

The Contempt and Hatred for Oswald Was Evidenced by All

The Examiner today continues with the eighth installment of its exclusive serialization of the book Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and other members of the family asked Jim Bishop not to write, "The Day Kennedy Was Shot."

By JIM BISHOP

8 P.M.: The elevator went down, taking Lee Harvey Oswald to another lineup at Dallas police headquarters. The prisoner and the detectives beside him could hear the shouts of newsmen left behind.

None of the older reporters could remember any other occasion on which journalists expressed personal venom. Reporters at Rheims who had witnessed the surrender of Germany expressed no hatred.

Others, aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay, had watched with equanimity as the Japanese signed the document of surrender.

Some had put in considerable time at the Nuremberg trials without rancor.

In this case, the police had nothing more than a suspect, but the press reacted toward him as the French underground had toward the Parisian women who had slept with German officers.

The mask Oswald had made of his face revealed no emotion. The onset of hostility toward a police suspect did not alarm Captain Will Fritz of Homicide Division.

Fritz assumed Chief Jesse Curry knew what he was doing with Oswald. Chief Curry assumed that Captain C. E. Talbert had security of the police headquarters under control.

The Day JFK Was Shot

suite of Bethesda Naval Medical Center with two cases. One was an overnight bag with fresh clothing for Mrs. John F. Kennedy. The other one was a makeup case. They had been packed by Providence Parades, an attractive darkskinned maid from Santo Domingo, who knew that Mrs. Kennedy required a change of clothing.

But when the bags were taken into the suite where Mrs. Kennedy awaited the release of her husband's body from autopsy and embalming she had the bags placed in a bedroom and left them unopened.

Still Blood Stained

The guests tried to become accustomed to the blood and brains on her suit, stockings, gloves. It was impossible. In spite of conversations going on in the sitting room, the sight of this remarkable woman constricted throats and hurt eyes. It was as though they were looking at a murder. Parts of the President of the United States were there.

Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara sat on the kitchen floor, his back against a counter, as Mrs. Kennedy chatted, and, normally the most composed of men, he thought it was "fantastic."

"Where am I going to live?" she asked, at one point. She suggested that they all go home and "get some rest."

Someone said she was the



ASSUMED POLICE HEADQUARTERS UNDER CONTROL
Jesse Curry was Dallas police chief

one who needed rest, that there would be many decisions to make, and that she should consider lying down. She declined. She had determined that she would remain until she could bring him "home."

Charles and Mary Bartlett arrived, and this brought a freshet of tears. Mr. Bart-

lett was a Washington newspaper columnist.

Twelve years earlier, when Jacqueline Bouvier was an "inquiring photographer" for the Washington newspaper of Eleanor Patterson, the Bartletts had introduced her to the dashing Congressman from Massachusetts, Jack Kennedy. He was a ladies' man indeed, but with an eccentricity. He seldom carried cash. Often, at a motion picture house, he fanned his pockets and borrowed money from his dates.

Wanted Details

At the Lyndon Johnson Washington residence, The Elms, Mrs. Johnson's secretary, Elizabeth Carpenter, wrung her hands. She wished that the telephone technicians would hurry up changing the number. People who knew the phone number at The Elms were calling to ask Mrs. Johnson, "When you movin' into the White House, honey?"

It was sickening.

The new First Lady asked Liz to please make excuses to the callers. Either they wanted to know the worst details of the assassination, or they were anxious to know how quickly "Lyndon" would take over. She huddled deeper into the bed, still feeling waves of chills under extra covers.

Mrs. Carpenter reappeared at her side. "The press is out front," she said cautiously. "They want to have you say something, Mrs. Johnson. Anything."

Keep Busy

The new First Lady stared at the ceiling. "It has all been a dreadful nightmare," she murmured. "Somehow we must have the courage to go on."

Mrs. Carpenter thought that these words covered the situation. She went back to the gate of The Elms, and repeated them to reporters.

When she returned upstairs, Mrs. Johnson was out of bed. It was painful to lie down, to stand, to sit, with that infernal television machine repeating the horror story over and over. Mrs. Johnson suggested that they go to the kitchen and make fried chicken. Zephyr Wright, the family cook, was not at home.

"It will keep us busy," Mrs. Johnson said, "and he will probably bring some people in with him. Men forget to eat. Then when they come in they want to know what's ready now."

A few minutes later a TV-newscaster said, "President Johnson met with leaders of Congress for 45 minutes and asked for their support in this time of tragedy . . ."

Shortly after, another newscaster intoned: "President Johnson left . . . for his home in Washington . . ."

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"YOU don't have to talk to those people," Captain Fritz said, referring to reporters. Oswald sat, crossed his legs, and placed the handcuffed wrists on his thigh. "I know," he said.

Sergeant E. E. Barnes arrived with equipment. Fritz told the prisoner, "We're going to make a few paraffin tests." Oswald nodded. The order to do this work in Fritz's office surprised the sergeant. Prisoners were usually taken to the fourth-floor laboratory.

After paraffin was melted to a warm softness, the sergeant said: "I'm going to make a paraffin cast of your hand." Oswald shrugged. But when the handcuffs were removed, he said: "What are you trying to prove? That I fired a gun?"

The firing of a gun causes a small amount of recoil. Bits of nitrate from the ammunition are sometimes forced backward out of the chamber. This test is so unreliable that laboratories have reported positive nitrate results from persons who have not fired a gun and negative results from hunters who have used guns all day.

Barnes dipped a brush into warm paraffin and painted the gluey hand of Oswald. It was done a layer at a time until a quarter of an inch of waxy substance had been

built up.

After this cooled the hand was wrapped in cotton gauze and an additional layer of paraffin brushed on top. When this hardened, the whole was cut off with scissors and marked "Right hand, Lee H. Oswald." Work proceeded on the left hand.

Doesn't Protest

Oswald was patient. He neither protested nor struggled. An additional test was made of the right cheek. The material went up to the laboratory for analyses. Then Officer J. B. Hicks assisted in making fingerprints and palm prints on an inkless pad. Barnes presented the fingerprints to Oswald on a police sheet and asked him to sign his name across the bottom. Oswald reacted to this as carrying cooperation too far.

"No," he said. "I am not signing anything until I see a lawyer." A policeman snatched the card. "Makes no difference to me," he said. Oswald was taken to the jail.

The FBI wing of the Justice Department building in Washington was ablaze with light. Authority had been delegated. Off-duty agents had already reported for service. Gordon Shanklin was relaying from Dallas information from agents at police head-

quarters. "In progress" was locating all mail order houses which sold rifles and revolvers.

An inspector reread the statute called "Assaulting a Federal Officer" and confirmed that it did not include bodily harm to the President or the Vice President. Thus, the Federal Bureau of Investigation had no legal jurisdiction in the assassination.

The Director, J. Edgar Hoover, had the express order of President Lyndon Johnson to take complete charge of the case, but the Chief Executive, except for the majesty of his office, was powerless to do this legally.

The crime was against the peace of the state of Texas, county of Dallas. The man in authority there was Henry Wade, district attorney. His investigative body was the Dallas police department.

The FBI, with resources far superior to a city police department, offered Chief Curry the "assistance" of all its manpower in addition to the facilities of its laboratory and records.

Curry's attitude was detached and cool. In his desk was a report from one of his officers that the FBI knew the potential danger of this man. It is possible that the chief saw this as an excellent document to release to the press, to take his department off the hook of responsibility and put the FBI on it.

Calls FBI

Congressman Ed Edmondson called the FBI to tell the Bureau something of which it was painfully aware — that Speaker of the House John McCormack, next in line of succession to the Presidency, should have protection.

Edmondson said that he and Representative Carl B. Albert had phoned the Secret Service head, James Rowley, and asked for guards, but that none had arrived at the Speaker's office. Edmondson said the shooting of the President could be simply the first act in an overall conspiracy to murder the heads of government.

Cartha DeLache, administrative assistant to the Director, was well aware that the FBI had no jurisdiction in the field of personal protection, but DeLoache telephoned Dr. Martin Sweig of McCormack's office. He was told that McCormack wanted no protection. He had or-

dered Sweig to "remove" two Secret Service men waiting quietly in a room next to the Speaker's suite in the old Washington Hotel. McCormack, a stubborn second-generation Massachusetts Irishman, said that the city was full of fear and hysteria and he was not going to add to it.

Searchers at FBI headquarters brought out Dallas Agent James Hosty's reports on Lee Harvey Oswald; fingerprints on Oswald made by the Marine Corps, from which he had been discharged Sept. 13, 1960; and a report of Oswald's arrest for distributing Free Cuba pamphlets on New Orleans streets August 9, 1963.

An FBI man went to the State Department to see what there was there on the Soviet side of Oswald. The suspect had proclaimed himself a Marxist and had once sought citizenship in Russia.

Studies Files

Abram Chayes studied his State Department files, duplications of Central Intelligence Agency material, and FBI information. He wondered if his department had a "lookout" card on Oswald. He got a man named Johnson in charge of the Passport Office to open the combination lock on the door to the "lookout" section. This is an area with special data on persons who, for one reason or another, are "sensitive personages."

Chayes, with Assistant Secretary of State Schwartz and FBI men, went with Johnson to the "O" section. There was no mention of Lee Harvey Oswald.

"Why isn't there a card on

this man?" Chayes asked. There was no answer. No one could say whose responsibility it was to have a "lookout" card on a man who was known to have wanted to renounce his citizenship.

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THE Attorney General of the State of Texas, Waggoner Carr, received a phone call from someone in the White House. (He could not recall later who it was.) The mystery caller asked Waggoner Carr if he had heard a rumor that the Dallas County authorities were going to draw up an indictment alleging an "international conspiracy."

The White House would be

interested in having this eliminated unless there was proof of a conspiracy. Carr said he hadn't heard the rumor but he would phone Henry Wade, the District Attorney of Dallas County, and find out. The caller said that the White House would not want to influence Dallas County, but if its officials were thinking of making a charge like that loosely, then the White House would like to know about it.

Carr phoned Wade. Wade said he hadn't heard such a thing and wouldn't be a party to it unless there was some proof more tangible than high emotion. From what Wade had heard at police headquarters, the evidence appeared to be following a pattern which would implicate Lee Harvey Oswald and so far, no one else.

A call came in for Wade from his old friend, Cliff Carter, who was now at the side of President Johnson. "Are they making any progress on the case?" Carter said. "I don't know," said the prosecutor. "I have heard they got some pretty good evidence."

Work Every Angle

At headquarters, Will Fritz kept the Homicide Division working every angle to clear up the case. The captain was reaching an opinion: It was Lee Harvey Oswald and, quite possibly, nobody else. This led Captain Fritz to another opinion. This boy would never confess. He would play with the interrogation as a musical prodigy might with a piano.

He anticipated the most meaningful questions and refused to answer these. Anything that would tend to clear up the case, or add to the evidence, was blocked or sidetracked.

The captain wondered if Oswald had training in this while in Russia.

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THE oaken door marked "The Vice President" opened at the Executive Office annex across the street from the White House and Lyndon Johnson stood in the light. "Come on," he said to Jack Valenti. "You come home with me." He told secretaries Juanita Roberts and Marie Fehmer to finish up and go home for some rest for tomorrow.

Secret Service men Emory Roberts and Rufus Youngblood fell into step ahead of the President. Behind him, Cliff Carter, Bill Moyers, and

Jack Valenti kept pace to the limousine waiting at the sidewalk.

As the long black car came down the street slowly and turned in at The Elm, television cameramen snapped on their big lights and a knot of the persons gathered outside the gate set up a faint cheer. A few newsmen shouted questions at the car, but got no acknowledgment. The dour expression of the big man in the back of the limousine did not change then.

He did show surprise at the sight of people in the living room. Even though they were old friends and neighbors, no one said: "Hi, Lyndon!" He wore a new mantle. They knew it and they were abashed. Some said: "We must be going." They were not told, "Please stay."

The President looked around for his wife and saw her coming down the stairs. At the bottom step, without a

word, he wrapped his long arms around her back and held his cheek close to hers.

When she could speak she said that she had made a lot of nice chicken. Her man had simple tastes in food: chicken, beef, lamb and pork, lots of it — and two helpings of tapioca pudding. Normally, he had the hearty appetite of the Texas rancher. She knew Lyndon Johnson enjoyed eating.

Ate a Hamburger

"I'm sorry," he responded. "I should have phoned you, honey. I had a hamburger at the office." Mrs. Johnson said she was going to keep the chicken hot anyway; the men with him would want to pick at something.

The President walked into the ground-floor den, idly waving his hand for Valenti, Moyers, and Carter to follow him. It was a small room with books and a desk, a cold fireplace, and the leathery atmosphere of a man's sanctum.

Drinks were suggested. He had not joined the Kennedy partisans in the hard drinking "wake" on Air Force One. "All right," the President said now. "I'll take a Scotch. Put a lot of water in it." He sat in a winged fabric chair, sagging in it like a man who has just walked offstage and doesn't have to pretend anymore.

On the wall opposite the President's easy chair was an oil portrait of Sam Rayburn, master politician of Texas, the little bald man who had taken the freshman Congressman Johnson under his wing and taught him how

to win, how to compromise, how to get bills through the House, how to lose.

Johnson rotated the glass in his hand and heard the clink of ice. Then he lifted the glass to the late Speaker of the House, said: "I wish to God you were here," and drank deeply.

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IN THE White House, Sar-
gent Shriver completed a telephone call to Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, hung up, and clapped a hand to his forehead. "My God!" he said. "We forgot to invite Truman, Ike, and Hoover!"

Ralph Dungan leafed through a copy of "State, Official and Special Funeral Policies and Plans" and made notes. Major General Ted Clifton repeated his call to Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh at the Naval Hospital to ask when the President was "coming home."

William Walton, a favorite artist of Mrs. Kennedy's, was working on arrangement of the East Room to duplicate the appearance it had for the Lincoln lying-in-state. An etching of the Lincoln Catafalque had been shown to the White House carpenters with a demand that they duplicate.

Search for Details

At the Library of Congress Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin were searching for all details of the Lincoln obsequies. Someone had neglected to pass the word that the original Lincoln catafalque was in the basement of the Capitol.

General McHugh had to tell General Clifton that no

one knew when the doctors would be finished with the autopsy. Maybe it would be two o'clock before the body could be taken to the White House. An embalmer hadn't been summoned.

Too many people were talking, too many were foaming with too many notions, and all things had to be dealt with at once. The western side of the White House had aspects of a solemn football game, with young men forcing in and out of a jammed doorway, older men walling, heads down, to any free telephone. Two would troop in with books and magazines, relating to the funeral of Abraham Lincoln, while two others would debate the delicacy of inviting Senator George Smathers of Florida to the funeral.

The Kennedy group had swift and accurate reflexes, but the death of their leader undermined the power structure erected around him, as it crashed in chaos this evening, they were intent on a funeral which only the most callous would forget.

The sunburst vision of charisma which the young man had displayed in all his political battles must, somehow, be made to shine for three additional days, when the bright light would be extinguished forever.

As they had planned the best, the biggest, the most dramatic battles in the political wars, so too the final homage to his remains must be enormously tragic.

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Lee Harvey Oswald raises his manacled wrists showing clenched fist for

photographs at Dallas police station Nov. 22, 1963, after his capture.