

11/29/68

## Obstacles Benefit Bishop on JFK

Jim Bishop's book, "The Day Kennedy Was Shot" (Funk and Wagnalls, \$7.95), is the finest reporting job he has ever done, and that constitutes a range of interests from Christ to LBJ.

It is a much more thorough work than William Manchester's family-authorized and subsequently downgraded book on the same dolorous day in the history of an otherwise civilized nation.

(The book now is being serialized in The Examiner. See Page 1.)

At a point in his research, though he had been a good friend and a devoted biographer of JFK, the Kennedy family attempted to shut down Bishop's various accesses to proper sources. That's a serious insult and challenge to a good man like Jim.

Though he is still offended, I think that in time he will conclude this affront made for a better book in the end, a more industriously dug and documented work. A century after pettiness and the paltry publishers of books and tracts on Kennedy intrigues and conspiracies and mass assassins are dust, Bishop's book will be a clear beacon in the libraries of the world.

Bishop's foreword is tinged with his justified beef over the strange antics of the Kennedy family, once Manchester was chosen as the writer of *The Word*. His epilogue reflects the sobering ordeal of the exhausting exercise, which took years.

In between foreword and epilogue are 675 of the most engrossing pages I've ever read or ever will.

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**THE GOOD SHIP** Hope, American-made, American-supported messenger of mercy to needy foreign lands, has been in Ceylon for several months and soon will be headed back to the U.S. for refitting and a 1969 voyage.

It has done more good for the U.S. than a hundred ambassadors in taking treatment and know-how to the sick of the world.

An orthopedic surgeon who gave up two months of his profitable practice in the U.S. to work for nothing for Hope writes:

"As I frequented the orthopedic clinics at Lady Ridgeway Hospital, Colombo General Hospital, and on the Hope, the same thoughts and feelings ran through my mind as when I worked in Cartagena.

(A previous Hope mission to Colombia). "I mean maimed children everywhere, always smiling, cheerful, moving along with a makeshift crutch or, at times, quadrupedally on hands and knees, often bedridden by deforming, post-polio contractures, forever hoping!

"I dream of a Hope ship for children everywhere, sailing the seven Seas of Mercy, mending the maimed and healing the sick. To watch a 7-year-old, with the aid of braces, take the first step in his lifetime is an unforgettable experience, and to see a 12-year-old stand for the first time after hip surgery and bracing is overwhelming.

"For these children it was a dream come true. Our world is full of dreaming children, waiting for Hope everywhere. I feel humble and proud to have been a small part of Hope — and trust someday I will be wanted again."

Hope's address is 2233 Wisconsin Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C., 20007.

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THIS IS the last you'll hear from me on this particular sorry score:

The bill for cleaning up America after this Thanksgiving holiday weekend will be about \$13 million, according to the National Safety Council's Keep America Beautiful Division.

The Christmas litter — according to KAB will be enough to fill 4500 trailer trucks; winter litter in general enough to build a wall 5 feet high stretching from New York to Seattle.

Mounts up, doesn't it? Like Mt. Everest, let's say.