

Kennedy Slain, Johnson Sworn In



Lyndon B. Johnson is sworn in as President in the cabin of the presidential plane Friday as Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy stands by his side. Judge Sarah T. Hughes (left) administers the oath of office. The ceremony took place during the flight to Washington. (AP Radiophoto)

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After two hours of questioning, Oswald denied any connection with the shootings.

Oswald was formally charged with the murder of a Dallas policeman slain shortly after the President.

All American flags at U.S. public buildings around the world were ordered flown at half-staff for a month.

Kennedy, who was 46, was cut down by a flurry of bullets shortly after his open-topped car had left the Dallas business district, where thousands had massed 10 and 12 deep along each curb to cheer him and Mrs. Kennedy.

This was the first presidential assassination since 1901 when a half-crazed gunman shot William McKinley at close range during a reception in Buffalo, N.Y.

Kennedy was the first president to die in office since Franklin D. Roosevelt succumbed to a cerebral hemorrhage in April, 1945.

Kennedy was administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church shortly after he was carried into the Hospital. He was America's first Catholic president.

Emergency treatment given the dying President was described for newsmen by two physicians, Doctors Kemp Clark, 38, and Malcolm Perry, 34.

Dr. Perry said Kennedy suffered a neck wound—a bullet hole in the lower part of the neck. There was a second wound in Kennedy's head but Perry was not certain whether it was inflicted by the same bullet.

The physician said the President lost consciousness as soon as he was hit and never revived.

"We never had any hope of saving his life," said Perry, though eight or ten physicians attended him in a frantic but futile effort to keep Kennedy alive.

Clark, a brain surgeon, reported that Kennedy was given oxygen and blood transfusions, then was administered an anaesthetic so an emergency tracheotomy could be performed.

During this procedure, surgeons cut a hole in the President's windpipe in an attempt to ease his breathing.

Perry said that shortly after he reached the hospital, the Chief Executive's heart action failed and "there was no palpable pulse beat."

The time of death was announced officially as 1 p.m. (4 a.m. JST, Saturday.)

The assassination occurred just as the President's motorcade was leaving the Dallas business district at the end of a triumphal tour through the city's streets.

His special car—with the protective bubble down—was moving down an incline into an underpass that leads to a freeway route to the Dallas Trade Mart, where he was to speak.

Witnesses heard three shots. Two hit the President, one in the head and one in the neck.

The third shot wounded Gov. John B. Connally of Texas in the side but his condition was reported not critical.

The motorcade slowed and then sped forward at high speed to Parkland Hospital near the Trade Mart.

Spectators, terrified at the sight and sound of the assassination, dived face forward for protection onto a grassy park at the entrance of the underpass, fearing more shots. Police swarmed onto the scene.

At the hospital emergency entrance, AP reporter Jack Bell saw the President stretched out face down at full length, motionless on the backseat of the car. His suit still looked neat—but there was blood on the floor.

Secret Service men helped Mrs. Kennedy away from the car. Hospital attendants aided Connally and his wife. It seemed evident that there

was some planning behind the assassination. In the Texas School Book Depository Building, overlooking the underpass, officers found an old .30-calibre Enfield rifle with telescopic sights, spent cartridges and scraps of fried chicken. The rifle was partly hidden behind books on the second-floor of the five-story building. The bullets had come from about a 45-degree angle.

Bob Jackson, a Dallas Times Herald photographer, said he looked around as he heard the shots and saw the rifle barrel disappearing into the upper floor window. He did not see the gunman.

Jacqueline Kennedy, who was touring the state with her husband, sat just ahead of him in the big auto when a rifle bullet ripped a large wound in the back of his head and sent him sprawling forward.

When the President was carried into the emergency room, Mrs. Kennedy walked behind—parts of her clothing drenched with blood.

The U.S. First Lady remained composed but, inside the emergency room, grasped hands with the new President, Johnson, and his wife, Lady Bird, in a reflex display of deep anguish.

Scores of dignitaries, police and news reporters who had a place with Kennedy in the motorcade that became a rendezvous with death were stunned as they grappled with the reality that a President had been shot down for the first time in 63 years.

The last presidential victim of an assassin was William McKinley, who was felled at close range.

Kennedy's assassin was not so bold. He fired from a secret hiding place. And, though police and Secret Service agents quickly drew pistols and automatic weapons, they found no target at which to shoot. About 12 Secret Service agents

were within close range of Kennedy when he was shot.

All the carefully trained agents and police could offer no effective protection, however, against the sniper who, with murder in his heart, laid his plans so cleverly and diabolically.

The death of the handsome, energetic president dealt Mrs. Kennedy a second shock of anguish in less than four months.

On Aug. 9, her second son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, died in Boston, Mass., after some 40 hours of life.

The Kennedys had planned to go to their summer home at Hyannis Port, Mass., next week to observe Thanksgiving, and to celebrate the birthdays of their two children.

Son John Junior will be three years old Monday. Daughter Caroline will be six next Wednesday.

Police sirens rent the air within minutes after Kennedy was shot as officers began their search for the assassin. Guns drawn, uniformed police raced first toward a railroad embankment where the rifle-wielder was hiding.

Within a few hours, several suspects were arrested and held without charge for questioning. None was established as the killer.

Kennedy lived barely half an hour after the bullet struck his head.

Doctors were not certain whether Kennedy was struck by one or two bullets. While there were two wounds, one in the back of the head and another in the neck near the larynx, both could have traced the path of a single fatal piece of metal.

All this occurred within 90 minutes of what must have been a happy event for Kennedy—a triumphal cavalcade through Dallas, a metropolis generally regarded as a center of ultra-conservative thought. Tens of thousands lined the

streets of the business district. Three distinct reports from an assassin's rifle shattered the stillness that seemed awesome after the noisy procession between towering office buildings.

The future history of the nation, and perhaps the world, was inexorably altered as a bullet sped to its human target.

All who saw or sensed what was happening were stunned, almost beyond belief—perhaps none so much as Lyndon Johnson, the native Texan who had sought the presidency in vain in 1960 and was now in line to have it thrust upon him through tragedy.

Kennedy and his wife had flown to Texas Thursday for a speaking tour of major cities. They had toured San Antonio, Houston and Fort Worth before flying to Dallas.

Several hundred thousand persons saw the first family during their 24 hours together in the state. And literally hundreds got a chance to shake their hands and exchange pleasantries with them at hotels, airports and other public areas.

Mrs. Kennedy, accompanying her husband on a major speaking tour for the first time since the 1960 primary election campaigns, had worked with him as a team in greeting Texans at the cities along the route.

NOTICE

Because of the increased sales of this issue of *Stars and Stripes*, we do not have enough comics and supplements for all copies. However, sale price of the paper has been reduced to 10 cents per copy with or without the supplement and color comics.