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JFK ASSASSINATED

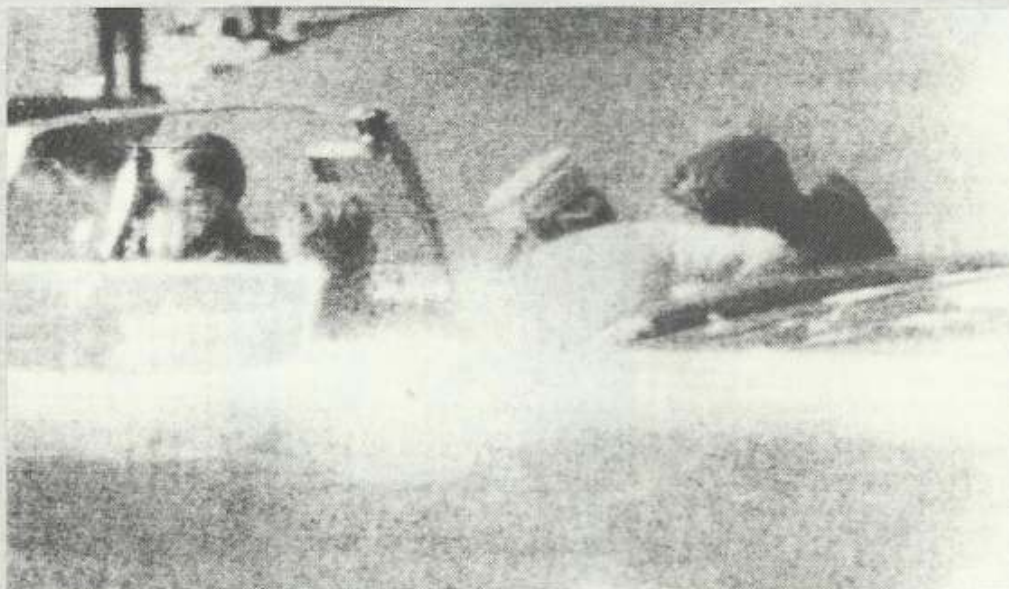




Moments before the end,
smiles and a wave

UPI

The Day Kennedy Died



A bullet crashes, and the President slumps into his wife's arms

UPI

In one sudden, swift, awful convulsion of history on Nov. 22, the majesty and the burdens of the Presidency of the United States shifted from one man to another.

In a shattering moment, at once random and calculated, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was cut down in his 47th year by an assassin's bullet in Dallas, Texas.

In the brief span of 30 minutes, incredibly, this tanned, vigorous, hale young man—the youngest ever elected President—was dead.

In just 98 minutes more, standing aboard the President's Air Force jet with Mr. Kennedy's ashen widow at his side, Lyndon Baines Johnson recited the 34-word oath of office and became the 36th President of the U.S.

And in 48 hours the assassin himself was shot dead.

The tumble of events was stunning and incomprehensible—the more so in all the uncertainties of the “dangerous, untidy world” John Kennedy had diagnosed just eight days before his death



From this window a sniper aimed at the official car as it passed the spot marked by the arrow . . .



. . . Mr. Kennedy slumped in the back seat of the car

and now bequeathed to his successor.

In that world, the man who lives at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has become the pivotal figure, charged with the leadership of free men everywhere in an age when one misstep could bring down a nuclear doomsday.

The setting only magnified the loss of the man who had infused that office with a youthful, direct, and vigorous style unmatched since the days of Theodore Roosevelt.

Disunity—and Unity, Too: The assassination—charged to a self-styled Marxist who once defected from the U.S. to the Soviet Union—was an act of disunity.

Yet it produced its own unity, a communion of disbelief and sorrow and anger that touched 190 million Americans. In this age of split-second communications, the news of the shooting crossed the nation like a shock wave. For 30 agonizing minutes, Americans heard and waited and kept the death watch in unprecedented numbers.

It was a moment of frightening discontinuity.

Yet it demonstrated once again the remarkable continuity of this oldest of constitutional republics. For the eighth time, a President had died in office—four of them at the hands of an assassin. But, just 107 minutes after Mr. Kennedy's death, the ritual act of succession had been performed, and the two Presidents were homeward bound together.

Mr. Kennedy had been close to death before. Like any President, he had been threatened innumerable times—870 by mail in his first year alone. Once before, after a difficult back operation, the last rites of his church had been uttered over him. And years before that, when a Japanese destroyer knifed his fragile PT-109 in two, he said, "This is how it feels to be killed."

That Certain Smile: Yet only his political life



Connally: Saved by a turn

expectancy seemed to concern him during his last week of life. Still an unannounced candidate for a second term, he swung first across Florida and then into Texas. Though the trips were advertised as nonpolitical, the President was wearing that certain smile. And he was, as always, careless of his own security. In the glow of Southern sunshine and the friendly crowds that lined his way, he had the protective plastic bubble-top of his custom-made blue Lincoln limousine lowered so he could stand and wave and smile as he rode. But then, hadn't every U.S. President since William McKinley traveled in open cars? And hadn't the Secret Service checked every foot he would travel?

The Texas glow was particularly comforting. The President was making encouraging headway on one prime mission—smoothing over a bitter factional fight between a tory Democratic bloc led by Vice President Johnson and Gov. John Connally and a liberal coalition around Sen. Ralph Yarborough. His wife Jacqueline—making

her first campaign journey with him since the 1960 primaries—was wowing the crowds at every stop: San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth, and now Dallas.

The President was wowing them, too. He started the day in Fort Worth, talking to a crowd of rank-and-file Democrats in his hotel parking lot, then to a Chamber of Commerce breakfast inside. The chamber gave him a broad-brimmed hat; the President, smiling, promised to try it on back home at the White House. He put in a happy 95th birthday call to former Vice President John Nance Garner at Uvalde. "God bless you," the grizzled Cactus Jack said into the phone. "You're my President and I love you. I hope you stay in there forever."

At 11:37 a.m., the President's big fan-jet—Air Force One—settled in at Dallas's Love Field. He and Mrs. Kennedy, carrying a bouquet of red roses, shook hands with the whooping crowd across a chain fence. Then they slipped into the back seat of the Presidential limousine—Mr. Kennedy on the right, his wife beside him. Governor Connally and his wife took the jump seats. Three of the President's 36 Secret Service escorts rode up front, one on a side platform, a carload more in the "Queen Mary"—a bulletproof security car—close behind. Yarborough joined the Johnsons in the third car in the twelve-car motorcade, and off it rumbled for the 10-mile trip through downtown Dallas to the President's next speaking date—a civic luncheon at the Dallas Trade Mart.

The President and the Rightists: As the President well knew, Dallas is a citadel of right-wing strength. Only a month before, rightist pickets had spat on his U.N. ambassador, Adlai Stevenson, and rapped him with a picket placard. Mr. Kennedy had tailored his speech accordingly—a stringent attack on the radical right. Yet, to his pleasant surprise, thousands of cheering Dallas



Associated Press

his horror-stricken wife and a guard trying to help ...



Associated Press

... Followed by a submachine-gun-toting Secret Service man, the car sped to the hospital ...

residents—shirt-sleeved in the 76-degree warmth—lined his route ten and twelve deep, with barely a hostile placard in sight. Through the downtown ride, he stood and waved. Then, as the motorcade rolled at its 25-mile-an-hour clip down Main Street toward a triple underpass in an industrial area edging downtown, he sat back and chatted happily with the Connallys.

"Well," said Mrs. Connally, "you can't say

the third bullet just below the right shoulder blade. It ripped out through his chest, pierced his wrist, and lodged in his thigh. But the turn saved his life. For a chaotic moment, the motorcade ground to an uncertain halt.

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" Jacqueline Kennedy cried over and over, tumbling across her husband's body to shield him. His arm reached out, rigid, his fist clenched; she

Queen Mary, one with a submachine gun at the ready. People screamed and wept and ran and fell to the ground. A Negro snatched up his child and dashed off; a motorcycle cop jumped the curb, drew his gun, and chased him.

In that moment, a reporter glanced up at the Texas School Book Depository, a building 100 yards off the roadway to the right. He saw a rifle disappear into a sixth-floor corner window. Yet events moved so fast that none of the security forces glimpsed the sniper. "There was nothing we could do," one agent groaned. "Nothing."

Reflexively, the President's Secret Service driver started the car and roared off toward Parkland Memorial Hospital, 3¼ miles away. "Take it easy, take it easy!" another said. "If he's not dead, we don't want to kill him now." The driver slowed to 60—half top speed. And, in the back seat, an agent stood and pounded his fists against the back of the car in anger and frustration.

The President already was dying.

To the clinical eye of medicine, he was already dead.

The limousine swept beneath the underpass, up a ramp onto Stemmons freeway, off again—on two wheels—on the 45-degree turn into the last mile and a quarter lap along Industrial and Harry Hines boulevards. The 77-block dash to the emergency entrance of the tan, thirteen-story hospital took nine minutes.

Blood and Roses: When the car pulled up, the President lay unconscious on his back, his head cradled in Mrs. Kennedy's lap, his blood splattering her strawberry wool suit. On the floor, three twisted red roses and a ragged bouquet of asters lay in a puddle of blood.

Mrs. Kennedy helped agents and hospital attendants put the President on a stretcher. Tearless and numb, she walked at his side, clinging to him, as he was carried onto the



UPI

... While stunned spectators hugged the ground in horror, cameramen etched the tragic scene for history

Dallas isn't friendly today."

Crack!

A rifle shot split the air.

Crack! Crack!

Two more followed.

The President of the United States—caught apparently by the first—spun in his seat. "I thought it was a backfire," said Dallas Patrolman James M. Chaney, who was riding a motorcycle 6 feet from the right rear fender of the President's car. "The President jerked his head around... Then [came] the second shot and his head exploded in blood..."

Turning to look, Governor Connally took

clasped it in one white-gloved hand. Secret Service agent Clint Hill vaulted from his perch on a platform at the left rear fender into the back seat and fell across them both.

Governor Connally slumped into his wife's arms.

An agent up front jumped to his feet, grabbed at the radiotelephone and called to police riding ahead: "Let's go straight to the nearest hospital." Another yelled back to the Johnson car: "Get down! Get down!" The Vice President, his wife, and Yarborough ducked to the floorboards.

Horror on the Curb: And all about was chaos. Secret Service men bounded out of the

loading dock. Close behind, on another stretcher, came Connally. The Vice President followed, dazed and clutching his side.

The two men—Connally first, then Mr. Kennedy—were wheeled through the scuffed double doors, past a waiting room, down a tan-tiled corridor, and through a second pair of swinging doors into the emergency ward. Connally was rolled into Emergency Room Two for a five-minute checkup; from there he went to a surgical suite for a successful chest operation.

coat, shirt, and back brace already stripped off. "I thought to myself he's a much bigger man than his pictures," Dr. Perry said. "My second thought was that here's the most important man in the world. After that I was too busy to think."

The surgeon pulled on rubber gloves and—without stopping to scrub up or put on a surgical gown—performed a tracheotomy, splitting the windpipe at the wound and placing the oxygen tube in the throat. Other doctors gave the President transfusions of

Kennedy's forehead. "If you are living," he intoned, "may the Lord grant to you through this Holy Anointing whatever you may need. . . ."

Father Huber stepped out of the room. The President, he said, was dead.

The Last Word: Newsmen clustered in a nurse's classroom to wait for official word. At 1:33 p.m., assistant White House press secretary Malcolm Kilduff pushed into the room, a piece of note paper in one hand and an unlit cigarette in the other. Red-eyed and



Vigil: Washingtonians in Lafayette Square await the fallen leader

Mr. Kennedy was taken into Emergency Room One—a windowless, gray-tiled, 10- by 15-foot cubicle banked with cabinets and spidery medical equipment—and placed gingerly on a stark operating table, its black leather pad covered with a white sterile slip.

Fevered Race: Outside, Mrs. Kennedy stood between the Johnsons, holding their hands, waiting. Aides and congressmen wandered aimlessly about. "They carried him in," Yarborough said, gray-faced. "The President is hurt bad."

The first physicians to glimpse the President knew it was too late. One bullet had laid open the back of his head with bone-crushing force, burrowing with a wake of skull fragments into his brain. Another—perhaps the same bullet—ripped his throat just below the Adam's apple. "Medically speaking," said one doctor, who saw the President come in, "he was dead when he was hit. . . . He had a lethal wound. . . . It was apparent, medically, that he could not recover."

On the table, he drew one sharp breath and then his body lay still.

Nevertheless, some ten doctors in Parkland's emergency room went to work to try and revive the President. First, Dr. James Carrico inserted an oxygen tube into the President's mouth, but because of the neck wound, the life-sustaining oxygen wasn't getting through.

Dr. Malcolm Perry dashed in from the cafeteria and saw Mr. Kennedy, his suit

whole blood (O negative, the "universal donor" type).

No Breath: The physicians sensed that blood and air were accumulating in the President's chest cavity. Perry then performed a closed-chest drainage: another tube was placed between the ribs to keep the chest area free of fluids and air so that the lungs would not collapse. But no breath came.

Finally, standing on a stool for leverage, Perry began kneading Mr. Kennedy's breastbone from the outside—a desperate effort to get the heart muscles working and blood coursing again. When Parkland's chief neurosurgeon, Dr. Kemp Clark, arrived, an electrocardiograph machine was hooked up to keep track of the heartbeat. Clark watched the graph paper from the machine for a few minutes, then turned to Perry and said: "It's too late, Mac." Dr. Marion T. Jenkins, monitoring the oxygen equipment, pulled a white sheet across the body.

In the feverish attempt to revive the President, nobody noticed the clock. Clark arbitrarily set the time of death at 1 p.m.—30 minutes after the shooting.

At 12:57 p.m.—27 minutes after the shooting—two Dallas Roman Catholic priests, the Very Rev. Oscar L. Huber and the Rev. James Thompson, were summoned to the President's side. Father Huber drew back the sheet from the President's face, and—with a thumb dipped in holy oils—traced a small sign of the cross on Mr.



Mourning: Robert Kennedy comforts the bloodstained widow

tremulous, he read: "President John F. Kennedy died at approximately 1 p.m., central standard time, today here in Dallas. He died of a gunshot wound in the brain."

The President was dead.

"Oh, God!" someone choked. And then reporters dashed for the phones.

Who had done it?

The first assumption, in a city with Dallas's Southern hue and radical-right colony, was that the killer was a segregationist or rightist fanatic.

But Lee H. Oswald, the prime suspect caught up in the citywide search that fanned out from the scene of the shooting, was instead a mercurial leftist—claiming to be president of a pro-Castro Fair Play for Cuba Committee in New Orleans and a sojourner, for three years, in the Soviet Union. The news didn't silence the insistence of Russia's propaganda organs that the slaying was the work of right-wing "gangsters." After Oswald's arrest, the party newspaper Pravda said police "obviously want to implicate the Communist Party. . . ."

In the chaos at the scene, Oswald slipped

once through the hands of the police. An employee at the School Book Depository, he dashed out just as the first wave of police closed on the building. One officer grabbed him at the door. "I work here," Oswald said. "I was on my way down to see what happened."

The policeman let him go.

Sniper's Nest: In a top-to-bottom search of the building, police found the sniper's nest in the corner window of an out-of-the-way sixth-floor dead-storage room—a perch with

1:15 p.m. Tippit hailed him, spoke to him through his car window, then leaped out. The man reached inside his shirt, drew a snub-nosed .38-caliber pistol, and fired three times. Tippit sprawled dying on the sidewalk. The killer sprinted up the street, reloading his gun as he ran.

Ten blocks away, at the Texas Theater on Jefferson Street, Oswald brushed by the cashier without buying a ticket. Inside, he moved from seat to seat frequently. He was in the third row from the rear when police,

of questioning, Dallas authorities lodged a second charge: the assassination of the President. Oswald stubbornly held to his denial. But Police Chief J.E. Curry said tersely: "I think we have him."

By the morning, police were even more confident. "Without going into the evidence, I can tell you that this case is a cinch," Fritz told reporters. But throughout the long hours of grilling, Oswald denied killing anyone.

Clues: The case against Oswald at that



His wife and Mrs. Kennedy at his side, the new President is sworn in

Courtesy John F. Kennedy Library

an unobstructed view over the treetops to the roadway. The assassin had stacked some book cartons in the window to steady his rifle. While he waited, he coolly ate his lunch; a litter of fried chicken scraps and an empty pop bottle lay nearby. He left the gun behind, too—a sawed-off, high-powered 6.5 mm Italian Army rifle with a four-power telescopic sight.

Police started hearing intriguing things about Oswald. He had come to work as a clerk in the depository two months before. One detective reported that on the day of the motorcade, a Negro employee had invited Oswald out for lunch. As they stood waiting for the freight elevator, Oswald said: "You go down and send the elevator back up for me." But no one saw him downstairs.

Homecoming: Between 12:45 and 1 p.m., a housekeeper at Oswald's boardinghouse told police, Oswald dashed in in his shirt sleeves, brushed wordlessly by her to his room, reappeared wearing a jacket, and hurried out again to a bus stop.

As the word went out, Patrolman J.D. Tippit spotted a man answering Oswald's description hurrying along East Tenth Street, 2 miles from the shooting scene, at

summoned by the cashier, swarmed inside. As four officers converged on him, Oswald sprang to his feet and shouted: "This is it!"

Patrolman M.N. McDonald dived at Oswald. The suspect swung at him with his left hand and reached for his gun with his right. Just as he pulled the trigger, Lt. Paul Bentley desperately grabbed for the safety catch. The trigger clicked, the firing-pin nicked the cartridge—and stopped.

More officers crowded around and pummeled Oswald, blacking one eye and bloodying his mouth. Snapping handcuffs around his wrists, police led Oswald out of the theater, past an angry, muttering crowd ("Kill him! Kill him!"), and downtown to headquarters Room 317—the homicide office. Sharp-faced and baldish, the 24-year-old Marine veteran looked sullenly at reporters and raised his manacled fists.

'I Didn't': Homicide Capt. Will Fritz, a stocky, 43-year police veteran, and Forest Sorrells, a Dallas Secret Service man, questioned Oswald late into the night. "I didn't shoot anybody," he insisted. But, at 6:30 p.m., he was led down the hall to another room to be arraigned on charges of murdering Tippit. And, at 11 p.m., after nine hours



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Oswald's moment of truth:

The gunman is gunned down

point was circumstantial. One major clue: the rifle, which was sent to Washington for examination. Oswald's Russian-speaking wife, Marina, told police her husband owned such a weapon (in Texas, however, a wife can't testify against her husband in court). Furthermore, police said the FBI had a letter, sent to a Chicago mail-order house last March, ordering a \$12.98 rifle similar to the murder weapon. The handwriting, they said, was Oswald's.

The suspect was caught.

But in 48 hours, he himself was to fall to an assassin's bullet. Incredibly, on Sunday Nov. 24, in full view of television cameras, Oswald was shot in the abdomen as police prepared to move him from the city jail to Dallas County Jail. Suddenly, a man dashed into the crowd, thrust a gun at Oswald, and fired point blank. Oswald slumped to the basement floor. Police seized Jack Ruby, a well-known local character who likes to do his own bouncing in the strip-tease joint and night club he owns.

Within minutes, Lee Harvey Oswald breathed his last breath in an emergency room of Parkland Hospital, only feet from where a dark bronze coffin, 48 hours before, had been wheeled into Emergency Room One, as Mrs. Kennedy waited with her dead husband. There, the First Lady had kissed her husband's lifeless lips, slipped the ring from her finger, and placed it on his.

As the coffin was wheeled out, Mrs. Kennedy walked beside it, her pillbox hat

missing, her hair tangled, her suit bloodied, her hand resting gently on the casket as it rolled toward the white hearse. Then, declining to ride with the driver, she sat in the back beside her husband's body. An attendant quietly closed the door behind her, and the Kennedys started their last trip together.

But what counted most now was the continuity of government, the constitutional rite uniting the abruptly broken past with the uncertain future.

The Constitution dictated that the mantle of the Presidency pass to the Vice President, to the towering, folksy, politically wise Texan who had seemed so unlikely a running mate for Mr. Kennedy in 1960—and yet, only last month, had won the President's public endorsement for the 1964 ticket. (After Johnson, the line of succession now falls to two aged men—first, House Speaker John McCormack, 71, then Senate President pro tempore Carl Hayden, 86.)*

The Judge: Even before the hearse, Lyndon Baines Johnson—under heavy guard—sped unannounced back to Love Field, climbed aboard Air Force One, and stepped into the 12-by-15-foot Presidential conference room. The Federal judge who would swear him in—his old friend Sarah T. Hughes, a tiny woman of 67—had been summoned. Waiting for Mrs. Kennedy, Johnson whispered gravely for a moment with some Texas Congressional friends. He spotted Mr. Kennedy's secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, and kissed her hand.

At 2:18 p.m., the hearse drew up and the coffin was carried up the rear ramp, Mrs. Kennedy still close behind. The gold-upholstered conference room was already crowded and sweltering after three hours in the hot Dallas sun. Larry O'Brien, Mr. Kennedy's legislative liaison man, handed Mr. Johnson the small, leather-bound Bible the former President had kept in his aft sleeping compartment. Lady Bird Johnson took a place at his right elbow, Mrs. Kennedy at his left. Among the 27 spectators behind them was Adm. George Burkley, Mr. Kennedy's personal physician, his shirt cuffs still bloodstained.

The Oath: Her words barely audible above the whine of the fan-jet engines, Judge Hughes read the oath:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Softly, the new President repeated the words, adding at the close: "So help me God." He turned to Lady Bird—her eyes brimming—and kissed her on the forehead. Mrs. Johnson took Mrs. Kennedy's hand in turn and held her, "The whole nation mourns your husband." Mr. Johnson clasped her hand, too.

At 2:41 p.m., Mr. Johnson made his last

good-byes and gave his first order as President: "Now let's get airborne." As the jet roared aloft and headed home to Washington at 635 miles per hour, he set to work composing a statement:

"This is a sad time . . . We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed. For me it is a deep personal tragedy. I know the world shares the sorrow that Mrs. Kennedy and her family bear. I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask for your help—and God's."

Wing and a Prayer: At 4:15 p.m., he called Mrs. Rose Kennedy at Hyannis Port, Mass., to tell her: "I wish to God that there was something I could do. I just wanted you to know that." He passed the phone to Lady Bird. "We feel like the heart has been cut out of us," she said, sobbing once more. "Our love and our prayers are with you."

Washington—set reeling by the first news—was already at work bridging the change in Presidents. Lest the Soviets seize on the emergency to provoke a grave crisis, the Joint Chiefs of Staff went into extra-



JFK's mother grieves

ordinary session and flashed word to U.S. commands around the world to maintain extra vigilance. Under secret Presidential directives, the Joint Chiefs had standby power to step up the nation's "defense condition" from DEFCON Five (normal peacetime) to DEFCON One (a war footing). On unmistakable evidence of an enemy blitz, the new President—or, before he is sworn, a designated substitute—could issue the final "go" order for full nuclear retaliation.

At the White House, Mr. Kennedy's national security adviser, McGeorge Bundy, took charge. A plane carrying Secretary of State Dean Rusk and five other Cabinet members to Japan was called back via Honolulu to Washington for a meeting Saturday morning. Staffers laid out pads and pencils around the White House cabinet table and moved Mr. Johnson's chair around to the President's spot.

The order was changing.

At 6 p.m. that bewildering night—a bare four hours after John Kennedy died—Air Force One touched down at Andrews Air

Force Base outside Washington. The floodlights were doused; in the pale glow of a quarter-moon, the plane taxied like a gray ghost to the landing apron. A catering truck, with a hydraulic lift platform mounted on top, rumbled to the back door. The President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, bounded aboard. An all-service honor guard carried the bronze casket onto the lift, to be taken first to Bethesda Naval Hospital for embalming and finally—in the deep stillness at 4:30 a.m.—home to the White House.

Arrival: Coatless and bareheaded, Mr. Johnson stepped out, his wife beside him. Soberly, government officials surged forward to shake hands and wish him well. He paused long enough to read the statement, invoking the help of his countrymen and his God. Then the Johnsons boarded an Army helicopter with Bundy, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Under Secretary of State George Ball, and a few staff men.

A crowd watched the helicopter disappear into the dark and started scattering, each alone with a sense of loss. "Kennedy was the boss," Linda Hildebrand, a 20-year-old WAF, snuffled. And Pfc. Martin Main, a lanky Negro aircraft mechanic, said softly: "It all happened so quick. I just wanted to see him come back."

The same sense of loss, pervading the highest government echelons, helped smooth the change in command. Perhaps better prepared by experience than any previous Vice President succeeding to the top job, Mr. Johnson took charge in remarkably brisk order.

The President was still talking defense with McNamara, Bundy, and Ball as he alighted on the White House lawn. On the spot, he asked Bundy to stay on. Then, instead of turning off at the carefully prepared Cabinet Room, he strode through the West Wing, across Executive Avenue to his own second-floor office in the Executive Office Building.

First, he called former Presidents Truman and Eisenhower to discuss funeral plans. He ordered dinner; a Filipino steward brought it on a tray, and Mr. Johnson ate at his desk. The Congressional leaders of both parties—summoned by White House staffers—straggled in. Gravely, Mr. Johnson told them he wanted their "united support." With equal gravity, they pledged themselves behind him.

Going Home: Next came Mr. Johnson's own staff for a quick conference. Afterward, he checked by phone with FBI director J. Edgar Hoover about the hunt for the assassin. At 9:24 p.m., the new President headed home.

*After them, the line of succession is: Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Secretary of Treasury Douglas Dillon, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Postmaster General John Gronouski, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz.



In the Capitol Rotunda: A slow walk to the catafalque, and then a final kiss

Associated Press

Saturday morning dawned bleak and gray in Washington. By 10 a.m., a chill drizzle was spattering the city.

In the East Room of the White House, John F. Kennedy's body, in the flag-draped coffin, lay in repose flanked by a guard of five men. The casket was closed at the family's wishes, though not because the President's face was marred; it was not. In the rigid protocol of the Presidency, only the first hour was for the family alone. Mr. Kennedy's children—Caroline, 5, and John Jr., 2—came downstairs at 10, with family members who had escorted the body back before dawn. After a private Mass at 10:30, Mr. Kennedy belonged to the world.

All day, the limousines rolled up; all day, the grieving dignitaries walked through the misty rain to pass before the coffin. Just before 11, Dwight Eisenhower arrived with his son, John, and Senate GOP Leader Everett Dirksen; they waited for a few minutes outside and for a few minutes more in the Blue Room until President Johnson—first in the order of precedence—had viewed the coffin. Later, Harry Truman followed, walking past the bier; then he visited Mrs. Kennedy for fifteen minutes in the family living quarters.

Next, the public had its turn. On Sunday, to the slow beat of muffled drums, the body was carried up Pennsylvania Avenue, on a caisson drawn by six horses, to the Capitol. There, in the great rotunda, a crowd of 1,000 watched as Mrs. Kennedy, accompanied by Caroline, walked slowly to the catafalque, knelt for a moment, and kissed the flag-draped coffin. Then, with supreme composure, she walked down the long Capitol steps, her children on either side.

The Cardinal: Monday, at St. Matthews Cathedral, Richard Cardinal Cushing of

Boston—the old family friend who married Mr. Kennedy, baptized his children, and gave the invocation at his inaugural—would celebrate a pontifical requiem mass. From all over the globe, leaders on both sides of a world divided by ideology but united in shock sent word that they would come: Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Labor Party leader Harold Wilson, and Prince Philip of Britain, President Charles de Gaulle of France, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard of West Germany, King Baudouin of Belgium, Prime Minister Ikeda and Crown Prince Akihito of Japan—and even Anastas I. Mikoyan, a First Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union.

Afterward, John F. Kennedy would be laid to rest, at the family's request, in Arlington National Cemetery.

And the business of the Republic would go on.

On a busy first morning in office, Lyndon Johnson paused to issue a proclamation declaring Monday a day of national mourning. He made his last silent good-byes to Mr. Kennedy. He and Mrs. Johnson spent twenty minutes upstairs at the White House with Mrs. Kennedy.

Otherwise, he spent a long day breaking into the world's most difficult job.

Checking in at the White House just after 9, he talked with Robert Kennedy over a coffee table across the oval office from the empty Presidential desk. Bundy took him from there to the situation room for a briefing by CIA director John McCone. Then came conferences with Rusk, McNamara, and—once again—the legislative leaders.

No one expected Mr. Johnson to keep all of the late President's White House team indefinitely. Indeed, even as Mr. Kennedy's office belongings were being toted across

rainy Executive Avenue into storage, appointments secretary Kenneth O'Donnell was packing his own gear. His likely successor: Johnson confidant William Moyers, 29, deputy Peace Corps director. And empty cartons were stacked up in Kennedy staffer Ralph Dungan's office nearby.

'I Need Help': But, for the moment, Mr. Johnson was anxious to preserve the fabric of government without a break. At 2:30 p.m., he called together the late President's Cabinet for a brief, to-the-point 25-minute meeting. "I need your help in the time ahead," Mr. Johnson said. Treasury Secretary C. Douglas Dillon responded first, then Adlai Stevenson. They pledged the support of the full Cabinet; all were "prepared to serve as long as the President wanted them to serve."

On Wednesday, Mr. Johnson planned to address a joint session of Congress.

And so, in a moment of high tragedy, the link between the past and the future of the nation—this "old but youthful union," Mr. Kennedy had called it—was forged anew. The loss was momentous. Americans everywhere—those who liked John F. Kennedy and those who despised him—felt the void, and it hurt.

But the fabric was preserved.

Of all the eloquent words that the fallen President had spoken in his short and unfulfilled career, his successor chose a single sentence for his proclamation of mourning:

"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."

It was left to Lyndon Baines Johnson to be keeper of the flame. It was left to a sorrowing nation to answer his call for help—and to pray with him for God's.

And A Child's Yellow Flowers

In the Capitol building, the President's younger brother, Edward M. (Teddy) Kennedy, temporarily held the presiding officer's gavel last Friday afternoon while the U.S. Senate desultorily debated Federal library services. An aide approached the dais and whispered in his ear.

"No," he gasped, and, hastily collecting a fistful of papers from the desk, departed.

Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, the other brother, was at lunch in his McLean, Va., home. The President's mother, Mrs. Rose Kennedy, had just returned from the golf course at Hyannis Port, Mass., when her niece, Anne Gargan, brought the news to the Kennedy vacation compound on Cape Cod. It was a day later before her partly paralyzed husband, former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, was told by his son Teddy.

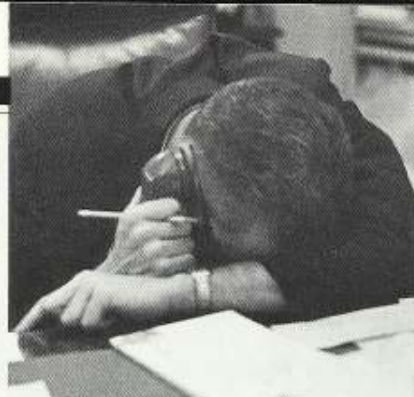
Within hours, other members of the Kennedy clan were en route to Hyannis Port: the President's sisters Mrs. Peter Lawford, from Santa Monica, Calif., and Mrs. Sargent Shriver, from Washington. Another sister, Rosemary, was at St. Colleta's, a school for the retarded in Jefferson, Wis. "She knows he is dead," a school spokesman said. "She was watching on television."

Caroline Kennedy, who will be 6 years old on Wednesday, had just finished first-grade classes for the day, and joined her brother, John Jr., who will be 3 two days earlier, in the White House living quarters. To their mother, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, fell the wrenching task of telling them that there will be no happy birthday party at the family's Thanksgiving Day dinner in Hyannis Port.

Throughout the nation and the world, whenever the shock wave of the news arrived and whatever the listener's concern with policy or politics, the reaction was stunned disbelief, then dismay and outrage, anguish and sympathy.

'What Are We Coming To?': "My God, my God! What are we coming to?" exclaimed Speaker John W. McCormack, just back from his brother's funeral in Boston and at lunch in the House restaurant.

All across the land, millions stopped to weep, to pray, sometimes to curse. Mothers wept while nursing their children in a maternity ward at William Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak, Mich. Autos on frantic Los Angeles freeways halted as motorists crouched over their radios. Gamblers



Newsweek—Tony Rollo



Newsweek—Phil MacMillan



UPI

walked away from the tables in Las Vegas. Many went to their churches and synagogues. In an impulse to talk to someone close about the event, Americans tied up the telephone systems. For the rest of the week, a question often on everybody's lips was "Where were you when you heard?"

It was to mirror the grief of these citizens of little note that the Tricolor flew at half-staff above the Elysée Palace, the theaters of Broadway turned off their lights, the six-day bicycle race slowed to a walk in Brussels, the department stores of Des Moines shrouded their Christmas displays,

In the White House, in New York, and outside the hospital in Dallas... throngs, anxiety and anguish

the radio and television networks silenced commercials and flippant music, the Harvard-Yale football game (which the President had planned to attend) was postponed, and the noisy peddlers of Rome's Piazza Vittorio Emanuele fell still. It was for the sorrow of the little man everywhere that the bells of London's Westminster Cathedral tolled.

Over the Pacific: As death took Mr. Kennedy, his official family was widely scattered; Secretary of State Dean Rusk, along with five other members of the Cabinet and Presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger, heard the news on a Tokyo-bound Air Force jet one hour and a half out of Honolulu. They turned back immediately.

Grief spanned party lines and political enmities. Sen. Barry Goldwater, who might have opposed Mr. Kennedy for the Presidency in 1964, stood mute for long minutes when he heard of his death at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago. "He was so understanding," Goldwater later said. "... We have violently disagreed yet he always understood my viewpoint... He was my close and personal friend." Mississippi Gov. Ross Barnett, a bitter foe of the President, was "profoundly shocked and deeply distressed."

Richard Nixon, the man he defeated for the Presidency, said: "The greatest tribute we could all pay to his memory would be in our everyday lives to do everything we possibly can to reduce the hatred that drives

men to such terrible deeds."

Former President Dwight Eisenhower learned of the tragedy at a luncheon in New York City. "I feel too much in a state of shock right now to make a coherent statement," he said. Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren, who had been in conference with other justices, was first "stunned and shocked." Later, he said: "A great and good President has suffered martyrdom as a result of the hatred and bitterness that has been injected into the life of our nation by bigots..."



For Robert F. Kennedy, the comfort of his children

'A Lessening of Hatred': The late President's political friends were devastated. In New York, Mayor Robert F. Wagner went with red-rimmed eyes to St. Vincent Ferrer Church and prayed. Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown of California sobbed openly as, groping for some glimmer of hope from Mr. Kennedy's death, he said, "I only hope that his sacrifice may bring about a lessening of some of the hatred not only in our country but in the world."

Many leaped to the early conclusion that Mr. Kennedy's killer must be a right-wing bigot. Iowa's Rep. Neal Smith, for one, said: "Members of the John Birch Society are more dangerous than people realize, and they lead other people into a wild sort of fanaticism." Still others believed at first that the assassin might be a segregationist.

Negro leaders felt the death of the President with a special impact. Dr. Martin

Luther King, at home in Atlanta, was talking to the wife of the Rev. Ralph Abernathy on the telephone when Mrs. Abernathy suddenly cried: "It's just come over the news that President Kennedy has been shot." Commenting sorrowfully later, King said: "We've lost a real friend to the cause."

Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, who was buffeted by an angry crowd in Dallas just one month ago, was at the United Nations in New York. Led by the Soviet Union's Nikolai T. Fedorenko, in colorful native robes and dark business suits, the delegates spontaneously formed a double line, and, before the session began, passed by to shake Stevenson's hand and extend condolences. Later Stevenson disclosed that, as a result of his own experience with the lunatic fringe, he had sent (and then withdrawn) a message to the President urging him not to go to Dallas. "It's too bad," he said, "that in my old age, they couldn't have spent their violence on me and spared this young man for our nation's work."

A Special Stopped: The shock swept across borders and oceans. Peru's young, liberal President Fernando Belaunde Terry, at lunch with his Cabinet in Lima, was visibly shaken, and asked the ministers to rise in tribute. West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard was on his way from Paris to Bonn; stopping the special four-coach train, he immediately sent his sympathy.

"What can we say?" India's Prime Minister Nehru cried. President Antonio Segni of Italy put down the pen with which he had been signing papers and, shaking his white head, said, "No, no, no, no. It cannot be true."

There was one sweet-and-sour note from abroad. In a villa outside Rome, the recently widowed Madame Nhu at first had "nothing to say to anybody about anything, even Jacqueline Kennedy." Then she drafted a pointed cable to Mrs. Kennedy: "Though not having the pleasure to know you or hearing from you personally I wish to tell you of my profound sympathy... Though I have said that anything happening in Vietnam will surely find equivalence in the U.S.A., truly I would not wish [it]... That ordeal might seem to you even more unbearable because of your habitually well-sheltered life..."

Pope Paul VI was at a writing desk in a small private study when word came by telephone. The Pope went immediately to his chapel to pray. Subsequently, American Broadcasting Co.'s Jack Casserly found him visibly pale and fondling an autographed picture of Mr. Kennedy and a letter box, both gifts of the late President. "How is Mrs. Kennedy?" the Pope asked. "Do the children know?"

The news came to Japan on the first U.S. telecast by Relay satellite and was soon known to most persons. But Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, asleep at his weekend villa

in Hakone, heard it by phone. "I am very discouraged," he said. "I have lost a real, good friend." Masayoshi Ohira, the Foreign Minister, said nothing at first. "Today I will mourn all day for President Kennedy," he explained. "Tomorrow I'll comment."

In the Elysée Palace, Gen. Charles de Gaulle—long an assassin's target—listened intently to radio and watched television reports. Later, he stated publicly: "President Kennedy died like a soldier, under fire, in the line of duty and in the service of his country." In England, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the new Prime Minister, cut short a stay with the Duke of Norfolk in Sussex and went on television: "Everything in our hearts cried out in protest... This young, gay, and brave statesman killed in the full vigor of his manhood, when he bore on his shoulders all the cares and hopes of the world."

Premier Khrushchev's Condolences: And in Moscow, Premier Nikita Khrushchev went to the U.S. Embassy with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Khrushchev joined Ambassador Foy Kohler upstairs at Spasso House and spent nineteen minutes with him. Gromyko, observers said, was weeping as they left.

Not long afterward, a pretty, red-haired girl in a flowered-print babushka brought in a pot of flowers. Identifying herself as Tatiana Babrashnaya, a typist, she said, tears on her face, "No, I don't have anything to do with America. I brought it because I liked your President."

In a manner impossible to the chancelleries and the palaces—however heartfelt their words of sympathy—Tatiana had expressed the anguish and sorrow of ordinary millions in the U.S., South America, Africa, Asia, and Europe. Simple people everywhere felt the loss almost as a death in the family. In different places, they reacted differently—each in his own way. In Wall Street, the reaction was panic; nervous sellers forced the Dow Jones industrial average down 21.16 points before the exchange was ordered closed. In West Fresno, Calif., Bernard Ybarra, 50, a Mexican-American, and H.J. Williams, 19, a Negro, were looking for farm jobs in the State Labor Office when the radio broke in.

"President Kennedy is dead," the radio announcer said.

Ybarra cried softly. "It ain't true. It ain't true."

Williams, leaving to buy a bottle of wine, said: "What's going to come of us now that a Southerner is President?"

Outside the White House, a crowd of several hundred gathered to keep a silent, respectful wake. They moved quietly behind restrained lines when the police asked them. Before they did, a small girl went to the wrought-iron fence on Pennsylvania Avenue, stopped for a moment, and dropped a small bunch of yellow flowers on the grass.



Khrushchev calls on Kohler: Sorrow in Moscow