

50 YEARS: THAT DAY, JFK AND TODAY



Where were
you fifty
years ago
today? If
you were
old enough
to
remember
at all,
then you

undoubtedly remember where you were on Friday November 22, 1963 at 12:30 pm central standard time.

I was at a desk, two from the rear, in the left most row, in Mrs. Hollingshead's first grade class. Each kid had their own desk, and they were big, made out of solid wood and heavy. They had to be heavy, of course, because they were going to protect us when we ducked and covered from a Soviet nuclear strike. There were, as there were in most elementary school classrooms of the day, a large clock and a big speaker on the wall up above the teacher's desk.

I can't remember what subject we were working on, but the principal's voice suddenly came over the loudspeaker. This alone meant there was something important up, because that only usually occurred for morning announcements at the start of the school day and for special occasions. The voice of Mr. Flake, the principal, was somber, halting and different; perhaps detached is the word. There was a prelude to the effect that this was a serious moment and that the teachers should make sure that all students were at their desks and that all, both young and old, were to pay attention.

There had occurred a tragic and shocking event that we all needed to know about. Our attention was required.

Then the hammer fell and our little world
literally caved in.

President John Fitzgerald Kennedy had been
assassinated. Shot and killed in Dallas Texas.
Then without a moment's pause, we were told that
the nation was safe, Vice-President Johnson was
in charge, the government was functioning and
that we need not have any concerns about our own
safety. We were not at war.

Twenty four some odd little hearts stopped, plus
one from Mrs. Hollingshead. You could literally
feel the life being sucked out of the room like
air lost to a vacuum. Many of us began looking
out the window, because no matter what Mr. Flake
said, if our President was dead, we were at war
and the warheads were coming. They had to be in
the sky. They were going to be there.

Unlike the hokey color coded terror alerts,
ginned up fear mongering of Bush/Cheney,
Ashcroft and Ridge, and today the terroristic
fearmongering of Keith Alexander, James Clapper,
Mike Rogers and Dianne Feinstein, things were
dead nuts serious at the height of the cold war.
If President Kennedy had been killed, we were at
war; the missiles were on their way. Had to be.
Looking back, the school officials and teachers
had to have been as devastated and afraid as we
were, yet they were remarkable. They kept
themselves in one piece, held us together,
talked and comforted us into calm.

We had not been back in class from lunch break
for long; it was still early afternoon in the
west. Before the announcement was made, the
decision by the school officials had been made
to send us home. The busses would be lined up
and ready to go in twenty minutes. Until then
there would be a brief quiet period and then the
teachers would talk to us and further calm the
situation. Then off we would go to try to forge
a path with our families, who would need us as
much as we needed them.

Except for me and a handful of other kids. My
mother was an educator and was not at home, so I


and a few other similarly situated kids were kept at school until we could be picked up. Somehow it wasn't right to be inside, so we all, along with another teacher, Mrs. Thomas, went outside and sat underneath a large palm tree in front of the school. We talked about how it could be that our President, our hero, our king, was dead. Maybe he wasn't really dead, maybe it was all a mistake. Maybe Soviet troops were on their way; possibly tanks. This kind of excited me and the other boys; we perked up at this thought, tanks were cool. The Russians probably had awesome tanks. Each minute that passed made us feel a little better because there were no missiles in the sky. That was a good sign.

In about half an hour, maybe an hour, I don't know any more, my mother drove up and off we went. My mother was also reassuring. It was good to be with her; mom saying it would all be alright meant a lot. Once home, we ate and sat dumbstruck and transfixed in front of the Curtis Mathes console television the rest of the afternoon and night. We watched Walter Cronkite on CBS and Chet Huntley and David Brinkley on NBC. These men were giants of news and journalism; to say that they don't make them like that anymore is a understatement of untold proportion. Things slowly, but surely, stabilized; but it took awhile. A long while.

Well, that was my day fifty years ago. What was your day? Take a moment and reflect back and share with those of us that know the traumatic event, and help those who are younger to understand what the day was like. The palpable sorrow. The sinking, abiding fear. The comfort of teachers, friends and family. And what it means to you today, on this anniversary.

The last time I wrote this basic post, five years ago today, I ended with, inter alia, these words:

There may be another Kennedy like figure in our midst, Barack Obama. He stands to assume office in a similarly, albeit it from different factors, troubled time.



The world roils and America's existence hangs in the lurch; not from Soviet missiles, but our own selfishness, avarice and stupidity.

Well, that was hopelessly idealistic, and not yet tempered by knowledge of the real Obama that would govern, as opposed to the false "Hope and Change" guy who captured the imagination and dreams of liberals and well meaning people throughout the land. We sit in a different posture today.

There is still hope; but the real change, whether on authoritarian government, government surveillance, financial reform, liberal judicial philosophy, environmental protection, income inequality, and a host of other critical concerns still is yet to be seen.

On the fiftieth anniversary of one of our worst days, let there be hope for better ones ahead.

[Most all of this post was taken from a previous one I did five years ago. I cannot kick the vivid memories I have of November 22, 1963 as a child. It is still all I think of when I think of this day. It is that seared into who, and what I am. So, absent a few additions, it is set forth again herein]