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# 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 Sidney, 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 Sidney: "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

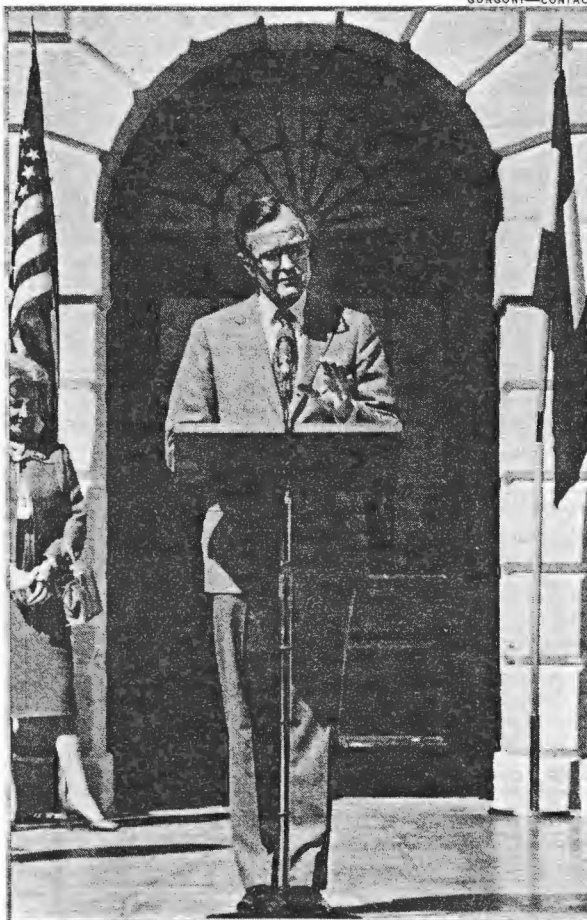
better at the higher levels in such moments. Heightened tension acts as a magnifier; every word, and sentence, becomes an act of international significance and is rocketed around the globe where it is examined and weighed."

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.

**W**hether 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



Maureen Reagan watching the news in Los Angeles



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

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.

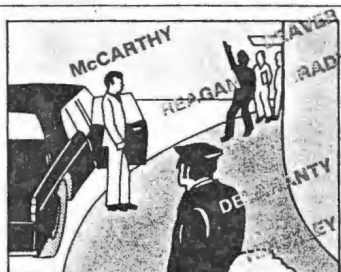
The President received a standing ovation as he entered the Hilton's International Ballroom to address 3,500 union representatives. It was the largest audience he had faced in person since his Inauguration. As he made his pitch for the union members to support his economic program, Reagan's delivery 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



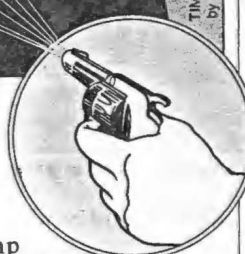
**1** Reagan leaves VIP exit of Hilton Hotel. The door of his limousine is open. He waves as he reaches the curb.



**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.

**"M**r. 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

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-

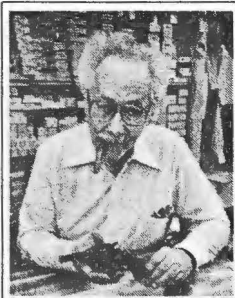
or. Then he started to cough up some blood. My first impression was that somehow a rib had broken and punctured a lung." Reagan had the same mistaken idea. He later said: "It hurt, but I thought it was a broken rib."

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.



Gun Seller Goldstein

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

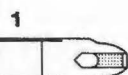
years ago, has a sticker on the door that reads GUNS DON'T CAUSE CRIME ANY MORE THAN FLIES CAUSE GARBAGE. In the window a red, green, blue and black sign advertises .22-cal. revolvers for \$47.

"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.

**B**aker 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 ...

**W**hen 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.

**H**aig 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

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.

**F**ar 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"

**S**hould 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."

D. GORTON—THE NEW YORK TIMES

## Nation

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



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.

**T**he 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

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

# 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.

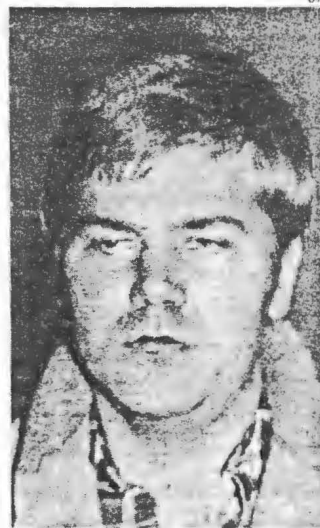
He was not a troublesome teen-ager or even a loner. Indeed, in the seventh and ninth grades he was elected president of his home room, and as an eighth-grader managed the basketball team. John Hinckley was no aloof oddball then. Says his junior-high friend Kirk Dooley: "No one rooted louder than Hinckley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

# 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-



**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.

**I**f 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.

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 Brzezczek: "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

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*



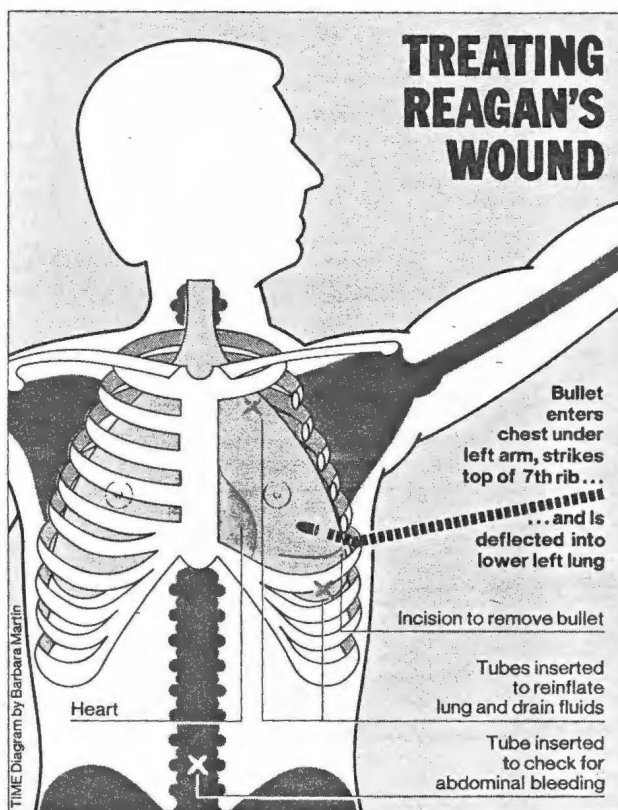
It is the kind of emergency familiar to trauma teams across the nation, particularly at places like New York City's Bellevue Hospital Center and Chicago's Cook County Hospital. The difference this time was the victim: not some dope dealer or faithless lover, but the President of the U.S. But even with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



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-

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

# Reagan's Risk May Have Been Much Greater Than Believed

By Susan Okie  
Washington Post Staff Writer

President Reagan's life may have been in graver danger after he was shot in the chest Monday than was evident from preliminary medical reports.

The president might have died of blood loss and shock if Secret Service agents had ordered him transported to a more distant hospital, such as Walter Reed Army Medical Center or Bethesda Naval Hospital, rather than driving him swiftly to nearby George Washington University Hospital, according to medical sources familiar with his case.

Jerry Parr, the agent who dove on top of Reagan after pushing him into his limousine, noticed a trickle of blood coming from the president's mouth, the first clue that he had been

shot, moments after the car sped away from the Washington Hilton Hotel, according to Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. Parr, who had ordered the car to return to the White House under the assumption that Reagan wasn't shot, then diverted it to the hospital.

A D.C. paramedic noticed blood on Reagan's face when he was brought into the emergency room — well before the White House confirmed that he had been hit.

A doctor who was present confirmed yesterday that about two quarts of the president's blood — between one-third and one-half of his total blood volume — flowed "at a rather brisk rate" out of the left side of his chest as soon as the tube was

See CONDITION, A7, Col. 1

inserted between the chest wall and his collapsed lung.

Medical sources also said he initially showed some heart irregularities, and the surgical intern who treated him, Dr. William O'Neill, told a New York Times reporter that the president's blood pressure was only 78 — low enough to signal impending shock.

Reached yesterday, O'Neill declined to comment further on Reagan's vital signs when he was first examined. Other doctors at the hospital said his blood pressure may have fallen briefly, but within a few minutes rose to a normal level of 120. They said Reagan was never actually in shock, a condition in which blood pressure falls so

low that the brain and vital organs are receiving insufficient blood.

But in the opinion of Roberto Hernandez, a D.C. paramedic who helped carry the stricken president into the emergency room, Reagan looked like a man whose life was in danger.

Hernandez was coming out of the hospital as Reagan was being helped out of his limousine by two Secret Service agents.

"When I saw him it just shocked me," he said. "I noticed he looked very pale, and he had an apprehensive look . . . . The stare in his eyes was like he was in a slight daze."

"He looked like he was in shock," Hernandez said, and his first thought, knowing Reagan's age (70), was that he had suffered a heart attack.

Then, as the group passed, "Reagan's eyes rolled upward, his head went back, his knees buckled and he started to collapse," Hernandez recalled.

One agent called for help. Hernandez grabbed Reagan's legs and helped carry him into the resuscitation area of the emergency room.

"He was gasping for air. He was breathing kind of deep," he said, demonstrating by making a choking sound. As they placed Reagan on the stretcher, "he turned in my direction and said, 'I can't breathe.'"

At that point, Hernandez said, he noticed a little blood around Reagan's nose, but did not see any as his clothes were removed. He said he

heard one of the agents tell a doctor "we don't think he has been hit. We think he may have broken a rib when we pushed him into the car."

A surgeon who saw Reagan minutes after his arrival said he remained conscious but was having obvious difficulty breathing. "He did have a couple of quarts of blood there" in the left side of his chest, pressing on the collapsed left lung, he said.

"When he was lying down, it didn't seem he was in extremis . . .," the doctor said. The president could not have been safely transferred to another hospital, however, he added.

Dr. Joseph M. Giordano, the head of the hospital's trauma team, who first saw the president five minutes

after his arrival, said that by that time his blood pressure was returning to normal, but that his breathing problems and signs of blood loss made it necessary to insert a tube into his chest to reinflate his lung before an X-ray could be taken.

As soon as the tube went in, according to another surgeon present, they drained more than two quarts of blood. Doctors immediately administered intravenous fluids and ordered a transfusion. Reagan received five units of blood — about 2½ quarts — before being taken to surgery.

Giordano said that only 15 percent of patients with wounds such as Reagan's ever need surgery. In most cases, he said, a chest tube connected

to a suction device drains blood and air, allowing the collapsed lung to re-inflate. Surgery is done only when blood continues to flow from the tube, indicating possible life-threatening damage to the heart or a major blood vessel.

Since his operation, Reagan has improved steadily, and a statement yesterday said he was in good condition despite some pain requiring mild medication — normal for someone who has had major surgery. He was walking around, eating solid food, and last night was expected to receive his last dose of antibiotics (given after surgery to prevent infection), according to a doctor.

The tragedy occurred at 2:25 p.m. yesterday as Reagan emerged from the Florida Avenue entrance of the Washington Hilton Hotel after a speech to AFL-CIO building and trade unions designed to drum up support for his economic program. The president was waving to a crowd of more than 100 well-wishers when a series of shots rang out. A small cloud of smoke rose about 10 feet away, above the area roped off for reporters and photographers who accompany the president on all such outings.

"Get down," "get back," security men shouted. Onlookers screamed, ran, cowered. The president was shoved down and into his armored limousine, a look of fear replacing the ever-present smile.

As the presidential limousine screeched away, a group of wrestling bodies pinned the suspect against the wall. A Secret Service agent with a submachine gun crouched as though in anticipation of another possible attack.

A few feet away laid Brady, face-down. Blood poured from the right side of his forehead, down a grid in the sidewalk and by a small handgun lying by his head. Almost on top of him was Delahanty. McCarthy lay on his side a few feet away.

A group of Secret Service agents wrestled the handcuffed suspect to a D.C. police car which had backed into the service alley. Agents and White House staff members attended the wounded men, with one holding a handkerchief on Brady's head until he could be loaded on the ambulance stretcher. One of the wounded security men screamed in pain as he was loaded into an ambulance.

At this point, the president was believed to be unhurt. That was the initial report relayed to the White House.

At 2:25, Vice President Bush, airborne from Ft. Worth to Austin, Tex., was told there had been a shooting and that two men were down. Not until 20 to 25 minutes later did he learn that the president was hit. Air Force II then landed in Austin, refueled while Bush remained aboard and headed back to Washington. About 2:35, Mrs. Reagan was told by her Secret Service agent that there had been a shooting and that Brady was hurt. She went immediately to the hospital, where she learned that her husband, too, was wounded.

About the same time, White House staff director David Gergen went flying into Chief of Staff James A. Baker III's office with word that Brady had been hit. Baker had gone to tell counselor Edwin Meese III, when deputy chief-of-staff Michael K. Deaver, who narrowly escaped the barrage of bullets, called from the hospital to report the president's injury.

The hospital had been notified by the presidential motorcade that Reagan was injured and enroute. Although the president was met at the emergency entrance by a trauma team, he walked in under his own power although holding his bleeding left side.

Meanwhile, deputy press secretary Karna Small told reporters that the president was unharmed and that there were conflicting reports as to whether Brady had been wounded.

At 2:58, Frank Ursomarso, White House director of communications, said Brady's condition was "unknown" and that Meese, Baker and deputy press secretary Larry Speakes were going to the hospital. (They were joined by Reagan's political director and longtime aide, Lyn Nofziger.)

Not until 3:18 did Ursomarso, standing on a chair outside Brady's West Wing office, confirm to screaming reporters that Reagan was injured. "The president was shot in the left chest," he said. "His condition is stable."

By that time, Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig had arrived at the White House to take control of crisis operations pending Bush's return. Haig had called Baker within minutes of Deaver's report from the hospital, and arrived at the White House in less than five minutes.

At 3:37, Gergen told reporters that a decision was then being made as to whether Reagan required surgery and that Bush would be back in town by early evening. Meanwhile, he said, Haig, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Attorney General William French Smith were in the White House to handle anything that might arise.

About 3:45, Reagan was taken to surgery, his irrepressible humor undaunted. He winked at Baker as orderlies wheeled him toward the operating room. He told his close friend, Sen. Paul Laxalt, R-Nev.: "Don't worry, I'll make it." To Mrs. Reagan, the president had an apology: "Honey, I forgot to duck."

There was even a crack for the surgeons. "Please tell me you're Republicans," quipped Reagan as he was about to undergo anesthesia. "Today, we're all Republicans," a doctor rejoined.

At 4:14, an emotionally shaken Haig, who had been holed up with other top Cabinet officials in the Situation Room in the basement of the West Wing, told reporters that a bullet had punctured the president's left lung and that surgery was under way. The secretary of state sought to assure all concerned that everything was under control, that he was in charge of crisis management until Bush returned and that allies had been notified of the situation.

At 5:17, brave attempts by the White House press office to remain relatively composed under severe emotional stress and considerable confusion gave way in the face of television reports that Brady was dead. One staffer ran sobbing to the relative privacy of the basement. Tears flowed down the cheeks of the usually poker-faced aides.

Self-labeled those reports "untrue," to the audible relief of listeners.

About 5:30, surgeons completed the removal of the bullet from the president's lung and by 5:20 the 6-inch incision was sewn up and the president wheeled to a recovery room.

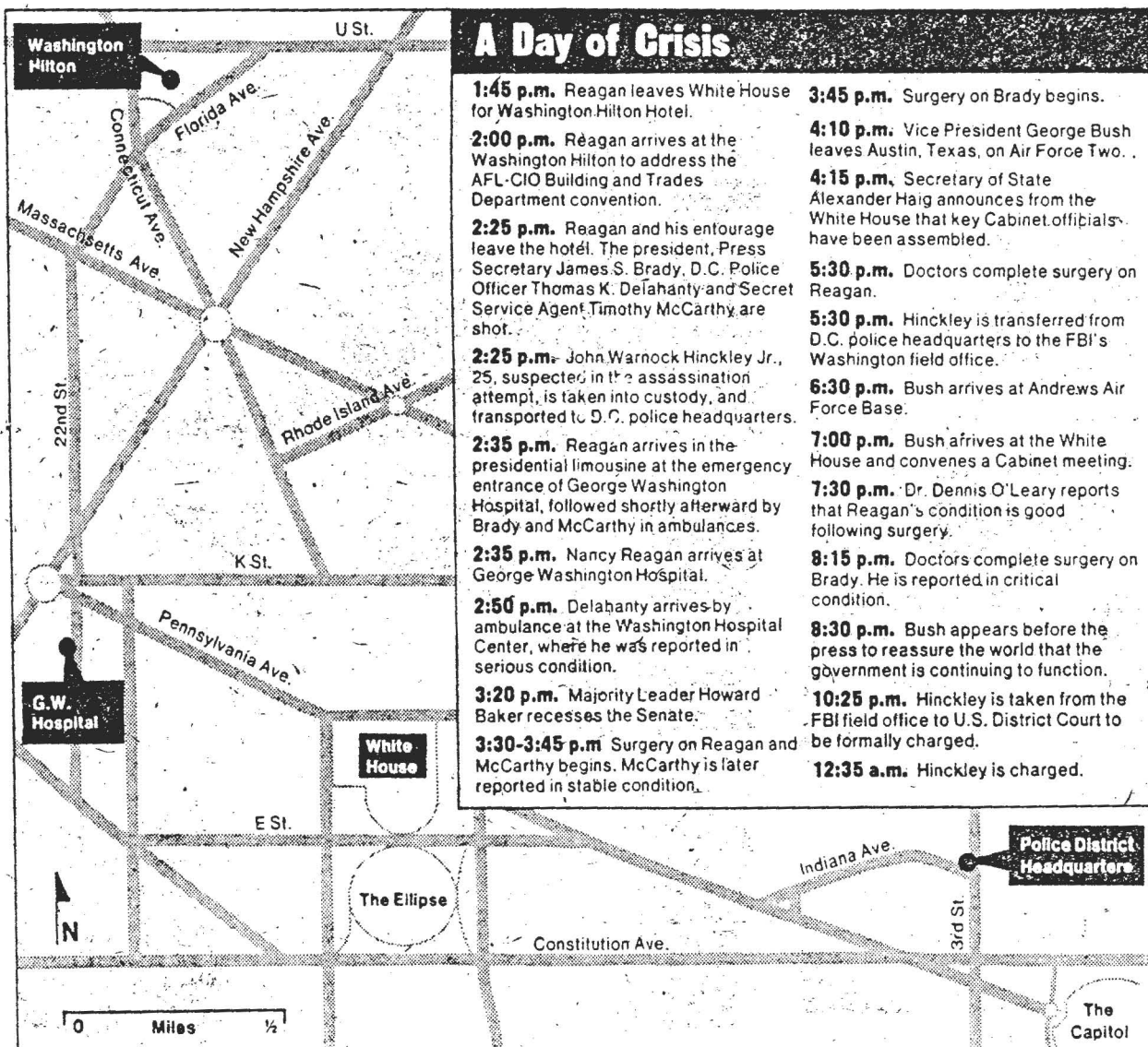
At 6:30, Bush arrived at Andrews Air Force Base. By 7, he, too, was in the situation room.

At 7:30, Dr. Dennis S. O'Leary told reporters that the president was out of surgery, would be "fully capable" of making decisions today after the anesthesia wears off, would be in "moderate pain" for a couple of days, would be hospitalized for a couple of weeks and would be fully recovered a couple of months later. He said Reagan was "at no time in any serious danger" and that his vital signs were "absolutely rock solid" throughout.

While the doctor briefed reporters, Bush convened a Cabinet meeting. About 8:30, the vice president reassured the nation and the world that the American government is "functioning fully and effectively," despite the trauma of the previous six hours.

By 8:50, Reagan was sufficiently alert to pass the light-hearted note to his doctors.

*Washington Star Staff Writers Jeremiah O'Leary and Howie Kurtz contributed to this report.*



COMPILATION OF LOG OF INTERNAL EVENTS  
(See Baker Memo of 3/31/81 attached)

Questions to be Covered in Individual Memos

1. Exactly when did you first know about the President's condition, and how did you learn of it? (If your knowledge changed over time, please respond accordingly.)
2. What did you do first upon learning of the President's being injured?
3. Who was in command where you were located? (If the command structure or your understanding of it changed over time, please note accordingly.)
4. What means of communications did you (or others near you) rely upon for interaction with key members of the White House staff and Cabinet; did this communications system function satisfactorily? (Please elaborate as appropriate.)
5. What significant decisions (in your judgment) were made where you were? By whom? And how?
6. Please note any other facts that you judge might be relevant for a log of internal events.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 31, 1981

MEMORANDUM FOR THE SENIOR STAFF

FROM: JAMES A. BAKER III *JAB*  
SUBJECT: Compilation of Log of Internal Events

There is a need to compile an accurate log of relevant internal events for the period (approximately) 2:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. on March 30 (yesterday).

This will be required to provide authoritative responses to external questions, and to provide a basis for our own review of internal operating procedures.

I am asking Dick Darman to take overall responsibility for pulling this compilation together. I have asked him also to coordinate the development of a preliminary analysis of this compilation -- with a view toward recommending necessary changes (if any) in operating procedures and support systems. He will work closely with Dick Allen and Fred Fielding on this -- consulting with all of us as necessary.

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INTERNAL EVENTS LOG

Asked for Facts

Received Response

White House

|              |  |
|--------------|--|
| Deaver       |  |
| Allen        |  |
| Anderson     |  |
| Fielding     |  |
| Friedersdorf |  |
| Garrick      |  |
| Murphy       |  |
| Canzeri      |  |
| Fuller       |  |
| Hickey       |  |
| Hodsoll      |  |
| McCoy        |  |
| Williamson   |  |

Cabinet

|                    |  |
|--------------------|--|
| Baldrige           |  |
| Regan (via Fuller) |  |
| Casey (via Fuller) |  |
| Weinberger         |  |
| Goldman (for Haig) |  |
| Block (via Fuller) |  |
| Lewis              |  |
| Watt               |  |
| Smith (via Fuller) |  |

To Be Asked

|                |  |
|----------------|--|
| Vice President |  |
| Meese          |  |
| Baker          |  |

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THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

March 31, 1981

Baker  
Moss  
Deaver  
Bergen  
Fielding  
Dole  
Anderson  
Allen  
Williamson  
James  
Friedenreich  
Nofziger  
Murphy  
Barbuck  
Fuller  
Harper  
Hickory  
McCoy  
Rogers

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GUIDANCE ON EVENTS OF MONDAY, MARCH 30

1. The activities that took place in GW Hospital, in the White House Situation Room, and on the Vice President's plane during the afternoon reflected a spirit of complete cooperation and dedication toward one goal -- to keep the American Government running smoothly during a period of distress.
2. There was full communication between the hospital, the Situation Room and the airplane at all times. During much of the afternoon, an open line was maintained between the White House and the hospital.
3. When news of the incident first broke in the afternoon, White House Chief of Staff Jim Baker and Secretary of State Haig twice conferred by telephone. Upon learning that the President had indeed been wounded, the Secretary came directly to Mr. Baker's office. Baker had just departed for the hospital with Ed Meese, Larry Speakes, and Lyn Nofziger. From the hospital, Baker talked with Haig and they agreed that Haig would serve as the chief contact point between Baker and Meese at the hospital and the Situation Room. He did so in numerous conversations thereafter.
4. Haig was chosen to coordinate the activities in the Situation Room, and to serve as the chief contact because he was the senior Cabinet member present.
5. At one point during the afternoon, a question arose in the White House press room and on national television about the alert status of American forces and our overall security. Secretary Haig at that point felt it was important to reassure our allies that there was continuity of government here in the United States.
6. At all times, officials of the Administration were prepared to deal with any contingency that might arise.
7. This morning, at the White House Senior Staff meeting, both Baker and Meese took the occasion to praise the Cabinet and the staff for their complete cooperation and teamwork during the tense hours of Monday.

GUIDANCE ON EVENTS ~~XXXXXX~~ OF MONDAY, MARCH 30

1. The activities that took place in GW Hospital, in the White House Situation Room, and on the Vice President's plane during the afternoon reflected a spirit of complete ~~cooperating~~ cooperation and dedication toward one goal -- to keep the American government running smoothly during a period of distress.

2. There was full communication between the hospital, the Situation Room and the airplane at all times. ~~At many times~~ During much of the afternoon, an open line was maintained between the White House and the hospital.

3. When news of the incident first broke in the afternoon, White House chief of staff Jim Baker and Secretary of State Haig twice conferred by telephone, ~~and then, upon ascertaining that the President had indeed been wounded, the Secretary came directly to Mr. Baker's office. Baker soon thereafter went to the hospital with Messrs Ed Meese, Larry Speakes, and Lyn Nofziger. From the hospital, Baker called Haig and asked him:~~  
"In our absence, ~~from~~ would you please serve as our point of contact in the Situation Room?" Haig agreed.

learning  
Baker had just  
departed for

4. Haig was chosen to coordinate the activities in the Situation Room, and to serve as the ~~xxxxxx with the hospital and the Vice President~~ chief ~~xxxxxx~~ contact ~~with the hospital and the Vice President~~ because he was the senior cabinet member present. ~~xxxxxx~~

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6. At no time, in the Situation Room, ~~xxxxxx~~ in the hospital or in the Vice President's plane did questions arise ~~about~~ or were there serious discussions about either the matter of command authority or Presidential disability. Throughout the day, it was believed that the President was not in a life threatening situation and no issues arose which demanded more than the course of ~~xxxxxx~~ activities that took place.

7. ~~This~~ This morning, at the White House senior staff ~~xxx~~ meeting, both Baker and Meese took the occasion to ~~praise~~ praise the cabinet and the staff for their complete ~~on~~ cooperation and teamwork during the tense hours of ~~Tuesday~~ Monday.

6. At all times the officials of the Administration were prepared to deal with any contingency that might arise.

GUIDANCE ON EVENTS OF MONDAY, MARCH 30

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