

Life 1/26/69

In the South nonviolence was answered with violence and



LH 12/24/69

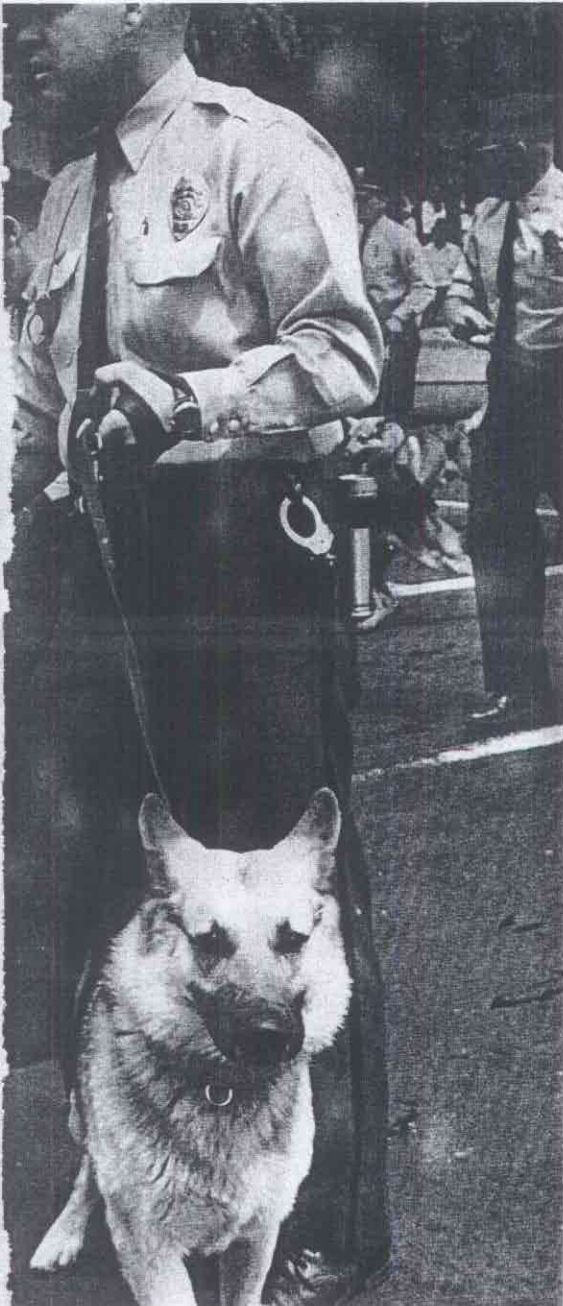
Granted one of the shortest reigns of any modern pope—less than five years—John XXIII forced the Church into a greater degree of rel-

evance than it had had for centuries. He sought to embrace all mankind—and to persuade it that man can live in peace. The means he chose

was an ecumenical council that he prayed would "shake off the imperial dust that has accumulated on the throne of Saint Peter since Constantine."



an outraged people marched



Police dogs were used (left) against demonstrators in Birmingham, Ala., where the blacks demanded desegregation of public facilities.

When "Freedom Riders" crossed into Alabama to test compliance with laws ending Jim Crowism, their bus was set on fire by the whites.



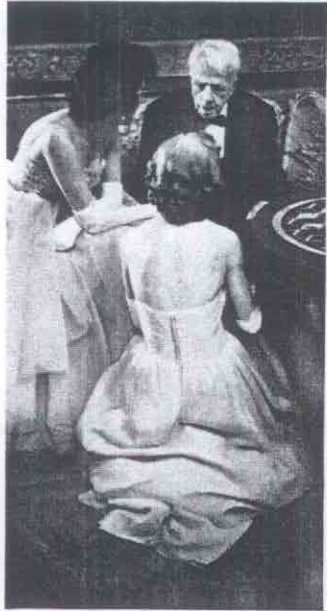
Nonchalant in the face of charges stemming from the murder of three civil rights workers, 19 Mississippi defendants were arraigned in 1964.

Black and white supporters of civil rights, 200,000 strong, marched on Washington (below) and heard Martin Luther King say, "I have a dream."



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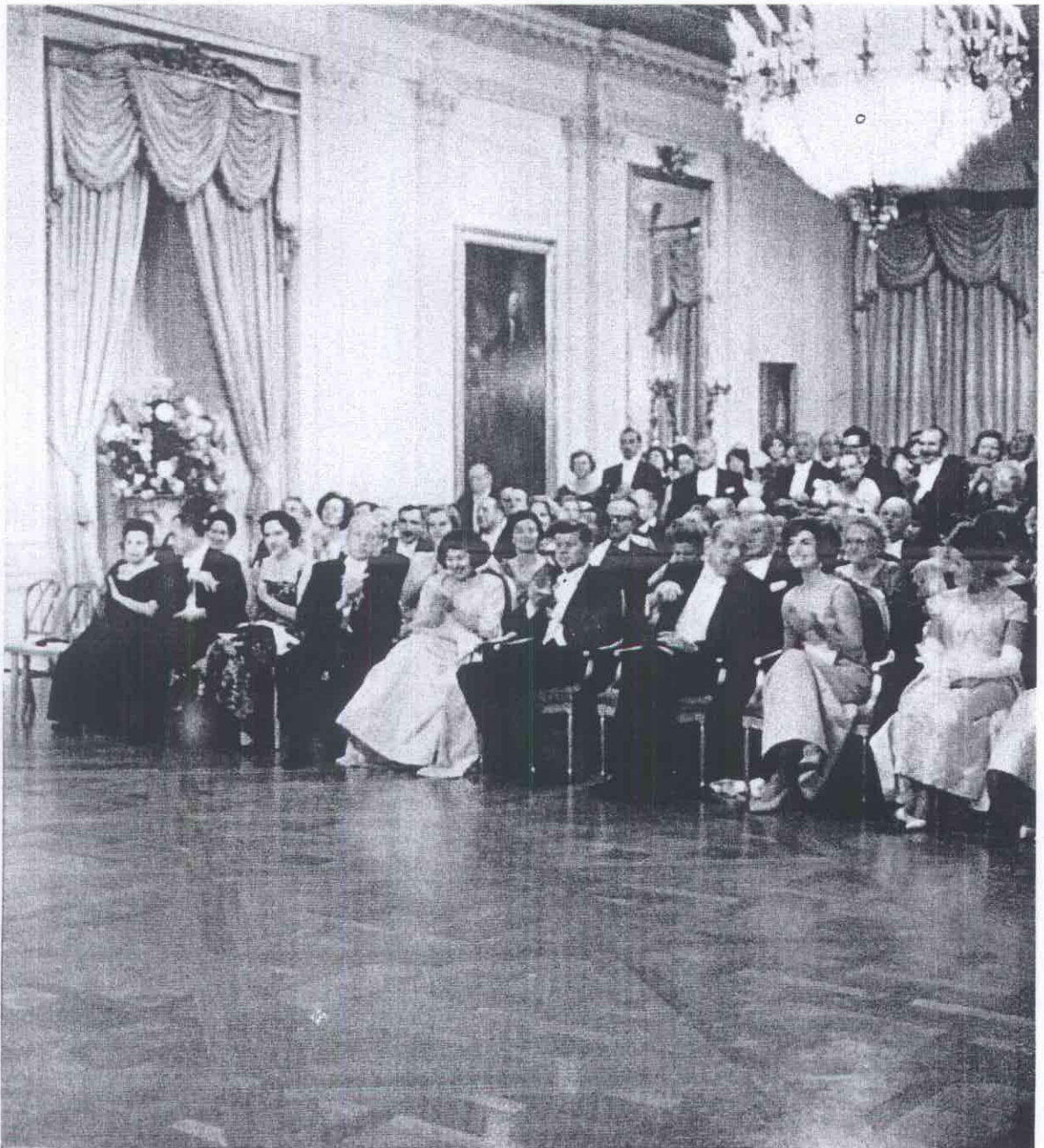
xcellence found its own reward in a White House hospitable



President Kennedy quipped, "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House—with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone." The occasion was a dinner for 49 of America's Nobel prizewinners, and also attended by masters of the arts like Poet Robert Frost (above). On another occasion the Kennedys arranged a concert by Pablo Casals (right) to honor visiting Puerto Rican Governor Muñoz Marín—the first appearance by the master cellist in the White House since 1904 during the tenancy of Theodore Roosevelt.



to elegance and the arts





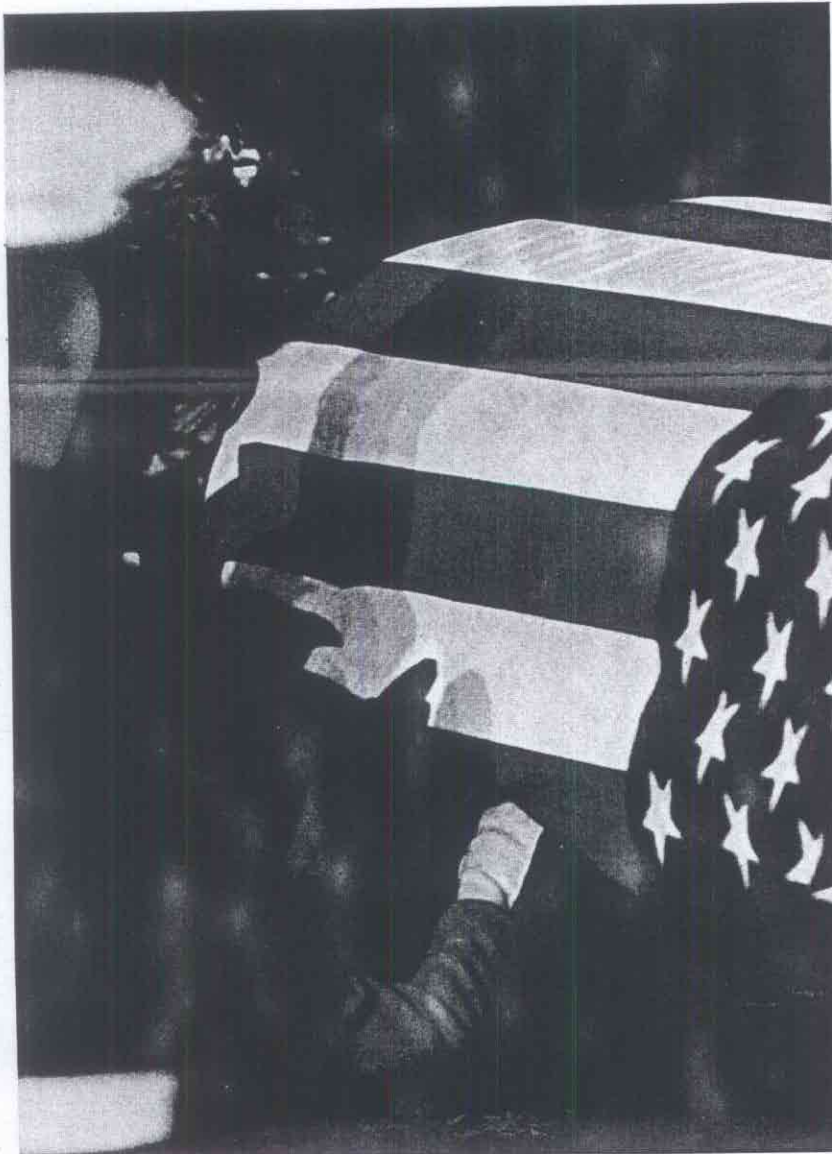
On November 22, 1963, the new President took the oath of office in the cabin of Air Force One

This is a sad time for all people.
We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed.
For me it is a deep personal tragedy.
I know the world shares the sorrow that Mrs. Kennedy and her family bear.
I will do my best.
That is all I can do.
I ask for your help—and God's.

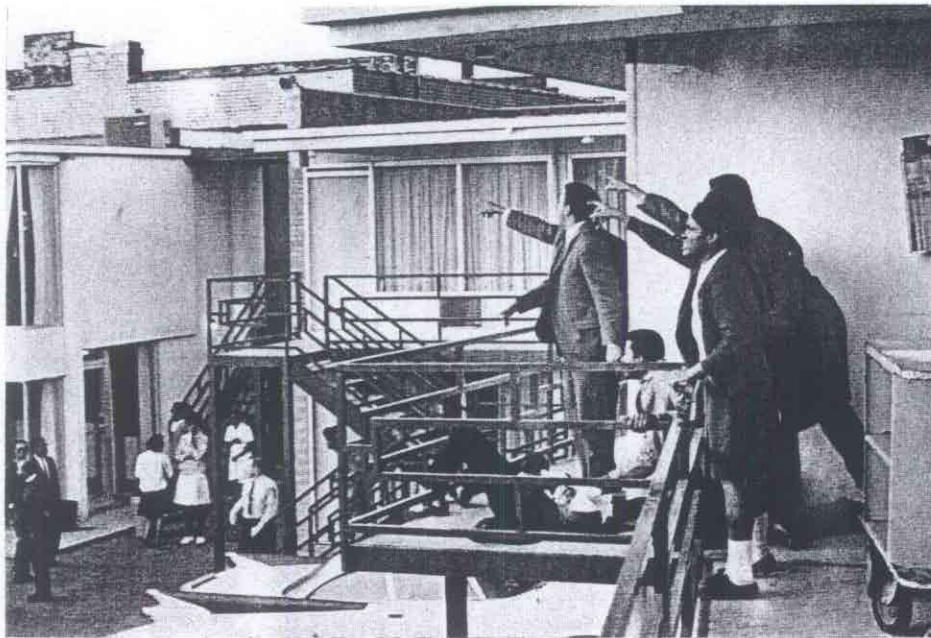
LYNDON B. JOHNSON

Martyrs and murderers

Death, in full view, in the hands of obscure men, shocked everyone and shattered the pattern of history



John Kennedy was shot to death in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963 and for three ceremonial days the nation shared with Jacqueline Kennedy the anguish of her loss. It was a moment we thought unique for its tragedy and bitter sadness. Yet there would be more. Assassination scarred the decade. By 1968, when Martin Luther King died in Memphis, and Robert Kennedy died in Los Angeles, the solitary anger of a few demented men had spread out like a terrible stain to mark us all.



As Martin Luther King stepped out onto the balcony of his Memphis motel one evening in 1968, during a strike by the city's

black sanitation men, a single shot rang out. King collapsed, dying. Eleven months later James Earl Ray pleaded guilty to his murder.



In 1965, as Malcolm X stepped to the rostrum in a Harlem auditorium, a scuffle broke out. As his bodyguards dashed from his side, three men rose in the audience and emptied two pistols and both barrels of a shotgun at him. He died before the ambulance came.

His arms firmly pinioned by police officers, Lee Harvey Oswald presented a perfect target as Jack Ruby burst from the crowd of newsmen in the Dallas police headquarters and, before 60 million unbelieving television viewers, fired one shot at point-blank range.

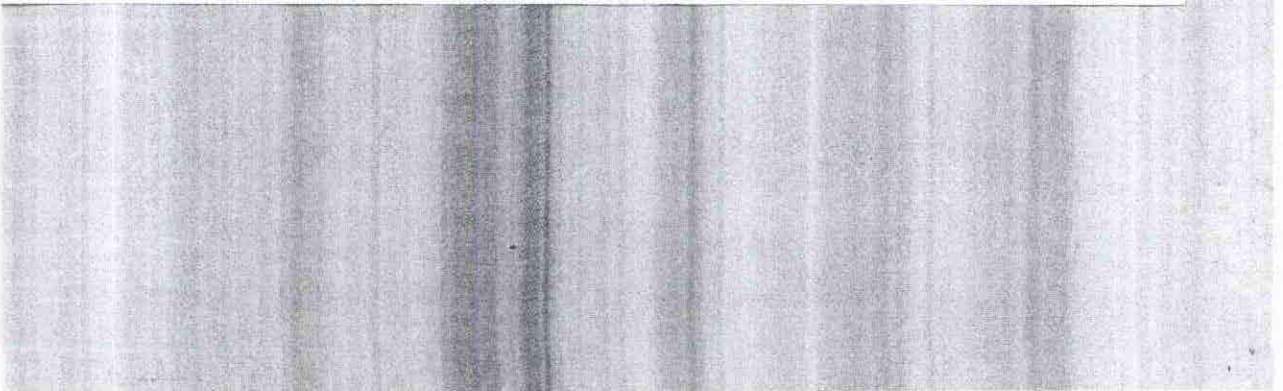


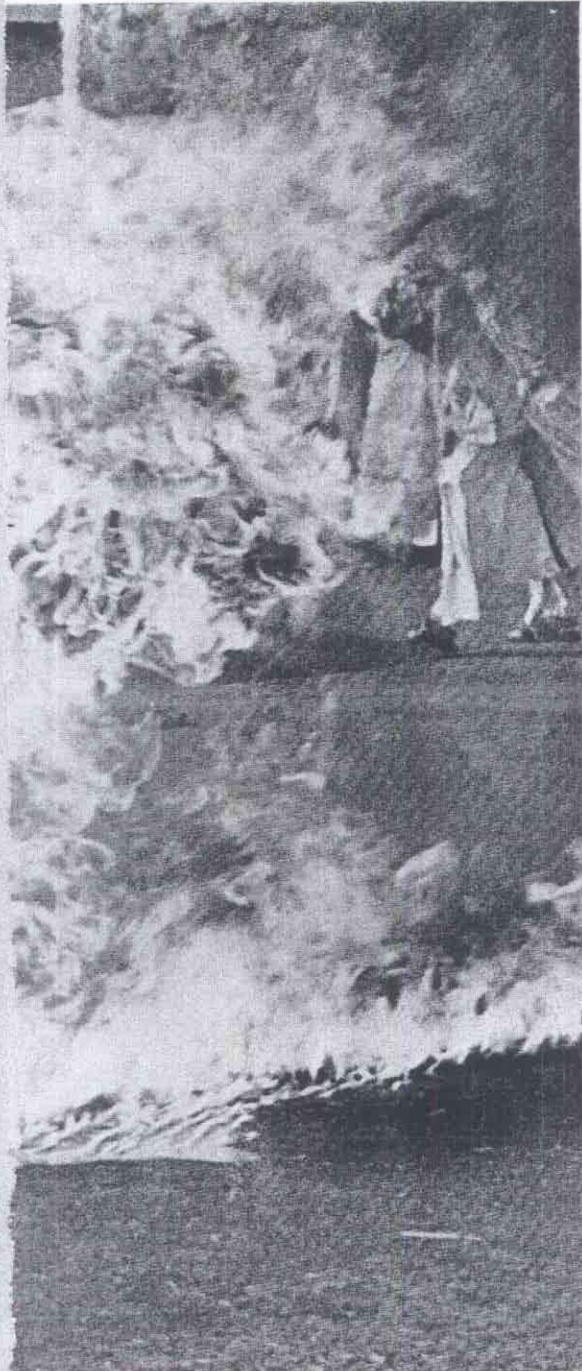
A balcony, a rostrum, the open road,
even police headquarters—no place was safe



In 1966 James Meredith, who had desegregated the University of Mississippi four years earlier, returned to his home state in a solitary march against fear. A day down U.S. Route 51 he caught a shotgun blast in the back, twisting as he fell, superficially wounded, to catch a glimpse of his assailant in the bushes on the side of the road (left).







Two images of horror evoked the torment of Vietnam and pierced the conscience of America



At the height of the Tet offensive in 1968, Saigon's police chief Nguyen Ngoc Loan raised his revolver to the temple of this Vietcong suspect, and with cool indifference blew his brains out. Then he turned to the photographer. "Buddha will understand," he said.

Amid rising political and religious tensions in Vietnam in 1963, a 73-year-old Buddhist monk transformed his body into a grisly torch of protest against the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem. In Saigon Quang Duc sat patiently while his fellow monks doused him with gasoline, and then himself struck the match which engulfed him in flames. For 10 minutes he sat motionless, as his body burned fiercely. Then his charred corpse toppled slowly over onto the roadway.

Within five years of his brother's death, Robert Kennedy lay dying in a Los Angeles hotel kitchen, with busboy Juan Romero kneeling protectively beside him.

