember three years later

JFK: THE DEATH AND THE DOUBTS

Ten thousand came in the sparkling autumn cold two days before Thanksgiving to stand in silence at the low white picket fence on a slope in Arlington National Cemetery. Others—the famous and the anonymous—sent flowers to lie on a bed of piney boughs near the eternal flame. In New York, Jacqueline Kennedy sat alone with her children and her memories. In Dallas, the Texas Boys Choir sang “Mustang Gray” as it had sung for the President that last morning. It was the third anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination, and, once again, the nation paused to remember.

And yet, three years after the fact, the sorrow at Kennedy's death seemed suddenly overshadowed by the growing debate over how he died. The Warren commission—the panel of seven distinguished Americans named by LBJ to sit as history's jury—had long since rendered its verdict against Lee Harvey Oswald as the lone assassin. The dissents were dimly heard at first in coffeehouses and lecture halls, in books and journals of the left and right. But, if some of the doubts were plainly unreasonable, it was evident last week that a good many reasonable men had come to entertain them. Whatever its substantial merit, the Warren report had not answered all the questions—and some of the people demanding answers now were neither ideologues nor fortune-hunters but solid Establishment citizens.

Newsweek, December 5, 1966

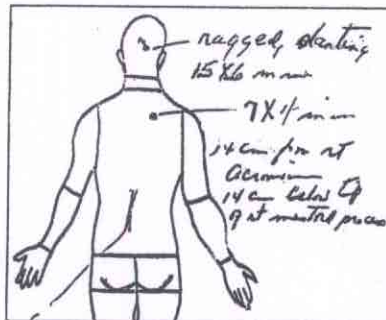
Thus, it was no leftist pamphleteer but Life magazine that raised the loudest voice in a rising chorus calling for a new investigation of the crime of the century. Life splashed once again the color film of the assassination it bought (for \$25,000) from amateur cameraman Abraham Zapruder—this time with an interview quoting Texas Gov. John Connally as saying he was not hit until frame 234 of the movie. Since Kennedy was hit at least nine frames (or half a second) earlier, Connally's version—if it is correct—strongly suggests that the two men were struck by separate bullets. And that, in turn, would wreck the single-assassin theory: no one man could have fired two shots that fast with Oswald's bolt-action rifle. That line of rea-

soning satisfied Life that there was enough “reasonable—and disturbing—doubt” to warrant a new inquiry.

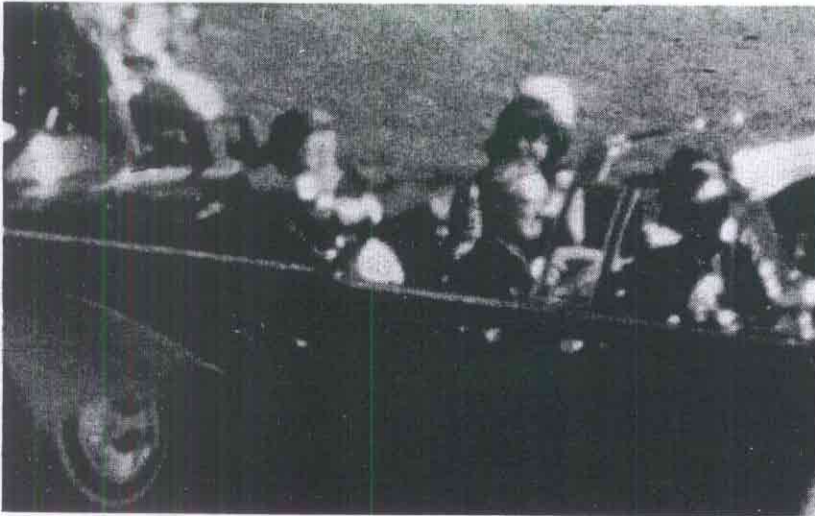
The flaw was that Connally's judgment was neither new (he has insisted from the first that he and JFK were hit by separate shots) nor convincing—as Life's own pictures show.

Impact: The bullet that hit Connally struck his back, came out below his right nipple, smashed through his right wrist and burrowed into his left thigh—a track that indicates his right hand was across his lap. But starting at frame 230 of the Zapruder film and continuing for four frames until Connally says he was hit—his right hand is plainly visible shoulder-high at his right side. Life quotes ex-commission staffer Arlen Specter to this effect without giving the point any weight. But the magazine never explains how a bullet exiting below the right nipple could have angled upward, but-tonhooked through the governor's wrist and still have hit his left thigh. What the pictures actually suggest is that Connally was hit earlier than he thought—quite likely by the same bullet that wounded Kennedy—and his hand, still clutching his hat, flew up in reflex.

The spread nevertheless kicked off a good deal of fuss—not the least of it an internecine dispute between Life itself, which called for a new inquiry, and its elder sister magazine, Time, which came out against one. (“We would like



Autopsy drawing: Marginalia



Zapruder Frame 230: Was Connally's wrist out of the line of fire?

Life Magazine © Time Inc.

to see our magazines arrive at consistent positions on major issues." Hedley Donovan, editor-in-chief of both weeklies, allowed, "and I am sure in due course we will on this one.") Connally himself felt impelled to call a press conference to announce that his quarrel with the Warren commission was only on the single-bullet theory, not on the verdict against Oswald alone. And he added an attack on "journalistic scavengers like Mark Lane"—the most glamorous and durable of the doubters.

Yet doubt had proven catching. During last week alone, there were editorial calls for a new investigation—or for fresh answers from the commission—by The New York Times, The Boston Globe, The Boston Herald, The Louisville Courier-Journal, The Louisville Times, The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, The Cleveland Press, The Denver Post, The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser and Chicago's American. The European press splashed the dissenters on its front pages, and France's Paris-Match confidently announced: "No legal expert today would dare to affirm that Oswald would be judged guilty by a court."

Asterisk: That was patently foolish—but for the moment, the voices of the pro-commission experts seemed almost lost in the great whodunit debate. JFK's house historian, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., told reporters he favors a new inquiry. Even one of the commissioners, Georgia's Sen. Richard Russell, reported his original dissent from a flat no-conspiracy verdict—mainly because Oswald's Soviet and Cuban ties could not be checked with final certainty. I said it wouldn't be any trouble just to put a little asterisk up here and then down at the bottom of the page saying, "Senator Russell dissents to this finding as follows . . ." he said. "But Warren wouldn't hear of it. He finally took that part and re-wrote it himself"—to read that there was "no evidence" of a conspiracy.

The week's developments, indeed, were yet another essay in how "evi-

dence" can be read or misread to suit a case. For example, there was the rough autopsy sketch marking an entry wound on JFK's back—too low, according to some doubters, for the bullet to have exited through Kennedy's throat and caused all Connally's wounds. The official autopsy report places the wound a good deal higher. Skeptics have hinted that the official report must have been altered to sustain the one-bullet, one-assassin theory. What they failed to note was that—as the doctor who made the sketch mildly pointed out last week—the marginal notes beside the drawing locate the wound precisely, to the centimeter, where the autopsy report says it was. **VIBE BURSA**

G-Man: A new investigating body could, in the main, only ponder and judge the same imperfect body of evidence—and, for all the mounting pressure, neither the White House nor Capitol Hill yet seemed disposed to engage in such an exercise. The official version, indeed, picked up potent new support when J. Edgar Hoover finally rebutted the doubters who have cited some early FBI reports of the autopsy that tend to support a two-bullet theory. The reports were based on incomplete information, Hoover said—and he added there was "not one shred of evidence" of a conspiracy.

Yet the fact remained that there could be no final certainties. The official story of the assassination—like life itself—had its loose strands, improbable coincidences, puzzling gaps. In the end, the negative proposition that Oswald had no help could never be proved beyond question. "People," said one-time JFK staffer Ted Sorensen, "find it difficult to accept the incredible fact that President Kennedy, who was so full of life and meaning, was gunned down in a mindless, senseless act . . . that he was killed by a lunatic who got lucky with a high-powered rifle . . . I for myself have accepted that stark fact. I see no reason to believe it was a conspiracy."

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Eyewitness

BY CHARLES ROBERTS

Three years ago NEWSWEEK'S White House correspondent Charles Roberts was in the Presidential motorcade when John F. Kennedy was killed by sniper bullets—and just a few harrowing hours later he was one of two reporters to fly back from Dallas to Washington with the new President, Lyndon B. Johnson. In the following account of his eyewitness impressions of that day, Roberts offers an insight into the current furor over the Warren report:

If I learned anything at Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963, besides what it's like to be numbed by shock and grief, it was that eyewitness testimony is the worst kind. As an old police and court reporter, I had long been wary of witnesses who recalled in precise detail what they saw and heard in moments of great crisis or tragedy. Dallas confirmed my suspicion that victims of horror—no matter how eminent they are—suffer also from faulty recall. And now, the more that is written about Dallas based upon eyewitness recollections, the more that suspicion is confirmed. **ROBERTS' SIGHT?**

I was in the front seat of the first press bus in President Kennedy's fatal motorcade, six or seven car lengths behind his 21-foot-long midnight-blue limousine, when the first shot was fired—or when I think it was fired. And I had just looked up and noted one of the strangest building names I had ever seen carved in stone (or was it painted?)—Texas School Book Depository—when the confusion began.

Different Sound: "That sounded like gunfire," the reporter next to me observed, almost casually. It was Bob Pierpoint, of CBS News, who, like me, had ridden in perhaps 200 Presidential motorcades and heard perhaps 1,000 police motorcycles backfire along the way. The thought was forming in my mind, almost subliminally, that the "pop" I had heard *did* sound different—when I saw a man on the sidewalk to my left (I believe he was a Negro) suddenly dive to the ground, sprawling over what appeared to be a 5- or 6-year-old child at his side. I believe the child that he knocked to the concrete was a girl, but I wouldn't say so now on a witness stand.

At that instant, I heard another "pop." It sounded as though it came from almost directly overhead.

"My God! It was gunfire!" I said, or think I said.

As I grabbed the handrail in front of me and half rose from my seat, I saw a uniformed policeman running across Dealey Plaza, to the left of the President's car, with drawn pistol. I remem-

Newsweek

to Right

in Dallas

ber making a quick calculation that something bad had happened, because it is an old rule of thumb that no one draws a pistol in the presence of the President unless he intends to kill him—or prevent him from being killed.

Uncertain Halt: At about that time, give or take two seconds, the motorcade, which most newsmen estimated had been moving at about 20 miles an hour, ground to an uncertain halt. (With the aid of the Zapruder film, the Warren commission established that it was moving at 11.2 miles an hour.) **WHEN?**

"What's going on?" screamed someone from the back of the bus. At that moment I saw a man I believed to be a photographer—but don't ask me what kind of camera he carried—struggling up a grassy embankment ahead and to the right of the President's car, ducking his head as if under fire. He was pursued—or, at any rate, followed—by a motorcycle policeman who rammed his three-wheeled machine over a curb and, as it righted itself, pulled a pistol from his holster.

That was the first moment at which I consciously began making notes on what I observed. At that moment, that grassy embankment was where the action was. My attention was riveted there, and so was that of half a dozen other correspondents who had spilled out of the bus onto the pavement in a mostly futile effort to find out what was happening.

I remembered this momentary distraction vividly when I revisited Dealey Plaza last July to try to refresh my memory of Dallas—after reading an advance copy of Mark Lane's "Rush to Judgment." When I stopped my cab on Elm Street, just beyond the book depository, and looked at that grassy embankment I realized in a flash how Lane, a clever lawyer with a book to sell (and acting, in effect, as Lee Oswald's defense counsel), had found so many witnesses who thought some shots must have come from that embankment.

Futile Reconnaissance: Lane's "best" witness, Lee Bowers Jr., told the Warren commission that "something occurred in this particular spot which was out of the ordinary, which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify." Of course! **What probably attracted Bowers' eyes** and those of a hundred other stunned spectators to that grassy embankment at that moment was the out-of-the-ordinary sight of a motorcycle policeman, pistol in hand, pursuing a gunman who, if real, had just committed the Crime of the Century. At that moment, I, too, thought that something had occurred in that area which was "out of the ordinary." Later, after no

witness testified that he saw a gun or gunman there, and the police failed to find any trace of a gun or gunman there, and pathologists found that the President had not been hit from the front, I was persuaded by the physical evidence—as opposed to the testimony of excited eyewitnesses—that nothing had occurred there beyond that policeman's eye-catching but futile reconnaissance of the embankment.

To be a witness to the events that followed the final shot was like witnessing the proverbial explosion in a shingle factory and not knowing, at each split second, where to look. I would hesitate to testify under oath to some events I saw peripherally. With hindsight, I know that many of the words I frantically took down from the mouths of "witnesses" in the next few hours were the product of imagination, shock, confusion and something much worse—a macabre desire on the part of some bystanders to be identified with a great tragedy or to pretend greater firsthand knowledge of the event than they possessed.

First Word: I jumped back onto the press bus as it lumbered off to the Dallas Trade Mart, where the President was to have spoken. While other newsmen rode an escalator up to a pressroom, I ran into the parking lot and found a motorcycle cop straining to unscramble a babel of voices crackling out of his police radio. "They shot the President," he told me before I could open my mouth. "They're taking him to Parkland Hospital." This, I suddenly realized, was the first word I had that the President had not only been shot at, but hit.

As I ran for the street I heard the radio dispatcher say, "There is no description of the gunman." In front of the Mart I ran, literally, into the President's personal physician, Vice Adm. George

Burkley, whose motorcade car, like the wayward press bus, had been diverted. (Since Dallas, Dr. Burkley has ridden in the follow-up car behind the President.) The doctor, whom I had known for years, slammed his car door in my face when I pleaded with him to take me to the hospital. A second later a police sergeant I had never seen before (but will never forget) walked into the street and commandeered a car for me. "Take this man to Parkland Hospital—and fast," he told the driver, a Mexican-American woman who had been listening to her car radio and thus was able to provide me with my first clear-cut bit of misinformation. "I hear they got Johnson, too," she said, referring to the then Vice President.

Powder Smell: Minutes later, at Parkland's emergency admitting platform, near the President's blood-spattered car, I cornered my first good close-up eyewitness. Texas's Sen. Ralph Yarborough, who had been riding with Lyndon Johnson just behind the President's security car, was standing there in what seemed like a trance. He gave a surprisingly good reconstruction of events, measured against what is now known to have happened, and yet there was an odd reflection on the credibility of eyewitness testimony in his tearful story. "I smelled the gunpowder . . . it clung to the car nearly all the way to the hospital," he said again and again. **No gun had been fired within half a block of his car.** Senator Yarborough is noted for his integrity. But was it possible that he smelled gunpowder as his car raced to the hospital at speeds up to 90 miles an hour? **NO ?**

In that driveway and inside the hospital in the hectic, confused two hours that followed, seeds of the "conspiracy" or "second gunman" theory of the Ken-



The long voyage home: Charles Roberts (arrow) covers LBJ's swearing-in

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

nedy murder were sown. One alert reporter, Dick Dudman of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, observed what appeared to be a small bullet hole in the front windshield of the President's car. And a competent but harried surgeon, Dr. Malcolm Perry, who had made a desperate effort to save the President's life with a tracheotomy, told a news conference that "there was an entrance wound below his Adam's apple."

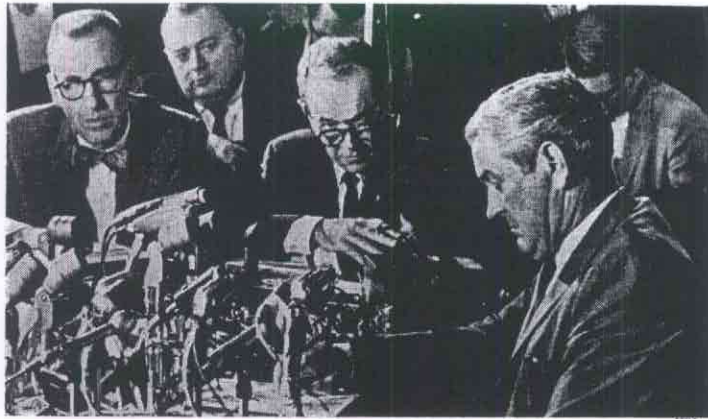
Windshield Theory: These two quick observations prompted author Thomas Buchanan ("Who Killed Kennedy?") and a legion of amateur sleuths who followed in his footsteps to pose the theory that a gunman other than Oswald fired from in front of the Kennedy car, putting a bullet through the windshield and into Kennedy's throat.

This lie traveled around the world before the truth could put its boots on. While the Warren commission wrapped a tight and senseless veil of secrecy around the windshield (nicked by a bullet fragment on the inside but not even fractured on the front side) and the Bethesda Naval Hospital autopsy report (establishing that the hole in Mr. Kennedy's throat was an exit wound), paperback and tabloid readers around the world bought the conspiracy theory.

It matters not that the Secret Service has since displayed the windshield, with no hole in it, and that Dr. Perry, who never turned the President's body over to examine it for wounds at Parkland Hospital, has long since concurred in the Bethesda autopsy findings. The exploded Buchanan theory is still a favorite of doubters, from Bayonne to Bangkok—and Mark Lane's heavily annotated and footnoted defense brief for Oswald is little more than a cleaned-up, updated version of it.

I was standing in the corridor outside Trauma Room One when President Kennedy was wheeled out in a bronze casket. My most vivid recollection of that moment is of the dazed look on Jackie Kennedy's face. Although I had talked to her many times, including a brief exchange when we had arrived at Dallas's Love Field just two hours earlier, there was no glimmer of recognition as she walked past me, her hand resting on the casket. At that moment you could have heard a piece of surgical gauze drop in that corridor, but if a gun had been fired I don't think Mrs. Kennedy would have blinked.

Three Witnesses: Half an hour later I took a closer look at her when I boarded Air Force One to see President Johnson take his oath of office, with her at his side. This time I noted carefully that while her stockings were saturated with blood, the skirt of her strawberry-colored wool suit was only lightly flecked with red. On the way back to Washington I looked at my notes. Sure enough,



Connally meets the press: Two bullets—but one assassin

no fewer than three witnesses, including a 17-year-old high-school boy who had photographed the death car as it sped past him, had told me that Mrs. Kennedy had cradled the President's head in her lap during that wild journey to the hospital.

In view of the fact that President Kennedy suffered a massive head wound, I now think it is impossible that his wife could have cradled his head in her lap and yet had so little blood on her skirt. How she held him I will never know. **Important?** No. But the words of three well-meaning, close-up spectators, including two Secret Service agents, are still in my notebook as a testament to the fallibility of human observation under stress.

History Recorded: My next misadventure in firsthand accounts came when UPI's Merriman Smith and I, the two reporters who made that nightmarish flight back to Washington aboard Air Force One, sat down to write what we had seen and heard since 12:30 p.m. that day. We had both looked at our watches when Lyndon Johnson raised his right hand to be sworn in as President. We agreed that it had happened at 2:37 p.m. Dallas time. When we landed at Andrews Air Force Base, near Washington, after a flank-speed, two hour and twelve-minute flight, we were startled to learn that history—that is, the AP and UPI—had already recorded the time of the oath-taking as 2:38 p.m. (Newsmen on the ground in Dallas, it turned out, had been briefed by a third correspondent who witnessed the swearing-in, Sid Davis, of Westinghouse Broadcasting, who left Air Force One before its take-off without synchronizing his watch with Smith's and mine.) Rather than try to rewrite history, we accepted the time that had by then been flashed around the globe.

Smith and I had a disagreement. In his Pulitzer Prize-winning story, he reported that President Johnson turned

and kissed Jacqueline Kennedy after he had completed his oath with the words "So help me God." I reported that he kissed his wife, Lady Bird, but only embraced Mrs. Kennedy. At this distance in time, I am willing to wager that neither President Johnson nor Jackie Kennedy could say now which way it happened.

But it was not just minor details on which the eyewitnesses to that day's history—some of them trained professional observers—disagreed during the flight back to Washington. On the important question of how many shots had been fired, there was dispute, even among Secret Service men. Agent Roy Kellerman, who rode in the front seat of the President's car, told me (as he later told the Warren commission) that he had heard a "flurry" of shots. President Kennedy's military aide, Maj. Gen. Chester V. Clifton, told me he had heard four. Smith said he had heard three. I had heard two.

Three Shots: Though it never could account for one bullet that apparently miscarried, the Warren commission, impressed by a "consensus" of credible witnesses and the fact that only three spent cartridges were found in the book depository, concluded that "there were three shots fired."

This is as reasoned a conclusion as any seven honest men could reach on the basis of all evidence adduced by a highly competent staff of investigators of unquestioned integrity. But now, three years later, in their efforts to discredit the Warren commission, **second-guessing authors** have seized upon the **unprovability of the number of shots fired as the Achilles' heel of the commission's report.**

Attempting to bolster a thesis based largely on the testimony of witnesses the commission found unconvincing (a key eyewitness in Edward Jay Epstein's "Inquest" lied to FBI agents of the commission on half a dozen provable test

NO
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questions), the new wave of skeptics has concentrated on trying to refute the commission's conclusion that the bullet that pierced Kennedy's neck from back to front also went through the back of Gov. John Connally of Texas, fracturing a rib, then, exiting from his chest, punctured his right wrist and finally lodged in his left thigh.

Persuasive: This is a lot to ask of a bullet—particularly a bullet that was relatively unscarred when found on Connally's stretcher at Parkland. (Critics of the report like to say that bullet was "pristine" when found. It wasn't.) But the commission's inch-by-inch explanation of that bullet's performance, based upon ballistic tests and the testimony of gunshot-wound experts, is still far more persuasive than any arguments advanced by advocates of the two-gunmen theory.

The new hero of the two-gun school, ironically, is Governor Connally, who invited President Kennedy to visit Texas and who insists he is "satisfied beyond any doubt" that there was only one assassin. The burden of eyewitness Connally's story 30 months ago before the Warren commission, and repeated again last week, was that he is "convinced without any doubt" that he was not hit by the same bullet that first struck President Kennedy.

When I read the governor's story last week, after three years of contemplating my experience with eyewitness testimony, I was struck by his assertion that his recollection of that day is still total and precise. I was particularly impressed by his statement that "I know every split second of what happened in that car until I lost consciousness."

As a check against his total, precise recall I got out Volume IV of "Hearings Before the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy" and turned to Governor Connally's testimony before the Warren commission. There I found that the governor had estimated the speed of the President's car at "between 20 and 22 miles an hour" (the same error of nearly 100 per cent that I had made) and the time span between the first and third shots at "ten, twelve seconds" (versus an interval of 4.8 to 5.6 seconds indicated by the Zapruder film, another error of approximately 100 per cent).

Governor's Boast: I still could have forgiven the governor his boast about precise and total recall had I not read on to page 135, where the following colloquy occurs:

MR. SPECTER (Arlen Specter, assistant counsel for the Warren commission): Were you conscious of receiving that wound on the wrist at the time you sustained it?

GOVERNOR CONNALLY: No, sir; I was not.

MR. SPECTER: When did you first

know you were wounded in the right wrist?

GOVERNOR CONNALLY: When I came to in the hospital on Saturday, the next morning, and I looked up and my arm was tied up in a hospital bed, and I said, "What is wrong with my arm?" and they told me then that I had a shattered wrist, and that is when I also found out I had a wound in the thigh.

At first I blinked in astonishment. Could the eyewitness who had no doubt about which bullet struck him and who knew "every split second" of what happened in the death car have possibly suffered a shattered wrist and a wound in the thigh without knowing it? If he sustained these two wounds and didn't know it until the next day, as his own sworn testimony indicates, is it not possible that he was struck by the first bullet that hit the President and didn't realize it?

The answer to both questions, obviously, is yes, an answer that reconfirms my theory that eyewitness testimony is questionable at best and, in some cases, downright suspect.

Tangible Evidence: In sifting the testimony of its 552 witnesses—some sane and some kooky, some corroborative of physical evidence and some conflicting—the Warren commission undoubtedly reached this same conclusion. In the end it gave credence to the most believable statements of the most credible witnesses—and then relied heavily on such visible, tangible bits of evidence as ballistic tests, movie films, documents establishing ownership of the murder weapon, and an autopsy report by the best-qualified team of forensic medi-

cine experts the U.S. Navy could muster.

Most of the critics of the Warren report have reversed this procedure, giving maximum credence to the least reliable witnesses and ignoring or trying to explain away the physical evidence pointing to Oswald as the lone killer.

Barring new evidence (and none of importance has turned up since the Warren commission wrote its report), the reading public must eventually decide who has made a fairer judgment on the testimony of those 552 witnesses and the evidence contained in 3,154 exhibits—the distinguished seven-man bipartisan commission headed by Earl Warren, the Chief Justice of the United States, or the commission's self-appointed critics, whose books are now well on the way to outselling the Warren commission report.

Big Conspiracy: If, after weighing the commission's findings and conclusions against those of its critics, any reader is still inclined to accept the notion that Oswald was framed and the truth about President Kennedy's murder has been suppressed, I urge him to consider the words of a Secret Service agent who rehashed the case against Oswald for me soon after the first of the books charging "conspiracy" appeared.

"If this is a conspiracy," he said, "it's really a big one. It's got to include the Dallas police force, the Secret Service, the FBI, all those doctors at Parkland, all those doctors at Bethesda, the entire Warren commission, the Warren commission staff, the Justice Department and finally the Attorney General [Robert F. Kennedy, brother of the slain President] or it just won't work."

Somehow, after that, I never could take the conspiracy theory very seriously.

THE PRESIDENT: Talking Turkey

It was that time again—the annual rite of autumn in which Lyndon Baines Johnson, by three years' tradition, slices the budget within an inch of its credibility. But this year there was a difference. Barely on the road to recovery from his operation, the President sounded hoarse, looked peaked and moved with the ponderous wariness of a man whose body had once again betrayed him. And his vulnerability was more than physical: the combination of an escalating inflation, a nagging war and a resurgent GOP awaiting him on Capitol Hill made this year's edition



'It's That Next Operation I'm Worried About'

Handwritten notes in the left margin: "The new hero of the two-gun school", "The answer to both questions, obviously, is yes", "The Warren commission undoubtedly reached this same conclusion", "It's got to include the Dallas police force, the Secret Service, the FBI, all those doctors at Parkland, all those doctors at Bethesda, the entire Warren commission, the Warren commission staff, the Justice Department and finally the Attorney General [Robert F. Kennedy, brother of the slain President] or it just won't work.", "Somehow, after that, I never could take the conspiracy theory very seriously.", "THE PRESIDENT: Talking Turkey", "It was that time again—the annual rite of autumn in which Lyndon Baines Johnson, by three years' tradition, slices the budget within an inch of its credibility. But this year there was a difference. Barely on the road to recovery from his operation, the President sounded hoarse, looked peaked and moved with the ponderous wariness of a man whose body had once again betrayed him. And his vulnerability was more than physical: the combination of an escalating inflation, a nagging war and a resurgent GOP awaiting him on Capitol Hill made this year's edition"