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## CHAPTER TWO

# The Day JFK Was Shot

By JIM BISHOP

In the jump seat of the President's car, Governor John Connally, a hunter, knew the sound. The expression under the pale cowboy hat changed to open-mouthed disbelief. His mouth formed words not yet on his tongue: "Oh, no, no, no," as his head swung to the left to see the President.

Agent Roy Kellerman, in the front seat, thought he heard Kennedy speak and turned to see both hands coming up toward the face. He ordered the Secret Service driver, William Greer: "Let's get out of here!" Perhaps three seconds had elapsed since the first shot from the 6th floor window of the Texas School Book Depository. Mrs. Kennedy, disturbed by the sudden sound, looked toward her husband. His eyes sought her in a daze.

The man in the window had the target plainer now. In the four-power telescopic sight Kennedy was about 85 feet away. This time the trigger was squeezed more steadily. The bullet, aimed diagonally downward, went through the clothing between the bottom of the neck and the right shoulder. It separated the strap muscles, cut through the trachea into sunlight, drilled into Governor Connally's back, came out the front of the rib cage to shatter itself against his raised right wrist and deflect downward to furrow the

*The Examiner today continues with the second of ten parts, the exclusive serial condensation of "The Day Kennedy Was Shot." Jim Bishop had talked to President and Mrs. Kennedy in the White House a few weeks before the assassination. He obtained from President Johnson the only interview Johnson has given containing his recollection of the assassination.*

left thigh and become inert against his leg.

The Governor had a sensation of being punched in the back. President Kennedy struggled to clutch his throat.

Rufus Youngblood rose from the front seat of the car second from the President's, yelling, "Get down!" He shoved Vice President Johnson's right shoulder over toward Mrs. Johnson and Senator Ralph Yarborough, then

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## 'Day JFK Was Shot'

# Shock, Agony After Sniper Fired on Car

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jumped up high enough to sit down on his man.

Mrs. Kennedy, seeing the agony on her husband's face, screamed. His last conscious effort was a slump toward her—who knows?—maybe to protect her. Spectators who had struggled to approach the President began flight.

William Greer hit the accelerator of the President's car as Kellerman roared into a microphone for the police escort, "Take us to a hospital, quick!"

### Another Shot

The head that was sinking to the left came up in the rifle sights again and the trigger was squeezed. As before, the explosive sound swelled through the plaza. The bullet entered the right rear of the skull. Portions of the head exploded from the body in two chunks. One flew backward into the street. The other fell beside the President.

Shock froze the mind of Mrs. Kennedy: She had seen the piece of her husband's head turning in air to drop behind the car. She tried to climb out on the trunk of the automobile.

As Governor Connally tried to breathe, the wound in his

chest sucked air. "My God," he screamed, "they are going to kill us all!" as he heard the third shot. His wife, cradled his head in her hands and murmured: "Be quiet. You are going to be all right."

### Pathetic

The Lincoln bucked the sudden acceleration, but Agent Clint Hill, who had grasped a handrail, hung on, reached over with one hand, and shoved Mrs. Kennedy back into the seat. The agony in her face turned full upon him. She shouted: "They have shot his head off." Hill looked down. The President was on his left side, his head in the roses his wife had been given. The eyes, wide open, stared at the back of Mrs. Connally. One foot hung over the right door.

As the car swerved onto Stemmons for the race to Parkland Memorial Hospital, four miles away, Mrs. Kennedy pathetically held up an arm. "I have his brains in my hand." The agony on Hill's face was screened by the big sunglasses. He looked back and shook his head no.

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The man at the 6th floor window of the Depository



**Minutes before he was shot, JFK waved to crowd while Jackie held her hair in place**

—AP Photo

carried the rifle across the room and placed it between cartons of books. A fourth shell remained in it. The spent shells remained where they dropped, when the assassin walked downstairs.

In the press pool car, Merriman Smith of United Press International lifted the pool phone from between his knees, got the Dallas bureau and said: "Three shots were fired at President Kennedy's motorcade in downtown Dallas." Meager word was out to the world.

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Howard Brennan, who had watched all of it from his position at Dealey Plaza, was dismayed to see the police "running in the wrong direction." He convinced a policeman, speaking desperately, that the whole thing had come from that window up there. Brennan gave him a description of the man behind the gun. Officer W. E. Barnett wrote the words: "White male, approximately 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighing 165, in his early thirties." It was the first "make" on Lee Harvey Oswald.

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At the Emergency overhang, at the Parkland Hospital, cars whipped to stops in disarray, and men threw themselves out wildly, yelling. Emory Roberts, agent in charge of this shift of Secret Service, opened the door on Mrs. Kennedy's side, saw the President face down on her leg, and said: "Let us get the President." Mrs. Kennedy said, "No." The last sentences she said in the car were to Clint Hill: "You know he's dead. Let me alone." Roberts turned to Kellerman. "You stay with the President. I'm taking some men to Johnson."

### Through Door

Quickly, three agents hustled Lyndon Johnson through the Emergency door. He was trying to get back to the Kennedy car. Agent Youngblood said, "No," firmly. Other

agents surrounded Mrs. Johnson.

An ambulance cart was beside the car, but no one could get over Governor Connally to reach the President. Mrs. Kennedy still refused to let anyone touch her husband. Clint Hill whispered to her urgently, "Please let us remove the President." She repeated, "No." Hill removed his jacket and dropped it gently over the head.

Inside the hospital, Johnson now followed the phalanx of Secret Service agents without question. He had been convinced by the agents this might be a plot against him also. For a while he understood fear.

At last, the stretchers were going in at a run. First there was Governor Connally; behind was President Kennedy, on his back with the coat over his face. Mrs. Kennedy trotted along, her fingers trying to maintain contact with him: Damp blood had penetrated the white gloves to her fingers. The pink wool suit was soaked down the right side, as was the stocking.

### No Pulse

The Governor was wheeled into Trauma Two as the President was taken into Trauma One. Nurses looked at Dr. C. J. Carrico, got his nod, and used surgical shears to cut off the President's clothes. Carrico reached down for a pulse. There was none. The doctor tried a blood pressure cuff. There was no pressure.

Now medical help was jamming the two emergency rooms, and one doctor was making a cutdown on the right ankle; a nurse was doing it to the left arm. The electrocardiogram had shown a faint palpable heartbeat, hesitant, irregular, and weak. Then it stopped.

### Waits for Priest

A doctor sought to assist breathing by doing a trache-

otomy and found the right spot. He enlarged it and thrust a cuffed tube down into the bronchial area. He was dead, but the work was going on as though something magnificent was about to happen, when Dr. George Burkley, the President's physician, came into the room. He had been assigned against his protests to the 16th car of the motorcade by Kenny O'Donnell, the general of the palace squad.

Mrs. Kennedy knew 20 interminable minutes ago he was dead. Now she sat waiting for a priest. It would be unthinkable to permit his soul to leave for an unseen place and an unknown judgment without absolution.

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Reporters, held behind a barrier by police, saw Father Oscar Huber and Father James Thompson escorted through the Emergency entrance. Some rushed back to radio cars to report. Led to Trauma One, with Father Thompson following his pastor, the priests saw a wheeled table with a figure covered from over the head to knees.

Seeing the snowy feet, Father Huber thought, "There is no blood in this man." He crouched to open the bag for the holy oils, the cotton bathing, a prayer book.

Putting the stole around his neck, he glanced around and saw Mrs. Kennedy. The priest whispered, "My sincerest sympathy goes to you," before he stepped to the body and peeled the sheet back from the head to the bottom of the nose. The eyelids were closed now.

Father Huber said: "I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Roman Catholic Church maintains that the sacrament of Extreme Unction is not valid if the soul has departed. The thumb of the priest dipped into holy oil

and traced the sign of the cross on the forehead.

"Though this holy anointing," he said softly, "may God forgive you whatever sins you may have committed..." Mrs. Kennedy, Doctor Burkley, and Father Thompson stood repeating part of the prayers. As he turned to leave, Mrs. Kennedy hurried to Father Huber and took his arm.

"Father," she said, obviously frightened, "do you think the sacraments had effect?" "Oh, yes," he said. "Yes, indeed." Out in the hall, two Secret Service men took the priest by the arms. "Father," one of them said, "you don't know anything." He understood.

Outside, walking toward their parked car, reporters engulfed them. "Is he dead?" "Tell us what he looked like." "Did Mrs. Kennedy say anything?"

Father Huber rubbed his mouth and begged God's forgiveness. "He was unconscious!" he said—an answer that was to be misquoted and falsified—and hurried into the car.

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**TOMORROW:** While the assassin was roaming Dallas without design for escape, the corpse of his victim had to be wrested from Dallas authorities for secret removal from the city. Jim Bishop separates clearly facts from confused, conflicting accounts and guesswork of previous reports of the dreadful day.