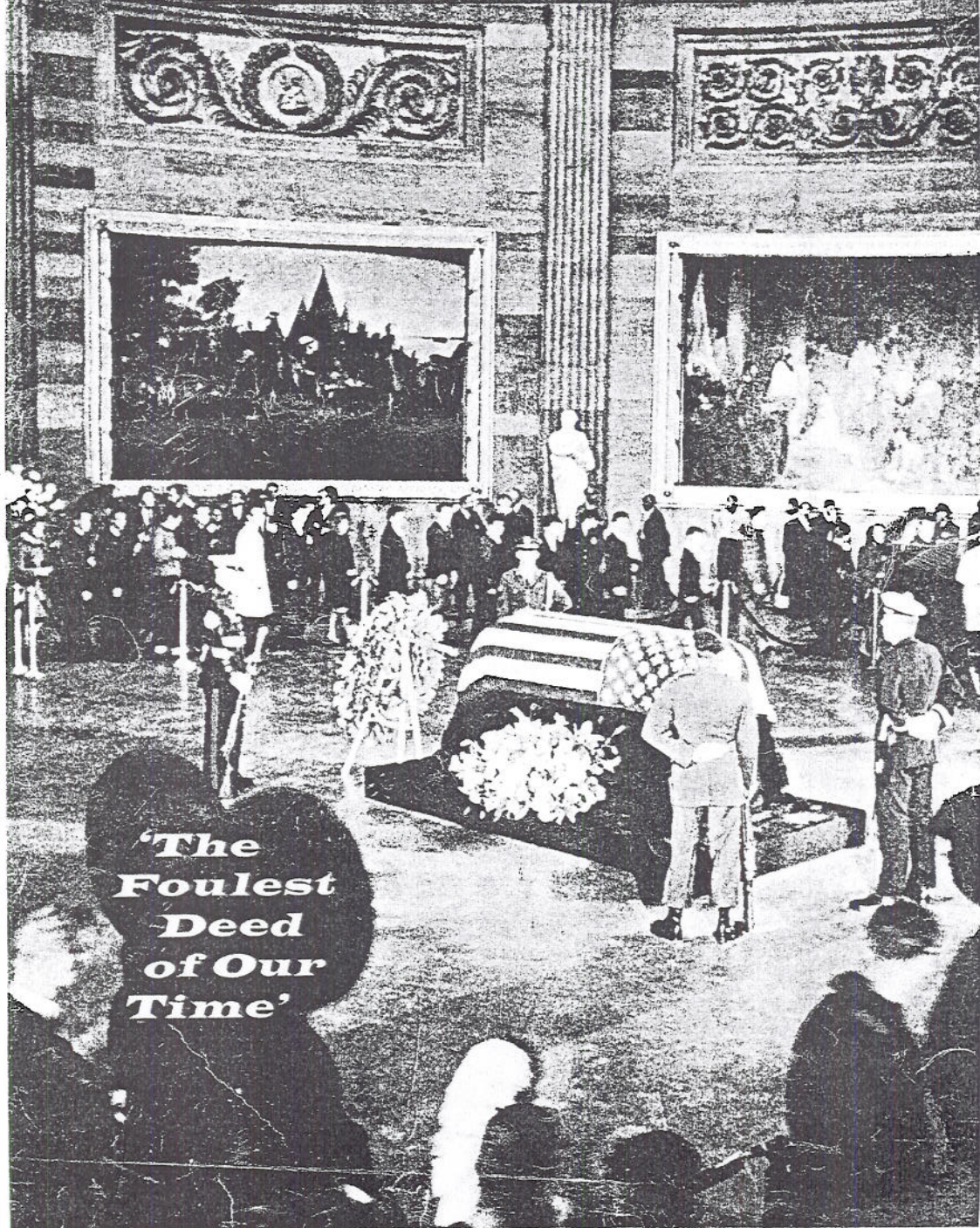


Sunday

Picture Journal

Milwaukee, Wis., December 29, 1963



**'The
Foulest
Deed
of Our
Time'**

TRAGEDY ON ELM ST.

The Day Kennedy Was Shot

By Robert W. Wells, of The Journal Staff

("The foulest deed of our time"—that is what President Lyndon B. Johnson called the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th president of the United States. In this year end Picture Journal, the tragic events in Dallas are retraced by reporter Wells who was on the scene a few hours after the president died. The cover photo of the capitol bier and the funeral pictures are by George Koshollek.)

Nov. 22 began like many other days for President John F. Kennedy. When he awoke that morning in Texas, there was the familiar prospect of speeches to make, hands to grasp, cheering crowds of partisans to greet.

A speech in Fort Worth first, a motorcade, a speech at the Dallas Trade Mart, that night a speech at Austin. That was the plan.

In Dallas that morning, a patrolman named J. D. Tippit made ready for his equally familiar duties. In the same city, a proprietor of a sleazy strip joint fed his pet dachshunds and prepared for a drive downtown.

In a Dallas suburb, an intense young man bummed a ride to his job with an acquaintance, who asked what was in a package he carried. Curtain rods, Lee Harvey Oswald told him. Just curtain rods. There was no reason to doubt his word.

To the ancients, the fates were weavers. Each man's life was a strand, crossing and recrossing the threads of other lives in the endless tapestry of history. Most of the threads wear the dull gray of obscurity, bearing names which might be Oswald or Tippit or Jack Ruby. But sometimes such a strand touches one colored in the bright hues reserved to men of fame and power.

At 11:37 a.m., President Kennedy's plane landed at Love field in Dallas. Tippit was on patrol then. Ruby was nursing a cup of coffee in the cafeteria of a newspaper where he had gone to advertise the girls who undressed for pay in his Carousel club.

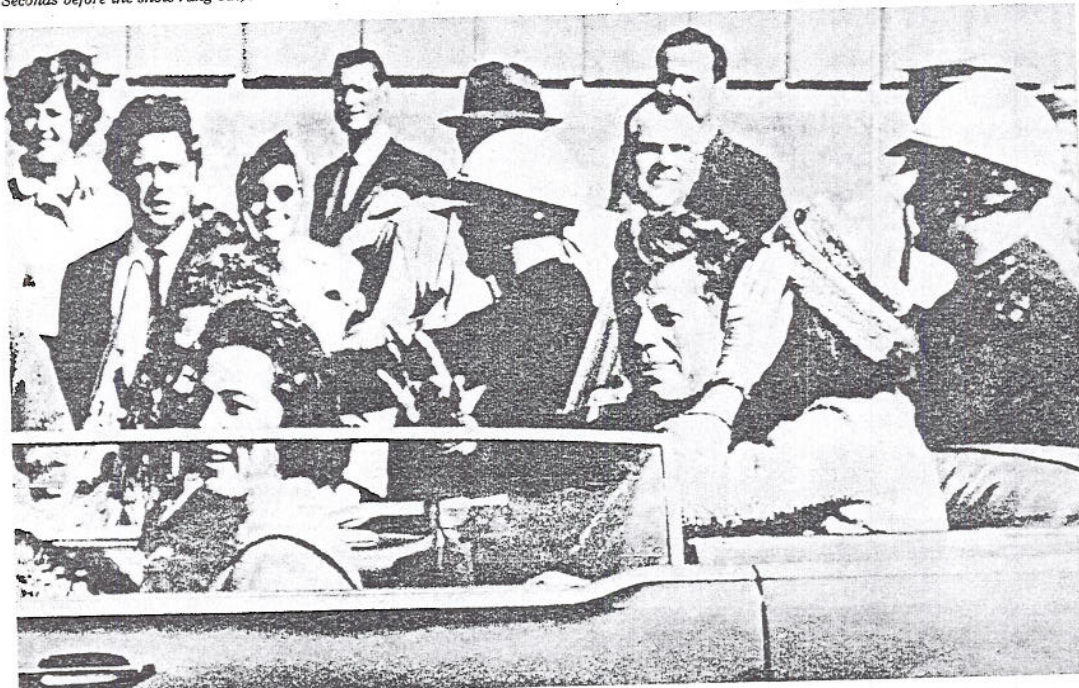
Oswald was at the Texas School Book Depository building, where there was a festive air of anticipation. The motorcade would soon pass. It is not every day that a president can be seen simply by looking out of the window.

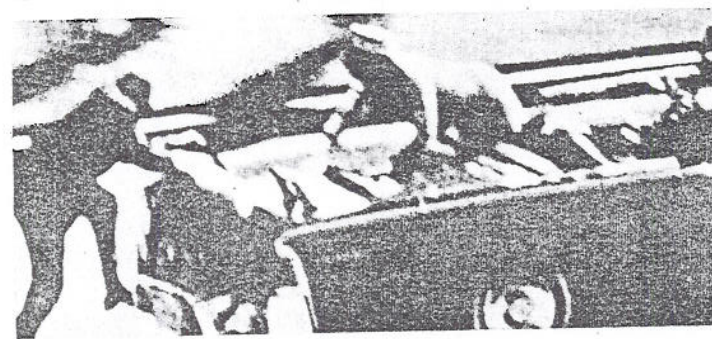
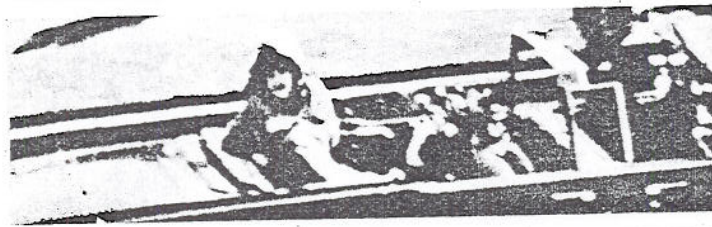
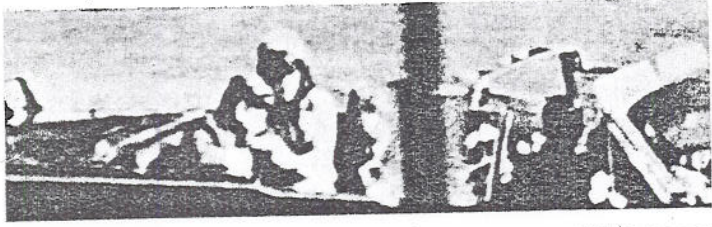
It had rained that morning but now the rain had stopped. The bubble top was removed from the navy blue Continental in which the president and his wife were to ride with Gov. and Mrs. John Connally.

The plastic bubble was not bulletproof but it gave some protection and the men guarding the president would have preferred that it be kept in place. They also would have preferred that the president keep his distance from the 2,000 greeters at the airport.

*Text Continued on Page 8
Shooting of Oswald on Page 4
Kennedy Funeral on Pages 6-7*

Seconds before the shots rang out, Dallas citizens warmly cheered the presidential party.

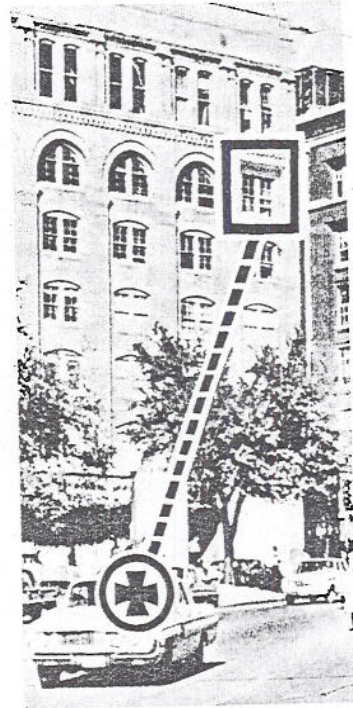




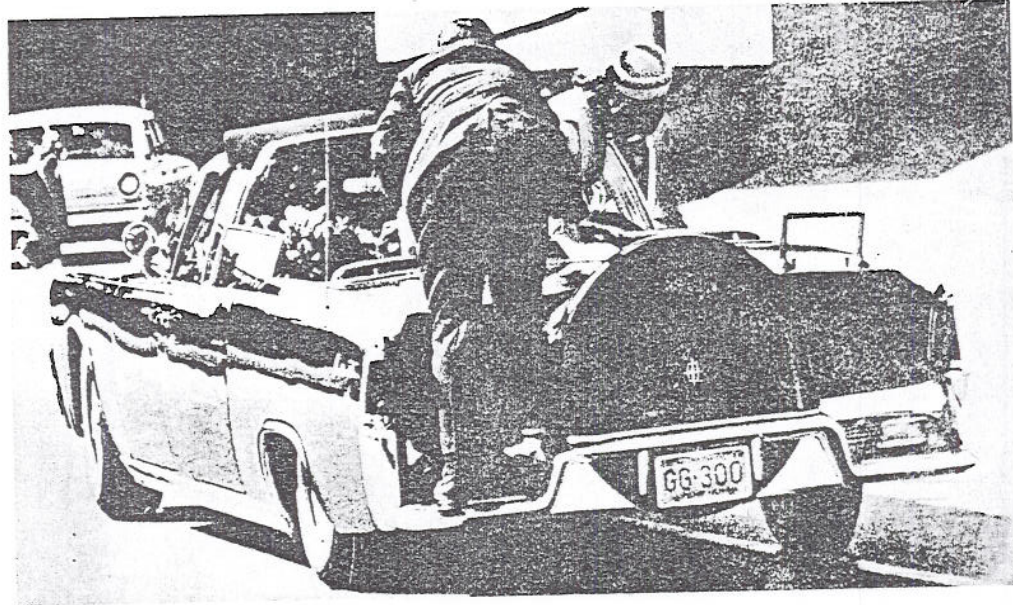
An amateur caught the moment of assassination on 8 millimeter movie film. UPPER: The president, hit first in the back and then in the back of the head, slumped toward his wife. Gov. Connally, also hit, turned toward them.

CENTER: Mrs. Kennedy, cradling the president's head in her arms, cried, "Oh, no! Oh, no!" LOWER: She climbed on the rear deck of the car seeking help. Secret service agent Clint Hill sprinted to her aid from a car behind.

Photos From Movie Film Courtesy Life Magazine, Copyright, 1963, Time, Inc.; Photo of Oswald Shooting by Bob Jackson, Copyright, 1963, Dallas Times-Herald; All Other Photos by the Associated Press



The assassin fired from a sixth floor window. Kennedy's open top car was at approximately the spot marked by the cross.



Hill mounted the rear bumper and Mrs. Kennedy returned to the back seat of the car. The president's head had fallen against

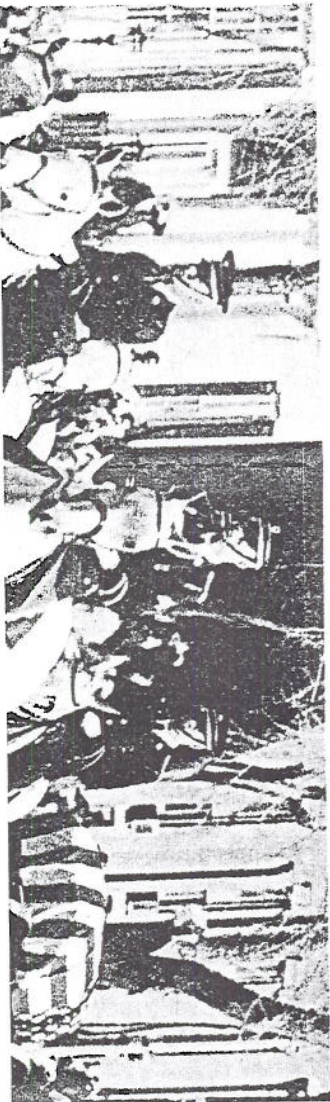
her, smearing her skirt and legs with blood. The car then speeded up, carrying the wounded men to Parkland hospital.

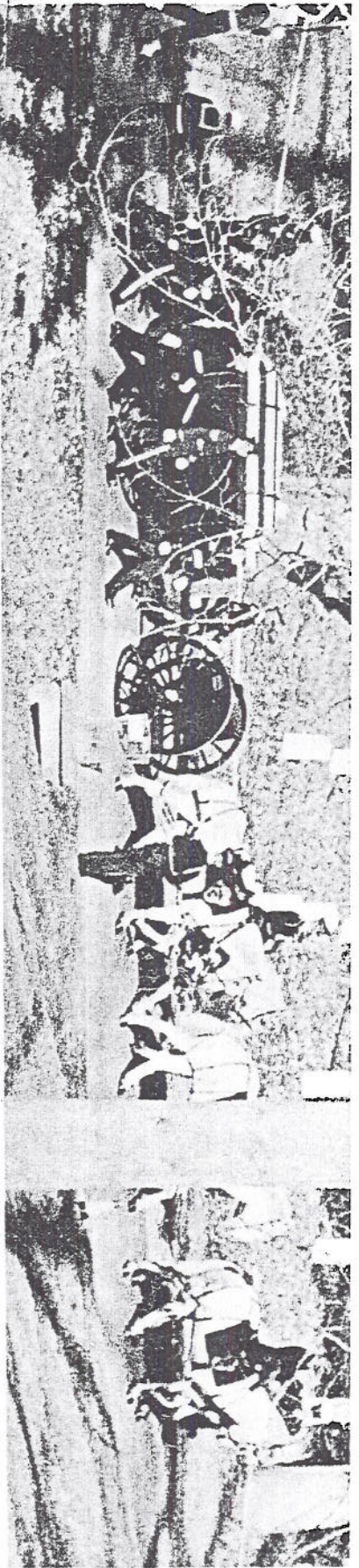




After the casket had been lowered at Arlington, an army officer gave his last salute to his commander in chief. The eternal flame burned at the front.

As it rolled along Penn-

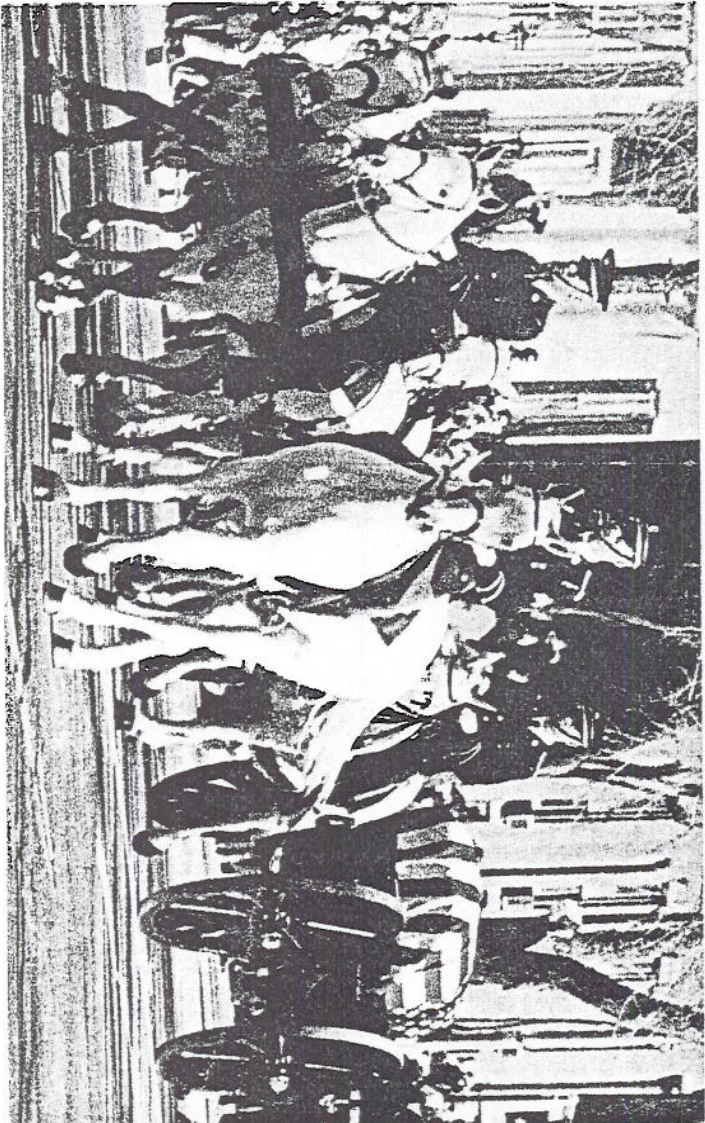
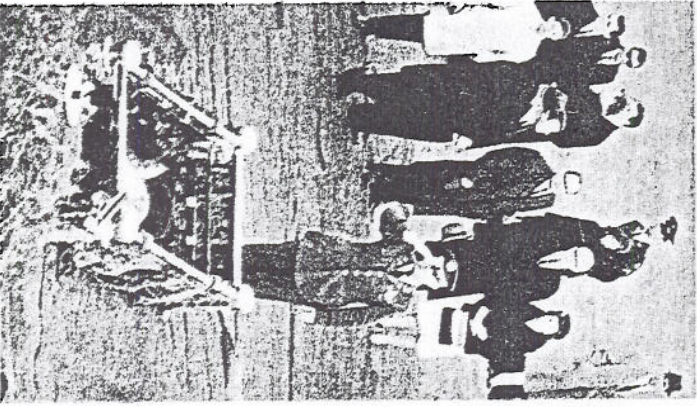




After the casket had been lowered at Arlington, an army officer gave his last salute to his commander in chief. The eternal flame burned at the front.

As it rolled along Pennsylvania av. from the White House to St. Matthew's cathedral, the flag covered caisson passed Blair house (left).

Color Photos by George Kosholek, of The Journal Staff



'You Can't Say Dallas Isn't

Text From Page 2

But as had happened so often before, Kennedy hurried over to shake the outstretched hands and when the motorcade left it was 10 minutes behind schedule.

Tippit was still on patrol. Ruby, not interested enough in politics to bother to watch the parade, was still hanging around the newspaper. Oswald was on the quiet sixth floor of the warehouse, where days sometimes went by without anyone disturbing the dust on the cartons of stored books.

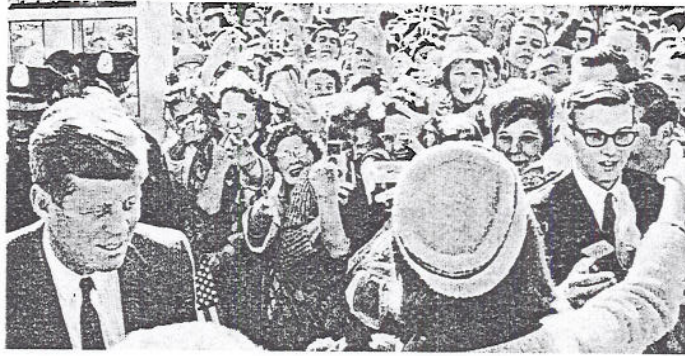
Kennedy sat on the right hand side of the limousine's rear seat, raised 10 inches so the 150,000 lining the streets could see him better. His wife, Jacqueline, was beside him, dutifully smiling and waving. In the jump seats just ahead were the governor and Mrs. Connally.

There had been some anxiety about the reception the president would receive in the city that calls itself Big D. A month before, Adlai Stevenson had been spat upon and hit with a picket sign by right wing extremists there.

In the crowd lining the downtown streets, a few Confederate flags were waved, a Goldwater for president sign was held aloft. But even the opposition seemed friendly. There were cheers and waving hands and applause as the 46 year old president and his pretty wife rolled along the streets of Dallas at a steady 12 miles an hour.

Dallas has about the same population as Milwaukee but its downtown has more tall buildings, including half a dozen big ones that were still under construction. The night before it had been cool, but as is usual in that climate the temperature was in the sixties that November afternoon.

Except for the bright sun in their eyes, it was a pleasant day for riding in a convertible with the top down. The crowd's enthusiasm was especially welcome in this stronghold of



An enthusiastic crowd greeted the Kennedys on their arrival at Love field in Dallas.

conservative voters. It seemed a good omen. As the motorcade reached the outskirts of the business district and prepared to pick up speed, Mrs. Connally turned to the president.

"You can't say Dallas isn't friendly today," she said.

Kennedy started to reply. A shot rang out, unnoticed by all but a few. The president slumped. The governor turned toward him and was struck by the second bullet. A third shot hit Kennedy, who fell face forward.

On the grassy hillside near by, some spectators realized what was happening and fled for cover. Parents shielded children. Jacqueline Kennedy, who had clambered part way out of the car, possibly to seek help, cradled her husband's head on her knees as the driver jammed down the accelerator and headed for Parkland hospital. A bouquet of red roses was crushed

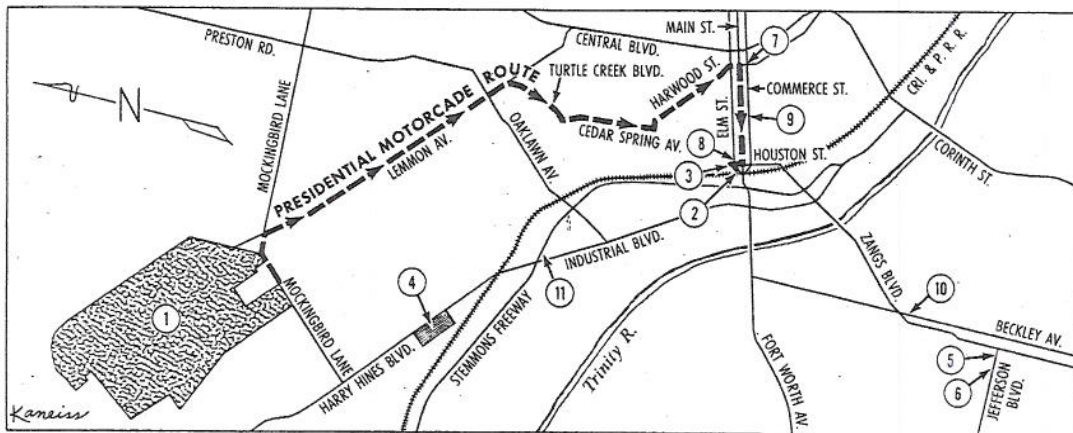
between her pink dress and the mortally wounded man.

And so, in the next few minutes, the bright strand representing power and fame was snipped off short by the weaver. Now it was Patrolman Tippit's turn. He had stopped for lunch but was soon back on duty, alone in his patrol car. On his radio, he heard the description of a man sought for questioning in the assassination.

Oswald had been questioned along with other occupants of the book depository. When he was identified as an employe, police let him go. Then, when he was missing from his job later that afternoon, they sent out an alarm.

Oswald was wanted only for questioning—a lot of people were being questioned—and when Tippit saw a man answering the description he took no special precautions. He stopped his

Retracing Events of 'That Day in Dallas'



- ① LOVE FIELD WHERE THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY LANDED
- ② PRESIDENT KENNEDY ASSASSINATED HERE
- ③ TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY FROM WHICH SHOTS WERE FIRED
- ④ PARKLAND HOSPITAL WHERE PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND OSWALD WERE TREATED AND LATER DIED
- ⑤ PATROLMAN TIPPIT SHOT HERE
- ⑥ TEXAS THEATER WHERE OSWALD WAS CAPTURED
- ⑦ CITY JAIL WHERE OSWALD WAS TAKEN AND LATER SHOT BY RUBY
- ⑧ COUNTY JAIL WHERE POLICE WERE TAKING OSWALD
- ⑨ RUBY'S CAROUSEL CLUB
- ⑩ OSWALD'S OAK CLIFF ROOM
- ⑪ TRADE MART WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS TO SPEAK

Friendly'

car. He walked around the back of it, his gun still in its holster.

The man on the sidewalk pulled a revolver and fired. Patrolman Tippit fell dead while a woman witness hurried to his aid and the slayer fled.

At the newspaper office, Jack Ruby heard of Kennedy's death. Soon he had decided what he would do. He would close his strip joint in respect to the president. He told the newspaper of his decision but in the story listing places to be closed in Dallas the name of the Carousel club was cut out. There was too much important news to bother with details about a fourth rate night spot and a man named Ruby.

Oswald was in the Texas theater, a neighborhood house running a double feature. Police arrived. They said he placed his revolver against a policeman's head and pulled the trigger but the gun misfired. He was hurried off to the municipal building, which houses the city jail.

By then it was known that the shots had come from a window of the book warehouse. A \$19 mail order rifle with a telescopic sight was found on the sixth floor. Cartons of books had been piled up at the window to form a rest for the gun.

Oswald, who had been known to few in Dallas, suddenly was fixed in the spotlight. He was a Marxist with a Russian wife. He had tried to defect to Russia. He had passed out pro-Castro leaflets in New Orleans. He had taken a room in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas under an assumed name and obtained a job at the warehouse about the time Kennedy's visit was announced.

Reporters and television personnel, who had poured into Dallas to cover the story, questioned him. He claimed he had no knowledge of the shootings.

Among those who heard but did not believe his denial was Ruby, a man who spent a lot of time just hanging around. At the police station he made himself useful to out of town newsmen, supplying them with names of policemen, passing out cards entitling them to drinks at his club when it reopened.

No one took Ruby seriously. To the strangers jamming the third floor corridors of the municipal building, he was part of the furnishings, like the homicide detectives in their rancher hats. On Sunday, Nov. 24, when the armored truck backed into the basement of the municipal building to carry Oswald the mile to the county jail, no one was surprised to see Ruby mingling with the watching newsmen.

When he left his dachshunds and his bachelor apartment that morning he had slipped a revolver in his pocket. Now, as Oswald appeared, he moved forward while the television cameras watched, shoved the gun against the accused man's abdomen and fired. (See page 4.)

In Greek mythology, Clotho was the spinner of the thread of life, Lachesis decided its length and Atropos, the inflexible sister, cut it off.

Dallas does not resemble Athens. Neither paunchy Jack Ruby nor lean and hungry Oswald is cast in the classic mold of tragedy. Unimportant men they seemed, leading grubby, unimportant lives.

But now they are part of the tapestry. When historians now unborn study its pattern Oswald will rate a paragraph and Ruby, the bit player, the hanger-on, at least a footnote.

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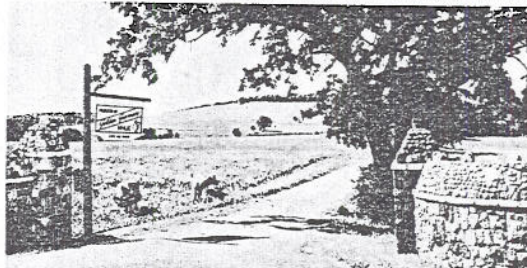
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The Eloquence of John Kennedy

Inaugural Address by John F. Kennedy, Jan. 20, 1961

WE OBSERVE today not a victory of party but a celebration of freedom—symbolizing an end as well as a beginning—signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Almighty God the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed nearly a century and three-quarters ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe—the belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of an ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

This much we pledge—and more. To those old allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United, there is little we cannot do in a host of cooperative ventures. Divided, there is little we can do—for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom—and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.

To those peoples in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required—not because the Communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge—to convert our good words into good deeds—in a new alliance for progress—to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbors know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house. To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support—to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective—to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak—and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: That both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are

sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from our present course—both sides overburdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew—remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms—and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce. Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah—to “undo the heavy burdens . . . [and] let the oppressed go free.”

And if a beachhead of co-operation may push back the jungles of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first 100 days. Nor will it be finished in the first 1,000 days, nor in the life of this administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need—not as a call to battle, though embattled we are—but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle year in and year out, “rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation”—a struggle against the common enemies of man: Tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, north and south, east and west, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world: Ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.



And on the sidelines, a little boy called John-John by his father, saluted the casket of the fallen president.