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From AP Newsfeatures

1:33 Dallas

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EDITOR'S NOTE -- It was 1:33 p.m. Dallas time when the announcement was made: President Kennedy had died from an assassin's bullet. For a moment the world stood still, shocked beyond belief. Five years later the recalled event still brings unbelieving stares. In the following, AP Writer Sam Summerlin, co-author with Bruce Henderson of the recently published book, "1:33" tells of that moment in Dallas and its effects upon the nation and the world.

By SAM SUMMERLIN
Associated Press Writer

NEW YORK AP -- John Fitzgerald Kennedy once said: "The only two dates that most people remember where they were are Pearl Harbor and the death of Franklin Roosevelt."

With tragic irony, John F. Kennedy added a third unforgettable date when he was assassinated in Dallas, Tex., on Friday, Nov. 22, 1963.

At precisely 1:33, Dallas time, presidential press aide Malcolm Kilduff stood before a room filled with newsmen at Parkland Hospital. Kilduff, his eyes red, an unlit cigarette in one hand, gave the fateful announcement that President Kennedy had "died of a gunshot wound in the brain."

Where were you that day at 1:33?

What thoughts or words came to you, which even today seem impossible to forget?

What did you do in that fleeting instant, which binds you forever to that day in history?

Classical historians calculate that it took two weeks for news of Julius Caesar's murder in Rome to reach Alexandria, Egypt, 1,300 miles away.

But the announcement of John Kennedy's death at 1:33, Central Standard Time, flashed around the globe in less than five minutes. Only in this age of instant communications, which have joined the earth's population into one electronically linked family, could such a shock wave have jolted the world with such speed.

Lyndon B. Johnson, closely guarded in a darkened room at Parkland Hospital, only a few feet from where Kennedy died, remembered later: "I found it hard to believe that this had happened. The whole thing seemed unreal-unbelievable. A few hours earlier, I had breakfast with John Kennedy; he was alive, strong, vigorous. I could not believe now that he was dead. I was shocked and sickened."

In Washington, John W. McCormack, the white-haired Massachusetts Democrat who as Speaker of the House was next in line to succeed the presidency after Vice President Johnson, was eating lunch in the House restaurant. Reporters told him the news. "My God! My God!" he exclaimed. "What are we coming to!"

In the Senate, Edward M. Kennedy was presiding over a dry debate on federal library services. An aide rushed in and whispered the news. "No!" gasped Teddy, and immediately left the chamber.

In McLean, Va., Robert F. Kennedy, then attorney general, was having a leisurely lunch with invited guests beside the pool of his suburban home. The telephone rang. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was calling. One of the guests that day, attorney Robert Morgenthau, will never forget. "While the President's brother listened to Hoover," Morgenthau recalls, "Kennedy's reaction was one of horror, I would say. We saw the attorney general clap his hand to his mouth and turn away."

A sudden hush fell across America. Clerks in department stores just started walking out. People moved as in a daze. On college campuses, students failed to show up for afternoon classes. In the lobby of the Oklahoma state capitol, a woman stood wringing her hands and whimpering: "What's going to happen to our country now?"

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