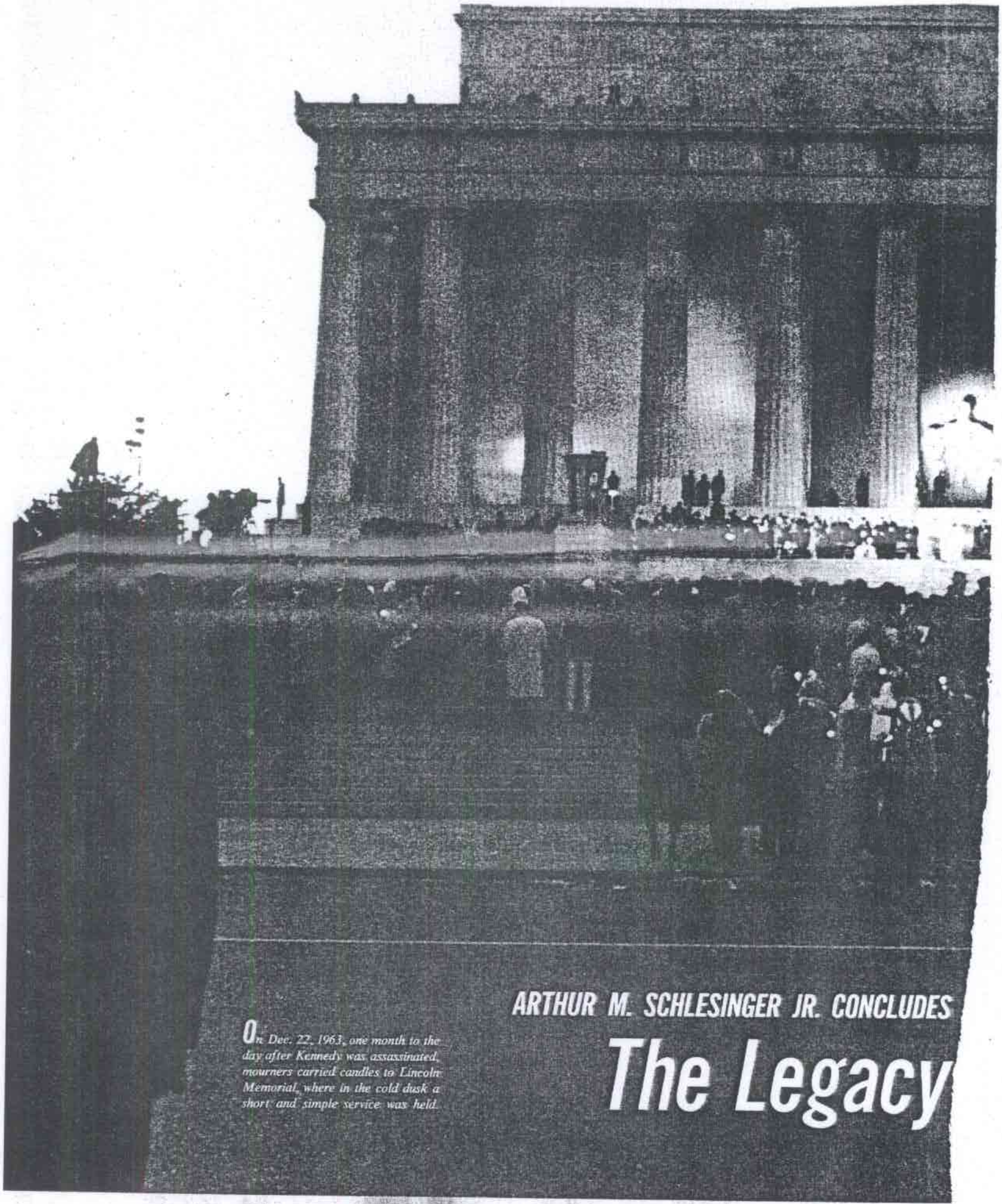
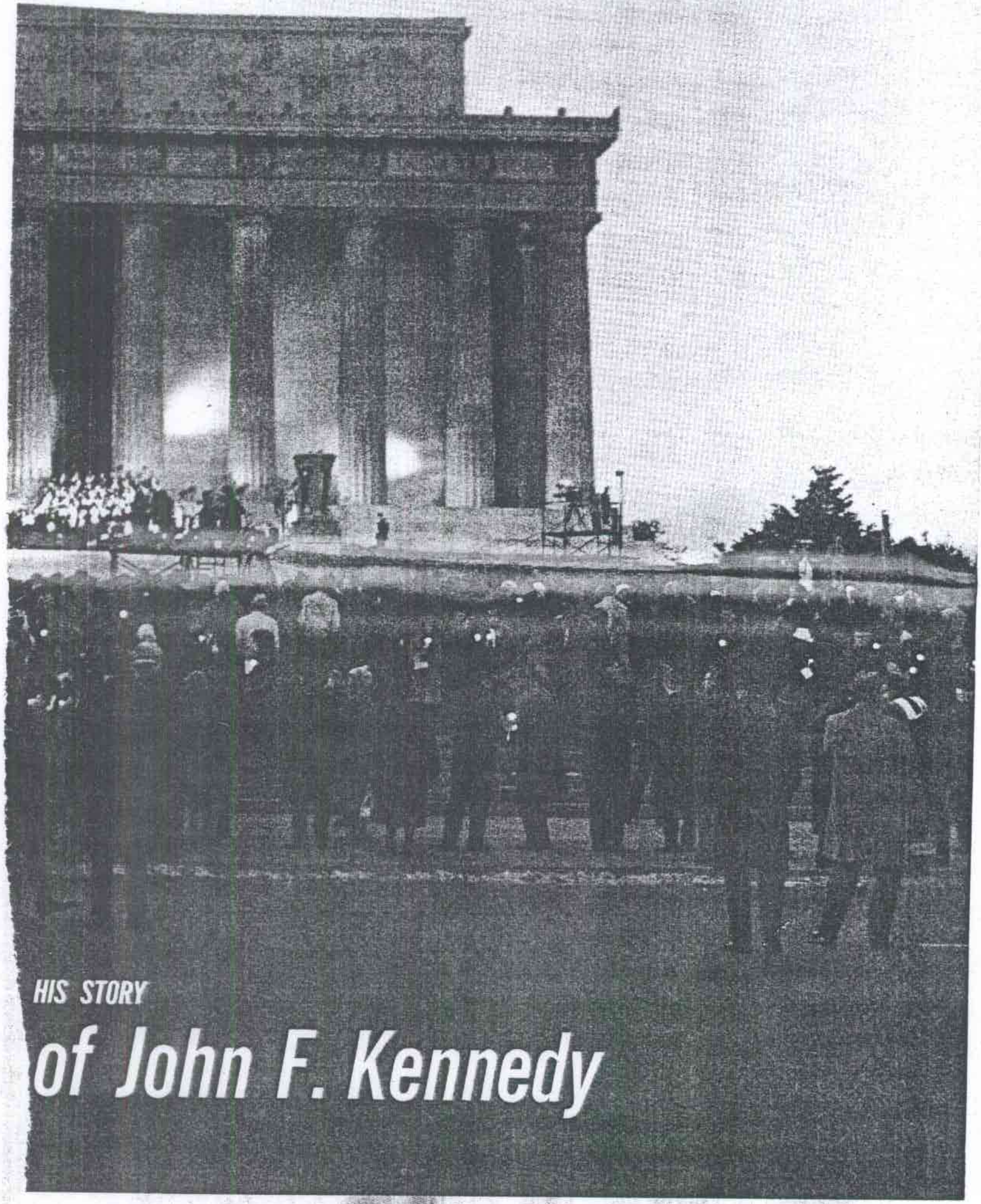


On Dec. 22, 1963, one month to the day after Kennedy was assassinated, mourners carried candles to Lincoln Memorial, where in the cold dusk a short and simple service was held.

### ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR. CONCLUDES

# The Legacy



HIS STORY

# of John F. Kennedy

## A THOUSAND DAYS, PART VI

# His Vision: the Truly Civilized Society

### by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.

*With this article* LIFE *completes its serialization of Mr. Schlesinger's* A Thousand Days, *to be published by Houghton Mifflin on Nov. 29.*

*Kennedy, who considered the arts part of the presidential responsibility, gave a dinner for Nobel winners where Jacqueline talked with Poet Robert Frost.*

The nation at mid-century—urban, industrial, mobile, technologically kinetic, spiritually hyperbolic—contained a swarm of hard and insistent problems. John F. Kennedy used to look back almost with envy at the relatively predictable statecraft of the 19th Century. Then, as he once said, "Great Presidents and great senators dealt with four, five or six issues which flowed in a gentle stream across the panorama of their lives. What they talked about when they came to Congress they talked about . . . at the end of their congressional terms." Now the U.S. faced issues "which dwarf in complexity every week the kind of problems which those men dealt with in their lifetimes." And these, Kennedy said, were "new problems, entirely different from those that have faced the Eisenhower administration, or that of Harry Truman, or Franklin Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson . . . new issues, requiring new people, new solutions, new ideas."

The problems, of course, were not all that different, nor were the answers he offered all that new. Yet Kennedy's program, taken as a whole, offered a systematic identification of the fundamental problems of modern America in terms of a deeply critical assessment of the moral, intellectual and institutional failures of American society. The thrust of his preoccupation was less with the economic machine and its quantitative results than with the quality of life in a society which, in the main, had achieved abundance.

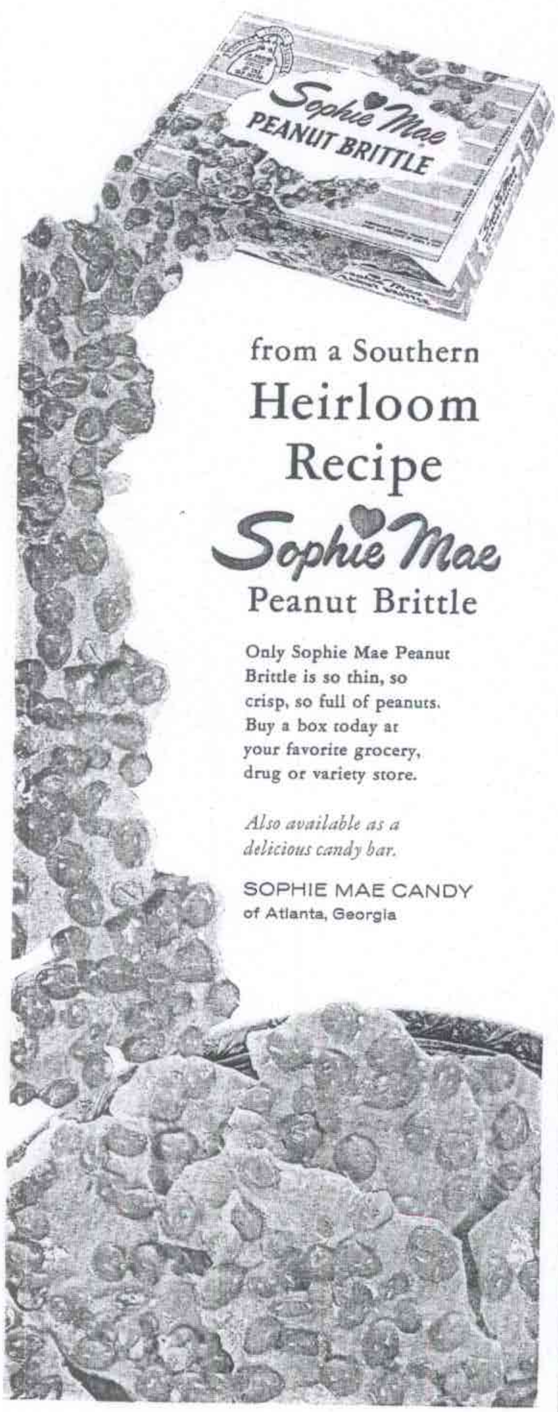
Kennedy used the conventional instruments of public education with freedom and skill. But he felt that press conferences and public addresses could not work for him as they had worked for the Roosevelts and Wilson—that hortatory and explicit public education was simply not suited to the mood of the 1960s. A decade of reformers and muckrakers had given the nation's ear to Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson, and a depression had given the nation's ear to Franklin Roosevelt. The early 1930s in particular had been a time when the visible, tangible crisis had generated a hunger for national action. With people hanging on every presidential word, the public education was no great problem to a President who had something to say. But no President could create by fiat the kind of public opinion he wanted. Kennedy liked to recall Owen Glendower's boast in *Henry IV, Part I*—"I can call spirits from the vasty deep"—and Hotspur's reply: "*Why, so can I, or so can any man: / But will they come when you do call for them?*"

Yet he turned out to have an ability unmatched in his age to call spirits from the vasty deep; and they generally came when he summoned them. But he did so in his own fashion—which so subtly permeated national attitudes and individual lives that no one realized how much he had changed things until his time was over.

The essence of Kennedy's attack was not by admonition and remonstrance, in the earlier days, but by example. It was this which led to the familiar charge that he was preoccupied, to use the odious word, with "image." One Republican congressman dismissed his popularity: "It's like that of a movie actor—it's not related to legislation." But the Kennedy image was packed with a whole set of intellectual implications which

©1965 BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CONTINUED



from a Southern
Heirloom
Recipe
Sophie Mae
Peanut Brittle

Only Sophie Mae Peanut
Brittle is so thin, so
crisp, so full of peanuts.
Buy a box today at
your favorite grocery,
drug or variety store.

*Also available as a
delicious candy bar.*

SOPHIE MAE CANDY
of Atlanta, Georgia

# A scorn for histrionics, a recoil from corniness

## Thousand Days

CONTINUED

were preparing the nation for legislative change as surely as the muckrakers did for Theodore Roosevelt and the Great Depression did for Franklin Roosevelt. In an age of contentment Kennedy's personality was the most potent instrument he had to awaken a national desire for something new.

So he communicated a critical attitude toward aspects of American life, a respect for ideas, a delight in wit and satire. So, too, he sought to combat the impression of himself as a highly political figure and to assume, when he could, a nonpartisan stance. At times he seemed to some of those around him to go almost too far in this effort—as, for example, in making the entirely respectable, safe and overrated trade expansion bill his top legislative priority in 1962, instead of staging a knock-down-drag-out fight over federal aid to education or Medicare. We felt that national argument was the best way to break national apathy and communicate the reality of problems. To the President I would cite the Roosevelts, Wilson, Jackson and so on in arguing the inevitability and superiority of the politics of combat as against the politics of consensus. But, while he did not dispute these historical points, he plainly saw no reason to rush prematurely into battle.

I think now he had deeper reasons for this than I understood at the time—that his cast of mind had a profounder source than a pragmatist's preference for a law over an issue, than a rationalist's distaste for give-'em-hell partisanship, or even than a statesman's need to hoard national confidence against the possibility that foreign crisis might require swift and unpopular presidential decisions. I believe today that its basic source may have been an acute and anguished sense of the fragility of the membranes of civilization, stretched so thin over a nation so disparate in its composition, so tense in its interior relationships, so cunningly enmeshed in underground fears and antagonism, so entrapped by history in the ethos of violence. In the summer of 1963 he spoke to Robert Stein, then editor of *Redbook*, about the destructive instincts "that have been implanted in us growing out of the dust," and added, "We have done reasonably well—but only reasonably well" in controlling them. His hope was that it might be possible to keep the country and the world moving swiftly enough to prevent unreason from rending the skin of civility. But he had peered into the abyss and knew the potentiality of chaos.

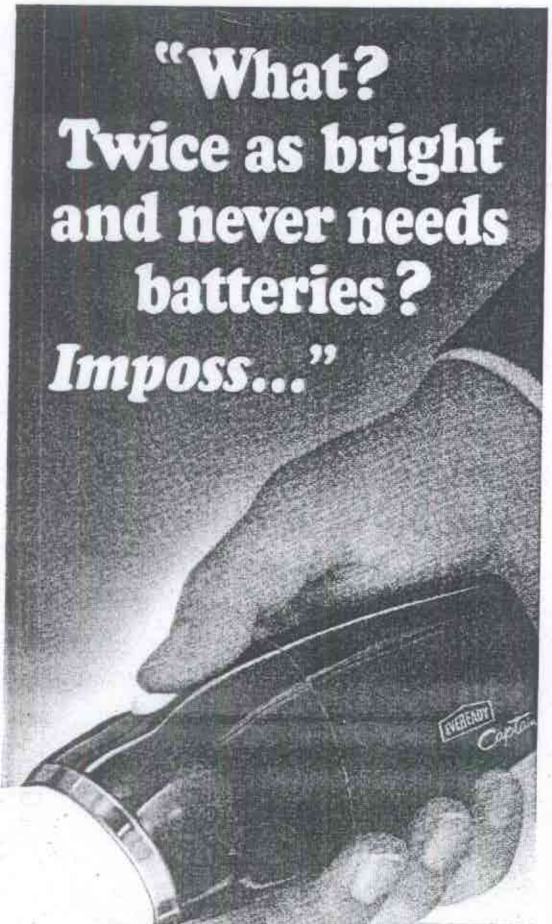
The chemistry of the 1960s confirmed Kennedy in temperamental traits already well marked—an aversion to what he called "highly charged" political positions, a scorn for histrionics, a recoil from corniness, a determination not to become a national scold or bore. They were rooted, too, in that qualified historical fatalism which led him to doubt whether words, however winged, would by themselves change the world.

A combination of self-criticism, wit and ideas made up, I think, a large part of the spirit of the New Frontier. It informed the processes of government, sparkled through evenings at the White House and around Washington, refreshed and enlivened the world of journalism, stimulated the universities, kindled the hopes of the young and presented the nation with a new conception of itself and its potentialities. From the viewpoint of the 1950s, it was almost a subversive conception, irreverent and skeptical, lacking in due respect for established propositions and potentates. Perhaps only a President who was at the same time seen as a war hero, a Roman Catholic, a tough politician and a film star could have infected the nation with so gay and disturbing a spirit. But Kennedy did exactly this with ease and grace: and, in doing so, he taught the country the possibilities of a new national style. If he did not get the results he would have liked at once, he was changing the climate in directions which would, in time, make those results inevitable.

He did this only partly by doubting the perfection of existing institutions. His more powerful weapon was his vision of the truly civilized community America might become. This vision animated his efforts to improve the quality of American life. It reached its climax in the unprecedented concern which the President and his wife gave to the place of the intellect and the arts in the national society.

"The artist," William Faulkner had said at the American Academy

CONTINUED


"What? Twice as bright and never needs batteries? Imposs..."
EVEREADY
Captain

HERE IT IS!

EVEREADY

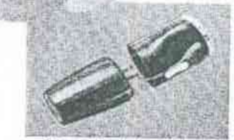
Captain TRADE MARK

Rechargeable Flashlight!

It's hard to believe what this amazing light will do! It shines twice as bright as ordinary 2-cell flashlights. Never needs batteries. Its modern design fits easily in the palm of your hand. Comes with a 2-year guarantee. Available in colors too. Impossible? See for yourself today ... approximately $14.95 and well worth it!

GREAT GIFT IDEA!

UNION CARBIDE "Eveready" and "Captain" are registered trade marks of UNION CARBIDE CORPORATION



Safe, modern design. UL listed. Easy to recharge — simply separate ...

and insert power pack into any 110 volt AC household outlet.

Each light comes in an attractive gift box.

# The necessity of excellence, the disgrace of ugliness

## Thousand Days

CONTINUED

of Arts and Letters in 1957, "has no more actual place in the American culture of today than he has in the American economy of today, no place at all in the warp and woof, the thews and sinews, the mosaic of the American dream." Perhaps it was not quite that bad. The postwar decades saw the so-called cultural explosion which, by 1960, was sprinkling the American scene with a fallout of amiable statistics—5,000 theater groups, 20,000 dramatic workshops, 700 opera groups, 200 dance companies, 1,200 symphony orchestras, $100 million spent annually on classical records, $1.5 billion annually on books, more people attending concerts each year than baseball games, more piano players than licensed fishermen, a quadrupling of museums in a generation.

On examination, however, the cultural explosion was less substantial than it seemed. The statistics confused quantity with quality. The problem, in the midst of the widening public interest in the arts, was partly the preservation and refinement of standards and partly the organization of financial support for artistic institutions.

The Kennedys moved into the White House with a lively desire to help meet this problem. They were wholly unaffected in their attitude toward the arts; it was simply, as their close friend, the artist William Walton, once put it, that they were "susceptible to the comfort of the arts. They couldn't live without them—it is woven into the pattern of their lives." The President's curiosity and natural taste had been stimulated by Jacqueline's informed and exquisite responses. The art to which John Kennedy responded most deeply and spontaneously, I think, was literature; but he had a growing interest in architecture, and he had acquired some knowledge of painting—he liked the impressionists, though he was baffled by nonobjective art—and sculpture. For example, he was fond of a Greek bronze figurine of *Herakles and the Skin of a Lion* of about 500 B.C. which he bought in Rome in 1963; at the same time he brought back a Roman imperial head of a young satyr for Jacqueline. He loved picking out presents for her: her birthdays brought a profusion of boxes from Klegeman and drawings from Wildenstein. Serious music, it must be said, left Kennedy cold.

But the character of his personal interest in the arts was less important than his conviction that the health of the arts was vitally related to the health of society. He saw them not as a distraction in the life of a nation but as something close to the heart of a nation's purpose. Excellence was a public necessity, ugliness a national disgrace. The arts therefore were, in his view, part of the presidential responsibility, and Kennedy looked for opportunities to demonstrate his concern. Thus, when Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall early in December 1960 suggested that Robert Frost be invited to read a poem at the Inauguration, Kennedy instantly responded. (Frost replied: "IF YOU CAN BEAR AT YOUR AGE THE HONOR OF BEING MADE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, I OUGHT TO BE ABLE AT MY AGE TO BEAR THE HONOR OF TAKING SOME PART IN YOUR INAUGURATION. I MAY NOT BE EQUAL TO IT BUT I CAN ACCEPT IT FOR MY CAUSE—THE ARTS, POETRY, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME TAKEN INTO THE AFFAIRS OF STATESMEN.") And when his journalist friend Kay Halle proposed that leading artists and writers be asked to attend the Inauguration —an idea which startled and annoyed the politicians hoarding tickets on the Inauguration Committee—Kennedy told her to go ahead. The combination of Frost on the rostrum and W. H. Auden, Alexis Léger, Paul Tillich, Jacques Maritain, Robert Lowell, John Hersey, John Steinbeck, Allen Tate and 50 other writers, composers and painters in the audience did seem to prefigure a new Augustan age of poetry and power.

The Inauguration was the first step in the unfolding policy of presidential recognition of the arts. Then came a series of White House dinners. In November 1961 Pablo Casals, who had long declined to play his cello in public as a badge of mourning for Spanish democracy, agreed to perform at the White House on an evening honoring Puerto Rico's Governor Muñoz Marin. Kennedy said with emphasis in introducing Casals: "We believe that an artist, in order to be true to himself and his work, must be a free man." They had

CONTINUED

# *The creation of 'a new world of self-respect'*

## *Thousand Days*

CONTINUED

talked together for an hour about world peace before the dinner. "I have never known anyone who listened more carefully than he did," Casals said later. "When I played at the White House, I was very happy in my heart."

Other dinners followed—for Composer Igor Stravinsky; for the Western Hemisphere Nobel prizewinners (whom Kennedy called "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"); for André Malraux (Kennedy began his toast by saying, "This will be the first speech about relations between France and the United States that does not include a tribute to General Lafayette")—all memorable affairs. He encouraged the Cabinet to arrange a series of cultural evenings—readings, recitals and dramatic performances. Thornton Wilder, who inaugurated the Cabinet series, remarked that the Administration had created "a whole new world of surprised self-respect" in the arts.

*August Heckscher was commissioned by Kennedy to conduct arts inquiry "without fanfare." His report was adopted as new policy.*

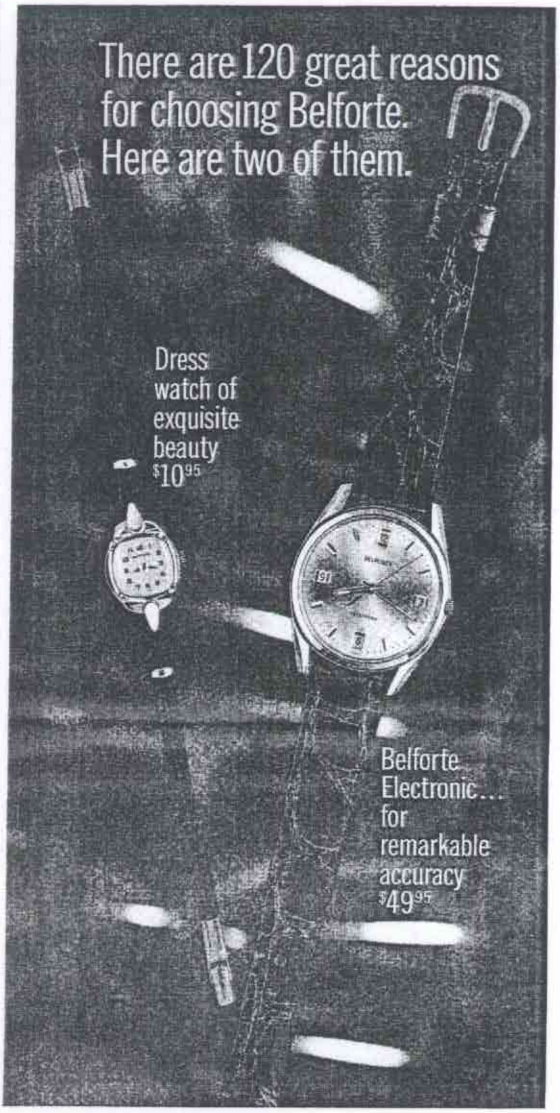
To complete the process of national recognition, Kennedy rehabilitated the Presidential Medal of Freedom in an effort to honor those "whose talent enlarges the public vision of the dignity with which life can be graced and the fullness with which it can be lived." Although an interdepartmental committee was charged with making the recommendations, Kennedy took a keen personal interest in the candidates and citations.

He well understood that honoring the masters would not solve the problems of the young artist or the elevation of artistic standards or the economic sustenance of the arts. Nor did he suppose that these were problems to which government had the solution. But within its own domain the national government did all sorts of things, from designing stamps to erecting public buildings, which bore upon the arts. He asked Pierre Salinger and me to consider how the White House might take hold of this problem. We recommended that he commission a special consultant to survey the areas where public policy had impact on cultural life and to define a national program.

I had in mind for the assignment August Heckscher of the Twentieth Century Fund. Early in December 1961 the President invited Heckscher to conduct an inquiry "without fanfare" into the resources, possibilities and limitations of national policy in relation to the arts. "Obviously government can at least play only a marginal role in our cultural affairs," Kennedy told Heckscher. "But I would like to think that it is making its full contribution in this role."

Kennedy's caution expressed his fear of the vague generalization and the empty gesture. The notion, proposed by some, of a Department of Fine Arts filled us with apprehension. But Heckscher had a profound conviction, sensitively expressed in his 1962 book, *The Public Happiness*, that public support of the creative arts could become an antidote to the boredom and alienation of modern industrial society and the means by which the individual in a world of flickering images could recover a sense of objectivity and reality. In the spring of 1963 he submitted his recommendations in a report on "The Arts and the National Government." A few days later Kennedy by executive order set up the Advisory Council on the Arts and prepared to make the special consultancy a permanent full-time office. Since Heckscher had to return to the Twentieth Century Fund, it was the President's inten-

CONTINUED


There are 120 great reasons for choosing Belforte. Here are two of them.
Dress watch of exquisite beauty $10.95
Belforte Electronic... for remarkable accuracy $49.95

You can choose from 120 great watches when you choose Belforte. Every one with style, with quality, with features for which you'd expect to pay much more. It's the value watch, sold and serviced around the world.

The 120 great reasons for giving Belforte include calendar watches . . . self-winding watches . . . exotic pendant watches . . . From $10.95 to $49.95.

See them soon at your jeweler.

BELFORTE
SOLD AND SERVICED AROUND THE WORLD
COMPANION WATCH TO THE WORLD FAMOUS BENRUS

There's no place like home for the Holidays. Remember those wonderful Jones Sausage breakfasts?

The original Jones Farmhouse
Jones Dairy Farm • Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

As fall edges into winter, we Joneses are planning for the Holidays just as you must be at your own home. It's a wonderful time of the year. Friends come calling and families gather themselves together from near and far. It's a time of tradition. A time of remembering all the sights and sounds and tastes that a family comes to know and love over the years.

We, here on the Jones Farm, are happy that the sausage we make is part of the Holiday atmosphere in so many homes across the country. For generations, lots of people have just naturally planned on hearty breakfasts of Jones Sausage. The Holidays wouldn't seem right without it.

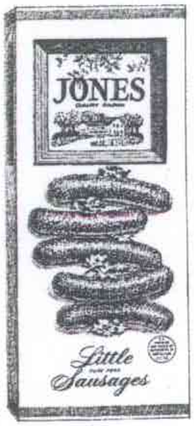
That's because Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is something special. It's still made on the same Wisconsin farm by the fifth generation of Joneses.

We use choice cuts of tender young pork. Even hams, shoulders and loin roasts. These cuts, together with pure spices and seasonings, are blended in small batches according to a recipe that's been in our family for well over a century.

Long ago we realized we'd never make the most sausage in the country if we stuck to our way of doing things. We decided we'd always make an honest real farm sausage we could be proud to put our name on. That takes a little more time and trouble, but we think it's worth it. And you know, people seem to agree with us.

From our family to yours

We take a lot of family pride in our sausage. And we hope your family enjoys it as much as we do here on the Jones Farm. You'll find Jones Sausage in your grocer's meat or frozen foods case. Try some.



Real farm sausage
from a real Wisconsin farm

# *Jackie's persistence that saved a historic square*

## *Thousand Days*

CONTINUED

tion to appoint Richard Goodwin.

The President's commitment to the arts reached its climax in Washington itself. Most Presidents since Jefferson had remained astonishingly indifferent to their immediate surroundings. But Kennedy, with his strong architectural instincts, had a consuming interest in the physical appearance of the capital. He had hardly taken his presidential oath when he confronted a plan conceived in the previous Administration to replace the graceful old residences on Lafayette Square in front of the White House with enormous modern office buildings. He made Bill Walton, whom he subsequently appointed chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, his agent in these matters. The President and Walton wanted to preserve the 19th Century character of the square; at the same time, it was essential to provide office space for the overflowing federal establishment. For a time the problem seemed to defy solution. Both Kennedy and Walton gave up and concluded that the old buildings would have to go. Only Jacqueline held out.

"The wreckers haven't started yet," she said, "and until they do it can be saved." Then the President, running by chance into John C. Warnecke, the San Francisco architect, asked his advice, and Warnecke came up with a brilliant solution which protected the historic houses and placed new and harmonizing office buildings behind them. Kennedy maintained a steady interest in the development of the Lafayette Square plan. One day Walton apologized for interrupting him when weightier affairs were on his desk. "That's all right," said Kennedy. "After all, this may be the only monument we'll leave."

On a beautiful autumn Saturday at the end of October 1963 the President flew to Amherst College in Massachusetts to take part in a ceremony in honor of Robert Frost. He had decided to speak about Frost's inaugural theme of poetry and power. When we were talking over what he might say, we had chatted about Frost's poems. He recalled: "*I have been one acquainted with the night*" and said, "What a terrific line!" Now, on Air Force One, he worked over the speech and then joined Stewart Udall, James Reed, his friend of PT-boat days who was now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and me in the forward compartment. The President's mood was gay. Udall remarked that he feared a fanatically anti-Kennedy lady of his acquaintance might appear and even try to interrupt the ceremony, "so if you see me in the crowd struggling with a woman and rolling on the ground, you will know what is going on." "In any case, Stewart," the President said, "we will give you the benefit of the doubt."

Soon we landed and motored over to the college. It was Indian summer, golden and vivid but with forebodings of winter. "The men who create power," Kennedy told his Amherst audience, "make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness. But the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable . . . for they determine whether we use power or power uses us." Frost, he continued, saw poetry as the means of saving power from itself. "When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the area of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses."

"I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization," he said, "than full recognition of the place of the artist." And then he offered his vision of the American promise:

> I look forward to a great future for America, a future in which our country will match its military strength with our moral restraint, its wealth with our wisdom, its power with our purpose. I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty, which will protect the beauty of our natural environment, which will preserve the great old American houses and squares and parks of our national past, and which will build handsome and balanced cities for our future. I look forward to an America which will reward achievement in the arts as we reward achievement in business or statecraft. . . . I look forward to an America which commands respect throughout the world not only

CONTINUED

HERE'S HOW
for the Holidays

Just by lifting your little finger, your new Super "Magic Touch"® Tray delivers 18 dry sturdy cubes. Aluminum Honeycomb® tray for quick freezing. Special finish and exclusive Floating Grid for even faster release. See a Super "Magic Touch" Tray. Almost any store has one.

**Inland Manufacturing Division**
General Motors Corporation
Dayton, Ohio

only NORTHERN heating pads have exclusive Sanifresh® covers
(to resist germs, bacteria, odors)

100% wetproof, too!

There's a Northern pad to suit every purpose, every purse. Choose from practical, washable sanifresh treated covers of flannel or broadcloth, to quilted satin. All pads feature automatic controls with up to 75 heat variations, with built-in TV and radio static-free thermostats. Sold at better stores everywhere.

Northern
ELECTRIC COMPANY · CHICAGO
World's Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of Electric Heating Pads and Blankets.

For your best value in heating pads look for these famous Northern brands: Northern, Century, Starlite and Red Line; also Northern and Century baby bottles warmers, sterilizers, vaporizers, humidifiers and electric toothbrushes.
The electric blankets that give you the most for your money wear these famous Northern names: Northern Elegance, Reversibles, DeLuxe, Riviera and Featherweight. Also Crestwood, Certified, Century, Wayne, Challenger, Laurel, Empress, Sleep-Rite, Warm-Crest, Starlite, Starcrest.

# '. . . the Presidency provides some happiness'

*Pablo Casals talked with Jacqueline after 1961 concert. He last played in White House in 1904 when Alice Roosevelt Longworth (talking to Kennedy) was present.*

## Thousand Days

CONTINUED

> for its strength but for its civilization as well. And I look forward to a world which will be safe not only for democracy and diversity but also for personal distinction.

This was his sense of the future, and he embraced it as if on a rising tide of confidence. A few days later, at a press conference, someone asked him how he felt about the Presidency. He replied, "I have given before to this group the definition of happiness of the Greeks, and I will define it again: It is full use of your powers along lines of excellence. I find, therefore, the Presidency provides some happiness." For all the congressional problems of 1963, he knew he had had a good year, and he anticipated 1964 with relish.

He had little real doubt, I think, that he would win the election with ease. This would give his second term the congressional margin the first had lacked. He saw his second administration as the time of great legislative action, when the seeds planted in the first four years would come to fruition. He expected, of course, to make some changes; the conduct of foreign affairs never ceased to bother him. Then, after the election, he could not only complete his present program but move forward to new problems—tax evasion was one, an attack on the structure of government subsidies was another, the rationalization of the city, the promotion of the arts and the protection of the natural environment, others. In foreign affairs he looked forward particularly to the possibility, if the détente held, of a journey to the Soviet Union.

Sometimes he would muse about life beyond 1968. He had remarked early in his administration that, "whether I serve one or two terms in the Presidency, I will find myself at the end of that period at what might be called the awkward age—too old to begin a new career and too young to write my memoirs." Very many thoughts drifted through his mind about the future—publishing a newspaper (he had sometimes joked with Ben Bradlee about buying the *Washington Post*), returning to Congress like John Quincy Adams, traveling around the world, writing a book. As the plans for his presidential library at Harvard took shape, he began to visualize the future with more particularity. He would, he thought, live part of each year in Cambridge. Here he could use his offices in the library, work on the history of his administration, hold seminars and talk to students. He hoped that the library might become a center where academicians, politicians and public servants could challenge and instruct one another, thereby realizing his old dream of bringing together the world of thought and the world of power.

But 1969 was a long time away, and there remained the hurdles of 1964. The President looked forward with high anticipation to running against Barry Goldwater. I think he felt that this would give him an opportunity to dispose of right-wing extremism once and for all and win an indisputable mandate. On Nov. 12 he convened his first strategy meeting for 1964—Robert Kennedy, Larry O'Brien, Kenneth O'Donnell, Ted Sorensen, John Bailey and Richard Maguire of the National Committee, his brother-in-law Stephen Smith, Richard Scammon, Director of the Census Bureau and a lively expert on voting statistics. They discussed the South and its representation at the national convention, meditated on the suburbs, considered the organization of the campaign, then reverted to the South, where the President was soon to go to carry the fight to Florida and Texas. It was a sanguine meeting, filled with badinage about the future.

The Vice President of the United States was not present, and his absence stimulated a curious story that the Kennedys intended, in the political idiom, to dump him as

CONTINUED

# His 1964 political plan: run again with L.B.J.

## Thousand Days

CONTINUED

the vice presidential candidate in 1964, as Roosevelt had dumped John Nance Garner in 1940. These stories were wholly fanciful. Kennedy knew and understood Johnson's moodiness in the Vice Presidency, but he considered him able and loyal. In addition, if Goldwater were to be the Republican candidate, the Democrats needed every possible asset in the South. The meeting on Nov. 12 assumed Johnson's renomination.

It had not been an easy year for Johnson. One saw much less of him around the White House than in 1961 or 1962. He seemed to have faded astonishingly into the background, and he appeared almost a spectral presence at meetings in the Cabinet Room. Though his fidelity to the President was constant and his self-discipline impressive, the psychological cost was evidently mounting. The Vice President disagreed with Administration tactics in 1963 on a number of points —on the handling of the civil rights bill, on the handling of the Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity and selling wheat to the Soviet Union. Yet Johnson always spoke about the President himself with deep and unaffected admiration. He would mention the grace with which he bore his burdens and say that, when Kennedy would go around the room with the question "What would you do?" he would pray that he would not have to answer first. As 1964 approached, Kennedy looked to Johnson for particular help in the Vice President's own state.

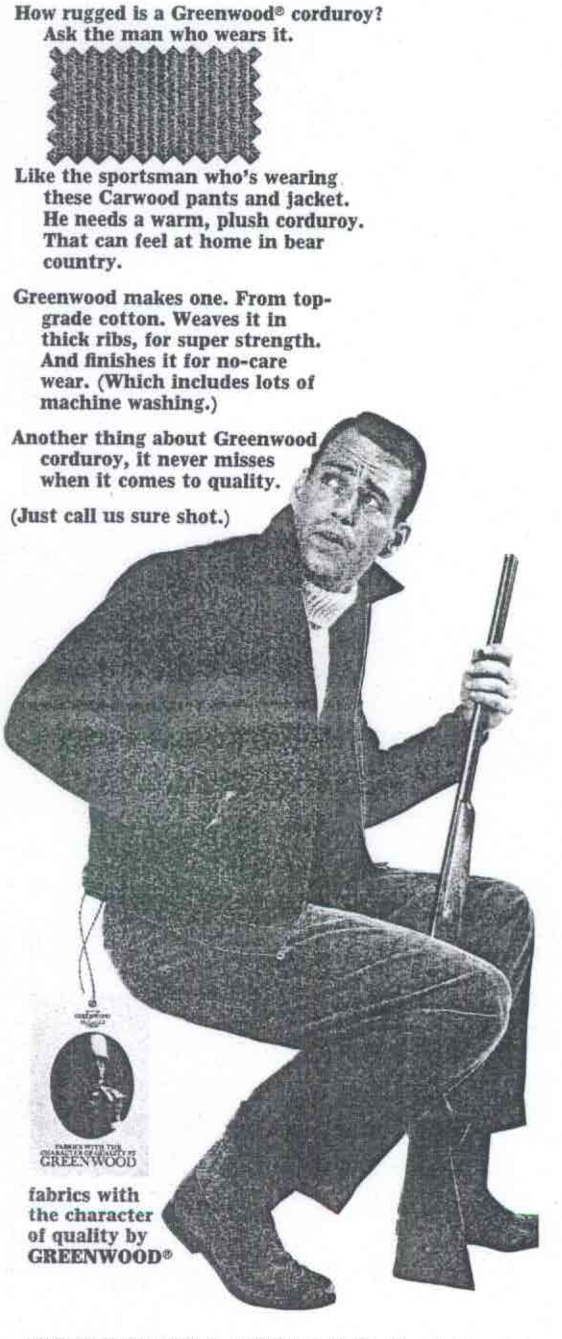
On Friday morning, Nov. 22, I had flown to New York, with Katharine Graham, whose husband Philip had died three months before, for a luncheon with the editors of her magazine *Newsweek*. Kenneth Galbraith had come down from Cambridge for the occasion. We were still sipping drinks before luncheon in an amiable mood of Friday-before-the-Harvard-Yale-game relaxation when a young man in his shirtsleeves entered the room and said, a little tentatively, "I am sorry to break in, but I think you should know that the President has been shot in the head in Texas." For a flash one thought this was some sort of ghastly office joke. Then we knew it could not be and huddled desperately around the nearest television set. Everything was confused and appalling. Minutes dragged along. Incomprehensible bulletins came from the hospital. Suddenly an insane surge of conviction flowed through me: I felt that the man who had survived the Solomon Islands and so much illness and agony, who so loved life, embodied it, enhanced it, could not possibly die now. He would escape the shadow as he had before. Almost immediately we received the irrevocable word.

In a few moments Galbraith and I were on Katharine Graham's plane bound for Washington. It was the saddest journey of one's life. Bitterness, shame, anguish, disbelief, emptiness mingled inextricably in one's mind. When I stumbled, almost blindly, into the East Wing, the first person I encountered was Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. In a short time I went with my White House colleagues to Andrews Field to await the return of Air Force One from Texas. A small crowd was waiting in the dusk: Robert McNamara, stunned and silent; Averell Harriman, haggard and suddenly looking very old; desolation everywhere. We watched incredulously as the casket was carefully lifted out of the plane and taken to the Naval Hospital at Bethesda. Later I went to my house in Georgetown. My weeping daughter Christina said, "Daddy, what has happened to our country? If this is the kind of country we have, I don't want to live here any more."

Still later I went back to the White House to await the last return. Around 4 a.m. the casket, wrapped in a flag, was brought from Bethesda Naval Hospital and placed on a stand in the East Room. Tapers were lit around the bier and a priest said a few words. Then Jacqueline approached the bier, knelt for a moment and buried her head in the flag. Soon she walked away. The rest of us waited for a little while in the great hall. We were beyond consolation, but we clung to the comradeship he had given us. Finally, just before daybreak, we bleakly disappeared into the mild night.

Somehow the long hours passed, as the new President took over with firmness and strength, but the roll of the drums, as we walked to St. Matthew's Cathedral on the

CONTINUED


How rugged is a Greenwood® corduroy?
Ask the man who wears it.

Like the sportsman who's wearing these Carwood pants and jacket. He needs a warm, plush corduroy. That can feel at home in bear country.

Greenwood makes one. From top-grade cotton. Weaves it in thick ribs, for super strength. And finishes it for no-care wear. (Which includes lots of machine washing.)

Another thing about Greenwood corduroy, it never misses when it comes to quality.

(Just call us sure shot.)

fabrics with the character of quality by GREENWOOD®

UTILITY PANTS AND JACKET BY CARWOOD MFG. CO. For details, write Athens Street, Winder, Georgia. Full-cut pants have boatsail drill pocketing. Olive green, tobacco brown, navy, charcoal, dark brown. About $4.95. Heavy zipper-front jacket has cotton houndstooth flannel lining. Olive green, tobacco brown. About $6.95. Both at Peebles Department Stores, Virginia; A. B. Kaufman & Co., Lebanon; Surplus City, Cleveland; A & N Stores, Virginia; Tiedtkes, Toledo; Kaufmans, Wilmington./Greenwood Mills, Inc., 111 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 10018.

frosty Monday, will sound forever in my ears, as will the wild twittering of the birds during the interment at Arlington while the statesmen of the world looked on. It was all so grotesque and so incredible. One remembered Stephen Spender's poem:

*I think continually of those*
*who were truly great—*
*The names of those who in their*
*lives fought for life,*
*Who wore at their hearts the*
*fire's centre.*
*Born of the sun, they traveled*
*a short while towards the sun,*
*And left the vivid air signed*
*with their honour.*

It was all gone now—the life-affirming, life-enhancing zest, the brilliance, the wit, the cool commitment, the steady purpose. The political scientist Richard Neustadt has suggested that two years are the period of presidential initiation. John F. Kennedy had had so little time: it was as if Jackson had died before the nullification controversy and the Bank War, as if Lincoln had been killed six months after Gettysburg or Franklin Roosevelt at the end of 1935 or Harry Truman before the Marshall Plan.

> I look forward to a great future for America, a future in which our country will match its military strength with our moral restraint, its wealth with our wisdom, its power with our purpose. . . . I look forward to an America which commands respect throughout the world not only for its strength but for its civilization. And I look forward to a world which will be safe not only for democracy and diversity but also for personal distinction.

Yet he had accomplished so much: the new hope for peace on earth, the elimination of nuclear testing in the atmosphere and the abolition of nuclear diplomacy, the new policies toward Latin America, the reordering of American defense, the revolution in national economic policy, the concern for poverty, the stimulus to the arts, the fight for reason against extremism and mythology. Lifting us beyond our capacities, he gave his country back to its best self, wiping away the world's impression of an old nation of old men, weary, played out, fearful of ideas, change and the future; he taught mankind that the process of rediscovering America was not over. He re-established the republic as the first generation of our leaders saw it—young, brave, civilized, rational, gay, tough, questing, exultant in the excitement and potentiality of history. He had transformed the American spirit—and the response of his people to his murder was a monument to his memory. The energies he released, the standards he set, the purposes he inspired, the goals he established, would guide the land he loved for years to come. Above all, Kennedy gave the world for an imperishable moment the vision of a leader who greatly understood the terror and the hope, the diversity and the possibility of life on this planet, and who made people look beyond nation and race to the future of humanity. So the people of the world grieved as if they had terribly lost their own leader, friend, brother.

On Dec. 22, a month after his death, fire from the flame burning at Kennedy's grave in Arlington was carried at dusk to the Lincoln Memorial. It was fiercely cold. Thousands stood, candles in their hands; then, as the flame spread among us, one candle lighting the next, the crowd gently moved away, their candles flaring and flickering, into the darkness. The next day it snowed—almost as deep a snow as the 1961 inaugural blizzard. I went to the White House. It was lovely, ghostly and strange.

It all ended, as it began, in the cold.