

The Day JFK Was Shot

Aftermaths of Assassination

The Examiner today concludes 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

It was near 1 A.M. Saturday when Roy Kellerman phoned Clint Hill with the Kennedy group on the 17th floor at Bethesda Naval Hospital. "Come on down," he said. "I want you to look at these wounds."

The mortuary team from Gawler's funeral home had arrived to embalm the body; the autopsy had been finished. The four men from Gawler's were efficient, but this time it was difficult to keep their hands from trembling. All of the four had lived in and around the capital with this charmer, this buoyant President.

Roy Kellerman walked over and whispered: "How long?" The answer, whispered, was "Not long." Kellerman asked again: "How long?" "An embalmer looked at his wristwatch. "An hour," he said. "An hour and 15 minutes."

Kellerman phoned Clint Hill on the 17th floor. "Tell the Attorney General we leave about 3:45," he said. "Tell the White House too."

Making a body presentable is no favor to the dead. It is designed to please the next of kin, who will pay for it. Restoration of those who die by violence — especially with head or face wounds — is particularly difficult. Joseph Hagan walked around the body, noting the lacerated areas, and snipped a lock of hair from the head.

"Go back and match this," he told one of his men. "Bring enough to cover this open section on the head." A piece of curved mesh was fashioned for the missing part of the head.

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1:20 A.M. SATURDAY
Judge David L. Johnston was ready to read the charge to the prisoner, advise him of his rights, and tell him that murder in the first degree was a nonbailable offense in



THE KILLING THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD
Nov. 24, 1963 . . . Jack Ruby blasts a bullet into Lee Oswald in Dallas

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Texas.

Lee Harvey Oswald was sleeping. Chief Curry ordered the jailers to bring Oswald down to the I.D. Bureau on the fourth floor for the arraignment.

Handcuffed

Two jailers awakened the prisoner in his cell. Docilely he held his wrists out and the handcuffs were snapped.

One the fourth floor, Lee Harvey Oswald found himself in the presence of a considerable company of men. Normally this hearing would have been held in one of the courts on the first or second floor of this building.

It was contrary to statutes for it to be an act of secrecy. This is what it was. The prisoner could holler as loud as possible for counsel — or shout his innocence — and no one could hear him, except those police officers who believed him guilty.

"Is this the trial?" Oswald said sarcastically. He knew better. The justice of the peace held the affidavit up. "No," he said, "I have to arraign you again on another offense."

The judge began to read the printed form before him, stating that he was arraigning Lee Harvey Oswald for the murder with malice of John F. Kennedy.

"Oh," Oswald shouted at the assemblage, "this is the deal, is it?" The Judge finished reading the indictment.

Across the bottom of it, Judge Johnston penned: "1:35 A.M. 11-23-63. Bond hearing — defendant remanded to Sheriff, Dallas County, Texas. No Bond — Capital offense."

LAW LIED

Oswald watched, and said: "I don't know what you're talking about." He repeated the name of John Abt. Oswald's plea was that if he had constitutional rights, then one of them included the services of a lawyer. He had asked for John Abt of New York almost all day. In addition, he told the judge, he had said that if Abt was unavailable he would accept the services of a Dallas American Civil Liberties Union lawyer.

You will be given the op-

portunity to contact the lawyer of your choice," Johnston said blandly. Some of the police officers who now stood silently behind him knew that the American Civil Liberties Union had contacted the police to protect Oswald's rights. The law lied when it said he had declined the services of a lawyer.

He was boxed in firmly and in inquisitorial secrecy by men who proclaimed themselves the upholders of the law. He cannot have hoped to escape the charge of assassination: there were too many witnesses; he had hidden a gun that could be traced to him between cartons at the Texas School Book Depository; expended shells were still on the floor when he departed.

Lee Harvey Oswald knew, once he made up his mind not to flee Dallas, that he would be caught and charged with the assassination. Whatever grand design he had in mind for himself involved the use of an attorney.

HEARING ENDED

Had he listened to Judge Johnston, Oswald might have noted that this was the second time he had been "remanded" to the custody of the sheriff, Bill Decker. He had the right to demand the transfer "forthwith." It would have embarrassed Captain Fritz, Chief Curry and perhaps the judge. *But the hearing was declared ended.

* Had the plea been granted, it would have saved the life of Lee Harvey Oswald. Thirty-four hours later, he was shot to death in the basement of police headquarters by Jack Ruby.)

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The four men in President Johnson's bedroom at The Elms were no longer sharp of mind. Jack Valenti, so fatigued that it was an effort to sit, riffled through the pages of notes and suggestions. Cliff Carter was numbed by the weight of the hours. Bill Moyers kept a vigil on the President's eyes.

A TV station was re-running a hastily wrought biography of "Lyndon Baines Johnson, 36th President of the United States." The subject placed the bedclothes up under his arms and fought sleep.

"It's getting mighty late, Mr. President," Cliff Carter said. This was a hint. If the response was, "Stay," they would remain there. The brown eyes opened wide, moving from man to man. "Now you all go to bed and get some sleep." He looked at the little clock on the night table. It was nine minutes past three. "We'll be leaving here at eight in the morning." Moyers asked if he should shut the television set off. He was told, "No, I'll take care of that."

As they left, Johnson was still awake, still looking.

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The mahogany casket was placed alongside the autopsy table and the body lowered into it. The men walked back and forth around the box, straightening seams and shirring. The tie was firmly held under a clasp. The hair was carefully combed once more. A rosary was carefully laced through the fingers.

FORTITUDE

"Ready," one told the Secret Service men, as the lid came down.

Word was sent to the 17th floor. The Attorney General looked at his watch. It was close to 4 A.M. He had served the widow well. He sublimated his sorrow to serve hers.

It is possible that Robert Kennedy had more fortitude than his brothers Jack or Ted. Everything affected

him more and showed less. He was small and tough and shyly sentimental. It was the Attorney General who had divided the world into "them" and "us."

At the stone dock, a Navy ambulance was backed in for the casket. Limousines sat waiting. The Attorney General, head down, led his sister-in-law to the car. Behind them, in slow procession, were the Kennedy sisters, Ted Kennedy, Powers, O'Donnell, O'Brien, Robert McNamara.

The Secret Service agents wheeled the casket into the waiting Naval ambulance. Roy Kellerman held a whispered conversation with the Attorney General and came back to the dock. "Bill," he said to Greer, "you drive. I'll sit up with you. Mrs. Kennedy and the Attorney General are going to ride in back with the body. Clint, take the second car."

Kellerman hurried back to the dock. He saw the widow stooping to get through the back, where, as before, she sat on one side of the casket and Robert sat on the other.

ON WAY 'HOME'

On shortwave, the word went to the White House. The 35th President of the United States was on his way "home." Hurriedly, a triangular piece of crepe was hung on the front door of the main entrance. Sleepy honor guards were whipped by words to attention. Officers

strode up and down in the darkness, sabers against shoulders. A big black catafalque in the East Room waited for him as it had waited for others.

Military men in dress uniforms slid the dark casket out on its bearings, and at a soft command grasped a silver handle for slow steps across the portico. Mrs. Kennedy and her brother-in-law followed. Others fell in awkwardly behind them.

The pallbearers turned left and into the great East Room. There, for the first time, Mrs. Kennedy could see what has been done to recreate the setting that had surrounded the lying-in-state of the martyred Lincoln. A priest in cassock and white surplice walked to the head of the casket, sprinkled holy water, murmured prayers, then whispered to an altar boy to light the candles surrounding the catafalque.

Someone noticed that Mrs. Kennedy was no longer in the doorway. A moment later, the Attorney General disappeared.

An usher came into the quiet of the East Room, strode over to Clint Hill, and whispered that Mrs. Kennedy said that she would return in a minute. She wanted the casket opened.

Hill and General Godfrey McHugh stepped to the side of the catafalque to try the catch. They fumbled. Then it snapped and the lid came up. Hill lifted it wide and looked back across the room. Mrs. Kennedy stood in the doorway, on the arm of Robert Kennedy.

LOOKS EXHAUSTED

For the first time, she looked exhausted. The eyes held the haunted look of the long day. Robert Kennedy held her elbow and whispered to her. They started slowly across to the center of the room. General McHugh barked an order: "Honor guard, leave the room!" There was a hesitation, then each man did an about-face and started to walk away.

"No," Mrs. Kennedy said, holding up a hand. "No. They can stay." Robert led her to the casket where Clint Hill stood. The Attorney General helped her up a step. She stood looking in, still wearing his dried blood on her strawberry-color dress and on her stockings.

She stared at the image and asked for scissors. Hill got them. She reached in and snipped a lock of hair. Robert Kennedy glanced at his brother and turned his glance down. Mrs. Kennedy held the snip of hair and the scissors.

Then she turned away. "It isn't Jack," she said.

From the book, "The Day Kennedy Was Shot," published by Funk & Wagnalls, A Division of Reader's Digest Books, Inc. World Copyright (C) 1968, by Jim Bishop. Distributed by King Features Syndicate.

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