

# The Day JFK Was

By JIM BISHOP

7:30 a.m.: George Thomas came down the corridor with arms full of clothing and newspapers. As the valet was admitted to Suite 850, Hotel Texas, Fort Worth, a Secret Service man picked up a phone near the door and said:

"The President is awake." Thomas walked through a small foyer and tapped lightly. Inside, President Kennedy muttered, "Okay." Thomas opened the bedroom door, deposited the clothing on a chair back, dropped the

*The Examiner today begins an exclusive ten part condensation of the book the Kennedys asked Jim Bishop not to write. Bishop, author of The Day Lincoln Was Shot, had talked to President and Mrs. Kennedy a few*

newspapers on the bed, and went to draw a bath. The television set in the house at 2515 Fifth Street in Irving, a suburb of Dallas, was off. The owner, Mrs. Ruth Paine, was still abed. In her kitchen, a man poured

## Fair, Cooler

Fair through tomorrow, cooler. Low tonight, low 30s to low 40s, high tomorrow in 50s. Northwesterly wind 12-25 mph decreasing tonight.

Full Report on Page 29

# San Francisco

104th Year No. 127

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SU 1-2424

MONDAY,

# Shot—Chapter 1

*weeks before the assassination. And he obtained from President Johnson the only interview Mr. Johnson has given containing his recollection of the assassination and events that followed that fateful day, Nov. 22, 1963.*

boiling water upon instant coffee and sat at the table with the cup, alone.

Lee Harvey Oswald was having trouble with his wife, Marina. She awakened to feed their infant, Rachel, at

6:30 and wanted to go back to sleep but he was whispering to her as he dressed. She knew he wanted to start a friendly conversation. Marina did not want to be friendly. Her respect for him was dead.

He couldn't hold onto a job. He had trouble making love to her.

He bought a mail order rifle and a revolver, and these were anathema to Marina.

As the President shaved in the bathroom, he could

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# Examiner

**9** STAR  
FINAL  
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STOCKS • SPORTS

NOVEMBER 25, 1968

68 PAGES

DAILY 10c

*First of Ten Parts*  
*By Jim Bishop*

# Vivid Recollection Of Tragic Events On Nov. 22, 1963

—From Page 1

hear a Secret Service man rolling up the special, hard mattress in the bedroom. He knew the black leather prosthetic chair would leave with it.

Years earlier, in a football scrimmage, the spine and adjacent musculature had been twisted beyond repair. A delicate and protracted operation did not help. Massages and medication made him feel better, but, as he said, the pain was never eliminated. It was lessened.

Finished in the bathroom, he donned underwear and a surgical corset. Today was going to be a "back-breaker"—sitting, standing, walking, making speeches, handshaking, and spine-creaking (climbs up airplane ramps.

The kitchen of the Hotel Texas was charged with excitement filling an order from 850 for a large pot of coffee, extra cups and saucers, two eggs boiled five minutes, toast, marmalade.

Within ten minutes, a man outside 850 studied the rolling table and waiter, and George Jackson pushed the table into a room where the President was chatting with Kenny O'Donnell.

### TELLS OF FEUD

O'Donnell was explaining that a battle between Senator Ralph Yarborough and his liberal Texas Democrats with Governor John Connally and his conservative Democrats had not been resolved. The Senator had refused to ride in the car with the Vice President despite a pointed request.

"Get on that phone," Kennedy said, "and tell him he's riding with Johnson today or he's walking."

The President was talking about the contents of the morning newspapers when Mrs. Kennedy came in. Her attitude towards politics was that it was a dreary game in-

fectured by untrustworthy persons.

But she had expressed feelings of guilt about remaining out of campaign trials. It was obvious she was doing this to please her husband.

The President was fulminating about some press coverage when a Secret Service man brought a query.

Was the bubbletop to be put on the car in Dallas? A negative headshake was given. Mr. Kennedy said he wanted the Secret Service men told to stop hopping on the rear bumpers — "The people come to see me, not the Secret Service." Besides, the bubbletop offered no protection except from rain. It wasn't bulletproof, nor would he permit himself to use it even if it was.

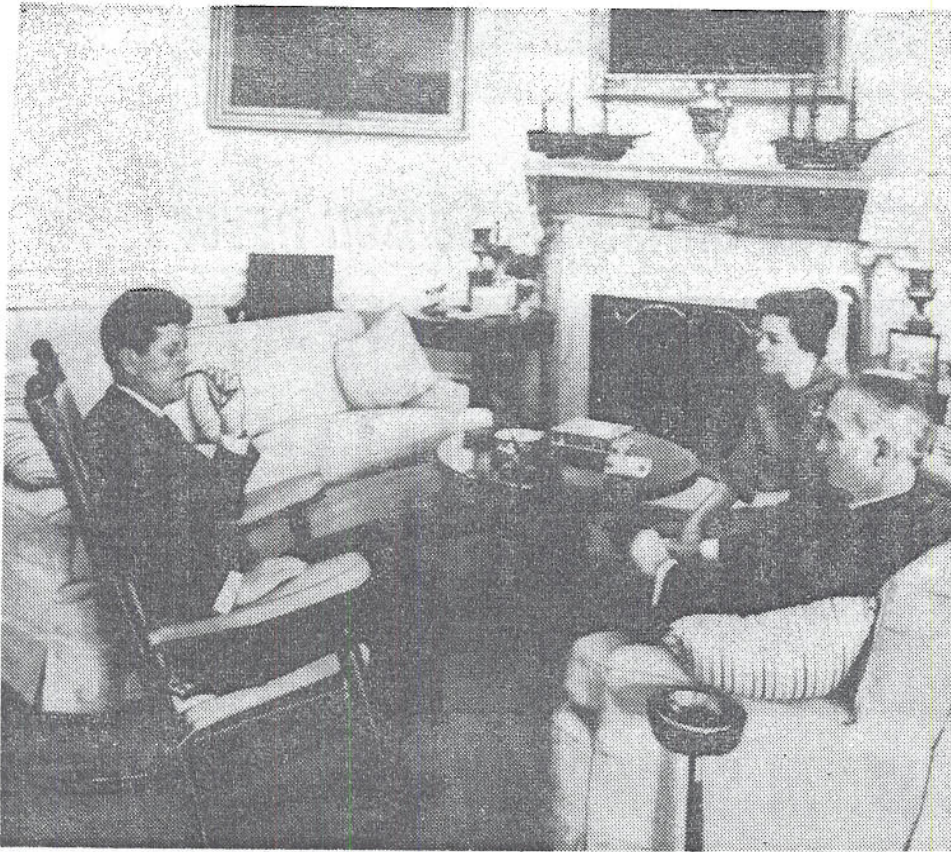
Now, as he sat sipping coffee, he murmured toward O'Donnell, "Anyone perched above the crowd with a rifle could do it."

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At another house in suburb of Irving, Mrs. Linnie Mae



# 'The Day JFK



President Kennedy talking with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bishop at The White House a month before assassination. "He seemed anxious for me to write a book rather than an article on 'A

Day in the Life of President Kennedy,' said Bishop. "At one point he asked Mrs. Bishop, 'Don't you think he has enough material for a book?'"

—Official White House photograph from KFS

hands or nodding. There was a pause before Senator Yarborough to freeze his smile and growl: "For Christ's sake, Ralph, cut it out!"

In the parking lot, when Mr. Kennedy got up on the buckboard truck to face a crowd more than twice the size of the one expected at the breakfast in the hotel, he was flanked by the Vice President and Governor Connally, their brows grim in the drizzle. They had spoken to Senator Yarborough before the President saw him and their persuasion had been futile. Yarborough would not ride with Johnson.

## CALL FOR JACKIE

Bareheaded, wet, the President began at the microphone, "There are no faint hearts in Fort Worth, and I appreciate your being here this morning."

Someone yelled: "Where's Jackie?" and Mr. Kennedy broke into laughter with the crowd. "Mrs. Kennedy is organizing herself. It takes longer, but, of course, she looks better than we do when she does it." The people whooped. "But we appreciate your welcome."

9 A.M. The chefs stood at their cooking ranges after Secret Service men burst into the kitchen. One placed a chair in the doorway to the Grand Ballroom for the President, who looked through the faces forming behind him for the procession to the double-tiered table, and summoned Agent Teddy Duncan.

Randle was washing dishes in her kitchen sink below a window. Her brother, Buell Wesley Frazier, her mother, and children, were at the breakfast table. She saw Lee Harvey Oswald, bareheaded in the rain, cross a corner lot with a long package.

## GOT OSWALD JOB

In a way, Mrs. Randle had gotten a job for him. Her neighbor, Mrs. Ruth Paine, had asked about employment for the husband of the Russian woman. Mrs. Randle knew jobs were open at Texas School Book Depository, where Wes worked. Oswald had been working there six weeks.

Mrs. Randle watched him drop the bundle on the back seat of Wes' old Star and take shelter at the garage

door. Wes had helped him get the job, and now Wes gave Oswald lifts to Irving weekends and back to Dallas.

Wes took a bag of lunch and went out. As Oswald got into the front seat, Wes asked: "What's in the package, Lee?"

"Curtain rods," Oswald responded.

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At the Longhorn Room of the Texas Hotel, Secret Service agents asked everyone to move back. A polite patter of applause rippled across the room. The President walked from group to group, shaking

# Was Shot'...

"Where is Mrs. Kennedy?" he asked. "Call Clint Hill and tell him I want her to come down to breakfast."

rs. Kennedy was a vision of pink confusion as she stepped out into the glare of the klieg lights. The audience got to its feet. So did the President as he beckoned to her. Men stood on chairs to whistle with their fingers.

In a moment, the President was grasping the lectern with both hands:

"Two years ago," he said, "I introduced myself in Paris by saying I was the man who had accompanied Mrs. Kennedy to Paris. I am getting somewhat that same sensation as I travel around Texas." The crowd loved it. "No-

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# ...Uncensored Account

—From Page 10

body wonders what Lyndon and I wear," he said lugubriously.

His desire in this speech was twofold: to pander to the aircraft payrolls the government maintained in this region and to make the speech a major pronouncement on defense. The President said that Fort Worth was always in the forefront of national defense.

When they got off the elevator for Suite 850, Mrs. Kennedy preceded her husband into the sitting room. He reflected her good spirits. Subordinate to the political considerations of the trip, but never far from his consciousness, was the certainty that this was a trial political run for Jackie. She was a vote getter. Women admired her style, and men admired the woman under the style.

The President took a chance. Casually, he asked her, "How about California in two weeks?" She nodded.

"Fine," she said. "I'll be there."

## LIFTS SPIRITS

There was nothing on the Texas trip that could lift the spirits of Mr. Kennedy more than those four words: "Fine, I'll be there..." He was proud of her obvious "class" as the President called it, and he was not adverse, in private, to comparing her with other "dames."

His desire was to show her off, but to protect her from the sweaty crowds and politicians. (Mr. Kennedy referred to this matter obliquely several times during the author's stay at the White House.)

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11 A.M. There were 36 aboard Air Force One, not counting the crew. This was the powerhouse group. No matter how friendly the relationship between the people of AF-1 and AF-2, there was always an aura of condescension from the first to the second. Rank and precedence were all important.

Besides the President and Mrs. Kennedy, AF-1 had Kenneth O'Donnell, Lawrence O'Brien, and David Powers, the Athos, Aramis, and Porthos of the President's personal circle. General Godfrey McHugh was



**JFK—MOMENTS BEFORE THE ASSASSIN STRUCK**  
The President was given an enthusiastic reception at the Dallas Airport

—AP Photo



President Kennedy applauded as Jackie was introduced at Chamber of Commerce breakfast at Fort Worth.

—UPI Photo

## of JFK's Death Ride



along, proud and officious.

The lady's maid Mary Gallagher, who was not en rapport with Mrs. Kennedy this morning, sat with the President's confidential secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, and hoped the First Lady's squall of displeasure would blow away with the rain.

Malcolm Kilduff, bright and tough, was there as go-between with the press, four of whose members were on AF-1, "as a pool." The others were behind on AF-3. Dr. George Burkley, physician to the President, walked up and down the aisle, feeling he should be close to the President at all times. He was often ordered away by O'Donnell, and it seemed pointless to Burkley to have a doctor at a distance from the President — of what use would he be in an emergency?

Practically, this flight was ludicrous. Three giant jets were about to fly 33 miles from Carswell Air Force Base to Dallas. Automobile drivers on the expressway made the trip in 30 minutes.

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The monster birds stood almost together as they disgorged people at Love Field. Inside the AF-1, O'Donnell threaded his way toward the President with good news. He whispered that Governor Connally had been impressed by the crowds and had said of Kennedy:

"If he wants Yarborough at the head table, that's where Yarborough will sit." Kennedy murmured, "Terrific! that makes the whole trip worthwhile."

#### SEEMED FRIENDLY

The door opened and Mrs. Kennedy stood in view. The crowd shouted from behind a barrier as she went carefully down the 13 steps.

Following her, Mr. Kennedy could see the people jammed against the other side of the steel fence and he led his wife toward them, bowing and smiling. It seemed a friendly crowd, shouting to be seen and acknowledged, but some of the members of the press sensed

hostility and tried to follow the Kennedys.

In a moment the President was lost to view. Agent Roy Kellerman had to elbow his way through the throng; Agent Clint Hill was pushed away from Mrs. Kennedy. It was obvious that Mr. Kennedy, far from feeling a sense of danger, was elated at the warmth of the greeting. He "walked" his hands along the fence.

He could not see that, beyond the foremost fringe of people, some high school students were holding aloft placards: "Help Kennedy Stamp Out Democracy"; "In 1964, Goldwater and Freedom"; "Yankee Go Home"; "You're a Traitor."

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The main section of the motorcade was led by Chief Jesse Curry in a white car. He drove it. With him were Sheriff Bill Decker, Agent Forrest Sorrels, and Agent Winston Lawson. Three car lengths behind was the Lincoln with the Presidential standard and the American flag snapping from the forward fenders. Roy Kellerman sat with the Secret Service driver, William Greer, listening to the police channel. The Kennedys and the Connallys nodded and smiled passing restaurants where lunchers poured out.

Behind the Lincoln were more motorcyclists. They had orders not to pull up on the President unless he was endangered. Next was the big Secret Service car. Next came a Lincoln convertible, occupied by the Johnsons and Senator Yarborough.

This was followed by another Secret Service car, then a Mercury with Mayor and Mrs. Earle Cabell, and behind this a press pool car with four men.

O'Donnell had relegated the President's physician, Dr. Burkley, to the 16th car in the procession. Dr. Burkley had protested he could be of no assistance to the President if a doctor was needed quickly. He was told no doctor was required.

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NOON: The motorcade was at Craddock Park when the President saw a long limp sign held by little boys and girls. It read: "Mr. President, Please Stop and Shake Our Hands." Kennedy leaned between Governor and Mrs. Connally to say "Let's stop here," to Bill Greer. The car halted, and

the President leaned out to shake a lot of little hands.

At Hood, the cars made a slow right turn onto Turtle Creek. The Kennedys were now in the section of North Dallas where greenery and parks created a different world. People lined the right-hand side of the street. They watched; they squinted in the hot sun.

#### DIFFERENT WORLD

Mrs. Kennedy put on her sunglasses. The President said: "Jackie, take your glasses off." The lady seemed surprised, but they came off.

A few moments later, Mrs. Kennedy absent-mindedly slipped the glasses over her eyes again. Her husband did not notice it at once, but when he did, he turned to her and said: "Take off the glasses, Jackie."

Someone held up a homemade sign that spelled: "Kennedy Go Home!" The President nudged the Governor. "See that sign, John?" he said. "I see them everywhere I go."

The voice became tinged with bitterness. "I'll bet that's a nice guy," he said. He turned to the Governor. "John, how do things look in Texas?" Connally squinted toward the President. "There will be a Houston Chronicle poll out tomorrow," he said. "That should give us some ideas."

It was a noncommittal reply. Kennedy was in a mood to press Connally. "What's it going to show?" The Governor said guardedly, "That it will be a close election."

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The sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository was dead quiet. Some of the windows were up about a third from the bottom. The sills were four and a half bricks from the floor. If a man stood behind those glass frames, he could be seen clearly from his head to his shinbones.

At the easternmost window, a man sat on a low carton, where he could look diagonally westward, down the slope of Elm Street. A rifle was across his legs. The Mannlicher-Carcano military model used a 6.5-millimeter jacketed shell. This one had been manufactured at an Italian army plant in Terni. It was 23 years old. On top of it, the man had bolted a four-power scope.

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A memorial pavilion stood at the head of Dealey Plaza



with curving edges around a pool and a fountain. Here, on the Elm Street side, Howard L. Brennan took a place on the wall, knowing that when the motorcade came by, he could look over the people in front. Brennan's gaze flitted across to the School Book Depository several times. There were faces at the windows and his eyes coned them. On the fifth floor three Negroes were leaning out. Over them he saw a youngish man at a partly opened window. The man held a rifle.

#### POINTS OUT GUN

Arnold Rowland and his wife stood close together on the grass, with the young husband busy glancing everywhere. He saw a man in the Depository window with a gun. "Want to see a Secret Service agent?" he said. Mrs. Rowland turned and he pointed. Arnold knew of protection all over the city for the President. It didn't surprise him that there was a man up in a window, with a rifle sloping across the front of his body, pointing downward.

Others saw the man in the window. Suddenly, their attention was diverted to Deputy Chief of Police Lumpkin. His pilot car had paused in front of the Depository, where he warned the policemen working traffic that the motorcade was two minutes behind him.

The President's Lincoln

followed.

From Oswald's perch, the President was coming directly toward him. He could fix Kennedy in the crosshairs so that, at 400 feet, the victim would appear to be one hundred feet away. There was one shell in the chamber; there were three more in the clip below, ready.

The clock on the roof clicked to 12:30. Cameras were clicking too. One was in the hands of an elderly manufacturer, Abraham Zaprunder. He was focussing an 8-millimeter zoom lens as, diagonally down from the 6th floor window of the Depository, the gleaming car moved toward an open V in the branches of an oak overhanging the sidewalk. Then the crosshairs of the telescope-sight and the target met, for an instant, in the space between the big branches.

Tiny chips of concrete sprayed upward from the right rear of the car. A bullet, striking the pavement at 1,904 feet per second, was deflected slightly upward, headed diagonally across Daley Plaza, hit a curb and broke into fragments. A sound spread across the plaza. It was like dropping a board; like snapping a bull-whip; a sound to make every being within range ask the same question mentally: "What was that?"

Royce Skelton, on the trestle, saw grains of concrete arc upward from the right rear of the big automobile. James Tague felt a burst of

sand hit his cheek.

The President began to lift both hands upward. In slow motion, a stunned expression replaced the grin. The hands

kept coming up, up, and the face turned toward Mrs. Kennedy.

From the book, *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, published by Funk & Wagnalls; A Division of Reader's Digest

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**TOMORROW:** What really happened at Parkland Me-

morial Hospital; why the actual time of the President's death was not admitted, and other previously concealed facts.