

The Day JFK Was Shriver's Chance to

The Examiner today continues with the ninth 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". Today the scene is shifted to Washington, D.C. and the planning for the funeral.

By JIM BISHOP

9 P.M.: The question of a grave site had not been settled. Was it to be Brookline, Mass., where the 35th President was born?

In the family plot near Boston, where the infant Patrick Bouvier Kennedy had been buried just three months earlier?

Washington? It had graves of two Presidents — Taft's at Arlington National Cemetery; Wilson's at the National (Episcopal) Cathedral — and the first President's was nearby, at Mount Vernon. Someone recalled that in March 1963, President Kennedy had strolled from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier down a cascading hill of hallowed ground at Arlington.

Three hundred feet below the Curtis-Lee Mansion, he had paused to admire the exquisite vista presented on that sparkling day, with the city across the Potomac an expressive geometric background of boulevards, government structures, towering monuments.

Standing among ranks of small white headstones for military and naval dead of wars, he had said, "I could stay here forever."

This, Sargent Shriver thought, was a last opportunity to grant his brother-in-law a wish. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy was reached by telephone at Bethesda Naval Medical Center, where she was waiting with her brother-in-law Robert and others for the release of the dead President's body from autopsy and embalming. She greeted the recollection with an approximation of joy. The decision was confirmed.

Summoned

Supervisors of Arlington

Shot Grant a Wish

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were summoned. Though darkness enveloped it now, they could show plots of the cemetery. For the usual interment only a four feet by eight feet section is allocated. A three acre area including the spot where President Kennedy had stood was taken for him.

On the 17th floor suite at Bethesda, Robert Kennedy placed an arm around his sister-in-law. He knew that each decision tonight represented a further wrench for her. But she had to be kept making decisions.

"We should get some clothes for Jack," he said softly. She had not thought of that. The body had to go back to the White House club. She recalled a dark blue pinstripe suit and plain blue tie he liked.

She remembered also a gold St. Christopher medal she had given him. She wanted that in the casket.

Secret Service Agent Clint Hill telephoned the White House for the clothes to be brought to Bethesda.

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At his home, The Elms, President Johnson was in the dining room picking at chicken. He had had only a cup of soup and a hamburger since morning, but eating now was only something to do to pass the time.

Jack Valenti, Bill Moyers, Cliff Carter, and an old friend who had just arrived, Horace Busby, were with him.

Turn Off TV

One of the characteristics the President had managed to hide from most people—except his wife and

daughter—was a deep-set loneliness. He felt it now. No one called him "Lyndon." He was "Mister President." A determined remoteness had been imposed upon him. The man who enjoyed friendship and the rough-and-tough game of party politics was suddenly a solitary eminence.

He had turned away from a television set. "Shut it off!" Johnson had snapped.

Then, more softly, he said, "I just can't take that." He sat with a piece of chicken, trying to think of something that would keep him from remembering what he had seen and experienced that day. But he wiped his hands to pick up a phone and ask for the Secret Service Chief, James J. Rowley.

"Rufe did a brave thing today," he told Rowley, referring to Agent Youngblood. "He jumped on me and kept me down. I want you to do whatever you can, the best that can be done, for that boy."

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The Johnson friends and neighbors who had gathered unasked in the living room at The Elms began to leave. No one suggested that they leave. But Mrs. Johnson had gone to bed, still wracked by the intermittent spasms of shivering.

The President got up and away from the dining room table, and his aides rose. There was a sharp thud outside the window. Johnson stopped.

"What was that?" he said.

The watchful Rufus Youngblood said: "They're out there changing the house lines over to the White House number. I expect they're hav-

ing a little trouble."

Johnson shook his head. He was the only President ever to have witnessed an assassination, and, no matter how high his courageous resolves, an unexpected noise from any quarter would trigger tension the rest of his life.

Protests Futile

He started upstairs and waved Valenti and Moyers and Carter to follow. Their protests that they had no clothes, not a toothbrush between them, were futile.

They were led into a bedroom. As the President began to undress, the three men noticed a small mass huddled on the right side of the big bed. They began to retreat. Mr. Johnson called them back. "We won't bother Mrs. Johnson," he said. His tone was pleading. "Sit with me for a while."

The President disappeared into the bathroom and returned in striped pajamas and slippers. He assigned them rooms. His directing Carter to the absent Lynda's room (she was away at college) brought a smile to Moyers and Valenti, who en-

visioned this huge Texan reclining under a frilly canopy, with pandas and dolls on the counterpane, and Carter's ham-sized feet hanging over the foot of the bed.

Having assured their presence, the President slipped into the left side of the bed. Adjacent to it was a night table with a lamp and a telephone. Valenti found a chair and placed it near the phone. Bill Moyers stood. Cliff Carter was on the edge of the left side of the bed at the foot.

The President placed an extra pillow at the head and composed himself, to look again at television and inter-

polate to his companions comments and ideas for things to be done as soon as morning came.

It was suggested that the emergency had such anarchistic possibilities that perhaps Johnson should make his address to Congress before the Kennedy funeral. This, he thought, could be interpreted as unseemly haste, even panic. However, he would accede to Congressional leaders on this decision.

Didn't Tell

The Kennedy people had not thought to tell the President when the funeral would be held. Moyers had been

Johnson's liaison between the Executive Office Building and the White House, and it was Moyer's impression that the services would take place Monday. If that were so, the new President could not address both houses of Congress until Tuesday or Wednesday, a long time to keep the nation waiting for reassurance.

The bedclothes on the right side were turned back and Mrs. Johnson, huddled in robes, stood with a pillow in her hand and murmured: "Goodnight, all" and left the room for another.

Before she did, the Presi-

material. Seeing the expression of the man watching from the pillow, an uninformed viewer might have assessed the scene as a middle-aged man getting bad news from a consultation of young doctors.

The scene on the screen turned to Hyannis Port, in Massachusetts, a hedge and some homes on the edge of a surly sea. Had the President's father been told? No she would attend early Mass in the morning.

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TOMORROW: Jim Bishop concludes tragic events on November 22, 1963. his hour by hour account of the

dent leaned across the bed for a kiss, murmuring: "God bless you, honey."

He returned to the conversation about a Cabinet meeting, a Security Council meeting, a White House staff meeting—"Maybe we ought to call those boys together at nine tomorrow morning, before the Cabinet meeting"—and the address it both Houses.

". . . and now," the voice of television said, "we bring you some biographical film clips of the new President of the United States—Lyndon Baines Johnson." Conversation stopped.

The men studied the film