

A90 (AGYS & RADIO OUT)

CHR

7 DEC 1963

ADVANCE FOR AMS SUNDAY, DEC. 8--NOTE DATE--FROM AP NEWSFEATURES

939 PCS

APN EXTRA: THE FATEFUL COLLISION (1,860)

EDITOR'S NOTE--OUT OF THE DIVERSITY THAT IS AMERICA; OVER DIFFERENT ROUTES AND BYWAYS, THREE MEN CAME TO DALLAS TO FULFILL THEIR DESTINIES. FOR A FEW BRIEF HOURS THEIR LIVES INTERTWINED, AND THE CONFRONTATION SHOOK THE WORLD. HERE IS A GRIPPING ACCOUNT OF THAT COLLISION.

BY JULES LOH

AP NEWS FEATURES WRITER

DALLAS, TEX., DEC. 7 (AP)--WHAT INCREDIBLE IRONY OF FATE BROUGHT THESE THREE TOGETHER FOR THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH HISTORY; THREE LIVES SO TOTALLY ALIEN ONE TO THE OTHER IN CHARACTER AND MIEN AND PURPOSE?

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY: PRESIDENT, WORLD LEADER, SCION OF EASTERN WEALTH AND CULTURE, TALENTED, WITTY AND VIBRANT, HANDSOME CHAMPION OF PEACE AND JUSTICE WHOSE IDEALS BECKONED NOBLY TO AN UNEASY WORLD.

LEE HARVEY OSWALD: SULLEN, FITFUL, FRUSTRATED NE'ER-DO-WELL WHOSE DEMONIC PURSUIT OF MARXIST MOSTRUMS LED HIM EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE.

JACK LEON RUBY: GREGARIOUS PARASITE WITH A QUICK TEMPER AND A SILK NECKTIE WHOSE LUST FOR WHAT HE CONSIDERED "CLASS" WAS SATISFIED IN THE HAZE AND DIN OF A TWO-BIT STRIP JOINT.

SOMEHOW THE THREE DISPARATE PATHS LED INEXORABLY TO DALLAS, COLLIDED VIOLENTLY, AND IN THE SPAN OF 48 HOURS OF WICKED POINTLESSNESS BECAME IRRETRIEVABLY JOINED IN THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

THIS IS THE CONCLUSION OF INVESTIGATORS WHOSE THICK DOSSIER OF EVIDENCE PROVES TO THEIR SATISFACTION THAT LEE HARVEY OSWALD AND NO ONE ELSE SLEW JOHN F. KENNEDY. WHAT FOLLOWS HERE, OF COURSE, IS BASED ON THAT CONCLUSION. AS FOR RUBY, THOUSANDS WATCHED HIS DEED ENACTED; A JURY WILL DECIDE HIS GUILT.

AT 11:37 A.M. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME ON FRIDAY, NOV. 22, THE BLACK WHEELS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL JET TOUCHED THE RUNWAY AT DALLAS' LOVE FIELD WITH SIMULTANEOUS PUFFS OF BLUE SMOKE. THEN THE PLANE WHINED ITS WAY TO GATE 28 AT THE EASTERN EDGE OF THE AIRPORT.

AT THAT MOMENT LEE HARVEY OSWALD WAS SHUFFLING QUIETLY, ALMOST UNNOTICED, AMONG STACKS OF BOOKS IN A SEVEN-STORY RUST BRICK BUILDING AT 411 ELM ST., FILLING ORDERS FOR SCHOOL TEXTS.

AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, FOUR BLOCKS AWAY, JACK RUBY WAS DABBING AT HIS PUDGY FACE WITH A PAPER NAPKIN AS HE LINGERED OVER HIS MORNING COFFEE AT A TABLE IN THE CAFETERIA ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS BUILDING.

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THE LIVES OF NONE OF THESE THREE MEN HAD BEGUN IN TEXAS. BUT AT THIS MOMENT ALL THREE--KENNEDY, OSWALD, RUBY--WERE BY THE MACHINATIONS OF FATE TOGETHER IN DALLAS FOR THE FIRST TIME. THE PRESIDENT HAD COME ON A POLITICAL VISIT, AND IT HAD BEEN A TRIUMPHANT ONE. THE CROWDS--AT SAN ANTONIO, HOUSTON, FORT WORTH, AND NOW AT LOVE FIELD--WERE NEVER MORE ENTHUSIASTIC. THE PRESIDENT HAD NEVER SEEMED IN BRIGHTER SPIRITS; HIS WIFE NEVER MORE RADIANT.

OSWALD, OUT OF WORK FOR THREE MONTHS AND PIQUED OVER FRUITLESS EFFORTS TO GET QUICK VISAS IN MEXICO TO RETURN TO THE SOVIET UNION, HAD COME TO DALLAS MERELY TO TAKE A \$1.25-AN-HOUR JOB.

RUBY HAD LIVED IN DALLAS 14 YEARS. HE CAME HERE FROM CHICAGO TO HELP HIS SISTER RUN A DINGY NIGHTCLUB, THE CAROUSEL, AND LATER TOOK OVER ITS MANAGEMENT. HE LIKED TO WEAR FANCY WESTERN DUDS AND CALL PEOPLE "PODNAH;" THEY IN TURN USED TO REFER TO HIM WRYLY AS THE "CHICAGO COWBOY." IN LATER YEARS HE FORSOOK THE BOOTS AND STETSONS, BUT STILL WAS KNOWN OCCASIONALLY TO TOTE A GUN. DALLAS WAS WHERE JACK RUBY HAD COME TO FIND HIMSELF.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ENTOURAGE PULLED OUT OF THE AIRPORT'S MAIN ENTRANCE AT 11:52 A.M. AND HEADED SOUTH TOWARD DOWNTOWN DALLAS.

THE DAY WAS GORGEOUS. RAIN HAD BEEN FORECAST BUT ABOUT 11 A.M. A BRISK BREEZE BLEW IN FROM THE NORTH AND BRUSHED AWAY THE DARK CLOUDS. DALLASITES CONGRATULATED THEMSELVES ON THEIR LUCK: THE PRESIDENT WOULDN'T HAVE TO RIDE BENEATH THE BUBBLETOP AFTER ALL.

WHEN THE MOTORCADE REACHED LEMON AVENUE AND LOMO ALTO STREET AT NOON A GROUP OF SCHOOL GIRLS WAVED A SIGN FRANTICALLY.

"MR. PRESIDENT," IT SAID, "PLEASE STOP AND SHAKE OUR HANDS."

THE PRESIDENT GRINNED, THE CONVERTIBLE HALTED, THE GIRLS GIGGLED, RUSHED FORWARD AND CLUTCHED AT HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

AS THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION ROLLED STEADILY ALONG GENTLY WINDING TURTLE CREEK BOULEVARD AND SWUNG ONTO CEDAR SPRINGS ROAD THE CROWDS ALONG THE CURBS BEGAN TO THICKEN. IT WAS 12:10 P.M.

JACK RUBY WALKED INTO THE DISPLAY AD DEPARTMENT OF THE DALLAS NEWS AND ASKED FOR JOHN NEWNAM, WHO HANDLED HIS ACCOUNT. NEWNAM WASN'T IN. RUBY SAT DOWN AT HIS DESK TO WAIT.

"WHAT A LOUSY BUSINESS I'M IN," HE REMARKED TO ADMAN DONALD CAMPBELL. "BUT IF I GOT INTO SOMETHING ELSE I'D PROBABLY HAVE JUST AS MANY HEADACHES--MAYBE MORE."

LEE OSWALD WAS STILL HANGING AROUND ON AN UPPER FLOOR OF THE TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY EVEN THOUGH HIS 45-MINUTE LUNCH PERIOD WAS ALREADY 10 MINUTES OLD.

"LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE THE PRESIDENT," A COWORKER SAID.

"NO. YOU GO ON DOWN--AND SEND THE ELEVATOR BACK UP."

AT 238 GLENCAIRN ST. IN OAK CLIFF, PATROLMAN J.D. TIPPITT WOLFED HIS LUNCH. HIS WIFE PROTESTED WHEN HE GOT UP TO LEAVE EARLY. HE EXPLAINED THAT SO MANY OF THE FORCE WERE ON SPECIAL DUTY DOWNTOWN HE'D BETTER GET BACK TO HIS PATROL CAR. HE SAID HE MIGHT BE NEEDED FOR SOME EMERGENCY.

THE MOTORCADE MOVED SLOWLY DOWN MAIN STREET. WHEN IT REACHED HOUSTON STREET IT TURNED RIGHT A BLOCK. IT WOULD TURN LEFT AGAIN ON ELM AND SWOOP BENEATH THE TRIPLE UNDERPASS, THEN TURN RIGHT ONTO STEMMONS FREEWAY.

THE BIG CLOCK ON THE MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK MOVED DETERMINEDLY TOWARD 12:30 P.M.

THE ASSASSIN RESTED HIS 6.5MM SIX-SHOT RIFLE ON A STACK OF BOXES AT THE HALF-OPENED SIXTH-FLOOR WINDOW IN THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE BOOK BUILDING. HE LOOPED THE LEATHER SLING AROUND HIS WRIST TO STEADY THE WEAPON IN HIS PALM AND SQUINTED THROUGH THE FOUR-POWER TELSCOPIC SIGHT, THE RIFLE STOCK PRESSED FIRMLY AGAINST HIS CHEEK. WITH SUCH A SCOPE YOU CAN COUNT THE BUTTONS ON A MAN'S COAT AT 75 YARDS.

THE RIFLE BARKED ONCE. THEN TWICE MORE.

THE PRESIDENT'S HANDS JERKED INSTINCTIVELY TOWARD HIS THROAT BUT HE NEVER REALLY KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. TEXAS GOV. JOHN B. CONNALLY PITCHED FORWARD IN HIS SEAT. THE BLUE CONVERTIBLE PAUSED MOMENTARILY, THEN BOLTED FORWARD AT TOP SPEED BENEATH THE UNDERPASS AND ON TO PARKLAND HOSPITAL.

ON THE STREET BELOW THE WINDOW H.L. BRENNAN, A STEAMFITTER, GLANCED UP AT THE FIRST SHOT.

"I SAW HIM. THE GUN WAS STICKING OUT THE WINDOW. I SAW HIM FIRE A SECOND TIME. HE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE IN NO HURRY."

THE ASSASSIN DASHED TO THE OPPOSITE CORNER OF THE BUILDING AND TOSSED THE RIFLE BEHIND A STACK OF BOXED BASIC READERS. THEN HE RAN DOWN THE REAR STAIRCASE, STOPPING AT THE SECOND FLOOR.

A POLICEMAN, A PISTOL IN HAND, RUSHED INTO THE BUILDING AND, WITH THE FIRM'S MANAGER, R.S. TRULY, BEGAN A SEARCH. THE POLICEMAN NOTICED OSWALD.

"DOES THIS MAN BELONG IN HERE?"

"YES," SAID TRULY. "HE WORKS HERE."

OSWALD SLIPPED OUT OF THE BUILDING AND INTO THE FRIGHTENED CROWD. HE WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH THE MILLING MOB, WENT A BLOCK NORTH, TURNED RIGHT ON PACIFIC STREET AND WALKED BRISKLY FOR SIX BLOCKS TO GRIFFIN STREET.

IT WAS 12:40 P.M.

HE TAPPED ON THE DOOR OF A MARSALIS STREET BUS WHICH WAS STALLED IN THE TRAFFIC. IT WASN'T A REGULAR STOP BUT THE DRIVER, C.J. MCWATTERS, OPENED THE DOOR. OSWALD TOOK THE THIRD CHAIR FROM THE FRONT ON THE RIGHT. HE WOULD GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AS THE BUS PASSED HOUSTON AND ELM. THERE WERE ONLY ABOUT FIVE OTHER PASSENGERS.

THE BUS INCHED AHEAD A BLOCK AND AT 12:44 P.M. THE DRIVER OF A TRAFFIC-BLOCKED CAR JUMPED OUT AND RAN TOWARD THE BUS. HE WANTED TO TELL SOMEBODY, SO HE TOLD MCWATTERS:

"THE PRESIDENT'S BEEN SHOT!"

OSWALD SAID NOTHING. IN A MOMENT HE STOOD UP, ASKED THE DRIVER FOR A TRANSFER AND GOT OFF. IT WAS 12:46 P.M.

HE CROSSED THE STREET AND HURRIED TWO BLOCKS SOUTH TO COMMERCE STREET AND JUMPED INTO A CAB PARKED AT THE GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT.

"TAKE ME TO 500 NORTH BECKLEY," HE ORDERED.

CABBIE WILLIAM WHALEY STARTED ON A ZIG-ZAG COURSE, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE TRAFFIC. "WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK HAPPENED OUT THERE?" HE SAID. WHALEY HADN'T HEARD. OSWALD DIDN'T TELL HIM. NEITHER SPOKE THE REST OF THE TRIP.

IT WAS 1 P.M.

AT PARKLAND HOSPITAL, THE RT. REV. MSGR. OSCAR HUBER DIPPED HIS RIGHT THUMB INTO A VIAL OF HOLY OILS AND MARKED A CROSS ON THE FOREHEAD OF JOHN F. KENNEDY. "PER ISTAM SANCTAM UNCTIONEM. . ." HE MURMURED.

"THROUGH THIS HOLY ANOINTING MAY GOD FORGIVE YOU WHATEVER SINS YOU HAVE COMMITTED."

AT THE DALLAS NEWS SOMEONE RUSHED INTO THE DISPLAY AD DEPARTMENT WITH THE NEWS. JACK RUBY SCURRIED INTO A NEARBY OFFICE WHERE A TELEVISION SET WAS ON. HE HEARD THE BULLETIN: "PRESIDENT KENNEDY IS DEAD."

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS RUBY RETURNED TO NEWNAM'S DESK AND PHONED HIS SISTER, EVA GRANT. HE WAS PLAINLY UPSET.

"DON'T WORRY," SHE TOLD HIM.

RUBY TOLD NEWNAM TO CANCEL HIS AD. HE GOT IN HIS CAR AND DROVE TO FIELD AND COMMERCE STREETS AND SCRAWLED "CLOSED" ACROSS THE DOOR OF THE CAROUSEL CLUB.

AT ONEAL'S FUNERAL HOME, A MILE FROM PARKLAND HOSPITAL, THE PHONE RANG AND A VOICE IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AS A SECRET SERVICE AGENT.

"THIS IS A LEGITIMATE CALL," THE AGENT SAID. VERNON B. ONEAL DIDN'T DOUBT IT FOR A MOMENT.

"LOAD A COFFIN INTO YOUR HEARSE, GET A POLICE ESCORT, AND GET OVER TO PARKLAND AS FAST AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE."

"WHAT TYPE OF CASKET?" ASKED ONEAL.

"THE BEST YOU HAVE."

THE UNDERTAKER SELECTED A SOLID BRONZE DOUBLE WALL 6-FOOT, 6-INCH AMBER-COLORED COFFIN WITH A BEIGE VELVET INTERIOR. HIS STAFF WAS OUT, SO HE GOT BOOKKEEPER RAY GLEASON AND PORTER K.J. BROWN TO HELP HIM LOAD IT IN THE WHITE HEARSE.

BACK AT THE BOOK DEPOSITORY, MANAGER TRULY BEGAN TAKING INVENTORY OF HIS EMPLOYEES. SEVERAL WERE MISSING--OUTSIDE AMONG THE CROWD, HE SUPPOSED. STILL, HE WENT TO A POLICEMAN AND TOLD HIM LEE HARVEY OSWALD WASN'T THERE. HE DESCRIBED THE 24-YEAR-OLD STOCK CLERK.

"FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW WHY I SINGLED HIM OUT," TRULY SAID.

£ "PERHAPS BECAUSE I HAD SEEN HIM SHORTLY BEFORE."

THE POLICE BULLETIN TO PICK UP OSWALD WENT OUT AT 1:15 P.M.

H AT THAT TIME OSWALD WAS DASHING THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM OF A MOTTLED BROWN BRICK BOARDING HOUSE AT 1026 NORTH BECKLEY, 2 1/2 MILES AWAY. THE HOUSEKEEPER, EARLENE ROBERTS, WAS IN THE ROOM.

"YOU SURE ARE IN A HURRY," SHE SAID.

OSWALD DIDN'T ANSWER. HE CROSSED THE PARLOR TO HIS TINY \$8-A-WEEK ROOM WITH THE BARE WALLS AND ANCIENT DRESSER. SOMEWHE WITHIN THE ROOM WAS ALSO AN OIL COMPANY MAP OF DALLAS WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE ROUTE CHARTED, AND AT THE INTERSECTION OF HOUSTON AND ELM AN X-MARK WITH A LINE TRACING THE PATH OF THE FATAL BULLETS.

OSWALD STRIPPED OFF HIS DARK JACKET AND DONNED A LIGHT-COLORED ONE. HE LEFT THE HOUSE WITHOUT A WORD.

HE WALKED SOUTH AND EAST AND AT 1:30 P.M. WAS ON E. 10TH STREET BETWEEN DENVER AND PATTON. PERHAPS COINCIDENTALLY, HE WAS ABOUT HALF THE DISTANCE IN A STRAIGHT LINE BETWEEN HIS HOME AND THE APARTMENT OF JACK RUBY AT 223 SOUTH EWING. RUBY WAS STILL DOWNTOWN.

AT PARKLAND HOSPITAL, JACQUELINE KENNEDY SAT ALONE IN A SMALL ROOM WITH HER HUSBAND'S BODY. A SECRET SERVICE MAN ENTERED QUIELY WITH W CUP OF COFFEE, THEN LEFT. MRS. KENNEDY RESTED HER HEAD GENTLY AGAINST THE HARD BRONZE COFFIN.

CRUISING ALONE IN PATROL CAR 10, OFFICER TIPPITT SPOTTED THE MAN HE HAD HEARD DESCRIBED AS OSWALD AND ORDERED HIM TO STOP. AS THE OFFICER STEPPED FROM THE CAR OSWALD PULLED OUT A PISTOL AND PULLED THE TRIGGER THREE TIMES. TIPPITT FELL DEAD NEXT TO THE LEFT FRONT WHEEL.

BY 1:45 P.M. OSWALD HAD COVERED EIGHT BLOCKS--TO THE TEXAS THEATER AT 231 WEST JEFFERSON WHERE HE WAS CAPTURED FIVE MINUTES LATER ON A TIP FROM BOX OFFICE CASHIER JULIE POSTAL.

"THIS IS IT," OSWALD CRIED WHEN OFFICER N.M. MCDONALD CLOSED IN. BUT, OF COURSE, IT WAS ONLY PART OF IT.

AT LOVE FIELD, ABOARD THE PRESIDENTIAL JET, LYNDON B. JOHNSON, HIS FACE DRAWN, PLACED HIS HAND ON A BIBLE AND TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS 2:39 P.M.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER JACK RUBY GOT A LOOK AT LEE OSWALD. HE SAID IT WAS HIS FIRST.

RUBY ALWAYS LIKED TO MINGLE WITH NEWSMEN AND POLICE, AND AT THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING ON FRIDAY NIGHT PLENTY OF BOTH WERE ON HAND. RUBY BROUGHT THEM COFFEE, HUNG AROUND.

HE WAS IN THE CROWD OF NEWSMEN WHEN OSWALD WAS BROUGHT OUT FOR A QUICK INTERVIEW, AND HEARD THE ARROGANT INTROVERT DENY HE HAD KILLED THE PRESIDENT OR ANYBODY ELSE.

"HE WAS SO SMIRKY," RUBY SAID OF OSWALD. "HE WAS SO SMART, ACTED SO PROUD OF WHAT HE HAD DONE."

THEN JACK RUBY WENT HOME. THE NEXT DAY HE MOPED AROUND HIS APARTMENT. HIS ROOMMATE, GEORGE SENATOR, SAID HE WAS DISTRAUGHT, KEPT REPEATING "POOR JACKIE. . .THOSE POOR KIDS. . .THOSE POOR KIDS."

NEXT MORNING RUBY TOOK SHEBA, ONE OF HIS THREE DACHSHUNDS, PUT HER IN HIS CAR AND DROVE TO THE INTERSECTION OF HOUSTON AND ELM. ALREADY THE GREENSWARDS ON EITHER SIDE WERE SPRINKLED WITH FLORAL SPRAYS, THE TRIBUTES OF SADDENED TOWNSPEOPLE.

RUBY REMAINED A WHILE THEN DROVE STRAIGHT TO THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING. HE PARKED HIS CAR AND AGAIN JOINED THE REPORTERS WHO WERE WAITING FOR OSWALD TO APPEAR FOR HIS TRANSFER TO THE COUNTY JAIL.

THE NATION WAS A WITNESS TO THE SICKENING SCENE THAT FOLLOWED AT 11:21 A.M.

AT 1:07 P.M. LEE HARVEY OSWALD WAS DEAD OF THE GUNSHOT WOUND INFLICTED BY JACK LEON RUBY. AND HALF A CONTINENT AWAY THE MUFFLED DRUMS WERE BEATING THEIR MELANCHOLY TATTOO FOR JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY'S LAST MOURNFUL TRIP FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE CAPITOL.

END ADVANCE FOR AMS SUNDAY DEC.8 MOVED DEC.5.

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