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APRIL 13, 1981

\$1.50

TIME

Sheila Patton E. W.
First Lady's Press
Time

Madness

What Happened—and Why • Can It Never Be Stopped?



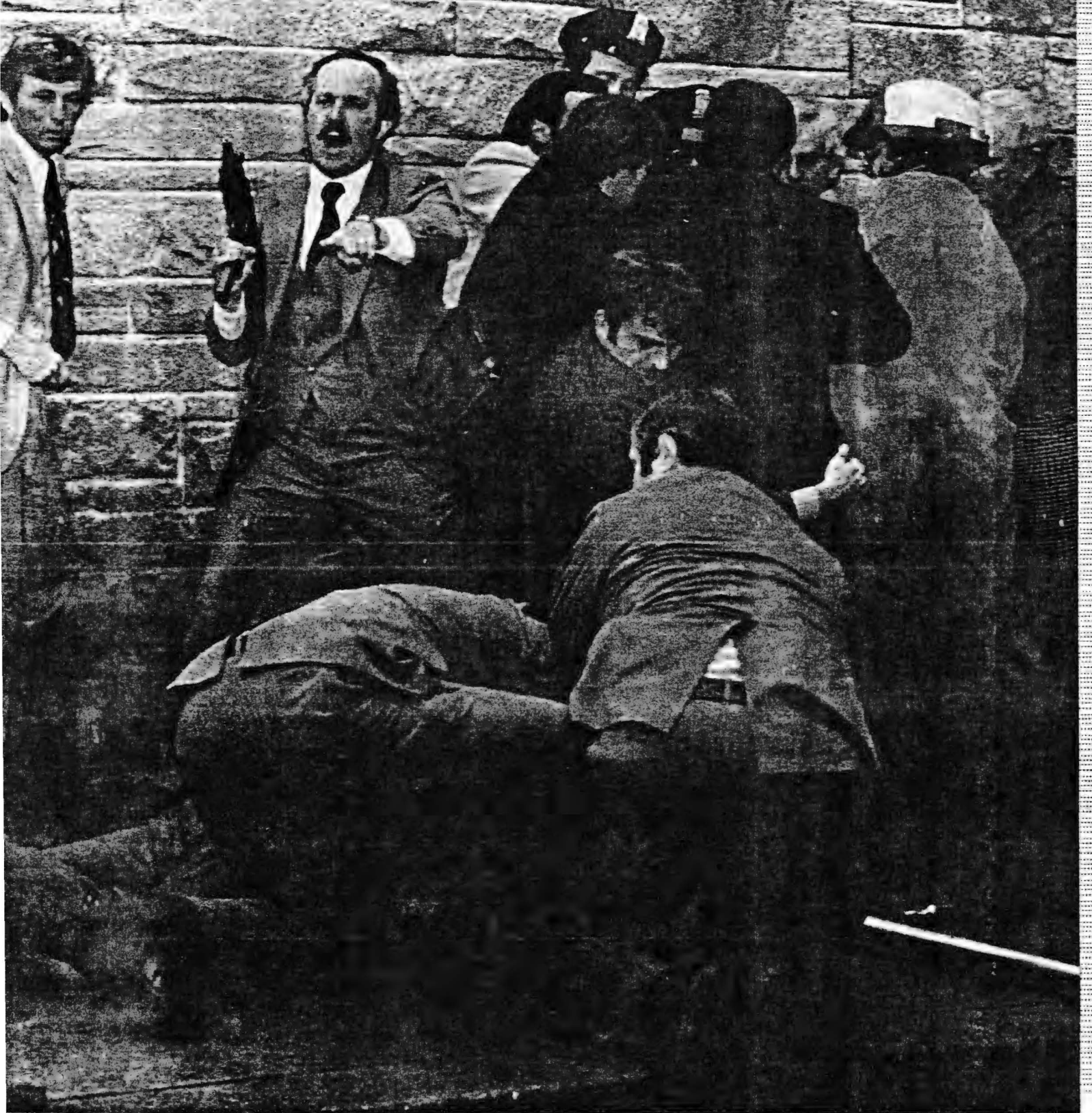
"Oh, My God, It's

Six bullets, in two seconds of terror, fell the President and three others and raise



Happening"

fresh fears that assassination is an American disease

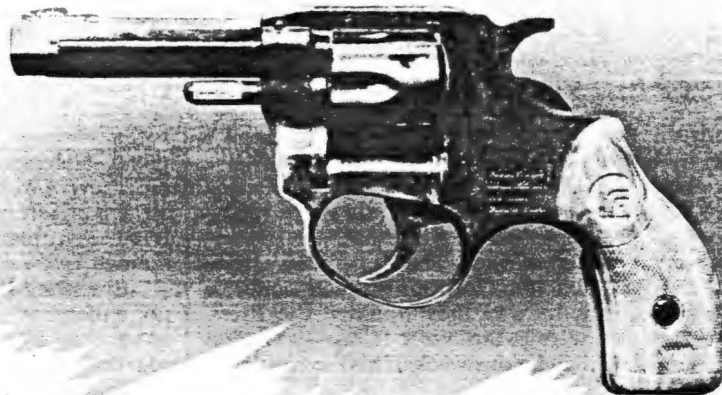




Just before the shooting begins, Ronald Reagan is surrounded by (from left) Agent Jerry Parr (in raincoat), Press Secretary James Brady, a military aide, Assistant Michael Deaver, an unidentified policeman, Officer Thomas Delahanty and Agent Timothy McCarthy. Seconds later (below) an agent leaps over Delahanty and Brady to grab for the gunman, Parr has pushed Reagan into the limousine, and the car is ready to move



Nation



A Sense of Where We Are

Reflections on a week of anxiety, sadness and outrage

It took a week to get the picture. First came the gasps and "not agains"; then the nation assumed its old too familiar position before the tube, reluctant pros in this business by now, ready to take in the slow-motion replays, the testimony of experts, the edgy reporters, a bloody head, a shot-up limousine, another blank-faced gunman. There was a jumble to sort out. The President was O.K. But then he wasn't. They took him to the White House. No, to a hospital. Was it serious? Not very. Yes, very. Maybe ... And so on through the long Monday afternoon, the emotions buffeted by every bulletin—sinking at the report of White House Press Secretary James Brady's death; rising warily when the report is denied; a freeze at news that the President is undergoing surgery; a thaw when someone repeats a Reagan joke. Who was that fool who asked if the operation was going to be filmed? More questions still—the public's tensions not at all alleviated by the figure of Alexander Haig claiming "I am in control here," in a voice full of jelly.

The press was hard on Haig after the recent who's-in-charge tempest. Suddenly the Secretary of State is playing air raid warden again and rearranging the order of succession to the presidency to suit his pride. Yet he was only trying to do what everyone wanted: to establish order and clear things up. By 7 p.m. there was at least the start of a clearing up. To stage center stepped Dr. Dennis O'Leary of George Washington University Hospital, a gentle, cool customer, another instant media star. Secret Service Agent Timothy J. McCarthy was hit in the stomach, but doing well. D.C. Policeman Thomas K. Delahanty was hit in the shoulder and neck; his condition was stable. A .22-cal. bullet passed through Jim Brady's brain. And the President? He became his chest for the moment: the bullet entered here, bounced off this, settled in that. There was "oxygenation" and a "thoracotomy" and some "peritoneal lavage" to boot. But was he O.K.? Yes, he was fine, chipper. By nightfall the country was beginning to do some oxygenating of its own.

Within a day or two pieces were beginning to fit, even the weirdest. To the bare fact of the suspect's name, John W. Hinckley Jr., were added the details of a strangely American life, or half life. The son of oil-rich respectability quits school, takes to the road, joins the American Nazi party, but can't make it there. He has a guitar, of course; drives a tan Plymouth with Texas plates; watches TV in cheap motels where he stops briefly. He is a traveling man. Soft-spoken and polite. He dines on Whoppers and writes love notes to a teen-age movie star at Yale—while going madder by the minute, buying guns and hitting the dream cities of Denver, Nashville, Dallas and L.A., until he arrives by Greyhound at the city of the country's heart, which he is driven

to penetrate. So after a while even he becomes real. At week's end one understands not everything, but a lot more than seemed possible on frantic Monday. The people were in control here.

The interesting thing is that people can actually do this; can take a terrifying, chaotic act and eventually make some sense of it. What occurred outside the Washington Hilton was irrational and destructive. Yet the reactions it generated were both sane and helpful; and they were connected to one's best feelings about the country and the Government. When the President was shot, Americans prayed very hard, not for the life of an abstraction, but for a man, one who as leader of the democracy carries something of everyone in that mortal chest. If people were ashamed and dismayed that such horrors could continue to happen in a civilized place, they were also proud and relieved that the Government of that civilized place could not be rattled.

But there were even more basic feelings brought out by Monday's events. Trust, for one thing: the belief that in spite of all the initial misinformation, the facts would eventually be known. Patience, for another; and a general absence of panic. Faith in science, as the doctors were relied on to tell the country what its future looked like. Faith in God, for those who have it. Faith too in the press, remarkably; the same press that is excoriated as a matter of daily habit, still counted on in a real emergency to get the truth as best it can, as fast as it can—and to tell it. A sense of national unity, in sadness and anxiety. A sense of outrage at violence. If the U.S. really were as fundamentally violent as it is made out, there would never be such uniform despair and disgust when violence occurred.

Then too there was kinship with the suffering, with Jim Brady, especially; old Brady "the Bear," Brady the joker, the poker-faced inventor of Goat Gap Texas Chili and Captain Brady's Nightie Night, who wasn't kidding when he described his new position as "the toughest p.r. job in the world." And kinship with life, with Sarah Brady holding her husband's hand, waiting for the squeeze to be returned.

Such feelings make it possible to survive a week like the last one. They attest to the normalities of our lives, and suggest that in the long run there is a gentleness and decency that prevails over the berserk flashes and the threats of sudden death. Yet these shootings leave scars, and they ought to. Why are all these handguns still around? Why can't creatures like Hinckley be reached before they reach others? When the President entered the hospital, he told his friend, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt: "Don't worry about me. I'll make it." By the weekend the country was thinking the same thing, with the same uncertain bravery.

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Business as Usual—Almost

A powerful troika takes charge, while Haig overdoes it—once more



The first reactions were shock, horror, sickness at the thought that the nation had to go through it all once more. Then almost instantly came anxiety—not only for the wounded President but for the country itself. As citizens all over the U.S. and indeed around the world waited for the medical bulletins, questions formed: Did, and would, the U.S. still have a functioning Government? Could decisions still be made, necessary actions be taken, while a President in office little more than two months, barely enough time to get his hands on the levers of power, recovered from the attempt on his life?

Fortunately, the answer came before the worries had time to blossom. It was a resounding yes.

In the worst hours of uncertainty and confusion, while Ronald Reagan was unconscious in surgery, the nuclear button was right where it should be, in the hands of Vice President George Bush. On his flight back from Texas to Washington, Bush was accompanied by a military aide carrying the Vice President's version of the "football"—an unremarkable black leather case containing top-secret signal codes and military target information. Reagan, once he shook off the effects of anesthesia, resumed some of his duties. The morning after the shooting, with a tube still in his nose and a needle dripping intravenous solution into his arm, the President signed a bill canceling an increase in dairy price supports that otherwise would have gone into effect the next day. The only sign of stress: his signature was a trifle shakier than usual.

With Reagan's approval, Bush presided over two Cabinet meetings, carefully taking his accustomed seat and leaving the President's chair empty to symbolize the temporary nature of his enhanced authority. The Vice President also conferred with Netherlands Premier Andreas van Agt and Polish Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, who had come to Washington to see Reagan.

The Senate passed, 88 to 10, a budget resolution cutting spending for fiscal 1982 by \$36.9 billion; that was roughly \$2.8 billion more than Reagan had requested. At week's end Secretary of State Alexander Haig took off, on schedule, for a trip to the Middle East, and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger left for defense consultations with Western

European allies. Altogether, the week's official activity appeared to justify the phrase that Reagan's aides were using while the President was still in the recovery room: "Business as usual."

Well, almost. The day-to-day operations of the Government will continue about the way they would if the President were in the White House—as in fact he might be this week, if his recovery proceeds on course.

TIME Contributing Editor Hugh Sidey, who has been reporting on Washington for 24 years, notes that calm prevailed during Dwight Eisenhower's several hospitalizations, Richard Nixon's phlebitis, and even in the far graver crisis of the Kennedy assassination. Says Sidey: "We have sometimes overplayed the difficulty of running the Government. National trauma we have had. But the postal clerk still comes to work, the soldiers still drill. If anything, they are a little more diligent in their duties, realizing that the country needs a special effort. Men and women also tend to cooperate

better at the higher levels in such moments. Heightened tension acts as a magnifier; every word, and sentence, becomes an act of international significance and is rocketed around the globe where it is examined and weighed."

Even long-run policy formulation will not suffer badly during the next month or so while Reagan is convalescing. Reason: the Administration decided from the start to make the economic program of spending and tax cuts its top priority, and that program is well advanced. Says one White House aide: "There are peaks and valleys in decision making. If this had happened on Feb. 10, we would have been in a totally different situation. Now, for the time being, the economic decisions are already made."

Still, no nation as heavily dependent on presidential leadership as the U.S. can shrug off the wounding of its Chief Executive as if nothing had happened. Already last week, some decisions were slipping: the Administration put off announcement of a package of measures designed to help the U.S. auto industry meet foreign competition. Though aides publicly asserted that Reagan would confer late this month with Mexican President José López Portillo as scheduled, they conceded in private that the session might be called off.

Meanwhile, there are sure to be shifts in the balance of forces within the Administration, some with lasting consequences. Even in an Administration officially dedicated to Cabinet Government, the White House staff had been increasing its influence before the shots rang out. The so-called troika at the top consists of Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, Chief of Staff James Baker and Deputy Chief Michael Deaver, Reagan's closest personal aide. Within half an hour of the shooting, the troika set up a kind of command post at the hospital, and once the President was recuperating funneled briefing papers to him (greatly condensed to avoid taxing his strength).

For at least the rest of Reagan's hospitalization and the early period of his convalescence, the troika's power will be greater than ever. They will decide who sees the President, which decisions are referred to him and which are postponed or settled at lower levels. They will also be the primary communicators of Reagan's words and wishes to the rest of the



Bush at White House reception for Netherlands Premier

In a moment of shock, he carried the "football."

Government and the outside world.

The three, who breakfast together at 7:30 each morning, have worked out a smooth division of duties and interests that should enable them to maintain their influence when matters settle down. Meese, who likes to lug home a bulging briefcase, concentrates on developing policy positions; Baker, who scorns paperwork, keeps a sharp eye on political affairs; Deaver is the devoted guardian and shaper of Reagan's schedule. Says one aide who has watched them closely: "No one can put himself in the President's shoes, when it comes to personal and many political considerations, the way Deaver can. No one can put himself in the President's mind, when it comes to difficult policy questions, the way Meese can. And no one can understand the intersection of the White House and the bureaucracy, the bridge between intention and action, better than Baker."

Vice President Bush, too, seems sure to gain in clout because of the calm manner in which he filled in for the President at Cabinet meetings and ceremonial functions. His demeanor, neither pushy nor retiring, impressed even some Reaganites who had considered him a mushy moderate. Said one: "He has been impressive. He has a good sensitivity to the situation."

In contrast, Secretary of State Haig damaged his already shaky standing in the Government. The echoes of his losing effort two weeks ago to have himself rather than Bush named as foreign policy crisis manager had not died down when he took the podium in the White House press room to proclaim, in a shaky voice, "I am in control here." Said one State Department official who is friendly with Haig: "I thought it was *Seven Days in May*. Al didn't do it right, and it's going to hurt him." At week's end a new controversy threatened to erupt when it was learned that Haig, without properly consulting other Cabinet members, had given the French tacit approval to sell 600,000 tons of wheat to the Soviets. The White House attempted to play down the incident in the hope that it would blow over, but talk continued to float around Washington that Haig might resign, and that the White House was already looking for a successor.

Those rumors were vehemently denied by the White House staff. Late in the week it made a concerted attempt to salvage Haig's credibility so that he could deal effectively with foreign governments. White House aides insisted that Haig had only meant, quite properly, to reassure the world—and warn the Soviets—that the U.S. Government

was continuing to operate. Said one White House staffer: "Al Haig is too strong a player to let go." Reagan himself summoned Haig to his hospital bed and gave the Secretary letters to hand carry to the leaders of Egypt, Israel, Saudi Arabia and Jordan. Nonetheless, Haig left on his Middle East trip an uncertain figure, worried about having unnamed enemies in the White House who were out to get him. Whether he can recover authority over foreign policy is yet to be seen.

On the domestic front, the most obvious immediate effect of the assassination attempt, and the courage with which the President withstood it, was a powerful surge in Reagan's popularity. A quick Washington *Post*/ABC News poll the day after the shooting found 73% approving the way the President is handling his job, up eleven percentage points from just the week before.

Whether that tide of public sympathy and admiration will win additional votes for Reagan's spending and tax cuts, especially in the Democratic-controlled House where the real battle will be fought, is in some dispute. Most of Reagan's senior advisers agree with Office of Management and Budget Director David Stockman, who says, "I don't think it will have any significant effect on the Hill." On the other hand, some Democrats are afraid they will

be hampered in making an aggressive case against those cuts that they contend hurt the poor. Says one liberal: "You could never get anyone to go after him personally, because he's a nice guy. But now it will be difficult even to voice anything against the program. That would be viscerally resented by a lot of people."

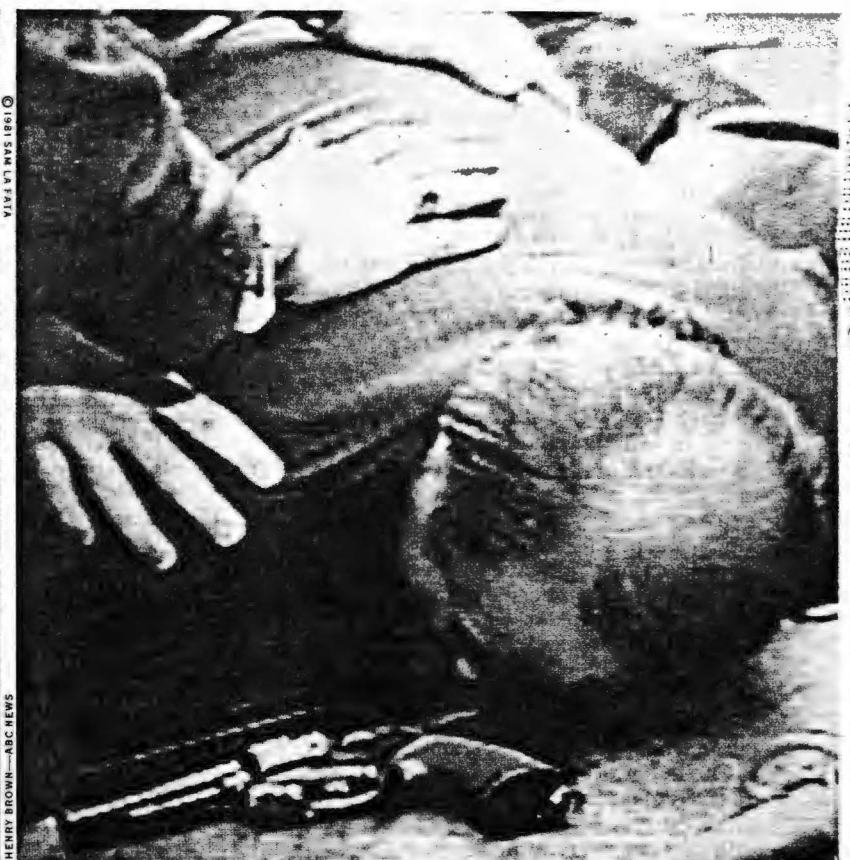
Nonetheless, the Democrats will try. House Budget Committee Chairman James Jones will unveil this week a budget proposal that would slash spending \$4 billion more than the Administration's plan, but with a very different set of priorities. Jones and the Democratic leadership would cut \$4 billion out of planned defense spending and \$1.5 billion out of energy outlays, for example, while restoring \$7 billion of cuts that Reagan wants in such programs as Medicaid, food stamps and child nutrition. On the tax side, the Democrats reject Reagan's three-year, across-the-board slash in income tax rates in favor of a much narrower one-year reduction. The Administration's ability to counter this effort may be hampered by the enforced scrapping of Reagan's personal selling campaign for his program. The President had been scheduled to speak almost weekly to state legislatures to plug his economic package.

"Nobody can sell the program like he can," says one senior adviser. Another is concerned that "with Reagan in bed, we will lose a crucial month." White House aides, however, are exploring other methods of using the President's persuasive talents. They say he will resume his highly effective personal lobbying on congressional leaders once he leaves the hospital, though he will receive them in the White House residence quarters rather than the Oval Office. They talk of putting him on television for a speech in which his natural mastery of the medium might be enhanced by the emotional impact of a recuperating President once again addressing the citizenry.

Meanwhile, the Government is carrying on sufficiently well that by week's end some Reagan aides were voicing an ironic worry: perhaps they have convinced the public too thoroughly that everything is business as usual. Says one: "We spent two months trying to erase an impression that the U.S. had elected Ed Meese President, instead of Ronald Reagan. Now we are almost going back to the point of saying that this Administration does not need him." Compared with the potential dangers of a leaderless Government, however, that is a minor worry indeed. —By George J. Church. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Neil MacNeil/Washington



The President and Nancy strolling through hospital corridor Friday
The signature, shakier than usual, was the only sign of stress.



Parr pushes Reagan while McCarthy, center, shields them

Brady lying seriously wounded on pavement outside the hotel

Six Shots at a Nation's Heart

Again, a moment of madness threatens a President and tarnishes the U.S.



The final Sunday of March began with a slight haze and soft breezes; unseasonable temperatures in the mid-70s welcomed the blossoming dogwoods. The day was so balmy that Ronald and Nancy Reagan, after attending services at St. John's Church, took a short noontime stroll back to the White House, passing the pink magnolias in Lafayette Park.

Shortly after 12:15 p.m., a pudgy young man with unkempt blond hair stepped off a Greyhound bus after a three-day ride from Los Angeles. He leaned against a pole in Washington's seedy terminal, then sat restlessly in a blue plastic seat. He seemed in no hurry to go anywhere.

Enjoying a rare day without guests or meetings, the Reagans lunched together in the White House. They stayed indoors, catching up on some unstrenuous household chores. One of them was to hang pictures in the President's study in the family quarters.

The visitor to Washington was John W. Hinckley Jr., 25, of Evergreen, Colo. He was in a surly mood. He snapped at a waitress who served him a cheeseburger in the terminal restaurant. He ate alone at the rear of the room, then walked back into the station's lobby, stalking about impatiently for an hour. He seemed to be waiting for someone.

The Reagans admired a collection of

miniature western saddles given to them by their California friend Walter Annenberg. They carried a dozen of the miniatures to the Oval Office and arranged them for display on a table at the left of the President's desk. Then they dined together in their residence. It had been a comfortable day.

Hinckley checked into the Park Central Hotel on 18th Street. It is just two blocks west of the White House and directly across the street from Secret Service headquarters. It often houses visiting Secret Service agents. The cheapest room is



Lyn Nofziger briefing reporters at hospital

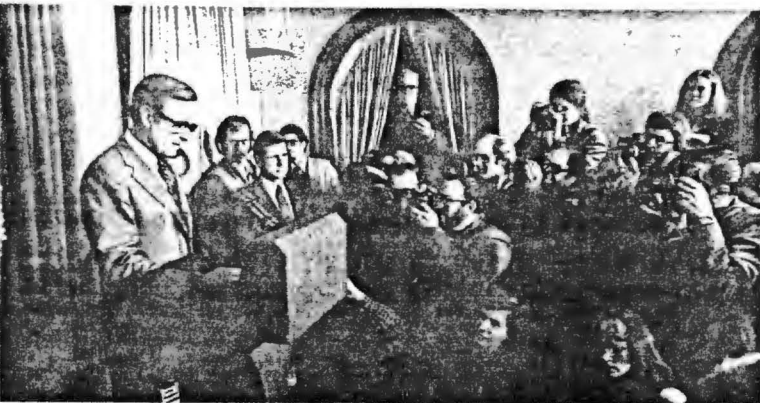
\$42 a night, moderate by Washington standards. Hinckley sat for hours in Room 312. He made two local telephone calls, using the hotel's direct-dial system.

The sky turned a lead gray on Monday, Ronald Reagan's 70th day in office. A monotonous drizzle formed puddles on the city's streets. But the weather was still warm and the rain did not dampen Reagan's spirits. At an early morning breakfast with 140 sub-Cabinet-level officials of his Administration in the East Room, Reagan gave a pep talk. He quoted Thomas Paine, declaring, "We have it in our power to begin the world over again." Then followed short meetings with his senior staff in the Oval Office and a national security briefing. All were in the normal workday pattern.

Hinckley got up early. He stopped in the Lunchbox Carryout Shop, just a few doors from his hotel, for coffee at 7:30 a.m. An hour later, he ordered breakfast in Kay's Sandwich Shoppe, adjacent to the hotel. He sat alone at the counter.

Reagan greeted two dozen Hispanic leaders in the Cabinet Room and conferred with them in private after photographers were allowed to take a few pictures. Aides Lyn Nofziger and Elizabeth Dole sat in on the meeting. One topic of the discussion: Reagan's efforts to place Hispanics in Government positions.

Hinckley was out of his room at 10 a.m.



Bush reading statement in White House after Reagan's operation



Dr. Dennis O'Leary showing how bullet was removed from Reagan



Maureen Reagan watching the news in Los Angeles

when a maid checked it. A two-suitcase filled with clothes was spread open. A copy of TV Guide was near the bed. Also in the room was a newspaper clipping about the President's schedule, which disclosed that Reagan would leave the White House at 1:45 p.m. to address a session of the AFL-CIO's building and construction trades department at the Washington Hilton.

The President had lunch at the White House in the family quarters. He ate an avocado and chicken salad, sliced red beets and an apple tart. Then he worked on his Hilton speech and stretched out for a brief rest.

When he returned to the hotel about noon, Hinckley asked the desk clerk whether he had received any telephone calls. There were no telephone messages in his key box. Then at 12:45 p.m. he sat in his room and began to write a five-paragraph letter on lined note paper. It started: "Dear Jodie, There is a definite possibility that I will be killed in my attempt to get Reagan." It ended: "This letter is being written an hour before I leave for the Hilton Hotel. Jodie, I'm asking you to please look into your heart and at least give me the chance with this historical deed to gain your respect and love. I love you forever." It was signed: "John Hinckley." Hinckley sealed the letter to Actress Jodie Foster, 18, a freshman at Yale University whom he had never met, but did not mail it.

The President climbed into his armor-plated black Lincoln limousine at 1:45 p.m. for the seven-minute drive to the Hilton. With him was Michael Deaver, his closest personal aide, Labor Secretary Ray Donovan and two Secret Service agents: Drew

Unrue was driving, and Jerry Parr, chief of the presidential protection detail, sat in the right front seat. Following them in the motorcade was Presidential Press Secretary Jim Brady. Half an hour earlier, his deputy, Larry Speakes, had asked, "You going with the President to the hotel?" Brady's casual reply: "Yeah, I think I will." With other agents following in the "battlewagon" protective car, the caravan moved swiftly through the rain-slick streets to the hotel. Everything was going smoothly; the trip seemed quite routine.

Rechecking rooms at 1:15 p.m. to replace some used towels, the maid found Hinckley in the room, wearing a light-colored jacket, sport shirt and casual pants. He stood by the bathroom door and watched without expression as she hung the towels. Shortly afterward he left for the Hilton. It was almost a mile away, less than a

half-hour walk. If he went by cab or bus, he was unnoticed.

The President received a standing ovation as he entered the Hilton's International Ballroom to address 3,500 union representatives. It was the largest audience he had faced in person since his inauguration. As he made his pitch for the union members to support his economic program, Reagan's delivery was uncharacteristically flat. He drew only tepid applause, even meeting silence at a few punch lines. Only one sentence in the 18-minute speech would later be remembered. Noted the President: "Violent crime has surged 10%, making neighborhood streets unsafe and families fearful in their homes."

Outside the Hilton, on an adjacent sidewalk, Hinckley was pacing nervously. John M. Dodson, a Pinkerton's detective

agency computer specialist, was watching the Hilton's lower-level VIP entrance from the seventh floor of a nearby office building. Dodson noticed the young man wearing a tan raincoat. "He looked fidgety, agitated, a little strange," Dodson recalled later.

A group of TV and still photographers also awaited Reagan's exit in what they call "the bodywatch"—the need to record any presidential calamity, or what Reagan has termed "the awful-awful." Other reporters were there, some with microphones and tape recorders, to ask the President for his reaction to the latest showdown between the government and Lech Walesa's independent labor movement in Poland. As always, curious onlookers pressed in for a glimpse of the President. They included some union members who had

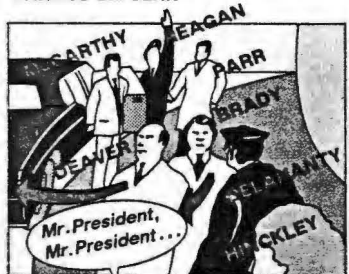


Hinckley, flanked by officers, after arraignment

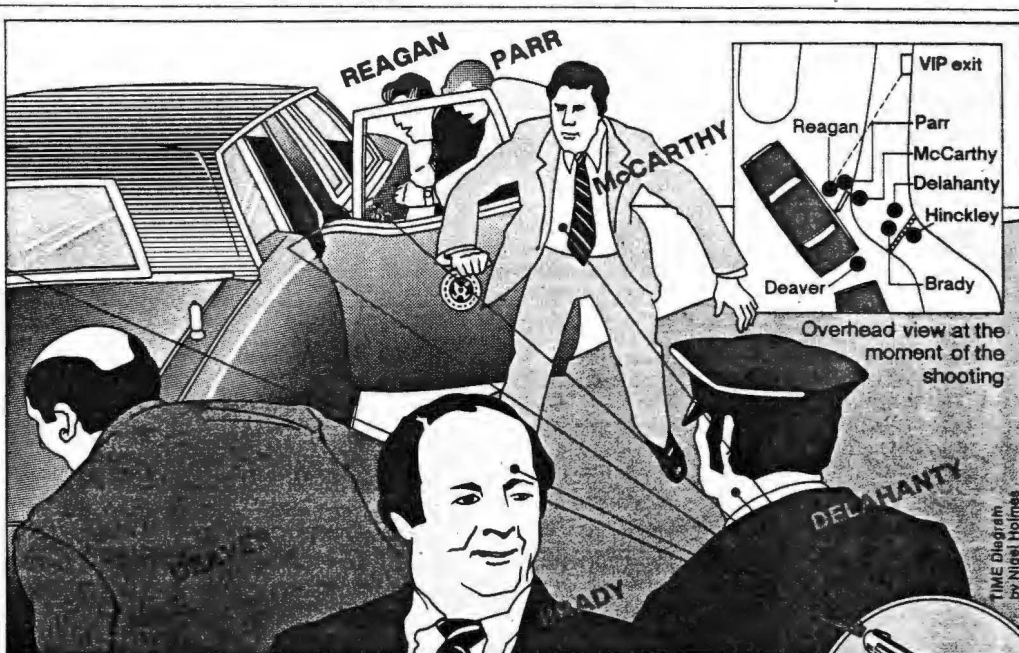
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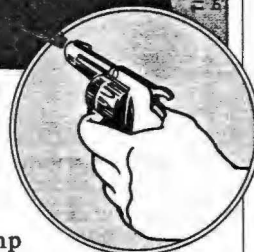
1 Reagan leaves VIP exit of Hilton Hotel. The door of his limousine is open. He waves as he reaches the curb.



2 At a shout from the press, Deaver moves to the left, giving Brady room to talk to AP Reporter Michael Putzel, who wants to ask a question.



3 The shooting starts. Six shots are fired in two seconds. One hits a window across the street, and one the window of Reagan's limousine. Other bullets hit Brady, Delahanty and McCarthy. Another bullet hits the rear panel of the limousine, ricochets through the gap between the open door and the body of the car, and hits Reagan as he is bending over and being pushed into the car by Parr.



either arrived late for the lunch or left it early to get a closer view of Reagan. There were women with Kodaks, children, and even a mayor, Charles Wright of Davenport, Iowa.

The unmarked entrance, consisting of steel double doors under a concrete canopy, was designed precisely to provide security for Presidents and other celebrities who attend affairs at the Hilton. The doors open onto a 13-ft.-wide sidewalk that runs along a curving driveway at the base of a 15-ft.-high stone retaining wall. On this day the Secret Service had roped off an area along this curving wall about 25 ft. from the doors. The press and other onlookers jostled for position behind the rope.

Among them was John Hinckley. Standing close to the wall, he complained about the press, which had been griping about onlookers getting in the way. ABC Cameraman Henry Brown had protested that the press area had been "penetrated" by people who were "interfering with our work." Replied a man whom Brown assumed was a Secret Service agent: "We'll try to do something." A.P. Radio Reporter Walter Rodgers pushed his way along the wall, extending his fishpole mike, when he heard the young man complain about the reporters: "They ought to get here on time. They think they can do anything they want. Don't let them do that."

Reagan left the ballroom stage and walked down a 100-yard carpeted corridor that leads to the VIP exit. When he stepped out onto the sidewalk, the drizzle had stopped. The President flashed one of his usual jovial smiles as he headed toward his car, parked 15 ft. from the exit and 10 ft. from the press rope. Agent Un-

rue was in the driver's seat; the engine was running. Reagan raised his right hand high, waving to people standing across the driveway.

Agent Parr was at Reagan's right side. Aide Deaver was at his left, between the President and the press group. Brady walked a few steps behind Deaver and closer to the wall. Agent Timothy McCarthy waited at the limousine, standing behind the open rear door. Washington Patrolman Thomas Delahanty, drawn away from his normal duties with the police canine squad to help guard the President, stood near the press rope. Reagan, now just a few feet away from his car, turned to his left and waved toward the reporters.

"Mr. President, Mr. President," came a familiar shout from behind the rope. A.P. Reporter Michael Putzel was trying to ask Reagan a question. Brady stepped ahead of Deaver to help field any press queries. Still smiling, Reagan looked past McCarthy, Deaver, Brady and Delahanty and at the milling group behind the rope.

The man in the tan raincoat reached out to point a .22-cal. "Saturday night special" at the President. The chambers of the revolver contained six Devastator bullets, designed to explode on impact. He shot twice, paused, then fired off four more rounds—all in a scant two seconds.

At the first sound of firing, Deaver ducked. The President's grin vanished. He looked startled, bewildered. Instinctively, Agent Parr pushed Reagan's head down, shoved him hard through the open car door. Reagan's head struck the roof of the doorway. Both men landed on the

transmission hump ahead of the rear seat, Parr on top of the President. "Take off!" shouted Parr to the driver. "Just take off!" The limo lurched out of the driveway.

Deaver, who had crouched beside the President's car until he saw Reagan was in it, ran for the Secret Service control vehicle. "Oh, my God, it's happening!" he thought. The shots had been so close to him that he could "feel the concussion and smell the powder." In the car, he shouted, "Let's get out of here!" He grabbed Presidential Assistant David Fischer and, referring to Reagan, asked, "My God, Dave, is he all right?"

Brady lay on the sidewalk, blood seeping from a wound in his head and trickling into an iron grating. He tried to rise. Rick Ahearn, a White House advance man, cradled Brady's face and shouted: "A handkerchief, a handkerchief!" Dropped in the turmoil, a police pistol lay incongruously beside Brady's head. McCarthy had been trained to try to block any shots at the President with his own body; when the firing began, he turned away from the limousine toward the assailant. Hit in the abdomen by a bullet that might well have struck the President, McCarthy whirled away from the gunman and fell prone. Patrolman Delahanty, a bullet lodged in his neck, lay screaming in pain near the rope.

Along the wall, agents, police officers and a union member leaped on Hinckley. He struggled furiously for at least 20 seconds before the gun was wrestled away from him. One agent brandished his Uzi sub-machine gun to emphasize orders to his colleagues as well as to fend off any threat

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from the aghast and screaming crowd; for all he knew, it might hold other assailants. Another agent, jammed against the wall in the melee, waved his pistol toward the menacing street. "Get a police car! Get a car!" cried the men holding Hinckley. Handcuffing Hinckley and throwing a jacket over his head, the officers shoved him toward one police car, but found the rear door locked. They pushed him into a second and sped off to Washington police headquarters, some 30 blocks away.

The three wounded men still lay on the ground. After five agonizing minutes, an orange and white Washington ambulance, parked at the Connecticut Avenue entrance to the hotel, pulled around into the T Street driveway. Paramedic Bobby Montgillion jumped out, ran to Brady and grabbed his hand. "I asked if he knew what was going on," recalled Montgillion. "He squeezed my hand."

Brady lost consciousness as he was lifted onto a stretcher and placed into the ambulance with an oxygen mask clamped to his face. Two more ambulances, their sirens wailing, arrived to take Agent McCarthy and Patrolman Delahanty to separate hospitals.

In the President's Lincoln, Reagan protested: "Jerry, get off me. You're hurting my ribs. You really came down hard on top of me." The agent apologized and helped Reagan sit upright on the rear seat. The car was speeding down Connecticut Avenue toward the White House. Said Parr later: "I ran my hands over his body, under his arms, his back." He detected no wound. The limousine was less than 15 seconds away from the Hilton when Reagan said again that his ribs hurt. "He complained of having some problems with his breathing," said Parr. "He was getting an ashen col-

or. Then he started to cough up some blood. My first impression was that somehow a rib had broken and punctured a lung." Reagan had the same mistaken idea. He later said: "It hurt, but I thought it was a broken rib."

Parr ordered the driver to turn right and rush toward George Washington University Hospital, 1½ miles from the Hilton. By radio Parr advised the Secret Service command post at the White House: "Rawhide is heading for George Washington." Rawhide is Reagan's apt Secret Service code name. His limousine is called Stagecoach.

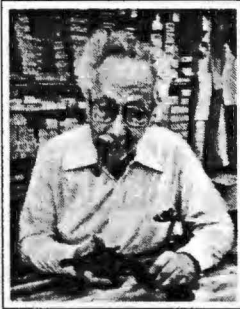
As Reagan's car pulled up to the hospital's emergency entrance, Parr opened the right rear door and called for help. Two more agents, following in the battlewagon, helped the President walk toward the entrance. Reagan had gone about 45 ft., said Parr, when he sagged. "He was perhaps going into shock, but I

Cheap Gun, Will Travel

The origins of the .22-cal. revolver that was used to shoot President Reagan are in Sontheim, West Germany. A picturesque town built along a tributary of the Danube, Sontheim is the home of Röhm GmbH, a 74-year-old firm that makes drilling equipment and cheap handgun parts. West Germans have little use for Röhm weapons. The country's gun ownership laws are strict, and the relatively few people who do qualify to possess handguns tend to choose better-made and more expensive models. Thus, most Röhm gun parts—perhaps \$1 million worth a year, although company officials refuse to be exact—are shipped through Bremen and Hamburg to the U.S., where there is one pistol for every four citizens, and where there is a flourishing market for cheap "Saturday night specials." Last year the U.S. imported 298,689 foreign handguns, most of them from Italy and West Germany, and 3.1 million gun parts.

American law closely regulates the importing of entire guns. But there are far fewer restrictions on bringing in gun parts that are then inserted into American-made frames. RG Industries, Inc., which is partly controlled by Heinrich and Günter Röhm of the German firm, employs about 200 people to do that kind of assembly work at a shabby white concrete building in the garment district of northwest Miami. The cheap alloy frame is smoothed with a file and then placed on an assembly line where the barrel and German parts are inserted. Then the metal is tinted a dark blue. RG Industries last year sold 190,000 such weapons, making it the nation's fifth largest handgun producer.

Because of its short (1¼-in.) barrel the model RG 14 revolver that Hinckley used cannot be sold legally in the Miami area. The one that Hinckley bought, serial number L731332, was shipped by Southern Gun distributors of nearby Opa-Locka, Fla., directly to Rocky's Pawn Shop on Elm Street in Dallas. This cluttered emporium, only a quarter of a mile from the site where President John Kennedy was shot 17



Gun Seller Goldstein

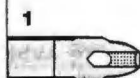
years ago, has a sticker on the door that reads GUNS DON'T CAUSE CRIME ANY MORE THAN FLIES CAUSE GARBAGE. In the window a red, green, blue and black sign advertises .22-cal. revolvers for \$47.

"Hinckley did everything required to buy a gun," says Isaac "Rocky" Goldstein, 70, a cigar-chomping, gray-haired man who has run the shop for 51 years. "People are going to blame us for selling the gun that shot the President, but we have no way of knowing. We don't even remember him." Goldstein, who also sold the small handguns that were used in a series of gang shootings in New York City's Chinatown in 1978, has been shaken by events, however, and now says he is considering getting out of the gun business.

Hinckley purchased the ammunition that was used at another pawn shop, this one in Lubbock, Texas. The type of bullet he chose was interesting—and frightening. The cartridges were Devastators, made by Bingham Ltd. of Norcross, Ga. These projectiles, akin to dum dum bullets, contain a small aluminum canister filled with an explosive compound. They cost at least twelve times as much as ordinary .22-cal. slugs.

Upon impact the unstable compound is supposed to explode and fragment the bullet, although most of the ones that Hinckley shot, including the one that hit Reagan, failed to do so. Bingham spokesmen say that the Devastator was developed for use by sky marshals in hijacking cases. By fragmenting, the bullet would quickly incapacitate a person but would be less likely than an ordinary bullet to pass through him or to puncture the outer skin of an airplane. Because of manufacturing difficulties, the company stopped producing the Devastator last May.

THE DEVASTATOR BULLET



1 An aluminum canister containing lead azide, an explosive compound, and lacquer sealer is inserted into a small hole at the top of the bullet.



2 The "shock sensitive" lead azide can explode on impact...



3 ... fragmenting the bullet inside the body.

never sensed it was life threatening. He was just pale, shook up." Only after the agents had lifted Reagan onto the table in the trauma unit and scissored off his coat and shirt did anyone realize that the President had been shot.

The first reports all said that the President had escaped harm. Nancy Reagan learned of the shooting minutes after she returned to the White House from a luncheon meeting. Her own Secret Service escorts told her that her husband was at the hospital, but they too were unaware that he had been wounded. She reached the hospital only minutes after his limousine.

The White House staff first learned of the shooting when David Prospero, one of Brady's assistants, ran to a Hilton telephone. He reached the White House and demanded to talk to Assistant Press Secretary Larry Speakes, shouting: "This is an emergency!" To Speakes, Prospero cried: "The President has been shot at! And Brady's been shot!" Speakes quickly told Staff Director David Gergen. James Baker, the White House Chief of Staff, was sitting in his office when Gergen rushed in at 2:30 p.m. to shout: "Brady's been hit!"

Peter Teeley, press secretary to Vice President George Bush, immediately placed a radiotelephone call to his boss, who had just left Fort Worth-Dallas airport aboard Air Force Two after speaking to the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association. He was on his way to Austin to address the Texas legislature. Teeley told Bush that the President was not hurt.

Baker rushed to tell Presidential Counsellor Ed Meese the news; Meese too had heard it. He had punched a button on a Secret Service computer that tracks the President; it showed that Reagan was at the hospital. Both hurried to the White House residence to inform Nancy but discovered that she was already on her way to the hospital. Back in his office, Baker took a telephone call from Deaver at the hospital. The President was not wounded, said Deaver, but Brady was badly hurt. "Oh, Jesus!" exclaimed Meese, listening on an extension. Presidential Aide David Fischer took over the telephone at the hospital to keep the line open. Secretary of State Alexander Haig called Baker on another phone to ask about the shooting. "I will keep you advised," said Baker. Two minutes later, Deaver was on the hospital phone, speaking in somber tones. Then Reagan's personal physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, came on to deliver the bad news: the President had been hit after all.

In rapid succession, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan—whose department includes the Secret Service—Haig and others joined the group of White House staffers in Baker's office. Initially, there was little talk of military alerts or providing for a transfer of power; they discussed such matters as notifying Brady's

Seriously, Folks ...

When Nancy Reagan first arrived at George Washington University Hospital, her husband deadpanned: "Honey, I forgot to duck." The President, a onetime radio sportscaster, borrowed that line from Prizefighter Jack Dempsey, who said it to his wife in 1926 after losing the world heavyweight championship to Gene Tunney.

The crack was the first in a barrage of good-humored quips that Reagan tossed off after the shooting. The remarks, made before he had learned that other victims had been critically injured, did much to reassure his family, his staff and the American public that he was still healthy enough to laugh. They were also the envy of at least one other comedian. Said Johnny Carson to his audience at Hollywood's Academy Awards ceremony: "I was tempted to call him and ask if he had any more of those one-liners I could use."

Examples of the President's jests:

- ▶ To surgeons, as he entered the operating room: "Please tell me you're Republicans."

- ▶ In a written note, upon coming out of anesthesia in the recovery room (paraphrasing Comedian W.C. Fields): "All in all, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

- ▶ In another note, recalling a Winston Churchill observation: "There's no more exhilarating feeling than being shot at without result."

- ▶ In a third note: "Send me to L.A., where I can see the air I'm breathing."

- ▶ In yet another note written while surrounded by medical staff: "If I had this much attention in Hollywood, I'd have stayed there."

- ▶ Complimented by a doctor for being a good patient: "I have to be. My father-in-law is a doctor."

- ▶ To an attentive nurse: "Does Nancy know about us?"

- ▶ To a nurse who told him to "keep up the good work" of his recovery: "You mean this may happen several more times?"

- ▶ To Daughter Maureen: The attempted assassination "ruined one of my best suits."

- ▶ Greeting White House aides the morning after surgery: "Hi, fellas. I knew it would be too much to hope that we could skip a staff meeting."

- ▶ When told by Aide Lyn Nofziger that the Government was running normally: "What makes you think I'd be happy about that?"

wife and Reagan's children. Meese suggested that he and Baker go to the hospital. It was a questionable move, since it separated the dominant troika (Meese, Baker and Deaver) from the Situation Room in the White House. Recalled one participant: "Meese was like a rock. Baker was shaken."

While the troika set up a mini-command post at the hospital, Haig, Regan, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and National Security Adviser Richard Allen moved to the Situation Room in the White House basement. It has elaborate communications links to U.S. military commanders and embassies throughout the world. CIA Director William Casey and Attorney General William French Smith soon joined the group.

Only Haig had been through a crisis in Government before. One of his first acts was to reach Bush. Since the telephone link was poor, Haig said that he would send a wire by a secure radiophone telecopier that Bush should read immediately. The message: "Mr. Vice President, the President has been struck." Aboard the plane, Bush gave the order: "We're going to refuel in Austin and go back." Then he wondered aloud: "How could anybody want to kill such a kind-hearted man?"

When Bush's plane landed in Austin, Secret Service agents insisted he stay on board. Recalled one of his aides there: "The first thing on our minds was security. If they got the President in Washington, were they waiting for the Vice President in Austin?" Texas Governor William Clements and his wife visited Bush as the plane was refueled. Then it headed from Texas back to Washington.

At 3:10 p.m., some 35 minutes after the Secret Service had learned that Reagan had been shot, the White House finally informed the press of the injury. That delay, and others that followed, contributed to a sense of confusion as television networks, breaking off regular programming, struggled to sift fact from rumor.

Haig contributed to the tension when, with the best of intentions, he sought to clear up any potential confusion about whether the U.S. Government was functioning, particularly among America's allies—and enemies—abroad. He was in the Situation Room about 4 p.m. when Speakes gave reporters in the White House a brief explanation of Reagan's presurgery treatment at the hospital. While TV cameras caught the scene, Speakes was asked, "If the President goes into surgery and goes under anesthesia, would Vice President Bush become the acting President at the moment or under what circumstances does he?" Replied Speakes, who was not prepared for the question: "I cannot answer that question at this time." Watching, Haig sent a note to Speakes. It said, in effect: "Get off the air." The delivery of the note alarmed reporters present, particularly when

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Speakes understandably refused to disclose its contents and left the rostrum.

Haig felt that any uncertainty over who was in charge could be dangerous. He rushed upstairs to the briefing room and tried to convey a sense of calm. Instead, he was perspiring, his voice shook, and his hands trembled. He assured reporters that there was no command vacancy, that communications were open with the Vice President, and that no special military-alert measures were necessary. But then he blundered. Asked, "Who's making the decisions?" he replied: "Constitutionally, gentlemen, you have the President, the Vice President and the Secretary of State in that order and should the President decide he wants to transfer the helm to the Vice President, he will do so. He has not done that. As of now, I am in control here, in the White House, pending return of the Vice President."

That, of course, is not the constitutional order of succession; both the Speaker of the House and the President pro tem of the Senate, as elected officials, rank ahead of the Secretary of State. Perhaps realizing his mistake, Haig was annoyed minutes later when Weinberger interrupted Haig's discussion in the Situation Room about the succession provisions of the 25th Amendment. With a slight edge in his voice, Weinberger said jokingly, "Al, we already heard you explain your view of the Constitution." Haig stopped and glared at the Defense Secretary. "You should check the Constitution," Haig replied. Everyone in the room sensed the tension. Then the moment passed.

Far more soothing to a wondering nation was the surprisingly agile and articulate medical briefing at George Washington University Hospital. It was given by Dr. Dennis O'Leary, a former Marine major who has taught medicine at George Washington since 1973 and is now dean for clinical affairs. Handling repetitive and sometimes inane questions with precision and amiability, O'Leary insisted that the President "was at no time in any serious danger. He has a clear head and should be able to make decisions by tomorrow."

At Washington police headquarters, Hinckley, sweating but mostly silent, was held in a third-floor homicide squad room while federal and local officials decided who had jurisdiction in his case. The feds won, and Hinckley was photographed and fingerprinted by the FBI. At 11:52 p.m. the heavily guarded Hinckley was

"Part of the Job"

Should Ronald Reagan, once he recovers, change his style and mingle less with the public to minimize the risk of possible future attempts on his life? Certainly not, says a man who should know: former President Gerald Ford. Within a span of only 17 days in 1975, two women, Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme and Sara Jane Moore, tried to shoot Ford in California. Last week he shared his thoughts on the dangers of the presidency with TIME West Coast Bureau Chief Ben Cate. After the two incidents in 1975, said Ford, "I didn't change my style, and I don't think any President should." To do so, he said, would be to "capitulate to the wrong forces in the country."

The ever-present threat of assassination is "part of the job—the peril of the profession, if you will," said Ford. "There's no way you can get 100% security unless you sit in the White House immunized. But you can't isolate yourself. The job entails certain responsibilities. One of those responsibilities is moving around seeing people and appearing in public. If you're in the job, you have to accept that gamble."

whisked into a U.S. district courtroom to be charged formally with the attempted assassination of the President, a crime carrying a maximum life sentence upon conviction, and assaulting a federal officer. Before dawn, he was moved into a small prison cell at the Marine Correctional Facility in Quantico, Va. Just two weeks ago

Reagan had gone horseback riding at Quantico.

Early Tuesday morning, Reagan asked about the man who had shot him, phrasing the question in his usual casual manner: "Does anybody know what that guy's beef was?" Later in the day, Dr. Ruge told Reagan for the first time that three others had been wounded. Said Reagan: "That means four bullets hit, good Lord." He wondered if the gunman had fired deliberately at the others or whether they had been struck by shots aimed at him. "I didn't want a supporting cast," he said. His eyes filled with tears as he talked about the others. "I guess it goes with the territory," he said sadly.

As news of the shooting flashed around the world, many nations expressed sympathy for the President but predictably criticized the American tendency toward mayhem. "I pray your injuries are not serious," cabled Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt relayed his "deep horror," and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat his "extreme shock and sorrow." Japan's largest daily, *Yomiuri Shimbun*, said the attack "proves that violence is deep-rooted in U.S. soil." West Germany's *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* charged that America is "a country of pistols on hips." Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev expressed his "indignation" at "this criminal act" and wished Reagan "a full and speedy recovery." Meanwhile the Communist Party youth newspaper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, depicted the U.S. as a society "where terror is a phenomenon of daily life." And Iran's Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini said about Reagan, even before he knew the President was not seriously hurt: "We are not going to mourn for him."

Abroad, as in the U.S., there was a sense of déjà vu. "Oh no, not again!" said a man in Helsinki as he picked up a newspaper at a kiosk. A newspaper in Athens charged that—what else?—the CIA was responsible.

At home, former Presidential Candidate John Anderson declared that "we are all diminished, we are all demeaned, by an act of violence of that kind." The *Wall Street Journal* observed in an editorial that "the forces that move men to violence seem to be on the upsurge" and "we are dismayed at our impotence before them." Noted the *Los Angeles Times*: "Doctors said . . . that he was in stable condition. The country is not." Admiration for the President's courage and calm under fire, as well as for



Sarah Brady, at left of Bush (with notebook), outside her husband's hospital room. Said a shocked and tearful President: "I didn't want a supporting cast."

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the vitality of his 70-year-old physique, was widespread but not universal. At the Academy Central School in Tulsa, a few students clapped and cheered when they heard news of the assassination attempt.

Former President Carter praised the Secret Service and said the assault showed again the need for gun control. A surprising possible convert to that cause was South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond, who said he is at least willing to consider banning the importation of parts for Saturday night specials. Senator Edward Kennedy said he would again propose legislation to outlaw totally the manufacture and sale of that type of gun. But Carter noted that members of Congress "didn't move after 1963. They didn't move when George Wallace was attacked. And they didn't move after Bobby Kennedy was killed. These guns that are only used to kill someone, not for hunting, ought to be regulated, but I predict they won't be."

Within moments of Hinckley's arrest the FBI dispatched its agents to weave a net of evidence that would form the legal case against him. They found the unmailed letter to Jodie Foster in his Washington hotel room—a note that amounted to a highly explicit confession. The investigators also found a tape recording of telephone conversations between Hinckley and a woman who might have been Foster; it is possible that Hinckley made the calls anonymously. Thrust innocently into a national spotlight she had not sought, the actress held a news conference at Yale to confirm that she had received many "unsolicited" love notes from Hinckley. None had mentioned the President, she said, and none had contained any hints of violence. But the letters became so persistent that last month she gave the ones she had not earlier destroyed to her college dean. He turned them over to campus police, who found nothing in them that would warrant warning anyone else about Hinckley. The FBI now has these letters.

Demonstrating the importance of registering handgun sales, the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms within minutes discovered where Hinckley had purchased the weapon: at Rocky's Pawn Shop in Dallas. If Hinckley had somehow eluded capture, tracing this sale would have given the FBI the gunman's identity.

FBI agents are convinced that there was no plot, no conspiracy and that Hinckley had acted on his own. Nonetheless, they were busy tracing his past connections with the Chicago-based National Socialist Party of America. A neo-Nazi group, it claims to have expelled him in 1979 for being "too militant." Agents were also puzzling over evidence suggesting that the suspect may have been stalking Reagan in Washington last Decem-

ber, and that someone was expecting him in the city just before the shooting. In Hinckley's hotel room, police and FBI agents found clippings from a Dec. 10 article in the *Washington Post*. The next day Reagan visited the Hilton to address a meeting convened by the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank. Reagan left the hotel through the same exit he used when Hinckley tried to kill him. Agents so far have been unable to trace the two calls Hinckley made after checking into the Park Central. Hotel employees said two calls were made to his room. One was a wrong number—a woman trying to reach a relative who was registered elsewhere in the hotel. The

his own life. Agent Parr too was complimented for his fast reaction. Contended one veteran agent: "Everyone did exactly what he was supposed to do. It was like watching a training film."

Still, how did the gunman get so close? He carried no press credentials, which accredited reporters and cameramen wear about their necks and are supposed to keep visible at all times. The Secret Service insists there was no intention to create a closed press area at the Hilton site. The spectators were not considered intruders. Why was not the presidential car parked directly in front of the exit, instead of 15 ft. away? The Service claimed that the positioning permitted a faster exit and was normal. "They are wrong," insists TIME Photographer Dirck Halstead. "I've covered that exit many times, and the President's car was always right in front of it."

Secret Service Chief H. Stuart Knight indirectly criticized the FBI for failing to inform the Service that Hinckley had been arrested at the Nashville airport for carrying three handguns in his briefcase on Oct. 9. On that day Jimmy Carter had been in the city to make a campaign speech at the Grand Ole Opry house. Yet there was no evidence that Hinckley had been tracking Carter.

Spirited into a helicopter at the Quantico base by FBI agents, who made him bend over and run, Hinckley late last week was flown to an Army post near Washington. There he was transferred to a limousine and brought in handcuffs to a federal courtroom under security so tight that even the clerk of court had to show identification. A paramedic with an oxygen tank sat behind Hinckley in the courtroom. A court-appointed psychiatrist, Dr. James L. Evans, testified that his three-hour examination of Hinckley showed he was "mentally competent to stand trial." District Court Chief Judge William B. Bryant ordered that the suspect be examined further to establish his mental condition. Hinckley's family had hired the firm headed by Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams to represent their son; the lawyers argued that any such examination should be done first by defense-chosen experts. Bryant denied the request but assured defense attorneys that their psychiatrists would have "equal access" to Hinckley.

Finally John W. Hinckley Jr. was flown by helicopter to the Federal Correctional Institution in Butner, N.C., where psychiatric examinations could take up to three months. The legal question may turn out to be whether he was sane at the time of the crime. The larger question for the U.S. was whether the course of its history must continue to be influenced by the mental misfits in its midst.

—By Ed Magnuson.
Reported by Douglas Brew and Johanna McGeary/Washington



A message to Reagan on the wall of a Washington factory
"Guns that are only used to kill ought to be registered."

other was from an unidentified woman who asked for Hinckley by name.

The rapidity of the shots fired at the Hilton made it difficult for the FBI to pinpoint the sequence of the multiple wounding. Studying the video tapes and the ballistics evidence, the FBI tentatively concluded that Reagan was hit after he had been doubled over by Agent Parr and was being pushed into his car. In a freak bit of chance, the bullet apparently bounced off the car's window frame and through the narrow gap between the open door and the car body.

But had the Secret Service done all it could to protect the President? As congressional committees began a series of post-assault probes, there was lavish praise for Agent McCarthy, who had stepped into the line of fire at the risk of

An Interview with Nancy Reagan

"All you're thinking is you've got to hold yourself together..."



Control. Along with cool charm, good looks and an obsessive desire to walk in her husband's shadow, control is a buttress of Nancy Reagan's persona. That willed restraint is visible in hurly-burly crowd scenes, in interviews that usually leave reporters unsatisfied and on the rare occasions when she speaks from a platform. And the control is there just four days after the attempt on her husband's life as she greets a correspondent in the East Wing sitting room on the second floor of the White House. The chamber has been Reaganized. There are two jars of jelly beans and a dish of bonbons. A pair of massive traditional sofas has come cross country from their former home in Pacific Palisades.

The First Lady's friends say that she feels "guilty" about being elsewhere* when the slug tore into Reagan's left side. She has spent the week visiting hospital rooms—the President's and those of the three men shot with him. She has been consoling Sarah Brady, knowing that a slight change in the angle of the gun barrel could have laid Reagan as low as Jim Brady, or worse.

But her smile is as warm as the sunshine that engulfs the room. In a beige tweed skirt and tasteful silk blouse, with every dark blond hair in place and her huge hazel eyes clear, Nancy Reagan looks as much like spring as the tulips and hyacinths that festoon the room. And when she starts talking, the control is there. No, she had not worried much about physical assault, not any more. Reagan had been threatened frequently while Governor in Sacramento; in 1968 a security man shot at someone trying to fire-bomb the Governor's residence. "It was the tenor of the times," she says of that period. "But during the past campaign, and certainly since the election, the only thing we felt was such warmth and affection that [fear of attack] wasn't up front."

Her restraint begins to dissolve as she goes over the events of Bloody Monday. She was on the third floor of the mansion, in guest quarters that are still being renovated, when a Secret Service agent told her: "There has been a shooting. The President has not been hit, but he is at the hospital." She decided to leave immediately, even though, as she recalls it, she was told, "It is such bedlam there, so much confusion, maybe it would be better if you stayed here a while."

*Mrs. Reagan had attended a luncheon at the Georgetown home of Michael Ainsley, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. She returned to the White House minutes before the attack.

When she arrived outside the emergency room she was at first informed, by Mike Deaver, that Reagan had been wounded, but only slightly. Her worry escalated slowly. Moments later, doctors told them that it was more serious than Deaver had thought, and she saw her pale, prostrate husband.

What did she feel? Fear? Anger? "There's an unreal kind of feeling... It's hard to describe. There's an unrealness to it..." Nancy Reagan gropes for words,



The First Lady bringing jelly beans to the hospital
In between the concessions and the demands.

something rare for her. Usually she dismisses an unwelcome question politely, as if it were a boring suitor. This time she seems as interested in finding the answer as the reporter is.

"You're frightened, sure," she says finally. "Of course you're frightened, especially because he was having trouble breathing. But it just seemed so unreal. And I guess you... must go into a sort of a..."

The thought trails off. She sighs. She hugs herself with both arms as if to feel the image before she speaks it. "Then all you're thinking is you've got to hold yourself together and not be a bother to anybody so that they can do whatever has to be done."

What had to be done at that moment was an exploration for abdominal bleeding. Nancy's recollections now rush out. "They put me in a tiny, tiny little room, really tiny, no window, and it was hot. There were so many people running back and forth in the halls, police and doctors and a lot of noise, a lot of people shouting, 'Get back, get out of the way.'" Then she went to the hospital chapel to say a prayer and weep a little.

Nancy and the man she still insists on calling Ronnie have been as close as any couple can be in politics. She travels with him constantly, she fusses over small details of his care and feeding, she casts looks of adoration or amusement, as the scene demands. Now, in the worst moments of their 29-year marriage, she was demoted to spectator. That passed in a few hours. The day after, she was bringing him jelly beans and his slippers. She also accompanied the White House physician, Daniel Ruge, when he told Reagan that Jim Brady had been seriously wounded. Reagan turned teary-eyed at the news.

All week two schools of thought were in conflict: a concession that attacks on the President are inevitable vs. outraged demands that something—anything—be done. Reagan's eldest child, Maureen, went on television to pronounce her angry demand that violence be quelled by public indignation. Where does Nancy stand? "I guess I'm somewhere in between there." Her composure is back and for once she ventures into what she usually pretends is *terra incognita* for her, public policy. The excursion is signaled with an apologetic little laugh. "You know, I'd be happier if they didn't make the violent movies that they make and maybe titillate people who are not mentally stable. I'd be happier if sentences... if people were brought to trial more quickly and if the whole thing [criminal justice] were tightened up. I think that would certainly be an improvement."

What about the ubiquity of psychopaths and firearms? The answer is rapid: "You know Ronnie's position. He just doesn't believe that's where the problem is." In fact, she notes, Reagan mentioned his continued opposition to gun control to several visitors in his hospital room.

Her husband's convalescence will dominate Nancy Reagan's next several weeks. Eventually there will be trips and public appearances. Maybe she will nag Reagan about wearing a bulletproof vest, as he occasionally did during the presidential campaign. But will they be able to go into crowds comfortably again? "Well, I don't know how it's going to feel the first time. I don't know. It really comes down to this: you have a job to do and you do it the best you can. Time will tell if it's going to be harder." Certainly Nancy Reagan will need all the control she has.

—By Laurence I. Barrett



The stalker at his quarry's home: an undated photograph of John W. Hinckley Jr. sitting outside the White House grounds

A Drifter Who Stalked Success

"Something happened to that boy in the last six years"



It cannot be said fairly that John Warnock Hinckley Jr., 25, was destined for infamy.

He is accused of a shooting that, perhaps even to him, is a surprise; the first openly extraordinary act of his life. This son of Sunbelt affluence—blond, blue-eyed, with the fleshy good looks of a country club lay-about—had never been outwardly quirky or unpleasant. His unremarkability confounds the desire for tidy, comforting explanations. Says a family friend: "There but for the grace of God goes anyone's kid." Beverly McBeath was no friend at Highland Park (Texas) High School, but she speaks for all her schoolmates when she recalls that John Hinckley was "so normal he appeared to fade into the woodwork." Nonetheless, some time in the barren years since his 1973 graduation from high school, Hinckley went beyond mere ordinariness. His solitude and fecklessness became chronic, and he started drifting: to seedy neighborhoods in Los Angeles and Denver, toward fascism, and then to his climactic infatuations with handguns and a teen-age movie star. Says his father's business associate Clarence Netherland: "Something happened to that boy in the last six to eight years to break him from the family tradition and the family life-style." In fact, John Hinckley's past years seem not to constitute a break so much as Hollywood's slow fade to black.

John Jr. was Jack and JoAnn Hinckley's last child. He was born on May 29, 1955, in the southern Oklahoma town of Ardmore, where his father worked as a petroleum engineer. Two years later

Hinckley Sr. took a job in Dallas, 100 miles south. The growing family was good-looking and healthy and Protestant, and all five settled down to life in University Park, a moneyed Dallas suburb of broad lawns and handsome houses. The Hinckleys are "a fine Christian family," according to one friend, and regular churchgoers; it was fitting that their first home in Dallas was a former parsonage. Scott, now 32, ever the good eldest child, sought and won parental approbation; Diane, now 28, was exceptionally blond and pretty in a neighborhood of blond, pretty little girls; and John, never a problem, joined the Y.M.C.A.'s Indian Guides and distinguished himself in grammar-school sports. Recalls Jim Francis, John's basketball coach for three years during elementary school: "He was a beautiful-looking little boy, a wonderful athlete, really a leader. He was the best basketball player on the team." No wonder the father of such a child, told years later that his son was being held as an assassin, would scowl in disbelief: "It had to be a stolen ID."

In 1966 the Hinckleys traded up: they moved to Highland Park, the neighborhood-of-choice for *haute* Dallas. The house on Beverly Drive where John Jr. spent the years of his adolescence is large, with a sweeping circular driveway in front

and a swimming pool out back.

He was not a troublesome teen-ager or even a loner. Indeed, in the seventh and ninth grades he was elected president of his home room, and as an eighth-grader managed the basketball team. John Hinckley was no aloof oddball then. Says his junior-high friend Kirk Dooley: "No one rooted louder than Hinckley for the Highland Park Red Raiders."

By 1970 John's father had amassed capital of \$120,000 and set up his own oil exploration business. Hinckley Oil, now known as Vanderbilt Energy Corp., affirmed the man's entrepreneurial mettle. And Son Scott, an engineering major at Vanderbilt University, would soon join his dad's wildcat enterprise.

In the fall of 1970, John Jr. began classes at Highland Park High School, where his sister was a senior. That year Diane Hinckley apparently burst forth as a campus star; she performed in a school operetta, she was head cheerleader, homecoming queen candidate, vice president of the choir, member of both the student council and the A-students' National Honor Society. There are at least ten pictures of her in the yearbook, which cited her as one of the class's eight "favorites." She was a formidable sibling presence for Sophomore John.

During his junior year John was a member of the civic affairs club, and as a senior he was in the Rodeo Club, which organized barbecues; square dances and junkets to rodeos. In his yearbook John's roster of activities was scanty but



Hinckley in a recent ID photo

unembarrassing, just as his senior-picture hair length seemed perfectly median, neither long nor short. Bill Lierman, the Rodeo Club's sponsor, recalled nothing untoward. Says Lierman: "He wasn't a rowdy. He got along fine with all the kids." And a sampling of schoolmates' reminiscences shows a consensus. David Wildman, the basketball captain, calls him "a middle-of-the-roader."

Only Sally Bentley, 26, disputes the hazy image of genial blandness. "He was well known because his sister was well known," says the woman. "John was mousy. His sister was friendly and cute and alive. I thought he was sour about that. John never did anything outstanding or memorable."

Lubbock, dry and bleak, is 318 miles from Dallas on the flat cap rock of west Texas. The population is 180,000, and 22,000 are Texas Tech students. John Hinckley Jr. was one of them, a business major, as of September 1973. He never finished, but over the next seven years Hinckley attended classes more than half the time. By 1977 he had dropped business in favor of liberal arts and earned at least a B average—good enough to be on the dean's list. But once away from home, he made not even a token effort to fashion a social life. Says a Texas Tech spokesman: "We can't find a single university-recognized activity he participated in."

In 1975, John's parents moved to Evergreen, Colo., a Ponderosa town some 25 miles outside Denver. It is that city's choicest mountain suburb: a place of steep, piney cul-de-sacs and well-to-do placidity. On some of his periodic sabbaticals from Texas Tech, John Jr. alighted at the new family home, and while there he often loitered at the local high school, presumably seeking companionship.

Not a single pal or girlfriend has turned up from those seven sketchy years at Texas Tech. His few acquaintances recall Hinckley as an expressionless blank. Still he caused no alarm. Says German History Professor Otto Nelson: "I never picked up anything unusual or bizarre about him. He never asked a thing in class." (Hinckley did, however, choose to specialize: one paper focused on Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, his other on Auschwitz.) Says Mark Swafford, one of his Lubbock landlords: "I only saw him with another human being one time." Hinckley's student life was a sad, remote vigil. "Everywhere there were empty bags from hamburger joints and cartons of ice cream," says Swafford. "He just sat there the whole time, staring at the TV."

In late 1976 Hinckley went to California. He intended, John Sr. told a friend, to "crash Hollywood." He ended up at Howard's Weekly Apartments, in the seamy Selma Avenue district of Los Angeles—a street market for whores, drugs and every kind of sleaze. Perhaps during this period Hinckley developed his obsession with Actress Jodie Foster. Consider the plot parallels of the movie *Taxi Driver*, starring Foster as a prostitute and released



Jodie Foster as prostitute in *Taxi Driver*
A desperate, deluded infatuation.

just before Hinckley left for Los Angeles. The film, according to a synopsis, concerns "a loner incapable of communicating," who "usually spends his off hours . . . eating junk food or sitting alone in a dingy room." When the protagonist is scorned by Foster's character, he mails her a letter and sets out to kill a presidential candidate. The coincidences are powerful and given credence by a letter that Scriptwriter Paul Schrader got last fall—from J.W. Hinckley. Schrader told TIME he thought the letter was from a smitten groupie who wanted to meet Foster, and he had his secretary throw it away.

Hinckley returned to Texas Tech during 1977, but his enrollment lapsed again during 1978. It was then that he began his flirtation with Nazism. According to Michael Allen, president of the National Socialist Party of America, Hinckley was a

member of the sect for more than a year, and in March 1978 marched in a Nazi parade in St. Louis. Allen claims they kicked Hinckley out in 1979. Allen's explanation: "When somebody comes to us and starts advocating shooting people, it's a natural reaction: the guy's either a nut or a federal agent." Hinckley was a voracious reader of newspapers, so it is logical that his affiliation with the Nazis began in early 1978: it was then that a spate of national news stories appeared about the National Socialists, mostly involving their planned marches through the heavily Jewish community of Skokie, Ill.

After more than a year's hiatus from Texas Tech—a period of deepening disturbance for Hinckley—he registered for classes in September 1979. He also began his acquisition of firearms with a .38-cal. pistol, purchased in Lubbock, where a year later he bought two new .22 pistols at a pawnshop. When the 1980 summer session ended, Hinckley left Texas Tech for good to begin his last addled ramble around the country. His path seems one of accelerating aimlessness and fragmentation.

Hinckley found himself in New Haven, Conn., in September—within days after Foster's matriculation at Yale—and boasted to strangers that they were lovers. In October he returned to New Haven and left several notes for Foster at her dormitory.

A few days later, Hinckley was arrested—and promptly released on \$50 bond—at Nashville Airport as he attempted to board a flight for New York City: in his carry-on luggage were three handguns and 50 rounds of ammunition. Although President Carter was making a campaign appearance in Nashville the same day, the Secret Service was never told of Hinckley's airport arrest. This may be the first clear, though unheeded, signal of Hinckley as stalker.

Four days later in Dallas he bought a pair of .22-cal. revolvers at a pawnshop. Within a week Hinckley had surfaced in Denver, where he applied for jobs at two



Cedar and moss-rock Hinckley home in Evergreen, Colo., a Denver suburb

Those Dangerous Loners

"I must have fame, fame!" cried John Wilkes Booth, and then established himself as the first of the modern American assassins. Though full of fustian about his love for the Confederacy (he managed to avoid fighting for it, or even living in it, during the Civil War), Booth was clear-headed and precise about the psychic rewards and second-hand renown that come with dispatching a famous man. "What a glorious opportunity for a man to immortalize himself by killing Abraham Lincoln!" he remarked two years before his crime.



Oswald

Like Booth and unlike most assassins elsewhere in the world, Americans who try to kill the famous are engaged primarily in psychodrama rather than political drama. They do not seem to care much whether their victim belongs to the left or the right. Arthur Bremer, who crippled George Wallace, thought first of killing George McGovern. Lee Harvey Oswald apparently shot at General Edwin Walker, a right-wing fanatic, before killing President Kennedy. Giuseppe Zangara, who took aim at President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933 (accidentally killing the mayor of Chicago), said that he would just as soon have killed Herbert Hoover.

Most, but not all, American assassins fit this group portrait: a young white male, a failure and a drifter, unloved and unloving; sexually dissatisfied, he has little or no contact with women. Ordinary murderers often come from violent homes or were violent as youngsters. But the assassins are deceptively calm, even passive. The pattern is that of shy, well-behaved, often mousy loners, whose efforts to control themselves succeed, until pressures explode in an assassination attempt.

Most assassins seem to have been the equivalent of "model prisoners" in their own families, diminished by a powerful parent, unable to express themselves or let out their normal aggressive and sexual feelings. When the demons inside finally burst through, an ordinary victim would not do. The target had to be as far above the average citizen as the parent was above the assassin-son.

Many have zigzagged from city to city, partly to stalk their targets in an eerie dance of death—drawing close, then pulling away—and partly to express in frantic motion a personality threatened with disintegration. Oswald traveled to the Soviet Union, New Orleans and Mexico; John Lennon's accused killer, Mark Chapman, moved from Tennessee to Atlanta to Honolulu and New York.

Lacking in self-esteem, many have donned and doffed different identities like costumes. Some have tried to weave identities out of fictional strands. Bremer imagined himself as the son of Actress Donna Reed. Sara Jane Moore, who tried to shoot President Ford, thought of herself as a Halo shampoo girl. The movie *Taxi Driver* wove together many themes found in the lives of American assassins. A taxi driver (played by Robert De Niro), obsessed with shooting a presidential candidate and protecting a young prostitute (Jodie Foster), beset by aggressive urges as well as sexual ones (coded in the film as a pure-hearted defense of a prostitute), finds an acceptable resolution: he spares the candidate and instead shoots the girl's pimp and one of her johns, thus symbolically killing his lust and emerging in his own eyes as something of a hero.

Assassins have rarely shown remorse after their killings. They have, however, been generally interested in explaining their acts and claiming to have played a historic role. Zangara went quietly to the electric chair and lost his composure only at the last minute when he learned no photographers were there to record the scene. Some psychiatrists say the assassin homes in on his target, not just to seize some of the victim's fame but to achieve, at long last, a permanent identity. "They can gas me, but I am famous," said Sirhan Sirhan. "I have achieved in one day what it took Robert Kennedy all his life to do."



Chapman

Several assassins have conveniently left behind incriminating diaries and letters. Some have also left behind books and clippings of previous assassinations, a reminder that these murders, like hijackings, can break out in mini-epidemics. Who knows? Another awkward loner may today be cutting out articles about John W. Hinckley Jr.



Bremer

newspapers, claiming to one that he had just finished a month of classes at Yale. A few weeks later, in a Denver suburb, he attended two meetings of the right-wing National Association for Constitutional Government. In December, the FBI suspects, Hinckley visited Washington, but in January he was back in the Denver area, where, on Reagan's first full day in office, Hinckley bought a .38-cal. revolver. In February he returned to New Haven a third time, and then perhaps to Washington.

By the first of March, Hinckley was again in New Haven; he delivered more missives to Foster. Back in Denver a week later, he checked into a shabby motel. Says one of the motel's maids: "He didn't say much, but he was nice to everyone—just a clean-cut, good-living kid." In his first days in Denver he applied for a job at a record shop and pawned his typewriter and electric guitar.

On March 25, Hinckley flew to Los Angeles via Salt Lake City, and the next day boarded a bus headed back to Salt Lake City—and on to Washington, D.C.

For perhaps the past six months, John Hinckley was under sporadic treatment by Evergreen Psychiatrist John Hopper. No one but Dr. Hopper may be equipped to sketch a psychiatric profile of Reagan's attacker. But particularly after the release of the final letter that Hinckley wrote to Foster, many psychiatrists have been willing to conjecture. Dr. Thomas Gutheil, of the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, says that Hinckley may be a victim of erotomania in one of its forms: obsession with a celebrity.

Harvard Psychiatry Professor Donald Russell believes that Reagan, not Foster, was central to Hinckley's psychology, and several colleagues also doubt the importance of the movie-star crush. Says Russell: "He was obviously out to get these father figures." Hinckley's eclipse by an elder sibling was critical, says Chicago Psychiatrist Irving Harris. "The young brother tends to be overshadowed. If the man can't find a socially accepted channel, he can become an assassin." Dr. James Gilligan, another Harvard professor, finds Hinckley's insanity improbable. Says he: "Most violence is not done by truly psychotic people. They are not completely normal, but that doesn't mean they are crazy." Dr. Gutheil cautions that no accurate explanation is apt to be simple: more likely in Hinckley's mind was a dissonant snarl of emotions and delusions, which in concert led him to Washington.

Indeed, any explanation at all can smack of the pat. The consequence of lives like John Hinckley Jr.'s may be to amend a patriotic platitude. Perhaps not every little boy can grow up to be President, but he can, for the price of a pistol, grow up to be a presidential assassin.

—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Richard C. Woodbury/Evergreen and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Lubbock

Protecting the President

New questions about whether the Secret Service can do better



"If anyone wants to do it, no amount of protection is enough. All a man needs is a willingness to trade his life for mine." So observed President John F. Kennedy less than a month before his words came tragically true. After last week's attempt on the life of Ronald Reagan, the question is again being asked with great urgency: What can be done, if anything, to better protect an American President from the risk of assassination?

In an attempt to find answers, two congressional committees began hearings last week to investigate the role of the Secret Service in providing such protection. At the same time, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan has ordered his own review of the agency, which is part of his department. More than likely the inquiries will not solve a basic dilemma: How to guard a President as fully as possible in an open society? Says a longtime Secret Service official: "It may be unsolvable: Can you stop a free individual in a free society, who is willing to take that ultimate risk, and still avoid a police state?"

Founded in 1865 to combat the rising tide of counterfeit "greenbacks" then flooding the country, the agency now numbers some 1,500 special agents, up from 389 at the time of Kennedy's assassination. Once selected, a recruit is dispatched to offices around the country to help track down counterfeiters and pursue stolen or forged Government checks and bonds. Only superior agents are eventually picked to serve in the protection service, which is responsible for guarding not only the President, the Vice President and their families, but also presidential candidates and former Presidents.

The agents then undergo extensive instruction at the Secret Service Training Center in Beltsville, Md. They practice moving a make-believe "president" through crowds (composed of other agents) to a waiting car, sometimes under fire, as well as through specially built auditoriums, hotel foyers and offices. In a weapons course, computer-controlled cutouts of possible assassins and harmless citizens pop up from the ground and twirl past windows on a Hollywood-like back-lot street of mock buildings. The agents must fire and hit a threatening target but refrain from shooting at an unarmed figure—or at the image of a woman wheeling a baby carriage, who may quickly slide in front of an armed figure.

Secret Service preparations for a presidential trip are equally thorough: teams of agents, aided by local police, carefully travel presidential itineraries in advance, check the backgrounds of hotel employees and others who may meet the President, and make certain that local hospitals have a supply of blood in the President's type. There are no set rules for the number of

agents required for a presidential trip; for a routine speech like the one that Reagan gave last week at the Washington Hilton Hotel, perhaps two dozen agents will be used. Every presidential motorcade has at least two cars filled with agents, including a station wagon, code-named War Wagon, that is crammed with weapons (ranging from Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns to shotguns), first-aid supplies and even tools for prying the President out of his car in case of a crash.

The Secret Service keeps a list of some 25,000 people believed to pose potential threats to the President, and 300 to 400 considered especially dangerous. Yet none of the persons involved in well-

ment garage. The Secret Service argues that the President risks being trapped in a basement garage, and so prefers ushering him through an exit that leads to an open driveway—and the waiting limousine. Others recommend that the Secret Service start closing off streets around the exit to all spectators; some even suggest that the President entirely stop mingling and shaking hands with onlookers. Says Chicago Police Superintendent Richard Brzeczek: "It's time to consider keeping some distance between crowds and the President, offering them a fleeting glimpse instead of a slower wave."

But there are great drawbacks to isolating a President from the people he must serve. Presidents, like most U.S. politicians, relish contact with crowds; indeed, they may come to rely on that kind of interaction to keep them going in so grueling a job. Ronald Reagan has already



Campaigning in Miami in 1975, Reagan is confronted by a man with a toy gun

"It's time to consider keeping some distance between crowds and the President."

known assassination attempts since 1963—Sirhan Sirhan, Arthur Bremer, Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme, Sara Jane Moore and John Hinckley—ever appeared on the Secret Service list.

If the Service cannot always recognize—or stop—a potential assassin, can anything more be done to lessen the dangers? Many law enforcement officials recommend that Reagan wear a bulletproof vest when making public appearances. Modern vests, made of fiber glass, are both lightweight and flexible.*

Ted Gunderson, former head of the FBI's Los Angeles office, suggests that whenever possible, the President should exit a hotel or auditorium through a base-

*If Reagan had been wearing only a "front-and-back" vest last week, his sides would have remained exposed and he probably would still have been wounded. Only the full, wrap-around model would have protected him.

demonstrated his fondness for pausing and responding to shouted cries of "Mr. President! Mr. President!" as he moves about Washington—a practice his agents would dearly like to stop. Yet the ease with which an attack can take place was dramatically demonstrated to Reagan before last week's shooting. As then Candidate Reagan campaigned in Miami in November 1975, a college dropout named Michael Lance Carvin, 20, managed to break through the crowd and point a toy gun directly at him.

When an attack by a deranged loner occurs, there is not much that even the Secret Service can do. Sums up one senior agent: "We try to get our bodies between him and the bullets, and then get the hell out of there"—which is just what they did last Monday, efficiently and even heroically.

—By James Kelly.
Reported by Jonathan Beatty and Johanna McGeary/Washington

Emergency in Room 5A

As the world watched, calm doctors performed their ritual



It is the kind of emergency familiar to trauma teams across the nation, particularly at places like New York City's Bellevue Hospital Center and Chicago's Cook County Hospital. The difference this time was the victim: not some dope dealer or faithless lover, but the President of the U.S. But even with the world watching, the medical ritual was the same.

As soon as Ronald Reagan was carried into Room 5A of George Washington University Hospital's emergency unit, a hastily assembled team of more than a dozen doctors plus paramedics, nurses and aides swung into action. Seemingly in disorganized fashion, but actually with speed and precision, they moved toward one goal: stabilizing the patient as quickly as possible. Oxygen was administered to aid the President in breathing, and fluids were given intravenously to raise his blood pressure. A reading indicated that the systolic pressure (when the heart contracts) had dropped below 100, alarmingly low. Simultaneously, his clothing was cut away; as soon as the jacket and shirt were off, an oozing, slitlike bullet hole was discovered just under the left armpit.

Because Reagan was coughing up bright red blood and complaining of chest pain on his left side and difficulty in breathing, doctors immediately suspected that his lung had been injured and probably collapsed, a common result of gunshot wounds to the chest. Normally, the pressure in the space between the lung and the chest wall is less than atmospheric pressure, and this keeps the lung expanded; when the chest wall is pierced, air enters and forces the lung to collapse. To reinflate it, doctors made two small incisions, one just below the collarbone and the other between the seventh and eighth ribs, and inserted tubes to suction off air and any blood that might have accumulated from damage to the heart, lungs or major blood vessels in the chest. About two pints of blood spilled out. Immediately doctors started transfusing blood, using O negative, a blood type any person can accept. (Later they began using Reagan's own type, O positive.) All this was accomplished within five minutes of his arrival.

That done, the trauma team could proceed more deliberately. X rays of the chest and abdomen were taken to try to lo-

cate the bullet; blood samples were analyzed for gases to help determine how much oxygen was getting into the blood. To see whether there was bleeding in the abdominal cavity as well, the team performed a procedure known as peritoneal lavage. Surgeons Benjamin Aaron and Joseph Giordano, who headed up the trauma team, made a small incision just below the President's navel, inserted a tube and infused several liters of fluid, filling the abdominal cavity. Then the fluid was withdrawn and examined for blood. It was

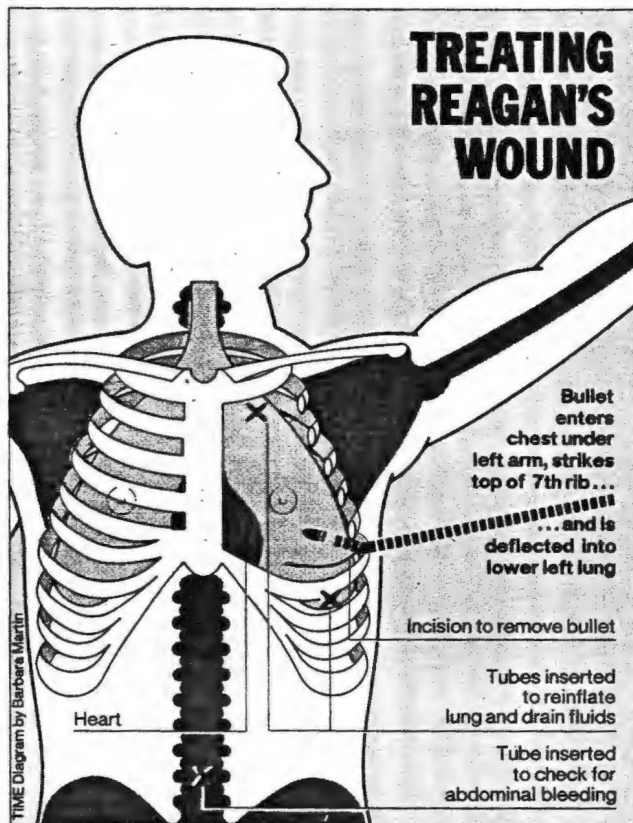
gan had not bled so heavily, surgery might not have been done immediately. But an operation would probably have been necessary eventually. Though bullets are frequently left inside the body when they do not threaten further damage, a bullet in the lung can travel to the heart and obstruct the flow of blood.

Reagan was rolled next door into an operating suite. Under the watchful eyes of two scrubbed and gowned Secret Service agents and the President's personal physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, doctors began anesthetizing the President. They inserted a tube into his mouth and down his windpipe and put him on a mechanical respirator. Then he was gently turned onto his right side and placed at a 45° angle. In the operation, called a thoracotomy, surgeons made a 6-in. incision extending from just below the left nipple, along the ribs to just below the left armpit. Spreading the ribs and the overlying muscles apart, they first noticed a massive blood clot and removed it. Then they checked the heart and major blood vessels for damage but found none. They tried to follow the path of the bullet to locate the slug. This proved difficult so another X ray was taken. The doctors finally retrieved the bullet from the lower lobe of the left lung. Said Aaron: "It was flattened almost as thin as a dime, and about the size of a dime too."

From their examination, doctors concluded that the bullet plowed through the chest wall at an angle, struck the seventh rib and ricocheted down 3 in. into the lung. Its oblique path kept it a good 3 in. away from the heart. Reagan was fortunate that his assailant used a small-caliber, low-velocity gun. A .45-cal. bullet, twice as wide and five times as heavy as a .22, would have torn up the President's flank and probably killed him quickly, if not instantly. But he could have been

luckier: if his arm had been hit, the bullet might not have reached his torso; if the bullet had not glanced off the rib, it might have just passed on through the chest wall and out of the body without hitting any internal organ.

After the three-hour operation, which the President "sailed through with vital signs absolutely rock stable," according to O'Leary, Reagan was taken to the hospital's fourth-floor intensive-care unit, where he spent a restless night. So does almost everyone in such a unit: the lights are kept on; nurses and doctors move about constantly, checking vital signs and taking blood samples; monitors hooked up to patients beep incessantly. Reagan was given antibiotics to combat possible infections and pain medication to ease his moderate discomfort, more the result of



clear, indicating that Reagan had suffered no injury to abdominal organs.

But during the 45 minutes of peritoneal lavage, blood continued draining out of the chest tube, an unusual occurrence. In the majority of bullet wounds to the chest, bleeding stops soon after the lung is reinflated. By now Reagan had required a transfusion of five units of blood; that meant he had lost about 2½ quarts of blood, almost half the total amount circulating in his body. Continued bleeding can be a sign that a bullet has caused major damage to organs and blood vessels in the chest cavity. To assess the extent of the injury and to locate the source of bleeding, doctors decided to operate. "It was a major bleed," said Hospital Spokesman Dr. Dennis O'Leary. "That was why surgery was required." If Re-

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Doctor and the Ideal Patient

the operation than the bullet injury. During the night, doctors removed the wind-pipe tube that had been left in place after surgery to facilitate breathing.

The next morning, Reagan was moved to a quiet, eight-room suite on the third floor. He had a pulse rate of 70 and blood pressure of 130/80, numbers that would please a healthy man. He was encouraged to cough to help get secretions out of his lungs. Though breathing hurt, he required little pain medication. He continued to receive oxygen through a nose catheter. White House aides visiting that morning found Reagan sitting up and brushing his teeth. He spent the day sleeping and reading newspapers; meals were soup and gelatin. The next day he switched to solid foods and walked a few steps. Toward the end of the week he was walking down the hospital corridor, and doctors were predicting that barring complications he might return to the White House this week and be able to resume all physical activities, including riding, within three months. One complication surfaced at week's end: Reagan ran a fever of 102°. Said Aaron: "It's a little bit of a setback."

Though Reagan seems to be progressing nicely, controversy continues over the seriousness of his condition when he entered George Washington University Hospital. Some witnesses paint a grim picture: the President was stumbling, gasping for air, blood stained his teeth and lips, and most serious, his blood pressure was very low, a sign of impending shock. Coupled with this was the considerable amount of blood lost in the first few hours. Some doctors are convinced that the President was in "a life-threatening situation." Says a Washington, D.C., surgeon, an expert in bullet injuries: "A gunshot wound to the chest is always serious, especially in a 70-year-old. I am sure that Reagan's doctors were a lot more concerned at the time than they acknowledged."

But O'Leary and others who attended Reagan insist that he was never in danger. The President, they point out, was conscious and coherent and was stabilized quickly. He was never in shock. Says O'Leary: "With blood, a little goes a long way. I'm sure he looked bad, but at no point was he anywhere close to being *in extremis*."

As to the blood loss, O'Leary agrees it was large (almost four quarts) but says the rate of loss is more important than the volume. Reagan's blood loss was steady, not gushing, and doctors had no trouble in compensating with transfusions. The majority of gunshot victims come into a hospital much worse off, O'Leary says. In fact, he contends that the President would probably have been all right even if treatment had been delayed by as much as 20 minutes. Fortunately, Ronald Reagan and the nation did not have to test that judgment.

—By Anastasia Toufexis.

Reported by Peter Stoler/Washington

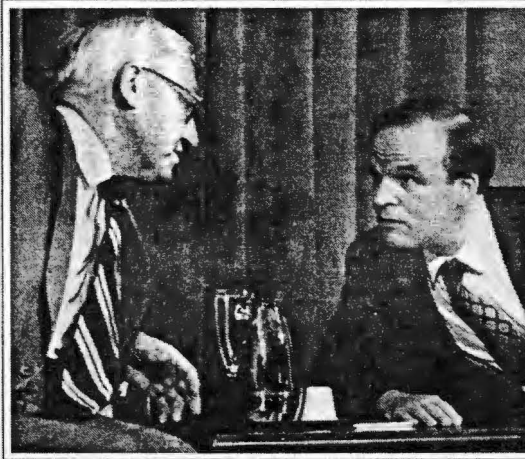
Buried beneath our prejudices and the actuarial tables is a fact: Ronald Reagan, at 70, may have been the healthiest man to assume the presidency since Harry Truman.

Eisenhower had his ileitis symptoms, and Kennedy went into power with a form of Addison's disease. Johnson had suffered his first heart attack, and Nixon was shadowed by phlebitis. Ford's otherwise robust physique was flawed by old football injuries. Carter came to the White House with his record showing a period of depression after a race for Governor of Georgia in 1966.

But Reagan, the old man of the bunch, had somehow stayed together. The White House physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, put it this way three days before the shooting: "What can I tell a man who is 70 and in better shape than I am?" Ruge is 63 and a farm boy from Nebraska, where they claim that if you make it through your first year you live almost forever.

Ruge, stately and cautious, had been chatting on a Friday evening in his small White House office about how to sustain Reagan's good health—and to prepare for emergencies, the kind that would occur in just 70 hours.

Ruge had been chosen White House physician because of his association



Ruge, left, with Hospital Spokesman Dennis O'Leary

with Loyal Davis, Nancy Reagan's father. A neurosurgeon, Ruge had met the President in earlier years but had not known him as a patient. Bit by bit, he was accumulating medical data and his impressions of Reagan's life-style, these observations perhaps more revealing than any statistics.

Ruge had watched Reagan around the White House, seen him at state dinners, traveled with him aboard Air Force One. When Reagan went horseback riding at Quantico, Va., Ruge, who spent some of his boyhood on the backs of his father's Percherons,

watched with a certain nostalgia from the fences. "The President is a marvelous physical specimen," he said. "His very demeanor shows that he is healthy." From that conclusion, Ruge's approach to White House health was plotted. He would not stalk the President, believing that an overzealous doctor can create a dependent patient.

Reagan was his own best doctor in many ways, Ruge noted. The President could pace himself, discipline his appetites, his activity. "He simply knows how to take care of himself," declared Ruge. That is in marked contrast to the excesses of work and indulgence seen in other Presidents, notably L.B.J. Ruge has studied carefully the White House environment, Reagan's state of mind, any symptoms of stress. What he found was reassuring. He noted that those who traveled with the President, whether staff or Secret Service agents, genuinely liked him. That aura, created in large part by Reagan's humor and courtesy, was a great health benefit. Ruge was also convinced that Nancy Reagan's dedication to her husband was another element in his excellent state of mind and body.

The greatest concern of the President's physician was somehow devising outlets from the White House cloister for the President. Reagan is not a golfer, a jogger or a tennis player. He likes to ride, but that is not enough. Reagan's therapy, Ruge noted, came from messing around outdoors. It takes a small-town boy to understand that. Woodchopping, planting, pruning, fixing up and just moving around, doing something useful, can keep the eyes clear, the heart vibrant, the muscles taut. That poses a challenge in the White House, where all the chores are done and the President's exertion is walking from meeting to meeting.

Dan Ruge has been diverted for the moment. But he will soon be back, gently urging the President to keep chopping wood on his California ranch and canter off over the Virginia hills whenever he can. Doctor and patient are in harmony about what keeps a President going.

Caught in the Line of Fire

Three victims who served the President well



Because all of them in their chosen fields had proved themselves among the best at what they do, they had earned the right to be with the President as he left the Washington Hilton Hotel last week. James Brady, 40, through an admixture of diligence, drive and affability, had parlayed 19 years of handling public relations work—including stints with the Defense Department, Senator William Roth and Candidate John Connally—into the plum of his profession, presidential press secretary. Timothy McCarthy, 31, the son of a Chicago policeman, joined the Secret Service in 1972 and two years ago won assignment to the prestigious presidential protection detail. Thomas Delahanty, 45, had received more than 30 letters of commendation in his 17 years on the Washington, D.C., police force. When his canine patrol partner, a German shepherd named Kirk, became ill last week, Delahanty was a natural choice for the Hilton assignment. The trio's diverse paths led them, for two tragic seconds last week, into the line of fire between John Hinckley's revolver and the man he allegedly intended to assassinate.

Brady was by far the most seriously injured. A bullet entered his forehead just over his left eye and crossed through to the right side of his brain. Word quickly spread that he had died, causing gasps and sobs in the White House West Wing among aides and members of the seasoned press corps, for whom Brady, through his wit and warmth, had become more of a joyous friend than a mere professional colleague. For five hours, surgeons working with the aid of a microscope performed a delicate craniotomy, lifting off the top of his skull to remove a significant portion of his right frontal brain lobe, which, among other functions, controls motor activity on the body's left side. When the operation was over, Brady was still alive and slowly regaining consciousness. Said his relieved surgeon, Dr. Arthur Koblitz: "Eight out of ten people die from this kind of injury."

That so many questions from reporters during the early hours of last week's crisis concerned Brady's health may have seemed somewhat baffling to those outside the press corps. In twelve short weeks on the job, he had succeeded, despite the difficulties inherent in his work, in winning both the respect and the affection of the press. Brady, called "the Bear" because, well, he looks a bit like one, has a broad relish for life beyond politics. That enthusiasm embraces the hapless Chicago Cubs, gourmet cooking and, of course, his wife Sarah, whom he calls "Raccoon" because, well, he thinks she looks like one.

This *joie de vivre*, friends like to think, was more than a match for the gunman's bullet.

Brady's humor ranges from jolly quips to droll deadpan. Shortly before the shooting, he was the guest at one of Washington's institutionalized breakfasts with reporters. Instead of the light banter and gentle questions that tend to open such discussions, he was immediately slung a sharp query on conflicts within the Administration. After a pause he responded with perfect poker face: "Where has foreplay gone?" At last month's Gridiron Club dinner, an event that features journalists performing parodies of politicians, a Brady impersonator lampooned the report that Nancy Reagan had opposed his appointment because he was not "good-looking" enough to project the Reagan Administration image. Sang he: "She's grown accustomed to my face." Brady laughed as loudly as any of the press and politicians in the audience. With the first signs that Brady might survive, colleagues



Agent McCarthy



Officer Delahanty



Presidential Press Secretary James Brady

"Raccoon," he said, squeezing her hand.

and friends at the White House placed a small stuffed Teddy bear with a Cubs' baseball cap on his chair.

McCarthy, who had been trained to interpose his body between the President and any gunfire—and who defied all innate human instincts by doing just that—was hit in the right side of his chest. The bullet passed through the chest muscles, lung, diaphragm and part of the liver before lodging against a rib. An hour-long operation was successful in removing the bullet and draining the blood that had collected in his abdominal cavity.

Elizabeth McCarthy, his mother, was watching television with her daughter shortly after the shooting when a tape of the tragedy came on. Says Daughter Karen: "Suddenly, as we watched, we saw where he was hit and fell. We both knew at once that it was Tim. Mom gasped. We both cried and hugged each other and prayed." As McCarthy recovered from surgery, his superiors praised him for executing his mission perfectly. Said Jerry Parr, head of the presidential protection detail: "I think what Agent McCarthy did was most heroic." His eldest sister Laurie joked that "thousands of relatives" would soon be flying to Washington to see their "hero."

Police Officer Delahanty's wife also saw her husband's shooting on television. "I didn't even know he was with the President," she said. The bullet struck Delahanty's left shoulder and lodged in his neck, damaging no blood vessels but bruising a nerve. The result of his wound seemed minor: a temporary loss of sensation on the inside of his left forearm, excessive sweating of the palm and erection of the hairs on his arm. In fact, doctors saw no reason even to remove the bullet from his neck—until it was discovered that Hinckley had used explosive bullets. They then decided to carefully remove it through an incision in his back. After receiving praise from official visitors, including Vice President George Bush and Mayor Marion Barry, Delahanty was due to leave the hospital within days.

For Brady, the prognosis was not as good, though he surprised doctors by his survival. At week's end, although the danger of infection or swelling still lurked, he was taken off the critical list. Brain tissue recovers so slowly that it may be as much as a year before the full extent of any permanent damage is known. Until then, each sign of improvement is being watched closely and reported hopefully. He has been able to move his right arm and leg on command. There has even been some movement of his left side. He has also been able to count to three and toss a gauze ball. Perhaps the most hopeful sign that Jim Brady is not only alive but still Jim Brady came when he recognized his wife and gave her hand a squeeze. Said he, carefully: "Raccoon." —By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Peter Stoler/Washington

LOS ANGELES TIMES
4/10/81

CAROL BERNSON

Nancy Reagan can devote her attention to her husband's recovery, not White House demands.

More Relaxed Now

The Worst Is Over for the First Lady

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Nancy Reagan is more relaxed now that she feels that she can devote her attention to the President's recovery without feeling the pressure of other White House demands, her friends said Wednesday.

The First Lady canceled two long-standing engagements Tuesday because she was not ready to face sympathetic crowds without getting emotional, they said.

One of the events was the traditional Senate Wives luncheon on Capitol Hill in honor of the First Lady.

The other was a Republican fund-raising dinner at the Washington Hilton Hotel where her husband was shot in the chest last week.

Peter McCoy, her chief of staff, had said Mrs. Reagan was "down" earlier in the week, apparently because of obligations that loomed before her.

But she is more at ease now that "she has decided to do what she wants to do," friends said. That is to be with the President while he is in the hospital.

She has not yet decided whether to clear her calendar of public events next week, said Sheila Patton, her press secretary.

The First Lady has been going to George Washington University Medical Center before noon each day. She always comes bearing gifts. Among them Wednesday was a 10-pound box of chocolates from King Hassan II of Morocco.

Mrs. Reagan arrived in time to have a luncheon snack with her husband—chicken noodle soup, cheese toast, fresh pineapple and decaffeinated coffee.

She told reporters Lady Bird Johnson sent her a "lovely letter" reminiscing about the "hard time" she had keeping her husband, Lyndon, "down on the ranch" after his 1966 gall bladder operation.

Asked if she had the same problem, Mrs. Reagan said, "Oh, yes, he'd be out yesterday if he could be."

She also was asked when Reagan will leave the hospital and replied, "Soon, I hope. He gets better every day."

Mrs. Johnson's letter was the latest in a series of contacts from former First Ladies and other well-wishers concerned about the affect on Mrs. Reagan of last week's assassination attempt.

Much to his delight, she also has been bringing to her husband stacks of get-well cards and drawings scrawled by schoolchildren from all over the country.

At the behest of comedian Bob Hope, she also personally delivered a photograph of Hope and actress Jill St. John in bunny costumes. The picture was accompanied by a note from Hope, saying: "Dear Prez—if you need us for the White House lawn at Easter, call Central Casting."

There were no indications that Mrs. Reagan's security has been increased. "We're just more aware of the agents," said Mrs. Patton.

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Taking Up The Slack

The Chief Executive's departure from the hospital is only step No. 1. The administration's "top salesman" has a way to go to regain his energies, and aides must fill the void.

As he recovers slowly from an attacker's bullet, Ronald Reagan is being forced to take a temporary back-seat role at a crucial point in his Presidency.

Doctors ordered Reagan to limit his workload in mid-April at a time when his budget cuts and tax reductions are under fire from Democrats in Congress, when Western Europe is looking for U.S. leadership against a muscle-flexing Soviet Union and when American diplomats are fumbling for the key to peace in a turbulent Middle East.

No one knew for sure how long the President would be sidelined by his injury. Before his release from George Washington University Hospital, doctors warned that it could be four to six months before Reagan recovers fully from the wound he received March 30. But they expected him to resume most of his duties in a few weeks. In the meantime:

■ The ailing President is deciding only the most pressing matters. Trips, speeches and nonessential business are being deferred. "We are delaying anything that can be postponed," said Chief of Staff James A. Baker.

■ Vice President George Bush is acting as a "full substitute for the President," as one official put it. He is chairing top-level White House meetings, greeting foreign dignitaries, delivering some of Reagan's speeches and buttering up key members of Congress.

■ The so-called triumvirate of Reagan's closest White House advisers—Presidential Counselor Edwin Meese, Chief of Staff Baker and Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver—are shouldering all the day-to-day demands of running the government.

■ Cabinet members also are taking up some of the slack, particularly when the administration is called upon to de-

fend Reagan's economic program. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget—along with Bush—spoke out when the President's proposed budget cuts were attacked by Democrats.

Although the President is not expected to suffer any permanent injury from the shooting, his recovery fell behind schedule, with the onset of a fever on April 3, just four days after surgeons removed a .22-caliber bullet from his lung. The fever left him weak and delayed his release from the hospital.

In addition, doctors pointed out that the 70-year-old Chief Executive cannot be expected to bounce back as quickly as a younger man. As the President's physician, Daniel Ruge, explained: "Defense mechanisms in older patients are not as good as they are in younger patients."

Two-hour day. Reagan intends to spend most of his convalescence in the family quarters on the upper two floors of the White House. He is under doctors' orders to work no more than 2 hours a day at first. During that time, he is expected to meet with his top lieutenants, catch up on a huge backlog of briefing material that piled up while he was in the hospital and conduct some business by telephone. Later, he will begin making brief visits to the Oval Office.

"He'll get better faster in the White House," said Deputy Chief of Staff Deaver, adding that in the hospital the President slept 18 hours a day and was impatient with "people sticking things down his throat." But Deaver, Reagan's closest aide, does not expect him to spend much time at his California ranch until he can ride horses and chop wood—perhaps by summer.



Reagan aides Deaver, Baker and Meese—shown at early breakfast at hospital—are carefully rationing matters submitted to the President.

While the 25th Amendment to the Constitution directs the Vice President to take over from the President in the event of death or long-term disability, there is no statute explaining how the nation's business should be handled under the present circumstances. But because Reagan often delegates wide authority, his subordinates were uniquely prepared to fill in for him.

Reagan's workload is being strictly limited by his three top aides, who meet over breakfast each morning to decide what papers they will give to the President. "He is being briefed on national-security matters," said Chief of Staff Baker. "He is signing legislation

BILL FITZPATRICK—WHITE HOUSE





The Vice President chats with lawmakers in White House meeting. Bush is serving as a Reagan stand-in as much as possible while the President recuperates.

that has to be signed. He is signing nominations that have to be signed. But that's about it."

On April 7, for example, aides decided that the President was too feverish to tackle a complicated one-page "decision memo" on leasing of the outer continental shelf for oil and gas exploration. Likewise, the letters that Secretary of State Alexander Haig carried to heads of state in the Middle East in mid-April were not reviewed by the President as they usually would be.

Reagan's trips and speeches are being canceled gradually, only as aides determine how long he will be laid up. Among the first major items to be

scratched were trips to Springfield, Ill., on April 1 and to Cincinnati on April 8. Another trip to Tuskegee, Ala., on April 12 was assigned to the Vice President. Later, doctors decided that Reagan would not be able to attend the wedding of his daughter Maureen in California on April 24 or meet with Mexican President José López Portillo in Tijuana on April 27.

Reagan's assistants are being scrupulously careful to avoid the impression that they are usurping his powers. The Vice President emphasized this point by declining to use the Oval Office in Reagan's absence. "The things that are presidential decisions remain presiden-

ume. He also lost about 10 pounds in the hospital, and he must now get his appetite back. His only medication will be penicillin tablets for a short period to ward off infection.

Keeping an even closer watch on Reagan is Daniel Ruge, White House physician, who will check his vital signs twice a day. Chest X-rays will be done every other day. Ruge has a small examining room in the White House and several more rooms in the Old Executive Office Building. He and a half-dozen assistants look after the health of not only the First Family but also the White House staff.

Says Ruge of the First Patient: "He's not going to need much care. He's like the rest of us. When we go home, we don't expect to need much medical care."

Rx for President Who's on the Mend

In coming weeks, Ronald Reagan will receive a rarity in these times: House calls from a doctor.

Medical specialists from George Washington University Hospital will keep close tabs on the Chief Executive as he convalesces in the family quarters of the White House.

Reagan will no longer be given the physiotherapy for his lungs that he received in the hospital. But doctors want him to take walks to help rebuild his strength gradually over the next four to six weeks. They will insist, too, that he at first strictly limit the time he devotes to presidential business, which he will conduct for now in the family study and the solarium living room.

One of Reagan's major problems is fatigue—a common response for someone who lost half his blood vol-

tial decisions," said Baker. "We can't reclassify those things."

Nor is the President shirking his responsibility. In the first two weeks after the shooting, he sent a letter to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, signed a bill passed by Congress, approved a dozen nominations, signed a classified budget request and approved a number of new initiatives, including regulatory relief for the auto industry and appointment of a new task force on federalism. Ironically, he also signed a proclamation declaring the week of April 19 "Victims Rights Week."

Reagan's advisers are making a concerted effort to short-circuit the disputes that are bound to arise in a time of stress. Meese and Baker privately discussed ways to avoid conflict between them. Well-publicized differences between the White House and Secretary of State Haig also were set aside, at least temporarily.

Global jitters. White House officials were especially grateful that they did not have to deal with a major international crisis in the first days after the shooting. Soviet troop movements around Poland caused some jitters, however, prompting Reagan himself to read the text of a speech Brezhnev made on April 7 to Warsaw Pact leaders.

Reagan's hospitalization came at a crucial time in his drive to persuade Congress to enact his economic plan.

Both House and Senate budget committees rejected Reagan proposals on April 9. House Democrats meanwhile put forth a rival tax plan.

Although OMB Director Stockman and Treasury Secretary Regan held news conferences to defend the Reagan plan, they received little attention. "For the time being," says Deputy Press Secretary Larry Speakes, "we're without our best salesman." According to Speakes, the President hopes to resume this role by making a television speech in late April.

Speakes is a temporary stand-in for Press Secretary James Brady—one of three men wounded with the President. All three were improving. Brady and Patrolman Thomas Delahanty remained hospitalized, but Secret Service Agent Timothy McCarthy was released on April 8.

As for the President, doctors summarized his prognosis this way: "It will take four to six months before he is chipper." □



White House physician, Daniel Ruge

WIDE WORLD

By SARA FRITZ

Sunday, April 5, 1981

THE WASHINGTON POST

By Lou Cannon
Washington Post Staff Writer

The Day of the Jackal in Washington

It began as an ordinary spring day in Washington: light showers, the usual lines of tourists at the White House, a routine speech by the president.

Then, gunfire. For six hours the nation watched and wondered. Would the president live? Would he survive and be disabled? Would the nation be plunged into constitutional crisis?

It was 2:24 p.m. Monday, March 31. Michael K. Deaver wasn't supposed to be at the Washington Hilton. He was supposed to be

back in the White House working on the president's schedule. But it was a busy day at the office for chief of staff James A. Baker III, and Deaver, his deputy, had volunteered to go in his place with President Reagan when he addressed the Building Trades Council.

No one noticed the gunman before the firing began. No one particularly saw him, or

knew he was there. On the sidewalk outside the lower entrance to the Washington Hilton, a Secret Service agent gave the routine radio signal that all was clear.

It was 2:25 p.m. Deaver will never forget what happened next.

"The president and I were walking out together," he recalls. "The press started asking their usual questions. I turned and

moved [James S.] Brady up because he was the press secretary. I took three steps, then the first shot went over my right shoulder. I knew what it was. I ducked down, with the help of a shove from a Washington policeman, who also was dropping to the ground. I smelled the powder. I never saw the gunman."

Secret Service agent Jerry Parr, head of

the presidential detail, never saw the gunman, either. The gunman was shielded by the crowd.

Secret Service agents had looked over this crowd, as they always do. It is not easy to spot a concealed gunman in a friendly crowd. Thirty seconds before the president arrived at the hotel, Parr had received a favorable situation report.

"Rawhide follow to Rawhide advance," he said, using the code word for the president. "Situation report?"

See REPRISE, A12, Col. 1.

A Chronicle of How an Ordinary Spring Afternoon in Washington ...

REPRISE, From A1

"Situation negative," the advance agent replied.

The quiet ended in the rapid fire of a handgun and screams from the crowd. Within nine seconds six shots had been fired in rapid succession at the presidential party.

One shot hit Secret Service agent Timothy J. McCarthy, who thrust himself between President Reagan and the gunman, in the stomach.

One shot hit District police officer Thomas K. Delahanty in the neck.

One shot, although no one knew it immediately, bounced off the armored limousine and hit Reagan in the chest, penetrating his left lung. Yet another hit a window in a building across the street and fragmented.

And one shot, the shot that did the most damage, struck White House press secretary Brady over the left eye, penetrating his brain. Brady fell, with blood gushing from his head. An advance man, Rick Ahearn, put a white handkerchief under Brady's head. It quickly turned red with blood.

In a matter of seconds Parr had shoved Reagan into the limousine and pulled the door shut. He commanded the driver, Drew Unrue, to pull away, and the presidential limousine sped from the scene. A staff control car, with Deaver inside, followed.

"You son-of-a-bitch, you broke my rib," Reagan said to Parr inside the limousine. He was joking, but he was hurting from the blow.

Later in the week the president would tell Deaver that he hadn't realized he had been hit by a bullet but that he certainly knew he had been hit.

"It was a blow like I never felt," Reagan said. "It was like someone hitting me with a hammer as hard as they could."

Parr, not knowing that the president had been shot, originally ordered the limousine to return to the White House. But when he saw Reagan coughing blood, the bright-red oxygenated blood that comes from the lung, he and the president thought a rib had been broken by the protective shove. Parr told Unrue to drive to George Washington University Hospital instead of the White House. He radioed the control car and told Deaver where he was going.

At the Hospital

At the shooting scene, agents had overwhelmed a young blond man later identified as John Warnock Hinckley Jr. They piled him into a police car and took him away.

Before the limousine reached the hospital, nurses had cleared space in the resuscitation bay for the shooting victims. A first radio message has told them there has been a shooting and that "some men" have been hurt. A second message informed them that one was the president of the United States.

At 2:35 p.m. the limousine arrived at George Washington. Reagan was feeling pain in his chest and was having difficulty breathing. As he got out of the car, D.C. paramedic Roberto Hernandez recognized the limousine. On inaugural day he had been assigned to the ambulance that followed the new president around Washington.

"I literally froze," Hernandez said afterward. "I didn't believe what I was actually seeing. I noticed he looked very pale and he had an apprehensive look about him.... The stare in his eyes was like he was in a slight daze."

Reagan got out of the car. He walked to the emergency room, his face drawn, Parr's arm around him. Incredibly, no one had thought to order a stretcher to be ready for him. When the president entered the emergency room, he fell to one knee.

"I can't breathe," he said.

For a moment the workers in the resuscitation bay were stunned. "Is that who I think it is?" a nurse asked. Then they sprang into action. Hernandez removed Reagan's shoes, socks and pants while his partner Eric Simmons cut off his shirt.

"All I could think of was Parkland," Deaver said, referring to the Dallas hospital where John F. Kennedy was taken.

But Deaver, a short, quiet, patient man who knows Reagan better than anyone on the White House staff and was treated like a son by him, was busy with other matters. Cool and collected, Deaver found a telephone bay outside the emergency ward and called the White House. He reached Margaret Tutwiler, the secretary to chief of staff Baker.

"Keep this line open, Margaret," he said. "There's been a shooting, and the president's hurt. We don't think he was hit, but he may have broken a rib."

At the White House

At the White House they already knew about the shooting. But they did not know much about what had happened or that the president had been shot.

Baker had been working in his office through the morning. At 1 p.m. he went to the White House mess to eat his usual lunch: a tunafish salad sandwich and buttermilk. Brady and his deputy, Larry Speakes, were finishing their lunch as Baker and Tutwiler arrived. They exchanged pleas-

ures, and Brady said he was going to the Hilton for Reagan's speech.

The first word at the White House that something had gone wrong came in a telephone call from David Prospero, an assistant press secretary. He was at the scene where the shots were fired, and he saw Brady go down.

Prospero rushed into the hotel and grabbed the first telephone he found. It was a charge phone, so he gave the operator the White House press office number and billed the call to his home telephone.

"Get me Larry. It's an emergency," he said into the telephone.

Speakes was just coming out of a meeting with other White House aides in the Roosevelt Room on the automobile regulation package that is to be announced this week. Betsy Strong, a press aide, ran up and told him Prospero was calling. He picked up the phone of Kathy Ahearn, Brady's secretary.

"The president has been shot at and Brady has been hit," Prospero said.

"Thanks," Speakes replied, and hung up. From the look on his face the others in the room knew it was a crisis.

"I don't know what it looked like, but it hit pretty hard," Speakes said.

Ahearn began to weep.

White House staff director David R. Gergen was coming out of the same meeting Speakes had attended. The first instinct of both was to walk out on the colonnade and watch the motorcade return, which they expected momentarily. Instead, Speakes telephoned Jack Warner of the Secret Service. Warner knew something had happened, but did not have the details.

Gergen ran down the corridor to Baker's office with the news. He burst into the office, almost knocking down Tutwiler, who had her back against the door.

Gergen went to find White House counselor Edwin Meese III, the president's top aide, who was with his deputy, Craig Fuller. They already knew. Baker ran down to the Secret Service command post in the basement to find out what had happened. It was about 2:35 p.m., the time of Reagan's arrival at the hospital.

At the Hotel

Back at the Hilton, the ambulances had borne away the wounded men, leaving behind the remnants of the shooting: an umbrella, a dropped briefcase, the bloody sidewalk grate where Brady fell.

Prosperi, knowing that the presidential limousine had started out for the White House, mistakenly believed the president had arrived there, and so informed the press. One eyewitness, Ramon Flores, attempted to convince

skeptical reporters that Reagan had been hit. He shrugged his shoulders when they did not believe him.

At the Hospital

Within minutes at George Washington the resuscitation area was crowded with members of the trauma team and Secret Service agents. As Dr. Dennis O'Leary related later, a nurse trying to take Reagan's blood pressure could not hear through the stethoscope because of the din and had to take it by feeling the pulse in Reagan's arm. It was only about 75 — low enough to signal that the president was in danger of shock.

Quickly, trauma team members inserted an intravenous tube and began running fluid into the president's veins. They took blood samples to measure the blood oxygen content and to match Reagan's blood for a transfusion. Meanwhile, they called for O-negative blood, the type that can be given to anyone. Reagan's blood type is O-positive.

Dr. Joseph M. Giardano, the surgeon who heads the trauma team, was among the first to respond to the page, and he saw Reagan within five minutes of his arrival. By then, the president's blood pressure had risen to 100, but he was coughing up blood, his breathing was fast and labored, and the surgeons had discovered the slit-like wound under his left arm.

Giardano said that the likelihood of a collapsed lung and the danger that Reagan might be bleeding from his heart or a major blood vessel made it necessary to insert a chest tube at once.

Outside the resuscitation bay, Deaver and aide David Fisher kept the telephone lines open to the White House. Deaver had Nancy Reagan called immediately. He also asked Tutwiler to tell his secretary to call his wife, Carolyn, and tell her that he was unharmed, but Deaver's secretary, Shirley Moore, had already done so.

Meanwhile, Brady and McCarthy had arrived at the hospital, and Delahanty had been taken to Washington Hospital Center. Brady looked bad and his blood pressure was dangerously high. To the paramedics, McCarthy looked best of all.

"Are you still with us?" a fellow agent asked him. "Oh, yes," McCarthy quickly replied.

At 2:36 p.m. Mrs. Reagan arrived at the hospital. She wanted to see her husband immediately, but was told by Deaver that she could not. When she did get to see him, he greeted her

with a line that may become a classic: "Honey, I forgot to duck."

At the White House

At the White House, events moved swiftly. Tutwiler had left the first White House line open for Deaver, then she rounded up Baker, Meese, Gergen, Speakes and communications director Frank Ursomarso, who were in a hall beyond the Oval Office. She told them Deaver was on the telephone.

Baker went into his office and took one phone. Meese picked up the other phone on the same line. Baker was at his desk. Deaver told them that the president had been shot.

"Shit," said Meese.

"Oh, Jesus," said Baker.

Both men moved swiftly to do what was necessary. They agreed that the vice president had to be called, and that the Cabinet should assemble in the White House Situation Room.

Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig Jr. had called, and Baker called him back.

"It's very important how we handle this world-wide," Haig told Baker, who agreed.

Treasury Secretary Donald T. Regan was the first Cabinet officer to reach Baker's office. Treasury is the boss of the Secret Service, and Regan had been told of the incident within two minutes of its occurrence. Regan was on a long distance call from Los Angeles when the call came, and he hung up and went immediately by car across the street to the White House.

At the hospital, Deaver put White House physician Daniel Ruge on the open line, and Baker took notes on what Ruge told him: "He [the president] has received a chest wound in the left chest. He is in stable condition. The blood pressure and pulse is okay. He is alert and fighting. Next stop could be the operating room. You ought to get right over here."

Haig arrived. Later, at the State Department, a spokesman announced that Baker and Meese had left the White House by the time Haig got there. It was an incorrect announcement. Regan, Baker and Tutwiler all remember that Haig arrived just before Baker and Meese left the office.

They talked briefly, and Meese and Baker agreed that Haig would be the "contact point" at the White House while they were at the hospital. No one said anything about anyone being "in control." But there was a brief discussion of the 25th Amendment, providing for presidential succession, because no one knew how badly

Reagan was hurt. Bush would be back by the time they knew, everyone agreed.

Meese told Tutwiler to get them a car. "I'll handle it," Regan said. He directed an agent to get them a siren-equipped Secret Service car so they could speed through traffic to the hospital. Speakes and Lyn Nofziger were with Meese and Baker.

Nofziger is a longtime Reagan aide who proved a composed man in the day's crisis. He offered to help because "Brady is out of commission," and everyone was happy to have him. He and Speakes are old adversaries, but they buried their differences on that bloody day.

Haig, Regan, Gergen and intergovernmental relations aide Rich Williamson went down to the Situation Room in the White House basement.

At the hospital Deaver alternated his time between Nancy Reagan and the telephones. The grim mood was lightened on one occasion when a hospital clerk with a green form in his hand ran around trying to get some information on the patient. "Who is he?" the clerk wanted to know.

"R-e-a-g-a-n," Deaver spelled out.

"You are kidding," the clerk said.

"I'm not kidding," said Deaver.

Meanwhile, Dr. Neofytos T. Tsangaris, the hospital's acting chief of staff, had been summoned from a meeting by a brief announcement: "The president of the United States is in the emergency room." Tsangaris said he quickly realized that three separate operating rooms, one for each shooting victim, must be readied at once with nurses, technicians and equipment.

It was now 3:20 p.m. and Reagan was being prepared for surgery. He had an oxygen mask over his face when Baker saw him, but winked at his chief of staff.

At 3:30 p.m., approximately 45 minutes after he was brought to the hospital, he was wheeled to the operating room. His bleeding had slowed somewhat, and he had received a transfusion of five units of blood.

"Please tell me you're Republicans," he joked to the masked surgical team surrounding him.

After that, according to operating room technician Michael Borowski, who helped with instruments during the operation, the president was quiet. "I saw Reagan looking around at everybody busy doing their thing . . ." he recalled later. "I just kind of took his hand. He had sort of tears in his eyes . . . He really had this look of appreciation on his face. That's what really touched me."

The first part of the operation required a tiny incision below the navel. Into the incision Giardano inserted about a quart of salt solution to determine whether any bullets had pene-

trated the abdominal cavity and caused bleeding there. When sucked out again, the fluid was clear, indicating no abdominal injuries.

A report was given to Baker and Deaver outside the operating room. Nancy Reagan was told the good news, and tears came to her eyes.

Borowski said Reagan was then turned on his right side and redraped for the more major operation, the toracotomy. Assisted by Dr. Kathleen Cheyney, Dr. Benjamin L. Aaron cut a six-inch incision through the skin parallel with the ribs, extending horizontally from below the left arm toward the center of the chest. Then he used retractors to spread the ribs apart.

Aaron said he could feel splintering of the seventh rib where the bullet had nicked it and ricocheted into the chest. Outside the left lung, he found a large blood clot, and, after he removed it, he could see where the bullet had entered the lung. Quickly, he examined the heart and the major vessels nearby. They were untouched. All the bleeding was coming from the smaller vessels within the torn lung.

"We began to feel around for the bullet . . . and to our chagrin we could not find that bullet within the lung," he said later. Aaron ordered an X-ray taken on the operating table. The bullet was visible, embedded in a portion of the left lung just behind the heart and "flattened almost as thin as a dime," he said.

At last Aaron felt the bullet and pulled it out. Then he removed some of the dead lung tissue, inserted a drain into the bullet's track, and closed the incisions. The president had been in the operating room for 3½ hours, and apparently was out of danger. With a breathing tube in his throat, and still on a respirator, the president was taken to the recovery room.

There had been anxious moments for Nancy Reagan during this operation, moments she spent in a small private office the hospital made available to her and in the chapel, where she met Sarah Brady, whose husband had been erroneously declared dead in mid-afternoon reports on all three television networks.

For 53 minutes after the shooting not much was known at the White House press office. It wasn't until 3:18 p.m. that communications director Ursomarso stood on veteran press aide Connie Gerrard's chair in the upper press office, to tell a packed crowd of reporters that Reagan had been shot.

Every television set was turned on as staff and reporters watched replay after replay. The room was full of people who work with Brady every day, and the replays, particularly those in slow motion, made all who were present think that his chances for survival were slight.

Some aides wept for their fallen press secretary. It was pouring rain outside now, and correspondents who usually would have broadcast from the White House lawn stood on chairs in the briefing room to get above the heads of their milling colleagues and talked to fill air time.

At 3:37 p.m. Gergen appeared in the crowded briefing room.

"Good afternoon," he said. "This is to confirm the statements made at George Washington hospital that the president was shot once in the left side this afternoon as he left the hotel. His condition is stable.

"A decision is now being made whether or not to operate to remove the bullet. The White House and the vice president are in communication. And the vice president is now en route to Washington."

On Air Force Two

Going to Washington had not been George Bush's plan. On a day of routine politicking, he had slipped into his blue, Eisenhower-style official flight jacket, buckled his seatbelt and settled back for a moment of relaxation as his plane took off from Fort Worth at 2:41 p.m. EST for a short hop to Austin.

Behind him was a speech to cattlemen and the dedication of the former Hotel Texas as a national monument — it was the hotel where John F. Kennedy had spent his last night before that fatal trip to Dallas. Ahead, in Austin, awaited an address to the Texas Legislature and a news conference.

Air Force Two was still climbing, a couple of minutes later, when Edward Pollard, head of the vice president's Secret Service detail, took an urgent message from the Fort Worth office. He was told of the assassination attempt, and was told that the president had not been hit. And he also was informed, incorrectly, that two Secret Service agents were down. Pollard immediately relayed this message to Bush.

Bush nodded quietly and began talking of the possibility of shortening his Austin stopover. The telephone line flashed again. This time it was Bush's press secretary, Peter Teeley, with a message identical to the one Pollard had given.

The vice president's chief legislation aide, Robert V. Thompson, rushed back to the VIP section in mid-plane and announced to the assembled Bush aides and three Texas congressmen that an attempt had been made on the president's life.

Up front, at 3:04 p.m., Haig telephoned Bush. There is no secure tele-

See REPRISÉ, A13, Col. 1

REPRISÉ, From A12

phone line to Air Force Two, and Haig was guarded in his communication. He also had a very poor connection.

"I think you should come directly back to Washington," Haig said. "There's been an incident." He also told Bush that he would be sending him a message over the coded Telex machine that is the only secure channel of communications between Air Force Two and the ground.

Bush hung up and turned to his aides. "We are going directly back to Washington," he said. "I just spoke to Haig." It was a quarter of an hour later before he learned what had happened.

"Mr. Vice President, in the incident you will have heard about by now, the president was struck in the back," the Telex from Haig said. "Medical authorities are deciding now whether or not to operate. Recommend you return to D.C. at earliest possible moment."

Quickly, the word was passed through the plane. House Majority Leader Jim Wright (D-Tex.) walked into the front cabin, and Bush turned to him and said, "Why in the world would anybody shoot a man like Ronald Reagan?"

Air Force Two did not have enough fuel on board to make it to Washington nonstop, so the plane landed in Austin as scheduled, but only for refueling. Bush stayed on board, sipping on a diet cola and paying very little.

At the White House

At the White House, Cabinet members and other high White House officials assembled in the Situation Room: Attorney General William French Smith, Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger, Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis, National Security Council staff director Richard V. Allen, domestic adviser Martin Anderson, CIA Director William J. Casey, counsel Fred Fielding. Hours later, Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige would arrive.

There were so many people rushing back and forth that Allen tried to close the door to the Situation Room to keep some of the staff members out. Allen put a tape recorder on the table in the center of the room along with another that was already there.

Some knew they were talking for posterity, but others didn't even notice the recorders. What the men in the Situation Room wanted to know were three things: how badly was the president hit? Was the shooting a conspiracy or an individual act? Would Brady survive?

While first reports from the hospital seemed to be positive, everyone in the Situation Room was aware that the president was 70 years old and faced major surgery. They were trying to prepare for every contingency.

Smith and Fielding briefed the Cabinet members on constitutional succession and on the 25th Amendment, which spells out the procedures for the vice president's assuming office in case of presidential disability. The review was brief, because the Cabinet members spent much of the time on the telephone and, like millions of other Americans, before the television set.

Of those in the Situation Room, Smith knew Reagan best. He is Reagan's long-time attorney, a charter member of the "kitchen cabinet" and a close friend. He also has jurisdiction over the FBI, and was on the telephone immediately, checking on Hinckley.

The readout from the FBI showed that the suspect carried psychiatrists' cards in his pocket, which convinced them that he probably was acting on his own.

Smith was outwardly calm, but his thoughts, like Deaver's, went back to the day John F. Kennedy was shot and the pall it cast over the nation. He was relieved to hear that Reagan was trying out one-liners on the doctors, knowing, as he would say later, "that this was a sign of normalcy."

Weinberger had been told by his secretary that he was wanted at the Situation Room. At first, he couldn't find a car, and thought of taking a taxi, but CIA Deputy Director Bobby Inman was visiting him, and he offered to take the defense secretary to the White House.

When Weinberger arrived, Haig was making telephone calls on the only secure phone in the Situation Room. Weinberger stepped outside to call Gen. David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. They discussed the combat-readiness of American forces, and Weinberger, after receiving unspecified classified information on a little white slip of paper, directed Jones to order "a little higher state of readiness," but one that was short of a full alert.

Other Cabinet members were making similar determinations in their areas of responsibility.

Regan told Treasury Undersecretary for Monetary Affairs Beryl Sprinkel to tell the Federal Reserve that the dollar should be supported on foreign exchange markets. Afterward, Regan described his action as "a normal procedure that has been done before" when some crisis threatens the dollar's value.

The order meant that the Federal Reserve bought dollars with other currencies, though not in massive amounts.

The attention of the officials in the Situation Room then turned to the

television set, which showed Speakes in the press room fending off questions. He hadn't been told much, and some of the questions concerned possible emergency actions the nation was taking in the crisis. He was asked the key question of whether the U.S. military had been placed on higher readiness.

"Not that I'm aware of," Speakes replied.

His response drew criticism from both Weinberger and Haig, but the secretary of state was especially agitated. He said that "the next time someone opens their yap" they had better make sure that what they are saying is true. Weinberger then left the room to make a telephone call.

"We've got a problem, and it's now," Haig said, turning to Allen. "We had better go upstairs and get this straightened out."

Haig and Allen double-timed upstairs to the press room, which the secretary of state, who had undergone open-heart surgery, later thought might have accounted for his subsequent shaky appearance on television. He reached the briefing podium at 4:14 p.m.

In a voice cracking with emotion, he told the nation and the world: "I just wanted to touch upon a few matters associated with today's tragedy. First, as you know, we are in close touch with the vice president, who is returning to Washington. . . . We have informed our friends abroad of the situation, the president's condition, as we know it [is] stable, now undergoing surgery. And there are absolutely no alert measures at this time that we're contemplating."

Haig was then asked who was making decisions for the government at the time, and responded, "Constitutionally, gentlemen, you have the president, the vice president and the secretary of state, in that order, and should the president decide he wants to transfer the helm to the vice president, he will do so. He has not done that. As of now, I am in control here, in the White House, pending return of the vice president and in close touch with him. If something came up, I would check with him, of course."

Haig's appearance astounded Baker and Meese, who were watching at the hospital. And it flabbergasted Haig's colleagues in the Situation Room, none of whom had been consulted before he left on his self-appointed mission.

"What's Al doing up there?" asked Lewis.

Weinberger, returning from his telephone call to Jones, looked up and saw Haig on the screen and asked, "Why are they running that old tape of Al Haig?"

It's not a tape, he was told. Haig's up there.

"He can't be, he was right here," said Weinberger, still disbelieving. As he watched, Haig told reporters in the briefing room that no change in military alert procedures was contemplated.

Weinberger knew that this was untrue because he had just ordered the increased state of readiness, but had done so without telling Haig.

When Haig returned to the briefing room, Weinberger was waiting. In a dramatic moment of angry but controlled confrontation, Weinberger demanded that Haig explain why he had said what he had in the briefing room. The two men kept their voices down, but their differences were clear and sharp. Despite Haig's announcement, Weinberger told him, he had increased the readiness of American

"That's just what I said we weren't doing," Haig said.

"I didn't know you were going up there," Weinberger replied, adding that he didn't think it "was appropriate" for Haig to be going before the television cameras in the manner he had done. For good measure, he also said that Haig had misstated the order of presidential succession, prompting Haig to respond: "You should read the Constitution."

Afterward, both Haig and Weinberger would try to minimize the exchange, which lasted only a few minutes. Haig responded to criticisms of his appearance by saying that he was winded from running up the stairs.

"I may have been quivery, but I've been through 50 times worse than that," he said.

At the Hospital

At the hospital, Haig's impromptu briefing was one of the bad moments for the watching White House aides. An even worse one came in the press room when the television networks incorrectly announced Brady's death. Some aides were furious. Others wept silently as they continued to work.

Baker, however, knew better than the networks. He had just had a report that Brady was holding his own, and he called the Situation Room and told them to disregard the report. Hospital interns who heard the reports asked the surgeon operating on Brady if he hadn't heard that his patient was dead.

At about 4:30 p.m. former president Richard M. Nixon called the hospital, asking for Nancy Reagan. She was unable to come to the telephone, but Baker did.

"Please convey my concern that I know is shared by all Americans," Nixon said.

At 5:20 p.m. the bullet was removed from the president and the

medical reports were positive. Baker called the Situation Room and told them they didn't have to worry themselves any more with the 25th Amendment.

Meese called the vice president, whose plane was still an hour out of Washington.

Cradling the phone in his cabin after he received the news, Bush turned to his aides and said, "The bullet's been removed. The operation was a success. The president is fine."

It was now agreed at the hospital that the president's top aides should split up. And it was also agreed that any further briefings on the president's condition should be by the doctors, even though this meant keeping the press waiting for another hour.

Deaver and Nofziger, whose experience was an asset in White House press relations, remained at the hospital, where Nofziger related the fit of the Reagan jokes in surgery. Meese

went to the vice president's residence to brief Bush upon his arrival.

Meese met Bush at the residence, and together they rode in an armored limousine back to the White House. Meese had sent a helicopter for the vice president to Andrews Air Force Base, and a Bush aide had suggested that the chopper fly directly to the White House.

"No, I don't want to do that," Bush said. "Only the president flies onto the South Lawn."

It was 7 p.m. when Bush arrived in the Situation Room. In rapid-fire order Allen ticked off an agenda that had been discussed previously: the president's health, an update on the world intelligence situation, the status of U.S. military forces, the status of what the press and public had been told, the status of information given privately to members of Congress, the outlines of the statement which had been drafted for Bush, the question of

whether it was appropriate for Bush to visit Reagan at the hospital, information about Mrs. Reagan and the family, the cancellation of Bush's planned trip to Geneva and an update on the next day's schedule, which Bush would fulfill.

At 7:30 p.m., with Brady still fighting for his life, Dr. Dennis O'Leary, clinical dean of George Washington, briefed the press.

At 8:45 p.m., Meese, Baker and Weinberger met in Baker's office for a drink and a discussion of the next day.

At about this time, Nancy Reagan left the hospital with their son, Ron, and his wife, Doria. In a corridor, she encountered the parents of the wounded Secret Service agent, and said gratefully that their son had saved her husband's life. McCarthy's father sobbed. Then, on the ground floor, she met Brady's mother, Dorothy.

"Hi, Nancy," said Mrs. Brady, in a manner that was strikingly composed, "We are just praying for both of them."

Nofziger remained at the hospital to brief reporters on Brady. At 9:30 p.m. he gave the first relatively optimistic report on Brady's condition.

At 8:50 p.m. the president, with the anesthesia worn off, scribbled a note to his doctors in the recovery room.

"All in all, I'd rather be in Philadelphia," it said, in the words of a famous movie line by W.C. Fields.

Everyone laughed. When the message was relayed to the Situation Room, Smith said, "I know he's going to be all right."

At 3 a.m. Tuesday, the tubes in Reagan's mouth were removed. The president's first words were about his assailant.

"Boy, what's his beef?" Reagan asked.

... Turned Into a Day of the Jackal for the President and His Country



United Press Internatio

Vice President Bush, folder behind him, peers into James S. Brady's hospital room Friday with his press secretary, Peter Teeley, right, and Mrs. Brady, partially hidde

Staff writers Martin Schram, Lee Lescaze, Jim Dickinson, Susan Okie, Don Oberdorfer, John M. Berry, T.R. Reid and Thomas O'Toole contributed to this report.

Special Report

Newsweek

April 13, 1981 / \$1.25

Sheila Patton E. W.
First Lady's Press
Newsweek

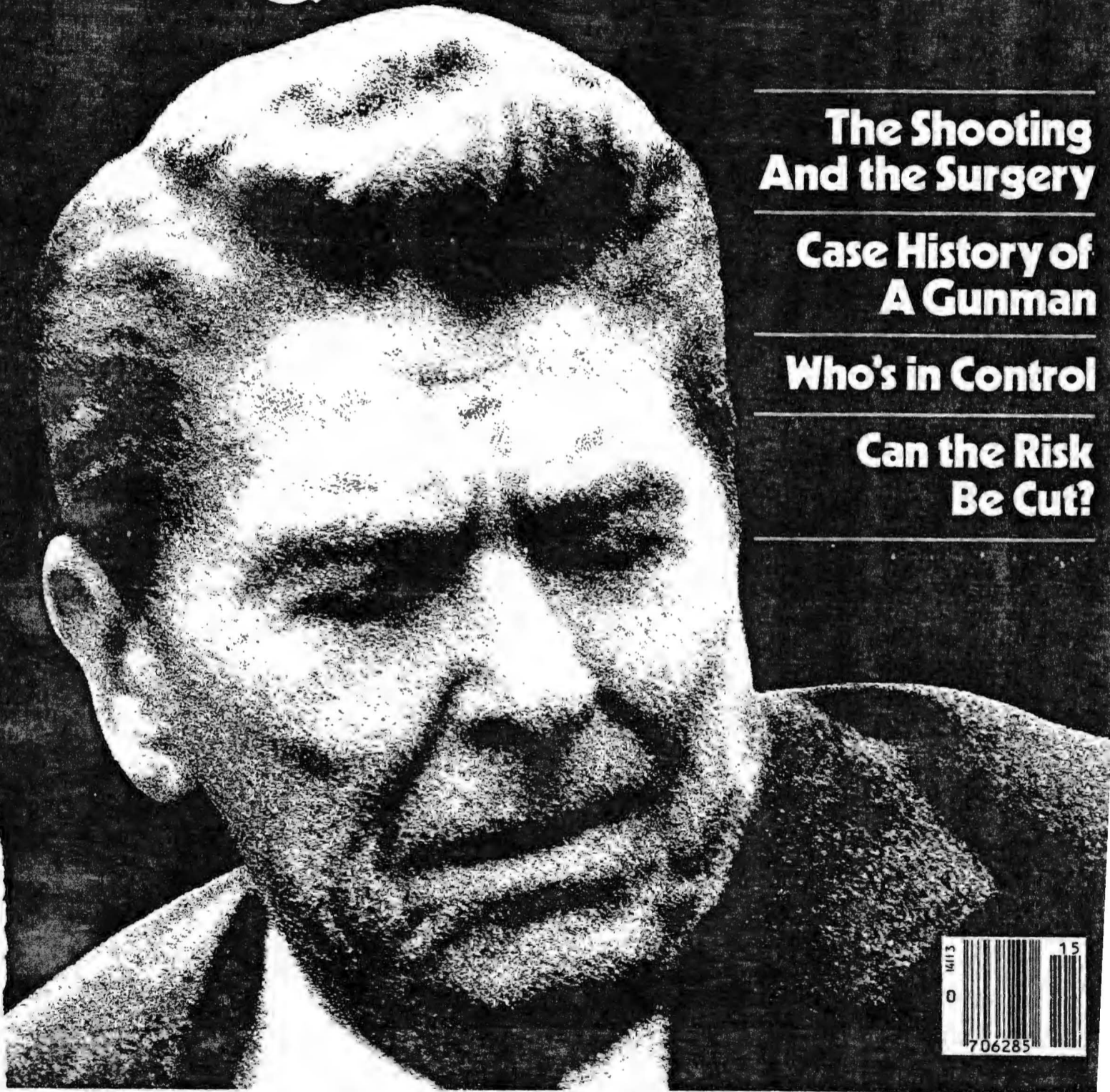
Reagan's Close Call

**The Shooting
And the Surgery**

**Case History of
A Gunman**

Who's in Control

**Can the Risk
Be Cut?**



Newsweek

The Shooting of



Photos by Ron Edmonds—AP

SPECIAL REPORT

the President



Sheldon Fieiman (cameraman)—NBC TV News







American Nightmare

And yet it goes on, and on, and on . . . Why?
—Robert F. Kennedy on the murder of
Martin Luther King, 1968

Suddenly, like a nightmare in instant replay, it was going on again: the faceless, rootless loner with a pistol and a lunatic mission washed up within shooting distance of the American Presidency and the American dream. Yet again, television screens burned with the sickening imagery of assassination—Ronald Reagan walking and waving through a misty Washington rain, a Saturday-night special pop-popping bullets out of a crowd, the bodies of White House press secretary James Brady and two lawmen blown hurt and bleeding to the sidewalk, the Secret Service slamming a stunned and wounded President into his limousine and racing against death to a hospital. The news this time was good for Reagan and the others, and the omens for their recovery were favorable. The most grievous wound of all was struck to the soul of a nation—the discovery that its public life is not yet safe from the fantasies of madmen or the shadow of the gun.

I Forgot to Duck: Whatever saving grace could be found in the carnage on T Street owed mainly to Reagan himself, grinning like the Sundance Kid into the face of death, and to the extraordinary resilience of the government he had inherited only 70 days before. The President walked into George Washington University Hospital on his own with his blood oozing away, an undetonated explosive bullet in his chest and his fighting spirit very much intact. "I forgot to duck," he kidded going into two hours of surgery. "All in all, I'd rather be in Philadelphia," he kidded again coming out. His sang-froid spread to his colleagues, gathered in the White House Situation Room to install Vice President George Bush as acting President had the need arisen. It did not. Reagan resumed some semblance of command within eighteen hours—and the government, in the insistent word of the White House, "did not skip a beat."

Yet the mere fact of the *attentat* by an overprivileged underachiever named John W. Hinckley Jr. was evidence enough that the eighteen-year death trip begun with the assassination of John F. Kennedy cannot yet be counted over. Hinckley, like most of his forebears in the American past, was the agent of no discernible cause larger than his own dementia—a Valium-dulled stew of rock songs, Nazi scriptures and an unrequited passion for the teen-age movie star Jodie Foster. But he is as well the child of the bloodiest generation in the history of America's public life and popular culture. JFK fell into the bull's-eye when Hinckley was 8, Malcolm X when he was 9, King when he was 12, Bobby when he was 13, George Wallace when he was 16, Gerald Ford when he was 20, Vernon Jordan and John Lennon when he was 25. He saved cuttings on some of them, and on their assailants, and read them to mean that murdering Reagan would be regarded—even honored—as a "historical deed."

He was wrong, of course; the disturbing lesson of the attempt on Reagan was not that Americans condone or encourage public violence but that they have grown numb to it. Hinckley did have his admirers in isolated pockets—the seventh-graders in Tulsa who cheered this TV shooting as they had J. R.'s on "Dallas" a year ago and the occasional callers to radio phone-in shows asserting that Reagan got what he deserved. What was more disquieting was the widespread that's-life acquiescence with which

Instant replay: A pistol spat bullets, a stunned and wounded President was slammed into his car—and, beyond a line of fallen bodies, lawmen pinned Hinckley to the wall

© Sebastiao Salgado Jr.—Magnum

many more Americans received the news and switched channels to something else, once the initial vertigo wore off and the medical bulletins turned favorable. "Nobody was shocked," said Frank Mankiewicz, the old Kennedy hand who now heads National Public Radio. "Suddenly, it goes with the territory. Everybody knows what presidents do: they run for office, they push bills through Congress, they make speeches—and they get shot at."

The swift return to what Reagan might call normalcy was due at least as much to his own iron-horse example, shaking off his wounds and his post-op pain as if he were 50 instead of 70 and chafing for his return to the White House as early as this week. "We could all say, 'Boy, that was a close one,'" said Jack Casey, a Detroit political consultant. "The President signaled to us that life goes on." For a day likely to live as long as his Presidency, he was the Duke defending the Alamo, Teddy Roosevelt taking a slug in the chest en route to a speech and waving away help until he had finished. His approval rating in an ABC News/Washington Post poll bounced 11 points, overnight, to 73 per cent. "General Patton or George Gipp couldn't have done it better," a Pittsburgh political scientist said. "He'll have an image of an almost mythic hero about him now."

He will need those resources and more in the weeks ahead, running the government from a sickbed through a particularly difficult passage. An Administration accustomed to running on delegated authority seemed to tick on nicely enough without him. But the crisis in Poland was heating dangerously near to what Reagan's men considered the flash point (page 62), with the President still in the hospital and his Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, freshly bruised by his rattled behavior in the first hours after the shooting. The Reagan economic package, moreover, was at a delicate moment of gestation. The

Senate voted during the week to cut the budget deeper, by \$2.8 billion, than Reagan had asked, and the Urban League's Jordan—himself scarred by sniper fire—pronounced it "no time to argue with a President." "Maybe the congressmen will feel sorry for me and pass my tax bill," Reagan told a visitor; still, he was champing to get back to work lest his program falter without him.

The Wrong Track: The less tangible danger was that John Hinckley had shot up more than a President and his retinue—that his .22-caliber Röhm RG-14 had wounded the American spirit as well at a moment when it had seemed so promisingly on the mend. In surveys by Reagan's polltaker Richard Wirthlin, public support for the view that the nation has somehow "gotten off on the wrong track" had dwindled sharply, from 77 per cent last June to 47 per cent only a fortnight ago. But the attempt on Reagan's life brought home how fragile that spirit is and how resigned Americans have become to periodic armed assaults on it. It has become a given that the open society cannot surely identify the dangerous men and women in its midst, or keep them from moving about at will, or even prevent them from buying weapons meant only for murder. With Reagan's wounding, Congress rang with impassioned cries for tightened gun control—and defeated whippers that, however popular, it will not pass.

To do nothing at all is to surrender to the possibility that the attempt on Reagan was not the last—that the shadow of the gun has become a deadly fact of American life. "Does anybody know what the guy's beef was?" Reagan mused, puzzling with the rest of the nation over the scrambled shards of John Hinckley's life. The real nightmare for America was that it didn't matter—that any crowd anywhere may conceal a tuned-out loser with a pistol in his pocket and a grievance to avenge in blood.

PETER GOLDMAN



Michael Evans—The White House



Reagan's Close Call

The cylinder spun, the hammer clicked and the little, snub-nosed revolver sprayed its chaos. Michael Deaver, deputy White House chief of staff, cringed like a man who had just felt death whistle past his neck. Press secretary James Brady pitched face down on the sidewalk, blood trickling through a grating. Policeman Thomas Delahanty spun around and then collapsed, a bullet in his neck, his hat flying through the air. One slug caught Secret Service agent Timothy McCarthy in the chest, lifting and dropping him in a limp bundle on the pavement. Another punched a tiny hole in the left side of the President of the United States, who was pushed into his car by agent Jerry Parr and sped away so fast that at first even Ronald Reagan didn't know he had been shot.

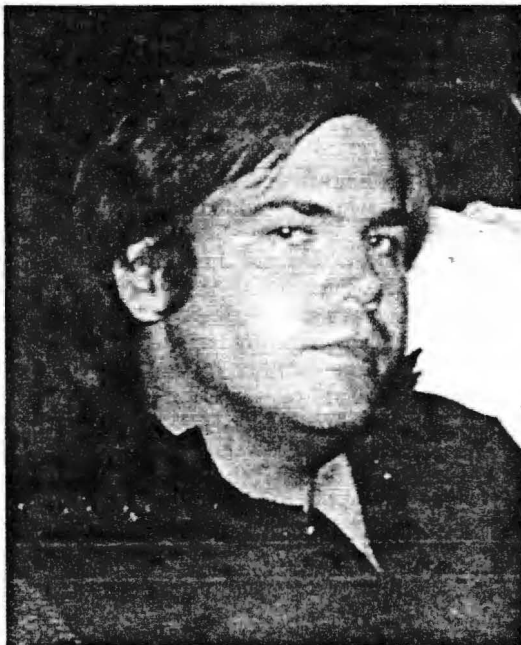
The day before the shooting, 25-year-old John Warnock Hinckley Jr., a child of the right gone wrong, arrived at the Greyhound Bus Terminal in Washington—just five long blocks from the White House. For a few moments Hinckley leaned on a pole in the terminal; then he sat down in a blue plastic chair. At about 12:15 p.m. he got into line at the terminal's Burger King. "A Whopper, cheese, no onions, and an order of onion rings," he snapped at waitress Linda Ross, slamming a \$5 bill down on the counter. When the waitress asked if the order was to go, he snarled, "I said it was for here." He grabbed his change and tray, retreated to a far corner and wolfed down the food. At 1 p.m. he made his way to the Park Central Hotel on Eighteenth Street, two blocks from the White House and less than one block from Secret Service headquarters. He paid \$42 for one night's rent on room 312, which had twin beds, ivory wallpaper, a brown carpet and a color TV. He went out again, then hunkered down for the night—and his grim appointment the next day with Ronald Reagan.

While Hinckley cruised the porn district four blocks from the White House, the President was spending a quiet evening in the family quarters at the White House. Next morning he got up, showered, put on a blue suit and tucked a white handkerchief neatly in his pocket. At 8:45 he entered the Oval Office for the day's first briefing with his top aides—White House chief of staff James Baker, deputy chief of staff Michael Deaver and White House

Nancy and a convalescing President: 'Honey, I forgot to duck'

counselor Edwin Meese. Richard Allen, the national-security adviser, went over the morning cables. Then his top Congressional lobbyist, Max Friedersdorf, gave him the morning line on Congress. The rest of the day looked to contain nothing more exciting than a meeting with David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan Bank and dinner with a few Cabinet officers.

Two blocks away, Hinckley got up, dressed and left the hotel. Outside, it was raining. Hinckley went to Kay's Sandwich Shoppe down the street from the Old Executive Office Building, sat on a stool and began to eat his breakfast. Back at room 312, the maid came in. She found Hinck-



John Ficarra—NEWSWEEK

Hinckley under arrest: A 'historical deed' for love

ley's clothes packed neatly in a suitcase, a little travel alarm clock and a TV guide—little more. Not long afterward, Hinckley returned. He sat down to compose a love letter to someone he had never met: Jodie Foster, an 18-year-old movie starlet who played a teen-age prostitute in the 1976 film "Taxi Driver" (box, page 35). "There is a definite possibility that I will be killed in my attempt to get Reagan," he wrote. "Jodie, I'm asking you to please look into your heart and at least give me the chance with this historical deed to gain your respect and love." The signature was equally inflamed: "I love you forever—John Hinckley."

The letter was dated 12:45 p.m. At 1:30, Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan arrived at the White House to escort Reagan

to the Washington Hilton Hotel for a speech to 3,500 AFL-CIO union delegates. The two politicians, self-made men of Irish roots and humor, spent the five-minute drive reminiscing about the 1980 New Jersey primary, in which Donovan had played a crucial role for Reagan. Donovan told the President an old New Jersey joke about a local pol demoted to superintendent of Municipal Weights and Measures. After his first day, reporters asked him, "Sir, how many ounces in a pound?" "Hey," he protested. "Give a guy a chance to learn his duties." The President's limousine parked outside the hotel's VIP entrance and Reagan strode in. He worked a reception line,

huddled with Donovan, Deaver and Brady in a VIP "holding room." Then he walked into the ballroom and gave a conventional little speech that ranged from his budget cuts to the work ethic to violent crime.

Fidgets: Hinckley got ready to make his move. Sometime after 1:15, when a room maid knocked and found him still in his room, he set off for the Washington Hilton. When he arrived, he took up a position in front of the curving stone wall that runs from the VIP entrance. "He was very fidgety, agitated," recalled Mike Dodson, a Pinkerton man working in the Agency for International Development across the street who noticed Hinckley as he waited for the President to emerge from the hotel. Reporters and cameramen, also waiting for Reagan, took up stations behind a red-velvet rope. The Secret Service did not screen the press crowd despite the fact that bystanders had made their way into it. A police lieutenant reportedly studied Hinckley for a while—but then looked away.

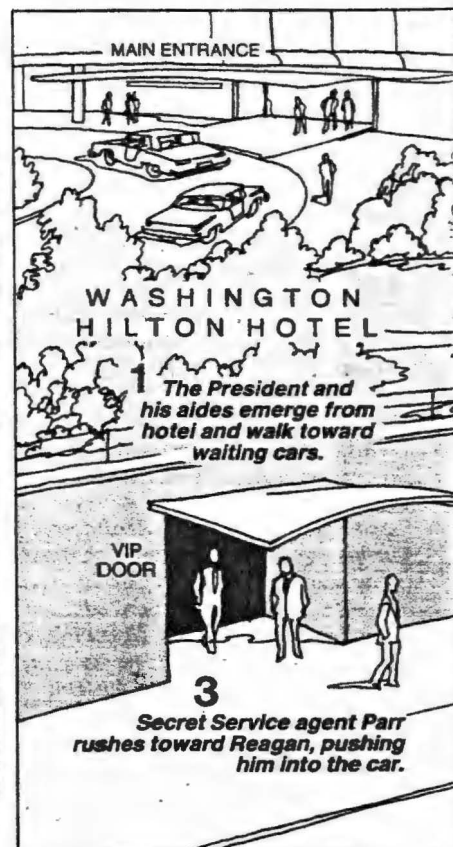
The leaky security upset Reagan's White House advance men. Rocky Kuonen pulled out a piece of paper and scribbled a diagram, reminding himself to sanitize the press cordon of bystanders before Reagan's next public stop. The precaution came too late. At 2:25 the President emerged from the VIP entrance into a misty rain. For convenience, his limousine was not parked directly in front of the entrance but 25 feet away so the motorcade could avoid the hotel's curving driveway and a circuitous exit as it pulled away.

As the Presidential party came out, Brady and Deaver swung left, headed for the staff car. Then Reagan stepped forward. Hoping to get in one quick question, Michael Putzel, an AP reporter, shouted, "Mr. President, Mr. President." The President smiled and raised his left arm in a cheery



Michael Evans—The White House

Moments before the shooting: The gunman is blocked from view by Officer Delahanty



wave. At that moment, Hinckley whipped out his gun, dropped to a crouch, took up a cop's professional, double-hand grip and opened fire. Reagan froze and went pale. "It was like looking at a person who has seen death reflected in his eyes," said Mickey Crowe, 24, a trembling demonstrator who had come to protest Reagan's pro-nuclear-energy stance. "All I can remember is his expression. It was like a guy saying: 'I'm in a moment of helplessness'."

Shield: Within two seconds, Hinckley emptied his gun, firing six shots in all. The little revolver made a deceptively innocent popping sound. "Firecrackers," thought Kuonen, who had seen heavier fire in Vietnam. At the first pop, Parr, 50, head of the White House Secret Service detail, reached forward and grabbed the startled President. Doubling Reagan over to reduce his target profile, Parr then hunched over him as a human shield and slammed him to the floor of the limousine. Even so, one of Hinckley's shots, caroming off the car's armor, tore a hole in Reagan's suit, pierced his body, traveled several inches down his side, bounced off a rib, punctured his left lung and came to rest just 3 inches from his heart. He felt nothing at first. "The car pulled out with the President looking back," said William Middleton, an architect who was standing nearby. "I think it was just the people standing in front of him that saved him."

As the President's motorcade roared down Connecticut Avenue, the radio ("Horsepower") in room W-16, the Secret Service command post at the White House, crackled to life. "Shots fired," reported an agent in "Halfback," the President's

follow-up limousine. "'Rawhide' returning to 'Crown,'" he added, signaling that Reagan was on his way back to the White House. "Rawhide not hurt, repeat, not hurt," Parr said a few seconds later. In the President's car, Reagan felt his side gingerly. He was having trouble breathing. "It felt like a hammer hit me," Reagan later described the sensation. He began to cough up red blood and agent Parr recognized it as oxygenated blood from the lungs. He directed the driver to change course. Grabbing the car radio, Parr said "Horsepower." Parr. Going to George Washington University Hospital. Notify hospital Rawhide en route."

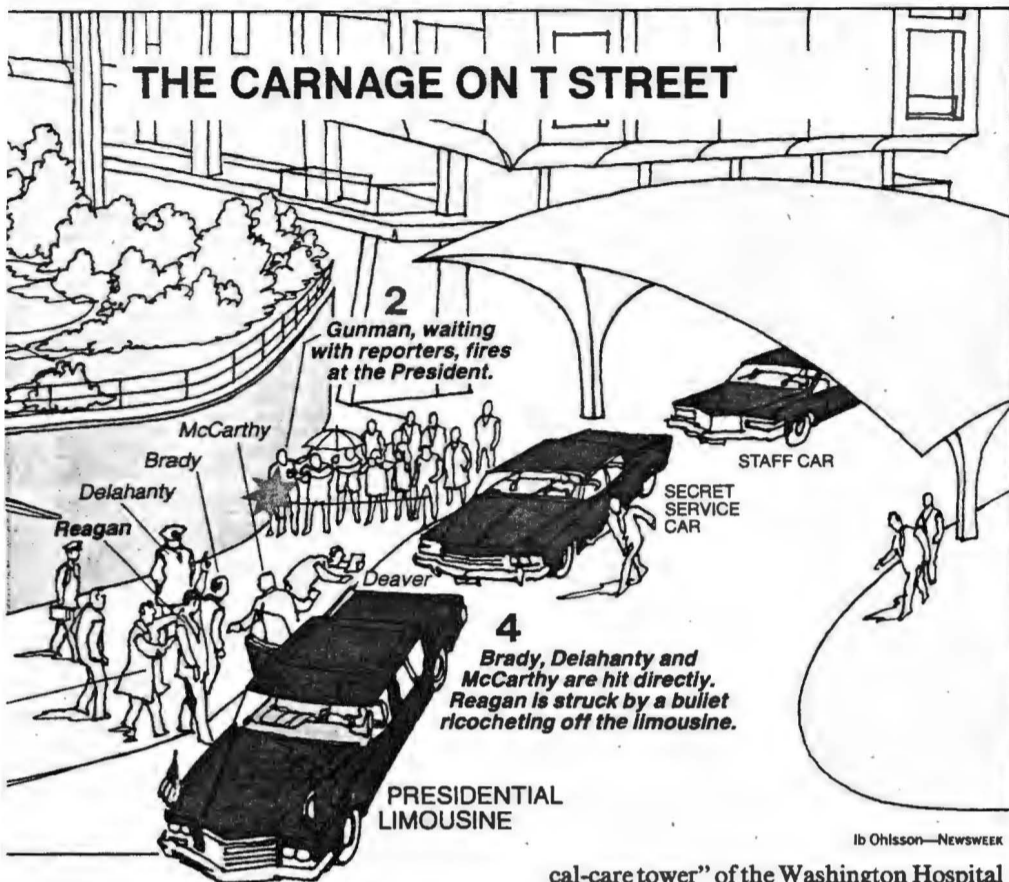
From a window in a building across the street from the Washington Hilton, Wilma Criviski watched as the President's motorcade screamed away, leaving the bodies of three men on the ground. Rushing to a front office, she grabbed a phone, dialed 911 and cried to the emergency dispatcher: "We need an ambulance at the Washington Hilton Hotel; people have been shot in the street." Brady was face down, bleeding into a steel grating and tended to by a Secret Service agent who laid his gun to rest next to Brady's wounded head. Delahanty, a policeman who normally works a different beat but was assigned to Reagan because his guard dog Kirk was sick that day, also lay on the ground groaning in agony. Agent McCarthy lay silent.

The smell of burnt powder filled the air. Alfred Antonucci, 68, a burly, 5-foot 2-inch union representative from Cleveland, tackled Hinckley. Police, hotel security guards and Secret Service men brandishing their weapons also piled on. "There were

eight or nine people leaping on this one guy," said Dan Coffey, a mortgage agent. "It seemed like forever before they got him under control." After several minutes of struggling, the officers clapped handcuffs on Hinckley, pulled his coat up over his head as a makeshift straitjacket and hustled him off to metropolitan police headquarters. Three ambulances arrived and hauled away Brady, Delahanty and McCarthy. Looking at the bloody bandages left on the sidewalk, Garnet Chapin, 32, a Reagan advance man during the 1980 campaign who was in town to apply for a job at the Interior Department, said with a groan, "I know it's impossible to completely protect him . . . I was with him from Philly to Flint. Now I'm in Washington and I see this." Tears welled in his eyes. "Damn, damn," he cursed softly.

'Code Room': Within a few minutes the President's motorcade screamed into the emergency entrance of George Washington University Hospital, twelve blocks from the Washington Hilton Hotel. As two Secret Service agents hovered close by, Reagan got out, walked about 15 yards to the emergency room, then staggered and was grabbed by the agents. "His eyes rolled upward and his knees started to buckle," said Roberto Hernandez, 26, a paramedic. "I thought he was having a heart attack. I thought we were losing him." Hernandez took the President by the feet, and the agents hoisted him gently under the arms and carried him—faint but still conscious—to the "code room," a 10- by 20-foot space where the worst emergency cases are treated. "Let's get some oxygen on him," yelled a doctor as the hospital's trauma team

THE CARNAGE ON T STREET



Ib Ohlsson—NEWSWEEK

swung into action (page 45). Hernandez leaned over Reagan and whispered "They'll take care of you, Mr. President."

Another ambulance wailed up to the emergency room and Brady was wheeled into the room next to Reagan. A curtain was drawn between them. A few seconds later a third ambulance pulled up with McCarthy. (Deahanty was taken to the "criti-

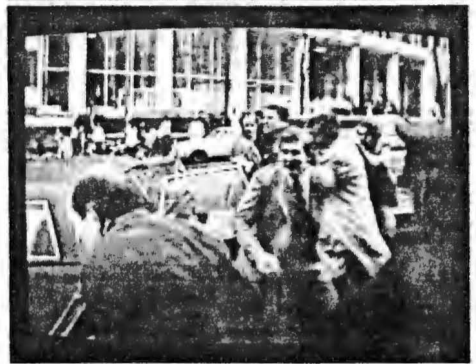
cal-care tower" of the Washington Hospital Center.) McCarthy was lying on his side, clutching his abdomen. "Are you still with us?" asked a colleague. "Oh yeah, I'm still with you," McCarthy said with a grimace. In Chicago, McCarthy's mother and sister flicked on their TV, saw the first tapes of the shooting, and wept. When Hinckley began shooting, McCarthy had stepped into the line of fire, perhaps saving Reagan's life. "He knew the job had risks," said his

Six shots: Parr shoves Reagan into limo, McCarthy is hit and Deaver (below) ducks

Dirck Halstead



SPECIAL REPORT



Photos by Sheldon Fielman (cameraman)—NBC TV News



Dirck Halstead

After the President's escape: Uzi-toting agent guards Hinckley as others attend Brady



© Sebastiao Saigado Jr.—Magnum

Evidence: An agent holds the attacker's gun

father, Norman, a Chicago cop. "He knew the dangers."

Meanwhile, from the Washington Hilton lobby, David Proseri, 27, a White House press aide left behind by the retreating Presidential motorcade, flashed the word of the shooting to the White House. Mistakenly, he told deputy press secretary Larry Speakes that Reagan had not been hit. Speakes bolted into the hallway outside the press office, collared Presidential assistant David Gergen and delivered the news of the shooting. "Oh my God," Gergen thought. "Not again." The two men raced along the colonnade by the Rose Garden to the South Lawn. Seeing that Reagan's motorcade had failed to return, they ran into Baker's West Wing office. "Do you know what's happened?" Gergen blurted out. "Somebody's tried to shoot the President—and Brady's been hit."

'Oh, Gosh': Baker made a dash for the Secret Service command post. When Meese was alerted, he "went totally white," said an aide. A few minutes later Deaver called from the hospital with a garbled report: Brady and a Secret Service agent had been shot, but the President had only a bruised rib. Scribbling a "Do not hang up" sign on a sheet of paper, White House aides attached it to the phone and kept the line open to the hospital. (It took 40 minutes to install secure White House communications to the hospital.) Five minutes later Deaver was back with a grimmer report: "It looks like the President has been nicked," he said; a D.C. cop had been

gunned-down; Brady's wound was to the brain. Suddenly, Deaver gasped. "Oh, gosh, here they come," he said, as Brady was wheeled by on a stretcher. "It doesn't look good for Jim," Deaver said quietly.

Baker's immediate problem was to determine whether Reagan had been incapacitated—and whether to transfer Presidential power to Vice President George Bush under the terms of the 25th Amendment. Baker asked Deaver to put Dr. Daniel Ruge, Reagan's personal physician, on the phone. Ruge reported that the President had a small bullet puncture in his chest and had lost 3 or 4 pints of blood; he called his condition "stable." Just then, one of Baker's other phones rang. Secretary of State Alexander Haig was on the line. Baker told him Reagan had been hit. "You know it's important how we handle this as far as the world is concerned," Haig said. "I quite agree with you," Baker replied. Before taking any action, however, Baker and Meese wanted to go to the hospital. At Deaver's suggestion, the two worried aides went first to the White House family quarters to persuade Nancy Reagan not to go to the hospital. "A lot of people had been shot: there was a lot of blood," said an aide. "It was his view that it wasn't the best place for her to be."

They were too late. Returning from a lunch in Georgetown, the First Lady had learned of the shooting from her chief of staff and a Secret Service agent. She immediately rushed to the hospital. She did not know that her husband had been shot.

"He's all right, he's all right," she cried as she jumped from her car and sprinted to the emergency room. A Secret Service agent told her otherwise. "He's taken a bullet—but he's all right," the agent said. "Honey, I forgot to duck," Reagan told her. She leaned over and kissed him. As the President's bed was wheeled into the operating room, the doctors gently stopped the First Lady from entering. Looking up, Reagan caught a glimpse of Meese, Deaver and Baker. "Who's minding the store?" he said with a wink as the orderlies wheeled him into surgery. Looking up at the surgeons, Reagan quipped, "I hope you're all Republicans." "Today, everyone's a Republican," one doctor rejoined.

Rumors: Reassured by the preliminary guess of the doctors that Reagan's prognosis was good, Baker, Deaver and Meese saw no immediate need to invoke the 25th Amendment. But for a time it looked like no one was minding the store very coherently. Back at the White House, the stripped-down staff wallowed in rumors. It took nearly an hour before White House communications director Frank Ursomar so announced that Reagan had been shot. There was weeping when all three networks broadcast a false report that Brady had died. Speakes finally emerged and crushed the rumor. "There was a lack of precise information to say the least," says Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, the first Cabinet officer to arrive on scene.

The Administration began to pull itself

SPECIAL REPORT

together. Haig, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, Attorney General William French Smith and CIA chief William Casey all rushed to the White House. The President's men gathered in the basement Situation Room (code name: Cement Mixer). Meese and Baker left before they went to the hospital that Haig, as the senior Cabinet officer, should run the Situation Room, overseeing such duties as assembling the entire Cabinet should it be necessary to invoke the 25th Amendment later. Says Baker, "We did everything we had to do to take action if action was required."

Alert: Even so, Haig managed to stumble into one stinging set of nettles. As he was sitting in the Situation Room, he glanced up at the television and heard a reporter ask deputy press secretary Speakes whether U.S. military forces had been put on alert. "Not that I'm aware," Speakes replied. Haig feared that the press might misinterpret the vague report. "Come on, come with me," he told national-security adviser Allen. Without telling anyone where he was going, Haig took Allen in tow, raced up a flight of stairs and stalked into the White House press room.

For a take-charge leader, Haig made a rather clumsy entrance. Unannounced, sweating heavily from the run upstairs, his voice quavering, he announced that the appropriate Cabinet officials were in the Situation Room, that Vice President Bush was aware of the crisis, that U.S. allies had been notified as well and that no military alert was on. Down in the Situation Room, Wein-



Dirck Halstead

An ambulance for Brady: Miraculous progress after the networks pronounced him dead

berger looked up absently at the television set and asked, "What's that old tape of Al running for?" He had no idea that Haig was upstairs on live TV.

But Haig got his facts wrong—and overstepped his authority. When a reporter asked who was making the decisions for the White House he replied: "Constitutionally, gentlemen, you have the President, the Vice President and the Secretary of

State in that order, and should the President decide he wants to transfer the helm to the Vice President, he will do so. I am in control here in the White House pending the return of the Vice President. If something came up, I would check with him, of course."

In fact, the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tempore of the Senate follow the President and Vice President

Hinckley's Last Love Letter

Dear Jodie:

There is a definite possibility that I will be killed in my attempt to get Reagan. It is for this very reason that I am writing you this letter now.

As you well know by now, I love you very much. The past seven months I have left you dozens of poems, letters and messages in the faint hope you would develop an interest in me.

Although we talked on the phone a couple of times, I never had the nerve to simply approach you and introduce myself. Besides my shyness, I honestly did not wish to bother you . . . I know the many messages left at your door and in your mailbox were a nuisance, but I felt it was the most painless way for me to express my love to you.

I feel very good about the fact you at least know my name and how I feel about you. And by hanging around your dormitory I've come to realize that I'm the topic of more than a little conver-

sation, however full of ridicule it may be. At least you know that I'll always love you.

Jodie, I would abandon this idea of getting Reagan in a second if I could only win your heart and live out the rest of my life with you, whether it be in total obscurity or whatever. I will admit to you that the reason I'm going ahead with this attempt now is because I just cannot wait any longer to impress you. I've got to do something now to make you understand in no uncertain terms that I am doing all of this for your sake. By sacrificing my freedom and possibly my life I hope to change your mind about me. This letter is being written an hour before I leave for the Hilton Hotel.

Jodie, I'm asking you to please look into your heart and at least give me the chance with this historical deed to gain your respect and love.

I love you forever.

(signed) John Hinckley



Steve Schapiro—Transworld

Foster as a prostitute in 'Taxi Driver'

SPECIAL REPORT



Larry Downing—NEWSWEEK



James Knowles—Sipa-Black Star

Baker, Meese and Deaver watch Bush on the air: 'The President has emerged with flying colors'

in the legal order of succession. And it is Weinberger, not Haig, who is in charge of the emergency military commands in the absence of Reagan and Bush. To make matters worse, Weinberger had just called Gen. David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to order a low-level increase in military readiness on the ground that no one knew whether the attack on the President had been an isolated incident or a conspiracy. When Haig returned and asked everyone to make sure that their actions squared with his statement, Weinberger refused to rescind his order, making it clear that he thought Haig was overstepping his authority. "You better read your Constitution," Haig snapped. There was a sharp exchange—Weinberger's office later denied leaked details—and finally the flap blew over. A few hours later the readiness order was lifted.

Reassurance: During that time the White House press corps grumbled angrily over the chaos around them. Finally, a senior Administration hand took aside a reporter friend and asked wily, "What should we be doing that we aren't doing?" "Continuity of government," the reporter snapped. "Get someone out here to reassure everyone." That role fell first to Dr. Dennis S. O'Leary, the articulate and unflappable dean of Clinical Affairs and public spokesman for the hospital, who reported that Reagan had "sailed through" surgery.

Bush also emerged as a calming force. At the time of the shooting, he was in Ft. Worth, Texas, where he had spoken to a convention of cattlemen. He was bound for Austin to address a joint session of the state leg-

islature. As Bush's plane took off, special agent Ed Pollard told a Bush aide, "There has been an attempt on the President and two agents are down." At that moment, the plane started to climb, and Bush didn't get the word until the pilot leveled off. "Two Secret Service men are down," Bush said. "Don't you know how awful he [Pollard] must feel?"

A few minutes later Haig phoned, telling Bush to return to Washington and that a coded teletype message was on its way to Bush's plane. The television in the plane was tuned to ABC, and at 3:11 p.m. the Vice President of the United States, like millions of other shocked Americans, first learned that Reagan, too, had been shot. At 3:19, the coded message arrived confirming the news.

The Vice President's plane (code name: Treasureship) landed in Austin at 3:25 to refuel for the flight to Washington. House Majority Leader James Wright flew back with the Vice President. Bush invited

Wright to the forward compartment to talk. "He conducted himself in an atmosphere of total calm," Wright said later. He told Bush a story about Vice President Harry Truman on the day that Franklin D. Roosevelt died. Truman was with House Speaker Sam Rayburn when he was summoned to the White House. "Harry, you must be President now," Rayburn said. "Sam, I can't do it," Truman replied. "Mr. President," Rayburn said evenly, "You've got to do it." The plane landed and taxied into a hangar for security. Before Bush boarded the chopper, a Secret Service agent handed him a bullet-resistant raincoat.

Allies: Landing on the grounds of the Naval Observatory, the Vice President's official quarters, Bush found Meese waiting to escort him to the White House. Bush went directly to the Situation Room. Everyone there stood up as he walked in, and he sat down at the head of the conference table. "All right, bring me up to date," he said. "How is the President?" He was briefed on Reagan's condition and the messages Haig had sent to U.S. allies. Weinberger reviewed the military situation, reporting that there had been no unusual military movements warranting a U.S. response.

The meeting was low key, calm. Once or twice Bush propped his feet on the table as he talked. The briefing over, he left to address the networks. The President "has emerged from this experience with flying colors and with most optimistic prospects for a complete recovery," he said. "I can reassure this nation and the watching world that the American Government is functioning fully and effectively." The Vice President then left to pay

Haig briefing the press: 'Read your Constitution'

Courtesy NBC TV News



SPECIAL REPORT

a call on Nancy Reagan. She had spent the hours during Reagan's operation with Jim Brady's wife, Sarah, and Timothy McCarthy's wife, Carolyn, in an office on the second floor of George Washington University Hospital. She also prayed in the chapel. Four hours after the shooting, Reagan was wheeled into the recovery room, draped in a bright orange blanket. He stayed there until 6:15 the next morning.

Progress Notes: Reagan's performance in the recovery room may have been his finest starring role. He had a tube in his throat and couldn't talk easily. He called for a clipboard, and on a pad of pink paper he began to dash off "progress notes." "I'd like to do this scene again—starting at the hotel," he wrote, convulsing the nurses and staff. For a time, he fell into a fitful sleep. Waking, he grabbed the pad and wrote, "I'm still alive aren't I?" Around midnight he once again reached for his writing gear and scribbled, "Winston Churchill said there is no more exhilarating feeling than being shot without result." At 1:30, in a sardonic reference to his respirator, he wrote, "Send me to L.A. where I can see the air I'm breathing." At 2:20, he passed a note to his round-the-clock nurses that said, "If I knew I had such talent for this, I'd have tried it sooner."

At 3 a.m., the doctors took the tube out of the President's throat, and he could finally talk.

"How long will it take to heal?" he asked one of the nurses.

"Ten days to two weeks," she replied.

"I always heal fast," he said.

"Keep up the good work," she told him.

"You mean this may happen several more times?" he asked in mock dismay.

Then the President turned serious. "I heard three or four rounds," he said. "Did anybody else get hit?" There was an awkward silence. David Fischer, the President's personal aide, had instructed them not to let on about the seriousness of Brady's wound or the suffering of McCarthy and Delahanty, explaining that Reagan had very intense feelings about the people around him and would be deeply upset—and perhaps set back in his recovery—by the bad news. Through the night the doctors respected the advice—and evaded the President's questions.

Through the day of the shooting and all through the night, the President's family and friends murmured prayers and rallied round him. "I was almost sure that something like this would happen; it's about time the courts decide the fun is over," said the President's brother, Neil Reagan, 72. The President's son Ron, 22, flew in from Lincoln, Neb., where

he was dancing with the Joffrey II Ballet. An Air Force jet brought Maureen, 39, Michael, 35, and Patti, 28, in from California. Billy Graham arrived; so did Frank Sinatra, who paid a quiet call on the First Lady at the White House to avoid publicity. Queen Elizabeth and the Pope sent comforting words—as did Leonid Brezhnev and Fidel Castro.

Early the next morning, Reagan redeemed the faith of his men, who had decided against invoking the 25th Amendment. Around 6:45 a.m., Meese, Deaver and Baker found the President propped up in bed, brushing his teeth. "I should have known I wasn't going to avoid a staff meeting," he said, adding to Deaver, the keeper of his time, "I've really screwed up the schedule." When the three counselors assured him soberly that the business of government was going on as usual, Reagan fixed them with a Western eye and said, "What makes you think I'd be happy about that?"

Signature: The President still had an intravenous needle in his right arm and tubes in his nose; but he seemed eager to get back to work. The aides had brought along a bill restricting Federal price supports for dairy products. It represented Reagan's first real legislative victory. When they asked gingerly if he wanted to sign it, he said, "Would I ever."

Using his breakfast tray for a table, he scrawled a wobbly signature and sent the bill on its way. Later that morning, when Maureen dropped by, Reagan promised her that he would fly to California in three weeks for her wedding, then visit President José López Portillo of Mexico. Maybe, said the doctor, adding that the President wouldn't be anywhere near a horse for two months. Vetoing the sawbones, Reagan grinned at his daughter and held up a finger for one month.

The good vibrations were broken shortly after noon when Dr. Ruge came in to the President's comfortable, \$234-a-day room. The First Lady and aides had refused to give Reagan a newspaper because they didn't want him to read about Brady's con-



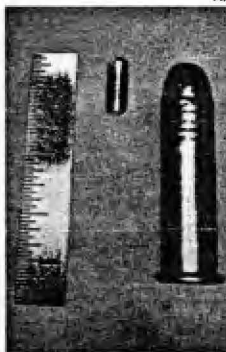
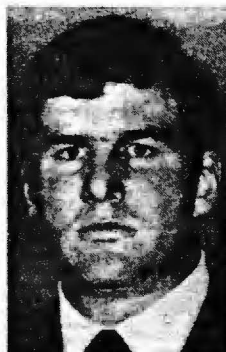
Dr. O'Leary: Reassuring an anxious nation

dition. As gently as he could, Ruge finally filled him in. "Oh, damn. Oh, damn," Reagan blurted, his eyes filling with tears. "Did it go into the brain?" Told that the bullet had indeed pierced Brady's brain, Reagan said, "Oh, dear, what's the prognosis?" The doctor told him that Brady might be partially paralyzed. "We've got to pray," Reagan said. When told about McCarthy and Delahanty, he said quietly, "That means four bullets hit. Good Lord."

Telegrams: As Reagan settled down to his convalescence, the First Lady bravely kept up her outward composure, but she was suffering deeply. While she had worried constantly about Reagan's safety when he was governor of California, she had hoped that his massive electoral popularity last

November would somehow help protect him. For the first three days she slept little. Between catnaps she would wake, write in her diary and nibble fruit; but she lost several pounds. She brought her husband a picture of them kissing at the Inauguration so he wouldn't "forget what I looked like." During the day she set up shop in a room next to the President's. She was surrounded by boxes containing thousands of telegrams. She comforted other friends who

McCarthy, Delahanty: A bullet called the Devastator



SPECIAL REPORT

phoned, and winnowed through get-well gifts for items to cheer the President. Perhaps the most successful was a giant horse head made of chrysanthemums—with a mane of jelly beans.

Reagan improved steadily: progressing from Jell-O to chicken soup, carrot sticks and homemade coconut ice cream, his favorite. But even as the atmosphere started to brighten, the FBI placed an urgent call to the doctors treating Delahanty. The FBI lab had determined that Hinckley had been firing particularly vicious exploding bullets called Devastators that fragmented on impact. FBI technicians warned that the slug lodged in Delahanty's neck near his spinal cord might still contain a live charge and explode. Delahanty's physicians had intended to leave it in place, avoiding an operation that might injure his spinal nerves and paralyze him. They explained the new danger to Delahanty and he agreed to an operation. A volunteer team of neurosurgeons, avoiding the hot cauterizing instruments normally used—for fear of setting off the Devastator—succeeded in extracting the slug, and the crisis passed.

Letters: As the days wore on, the President made a remarkably swift recovery, set back only by a temporary fever. The First Lady brought him his slippers and robe and he did some walking: 50 yards or so at first. The last hospital tubes were removed, and the White House allowed a first, postoperative photograph. After his first full eight hours of sleep, Reagan got back to matters of state. He received a National Security Council briefing. Haig gave him a preflight rundown on his trip to the Middle East, and Reagan dictated letters

for Haig to carry to Israel, Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia. Weinberger briefed Reagan on his trip this week to a NATO meeting in Europe on nuclear policy. It was business-almost-as-usual—under very trying circumstances (page 39).

The suffering of Brady, Delahanty and McCarthy cast a pall over what might have been a happy ending to the crisis. But the others also began to improve. By the end of the week, when a doctor asked Brady what he did for a living, he said, "I answer questions." And when the doctor asked for whom, the fallen press secretary replied quickly, "For anyone who asks them." Informed of the progress of the others, Reagan said, "Oh that's great news, just great news, especially about Jim," then broke up callers by quipping, "We'll have to get four bedpans and have a reunion." Later he was visited by McCarthy. "When your children come, tell them that their father put himself between me and that guy," Reagan told the wounded agent. "I'm proud that there are guys around here to take those kinds of jobs."

While the victims were mending, the FBI was attending to Hinckley. The day of the shooting, a ten-car police motorcade hustled him from D.C. police headquarters to the FBI's Washington field office on the Anacostia River called Buzzards Point. While the G-men interrogated him, lawyers at the office of Charles F. C. Ruff, U.S. attorney for the District of Columbia, began to draw up the charges against him. The goal of the prosecutors was to present evidence showing that Hinckley had attempted to kill Reagan, not just wound him. The distinction was important. The maximum penalty for simply assaulting the President is \$10,000 and ten years in jail;

the penalty for attempted murder is life imprisonment. Hinckley was also charged for shooting agent McCarthy, another Federal crime, and he could still be indicted for assaulting Brady and Delahanty.

Around 10:30 on the day of the shooting, the Feds brought Hinckley to a Federal court for a bail hearing. Security was tight. Court stenographers, lawyers, employees and even the cleaning women all had to pass through a metal detector. FBI director William Webster sat in the courtroom ("It was on my watch," he said). Federal magistrate Arthur L. Burnett explained Hinckley's rights to him and asked if he understood the charges against him. "Yes, sir," Hinckley said softly, showing no emotion. Did he have a job? "No, sir." Any dependents? "No, sir." Could he pay \$1,000 as a down payment or retainer to a lawyer? "No, sir." So the judge appointed two court lawyers to represent him.

Rocky's Pawn Shop: Ruff argued that Hinckley was a drifter who should be held without bail. "This is not a man with a clean record," he said. The previous October, Ruff said, Hinckley had been arrested at the airport in Nashville, Tenn., for packing two .22-caliber handguns and a .38 revolver. Jimmy Carter was in town that day at Opryland, but no one had drawn any connections; he was fined \$50 and his guns were confiscated. Just four days later in Dallas he had bought two more .22-caliber Saturday-night specials at Rocky's Pawn Shop on East Elm Street—not far from where John F. Kennedy was shot. Later in Denver, Hinckley had purchased a new .38. Not long afterward he had set off on a three-day cross-country bus trip that had brought him to Washington—and his deadly appointment with the President.

The outline of Hinckley's odyssey was enough for the judge. He agreed to hold him temporarily without bail (to do so permanently might have violated the suspect's constitutional rights). Hinckley was led away and taken to the brig at the U.S. Marine Corps base in Quantico, Va., where he was clapped into a 6- by 10-foot cell under round-the-clock guard. Later, his father hired the respected Washington law firm of Williams & Connolly to represent him.

The immediate question was whether Hinckley was mentally competent to stand trial. A psychiatrist from Washington's Department of Human Resources examined him and tentatively found him fit to stand trial. A magistrate ordered a more thorough examination. Then Hinckley, wearing a bulletproof vest, was flown by helicopter to the Federal Correctional Institution near Durham, N.C., where he was put in isolation for his own protection while he undergoes psychiatric evaluation. It was likely to be a long time before he stands trial. But Hinckley, the glum wanderer who had never amounted to much, had already found his niche.

TOM MATHEWS and the Washington bureau

Tears and anger: The President's brother, Neil, daughter Maureen



SPECIAL REPORT



Karl Schumacher—The White House

Bush runs a Cabinet meeting from the Vice President's chair: A carefully concerted campaign to demonstrate 'business as usual'



Who's Minding the Store

Amid the gaiety of his 70th birthday party at the White House in February, Ronald Reagan suddenly leaned over to Barbara Bush to ask "a very personal question" about the Vice President. "Is George happy with his job?" Reagan asked. "I just want to be sure he's doing enough. If the awful-awful should happen, George should know everything." Reagan's concern seemed particularly prophetic last week as George Bush moved confidently to assume many of the wounded President's official obligations—presiding over Cabinet meetings, promoting the Reagan budget, posing with foreign dignitaries. But in a concerted campaign of gestures and interviews, Bush and White House aides insisted that Reagan himself remains in control and that throughout the Administration it is very much "business as usual."

Although controversy still swirled around Secretary of State Alexander Haig (page 40), the Administration was running fairly smoothly, largely because of Reagan's longstanding style of leadership—more 9-to-5 board chairman than chief operating officer. Daily business is directed by Reagan's three top aides—White House counselor Edwin Meese III, chief of staff James A. Baker III and deputy chief of staff Michael K. Deaver. "All the critical aspects of government remain the same," says one senior staffer. Says another: "If we have to have a decision, that's when we go over [to see Reagan]. But a President is not called on to make a decision every day."

Reagan is kept informed on the most serious matters. He received at least one

visit a day from Meese, Baker and Deaver (usually together) last week and got a written briefing every morning as well from national-security adviser Richard V. Allen. He also received a series of "summary decision memos"—short reports on policy meetings he was not able to attend—and a daily log of Congressional activities. At

Bush pinch-hits for the President, but Reagan's three top aides remain firmly in control of things.

the George Washington University Hospital, Reagan's suite became the heart of a ten-room White House annex. Special communications gear was installed, and Reagan's longtime personal secretary, Helene von Damm, set up a desk for the duration of his stay. Less than fourteen hours after his surgery, Reagan signed in wobbly script a bill to block an increase in dairy-

Convalescent bill-signing: No auto-pen

price supports. He also approved a number of Presidential appointments during the week and an Executive order slashing duty-free imports. "Anything of consequence is going to him," says a senior staffer.

Milkshake Crisis: Bush picked up the President's public duties tactfully and smoothly, combining much of Reagan's daily schedule with his own and canceling all out-of-town trips (although he did plan to fill in for the President at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama this week). Bush received a daily national-security briefing at the White House from the NSC's Allen, presided over several Cabinet meetings and did not hesitate to order additional staff work. He met with Congressional leaders and made a personal trip to Capitol Hill to talk up the Reagan budget (page 72)—a subject he pressed as well with 40 visiting labor leaders. Bush also met with Polish Deputy Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Jagielski and announced the Administration's decision to provide new aid to crisis-torn Poland (page 62). His new schedule caused only one minor problem—a digestive *crise* after Bush bolted down some pepperoni pizza and a milkshake for dinner late one night. "I didn't sleep too well," he laughed the next day.

Bush is careful to clear things with Meese and Baker. "I want to do what I can and I want to do it through you," the Vice President told Reagan's senior aides on the morning after the shooting, and he maintained his deferential posture throughout the week. "On anything major," reports one Reagan man, "the Vice President always says, 'We'd better discuss that with

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the President.' Bush tried to avoid any inadvertent self-aggrandizement; he ran Cabinet meetings from the Vice President's seat, conducted business in the Vice President's offices and even posed with Poland's Jagielski so as to avoid having the White House loom up symbolically behind him.

For all the deft coping, Reagan's condition did cause some delays in the affairs of state. A number of military appointments were postponed, as were several previously scheduled briefing sessions for Reagan. The President's men even suspended use of the

"auto-pen" that automatically signs routine letters, notes and photographs in Reagan's hand. The White House also delayed the scheduled announcement by Reagan of a regulatory relief package for the nation's ailing auto industry—and of a "briefing mission" to Tokyo, headed by U.S. Trade Representative William E. Brock, aimed at cutting Japanese auto imports.

Friction? At the weekend there was a report of "discord" between the two top White House staffers. At first they laughed—"You'll be surprised to learn we have friction," Baker told Meese—but they were also disturbed by the report, particu-

larly because of the trouble with Haig. White House sources insist there has been no friction among the Big Three—Meese, Baker and Deaver. "If any one of them has a strong view on anything, the other two go along," said one insider. "Their desire to cooperate is so extreme that the only question they ever ask is, 'What's best for the President?'" During his convalescence, more than ever, Ronald Reagan must rely on that kind of dedication to keep his Administration running smoothly.

DAVID M. ALPERN with THOMAS M. DeFRANK,
ELEANOR CLIFT and JAMES DOYLE
in Washington

'I Am In Control Here'

With the President undergoing surgery and the Vice President rushing back from Texas, Ronald Reagan's Cabinet assembled in the situation room of the White House. Suddenly, Alexander Haig bolted from the room. "What's he doing?" asked startled aides. "Where's he going?" A few minutes later Haig was on nationwide television, his voice quavering, his face ashen. "I am in control here..." he proclaimed. But he clearly wasn't—and once again he had plunged himself into conflict with his own Administration colleagues. This time Haig's embarrassing performance threatened to undercut his authority abroad as he embarked on his first foreign mission to the Middle East. The gaffe also raised a new round of doubts about Haig's coolness under fire and heightened speculation that he could not long survive as Secretary of State.

Even Haig's friends were taken aback by the televised discomfiture of the four-star general who had steered Richard Nixon through his last crisis. "I've never seen him like that before," said a State Department colleague who has known Haig for years. "He was cracking emotionally." In Congressional cloakrooms even his Republican allies complained about Haig's four-minute torrent of what one called "dingbat" misstatements on the Presidential succession and the state of military readiness. "I can understand his perception of the need to reassure," said Democratic Sen. Joseph Biden, a persistent Haig critic. "But the Secretary's action had an entirely opposite effect."

'Contact Point': As the devastating reviews poured in, the Administration moved to limit the damage to its senior Cabinet officer. Reports of White House dismay over Haig's performance were "honest-to-God baloney," chief of staff James Baker told NEWSWEEK flatly. Other White House aides who earlier had sniped at Haig went out of their way to praise him as an effective "contact point" during the first hour of the crisis. As a Nixon White House veteran, Haig was the Cabinet officer most familiar with situation-room procedures. "He was the only guy who knew what to do, who knew where the

phones were," says a source who was present. "He was the only guy who knew how to talk to the Vice President's plane."

Another top aide speculated that Haig had rushed on camera before pausing to collect himself. "The unsteadiness of his television performance didn't match the steadiness of his performance downstairs," he insisted. One reason for Haig's I'm-in-charge bluster, according to partisans, was to send a pointed message to the Soviet Union, which was massing troops on the Polish border. "He wanted it known our guard was still up," says a sympathetic official.

Credibility: Still, the we-love-Al chorus seemed rather strained. Some officials conceded that the campaign was not so much an endorsement of Haig's behavior as an urgent attempt to boost his credibility. "It was important to send a message to the Hill," says a White House topsider. "There's been a certain amount of chatter up there. This man has been gouged in public." As Haig departed for the Middle East, the White House felt it necessary to take the extraordinary step of publicly endorsing its chief architect of foreign policy. "The Secretary of State leaves today in the full colors as Secretary of State," emphasized a spokesman—"and with the full confidence of the President."

But this may not be enough to assuage the doubts of Haig's foreign hosts. An official of the United Arab Emirates told the Associated Press that Haig "should not expect much from us until we are sure the Washington leadership is no longer disunited." In Washington, Haig's future in the Reagan Administration seems uncertain. "I just hope he now understands how we work," sighs one senior official. "It's a gentlemanly give-and-take, not confrontational." State Department officials worry that, if the pragmatic Haig steps down, American foreign policy will be dominated by White House political coordinator Lyn Nofziger, Sen. Jesse Helms and other theologians of the right. Even Haig's close aides rate his chances for keeping his job at less than even. Haig's first venture abroad had thus become a mission not only to shore up America's standing in the Middle East, but also to salvage his own eroding position at home.

STEVEN STRASSER with ELEANOR
CLIFT, THOMAS M. DeFRANK,
HOWARD FINEMAN and JOHN
WALCOTT in Washington

'Everything's fine, Chief—in fact, we've just been doing some papering in the Cabinet Room'

© 1981 Herblock in The Washington Post





In a picture taken by an unidentified photographer, Hinckley poses outside the White House sometime last year



Profile of a Gunman

In a life empty of achievement, John Warnock Hinckley Jr. finally succeeded at something last week. He made an impression on Jodie Foster that will last a lifetime. Apparently alone, he conceived and carried out his grotesque declaration of love, a "historical deed" intended to bridge the gap between his lonely world of bus stations and seedy motels and her bustling life full of promise; a horrible act distantly rooted in an idea of chivalry, like a scrawled obscenity that started out as a love poem. It was the act of a loser—a 25-year-old drifter who thought that shooting the President would make an impressive introduction to the teen-age actress he had never met.

He led a life of almost willful failure and obscurity. Although at least average as a student, he spent seven years off and on at Texas Tech University and fell one semester short of earning a degree. He joined the National Socialist Party of America, and struck these jackbooted admirers of Hitler as dangerously unstable and potentially violent. Applying for work at a Colorado newspaper, he invented a job history for himself—as a bartender. He left behind few vivid impressions, and almost no favorable ones; some of the few words spoken in his behalf last week came from a maid at the rundown Denver-area motel where he lived for two weeks shortly before the assassination attempt. "He kept the room real neat," she recalled. "I never saw a liquor bottle or a beer can or any roaches."

He remained a nonentity even in crime; when he was picked up at the Nashville airport trying to board a plane while carrying three guns, the offense was considered too trivial for him to be fingerprinted.

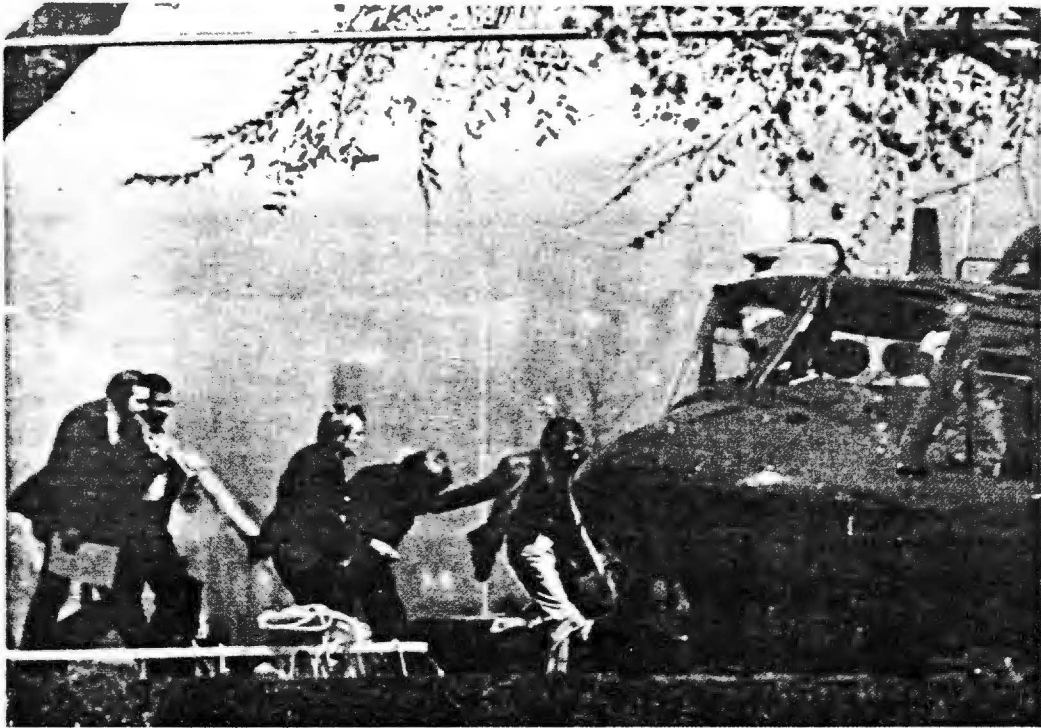
Hinckley is largely self-made as a failure. He is the third and youngest child of a wealthy Denver oilman active in religious groups and respected in business. Hinckley's sister, Diane, 28, was an unusually popular and attractive girl who married a Dallas insurance executive; his brother,

A surly drifter with a gift for failure, Hinckley is driven to violence by a bizarre obsession.

Scott, 30, is established in his father's business. Living in their shadow may have been part of John Hinckley's problem; a business acquaintance of his father recalled that he never spoke of his troubled younger son. "I never knew he had another son," said the colleague, Robert Kadane. "I thought he had only one boy." Yet just two weeks before the assassination attempt, Hinckley Sr. met with officers of one of his favorite charities—World Vision International, a Christian evangelical and humanitarian relief agency—and asked them to "pray for

my son." His attitude was said to be one of "tremendous anxiety about the problem his son was having." The family retained Edward Bennett Williams's law firm to represent Hinckley after his arrest—but it was four days before they visited him in his cell in the Federal Correctional Institution in Butner, N.C.

Fatal Attraction: Somewhere in his wanderings Hinckley apparently crossed the invisible line into the same world inhabited by Mark David Chapman, the loner who came out of the night to kill John Lennon: a seductive world in which the lyrics of rock songs take on a personal meaning, and the faces in the movies seem to wink at you with a shared secret. From under a broad-brimmed hat, her blond hair falling in curls to her shoulders, Jodie Foster pouted fetchingly at Hinckley and won his heart. The tough-but-vulnerable, wise-but-innocent 12-year-old prostitute she portrayed in the 1976 film "Taxi Driver" had a fatal attraction for the lonely young man dreaming his life away over cheeseburgers and doughnuts in the low-rent district of Lubbock, Texas—for whom real-life girlfriends were just one of the many kinds of friends he never made. Presumably, it did not escape his notice—and it certainly did not go unnoticed by the FBI last week—that the leading character of "Taxi Driver," played by Robert DeNiro, plots the assassination of a United States senator, and eventually becomes famous when he kills the young girl's pimp. And, NEWSWEEK has learned, the government has evidence indicating firmly



Wally McNamee—NEWSWEEK

Hustling Hinckley to a chopper bound for Quantico: Cues from 'Mein Kampf' and 'Taxi Driver'

that Hinckley owned a copy of the book on which the movie was based.

Hinckley may have been touched by Iris, the young hooker, but unfortunately he fell in love with Foster, the real person. His problem may have worsened after Foster, with considerable fanfare, enrolled as a freshman at Yale last year. Hinckley had apparently spent some months in Hollywood back in 1976, but if he attempted to contact Foster then, there are no records of it. Any letters from him were buried among the thousands she receives each month, most thrown away unread. But suddenly her address was no longer in care of an agent or a studio, but a room in Welch Hall at Yale, more or less open to anyone who can pass as a college student. Driven by his obsession, Hinckley arrived in New

Haven last fall only a few weeks after she did—and, ominously, just after he purchased two .22 handguns at a Texas pawnshop. Having come 2,000 miles from Lubbock, he spent much of his time a few blocks from her room, bragging at the Sheraton Park Plaza Hotel that he was Foster's boyfriend. Unkempt in his ratty Army jacket, he didn't look the part of bartender Mike Targove, and the newspaper and magazine pictures of Foster he pulled from his wallet weren't very convincing either. "The guy was ticking," Targove recalls.

How much closer he may have come to her is not known. In a letter recovered by the FBI from Hinckley's room in Washington, addressed to Foster but never mailed, he wrote, "Although we talked on the phone a couple of times, I never had

the nerve to simply approach you and introduce myself." But Foster insists that she has "never met, spoken to, or in any way associated with" Hinckley.

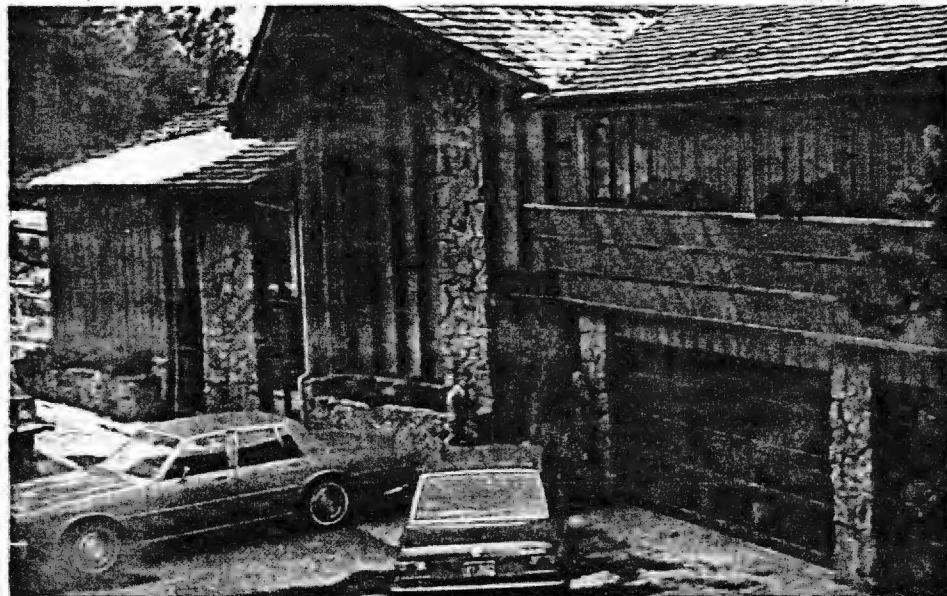
Propriety: He apparently returned to New Haven at least once, in early March, when three notes were apparently slipped under her door. Among them was a commercial greeting card, in the contemporary-humorous vein, which began "I'm a person of few words," and then repeated "I love you" dozens of times. It was signed "John." Foster turned these over to her dean, and they are now in the possession of the FBI. But Hinckley never overstepped the boundaries of propriety; his impassioned final testament to his absurd love was as polite as it was crazy. "Besides my shyness," he wrote, "I honestly did not wish to bother you with my constant presence"—so he would kill the President as a less intrusive way to get her attention, "respect and love."

It's possible that he was not always so considerate of her. FBI agents have reopened their investigation of a stenciled letter they received last fall warning that an attempt would be made to kidnap Foster, for what were said to be romantic reasons rather than ransom. It was mailed from Denver, where Hinckley was living at the time. The whole experience has been a useful—if alarming—lesson for the young actress in "the power of films to direct people's lives." But a frightened and bewildered Foster wants only to return to the unglamorous life of a freshman. "It's not myself that's involved," she insists plaintively. "I'm not involved in any of this."

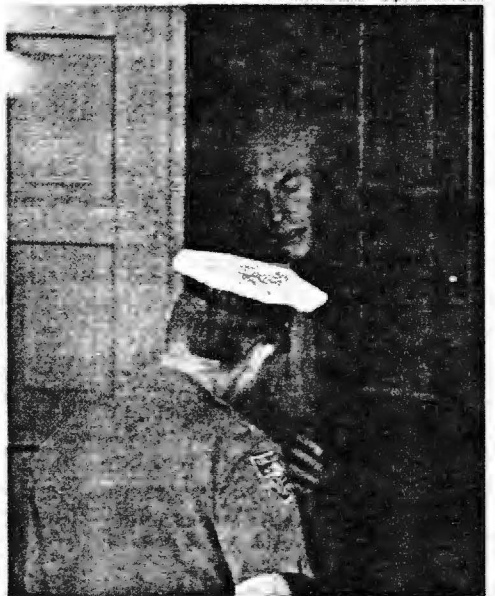
If there is a lesson in Hinckley's troubled life, it is an exceedingly elusive one. His

Hinckley's father appears at the door of his elegant multilevel home in Evergreen, Colo.: 'Pray for my son'

Brian Payne—Black Star



Susan D. Biddle—Sipa-Black Star



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downfall cannot be blamed on the wrong sorts of friends; he had none. Nor on a broken home; his parents' marriage was stable. As his father's oil- and gas-drilling business prospered, he moved the family from Oklahoma to the attractive Dallas enclave of University Park, and then to the even more fashionable Highland Park, to a house with a pool and a curved drive on a street that may well be the second most prestigious address for hundreds of miles around. The 1980 report of the Vanderbilt Energy Corp.—named in honor of Hinckley's older brother's alma mater, Vanderbilt University—was memorable for two lines: a substantial increase in net profit to \$805,000, and the advice of Hinckley's father in his letter to shareholders: "Commit to the Lord whatever you do, and your plans will succeed" (Proverbs 16:3).

Conformity: In comfortable Highland Park, where the Hinckleys lived from 1966 until 1974, young John thrived at first. He was tall for his age, a good athlete and possessed of what classmate David Wildman called "good, natural looks—a big smile, a big set of teeth, blond hair, blue eyes." He was popular enough to be elected president of his homeroom class in seventh and eighth grades. Those are ages, of course, where conformity is valued, and he was well-endowed with that trait. Another former classmate recalls him fondly as "a pretty mellow guy, bland even."

Those were qualities that should have stood him in good stead in Highland Park High School, a bastion of oil-money privilege where the students are as uniform in their blond good looks as the blades of AstroTurf in the school's football field. But he lacked the edge to compete in what is also one of the best public high schools in the nation; increasingly, he seemed to fade into the background. Academically, about in the middle. Athletically, nothing much. Socially, a nonentity. "It's tough not being wonderful in Highland Park," says former schoolmate Paul Gleiser. "He was a non-guy in high school." Most of his former classmates had to dig out their yearbooks last week to try and place Hinckley, and even with his bland, smiling picture at hand they could recall little about him. "He was just average," shrugs Kim Farrell. "An average sophomore, an average junior, an average senior. Average, average."

Probably to Hinckley's detriment, he was also the brother of a very much above-average Highland Park student: his sister, Diane, three years older, an A student, homecoming queen nominee, a leader in the mixed choir and as vivacious and outgoing as her brother was reclusive. Even after she graduated, Hinckley was still thought of as "Diane's brother." That, of course, will no longer be true; as one sympathetic family friend observed last week, "For the rest of Diane's life, she'll be known as John Hinckley's sister."

Hinckley's slide into darkness seemed to pick up speed once he entered Texas Tech University in Lubbock, in the fall of 1973. "He wanted to go to Yale," says Becky Nugent, spokeswoman for the Highland Park schools. "But he apparently didn't have the grades to get in. So he had to go to Texas Tech instead." Academically, Texas Tech's reputation is modest, but its 23,000 students take pride in their parties. Hinckley was above average as a student, but his drinking and hell-raising were not up to Texas Tech standards. He sat out the beer-keg parties, and those who knew or suspected that he was the son of

who make their college careers last most of their 20s, taking and dropping courses, reluctant to venture into the world—although what could have kept the friendless Hinckley in Lubbock is a mystery. During one of the interruptions in his education, he lived for a while in Hollywood, and sought work in a camera store, although he knew nothing of photography. In Lubbock, he is remembered as a glum, seedy figure in beltless blue jeans and a T shirt. "He was in a continual trudge," recalls one campus merchant. He survived on doughnuts and fast-food hamburgers, which he ate in his room, sometimes neg-



Norman Rogers



Steve Clevenger—Sipa-Black Star



UPI

Slide into darkness: Hinckley in 1965 as a fifth-grade football player, in 1969, in 1973 and driver's license photo last January. Below, boyhood home in Highland Park.



AP



a wealthy Dallas family fretted that he was letting down his class. "You would have thought he'd be in a fraternity," said Charles Shanklin, manager of a campus haberdashery. "He had money, plenty of money. You'd've thought maybe he'd be an ATO (Alpha Tau Omega)."

Hinckley enrolled first in the College of Business Administration, then transferred to a liberal-arts program in 1975. He took a wide variety of courses, finally settling on English as a major by 1978. But by then his attendance had grown more and more sporadic. He was turning into one of those familiar, pathetic campus figures

lecting to throw out the wrappers. A superintendent who saw one of Hinckley's apartments remembers it as filled with empty McDonald's sacks and not much else: "It didn't look like anybody lived there."

It was in this period that Hinckley had his brief and bizarre flirtation with the National Socialist Party of America. FBI agents have their doubts, but two high Nazi officials confirm that Hinckley joined the party in March 1978 when it was prominently in the news for plans to march through the largely Jewish community of Skokie, Ill. Hinckley's major contribution to American Nazism was made from a flat-

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bed truck in St. Louis that same month, hurling racial invectives alongside Frank Collin, then the party leader. But it had a profound effect on him, according to the current party chief, Michael Allen. "Before the [St. Louis] rally, he seemed like a pretty normal person," Allen says. "Outside of being a Nazi, he was a pretty ordinary fellow. But after the rally he was like a different person. He was very agitated. He said we needed something more dramatic [than rallies]. I took that to mean things like shooting people."

Letters: Hinckley confided some of these same ideas in about a dozen letters to Harold Covington, who was then a Nazi leader in North Carolina. Covington says that Hinckley was unhappy in Lubbock, and that he talked about moving to North Carolina. The Nazi leader is quick to note that "all of our discussion [about violence] was conducted on a purely theoretical plane. He didn't say let's go kill the President ... or anybody else." Nevertheless, Hinckley's attitude alarmed some of his Nazi superiors, and in November 1979, when Hinckley's membership was due to be renewed, the party apparently dropped him.

For an advocate of violence, Hinckley seems never to have gotten into a fist fight, or even raised his voice; as a would-be rabble-rouser he kept his opinions pretty much to himself. In a summer-session course in modern German history, he surprised his professor, Otto Nelson, by choosing to report on Hitler's long and turgid "Mein Kampf." But his three-page report was sober and factual, and earned an A-minus; Hinckley gave no hint that he ever considered putting Hitler's ideas into practice. If Hinckley was disappointed at leaving the Nazis, he also kept it to himself. But it was about that time that he began buying guns.

Up to this point, Hinckley seemed to strike most people as odd but not unhinged. But now things began to slip, faster. In February 1980, he sought help from a Lubbock physician, Dr. Baruch D. Rosen, for what may have been emotional problems. The doctor refused to say why Hinckley had sought him out. "Let's just say he had a problem," Rosen said. "I'm sure it will come out at the trial." Rosen treated him with the anti-depressant Surmontil and with 20 milligrams daily of Valium, a moderate dosage. Hinckley registered for a summer course at Texas Tech ("Anarchism, Fascism, Communism and Socialism"), but never showed up at class. By late September, he was on his way to New Haven, Conn., to launch his fantasy courtship of Jodie Foster. He apparently stayed in New Haven only briefly; he turned up next in the Nashville, Tenn., airport, on the afternoon of Oct. 9, attempting to

board a flight to New York carrying three handguns—two .22s and a .38. For the first time, Hinckley came to the attention of the law, but just barely—he paid a \$50 cash bond that same afternoon, forfeited his guns and was on his way.

Four days later he was in Dallas, visiting a seedy downtown stretch of East Elm Street, where Rocky Goldstein sells weapons beneath a sign that advises "Guns don't cause crime any more than flies cause garbage." He replenished his arsenal with two inexpensive blue-steel .22-caliber Röhm revolvers with checkered stocks, assembled in Miami of West German parts. It was one of these guns that was recovered outside the Washington Hilton last week.

Hinckley spent little time in Lubbock last fall, although he was there long enough



Arsenal: Nashville cop with Hinckley's guns

to have a political discussion with his apartment-house handyman; he reportedly expressed the opinion that all political leaders "should be done away with." He seems to have returned to his parents, who by this time were living in Evergreen, Colo., a wealthy suburb southwest of Denver. It was from here that FBI agents acting on a search warrant last week recovered three gun boxes, and Hinckley's diary, which contained everyday details of his mundane life—and a sheaf of news clippings on earlier assassinations. Hinckley's father reportedly told investigators he cut off his son's funds; he may have been receiving help from other family members. Hinckley applied for a job at Denver's two newspapers, giving references for jobs he had never held. He dabbled in the right-wing politics of the National Association of Con-

stitutional Government, a self-proclaimed refuge for malcontents. "I'd like to say we attract normal people," says the group's president, Henry Berriner, "but if we were normal, we'd be the majority." And on Jan. 21, he bought another gun, a .38.

A few Evergreen neighbors remember seeing Hinckley with girls, usually high-school students. But mostly they remember him alone, wrapped in an oversize shabby coat and watching the placid life of downtown Evergreen through sleepy, half-closed eyes. In March he made another pilgrimage to New Haven, and when he returned to Colorado he put up at the Golden Hours Motel, a run-down, \$10.60-a-night hideaway on the highway west of Denver. He traded a guitar and a portable typewriter for \$50 at G.I. Joe's Pawnshop, where the clerk, Brett Morris, remembers him looking "like any bum off the street," but also "weird" and "scary." A local policeman had the same reaction when he spotted Hinckley standing in the motel parking lot and staring at the officer's patrol car; he questioned Hinckley but found no reason to hold him. What he remembered later were Hinckley's rose-tinted sunglasses—peculiar equipment after dark—and his eyes. "I never contacted a person so nervous who didn't have something dirty on him," says the cop, Chris Worsham. "He stands out as the most nervous person I've ever contacted."

Boyish: In those last few weeks before Hinckley left for Washington with his guns, he finally made a friend in Ginger Aucourt, the motel maid. Almost the only subject they had in common was the weather, but Aucourt and her teen-age daughter, Stacey, found his reticence endearing; he had, Ginger says, "a pleasant boyish face." Her opinion was unshaken even when Hinckley drove off on the morning of March 23, leaving a \$64 bill unpaid. As investigators have retraced his journey, he headed in his white Plymouth Volare to his parents' house, and then to the airport, where he flew to Los Angeles by way of Salt Lake City. Then he doubled back east by bus, changing in Cleveland and Pittsburgh on the long ride to Washington.

He had given a pleasant little wave to Aucourt on his way out of the parking lot, and—uncharacteristically—he struck up an acquaintanceship with a fellow passenger on the three-day bus ride. The man who resisted friendships so long was at last allowing himself the luxury of human contact. His plans were still locked away in his heart, but perhaps he allowed just a glimmer of his happiness to show through. He was on his way at last; in just a few days, Jodie Foster would belong to him.

JERRY ADLER with STRYKER McGUIRE and BETH NISSEN in Dallas, RONALD HENKOFF and TONY FULLER in Lubbock, JANET HUCK and RON LABRECQUE in Denver, ELAINE SHANNON in Washington and RICHARD MANNING in Chicago



What the Doctors Did

"I can't breathe," whispered Ronald Reagan. He was sweating and gray-faced, sagging toward the floor as he walked into the emergency room and was lifted onto a wheeled table. Quick hands began stripping off his clothes. "We don't think he's hit," said a Secret Service man. "We think he broke a rib when we pushed him against the car." But a doctor had already spotted the bullet hole in the President's suit jacket—and the medical team at George Washington University Hospital that was to save the lives of the President and his press secretary was already well into its practiced routine.

The President was exhibiting early symptoms of shock. Though alert, Reagan was gasping for air and sweating, and his blood pressure had dropped. Paged on the hospital's speakers, Dr. Joseph M. Giordano, head of the trauma team, hurried to the emergency room, where Reagan's blood pressure quickly recovered after he lay down. The doctor gave the President a local anesthetic and then inserted a tube into the lung cavity just beneath the bullet hole under his left arm. Other physicians and technicians drew blood samples, hooked up an oxygen mask and intravenous tubes to monitor blood gases and administer blood, and inserted a catheter to measure urine flow. On a chest X-ray, the bullet showed up as a white spot in the lower lobe of the left lung. It had torn a 3-inch furrow through the lung, deflating it as it went. But the physicians couldn't be sure whether they had spotted the entire bullet or whether fragments had broken off and struck organs in the abdominal cavity. Further X-rays of the abdomen reassured them.

Meanwhile, the President continued to bleed steadily through the tube in his chest. Quickly, the trauma team set up more

than a dozen units of blood and prepared for transfusion. Although Reagan is type O-positive, at first they used O-negative, which can be given to anyone regardless of his blood type, and later used O-positive to replace the 2½ quarts lost from the time of injury. In many such gunshot wounds, the lung reinflates and the bleeding stops when the chest tube is inserted, and the bullet can be left where it is without any risk. But Reagan continued to bleed.

"What are we doing, Joe?" asked Dr. Sol Edelstein, chief of the emergency room. "Are we headed to ICU or are we headed to OR?" Edelstein wanted to know whether intensive care would be enough, or if an

anesthetic thiopental sodium and then passed a tube down his throat so that a respirator could aid his breathing. Then they put him to sleep with nitrous oxide administered through a mask. "We will follow routine trauma protocol," Giordano announced to his colleagues.

The first order of business was peritoneal lavage, a procedure to double-check for injuries in the abdominal cavity. Giordano made a small incision under the navel and pumped a clear liquid into the abdomen. The liquid that drained back out seemed free of blood, showing that no organs had been damaged. But to make sure, the fluid was sent to the lab for analysis. After 45 minutes Giordano turned his patient over to the thoracic surgeons, Aaron and Dr. Katherine Chaney.

Incision: The President was turned on his right side with his arms taped in front of him. The team removed the chest tube to get more room and then made a 6-inch incision, from under the left nipple to the left side. The President's ribs were spread apart by a metal retractor and, wearing a lamp on his forehead, Aaron peered into the chest. He first removed a large clot of blood and then began searching for the bullet. The surgeon determined that neither the heart nor the aorta, the body's main artery, had sustained any injury. But failing to find the bullet, he ordered another X-ray—a side view of the chest. After half an hour Aaron found the "Devastator" explosive slug, removed it with a probe and handed it to a Secret Service agent, who carried it away in a metal cup. It had failed to explode on impact, but was flattened to the size and shape of a dime, suggesting that it had ricocheted off the Presidential limousine before striking Reagan.

Aaron then sutured the tear in the lung, removed the retractor and closed the

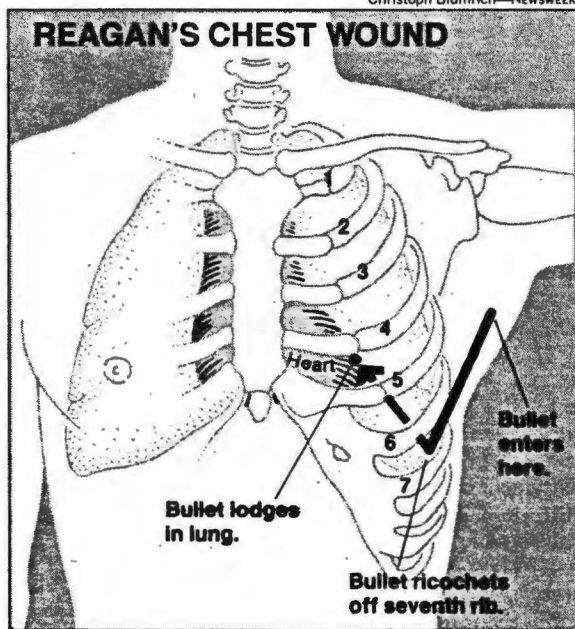
How the surgeons treated Reagan's wounded chest and James Brady's injured brain.

operation was urgent. Surgeon Benjamin Aaron, 47, decided to operate. As the team prepared for the 200-foot journey to the "heart room," fully equipped for major chest and heart surgery, Edelstein cautioned the technicians: "We are going slow, slow, slow." The President was propped at a 30-degree angle on the wheeled cart, or gurney, awake and talking to his wife and aides as he passed; his vital signs were still "rock stable," a doctor said later, and there was no need to risk anyone stumbling over one of the tubes threaded into him.

In the operating room, the team gave the President an intravenous dose of the

Christoph Blumrich—NEWSWEEK

Aaron: Searching for the bullet



Giordano: Routine trauma protocol

Photos by Leif Skoogfors—Woodfin Camp & Assoc.



SPECIAL REPORT

chest incision. During the operation, Reagan was given another quart of blood. "Skin to skin," the surgery had taken two hours. But before Reagan was taken to the recovery room, the team spent another hour scrubbing off the orange povidone-iodine disinfectant that covered the chest area, dressing the wounds and waiting for the anesthesia to wear off.

The President's first hours in the recovery room were uncomfortable. "He felt like he couldn't breathe," said one physician. Analysis of his blood showed that he wasn't assimilating quite enough oxygen at first, and he continued on the respirator for eight and a half hours. At the time, he was unaware that press secretary James Brady was lying in critical condition just the other side of a cloth screen.

Brady was by far the most seriously injured in the assassination attempt. He had arrived at the hospital in a fire-department ambulance three minutes after Reagan and was wheeled to the same trauma room. "I saw the bullet wound in his forehead. It was over the left eye," said paramedic Roberto Hernandez. "He was moving his arms and legs, but to no purpose. He was sort of like squirming." In the emergency room, Brady was met by a neurosurgical resident and an anesthesiologist. His blood pressure was a very high 240 over 160. He was moving his right limbs restlessly and he seemed to be mumbling. He was given an anesthetic and a tube was placed in his windpipe to assist breathing.

Fragments: The bullet entered Brady's head over the left eye and passed through a small portion of the left frontal lobe of the brain without causing much damage. But it did break up somewhere inside the skull; the fragments passed mostly through the right frontal lobe, causing severe bleeding and tissue damage. The largest piece of the bullet came to rest in the parietal lobe at the rear of the brain behind the right ear, with smaller fragments around it. At first, the outlook was bleak. A cross-sectional X-ray taken in the emergency room looked, in the words of one physician, like a "disaster."

Brady was immediately taken to the operating room, where his head was shaved in preparation for surgery that was to last more than six hours. Neurosurgeon Dr. Arthur Kobrine tried to be optimistic. When he heard that the media had reported that the press secretary was already dead, Kobrine replied, "Somebody ought to tell me and the patient." An ophthalmologist was called in to deal with swelling and a clot in the left eye, and he made several incisions to drain blood and relieve pressure. Then Kobrine moved in to explore the injury and remove all of the damaged

brain tissue, along with the bullet and bone fragments.

Kobrine made a "bicoronal" incision across the top of Brady's head from ear to ear. Next, he drilled a number of holes in the skull and removed a "large window" of bone. Then he took out bone splinters and bullet fragments from the left frontal lobe, where he found the damage "not too extensive." On the right side of Brady's brain, Kobrine suctioned out a large blood clot. He found "brisk bleeding" from the anterior and middle cerebral arteries, which had been severed. When the bleeding was brought under control, Brady's blood pressure dropped to a normal range. Finally, Kobrine removed the damaged tissue, fragments and the main bullet fragment. The surgeon estimated that Brady lost 20 per

the center at the base of the brain that controls respiration and consciousness and Brady had gotten prompt treatment.

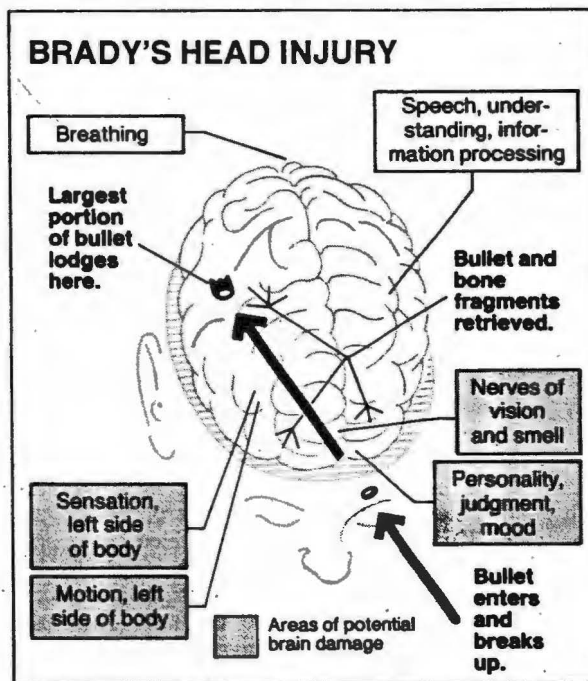
The day after surgery, Brady showed hopeful signs. He was conscious, his pupils responded to light and he was able to move the right side of his body in response to commands from doctors. Later, he could even toss a cotton ball to his wife, Sarah, with his right hand. And when a doctor held up three fingers, Brady said, "Three." Following surgery, Brady was put on antibiotics to prevent infection, and given steroids and a drug called mannitol to reduce the swelling of the brain.

'Fine': Kobrine reported that he was making an "extraordinary recovery." By the weekend, he was off the critical list, and out of intensive care. The press secretary was speaking short sentences. He told the surgeon, "I'm feeling fine," and when a telephone started to ring he said, "Somebody answer the phone." Brady was able to move his right arm and leg normally, but showed little movement on the left. Though it is too early to speculate, Kobrine predicted that left motor function will improve significantly if there are no further complications. Moreover, since the "dominant" left side of the brain was harmed only slightly, the surgeon said there was a good chance that Brady has suffered little or no intellectual impairment. However, he suspects that "spatial orientation," governed by the right side of the brain, may have been affected, and since the olfactory tracts in the right hemisphere were destroyed, the gourmet Brady has probably lost his sense of taste and smell.

President Reagan, however, was making a speedy recovery last week. He was receiving cough therapy to

prevent fluid from accumulating in his lungs and occasional administrations of oxygen through a plastic tube under his nose. He was also eating heartily and walking in his hospital corridor. The only cause for concern came late in the week when Reagan's temperature rose to 102. However, after some fluctuations it dropped to normal. There was a brief scare that toxic amounts of lead azide—the explosive used in the bullet—might have leached into the President's body, but this was discounted by experts. Throughout the President's ordeal, doctors were impressed by his good condition and youthful physiology. "It's a good lesson," said the hospital's spokesman, Dr. Dennis O'Leary, "that age itself is not an ultimate measure of an individual's stamina, health and capability."

MATT CLARK with MARY HAGER and DAVID C. MARTIN in Washington and bureau reports



Christoph Blumrich—NEWSWEEK

Drawing shows bullet's path through the brain

cent of the tissue in the right hemisphere. Kobrine replaced the flap of skull and inserted temporary drains between the bone and skin.

In two crucial respects, Brady can be considered lucky. He had been hit by a small-caliber bullet of low velocity, minimizing the damage usually caused by the shock waves and the sheer mass of a larger slug. And nearly all the left side of the brain had apparently been spared. In most people, the left side is the brain's information-processing center and controls the faculties of speech, writing and comprehension. The motor areas of the left side also control movement on the right side of the body. Fortunately, the shock of the bullet and the swelling from the injury had not affected the brain stem,



Kobrine: Optimistic

SPECIAL REPORT



Larry Downing—Newsweek



Roger Sendler—Black Star

With Reagan on Inauguration Day, at home with the range: 'Sheer talent' took the Bear to the top of the heap



Jim Brady Is Alive

He is known as "the Bear," the front man, the plump and affable occupant of the post he once described, only partly tongue in cheek, as "the second most challenging job in the free world." As Ronald Reagan's spokesman-in-chief, White House press secretary James S. Brady, 40, is a much-liked figure in official Washington: a witty companion for the relentless Washington press, a storyteller and a gourmet cook who has charmed his frequent dinner guests. He is not, however, a Reagan intimate and it was thus somewhat ironic that he was the aide closest to the President when the shots were fired last week, even taking a bullet in the brain that might otherwise have struck the President. He was erroneously reported dead by all three networks, but his spirited fight for life against almost hopeless odds has stirred his family, his friends—and the nation.

Brady was almost passed over for the job he desperately wanted. During his stint as campaign press secretary, he sometimes stung with his irreverent wit. A few days after Reagan's gaffe that trees cause more pollution than cars, Brady raced down the aisle of the campaign jet shouting "Killer trees! Killer trees!" and pointed to a forest fire on the ground.

'Blistered': After Reagan's victory, most of the President-elect's high command wanted to recruit a well-known journalist for the press secretaryship and Nancy Reagan reportedly claimed she wanted a "young and handsome" face in the job. As usual, Brady replied with a quip. "I come before you today not as just another pretty face, but out of sheer talent," he

told reporters. A week later he got the job.

Brady's first task was to bring a measure of order to the White House press corps. He succeeded, up to a point. Despite some grumbling, reporters at Reagan's first press conference generally honored Brady's plea that they remain seated and seek Presidential recognition by politely raising their hands. Other reforms, like a dress code for network cameramen and the selection of Presidential questioners by lottery, fared less well. Veteran reporters complained at first that Brady lacked the access to Reagan so necessary for detailed briefings, later that he was frequently hard for reporters to reach. The joke was that Reagan had access to Brady, instead of the other way around. "I'm getting blistered for not returning phone calls," Brady grinned. "This access is killing me."

Dash: His humor helped Brady smooth some of the new Administration's bumpier moments. Two weeks ago, during the flap over a White House plan for "crisis management," he had just sat down at a press breakfast when he caught a tough question about Alexander M. Haig Jr. "Whatever happened to foreplay?" he cracked. At a lunch with NEWSWEEK reporters, he convulsed the table with a description of workaholic budget director David Stockman: "He sleeps in the closet hanging upside down with his wings folded over his eyes." In Reagan's pinstriped White House, Brady provided a dash of spontaneity—showing up for the President's lunch with baseball Hall of Famers wearing his beloved Chicago Cubs cap.

His easy wit masks a solid record in the fine art of political image-polishing. Brady was born and grew up in Centralia, Ill.,

graduated from the University of Illinois in 1962 and gravitated quickly toward politics. He first went to Washington as an aide to the late Sen. Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois and later served in the Ford Administration, first as an aide to Budget director James T. Lynn, then to Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. In 1979 he joined John B. Connally's Presidential campaign (Connally called him "Friar Tuck") until Connally's flameout in the South Carolina primary.

Hot Cuisine: Brady lives in the Virginia suburbs with his 2-year-old son James Scott Brady Jr. and his second wife, Sarah—whom he calls "Raccoon," an affectionate counterpart for his nickname "Bear." (He also has another child by a former marriage, Melissa, 18, now a college student in Colorado.) Among his friends, Brady has a formidable reputation for both haute cuisine and culinary witticisms. He is the creator of "Captain Bear's Nightie Night," a quick-acting concoction of tea, sugar and Jack Daniels, and his recipe for an explosive variant of chili—"Bear's Goat Gap Texas Chili"—has won first place three years running in a Washington-area chili cookoff.

The bullet that slammed into his skull abruptly changed all that, perhaps permanently, for Brady and his family. His daughter, Melissa, rushing to catch a plane to Washington, was devastated to hear an announcer on her car radio report that her father was dead. "She's a very well-composed girl, but this thing really tore her apart," said a relative. "I don't know if she'll ever get over this." The agonizing question for his family and his friends, for all his remarkable comeback so far, was whether Brady would either.

TOM MORGANTHAU with ELEANOR CLIFT and THOMAS M. DeFRANK in Washington and bureau reports



© Sebastiao Salgado Jr.—Magnum

Secret Service agents subdue Hinckley (against wall) while others aid wounded: 'You cannot avoid mortal risk to a President'



Can the Risk Be Cut?

As a Secret Service agent you are constantly on the alert for the individual who somehow does not fit. You scan the crowd, the rooftops, the doorways, the windows, ready to take whatever action may be necessary . . . You look into thousands of faces and you try to determine in each if he or she may be the one who came to do more than look.

—Rufus W. Youngblood, "20 Years in the Secret Service"

John W. Hinckley Jr. went to the Washington Hilton last week to do more than look—and Ronald Reagan's bodyguards failed to stop him. Once again, an assault on an American President has raised questions about how well the Chief Executive is protected and what more should be done to keep him safe. Why, for instance, did security agents permit the crowd of newsmen and onlookers to get so close to the President—and why was his shield of bodyguards so thin on the critical flank? Should the Secret Service have been on the alert for Hinckley, who was arrested in Nashville last year for carrying guns during a visit by Jimmy Carter? Why didn't its agents insist that Reagan wear a bullet-proof vest or other state-of-the-art protective clothing?

In a feverish search for answers, three Congressional committees are examining the circumstances of the shooting and the Secret Service itself has launched an internal review of its policies and procedures. Already last week's events have sparked

a renewed call for gun control (page 57) and pleas from Federal investigative agencies for a loosening of restrictions on domestic surveillance. Some reforms, including tougher security requirements for the press, are almost certain to emerge from the inquiries. But the fundamental reality has not changed since the time of Abraham Lincoln: short of sealing off a President in hermetic isolation—a measure no leader

Short of keeping the President from the public, no security force can guarantee absolute safety.

steeped in American press-the-flesh politics would accept—the most efficient security system in the world can never provide fail-safe protection. "The political mission is almost in direct conflict with the protective mission," says Youngblood, chief of the White House Secret Service detail under Lyndon Johnson. "You cannot avoid mortal risk to a President. Impossible."

The primary responsibility for that mission impossible rests with the Secret Service, an arm of the Treasury Department established in 1865 to combat counterfeiting. In the late nineteenth century, Secret Service agents provided Presidential protection on an irregular, informal basis,

chiefly because they were the only Federal personnel trained to do such a job. Soon after the assassination of William McKinley in 1901, presidents were assigned protection on a permanent basis, and ever since, the duties of the Secret Service have been expanding. Today 1,550 agents in 100 offices across the nation are responsible for protecting the First Family, the Vice President, his wife and children under 16, major Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates and, sometimes, visiting heads of state. In addition, they still carry on their original war on counterfeiting. Their record is better than it may seem: though John Kennedy was killed while under Secret Service protection, dozens of assaults have been foiled without ever coming to public attention.

Blintzes: Protecting the President is no easy task. To do it, agents rely on a wide range of sophisticated equipment—from the computer that stores 27,000 names of potentially dangerous persons to the batteries of electronic devices that monitor every corner of the White House and grounds. A touch of a knee-high panic button under the President's Oval Office desk summons a flying wedge of agents in seconds—a protective measure accidentally proven effective by several embarrassed newcomers to office. Meanwhile, agents test the White House air for bacteria and noxious gases and mingle with the crowds that tour the building each day, occasionally packing off oddballs to nearby St. Elizabeths Hospital for observation. They also inspect all packages that arrive at the White House—even

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Reagan's jellybeans. Gifts of food sent to the First Family are regularly thrown away to guard against poisoning; once, an enraged President Lyndon B. Johnson tongue-lashed agents for overzealousness when they pitched out a package of cheese blintzes prepared for the boss by Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara's wife.

Outside the White House, the agents who guard the President constantly look for any sign of trouble—erratic movements in the crowd, a man wearing a raincoat on a warm, dry day, familiar faces that show up regularly when the President goes public. Before a President visits a site, agents inspect manholes for bombs and vantage points for snipers, and they closely coordinate security for the Presidential route with local police. And just in case all the preventive medicine doesn't work, they are well armed. Agents carry .357 magnum snub-nosed revolvers in hidden holsters, and some also carry Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns and tear-gas grenades. "All the hardware is for use in beating back a genuine group terrorist attack," says one former agent. "Otherwise, you're supposed to grab the assailant, not shoot him." Under ordinary circumstances, admits one high-ranking agent, "we're mainly reactive—we have to give away the first shot."

No Crouch: Perhaps most important, they provide the human shield that envelops the President whenever he is on the move. Early in his Administration, Reagan told an anecdote that vividly—and prophetically—described the agents' role. He had watched Secret Service agents target-shooting during the 1976 campaign and was surprised to see them firing from a standing position instead of the crouch he had been coached to assume for the movies. "Doesn't that make you too big a target?" Reagan asked. "That's just the point," an agent responded. "The reason we shoot standing up is to better protect your body with ours. That's our prime function, sir."

Every President has crotchets and conceits that make the job of agents even more difficult. During the Eisenhower Administration, for instance, Secret Service ingenuity was taxed to provide adequate security on golf courses, where Ike's route could not be varied to fool an assailant and where open fairways ringed by forests could conceal a sniper. Lyndon Johnson had a habit of making last-minute changes in his schedule that sent agents scrambling to provide protection. Gerald Ford loved to wade into crowds to shake hands and

chat with well-wishers. Candidate Jimmy Carter wanted to do without protection. What finally persuaded him to accept a Secret Service guard was a piece of down-home advice from confidant Charles Kirbo. "Guvnah," drawled Kirbo, "if you don't take it, it means you ain't worth shootin'."

The biggest problem Ronald Reagan has posed for the Secret Service is his habit of pausing to chat aimlessly with the press. His bodyguards urge him to "wave and move, Mr. President." Last week he heeded that admonition—and was shot anyway.

Did security fail? Veteran agents concede

press area" outside the Hilton, where agents and White House press aides could bar those without credentials from the area closest to Reagan's exit route. Security experts predict that from now on, secure press areas will become far more common at Presidential visiting sites and that Reagan will be ushered through hotel basements and other less public entrance and exit routes more frequently than in the past.

Bulletproofing: It is also possible that Reagan's guards will ask him to make more use of bulletproof garments. According to Secret Service director H. Stuart Knight, the President "will wear protective attire anytime we ask him to," but agents did not feel that last week's excursion demanded it. One retired agent warns that persuading a President to take such protective action is not always easy. "To tell a President he can't do something because he might get hurt assaults his ego," he says. "He has to feel like a man, not a puppet, and you've got to figure out a way he can save face."

The Secret Service envelope around the President may also get new attention. Tapes of last week's assault show that Reagan was not entirely surrounded by agents when he left the hotel: his pressward side was almost fully exposed. Many agents say they are under heavy pressure from the President's political advisers to stay out of the line of cameras to avoid the impression that the Chief Executive moves about in an armed camp. Bruce Whelihan, principal press advance man for Richard Nixon for six years, reports that his staff struggled constantly to give cameras clear shots of the President against friendly crowds. "I'd sometimes go in with a hook and yank out agents who were too close," he recalls. "The President needs to see and be seen, hear and be heard," says Sen. Edward Kennedy. "The President cannot live in isolation."

Hearings in the House and Senate last week concentrated on why Hinckley's name never showed up in the Secret Service's computerized list of potential threats to the President despite his arrest for trying to carry guns onto an airplane in Nashville. The answer was simple: the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which had been informed about the incident, had not perceived him as a potential assassin and had not bothered to forward the information. Even if the FBI had acted, it is unlikely that Hinckley's name would have been included among the 400 people categorized as "serious threats," whose movements are closely monitored by local and Federal agencies. Others, largely writers of hate mail and other malcontents,



AP



Elizabeth Sunflower—Contact

Agents shield Kennedy limousine (1963), envelop Ford after 1975 attack: 'To protect your body with ours'

that Presidential trips within the capital are taken somewhat for granted by security forces; Presidents have traveled to and from the Hilton Hotel hundreds of times, and agents know the surrounding area well. Some criticize the discipline of some District of Columbia police during last week's incident. "They simply weren't on their toes," says one experienced advance man. "They were looking everywhere except at the press and public on that strip of sidewalk they were assigned to." Perhaps because similar procedures had worked in the past, the Secret Service and White House press office did not bother to establish a "secure

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are checked only if the President is traveling.

Nevertheless, Secret Service director Knight thinks intelligence could be improved if Congress would loosen some of the restrictions on domestic surveillance to permit Federal agents to keep tabs on people they suspect of being potential menaces. In recent years, Knight told a Senate hearing, the service has been getting 40

per cent less information from FBI agents simply because "they don't have the information they used to have for us."

Still, it's doubtful that Congress could ever order a truly effective surveillance system without compromising the nation's cherished civil liberties. And in any event, presidents are sure to insist on going out among the people despite the risks. In fact, agents familiar with past attacks on American leaders are already fretting about what will happen when Ronald Reagan gets back

to work. "The first couple of times he goes out he's not only got to show he's healthy, he's got to show he's not afraid," worries one. "That means he's probably going to take some risks." His human shields will be scanning the crowds with renewed intensity, concentrating on finding someone who's come to do more than look—and hoping to stop him before he acts.

MERRILL SHEILS with RICH THOMAS, THOMAS M. DeFRANK and JOHN J. LINDSAY in Washington and bureau reports

Guns Out of Control

The Midwestern congressman had just completed a speech favoring stronger gun-control legislation—and almost immediately, the computers at the National Rifle Association in Washington began to hum. In moments, the machines produced the required information: names, addresses and phone numbers of key contributors to the congressman's last campaign who also happened to be ardent hunters and NRA members. Eighteen hours later, the congressman got the first of what would be two dozen phone calls. "I was at the athletic club and people kept asking me what you're doing," said a campaign financier. "They say you want to take our guns away."

Such a scenario—a composite based on factual experiences—illustrates the power of a special-interest group that friends and foes alike consider the most effective lobby in Washington. Almost singlehandedly, the NRA has stymied all attempts to strengthen the Gun Control Act of 1968, hastily passed after the murders of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy. Now, after the shooting of Ronald Reagan by a gunman using a Saturday-night special, a new flurry of gun-control activity has begun on the state and national levels. In Illinois last week a state Senate committee sent a bill to the legislature that would provide a maximum prison sentence of three years for the sale or possession of a handgun. And in Washington, as many as 40 new bills may be introduced that would impose new restrictions on the sale of handguns. Ducks at dawn have a better chance: despite opinion polls showing that nearly two-thirds of the public now favor gun control, the NRA still has the money, organization and clout to shoot down national firearms bills.

Outlaws: The NRA's own position begins with the constitutional assurance that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed"—words inscribed across

the black marble façade of its Washington headquarters. What they seek, NRA officials say, is "legislation against crime rather than firearms." According to the NRA, gun registration or strict licensing requirements would eventually mean confiscating the arms of the law-abiding citizen without hampering the criminal. As one NRA bumper-sticker says, "If guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns."

The NRA's slogans may be a trifle simple-minded, but its lobbying tactics are not. Its computers can pinpoint 1.8 million members throughout

the nation. "They can crank out more letters than you can imagine," marvels House Democrat Thomas Downey of New York. Even though the NRA maintains a \$4 million war chest for national lobbying efforts, its power really sprouts at the grass roots. "The NRA has developed supporters in each community, those who can effectively lobby not only Federal officials but local and state officials as well," says Sen. Christopher J. Dodd of Connecticut.

The NRA has also received indirect recruiting help from governments. It didn't hurt membership drives, for instance, that a 1903 Federal law established a surplus-military-rifle-sales program, with participants limited to NRA members. A court ruled the law unconstitutional in 1979, but the NRA still finds plenty of support at the state level. Some states require hunters to take safety courses before they can receive a hunting license—and more often than not, the courses are run by the state chapter of the NRA.

Victims: The anti-NRA lobby has relied mainly on emotion to sell its gun-control arguments. "I'm not ashamed of admitting that what brought me to this issue was the death of my son," says Pete Shields, chairman of Handgun Control Inc. (Shields's son was a victim of San Francisco's "Zebra" killer in 1974.) Realizing the effectiveness of the NRA's efforts, many gun-control groups are starting to emulate its tactics. Handgun Control, for example, has mounted a 2 million-letter direct-mail campaign to boost membership from 120,000 to 1 million, and it plans to increase its budget from \$1 million to \$3 million.

Both sides have their sights on Congress as it begins to consider several firearms bills—including one allowing felons who have not been convicted of violent crimes to buy handguns. Sen. Edward Kennedy will reintroduce a measure this week that closes at least one loophole in the 1968 law by banning imports of parts used to assemble cheap handguns such as the .22-caliber Röhm RG-14 pistol—made in Miami from

West German parts—that was used to shoot Reagan. But the conservative 97th Congress is more likely to promote mandatory jail sentences—ranging from two to five years—for anyone convicted of using a gun in a crime. That happens to be an NRA position—and a favorite of Reagan himself. Might the President now back strong handgun legislation? The answer came quickly from Administration officials last week: even as a victim, Ronald Reagan is still a foe of gun control.

MICHAEL REESE with DIANE CAMPER and GLORIA BORGER in Washington and bureau reports

Handgun foes: An old battle begins anew





The Assassin Syndrome

As children, they are lonely, friendless introverts, often living in broken homes. They grow up full of self-loathing and have troubled relationships with the opposite sex. Drifting from job to job, they become chronic losers with grandiose fantasies and goals. At some point, something goes haywire. They grow increasingly violent and irascible. They may fixate on a single object of adoration or hatred until, through some scrambled logic of their own, they confront a public figure with a gun.

That rough psychological profile loosely fits each of the more than one dozen people who have tried—often successfully—to kill a U.S. President or other prominent national public figure. Unlike European countries,

rowly missed Franklin Roosevelt in 1933, all lost their mothers as young children. The father of John Shrank, who wounded Teddy Roosevelt in 1921, died soon after his son's birth; Lee Harvey Oswald's father died before he was born. Later assailants also fit the pattern. James Earl Ray's father deserted the family; so did Sirhan Sirhan's. Both of Gerald Ford's assailants, Lynette (Squeaky) Fromme and Sara Jane Moore, quarreled bitterly with their parents.

Like John Hinckley, many would-be attackers grew up in the frustrating shadow of more successful older siblings. John Wilkes Booth's brothers, for example, were prominent actors. "This one-down family position predisposes the boy to develop a rebellious attitude toward authority and tradition," says psychiatrist Irving Harris,

before their act. Lawrence, for example, quit his job as house painter, then became violent and abusive. Booth lost his voice and turned angry and irrational. The year before he shot John Kennedy, Oswald lost several jobs and separated from his wife. Similarly, Bremer was demoted from his busboy job for erratic behavior, and police found him sitting in a car, with bullets and a pistol, one year before he shot Wallace.

Spy: Many of the would-be assassins searched for causes to believe in and joined extremist groups only to find they didn't belong. Booth claimed to have killed Lincoln to avenge the Southern defeat, but he never fought for the Confederacy. Oswald's bid for Russian citizenship was rejected, and he was the sole member of his "Fair Play for Cuba Committee." Moore,



Lee Harvey Oswald: Shot two days after arrest *Sirhan Sirhan: Eligible for parole in 1984* *Arthur Bremer: Eligible for parole in May 1982* *'Squeaky' Fromme: Eligible for parole in 1985* *Sara Jane Moore: Eligible for parole in 1986*

where assassinations tend to be political acts by terrorist groups or military juntas, assassinations in the United States have almost always been the work of loners, fulfilling some twisted private desire.* Experts blame the phenomenon on everything from lax gun control and the "American dream," with its unrealistic promise, to violence in the movies and even rock music. Whatever the causes, each new assassination or attempt raises the same questions: how can the human time bombs be spotted and what, if anything, can be done to defuse them.

Death: The most comprehensive profile of Presidential assailants was compiled as part of a 1969 study ordered by Lyndon Johnson after Robert Kennedy's assassination. Although there are exceptions to the pattern, the similarities are remarkable. The study found that almost all had troubled childhoods, and many lost one parent through death or divorce. Charles J. Guiteau, who shot James Garfield in 1881, Leon Czolgosz, who killed William McKinley in 1901 and Giuseppe Zangara, who nar-

who has studied Presidential assassins. "He can do it in a roguish way, like Billy Carter, or he can resort to assassination to manipulate the limelight."

As children, the assailants-to-be have trouble making friends. Arthur Bremer, who shot George Wallace in 1972, was a wary loner who muttered under his breath. Most of them shared a physical resemblance: as a rule, the men were short and slight or chubby, the women dumpy and plain. Frequently, they had stormy relationships—if any—with the opposite sex. Richard Lawrence, who tried to kill Andrew Jackson in 1835, never married, nor did Shrank, Zangara or Ray. Bremer doted on a 15-year-old girl who spurned him, then lamented his virginity in diaries found after his arrest. "The people who become assassins have poorly developed libidos and trouble establishing sexual identities," says psychiatrist David Abrahamsen, who suggests that attacking a President may be the ultimate way to prove manhood.

Rootless and aimless as young adults, they usually floundered. The 1969 study found that almost all had undergone a dramatic personality change one to three years

a jangled matron, joined several radical groups, but informed on them to the FBI. Czolgosz tried to join an anarchist group and was branded a police spy—much as Hinckley was expelled from the National Socialist Party of America when its leaders suspected he was an undercover agent.

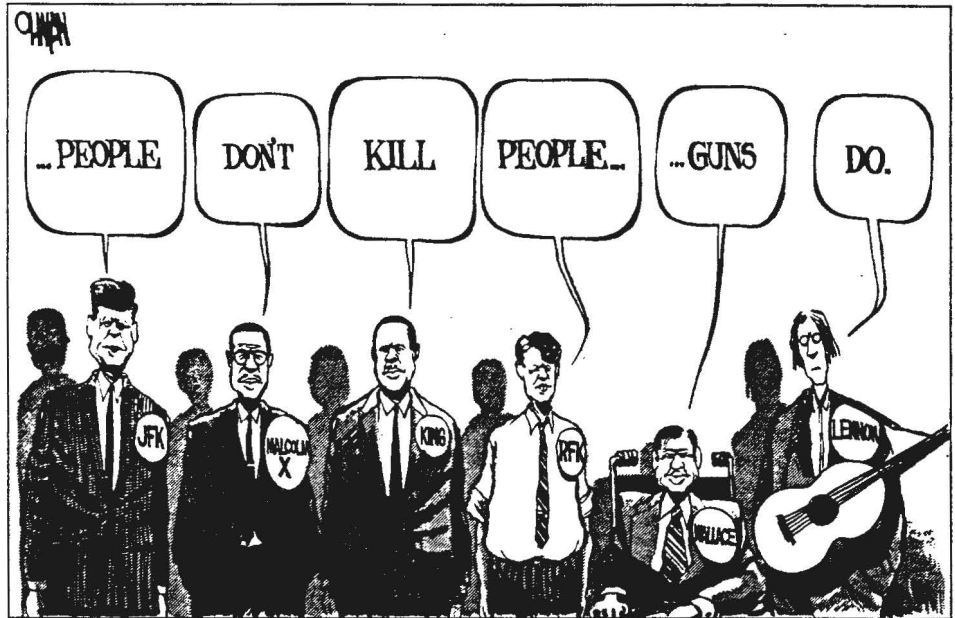
Like Hinckley's dreams of Jodie Foster, many assailants developed bizarre fantasies. Lawrence claimed he was King Richard III and believed that the United States was keeping him from his wealth. Guiteau imagined he had earned an ambassadorial post. Such delusions are often ways to "take revenge for an extreme sense of helplessness," says Abrahamsen—a means of compensating for feeling "that they are nobodies."

Ultimately, it is to become "somebody" that assassin-types turn to violence, psychiatrists believe. The assassin sees killing a public figure as a prominent achievement—even though it may be a displaced death wish. Such people "politicize their inner turmoil," often blaming society for their failures, says psychiatrist Lawrence Freedman, who helped compile the 1969 study. Robbed of a parent figure in child-

hood, they may also be striking at the ultimate father figure. In attacking a President, experts say, the assassin is attacking the office, not the man. Indeed, several assailants have switched targets. Oswald originally gunned for Gen. Edwin A. Walker; Bremer stalked Nixon for weeks.

Given their tangled motives and oddly isolated lives, assassin types seem unlikely hired guns for shadowy conspiracies (box). Yet conspiracy buffs have seen dark plots in every assassination and attempt. Guiteau's sister maintained that a second gunman, hiding in a doorway, actually killed Garfield. Because Zangara's bullet killed Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak, some conspiracists think the assault actually was a plot by mobsters to kill Cermak, not Roosevelt. Lawrence's attack on Andrew Jackson was thought to be a Whig Party plot. Conspiracy theories are still emerging about John F. Kennedy's assassination—alleging everything from a second gunman to a coffin switch. None of the alleged plots has ever been proven, and some psychiatrists say that the theories suggest a national need to see something sinister behind each assassination—rather than the possibly more alarming truth about demented individuals with guns.

Perhaps most disturbing of all is the fact that though they can sketch the profile of the typical assassin, experts don't know what to do with the information. Hundreds of thousands of citizens fit the basic mold—but no one can predict when or if they might become violent. Experts can accurately predict violent behavior in only about one of three cases. "Among violent people, some are mentally ill," says psychiatrist



Ohman © 1981 Chicago Tribune

Searching for causes: Which comes first, the gun or the gunman?

Daniel Freedman of the University of Chicago. "Among the mentally ill, few are violent." Although Hinckley had seen a therapist, would-be assassins rarely come into contact with psychiatrists before their acts—and those who threaten violence are seldom believed, mainly because the vast majority never carry out their threats.

Detention: Law-enforcement officials and Secret Service agents don't know what to do about assassin types either. It is a Federal crime to threaten the President of the United States, and in some states a person who does so and exhibits signs of

psychosis can be incarcerated temporarily. Still, the U.S. Constitution guards against most "preventive detention"—and psychiatrists and legal experts alike warn that people cannot be institutionalized for having potentially criminal backgrounds. The answer—if there is one—would seem to be greater private supervision of possibly dangerous people by their friends, doctors and families so that they are not, as Hinckley's parents reportedly described their son, "wandering aimless and irresponsible."

MELINDA BECK with DONNA FOOTE in Chicago, EMILY NEWHALL in New York and bureau reports

For Conspiracy Buffs Only

In all the recent history of assassinations and assassination attempts in America, none seemed more clearly the work of one man with one gun and no rational motive than last week's audio- and video-taped attack on Ronald Reagan. But this shooting, like the others before it, churned up the usual wake of anomalies, discrepancies and coincidences that attend chaotic events in the real world—and so provided the usual grist for yet another generation of conspiracy theorists to chew over for years to come. The black comic and conspiratorialist Dick Gregory scooped the pack this time, assuring a Los Angeles talk-show host that the CIA and the FBI did it—and experienced students of the literature of assassinations could almost see a hundred similar theories blooming out of what seemed so fallow a patch of ground.

Among the possibilities:

■ **The Hinckley-Didn't-Do-It-or-at-Least-Not-Alone Theory.** The very videotapes that make such a seemingly open-and-shut case against John W. Hinckley Jr. never actually show his face until after his capture. As it happened, he was standing back in a cluster of newsmen, behind the cameras, until he started shooting. But a dedicated conspiracy buff might argue that he was (1) an innocent fall guy or (2) only one gun among two or more. Argument (2) offers the more tempting fodder for the conspiratorialist: one or two anomalous flashes of light

on the tape, a suspended moment in which members of Reagan's security force look the wrong way for the source of the shots and the scrambled first reports from an embarrassed Secret Service misstating the make and caliber of the pistol involved—a perfect invitation to a two-gun scenario.

■ **The Maybe-Hinckley-Did-It-but-the-Government-Helped Theory.** The first question a conspiratorialist might ask is how an ex-Nazi once arrested on a gun charge in Nashville, Tenn., on a day when Jimmy Carter was in town could escape being punch-carded into the Secret Service's computerized list of potential assassins. There were real security lapses at the scene as well—the ease with which Hinckley slipped into the press pack, for example, and the clay-pigeon distance Reagan had to walk to his car when it could have been parked closer to the hotel exit. The evidence in each instance points to carelessness, but there are no mistakes in conspiracy theories—only calculated acts.

■ **The Cherchez-Le-Veep Theory With Mystery Woman and Trilateral Corollary.** For the farthest-out plot-spinners, it will not pass notice that (1) George Bush addressed the Trilateral Commission the Sunday night before the shooting, that (2) Hinckley's brother, Scott, had a dinner date with Bush's son Neil that Monday and that (3) there were several phone calls from an unidentified woman to Hinckley's hotel room that day (the FBI said she was trying to call someone else). Any significance in these occurrences can be left to the imagination, and probably will be.



What Is Left to Say?

First there was the stunned silence of a nation all too familiar with violence against its presidents. Then America—and the world—began to react. A sampling of voices:

"Whether it's John Lennon or the President, if you've got your name up on a marquee, someone tries to shoot out the lights."
—Montana Gov. Ted Schwinden

"A President who can say, 'I'd rather be in Philadelphia' after he's been shot tells you more than a 10,000-word medical bulletin ever could."
—Stanford University Law School lecturer and psychiatrist Donald Lunde

"Too bad he (the would-be assassin) missed. That's the result of sending an amateur to do a professional job . . . I hope Reagan dies."
—Dominic Manno, a student columnist, writing in the daily newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania

"We don't have terrorists in the United States. We just have a lot of screwballs. They are mentally unsound. They are off their rockers."
—Former President Gerald R. Ford

"No, it is not mere chance that America shoots its presidents. It is not mere chance that it shoots singers, that it shoots priests, children and candidates for the Presidency . . . Can one consider a society normal if it is penetrated fully with the idea of violence, a society where terror is a phenomenon of daily life?"
—Komsomolskaya Pravda, a Soviet youth newspaper

"If the leader of another country is shot, we can expect tanks to be drawn up in front of the Presidential palace. We can expect troops to imprison the political opposition. We can expect the new leaders to tear up the country's constitution. But last week America's rules prevailed . . . Even as we are shocked at the attack on the President, we must realize that the same freedom that sends him into crowds at such great risk provides the laws and orderly stability that permits our government to function when the worst happens."
—Civil-rights leader Vernon E. Jordan Jr.

"The Hinckleys are good people, but I wonder if this will affect our land values."
—A woman in Evergreen, Colo., whose house is up for sale

"What the hell is this—a banana republic?"
—Anonymous

"I'm not surprised and that's what is sad about it."
—Chicago student Dave Henson

"The United States was born out of the violence of conquest, rebellion and civil war. Its myths are those of the frontier where the fastest gun was king and every man had his fate in his own hands. The U.S. has risen to become a major industrial and military power claiming universality for its values while seeming unable to shake off the darker elements in its tradition."
—The Times of London

"We do not know whether the attack has been successful or not, but it makes no difference to us."
—Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini

"Someone shot J. R. and they cheered. Someone shot Reagan and they cheered. That's scary."
—John Zannini, a seventh-grade teacher in Tulsa, Okla.

"Boy, if our foresight was as good as our hindsight . . . He looked like a decent young man . . . I'm satisfied some plausible explanation was given for those weapons."
—Judge William E. Higgins of Nashville, Tenn., who released Hinckley last fall after he'd tried to board a plane while armed.

"If you had told me in 1963 that in the next twenty years I would see one President shot to death, one wounded and one twice threatened by gun-wielding assailants, one senator killed and one wounded and one governor wounded, I would have said, 'You've got to be kidding! That's not the United States, it's a shooting gallery!'"
—Eric Steel of Oakland, Calif., in a letter to the editor

"Let us not be so weak-kneed that we shrink behind a plea of mental incapacity and reject capital punishment. Society demands expiation of its collective suffering, and it cannot rid itself of the horror of assassination without at least contemplating the ultimate punishment."
—San Francisco Examiner editor Reg Murphy

"We're keeping the government out of our lives on [gun control], and the result is murderous anarchy. There are limits to the limits-to-government argument, and they are reached and passed when society is made more vulnerable to the depredations of its dangerously deranged."
—Hodding Carter III, former State Department spokesman

"Thank God that the man accused in the assassination attempt wasn't black."
—Columnist William Raspberry

"I'm trembling for my fellow man."
—Dr. Ralph D. Abernathy

"I was utterly depressed. I felt a deep lonely feeling in my stomach, like it was a personal attack. I was in a bad mood all day. I couldn't work. I didn't eat dinner. My children asked me why did it happen. They expressed amazement and wonder, and I couldn't explain to them why."
—Dallas ice-cream maker Daniel Brackeen

"He's one of the youngest presidents we've had based on what he's gone through."
—Former President Richard M. Nixon

"I would have taken that bullet."
—Actor Jimmy Stewart, in a telegram to Reagan

"I found out it hurts to get shot."
—President Reagan

Hail to the Chief: A king-size get-well message near Reagan's hospital room

