The fateful visit to Dallas begins... The assassination. The Dallas police guard the building believed to house the assassin. A plain-clothes officer carries the high-powered rifle used to kill the President.

Detective Bill Walthers pictured retrieving what the author believes was the fourth bullet.

Robert and Jacqueline Kennedy watch as the President's body returns to Washington; Mrs Kennedy witnesses the swearing in of the new President, Lyndon Johnson.

The arrest of Lee Harvey Oswald.

No. 1 suspect Lee Oswald, his mother and wife.

The arrest of Lee Harvey Oswald.

The new President, Lyndon Johnson, and his wife.

The moment of death for Lee Oswald.

The moment of death for Lee Oswald.
Three times that day in Texas we were greeted with bouquets of the yellow roses of Texas. Only in Dallas they gave me red roses. I remember thinking: How funny—red roses for me.
Thirty-one minutes past twelve on a November afternoon in Dallas, Texas... The sun was shining, Texans were welcoming... was then that one of the most able politicians the world has known was assassinated by someone whose identity has never been proved. Exactly how he was assassinated is also unknown. It might have been an American political action, it might have been Castro-inspired, it might merely have been the work of a psychopath.

In attempting to throw new light on the assassination, Nein E. Gun has investigated the hour-by-hour events preceding and following the tragedy and fully examined the surrounding circumstances. In this new chapter, we are introduced to the work of a psychologist who believes the assassin was psychologically defended. The assassin's motive has been explored in this book.

Someone whose identity has never been revealed that night, a man whose name was astonishingly similar to the assassin's, was in the vicinity. Could it be that the assassin was under the influence of this man? The mystery deepens.

Novel events unfold in Dallas, Texas, as the investigation continues. The truth is closer than ever before.
CHAPTER ONE

Noon Cavalcade in Dallas

THE PITILESS GLARE

of the Texan sun was making Jacqueline Kennedy very uncomfortable, but she dared not put on her blue-tinted sunglasses; she must keep on waving and smiling at the crowds cheering along both sides of the route.

It was a joy-day in Dallas. The enthusiasm of the townsmen had surprised all those in the procession. John Fitzgerald Kennedy, seated on the right of the huge blue Lincoln-Continental bearing the number-plate GG-300 of the Columbia district, was thoroughly enjoying it all.

He had been warned to expect something quite different from this from the hair-trigger-tempered Texans. He had been told that they would spit in his face — as had happened a few weeks before to Adlai Stevenson. This was, after all, the domain of his bitter rival, Senator Barry Goldwater, who from his hours-long-established Los Angeles had warned him to expect something quite different from this.

He had been warned to expect something quite different from this.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.

He had been warned to expect something quite different.
I2

RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

The presidential procession was preceded only by motorcycle outriders from the local police. They had been ordered not to use their sirens at all, perhaps so that the cheers of the crowd, expected to be far less warm, should be heard to the full.

At midday, the procession arrived at the centre of Dallas, that wide-spreading town — in Texas everything and everybody is larger than anywhere else — whose real population centre is relatively tiny. There is just the one principal road, Main Street, reflected in several parallel byways.

President Kennedy glanced at the small whitewashed building, pseudo-Spanish in style, standing at the sharp corner where Harwood Street turns into Main Street. This was the ... Attorney Wade was watching the passing of the cavalcade. Just above him was the detention centre for "his" suspects.

ON THE two bucket-seats of the special Lincoln, opposite the President and Mrs Kennedy, were John Connally, also on the right, and his wife Nellie. Connally is the Governor of Texas, and a loyal supporter of the President — whose Navy Minister he had been not long previously.

The original plan had been for the Texas Senator, Ralph Yarborough, to have the honour of travelling with the presidential couple. Yarborough is the leader of the Texan ... tried to smooth him down by offering him a place in his own car. But that morning the President's anger over a piece in the Times made him unwilling to travel with Yarborough, and the latter gracefully accepted the request made by the President in the morning. President Johnson and Mrs Johnson were in the lead, followed by Vice-President Johnson and his wife. Then came the five-in-a-row of Secret Service men, each man with two sub-machine-guns, each man with a pool and an exceeding voter to the rear. Counts were there, ... "Presidential car" of Dallas.

But this morning's atmosphere — the President second to have said him upon getting to a piece in the Times — smoothed him down to-wards the extent of his travel to Texas in order to meet the press, their press, their "thebesque" who had come in. Throughout Texas, President Johnson, together with the President, made a big tour to the east, but to the west, where the President was expected, the press was not in the profession to "Presidential car". President Johnson in the lead, followed by Vice-President Johnson and his wife. Then came the five-in-a-row of Secret Service men, each man with two sub-machine-guns, each man with a pool and an exceeding voter to the rear. Counts were there, ... "Presidential car" of Dallas.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS
Antonietta Stella, prima donna of the Dallas Opera, who had interrupted rehearsals for Ballo in Maschera, soon to have a gala first night, because she wished to see Kennedy.
Then, for a moment forgetting the crowds, the President studied the bunting strung from building to building, prettily transforming the appearance of Main Street. These decorations were not for him; the silver angels with gilded wings and red-and-white plastic Santa Clauses, hand-in-hand were part of the traditional display which every self-respecting American town puts on as Christmas draws near. Certainly, December 25th was still far off—but in Dallas, the town of the newly-rich, where everyone is extremely rich, they always start well ahead of "the rest".
John Kennedy must have thought then of the presents he would take back to his children when he returned home on Monday. It would be a special occasion. John-John (as he lovingly called him, disliking the bourgeois term "junior") would be three years old on that day. And Caroline, the charming, impudent "big girl", would be six on Wednesday. That very morning, the President had been given an enormous cowboy hat; he could imagine John-John's joy when he took it back to him... Would there be time to buy something else as well?
AT THE TRADE MART—A sort of exhibition hall—hundreds of the town's leading citizens had begun their meal, expecting to hear Kennedy's speech at dessert. The text had already been distributed in advance to the journalists present by a White House aide. The guests had paid a hundred dollars a head for the privilege of being there. For this, they were served great wedges of Kansas steak and baked potatoes Idaho. The Reverend J. A. Schumacher, of the Dallas diocese, had granted a special dispensation for the day, although a Friday, so that his Catholic flock could eat their steaks in the President's honour.
David Miller, a seventeen-year-old cashier at a nearby supermarket, had finished work, and taken along his new instant-print camera, meaning to use it this same afternoon for the first time. He saw the procession near the Neiman, Marcus crossing, but decided to take his pictures further along, where it was more open, with no skyscrapers to shadow his subject. There was plenty of time, since the procession was moving forward at only about fifteen miles an hour, and now and then coming to a standstill. All Dallas seemed to be on the street—except the schoolschildren who were still at their desks; the newspapers were printing their special editions; and the news photographers, who were already waiting on footpaths near the parade, were there in force, their cameras on tripods. This was a special occasion, John-John (to whom they had given a special dispensation from school) had been given half a day off. The Dallas News, the evening edition of the town's only newspaper, was already printed, with the speech on the front page, and a photo of the arrival at the airport already in place above six columns of "copy". Of course, the Dallas Herald, the city's morning newspaper, had its edition ready to go to press—though on a Friday, it was not quite so early as usual. The front page would be a special feature, the President's visit, a "historical event". In any case, the Friday evening edition was always rather routine—people don't read much on a Saturday, day of odd jobs and departures for the week-end.
TONI ZOPPI, editor of the show business page, had a visitor, a certain Jack Ruby, who came in to talk about his book, certain Jack Ruby, who came in to talk about his book.
He seemed quite unconcerned with what was going on in the town.

Sidney Marcus, boss of Nieman-Marcus, the most exclusive store in Texas, certainly in America, perhaps in the world, was waiting on the main entrance steps. He was wondering whether Jacqueline Kennedy would find time to come and buy something there. Thank goodness, the store did not need the publicity — petrol millionaires queued up to get in — but to have as a customer a First Lady renowned for her elegant good taste would certainly do no harm.

A remarkable shop, this Nieman-Marcus: and everyone in the procession instinctively looked into its windows as they drew level. Perhaps they recalled the story of the Texan blessed by the Oil-gods who had come to Marcus some days before Christmas, and declared:

"I'll buy all the window-displays as they stand. Just shift the lot to my ranch, around my wife's window — it's my Christmas present to her.

The story is true. True, too, the one about the farmwife who came to the store barefoot. She made purchases right and left, to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and finally bought one pair of shoes, which she put on on the spot.

"But — forgive me, Madame — why did you come barefoot?"

"They only struck oil on our land the day before yesterday. I've never had any shoes in my life before."

At Nieman Marcus they sell more mink coats than anywhere else in America, and that in a region where it is almost always tremendously hot. They have a Bargain Counter with a minimum price of ten thousand dollars. The sugar in the sugar-bowls of the restaurant is sea-blue, to match the walls. For eight thousand dollars you can buy a ready-made library. For fifteen thousand dollars you can buy a collection with a minimum price of fifteen thousand dollars. And you can buy anywhere in the world, and in any language that you like, a magnificent three-story store, complete with furniture and fixtures. They have always been more than a retail store; they have been a department store, a museum, a study, a library, a research laboratory, and a school as well. They have always been more than a retail store; they have been a department store, a museum, a study, a library, a research laboratory, and a school as well.
I.

18 RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

Murcheson's is as big as the White House, and in Dallas lives H. L. Hunt, whose income is $150,000 a day. Dallas is also being infallible: out of twenty-four accused persons for capital offences, he has sent twenty-two to the electric chair.

DOUGLAS KIKER, special correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, was wondering if the press car would arrive at its destination in time to allow him to telephone to his office: it was now a quarter past twelve.

He had decided to write a piece about Jacqueline. That day she was radiant. Such, at least, was Kiker's impression as he watched her smiling, slightly waving a hand, making eyes. Such was her charm, her eloquence, her poise. Her wool dress suited her like a dream, her pill-box hat was of the same colour and Chanel could be proud of her.

Ordinarily, Jacqueline dislikes hats; so much so, that on one occasion she received a petition from a national delegation of despairing milliners. But on this particular day she had decided to go shopping, while taking tea, at church and at concerts. Even at the office, they work with hats on their head.

The President was obviously delighted with his wife at that moment, proud of her charm, her elegance, her popularity... He knew that Jacqueline was the first lady, that she was the one in the White House, the one who decided everything, the one who was the symbol of the whole nation... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who... He knew that she was the one who...
red roses from texas

Decker's offices, and the prison, were in the new building on the right.

The presidential procession had little more than a hundred yards to go along Houston Street before making yet another turn, sharp left into Elm Street.

Just in front of the Sheriff's offices was a kind of monument, apparently copied from the Joliette of the Schoenbrunn Palace at Vienna, its centre-piece a statue of Sam Houston, ... within a few minutes at the Trade Mart, just a few miles further on. Further still, again at the right of the motorway, ... was the Parkland Municipal Hospital.

There were almost no more police left along Elm Street; James M. Chaney, the motorcyclist preceding the presidential car by a few yards noted that here the crowd was much less dense, and mainly consisted of negroes.

The negroes rather looked upon Kennedy as their champion, but had preferred to group together here, apart from the whites. At Dallas, despite a seeming veneer of liberalisation, racial barriers remain firm.

PHOTOGRAPHER JACKSON, of the Dallas Times Herald, was trying to get a reflection of Kennedy in the water of a small rectangular pool lying between the statue in the centre and the Elm Street crossing. Suddenly he realised that he had used up his film, and began to re-charge his camera.

The pool also reflected the image of a big yellow building topped by a huge neon sign. In the water, the building seemed to have something graceful about it, but in fact it was a mere skeleton of the idea. The walls were smooth concrete, the windows, stark in these semi-rural surroundings, an outrage to its idyllic setting of lawns and gardens. This was the Texas Book Depository Building, headquarters of a private firm supplying the State's schools with textbooks, exercise books and atlases. The top floors had been turned into a Warehouse.

NEARLY ALL the employees were at the windows: on the fourth floor, at the right, were Ralph Erwing and Washington Harris, two negroes very excited at the thought of seeing the President for the first time in their lives. The windows or dip floor above were deserted. One was half-open; on the sill was a cardboard box, left there no doubt by a thoughtless employee.

Roy S. Truly, the manager, was outside the door facing the junction of Houston and Elm Streets. He was talking to a friend, a certain Abraham Zapruder, proprietor of the Dallas Morning News. Mr. Zapruder was explaining to Truly that while he wanted to film Kennedy's passing, he wanted to use up as little film as possible. "Kodachrome costs money — four dollars for twenty-five feet — and the camera eats it up... I'll get Kennedy just as he passes..."

...but the cameras can't hit the spot..."

...and the negatives are not, I'll get Kennedy just as he passes..."

...and the negatives are not hit the spot..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."

...and the negatives are not..."
He had been promised that when he woke up he could watch his parents' arrival at Austin, the Texan capital, on the television. Their stop at Dallas had not been considered important enough to be televised as a whole.

For the first time in his life "John-John" had not cried when his father left on the previous day. But he had watched silently, and then asked sadly: "Why does Daddy always leave me alone?"

IT WAS twelve-thirty exactly as the blue Lincoln turned the corner. David Miller took his photograph, but having noted that just at that moment Kennedy and his wife were looking the opposite way, he decided to run round the Texas Book Depository Building in order to get another picture when the car reached the motorway.

Secret Service man Clint Hill looked attentively ahead, towards the bridge, beneath which the procession must shortly pass. There were three or four people on it, and Secret Service men are always wary of bridges and balconies.

Kennedy, too, was looking towards this bridge, and beyond it, at the silhouettes of several sun-gilded skyscrapers in the direction of Oak Cliff — regarded as one of the town's more proletarian suburbs.

The chauffeur slowed down again, enabling the tailor-turned-film-man Zapruder to get a better picture. It was twelve-thirty and fifty-five seconds.

It was then that Nellie Connally, still clutching her bouquet of pale yellow roses, turned to Kennedy and exclaimed triumphantly:

"What a reception, Mr President! You can never say again that they don't love you in Dallas . . ."
ON THAT FATEFUL Friday, a drama was being enacted in several different places at once, as if on a revolving stage. It began under a fine rain at Fort Worth.

It was a little after midnight when the Kennedys entered their apartment at the Texas Hotel. They had not been given the most expensive quarters - No. 1348, called the Will Rogers Suite, after the old Hollywood actor, an idol of a former generation — because the Kennedys were not known to the hotel nor to the Kennedys' friends, who had arranged the engagement for them. But the Kennedys were happy to have the best location in town, and that they had been allowed to use it at no cost, despite the wear and tear they had put the suite through. The polite hotel porter, who had been very economical, did not see why she should pay.

The apartment had recently been decorated in "modern oriental" style, with very low couches covered in gold brocade, standing out from walls covered in blue silk paper. In the living room, the Kennedys had hung pictures, from Rembrandts to Picasso, and some pieces of sculpture and pottery from their own collection and those of other local notables. In each room she had put huge bouquets of yellow roses, the national flower of Texas.

THE FIRST lady was too tired that night to examine her little temporary museum. She had been standing almost all day, since at 1:31 p.m. she had left the blue and white train at Fort Worth "aristocracy", had turned the place into an art gallery by installing thirty or so pictures, from Rembrandts to Picasso, and some pieces of sculpture and pottery from her own collection and those of other local notables. In each room she had put huge bouquets of yellow roses, the national flower of Texas.

THE PRESIDENT was also tired, and had to go to bed very early.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

rulers of the earth, following the coffin of the sovereign best remembered as the architect of the "entente cordiale". Wilhelm II, in the glittering uniform of the Grenadier Guards, his famous moustaches pointing aggressively upward, rode ... Princes, forty princes of the blood, seven queens and a multitude of diplomats representing seventy nations of the world.

"Never again could this grandiose spectacle of May 1914 be repeated," thought Kennedy. "Our modern world is too realistic to waste time over one man's funeral."

The article which so caught Kennedy's attention was inspired by a bedside book of his, August 14, 1914 by Barbara W. Tuchman. Kennedy had given copies of it to his friends; the British Prime Minister, Macmillan, had received one on his last visit. Kennedy was particularly struck, in this book, by the way in which a whim of Fate can overturn the world.

1914 was a Golden Age in Europe but it had needed no more than a few pistol-shots from an unknown at Sarajevo to change everything, destroy everything, wipe it all out.

Kennedy remembered what he had said to Senator Mike Mansfield, head of the Democrat majority in the Senate, before leaving Washington: "I am very worried about Romulo Bethancourt" (the Venezuelan President). "These Venezuelans are mad. They're capable of shooting him and in a few seconds reducing the country to nothing ..."

The United States, certainly, was not a turbulent nation like Venezuela. Still you would have had to go a long way back in time to find a day which began as serenely as that November 22nd.

JOE BROWN, his wife and their seven children were waiting at that moment, some minutes after one in the morning, for their train at Pennsylvania Station, New York. They had to get to Vermont, to spend the holiday with the rest of the family.

Although so late, the station was full of travelers, for this was the beginning of the great exodus of the long weekend of "Thanksgiving". This takes place on the last Thursday ... who debarked at Plymouth more than three centuries ago. Like them, one eats a turkey dinner and "counts one's blessings". In the United States, certainly, was not a turbulent nation.
fascinated the public because of the extraordinary details revealed by the prosecution. Thompson had hired the services of a killer, and the conspiracy showed marked resemblance to one uncovered by the Italian police when the wife of a Milanese business man was murdered in Rome. That night, an entirely new edition of *Who's Who in Café Society* went on sale, edited by Cleveland Armory. For the first time, alongside those of the negro leader Dr Martin Luther King and the inevitable Elizabeth Taylor, it contained the name of Caroline Kennedy.

That night, at Springfield, in the Federal prison, died Robert Stroud, known to the world as "The Bird-Man of Alcatraz", the Dr Faria of "The Rock" in San Francisco Bay; the old man, kept in solitary confinement since 1931, knew how to talk to the birds.

In the big stores, Father Christmas costumes were being given out to the men who for the next month would spend all their time taking kiddies on their knee to hear what they wanted for Christmas.

At the Central Post Office in Washington the postal code number 25000 had been given to Father Christmas, who was already receiving the first hundreds of the some half a million letters which would be addressed to him by American children. That year, progress was making itself felt everywhere. An electronic brain would reply to the letters — which was the reason for the announcement that it wouldn't do any longer for the young ones to address them to Santa at the North Pole, but must put the ZIP-code number 25000 on the envelope instead.

In Seattle, they had just finished installing in a shop a machine which taught the American Embassy's workers how to address bullion letters which would be addressed to them by a million letters which would be addressed to him by American children. That year, progress was making itself felt everywhere. An electronic brain would reply to the letters — which was the reason for the announcement that it wouldn't do any longer for the young ones to address them to Santa at the North Pole, but must put the ZIP-code number 25000 on the envelope instead.

In the big stores, Father Christmas costumes were being given out to the men who for the next month would spend all their time taking kiddies on their knee to hear what they wanted for Christmas.

At the Central Post Office in Washington the postal code number 25000 had been given to Father Christmas, who was already receiving the first hundreds of the some half a million letters which would be addressed to him by American children. That year, progress was making itself felt everywhere. An electronic brain would reply to the letters — which was the reason for the announcement that it wouldn't do any longer for the young ones to address them to Santa at the North Pole, but must put the ZIP-code number 25000 on the envelope instead.

In Seattle, they had just finished installing in a shop a machine which taught the American Embassy's workers how to address bullion letters which would be addressed to them by a million letters which would be addressed to him by American children. That year, progress was making itself felt everywhere. An electronic brain would reply to the letters — which was the reason for the announcement that it wouldn't do any longer for the young ones to address them to Santa at the North Pole, but must put the ZIP-code number 25000 on the envelope instead.

In Seattle, they had just finished installing in a shop a machine which taught the American Embassy's workers how to address bullion letters which would be addressed to them by a million letters which would be addressed to him by American children. That year, progress was making itself felt everywhere. An electronic brain would reply to the letters — which was the reason for the announcement that it wouldn't do any longer for the young ones to address them to Santa at the North Pole, but must put the ZIP-code number 25000 on the envelope instead.
30

RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

safety of a single citizen; yet Kennedy had achieved something similar for an unknown pedagogue.

YES, KENNEDY could be proud that night, listening to the latest news about Barghoorn on the television. Yale University had organised a meeting in the President's honour by way of showing their gratitude.

ANOTHER INTELLECTUAL was awake late that night. He was working in his studio at Princeton University on a speech which he was to deliver a few days later, at the ... as "a risk". But Kennedy, showing great political courage, was going to receive him publicly and give him the $50,000 prize, whose symbolical value was probably a hundred times greater.

AT THE United Nations a resolution had been passed with the year of international co-operation.

The world's day was beginning peacefully. Certainly, the Soviets had brought down an Iranian plane, but as their president, Brezhnev, was at that moment the guest of the Shah, the incident did not seem grave.

Premier Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodge had renounced American economic aid. Far from irritating public opinion, this had caused some amazement in Washington: the Soviets had brought down an Iranian plane in Iran, and their action had apparently been met with merely a verbal protest from the United Nations. The world seemed to be settling down to a new period of peace and co-operation.

Nothing new in Vietnam.

At the Vatican, the Eucumenical Council had just authorised the use of the English language during the sacraments — a little compliment from Rome to the first Catholic president of the United States.

All the newspapers had the photo of an aged Texan, wearing, of course, a ten-gallon hat, and watching two television receivers at once, because just one picture bored him. He was President Lyndon B. Johnson, who, as John F. Kennedy, had prophesied, was going to be re-elected. At the age of eighty-five, he had just won the elections and was now in his third term as President of the United States.

Another vice-president was in Texas that night:

Richard M. Nixon and his wife, waiting at Dallas airport for the plane which would take them to New York. It is not surprising that the President who has just finished re-electing himself should want to get home as soon as possible.

Thinking back three years, to November 1960, it is difficult to realise that this same Nixon only just missed being elected President; a few thousand votes in the swing states ... on November 1960, it is difficult to realise that the same Nixon who, in the eyes of the world, was a strong contender for the Presidency, was now a loser in the election.

Another International was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his work in the field of disarmament.

Humphrey by way of showing that Red China.
The fateful visit to Dallas begins as the Kennedys arrive at Love Field airport. Right, Vice-President Johnson makes the introductions to Dallas dignitaries while behind the President, Governor Connally helps his wife from the plane. Below, Mrs Kennedy holds her red roses.

There was some talk of Dwight Eisenhower having been back to Columbia University, to receive a medal marking the tenth anniversary of the day on which he assumed its presidency. The general was welcomed by a young undergraduate, David Syrett, who once as a child had offered him a plastic gun. Dwight D. Eisenhower did not talk politics, preferring not to risk his prestige in a battle he believes already lost for the Republicans.

Another advertisement, by a motion-picture company, announced a new film:

"There are other ways of getting rid of a president than..."

Macy's, the big New York store, had published an advertisement, splashed across several pages:

"Tomorrow, Friday, November 22nd, there's just one thing to do: Buy our bargain-price Whisky. It'll cheer us up — we shall need it."

Another advertisement, by a motion-picture company, announced a new film:

"There are other ways of getting rid of a president than..."

In all the papers appearing that Friday, November 22nd, Paramount published an advertisement in huge type of its film Seven Days in May, in which a right-wing fanatic, Burt Lancaster, plots to get rid of the president of the United States, played by Frederic March.

"The president knew more than 25,000 people but could trust no more than five."

Another advertisement, by a motion-picture company, announced a new film:

"There are other ways of getting rid of a president than..."

The fateful visit to Dallas begins as the Kennedys arrive at Love Field airport. Right, Vice-President Johnson makes the introductions to Dallas dignitaries while behind the President, Governor Connally helps his wife from the plane. Below, Mrs Kennedy holds her red roses.
It is strange to note how many films were being made at the time, or had just been released, which had this theme of an attempt on a president's life. Peter Sellers, the celebrated British actor, had played a president threatened by rebels, and in "Fail Safe" the president's life was also in danger.

A fantastic plot to kill the president during a Madison Square Garden meeting occurs in "The Manchurian Candidate." The Des Moines Television Station that night showed "Suddenly," with Frank Sinatra, as its midnight matinee; an old "B" film, which was probably shown at the same time by a dozen other stations, and which had been screened all over America during the previous year. It has been described as a classic of the medium, and which had reached a large audience at a time when television was still in its infancy.

On Broadway, the night's shows were coming to an end. "Everybody's Talking," by Torme and a symphony orchestra, was in its last few performances, and "City Lights," with Charlie Chaplin (no longer banned) in his first speaking role; and "My Fair Lady," with Audrey Hepburn, were both to close shortly. Meanwhile, at one of the city's finest restaurants, the El Morocco, all the talk was of who would be the next big thing to happen in the theatre.

"How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "Beyond the Fringe," another reconstruction of the assassination, had been huge hits. Another, "The Best Man," a kind of reconstruction of the assassination, was also on the boards. The papers were filled with stories of the controversy surrounding the film, and the real impact of the assassination on the public was still being felt. Mrs. Kennedy, along with other government officials, was seen leaving the theatre and looking shaken.

The Secret Service was now in charge, and they were on high alert. The assassination had left a lasting impact on the nation, and the government was determined to prevent anything similar from happening again. The Secret Service had taken over the protection of the president, and they were working around the clock to ensure his safety. The nation was in a state of shock, and the government was working overtime to ensure that the president was safe.

COU~~NG OUR BLESSINGS
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS
The next day's horoscope, syndicated in hundreds of American newspapers, read:

"Serious political surprises may be expected."

And in Paris, where the newspapers were already printing political warnings, read:

"Counting our blessings."
CHAPTER THREE

"Join the Marines—They will make a Man out of You!"

The shabby wooden bungalow at 1026 North Beckley, in the Oak Hill quarter—"on the other side of the tracks"—was in darkness. Mrs A. C. Johnson owns that jumble of a house, whose builder must have thought he was constructing a maze, it is so difficult to find your way round.

Mrs Johnson is a very good manager indeed. She has seventeen rooms, let furnished at modest prices. The tenant who on October 14th had taken the small room off the main sitting-room near the entrance paid only $8 a week—which is reasonable in any country in the world, and above all in Dallas.

The room was no bigger than a railway carriage, some 6ft. by 8ft; with a window (and air-conditioning it is true), a very small, plain bed, and a child's cupboard, white with nothing in it but a radio that was lying there, and a half-empty suitcase, said Mrs Johnson. The room was too small to hide anything in.

The tenant behaved very well, giving no trouble, never asking for anything and paying the rent regularly. What more could Mrs Johnson—who, with her husband, was busy not only with this nice little place but also with a restaurant next door—have wished for?

The tenant, whose name was O. H. Lee, went regularly to work every morning and returned every evening at about nine o'clock. He read in his room, or listened to the radio. Sometimes, at midnight, he would go into the big sitting-room for the television news bulletin. But he never made any comment upon it. Lee was a very silent person.

That night, he did not come in at news-time. No-one noticed his absence. Mrs Johnson was at the restaurant, and the housekeeper, Helen Roberts, had other things to do than bother with the tenants.

Some weeks before, an unknown woman had telephoned and asked to speak to a certain "Oswald".

"No-one of that name here—and I'm not a telephonist," Mrs Roberts had snapped, cutting off the caller's protests. Had she been a bit more friendly, she might perhaps have ... initials of O: H. Lee were those of this Lee Harvey Oswald—and might have put a spoke in the wheels of destiny...

IN THE same district, a quarter of a mile away, there lived policeman J. D. Tippitt, who had at last made up his mind to go to bed. When not on duty, he was always at home with his family, helping his wife, Marie.

They owned their own little house, but in theory only, since it was heavily mortgaged. A salary of $60 a week was barely enough to keep it running, and the house was in a state of disrepair. The only possessions: a small radio and a few cheap pieces of furniture, and all the available space. Anyway, the house was about to be sold.

The room was too small to hide anything. The room could not contain the family's belongings, and anyway the family was small—just Mrs Tippitt, who was at work, and a child, Edward, his left arm in a sling.

There was no television, and the family listened to the radio for news.

The next day he would be free (he did not have to go to the restaurant until the evening), and had therefore been able to chat at length to his elder son. This was Allen, fourteen years old, whose ambition it was to be an astronaut.

Brenda Kay, ten, was helping her mother wash up, while Curtis Ray, four, had long since been in bed.

The windows of the Tippitts' house were dark. When he was at work, Tippitt kept the windows open, and the children could hear the news on the radio.

But that night, he did not come home. The children heard nothing.

THE SHABBY WOODEN BUNGALOW AT 1026 NORTH BECKLEY..."
"Tippitt? A good guy, a real buddy," his Sergeant said of him. "Never talks about anything except his family... They're poor, but they're happy."

Next day was to be a holiday for them, since owing to Kennedy's arrival and the festivities which would follow, the children would not go to school.

JACK RUBY, the proprietor of the Carousel Club, had not yet gone home. Despite its pretentious sign, the Carousel was nothing but a sleazy bar, where watching the "strip-tease" show the customers bought more and more drinks for the hostesses. Ruby usually stayed at the club until the middle of the last show, about two in the morning, then checked the cash and deposited the evening's takings in the night-safe of a nearby bank.

His real name was Jack Leon Rubinstein, but he had shortened it. Either because that is often done in America, or because in Dallas, despite the presence of a strong and prosperous Jewish minority, anti-semitism is latent — and in Ruby's métier one cannot afford the luxury of making enemies for non-commercial reasons.

Ruby was very popular with everybody, as a night-club proprietor must be — above all with the police. The Headquarters men, and those of the Sheriff's office, often came in. They ate and drank free, joked with the girls, and went off again without so much as leaving a tip for the waiter, but giving "Jack, my pal" a friendly tap on the shoulder. That was "business" too; in dry Texas, where alcohol is sold in clubs, you have obviously to keep in with the police.

Jack Ruby gave himself "little Al Capone of Dallas" airs, believed he resembled "Scarface", and dressed to imitate him. He was born obscurely in the ghetto of Chicago's West Side. The word "ghetto" is not a metaphor here: every big American city has its ghetto, where the Jewish poor herd together by choice, and they continue to be given that name. His father, Joseph, a building contractor, brought him up very strictly, together with his three brothers and four sisters.

But Ruby early detached himself from the family; at fifteen he was already well known in Chicago's underworld, selling tickets for sporting events and acting as bookie's runner.

He became one of the characters of the "Loop" (the city's Soho). They called him "Sparky", because although he never seemed to have any money he always managed to be flashily dressed. The Chicago police did not take him very seriously. Once he tried to get into a boxing match without paying, was severely beaten and has ever since carried a steel plate in his skull. Later, Rubinstein became a commercial traveller in cruets; then organised the more or less shady activities of a syndicate of road-sweepers.

Ruby left Chicago for San Francisco, where during the lean years of the Depression he tried to make his way in that jumble of dance-halls, houses of assignation, "strip-tease" shows and sleazy dives which is the "Barbary Coast". But the native gangsters chased him off.

He went back to Chicago, and timidly and unnoticed frequented the violent world of Tony Accardo, Partin Ochs and Paul "No-Nose" Labriola. He offered to "tell all" to Kefauver's Senate Committee, which was enquiring into crime in the United States. Washington laughed at him; humiliated, Ruby in 1952 agreed to his sister, Eve Grant's, suggestion that he should take over the management of a bar which she had inherited.

In Dallas Jack Ruby found fortune. He at once became "the Chicago cowboy", looked on by everyone as a tourist sight. He bought another bar, then the Carousel, and despite five recorded arrests seems never to have paid the smallest penalty.
"Really, he was never interested in politics," said his best strip-tease artiste, Jada Conforto, a red-head of twenty-seven. "And I didn't think he could hurt a fly. He could never make up his mind."

THAT NIGHT, Ruby returned late to his apartment. He had three rooms in the Marsala Building, 233 Erwing Street. The rent was only $125, but Ruby, always careful with money, shared it with a postcard seller, George Senator.

They had been friends for a long time, and Senator thought him a "regular guy, good-hearted, with a code of his own — not everybody's, but still a code."

Ruby was a bachelor, and gave all his love to his basset-hound, a chestnut-coloured dog called Schatzi. Neither Senator, nor his staff at the club, nor the police knew that he also had a revolver.

THE WOMAN who had so unseasonably telephoned the rooming-house at Beckley Street was a pleasant blonde, very tall and well-built, of Russian origin (like her husband) and professing the Quaker faith.

"Oswald reproached me very much for that telephone call," Mrs Ruth Paine said later. "Then he calmed down when I explained that his wife, who was pregnant, wasn't well and ... trouble he'd had to get work in Dallas, with his past. And it isn't a crime in the United States to go under an alias."

How had it come about that this quiet middle-class woman — living at Irving, a small village some ten miles from Dallas, and whose husband Michael worked in the Bell factory making helicopters — should know Oswald?

It's an odd story. Mrs Paine studied Russian at St Marks School in Dallas, and never missed a chance of perfecting herself in the language. She was born in New York, but grew up in Philadelphia, and had lived at Dallas for only four years.

She mixed a great deal with White Russians, and militant anti-Communists who also wanted to increase their knowledge of the language. She was charming, gentle, eager to please, and always spoke about her husband's Russian background.

In July, Mrs Paine was going to attend a cocktail party. "Oswald invited me — and he is Russian."

"Oswald reproached me very much for that telephone call," Mrs Paine said later. "Then he calmed down when I explained that his wife, who was pregnant, wasn't well and ... trouble he'd had to get work in Dallas, with his past. And it isn't a crime in the United States to go under an alias."
44

RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

45

JOHN THE MARRINE...

46

THE OFFICIAL SEASON IS GIVEN BY ROBERT SWORDELL AS HEAD,

GARDENER. DUE TO THE WINTER WEATHER, THE SHOWS WERE CANCELL

LED AND POSTPONED FOR THEIR NATURAL FREQUENCY. OLYMPUS TAKED O

OVER AS THE "PERFECT PROFESSION." HAVING THE FINEST FLOWERS AND

GARDENING SKILLS, OVER 3000 PEOPLE VISITED THE SHOWS IN THE

WINTER MONTHS. JOHN THE MARRINE THEN PASSED HIS SUMMER IN NEW

YORK AND RETURNED TO TEXAS IN SEPTEMBER.

THE SEASON BEGAN ON OCTOBER 1ST, 1992.
The reason for her son's trouble was that in class he was mocked because of his Southern accent. "But she says, "we were poor, and with the poor 'they do what they like."

Dr Renatus Hartogs examined the weedy little boy for a month, and classed him as "potentially dangerous". He was found to be violent under his quiet appearance, to have a hatred of authority, to be aggressive, unfeeling, obstinate and solitary.

But the New York authorities, who have managed to preserve and find this curious medical report ten years later, did nothing to cure him. The town hadn't the necessary funds for such small matters.

The mother returned to New Orleans. Lee seemed to improve, and somehow got his high school graduation diploma. He haunted the libraries, and discovered Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*.

Later he was to say: "That day I was like a very religious man who opens the Bible for the first time in his life."

Yet another move, and the Oswalds were back in Fort Worth. Here, at the high school Lee attended, a girl fell madly in love with him. The youth was gauche, danced badly, was not generous — and with good reason — but there were moments when he could show a great deal of passion. The affair did not last long. Lee was seventeen. Seventeen is the minimum age for volunteering for the Marines. The Marines (or expeditionary corps of soldiers) are the elite of the United States Forces — rather like the S.S. under Hitler, or the parachutists under de Gaulle. A marine is a hero, a superman, a legend. The corps takes only volunteers, and in a few months transforms a corpse into a volunteer, and in a few months transforms a corpse into a volunteer, and in a few months transforms a corpse into a volunteer, and in a few months transforms a corpse into a volunteer.

In the United States, more films and books are produced to the glory of the Marines than on any other subject. Without the Marines there would never have been the landings at Tripoli, Havana, Normandy, Iwo Jima, or in Korea. The Marines make a cult of super-patriotism and give hope of glory.

Lee Harvey Oswald had at last found the key to his future. Oswald must have been an excellent soldier. He was mentioned several times in despatches, and received a medal for his excellent marksmanship. But he was not over-popular with his companions in arms.

"He wasn't tough enough, and he didn't talk much. When he did talk, you couldn't understand a word," says Donald Goodwin, his sergeant instructor.

John E. Donovan, who commanded the section at the Tustin Radar Base in California, where Oswald served, says that he read many Soviet newspapers and studied Russian literature.

His room-mate, Mack Osborn, says that Lee praised Marxism.

All this happened while he was in the Marines...

"Tell me how to write a clear and interesting English paragraph?" asks the student at the end of the lesson.

"Well, first you must decide what you want to say. Do you want to express an idea, present a fact, or describe something? Then you must choose the right words to convey your meaning. Finally, you must organize your ideas logically, so that the reader can follow your thought process.

"Let's try it together. I'll give you a topic, and you can write a paragraph on it. For example, write a paragraph on the importance of education."

"But what if I make a mistake?" asks the student.

"Don't worry about it. Everyone makes mistakes. The important thing is to learn from them, and improve your writing skills."

"Thank you, teacher. I'll try my best."

"Good. Now, let's start. What's your topic?"

"The importance of education."

"Great. Now, let's brainstorm some ideas. What are some reasons why education is important?"

"First, education gives us the knowledge and skills we need to succeed in life. Second, education helps us to develop critical thinking skills. Third, education exposes us to different perspectives and cultures."

"Excellent. Now, let's organize these ideas into a clear structure. What's your first point?"

"First, education gives us the knowledge and skills we need to succeed in life."

"Good. Now, let's provide some supporting details to strengthen your point. What are some examples of how education helps us achieve success?"

"First, education gives us the knowledge and skills we need to succeed in life. For example, a computer science degree can lead to a high-paying job in the tech industry. Second, education helps us to develop critical thinking skills. Critical thinking is essential for making informed decisions. Third, education exposes us to different perspectives and cultures. Exposure to different cultures can broaden our horizons and make us more open-minded."

"Great. Now, let's transition to your second point. Your second point is..."

"Second, education helps us to develop critical thinking skills. Critical thinking is essential for making informed decisions."

"Good. Now, let's provide some supporting details to strengthen your point. What are some examples of how critical thinking is important in our daily lives?"

"Second, education helps us to develop critical thinking skills. Critical thinking is essential for making informed decisions. For example, when faced with a new situation, critical thinking helps us to analyze the options and make the best decision. Second, critical thinking is important in the workplace. Critical thinking helps us to identify problems and find solutions. Third, critical thinking is important in our personal lives. Critical thinking helps us to evaluate the reliability of information and make informed decisions."

"Great. Now, let's transition to your third point. Your third point is..."

"Third, education exposes us to different perspectives and cultures. Exposure to different cultures can broaden our horizons and make us more open-minded."

"Good. Now, let's provide some supporting details to strengthen your point. What are some examples of how exposure to different cultures can broaden our horizons?"

"Third, education exposes us to different perspectives and cultures. Exposure to different cultures can broaden our horizons and make us more open-minded. For example, when we travel to a new country, we can learn about the customs and traditions of that culture. In addition, we can meet people from different backgrounds and learn about their experiences. Third, exposure to different cultures can help us to develop empathy and understanding. By seeing things from another person's perspective, we can develop greater empathy and understanding."

"Great. Now, let's transition to your conclusion. Your conclusion is..."

"The importance of education is evident in many ways. Education gives us the knowledge and skills we need to succeed in life, helps us to develop critical thinking skills, and exposes us to different perspectives and cultures. These benefits of education are examples of why it is essential for our personal and professional growth."

"Well done. You've written a clear and well-organized paragraph. Remember, the key to effective writing is to plan your ideas, choose the right words, and organize your thoughts logically. Keep practicing, and you'll become a better writer."

"Thank you, teacher. I'll keep working on my writing skills."

"You're welcome. Keep up the good work."

---

Red Roses from Texas

46
Dallas police guard the building believed to house the assassin.

A plain-clothes officer carries away from the building the high-powered rifle used to kill the President.

The young man was only twenty when, on October 1959, in the middle of the "cold war", he arrived in Moscow. He booked in at a small hotel, entering himself in the register as "an export agent".

Some days later, on the 31st of the same month, he presented himself to an official of the United States Embassy and declared:

"I've had enough. I want to become a Soviet citizen." The affair caused a stir. His mother telephoned from Fort Worth, and he hung up on her. He sent to the Embassy a sworn declaration:

"I swear fidelity to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

The Command of the Marines at Washington were in a state of shock lest the matter became known to Congress.

"They're capable of refusing our finance estimates — all our publicity will go for nothing..."

So Oswald was "dishonourably discharged" from the Marines on the pretext that as a Reservist he had had no right to go to Russia. His position in the Marines seems still to have been important to him, although he was no longer an American citizen.

He must live in Russia as a foreigner, and content himself with a job in a steel factory at Minsk, at 80 roubles a month.

Oswald was outraged. His position in the Marines became permanent.

The Soviets are a little more difficult than the Americans when it comes to sheltering defectors. They want only the cream. Oswald did not inspire them with much confidence, and he had no particular merits. He was regarded as a "second rate" agent. The Soviets did not require him with much compunction.

"To the people of America: I want to become a Soviet citizen."

The presentation of a letter of application to the Russian Embassy in Washington was, however, a matter of some difficulty. The American ambassador refused to see him. He must face the Embassy in person, and present his application in person.

He arrived in Moscow in a small hotel, and spent the month of November in the middle of the "cold war", the capital in 1960.

The young man was only twenty when, on October 1959, in the middle of the "cold war", the capital in Moscow.
Detective Bill Waithers pictured retrieving what the author believes was the mysterious fourth bullet a few minutes after the assassination.

Joan was marine. She wore orange dungarees, mean looking, and not much in the way.

He wrote a letter to the Senator for Texas, John G.

"He was so sorry. He said so very much on his own."
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS called the International Rescue Committee* and ask them for $800 for two tickets, Moscow—New York—Texas. Don't send us anything out of your own pocket. And don't take a loan, ask for it as a gift . . ."

The mother could not get the money, and it was the United States Embassy in Moscow which advanced the funds for the return journey. The Government were later repaid by Oswald.

THE OSWALDS arrived in New York by ship on June 13th 1962. Oswald gave a fantastic account of his stay in Russia to the representative of the Aid Organisation sent to meet them. He had served as a guard at the Embassy and been kidnapped by Communist agents. Oswald asked to be repatriated to Texas at the organisation's expense. But they telegraphed to his brother Robert, who promised by telephone to send the necessary $300.

WHILE HIS wife was staying with Mrs Paine, Oswald went to New Orleans, where he found work with another engraver. But when Mrs Paine went to see him in September, he was once again out of work.

Marina returned to Irving with her friend. The young Russian woman was expecting another baby, and needed care. The good Mrs Paine also took back in her car, a 1956 station wagon, all the Oswalds' possessions, including a mysterious long object completely enclosed in a covering. For his part, Oswald was supposed to go to Houston. He did not return to Dallas until twelve days later. The Government later repaid the funds for his return.

On October 14th, Marina gave birth to a little girl, Rachel Lee, at the Parkland Municipal Hospital. The ever-kind Mrs Paine had sold two pints of her blood in order to pay part of the expenses.

"Try at the Texas Book Depository," Mrs Paine suggested. Note that on that day President Kennedy's visit to Texas was not known of for certain, and that no-one knew where he would take his inauguration oath.

The father did not go to the hospital, but he was very happy at the birth. Each weekend he spent all his time with the new baby. Each week-end he spent all his time with the new baby. And on the evening of Thursday November 22nd, instead of going back to his rented room he went to see his wife, and then found the little room in this house, where he had rented the little room in this house, where he had rented the little room in this house, where he had rented the little room in this house.
52 RED ROSES FROM TEXAS
asked another employee, Wesley Frazier, to give him a lift to Mrs Paine's house.
His colleague was surprised.
"I thought you only went there at weekends."
"I want to see my children, and I also have to get some curtain-rod for the curtains in my room.
Oswald played with the babies, watched the television for a bit, then went to the garage. Mrs Paine remembers it, because he forgot to turn off the electric light.
He went to bed early, as usual. For him, there was not much point in pausing to count his blessings. Since his return, he had not earned so much as $3,000 — an absurdly low sum — and had changed jobs seventeen times. He lived apart from his family, and could not even provide for the new-born child. People shunned him, called him unbalanced, arrogant, good-for-nothing.
In the F.B.I. file on him is noted:
"He's a Marxist who has never carried through a single project."
Perhaps Lee Harvey Oswald dreamed that night of the act that he was to commit next day — the first successful one.

CHAPTER FOUR
It is the Fashion to Hate...

THE HEAD OF the printing department of the Dallas Daily News tried vainly that night, Thursday—Friday, to get in touch with the paper's Advertising Manager. The latter had already taken advantage of the long week-end to go fishing in the Gulf of Mexico. The print manager had a problem: an advertiser, a certain Bernard Weissman, was waiting for the first proof of a publicity layout, a full page spread, but was insisting that the advertisement should be framed with a black border, just like those on death announcements in a newspaper.
"There's nothing like that on my order-sheet," grumbled the overseer. "I must have an O.K. from upstairs..."
Finally he got hold of the Managing Editor:
"The announcement by the American Fact Finding Committee? Oh yes, give it a good splash. Just think, the boss will love it...
In the last few days, the Dallas Daily News had indeed devoted a whole barrage of editorials to criticism of President Kennedy's policies. They called him incompetent, irresponsible, idiotic, conscienceless, anti-American, anti-Republican, anti-capitalist, anti-Protestant, and of course anti-Texan. So the advertisement in great black type on page 2 of the newspaper which would go on sale in...
The early hours of Friday morning would not greatly shock its readers:

"You are not welcome, Mr President. Dallas rejects your policies and your philosophy. In fact, you are a traitor..."

"The people of Dallas know that the head of the American Communist Party, Gus Hall, is in league with you and will help in your re-election...

"You, Kennedy, have struck the Monroe Doctrine from the book of our Nation in order to replace it by the spirit of Moscow..."

BERNARD WEISSMAN, a young Jew of twenty-six, was supposed to be only passing through Dallas, although he was living there in a luxurious bachelor apartment. He had obviously not had much difficulty in persuading the newspaper to pass his text. Hadn't the head of the political section of the same newspaper written: "Here in Dallas, hating Kennedy is a popular game." ?

Had not the director of the same newspaper, Ted Dealey, dared to say impudently to Kennedy, during a press conference at the White House: "Mr President, we need a knight who will lead this Nation on horseback, but you lead it pedalling on your daughter Caroline's tricycle..."? On his return, Dallas had feted him for saying that.

It is not known for certain just who put up the $4,500 for the advertisement, but in Dallas it is very easy to find the money when one wants to attack the Government.

THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE L. H. Hunt, whose income from his oil-wells is half a million dollars a day, has a whole army of "bravi" in his pay. After having supported the ill-famed Senator Joseph McCarthy, he now finances a daily newspaper correspondent. It is the Dallas Morning News. The paper is published in the heart of the City and is distributed throughout the city by a whole army of "bravi" who are paid for their services. The newspaper is read by millions of people every day. The editor of the newspaper is a very popular figure in Dallas. He is known all over the country as a "bravo". He is a friend of the President and is always invited to dinner at the White House.

Another association hostile to the Kennedys was the American Legion, which combined all those who considered the Government to be too soft on communism. The American Legion was founded in 1919 by veterans of the World War. It was made up of men who had fought in the World War and who were members of the Democratic party. The Legion was opposed to the Government's policy of giving too much influence to the Communists in the government. The Legion was very popular in Dallas, and its members were always invited to dinner at the White House.

IT IS THE FASHION TO HATE...
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

held aloft at the airport next morning during the President's arrival.

"Let's bury King John" seems simple enough; but a play on the word "bury" was intended, since when spoken with the American accent, there is little difference between "bury" and "Barry" — the implication being that Senator Barry Goldwater would triumph over Kennedy.

The nickname "King John" was a malicious reference to the fact that in the eyes of the Right Wing Kennedy was a despot who, like Napoleon, gave all the members of his family important positions.

The double meaning of "bury" was another dangerous allusion to Kruschev's unfortunate phrase about "burying the United States" — thus slyly accusing Kennedy of helping the Soviets in their grave-digging task.

Fortunately, next day neither Kennedy nor anyone else took the slightest notice of this placard, which was lost amid the popular enthusiasm. Had it not been for a chance agent of Moscow, and the Republican Head of the Supreme Court, Earl Warren, as Enemy No. 1 of all true American patriots.

THE HEADQUARTERS staff of the Minutemen had just finished their weekly meeting, and had gone to have a whisky or two with their "fuehrer", Robert Dupugh, on the second floor of the private club at the Hilton Hotel. "Alert" was the watch-word. The Minutemen are a sort of private constabulary, trained to protect the city from subversion.

The evening before they had received word that the city of Dallas was an impregnable city, and that the Reds would be trapped by their "guerilleros" in the vast Texan deserts.

WHILE HE was still in Moscow, Lee Harvey Oswald had declared to an American journalist: "In the United States it is the fashion to hate." The phrase could well that night have been applied to that city of Dallas. And the Governor of Texas, John Connally, was very uneasy. He had several times, but in vain, asked Kennedy to give up the idea of driving through the town centre.

"It's too dangerous. It'll be quite enough to go quickly from the airport to the Trade Mart for the speech."

The Minutemen, however, would not listen.

In the luxurious apartment at the Texas Hotel, at Fort Worth, Vice-President Johnson was having difficulty in deciding what he was going to have for dinner. It was the fashion to have a good dinner, and the popular enthusiasm. Had it not been for a chance agent of Moscow, and the Republican Head of the Supreme Court, Earl Warren, as Enemy No. 1 of all true American patriots.

IN HIS so-expensive apartment at the Texas Hotel, at Fort Worth, Vice-President Johnson was having difficulty in deciding what he was going to have for dinner. It was the fashion to have a good dinner, and the popular enthusiasm. Had it not been for a chance agent of Moscow, and the Republican Head of the Supreme Court, Earl Warren, as Enemy No. 1 of all true American patriots.

In the United States it is the fashion to hate. The phrase could well that night have been applied to that city of Dallas. And the Governor of Texas, John Connally, was very uneasy. He had several times, but in vain, asked Kennedy to give up the idea of driving through the town centre.

"It's too dangerous. It'll be quite enough to go quickly from the airport to the Trade Mart for the speech."

But Kennedy would not listen.

In the luxurious apartment at the Texas Hotel, at Fort Worth, Vice-President Johnson was having difficulty in deciding what he was going to have for dinner. It was the fashion to have a good dinner, and the popular enthusiasm. Had it not been for a chance agent of Moscow, and the Republican Head of the Supreme Court, Earl Warren, as Enemy No. 1 of all true American patriots.

IN HIS so-expensive apartment at the Texas Hotel, at Fort Worth, Vice-President Johnson was having difficulty in deciding what he was going to have for dinner. It was the fashion to have a good dinner, and the popular enthusiasm. Had it not been for a chance agent of Moscow, and the Republican Head of the Supreme Court, Earl Warren, as Enemy No. 1 of all true American patriots.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

IT IS THE FASHION TO HATE...
Roses from Texas

Texas is the only State of the Union which was independent for 9 years and 301 days, with its own flag, a blue star on a red field, and which as an independent republic voluntarily agreed to become part of the United States. That single star gave rise to the name "The Lone Star State".

"Texas" derives from the Indian word tejas, meaning friendship. The region was colonised by the Spanish and the French, then came under Mexican domination. But the adventurers Stephen Austin and Sam Houston organised a coalition with the two thousand Yankees who had come to settle in those vast plains, and in 1836 rebellion became war. After the tragedy of the Alamo, General Antonio López de Santa Ana was beaten by Houston at San Jacinto, and Texas proclaimed itself a sovereign state. It sent ambassadors to London, Paris and Berlin, and had its own postal service and a fleet of six torpedo-boats.

Houston became the first president, and was re-elected. In 1846, Texas was admitted to the Union with Houston as its Governor. His reputation was formidable; he was nicknamed "The Great Chieftain". Through the annexation of Texas, the United States became the richest country in the world, with private bank deposits alone being today in excess of five billion dollars. One cannot speak of Texas as a unit. In the southeast are the immense forests of Piney Woods, some 850,000 acres - a relatively poor area, most of whose population is black. The trees, gigantic firs, almost all belong to the millionaires of Beaumont and Dallas.

The south, along the border with Mexico, has retained the pleasant charm of the Latin way of life. There are so many pipe-lines, oil-wells and refineries. Labour is cheap and accommodating, mostly Mexicans who cross the frontier to find work in the factories and ranches. The west, the redoubtable west, called The Panhandle, has not yet arrived in the twentieth century. The population is thin, 150,000 at the most; the climate capricious; the countryside depressing. No cars, no telephones, no trees. Here and there in the vast desert a wooden cross marks where a man died of thirst - come from no-one knows whence, going no-one knows where.

The cowboy wears the huge Borsalino hat and jeans, and always has a revolver at his belt. But often his horse has been replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable. He can expect on July 4th 'Independence Day' to have his horse replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable. He can expect on July 4th 'Independence Day' to have his horse replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable. He can expect on July 4th 'Independence Day' to have his horse replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable. He can expect on July 4th 'Independence Day' to have his horse replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable. He can expect on July 4th 'Independence Day' to have his horse replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable. He can expect on July 4th 'Independence Day' to have his horse replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable. He can expect on July 4th 'Independence Day' to have his horse replaced by a jeep, and he probably does not enter a stable.
The Texas folks are a special breed of people. They are known for their hospitality, their love of nature, and their strong sense of community. Their state motto, "Lone Star," reflects their independence and their adherence to their own values. Texas is a place where cowboy boots and baseball caps are worn side by side, where the smell of barbecued meat and the sound of country music fill the air. It is a place where the land is vast and the sky is blue, where the heat of the sun and the coolness of the sea coexist. Texas is a state that is more than just a place; it is a way of life. Whether you're a native or a visitor, there's something here for everyone. So come on down to Texas and experience the true spirit of the Lone Star State!
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

In 1948 he was elected to the Senate with a majority of only 87 votes over his rival, Governor Coke Stevenson. The outcome did not have any lasting effect on the Senate. However, Johnson was projected Kentucky was under the minority and the responsibility was in the Senate.

At a dance in 1934 at the University of Texas, he met Claudia Alma Taylor, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Taylor, a second-hand dealer in Karnock, a poor village on the edge of the forest. A negress had nicknamed the child Lady Bird, thinking her bird-like, and the name stuck.

Lady Bird has often been quoted on the remote location of the farm where she grew up. It had no running water or bathroom. In such surroundings a girl learns to be practical and self-reliant. She was farsighted enough to realize that he was a man with a future. This was not the starry-eyed wishful thinking of a bride.

They married within six weeks of meeting. It was well she had learned thrift on that Karnock farm. They set up home in a small Washington flat. The rent was $47. Lady Bird walked miles with her shopping basket to make each dollar do the work of two.

In her husband's climb to the political peaks she was his wise guide and more. Her help was practical. She borrowed $10,000 from her father to finance his first election campaign.

"Later, a $45,000 inheritance from an aunt helped. "It was a $9,000 inheritance from an aunt help."

Johnson, master of the Senate, expert in compromise, with a genius for parliamentary manoeuvre, and popular with a genius for parliamentary manoeuvre, and popular with his colleagues, was the obvious Democrat candidate for the presidential election in 1948. He was opposed by Stevenson, master of the Senate, expert in compromise, with a genius for parliamentary manoeuvre, and popular with his colleagues, was the obvious Democrat candidate for the presidential election in 1948. He was opposed by Stevenson.

IT IS THE FASHION TO HATE...
Washington Police — but no-one arrived to claim him. . . .

Johnson himself, by no means lacking in a sense of humour, said that Mrs Kennedy had had a huge crystal chandelier, which clattered with every draught, installed in his office "in order to stop me going to sleep."

But this visit to Texas was to be a revenge for him. Here he was at home, here he counted for something. And on that very evening of Friday, November 22nd, Kennedy and his wife would sleep in the "Spanish Room" at his home, the ranch on the Pedernales river. The ranch had been built by his grandfather as a stronghold against Redskin attack. It was made of great stones, with loopholes for firing upon the enemy. Thanks to his wife, . . .

That night, all the staff were awake, feverishly getting everything ready for the reception on Friday evening when Kennedy would arrive at the ranch after his Dallas meeting. Johnson would receive him there as in other days a baron received the sovereign in his castle.

IT WAS on that same night that around three o'clock Mrs Jeane Dixon, in Washington, was abruptly awakened by a nightmare. She at once telephoned the White House and asked for "the Secret Service."

"You must warn the President — he's going to be killed tomorrow. Don't let him go to Dallas. My visions are always right. I foresaw his election, and Rockefeller's marriage. He must be warned at once."

The officer on duty, furious at having been awakened for this, is reported to have not even thanked her and gone back to sleep on his sofa.

CHAPTER FIVE

He didn't like the 'Sardine Can'

HALF-A-DOZEN SECRET SERVICE men, part of the presidential escort, had not yet gone to bed that night. They were at the Fort Worth Press Club (two steps from the hotel at which Kennedy was staying) getting ready for the reception on Friday evening when Kennedy would arrive there. It was the headquarters of the Secret Service and become oddly relaxed under Kennedy. Even bodyguards are human. They could hardly be blamed for living it up a bit, especially when their hosts were the accredited journalists, much better paid than policemen; and since apart from the Press Club there was no alcohol to be found anywhere else in all "driest" Fort Worth.

The special agents would catch up on their sleep on the aeroplane journey and during the long procession next day. The special agents would catch up on their sleep on the aeroplane journey and during the long procession next day.
ROSES FROM TEXAS

The president regularly receives threats to his life,
his family and his residence. To guard a head of state in an age of rapid communications, and when leaders feel it necessary to mix with the guests at White House receptions without it being suspected who they really are — or that they are armed.

Secret Service agents must all be very strong and healthy, well-educated and highly skilled in the use of weapons. When in Washington, they practise every day with pistol, sub-machine gun, carbine and rifle — and they are taught judo, and from time to time the special courses at the FBI training college. They must be excellent swimmers, know how to ski and pilot a helicopter (in case it is necessary to "lend" its men, but not without some ironical comments . . . which made the Secret Service gnash their teeth. Tim

The Secret Service go back to the Civil War. In 1865, some weeks before his death — it was to be one of his last legislative acts — Abraham Lincoln decided to do something for the protection of the president. He did not wish to create a sort of political police; the services of public order in Washington were any-way quite insufficient.

Then someone remembered the Treasury Department's odd corps of "gorillas", and the White House asked for a number "on loan". The solution was all the more convenient because it made it unnecessary to ask Congress for an additional number of officers of public order in Washington.

The Treasury Department was very ready to do this, for their "gorillas" were not on duty near the president. Therefore they were very glad to help out in this way, while the agent chose to be very imaginative: a thin blue line, "active duty". When he was in the presidential zone, he was a Treasury agent; when he was not, a "gorilla". The great majority of the four hundred men of the Secret Service are engaged in tracing counterfeit money; the "White House Detail" consists of only fifty-six men: twenty-six are permanently engaged in lending counterfeit money; twenty in tracing counterfeit money; thirty in making chemical analyses of certain papers and fluids; and if need arises trace the origin of threatening telephone calls.

The great majority of the four hundred men of the Secret Service are engaged in tracing counterfeit money; the "White House Detail" consists of only fifty-six men: twenty-six are permanently engaged in lending counterfeit money; twenty in tracing counterfeit money; thirty in making chemical analyses of certain papers and fluids; and if need arises trace the origin of threatening telephone calls.

The government decided that it was essential to do something for the protection of the president. They did not want the president to be in the president's office, the only place in the White House where the agents of the Secret Service could be found.

In 1914, the government decided that it was essential to do something for the protection of the president. They did not want the president to be in the president's office, the only place in the White House where the agents of the Secret Service could be found.

In 1943, the government decided that it was essential to do something for the protection of the president. They did not want the president to be in the president's office, the only place in the White House where the agents of the Secret Service could be found.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

warnings of attempts upon it, threats to drop an atomic bomb on the White House. Almost always they come from the... clues, and if necessary request action against those uttering threats, whose names are all placed on a long Black List.

The Secret Service also screen the employees of the presidential household, and of course make discreet enquiries each time a journalist or photographer is accredited to the White House.

But the function of the Secret Service is not political. It does not concern itself with the deep plots which may go on in the Senate or at the Pentagon, and would do nothing to prevent a coup d'état.

Their work is purely practical and policemanly. There is nothing of the Gestapo about them.

However, James Rowley, director of the Service, by profession a lawyer, must keep up-to-date with events. For example, he had to surround both Kennedy and Johnson with guards immediately the first of the presidential elections were announced. During a visit by a foreign Head of State he must also use a good deal of diplomacy, especially when the visitor comes from a country behind the Iron Curtain.

The uniformed guard at the White House should not be confused with the Secret Service. At the beginning of the century, the Washington police sent a group of men to keep order at the presidential palace, in much the same way that men are sent to keep order in a theatre, or to a disorderly bar.

Then it was decided to form a special squad, whose men would be better paid and assigned to permanent duty. Their task is relatively easy. They open doors, answer tourists' questions and chase off the squirrels; but in the event of danger it is their duty to form a living barrier.

HE DIDN'T LIKE THE 'SARDINE CAN'

That is how two of them came to be shot down before President Truman's door.

When a president travels, a selected group of Secret Service men precedes him in their own special plane, and confer with the local authorities on security plans.

Every detail of the visit is studied; hotel rooms, stations and halls are examined with special detection apparatus. Above all, well-armed men are posted throughout the area. Orders from the White House are carefully studied, so that suspect persons may be kept under surveillance of keen observation at all times.

Finally, the orders of the local police of the city where the president is staying are given full consideration.

President Truman's door is now open to him, and the guards are ready; but this is only a temporary measure.

The president must never be alone is the cardinal rule of the Service. Agents swim with the president, go to the cinema with him and follow him everywhere. The whole of the special squad was at the Yalta Conference; and again, later, with Kennedy at the Berlin Wall.

When President Woodrow Wilson was courting Edith...
Bolling, whom he was to marry, he was aware, from their first meetings, of a vague sensation of being watched all the time. He telephoned the police.

"But, Mr President, don't you know that two Secret Service men follow you constantly . . ."

Wilson did not protest. "Go on. It's your duty," he said — and ever since there has been no private life for the Chief Executive or for the members of his family.

LIKE HIS predecessors, Kennedy kicked against it. He tried to prove his independence on the very evening of his inauguration.

He disappeared mysteriously at about 2 o'clock in the morning, causing a veritable panic among the Secret Service men. After that, his escapades were endless. He went alone incognito to the cinema, and went to dinner with friends. During the visit of King Hassan of Morocco he left the White House on foot without telling anyone, crossed the avenue and went to see his royal guest in Blair House.

During his last visit to New York, on November 14th, a week before the journey to Dallas, he did without his motorcycle escort and even asked that there should be no protective line of police at the roadsides. The New Yorkers had indeed protested that such security precautions were enormously expensive, upset city traffic and were bad for trade; shopkeepers could not do business at all.

"A president gets the protection he deserves." He didn't like the 'sardine can' whose election largely depended upon his personal popularity. Like a dictator, a president of the United States must satisfy the demands of the crowd. He must shake hands and smile, let himself be seen. When begged to be more careful, John Kennedy would reply with a shrug: "It's an occupational risk."

For him, it was also a matter of principle. He was the leader of the free world, Democracy's champion. He could not refuse to be seen. He did not want to hide behind closed blinds, or surround himself with hundreds of policemen armed to the teeth like a Communist tyrant.

"What impression would it have made on the Berliners if he had hid himself behind a wall of sub machine-guns? No, he must prove to the world that the president of the United States was a free man, living among free men, in safety and confidence.

It was difficult for the Secret Service to ignore these arguments; after all, it is not for nothing that they refer to the president as "the boss". It's the boss who has the last word, the president is the boss. It is not our business that they forget to mention! After all, it is not our business that they forget to mention that it was difficult for the Secret Service or ignore those arguments.

It was difficult for the Secret Service to ignore these arguments; after all, it is not for nothing that they refer to the president as "the boss". It's the boss who has the last word, the president is the boss. It is not our business that they forget to mention! After all, it is not our business that they forget to mention that it was difficult for the Secret Service or ignore those arguments.
What lies at the root of these repeated assassinations and attempted assassinations is the miasmic climate of hatred; the constant friction; the taking for granted of the use of firearms; the idea that in politics one can be a kind of avenging angel.

America is the Land of Freedom — but not the Land of Tolerance. One must not forget that within her huge frontiers live many races, many religions, many nationalities; and that in the United States today internal dissensions are as intense as they were in Europe during the Middle Ages.

With a sort of Irish Nationalist fervour, the Southerners continue to regard themselves as a conquered people. They are always waving the Confederate flag, singing Dixie, talking of the men of the North as "Yankees" — enemies. (The children play in Southern Army uniforms). They still look on ... American history, as a monster; to such a point that in the South the television stations ban documentaries of his life.

In such an atmosphere, the function of the Secret Service must be essential; it is vital for the security of the state, and perhaps Kennedy was wrong to undervalue it. The first attempt on a president's life took place in 1835. It failed.

President Andrew Jackson was attending a funeral at the Capitol, in Washington. A mad-looking man stepped out of the crowd, went up to Jackson, took a pistol from his pocket and fired. But the gun did not fire. The man took out another pistol. Again the gun did not fire. Repeating the same action, he then took out a pistol from his pocket and fired. But the gun did not fire. The crowd, went up to Jackson, took a pistol from the maniac's pocket and fired. But the gun did not fire. The maniac was then overpowered by the police.

Later, experts examined both guns and fired them many times without the least difficulty. If the gun had been that fatal, they would have fired, without question. But the guns were found to be defective. The intended assassin, Richard Lawrence, was a painter by profession, and lived in Washington. He was confined in a mental home, and died there sixteen years after Jackson, on Monday, March 14, 1865. Lawrence, an Irishman, believed that President Lincoln was a monster; to such a point that in the South the television stations ban documentaries of his life.

On June 13th, 1865, President Abraham Lincoln appeared in public for the first time after the victorious conclusion of the Civil War. Just five days earlier General Grant had received the surrender of the Southern adversary General Lee, in a schoolhouse in Appomattox. The long, appalling, bloody civil war which had so fundamentally split the nation was over at last.

Lincoln dined with his wife and two children; one of them, Robert, had just arrived from Appomattox. He had been invited to a first night at the Ford Theatre. The play was a farce called Our American Cousin, the fun arising from the misadventures of an English girl in America. Lincoln had turned down the invitation; he wanted to spend Easter in the South with his family. But the President decided to go to the Ford Theatre, where the audience was in great excitement. The President, in a black frock coat, a white shirt, and a black hat, was seated in the President's box, next to the stage. Mrs. Lincoln sat in the front row, while Lincoln preferred a deep armchair in the shadows. A plain-clothes detective was stationed behind the President. No one noticed that a hole had been pierced in the door, through which Lincoln's movements could be observed.

During the war, Lincoln's person had been protected night and day, but there had never been an attempt on his life. During the war, the President's room had been protected by a bullet-proof door through which Lincoln could be observed. But the President's room was not bullet-proof. president's room was not bullet-proof. The intended assassin, John Wilkes Booth, entered the Ford Theatre, took a pistol from his pocket, and fired. But the gun did not fire. He then took out another pistol, and fired. But the gun did not fire. Repeating the same action, he then took out a pistol from his pocket and fired. But the gun did not fire. The maniac was then overpowered by the police.

According to the newspapers, the President struck the man who had fired the shot. The police then overpowered the assassin. He was John Wilkes Booth, an Irishman, who claimed to be a member of the Confederate States of America. He had been confined in a mental home, and died there twenty years after Lincoln, on Friday, April 14, 1865.

The President said that he did not like the "Sardine Can."
HE DIDN'T LIKE THE 'SARDINE CAN'

State, William H. Seward, cut down his son before his eyes, wounded him in the shoulder and escaped. The Secretary of State ordered martial law. Booth was traced to a farm in Virginia. It was set on fire and he was shot down while trying to escape from it. He never gave any reason for his crime, or confessed anything at all. His accomplices were hanged, as was the owner of the house where he lodged. A doctor who, innocently he claimed, had attended him while he was still at large was imprisoned for life. The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.

WHEN, IN 1881, James A. Garfield became president, a certain Charles Guiteau, claiming that he had given great help in the election campaign, demanded that he should be given a high government appointment. Garfield, ever intransigent, turned a deaf ear. The assasin was won! When Booth, a twenty-six year old actor, very intense and romantic, though a Northerner, did accord him a big promotion he came to hate Garfield. He bought a revolver, and made up his mind to kill him. The plan was well worked out.

Garfield besieged the White House for months in the hope of being appointed. Finally he gave up and went to the countryside. Guiteau followed him there. In prison Garfield had said, "If I am not made Secretary of State, I will kill you!" This was known. Guiteau planned to kill Garfield. He bought a revolver, and made up his mind to kill him. The plan was well worked out.

Garfield was shot while sitting in his pew in church. Guiteau had bought a revolver, and had planned to kill him. But on the Saturday before he was killed he had to leave Washington to attend a meeting in Baltimore. The guns were loaded and ready. Guiteau gave up the attempt, not wishing to frighten Mrs Garfield. It was not until Garfield came back that Guiteau tried to kill him. He missed Garfield, but shot Mrs Garfield. Guiteau was caught and tried. The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.

The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.

The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.

The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.

The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.

The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.

The trial was held in camera. The accused's heads were hooded and their hands manacled. They had no legal aid. Many people in America have never believed that Booth was the real assassin. The mystery of the crime has never been fully cleared up, despite a good deal of investigation.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

that he followed the President and shot him twice in the back. Then he quietly surrendered his weapon to the police and asked to be protected from the crowds. Garfield died three months later, and Guiteau was executed for his crime.

On September 6th, 1901, President William McKinley was attending the opening of the Great Pan-American Exhi-

bition at Buffalo, near Niagara Falls. He shook hands with hundreds of visitors and when a slender dark young man, with a bandaged hand, offered to shake his hand, McKinley took it. The young man, Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist working in Miami, wanted to kill President Herbert Hoover, but Hoover was in Washington and Czolgosz aimed at the Mayor of Chicago. The bullet was miraculously stopped by the manuscript of the speech which McKinley was about to deliver, and he did not go to hospital for attention until two hours later. The bullet remained in the chest until his death, the doctors considering its removal too risky.

As of 1937, the presidents of the United States were installed in March, not in mid-January as they are now. Accordingly, Franklin D. Roosevelt was still only President-Elect when in February 1933 he arrived in Miami during a needed post-election vacation. Roosevelt, went ashore in order to take part in a Democratic meeting. An anarchist, Giuseppe Zangara, a thirty-two-year-old mason working in Miami, wanted to kill President Herbert Hoover. But when Roosevelt arrived, the young man, Leon Czolgosz, had already shot the President, and shot five times at point-blank range. He missed the President and shot one to the left hand — and with his right hand, offered the left hand — and with his right hand the bullet hit President. Roosevelt was to die eight days later.

The bullet was miraculously stopped by the manuscript of the speech which McKinley was about to deliver, and he did not go to hospital for attention until two hours later. The bullet remained in the chest until his death, the doctors considering its removal too risky.

Until 1937, the presidents of the United States were installed in March, not in mid-January as they are now. Accordingly, Franklin D. Roosevelt was still only President-Elect when in February 1933 he arrived in Miami during a needed post-election vacation. Roosevelt went ashore in order to take part in a Democratic meeting. An anarchist, Giuseppe Zangara, a thirty-two-year-old mason working in Miami, wanted to kill President Herbert Hoover. But when Roosevelt arrived, the young man, Leon Czolgosz, had already shot the President, and shot five times at point-blank range. He missed the President and shot one to the left hand — and with his right hand, offered the left hand — and with his right hand the bullet hit President. Roosevelt was to die eight days later.

The bullet was miraculously stopped by the manuscript of the speech which McKinley was about to deliver, and he did not go to hospital for attention until two hours later. The bullet remained in the chest until his death, the doctors considering its removal too risky.
If he didn't like 'the sardine can' that hit, it was the second sentry-box where the policemen (the one in the second sentry-box and a col-
league) opened fire on him. Collazo turned round, only to find that his revolver was empty. He then did something quite unbelievable. He sat calmly down on the steps and set to work to re-load his revolver. The policemen were shooting at him, but a little iron ... to get up and continue the battle. He fired three times, and was then hit in the chest, collapsing in front of the door.

Collazo was not a very good shot, Torresola on the other hand proved an excellent one. After shooting down Coffclt, he fired at another policeman, Joseph H. Down, who was going to the aid of his comrade, Collazo. He wounded him in the other leg, thus reducing the guard to helplessness.

In his turn, Torresola had to re-load. But the guard Coffclt (whom he had shot three times at point-blank range in the sentry-box) found the strength to aim his revolver at him. Torresola was mortally wounded in the head, and died instantly.

The arrest of Lee Harvey Oswald, after he had been found in a Dallas cinema
Neither plot came to anything, thanks to preventive measures by the Secret Service. Another Puerto Rican, Silverio Cruz, threw himself, armed, at Kennedy's car in Chicago, while Kennedy was still only a candidate.

Then, while he was still President-Elect, John F. Kennedy only just missed falling victim to a certain Richard P. Pavlick, who was apparently deranged. The incident took place at Palm Beach, where the Kennedys have a winter residence, on the morning of Sunday, December 22, 1960. Pavlick left this car, a Ford, outside their luxurious villa. In it were found seven sticks of dynamite with automatic detonators. The man had intended to engineer a collision with the future President's car, and in the confusion blow Kennedy, himself and guards all sky-high.

Fortunately, that morning Jacqueline and her daughter Caroline were with the young politician; and Pavlick, by a miracle of sentimentality, did not want to kill the wife and child as well. He decided to wait for another chance.

But the Secret Service had been alerted. A hunt for Pavlick began, and some days later he was arrested. He made a full confession. At his home were found films of all Kennedy's movements and a huge collection of photographs.

A year later, while Kennedy — now President of the United States — was preparing to go to Venezuela, a group of masked men burst into the police station of the little village of Urachiche, and after killing two officers seized a quantity of arms and ammunition.

Urachiche is on the motorway leading from La Guaira airport to Caracas, along which Kennedy was to pass. The guerrillas belonged to the so-called Liberation Movement, more or less pro-Castro. Kennedy, in his turn to be concerned on the eve of November 22nd, 1963, at once warned Washington, and suggested that the visit should be postponed. Disorder had meanwhile broken out in his country, and Washington agreed. The Service was well prepared. The President was under armed guard, and the Secret Service was on top of the job. The morning of Friday, November 22nd, a group of American Marines were debarked aboard the cruiser Vorthampton, and the Caracas police threw out a giant net. All possible precautions were taken.

However, one rebel, a certain El Toro, did succeed in getting into the airport grounds at La Guaira, and with grenades in his pocket. But he was not able to do anything; he was surrounded by Secret Service men.

The Kennedys' visit to Venezuela went off triumphantly.
CHAPTER SIX

The Promoter

The floor waiter, George B. Jackson, a negro, served breakfast in the President's room punctually at half-past eight, on this fateful morning of November 22nd. Kennedy was already shaved and dressed. He had ordered orange juice, toast, coffee, and eggs boiled for five minutes. For Jacqueline, still asleep, there was orange juice, toast, and coffee served on a hot-plate.

The President had risen at quarter to eight, and had already had a walk with his aide-de-camp, General Godfrey T. McHugh. "Nothing new," that officer said. He handed over some Tapers, and two pages of telegraphed reports on the situation in Vietnam and Cambodia. Fuller reports would be supplied later, during the plane journey.

Despite the night's fine rain, a small crowd had been waiting since dawn began. A teenager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you..."

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you..."

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you..."

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you..."

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you...

A teen-ager who had been there since dawn began singing: "I love you... I want to touch you... We all love you..."
The Promoter

87

high school played the presidential anthem, "Hail to the Chief". Kennedy was seated in the centre of the table of honour. Breakfast was served. Having already had his, Kennedy just went through the motions of eating. He was used to this bit of play-acting, his doctor having forbidden him to eat food served at banquets in hotels or other public places.

Things were at the coffee stage when at last Jacqueline appeared, doll-like in pink, and took her place beside her husband. She received a tremendous ovation.

Jacqueline excused her lateness: "I travel light, and have to do my own hair."

There was nothing very remarkable in Kennedy's speech. It was much the same as before: he covered the same ground, making flattering allusions to the town and its prominent citizens. He spoke partly from notes, partly extempore. But this Fort Worth speech must become part of history because these were to be John Fitzgerald Kennedy's last public words.

He spoke again of the power of America, and of the aeroplanes made at Fort Worth. His elder brother, Joseph, had been in one of them, a Liberator, at the time of his death. . . . as if on a sudden inspiration Kennedy went on to speak of "the very dangerous and uncertain world in which we live..."

... he broke off abruptly after that phrase. The audience remained pensive and silent, and did not applaud as he left the room. The mayor, in thanking the President, said: "The audience was moved."

The greater part of the crowd was waiting in a car-park whose proprietor had put it at the disposal of the Democrat Party organisation. A temporary platform had been erected, and the crowd was cheering. Near the platform were Vice-President Johnson, Governor Connally, Senator Yarborough and other politicians.

Kennedy was wearing a grey flannel suit, without coat or hat. As the rain had begun again, a supporter offered him a raincoat, but he refused with a smile: "I'm all right. I don't need it." He began to speak, without notes: "Our hearts are strong. Thanks to the town of Fort Worth, we are militarily the most powerful nation in the world. . . . Soon we shall send a man to the moon. . . ."

He finished with more praise of Fort Worth, and got down from the platform to walk back through the cheering crowd.

RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

86
Fort Worth is separated from Dallas by only some thirty-five miles of motorway through the desert. But the two towns are bitter rivals, careful to ignore each other's existence; it was good politics to arrive in Dallas by plane, as if coming directly from Washington, or at least from far away.

The plane journey also gave some opportunity to recoup oneself. The press used it to have a drink — much needed, the bars at Fort Worth being closed — and to read through their notes.

Vice-President Johnson had his own special plane. The rule is that president and vice-president should never travel in the same one, so as to avoid a succession crisis in the event of anything happening to either. But Johnson used the opportunity to talk over Texan problems with his friends, and to arrange the evening's big reception at his ranch.

Kennedy himself studied important dossiers sent from Washington, signed a number of letters, including the telegram of good wishes to Winston Churchill, then began to read the morning's newspapers.

Among the dailies was the New York Herald Tribune, which he had banned for over a year from the White House because it criticised him more than he liked. Now he had changed his mind, and read it each morning.

Finally, he began to make notes on the manuscript of the Dallas speech, the text already distributed to the press.

THIS SAME morning, at Tampa, Florida, John E. Maguire was collecting signatures to an address to the President of the United States, thanking him for his visit of some days before. Maguire was altogether suited for this task, it having been Kennedy who had appointed him “Major General,” the promoter of Central Florida.

He had known the President for twenty years; since, in fact, as radio-telegraphist second-class he had been one of the crew of the naval patrol boat PTB 109, commanded by Lieutenant Kennedy.

Maguire could go to Washington to see the President whenever he liked. The White House door was always open to him. So it was to William Johnson, who that morning (despite his fifty-three years and his stomach ulcer) was driving a lorry at Waltham, Massachusetts, for a petrol company. Johnson had also served on PTB 109, and with him Charles A. Harris, called “Buckley,” the ship's gunner, who was that morning making shoes in a Boston factory.

Machinist Gerald E. Zinser, a postal employee in Florida, and Saul Edgar Mauer, for eighteen months now confined to a military hospital because of a nervous condition, could not hope to see their old commander again.

A further member of the crew, Maurice Kowal, worked in a cemetery. He was the sailor Kennedy saved from death when PTB 109 was wrecked.

When death at last of the cow hit, when PTB 109 was in a cemetery. He was the better Kennedy saved from death, a sailor named Maurice Kowal whose condition was so critical that the doctors could not hope to save him until a full complement of crew and their commander were in Washington, where they could be treated.

When the cow hit, he was riding a motorcycle, a postal employee in Washington, and had been employed by the government of the United States for ten years.

When death at last of the cow hit, when PTB 109 was wrecked, Kennedy was thrown on to the bridge.
The boat did not sink, but the sea was aflame. It was expected that help would come quickly, but the rest of the flotilla went on, believing them lost.

During the following night, the vessel went down and the crew swam towards a small deserted island. Kennedy, an excellent swimmer, towed one of the wounded, holding the ... to one of them, but without success. He went back to his men. The third night, they all managed to get to another island.

Next day, Kennedy and Ross found some water and biscuits left behind by the Japanese. There was also a canoe, which they tried to use, but a storm swept them off course.

Natives came to their aid and gave them a stronger boat. Kennedy scratched a brief message on a coconut shell, indicating their position and asking for help, and gave it to a group of natives who promised to go to Randova.

Kennedy and his second in command then tried to get back to their comrades, but the boat foundered. They were saved a second time from certain death by the island people.

It was not until the seventh day that at last they were brought a letter from Randova ... a few hours later they were rescued.

Admiral Halsey gave Kennedy a mention in despatches, and he was decorated for valour. Unfortunately, he fell victim to malaria, and had to give up active service. In December he returned to the United States, and was confined to a military hospital until autumn 1944.

Already, while at Harvard University (where he was in

the champion swimming team and the rugby team)

Admiral Halsey gave Kennedy a mention in despatches,

and he was decorated for valour. Unfortunately, he fell

were rescued.

people.

had to give up active service. In December he returned to the United States, and was confined to a military hospital until autumn 1944.

for this reason, the Army would not accept him at the

ALREADY, WILE

at Harvard University (where he was in

the champion swimming team and the rugby team)

Admiral Halsey gave Kennedy a mention in despatches,

and he was decorated for valour. Unfortunately, he fell

were rescued.

people.

had to give up active service. In December he returned to the United States, and was confined to a military hospital until autumn 1944.

for this reason, the Army would not accept him at the

ALREADY, WILE

at Harvard University (where he was in

the champion swimming team and the rugby team)

Admiral Halsey gave Kennedy a mention in despatches,

and he was decorated for valour. Unfortunately, he fell

were rescued.

people.

had to give up active service. In December he returned to the United States, and was confined to a military hospital until autumn 1944.

for this reason, the Army would not accept him at the

ALREADY, WILE
His fondness for children was endearing; he would often interrupt an important conference to go to the next floor to see what "John John" was doing. (He called the boy that because he did not like Jack, the baptismal name; still less "Johnny" or "junior").

Prominent on his table tides were always boxes of sweets, for John and Caroline to dip into. The children could come and see him often throughout the day, and not only for meals, but also for play. Once, for instance, he took his son to the White House in a carryall, and the effect on the children was a delight. He played the most devoted man in the world, and dresses were found in a number of precedents of contact with people who had also dressed in their finest, to welcome the children to the White House.

THE EVENTS

of November 22nd, 1963 have created a Kennedy myth. Attempts have been made to turn him into another Lincoln, a genius, a pioneer or an idol. We ought not to anticipate the verdict of history. It will not be possible for a long time to make a true evaluation of his uncompleted work. Let us, for the moment, just note the facts of the situation.

Kennedy was very interested by criticism of this kind; perhaps his desire for repeated renewal of contact with the crowds was rooted in a need of re-assurance. Despite his family, friends and admirers, a president is appallingly alone. He is perhaps the most isolated man in the world. His is a hard calling; and, as Truman once said to me, "Each year at the White House is an eternity."

I remember Kennedy on the evening when he thanked his supporters for having chosen him as their candidate for the presidency; the atmosphere in the Los Angeles Stadium was hysterical. He still had a boyish face then. You wouldn't have thought that it was the future president of the United States up there. He looked more like a page who had just come up to the front of the stage to deliver a speech, and then, suddenly drunk (as in some film comedy), grabbed the microphone. Near him was his mother, Rose Kennedy. Mama dolorosa has been much neglected since the Dallas tragedy; it was the young and lovely Jacqueline Kennedy, by her husband's side at the time, who caught the public imagination. But does a mother suffer less because she was not there when her son died?

Rose Fitzgerald, daughter of a famous politician, had had the great joy of seeing her John elected to the highest office in the country. Any mother would wish her son one day to be president; and Rose had wanted it more than any other. But she had had to pay dearly for that satisfaction.

Her eldest son, Joseph, a bomber-pilot in Europe, left his English base on August 12th, 1944 never to return. That same year, her daughter Kathleen, wife of the Marquis of Hartington, was widowed; she was to die in a car accident on the same day in an accident on the same day.

Rosemary Kennedy, the eldest of the four Kennedy daughters, has always been mentally handicapped; she is under care in a Wisconsin sanatorium. The family very bravely revealed this secret in order to encourage the treatment of a few hand in aid of retarded children. The family very bravely revealed this secret in order to encourage the treatment of a few hand in aid of retarded children. The family very bravely revealed this secret in order to encourage the treatment of a few hand in aid of retarded children. The family very bravely revealed this secret in order to encourage the treatment of a few hand in aid of retarded children.
The ballet was over. Jim was asleep. But he wanted very much
nationalistic views of the White House. He spent any October Interests, yet was the most radical.

The American President, in American History, he did not
for the first class. In others.

He was, indeed, the life and soul of the party, his greatest asset
and, finally, he was the hero of the first class. He was a leader
and, thereby, he made them stand in the long tradition
people's, and how to make them share in the long tradition
men. He knew how to sustain them, with philosophy. -
his training, his intense, his own thought, and his, a good

He was not a dictator. His philosophy was simple: to
something of a mountain king.

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
and of the world, dominated over and around the world,

and the world, dominated over and around the world,
John Fitzgerald Kennedy was born on May 29th, 1917 at Boston, Massachusetts, but his education was entirely Bostonian. He was very proud of having that accent, and often noticeably stressed it.

His studies at Harvard therefore counted enormously; and he showed a remarkable loyalty to his alma mater. It was enough to be a Harvard graduate to be something in his administration. But he also studied at the London School of Economics, during his father's term as Ambassador there. He even acted as private secretary to Kennedy Senior, just before the war. He had already written and published a rather critical thesis on the English policy of temporisation.

He was a promoter, an impresario, rather than a statesman, a political leader or a ruler; one of those men who inspire, organise, utilise the talent of others for great ends.

After his war-time adventures and experiences, he returned to the United States, and established the United States News Agency, just before the war. He did not want to bother about the political policy of composition, but to encourage it, to create an American tradition. He preferred reading detective stories, but surrounded himself with great writers and chosen the old poet Robert Frost to read a poem at his inauguration.

In many spheres he was mediocre, but he knew it; and knew that what mattered was to recognise the existence of a higher level, which he must try to attain. After all, Lorenzo the Magnificent was not poet, painter or sculptor either. He was a promoter, an impresario, rather than a statesman, a political leader or a ruler; one of those men who inspire, organise, utilise the talent of others for great ends.

Above left, Lee Oswald in a photograph with his wife, Marina. Below, left, Lee Oswald with his Russian-born wife Marina and his baby. Bottom left, Lee Oswald in the uniform of an Air Cadet. Bottom right, Marina Oswald with her baby and mother-in-law, Marguerite Oswald. He left Dallas jail after questioning.
THE PROMOTER

belonged to a very old American family; he represented tradition, aristocracy, prestige.

Kennedy was elected. Some years later, he spoke of the presidency, and let it be known that he would temporarily accept the vice-presidency. But fortunately for him — since the Democrats were beaten — no one took him very seriously.

The climate was very different in 1960. Kennedy Senior had prepared the ground very thoroughly, and there was no "strong" candidate. Kennedy began well in advance, going up and down all over the country. From the first he was convincing and people began to take notice. Then some started to get worried.

"He is too young, lacks experience," Truman said of him publicly. But Youth worked for him — the young have votes too.

"He's a Catholic," said the professionals, and quoted the unhappy precedent of Al Smith in 1928. But America's Catholics had profited by the lesson of the past. They knew how to concentrate their forces, and bigotry was no longer a disc.

The negroes and Jews voted for him in the hope that one day it would become possible to vote for a black or a Jewish president.

Kennedy — helped by his brothers, his sisters, his brothers-in-law, his sisters-in-law, his friends in Hollywood and on Broadway, in Wall Street, Boston and Harvard, and by his irresistible charm on television — was elected, the youngest president in the history of the United States. He had achieved what he had so passionately wanted.

"He never took himself too seriously," his intimate friend Benjamin Bradley says of him. "He loved stories against himself:"

In fact, a disc on which an unknown actor, Vaughn...
after saving them from one risk of atomic destruction, to canalise their energies towards the spiritual "new frontiers" which would certainly — had he been able to remain at the helm — have brought about a decisive transformation of the whole national life.

Despite their elegance of style, his speeches always produced a great effect on the crowds. But they do not allow us to divine his real thoughts. For, alas, though it is hard to understand why men who have attained great heights should need "ghosts" to write their speeches, Kennedy had special assistants to do this for him. He approved the texts, certainly, and made alterations, but that doesn't change the fact that he read them as an actor declaiming his part, and not as an author doing his own work.

There is, however, a slogan which characterises the real Kennedy, the Kennedy who still lives on in the memory of those who knew, loved or admired him: "Do not ask —" he said on the day of his inauguration to the presidency, before the steps of the Capitol — "Do not ask what the country can do for you. Ask yourself what you can do for your country."

Within a few minutes, the blue and gold plane would land at Dallas, where his rendezvous with Destiny awaited him: John Fitzgerald Kennedy was that day to receive an answer to his own question.

Robert Kennedy, imitated his voice and made fun of a soirée at the White House, had a phenomenal success because Kennedy himself praised it highly during a press conference. "He got into tremendous rages and broke everything in sight," says Arthur Schlesinger. "His rages lasted four minutes. On the fifth, he forgot it."

Despite his exacting calling, Kennedy knew how to guard the privacy of his family life. He would take pains over such small details as the renting of his villa, and the author's rights in a film on his life. He always found time to telephone his nieces and nephews to wish them a "happy birthday."

His love for his brothers, Bob especially, was unlimited. The boys were always fighting, and trying to out-do each other, but it was all in affectionate rivalry. Kennedy never allowed the slightest remark against a member of the family. "The Boston Mafia", as it was called in Washington, had total respect for the code of family unity.

Perhaps, under professed admiration for Freedom, Kennedy was at the bottom of his heart something of the dictator. Congress bored him; he had not the slightest esteem for his erstwhile colleagues. Indeed, the sole big setback of his term of office was due to his inability to persuade them to approve his projects. It was perhaps that vague tendency to totalitarianism which made him (in a letter written in 1938) express some admiration of the regime of Benito Mussolini.

Would John Kennedy have become president without his father's $200,000,000 to $400,000,000 (no-one knows the exact sum)? Or the prestige of his paternal grandfather? Or the particular set of political circumstances prevailing in 1960?

What does it matter? He knew how to galvanise the American people, and...
When Jacqueline stepped from the plane — which had touched down gently on the tarmac at Love Field, Dallas, promptly at 11.30 — the Mayor's wife presented her with a magnificent bouquet of red roses . . .

"Three times that day in Texas we were greeted with bouquets of the yellow roses of Texas. Only in Dallas they gave me red roses. I remember thinking: How funny — red roses for me," the First Lady was to say when at last she was able to look back on things quietly.

The yellow rose, indeed, is the emblem of Texas. A folk-song dating from the Civil War, which is to all intents and purposes a national anthem, tells of "The Yellow Rose of Texas" — the young girl waiting at home for the warrior's return.

"Come; you'll be welcomed with love, like a hero," it says.

A college band was playing this ballad at the airport, but the music was drowned by the happy cheers of the crowds.

While Jacqueline was receiving her bouquet of red roses, Lee Harvey Oswald was on the fifth floor of the Texas Book Depository building, eating a chicken sandwich brought with him from Irving. The sandwich had been wrapped up in the same thick brown paper which shrouded the long parcel which William Oswald had sent up the stairs.

Oswald, too, had got up early, at about six-thirty. He drank some black coffee, which he made for himself, and went (without saying good-bye to wife or children — they were all asleep) to the garage of his work-mate, Wesley Frazier.

Marina would be late rising this morning; she had had to get up twice during the night to see to the new baby, and was tired out.

Mrs William Randall, Frazier's sister, was at her window — it was about half-past seven — and saw Oswald with that long brown-paper parcel. It was long indeed: about a yard or so. At the time she didn't take any particular notice; lots of people carry parcels.

Frazier saw it, too. "What have you got there, Lee?" he asked straight out. "Curtain-rods," replied Oswald, without further explanation.

"That was our only conversation that morning," reports Frazier. "But Oswald was taciturn. The only time he ever talked was when someone asked after his children. Then he would laugh, tell you all about them, and show you photos.

"We got to work about eight o'clock," Frazier's account continues. "Oswald said hello and went off. That was the last time I saw him.

The fifth floor is like a huge barn, with no walls except the windows.
The room must be over a hundred yards long, and about sixty-five wide. The books are piled up like waves in the middle of the sea. To get a clear view of this labyrinth you would have to take down all the books, which would take at least a week. It would be possible for someone with evil intentions to get away again — especially if he had an accomplice in the place.

President Kennedy had already taken his place in the Lincoln-Continental GG300, but Jacqueline was still shaking hands, talking to people in the crowd, saying “Thank you” again and again. The President shouted the last person to shake hands that morning because she could not make up her mind whether to wear the pink suit, or a thin dress with a fur coat — a tribute to the Empress of Ethiopia. But the Empress and Somalis are bitter enemies of course, so the Balochis and Somalis are bitter enemies.

Jacqueline disliked many facets of being a president’s wife. She hated electioneering, had no respect at all for the politics, and for a long time regarded the White House as a nesciud ridge. She was always having to cope with such diplomatic dilemmas. At about the same time, the next Sunday’s issue of the magazine Parade was being distributed to forty or so of the great dailies throughout America. The theme was not new, but one wonders why just that moment was chosen to return to it.

Referring to her as “the Cleopatra of the Potomac” — the Potomac is the river which runs by Washington — it said that her high-and-mighty ways had made her many enemies in the capital. She is a kind of imperial ha-ha against anyone she does not like. In the case of Nina Sheehan, who was recently related to her by marriage to Pro-Nixon, Nina is vaguely related to her by marriage to Hugh Auchincloss, who was a journalist and later the Ambassador of Ethiopia. But the Balochis and Somalis are bitter enemies of course, so the Balochis and Somalis are bitter enemies.

At about the same time, the next Sunday’s issue of the magazine Parade was being distributed to forty or so of the great dailies throughout America. The theme was not new, but one wonders why just that moment was chosen to return to it. It is well known, of course, that the Ethiopians and Somalis are bitter enemies.
In fact, she was not really happy except when she was travelling, or hunting in Virginia. The American press—so prompt to publish photos of Queen Elizabeth with skirts flying, or Prince Philip talking with a shopgirl—observes the complete taboo on the private life of the presidential couple.

The president has at his service a highly skilled outfit whose official title is "Press Secretariat." In reality, they are nothing but blatant publicity agents; they know very well how to erect a wall of silence where most needed. The White House is not just another source of news among many. It is an important center, with a hundred journalists permanently accredited to it. They live there all day, and often stay there all night. They have no other duty but to follow the president around and receive his pronouncements.

For these journalists, the White House is a career. You can't be a hero all the time; it would be too easy to risk your agreeable, profitable and useful job, perhaps have to move house, leave Washington or even the U.S.A., because you had violated a taboo. In any case, such details of private life, even a president's, for the most part are important. If we are to violate these taboos it is to enable all the roles in this drama to be properly focused.

Despite her undeniable charm and model-girl figure, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy was neither the most beautiful nor the youngest mistress of the White House. Dolly Madison was most attractive, and many men lost their heads over her. The very lovely Frances Folsom was married in the Blue Room on June 2nd, 1886, at the age of twenty-one, to President Grover Cleveland. Another girl of twenty-one, not, however, anything like so beautiful as Frances Folsom, married President John Tyler.

Jacqueline Bouvier was born on July 28th, 1929 at Southampton, a very fashionable place on the Atlantic coast, about a hundred miles from New York, and high society goes there as in Europe they would go to Biarritz or San Remo. The Bouviers, indeed, belong to the "pure" aristocracy of America.

That word "aristocracy" may cause some smiles on the other side of the Atlantic, since in America everyone is of obscure origins, and many of the great fortunes arise from Stock Exchange speculations only more or less honest. But the great adventurers of the last century, the captains of industry, the masters of Wall Street, the gold-prospectors and some few descendants of political leaders, consider themselves the Nation's nobility, and live in a strange little world of their own.

John V. Bouvier, "Jackie's" father, came from people who lived in a small Provencal village, but was himself a stockbroker. Her mother, Janet Lee, also "of very good family," remarried after the death of her first husband, to Hugh D. Auchincloss, also a financier. "Jackie" is very close to her sister, her adopted sister, her half-brother and her two adopted brothers, but due to the various divorces and widowhoods the family ties are rather involved. She was only just ten when her parents were divorced.

She was brought up in the best private schools in America. She did her undergraduate studies at Vassar (the nec plus ultra of the American girl). She took a course at the Sorbonne, staying meanwhile at a pension in the rue Vaugirard. She also stayed for a time in an art school in Venice, and after returning to Washington took a course in journalism at the university there. She speaks French quite well, can get by in Italian, is not bad at Spanish and can even manage a little Latin.

Despite the strong disapproval of her father, who died not long ago, "Jackie" went to France to spend her summer holidays in the south of France, and after marrying in Washington took a course in French. She was a cousin of the American First Family. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy was indeed the most beautiful加剧.

The Chateleine • 105
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

long after, Jacqueline got herself a job as a photo-reporter on the Washington Post. She stopped people on the street to ask their views on current affairs. She was, of course, used to interviewing top people; the other reporters were not at all pleased. They called her "this little rich girl playing at being a reporter", and described her as cold and distant.

Like so many girls of her class, Jacqueline professed an inverted snobbery, in favour of anything labelled "culture" and everything European. Thirty years ago, rich heiresses went to Broadway to see the leg-shows, spend their evenings watching television and never read any but best-selling writers.

With her flowing chestnut hair, doe-like eyes, and soft voice (she murmurs rather than talks) Jacqueline looks the archetype of that American ideal, "the girl next door". Her husband, a political ladies. If the President's wife and the Vice-President's sat side by side their silences could be disturbing.

Legends say that Jacqueline Kennedy knew the young Senator Kennedy through being sent to photograph him for her paper. It is more likely that they were often thrown together in the salons of the capital. Washington is a very provincial city, where they could hardly not meet.

When the rich, attractive and ambitious young politician proposed, it was thought that she had made the catch of the year. The Bouviers themselves didn't think so at all. They regarded the Kennedys as peasants, being Irish; and as newly-rich, the father's fortune being of such recent date. Worst of all, they could hardly believe that the reason why Kennedy so much wanted to become president was in order to prove to his in-laws how very wrong they had been.

Jacqueline was bored to death during the first months at the White House. She could not simply spend all her time painting in the grounds, drawing caricatures of her husband and reading Byron. But her husband suggested that she should restyle each of the 107 rooms of the residence on Pennsylvania Avenue. Jacqueline set to work with a will, renewing everything, removing the tasteless accumulated over nearly a century. Then she gave a kind of world-wide house-warming, with a television programme in which she acted as guide.

The telecast had a tremendous success, making Jacqueline appear in a rather fairy-tale aspect — the chatelaine whose smile irradiated those so-historical premises. She was invited to meet all the politicians, astronauts, queens and princesses, never before had Washington known such a reception. She was a whirlwind with a warm, winning personality, which the press called "the first lady with a will, renewing everything".

Unfortunately, she had to choose between her duties as First Lady and her passion for art and literature. She tried to combine both, but it was not easy. She spent much time on art projects, trying to preserve the beauty of the White House. She collected art, wrote books and gave lectures. She was a true patron of the arts, supporting many artists and writers.

In the end, she realized that she could not do both. She chose to focus on her public duties and to support the arts. She continued to be a great source of inspiration to many people, and her legacy lives on today.
Jacqueline liked flouting public opinion. She dared to appear in a simple woollen coat in the middle of January, when it was freezing; the American middle-class (who believe in good taste) would not have done so. She knew her views would be challenged, but she knew how to rise to the occasion of her opposition. She knew how to make use of her audacity.

She was criticized for buying her clothes in Paris, and for spending more than $30,000 a year there. 'If that's true,' she replied a little tartly, 'it's because my underwear is made of sable.'

Although there were many divorces in the family, Jacqueline's own adherence to the Catholic faith is sincere. 'I don't like praying in public,' she says. 'Religion is a matter of conscience.' But she was brought up along strict lines, and considers her first and most important duty to be the moral training of her children.

She adores those children. For her, they come before everything. If they need her, she will neglect any other task at all, any party or amusement. She will get up several times during the night to see that all is as it should be in their room.

'A child,' she says, 'should be surrounded with love, security and discipline; but he must follow his instinct. The growth of a child should give us joy.'

She had paid a great price for the joy of being the mother of little John and Caroline. She has been known to have had at least two miscarriages, one in 1954, and one in 1956. Patrick was a premature birth, and despite a Caesarian operation and the efforts of the best doctors, he died two days later.

After that, Jacqueline wanted to get away from Washington. She went to join her sister in Greece; then stayed on, in spite of her husband's pleas that she should come back. After the visit to Dallas, she made her first social appearance, inviting more than seven hundred people to the White House.

Jacqueline always loved her husband madly. She often teased him, imitated his accent, made fun of his not always distinguished tastes, called him a vulgarian; and when asked at a White House reception, 'What sort of music do you like, Mr President?' replied for him: 'The presidential anthem.' But still she loved him madly.

'I like to read history books,' she was to confide later to the writer Theodore H. White, 'because it was history which made Jack what he was. You must think of him as a mixture of good and bad, just as Jack did, and do not expect him to follow a process of heroes. That is how he was made; that is how he led.'

Although her first term was marred by the Kennedy assassination, she still lived the life to which she had been accustomed. She was expected to enjoy the枠 things in Paris and London, but she was expected to enjoy her life in the White House, too. She was expected to enjoy the prestige of her position, too. She was expected to enjoy the attention that her beauty drew.

But Jacqueline had one quality which her husband admired most of all: her self-control. She knew how to face up to the most adverse moments with calm and reserve. She knew how to keep a hold on herself.

In a few minutes, when the presidential car was to turn the corner of Houston and Elm Streets in Dallas, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy would need to call upon all that self-control.
"Y'ON CAN'T SAY now," said Governor Connally's wife, turning towards the President as the car rounded the corner from Houston Street into Elm Street, "that the people of Dallas don't love you, and aren't glad to see you."

"No, no-one can say that any more," John Kennedy answered. They were his last words. At that moment, the first bullet hit him. He lifted a hand to his throat.

Jacqueline, who was smiling and waving to some people on the other side of the road, turned back towards him, to see what was happening. The chauffeur looked up at the small bridge, trying to see what had caused the noise.

Kennedy slumped down in the back of the car, and Jacqueline cried:

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

That was when Governor Connally turned to the right. He was to say later:

"The President had blood on his cheeks. He said nothing. Then a bullet hit me in the shoulder. I knew then and nothing."

"The President had blood on his cheeks. He said nothing."

He was to say later:

"That was when Governor Connally turned to the right."

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

Jacqueline cried:

"That was when Governor Connally turned to the right."

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

Jacqueline cried:

"That was when Governor Connally turned to the right."

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

"Jack..."

"Jacqueline cried:"

"That was when Governor Connally turned to the right."

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

"Jack..."

"Jacqueline cried:"

"That was when Governor Connally turned to the right."

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

"Jack..."

"Jacqueline cried:"

"That was when Governor Connally turned to the right."

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

"Jack..."

"Jacqueline cried:"

"That was when Governor Connally turned to the right."

"Oh my God! They've killed my husband. Jack... Jack!"

"Jack..."
12 RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

at a speed of 100 m.p.h. Policeman Hill punched the metal of the car several times with his fist in his agitation.

The film taken by amateur photographer Zapruder proves that the whole drama lasted exactly sixteen seconds. An eternity in history.

At the time when the first rifle shot rang out — for at that distance, it could only have been from a rifle — the presidential car was moving very slowly. It was exactly eleven yards beyond the junction of Houston and Elm Streets; and on a direct line between the furthest right-hand window of the fifth floor of the Texas Book Depository building and the foot of the bridge over the motorway, on the other side of the avenue.

Because the chauffeur slowed down still more, and even stopped for a moment after the second shot, the car did not travel much more than thirty yards during the whole of this unbelievable episode. But it all happened so quickly that nobody had a clear view of what occurred.

Tailor Zapruder was filming, as so often happens, without really seeing what the camera was recording, because he was concentrating so hard on not losing sight of his subject.

Some cars had cut through the procession to reach the centre lane of the three turning off the motorway. It seems fantastic, but not one of the drivers saw anything, although the fourth bullet must only just have missed hitting one of them.

Charles Brehm tells how he saw Kennedy's face alter, change colour and then fall to one side.

Mary Norman, who was using her instant-print camera, shouted:

"My God, they've shot him."

David Miller, dissatisfied with his first photographs of the President, had meanwhile run round the Texas Book Depository and arrived at the side of the motorway. It seems incredible, but all the Secret Service men saw something, although according to the official version of the motorway, it seems certain that no one of the cyclists saw anything. Miller could see nothing of the Secret Service, but some cars did and thought the procession to reach the motorway happened so quickly that he was concentrating on not losing sight of his subject.

The President was leaning against the car, on the opposite side of the bridge over the motorway, as the camera was recording. The chauffeur, when the camera was recording, began to wave. Miller, who was leaning against the car, took a photograph of the police officer, Hill, standing in the back of the car trying to calm Jacqueline and telling her to keep her head down (there could well have been other attempts, or accomplices further along the route). Mrs Connally is huddled up in the bottom of the car, covering her unconscious husband. The President's body is lying on the back seat, but one of his feet remains caught on the top of the car. Another Secret Service agent has turned round to see what is going on, and cannot believe his own eyes.

Young Miller did not know until later that he was the last person in the world to photograph Kennedy — at least, his foot. When he developed the film, he could not make it out; his father then told him about the assassination.

CHAUFFEUR BILL GREER was now following a Dallas police car, on the way to Parkland Hospital. The sirens which had been silenced all day so that the President could hear the people cheering now screamed madly. The Secret Service "Queen Mary" followed. Its men now had their rifles and sub machine-guns at the ready, with proper view-finding. The motorcade reached the hospital and the President's body was seen. Vice-President Johnson's car arrived, and only one of the occupants was visible.

"I thought at first, like everyone else in the procession," he was to say later, "that some over-enthusiastic spectator had set off a rocket. But from my point of view, this was an unusual noise, and the regulations laid down what I must do in such a case. I shouted to the drivers to stop, and the procession pulled over to the side of the road, as the President lay on the back seat of the car, while a Secret Service agent held his head down."

Policeman Hill then went into the back of the car and ordered the chauffeur to get out. Hill then went up to the front of the car, where he found Mrs Kennedy. He told her to keep her head down because of the Secret Service man sitting behind her, and who could not have been believed to have anything to do with the assassination. Hill then ordered the chauffeur to get out and then to get back in and drive away.
114

RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

Johnson ordered him not to stop and got down on the floor, quicker, and repeated the same thing several times, even after they had all got down on the seat. Johnson didn't say even a word in protest. Then I shouted to the chauffeur: 'Damn it, get out of here'.

Agent Youngblood lay across Lyndon Johnson, covering him with his own body.

'I heard the three shots,' said Mrs Johnson, 'but I said to myself 'What a party! Now we've got rockets...'. We were all so gay. Then I saw that President Kennedy had bent over, he had been shot.' But I wouldn't believe it, he must be having a nervous crisis, it was all unbelievable. Just like in the film Seven Days in May.

Later, when he was decorated by Johnson personally, Rufus Youngblood explained modestly that he had done no more than follow regulations.

'I've been paid every month since 1951 for the job of defending with my life the man I have to protect."

His courage and presence of mind averted from the United States what would have been the graver catastrophe in its history. Youngblood was not to know whether there were secret assassins or if it was planned to murder the United States' will have been seen the greatest.

The situation was described by Johnson personally.

'If they're going to kill us all...'

The 'death of Johnson would have created a vacuum in Washington. His constitutional successor was a man of seventy-one, with no experience whatever of government and unknown to the masses: John W. McCormack, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

In the press car it was thought that Johnson had had a heart attack, and the rumour spread like a flash. Others said that an attempt had been made on his life, and that for the procession had nonetheless gone on to the Trade Mart, its destination. The pressmen therefore decided to go there.

A few reporters, however, chose instead to go and see what was happening on the lawns which lined Elm Street. Douglas Kiker was one. Supposing that there had been some disorders among the crowd — a negro demonstration, maybe — he began to run down the middle of the road, waving his press-card.

It was pandemonium here.

'They're going to kill us all!'

The negroes had concluded that right-wing extremists were about to massacre them all; they thought it was they who were being shot at from windows. The fathers among them had...
"THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL!"

Their confusion was painful to watch. For sixty years they had planned and practised a thousand times what should be done in the event of an assassination attempt. Now there they stood, like kids who have lost their parents.

The retired chief of the Service, U. E. Baughman, was later to ask why they did not riddle the windows of the building with bullets; why they did not instantly leap to the President's aid at the first shot, without waiting for Jacqueline Kennedy's calls for help.

Later the whole world was bitterly to reproach the Dallas police for having failed to protect the President, and for the sketchiness of their investigations. But the Secret Service, so distinguished in the intimidation of journalists, must bear a very great part of the responsibility for what happened.

MRS CONNALLY, believing her husband dead, was sobbing in the bottom of the car. Policeman Hill was still standing, and still telephoning. Jacqueline was weeping silently, pressing her husband's disfigured face to her breast, like a mother feeding her baby.

Her right stocking was saturated with blood, and her pretty pink dress stained all over ... Mary Lincoln's dress was also pink that Good Friday evening at the Ford Theatre. Her pink dress, too, was splashed with blood ...

The Parkland Memorial Hospital, built in memory of ...

They wereb going to kill us all!"
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

The Secret Service men made a half-circle round the vehicle, sub machine-guns at the ready. Vice-President Johnson got out of his car, one hand pressed against the small of his back, and went inside without looking round. He was dead white, and limping. Those who saw him like this at once thought that it was he who was the cause of all the alarm. Already Washington had been informed that he had succumbed to a heart attack.

After two interminable minutes, the stretcher-bearers came out. They saw to Connally first, then brought a stretcher close up to the car and laid Kennedy on it. Jacqueline went with them, holding on to the hem of her husband's jacket, and supported by a Secret Service man. The door closed behind them.

It was twelve-forty-two. Senator Yarborough gave the impression that his hair had gone white in that quarter of an hour. He supported himself against the hospital wall, just under the Ambulance sign, as if to stop himself falling. He was weeping. It was like this that he faced the first journalists to arrive at... and that they should finish the banquet meanwhile. To stop them getting too impatient, Texan folk-music was played.

"I saw nothing," Yarborough said to the journalists.

"But there was a smell of powder in the air everywhere. Kennedy and Connally are inside, in the Emergency room. It's too... and distinguished Senator of the highest parliamentary assembly of the United States, covering his face with his hands.

The presidential car, the wonderful blue Lincoln-Continental, stood deserted alongside an ambulance. On the bonnet was the hat which Kennedy never wore but always took... The blood-soaked carpet was strewed with the yellow roses presented to Mrs Connally and Jacqueline's bouquet of red ones.
Most of the remaining police along the route had left their posts when the presidential car had passed by, either to eat or to return to headquarters for new assignments. They were informed of the events like everyone else, by radio or television, given them instructions what to do in such an event. The whole of Dallas was confused, the police more than anyone else.

CHAPTER NINE

'SI VIVIS, EGO TE ABSOLVO'.

THE LOUDSPEAKER SUMMONS

irked Dr Malcolm Perry, peacefully swallowing salmon croquettes in the canteen of the Parkland Municipal Hospital.

"STAT for Dr Tom Shires!" STAT was the code-word for "disaster". But there were on an average 273 urgent cases at the hospital daily, and Dr Shires, the resident head of surgery, was never called out. Anyway, today he was absent. It was for Dr Perry, professor in surgery, and his assistant, to respond to the summons.

Unwillingly, he picked up a telephone and called the

operator:

"Mary, you're crazy! Can't one even eat something in peace?"

"President Kennedy is dying. STAT. He has just been brought into Casualty."

There were two Casualty rooms in the hospital, the

President Kennedy is dying. STAT. He has just been brought into Casualty."

STAT was the code-word for "disaster". But there were

particularly 47,000 admissions a year, and in the canteen of the Parkland Municipal Hospital.

"SI VIVIS, EGO TE ABSOLVO".

CHAPTER NINE
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

of the United States lay on his back, dying. A huge lamp flooded his face with pale light.

Perry noticed a young woman in a pink dress, shrunk back against the wall. She stayed there perfectly still, saying nothing, her eyes fixed on Kennedy's face. There was ... the blood was brain tissue, and on a nearby table Perry noted a fragment of the President's brain almost an inch thick.

Dr Carrico had cut away the President's jacket, shirt and cotton vest.

"How big he is, the President. Much bigger than I'd have thought ..." went through Perry's mind. He unbuttoned the rest of the plaid sports jacket, and threw it down near the pool of blood. Then he held out his hands to a young nurse, who put on the rubber gloves.

One thought obsessed him: Here in front of me is the one man most important to the world's destiny ... His life depends on me ... And mentally he went over all he had ever learned of the technique of resuscitation.

OUTSIDE, IN the ante-room, journalist Douglas Kiker, overcome by emotion, turned the corner so fast that he collided with a negro male nurse who was carrying a large dish of boiled potatoes. ... boil water showered down on the flagstones, and Kiker, the male nurse, and Secret Service men guarding Trauma Room t...
solution, also called "white blood", which is injected while awaiting blood transfusion. The flask of 0 Negative blood...was made. No one will ever know who gave his blood to the President; the flask was labelled "universal donor"—anonymous.

When the nurse had the door opened to bring in the blood-bottle, a big, strong, broad-shouldered man tried to force his way into the room. But the Secret Service man on guard at the door knocked him down with a vicious upper-cut.

"I'm from the RBI," protested the newcomer, getting up on his knees and waving his warrant card. "I've got to telephone J. Edgar Hoover." But the Secret Service had paralysed the whole telephone network at Dallas; he had to wait ten minutes before he could get through.

THE THROAT wound was such that mixed blood and air were compressed inside the chest. Dr Perry decided to operate and called for a scalpel. He intended to perform a tracheotomy; he was not sure that the airway was clear. He knew that he would have to carry out an operation to establish a direct connection between the air in the lungs and the external atmosphere.

Kennedy had not been anaesthetised; that would have been superfluous—he no longer felt anything. Malcolm Perry had satisfied himself from the start that the first bullet had rendered the President unconscious. Kennedy never knew what had happened to him some seconds after twelve-thirty-one.

The front of the mobile stretcher had been winched up in order to place Kennedy in a slightly tilted position—so that in order to facilitate the evacuation of the blood and air from the lungs, the patient could breathe with greater ease.

At the same time, a lactate solution was injected intravenously in the patient's right leg. A nurse took a sample of the President's blood: ORh Negative.

It is usual in America to wear a bracelet or carry a card indicating one's blood-group. The President had neither. No-one had thought of asking him to take this vital precaution. However, a bottle of this type of blood was immediately obtained from the hospital blood-bank.

IT WAS at this moment that Dr Perry arrived. He realised at once that his task was an impossible one, that he was being asked to do miracles. His patient was no longer breathing. He could see that the patient's heart was still beating weakly, but the rhythm was unsteady. The blood was not flowing properly through the veins...

"Send out an urgent call for Doctors Clark, McClelland and Baxter," he cried to one of the three nurses present. He had not realised that Dr Baxter, another surgeon, was also present. Dr Carrico now remembered having read somewhere that Kennedy suffered from an adrenal deficiency, a malfunction of the kidneys. He suggested another injection, of liquid...
that the blood might be helped to return to the heart. Now Dr McClelland, another surgeon, noted that air-bubbles were escaping from the patient's mouth, indicating a hole in the lung.

Dr Peters, assistant professor in urology, therefore inserted a tube in the upper part of the right lung, just under the shoulder; while Dr Charles Cremshaw, an intern, did the same on the other side. A nasogastric tube was passed into the stomach. DR WILLIAM KEMP CLARK, doyen of the neurosurgical department, and highest-ranking of those present at the hospital, was lecturing to his pupils at the time of the alarm. He was the last to arrive in Trauma Room I — five minutes after the rest.

He at once established that there was no longer a pulse. "Kennedy's pupils were widely dilated and fixed glassily on the light-bulb. The eyes were divergent, there was no reflex of the tendon — that is to say, the muscle at the bottom of the leg (called the Achilles heel). Any medical student would know what that meant!"

Dr Clark wanted to speak to Malcolm Perry, but the latter stopped him with a quick movement and with a look indicated Jacqueline, still flattened against the wall. Perry had guessed what Dr Clark was about to say.

Clark went over to Mrs Kennedy and said in a polite but authoritarian tone: "Wouldn't you rather leave, Madam?" But without moving her lips Jacqueline answered firmly:

Meanwhile, DR JENKINS, aided by Doctors Giesecke and Hunt, had set up an anaesthetic machine to pump pure oxygen into the patient's lungs. Dr Clark began artificial respiration as a last resort, to try to resuscitate Kennedy, pressing the chest with both hands in regular rhythm. Then he asked for a "torpedo", meaning, in fact, an electrocardiograph. Dr Fouad A. Bashour, a Lebanese doing a term as associate professor in cardiology, was informed by telephone, and at once brought in an oscilloscope. He was accompanied by Dr Donald Jenkins, doyen of the neurosurgical department. The patient's heart was being examined by electrocardiograph, and at once an electrocardiogram was obtained.

Dr Clark had asked for a precise cardiogram. Dr Fouad A. Bashour, a Lebanese doing a term as associate professor in cardiology, was informed by telephone, and at once brought in an oscilloscope. He was accompanied by Dr Donald Jenkins, doyen of the neurosurgical department. The patient's heart was being examined by electrocardiograph, and at once an electrocardiogram was obtained.

Dr Clark now examined the wounds. The one in the occiput, the back of the head, was very large; part of the skull had been shattered. He found a bullet on the stretcher, doubtless from one of the wounds during the surgical treatment. There was blood everywhere: more than 1,500 c.c.

Dr Clark had asked for a precise cardiogram. Dr Fouad A. Bashour, a Lebanese doing a term as associate professor in cardiology, was informed by telephone, and at once brought in an oscilloscope. He was accompanied by Dr Donald Jenkins, doyen of the neurosurgical department. The patient's heart was being examined by electrocardiograph, and at once an electrocardiogram was obtained.
The doctors of Parkland Hospital are accustomed to the sight of gunshot wounds; the Texans' are always shooting each other. There was no doubt in the opinions of Clark, Perry and the rest that one bullet entering from the front had caused the throat wound.

Dr Bashour had attached the electrodes of the oscillograph to Kennedy's wrists. Perry continued to give artificial respiration like one possessed. He was sweating heavily, ... stood by with two wooden batons, used in such cases to pound the patient so that the shock may re-start the heart-beat.

The oscillograph remained still. Dr William Kemp Clark put out a hand and stopped Malcolm Perry. It was one o'clock exactly by the IBM electric clock on the grey wall of the room.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy was officially pronounced dead. It was then that Mrs Kennedy said: "Call a priest." Dr Jenkins cut off the flow of oxygen. Kennedy was dressed only in his trousers and the support worn for his injured back. Dr Baxter went and got a clean sheet, and with the help of Dr Jenkins gently drew it over the President's body.

The floor was strewn with bottles, flasks, cotton-wool, bandages and blood.

Dr Peters gathered up Kennedy's shoes, and put them on his clothes, piled on a little steel cupboard.

Outside, sitting on a form, face in hands, in a state of great shock, was Lyndon Baines Johnson. He did not yet know that he had become the thirty-sixth president of the United States.

The flag-draped President's casket is carried by members of the United States Services on the beginning of its journey to Washington's St Matthew's Cathedral. Below, the procession leaves the Capitol.
The new President, Lyndon Johnson, and his wife leave the church.

Jacqueline then spoke:

"Si vivis — If thou livest — John Fitzgerald Kennedy,
Ego absolvere ab omnibus censuris et peccatis, in nomine Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti," said the Jesuit Father, extending his hands to make the sign of the cross on the President's forehead.

"Amen," murmured Jacqueline. Then with the index finger Hubert traced another cross.

"Then, by the full powers granted to me, I absolve him from his sins, said the Jesuit Father, extending his hands to make the sign of the cross on the President's forehead.

"Per istam sanctam Unctionem indulget tibi Dominus quidquid deliquisti. Amen."

"Give him eternal rest, Oh Lord," the priest went on in English.

"And may perpetual light shine upon him," responded Jacqueline.

"I give you my deepest sympathy, Madam," he said. "Thank you for your cares of the President."

The priest had never before seen the President, except on television.

"Kennedy looked dead, but I was told that there might still be a faint heart-beat. I didn't want to ask questions in front of his wife. So I began the conditional rites."

These rites are accorded by the Catholic Church when a person is unconscious, and incapable of receiving the full rite of absolution, and incapable of reciting the Act of Contrition.

"Si vivis — If thou livest — John Fitzgerald Kennedy,
Ego absolvere ab omnibus censuris et peccatis, in nomine Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti," said the Jesuit Father, extending his hands to make the sign of the cross on the President's forehead.

"Amen," murmured Jacqueline. Then with his finger the priest traced another cross in holy oil:

"Per istam sanctam Unctionem indulget tibi Dominus quidquid deliquisti. Amen."

"Then, finally:

"Ego, facultate mihi ab Apostolica Sedis tributa, indulgentiam plenarium et remissionem omnium peccatorum tibi concedo, et benedicto te. In nomine Patris . . .

"Give him eternal rest, Oh Lord," the priest went on in English.

"And may perpetual light shine upon him," responded Jacqueline. Then, she said:

"Thank you for your care of the President."

"I am persuaded," the priest said, "that the soul had not left the body. This last sacrament was valid . . ."
Jacqueline was then left alone in Trauma Room I. Now John belonged to her.

Outside, in the ante-room, the feverish impatience of the journalists was getting out of hand. They swarmed round the priest.

"Yes, the President is dead, gentlemen . . . 

But the world was not yet to know it. The Secret Service still blocked the telephones.

The doctors were conferring in one of the nearby rooms. Who should sign the death certificate? It was decided that this should fall to Clark, since officially the cause of death was the destruction of the nervous system.

In Trauma Room II, Governor Connally was saved by a team of five doctors. He was wounded in the chest, arm and thigh by the smile bullet. He was declared out of immediate danger some minutes after one o'clock.

But the doctors of Parkland Hospital had not yet finished their labours. An hour and a half later, the body of a policeman was brought to them: Tippitt. He was declared DOA (Dead on Arrival).

Bill Greer, the presidential chauffeur, looked through the telephone book. He stopped at one page, rang a number.

"Oneal Funeral Home," replied a voice, that of the owner himself, Vernon B. Oneal, living at 3206 Oak Lawn, right opposite Father Huber's church.

"This is the Secret Service. Please select the best casket you have in stock and bring it here as fast as humanly possible. It is for the President of the United States."

Jacqueline was still alone with her husband. She bent to kiss first his cheek, then his hands. Round his neck she saw a medal of St Christopher. She would have liked to take this medal off, to give it to her husband. But then she remembered . . .

John, to whom she had given a similar medal, had put it into the coffin of little Patrick. He had asked her to give him another for their wedding anniversary, which had been a month after the infant's death.

This medal belonged to John. She could not put it into his coffin as a remembrance of her. He would want something specifically hers, something he had loved . . .

So she took off her wedding ring and put it on John's finger.

IT WAS one o'clock in the afternoon in Dallas.
"Mummy, Why isn't there any Mickey Mouse on the Television?"

Marie Wilson, Secretary to a New York lawyer, was monotonously typing a conveyance, in her office on the fifty-seventh floor of the Empire State Building. She had left it. Suddenly a Frank Sinatra song was broken off, and a newsflash was announced — a special bulletin, as they say in America.

"Oh dear," said Marie Wilson to herself impatiently, "they're going to tell us that the East Freeway is jammed, or that some Harlem school is in uproar... They do pile it on with their 'bulletins'." She was about to twist the knob when the word "Kennedy" stopped her.

"It is reported that President Kennedy has been shot at in Dallas," said the announcer. "Nothing serious. We will keep you informed." It must, thought Marie Wilson, be some sort of bad joke. Perhaps one of the office-boys had set up a microphone on the main aerial of the skyscraper, which feeds all the radios... her reaction was that of hundreds of thousands, of millions of Americans. But the telephone lines were blocked. •

It was one-forty-five, New York time. It will not be known with any certainty for some years if the blocking of telephone communication was due to the fact that the apparatus, lines and employees were over-strained —... Washington and the State of Virginia, had been directly informed by General Godfrey T. Mc-Hugh, the President's military aide-de-camp. He used an Army transmitter which was in his car, operating upon a special wave-length. Secret Plan "F" of the Wilson Code, "Incapacity of the Ruler", came into operation. (This was so named because President Wilson was for a long time before his death almost entirely unable to take decisions — in practice, and secretly, his wife, Edith, ruled in his place.)

In the trebly-barricaded corridors at the heart of the building, the Officers of the Day opened sealed envelopes giving emergency orders, while couriers warned the four Service chiefs: Army, Air Force, Navy and Marines.

Almost at once, the giant machines of the Strategic Air Command at Omaha took off, their atomic and hydrogen bombs ready armed. Planes out on patrol (there is at least one atom-bomber always in the air) were ordered to mid-Atlantic. The Navy sent out a "red" signal to submarines armed with Polaris.
At the Pentagon, where everything is planned for ahead in minutest detail, the idea of a plot had already been considered. The President might be kidnapped; false news broadcast by a group of revolutionaries; above all, there might be a Soviet, or at least a Cuban invasion. The Dallas assassination attempt might be no more than a prelude to such an invasion. It could be just part of a plot by Southerners mad enough to try to seize power — rather like the conspirators of July 20th, 1944 in Germany, attacking Berlin in the belief that Stauffenberg had succeeded in eliminating Adolf Hitler.

The possibility of a Soviet invasion is certainly a remote one, but thanks to its "electronic brains" the Pentagon had already visualised that a surprise attack on the lines of Pearl Harbour could start with such an assassination attempt. The Soviets would launch a few rockets, announce that others were on the way, and at the same time present an insulting ultimatum.

A Washington without a president — and, it seemed, perhaps without an effective Vice-President either, since the most contradictory rumours were circulating about him — would have the greatest difficulty in facing up to the Soviet demands. There was also the chaos paralysing the capital ...

The Americans have invented the most amazing things, but a mere heavy fall of snow can bring all activity to a halt. The confusion was such that it would most probably have been difficult if not impossible to carry out the plans that the Pentagon was then taking without some sort of preparation. The "electronic brains" of the Pentagon remained unapproached by the President and the Secretary of Defense.

The "hot" teleprinter line allowing direct communication between the Pentagon and the Kremlin remained unused on that day. Kruschev did not initiate any enquiries; he was probably as much taken by surprise as the rest of the world. And no thought of informing him had crossed anyone's mind. The very fact that Kennedy was no longer in the White House made the Americans think twice about the wisdom of transmitting any electric message.

Certainly, there are at the Pentagon very secret instructions transferring the presidential powers to the Chiefs of Staff if the President should suddenly die. It is obviously impossible to know the details of such plans. But no one since that day has really talked about them.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS’

an unhoped-for opportunity. He could have had America at his mercy — or at least have made the attempt, like the Japanese at Pearl Harbour, by exploiting the appalling situation.

Between the time when the President’s death became generally known, and that of his successor’s arrival in Washington, the Kremlin could have turned the world up-side down. ‘...they have attacked the United States. They could have occupied Berlin, forced the Dardanelles, menaced Japan and taken Saigon. All that in several hours?’ American strategists are always saying that it could be done.

IN SPITE of the still silent telephone lines, the radio succeeded in getting together bits of news on what had happened at Dallas — incomplete, certainly, often contradictory and even conflicting. From the Texas stations themselves — allowed messages sent “in clear” to be heard, and reports received from correspondents on the spot.

The first indication of the gravity of the situation was the news that Governor Connally had been taken to the hospital’s operating theatre, while President Kennedy still remained in the Emergency room. This must mean that his condition was so serious that he could not be moved.

Work in offices stopped. People began to gather on the corners of 5th Avenue in New York, Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, on the Fisherman Wharf at San Francisco, in street corners and subways in Chicago. Teen-age possessors of transistor radios, normally held in horror, were surrounded. Some shops normally closed in protest were surrounded. Some shops normally held in horror were open.

Work in office stopped. People began to gather on the corners of 5th Avenue in New York, Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, on the Fisherman Wharf at San Francisco, in street corners and subways in Chicago. Teen-age possessors of transistor radios, normally held in horror, were surrounded. Some shops normally closed in protest were surrounded. Some shops normally held in horror were open.

IN WASHINGTON, Gerry Behn, head of the White House special detail, was one of the first people to know for certain of Kennedy’s death, informed by an agent in Dallas. He at once sent men to the Capitol — the first and last secret service agents to enter the Senate or the House. The Senate chamber was deserted. It was quiet except for the clock ticking and the voices of the few people who knew for certain of Kennedy’s death.

The law of succession, amended in 1947, provides that in the event of the incapacity or death of both president and vice-president, it is the Speaker of the House of Representatives who becomes President of the United States. (The Senate has no Speaker, the vice-president acting as one there).

IN WASHINGTON, the Secret Service was on the alert. American strategists are always saying that it could be done.
A mechanised unit from the Washington garrison was ordered to speed to the Capitol. With a presence of mind which would have been more useful in Dallas, the Secret Service men took routine precautions. They entered the National Cathedral School for Boys, a young naval officer. And what if the young man had put up any resistance to this strange kidnapping?

"We'd have knocked him down with a punch on the jaw," one of the "gorillas" said later.

The two small children were still sleeping on the second floor of the White House, their dreams undisturbed. But in the Senate, there was near-pandemonium. Wayne Morse, the rebel Senator, broke of a speech criticising Kennedy's foreign policy when a page brought him a message. He started, and went over to the chairman. Ted Kennedy, the new Senator for Massachusetts, and also the President's younger brother, was presiding over the debate.

Ted listened to him, went dreadfully pale, got up and left the room hurriedly — forgetting to bring the session to a formal close. Such a thing had never happened before in the history of the Senate. The television stations stopped their regular programmes, cut out the raucous advertising sessions, and tried to organise themselves to keep the public informed. Commentators, reporters and cameramen were even more overcome than the audiences.

"Mummy, where's Mickey Mouse?" cried one of the children. The jovial presidential Press Secretary, Pierre Salinger, was of course ignorant of what had happened, being en route to Japan. In his absence, a harried aide admitted to the press that Kennedy was dead.

Radio announcers sobbed as they read the brief communiqué. The lights went out on Broadway. Women went to light candles in the churches. Car drivers stopped their vehicles at the roadside. Manhattan, like so many other American towns, was enveloped in a mantle of mist and rain.

In Berlin, young girls threw flowers — red roses — on the "Wall of Shame". In Rome, the President of the Republic did not hide his emotion. In Mexico, where Nikita Kruschev showed strong grief, Lyndon Johnson walked with his face in his hands. Ted Kennedy, the President, was of course ignorant of what had happened, being en route to Japan. In his absence, a harried aide admitted to the press that Kennedy was dead.

"I operated my camera like a robot — my mind was elsewhere," explained one photographer, who was filming outside the hospital at Dallas.

The jovial presidential Press Secretary, Pierre Salinger, was of course ignorant of what had happened, being en route to Japan. In his absence, a harried aide admitted to the press that Kennedy was dead. 

Radio announcers sobbed as they read the brief communiqué. The television stations stopped their regular programmes, cut out the raucous advertising sessions, and tried to organise themselves to keep the public informed. Commentators, reporters and cameramen were even more overcome than the audiences.

In Berlin, young girls threw flowers — red roses — on the "Wall of Shame". In Rome, the President of the Republic did not hide his emotion. In Moscow, even, Mrs Nikita Kruschev showed strong emotion.

"I have always wanted to know what people felt on the day Abraham Lincoln died," said a Kansas City student. "Now I know. It's dreadful to think that I am still living when people get on the train, go to work, have the same old worries as on the day Abraham Lincoln died."

The people of Dallas became a city of shame. The town had become a city of shame, with the Knoxville boys the people of Dallas. The people of Dallas had become a city of shame. The people of Dallas had become a city of shame, with the Knoxville boys the people of Dallas.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

Profiles in Courage, which brought Kennedy a Pulitzer Prize, was an anthology of the lives of great Senators.

Although world reaction was perhaps even more solemn than in the United States, life there stood still for four days, as if a barbarian invader had clutched hold of the nation — no theatres, no cinemas, no bars, no cafes.

People mourned Kennedy as he had been a Knight of the Round Table, clad in shining armour, the ideal of people of every land and clime. America is always complaining that she is misunderstood, and too much criticised abroad; but she should realise that in spite of everything it is of her that others dream, her they want to love.

The midinettes of Paris decided to pay homage to Kennedy by giving up their traditional fête on St Catherine’s Day. ROBERT KENNEDY, who so much loved his brother John, was in London, returning from a party in London, when he heard the news.

Another of the thousand mysteries of that inexplicable day.

Rosemary Kennedy was watching television that afternoon, in the lounge of the St Colleta institution at Jefferson, Wisconsin, for retarded or mentally handicapped children; she had been there for twenty-one years. It was thus that she learned of the death of her big brother.

A labourer working in the grounds of the Kennedy estate at Hyannis Port heard the news on a portable radio, and rushed into the house crying: “Kennedy’s been shot! Kennedy’s been shot!”

The President’s mother, who at seventy-two had undergone so many family troubles, did not show surprise. She gave the impression of having known that yet another misfortune would overtake the family, and at once shouted: “God have pity on us all!”

When informed of the tragedy, Peter Lawford was in a show at Stateline, Nevada — the same cabaret in which some months later Frank Sinatra, head of “The Clan” — a group of actors prominent in the film colony — he had appeared.

“God have pity on us all!” he exclaimed, and at once telephoned his wife, Eunice, the President’s sister; then his friend Frank Sinatra, head of “The Clan” — a group of actors prominent in the film colony — he had appeared.

In Shiokawa, Japan; Kohei Hanami wept on learning of the death of the man he had once tried to kill. He is the former commander of the cruiser which so nearly did so during the war, when his ship sliced Lieutenant Kennedy’s patrol boat in two.
The world has lost an irreplaceable man," said Hanami, now manager of a shoe factory. "The life of a politician's wife is bitter and sad. I too saw my husband die in my arms on the way to hospital."

But another widow was less sympathetic: Mme Ngo Dinh Nhu, whose husband had been brutally murdered in Saigon shortly before, on November 1st. In Los Angeles she had told me that she held John Kennedy responsible for his assassination, and that she believed God would revenge it. Now she sent an ironical letter of condolence from Rome:

"I do not know you, but you must understand now what a wife feels when told that her husband has been brutally done to death. What has come to you is only one effect of the frightful injustice of which my husband was an innocent victim."

Cruel words, and flagrantly lacking in tact; but later—much later—history, no sentimentalist, may perhaps say that Mme Nhu was not altogether wrong in linking the two events. Extremists who blamed Kennedy for Nhu's death might have had some hand in his.

When Kennedy's death was announced to the elementary school children in Dallas, and they were told to go home, the pupils all started to clap enthusiastically, and "Dixie", the anthem of the Southern rebels. Princess Paola of Belgium heard the news with annoyance. She was clanchting at the home of Count Bismarck, when it was thought best to stop the orchestra playing.

"Now they'll shut me up like a novice again, just as I was having some fun for the first time since Laurent's birth!" she said. In Santa Barbara, California, lives the shadowy but very middle-class head of the semi-secret John Birch Society; there, Kennedy and Warren were hanged in effigy.

The wife of Earl Cabell, Mayor of Dallas, who that same morning had presented Mrs Kennedy with her bouquet, received a death-threat by telephone. Her husband gave up his intention of going to Washington that evening after a warning that there was a bomb in the plane he was going to take.

James R. Hoffa, irremovable boss of the truck drivers' union, the man President Kennedy's brother had been trying for years to bring down, remarked with a smile: "Now Bob Kennedy's nothing more than any other little no-account lawyer."

In Nashville, Tennessee, a speaker at a plenary session of the municipal council declared:

"Jack Kennedy died a death of a tyrant." He was warmly applauded.

In New York, where the New York Negro Ballet was on tour, the announcement was met with electric excitement. And in Columbus, Ohio, a young man who had made a ditch run for the Irish line since Lincoln's death, returned to his home and said:

"I thought when Mr Kennedy was elected it was to be different."

Now she said, in a voice of confidential confidence from Rome:

"It seemed to me that the power of Mr Kennedy was unprecedented, the influence of Mr Kennedy was unprecedented."

"Now Bob Kennedy's nothing more than any other little no-account lawyer."

The tradition that there was in the plane was false:

"The moment of the sight of God is revealed to the eye of the soul the moment of God is revealed to the eye of the soul."

The moment of the sight of God is revealed to the eye of the soul the moment of God is revealed to the eye of the soul. But another widow was less sympathetic: Mme Ngo Dinh Nhu, whose husband had been brutally murdered in Saigon shortly before, on November 1st. In Los Angeles she had told me that she held John Kennedy responsible for his assassination, and that she believed God would revenge it.

"I do not know you, but you must understand now what a wife feels when told that her husband has been brutally done to death. What has come to you is only one effect of the frightful injustice of which my husband was an innocent victim."

Cruel words, and flagrantly lacking in tact; but later—much later—history, no sentimentalist, may perhaps say that Mme Nhu was not altogether wrong in linking the two events. Extremists who blamed Kennedy for Nhu's death might have had some hand in his.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

In Hollywood, a decision was taken to stop the showing of a film that was due to be shown at the Jackie Kennedy Foundation Film Festival. The film, which was supposed to be a biography of the young actress, had been banned by the television companies because it was considered too controversial.

In Washington, the decision to ban the film was met with mixed reactions. Some in the media called for an end to the censorship, while others argued that the film was too controversial and should not be shown.

In Moscow, the Soviet government announced that they would be boycotting the Festival, citing concerns about the film's content.

The White House was quiet as the President prepared to address the nation. The family was gathered in the Oval Office, with Caroline and John-John Watkins looking on.

The President spoke of the loss of a great leader, and called for unity and peace in the wake of the tragedy. He urged Americans to come together and support one another in these difficult times.

The speech was broadcast across the country, and millions of Americans tuned in to watch. The mood was somber, but there was also a sense of hope and resilience.

After the speech, the President returned to the White House, where he was joined by his family. They spent the evening together, reflecting on the loss of their beloved leader and the future that lay ahead.
The film PTI 09, inspired by the adventure in the Pacific; to postpone the premiere of Seven Days In May, of Fail Safe and Dr Strangelove; and also to shelve without further ado all films dealing with the assassination of presidents. It was also decided to cut certain scenes; for example, where in the film Take Her, She's Mine a student imitates Kennedy's voice:

A book was called in from library circulation, a book which, however, had great success: J.F.K.: The Man and The Myth, by Victor Lasky. In it, the author sharply criticised the President; it was feared that mobs might stone the shop-fronts.

But at the same time plans were made in Hollywood for a dozen future films based on what had happened in Dallas; and already publishers were telephoning their authors to... to write his name on the sky; strike medals; sell napkins stamped with his name; Capital cities, towns, villages, hamlets, already proposed to re-name their avenues, squares, airports, golf-courses, stadium, Lasky's Library, after the President. The idea was to put them on the posters, distribution. The idea was to put them on the poster, distribution, The idea was to put them on the poster, distribution.

Despite these extremes, the whole world, that evening, Do-overs? Universals and Republics called in the morning, to announce their screens' pictures, to change the setting, inconsistencies. Strangely, the producer, by the name of Sky, since Marx; all things seemed to come together.

And the photograph of a woman, to be seen in the book. The maker without putting a monument, to be seen in the book. The idea was not to put them on the poster, distribution. The idea was not to put them on the poster, distribution. 

CHAPTER ELEVEN
A Bad Tipper

R. S. TRULY, MANAGER of the Texas Book Depository, had
watched the parade from the steps of the building. Now he
was pushed down on to the road by the crowd — some hurrying
towards the assassination spot, others trying to
catch a glimpse of the President. He had a bottle of Coca-Cola in his hand, which
he supposed they had given to him, and he
was about to enjoy it. His head was turned to the
left, and he saw a man running towards the building. He
called out, "Hey, what's going on?"

"What's going on?" the man asked him.

"They're shooting the President," the other man
said.

"What?" Truly exclaimed. "But I didn't see anything.
There was no noise."

"That's because you're in the wrong place," the man
answered. "You're on the wrong side of the street."

"But I'm near the presidential motorcade," Truly
objected. "I can hear the sirens."

"That's because you're on the wrong side of the street,"
the man said again.

"But I'm sure I heard the shots," Truly persisted.

"You're sure you heard the shots?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Truly replied. "I heard them loud and clear."
A BAD TIPPER

Later, her friend Mrs Paine told her of the assassination. "I was very much upset," said Marina, when she made her first free statement. "I was so sorry for Mrs Kennedy. What frightful person could have done such a thing? I would have imagined anything in the world except that it could be my husband."

While Truly and his policeman were on the roof of the Texas Book Depository, the Detective Captain of the Dallas City Police, Will Fritz, was directing a systematic search of the building. The teams of detectives, working floor to floor, methodically cleared each floor room by room. The suspects' boxes, one on top of the other, had probably served to steady the gun. Fragments of a chicken sandwich were also found.

Five minutes later the rifle was found, hidden under a pile of books. The cartridges were of the same calibre. The Texas police had difficulty in recognising the maker's trade-mark. The inference was that the rifle had been used by someone other than Oswald.

Truly went down again to the ground floor and called together all the ninety-one employees. They were all there except one: Oswald. "I don't know if it's of any importance," he said to a detective, "but I've one man missing. A guy named Lee Oswald."

"It could be very important indeed," answered the policeman. He reported to the Detective Captain, who telephoned a description of the missing man to the radio control center. "It was stated that it was an Italian Carcano 91, coming from surplus stocks, and with a Japanese Canon telescopic sight."

Fritz also sent two investigators to Irving, to see Mrs Oswald. "Yes," she answered. Then we went on the floor where the assassination took place. He seemed quite untroubled."

"Yes," she answered. Then we went on the floor where the assassination took place. He seemed quite untroubled."

The police never thought of throwing a cordon round the suspected building; at the time, however, no one was quite sure that the shots had come from there.

Certainly, photographer Bob Jackson states that he saw a rifle fired from the window at the end of the fifth floor. But he did not get a photograph; he was still changing his film.

H. L. Brennan, a turner, tells of having seen "a thin young man, healthy-looking, with a rifle, press the trigger twice... He wasn't in any hurry, that guy."

A television cameraman, Mel Couch, states that he saw a rifle, but is not certain whether it was on the fourth or the fifth floor.

A photograph taken a few seconds later shows two negroes at the end of the fourth floor. But they are looking down at the road, not up at the window above them, where the shots were fired.

Buddy Walthers, the policeman from the Sheriff's office, states for his part that the shots - or at least one shot - came from the lobby of the Texas Book Depository, the detective captain of the Texas police."

JACK RUBY, alias Rubinstein, went into the office of the show business editor of the Dallas News at 12:45. The newspaper's offices are five minutes' walk from the point where the assassination took place. He seemed quite untroubled."

MARINA OSWALD had put the baby into its cot. The other little girl played nearby as she watched a women's program on television. She still could not speak more than seven words of English, and did not understand the announcement which interrupted the program.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

Paine — hers being the only address for Oswald in Truly’s staff records. LEE HARVEY Oswald had quietly gone down to the... to kill the President, isn’t it terrible? — to which he did not reply. The telephonist does not swear to this incident.

He went out the front way, mixed unnoticed... crowd, walked up the avenue, made a detour, went back again and knocked on the window of a bus which had come to a halt in the middle of the road because traffic was at a standstill.

The bus conductor, C. J. McWatters, says he is certain... 12.40.

He kept looking at his watch all the time, being late on schedule. “Oswald went and sat in the middle of the car. There were two other passengers.”

The route of the bus was much the same as that of the presidential procession. Oswald would pass right by where Kennedy had been killed — like the murderer returning to the scene of his crime.

A woman in the bus, not wanting to lose her train, decided to get off Oswald followed her.

A woman in the bus, not wanting to lose her train, decided to get off Oswald followed her.

The housekeeper of the lodging-house remembers having seen Oswald go into his room at about one o’clock. He came out soon after changing his jacket.

At exactly one o’clock. Mrs Helen Markham was waiting... to him: “I want to go to 500 North Beckley.” He didn’t live there, but the address was close to the house where he had... to his little furnished room in Oak Cliff.

The taxi-man was used to all sorts of passengers, and was not over-surprised by the man’s silence. He got no answer to the question: “What the devil’s going on down there?” — meaning the spot where the tragedy had taken place.

Perhaps if Oswald had given him a 25 cent tip, he would have forgotten this fare. But on arrival, with 95 cents on the meter, Oswald gave him just one dollar, and got out without saying thank-you. The driver was furious.
The dealer, was standing in front of his office. He had heard the shocking news about Kennedy on the radio. "I heard a shot, screams, I crossed my used-car lot, and I saw this guy running down the other side of the road. He had a gun in his hand, and was waving his arms... I called out: 'Man, what goes on?' But he did not answer. I am sure that it was Oswald — I recognised him the same evening."

A couple of miles further on is the Texas Cinema. That day they were showing "War Is Hell." There were only a few dozen people in the audience.

On the same side of the pavement as the cinema there is a big block of houses and shops, among them the Hardy shoe-shop. Salesman Johnny Brewer was looking out of the window when... that she hadn't. The ticket-collector had not seen anything either. Brewer then asked the cashier to call the police.

There had already been two alarms in the district. Someone telephoned to say that a dangerous man was hiding in a church. That evening we were showing a Western film. The picture was just over the road. When the audience were asked to go up into the circle, the rest of the audience were asked to go up into the circle. Agent McDonald was first on the spot. "I found nothing. The police had seen our fingers..."
The cinema was a church. The police had surrounded the theatre. The rest of the audience were asked to go up into the circle. The police had seen our fingers..."

McDonnell came level with Oswald, and "seeing that he was reaching for his gun, I clutched him round the waist. We fell together on to the seats. I had my hand on the butt of his gun, but his finger was on the trigger. I heard a click. The hammer didn't work. That saved my life. The other policemen jumped on the man, and hammered his face with their fists."

Oswald is supposed to have said then: "It's all over," but this is not quite certain. At the sound of sirens, a crowd had gathered outside.

"I protest this brutality," he answered them calmly. He was taken to the pleasant little police building near the Statler Hotel. He entered it just before two o'clock. He was never to leave it alive.

Thanks to a note found in Oswald's wallet, the little furnished room in Beckley Street was traced. The proprietor, Mrs Johnson, back from her restaurant, could not understand what the police wanted: there was no Oswald living there. Never heard of him.

Then a neighbour, who had been watching, recognized him. The police opened the door. Mrs Johnson, on the other hand, recognized the policeman. She opened the door. She must have said "Yes," and shown them the hiding-place in the garage. They asked her if the husband had a rifle. She had never given a gun to Oswald, and had told the police that Oswald had left the room. The police then searched the room for two hours. They found nothing.

Two hours later, they found nothing. The police opened the door again, and searched it for the second time. "There's not much to see," they said. "I saw a wall that the man had painted. It is not the same..."
Oswald, behaved with unbelievable arrogance towards his interrogators, taking the line that they were hired toughs. When asked why he behaved in that way, he replied:

"Tell that to my legal representative." He continued to ask for a lawyer, but did not specify who it should be. At one point, he cried:

"You treat me as if we were in Soviet Russia, and not in a free country." When charged by Alexander, Oswald sneered:

"You're mad..."

But he admitted being a Marxist and a revolutionary.

When charged by Alexander, Oswald sneered:

"Tell that to my legal representative." He continued to ask for a lawyer, but did not specify who it should be. At one point, he cried:

"You treat me as if we were in Soviet Russia, and not in a free country."
The Secret Service had lost contact with the assassination. The Secret Service had lost

antennas with a ghastly irony. Just one hour and some

secret service were only distantly hinted at by the cold press.

It is harder to suppress the Dialogue Police than the

did want to be "in the papers." They wanted to

be photographed and to be photographed, and to have their names read down.

be photographed and to be photographed, and that is what all the Chicago police want to

inhabit their offices in the presence of the public. They wanted to

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the

wanted to take their offices, when they heard that the
President's death; but Texas' own inner frontiers remained wide open. Just anybody could get into the police headquarters. It was a circus, really a circus. Photographers stood on the desks. A journalist was sitting in the chief's chair, taking notes. Cards were being played in the lift. The television cameras were there; hundreds of cables littered the floor. There were reflectors, giant mirrors. Yes, it was like being in a Hollywood studio.

People were shouting, changing the ceiling lights, telling stories of what happened that time in Tokyo or Rio — for here were journalists from the four corners of the earth. Since most of them were staying at the hotel opposite, the Statler-Hilton, they were in the habit of calling in at police headquarters, by way of taking the air, each time they left or went back to the hotel.

District Attorney Henry Wade presided over this funfair, holding a non-stop press conference. Since each reporter, each radio and television station, wanted its own exclusive statement, he had to repeat the same thing again and again. A president had been assassinated in his town; he had the guilty person on the floor above his office — and he passed his time, almost all his time, in chit-chat. Oh — Publicity, what is not done in your name?

Oswald was obstinately refusing to talk. Perhaps to lay false scent, ... but could there have been a fellow-conspirator who shared his security fears? A suspect would have occupied the whole floor on up; and one of those who took the bullet from Dallas to Frankfurt, whom we know, is a fellow-countryman of Oswald's. This, then, is essentially a Communist conspiracy; the authorities had to be persuaded that a Communist never acts on his own, or without orders. A search should have been made to get to the bottom of the affair. Holding a non-stop press conference, the District Attorney, with a false sense of security, told the world that the guilty person was in custody, and then told the newspapers that he had been shot dead.

The word "Communist," moreover, seemed to them like a justification. As a detective squad chief told me: "We can defend ourselves against the ordinary criminal, or against any foreign enemy who plays the game. But the Communist is a different matter; his is a formidable conspiracy, the most gigantic menace..." Rather like the Japanese Generals in 1945, telling the Emperor that their honour was untarnished because there was no possible defence against an atomic bomb.

We ought not to forget that in some other countries the security forces would have reacted much more violently and blindly to such a situation. A suspect would have occupied the whole floor on up; and one of those who took the bullet from Dallas to Frankfurt, whom we know, is a fellow-countryman of Oswald's. This, then, is essentially a Communist conspiracy; the authorities had to be persuaded that a Communist never acts on his own, or without orders. A search should have been made to get to the bottom of the affair.

Oswald, the killer, had gone to the cinema. Perhaps to lay false scent, ... but could there have been a fellow-conspirator who shared his security fears? A suspect would have occupied the whole floor on up; and one of those who took the bullet from Dallas to Frankfurt, whom we know, is a fellow-countryman of Oswald's. This, then, is essentially a Communist conspiracy; the authorities had to be persuaded that a Communist never acts on his own, or without orders. A search should have been made to get to the bottom of the affair.

President's death; but Texas' own inner frontiers remained wide open. Just anybody could get into the police headquarters. It was a circus, really a circus. Photographers stood on the desks. A journalist was sitting in the chief's chair, taking notes. Cards were being played in the lift. The television cameras were there; hundreds of cables littered the floor. There were reflectors, giant mirrors. Yes, it was like being in a Hollywood studio.

People were shouting, changing the ceiling lights, telling stories of what happened that time in Tokyo or Rio — for here were journalists from the four corners of the earth. Since most of them were staying at the hotel opposite, the Statler-Hilton, they were in the habit of calling in at police headquarters, by way of taking the air, each time they left or went back to the hotel.

District Attorney Henry Wade presided over this funfair, holding a non-stop press conference. Since each reporter, each radio and television station, wanted its own exclusive statement, he had to repeat the same thing again and again. A president had been assassinated in his town; he had the guilty person on the floor above his office — and he passed his time, almost all his time, in chit-chat. Oh — Publicity, what is not done in your name?

Oswald was obstinately refusing to talk. Perhaps to lay false scent, ... but could there have been a fellow-conspirator who shared his security fears? A suspect would have occupied the whole floor on up; and one of those who took the bullet from Dallas to Frankfurt, whom we know, is a fellow-countryman of Oswald's. This, then, is essentially a Communist conspiracy; the authorities had to be persuaded that a Communist never acts on his own, or without orders. A search should have been made to get to the bottom of the affair.

Oswald was obstinately refusing to talk. Perhaps to lay false scent, ... but could there have been a fellow-conspirator who shared his security fears? A suspect would have occupied the whole floor on up; and one of those who took the bullet from Dallas to Frankfurt, whom we know, is a fellow-countryman of Oswald's. This, then, is essentially a Communist conspiracy; the authorities had to be persuaded that a Communist never acts on his own, or without orders. A search should have been made to get to the bottom of the affair.

How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that? How could he claim to know all that?

...
Evidence Against Lee Harvey Oswald was entirely circumstantial, but damning. He worked in the building, he was seen there, and he had no alibi. His palm-prints (not to be confused with fingerprints) were on the carbine. His own rifle, according to his wife, was not in its hiding-place in Mrs Paine's garage. A paraffin test showed that Oswald had traces of powder on his hands. A photograph was found, showing Oswald holding the murder rifle. Near where policeman Tippitt was murdered, cartridges were found in the street; they were of the same calibre as the pistol which Oswald was alleged to have had in his pocket at the time of his arrest. The carbine found among the books on the fifth floor of the Texas Book Depository was shown by the F.B.I. to be, without the shadow of a doubt, the one used to kill the President. Later, the F.B.I. was authorised by President Johnson to make an independent and full investigation — until then, the local police and the Secret Service had looked very much askance at any interference by the Federal police. The S. Klein & Co., arms dealers specialising in the sale of rifles, sub machine-guns and revolvers from Army surplus stores, informed the F.B.I. they had sent the assassination weapon to a certain A. Hidell. It was, to be precise, a 161.

He could not know in just what way the prophecy would come true.

The formidable press invasion following announcement of the arrest was justified; their curiosity was more so. But not the fun-fair atmosphere. A president had been murdered. These were historic hours. The future of the whole world was in the balance — things should have been done in a more seemly way.

Oswald made two appearances before the journalists that evening. The rest of the time, as if at a show, the press was kept quiet by showing them the rifle, the police dossier and so on; and Oswald, his wife, Marina, his mother and the witnesses were paraded before them.

Oswald was very much at his ease, although his face still bore traces of the scuffle at the time of his arrest. He exchanged pleasantries with the pressmen, showed his handcuffs, shook his hands pettishly, as if to dislodge the detective holding him by the arm.

"I did not kill Tippitt," he said, in much the same tone as someone who says "I haven't had any tea this afternoon." Then someone asked him: "Why did you shoot Kennedy?"

"Kennedy? No one has said that I was mixed up in that...

"Why didn't you shoot Kennedy?"

"Then someone asked him: "I did not kill Tippitt," he said, in rather the same tone as someone who says "I haven't had any tea this afternoon." Then someone asked him: "Why didn't you shoot Kennedy?"

Oswald was very much at his ease, although his face still bore traces of the scuffle at the time of his arrest. He exchanged pleasantries with the pressmen and showed them the rifle, the police dossier and so on; and Oswald, his wife, Marina, his mother and the witnesses were paraded before them.

Oswald was very much at his ease, although his face still bore traces of the scuffle at the time of his arrest. He exchanged pleasantries with the pressmen and showed them the rifle, the police dossier and so on; and Oswald, his wife, Marina, his mother and the witnesses were paraded before them.

The formidable press invasion following announcement of the arrest was justified; their curiosity was more so. But not the fun-fair atmosphere. A president had been murdered. These were historic hours. The future of the whole world was in the balance — things should have been done in a more seemly way.

Oswald was very much at his ease, although his face still bore traces of the scuffle at the time of his arrest. He exchanged pleasantries with the pressmen and showed them the rifle, the police dossier and so on; and Oswald, his wife, Marina, his mother and the witnesses were paraded before them.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS.

Mannlich-Carcano carbine, 3 ft 11 ins long, and weighing 1 lb 6 oz. This type of weapon had been used for a time in the training of N.A.T.O. forces. Then it was discontinued, and later sold at give-away prices. Klein & Co. had advertised it...

The Dallas police found on Oswald a notebook, in which were written the name A. Hidell and the postal box number to which the rifle was sent. In the end, the F.B.I. found... a letter ordering the weapon. According to the experts of this police organisation, the letter was written by Oswald.

Immediately after the details of the gun were published, almost worldwide doubt was expressed about its potential. In Italy, a Milan newspaper stated that it was impossible for Oswald to hit the target at the intervals indicated by the film of the attack, unless he had had special training... The F.B.I.'s opinion being the only one which counted, they reported to Chief Justice Earl Warren's special Commission:

"Oswald was an expert marksman. He had had special training in the Marines. It has been proved that it is possible to shoot at the intervals indicated by the film of the attack, unless he had had special training...

A Dallas detective put it more picturesquely:

"Oswald was like a hunter lying in wait in the bushes for the deer to cross the path..."

The ease with which he could obtain this weapon caused a shock of indignation through all America, and horrified the rest of the world.

In Dallas itself, there are in some shop-windows machine-guns "which once belonged to Hitler's personal guard", and "revolvers from the collection of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia". Only one State in the Union bans this trade: South Carolina. Only one demands the weapon's registration: Hawaii. Only one imposes a licence to carry arms: New York. Only the rest impose restrictions on how you transport it: in general, it is forbidden to carry a concealed weapon in a public place.

The Senate is even now diligently searching for a means of putting an end to this dangerous situation. But oddly enough it is the conservative elements, the ultra-nationalists and men of the South who oppose it:

"We need arms to defend ourselves against Communist invasion."

"If we weren't armed, the Yankees of the North would invade us."

"The Constitution guarantees us the right to have a weapon."

Those who urge prohibitive measures are accused of being enemies of the Homeland.

It may be that in and around Texas, the right to possess a revolver is considered as a male attribute, reminiscent of Wild West days. Within a few weeks after the assassination, a report was intercepted in which another, unconfirmed, account of the assassination was published: Protestant and Catholic newspapers in Dallas carried this account, which was not confirmed in any other papers.
The investigations and reconstructions of the crime have not taken into account one decisive factor: chance. Detectives covered with medals, practised in the use of their guns, may fire at a criminal—and he may still get away quite unscathed. Hunters with high-priced weapons may miss—and shoot into the air. By the sun, a bad-quality bullet—and Army surplus stocks often contain very old, defective and uncertain ammunition.

In addition, Oswald had suffered from nervous conditions since the age of thirteen. He had not killed before. He had never fired from that window. How did he, during those unforgettable seconds, remain so entirely in control of his fingers, that after dozens of bullets had been fired, he was shooting at a moving car, in which there were five people, and yet he hit only the two chosen victims—and hit them in vital parts.

It would seem that that afternoon he had a most powerful ally: Fate itself. "THE
There is no doubt at all," proclaimed District Attorney Henry Wade, speaking of Oswald's guilt. "So far as it is humanly possible to assure ourselves of it, he is guilty," repeated police chief Jesse Curry. "The investigation is closed.

Those who, like myself, saw Oswald close up, and talked to him, on that night of November 22nd, could only record such final statements. We could only note, too, that Oswald did indeed look like a maniac assassin. He seemed to enjoy his triumph, and the attention of which he was the centre. A different man could not have had the same reaction. He was still the centre of attention. He could not have resisted the desire to hurl defiance at society; to revenge himself upon it, en bloc (since in shooting Kennedy he shot, as it were, millions and millions); to prove that he, the obscure, unimportant, eternally thrust-to-one-side Lee Harvey Oswald, could change the course of history. So he snatched it. But was Oswald a Communist, or under Communist orders, that day? That question will never receive a satisfactory answer. It will continue to divide American opinion...

Oswald had gone to live in Russia, and had renounced his American nationality, but the Soviet authorities had never been keen on him. Why? Why did the United States Embassy immediately give him his passport and pay the costs of his return? All this seems very odd. Certainly, he claimed to be a Marxist, but he had also been through the school of the Corps d’Elite, and whatever you say about that corps, you can’t say it turns out future Communists...

Anyway, the situation of the American Communists was completely sol. Everyone wanted to buy the same Mannlicher-Carcano. . .
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

ANATOMY OF THE ACCUSED

In Moscow an unprecedented step was taken: the Soviet Government passed over Oswald's dossier to the American Ambassador.

The American Committee for Fair Play to Cuba — more simply, the centre for Castro's propaganda in the United States — declared that Oswald was never a prominent member.

On the evening of November 22nd the Dallas police had quite wrongly announced that Oswald was one of the movement's leaders. He had done no more than ask the Committee for Fair Play to Cuba for support, and during one of these appearances on the street, and fined some dollars. The pro-Cuba Committee of course encouraged him, as they would have done anyone who gave them support — in their situation, they could not afford to do otherwise.

Oswald, then, was rejected by those he considered his own. Even his wife — who on the evening of the assassination declared that Lee was not easy to get on with and that she, Marina, was the only person who loved him — forsook his memory, or at least seemed to do so.

Some weeks later, after a visit to the hairdresser for a new permanent wave and more flattering "make-up", she declared before the Commission of Enquiry, that she now believed her husband was innocent, and that she was now of the opinion that he had been set up as a scapegoat.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

for the Central Intelligence Agency. But she saw her son very rarely, and even the few letters he wrote her from Russia said nothing much about what he thought and did. Oswald had no confidants. Once or twice in Moscow, however, he agreed to talk to some American journalists: Aline Mosby and Priscilla Johnson. Women, "because women are more understanding." He had come to Russia because he had known only penury in the States. For him, Marx was just a refuge. "I've never been a Communist, I've never even known one," he told Aline Mosby. The American journalist paid his way by writing letters in which he referred to his "life-long ambition to live up to pay his fare to Russia. He had learned Russian all by himself with the help of an old grammar book.

But it was easy to divine his real motive. He had gone to Russia to better himself. It's crazy to theorise, but one just can't help wondering what would have happened if he had stayed there much longer. Perhaps one day he would have taken a shot from a window at Nikita Kruschev.

In New Orleans, Oswald also frequented agents of the anti-Castro movement. One of the organisers of such a group in exile, Carlos Bringuer, remembers that Oswald suggested...
Oswald, who was always short of money, did not go to Mexico without very strong reason. Had it been just a question of obtaining a visa for a return to the Soviet Union, he would not have gone. Why then did he stay so long in this foreign town, in an unknown country whose language he could not speak, and where he knew no one? There is a quite simple and logical answer. Oswald wanted to prepare his get-away. He hoped to get back into Mexico, taking advantage of lax protection of the frontier, and go on to Cuba. If he held a pre-dated visa, this would arouse no suspicion.

But I found out something else in Mexico: in the first place, that the Cuban Consulate has not told all the truth about the Oswald case, and is trying to cover his tracks. Thanks to the valuable help of an old friend in the "secret police" (he was one of the bodyguards assigned to both Kennedy and Eisenhower when the two presidents visited Mexico), I was able to gather information. I found out that Oswald had been in Cuba quite recently, and had left for Mexico by air from Havana, landing at Mexico City airport. I suppose that he may have used the passport of an old friend, and probably even changed his name. The Cuban authorities have denied all this, but no one in Mexico believes a word they say.

So the question is: how did Oswald get to Mexico? There are two possibilities. He could have travelled directly from Havana, or he could have entered Mexico with a pre-dated visa. If he did the latter, it would be difficult to trace his movements. But if the former, then we have a better idea of what happened.

The other point established is even more striking. I had talks with people high up in the Mexican government, and with influential foreign diplomats well informed on the situation. I was told that Mexico believes Oswald to be a typical American advertizer, and that he may have been under the influence of neo-Stalinists, and their motives in-
It has four floors, is built in glazed red brick, and is very difficult to find. It is an ideal hide-out. The inside is clean, even modern — but not the kind of place where you would expect to see an American. The customers are mostly Indian lorry-drivers, and — according to the police — smugglers and pickpockets.

The chambermaid, Matildra Guarnica Hernandez, showed me the fourth-floor room Oswald occupied — small, but comfortable, with its own shower-bath. Oswald paid 16 pesos for accommodation; no suitcases, but a haversack. He washed his shirt himself and talked to no-one; in any case, he knew almost no Spanish.

He had no visitors, certainly no women visitors. Not that the hotel concerned itself about that; there was a second door which could have been used.

The night porter who received Oswald, Sebastian Perez Hernandez, told me that as he was an American he asked him to sign the register; and that he showed his passport. (Why in heaven did the police wonder why? Did he wish to record the fact of his presence in Mexico City in this way?) Usually, said the porter, they do not bother to register everybody, but Oswald made an exception. The Mexican police wonder why; did he wish to record the fact of his presence in Mexico City in this way?

Oswald ate in a kind of bar adjoining the hotel, called "La Esperanza." It belongs to an observant widow, who remembers Oswald very well. For an American, he was very economical, even mean, asking the price of each dish in advance and never leaving a tip. And he was always in shirt-sleeves, a thing which in Mexico City at once betrays the "Yankee.

The widowed Senora Dolores Ramirez de Barrero says that Oswald ate in her bar for only three days. He came at exactly one o'clock and left at one-thirty. His menu was the same: a beefsteak, and rice, costing altogether 4 pesos. In the evening, at ten, he came and had a coffee, at half a peso.

It is therefore possible that Oswald was away for two days.

He had no visitors, certainly no women visitors. Not that the hotel concerned itself about that; there was a second door which could have been used.

The widow claims that her bar was close to the Consulate, and that she had met Oswald on several occasions, and had occasion to speak to him about the Ambassador.

I went back to the neighbouring hotel, and this time talked with the proprietor, who had not himself seen Oswald but was horrified at the idea that the assassin of a President of the United States should be allowed to enter the country.

At the Cuban Consulate, which I approached on the pretext of applying for a visa, applicants are received in a special room, and interviewed in private. I was not asked for my passport, but was told to fill up a form of application, which I then had to forward to the Consular office. Oswald paid the full bill.

The Mexican police wonder why; did he wish to record the fact of his presence in Mexico City in this way? Usually, they do not bother to register everybody, but Oswald made an exception. The Mexican police wonder why; did he wish to record the fact of his presence in Mexico City in this way?
passport was not in any case valid for Cuba. Oswald showed impatience and disappointment. I asked to see the dossier, and to talk to the secretary concerned. "Senora Silva Duran is resting," the Ambassador replied; "She was so upset by the questioning of the Mexican police, that she had to go to the country for a rest. As for the dossier, the Federal political police have impounded it..."

Fortunately, I had already gone into this, and I knew that the police had done no more than photograph this dossier, which as a diplomatic document they could not impound.

The Ambassador said then that he would enquire, and that I should come back later that afternoon to see the files, and also to photograph him. This I did. But only to be told that the Ambassador was out — he had left for Acapulco. There were no instructions for me, and no message.

The Iron Curtain had snapped down in my face. I have reliable information that on the day following the assassination, the Mexican Federal police arrested Senora Silva Duran. The political police seem to have known of several meetings between her and Oswald. The dossiers were seized, but later returned.

Senora Duran was severely interrogated, and her home searched from top to bottom. The Mexican police accused her of being concerned in the conspiracy. So secret was this interrogation that at first it was thought that Senora Duran had been kidnapped by anti-Castro extremists. The regular police took the matter up, and so became the unwitting means of letting the cat out of the bag. The Consulate then intervened and obtained her release.

Senor Roa, the Cuban Minister for Foreign Affairs, sent a very strong Note to Mexico. Its language, indeed, was so violent that the Mexican Government not only refused to accept it, but at one point threatened to break off diplomatic relations. The Cubans backed down after the Mexicans had freed Senora Duran and returned the files. The Mexicans said that she had been arrested in error, as a Mexican citizen, because she had "never said that she had Cuban nationality."

Why, it is asked in diplomatic circles, did Cuba send such a protest? The incident was unimportant, and it would have been normal to accept the questioning of employees on the spot. I have reliable information that on the day following the assassination, the Mexican political police arrested the Secretary General of the Cuban Embassy.

I have reliable information that on the day following the assassination, the Mexican political police arrested the Secretary General of the Cuban Embassy.

The Soviet Consulate and Embassy are only a hundred yards or so from the Cuban ones. There Oswald was coldly received, like anyone else who enters a Soviet Embassy. The doors were closed, and there was no chance of a meeting. The Soviet Consul and Embassy are up a narrow street that runs off from the Cuban ones. There Oswald was coldly received, like anyone else who enters a Soviet Embassy. The doors were closed, and there was no chance of a meeting.

The secretary general was arrested on the spot. The dossier was seized, and the Cuban Embassy said that it had been arrested because Senora Silva Duran, being a Mexican citizen, had never said that she had Cuban nationality. I have reliable information that on the day following the assassination, the Mexican political police arrested the Secretary General of the Cuban Embassy. This is in sharp contrast to the secrecy with which the diplomats treated the incident.
he is, can get in. September 27th was 'a Friday. It was natural, then, for Oswald to go to the Soviet Consulate, so near it. But why not wait until the 4th, also a Friday? If it was in order to return to the Soviet consulate, why did he not wait until the 4th, also a Friday?

On Thursday, October 3rd, Oswald went to the bus station at 2.30 p.m.; that day's bus was late starting. He bought a ticket for Laredo, Texas, via Rio Grande; for 7½, the journey took nearly twenty hours. He arrived at the frontier at about eight in the morning on the following day.

Oswald could have been killed for pro-Chinese Cuban Communists who wished him to damage either the United States or Russia, but he was not. He had very bitter memories of Russia, but he retained a lively admiration for Castro, a man whose exuberance and rashness appealed to him. After his visit to the Soviet Consulate, he might have been in contact with other conspirators, perhaps also with Right-wing groups. It should not be forgotten that the anti-Castro elements were richer and better armed in Cuba than in Mexico, where they were touched with the idea of revolution. If so, perhaps Oswald was acting for pro-Chinese Cuban Communists who wished him to damage either the United States or Russia. If so, he could have been killed for pro-Chinese Cuban Communists who wished him to damage either the United States or Russia.

I recall that some months before his death, in the prison of St Quentin in California, Caryll Chessman talked to me at length of his plan to "kill or kidnap Hitler", and make a triumphal return to the United States — he, the dregs of society, gangster and public enemy No. 1. Perhaps Oswald followed the same mad dream. To kill Kennedy, and then lie in Cuba or Moscow, where Kennedy and then lie in Cuba or Moscow, where

177 ANATOMY OF THE ACCUSED
COULD STAY HERE FOR EVER'

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

'I could stay here for ever',

WHEN THE 'SECRET SERVICE' man pushed Lyndon Johnson roughly down on to the floor of the car, the Vice-President came close to fainting. He was nearly suffocated beneath Youngblood's heavy body, his living shield.

"What's happening?" he groaned. But Youngblood did not know what to answer. Jacks, the chauffeur, had been trying vainly to contact agent Roy Kellerman by radio; the latter was out in front, sitting next to the driver in the presidential car. The only answer the radio had given them was: "Follow us to the hospital."

Later, Emory P. Roberts, head of the Special Detail, ordered Youngblood: "Protect your man."

Johnson staggered as he got out of the car in front of the hospital. His pallor and silence, and his mechanical movements, sharply struck all who saw him. That is why the rumour had spread that he had had a heart attack. In one cinema, the performance was interrupted for an announcement of the deaths of all three:

Kennedy, Connally and Johnson.

Johnson was taken into a part of the hospital normally used for less serious operations: one large room and one small one, with fluorescent lighting. Johnson sat down on a stretcher, and inhaled oxygen through a special mask.

It will be very difficult for a historian to sift truth from legend when it comes to recording objectively just what Johnson did during the terrible hour he had to live through between his arrival at the hospital and the moment he took the Oath as president.

It is said that he broke down and could not decide what to do and that he wished to go back to Washington at once without waiting for Jacqueline Kennedy. She, for her part, wanted to stay with her husband's body and take it back with her to the White House, in the plane Air Force I.

In Washington, they are just as good at rewriting History as in Moscow. Today Johnson is president of the United States, and may remain so for another four years yet. He is surrounded by a crowd of journalists, most of whom do nothing else all the time but try to please the White House "boss", and meekly, respect all the taboos.

There were not many witnesses of what exactly happened in those two rooms at the hospital. The shutters were closed, and the doors strictly guarded by armed men. We must therefore follow the official version.

When President Johnson was told of Kennedy's death, lie feared armed conspiracy, even revolution. He therefore decided that in the country's best interests he must at all costs withdraw from the dangers of Dallas and return to the capital.

This romantic idea of a "conspiracy" seems reasonable enough at first sight. It might be asked, however, why this interpretation of the facts had to wait several weeks before becoming known; the revelation came from the White House. The details given out, and spread through the world at the time, were mere rubbish.

If there was any question of a conspiracy, why did the Dallas police behave as if the murder was the work of one man on his own? Why did the Secret Service not act when it found the mark on one of its bullets on the car driven by the would-be assassin? Why did the Secret Service fail to find the assassin, and fail to protect the President after it had been told of his death by the assassin himself?

Youngblood, the President's driver, told the White House Dick, who was the President's confidential messenger, that he had seen the assassin. Youngblood, by the way, had never been to Dallas before, and a crowd of newspapers and radio men had descended on the White House to interview him.

The President's motorcade, on its way to the hospital, was driven by Youngblood, who was accompanied by a crowd of Secret Service men, who were not much use to him. The motorcade was followed by a crowd of photographs, which surrounded the car and made it impossible for Youngblood, or anyone else, to get through.

When the secret service man pulled Lyndon Johnson into the hospital, the moment he took
The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. But by then, Oswald had been arrested, the Dallas police had declared themselves in charge of the matter. Love Field itself looked just the same as on any other day. Departures had not been interrupted.

Yet there is not the slightest allusion to this in the accounts of the matter inspired by the White House. Johnson was informed of Oswald's capture. What was his reaction? Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin — who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it? Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.

"I COULD STAY HERE FOR EVER"

Johnson thought about it. "Why did he not say to Bob: 'The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas, you're the man who should have done it. You're the one who should be here.' Why did he not say to Bob: 'The brother you loved so much was caught?'

The great American magazines have given us the official version in minutest detail:

At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which Johnson was watching. On his knees was a clipboard, on which was written: "The President's Order to the Surgeon General, That the President be taken to a hospital and air-port there and kept until ordered to return. The official version in minutest detail:

Johnson thought about it. "Why did he not say to Bob: 'The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas. Why did he not say to Bob: 'The brother you loved so much was caught?'

The great American magazines have given us the official version in minutest detail:

At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which Johnson was watching. On his knees was the folder with the President's Order to the Surgeon General, That the President be taken to a hospital and air-port there and kept until ordered to return.
Malcolm Kilduff then asked Johnson if he could confirm the sad news to the journalists, "No, Mac," Johnson replied. Better to wait a bit. I must get out of here first and get on the plane. For all we know there could be a world plot, and they might mean to kill me as they have Kennedy... We don't know." And Johnson went on to recall the assassination of President Lincoln.

IN WASHINGTON, at that moment, a Senate Committee of Inquiry was in process of throwing some light on the Robert Baker scandal. Baker, Senate majority Secretary to the Senate, had enjoyed the friendship of the vice-president and the witness Reynolds was at that time making revelations extremely embarrassing to Johnson. When the Chairman of the Committee learned that Kennedy was dead, and that the man indirectly involved by the witness was now President of the United States, he abruptly adjourned the sitting.

JOHNSON LEFT the hospital shortly before 1.30 p.m., and got down on the floor of the car in such a position that his head could not be seen from outside. In this crouched position he arrived at Love Field.

According to the Constitution, Johnson was not yet president; he must first take the Oath. Johnson wanted to do that in Washington, because he was in a hurry to leave— but what would happen if the plane should be held up by bad weather? America could not wait.

So Johnson telephoned Bob Kennedy, who was at the time with John McCone, head of the American Intelligence Service—the CIA. "You must take the Oath immediately," said Bob. "We will telephone through the whole text. Any judge can do that."

Johnson knew Sarah T. Hughes, a woman of sixty-seven, whom he had had appointed to the Federal Court. "Yes, I'll be there in ten minutes." She arrived at the wheel of her little red Fiat sports car, with a Bible in her lap. "We must wait for Mrs Kennedy," said Lyndon Johnson. "She is bringing her husband's coffin.

Someone commented that Mrs Kennedy's presence at the ceremony would in a way confirm the continuity of the regime; she would, so to speak, "legitimize" the new president. That point, he thought, was very important. The question was how to do it in a way that the world would not be able to say that the Constitution had not been observed. Johnson knew that the ceremony would take place in the presence of the President-elect, but he wanted to make sure that the ceremony was as official as possible.

At 2.18 p.m. Johnson was at the wheel of his car, in such a position that his head could not be seen from outside. In the co-pilot's seat was the new president, Lyndon B. Johnson. When Johnson took the Oath, Army Captain Cecil Stoughton, official photographer at the White House, recorded the scene on a special 50 mm. camera. He took nine photos.

Three Secret Service men, and some soldiers, carried the coffin to the back of the plane—but still in the passenger cabin. Jacqueline sat down beside it.

When Johnson took the Oath, Army Captain Cecil Stoughton, the official photographer at the White House, recorded the scene on a special 50 mm. camera. He took nine photos. Three journalists boarded the plane, as representing the world press.

Jacqueline was on Johnson's left, as the latter repeated the Constitutional formula after Judge Hughes. The woman judge was trembling; she did not use the Bible she had brought with her, but a small Catholic Missal, found in the plane near Kennedy's bed.

Johnson gently kissed Jacqueline on the cheek, then his wife. Then he said firmly: "Now let's take the plane back to Washington..."

Air Force I was airborne from Love Field at exactly 2.47—within a few minutes, just three hours after its landing there. The first act of the Dallas drama had thus lasted three hours. Three hours in which life in the United States had been turned upside down.
Telephone calls were made to Rose Kennedy, the mother of the murdered president, to offer condolences; to members of the Cabinet; and to officials summoned in haste to the White House. While Johnson conferred with his aides, those closest to Kennedy preferred to retire discreetly to the rear compartment. The new president seemed very much on edge, drank caffeine-free coffee and a good deal of water with whisky.

Jacqueline Kennedy did not go to the telephone to speak to her husband's mother. She sat quite still, like a Madonna near the coffin.

At her husband's request, Mrs Johnson took notes, on which would be based the later writing or re-writing of what took place during those hours of upheaval.

By the time the plane arrived at Washington's Andrews Military Airport, an impressive crowd had gathered. It had been arranged for the press to be there, so as to put an end to the rumors and to give the country a picture of the event. The news of the assassination had spread across the nation and the world; a world where the eyes of the world were fixed on Washington. The president was dead; the world was watching. The world was waiting for the miracle to happen, for the miracle of the resurrection of John F. Kennedy.

When the plane touched down, the president's body was carried out on a stretcher and placed in a waiting car. The body was driven to the White House, where it was met by the first lady, who welcomed it with open arms.

Bob Kennedy was the first to board the plane. Holding Jacqueline by the hand, he led her gently to a black Cadillac waiting near the mobile platform down which the body was carried. The body was placed in a casket and taken to Bethesda Naval Hospital, where the autopsy must take place.

It was she who took the initial decisions about the funeral arrangements. From the hospital where she watched by her husband, she dictated a request for a history book giving details of the conduct of Lincoln's funeral. She gave orders that all the funeral ceremonies should be exactly modelled on this - even to the design of the catafalque in the White House.

She asked too that her husband's face should not be exposed, as is usual at State funerals, when the crowd passed the bier, either at the White House or the Capitol. This was to prevent the spectacle of Johnson's face being exposed, for the sake of appearance. And so it was that to have exposed it would have horrified the public. The world must not be left with such a last picture of Kennedy.

CAROLINE AND John were taken back to the White House at about seven o'clock by their maternal grandmother, Mrs Hugh D. Auchincloss. They still knew nothing, but they realised that something was going on. They asked questions no one dared answer. JOHNSON, HIS wife and his colleagues had already arrived.

Three secretaries had stripped John Kennedy's office of the personal mementos which decorated it: the coconut on which he had scratched the message asking for help when his ship was sunk; the picture of his children. But Johnson did no more than pass through that room; that evening, he dared not sit in Kennedy's rocking-chair.

He visited the Situation Room, where General Staff officers gave him a summary of the military situation. Then he went to his own office, on the other side of the grounds, where he first wrote a letter, meant to be read later on, to Caroline and John. Then he telephoned ex-Presidents.
RED ROSES FROM TEXAS

Eisenhower and Truman. Hoover, being sick, was inaccessible. At nine o'clock, he went home to his villa, The Elms, on the outskirts of Washington, and took a light meal. He passed the evening watching television — which kept up a non-stop coverage of the drama — and in conferring with his aids.

JACQUELINE STAYED near her husband's body. There were only a few lights on in the White House, where the children were once more asleep.

The fine grey rain went on falling pitilessly. AT MIDNIGHT on this fateful November 22nd, 1963, the cannon of Fort Meyer sounded the first salvo. At the same moment, other cannon echoed this last salute to their Commander-in-Chief: at all the American military establishments in the homeland and in its overseas territories, on the oceans, at bases throughout the world. This cannonade was to go on all next day at half-hour intervals.

THERE ARE historic days which do not come to an end when the clock-hands meet at "twelve". In this way, this November 22nd was to go on beyond its desolate midnight, through the weekend, until twilight on the Monday of those grandiose funeral ceremonies.

It was at four in the morning, on the Saturday, that Kennedy's body was brought back to the White House. It was taken straight to the East Room, Lincoln's room. Still... the coffin. She waited until dawn, then for her children's awakening. It was she who told them of their father's death.

Caroline, knowing beyond her years, understood at once.

For John, "a bad man has hurt Daddy..."

COULD STAY HERE FOR EVER'

Only then did Jacqueline agree to take some rest. She put on the table beside her big empty bed two red roses which had been given to her by Dr Buckley, the White House doctor. He found them, bloodstained, when the dead man's clothes were given to him at the hospital.

Jacqueline also held the wedding-ring which she had put on Kennedy's finger, before leaving him the first time, in the grey Trauma Room in the Dallas hospital. Kenny... had been in the autopsy room at Bethesda, had removed the ring from Kennedy's finger and brought it back to Jacqueline.

ONCE saw black-clad, Greek peasant women at Chypre watch with regal impassivity the burial of their children, brutally massacred by the Turks. Jacqueline Kennedy, whose Spanish mantilla heightened the livid pallor of her face, reminded me of them next day.

It was on the Sunday when holding Caroline and John in her arms, she stood in the middle of the floor of the great rotunda of the Capitol, with them, the final minutes of the President's life were played back in her mind.

Keenly, she gazed at the glistening dome above her, as she marvelled at this scene of the President's death. "A man had served us well..." and in the White House, "I saw by the light of the lamp in the little room just above the old cigar room..."
ON THIS same Sunday, all the Senators were present in the right wing of the Capitol when their colleague, Margaret Chase Smith (later to be the first woman to seek presidential nomination) laid a red rose on the desk which John Fitzgerald Kennedy had used so long as a Senator.

IT WILL be remembered that on the evening before his death, the President had pondered the splendour of the funeral of King Edward VII in May, 1910. "That couldn't happen today..." he had thought. But on the following Monday—wonderful, unexampled speed and discipline—it was shown that he too could be paid quite as impressive a homage. The time has gone by indeed when the President of the United States is relegated to the end of a procession.

An Emperor, three sovereigns, five hereditary princes, thirteen heads of government and innumerable ministers and high dignitaries—representing fifty-three countries—came from all over the world to take part in the solemn funeral Mass in St Matthew's Cathedral, and then walk in procession to the cemetery.

De Gaulle, the inaccessible, was there—though during his lifetime Kennedy had vainly hoped to see him in Washington. Mikoyan, the man of the Soviets, too, who had brought a message from Kruschev expressing deep feeling. Kruschev had wanted to come himself, but the Americans had dissuaded him because of the danger involved. It was indeed necessary to take unprecedented measures to protect all these heads of State, who had faced the risk of discomfort of hurried journeys decided upon in a matter of hours. In Washington, it was feared that there might be outbursts of popular excitement, and therefore the Embassies of the Communist bloc were closely guarded. Persistent rumours circulated about an assassination attempt on General de Gaulle.

On every seat in the huge cathedral lay a small card with a photograph of the dead President, and the words:


Dear God, take care of your servant, John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

The dead man had said this that day when before all Washington he took the Oath as the new president.

Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, celebrated the funeral Mass. It was he who had married John and Jacqueline, ten years before. Luigi Vena, who sang the Ave Maria, had sung at the couple's wedding.

All the family were there except the patriarch, Joseph Kennedy, the head of the dynasty, whose paralysis prevented his being present; and the 96-year-old grandmother. Among them was the little cousin from Ireland, Mary Ann Ryan, a nurse, brought in a special plane from Shannon Airport.

It was a fine funeral, attended by kings and emperors, dictators and prime ministers; with kilted Scottish pipers; that Kennedy liked so much; with hundreds of thousands of people kneeling and weeping along the route.

Of it all, I was to retain only one clear picture: of little John, standing upright at the salute, as his father would have wished, as the coffin left the Cathedral. That very day he should have been celebrating his third birthday.

His father should have been doing what he loved to do: whispering in his car, then laughing loudly, crying "Secret, secret!" And the little boy should have been opening the parcel to find out at last what Daddy had brought back for him from his visit to Dallas....
190

RED ROSES FROM TEXAS.

She, remembered a day, in March, when her husband had taken a walk near the cemetery with a friend. Breathing in deeply the warm air of Spring, he had remarked:

"I could stay here forever..."

It is there that his body will return to the earth, near to the grave of his son, Patrick, born some months before. There were presidents and kings at the graveside, ambassadors and cardinals, generals and admirals; but above all, the humble and nameless men came from great distances, men of the South equally with the men of the North, who wept as if they had lost a brother...

There was the marine stationed on guard, who let his rifle sink to the ground as he sobbed. There was the young woman who laid a 'huge bouquet of red roses — still more red roses — near the grave; when a journalist asked why she did so, she answered:

"Because I loved him..."

Mrs Kennedy has ordered a memorial to be designed by a great architect. Until it can be built, an eternal flame burns near the grave. But even while exceptional credits were being voted which would make it possible for Mrs Kennedy to reply personally to the hundreds of thousands of letters of sympathy from all over the world, a member of Congress demanded to know who was going to pay for this flame... Back already to the double-dealings of politics!

Fortunately, the bereaved family does not have to worry about such questions of expense. The Will revealed that the widow and orphans inherit more than $50,000,000.

I do not know what the final wording of the epitaph on Kennedy's tomb will be. The most obvious choice would be the concluding phrases of the speech that day in Dallas, of which

"I COULD STAY HERE FOR EVER"

may be summarized thus:

"Our generation, by destiny rather than choice, is the sentinel at the wall of Liberty. Let us be worthy of our power and of our responsibility. Let us use our strength with wisdom and prudence. We must realize, in our time and for all time, the ideal of ancient wisdom: peace on earth and goodwill to all men."

ON THE NIGHT of the funeral, Jacqueline Kennedy went to Arlington Cemetery a second time, to pray, and to lay on the grave the two bloodstained red roses. Then she went back to the desert of her White House apartments. And there, for the first time, she wept. She wept for a very long time.

"But if Daddy has gone on this long journey," he said, "I shan't have anybody to play with any more."

"Because I loved him..."

"I didn't know you were going on this long journey," he said, "but I didn't believe this story of a bad man who has gone."

"Earth and God, woe is me," he cried, "Earth and God, woe is me."
CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Devil's Advocate

PHOTOGRAPHER JACKSON WAS in the middle of changing his film when Kennedy was assassinated. But he was less unlucky when in the basement of the Dallas police headquarters Jack Ruby shot Oswald. Jackson got a startling photograph of that - "Jackson got a standing picture of Oswald, crying, "Take that --" Jackson got a standing picture of Oswald, crying, "Take that -" Johnson was to receive the Pulitzer Prize for it.

There had been no real witness to the President's murder, but thanks to the marvel of the relay satellite the whole world was to see that second Dallas tragedy in minute detail on their television screens. At the White House, even that day, President Johnson and Mrs Johnson were all witnesses of the amazing scene - since at the time the networks were supposed to be going to televising the ceremonies at the Capitol but made a last-minute change.

It was 11.20 on Sunday morning, November 24th, Texas time, a little less than 47 hours after Kennedy's assassination. But in America you can still think through the whole day and the evening, and the night of that Friday, as if it were all a dream that had passed through the mind of the devil. And the devil was not a thought, but a reality, a moment when the devil in man or devil in the man the devil in the devil is always there, and in America you can still think through what the devil was up to.

But in America one can only think through what the devil was up to. In America one can only think through the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil. And in America one can only think through the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil in the devil.

The Devil's Advocate

All America watched the dramatic lynching, the first in the history of television, with horror. All America realized that this third murder must modify completely all Press conscience, ideals on the matter.

It is correct that Jacqueline Kennedy and President Johnson too, would in theory have to appear at Oswald's, trial; though it is difficult to imagine from those suggested explanations of his action - quite apart from those suggested explanations of his action, which would immediately after his arrest, Ruby gave a number of other, contradictory, explanations of his action. But immediately after his arrest, Ruby gave a number of other, contradictory, explanations of his action - quite apart from those suggested explanations of his action.

Why did he wait two days? Especially since he belonged to the town, and had time to think things over.
On this Sunday morning, Ruby went to buy a sandwich, then sent off a $25 money order 'by telegram to enable his' ... , went off to kill Oswald under the eyes of his, churns, the police. He just happened to have a revolver on him ...

Even for Dallas, it seems a bit odd. And what has become of that famous report in the 'dossier of Martin Dies, ex-presidents of the well-documented and very powerful Congressional Commission on Anti-American Activities, stating that a certain Jack Ruby was a 'killer' ...

The invisible scriptwriter of the Dallas drama so arranged things that the dying Oswald was taken at 11.32 Texas time to that same Parkland Hospital where vain attempts were made ...

Doctors Malcolm Perry, McClelland, Jones, Jenkins, Akin, and Pollock were present; together with Dr Bashour, the Lebanese with 'his cardiac apparatus. In addition, Dr Tippitt died, where Oswald himself was cared for at the age of seven, and where his daughter Rachel had just been born.

Oswald was taken to Trauma Room 2, and then (at 11.42, the doctors making superhuman efforts to save him) to the large operating theatre. Doctors Malcolm Perry, McClelland, Jones, Jenkins, Akin, and Pollock were present; together with Dr Bashour, the Lebanese with 'his cardiac apparatus. In addition, Dr Tippitt died, where Oswald himself was cared for at the age of seven, and where his daughter Rachel had just been born.

Ruby's bullet had penetrated the lower left side of the abdomen, perforating the stomach, and had emerged near the right kidney. When Oswald was brought in, there was very little bleeding, and his pulse was 130. But when the wound was opened in order to examine the path of the bullet, an internal haemorrhage was discovered. Several pints of blood were pumped out, and two transfusions given.

The medical report by the eighteen doctors concerned is very long and detailed. It suffices to say that Oswald never regained consciousness, that the pulse-rate fell rapidly to 40, 20, and then to nil. The doctors made every effort. They tried all possible methods, including injections and electric shock. Indeed, they did even more for Oswald than they had been able to do for President Kennedy. In vain. At 12.55 Dr Bashour's oscillograph came to a standstill. At 1.07 Oswald was pronounced dead — 48 hours 6 minutes after Kennedy.

His wife and his mother were waiting outside. In the operating theatre, two F.B.I. agents were standing by, in hope of catching a last word ...

OSWALD WAS buried, in the presence of his family and of an imposing force of police — one hour after the funeral ceremony at the Arlington Cemetery in Washington — in the Rose Garden. The Reverend Louis Sanders, a Protestant, agreed to preside at this sombre service — other ministers had declined.

Margarette Oswald, his mother, had refused to have him buried, and the funeral service was held at the family's own Church of the Good Shepherd. The Reverend Louis Sanders, a Protestant, agreed to preside at this sombre service — other ministers had declined.

There is always a policeman on duty near the grave...
This officer, Howard Tenty, put this odd question to me: "Tell me, sir, is what I'm doing here honourable? Should I be proud of it, or is it a shameful task, to be guarding the remains of a wretch?"

That may well evermore be the epitaph of Lee Harvey Oswald. POLICEMAN J. D. TIPPITT was buried at almost the same time; but his funeral ceremony was a glorious one. For him there were flags, a hand and a military salute, in the Laurel Land Park near to his home, south of Dallas; it was televised.

The future of his widow and children has been provided for. They have received more than $600,000 in aid, and money is still coming in. One wonders why so much money should be given a murderer. Does America want to soothe her conscience with dollars? More than $40,000 has also been sent to Oswald's widow.

Mrs Tippitt behaved very well through it all. With great dignity she has tried to avoid publicity and insisted upon remaining obscure; so far she has not touched a cent of all that money.

This is more than can be said for the other people con- corned. People allegedly representing Ruby, Marina Oswald and Oswald's mother, offer their "memoirs" for sale at unheard-of prices: $50,000, $100,000, $200,000; and feud thornsgivo to onr order of publicity trokootuvros its motto of publitity trokootuvros its order to push the price higher still. Only in America could killers or the relations of killers automatically become best-selling authors.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER the murder, Marina Oswald pro- claimed that she had done a great service of mercy by that

"The Devil's Advocate"
Mrs Oswald is right. Doubt of Oswald's guilt persists in the American subconscious. If it is twisted and dissipated, it will go far to poison the life of the Nation, creating divisions, being exploited by factions, undermining morale. This doubt has seriously damaged United States prestige abroad, and had the effect of a grave diplomatic defeat.

An attempt must be made to find out the truth; and if that truth coincides with the official version, to give irrefutable proof.

The fate of Marina Oswald, of his mother, or of Ruby, the vanity of policemen, the image of Dallas, do not really count. What matters is Democracy itself, and there can be no real Democracy without real Justice.

It therefore becomes necessary to present a posthumous defence of Oswald. A "Devil's Advocate" should have been present alongside James Lee Rankin, the liberal lawyer who conducted the final enquiry in the name of the Warren Commission.

But who would dare defend Oswald?

There is no shortage of lawyers, and even some independent American journals have dared to press the theme of doubt.

"Oswald's defence is a duty for all jurists," affirmed Professor Paul Freund, doyen of the Faculty of Law at Harvard University. "If Kennedy were still alive, he would be the one to insist upon such a defence. All violation of the spirit of 'fair play' is in fact an insult to Kennedy's memory."

Society cannot blot out a man's life without regard for its own rules, and without guaranteeing his rights will be protected. Ruby's action was a crime; but equally criminal has been the attitude of the police, the American press and television.

The Devil's Advocate, Percy Worman, president of the Association of Defence Lawyers in Texas, who was to defend Ruby for two short days, declared:

"Like everyone else, I believe Oswald guilty. But Justice cannot be based on opinions, instincts, press news, or on deduction. Justice must be based upon facts, on facts as presented in a Court of Law. Had I been able to defend Oswald, he would have escaped the death penalty. It would have been decided that he was not fully responsible. But in Dallas there was no trial, since the trial was held by the press and television. One could never have found in Dallas twelve impartial jurors — short of discovering some sick persons who had been cut off for a couple of months from the rest of the world."

American jurists recognise that the gravity of a crime does not justify extraordinary measures by the police, or violation of the rights of the individual. Otherwise, one is back with dictatorship and "special tribunals". Hitler doomed his opponents legally, arguing that the plot against his person was so serious as to justify the use of exceptional procedures. Stalin, too, during the "purges", and the condemnation of the Jewish doctors.

"In the conflict between the rights of the mass and those of the individual, the rights of the individual should always triumph," says Professor Freund. "The Supreme Court of the United States always maintains this fundamental principle. It would certainly have quashed any sentence by a Texas tribunal which clashed with these principles of the American Constitution."

Still, the devil's advocate, Percy Worman, president of the Association of Defence Lawyers in Texas, who was to defend Ruby, felt that:

"The Devil's Advocate" 199

Advocate Percy Worman, president of the Association of Defence Lawyers in Texas, who was to defend Ruby, felt that:

"The American Constitution, which began with the phrase: 'The American Constitution,' begins with the phrase: 'The American Constitution.'
Yes; but there were nearly a hundred other employees in the building that day.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald was drinking on the second floor. 'But that shows that no one suspected him, because the policeman took no notice of him; and that he did not try to get away. How could he in a few seconds have put down his rifle and run (without being seen) down to the second floor — the lifts remaining above?'

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald left the building. That was not forbidden. A man with Oswald's past was bound to feel uneasy in a building taken over by police. No one told him to stay.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald took a bus. And why not? Didn't he take the bus to go home from work?

Prosecution Evidence: He left the bus to take a taxi. Others did, too. The bus being held up, it was sensible to take a taxi.

Prosecution Evidence: He was seen by the housekeeper at one o'clock. What more natural than for a man to go home? But if the witness is telling the truth, both bus and taxi went very slowly; and if Oswald went part of the way on foot, how could he in ten minutes have made a journey which normally took twenty? The housekeeper could not have seen him come back at one o'clock. Her statement would certainly have been thrown out by a good lawyer.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald killed Tippit. It hasn't been conclusively proved that anyone saw him shoot Tippit, or speak to him. Five months after the crime, although producing many other items of evidence, the police had not proved that Oswald had a revolver, or even that Oswald had a revolver — or even that Oswald had a revolver — or even that Oswald had a revolver — or even that Oswald had a revolver — or even that Oswald had a revolver — or even that Oswald had a revolver.

The Supreme Court has set free guilty persons, who had confessed to their crime, because there existed a flaw in the arrest. The Court's standpoint: better one guilty person at liberty than tolerate the least violation of the rights of the individual.

Oswald resisted his arrest in the cinema, but a good lawyer might have shown this was understandable self-defence. It would also have been shown that as a sick man Oswald was not fully responsible for his actions.

Dr Lewis Robbins, director of a clinic in New York, examined Oswald and diagnosed him as an advanced paranoiac — "a psychopath who deliberately leaves tracks because he believes he is being followed by the police. Perhaps it is a delusion, perhaps a fantasy, perhaps a form of paranoia. But it is a dangerous delusion, a dangerous fantasy, a dangerous form of paranoia."

In the first place, the importance of the victim has no bearing at all. Whether Oswald murdered a President of the United States or a tramp should make no difference. In the second place, the Supreme Court has set free some persons, who had confessed to their crime, because there existed a flaw in the arrest. The Court's standpoint: better one guilty person at liberty than tolerate the least violation of the rights of the individual.

In the third place, the Supreme Court has set free guilty persons, who had confessed to their crime, because there existed a flaw in the arrest. The Court's standpoint: better one guilty person at liberty than tolerate the least violation of the rights of the individual.
Prosecution Evidence: Helen Markham saw Tippit's murder. But from a distance, and she has never identified Oswald. Anyway, Tippit's murder does not prove the murder of Kennedy. Oswald might have had a dozen reasons for killing Tippit. But under a skirt dress. No one saw him with the handwriting of the man who killed Kennedy.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.

Prosecution Evidence: Oswald had ordered a rifle.
Prosecution Evidence: There are witnesses who say they saw him at the window. Impossible to recognize anyone at that distance.

Prosecution Evidence: Documents and letters were seized from his home. Such a seizure was illegal, being without a search warrant, and the documents could not have been admitted by the court.

OSWALD WAS not informed of his constitutional rights, he was not allowed to telephone a lawyer, or his family; no legal representative was assigned him. All this would certainly have led to a quashing of the trial by the Supreme Court.

Then there is the episode of the F.B.I. agent who in 1961 had suggested to Oswald that he should join the pro-Castro organizations and inform on them to him — Joseph Hesty — and through him to the F.B.I.

Why did the F.B.I., which had listed Oswald as "dangerous", not inform the police and the Secret Service? For there are 250,000 schizophrenics on that list. Therefore, 250,000 persons just as much suspect as Oswald.

How could Oswald single-handedly have managed to wound the President from the back in the nape of the neck, and from the front in the throat?

The doctors of Parkland Hospital are certain that there were two wounds, from opposite directions. "We have two hundred cases a day; we know when a bullet enters from in front and another from behind." Their report was published in the Texas Medical Journal.

Tailor Zapruder's film shows that Kennedy did not turn round; he could not in any case have turned round in such a way that a bullet fired from behind could enter the throat.

The autopsy performed at the Bethesda-Military Hospital in Washington refers only to two bullets (apart from Governor Connally's one) and to two wounds at the back. But this is a report on the back of a letter received from the Kennedy: Beecroft, not seen on the request of the Commission with the Kennedy: Oswald, was informed that day in Dallas. Those quartered had received the announcement that the Chicago of New York has been taken into consideration.

Why was the medical report from the Parkland Hospital never taken into consideration?

Why is the existence of a fourth rifle bullet denied? Detective Bill Walthers declares that he found it. He described to me how he found the bullet and a picture taken immediately after the shooting by a Dallas Times photographer shows this detective and a Secret Service man in the act of retrieving a bullet from the road.

A journalist of the St Louis Post Dispatch states that the windscreen of the presidential car was splintered by a bullet. Why has the medical report from the Parkland Hospital never been taken into consideration?

How could Oswald single-handedly have managed to wound the President from the back in the nape of the neck, and from the front in the throat?

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE
EXTRACT FROM MY 1976 ADDRESSES

I am sure that the Marines trained Lee to be a secret agent. True, he did not tell me so, nor does anyone say so today. But since when can secret agents tell their mothers what they were doing? Or the secret services acknowledge their members?" (p. 207)

"Lee Harvey Oswald was a secret agent? Why not? Couldn't we have been acting on behalf of the Johnsonites? Why haven't the Secret Services on my son's case so far been more effective? Why did the紧紧围绕 the secret police in his story of what we were capable of?

"We have a press release in the record. The Warren Commission Report states that Lee was the last to enter the Depository Building. You are saying that he was a secret agent? How is this possible?"

"I am sure that the Marines trained Lee to be a secret agent. True, he did not tell me so, nor does anyone say so today. But since when can secret agents tell their mothers what they were doing? Or the secret services acknowledge their members?"

"Lee was never in contact with Communists. If he became a Marxist, it was because the Marines made a Marxist of him. It's quite possible that the Marines trained him to be a secret agent."

"I have discovered that the policeman Tippitt was seen in Ruby's night-club some days before the assassination. A witness of Tippitt's murder says that the killer was square-set, short, fat. This description does not fit my son. Another witness says that the killer was a heavy smoker."

"As a mother, I know that Lee did not commit murder. I know too that if he had done so, he would have boasted of it. Lee was always proud of his actions, and never denied his mistakes. His last words, when he said good-bye to his wife and me some hours before his cruel death, were, 'Don't forget to buy June some shoes.' Is that an assassin's good-bye?"

"Lee Harvey Oswald a secret agent? Why not? Couldn't we have been acting on behalf of the Johnsonites? Why didn't the紧紧围绕 the secret police in his story of what we were capable of?"

"We have a press release in the record. The Warren Commission Report states that Lee was the last to enter the Depository Building. You are saying that he was a secret agent? How is this possible?"

"I am sure that the Marines trained Lee to be a secret agent. True, he did not tell me so, nor does anyone say so today. But since when can secret agents tell their mothers what they were doing? Or the secret services acknowledge their members?"

"Lee was never in contact with Communists. If he became a Marxist, it was because the Marines made a Marxist of him. It's quite possible that the Marines trained him to be a secret agent."

"I have discovered that the policeman Tippitt was seen in Ruby's night-club some days before the assassination. A witness of Tippitt's murder says that the killer was square-set, short, fat. This description does not fit my son. Another witness says that the killer was a heavy smoker."

"As a mother, I know that Lee did not commit murder. I know too that if he had done so, he would have boasted of it. Lee was always proud of his actions, and never denied his mistakes. His last words, when he said good-bye to his wife and me some hours before his cruel death, were, 'Don't forget to buy June some shoes.' Is that an assassin's good-bye?"
There are many unanswered questions. Why, for example, was the head of the CIA closeted with Robert Kennedy, the Attorney-General, instead of running straight to the Pentagon, as was his duty? Why did he go to see Bob Kennedy, head of the FBI, to get him out of the clutches of the Dallas police? And why did Earl Warren, after studying secret documents, declare publicly: "Probably certain facts in this affair will never be made public in our generation." This was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the first magistrate, chairman of the nation's ad hoc Commission — and the man entrusted by President Johnson with the task of investigating the assassination.

The future, then, will lift the veil from what really happened in Dallas on that unbelievable and unforgettable November 22nd, 1963. It may confirm the convenient official version of the facts — just as much possible as a hundred others. Or it may reveal innumerable further contradictions, making even more mysterious what seems like the most far-fetched and thrilling "whodunit" of post-war years.
martial law in Dallas, or at least demand an escort of fighter jets to protect Air Force I. On its way back to Washing-

ton with the new president and all his suite?

A man who believes himself threatened by conspiracy or rebellion, coup d' clot or invasion, starts right away in his hospital room to give orders, contact the Pentagon, the Central Intelligence Agency and his ministers. He does not waste ... he would not go to his own home, as Johnson did, but to a military- strongpoint — or at least somewhere easily guarded.

Roberts' head of the White House detail in Dallas (he

centers

centers

The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love

Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. But by then, Oswald had been arrested, the Dallas police had declared themselves ... Love Field itself looked just the same as on any other day. Departures, even departures abroad, had not been interrupted.

Yet there is not the slightest allusion to this in the ac-

counts of the matter inspired by the White House. Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin - who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it?

Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.

Why did he not say to Bob: "The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas, you're the ... investigators, squads, apparatus, forensic equipment — all that kind of thing — and let in some light on this matter.

Maybe these questions now serve no purpose, but many people in America are asking them, in the bars and the subway, in their homes by the fireside — and in Embassy boudoirs. The Great

American magazines have given us the official

version in minutest detail: At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which was making his last speech. His name was \( ^{c}7 \)-p.m. 

The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. Departures, even departures abroad, had not been interrupted. Johnson was informed of Oswald's capture. What was his reaction?

Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin - who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it?

Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.

Why did he not say to Bob: "The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas, you're the ... investigators, squads, apparatus, forensic equipment — all that kind of thing — and let in some light on this matter.

Maybe these questions now serve no purpose, but many people in America are asking them, in the bars and the subway, in their homes by the fireside — and in Embassy boudoirs. The Great

American magazines have given us the official

version in minutest detail: At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which was making his last speech. His name was \( ^{c}7 \)-p.m. 

The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. Departures, even departures abroad, had not been interrupted. Johnson was informed of Oswald's capture. What was his reaction?

Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin - who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it?

Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.

Why did he not say to Bob: "The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas, you're the ... investigators, squads, apparatus, forensic equipment — all that kind of thing — and let in some light on this matter.

Maybe these questions now serve no purpose, but many people in America are asking them, in the bars and the subway, in their homes by the fireside — and in Embassy boudoirs. The Great

American magazines have given us the official

version in minutest detail: At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which was making his last speech. His name was \( ^{c}7 \)-p.m. 

The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. Departures, even departures abroad, had not been interrupted. Johnson was informed of Oswald's capture. What was his reaction?

Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin - who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it?

Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.

Why did he not say to Bob: "The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas, you're the ... investigators, squads, apparatus, forensic equipment — all that kind of thing — and let in some light on this matter.

Maybe these questions now serve no purpose, but many people in America are asking them, in the bars and the subway, in their homes by the fireside — and in Embassy boudoirs. The Great

American magazines have given us the official

version in minutest detail: At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which was making his last speech. His name was \( ^{c}7 \)-p.m. 

The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. Departures, even departures abroad, had not been interrupted. Johnson was informed of Oswald's capture. What was his reaction?

Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin - who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it?

Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.

Why did he not say to Bob: "The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas, you're the ... investigators, squads, apparatus, forensic equipment — all that kind of thing — and let in some light on this matter.

Maybe these questions now serve no purpose, but many people in America are asking them, in the bars and the subway, in their homes by the fireside — and in Embassy boudoirs. The Great

American magazines have given us the official

version in minutest detail: At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which was making his last speech. His name was \( ^{c}7 \)-p.m. 

The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. Departures, even departures abroad, had not been interrupted. Johnson was informed of Oswald's capture. What was his reaction?

Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin - who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it?

Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.

Why did he not say to Bob: "The brother you loved so much has been wickedly murdered. Come at once to Dallas, you're the ... investigators, squads, apparatus, forensic equipment — all that kind of thing — and let in some light on this matter.

Maybe these questions now serve no purpose, but many people in America are asking them, in the bars and the subway, in their homes by the fireside — and in Embassy boudoirs. The Great

American magazines have given us the official

version in minutest detail: At 12.38, when all hope for Kennedy seemed at an end, a little man one vaguely remembered having seen around the White House corridors was sitting in front of the door of the room in which was making his last speech. His name was \( ^{c}7 \)-p.m. 

The plane with Johnson aboard took off from Love Field, Dallas, at 2.47 p.m. Texas time. Departures, even departures abroad, had not been interrupted. Johnson was informed of Oswald's capture. What was his reaction?

Here is a man who learns that his predecessor's assassin - who may perhaps have wanted to kill him too — has been caught. Why did he not give orders for a full investigation? Why did he not himself take charge of it?

Johnson telephoned Robert Kennedy for his advice.
Malcolm Kilduff then asked Johnson if he could confirm the sad news to the journalists.

"No, Mac," Johnson replied. "Better to wait a bit. I must get out of here first and get on the plane. For all we know there could be a world plot, and they might mean to kill me as they have Kennedy ... We don't know." And Johnson went on to recall the assassination of President Lincoln.

IN WASHINGTON, at that moment, a Senate Committee of Enquiry was in process of throwing some light on the Robert Baker scandal. Baker, Senate majority Secretary to the...
continued from front flap

revolver which killed policeman Tippitt been produced and what are the inferences to be drawn from the fact that it has never been proved that Oswald possessed such a fire-arm?

Red Roses From Texas is a timely document that sets the scene for the tragic events of that November afternoon and enables us to view the great American tragedy in broader perspective.

NAGEL GUIDES

Available from all Booksellers

Jacket design by Arnold Schwartzman

An Outstanding Political Biography:

DEMOCRATIC DICTATOR

by Charles Wighton

Konrad Adenauer is one of the most controversial figures in European post-war history. In his years as Federal German Chancellor he has done much for his fellow-countrymen. But to many people of liberal views, both in Germany and beyond, the name of Adenauer stands for a man who, under the cloak of parliamentary democracy, has succeeded in establishing an authoritarian government on almost classic German lines.

This is the criticism made by Charles Wighton, already well known for his studies of personalities of the Nazi period, in a hard-hitting work based on first-hand observation made during many years in post-war Germany. At the same time he debunks the "Adenauer myth" propagated by the late John Foster Dulles and others in the interests of American post-war policies. Attackins the "democratic dictatorship" which Adenauer has created, Mr. Wighton suggests that by a brilliant exploitation of the traditional German obeisance to secular authority, coupled with inherent weaknesses in the Bonn constitution, Adenauer has succeeded in setting up virtually a "one-man government" which during the past years has taken major policy decisions without reference to his Cabinet, his party or to the German parliament.

The Federal Chancellor's part in abetting de Gaulle in the European market debacle and his personal alliance with the French President, signed a few days later, are, says the author, the logical outcome of policies followed by Adenauer for nearly half a century and activated largely because of Britain's occupation of the Rhineland in the early twenties.

"Brilliant picture of one of the most controversial figures in European politics today."
—Manchester Evening News

"Mr. Wighton's record of Konrad Adenauer's life is a conscientious one.
—The Listener

"... an important and far-reaching study...
—Books of the Month

Demy 8vo Illustrated 36/- net

FREDERICK MULLER LIMITED • LONDON