

From article, "My Eight Years as the Kennedys' Private Nurse," by Rita Dallas, in "the current issue" [Mar?] of Ladies Home Journal, p. 164, as read by Jim Eason, KGO. Transcribed from tape.

Some people still believe there was a conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy. These people will probably jump to all sorts of conclusions about the incident I am now going to describe. I can't draw any conclusions about it. However, I can only report what happened.

Shortly after the tragedy in Dallas, I intercepted an intruder in the Kennedys' Palm Beach home. I was standing at a downstairs window looking out at the ocean when I caught a glimpse of movement behind me. Turning around, I saw a strange man creeping up the stairs to the second floor. I couldn't figure out how he had gotten into the house. Secret Service agents and a local policeman were on guard outside, and they invariably checked with the house before admitting anyone on the premises.

"Whom do you want to see?" I asked. "I have come to fix the television," he replied. I didn't believe he was a TV repairman. He carried no tools and his clothes were immaculate. I asked him to wait right where he was while I summoned the housekeeper to show him the way to the TV set. Then I ran outside to get a Secret Service agent. To my dismay I found that the agent had just gone to lunch, and that the local policeman was serving his first day of sentry duty. He was so nervous that I had to half-drag him into the house. "What charge will I hold him on if he isn't a repairman?" the officer asked me. I assured him that the Secret Service would think of something.

Inside the house, we found the intruder tinkering with the fuse box. He was taken into custody and held till some high-ranking Secret Service men arrived from Miami. Without telling Ambassador Kennedy why, we took him for a long ride in the car while a bomb squad went over the house and grounds with electronic detection equipment.

Later I was told that the intruder had been jailed for the night. I was also told by one officer that the stranger had connections in Dallas.

After that I heard nothing more about the incident. Whenever I asked about it, everyone was very vague. The inference I drew from the Secret Service was that somebody had shown up the next day, bailed the suspect out of jail and whisked him away, but I was never satisfied with this explanation. I could not believe that such a frightening episode could end so casually.

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