

at least \$40 billion had ridiculed him as an impossible dreamer.

Then in 1962, Astronauts Glenn, Schirra, and Carpenter had completed successful orbits in outer space, and the dream had not seemed so impossible. And on May 15, 1963, Americans again sat fascinated before television screens as they watched L. Gordon Cooper, Jr., in his spaceship, *Faith 7*, blasted off the launching pad at Cape Canaveral. For 22 times, before returning safely to earth, Cooper "orbited" the globe.

And so in 1963, the image of John F. Kennedy grew — as our first statesman of the Space Age, as the symbol of hope for securing peace in a troubled world, as the champion of equal rights for all citizens without regard to the color of their skins.

Understandably, Americans were saddened when they learned that another son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, born on August 7, 1963, had died two days later. They were glad to see Mrs.

Kennedy recover, and with satisfaction they watched her, radiantly happy beside her husband, receiving a bouquet of roses at the Dallas airport on that fateful 22nd of November. Not long afterward, an assassin's bullet ended the life of the 35th President of the United States.

All of America seemed to share the same great heartbreak. They had watched this young man growing — indeed, in hope, in new vision, within themselves, sometimes knowingly, sometimes unknowingly, they had been growing with him. Now — unexpectedly, unjustly, cruelly — he was dead. The fact was without sense.

So only the grief of the people endured — in America, around the world.

Numbed, Americans watched on television as Lyndon B. Johnson was sworn into office as the 36th President of the United States, and their hearts reached out to embrace this tall Texan, who was thrust so suddenly into the greatest responsibility on earth.

Stunned by the unbelievable fact that the young President is dead, victim of a senseless assassination, Lyndon B. Johnson is sworn in as President of the United States of America in the cabin of the Presidential plane as Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy stands at his side. (Mrs. Johnson is at his right in the background.) Judge Sarah T. Hughes administers the oath of office.



But their real love was for Jacqueline B. Kennedy, for young Caroline, for little "John-John," who, brave in their sorrow, gave to every American a sense of dignity in the knowledge that the First Lady and the children of the fallen President were worthy heirs of his trust.

The body of the President lay in the East Room of the White House on November 23rd and next day a horse-drawn caisson carried his flag-draped casket to the rotunda of the Capitol. All day, all night, grieving Americans waited — close to 250,000 in number — to pay their last respects to the young man who had once been second-best in his family and was now the first citizen of the world.

When on November 25th the casket, followed by a riderless black horse, was led to the funeral and burial, 92 nations were represented in the solemn procession. Through tear-dimmed eyes, watching on television, Americans recognized

many of the greatest leaders of the world: the President of France, the Emperor of Ethiopia, Prince Philip of Great Britain, the Queen of Greece, the King of Belgium, the Crown Princess and Prince of the Netherlands, the President of Ireland, the Mayor of West Berlin, the Premier of Japan, the President of South Korea, among others.

On a restful hillside in Arlington National Cemetery, across the quiet Potomac from the White House and the Lincoln Memorial, the body of John F. Kennedy was laid to rest. Within a few hours, Americans formed lines, waiting patiently to visit this peaceful graveside. They came next day and the next and the next — they came week after week, month after month, in good weather and bad — and in little more than half a year more than 3,000,000 Americans paid their last respects to Mr. Kennedy. Some brought flowers. Some prayed. Almost all wept.

Why?

No one knew better than the President who no longer lived. In the spring of 1963, he had said:

"... We all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future."

But to work for peace and one's fellow men, to dare to brave any tempest that appeared — ah, that was what freedom and the American dream were all about — and *that* was the heritage to America of John F. Kennedy.



Mrs. John F. Kennedy, Caroline, and John, Jr., kneel at the grave of the late President in Arlington National Cemetery. They lay flowers near the eternal light on the 47th anniversary of Mr. Kennedy's birth.