

Officer's Tribute Is Poem

Yesterday morning, a New Hampshire patrolman scribbled out a poem—his farewell to John F. Kennedy.

A teletype operator at the police station read the poem and decided to send it out to fellow New Hampshire policemen.

State Police teletype operators in Massachusetts and in Albany received the poem. They decided to send the poem on to other stations.

And on and on the poem traveled until it reached Troop D headquarters in Oneida. Troopers at Oneida sent the poem—via teletype—on to Utica and Rome.

The poem, written by Patrolman Donald E. Reinert, of the Manchester Police Bureau:

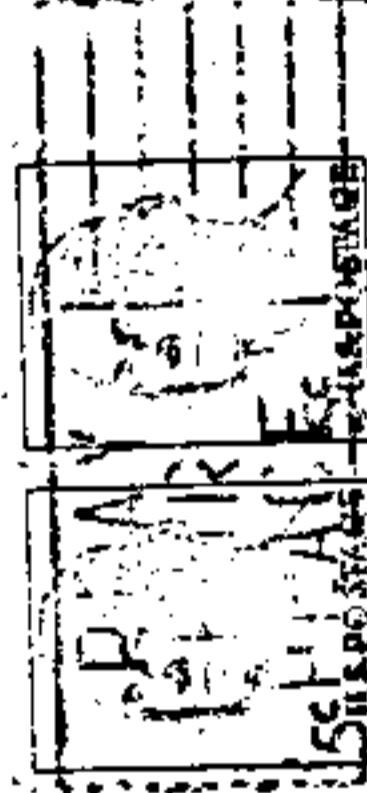
Half-masted under
saddened skies,
The emblem of his office
flies,
The people mourn with
disbelief,
The passing of the
nation's chief.

A nation's tears of grief
are there,
We feel the sadness in
the air;
An emptiness has set
apart,
This day within the
nation's heart.

Hail to the chief, one last
salute.

Along life's ever-
shortened range,
Cover him and let him
sleep
Beneath the tears, so
many weep.

Beneath the final prayers
we say,
To rest his soul so far
away,
The man who gave so
much for you,
God rest the man who
saw it through.



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