

end of his tour when he rode triumphantly through Dallas...

Long Beach
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Dec. 1, 1963
True Jackson
Dallas
Bill Hunter

see Chronological, 23 App. 1964

Friday, Nov. 22, 1963 dawned gloomy and gray over the city of Dallas. A threat of rain hung in the air. But at 10:15 a.m., with typical Texas suddenness, the sun broke through the clouds and the gray melted away.

Most people breathed with relief at the sunshine. Today was the day the President was coming. At 10:30 they began lining the streets along which President John F. Kennedy and his wife would pass en route to the Trade Mart, where he would make his final appearance in the city.

Before the sun broke through, the President and Mrs. Kennedy finished breakfast at the Hotel Texas in Fort Worth only 30 miles away. Following a schedule timed to the second, waiters whisked the final breakfast cup of coffee away at 9:04 a.m., and the President left for Carswell Air Force Base.

The President wore a regular business suit and, as usual, his head was bare allowing the wind to rumple his hair. Mrs. Kennedy wore one of the three outfits she bought for the tour, a bright pink wool suit and a pink pillbox hat.

In Dallas, harried waiters prepared places

Independent, Press-Telegram police reporter Bill Hunter, a native of Dallas, was assigned to cover the story of President Kennedy's assassination. He arrived there hours after the shooting, and gathered the information which, in these stories, lends depth and atmosphere to the cold facts of murder. This special section designed and produced by Bryan Hodgson.

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for 2,500 diners invited to the million-square-foot Trade Mart where the luncheon was to be held. Chefs readied mounds of eight-ounce top sirloin steaks, one of which would be chosen at random for the President. (Kennedy had received dispensation from the Catholic regulation regarding the eating of meat on Friday.)

LONG BEFORE the breakfast was started in Fort Worth, 350 picked Dallas policemen, nearly a third of the city's force, took up positions along the twisting motorcade route from Love Field International Airport through the bustling heart of the city to the Trade Mart on the southern outskirts.

They joined 40 state troopers, 15 sheriffs and scores of Secret Service agents to provide security for the President in a city already notorious for violent acts upon an ambassador.

These men did not appreciate the sunshine. The clear, crisp November day meant that the hard, curved plexiglass bubble would not be placed over the Presidential car. While not bullet-proof, the bubble would possibly deflect a bullet's path. President John F. Kennedy insisted on an open car when the weather was as fine as it was this Friday.

Looking over their preparations, city and federal officials called them "the most elaborate ever made in Dallas."

But police promised the car would move slowly "so folks can get a good view" of the visitors.

At 11:37 a.m. the wheels of the Presidential jet plane touched down on the runway at Love Field, and at 11:50 a.m. Mrs. Kennedy was given a bouquet of red roses and after his customary handshakes with

spectators, President Kennedy climbed into his car and the motorcade streamed from the airport.

THE PRESIDENT smiled his famous smile and waved happily at the throngs on the streets. It was a typical Dallas crowd—polite, affectionate, neither exultant nor boisterous, polite but obviously happy and awed by the President and the beauty of his wife.

Just before the procession turned onto Main Street, Mrs. John Connally, wife of the governor of Texas, turned to the radiant Mrs. Kennedy and remarked, "You can't say you haven't been given a royal reception in Dallas."

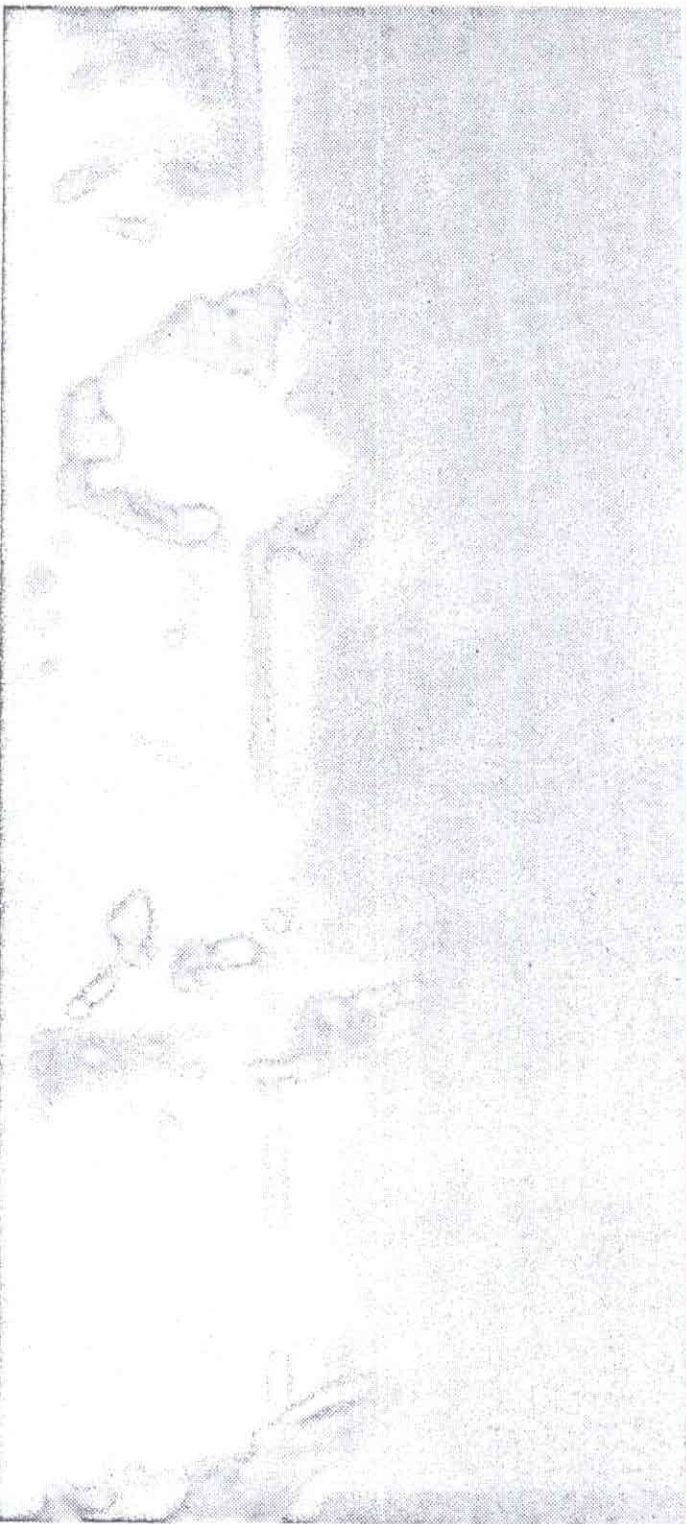
The women sat beside their husbands. President Kennedy was on the extreme right in the rear seat. The Connallys were in jump seats in front of the Kennedys.

The cars crept even more slowly along the city's busiest street. Political advisers, with ears tuned to public reaction, had been criticized in San Antonio Thursday because amateur photographers obtained "blurred pictures." Today would be different.

The motorcade was on schedule. At exactly 12:30 p.m., Dallas time, the President and the First Lady would step through the doors of the Trade Mart to a standing ovation.

At the Trade Mart, the President planned to deliver a brief speech. From Dallas the presidential party would fly to Austin for the main reception Friday night, a \$100-a-plate fund raising affair. In the brief Dallas speech, the President planned to criticize his ultra-conservative critics.

As the cars began their journey down Main Street to the Stemmons Freeway, they



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passed the drab, weather-beaten six-story building that housed the Texas School Book Depository, a privately owned firm that was a distribution center for books bought from national publishers by the State of Texas.

As the President passed, workers interrupted their lunch break to wave or watch from every floor except the sixth. That floor was used only for storage, its windows vacant.

It was exactly 12:29 p.m.

SUDDENLY, a rifle shot echoed flatly over the traffic noise, and the President of the United States jerked convulsively as a bullet tore through his neck.

As he slumped in his seat, his wife watched in disbelief and horror.

"Oh, my God. They killed my husband, Jack . . . Jack," she cried.

Governor Connally turned to see what

had happened, and was slammed sideways by a second bullet.

A third shot rang out, and the slug tore into the President's head.

Mrs. Kennedy, her mind numb with horror, reacted blindly. She lunged over the rear of the car toward the Secret Service man who jumped from the car behind. She was pitiously calling for help.

The agent leaped into the seat and placed his body over that of his chief as a human shield against more bullets from the still hidden assassin.

The car slowed momentarily, seemed to veer slightly. And then it sped from the scene in a desperate race against death to Parkland Hospital exactly $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles away.

THROUGHOUT the nine-minute drive, Mrs. Kennedy cradled the shattered, blood-stained head of her husband in her arms. His foot hung grotesquely over the side of

the car. On the floor was the bouquet of red roses.

At 12:39 p.m. the limousine skidded to a halt outside the emergency room entrance of the city's newest and best-equipped hospital. The President was taken on a stretcher to the emergency room. Doctors and surgeons were summoned. They raced into the room and fought to save a life.

But, as a surgeon said later, the fight was hopeless. "For all practical purposes he was dead when the bullets struck. Either wound was lethal."

"We never had any hope of saving his life," said brain specialist Dr. Kemp Clark. The rifle bullet that struck the President's head destroyed most of the tissue in a large area.

One of the bullets struck President Kennedy in the throat at the approximate level

staff place her husband's casket in an ambulance at Andrews Air Force Base in Washington, D.C.

finger, placed it on the hand of her husband, and kissed him gently.

AT LOVE FIELD, the presidential plane—Air Force One—was being readied. Lyndon Johnson stepped aboard. A few minutes after the President's body was taken from the hospital, Mrs. Kennedy boarded the plane.

Her stockings and dress were blood-smeared. She disappeared briefly to compose herself.

Federal Judge Sarah T. Hughes of Dallas was summoned, and in the crowded cabin of the big airplane, Lyndon B. Johnson took the oath of office and, at 2:38 p.m., two minutes after he raised his right hand, formally became the 36th President of the United States.

At the same moment, the body of John F. Kennedy was placed aboard silently by Secret Service agents.

At 2:47 p.m., Air Force One was airborne. It rose to 41,000 feet, circled the city once and winged northeast toward Washington.

Mrs. Lady Bird Johnson, the nation's new First Lady, telephoned from the airborne presidential suite to Mrs. Rose Kennedy, the woman who had just lost her second son in service of his country.

Mrs. Johnson expressed the grief of the world in her words: "We feel like the heart has been cut out of us."

of a necktie knot. It ranged downwards into his body and didn't emerge. The second smashed into the right rear of his head and was the more lethal of the two wounds, although either could have been fatal.

The bullet that struck the President's head apparently was recovered at the hospital.

As the surgeons applied oxygen and blood transfusions in their desperate struggle, Mrs. Kennedy slipped unnoticed into the emergency room. "She was struggling against hysteria, but she showed her breeding," said a newsmen.

Gov. Connally, near death from a gaping wound in his chest, a broken right wrist and a wound in his left leg, was taken to surgery after emergency room treatment.

The President was not, and that was an unspoken announcement of death to the reporters waiting outside.

AT 12:58 P.M., two Catholic priests were summoned. One of them traced, with holy oil, the sign of the cross on the President's forehead and intoned the last rites.

"I issued the sacraments conditionally," said the Rev. Oscar Huber, C.M. "We do this when we don't know if the person is actually dead," the priest explained to newsmen waiting outside.

A Secret Service agent leaned against the bloodstained side of the Presidential

limousine and methodically, deliberately, repeatedly struck his head against the unyielding metal. "No! No! No!" he moaned. He expressed the feelings of the press corps flashing each new development to the stunned world.

At 1:33 p.m. came the formal announcement that plunged the world into mourning: "President John F. Kennedy died at approximately 1 p.m. Central Standard Time here in Dallas. He died of a gunshot wound in the brain."

The man who had held the hopes and fate of a nation in his hand for nearly three years died in a few seconds with that hand clasped tightly by his wife.

Lyndon B. Johnson, a native Texan and now President of the United States, strode solemnly from the hospital. He stepped into the limousine that had taken him a few cars behind the presidential car through the parade, and drove slowly and quietly from the hospital.

At 2:08 p.m. a hearse stopped silently at the hospital. A casket was wheeled inside, and returned moments later bearing the body of John F. Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy followed, surrounded by a shield of police, and the hearse departed.

Before the lid of the casket was closed in the hospital, Mrs. Kennedy removed the emerald and diamond ring from her wedding

Friday, Nov. 22, 1963, was just another work day for the men employed in the Texas School Book Depository, in Dallas. Normal, except for one: Lee Harvey Oswald.

In less than five seconds, he started a train of events that shook the nation, that echoed throughout the world and brought about his own death.

At 8 a.m. he reported for work on a job he had held since Oct. 15, three days before his 24th birthday. He arrived from Irving, a town of 45,000 west of Dallas. There he had spent the night with his Russian-born wife, Marina, and their two daughters, the younger of whom was born Oct. 20, 1963, in Parkland Memorial Hospital, Dallas.

Oswald rode to work with a neighbor. The neighbor later said Oswald carried a package, "Curtain rods," he told the neighbor. "A rifle," police said later.

BELOW THE SIX-STORY privately-owned school book warehouse, crowds began to gather on the lawn sloping toward Main Street. Windows in the south side of the building overlook where Main, Elm and Commerce Streets flow into the Triple Underpass and then the Stemmons Freeway.

At noon, the workers took a break and Lee Harvey Oswald made his way to the sixth floor, a section seldom used. He chose his window with care and assembled with care his Italian-made, bolt-action rifle.

Oswald was not missed by his fellow workers. Even as a child in nearby Fort Worth he had been a "loner." The same tag was applied to him during his 3½-year hitch in the U.S. Marine Corps, an enlistment marked by two courts-martial and ended by an undesirable discharge from the Reserves. As the first car passed, Oswald rested



the rifle on the window sill and two crates and took careful aim through a four-power telescope sight mounted on the rifle. The range: about 125 yards; the wind was negligible, the target on a direct line moving away from him. But the occupants of the first car, all policemen and secret service agents, passed unharmed.

THE SECOND CAR moved along Main and into the view of the scope. In the rear seat were a smiling John F. Kennedy and his wife. Ahead of them in the limousine's jump seats were Gov. John Connally of Texas and Mrs. Connally.

Oswald inhaled deeply, exhaled slightly and made a steady squeeze on the trigger, following the basic fundamentals of rifle marksmanship.

The President jerked. A second shot. Gov. Connally spun around. A third shot and

President Kennedy fell into the arms of his wife.

Lee Harvey Oswald discarded his rifle between two book stacks and joined the other workers on the lower floors. Seconds later a policeman, cocked revolver in hand, grabbed him by the arm. The policeman was searching for the President's assailant.

"No, he works here," the firm's superintendent said of Oswald. And the policeman released his grasp.

Oswald then moved into the crowd of horrified, terrified witnesses and made his way to a bus stop on Houston Street. There he boarded the bus while sirens screamed.

"The President's been shot," he told a woman passenger. And he laughed aloud as he said it, the woman related.

TWO MILES from the assassination scene, he left the bus and hurried to the Oak Cliff area boarding house room he had rented on Oct. 14 and where he spent most

week nights. He changed clothes and quickly.

At 1 p.m., when the book firm employees returned from lunch, Oswald was gone. His arrest was ordered, and his detention broadcast on the police radio. Oswald, 5 foot, 10-inch, 160-pounder, was not a conspicuous person.

But at Tenth St. and Patton, 10 blocks from his room, he caught the eye of patrolman J. D. Tippit, 39, a father of five with 11 years on the force.

Officer Tippit stopped his patrol car and summoned Oswald, who was walking the sidewalk. No one heard the conversation but a woman said Oswald walked to the car and the officer got out.

Suddenly Oswald produced a 38-caliber snub-nose revolver. Three shots rang out. Tippit fell dead. It was 1:18 p.m.

THE KILLER looked at the officer's

"I protest this police brutality . . ."

turned, ran a few steps then stopped and reloaded his revolver.

A clerk in a nearby shoe store, outraged by the assassination and alerted by the pistol shots, followed Oswald to the Texas Theater four blocks away, and notified police. Scores of policemen arrived quickly and four of them searched the theater. It was 2:03 p.m.

They spotted Oswald, who pointed his pistol at the head of an onrushing officer and pulled the trigger. The weapon misfired. Oswald was grabbed, then dragged, screaming and cursing, from the theater.

"I protest this police brutality," he yelled at onlookers.

At police headquarters, detectives and federal agents began an intensive interrogation. Other officers hurried to his \$8-a-week room.

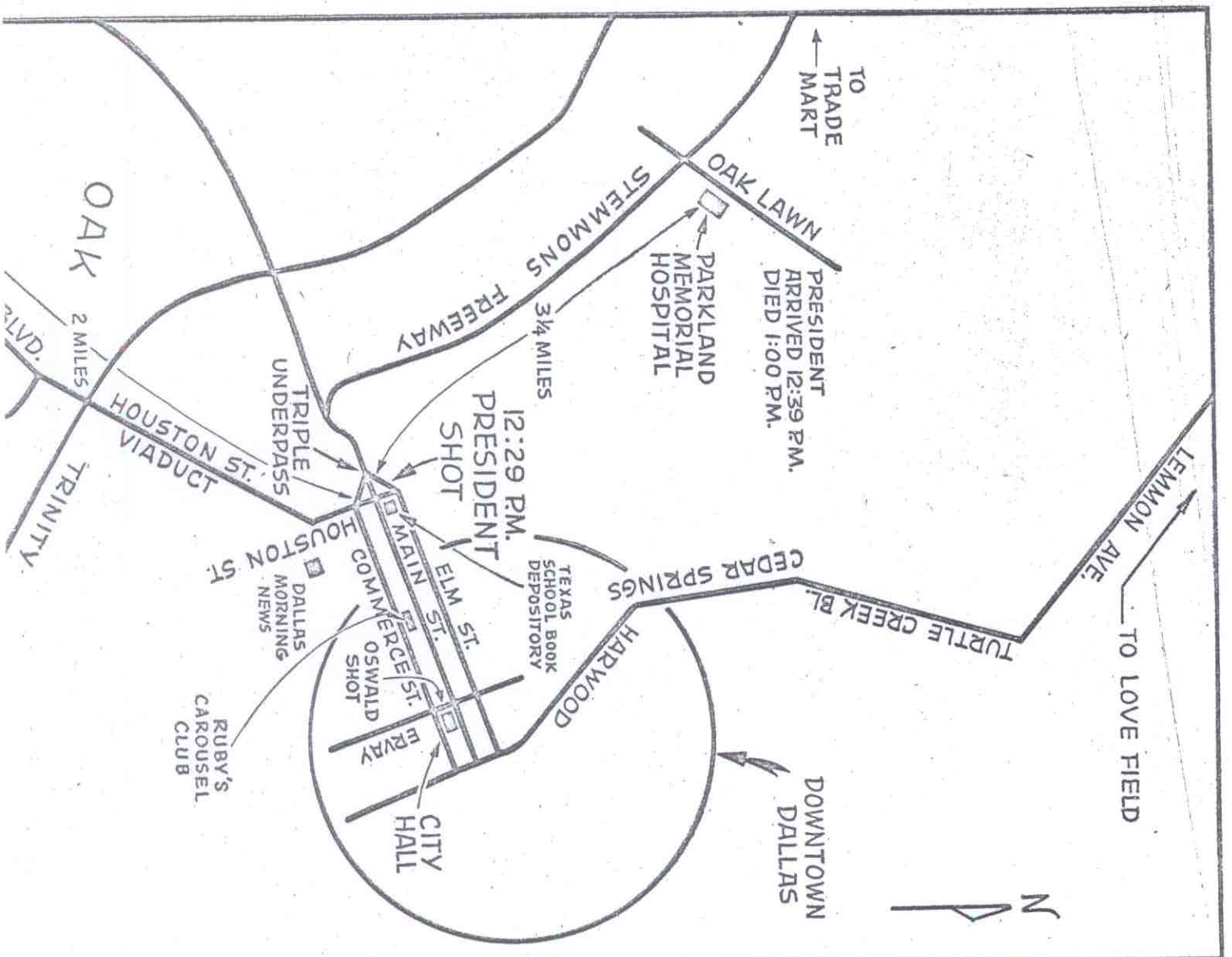
The evidence quickly mounted: his palm print on the rifle, his signature that identified him as purchaser, eight months earlier, of a 6.5 millimeter Carcano rifle and scope for \$20.28 from a mail order house, photos of him holding a similar rifle, paraffin test revealing he had recently fired a gun, his presence in the building . . . and an eyewitness to Tippit's death.

(Other information poured into police headquarters from Mexico City. On Sept. 2, Oswald had visited the Cuban consulate in Mexico City and on the next day the Russian consulate there. On both occasions he had sought visas to Russia and both times let in a rage because of the delays.

(Oswald did not return to the United States until Oct. 3.)

Through it all, Oswald remained arrogant, defiant, unyielding.

AT 6:05 P.M. Dallas homicide detective



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AT 6:05 P.M. Dallas homicide detectives announced Oswald had said he was innocent. An hour later, he was formally charged with Tippit's murder.

Oswald, whose father died before he was born, sent for his mother in nearby Fort Worth and accused police of beating him.

"I didn't shoot anyone . . . this is ridiculous . . ." he claimed.

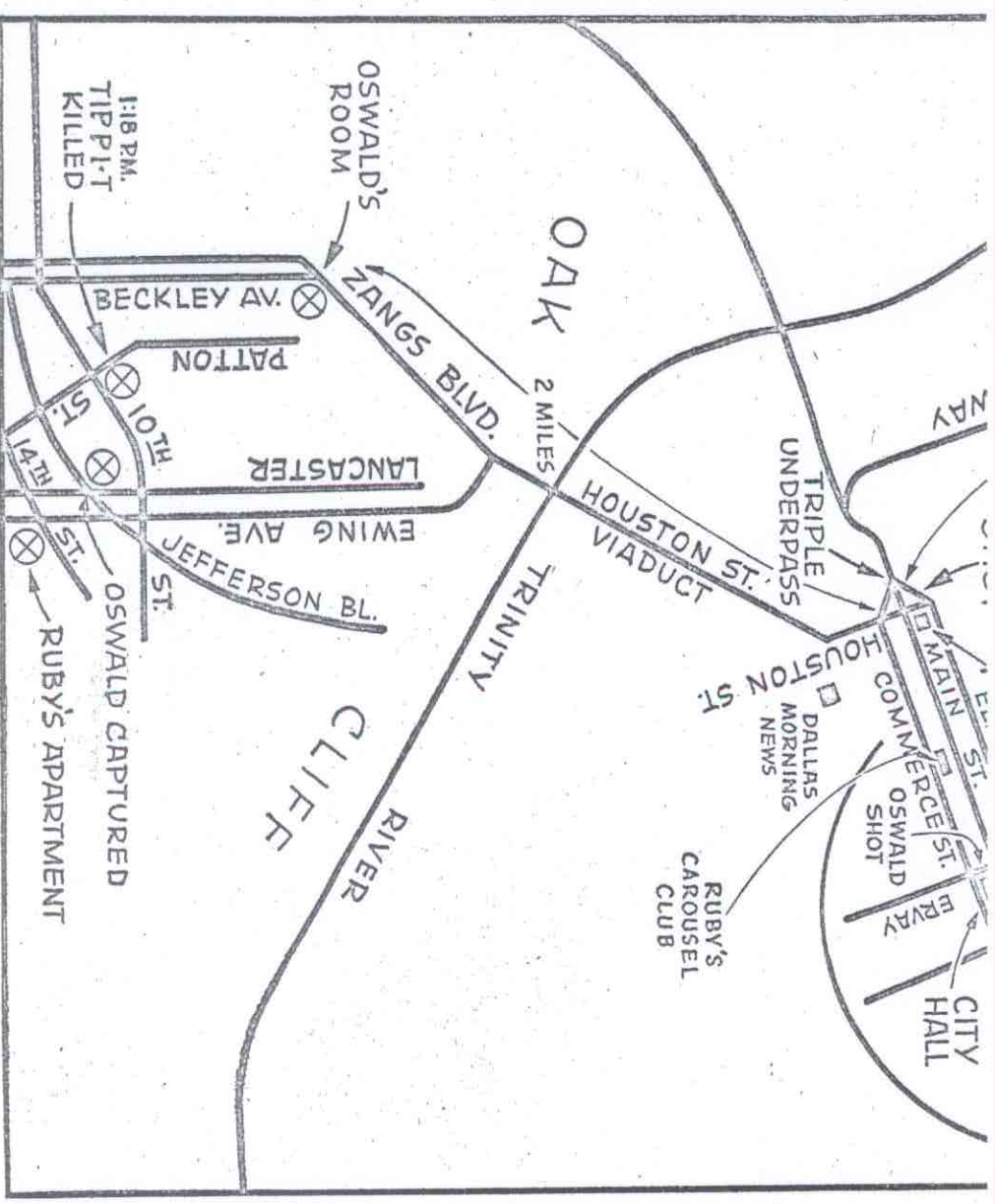
At 11:50 p.m., a formal charge of murder of President Kennedy was lodged against Oswald.

"This case is cinched," said Captain of Homicide Will Fritz, who headed the investigation.

"I have sent men to the electric chair on evidence not as strong as what we now have," said Dallas Dist. Atty. Henry Wade.

With the filing of the second charge before a Justice of the Peace, Lee Harvey Oswald was taken from the interrogation room to a jail cell on the fifth floor of Dallas Police Headquarters. All other prisoners on that floor of the city jail were removed.

OSWALD HAD demanded many other things. He once demanded that Sen. John G. Tower, R-Tex., use his influence to return Oswald and his wife from Russia. This was in 1961 when life in Russia had soured. He had journeyed there in 1959 after the Marine corps had discharged him at El Toro Air Base. Tower refused but the State Depart-



Map shows location of significant times, places and events which took place during three days in Dallas which began with the murder of a president and ended with the murder of his assassin by a nightclub owner.

Patrolman J. D. Tippit was the second man to die on that fatal Friday in Dallas. Oswald fired three shots at him when the officer stopped him during the manhunt for the assassin



ferred because of an undesirable discharge from the Marine Corps reserves.

Saturday, as Oswald maintained his innocence, Gov. Connally lay seriously wounded in Parkland Memorial Hospital, a victim of the same sniper who killed the President.

A lie detector test was offered but Oswald refused.

As the day drew to a close, haggard Chief of Police Jesse Curry advised newsmen to be on hand about 10 a.m. Sunday for the transfer of Oswald to county jail, where more stringent security measures could be enforced.

A threatening crowd of people had gathered outside Dallas City Hall Saturday night. All police reserves were summoned. At 2:15 a.m. Sunday, the FBI received an anonymous phone call. A voice said Oswald would be shot Sunday morning. The FBI relayed the information to Dallas police.

At 9 a.m. Sunday, scores of newsmen jammed into the tunnel basement of police headquarters. About 200 spectators milled around inside.

At 11:19 a.m., police completed their checks of cars parked in the basement. An armored car, its engine idling, waited on the ramp, its blunt nose thrusting onto the sidewalk. An air conditioning unit prevented the bulky car from backing farther into the basement.

Television and press cameramen kept their eyes on the doorway. Suddenly Capt. Fritz appeared. Behind him walked Oswald, still with the arrogant smile, still defiant. His arms were grasped by two detectives. Others followed behind. The walls were lined by police with riot guns. The press was confined to an area about six feet away.

At 11:21 a.m., a burly man wearing a brown suit and a gray fedora burst from the ranks of the assembled newsmen. He covered the distance in a heart beat, thrust a .38 caliber revolver against the dark sweater of Oswald's left side and pulled the trigger.

OSWALD CRUMPLED to the floor.

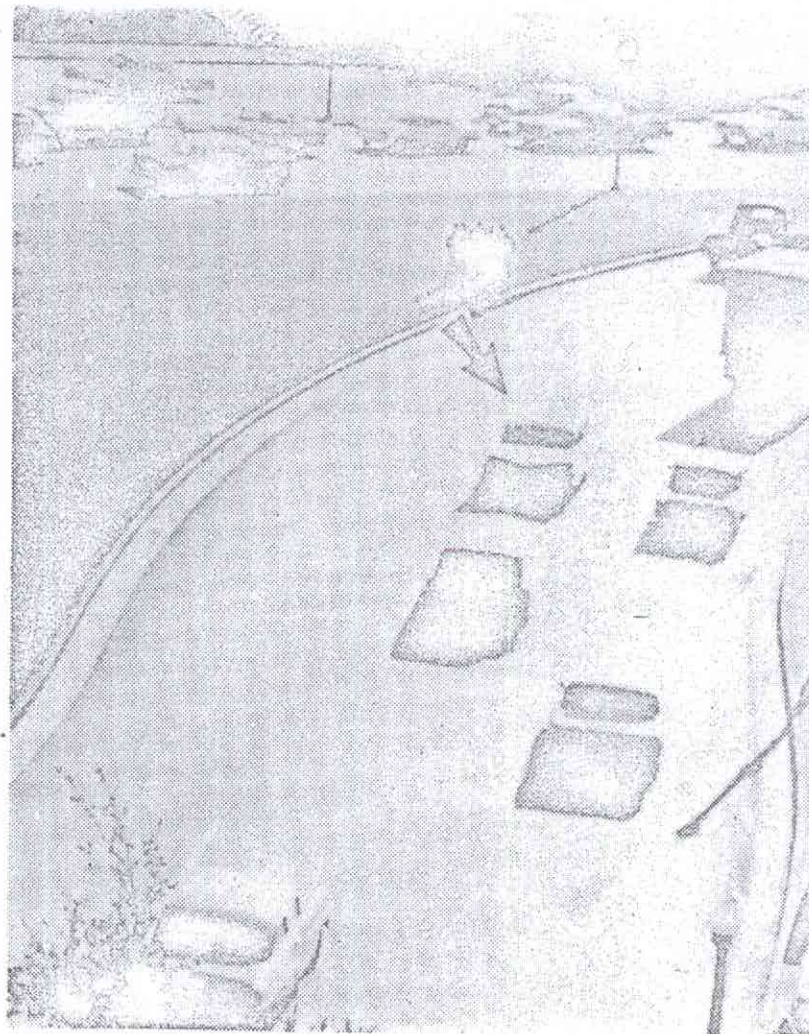
Policemen pounced upon the gunman, wrenched the pistol from his hand. Others covered the writhing Oswald with their bodies.

Jack Ruby, a Chicago born strip joint owner who boasted of his underworld connections, struggled briefly as detectives fought for the pistol in his right hand. He fired only the one shot.

An ambulance quickly arrived. It sped to Parkland Memorial Hospital where doctors found that the bullet had slashed the liver, the spleen, the kidney and the aorta of Lee Harvey Oswald.

At 11:42 a.m. Oswald was wheeled into an operating room. At 1 p.m., his heart stopped beating. Doctors opened his chest and began heart massage. At 1:07 p.m., Lee Harvey Oswald died.

He died in the same hospital where his younger daughter had been born and where life had ebbed from the 35th President of the United States. He died maintaining his innocence.



This is the view from the window used by the assassin. Arrow to car at same position as the President's, about 75 yards distant.



Members of the slain Oswald's family sit beside his casket during funeral in Fort Worth. From left are wife, Marina, holding 22-month-old daughter, his brother, Robert, and his mother, Marguerite, who cradles 5-week-old daughter, Rachel.

millions. He thought of himself as an avenger

Dallas nightclub owner Jack Ruby (born Leon Rubenstein), ate a leisurely breakfast in mid-morning on Friday, Nov. 22, 1963.

After breakfast he discussed advertising with a newspaper salesman. The business conference at the newspaper was interrupted by reports of the assassination of the President of the United States. Ruby was only five blocks away from the slaying site. He did not see the President at any part of his tour of the city.

The assassination stunned Dallas. People walked the streets silently, their faces tight and drawn. After the initial shock the normal hum of a busy, prosperous, booming metropolis died to a whisper.

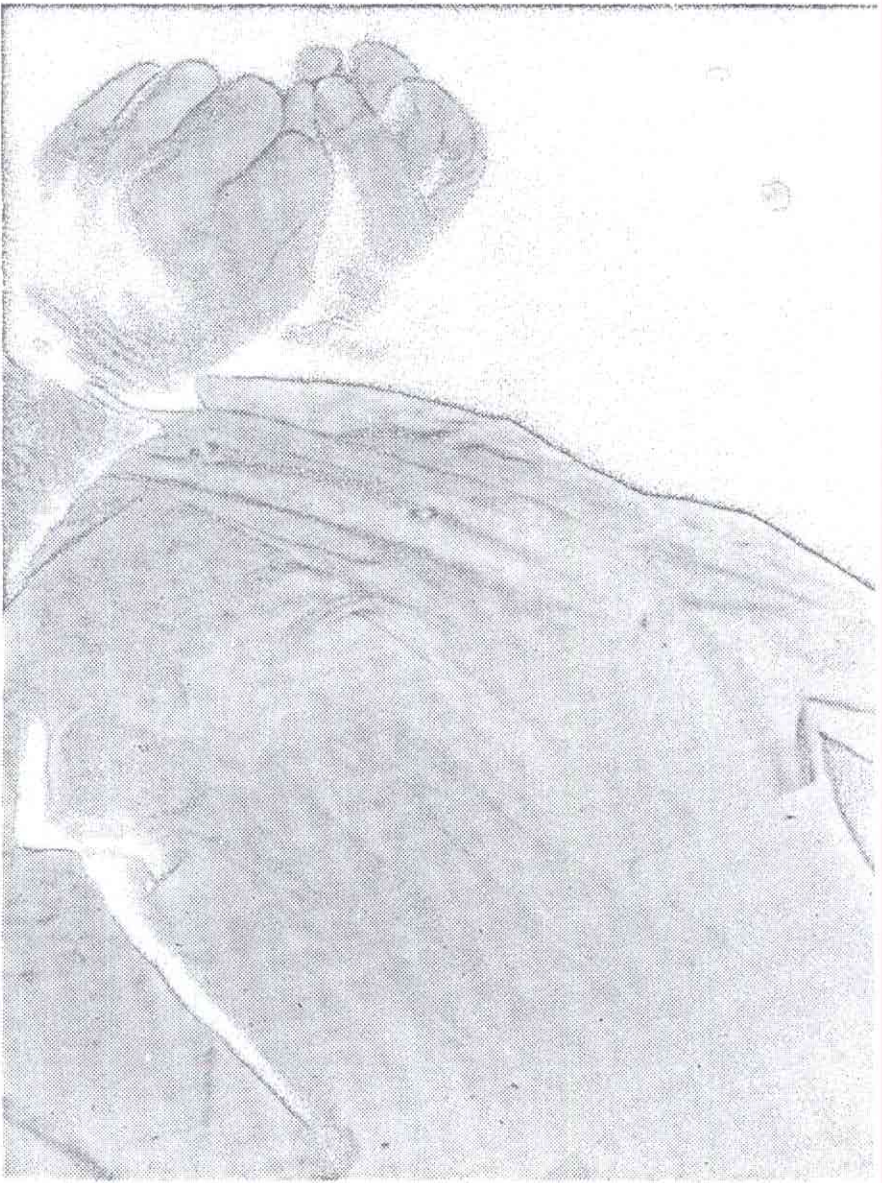
Ruby, on this day in November, had been a citizen of Dallas some 14 years. He came to Dallas from Chicago after World War II and brought with him hints of a gangland background. He called himself the "Smiling Cowboy," when he first arrived and struggled to make his mark in the entertainment business.

He quickly changed his name from Rubenstein to Ruby and began a practice of meeting policemen and newspapermen for business reasons.

IN THE FEVERISH activity Friday at the newspaper, Ruby remained quiet until he overheard telephoned cancellations of newspaper ads. Then he placed his ad announcing closing of his two clubs.

Ruby owns and operates The Vegas Room, an after-hours dance club in North Dallas, and the Carousel, a strip-tease club in the heart of the city. The Carousel is located only a few blocks from police headquarters and, according to Ruby, he knew "80 per cent of the men on the force."

After placing the ads, he called his sister, *After placing the ads, he called his sister,*



Jack Rubenstein is handcuffed after his arrest as a murderer.

was absolutely shaken . . . he was greatly concerned about Mrs. Kennedy and her children . . . he was crying," his middle-aged sister recalled.

He placed other calls, too, Friday, and conveyed the impression he was utterly heartsick over the death of the President and its effect on Mrs. Kennedy.

But he went about his business Friday night in the usual manner.

What kind of man was Ruby?

"Jack is a very emotional man," said a friend.

"He'd give you the shirt off his back," said his roommate.

"He's a cautious chiseler," said a business acquaintance.

"A street fighter," remarked a policeman.

"He couldn't lick his lips," said a reporter.

Saturday, Jack Ruby was seen in his usual haunts. An acquaintance from Warsaw chatted with him briefly and recalled, "He gave the impression of a man who had arrived at a decision and was trying to figure how to accomplish it," said the Pole.

SEVERAL TIMES Ruby drove by the intersection of Main and Houston and viewed the Texas School Book Depository from which the hidden sniper fired three rifle shots that killed President John F. Kennedy and seriously wounded Texas Gov. John Connally Jr.

"I planned to stop and put some flowers, but I never did," he remembered.

He also read of the capture of Lee Harvey

"... Someone Would Kill Oswald ..."

Oswald, 24, the accused assassin and murderer of a Dallas police officer.

Every few minutes he would call his sister. "I told him not to worry," said Mrs. Grant. "I told him someone would kill Oswald. Jack was crying over the feelings of Mrs. Kennedy."

But Saturday night he and his roommate George Senator, 50, scarcely discussed the events of the two days that had brought criticism and scorn upon the people of Dallas.

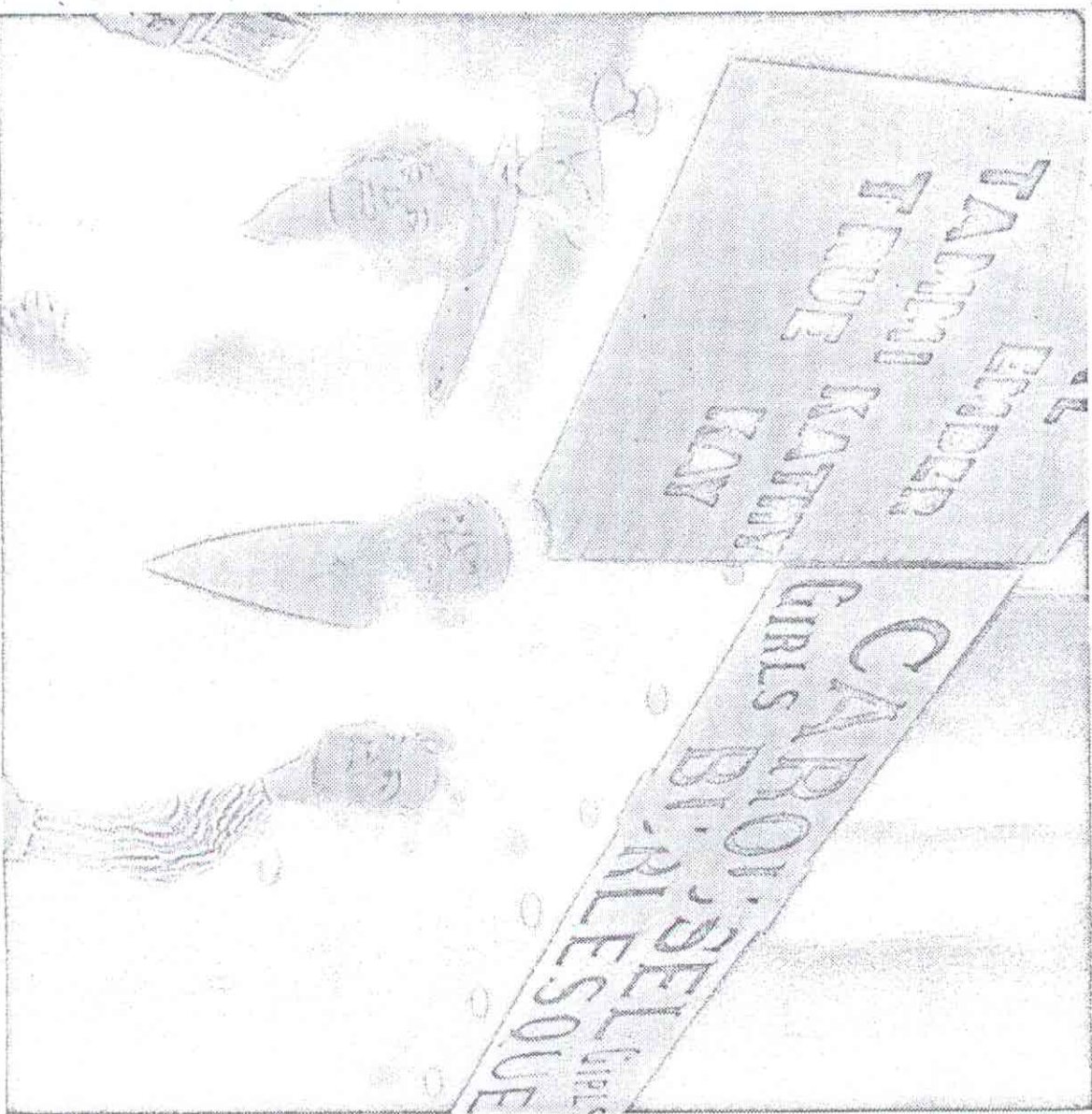
Sunday morning, Ruby left the \$125-a-month Oak Cliff apartment located not too far from the \$8-a-week rooming house in which Oswald stayed.

He left earlier than usual. Ruby, by nature of his business, was a late riser. He seldom appeared in his apartment before 2 a.m. Even when he wasn't at the club, Ruby toured the night spots of the city, usually with a beautiful young escort.

"He seems to like the girls only in a business manner," said a service-station owner who knew him. Ruby was a bachelor and he was 52 years old, much older than the young women he squired. "But he thought it helped business."

Ruby left his apartment with the remark to his roommate, "I'm taking Sheba for a walk." Sheba was his favorite Dachshund, one of four he kept.

INSTEAD OF A WALK through nearby Marsalis Park, Ruby drove to City Hall where police were maintaining a tight security watch over Oswald. In his belt, Ruby carried a .38-caliber police revolver. Several of his earlier brushes with the law had con-



Rubenstein, known as Ruby to most Dallasites, poses with two of his showgirls in front of Carousel club shortly before winning fame as the murderer of the man who assassinated the President.

Ruby waited until a policeman on the sidewalk entrance to the tunnel warned a passing motorist to move on. He then ducked into the crowd, grabbed a heavy television camera and posed as a member of the work-

blamed for inflicting misery upon Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the 35th President of the United States.

EXACTLY 20 MINUTES after Oswald

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INSTEAD OF A WALK through nearby

Marsalis Park, Ruby drove to City Hall where police were maintaining a tight security watch over Oswald. In his belt, Ruby carried a .38-caliber police revolver. Several of his earlier brushes with the law had concerned carrying a concealed weapon, but no convictions had appeared on his Dallas record. "In my business, I carry lots of money sometimes. And this is a pretty tough part of town," he once told a policeman.

Policemen were particular friends of Ruby. "He doesn't know or care much about politics," said a friend. "He's on the police kick."

But several policemen remarked Ruby didn't need a gun to protect himself. "He could knock you for a roll of pins," said a sergeant. In his bedroom, Ruby exercised with heavy weights to keep a solid 200 pounds on his 5 foot, nine inch frame.

Ruby, and millions of others, knew Oswald would be transferred from city jail to county jail, where more stringent security could be enforced, at 10 a.m. Sunday. The transfer had been announced Saturday night to the press.

SHORTLY BEFORE 10 a.m. Sunday,

Ruby appeared outside city hall. He was seen on the streets by more than one policeman and reporter. None paid him more than a casual glance. They were too busy.

Then the press passed into the tunnel. Reporters, photographers, television cameramen, radio men jostled for position across from heavily armed police assigned to protect Oswald from the growing hatred of a stricken populace.

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Ruby waited until a policeman on the sidewalk entrance to the tunnel warned a passing motorist to move on. He then ducked into the crowd, grabbed a heavy television camera and posed as a member of the working news people.

The tunnel leads beneath police headquarters and allows police to drive their patrol cars from sight of passersby before unloading their prisoners. Long Beach and Los Angeles have similar arrangements.

Officers acquainted with Ruby said later if they had spotted him in the ranks of newsmen he would have been ejected immediately.

WHEN OSWALD walked through the

doorway flanked by two detectives on the first few steps of their 120-foot journey to a waiting armored truck, Ruby acted.

He burst from the ranks of the assembled press and lunged at the accused assassin. He held his right hand down and behind his right leg in the manner of a football quarterback on a bootleg. Suddenly his hand flashed upwards. In it was his revolver.

Ruby jammed the muzzle against the ribs of Oswald and pulled the trigger.

The discharge made only a muffled sound. Oswald slumped to the floor.

"My God! Oswald's been shot. He's been shot!" echoed through the tunnel.

At least eight detectives leaped upon Ruby and, after a bitter struggle, wrestled the smoking revolver from his grasp, and hustled him into police headquarters.

He fired only the single shot, but it took the life of Lee Harvey Oswald, the man Ruby

blamed for inflicting misery upon Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the 35th President of the United States.

EXACTLY 20 MINUTES after Oswald

died in Parkland Memorial Hospital, Police Chief Jesse Curry announced a murder-with-malice complaint had been filed against Ruby. Conviction could mean death in the electric chair. Texas law allows the jury to affix punishment and in such cases the law is from death in the electric chair to not less than two years in prison.

Within minutes of Ruby's execution of Oswald before the eyes of millions watching television, at least two Dallas attorneys appeared to talk with him.

"He didn't tell us anything," one of the attorneys told the press after the first brief meeting. "He just listened. He paid for advice."

Sunday afternoon, police and federal officers investigated reports that Ruby and Oswald had been acquainted. Ruby denied the reports and claimed he had seen Oswald for the first time on a televised press conference.

A few hours later, his attorney, Tom Howard, prepared the groundwork for his defense. "He hasn't told us much," said Howard. "But if it were me, I'd plead temporary insanity."

As reports persisted that Oswald was seen in Ruby's Vegas Club, Dallas police tried to squelch the reports with statements that in their opinion Oswald was the assassin, that he was without confederates and that he and Ruby were not acquainted.