

The Day JFK Was Shot -

By JIM BISHOP

11 P.M. John "Mugsy" O'Leary drove down Wisconsin Avenue in Washington and turned into the parking lot at Harrison. O'Leary, a Kennedy idolator, was a member of the Secret Service because John F. Kennedy had endorsed his appointment. With him in the car were Kenneth O'Donnell, David Powers and Lawrence O'Brien, all members of the inner Kennedy group.

These four had been sent to select a coffin. Their destination was the century-old funeral establishment of Joseph Gawler's Sons. A phone call from the White House had alerted the Gawler establishment to the visit.

Mr. Joseph Hagen, the operations manager who received them, said that he understood that embalming of the President would also be required. Powers nodded. Hagen assured him that Gawler's was prepared: An embalming team was waiting. Despite the late hour, everything would be accomplished to the satisfaction of the family.

The visitors completed their unpleasant task in 20 minutes, by selecting a polished mahogany casket with silver handles from among dozens shown them.

Want Quick Action

The same hour, Lee Oswald stood abruptly, startling others in the interrogation room at Dallas police headquarters. He was tired of sitting, he said. The handcuffed hands hung at his thighs. He arched his back a few times and sat again.

In the outer office, Captain William Fritz of Homicide Division instructed Detectives Sims and Barratt to make out an arrest sheet on Lee Harvey Oswald in the murder of one John F. Kennedy. It was to be done at once. Fritz wanted to sign it before the prisoner left the office.

The captain didn't have a piece of evidence which would lead him to believe that another person might be involved. For the sake of Dallas it would be a good thing to present the assassination as solved to the press of the world. The day could be closed on a note of triumph.

A man with a rumpled suit

The Examiner today continues with the tenth 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." The series will be concluded tomorrow. Today's installment opens in Washington, D. C., late Friday night after Air Force One had returned both the dead president and his successor to the capital.

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introduced himself to a young policeman in the hall. "I'm looking for Joe DeLong of KLIF," Jack Ruby said, holding a pencil and note pad in view. "Can you page him over the loudspeaker?" The policeman walked to a microphone and called. There was no response, and the officer told Ruby, "He isn't here."

Ruby said: "I'll wait a minute." A reporter, passing, said he was glad that Police Chief Jesse Curry was going to allow the newsmen to question Oswald.

Ruby started down to the assembly room. He did not draw attention to himself. He knew his way around police headquarters. Sometimes a young rookie who did not know Jack Ruby might challenge him — might order him off the premises.

The older men, who knew Ruby as a night club operator, might not want to bail him out of a situation like that. So he kept the pencil and pad in view and the nickel-plated .38 inside his trouser belt.

President Johnson watched the news on the TV set on the other side of the bedroom with heavy-lidded eyes, half listening, half nodding to suggestions made by his three young assistants, Jack Valenti, Cliff Carter, and Bill Moyers. He held up both hands for quiet. "... And now," a commentator said, "we return you to Washington."

Rusk Arrives

The vision of faces faded, and Andrews Air Force Base came on screen. A plane was taxiing into the patch of light. An announcer said: "... Just arriving from Hon-

olulu. This is the plane which carried Secretary of State Dean Rusk and other members of the Cabinet, who were on their way to Tokyo. The tragic news reached them out over the Pacific, and Rusk ordered the plane to return to Washington."

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The room where Lee Harvey Oswald was to be presented to the news media had become a bedlam. Deputy Chief Charles Bachelor stood

on the low rostrum in front of the room and shouted for order. He could not be heard. Jack Ruby climbed on a small table and crouched with his back to the wall. He was only eleven feet from the rostrum.

On the third floor, Captain Fritz said he wanted all of his men down in that room, and they dropped their assignments to hurry there. Chief Curry was worried. He saw Detectives Sims and Boyd flanking Oswald, and the chief said:

"Don't let anybody get near him or touch him. If anyone tries to, I want you fellows to get him out of there immediately."

Uneasy Feeling

In the front of the assembly room Dallas County District Attorney Henry Wade sat on a desk, dangling his legs. He was a man normally impervious to danger, but he had an uneasy feeling now.

A dozen detectives forced their way into the front of the big room with Lee Harvey

Oswald. Wade waved the reporters back from the rostrum. He saw one lined face above the crowd. A strange one — Ruby's — in this place and wondered about it.

A roar of sound enveloped the room as the newsmen glimpsed the man police brought to the lectern. There were mingled calls, "Down in front! Down in front! Let's get a look at him. Is this the guy, chief? Did he do it? We can't hear anything. Hey, why did you shoot Kennedy?"

The prisoner had not uttered a word, but the nightclub owner interpreted Oswald's expression as being "proud of what he had done." Jack Ruby decided the suspect was smirking.

Oswald acknowledged the greeting of the mob by raising both manacled hands over his head. Jack Ruby saw it as a clenched-fist communist salute.

"I was questioned . . ." Oswald began. Yells arose, "Louder! Louder!" Policemen around the prisoner tensed. They looked for a

the situation is about," Oswald responded calmly. "Nobody has told me anything except that I am accused of _____." The voice faltered. "_____ of murdering a policeman. I know nothing more than that. I do request someone to come forward to give me legal assistance."

nod from some higher-up to take the prisoner out of the room. "Well, I was questioned," the prisoner said louder, and the crowd began to subside. Those who continued to yell were told to "Shut up!"

Hostile

Oswald could read the hostile expressions. They were not friendly to his cause. "I protested at the time that I was not allowed legal representation during that very short and sweet hearing."

There was no patience with his protests nor his sarcasm. "Did you do it?" some yelled, and others took up the cry, "Did you shoot the President?"

"I really don't know what

"Did you kill the President?" was repeated. Oswald shook his head slowly. "No," he said. "I have not been charged with that. In fact, nobody has said that to me yet."

It was true he had been brought in on the charge of shooting Police man J. D. Tippit, a motor-patrolman who spotted Oswald from a radio description. He was in a position to appear aggrieved.

"The first thing I heard about that," he said, almost plaintively, "was when the newspaper reporters in the hall asked me that question."

Other questions arose: "What happened to your eye?" "When were you in Russia?" "Mr. Oswald, how did you hurt your eye?" The

press in the rear began to shout to the press in front to repeat the questions and answers. Oswald said: "A policeman hit me."

Chief Curry nodded to a detective, Oswald was grasped by the arm. The press conference was over. The cordon was tight around him,

and the police began to propel the suspect toward the door.

A radio commentator held a microphone to his lips and said: "That was Oswald, Lee Oswald, who was charged with the murder of the President of the United States, al-

though he said he did not know it. . . ."

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TOMORROW—How Oswald might have avoided being shot by Jack Ruby.