

Head Shot

The True Story of JFK's Assassination

A Novel
by
Josh Becker



April 21, 2016

“There are thousands of ways of getting at a man if it is desired that he should be killed.”

– Abraham Lincoln, 1865

Cover photo by Abraham Zapruder.

Copyright © 2016

Chapter One

The Favor



A long, black, 1959 Cadillac limousine pulled up in front of the opulent Ambassador East Hotel, the most famous hotel in Chicago, located on State Street, two blocks off the lake. A uniformed doorman rushed up to the car and opened the limo's back door.

Stepping out of the limo was a 71-year-old man with an erect bearing, a bald head, round horn-rimmed glasses, and air of supreme arrogance. He wore a long black coat and held a shiny black cane with a solid silver knob on the end. Placing a bowler hat on his large head, he secured it down

tightly against the unseasonably chill wind the blew in off Lake Michigan that late spring day in May of 1959.

This was Joseph P. Kennedy, millionaire investor, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James, owner of several movie studios in Hollywood (ultimately merged together into RKO), former lover of movie star, Gloria Swanson, a former bootlegger during prohibition, and now one of the major liquor importers in America. Kennedy was a devout Irish Catholic and a leader in the Boston Catholic community, as well as the father of Senators John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy.

Strutting through the front door, Joseph Kennedy was accompanied by two of his men, also dressed in long black coats and bowler hats, both staying right up close beside their boss.



Joseph P. Kennedy and two of his four sons: the eldest, Joe, Jr., a pilot killed in World War II, and his second-oldest, John, aboard a trans-Atlantic steamer in the late 1930s.

Joe Kennedy strode across the beautiful, wood-paneled lobby, past the world-famous Pump Room restaurant, then into the elevator, his men right beside him. The elderly, black, uniformed, elevator operator asked, “What floor, please?”

“Top floor,” one of Kennedy’s men said, “Presidential Suite.”

“Yes, sir.” The elevator operator pushed the top button and the doors closed.

Kennedy and his two men stepped up to the double-doors marked “Presidential Suite” and one of the men knocked. A flat-nosed, tough-looking man in a black suit and thin black tie opened the door.

“Mr. Kennedy, come on in.”

Kennedy went first, then his men followed.

Sitting on the couch was Sam “Mooney” Giancana, whose real name was Calvatore Giangana, and was also known as “Momo” and “Sam the Cigar.” Giancana was fifty-one years old, entirely bald on top, a fringe of dark hair around the sides and back. He wore thick black-rimmed glasses perched on his bulbous nose. Since 1957 Sam Giancana had been the head of the Chicago mob (known as “The Outfit”), the biggest of all the American mobs, thus making him one of the most powerful underworld leaders in the world. He wore a perpetual scowl, which is why he was yet also known as “the Sour-Faced Don.”

Sam stood, removed his glasses and shook Joe Kennedy’s hand.



Sam Giancana in the early 1960s.

Sam said, "Well, Joe, good to see you."

Joe replied with his thick, Brahmin, Boston accent, "Sam, good to see you. It's been a long time."

"Yeah, I used to see you occasionally in Vegas, but you don't come around no more."

Joe shrugged helplessly. "Rose doesn't like me going off to Las Vegas and leaving her alone anymore."

Giancana raised his hands, palms up. "Well, a man's got to do whatever he's got to do to keep his family happy, right?"

Joe nodded, "How right you are, my old friend."

"You wanna drink?"

"It's a bit early for me. I'll take some tea, if you have it."

Sam turned to one of his men, "Get him some tea, and I'll have a scotch on the rocks."

With a nod the man went for the beverages.

Sam and Joe sat down on over-stuffed leather easy chairs. Sam

pulled out a cigar case and offered one to Joe, who declined. Sam lit a cigar and the drinks were served. Sam sipped his scotch and Joe added two cubes of sugar and some milk to his tea, then stirred it, waiting for the right moment to continue . . .

Finally, Joe Kennedy said, "So, you're probably wondering why I dropped by today?" And since Sam just sat there, Joe continued, "Well . . . I need to ask a, uh, favor."

Sam puffed on his cigar languidly. "Yeah?"

Joe went on, looking distinctly uncomfortable, "The polls show that Jack is still running a little behind Nixon."

Sam nodded. "Uh-huh."

"It wouldn't take much at this point to push him up over the top, you know?"

"Uh-huh."

Joe Kennedy took a deep breath. He was not used asking favors. Generally, favors were asked of him. "So . . . if Jack could count on the Teamster, the AFL-CIO, and Longshoreman vote, not to mention Chicago,

and the rest of Illinois, which I know you control, as well as the coal miner's union in West Virginia, I have no doubt that he'd win."

Sam nodded. "He just might."

Joe excitedly said, "No, he would. That's all he needs to push him over the top."

"Okay, so that's all he needs. What do I care?" Sam said, sounding bored.

Joe Kennedy got deathly serious. "You want a red-baiting, commie-hunter like Nixon in office? The man's ridiculous. He was J. Parnell Thomas's puppet, then he was Joe McCarthy's sidekick. He's a joke. Worse than that, he's an insult."

Waving his cigar, Sam said, "Maybe a commie-hunter is better than a fella whose son won't get off a lot of my friends' backs. If I say Kennedy around most of my friends, they think Bobby and his investigating committees, and they don't like it. And because he happens to be *your* son, I'm sorry, Joe, but it rubs off on you. And let's not forget that Jack was on that committee, too."

“That’s all gonna change now, Sam,” Joe explained in his most reassuring tone. “Once Jack’s president, Bobby’s gonna have much bigger and better things to do, I assure you.”

Sam gave Joe a long hard look. “Really?”

With deep sincerity, Joe said, “Yeah, really.”

Sam continued his penetrating stare. “You’re sure of that?”

“Sam, they’re my sons. I’m sure. Jack wants to kick Castro’s behind, then go flying off into space. He’s also very concerned about civil rights and the colored people, and that’s what his administration will be centered around.”

“And they’ll stop annoying me and my friends?”

“Yes. That’ll stop.”

“I’ve known you a long time, Joe. Since back when we were both bootleggers during prohibition. I bought a lot of Canadian whiskey from you and it was always top-quality, and you always delivered when you said you would. I respect that. You’ve always treated me with respect, and you’re a man of your word, so if you tell me something, and you swear it’s

true, then I believe what you tell me.”

“Believe it,” Joe stated firmly.

Sam waved his cigar like a magic wand. “You ask me for a favor, I’ll see what I can do. There it is.”

Joe smiled happily, stood up, stepped over to Sam, who remained seated, and solidly shook his hand. The fact that the Don had just granted a favor to a supplicant, and that supplicant was Joseph P. Kennedy, scion of the Boston blue bloods, former ambassador to Britain, world-renowned millionaire, who was now paying homage to a *Mafioso capo*, was not lost on anyone present, and it was most certainly crystal clear to Sam Giancana.

Joe went on, “If you could also talk to some of your Hollywood friends, too, like, maybe, Frankie and Deano and the rest of the Rat Pack, that would also be of great service.”

“We’ll see what we can do.”

“Excellent,” Joe grinned. “And when Jack is elected, you watch, it’s going to herald in a new age in this country. It’ll be a better time for everybody.”

Sam slowly stood. "Yeah? Just so long as it's better for me and my friends, that's enough for me."

Joe and his men promptly left. Sam watched them go, thoughtfully puffing on his cigar.

Chapter Two

The Election

With the influence of Sam Giancana, the Rat Pack climbed aboard the Kennedy bandwagon. Frank Sinatra appeared at several campaign rallies,

and rerecorded his hit song "High Hopes" (from the Frank Capra movie, *A Hole in the Head*) with new lyrics written specifically for John Kennedy's campaign.

Everyone is voting for Jack

'Cause he's got what the others lack

Everyone wants to back Jack

Jack is on the right track

'Cause he's got high hopes

He's got high hopes

1960's the year for his high hopes

So come on, vote for Kennedy,

Vote for Kennedy

And we'll come out on top

Oops there goes the opposition, ker-

Oops there goes the opposition, ker–

Oops there goes the opposition, ker–plop



Frank Sinatra and John Kennedy
in Las Vegas.

John Kennedy campaigned vigorously across the country, shaking hands, kissing babies, making impassioned speeches. John and Jackie were both exceptionally attractive with terrifically appealing smiles which they flashed often. Jackie was considered one of the most glamorous, beautiful, fashionable women in the country, often sporting a “Pill Box” hat that she caused to become a fashion trend.

At one campaign rally Kennedy gave a speech and said, with his Boston accent, "We stand today on the edge of a New Frontier; the frontier of the 1960s, a frontier of unknown opportunities and paths, a frontier of unfilled hopes and threats . . ."

On the very first televised presidential debate ever, moderated by Howard K. Smith, John Kennedy came off as intelligent, witty and charming, whereas Richard Nixon was sweating, looked like he had a bad case of "five o'clock shadow," and often appeared befuddled and unsure of himself. Kennedy had plenty of facts at his fingertips, but Nixon didn't and said unconvincingly several times that he'd "address the issues later," or he'd answer in a "white paper," which meant nothing to anybody.

After one of Kennedy's answers, Nixon became visibly angry, huffing and puffing, "I demand a retraction! You hear me, Senator, I demand a retraction!"

Grinning broadly, Kennedy just sat there. But Nixon wasn't done, declaring, "Senator, you are weakening our country with your criticisms."

Kennedy replied seriously, "I really don't need Mr. Nixon to tell me

about what my responsibilities are as a citizen. I've served this country for fourteen years in Congress and before that in the service. What I downgrade, Mr. Nixon, is the leadership the country's getting, not the country."

The audience absolutely loved it.



Senator John F. Kennedy and Vice-President Richard M. Nixon at their televised debate on September 26, 1960.

On November 8, the final election results for the 1960 election came in: John Kennedy had won by the slightest margin ever in American

history — one-tenth of one-percent. As fate would have it, one of the swing states was Illinois.

Sam Giancana lived in a large, unpretentious house in the well-to-do Chicago suburb of Oak Park. Ten cars were parked in front of the house, while four men in long black coats and wearing hats strolled the grounds keeping guard.

Sam, a bunch of his men in suits and ties, and some good-looking gals in colorful party dresses, all wearing a lot of makeup and tall hairdos, were watching the election results on a big black and white TV in Sam's spacious living room. They all drank martinis while smoking cigarettes and cigars, causing the room to be engulfed in thick smoke. A newsman announced that Kennedy had won the election. Everyone in the room clapped and cheered.

Uncharacteristically, Sam grinned, turning to the gorgeous, dark-haired, dark-eyed, young lady seated beside him on the couch, Judith Campbell, and said, "You see that, Judy? I guess the Teamster, AFL-CIO,

and Longshoreman vote, not to mention the fuckin' Rat Pack, actually mattered. And shit, I flat-out bought him West Virginia. And Illinois was a swing state. I elected that son of a bitch! Me! Momo Giancana! The fuckin' kingmaker!"

This got a hearty laugh from the ensemble. They all raised their glasses.

"To President Kennedy!"

Sam looked at everybody, still grinning broadly. "To finally havin' our own man in the white house! And it's about fuckin' time!"

Everyone replied, "Here, here!"

They all downed their drinks. Sam planted a big kiss on Judy's cheek.

Judy whispered in her sexiest tone of voice, "I sure would like to meet the new president."

"You would, huh?" Sam said. "I can arrange it very easily."

Grinning childishly, Judy said, "You could?"

"Sure. Next week when we're in Vegas I'll talk to Sinatra, he'll set it

up.”

Judy snuggled up against Sam and purred, “Aw, Mooney, you’re too good to me.”

“What can I do?” chuckled Sam, “I’m just a generous guy is all.”



Judith Campbell in the early 1960s.

John F. Kennedy was sworn in as the 35th President of the United States. In his inaugural speech he said, “Let the word go forth, from this time and place. Of those to whom much has been given, much will be required. We will pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of

liberty. Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.”



John F. Kennedy's inauguration, January 20, 1960.

Chapter Three

The Betrayal



Robert F. Kennedy, U.S. Attorney-General.

Sam Giancana sat in the paneled office in the basement of his house reading the newspaper, smoking a cigar, a cup of coffee steaming on the desk in front of him. On a small black and white TV the news was on, to which Sam paid scant attention. Newsman John Chancellor reported, “President-elect Kennedy announced the appointment today of his

younger brother, Robert Kennedy, as Attorney-General of the United States . . .”

Sam’s eyes went wide as he reared back in shock, choking on his cigar and nearly falling off his chair.

“What the fuck!?”

Angrily, he picked up the receiver and dialed the rotary telephone.



Carlos Marcello in the early 1960s.

The Sho-Bar Club in New Orleans was a swinging, gaudy, upscale nightclub located at 325 Bourbon Street in heart of the atmospheric French Quarter. Sitting in a large, circular, red vinyl-covered booth in the club’s

private dining room was a tough-looking, sixty-year-old man with thinning white hair, a big, round face, a large forehead, and angry, wincing eyes. He was Carlos "Cal" Marcello, whose real name was Calogero Minacori, and he was also known as "The Little Man," because he was rather short. He was the *Mafioso* chieftain of the Louisiana and Texas mobs, and had been for the previous 16 years. Throughout most of the southern United States, Marcello controlled all of the illegal gambling, the drug trade, as well as a great deal of the prostitution. He also skimmed off many of the casinos in Havana. Marcello was surrounded by four of his men, all attired in suits and ties. The phone rang on the table in front of them. One of his men answered.

"Sho-Bar." He listened for a second, nodded, then handed Marcello the phone, "Cal, it's for you. It's Sam."

Marcello said, "Mooney, how ya doin'?"

"Cal, you didn't hear yet? Jack Kennedy just appointed his brother Bobby as Attorney-General."

Cal Marcello looked stunned. "What? *What??* What the fuck is that

prick up to?"

Sam shook his head. "I don't know, Cal. I just this second heard, so I called you."

Cal became righteously angry. "*Fuck!* Ya know, I never trusted that motherfucker, Joe Kennedy. He was always a snotty, arrogant, Boston prick."

Sam appeared stricken. "Yeah, but *I* did trust him. So it's *me* he fucked."

Cal shook his head despairingly. "No, it's all of us, you watch."

Robert Kennedy immediately initiated Senate hearings investigating organized crime and labor. He called before the committee: James Hoffa, head of the Teamster's union, as well as Carlos Marcello. Both men took the fifth amendment, and even though neither of them were convicted, they were both nowhere near off the hook yet, and would both be called to testify again later.



James "Jimmy" Hoffa,
General President of the
International Brotherhood
of Teamsters.

Meanwhile, exiled Cuban rebels invaded Cuba, accompanied by American military planes flying overhead, and American warships illegally entering Cuban waters. The American-backed "Bay of Pigs" invasion of Cuba was America's one and only obvious attempt to overthrow and assassinate Cuban leader, Fidel Castro. When the moment came for Kennedy to order the U.S. military to back up the rebels, he declined issuing the order. Thus, the invasion failed miserably. Most of the rebels were executed; the rest imprisoned. John Kennedy accepted a minor amount of the blame for the fiasco, but then promptly fired Allen Dulles, director of the CIA since 1953, as well as CIA co-director, Richard

Bissell, who were summarily replaced by John A. McCone and Richard Helms.

Sam Giancana sat in the living room of his house with Cal Marcello and Jimmy Hoffa, a square-headed, serious man with slicked-back black hair. They all smoked cigars, with drinks sitting in front of them.

Cal asked, "Did we or did we not all help Joe Kennedy get his son elected?" Sam and Jimmy both nodded. "So, what the hell is going on? What's with Bobby Kennedy? Why is he gunning for Jimmy and me? Don't he understand what he's doing?"

"I think he understands," Sam said, "but I don't think he gives a shit. I think those cocksuckers think they're above us. That giving their word to some stupid wop gangsters don't mean shit."

Hoffa said, "So how do we get them to give a shit?"

Sam sighed wearily, "I guess I need to have a little pep talk with Joe. Remind him of how his sons got to where they are."

Cal nodded vigorously, "That would be a terrific idea, Sam. 'Cause

once that little buck-toothed asshole brings me and Jimmy down, he's comin' after you next, you know that."

"I know, I know," Sam agreed. "I already got feds comin' out my ass wherever I go. He's already comin' after me."

"You see?" Cal said.

"Yeah, I see."

Chapter Four

The Insult

A black Cadillac limousine pulled up in front of the Plaza Hotel in New York City. A doorman opened the back door. Sam Giancana and two of his men got out and entered the hotel.

Inside the vast, mahogany-paneled, presidential suite, there was a knock at the door. The liveried butler answered and said, "Mr. Giancana, please come in."

Sam and his two men were shown inside and the butler took their hats and coats. The butler then showed Sam alone into the master bedroom.

Joe Kennedy, attired in a silk smoking jacket, freshly-pressed trousers and leather slippers, was sitting in an easy chair surrounded by newspapers. He stood up and shook Joe's hand. "Sam. Come on in. Good to you."

Sam entered the bedroom looking more sour than usual. "Thanks.

How ya doin'?"

"Couldn't be better," Joe smiled. "So, what can I do for you, Sam?"

With a cough, Sam said, "You can call your son, Bobby, off, that's what you can do."

Joe appeared surprised. "What do you mean?"

This answer didn't sit well with Sam. "What do I mean? You know what I mean. Dragging Cal Marcello and Jimmy Hoffa in front of senate sub-committees. Putting 'em on trial. Feds following me night and day. That's what I mean."

Joe threw his hands in the air. "What can I do?"

"You can call him off, that's what you can do."

"I did tell him. But kids these days, they just don't listen anymore."

Sam said patiently, "Well, you really ought to try to get Bobby to listen to you, particularly on this subject."

Joe shrugged helplessly. "Sorry, Sam, Bobby's the Attorney-General of the United States, his got to do what he thinks is right. I can't interfere. My hands are tied."

Sam began getting angry. "Then untie them. Get Bobby to lay off Cal and Jimmy and me. Really. Just do it."

Joe Kennedy's bespectacled eyes widened in disbelief. "Are you *telling* me, Sam?"

With a level of strained patience, Sam said, "I'm doing my very best *not* to, Joe, but you're not cooperating."

"Well, on this subject, I'm sorry, but I simply can't intervene."

Now Sam became seriously angry. "You *have* to intervene!"

Shaking his head, Joe stated flatly, "No, I don't. And I won't."

Sam's eyes were now blazing. "Joe. You came to me for a favor. I did you that favor. I got your son elected, remember?"

"Well . . ." Joe said, unconvinced. "It took a lot to get him elected, you were just a part of it."

"It was the closest presidential race in history. The votes I brought in got him elected. Illinois was a swing state." Joe shrugged, saying, maybe yes and maybe no. Sam stated flatly, "Joe, you owe me."

"I don't know about that."

“Don’t you? Well, I’m tellin’ ya you do. You owe me and I’m callin’ it in. Get Bobby to lay off me and my friends. Do it. *Do it now!*”

“Sorry, no can do.”

Now Sam became furious. “All right, now I’m not *askin’*, I’m *tellin’!* Get Bobby to stop, and do it *now!*”

Joe sighed regretfully, “Sam, my son is the President of the United States, my other son is Attorney-General. You don’t tell me *anything.*”

“I don’t, huh? Well, I don’t give a fuck who your sons are! I’m *tellin’* you to make it stop!”

“No,” Joe stated simply.

“No? *No?* Joe, you fuckin’ owe me.”

“No, I don’t. I don’t owe you anything.”

Sam gasped, blinking his eyes in utter disbelief. “You must’ve lost your fuckin’ mind, Joe. Remember who you’re talkin’ to here.”

“I remember, Sam, and don’t swear at me. But you remember who you’re talking to.”

Sam took a deep breath, attempting to remain calm. “All right, I’m

gonna try this one more time. Please ask your son Bobby to stop picking on my friends.”

“No.”

Sam sprang to his feet, pointed his finger in Joe’s face and went berserk. “*You fuckin’ cocksucker!* If you don’t do what I’m tellin’ you, I’m gonna make you fuckin’ sorry you ever had kids! I’m gonna make you fuckin’ sorry you was ever born!”

Joe replied in his most menacing tone, “Don’t you ever threaten me. Nobody talks to me that way! Nobody! Ever!”

Sam Giancana, the biggest mobster in America, possibly the world, couldn’t believe his ears. “Okay, listen, you Boston blue blood fuck! You ask for a favor, I give it to you, then you turn on me like this? Who the fuck do you think you are?”

Joseph P. Kennedy rose to his feet, stood up straight, righteously poked himself in the chest and stated, “*I am the father of the President of the United States!* And you’d better watch yourself, my old friend, or I’ll have Bobby let loose the whole FBI, CIA and Secret Service on your sorry

ass. And not only that, but after Jack serves his eight years, Bobby will be president, and that's eight *more* years. And that's just the beginning. This is the start of a new dynasty! The Kennedys are going to be just like the Windsors, only bigger, and go on longer. So now I'm *telling you to fuck off!*"

It's like someone hit Sam in the head with a two-by-four. He sat there completely stunned. "You're telling *me* to fuck off? Me?"

"Fuck you and fuck off!" repeated Joe for the sake of clarity.

"You say 'fuck you' to me? To Sam Giancana? Nobody says that."

"That's right, fuck you! And don't come back, you hear me!"

Sam put on his hat, turned on his heel, and he and his men left.

Chapter Five

The Plan

Sam and his two men stepped out of the elevator. Sam was fuming, his face burning red, his teeth clamped shut, the muscles in his jaw knotting and unknotting. He walked directly to a phone booth, went in and slammed the door. His two men stood guard outside. Sam called Cal Marcello in New Orleans.

One of Marcello's men answered, "Sho-Bar."

"This is Sam," Giancana snapped, "Get me Cal."

Immediately Cal got on the line. "Hey, Sam what's up?"

"Cal, you know what that piece a shit, Joe Kennedy, just said to me? 'Fuck you,' that's what he said to me."

Cal was shocked. "He said that?"

"He sure did. Those are his exact words. 'Fuck you'. To me."

"He thinks 'cause his kid's president he's untouchable."

"It was the fuckin' votes we got him that got him elected, the prick!"

Closest fuckin' election in history! Well, no one has ever fucked me like this and gotten away with it. *Never!* And that cheap bootlegger Kennedy ain't gonna be the first, I can tell you that!"

Cal nodded, "I'm with you, Sam. Let's do him and his two little ungrateful fuckin' brats! *Fuck them!*"

Sam thought for a moment, then maniacally grinned. "No. Just Jack, for the moment. I want Joe to eat shit, and he's gotta be alive to taste it and suffer. Once his son ain't president no more then he'll just have to see what a complete ignorant fuckin' asshole he really is."

"Y'know, Sam," Cal said, "it's kind of a coincidence, really, but I was just discussing this very subject with a very bright fellah I know, and he had some very interesting ideas. I think you and me need to sit down and have a talk with this fellah."

Sam asked, "And you trust this guy?"

"Yeah, I do. He's a good friend, and maybe the smartest guy I know. And I'm tellin' you, he's got some really interesting ideas. A whole plan, actually. Maybe you ought to come on down and visit us sometime."

“How about now?”

“Now’s good.”

“I’ll be right there.”

Sam hung up the phone and exited the phone booth, his men following along after him.

Sam said to his men, “Book me a flight to New Orleans, pronto.”

The Cadillac limo was pulled up for them and they all got in and left.



Clay Shaw in the early 1960s.

There was a lot of pedestrian traffic in and out of the many bars and clubs in New Orleans’ swinging French Quarter that evening. On Bourbon

St., the Sho-Bar, with its big, gaudy neon sign, was the place to be, the front of the club literally jammed with people attempting to get in.

In the private dining room of the Sho-Bar, Cal Marcello and Sam Giancana, both wearing dark suits and ties, sat at Cal's regular red leather-upholstered circular booth having drinks and smoking cigars. Six of their men loitered around the perimeter of the room.

The door opened and in walked a suave, handsome, white-haired gentleman of forty-five named Clay Shaw, attired in a pristine white suit and gleaming white shoes. Clay stepped up to Cal, who stood and shook his hand.

Cal said, "Clay, thanks for comin."

With a lilting southern accent, Shaw said, "Why it's entirely my pleasure, Cal, it's always good to see you."

"Clay, I want you to meet my associate, Sam Giancana."

Sam stood up and Clay heartily shook his hand.

"A great pleasure, Mr. Giancana. I've heard quite a bit about you over the years, and I must say nothing impresses me more than powerful

men. And you, sir, are one of the most powerful.”

Sam shrugged humbly. “Well, in certain parts of Chicago maybe. Please, sit down, Mr. Shaw. It’s good to meet you. Cal here thinks a lot of you.”

Clay smiled his humblest smile. “Why, that’s exceptionally nice to hear. I think a lot of Cal, too.” Clay unbuttoned his white jacket, sat down, crossed his legs and said, “Since we will be talking about, uh, rather sensitive subjects, might I suggest we keep this strictly between the three of us?”

Sam nodded understandingly. “Of course.”

Giving his two men a glance, Sam’s men left the room. Cal gave his four guys a look and they also left. Cal stood up.

“Would you like a drink, Clay?”

Shaw said, “Brandy, neat. Thank you.”

Cal got Clay a glass and a bottle Courvoisier Cognac and brought them back to the table. Cal and Sam were drinking scotch, and Cal refilled both of their glasses. They tipped their glasses toward one another in a

silent toast, then they all drank.

Clay began to explain, "Now, since we're being frank and open, let me put my cards on the table right away. I'm doing this completely and entirely for my very good friend, Carlos Marcello here, who asked me a question last week, in passing, and I just happened to give it some thought, so I called him back and told him what I'd come up with. Then, as fate would have it, you called with the very same idea a few days later. That's rather coincidental, don't you think?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah, it is. So?"

"So," Shaw continued, "I was never here, and you and I will never meet again, all right?"

Sam shrugged. "Yeah, okay. Whatever you say."

"Okay, fine," Clay said, taking a sip of his drink, then took out a gold cigarette case and a white ivory cigarette holder. He put a cigarette into the holder and lit it with a fancy gold lighter. "The key to this plan is not killing the president, which has already been done three times—"

Sam and Cal both look at each other in confusion.

Sam said, "Three? Who three?"

"Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley," Shaw replied.

Sam shook his head. "Huh? I never heard of this Garfield guy before. Have you, Cal?"

Cal looked baffled, but said, "Maybe I have. I don't know. Anyway, go on."

Clay went on, "The point isn't whether or not you can kill the president, which you most certainly can, the point is getting away with it. So far, no one has."

Nodding in interest, Sam asked, "Really?"

"Nope," said Shaw, "but I'm convinced it *can* be done."

"Okay, I'm with you," Sam said. "How?"

Clay tapped his index finger on the table. "Pin it on Castro and the CIA, then let the CIA cover it up. The CIA is, as we all know, exceptionally good at that sort of thing."

Sam furrowed his brow. "What do you mean exactly?"

Clay explained further, "Castro has the very best motive for killing

Kennedy right now since Kennedy keeps trying to have him assassinated. Five times, so far, I believe, but who knows? Not to mention that Kennedy keeps shipping insurgents into Cuba to try and depose him. And, as you well know, the CIA's hands are just filthy the way they've been going after Castro."

"You're tellin' me," Sam said. "The CIA came to Johnny Roselli and me to knock Castro off before the Bay of Pigs invasion. But Castro's a pretty smart cookie and you can't get to the guy. We sent him a box of poisoned cigars, but he figured it out in advance. But he knew it was a calling card from the CIA."

Clay said, "Well, when Kennedy totally chickened-out on the Bay of Pigs and called off all the air support, leaving those poor Cuban rebels out there with their pants down, he then left the CIA holding the bag. The CIA directors, Allen Dulles and Richard Bissell, both got fired over this, and it was clearly all Kennedy's fault. Now the CIA hates Kennedy. And, of course, Castro also hates Kennedy, and let's not forget Krushchev, so there's plenty of people around with perfectly good motives to pin this on.

Now, if you choose a fall-guy with both CIA and Castro connections, then you in fact hire the very best hit men in the world, say out of Marseilles—”

“—That’s easy,” interjected Sam, “I’m very well-connected in Marseilles.”

“Yes, I know,” Clay nodded. “That’s where most of the heroin comes from. Anyway, have the actual shooting done in a public place, create plenty of confusion, then have your patsy standing by and wham, it’s all self-propelled from there on out. You get your shooters out of there and let the rest all just happen of its own accord. And if you give them one single lone nut shooter, they’ll take it, they always do. It was immediately accepted as a lone nut in two of the previous three cases: Garfield and McKinley, and in both cases it probably wasn’t true. But at a moment like that, having just lost the president, nobody wants to go looking for God knows how many people who are still at large. If it’s not that one lone nut handed to them on a platter, with a very dirty past, then who the hell is it? No, they’ll take who you give them, then cover the whole thing up themselves because the CIA can’t afford to come off looking like it’s

connected in any way to someone who has just assassinated the president. And everybody else is too afraid of Russia, Communism, and Castro to say anything.”

Sam and Cal looked at each other impressed, nodding their heads.

Cal said to Sam, “Did I tell you he had an interesting plan?”

Sam nodded again in agreement, “You did, and it is. I’m very interested.”

Clay pointed his index finger heavenward. “I’ll even go you one further, gentlemen. President Kennedy just announced plans to take a trip through the south at the end of the year. I say you do it in a highly corrupt town like Miami or Dallas. In places like that the cops, the CIA, and the FBI are so corrupt this whole thing will just naturally cover itself up.”

Sam and Cal looked at each other again, both obviously impressed and considering the plan.

“Dallas is my town,” Cal said. “There’s guys there that’ll do anything I ask ‘em to. And that includes cops, CIA, and FBI guys. Clay’s right, it’s a totally dirty town. And all these guys hang out at Jack Ruby’s strip clubs.

And guess what? Jack owes me a lotta money."

"He owes me money, too, that fuck," Sam said, shaking his head.

"And he also owes Johnny Roselli a lot of money."

"And, if I'm not mistaken," Cal added, "he's into Santo Trafficante, too. Oh boy, Jack's in big trouble. Wow, has he stepped into a big pile of shit."

Clay blew out a thin stream of smoke, smiling in amusement. "You see, it's all falling into place already. It's a perfect plan. And you can easily shoot Kennedy in his convertible Lincoln-Continental limousine. He's got a protective, bullet-proof, clear plastic bubble that goes over it, but he and Jackie are both so vain they never use it."

Sam peered at Clay seriously, leaning in toward him and asked, "So, what do you get outta this?"

"Well, I thought you knew," Clay said. "Cal is generously remunerating me with a large bank account in the Bahamas, which will keep me happy forever."

Leaning even further forward, Sam brought his face quite close to

Shaw's, speaking in a deadly serious tone. "But why else? You're too smart to do something like this just for money. You've got to have another reason and I wanna know it."

Clay considered the question for a moment, then replied, "Well . . . First of all, I knew two men in the Cuban Brigade at the Bay of Pigs who were left defenseless when Kennedy canceled the air support for them, and now they're both dead. Both fine men. I think it's just disgraceful the way he handled the Bay of Pigs invasion, and due to that I feel he's unworthy of being the commander-in-chief or the president. But I'll honestly confess to you that even more than that, well, I just want to have an impact on history, that's all, even if no one ever knows that it was me who thought this scheme up, beside you two. I want to alter the course of history, and this will be the biggest Goddamn thing that ever hit this country, maybe even the whole world, and it'll all be because *I* decided to give it a tiny little bit of thought, that's why."

Sam looked convinced. He stood, reached out and shook Clay's hand.

“Okay, that makes sense to me. I mean, it doesn’t really, but it does. I accept it. It was a pleasure meeting you and talking with you, Mr. Shaw.”

With an expression of extreme satisfaction, Clay smiled. “No, the pleasure was entirely mine, Mr. Giancana. Good luck to you, sir.”

Cal showed Clay out. They hugged at the door, then Clay left and Cal returned to the table. Sam and Cal both relit their cigars, Cal pouring each of them another drink. They toasted.

“Salud.”

They both sipped their drinks thoughtfully. Finally, Sam asked, “Is he a fruit?”

“One of the biggest in the whole quarter,” Cal snorted.

Sam shrugged. “I thought so. But he’s sharp, and very smart. Elegant.”

“Yeah, well, fruits are like that, y’know. So, what’dya think?”

Sam’s anger resurfaced. “So, ‘fuck you’ Joe Kennedy says to me. ‘My son’s the president, so fuck you!’ Nobody says that to me. Nobody. I can’t let it pass.”

“And you shouldn’t, Mooney. He betrayed you. He came to you for a favor, then he spit in your face. He’s the worst kind of asshole there is, an *ungrateful* asshole.”

Sam still couldn’t believe it. “And he said ‘fuck you.’ To me. Sam Giancana.”

“You can’t put up with that kind of disrespect, Sam. It’s all gettin’ way outta hand. Bobby’s tryin’ to break my balls, and then he’ll come for you next. Unless we nip it in the bud right now.” He pointed down at the phone. “Go on. Do it. Call Antoine in Marseilles.”

“I should,” Sam said. “I really should”

Urging him on, Cal said, “You’re fuckin’-A right you should. Call him. Fuck these Boston blue-blood assholes! They think their shit don’t stink. Well, let them eat some shit for once instead of us.”

Sam considered for a second, then grinned deviously. “Y’know what? We’ll just pay Antoine in smack. This won’t even take any cash. We’ll change the course of fuckin’ history, and we’ll do it with one week’s profits and no cash out of our pockets. Shit, this is way too easy. Watch

this.”

Picking up the phone, Sam dialed. Cal appeared pleased and waved one of his men over.

“Get David Ferrie. Bring him in here.”

“Sure thing, Cal,” Cal’s man said and immediately left.

Sam listened as the phone rang, then it was answered. Smiling, Sam said, “*Bon jour*, Antoine. It’s Sam . . .”

Chapter Six

The Patsy I



One of David Ferrie's many mugshots.

Cal Marcello reached out with an expensive silver lighter and lit the cigarette belonging to David Ferrie, a short, squat, weasel-faced man of forty-five with odd, penciled-in eyebrows and an obvious reddish-brown toupee that slipped forward as he leaned in for the light.

David slid his toupee back into place and chuckled. "Almost lost my rug."

"So," Cal asked, "how's the case against me comin' along?"

"Not so good. The D.A. ain't got a case, nothin' they can make stick. Conspiracy? They don't know nothin' about conspiracy. Look, Bobby

Kennedy can order them to go after you, but we're still here in New Orleans. And you're the man in New Orleans, Cal. Nobody'll testify against you here."

"So, you know when the trial will be?"

Ferrie waved his hand dismissively. "Not 'til the end of the year. Don't worry, everything'll be handled by then."

Cal nodded approvingly. "I know. You're a good man, David. I like you."

Ferrie smiled. "I know you do, Cal, and I appreciate it. A lot."

"Good," Marcello said lighting a cigar. "So, I need a name from you."

Ferrie held up his hands. "Anything. Name it."

"I'm lookin' for the creepiest little pro-Castro, CIA rat operative you can think of. A sucker. Either here or in Dallas or Miami. Any ideas?"

"That's funny," Ferrie grinned knowingly. "I know just the guy; I don't even have to think about it. And he just moved from here to Dallas a few weeks ago."

"Who is it?" Cal inquired.

“A guy I served with in the Civil Air Patrol. Lee Oswald.”

Cal nodded. “Oh yeah, I’ve met him. He *is* a little creep. I know his uncle, too. Dutz the Putz. Yeah, they’re all creeps, the whole fuckin’ family.”

“Yeah. Lee and me was both just in this Fair Play for Cuba group, which was a CIA front run by that ex-FBI asshole, Guy Bannister. The CIA recruited Lee right outta the Marine Corps and then had him defect to Russia as a double-agent, then a couple of years later had him defect back, and he was allowed to bring his Russian wife and his kid with him. And get this, now he’s tryin’ to defect *back* again. He just went to Mexico and talked to the Russian embassy, but they wouldn’t let him. He planned to stop in Cuba along the way to pay his respects to Castro, I guess. And get this, Lee just took a potshot at some fascist, right-wing general through his living room window—you might’ve read about it in the paper—from not even a hundred feet away, and missed him. But don’t bring that up ‘cause it’s a secret, okay?”

“Christ, what a fuckin’ nut,” Cal snorted disdainfully. “Man oh man

is he tied up with the CIA, and Castro, and the Russians, too. This *mamaluke* is perfect. And you say he's in Dallas now?"

"Yeah, he just moved there."

"Right. Go to Dallas, find out what he's doing, and call me, okay?"

"Sure thing, boss."

David got up and left, straightening his toupee as he went.

Chapter Seven

The Shooters



Marseilles, France.

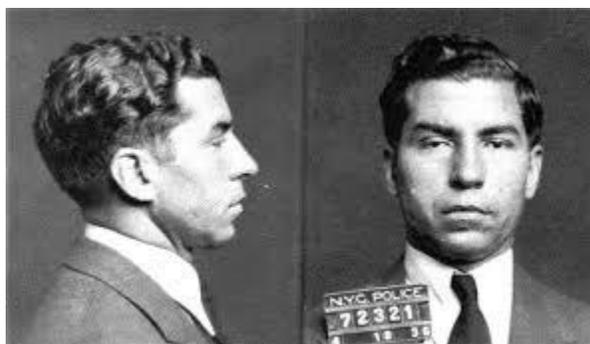


Assassin and drug-trafficker, Lucien Sarti.

Lined with docks and boats of all varieties, the city of Marseilles is located in the southeast of France, on the rugged, hilly coast of the Mediterranean. It's the largest port on the Mediterranean, and the second

largest city in France, with a population of 800,000 people, as of July, 1963.

A 33-year old man with dark hair, an inquisitive face, bushy eyebrows and a friendly, though canny, grin, stood on a corner wearing a beret and smoking a cigarette. This was Lucien Sarti, a Croatian by birth but raised in France: a professional assassin and quite possibly the best hired hitman in the world. During World War II when Sarti was between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, he had been a sniper with the French Resistance killing over 50 German soldiers. He was a crack marksman who was amazingly cool under any kind of pressure.



Antoine Guerini in a New York City mugshot from 1936.

Antoine Guerini, an ugly, pockmarked, thick-necked, white-haired, man of fifty-three, stepped up beside Lucien. Guerini was the most

powerful leader of the Marseilles mob, the largest heroin traffickers in the world, known in America as “The French Connection.” Guerini smuggled arms into Marseilles for the French Resistance during World War II, and this was is where he met Lucien Sarti, whom he had known since he was fourteen years old and just learning to shoot Germans. The two men spoke to each other in French.

“Lucien,” Antione said.

“Antoine.”

They kissed each other on both cheeks, then turned and took a slow, languid stroll along the steep, winding city streets.

“So? How much?” Lucien asked.

“Ten kilos. Pure. I’ll take them right off your hands for 100,000 francs a kilo.”

Lucien stopped short, his eyes wide in wonderment. “That’s a million francs.”

“To split between you and the others. Two or three others, you decide. But you must get the very best, which would still only be a another

hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand francs each, leaving you with more than half a million.”

Lucien waved his hand like it was on fire, “My, my, my. Who on earth could it possibly be? De Gaulle? Kruschev?”

Antoine shook his head. “Bigger than them.”

“The Pope?”

Again Antoine shook his head, this time wearing a wary, sly expression. He glanced all around to make sure no one was anywhere near, and no one was, but even still he lowered his voice. “President Kennedy.”

They both stopped, turned and looked out to the sea. Seagulls swooped and cawed, diving for fish over the brilliant blue waves of the Mediterranean.

Lucien considered what he just heard. “That’s a *very* big contract.”

“The biggest.”

“Why, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Kennedy’s father insulted a *mafioso capo*,” Guerini explained. “He

came to him for a favor, then when it came time to pay back he told the *capo*, 'fuck you'."

Lucien's eyes widened in astonishment. "Fuck you? To a *mafioso capo*? Very ballsy. And only his son is getting it?"

Antoine shook his head. "Say fuck you to a *mafioso capo* here and it's you, your whole family, and all the cousins you never met. And this isn't just some local capo, either. It's the American *capo de capi*."

"Giancana?"

"I knew Sam back in the '30s when we both worked for Capone. He's mean as a snake. I wouldn't have said fuck you to him back then."

Lucien sighed. "Foolish. So, what about me and my people? This sounds very, very dangerous."

Antoine put his hand on Lucien's shoulder. "I've been assured by people I *absolutely* trust that everything will be handled in the most professional way possible. For instance, like hiring you, this is the best, and no expenses will be spared. Everything's precisely planned. Public place, lots of confusion, scapegoats already set up and in place, ready to be fed to

the wolves. It's all exceptionally clever, I must say. You and your people will slip in and slip out like you were never there. You'll be taken care of. You've got *my* word on it."

Lucien nodded, shook Antoine's hand and hugged him.

"That's good enough for me, Antoine. Thank you for thinking of me, and giving me the chance to make my fortune. This will change my life, and make me a rich man. I won't fail you."

Antoine nodded knowingly. "I know you won't, Lucien. You're the best and you're my good friend. I watched you grow up. You seem like a son to me. I love you and I trust you."

"And I love and trust you, too, Antoine."

They kissed each other on the cheeks, as sentimental Frenchmen will often do.

Chapter Eight

The Middleman



Jack Ruby in 1963.

In the private dining room in the back of the Sho-Bar in New Orleans, Cal Marcello was seated in his red leather booth and the same men lurked around the perimeter of the room. There was a knock at the door and it was opened by one of the men. In walked a weary-looking, fifty-five-year-old man with thinning hair in a dark suit and tie named Jack Ruby, whose real name was Jacob Leon Rubenstein. Originally from Chicago where he

had previously worked for Sam Giancana, among other underworld figures, he was now a well-known bar-owner in Dallas.

Cal stood up, shook Jack's hand and spoke in his friendliest tone.

"Jackie. How ya doin'?"

Although Cal's tone was friendly, Jack Ruby knew better. He wouldn't have been ordered to be there for a friendly visit, therefore he was highly wary and extremely nervous.

"Fine, Cal. Couldn't be better."

"Wanna drink?"

"Sure. Scotch on the rocks. A big one."

Cal glanced at one of his men and the drink almost instantly appeared. Jack put a cigarette in his mouth and Cal lit it for him with his silver lighter.

"So, you wanted to see me," Ruby said, "and here I am."

Cal was still at his most affable. "And I appreciate it, Jack. Thanks for coming."

Jack's discomfort was palpable. "Yeah, well . . ."

Letting Jack stew for a long moment, Cal finally ventured, "So, how much money do you owe me?"

Wincing, Ruby said, "Uh . . . I guess it must be about a hundred thou'."

Cal frowned. "No, it *used* to be a hundred thou', Jack. But there's this thing called 'compounding interest,' you heard of it?"

"Yeah, I have." Ruby took a big slug of scotch.

Cal turned to one of his men. "How much is it really?"

A tough-looking man flipped through a ledger. He found what he was looking for. "One hundred and twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and seventy-two dollars."

Puffing on his cigar and frowning, Cal said, "But it's not just me right now, Jack. I'm representing some other people, too. Old friends of yours that you also owe a lot of money to."

"Like who?"

Cal shook his head, frowning more deeply. "Come on, Jack, don't act dumb. Your old boss, Sam Giancana in Chicago, Santo Trafficante in

Miami, and Johnny Roselli in Vegas, too. You're in over your head to the tune of nearly half a million bucks. That's a lot of money."

Jack looked shocked, as though this was news to him. *"Oh, fuck!"*

"Oh, fuck is right," said Cal Marcello. "Owing me money is a very bad idea, but Mooney, Trafficante, and Roselli, too? You must have a fuckin' death wish, Jack. What's wrong with you?"

"It's just a streak of bad luck, Cal," Ruby explained. "These last two clubs I opened are doing great and really paying off big. I'll be able to pay everybody back really soon. I swear."

Cal sighed in disappointment. "Jack, face it, nothing can hit big enough at this point to help you. There's no chance of you paying any of us back."

Jack reached into his pocket, took out a rubber-banded roll of money and put it on the table in front of Cal, but Cal didn't even give it a glance.

"Look, here's ten Gs," Ruby said. "It's all I could put together since you called this morning. Please, take it."

Cal picked up the roll of cash, slid his chair closer to Jack, then placed

the money on the table in front of Ruby.

“You’re in for a half a million and you bring me ten Gs? You think I’m an asshole, Jack?”

Jack was clearly starting to panic. Sweat began rolling down his forehead. “No, no, of course not, Cal. Jesus Christ! I’ll pay the money back. I swear. I’ll figure out a way.”

Cal gently put his arm around Jack’s shoulder and gave him a firm hug. “No you won’t.”

Jack’s panic had now transformed to pure fear. “Yeah, I will. I swear I will.”

“It’s too late for that, Jack. You know what happens when you get in too deep to guys like me and Mooney and Trafficante and Roselli. You know what happens next, right?”

One of Cal’s thugs sat down in the booth directly next to Jack, sliding over until he was uncomfortably close. Jack apprehensively glanced at him, then desperately turned back to Cal.

“Yeah, I do,” Jack said.

"I know you do," said Cal ever so calmly. "And that's good."

Cal let all of this sink in for a second. Jack shakily picked up his drink, the ice cubes jingling, and downed it.

"So what'dya think I'm gonna do now?" asked Cal.

Glancing at the thug beside him, Jack turned back at Cal Marcello and squeaked in a tiny voice, "Kill me?"

Hugging Jack even closer, Cal smiled, "'Course I should, but today's your lucky day, Jack. I'm not going to."

Jack couldn't believe what he was hearing. "No?"

"No. I gotta job for you."

"Yeah?" Jack sighed, visibly and audibly brightening.

"Yeah. So now I don't need to explain *why* I want you do a few things for me, I just want you to do them, okay?"

Overwhelmingly relieved, Jack took a deep breath. "Sure. Anything, Cal. Just name it."

"Right. And this is how you're gonna work off your debt."

“The whole thing?”

“The whole thing.”

In utter astonishment, Jack couldn't believe his ears. “Good God, Cal, how?”

“You're just gonna do a few things for me, no questions, just do 'em. Some will be easy, others harder, but either way you just do 'em. Got it?”

Jack nodded, “Yeah, sure, of course. No problem.”

“And you mention anything about this to anyone, I mean, anyone, and you'll make me very unhappy. You know what I mean, Jack?”

Unable to stop nodding, Jack said, “I know what you mean.”

“Good.”

Cal stood and so did Jack, rather unsteadily. Cal shook Jack's hand.

Jack couldn't believe the turn of events. “Thanks for giving me a way to work this out. I really appreciate it, Cal.”

“I know you do,” Cal said. “Here. You keep this.”

He handed the roll of money back to Jack.

“Thanks a lot. You can count on me.”

“I know I can. But don’t let me down, Jack. There’s no second chance on this.”

Edging his way toward the door, Jack said, “No, I won’t let you down,” then, since no one was stopping him, he left in a hurry.

Smirking, Cal and his men watched him go. Cal turned to one of his men. “Christ, what a *schmuck*.” After a moment Cal picked up the phone and dialed. It rang a few times, then was answered.

Cal said, “Hello, Mooney? Yeah, it’s all moving along. No problems.”

Chapter Nine

The Team

Lucien Sarti sat on the deck of a sailboat docked in the Marseilles Harbor. Two other men sat there with him: Marcel Talazac, an intense, though humorous, man with a dark-complexion in his early forties; and Andre Jobert, a blond, handsome fellow in his mid-twenties. All three drank red wine and smoked Gauloises cigarettes. A sultry breeze blew off the Mediterranean blowing the smoke away in swirls.

“I don’t know the exact locale as yet,” Lucien stated, “but the target will be in a moving car. A convertible. I’m hoping that between the three of us we can arrange a triangulation to be absolutely certain of the kill. Anything less than a kill is failure, and in this case, working for the *Cosa Nostra*, that is, of course, unacceptable. That’s why I’ve got you two, you’re my friends, I trust you, and you’re the only other shooters in Marseilles as good as me.”

“Better,” Marcel stated factually. “I killed twice as many Nazis as

you. I was the best sniper in the entire resistance. I was already there three years when you just started, and you were just a snot-nosed young kid."

"Okay, okay," Lucien smiled. "You're the best, Marcel. Relax. Anyway, we'll all have to lay low for a while, maybe eight or ten weeks, then we'll be back here and we'll be rich men."

"And you say this is a high-ranking American political official?"

"Yes. Does it matter?"

"Not to me," Andre said.

Lucien looked at Marcel inquiringly.

Grinning, Marcel said, "You're joking, right? For a hundred and fifty thousand francs I'll shoot anybody, including my mother."

"Marcel, your mother's dead."

"Which is, of course, why I would use her as an example. If she were alive, I wouldn't have said that."

Lucien and Andre were both amused. Lucien handed each man an inch-thick stack of money. Marcel picked up his pile and fanned himself with it.

“This is as much as I’ve ever made before, and it’s just the advance.

When I get back from this job I’m going to buy a café.”

Lucien said, “Then I’ll have a new place to go drink and hang around.”

“Me, too,” Andre said. “And I’ll drive you there in my new car.”

“What about you, Lucien,” Marcel asked, “what will you do with all your money?”

Lucien smiled wistfully. “Buy a new house, then stay home for a while. Get to know my wife and children.”

Marcel and Andre both shook Lucien’s hand warmly, thanking him again. Lucien smiled back, pleased to have helped his friends.

Chapter Ten

The Patsy II



Lee Harvey Oswald
when he was living in
Minsk, U.S.S.R., sometime
between October, 1959
and June, 1962.

The Carousel Topless Club in Dallas, located on the opposite side of Dealy Plaza from the Texas School Book Depository, was a popular upscale topless joint with a lot of traffic going in and out. The club was often frequented by off-duty policemen, FBI and CIA agents.

Inside, the club was jumping and jammed to capacity. A shapely stripper named Jada with a tall hairdo, white lipstick and big false eyelashes performed her bump and grind routine on the stage,

accompanied by a jazz quartet led by a seductive saxophone. Jack Ruby sat at a table with two other men: David Ferrie, and Lee Harvey Oswald, a thin, dark-haired, dopey-looking guy of twenty-four.

Ferrie said, "Go on, Lee, tell him."

"I been with the agency on and off for nearly five years," Oswald said. "They had me defect to the U.S.S.R. for over two years, then brought me back."

Jack looked amazed, "Really?"

"Oh, yeah. That's where I met my wife and had my first kid, June, and they both came back with me, too. The agency got me right out of the Marine Corps. One day I was in, the next day I was out, and on my way to Moscow. It's 'cause I speak fluent Russian, see?"

Jack asked, "And the CIA sent you to Russia?"

Oswald shrugged, "How else could I have done it? You know anyone else that's defected to Russia, then defected back again? Hell, you can't even go there, it's on the other side of the Iron Curtain."

"No," Ruby said, shaking his head. "I've never heard of it."

“That’s right. And David and me both just worked with the spooks on this Fair Play for Cuba, Castro thing, too. Fair play for Cuba. What a joke. They hate Castro so much it’s killin’ ‘em.”

“And you see,” Ferrie added, “as hard as they try they can’t assassinate Castro.”

“And nobody will, either,” Oswald stated flatly. “If Ike couldn’t get him right at the beginning, Kennedy sure as hell ain’t gonna get him now. Look what happened with the Bay of Pigs. Ridiculous! Kennedy is a yellow-bellied chicken. Fidel is ten times the man that Kennedy will ever be! It’s not Castro that should be assassinated anyway, it’s Kennedy, the son of a bitch! He’s dragging this whole country down by its boot straps and right into the toilet! They’re all just pissed-off about losing their Goddamn casinos in Havana. The lives of the Cuban people mean nothing to our government. Castro is a man of the people. Kennedy is nothing but a flunky of the wealthy elite; the oppressor pigs!”

Jack and David both appeared uncomfortable at Lee’s vehemence and volume, and they both glanced around to see if anyone was listening.

Jack said to Lee, "So then, uh, you're available if I should need you for a job sometime? Nothing too hard, I assure you."

"Yeah, if it pays pretty good and doesn't take too long. I got a real job these days, so if you need me for too long and I've got to quit, then it's gotta pay a lot better than my real job, if you know what I'm saying?"

"Sure. Of course. Where you workin'?"

"At a book warehouse right here in Dealy Plaza." Oswald pointed to his right. "It's the easiest job I ever had. I move boxes of books for a couple of hours, then I sit and read for the rest of the day. And it pays pretty good, too. I'm a proletariat now and proud of it." He raised his fist. "Power to the workers! *Viva la revolution!*"

Jack and David exchanged a quick glance that said, "Holy moly, what a screwball." Out loud, however, Jack said, "Okay then. And you two met in the National Guard?"

"The Civil Air Patrol," Ferrie corrected. "Yeah, I was the captain, Lee was one of my men. He's a good man, I can vouch for him."

Nodding, Jack said, "Okay. I'll be in touch." He put out his hand.

“Good to meet you, Lee.”

Lee shook Jack’s hand. “Yeah, you, too, Jack. Nice club.”

“Thanks.”

Lee Oswald stood up and left. Jack and David watched him go.

David looked at Jack expectantly.

“So?”

“Jesus!” Jack winced. “What a creep. You know if he’s got a rifle?”

“Sure. I’ve seen it at the shooting range. Some cheap Italian piece of crap.”

“Good.”

“Man,” Ferrie rolled his eyes under his fake eyebrows, “he couldn’t hit the side of fuckin’ barn.”

A little while later, Jack entered the messy little back room office of the club, sat down at the desk, lit a cigarette, then dialed the telephone.

One of Marcello’s men answered.

“Sho-Bar”

"It's Jack Ruby. Let me talk to Cal."

Cal got on the line. "Yeah, Jack, you meet him?"

"Yeah, I did. He sure is a creepy little weasel, and he's definitely been workin' for the CIA for years, and he's all caught up with the Russians, too. And this asshole was born looking guilty. I'll tell ya something else. You want this whole thing to stick like glue to this guy, get the motorcade to go past where he works, right here in Dealy Plaza, which faces out to big buildings with a million windows, and couple of tight, hairpin curves going through it that a parade of cars would have to slow way the hell down for, to like ten miles-per-hour or less."

"And how would I get the cars to go past there?" Marcello asked.

"You can't? Well, I think I could. I know every cop in town, and all the local Secret Service guys, too. I can get 'em to do pretty much anything I want. I'll just tell 'em it would mean a whole lot to the business owners here in Dealy Plaza."

"Okay, then do it."

"It's done."

“Good work, Jack. Keep it up and you’ll be fine,” Cal said encouragingly.

“Thanks, Cal, I appreciate it. A lot.”

“Just like you should.”

Chapter Eleven

The Location

Lucien opened the door of his small house and stepped outside holding an Air France flight bag. A moment later Lucien's pregnant wife, Marie, a pretty, curly-haired woman of twenty-three, and their three kids, between the ages of nine and twelve, came out and surrounded him.

"Lucien, please don't go. I need you here. Please," Marie pleaded.

Lucien's twelve-year-old son, Emile, said, "Papa, please stay. Please."

His nine- and eleven-year-old daughters, Suzette and Francois, also pleaded, "Please, please . . ."

In exasperation, Lucien said, "Why must I go through this every single time I go on a job? This is what I do. This is how I make the money to pay for our house and food and everything else we have. Why do you all make me feel so bad when you know I have to go?"

Marie said, "We love you and we need you."

"I love you, too. All of you." He hugged them all. "Now, just let me go and do my job."

Marie asked, "When will you be back?"

Lucien shook his head. "I don't know. Maybe eight weeks. Maybe ten. Now don't make it any harder for me, just let me go. And this time when I come back we will all move to a bigger house in the country and we'll be rich, and I'll stay home all the time, okay?"

"Okay," Marie said. "Goodbye, my love. Just make sure you come back."

"Oh, I'll come back," Lucien said, "you can count on that."

"Bye-bye, papa," said all of the kids waving their hands.

Lucien walked away down to the end of the street. He glanced back and his whole family was still out there waving to him. He waved back, then turned the corner and stepped out of sight.

An Aero Mexico DC-2 prop plane landed at the Guatemala City Airport in Guatemala, Central America. David Ferrie, wearing a straw hat,

shorts and sandals, stepped up to meet Lucien, Andre, and Marcel, at the one and only gate. Ferrie shook all of their hands.

“Gentlemen,” Ferrie grinned, “I welcome you from my employer, who sends his greetings and his respects.”

Lucien spoke in English, “Thank him for us.”

“I will. I hope you had a nice flight.”

“Yes, it was fine,” Lucien said.

“The flight to Mexico City was fine,” Marcel added, in slightly halting English. “But *from* Mexico City to Guatemala City, *merde*.”

Ferrie nodded knowingly. “Yeah, those old Hercules DC-2s are tough planes to fly, let me tell you. But they’ll go anywhere. You can land ‘em on the shortest jungle landing strips. The DC-3 is a better plane. Come on, follow me.”

He lead them out of the small terminal.

In a 1950s Land Rover, David Ferrie drove the three Frenchmen to a remote, hidden landing strip in the sweltering, mosquito-infested jungle, somewhere outside Guatemala City, where he had a small, 4-seat Cessna

airplane waiting.

“I been flyin’ Cuban rebels in and outta here for the past couple a years,” Ferrie said. “Some job, eh?”

They all climbed aboard the plane. David started up the engine, taxied down the bumpy, potholed runway, then steadily and easily took off into the deep blue sky.

The plane landed at a remote desert landing strip outside Dallas. Jack Ruby was waiting in his red, 1958 Cadillac Sedan De Ville. The three men got into the waiting car and off they drove. The plane immediately took back off and flew away.

Jack shook Lucien’s hand in the front seat. “My name’s Jack, I’ll be your contact here in Dallas. You guys speak English, right?”

Lucien said, “Yes, all three of us.”

“Good. I got you a place a few blocks from where you’ll be, uh, doing business, so to speak.”

“Excellent.”

"I own a couple a strip clubs in town, maybe you'll get a chance to see them."

"Thank you, Jack," Lucien said politely, "but I don't think so. The less people who see us the better."

"Right," Jack nodded. "Of course. Good thinking."

Marcel made the electric window go up and down. "Very nice car."

Jack waved his hand dismissively. "You shoulda seen it when I got it the year before last when it was nearly new. It was immaculate, and I only paid a thousand bucks for it, too. Some schnook owed me money."

Jack drove the three men, all of whom had lit up and were now smoking, through Dealy Plaza along the route the president's motorcade would be taking. They wheeled around the hairpin curves, then passed beneath the book depository building.

"This is the route," Ruby said, "the president's motorcade will be taking. And that's where our sucker works. Good view down to the street from those windows, huh?"

Lucien turned to Marcel and said, "That's where you'll be."

Nodding, Marcel said, "Yes, it's a good position. Having that big tree right there is unfortunate, but I'll make do."

Jack sniffed the thick smoke in the car and winced. "What kind of cigarettes are those, they smell weird."

Marcel pulled out a pack Gitane cigarettes. "They're French. Would you care for one?"

Jack shook his head. "No thanks, I don't smoke."

Jack drove slowly up Elm St. past an open, grassy area which was backed by a cement wall and a picket fence, as well as a semi-circular cement structure of oval pillars holding up a flat roof, all shaded by several large trees. Lucien pointed to the grassy knoll.

"I'll be there. I'm just trying to figure out how to get you—," he pointed at Andre, "—up on the overpass there."

Jack drove them past the grassy knoll and under a triple overpass.

"I'd be out in the open," Andre stated.

"No, you'd be in a car or truck," Lucien replied, "but maybe not, I'm just thinking out loud, okay? If you were there it would give us a

triangulation and there's really no way we could miss. But, we may not get that. We'll see. We'll work with what we've got. Marcel and me from the front and back may have to be enough."

"But what about me?" Andre said, putting his hand on his chest.

Lucien grabbed Andre's shoulder. "Don't worry, my friend, if nothing else you'll be with me."

Andre appeared disappointed and puffed plaintively on his cigarette. Jack waved his hand in front of his face, grimaced, mumbling irritably, "P-U."

Jack pulled his Cadillac up in front of a small, white, utterly nondescript two-bedroom suburban house located just a few blocks from downtown. A white van was parked in the driveway. Jack handed Lucien a set of keys and a piece of paper.

"Everything you need is inside," Jack said. "Here are the keys to the house and the van, and a number to reach me, which isn't my number, but just ask for me and I'll call you back. You probably won't see me again, though, so good luck."

“Thank you,” Lucien said.

The three Frenchmen got out of the car and Jack drove away. The men stepped up to the front door, unlocked it and went inside.

The house was nearly empty except for three army cots, a beat-up wooden table and chairs, and a portable black and white TV set. All of the windows were covered by thick curtains.

On top of the table was a four-foot by one-foot wooden box. Marcel took out his pocket knife and pried the box open. Inside were three brand-new 9mm Mauser rifles with scopes and several boxes of shells. Marcel looked at the rifles skeptically.

“They’re brand-new.”

“That’s what I asked for, three new Mausers with scopes,” Lucien replied.

“But they’ve never been fired,” Marcel said. “How can we trust them?”

“We have to,” Lucien stated. “They’re Mausers. They’re the weapons we used during the war. They’re the most accurate and

dependable rifles that I ever fired.”

“Yes,” Marcel agreed, “they are.”

“Then we’ll just have to put our faith in Nazi manufacturing.”

With a sigh, Marcel said, “They were ingenious sons of bitches, I’ll give them that.”

They all looked around the empty room. Hanging in the closet were a policeman’s uniform, a railroad worker’s outfit, and a custodian’s coveralls.

Opening the refrigerator, they found that it was full of food and beer. Marcel located a bottle opener in a drawer, then opened a bottle of beer for each of them and they toasted each other.

“To Nazi ingenuity,” Marcel grinned.

“And good weather,” Lucien added. “If they have the convertible top up, or that bullet-proof shield on, it’s all off.”

“Then to good weather, too,” Andre added.

They all guzzled their beers.

Chapter Twelve

The Assassination

On Friday, November 22, 1963, at 8:30 AM, the presidential jet, Air Force One, landed at the Fort Worth Airport where the weather was gray and drizzling. Nevertheless, there was still a crowd of hundreds of people waiting to cheer John and Jackie Kennedy as they came off the plane. John was in a black suit and tie, Jackie wore a pink jacket with black velvet lapels, a matching pink skirt, as well as a pink "Pill-Box" hat, which she had personally caused to be fashionable.

The presidential motorcade drove through the wet streets of downtown Fort Worth, past multitudes of people lining the streets in spite of the weather, excitedly waving and cheering. And even though it was drizzling, John and Jackie smiled and waved at the crowd, the convertible top down without the protective bullet-proof covering.

It was raining in Dallas, too, but reasonably warm at 67 degrees.

Lee Harvey Oswald lived in a small rooming house at 1026 North Beckley in a lower-middle class Dallas neighborhood called Oak Cliff.

He lived alone in one room with a bathroom and a closet and was presently just finishing getting dressed, button his white shirt and circling the kitchen table talking to himself. The room was Spartan: a cot, a beat-up old couch, a kitchen table and a chair. Copies of *The Daily Worker* and *The Militant* newspapers neatly piled, while stacks of books sat on the floor and the desk about communism, socialism, and Cuba. A radio played the news about Kennedy's arrival in the rain in Fort Worth. Oswald wore clean tan khaki work pants, black work shoes, a white button-up shirt. Sitting on the kitchen table was a Smith & Wesson .38 snub-nose pistol, a black rotary telephone and a cup of coffee that Lee occasionally sipped.

"I'm too good for this," Lee mumbled. "I was born for greatness. People will hear about me. I'm not a nobody. No, I'm not a nobody."

Seated in the driver's seat of a gray Chevy Belair parked across the street from the rooming house was a man wearing dark sunglasses. He

looked at the house through the rain soaked glass of the driver's window.

Lee picked up the receiver of the telephone and dialed. It rang three times, then was answered by a woman with a Russian accent, his wife, Marina.

"Hello, Marina?" Lee said.

"Oh, Lee, please leave me alone," Marina wearily replied.

"I wanna see the kids after work. Just for a minute, okay?"

"I don't think that's such a good idea."

A Dallas Taxi Cab pulled up in front of the rooming house. The man with the sunglasses watched closely.

The taxi's horn honked and Lee flinched, "Come on, just for a minute and I won't stay long, okay? Look, I gotta go, the taxi's here. But it's really important."

"Lee, can't we just take a rest for a few days?"

"You're my family, you need me."

"But not the way you're acting."

"This'll all change, you'll see." The taxi's horn honked again. "Put

Rachel and June on the phone, would ya please?"

"Don't you have to get to work?"

"Yeah, but I need to talk to the girls."

"They're eating, Lee," Marina pleaded. "You'll talk to them later. Go to work. Hold on to this job."

"Okay, whatever you say," Lee said, defeated.

"Good. Do what I say for once."

"I'll see you later. Give my love to Rachel and June. They need me. You need me. Bye."

Hanging up, Lee thought for a moment, then shook his head in despair. "It's all gone wrong. It can't be this way. It's all gotta change." He put on a tan khaki windbreaker, picked up the pistol and shoved it into the inside pocket of his jacket. He picked up a brown bag lunch and a paperback book, *The Guns of August* by Barbara Tuchman, looked around, then nervously left the room. Out in the hall he locked his room door with a key, then turned and walked away.

Stepping out the side door of the house into the rain, Lee looked up

let the raindrops pelted him in the face. He sighed deeply, shaking his head, then quickly got in the taxi.

“Four-eleven Elm Street,” Lee said to the driver, “right in Dealy Plaza.”

The thin white male cab driver said, “Kennedy’s comin’ right through there today. It’ll be a zoo. You goin’ to see Kennedy?”

“No,” Lee said, “I work there.”

“Where?”

“At the book depository.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s where they keep all the books for the schools. But this job’s just temporary. I usually work for the government.”

“Doing what?” the driver inquired.

“I can’t talk about it,” Lee stated flatly.

“Oh. Okay. Whatever you say. Hope it stops raining before the president gets here.”

“Me, too.”

The cab drove away.

A moment later the man in the gray Belair with the sunglasses made a U-turn, pulling up directly in front of the rooming house. Looking warily in all directions, the man got out of the car wearing black leather gloves and holding a long cardboard flower box. He walked up the driveway to the side door, opened the unlocked door, and quickly entered the house. He went up a hallway directly to Lee's door. Using a lock pick he easily broke into Lee's room. The man went straight to the closet where Lee's 6.5 mm Italian military Mannlicher-Carcano, bolt-action, carbine rifle with a loose, crooked scope and a leather strap was located. He put the rifle into the flower box, closed the top, put it under his arm and quickly departed.

The man with the sunglasses in the Belair pulled up in front of the suburban house where the three Frenchmen were staying. He got out of the car holding the long cardboard box, then quickly — though not too quickly — walked to the front door. He set the box against the door, rang the bell, turned and left. By the time the doorknob jiggled the car was

already driving away. Lucien, wearing only boxer shorts, opened the door and the box fell inside. He picked it up quickly and shut the door.

Opening the box, Lucien found Oswald's rifle and a plastic bag containing three shell casings. Marcel and Andre stepped up in their boxer shorts. Without touching anything, Lucien stuck his nose up to the chamber of the rifle and sniffed.

Lucien said, "Just fired. Good. Everything is on."

He handed Marcel the bag of shells. Marcel put them in his boxer shorts and they fell right out the leg of the shorts onto the floor.

"Okay," Marcel said, "I'm all set."

Lucien and Andre burst out laughing, shaking their heads in amusement.

Wearing a deadpan expression, Marcel said, "What?"



John Kennedy at the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce meeting.

At 10:00 AM John and Jackie Kennedy attended a Chamber of Commerce meeting in Fort Worth, where the rain had let up, but it was still drizzling. The mayor of Fort Worth, Bayard H. Friedman, standing at a podium, handed John Kennedy a white cowboy hat and said, "We couldn't let you leave Fort Worth without providing you with some protection against the rain."

The audience laughed appreciatively.

John Kennedy stood, took the cowboy hat, but didn't put it on, saying, "I'll put it on in the, uh, White House on Monday. If you'll come up you'll have a chance to see it there."

The audience laughed again. JFK waved and smiled, then sat back

down beside Jackie, setting the hat on the table.



The Texas Book Depository and Dealy Plaza, 1963.

At 10:30 AM Lee Oswald was busily hauling boxes of books on a dolly around the cavernous, six-floor book warehouse. It was just another day as far as he was concerned. As he passed the windows he glanced outside to see crowds of people lining up on the streets of Dealy Plaza holding cameras, all craning their heads to see down Elm Street in anticipation of the presidential motorcade, which wasn't expected for several hours.

"Kennedy," Oswald harrumphed. "What an asshole! Fuck him! I could carve a better man out of a banana."

Cal Marcello lived in a rambling, plantation-style house in New Orleans. Four thugs wandered the grounds keeping guard. At 10:40 AM a brand-new, black, 1963 Cadillac Eldorado drove up and parked in front of the house with one of Cal's men driving. Cal, looking resplendent in a brand-new dark suit, as he puffed away on a big cigar, came out the door and got in the back of the car. Waiting for Cal in the backseat was David Ferrie. The car drove away.

"Morning, David," Marcello said.

"Morning, Cal," Ferrie replied. "Very sharp suit."

Cal looked down at his sport coat, rubbing the lapel. "Thanks. It's new. Silk. Five hundred bucks."

"Very sharp. How you feelin' today?"

"How should I be feelin'?" Cal inquired.

"I think you should be feelin' good. I think today everything's gonna go your way, Cal."

"As my mother, God rest her soul, used to say in Italian, 'From your

mouth to God's ears'."

"God's listenin', Cal. It's all been arranged."

Cal plaintively puffed on his cigar, filling the car with smoke.



John and Jackie Kennedy leave Fort Worth.

At 10:50 AM John and Jackie Kennedy arrived back at the Fort Worth airport where they found an even bigger crowd than when they got there. As they boarded Air Force One they waved and smiled at the adoring crowd. The plane taxied away from the terminal, down the runway, then lifted off into the gray rainy sky.

Lucien sat at the table in his shorts. He had a little vice clamped to the edge of the table. In the vice was a 9mm bullet. Using a small, hand-

powered drill, Lucien bored a hole into the lead head of the bullet. A squiggle of lead came out of the hole as the drill dug in. Marcel and Andre both stood there in their boxer shorts raptly watching and smoking cigarettes. Lucien then took a glass vial out of his bag with an eye-dropper in the end. He held it up to the other guys.

"Le Mercure. Mercury."

Lucien filled the eye-dropper, brought it to the hollowed-out bullet head and filled it with mercury. He then dripped one tiny drop of solder into the hole, sealing it.

"What are you doing?" Andre asked.

"Making an exploding bullet," Lucien replied.

"Only one, *maestro*?" Marcel asked.

Lucien nodded, "Yes. Only one. From my position if I need a second one, then it's too late and I've already failed."

Taking the bullet out of the vice, he unclamped the vice from the table and put it back in his flight bag. He unplugged the soldering iron, then looked at his watch and saw that it was 11:00. He rose to his feet.

“It’s eleven A.M. Let’s get moving.”

They all began moving.

At 11:30 AM, at the U.S. Justice Department in Washington, D.C., in an office marked “Justice Department: Organized Crime Unit,” a high-level meeting was being held.

Sitting at the head of a conference table was a thirty-eight-year-old man: handsome, bushy hair, slightly buck-toothed, who was extremely assertive and had a distinctive, halting Boston accent. This was Robert F. Kennedy, Attorney-General of the United States, and younger brother of the president. Seated around the conference table were six white, male attorneys, as well as two white, female attorneys, all in their 30s or 40s.

Robert Kennedy scrutinized a file sitting before him, then looked up at the men and women seated around him.

“All right, people. Since we have, uh, managed to get Carlos Marcello, head of the New Orleans and Texas mobs, into, uh, federal court and a verdict ought be coming down today, and I have no doubt that he’ll

get at least ten years, it's, uh, time for us to move up the food chain to the man at the very top, Sam Giancana, also known as 'Mooney' and 'Momo,'" he mocked in his most disdainful tone, "head of the, uh, Chicago mob, and quite possibly the most powerful mob boss in the world today. We are going to go after Mr. Giancana with everything we have, and we are going to bring him down. The mob or the, uh, *mafia*, is America's enemy within. It's a cancer in the body politic, and I'm going to have it out. Now, are there any questions?"

All of the attorneys at the table appeared rather uncomfortable, glancing back and forth at one another. There were several loud coughs, then a lot of paper shuffling.

"I sense a, uh, certain reticence," Kennedy observed. "Would someone mind explaining this to me."

Finally, one male attorney, Allen Rosenblatt, hesitantly raised his hand. Kennedy pointed at him.

"Yes, Mr. Rosenblatt."

Rosenblatt said, "Don't you think there might be some level of, uh,

conflict of interest going after Giancana?"

"In what way?" Kennedy inquired.

All of the attorneys looked at each other and frowned. They were clearly about to tread on thin ice.

"Well . . ." Rosenblatt went on, "regarding the president."

"What do you mean? Speak up," Kennedy said impatiently.

With a sigh, Rosenblatt continued, "Well . . . Sam Giancana had quite a bit to do with the president getting elected. Particularly in Illinois and West Virginia."

"That doesn't matter to me," Kennedy blithely replied. "Anything else?"

One of the female lawyers, Angela Smith, raised her hand. Robert Kennedy pointed at her. "Yes, Miss Smith?"

She coughed, looking extremely uncomfortable. "There's also the fact that the president and Sam Giancana were both, uh, seeing the same woman, Judith Campbell, for nearly two years."

Bobby Kennedy nodded and said, "Yes, well, that's all over now."

“Yes, but it still might come out.”

“I’ll handle that. Anything else?” Bobby said.

One of the other male lawyers, Fred Harris, hesitantly raised his hand.

“Yes, Mr. Harris?”

“There’s also the Rat Pack connection between the president and Sam Giancana. Both the president and Giancana spend a lot of time in Las Vegas and Palm Springs with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and the rest.”

In his no-nonsense way, Bobby said, “The, uh, president will not be spending any more time at Frank Sinatra’s house, I’ve taken care of that, too. Now, if there are no further objections, I’d like to break for lunch, then when we return we will begin constructing our case against Sam Giancana. I’d like everyone back here by two o’clock. Thank you very much.”

Everyone stood. Holding a stack of files, RFK left the room. As soon as he was gone, all the lawyers turned and looked at each other with quizzical, perplexed, concerned expressions.

Fred Harris threw his hands in the air. “You heard him. He’ll handle

it.”

They all nodded their heads, collected up their stuff, then began straggling out of the conference room.

“This is bigger than he thinks it is,” Angela informed them. “I don’t think he can handle it.”

Rosenblatt and Harris both nodded.

The U.S. District Court of New Orleans was in session. Sitting at the defendant’s table was Carlos Marcello, his distinguished looking, white-haired lawyer, and David Ferrie. The judge spoke.

“In the case of the United States Government v. Carlos Marcello, accused of conspiracy, racketeering, gambling, prostitution, bribery, and murder, how do you the jury find the defendant?”

The head juror, a white, middle-aged male wearing a dark suit and tie and black-rimmed glasses, stood and said:

“We, the jury, in the case of the U.S. Government v. Carlos Marcello, find the defendant not guilty on all charges and move for an acquittal.”

“The defendant is acquitted of all charges against him,” the judge declared, banging his gavel. “Dismissed.”

Carlos Marcello grinned widely, heartily pumping the hand of his lawyer. David Ferrie gave Cal a big hug.

“We did it,” Ferrie said.

“Yeah,” Cal said, “that was a hundred grand well spent. Now Bobby Kennedy can go fuck himself.”

“Yeah, and so can his brother.”

Cal and David exchanged a knowing glance, then both of them glanced down at their watches—it was 11:45 AM.

Andre, attired in a railroad worker’s outfit with a hard hat, came out the front door of the house. He opened the garage door, got into the white van parked in the driveway, then backed the van into the garage. Once inside, Andre got out of the van and closed the garage door.

Lucien, dressed as a Dallas policeman, and Marcel, dressed in a custodian’s coveralls, loaded the wooden box containing the three Mauser

rifles into the van. Marcel then stacked other boxes on top of it.

At 12:00 Noon Air Force One landed at Love Field Airport in Dallas where a crowd of hundreds of excited people awaited them. It had become a sunny, warm, beautiful day in Dallas as John and Jackie descended the steps from the plane waving and smiling their radiant, irresistible smiles. Right behind them was Texas Governor John Connally and his wife, also waving and smiling.

Among the crowd of people at the airport was Jack Ruby, standing beside a pay phone. As he went to put a dime in the phone he was shaking so badly he dropped it. He looked around, quickly picked up the dime, put it in the slot and dialed the phone.

Lucien, sitting in the house dressed as a cop, heard the phone ring. He stepped over and answered it. Jack Ruby's voice said, "He's here."

Lucien hung up the phone. He looked at the other two and nodded.

"He's here."

Andre and Marcel both sighed and nodded, then started moving . . .

With a cigarette dangling out of his mouth, Jack made his way through the crowd of sightseers in Dealy Plaza and finally arrived at the front door of the Carousel Club. He just stood there for a minute, his hat in his hand, staring across Dealy Plaza at the book depository. Jack shook his head, mumbling to himself.

“What the fuck am I doing? This is insane.”

Jack’s shoulders sagged as he turned and went into the club.

Several black men were busily cleaning the club which was still a mess from the night before. Stepping up to the bar, Jack asked the white, middle-aged, heavy-set bartender, “When did the Secret Service guys finally leave?”

“Not ‘til after five, and man, they were loaded. You give those guys free drinks all night and they sure as hell take advantage of it.”

Jack wearily nodded, “Yeah, so do the cops.

“You want me to keep giving all cops and Secret Service guys double

shots in every drink?"

Jack shook his head, "Naw, you can stop that." Jack turned and started to leave.

"You goin' home?"

"Yeah, I'm goin' home," Jack sighed. "I'm gonna go take a swim."

"Well, swim a lap for me. See ya tonight."

"Yeah. Oh, give me some dimes, will ya?"

The Bartender went to the cash register and opened it.

What'dya need dimes for?

"Just give 'em to me," Jack snapped impatiently.

The Bartender gave him a handful of dimes. Jack put them in his coat pocket and left the club.

Sitting in his car, Jack reached into his coat pocket, then removed a plastic bag that contained one single lead bullet head. Jack sighed deeply, put the bag back in his pocket, then checked his watch—12:10 PM.

Parked in the garage, Andre sat at the wheel of the van, Lucien was in

the passenger seat and Marcel sat on a box between them. The garage door was open. All three men impatiently smoked cigarettes. Lucien looked at his watch—12:15.

Lucien pointed his finger, “Go.”

Andre pulled the van out of the garage, down the driveway, then drove up the street at a calm, reasonable speed.



John and Jackie in the uncovered presidential limousine in Dealy Plaza.

John and Jackie Kennedy’s motorcade made its way through the crowded, sunny streets of Dallas. There was a huge turn-out, crowds of people lining both sides of the street, cheering and showing their

enthusiastic support. In the uncovered, unprotected, Lincoln limousine, John and Jackie beamed with happiness, pleased, waving and smiling. Also in the car with John and Jackie were Governor and Mrs. Connally.

Two cars behind the president was Vice-president Lyndon Johnson, his wife, Lady Bird, and Senator and Mrs. Ralph Yarborough of Texas.

There was a large crowd of expectant people gathered in front of the book depository, many holding cameras, eagerly awaiting the president's arrival, all looking up Elm Street, from where they knew the motorcade would be coming.

The white van with Andre at the wheel stopped in the alley behind the book depository. The side door opened and Marcel got out holding a four-foot by four-foot box marked "Books." He and Lucien and Andre all exchanged a look that said, "Here we go," then nodded and Lucien closed the van door. The van drove away leaving Marcel and the box. Marcel opened the back door of the book depository and went inside.



Coming up the back hall of the book depository, Marcel arrived at the lobby and found a crowd of people inside standing in the front doorway, all expectantly facing out to the street. Marcel crossed behind them unnoticed, then went straight to the stairway with the box blocking his face. No one saw him as he started up the stairs because they were all facing the other way.



Texas School Book Depository lunchroom.

Lee Oswald sat in the book depository lunchroom on the second floor all by himself eating lunch and reading his book. He heard footsteps on the stairs and glanced over. Lee saw a workman go by with a box marked "Books" blocking his face, but he paid no attention and returned to his reading.

Marcel arrived on the sixth-floor, crossed to the farthest windows in the southeast corner, set down the box and immediately opened it. He put on a pair of thin leather gloves, then removed Lee's Italian carbine rifle from the box. Marcel surveyed the area, then set the rifle off to his left, near the wall, behind some boxes.



The top-right, sixth floor window of the Book Depository from which gun shots were reportedly heard being fired.

Marcel then began setting up in position near the last window, keeping himself hidden behind a wall. Getting down on his knees, he reached into his pocket and removed the plastic bag containing the three spent shell casings and set it on the windowsill.

Marcel reached out with his gloved hand and using extreme care, very slowly opened the window halfway.



The grassy knoll and the overpass in Dealy Plaza. The Book Depository is to the right.

Andre drove the white van into the railroad yard parking lot, directly behind the Grassy Knoll. As he pulled in he saw a Secret Service man in a dark suit, wearing sunglasses, and holding a walkie-talkie. He was leaning against a cement post near the overpass, his eyes closed, rubbing his temple due to a serious hangover from drinking at the Carousel Club the night before. The Secret Service man didn't even notice the white van as it pulled past him into the parking lot.

Andre drove the van across the lot and parked under a big tree beside a wooden picket fence which was up against a brick wall—this was the back of the Grassy Knoll.

In the book depository, Marcel took his Mauser rifle with its scope out of the box and set it flat on the floor. He flicked the safety latch so it was armed and ready to fire. Marcel looked out the half-open window to see the enormous crowd filling the sidewalks holding their cameras, anxiously waiting. He glanced down at his watch—12:25.



View from the Book Depository window, toward the overpass, with the grassy knoll on the right.

John and Jackie Kennedy's motorcade continued to snake its way through the crowded streets of Dallas. There were giddy, expectant people everywhere. John and Jackie just kept waving and smiling.

Andre got out of the van, circled all the way around to make sure it

was clear, then opened the side door. Lucien stepped out dressed as a Dallas cop, wearing mirrored sunglasses. Lucien walked quickly and deliberately to the picket fence and looked over it, across the Grassy Knoll to Dealy Plaza. The first thing Lucien saw was a middle-aged man with a 8mm movie camera standing on a cement embankment, a younger woman stood beside him holding onto his coat. He was Abraham Zapruder, dressmaker and amateur cameraman. The woman holding onto his coat so that he wouldn't fall was Zapruder's secretary, Marilyn Sitsman.



Abraham Zapruder with his 8mm Bell & Howell camera.

Lucien could also see another man to his right in a military uniform with a movie camera, plus many other people strewn around the Grassy

Knoll, as well as the people on the other side of Elm St. facing back toward him.

Lucien turned around, then scrutinized the railroad yard parking lot behind him. There were a few people wandering around, as well as a watchman in a tower across the lot. Lucien glanced at Andre, who was standing at the open door of the van. They exchanged a lift of the eyebrows. Lucien looked at his watch—12:27.



Parkland Hospital.

Jack Ruby pulled up across the street from Parkland Hospital and parked on the street. Not much was happening and it was all relatively quiet except for the usual activity of a large hospital. Jack lit one cigarette off another, taking several deep puffs. He glanced down at the lead bullet

slug in the plastic bag in his hand, then he put the bag back in his coat pocket. Jack opened the door, put on his gray hat, then headed into the hospital while puffing away on his cigarette.

President Kennedy's motorcade entered the east side of Dealy Plaza, made a hard left turn following a hairpin curve around the bottom of the plaza, slowing all of the cars down to less than 20 miles-per-hour.

The crowd all over Dealy Plaza became extremely excited and began taking pictures. It was 12:30 PM.



Jackie and John Kennedy wave to the crowd in Dealy Plaza with Governor Conally in the foreground.

Marcel saw the presidential motorcade come around the curve and was now driving right toward him up Elm St. He now had a perfect, straight-on head shot, but couldn't take it—that wasn't his job. Lucien would take the head shot; he was to fire from behind. He picked up his rifle from the floor and rested it on his lap. He then took a deep breath, then very slowly exhaled.

Lucien turned from the fence and nodded to Andre standing at the side door of the van. Andre reached into the van and removed the Mauser rifle, which he placed flat up against the front of his body as he walked quickly over to Lucien at the fence. From the parking lot or the tower the rifle was entirely blocked from view.

Andre handed Lucien the rifle, then stood right up beside him. Lucien placed the rifle upright between himself and the fence, blocking the view of that.

They both peered over the fence into the plaza.

Abraham Zapruder began to roll film, his secretary Marilyn still holding onto the back of his coat to support him. Everyone else with a camera raised it up to their eye, ready to film.

President Kennedy's motorcade turned left in front of the book depository, finishing the hairpin curve, and began heading north on Elm St.

Marcel raised his rifle and sighted in on the side of President John Kennedy's head—this too would have been a good; probably the best, but he still waited. The smiling, waving president entered the crosshairs of Marcel's scope. Marcel inhaled deeply and held it.

Lucien raised his rifle and sighted in on the empty stretch of Elm St. in front of him. Andre glanced all around the parking lot behind them making sure that all was clear. It was.

Marcel watched John and Jackie and Governor and Mrs. Connally

complete the hairpin turn through the cross-hairs of his scope, and when their speed had dropped to about 10 miles-per-hour, Marcel's finger pulled the trigger . . .



The first bullet struck President Kennedy in the back of the neck, causing him to lurch forward, both of his arms raised up at the elbows, reaching toward his throat where the bullet had just exited his body. Governor Connally looked back over his shoulder from the front seat to see what was going on. Jackie appeared confused, having no clue what was actually occurring.

Marcel instantly cocked the rifle, ejecting the empty shell, sighted back in and fired a second shot . . .



The second bullet struck Governor Connally in the back. Jackie could see that her husband had been shot and began screaming. Connally slumped over to his side.

Marcel cocked the rifle again, ejecting another spent shell, sighted back in, only now the big, leaf-covered Texas Oak tree in front of the book

depository blocked his view. Nevertheless, he fired a third shot . . .

The third bullet missed the president's limo entirely, hit the curb ahead of the limo, across the street from Grassy Knoll, directly in front of a male onlooker, James Tague, standing on the side of the street. The bullet ricocheted up past Tague's head, pelting him in the face with cement particles. Tague quickly dove to the ground.

The presidential limo came into view from the top of the Grassy Knoll. Andre saw it first and whispered, "Now."

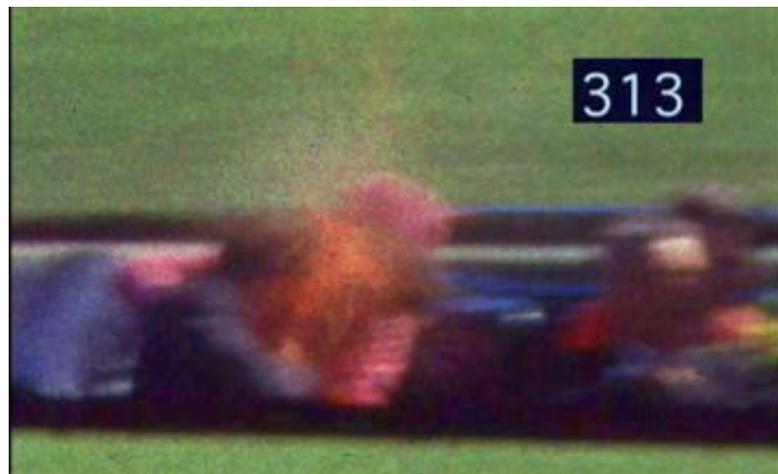
Lucien panned the sights of his scope to his left, getting the presidential limo into the crosshairs. He focused in on Kennedy, who was still leaning forward with arms in the air. Once Lucien had JFK in his crosshairs he didn't hesitate, immediately pulling the trigger.

The bullet left the end of the barrel in a puff of smoke, travelling through the air at 2,100 feet-per-second . . .



Upon hearing the gunshot behind them, many people standing on the Grassy Knoll dove to the ground as a bullet whizzed over their heads . . .

Abraham Zapruder kept right on filming . . .



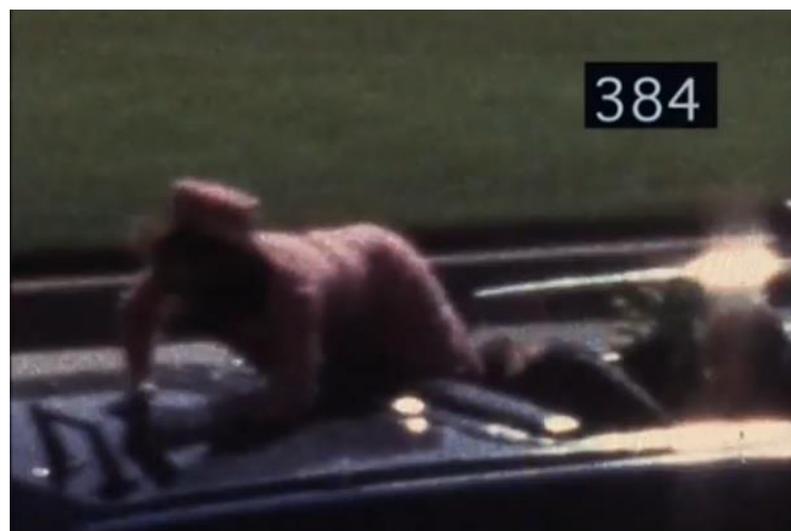
The mercury-filled bullet from Lucien's rifle struck President John F. Kennedy in the front right side of his head, between his right eye and his right ear. The bullet exploded, blowing out the front and the right rear of Kennedy's head, spattering his wife with blood, brains and viscera.



John Kennedy's body was thrown back against the seat. Jackie began to scream.



Jackie continued to scream, now attempting to crawl out of the back of the car over the trunk as Secret Service man, Clint Hill, jumped onto the rear bumper of the limo.



Jackie screamed, *“My God, they’ve killed Jack! They’ve killed my husband! Jack! Jack! Oh my God, I’ve got his brains in my hand!”*

The motorcade sped up Elm St., speeding under the triple overpass.

All over the Grassy Knoll people had dropped to the ground upon hearing gunfire coming from behind them. They now rose back to their feet, shaken and terrified, everyone turning and looking over their shoulders to the picket fence where the shot was fired. Blue smoke still hung in the air in front of the fence.

In the book depository, Marcel quickly retrieved his own empty shell casings from the floor and put them in his pants’ pocket—except that he could only find two out of three of them. He began getting panicked, crawling around on his hands and knees frantically searching. As Marcel leaned down to look between the floorboards, the other spent shell dropped out of his shirt pocket clinking onto the floor in front of him.

Taking a deep breath, Marcel shook his head, picked up the shell and put it into his pants' pocket with the others.

He dumped the three shell casings in the plastic bag on the floor in front of the window, then put the plastic bag in his pocket. Marcel placed his Mauser back in the box, closed it, then quickly headed across the sixth floor of the book depository. When he reached the stairwell he started down.

Lucien lowered his rifle, put it flat against the side of his body between he and Andre, then they both walked deliberately back to the open door of the van. Andre stepped into the van, Lucien handed him the rifle, then immediately turned around and put on his police hat. Lucien saw some pedestrians stepping forward, so he waved his hand at them authoritatively.

"Get back!" Lucien stated.

The people obediently turned around and stepped back.

Lucien turned around, got into the van and slammed the door closed.

Andre already had a lit cigarette in his mouth as he started the engine, backed out of the parking space, then drove slowly across the parking lot. As they arrived at the driveway to the street they found several people standing there blocking the van's path, among them was a Secret Service agent with a walkie-talkie and a pistol on his belt. He saw the van, put up his hand to stop it, then stepped over and spoke to Andre.

"Who're you?"

"I'm with the railroad," Andre said.

"What do you mean, the railroad?"

"This is a railroad yard parking lot," Andre explained. "I work for the railroad."

The Secret Service man looked at the parking lot.

"Oh, yeah. What's that smell?" he inquired.

"It's a cigarette," Andre said, holding up the cigarette.

"What kind?"

"Gi- Just a cigarette," Andre said flatly.

The Secret Service agent waved his hand in front of his face. "It

stinks. Keep moving.”

The Secret Service Man cleared the people out of the driveway so the van could pass. Andre looked both ways, then made a right turn onto the street, calmly driving out of sight.

Holding the box marked “Books,” Marcel came out of the stairwell to the lobby of the Book Depository. There he found about fifty people crowding the front doorway, including several uniformed policemen, this time all looking in his direction. Not stopping, Marcel turned the corner past all of them and out of sight. Nobody noticed him. He walked directly to the back door and exited.

Marcel stepped out of the back door of the book depository into the alley. He stood there all alone looking nervous. The sound of sirens and confused chatter could be heard emanating the other side of the building. Marcel saw a car turn in to the end of the alley. When it got closer Marcel could see that it was a police car. He quickly ducked back into the book depository back doorway. The police car slowly cruised past. Marcel

stepped back out into the alley just as Andre pulled up in the van. Lucien opened the side door, Marcel jumped in, the door was slammed shut and the van drove away at a moderate speed.

A moment later, a uniformed policeman, Marion Baker, entered the Book Depository and met with the Book Depository's supervisor, Roy Truly. The two of them began searching the building. On the second floor they found Lee Oswald, still sitting in the lunchroom. Having finished his lunch, Lee was calmly drinking a can of Coca-Cola with his book open in front of him. Baker and Truly saw him and he saw them. Nobody said anything, and the two men continued their search.

A minute after that, one of Lee's co-workers, Mrs. Robert Reid, entered the lunchroom. Lee asked, "What's going on?"

Mrs. Reid replied in a shaken voice, "The president has been shot."

Lee appeared completely surprised, muttering, "Huh." He stood, took his book and his can of Coke and left the lunchroom.

Lee made his way through the crowd in the foyer and stepped outside. The excited people standing in front the Book Depository were all pointing up at the windows. Plainclothes and uniformed policemen pushed their way through the crowd into the building.

Unperturbed, Lee stood in front of the building watching all of the commotion, still holding his book and the can of Coke.

The people standing all over the Grassy Knoll spoke to several uniformed policemen. All of the people kept pointing back toward the picket fence. The policemen wrote down their statements in a little notebooks.

Lucien and Marcel both lit cigarettes as they bounced along in the back of the van. Andre turned a corner, heading away from Dealy Plaza.

The presidential limo and six motorcycle cops came screaming up in front of Parkland Hospital. Orderlies rushed out pushing gurneys.

Jack Ruby sat in the waiting room along with many other people. As soon as the people heard the commotion they all rose to their feet and moved toward the door, as did Jack. He was wearing black leather gloves, holding the lead bullet slug between his fingers. As Kennedy's body was rushed in on a wheeled gurney, Jack stepped up beside it and walked along.

Jack asked the doctors and orderlies, "What happened?"

"This is the president, back off," an orderly snapped.

Jack stealthily, and unseen, dropped the bullet on the gurney and backed off. The orderlies hastily pushed the body up the hall. A moment later another gurney was wheeled past with Governor Connally's bloody body lying on it.

The white van got caught in a traffic jam. Police cars kept screaming past in the opposite direction. In the back of the van Lucien was quickly stripping off the policeman's uniform and changing into his regular clothes.

Jack exited the hospital while removing his gloves and shoving them into his coat pockets. There was a massive commotion occurring in front of the hospital, with cops, reporters, cameramen, Secret Service, and FBI agents swarming all around. The Secret Service men surrounded Lyndon Baines Johnson who had suddenly become president. The head Secret Service agent said to LBJ.

“Mr. President, please get into your vehicle.” He turned to the agent beside him, “Make way for the president.”

Lyndon Johnson and his wife, Lady Bird, got in the limo and were rushed away.

Jack Ruby cut behind several uniformed cops who were stopping people from entering the hospital. Jack glanced over at the presidential limousine.

Jackie Kennedy was sitting there all by herself in the back seat, her pink suit completely covered with blood. Just then Jackie opened her blood-stained white-gloved hand to find that she was holding a squiggly hunk of her husband’s brain. Secret Service men finally came and escorted

her into the hospital.

Jack stepped up beside some reporters. One of the reporters saw him and said, "Hi, Jack. Can you believe this shit?"

"No, I can't," Jack said. "It's terrible. You think I ought close my clubs tonight?"

"Yeah, probably," the reporter said.

"Huh," Jack grunted, walking slowly away from the hospital and the crowd. Sighing deeply, he wiped his sweaty forehead.

Andre pulled the van into the garage of the house. He quickly got out and shut the garage door.

Opening the side door of the van, Lucien and Marcel both got out. They all stood there for a moment looking at each other, then suddenly burst into laughter, hugging and slapping each other on the backs. They did it. Success . . . so far.

Jack stepped into a phone booth across the street from the hospital,

puffing heavily a cigarette. He took a folded piece of paper out of his pocket, unfolded it, then put a dime in the phone and dialed. A moment later a female dispatcher answered the phone.

“Dallas Police Department, may I help you?”

Jack put on a throaty thick Bronx accent that wasn't very good.

“There's a fellah that works at the book depository in Dealy Plaza, where the president just got shot, and his name's Lee Harvey Oswald, and I jus' wanna say he's some kinda nut. Pro-Castro, pro-Russia, owns guns. I think he might be a communist, too. Anyway, I think he probably shot the president. Lee Harvey Oswald. Five-foot-ten, one-sixty-five, kind of a thin guy with dark hair. He lives at one-oh-two-six North Beckley, in Oak Cliff.”

Jack hastily hung up the phone. He took another big drag of his cigarette, then put another dime in the phone, looked at the paper and dialed again. A female operator answered.

“Dallas Morning News, may I help you?”

Jack did the same fake voice. “Yeah, I jus' wanna say there's this guy,

Lee Harvey Oswald, that works in the book depository in Dealy Plaza, where the president just got shot, and he might've done it, y'know. He's a commie, and pro-Castro, and owns a whole bunch of guns, too. Lee Harvey Oswald. Five-foot-ten, one-sixty-five, kind of a thin guy with dark hair. He lives at one-oh-two-six North Beckley, in Oak Cliff."

The operator said, "May I ask your name, plea—"

Jack immediately hung up. He took one more big puff, then dropped the cigarette and smashed it out. He left the phone booth, got in his car parked at the curb and drove away.



CIA headquarters, Langley, Virginia.

The Central Intelligence Agency's headquarters was located in an enormous complex of buildings in Langley, Virginia.

An agent in the CIA communications room, surrounded by chattering teletype machines, watched as a message came in on one of the teletypes. It read, "Dallas police have a suspect in the shooting of President Kennedy. His name is Lee Harvey Oswald, 24-years old, five-foot-nine, one hundred and sixty-five pounds, dark hair, lives at 1026 North Beckley, Dallas, still at large." The agent's eyes widened as he read the information. He tore the paper out of the teletype machine.

A crowd of CIA employees were grouped around a portable black and white TV set watching the unfolding story of the President Kennedy's shooting. The communications agent stepped up to a middle-aged man who was his supervisor and handed him the teletype.

The agent said, "The Dallas police already have a suspect in the president's shooting."

The supervisor looked at his watch. "Good God, it hasn't been a half an hour since the shooting, that's awfully fast. Have they arrested him?"

"No, he's still at large."

The supervisor appeared confused. "Then how do they know it's

him?"

The agent shrugged, "I don't know."

The supervisor read the teletype, then speedily exited the communications room.

A file drawer marked "O" was slid open. A file inscribed, "Oswald, Lee H." was removed from the drawer. The supervisor took the file, then left the records room walking fast.

The supervisor stepped up in front of a frosted glass office door marked, "Richard Helms, Director of Covert Operations" and knocked. Helms' voice from within said, "Come in," and the supervisor went in.

Richard Helms, a forty-five-year old man with thinning black hair, took the file and scanned it. He turned a few pages, appearing increasingly more agitated as he read.

"Oh, shit!" Helms exclaimed, rose to his feet and left his office in a hurry.

Helms stepped up in front of a frosted glass door that said, "John A. McCone, Director." He opened the door and went right in.

John McCone, a gray-haired, sixty-one-year-old man with rimless glasses, read the file, growing more and more aghast and wide-eyed as he read.

“Son of a bitch,” McCone gasped, “we’ve got trouble. He defected to the U.S.S.R., then defected *back*? And he was with Fair Play for Cuba, too? It’s going to look like *we* had Kennedy killed.”

“I know,” Helms nodded in agreement, “and look how quick this came in. It hasn’t been an hour since the president was shot. How do they know who this guy is? Where did this information come from? I think we’re being set up.”

John McCone picked up the telephone and urgently dialed.

“Who are you calling?” Helms asked.

McCone shrugged, “Allen Dulles, who else? He’ll know what to do.”

Helms nodded his head. Of course. Allen Dulles, who else?

The plainclothes policemen, led by supervisor Roy Truly, searched the book depository. On the sixth floor they first found the empty shell

casings on the floor in front of the window, then a policeman found Lee's rifle behind some boxes and held it up for everyone to see. They carried the rifle through the lobby, holding it up like a prize.



Lee Harvey Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, purchased for \$12.88, mail-order. The scope was an extra \$5.88.

As the policemen brought the rifle outside of the book depository, still holding it above his head, he and some other cops passed Lee Oswald who was just standing there. Lee got a good look at the rifle—*and immediately recognized that it was his rifle*, with the loose, crooked scope.

Lee's eyes went wide with dread. What the hell was going on? He whispered to himself in horror, "*Oh, fuck!*"

His hand immediately went into his jacket's inside pocket where he kept his .38 pistol, which thankfully was still there. Lee rubbed his face, then walked slowly away from the book depository.

Spotting a taxi, Lee waved it down and got in.

Lee told the cab driver, "One-oh-two-six North Beckley, please."

The taxi drove away from Dealy Plaza.

Trauma Room #1 at Parkland Hospital was jammed with people, mainly Secret Service agents and policeman, as well as several doctors, nurses and orderlies. President Kennedy's inert, naked, blue body was laid out on an operating table and two doctors—Dr. Peters and Dr. McClelland—were doing everything within their power to resuscitate him. Chest massage was performed, then mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, then a tracheotomy was performed, but nothing worked, undoubtedly due to the fact that JFK was missing the side and back of his head and most of his brains were hanging out. The doctors lifted the president's lifeless body and saw the wound in his upper back.



The dead body of John F. Kennedy at his autopsy. The wound on his throat was both the exit wound and the result of the tracheotomy.

Then Dr. Peters spotted the bullet on the gurney. He picked it up with his gloved hand and he and Dr. McClelland closely inspected it. A Secret Service agent stepped up.

The Secret Service agent asked, “What’s that?”

“A bullet,” stated Dr. Peters.

“The bullet that hit the president?”

Dr. McClelland held the bullet up to the light and turned it around, inspecting even more closely—it was in perfect condition.

“That bullet couldn’t have hit anyone,” Dr. McClelland stated emphatically, “it’s in too good of shape. I’d say it’s never even been fired

from a weapon.”

The Secret Service agent put on a rubber glove and appropriated the bullet. He placed it in an envelope, then handed it to another agent who took it and left the room in a hurry.

Meanwhile, another masked doctor, Dr. Clark, tried to step up to the operating table and was stopped by Secret Service agent.

“Who are you?” asked the agent.

“I’m Dr. Clark, head of neurosurgery here at Parkland Hospital.”

“Oh, okay. Go ahead.”

The agent let Dr. Clark pass. He stepped up to Kennedy’s body and Dr. McClelland and Dr. Peters both moved aside to make room for him to examine the body. Dr. Clark inspected the wound, touched Kennedy’s carotid artery, looked up at the other two doctors, then shook his head with finality.

“I’m sorry,” Dr. Clark said, “but President Kennedy is dead.” He looked up at the clock. “As of 1:00 PM, Dallas Time.”

A Secret Service agent stepped up to four other Secret Service agents,

as well as a CIA agent and said, "Okay, the president's dead. We can't let civilian doctors keep working on him. We've got to get him out of here and back to Washington."

"Right," the CIA agent said, turning to the ambulance driver. "Get a casket and a hearse for the president."

With a nod, the ambulance driver turned and left.

Yet another masked doctor stepped up and was stopped by one of the Secret Service agents.

In exasperation the agent asked, "Okay, now who are you?"

The doctor pulled down his mask and said, "I am Dr. Earl Rose, head of forensic pathology here. I'll be performing the autopsy."

"No, I'm sorry, doctor, that's incorrect," the CIA agent stated flatly.

"The president's body is going back to Washington, and the autopsy will be performed at Bethesda or Walter Reed."

Dr. Rose said very seriously, "This is a homicide in Dallas County; it's the law that the autopsy must be performed here, and I will do the autopsy on President Kennedy."

Several Secret Service, FBI and the one CIA man stepped up to face the doctor, their hands on their pistols.

The CIA agent stated with absolute certainty, "No, I'm afraid you won't, doctor."

Doctors Rose, Clark, Peters, and McClelland, and three nurses all realized that they were outnumbered by armed men who presently all had their hands on their guns. The doctors and nurses all raised their hands like they were being robbed and immediately backed off.

Chapter Thirteen

The Arrest and the Cover-Up

A yellow Dallas taxi cab pulled up in front of Lee Oswald's rooming house. Lee got out of the taxi, gave the driver his last two dollars, then hurriedly went into the house.

Looking utterly panicked, Lee took out his key and went to unlock the door, but stopped. He reached out, turned the knob and the door was open. His eyes went wide with horror. He entered his room and quickly went straight to the closet, opened the door and looked inside. His rifle was gone. As he looked around in a total panic, his hand instinctively went to the .38 in his pocket.

"Shit! What the hell's going on? It's that son of a bitch, David Ferrie! He's setting me up." He looked at the open closet. "I've gotta get outta here!"

Lee turned and quickly fled his room.

In Trauma Room #1 at Parkland Hospital, two ambulance drivers arrived with a bronze casket. The Secret Service, CIA, and FBI agents pushed their way past the doctors and nurses, wrapped Kennedy's bloody head with the brains hanging out the back in a sheet, grabbed the bloody sheet he was lying on and hoisted the body into the casket. Dr. Rose was still protesting, stepping up to block the path of the casket.

"Honestly," Dr. Rose vehemently stated, "this is against the law, you can't do this. I won't let you do this!"

A Secret Service agent got right into the doctor's face. "Get out of the fucking way, doctor, or I will run you down!"

The agents lifted the casket, coming right at Dr. Rose, who, after an uncertain moment, finally stepped out of the way. The casket was taken out of the trauma room.

A black Dallas Police car cruised down a side street in Oak Cliff. Driving the car, all by himself, was police officer J. D. Tippet, a pot-bellied, middle-aged, Texas good old boy with a pinch of tobacco under his lip. He

spit into a white tobacco-stained coffee cup that he set on the passenger seat. The dispatcher's voice crackled from the police radio, "All-points bulletin: suspect in shooting of President Kennedy, named Lee Harvey Oswald, 24-years old, thin, dark hair, five-feet ten-inches, 165-pounds, wearing tan work pants and jacket, address, 1026 North Beckley. He is armed and dangerous, approach with caution."



Officer J.D. Tippet's police car parked on East 10th Street in the Dallas suburb of Oak Cliff, November 22, 1963.

Lee walked rapidly up North Beckley Street. He had his hands in his jacket pockets and continually looked back over his shoulder. He turned the corner from North Beckley onto East 10th Street. When he arrived at the corner of East 10th and Patton Avenue, officer Tippet looked up from spitting into his cup and who did he see walking down the street right

toward him but the aforementioned suspect, Lee Harvey Oswald, with his hands hidden in his jacket pockets. Tippet quickly grabbed the microphone.

“This is Officer Tippet,” he said urgently, “I’ve spotted the suspect, Oswald, heading south on East 10th Street on foot. Will apprehend.”

Tippet swerved to the side of the street, screeching to a halt right beside Lee.

Startled, Lee gasped, then muttered under his breath, “*Oh, shit!*”

Officer Tippet got out of the car and, as he began to slowly approach Oswald, he said in a thick Texas drawl, “Hey, you there, boy. Hold up!”

Lee stopped dead. With a wince and a deep sigh he slowly turned around.

“Yes, sir,” Lee said compliantly.

“Are you Lee Harvey Oswald?” the policeman asked.

Lee was surprised to be addressed by name. “Yes, sir, I am.”

Horrified, Tippet began fumbling for his holstered pistol. “Oh m’God! Well, Goddamn you you little sumbitch, I’m gonna take you in!

You shot the president! Don't you move! Y'all hear me?"

As Lee watched Officer Tippet fumbling for his pistol under his big roll of fat, he suddenly looked and felt like a caged rat. Without a second's thought Lee pulled his .38 snub-nose pistol and fired twice directly into Officer Tippet's chest, killing him instantly. Tippet fell back against the police car, slid to the ground leaving a smear of blood on the car door, landed in a sitting position, then slumped over dead. A cloud of blue smoke hung still in the air.

Jamming the smoking pistol back in his jacket pocket, Lee turned and began walking rapidly up the street. His eyes were bugging out of his head, he began hyperventilating. He began walking faster, throwing crazed glances over his shoulder and all around him.

"If I ever get my hands on that creep, Ferrie," Lee muttered, "I'll kill him! He set me up. And the cop said I killed Kennedy. And that was *my* gun. They stole my damn gun. Why me?"

The conference room of Parkland Hospital was jammed full of

reporters, TV and newsreel movie cameras. Dr. Clark stepped in front of a table and announced, "President John F. Kennedy died at exactly 1:00 PM Dallas time. He was killed by a gunshot wound to the head . . ." Dr. Rose pointed his index finger at his forehead, right above his right eye, ". . . removing most of the right Parietal and Occipital portions of the skull . . ." he reached back and placed his fingers on the right rear of his head, ". . . the Occipital Cortex, and a large portion of the brain, as well. All efforts to resuscitate the president failed."

Film burned through cameras, flashbulbs popped, then a hundred reporters began asking questions at once, creating a cacophony of noise.

Snow covered the ground and hung on the trees outside Sam Giancana's large suburban Chicago house. The sky was gray and a chill wind whipped through the trees. Two men in long dark coats patrolled the grounds.

Sam was down in the paneled office in his basement watching a small black and white TV and smoking a cigar. The soap opera, *As the World*

Turns, was on. A CBS news report broke into the show with the venerable Walter Cronkite, surrounded by reporters, typewriters and teletype machines, put on his thick, black-rimmed glasses and read, "From Dallas, Texas, the flash, apparently official, President Kennedy died at 1:00 PM Central-Standard Time. 2:00 PM Eastern-Standard Time. Some 38 minutes ago." Cronkite stopped his report, put on his glasses, coughed, instantly regained his composure, then continued, "Vice-President Johnson has left the hospital in Dallas but we do not know to where he has proceeded, presumably he will be taking the oath of office shortly and become the 36th president of the United States."

Sam nodded his head, grinning a vengeful, evil grin, stabbing his cigar at the TV. "'Fuck you'," huh? No, my old friend, *fuck you!*"

He put his cigar back in his mouth and took a highly satisfied puff, blowing smoke up at the ceiling.

The Kennedy's estate in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, was walled-off and gated and hard to get to. Within the gates stood a huge, rambling

mansion with ten cars parked in front.

Joe Kennedy sat in a wheelchair holding his silver-tipped cane, surrounded by many members of the Kennedy family and everyone was watching a color TV. Joe appeared much older, the right side of his face now sagging due to a recent massive stroke. The Kennedy family had just heard that President Kennedy was dead. Many of the women began to loudly and hysterically cry. The men's expressions were all filled with deep sadness.

Joe Kennedy's sagging face began to twitch, as did the rest of his head. He was having another stroke, but no one noticed because they had all moved closer to the TV set and had turned up the volume. Joe was sitting on the periphery of the crowd, behind them, unnoticed.

"Jack's dead," he thought. "Joe, Jr. and now Jack. My dreams are dead."

Then he began having trouble breathing and his silver-tipped cane dropped out of his hands, falling to the carpeted floor with a muffled thump, which no one heard.

The Justice Department's dining room was large, spacious and well-lit. There were white table cloths on the round tables, and waiters scurried all around with trays and coffee pots. A messenger entered the dining room. The Messenger spoke with the Maître d', who pointed out a specific table. Robert Kennedy had just finished lunch with another man. Robert Kennedy stood, collected the pile of files and papers on the table all together, then picked them up. The Messenger stepped up to him and whispered in his ear.

Robert Kennedy went pale and gasped, "Oh, dear God!"

He dropped the whole pile of files and papers on the floor and quickly left the dining room. Among the papers and files on the floor was an 8x10 black and white photograph of Sam Giancana staring at the camera wearing his trademarked angry scowl.

In the private dining room of the Sho-Bar in New Orleans, Cal Marcello and several of his men sat watching a black and white TV set

while smoking cigars and cigarettes and drinking coffee. They heard the announcement that the president was dead.

Marcello and his men all looked at each other and grinned.

Cal said, "Aw, that's a tough a break." All his guys chuckled. Cal looked smug and satisfied, nodding his head. "And if his little baby brother, Bobby, doesn't wise up, he'll be next, the little cocksucker!"

Clay Shaw lived in a beautifully-decorated house in the French Quarter of New Orleans. He sat on the couch watching the news on a large color TV with a handsome, twenty-one-year-old blond boy who was really and truly sobbing, swabbing his eyes with tissues and gasping.

"I can't believe they killed the president. He was so young and handsome. It was going to be Camelot. Now it's all over."

Clay put his arm around the boy and hugged him with a knowing smile on his face. History could be altered by one man. And one who was not even trying all that hard. Now let's see if the rest of the plan works.

"It's okay, don't cry," Clay consoled the boy, "everything'll all be

okay, you'll see . . ."

With his head down and his hands jammed into his jacket pockets, Lee Oswald walked along a city street attempting to be as inconspicuous as humanly possible. Police sirens could be heard emanating from all directions, coming and going. Finally, in a panic, Lee ducked into a shoe store.

A twenty-five-year-old salesman named John Brewer with a collegiate crewcut stepped up to Oswald and eagerly asked, "Can I help you?"

Lee was hyperventilating and in a sweat. "No, thanks. I'm just looking."

"Wasn't it terrible what happened to the president?" Brewer said, "and right here in Dallas no less. It's a tragedy."

"Yeah," said Lee, "it's a tragedy."

And with that he walked right out of the store.

Brewer looked at the other salesman, his brow furrowed. "That guy

was up to something?”

“What do you mean?” asked the salesman.

Brewer shook his head. “I don’t know, but I’ll be right back.”

John Brewer left the shoe store and he immediately spotted Oswald walking away up the sidewalk with his head down and his hands in his pockets. Brewer followed him, staying a safe, undetectable distance behind.

On the marquee of the Texas Theater it announced: *Cry of Battle* with Van Heflin and *War is Hell* with Audie Murphy. Lee Oswald stepped up to the front of the theater, looked around desperately, still hearing police sirens coming from all directions.

Brewer stepped up across the street and watched Oswald closely.

Lee stuck his hand in his pants pocket and realized he didn’t have any money. He shook his head in despair.

“Oh, Christ! What next?”

Exasperated, he looked around for something, anything, then

suddenly just opened the theater's door and dashed inside.

Brewer found a phone booth, went in and dialed.

A female voice answered. "Dallas Police, how can I help you?"

"I'd like to report, well, uh, a suspicious character," Brewer said. I'm not sure what he's up to, but he's acting very strange. He just ran into the Texas Theater without paying. I think he's up to something . . ."

A white Cadillac hearse arrived at Love Field Airport. The bronze coffin containing Kennedy's corpse was removed from the hearse by Secret Service agents and with great difficulty was manhandled up the steps into Air Force One. As Jackie Kennedy and Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson watched in despair, the Secret Service men realized that the coffin would not fit through the plane's door. Unceremoniously, the agents broke off the handles of the coffin, finally forcing the coffin through the door. LBJ and his wife escorted the bereaved widow onto the plane for John F. Kennedy's final flight back to Washington, D.C.

The movie that was presently showing in the Texas Theater, *Cry of Battle*, was a cheap programmer with Van Heflin and Rita Moreno, set in the Philippines during World War II. Lee sat in the theater nervously not paying any attention to the movie, frequently glancing over his shoulders. He could plainly hear many police sirens approaching in the distance. His hand held firmly to the .38.

Police cars and reporters came screaming up in front of the Texas Theater, sirens wailing, then they all screeched to a halt. Eight plainclothes cops wearing cowboy hats got out of their cars and pulled their pistols, heading into the theater.

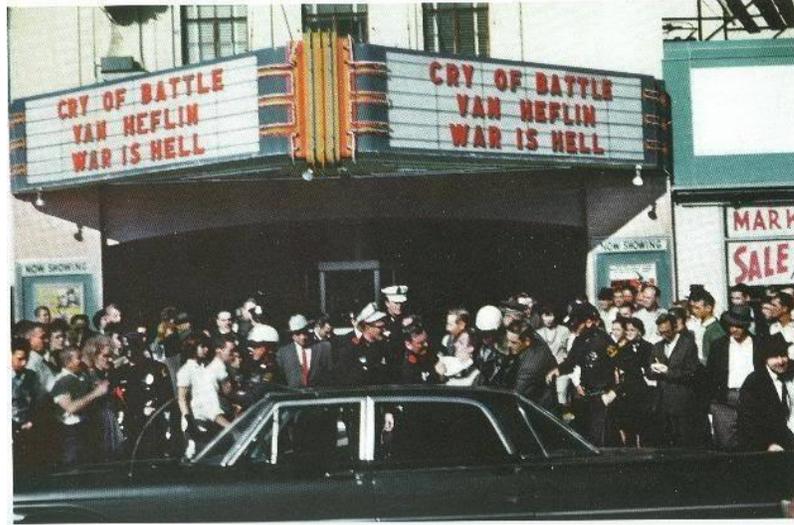
Cops came charging into the movie theater from both entrances. Lee leapt to his feet, turned around and pulled his .38, waving it back and forth. The audience all jumped to their feet and began fleeing toward the exits. Cops with drawn pistols approached Oswald from all directions.

Lee could see that he was surrounded and trapped, yet kept spinning around with his gun, frantically aiming it at one cop then another then another. Finally, one cop dashed up from behind and grabbed Lee's pistol

while another cop slammed him directly in the left eye with the butt of his gun, then gave him another crack across the forehead for good measure. Lee's knees wilted and he dropped to the floor. Two cops stepped in and grabbed his arms, hoisting him up and dragging him up the aisle and out of the theater.

Along the way Lee came to his senses, proclaiming, "I didn't do anything. I didn't do anything . . ."

Outside the theater was now swarming with reporters, cameras and cops. The two cops came out dragging Oswald, already sporting a black eye, blood running from a gash in his forehead. Oswald's feet barely touched the ground as he was shoved into the back of a police car and driven away.



Lee Harvey Oswald taken from the Texas Theater and arrested.

One of the reporters asked one of the good old boy cops wearing a cowboy hat, "Did he say anything?"

"Yeah," said the cop. "He said, 'I killed me a president and a cop and now I'll try for two more,' then we slapped him up side the head and took his gun away."

The reporters hurriedly wrote in their notebooks. The cops all got in their cars and drove away.

One reporter turned to another reporter. "If you'd just killed the president and a cop, would you go to the movies?"

The reporter considered for a moment, then said, "Depends on what was playing, I guess."

The first reporter pointed at the marquee. The second reporter glanced up, then shook his head. "No, not that crap."

In the teletype room of the Dallas Police station, a policeman held Oswald's rifle and read off the serial number which another policeman typed into a teletype machine.

A teletype instantly came back from the FBI reading, "Rifle's owner one Oswald, Lee H. Purchase was made under the name 'A. Hidell,' but the shipping address was Oswald's previous residence. Purchased mail order from a sporting goods wholesaler named Klien's. Oswald also purchased a Smith & Wesson .38 caliber snub-nosed pistol at the same time."

Lee Oswald, in handcuffs, was brought into the lobby of the Dallas Police station, which was filled with reporters and cameras. Lee's black eye had swollen and the gash on his forehead was unattended. A TV newsman

asked Oswald, "Did you kill the president?"

"I didn't shoot anybody, sir," Lee stated. "I haven't been told what I'm here for."

"Do you have a lawyer?" the newsman inquired.

"No sir, I don't."

The policemen roughly took Lee away.



Lee Harvey Oswald's mugshot taken the day after his arrest.

Lucien, Andre, and Marcel were all seated on the floor in their underwear watching the TV news, guzzling cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and smoking. They were already completely surrounded in empty beer cans, having made a fine start on getting drunk.

The TV news announcer said, "Lee Harvey Oswald, suspected assassin of President Kennedy, was taken into custody in Dallas. Oswald worked at the book depository in Dealy Plaza, from where the shots that killed the president allegedly came from. Also found at the crime scene were Oswald's rifle and three shell casings . . ."

The three drunk Frenchmen burst out laughing, toasted each other, then guzzled their beers. They all realized they might be making too much noise, frowned and quickly quieted down.

On the plane back to Washington, Lyndon Baines Johnson, with a tear-stained Jackie Kennedy standing right beside him, was sworn-in as President of the United States by District Judge Sarah T. Hughes. When asked if he would uphold the laws of the United States of America, Johnson replied in his Texas drawl, "I do."

LBJ then became the 36th president of the United States.



Lyndon Johnson takes the oath of office aboard Air Force One.

Air Force One landed at Andrews Air Force Base in Washington, D.C. Still aboard the plane, LBJ, Lady Bird, and Jackie all sadly watched as the bronze casket with no handles was unloaded off the plane by a freight hi-lo and put into a waiting ambulance. LBJ, Lady Bird, and Jackie all got off the plane. LBJ spoke to the press for the first time as president.

“This is a sad time for all people. We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed . . .”

LBJ, Lady Bird and Jackie got into a limo and drove off.



Allen Dulles, former CIA director.

Five black sedans converged on the ambulance. From the foremost black sedan stepped a white-haired man of seventy with a white mustache, his trademark pipe clamped between his teeth. He was Allen Dulles, former director of the CIA from 1953 to 1961, making him the longest-serving CIA director. Dulles' brother, John Foster Dulles, had recently been the Secretary of State under Eisenhower. Also stepping out of the car were John McCone and Richard Helms. Ten back-up CIA agents got out of the other cars.

An FBI agent stepped up to Dulles, McCone and Helms and said, "Mr. Dulles, Mr. Helms, Mr. McCone. I've just spoken with Mr. Hoover at the FBI and he's arranged to have the autopsy performed at Bethesda

Naval Medical Hospital, and he will be attending.”

“That’s fine,” Allen Dulles said, “just tell Edgar that it will be in a few hours, say at five o’clock. Also, get everyone else there, MacNamara, Rusk, General Taylor, General Wheeler, Admiral Burke, and the rest of the joint chiefs of staff.” Dulles turned to the ambulance driver. “Walter Reed Army Hospital.”

The ambulance driver appeared confused. “I thought we were going to Bethesda?”

“Just do as you’re told,” commanded Dulles.

“Yes, sir.”

The ambulance drove away with the fleet of black sedans following along after it, including Allen Dulles, John McCone, and Richard Helms.

Jack Ruby sat at the bar of his club smoking a cigarette and getting smashed. Four empty glasses sat before him in a line. The phone in the backroom rang and the Bartender went and answered it. Jack downed his drink, winced, then took a puff of the cigarette which also made him wince.

The Bartender stepped out of the backroom.

“Jack, there’s a call for you.”

Jack waved his empty glass. “I’m not takin’ any calls, and give me another.”

The bartender added, “It’s New Orleans.”

Jack quickly stood, and unsteadily wove his way into the backroom.

Jack picked up the phone and it was Cal Marcello on the other end.

“You’ve done good work, Jack,” Cal said, “and you’re most of the way home.”

Jack’s eyes widened in disbelief. “*Most of the way?* What does that mean, Cal?”

“That means you still got one more thing to do.”

“Yeah? What’s that?”

“Get rid of Oswald,” Cal stated.

Jack was stunned. He shakily lit another cigarette. “How? The Dallas cops have him.”

“They’ll be moving him soon from the city jail to the county jail,”

Marcello informed him. "And you know every cop in that police station."

Jack didn't understand. "Yeah? So? You think they'll just give 'em to me?"

"No. But you can just walk right in there and let him have it. And that'll be the end. We'll be square."

"But what about me?" Jack asked, having gone pale with terror.

"What about you?" Cal said flatly. "You won't owe me or anybody else anymore and you'll still be alive, which you should consider a miracle, and so should everyone in your family, and everyone who's ever met you."

Jack was in a state of utter horror. "You want me to walk right into the police station and shoot the guy?"

"Right. Then tell 'em something like you were so upset that this little fuck killed the president that you just couldn't help yourself. It was a crime of passion, totally unpremeditated. With a good lawyer you'll be out in no time."

Jack was now deeply frightened and visibly shaking. "I don't know that I can do that, Cal."

“You can do it, Jack. Believe me. It’s your only choice. You’re gettin’ off light, so count your blessings. And if you don’t do it, you may as well have done nothing, and then you’re back where you started. Understand?”

“Yeah.”

“Good.”

Cal hung up. Jack sat there with the dead receiver in his shaking hand looking ghostly pale. He yelled madly to the floor.

“I’m fucked! I’m completely, totally fucked!!”

The police brought Lee Oswald out of the police station for another press conference. Lee said to the reporters and the TV cameras, “I don’t know what the situation is about. Nobody has told me anything except I’ve been accused of, uh, murdering a policeman. I know nothing more than that. I do request someone to come forward to give me legal assistance.”

A TV newsman asked, “Did you kill the president?”

“No,” Lee replied, looking shocked. “I’ve not been charged with that, in fact, nobody has said that to me, yet. The first thing I heard about it is

when the newspaper reporters in the hall axed me that question.”

The newsman informed him, “You *have* been charged with it.”

Lee’s eyes went wide and he appeared severely shaken. “What?”

The newsman repeated himself, “You have been charged with it.”

Lee looked stricken and he didn’t know what to say, so the cops began to escort him away.

The Reporter called out one more question, “What happened to your eye?”

“A policeman hit me,” Lee said.

The reporters then converged on Dallas Police Chief J.W. “Will” Fritz, a man in his sixties with glasses and thin hair greased back over his skull.

The newsman asked, “Is there any doubt in your mind that Oswald is the man who killed the president?”

“I think,” Chief Fritz replied, “this is the man who killed the president.”



Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Walter Reed Army Hospital was a big old red brick building with white columns and a fountain in front that was built in 1909. The ambulance and black sedans all pulled up at the emergency entrance where they were met by yet more CIA agents. The bronze coffin holding the president's body was unloaded from the ambulance, placed on a gurney and rolled into the hospital.

The bronze coffin was pushed by orderlies, followed by the phalanx of CIA and Secret Service agents, as well as Dulles, McCone, and Helms. They all entered the morgue, with its rows of stainless steel autopsy tables. Two gowned, masked and gloved medical examiners stepped up.

One of the medical examiners said, "We're ready, sir."

Allen Dulles asked Richard Helms, "Are these CIA doctors?"

"Of course," Helms replied.

"All right, get those orderlies out of here."

Richard Helms turned to the orderlies, "You can go, thank you."

The orderlies did as they were told.

Allen Dulles said, "Let's take the president out of the coffin."

Agents stepped up, opened the coffin, and carefully lifted John Kennedy's nude, dead, blue-gray body, the head still wrapped in a bloody sheet, and set it on one of the steel tables. The medical examiners stepped up and unwrapped the sheet. A number of agents gasped when the ghastly head wound was revealed, the brains hanging out the hole in the side and back of the skull.

The two doctors examined the wound, turning the head, sticking their fingers inside the skull.

"Explain this wound to me, doctors," Dulles asked.

The two doctors looked at each other, poking at the wound as they spoke.

The first medical examiner said, "Well, it appears that the president

received a gunshot wound to the Parietal region of the skull—”

Dulles interjected, “—Meaning what?”

“The side of the head,” the doctor explained, “just above the right ear, blowing out the Occipt—, I mean, the back of the skull.”

Allen Dulles said, “So, what you’re saying is that a bullet hit the president here . . .” he pointed at his own forehead above his right eye, “. . . then the bullet came out here . . .” he pointed at the back of his head behind his right ear. “Is that correct?”

“Yes,” the medical examiner said, “I believe that’s correct.”

Allen Dulles turned to the other medical examiner, “Would you agree with that, doctor?”

The other medical examiner nodded in agreement. “Yes, I would.”

Dulles turned to McCone and Helms, “You heard it. The fatal bullet hit the president from in front and blew off the back of his head.”

“Yeah?” McCone said.

“That means that the fatal bullet did not come from behind him from the book depository, and was then not fired by this Lee Harvey Oswald

person.”

Helms appeared confused. “What are you saying, Mr. Dulles?”

“I’m saying,” Dulles explained further, “that given this evidence, there was more than one person involved in this assassination, which automatically makes it a conspiracy.”

McCone now appeared extremely confused. “A conspiracy? By who?”

Dulles shrugged. “I can’t tell you that. But if one bullet hit the president from behind . . .” he pointed down at the body. “Lift up the body, please.”

The doctors carefully lifted Kennedy’s body by the shoulder revealing his back. There was an entrance wound in his upper back at the base of the neck, as well as an exit wound in the front of his throat, now covered by a tracheotomy incision.

“So,” Dulles continued, “if one bullet hit him from behind, and another bullet hit him from in front, that’s two gunmen, and that, gentlemen, is a conspiracy.”

McCone shook his head looking aggrieved. "We're going to have a hard enough time keeping this Lee Harvey Oswald's CIA and FBI connections quiet. God only knows who this other gunman—"

"—Or *gunmen*," Dulles interjected.

"Or men are? And we don't have them in custody, and may very well never know who they are, and we may never catch them."

Dulles turned to the doctors. "How would you make an exact determination of the direction from which the bullet was fired?"

The first medical examiner said, "Remove the brain, send it to pathology, have it sectioned, then we'll know the exact direction the bullet came from, as well as possibly finding any bullet fragments that could well remain, which we would then send to the forensic laboratory to see if they match the rifle that was found."

Dulles shook his head. "Well, we can't have this done at Bethesda, we need to keep it all in-house, at least until we know what we're talking about. We've got to stop all the potential leaks right now."

Richard Helms looked at his watch. "The president's body is

expected over at Bethesda in an hour for the official autopsy.”

Allen Dulles considered for a moment, stroked his white mustache, chewed on his pipe, then nodded. “Remove the brain. Give it to the forensic pathologists at CIA Headquarters.”

The medical examiners both nodded, then began doing as they were ordered. They both bent down and began removing the president’s brain.

“But how are they going to perform an autopsy without the brain?”

McCone asked.

Allen Dulles said as sarcastically as he possibly could, “Well, *Mr. CIA Director*, this happens to be an issue of national security. I guess they’ll simply have to do the best they can.” He turned to the other agents in the room. “Get a chopper and when the doctors are done get the body over to Bethesda. And get rid of that horrible bronze casket. Call Arlington Cemetery and get a real casket delivered over to Bethesda.” He then turned to Helms and McCone. “Let’s go.”

Helms said, “We can just wait and go with the body in the helicopter.”

"I'd prefer to drive," Dulles strongly suggested, "if you don't mind."

Dulles, McCone and Helms left the morgue.



In a hallway of the Dallas Police station, Lee Oswald, sporting his black eye and a welt on his forehead, was interviewed by a TV newsman.

The newsman asked, "Why did you shoot the president?"

"I didn't shoot anybody," Oswald flatly stated. "They've taken me in because of the fact that I lived in the Soviet Union. I'm a patsy!"



Bethesda Naval Medical Center, located in Bethesda, Maryland, seven miles from Washington, D.C.

A helicopter landed in in the parking lot behind the Bethesda Naval Medical Center. Uniformed soldiers jumped out and carried a plain wooden coffin into the building.

The autopsy room was jammed to capacity with over thirty generals, admirals, and ranking members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as well as top CIA and FBI officials. Included were: J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI; General Maxwell D. Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; General Earle Wheeler, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army; Admiral David R. MacDonald, Chief of Naval Operations; Dean Rusk, Secretary of State; and Robert

MacNamara, Secretary of Defense.

J. Edgar Hoover, in his own brusque way, demanded, "Where the hell is the president's body? What's going on?"

A CIA agent stepped forward. "It will be here momentarily, Mr. Hoover."

"But where is it?"

The agent went on, "CIA directors McCone and Helms felt that CIA doctors needed to see the body first, just in case."

"In case of what?" Hoover asked.

"I'm sorry, sir," the CIA agent shook his head. "I don't know."

CIA directors John McCone and Richard Helms, followed by Allen Dulles, entered the room. Hoover stepped up to Dulles.

"Allen, what the hell is going on here?"

Before Dulles could reply a naval hospital administrator stepped into the room, saluted, then spoke to Admiral MacDonald.

"Two of the top forensic medical examiners in the country are on their way here, sir."

Admiral MacDonald asked, "Are they military or civilian?"

"Civilian, sir," the administrator informed him.

"Cancel them," stated MacDonald. "Who are the officers in charge of this department?"

"Uh, Dr. Humes and Dr. Bosewell," the administrator said.

"Get them," MacDonald said, "Now. They'll do the autopsy."

The administrator seemed befuddled. "But they're hospital administrators, like me, sir. They're not qualified to perform an autopsy of this importance."

"Did I ask your opinion, Lieutenant?" Admiral MacDonald asked sternly.

"No, sir."

"Then do as you're told."

"Yes, sir."

The hospital administrator saluted, turned smartly, then hastily made his retreat.

A moment later four soldiers entered the autopsy room carrying the

plain wooden coffin, setting it down on the floor. They saluted, turned smartly and left.

Two doctors in their early sixties, Dr. Humes and Dr. Bosewell, both dressed in surgical gowns and face masks, accompanied by three orderlies and two nurses, all entered the room. The orderlies opened the wooden casket and removed Kennedy's body, which was now in a gray, plastic, military body bag with a full-length zipper running up the front. They placed the body in the bag on the examination table. As Dr. Humes unzipped the bag, everyone in the room leaned forward and watched in hushed silence. When the body was revealed there was communal gasp from all those who could get a clear view. The military men in back pushed their way forward to see.

Dr. Humes and Dr. Bosewell examined the dead president. They looked at the gaping hole in the side of the head.

Dr. Bosewell was aghast. "The brain is missing."

At that moment, Allen Dulles stepped up. "Don't worry about it, doctor. In fact, you can both step outside for a moment. Stay right there in

the hall and we'll call you when we need you."

Both doctors saluted and exited.

General Taylor asked, "Where is the brain?"

Allen Dulles turned to the others. "It's at the CIA laboratory."

"What's it doing there?" inquired Admiral MacDonald.

Dulles sighed, "Gentlemen, we've got a big problem here. It seems that the fatal bullet that hit the president came from in front and blew the back of his head off, which means that the fatal bullet did not come from behind him at the book depository, and was then not fired by this Lee Harvey Oswald. Given this evidence, that means that there was more than one person involved in this assassination, and that makes it a conspiracy."

All the military men turned and look at one another.

General Taylor asked, "A conspiracy? By who?"

"I can't tell you that, general," Dulles sighed helplessly, "but if one bullet hit the president from behind, and another bullet hit him from in front, that's two gunmen, and that's a conspiracy."

Hoover looked disgusted, "This whole deal smells phony to me."

“What do you mean?” Dulles asked Hoover.

“If you were going to shoot the president,” Hoover said, “would you do it from where you work? Then leave your rifle and the shell casings right there for everyone to find? Then go to the movies?”

Robert MacNamara stepped forward. “Yeah, and how did they catch this guy so fast?”

Helms interjected, “He shot a cop.”

“Yes,” Hoover said, “but there was already an APB out on him when he shot the cop, and it was less than an hour after the president was shot.”

Dulles asked, “And this Oswald had defected to Russia, then defected back?”

“He was an agency operative,” answered McCone.

“I know,” Hoover said, “and he was also involved in the Fair Play for Cuba group, which was also an agency operation.”

Admiral MacDonald asked, “So, what does this all mean?”

“It means, gentlemen,” Allen Dulles replied, “that we’ve been set up. Someone wants to implicate the CIA in this assassination.”

General Taylor asked, "Who would want to do that?"

Dulles shrugged, "My first instinct says Fidel Castro."

"Castro? Why?" Admiral MacDonald asked.

"Well, we have tried to eliminate him five times already, and we did attempt to overthrow his government, too, if you'll recall, Admiral, which, by the way, also cost me my job," Dulles venomously hissed.

MacDonald said, "You think he could do something like this?"

"I don't know," Dulles said, "but he certainly has a motive. And the wherewithal to pull it off, too. And if he implicates the CIA in this, then the problems it will cause us will mean that we'll have to get off his back, at least for a while. That's what I think."

Robert MacNamara said, "We can't let that happen, can we?"

"No," Dulles said, "I don't believe we can. We certainly don't need Senate subcommittees investigating the CIA right now. It won't do anybody any good, and it won't be of the slightest benefit to the security of this country, either, and this is, at best, an insecure moment."

J. Edgar Hoover added, "Nor do we want to bring Cuba or Russia

into this equation, either. And since Oswald spent two years in Russia, maybe he's a Soviet double-agent and the Kremlin is behind this."

MacNamara interjected, "Nobody's even brought up the possibility that it could be the mob. They have a motive and they certainly have the wherewithal, too."

Allen Dulles winced, then waved his hand in utter disdain. "They haven't got the brains. This is much too complex for a bunch of Guinea gangsters to conceive or pull off. No! You take my word for it, this is Castro's work."

General Taylor asked, "So, Mr. Dulles, what do you suggest we do?"

"We're not going to fall into this trap. This is not getting back to the CIA. We'll just go with the lone nut shooter, Oswald. We make him look as crazy as possible, and do our best to keep his agency connections quiet. I'm sure the American public wants this all settled as soon as possible. Right now everyone is being told that Lee Harvey Oswald is the sole gunman, let's just let them believe it."

General Taylor said, "Won't all of his connections come out at the

trial?"

"Not if we don't want them to," Dulles said. "Nor does the trial have to occur at all that speedy of a pace, and hopefully by then the situation will be a lot more stable than it presently is. And nothing says that this Oswald character won't have an accident in prison long before his trial. We can handle this Oswald situation much easier than a conspiracy, possibly conceived outside this country, that's just set up to cause trouble with both Castro and Russia. You saw what just happened with Castro and the Russian missiles. This whole thing could lead right to a nuclear war."

There was a common assent from the crowd of military men.

General Taylor then said, "Okay. A lone nut. That makes sense to me. It's a simple story, and much easier to run damage control on. Does everyone else agree?"

There was another grunting assent from all present.

Admiral MacDonald turned to two Naval officers and said, "All right, then bring the doctors back in."

Doctors Bosewell and Dr. Humes were brought back into the autopsy

room. The two doctors just stood there looking confused.

Dr. Bosewell said, "Yes?"

Admiral MacDonald said, "All right, perform the autopsy."

"But we're not qualified. We're both administrators," said Dr.

Bosewell helplessly.

The Admiral became angry. "You're both doctors, right?"

"Yes, sir," Dr. Bosewell replied.

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Humes.

"And I assume," Admiral MacDonald said, "that you've both performed autopsies before, right?"

Dr. Bosewell said, "Yes, sir."

Dr. Humes said, "Yes, sir."

Admiral MacDonald commanded, "Then perform this autopsy. Right now! That's an order!"

Doctors Bosewell and Humes answered simultaneously, "Yes, sir," and saluted. They then fumblingly performed the autopsy, to the best of their extremely elemental abilities, that is, which didn't include almost any

training in forensic pathology.

Outside the Dallas Police station there was a lot of activity. Policemen were patrolling and holding back the multitude of onlookers hoping to catch a glimpse of president-killer, Lee Harvey Oswald. It was Sunday, November 24, 12:30 PM.

Reporters and TV cameramen were crowded together in the police station underground parking lot. Reporters interviewed Dallas Police Chief Fritz again. A newsman with a microphone asked, "You regard the county jail as a more secure place to house the prisoner? Is that why you're transferring him from the city jail?"

"It's customary," Chief Fritz answered, "after a man is filed on that he be transferred. We only keep him in our jail until he is filed on. Necessary precautions will be taken, of course, but I don't think that the people will try to take the prisoner from us . . ."

Jack Ruby stepped up in front of the police station looking particularly tense, a cigarette in his mouth. He saw cops all over the place,

and the ramp to the underground garage was being guarded. Jack frowned, nervously puffing on his cigarette.

Going around the building to the alley, Jack found an unguarded door into the police station. Jack looked around to see if anyone was watching, then flicked his cigarette butt and went inside.

The lobby of the police station was relatively quiet as Jack entered. He crossed the lobby, opened a door leading to a stairwell and went in. He walked down two flights of stairs, then went through another door.

Jack Ruby came out the door into the police station's underground garage. He crossed the parking lot, went through another door, then arrived at a hallway that was jammed full of reporters, TV cameras, news photographers, as well as many uniformed and plainclothes policemen lining both sides of the hall. Jack stepped up and joined the crowd of cops and reporters. A fat uniformed cop eating a popsicle turned and saw him.

"Hey, Jack," the fat cop said.

Jack nodded, "Tom."

"Still swimmin' everyday?"

“Sure, gotta stay in shape.”

“That’s for sure,” the fat cop said, sucking on his popsicle.

Two plainclothes policemen escorted Lee Oswald in handcuffs through the Dallas Police station. They walked down one hallway, then the next, then turned and went through a door into the underground garage.

Anxiously, Jack Ruby stood there among the reporters and cops with his hands in his pockets. His eyes were narrowed, his breathing shallow, and his heart was pounding in his chest. His eyes darted back and forth, but he kept his head still. Everybody heard something and turned to look at the door. Cameramen got their cameras ready and some of them began filming.

At 11:21 AM a reasonably calm, handcuffed, Lee Harvey Oswald was brought through the doors into the underground garage. As he was escorted down the two lines of reporters and policemen, on worldwide television, Jack Ruby pulled his pistol, and to the astonishment of everybody in the world, stepped forward and shot Lee Harvey Oswald point-blank in the chest, directly into his heart. As Lee collapsed to the

floor, Jack went down with him and they both landed a heap on the floor.



Jack Ruby stepped forward out of the crowd in the Dallas Police station's underground garage and shot Lee Harvey Oswald in the heart.

Pandemonium immediately ensued. The plainclothes cops grabbed Jack and pulled him off the inert body of Lee Oswald. They easily took the gun away from him, then escorted him right back into the police station and arrested him.

An ambulance quickly arrived. Lee's unconscious body was strapped onto a gurney, loaded into an ambulance and taken to Parkland Hospital.

Lucien, Marcel and Andre were still sitting on the floor in their shorts, drinking beer, smoking cigarettes and watching TV. They had just watched Jack Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald. Suddenly, Andre looked worried.

“They’re already getting rid of the, uh, participants.”

Marcel said to Lucien, “You still think they’ll live up to their side of the bargain, get us out of here and pay us?”

“Yes, I do,” Lucien calmly nodded. “This deal came to me through an extremely good, powerful friend of mine that I completely trust. So let’s just believe everything is fine and going along on schedule. But let’s not let our guards down, either, okay?” Marcel and Andre both nodded vigorously. Lucien added, “But clearly these men are not kidding around in any way.”

All three of them nodded and lit fresh cigarettes.

At Noon on November 24, Lee Oswald’s inert body was taken out of the ambulance and rushed into Parkland Hospital. He was sped into an

operating room where surgeons and nurses converged on him.

The surgeons found the bullet lodged in Oswald's heart in the vena cava artery and the aorta. Lee Harvey Oswald was pronounced dead at 1:07 PM.



The corpse of Lee Harvey Oswald.

At the same time, Jack Ruby was seated in his undershirt on a cot in a jail cell in the Dallas police station. A uniformed guard sat right outside the bars.

Jack said to guard, "Scuse me, could I have a cigarette?"

"Sure thing, Jack," the guard replied.

The guard gave him a cigarette and lit it for him. Jack smoked nervously, one puff after another after another, then finally threw the

cigarette to the floor and viciously ground it out.

A uniformed cop came walking up to the cell.

“I’m sorry to tell you this, Jack, but Oswald’s dead.”

Jack took a deep sigh of relief, visibly calming down and leaning back against the wall. The guard held out the pack of cigarettes. “Wanna another cigarette?”

Jack waved his hand. “No thanks, I don’t smoke.”

Looking confused, the guard put the pack of cigarettes back in his pocket.

Chapter Fourteen

The Conclusion

At 1:15 PM on Nov. 24, thousands of people lined the streets of Washington, D.C. in the rain to watch President Kennedy's funeral procession pass by. An honor guard of Marines marched past, then the horse-drawn hearse carrying the president's body, then came a riderless horse with the stirrups on its saddle turned around backwards. Many people, both men and women, cried for their young dead leader.



As the president's casket was brought forward for burial at Arlington

National Cemetery, the president's son, John, Jr., who was only three years old, stood beside his bereaved and black-veiled mother, and saluted his dead father.



The Eternal Flame was lit, flickering up through a hole in a concrete slab.

The headline of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* proclaimed:
“OSWALD MURDERED!” Clay Shaw, attired in his spotless white suit, bought a newspaper and glanced at it as he strolled through the bustling

streets of New Orleans' French Quarter. Clay took a seat at an outdoor café and ordered a cup of coffee. As he loaded a cigarette into his ivory holder, then lit it he casually glanced around at the other tables. Everyone was reading the newspaper looking stunned and confused, exclaiming, "I can't believe it" and "What the hell was the country coming to?" As Clay nodded in satisfaction, grinning wryly, he went to sip his coffee but it was a tad too hot. He daintily set the cup back in the saucer and licked his burnt lip.

Shaw read in the newspaper, ". . . President Lyndon Baines Johnson says that there will be no inquest since the president's killer, Lee Harvey Oswald, is dead. Johnson said, 'Justice has been rendered'."

Clay carefully attempted to drink his coffee again. This time the temperature was just right, so he took a big sip, then smiled happily. His plan had worked perfectly and he had indeed altered the course of history. He was now world-famous, even if nobody knew he was. As he considered it for a moment he came to the conclusion that the more precise word for it was "infamous," and that was perfectly okay with him.

Lucien, Marcel, and Andre sat at the table playing cards, smoking cigarettes and drinking beer. The phone rang, startling all of them. They all turned and looked at the phone suspiciously. Lucien answered it.

"Hello?"

A male voice asked, "You ready to go?"

"Yes," Lucien nodded.

"Good," said the voice. "Someone will be there in fifteen minutes. Leave everything, it will all be disposed of."

"Okay." The line went dead. Lucien turned to the others. "We're leaving. They'll be here in fifteen minutes. Leave the weapons, they'll get rid of them."

"You sure?" Marcel said, looking suspicious. "They're evidence."

"What are we going to do?" Lucien said, "Take them with us? Besides, we thoroughly cleaned the fingerprints off them. They may be evidence, but not against us. No, we stick to the plan."

They all nodded, then dashed around madly getting dressed.

Fifteen minutes later a black sedan pulled up in front of the house driven by the man with the dark sunglasses. The three Frenchmen exited the house dressed as they were when they arrived, each carrying their Air France flight bags. They got into the car, which immediately backed out of the driveway, then drove up the street.

The black sedan arrived back at the desert landing strip where the small Cessna airplane awaited them. The three men got out of the car, dashed over to the idling airplane, opened the door and climbed in.

David Ferrie sat in the pilot's seat. He turned to them and smiled.

"You guys are *really* good."

Marcel nodded humbly. "The best."

"How do you get to be the best at something like that?" Ferrie inquired curiously.

"You grow up with World War II in your backyard," explained Lucien. "Then you got to practice a lot on Nazis. So, where are we going?"

“Back to Guatemala,” David replied.

“Okay.”

The three men sat back as the plane began to move.

The plane taxied down the runway and took off into the clear blue Texas sky.

Across Dealy Plaza from the book depository was the jailhouse where Jack Ruby ended up being incarcerated. Jack, who was now dressed up in a suit and tie, was handcuffed and taken out of the jailhouse by uniformed policemen.

Jack Ruby stood in a courtroom in front of a judge.

The judge intoned, “You have been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and you are hereby sentenced to death.”

The Judge slammed the gavel down with finality.

Jack Ruby went pale and looked completely and utterly sickened as policemen escorted him from the courtroom.

In a conference room in the courthouse, Jack spoke to reporters and TV cameras.

“Everything pertaining to what’s happening has never come to the surface. The world will never know the true facts of what occurred. I had such an ulterior motive that put me in the position I’m in will never let the true facts come out to the world.”

A reporter asked, “Are these people in very high places, Jack?”

“Yes,” Jack flatly replied.

His whole body sagging, Jack was taken away and returned to his jail cell in Dealy Plaza.

The familiar profile of Marseilles with its boats, docks, rocky terrain, with houses along the coast and up on the hills, shimmered in the bright Mediterranean sunlight. A car stopped at a corner and Lucien, now sporting a dark beard, got out holding his flight bag. He said *au revoir* to the driver and the car drove away.

Lucien stepped around the corner, and there was his family out in

front of his house. He smiled warmly, walking toward them. The three children realized that it was him, yelled, "Papa!" then went running to him. He picked them all up and hugged them tightly.

The front door opened and his wife, Marie, came out. She sighed in deep, wonderful relief, then smiled happily and opened her arms wide.

"Lucien."

"Marie."

Lucien put the children down, then stepped forward and engulfed Marie in his arms. They hugged and kissed with all of their souls, the children hanging all over them.



In the Zapruder film, which was not released to the public until March, 1975, the presidential motorcade slowed to a crawl as it made the hairpin turn on Elm Street . . .

Fifteen months after the assassination of JFK, Jack Ruby was still incarcerated in a prison cell overlooking Dealy Plaza. In a shockingly sudden, and highly suspect, manner, Ruby contracted “cancer” and was rushed to Parkland Hospital, where he very promptly died. No official investigation ever occurred, but many doubted the actual cause of his death was cancer.

Upon the president’s assassination, immediately and inexplicably, Attorney General Robert Kennedy and the Justice Department, dropped the entire investigation of Sam Giancana, the mob, and the Teamsters. No

explainable reason was ever given.

On June 6, 1968, Robert Kennedy was campaigning for president in Los Angeles at the Ambassador Hotel. Smiling his winning smile and shaking everybody's hand, Robert Kennedy was gunned down in the kitchen of the hotel as he was leaving.

It was concluded that Bobby Kennedy's assassination was perpetrated by a "lone nut gunman" named Sirhan Sirhan. Many people believed that Sirhan Sirhan did not commit this crime alone, but a thorough investigation was never undertaken. To this day Sirhan still contends that he doesn't remember anything about the assassination, and that's where it was left.



The assassinated body of Senator Robert F. Kennedy on the kitchen floor of the Ambassador Hotel.

At the Kennedy estate, Joseph P. Kennedy, now looking pathetically old and ill, watched on TV as his son Bobby was assassinated. He closed his sad, weary old eyes and slumped over with yet another in his series of strokes.

Marina Oswald married Kenneth Jess Porter in 1965. They had two sons together and lived in Dallas until the mid-1970s when they moved to Greenville, Texas. Marina never stopped purporting her late husband's innocence.

Joseph P. Kennedy lived to be 81-years old. Although he hadn't been able to walk or speak due to his first massive stroke in 1961, followed by many subsequent strokes, both big and small, he still had his wits about him and managed to live long enough to see two of his sons assassinated.

On November 18, 1969 Joseph P. Kennedy died. He was buried at Boston Cemetery. His funeral was a well-attended and made worldwide headlines.



In the Zapruder film the first bullet struck Kennedy in the back, exiting his throat, causing him to raise his hands up to the exit wound as Jackie turned to look at her wounded husband . . .

Forty-eight hours after the assassination, David Ferrie was picked up

by the FBI and questioned due to the fact that Ferrie's library card was found in Lee Harvey Oswald's wallet. Ferrie was also questioned regarding all of his unauthorized flights in and out of Dallas that weekend, then was released. David Ferrie died eleven days before he was supposed to testify in the case against Clay Shaw in 1967.

Clay Shaw was the one and only person ever brought to trial in the case of the assassination of John F. Kennedy by prosecutor Jim Garrison in New Orleans. After two years and many court appearances, Shaw was finally acquitted due to lack of evidence in 1969.



In the film Governor Connally turned and looked over his right shoulder to see what was happening to the president in the back-seat of the limousine . . .

In a drug deal gone bad in Mexico City, Lucien Sarti was gunned down by Mexican police on April 27, 1972.

Due to so many unanswered questions regarding John Kennedy's assassination, new Senate hearings investigating the assassination were called in 1975. This investigation continued on and off for four years. Finally, the House Select Committee on Assassinations concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald fired the shots that killed Kennedy, but also concluded that "scientific acoustical evidence [a sound recording made by a motorcycle policeman that indicated that four shots were fired] establishes a high probability that two gunmen fired at President John F. Kennedy."

Two weeks after JFK's funeral, Congress ordered the creation of an investigating committee, headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren, to find out the truth behind the president's assassination. The Warren Commission, which included former CIA chief, Allen Dulles, as well as future president,

Gerald Ford, issued a 26-volume report on the Kennedy assassination which insisted that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone gunman who fired three shots from the Texas School Book Depository, yet it does not contain any of the sixty eyewitness accounts that all agreed that the final head shot that killed President Kennedy came from behind the picket fence on the Grassy Knoll, not to mention the physical evidence of the film shot from the Grassy Knoll that day by Abraham Zapruder, that clearly and obviously showed exactly which direction the head shot came from that killed President John F. Kennedy.





In frame 312, the second bullet hit Gov. Connally from behind, 82 frames, or 4.5 seconds, after the first bullet struck Kennedy, conclusively proving that, unlike the contention of the Warren Report, it was not the same bullet that hit both men.

In 1975 at the age of 67 years old Sam Giancana sat at his desk in his basement office smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper. He heard someone coming down the steps and looked up through his thick, black-rimmed glasses.

“Eh, Tony, is that you?” Tony was the female housekeeper.

A deep male voice replied, “Yeah, it’s me, Tony.”

Sam furrowed his brow, stood up and said, “What the fuck?”

A man wearing black gloves and holding a .45 caliber automatic pistol came into Sam’s view. Sam reacted in horror, and was then shot

twice in the face, shattering his glasses and throwing him back into his chair. The man with the pistol stepped forward. The smoking pistol barrel was then shoved up under Sam Giancana's chin and was fired five more times, spattering Sam's brains all over the walls, effectively blowing his entire head off.

Sam "Mooney" Giancana's murder occurred three weeks before he was to testify before the Senate Assassination Investigation Committee. Giancana had openly claimed responsibility for not only having had John F. Kennedy assassinated, but also for the killing of Robert Kennedy.

James Hoffa, head of the Teamsters Union, who was also scheduled to testify, disappeared from a Bloomfield Hills, Michigan restaurant several weeks after Giancana's murder and was never seen again. The Senate Investigation's only conclusion was that "there probably was a conspiracy."

Carlos Marcello, who had immigrated to America before he was one-year-old with his Sicilian parents (from Tunis, Tunisia), was arrested as an

illegal alien and incarcerated. He died in prison in 1983 at the age of eighty.

Lee Harvey Oswald was buried in Fort Worth's Rose Hill Memorial Burial Park, with a plain, unadorned headstone that merely stated his name and the dates of his birth and death. At some point later the headstone was stolen. It was replaced by small, flat headstone that now simply states, "Oswald."

