



John F. Kennedy

GRAY CLOUDS WENT AWAY

Day Began as Auspiciously As Any in Kennedy's Career

(Robert E. Baskin, chief of the Washington Bureau of The News, was one of four persons representing the world press in the motorcade which resulted in the President's assassination. This is his account of what happened.)

By ROBERT E. BASKIN

Washington Bureau of The News

It was a day that started as auspiciously as any in the career of John F. Kennedy.

When we boarded the Presidential jetliner, Air Force One, at Fort Worth at midmorning, the White House party was in high spirits. The Fort Worth welcome had been a tremendous one. Shortly before the 15-minute flight to Love Field, ugly gray clouds were swept away by a brisk breeze. The sun was out, and the Texas sky was a vivid blue.

President and Mrs. Kennedy,

she strikingly attired in a pink suit with a pert matching hat, made an instant hit at Love Field as they shook hands with hundreds of persons along the fence line.

Then the last journey began.

The big open Lincoln car moved out smoothly, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and Gov. John Connally and his wife, Nelly.

Three cars back was the press pool car, in which three other newspapermen and I rode. Just ahead of us was Dallas Mayor and Mrs. Earl Cabell and Rep. Ray Roberts of McKinney.

Malcolm Kilduff, assistant was with us, and as we moved into the heart of the city Kilduff expressed elation over the friendly nature of the welcome and the great outpouring of people.

Everyone in the press car

agreed it was one of the most cordial receptions the President had received in quite a while.

Buoyed by the cheers of the multitudes on Main Street, our motorcade moved on past the courthouse. Then came the approach to the Triple Underpass, with the leading cars picking up speed as the crowd thinned out. Over to our right loomed the gaunt structure labeled the Texas State School Book Depository.

It was 12:30 p.m.

The sharp crack of a rifle rang out. But at that moment we couldn't believe it was just hat. "What the hell was that?" someone in our car asked.

Then there were two more shots—measured carefully.

We saw people along the street diving for the ground.

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News' Washington Reporter Saw It From Press Pool Car

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By ROBERT E. BASKIN

As the presidential motorcade approached the Triple Underpass, at the height of the paved hill at Elm and Houston, I was in the "pool" car, three cars back of the President.

The President's car had just passed the Texas State Book Depository building when we heard a shot, off to the right. It seemed to come from rather high up.

Then we heard two more shots,

carefully measured, as though a calm, determined sharpshooter were at work.

The presidential caravan ground to a halt, and suddenly there was a great deal of activity around the President's car.

But the impact of the awful act didn't register until we saw people falling down on the streets and frantically trying to find cover. Then we realized that it was actual gunfire we had heard.

Very quickly, the police got the caravan moving, rapidly increasing the speed until it hit 70 miles an hour. We raced up to the emergency entrance without knowing whether Mr. Kennedy actually had been hit or whether the police and

Secret Service were trying to get him out of the danger zone.

When our car stopped, we rushed to the President's car. He was lying in the back seat. Mrs. Kennedy, in an extreme state of shock, was sitting beside him and leaning toward him, as though she were trying to shield him.

The bouquet of roses she had been holding was lying on top of Mr. Kennedy.

Gov. Connally was in the middle seat of the car and his wife was holding him. There was a large splotch of blood on the back of his coat, at the right shoulder.

Gov. Connally stood up and got out of the car, moving heavily, and was put on a stretcher and rushed to the emergency room.

The President had to be lifted up. He, too, was placed on a stretcher and rolled quickly into the hospital.

We saw blood on the back of the seat where Mr. Kennedy, a few minutes earlier, had been acknowledging the cheers of the thousands who lined the streets.

Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson, understandably shaken, hurried into the hospital behind the two stretchers.

This happened about 12:30 p.m. We had no knowledge of the seriousness of Mr. Kennedy's wounds until two priests were called to give him the last rites of the Catholic Church.

About 30 minutes later, the priests emerged and the terrible news was known.

CARDINAL CUSHING TO SAY FUNERAL MASS ON MONDAY

BOSTON, Mass (AP)—A funeral mass will be said Monday in the Shrine of The Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C., for President Kennedy by Richard Cardinal Cushing, it was announced Friday night.

A spokesman for the cardinal said the mass will be at 1 p.m. EST, and there will be no eulogy.

The mass will be what is called a low mass with only the cardinal officiating in contrast to the customary solemn high mass of requiem sung by three clergymen.

There was no information on the possible place of burial of the President.

The cardinal, a longtime friend of the Kennedy family, gave the invocation at the President's inauguration, officiated at his marriage, baptized the two Kennedy children, and presided at the funeral mass for Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, the first family's son who died within 40 hours after birth last August.