

S.F. 2.1

* * * CAEN, 12/3/63

THE COCKTAIL party Sunday evening was in a pleasant Russian Hill apartment with a fine view of the Bay, North to Tamalpais. Logs crackled and snapped in the fireplace, and the conversations started out equally warm and brittle. Josef Krips was discussed, admiringly. Had you heard that Tommy and Betty Dwyer, who had separated, had spent last weekend at their place in Sugar Bowl and might reconcile? There was a visitor from the East who kept referring to "the Golden State Bridge" amid indulgent laughter. But it was no use.

Soon everyone was clustered around the businessman who makes regular trips to Dallas. He was somber, disturbed. "If any city was waiting for an accident to happen to it, it was that one," he said. "All the people have their alibis ready—'It could have happened anywhere,' they keep saying. Or they whine 'Why did it have to happen to US?' Because it couldn't have happened to anybody else, that's why. Can you imagine it happening in Chicago or Omaha or San Francisco, or even in New Orleans? Or in Moscow, for that matter. Any good espionage man in the world could have pinpointed where it would happen if it was going to happen—Dallas. One newspaper there keeps its letter column filled with 'It could have happened anywhere' letters. But the fact remains—it didn't happen anywhere."

Your thoughts skittered back to Martin Agronsky's slip on TV that Friday night so many ages ago. "The plane bearing the President's body," he had said, "has just left Dallas and is on its way back to the United States." Agronsky is a tough, wry man. Maybe it wasn't a slip at all.

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