

Foothill mourns JFK



Foothill Sentinel

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★ **SPECIAL EDITION** ★

Campus reaction to tragedy

Shocked students grieve

Shock and disbelief showed on the faces of Foothill students last Friday. It was the 22nd day of November, 1963, a day that would go down in history.—A black day. Someone had shot the President.

News of the terrible tragedy had come to the campus on the UPI teletype machine in the Sentinel office. A sniper had shot the President of the United States and the Governor of Texas. Both were gravely injured.

After the first alert, radios were snapped on throughout the campus and students and faculty huddled in tight, quiet knots listening to the reports.

THE UNBELIEVABLE report was repeated.

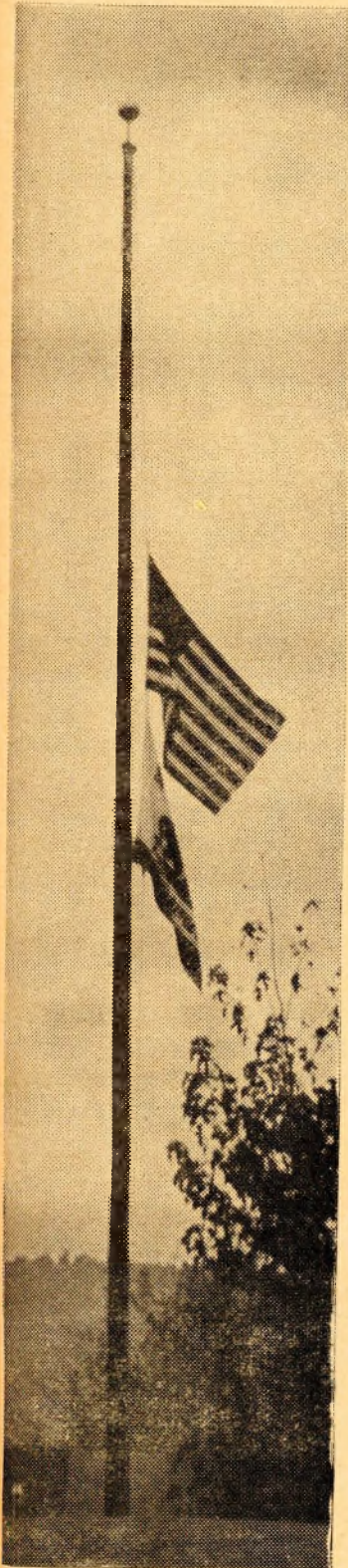
Incredibly, at a time when civilization seemed to be most advanced, a man had reverted to the law of the jungle. He had assassinated the President.

Concerned students continued to gather in the Sentinel office to hear the latest word of the shooting and the condition of the men. They were very quiet and there was an air of total disbelief.

It had happened before. History books confirmed this. But students stood in stunned amazement watching the words that appeared on the yellow paper flowing from the teletype.

THE SLIM young President

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A LOWERED FLAG — blew over the emptying campus as students left to mourn their President. Political matters were out of mind as students realized that America had lost a great leader.

—photo by Jim Silver

Editorial

A father is gone as well as leader

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD — GOD BLESS THE PRESIDENT. The government of our country has been structured to maintain itself despite tragic incidents. "The torch has been passed on." But how do you replace a father?

A little girl must somehow learn to live with knowledge that the tall loving man she adored is gone. Little John John will never again play the game of hiding at his father's feet beneath the desk.

They will know all about him. They will learn of their gallant heritage from those who knew and loved him best. History will confirm it.

But who will be the father to Caroline? Who will take her hand to guide her as she hurries into church? Who will applaud her childish dances with an enthusiasm that only a father can muster?

How will John John find the father-figure to emulate? His father is gone and he is too young to remember long the kindly man who loved him so. How will a little boy, not yet three, understand why his father is dead when a mourning nation cannot answer the question?

Perhaps the loving close-knit Kennedy clan can supply to the youngsters some of the comfort and security they have lost.

Perhaps the gentle woman who is their mother can teach them the kind of courage she showed at the time of their father's death. But John and Caroline have lost one of the two who loved them best—their hurt will last. They have lost their father.

COMMENTS FROM THE ADMINISTRATION

Dr. H. H. Semans, acting president of Foothill College said: "I'm tremendously shocked that such a thing could happen in this country and it is incumbent upon all of us to prepare ourselves to carry on in a better manner those projects that were so dear to the heart of John F. Kennedy."

Dr. A. L. DeHart, director of planning and research of Foothill said: "It points out the state of our society. We become so proud of our civilization. We hear of death every day on the freeway, but when a symbol of the best of our society can be killed—then we wonder."

Assassin uses advantage of weather change; John Kennedy's Dallas visit ends in tragedy

"You can't say Dallas wasn't friendly to you," said Mrs. Connolly to the President just before the parade commenced.

What began to be an ordinary, sunny day in Dallas, Tex., ended in disaster. It's quite ironic that a dreary, rainy day could have saved the life of a great man—this time the sun brought no happiness.

The presidential car previously driven from Washington to Dallas for the motorcade, was equipped with a bullet-proof plastic bubble-top, used in case of bad weather.

ONE REPORTER said that the early morning rain brought much concern to the people anxiously looking forward to the parade. By the time the President arrived, the rain had stopped, the sky had cleared and the parade was to go on as planned.

Dallas citizens breathed a great sigh of relief to know that the inclement weather would not spoil the President's visit. Reporters said that the crowd was one of the friendliest groups that had greeted the President lately. Picketing placards were conspicuously absent.

Personal friends and political consultants advised the President many times not to go to Dallas after the Stevenson incident that had taken place only a few weeks earlier. Yet, he felt it his duty to see the people of America, all the people, so he went.

IRONICALLY, THIS was the first time Mrs. Kennedy, known to be a capable but reluctant campaigner, was making a major political appearance since the

death of her new-born son.

A tragedy indeed that sunshine brought only sorrow.

Friday's thoughts

By AL BAUMGARTNER

Friday was not a day to withhold remorse, nor was it a day to enjoy. Friday was a tragic day and we as Foothill students experienced something together that unfortunately we can't experience in any other way. Unity is what I'm talking about, whether it be over a national tragedy, school spirit, or anything else.

Friday we all thought like we never thought before. We thought as a nation without the selfish individualism that saturates our everyday thinking. We thought as Americans and perhaps for some of us it was the first time. Remember how it feels; don't let the feeling pass away from your memory.

Unity is something we don't learn from text books. Unity is learned from experience, harsh experience. Unity as defined by Webster is: "a totality of related parts . . . being united into one body . . . a unity of sentiment," and on Friday Foothill students had their first real taste of it.

Now that you've learned by the best method (experience), try it. Try it in your everyday school affairs. If students can grieve together, feel loss together, surely they can learn to do school projects together.

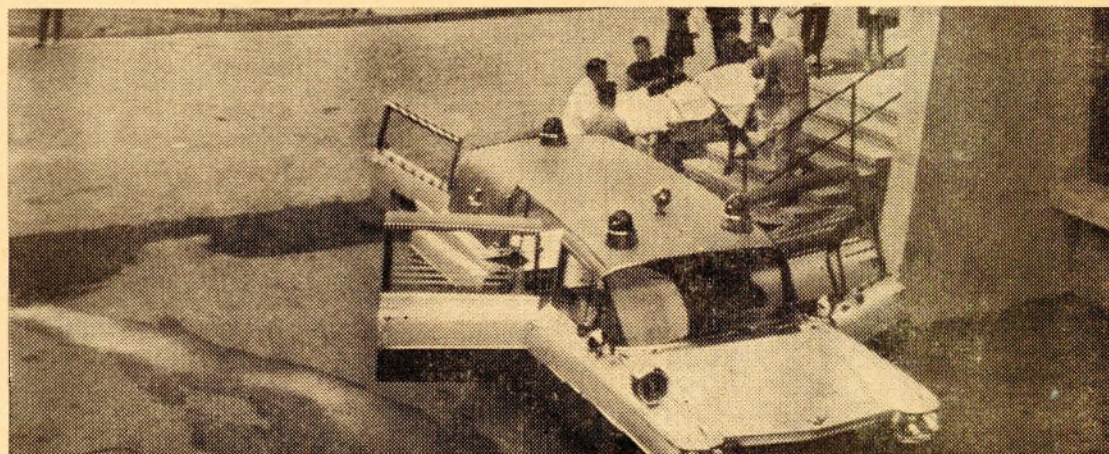
Whenever a school situation comes up that demands our unified responsibilities, remember that we were once unified, Friday, Nov. 22, 1963.



**Foothill
Sentinel**

"Guardian of Truth"

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SUE BRAGG SENT TO HOSPITAL—Foothill's beauty queen, still recovering from a previous injury, fainted after listening

to radio reports of the President's assassination. She was taken to El Camino Hospital.

Shocked students grieve

(Continued from page 1)

was not a stranger. His daily life, reported by the miracles of twentieth century mass communication, had made him a part of their lives.

Quickly the radio station KJJC went on the air to read the UPI bulletins coming over the wire.

Students watched with growing somberness as the teletype announced the arrival of doctors and priests to the Texas hospital where the President struggled for life.

STRANGERS CLUNG to each other in an effort to maintain composure. A girl wept quietly in a corner of the tiny room.

As the UPI wire announced the administration of the last

rites, a Catholic girl explained to a friend standing near that the rites did not necessarily mean the worst. "It's just in case," she whispered, but her voice trembled and tears slipped unheededly down her cheeks.

Radio news was relayed over the PA system to the crowd gathered in the Owl's Nest. When asked for silent prayers, the students bowed their heads in unity.

As the somber voiced announcer confirmed their worst fears, students sat in stunned silence. Their tears an acknowledgment of the moment in history—a bitter moment.

THE PRESIDENT WAS DEAD.

At the Sentinel office students still clung to the teletype machine. They had heard the

radio reports but they hoped it was a mistake. Until the teletype confirmed it, there was still hope. Agonizingly the moments passed. Details of the tragic incident were printed on the copy—then the terse report: **PRESIDENT KENNEDY DEAD.**

One girl turned from the window vantage point. She was sobbing audibly.

Dr. H. H. Semans, acting president of the College officially closed the campus and mimeographed announcements were posted on the doors of the main buildings.

The flag was lowered to half-staff. It drooped disconsolately over the emptying campus. Students quietly left the school. Some went to church to pray, others went to find a place to cry.

First Lady proves profile of courage; JFK family consoled as world mourns

"Oh, no! oh, no!," was not just a student reaction to the death of our President.

The words unquestionably meant the most to the lady who first uttered them. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, her pink suit spattered with the blood of his mortal wounds, expressed her emotion as her husband slumped into her lap.

Moments before she was the First Lady waving from the parade car; now the wife, hoping against hope and comforting her husband.

We who could not express our own feelings, could hardly imagine hers.

American women had often envied her. She lived a life of great comfort and importance and she did it well. She was a leader in fashions, a leader in society, a leader in all areas of womanly status.

We envied her family; the children who, though part of a warm and loving family, were yet at the very site of history.

Yes, we envied this gentle woman who as the wife of one of the great leaders of our time, was in turn the leader of women.

Yet today we watched as she faced terrible tragedy and we did not envy her at all.

After accepting Kennedy's loss, we frequently repeated,

"Think of his wife and children."

We had thought of her before . . . of her incredibly luxurious and elegant life, her commitment to public life, and her enthusiasm for presenting to Americans their artistic heritage. Now our thoughts change to sympathy.

Jacqueline Kennedy had met a world of people; today they remember her in universal prayers and condolences. Berliners brought flowers to the town square; Americans gather in silent vigil outside the White House; we of Foothill share in the concern, remotely by distance, closely through thought.

Americans can well be proud of Mrs. Kennedy, a profile in courage. Physically exhausted and obviously stunned yet determinedly composed, she attended President Johnson's inaugural ceremony and Sunday's national memorial tribute.

Her role was not entirely unfamiliar; Jacqueline Kennedy had been a symbol of her country's stability and tranquility in times of crisis before. Her personal involvement would never be greater.

Just as the constitution bequeaths the presidency to new minds and shoulders, may Jacqueline Kennedy be relieved to find peace and consolation.



ASKED TO PRAY—As word of the President's condition grew more grim, students in the Campus Center were asked to pray.
—photo by Jim Silver



STUDENT REACTION—The news was grim and students showed the grief felt by Americans everywhere. The young and courageous President was dead and visibly they mourned for him.
photo by Jim Silver



CLUSTERED AROUND THE TELETYPE—Foothill students watched as news of the President's fight for life was reported over the UPI wire. Until the wire confirmed his death they clung to hope.

News silences FC campus

Reaction of a small group of Foothill students — those closer to the news than their fellow collegians—typified the student body's response Friday after hearing of President Kennedy's assassination.

Shock and dazed disbelief were common denominators among these editors and other campus news-gatherers.

Most staffers were in classes that morning before Acting College President H. H. Semans dis-

missed the College at noon.

First word was a "flash" on the Mass Communications Division United Press International teletype.

The machine rang out its typical five bells announcing an urgent message and printed:

FLASH
KENNEDY SERIOUSLY
WOUNDED

PERHAPS SERIOUSLY
PERHAPS FATALLY BY AS-
SASSINS BULLET

No Sentinel or Radio Station KFJC personnel were watching the machine at the time, but a student who happened to be passing saw the flash through the window. He ran around the corner and declared to Dorothy Hansen, Sentinel editor:

"The President's been shot!"

The time was 10:40.

Her first reaction: "Which president?"

After being told it was indeed President Kennedy, Mrs. Hansen ran to look for Warren Mack, Sentinel adviser and journalism instructor but did not find him immediately.

Anxious to follow the story as "takes" came in, she went to inform her art instructor Ron Benson of the tragedy.

Shocked, Benson sent her back to find out more. The rest of the class in attendance at the time was also stunned, Mrs. Hansen noted.

City editor Carol Card met Mrs. Hansen on her return trip and was told the tragic announcement.

She was the first to tell two of her classmates. The news was too absurd; the impromptu response was a "You're kidding" attitude and joking laughter.

Upset that people were uninformed and could not believe the unexpected turn of events, Miss Card left the class and ran to the news room to hear the news as it happened.

Within 15 minutes, she had heard the radio announcer proclaim "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States is dead," and was back in class to make the announcement herself.

While the room was dark for a movie, the door was opened twice by messengers who succinctly reported, "He's dead."

When he left his 10:00 class, news editor, Mike Mathews saw the crowds surging toward the journalism department. He hurried to his desk inside and was shown the first message torn off the wire.

He read the announcement repeatedly. Like most students he could not believe the harsh words and joined the stunned silence.

All classes were dismissed and the American flag was lowered to half-mast as the campus was engulfed in the world-wide mourning.

Sentinel staffers decided shortly after noon to publish this special edition. With the approval of adviser Warren Mack, they worked over the weekend with the cooperation of Quality Printer of Sunnyvale and the Sunnyvale Daily Standard to relate campus reaction to the tragedy.

Friday's news brings GGC cancellations

By KEN BISHOP

Their own spirited allegiances sapped by the grave national catastrophe, Golden Gate Conference football teams abandoned their entire season-ending schedule Friday afternoon and night.

Only one game had been rescheduled as of press time, that being San Jose City College's Wednesday night hosting of Diablo Valley.

FOOTHILL'S TEAM almost made it to City College of San Francisco before hearing the news of President Kennedy's death and heading home. Owl coach Bill Abbey and CCSF's Dutch Elston were undecided on a new date since the CCSF officials had slapped a one week moratorium on any school activities.

Contra Costa was eliminated from any consideration by the Junior Rose Bowl committee when the Comets indefinitely postponed their Friday night battle with the Chabot College in Richmond.

JRB Committee huddled yesterday in Pasadena and picked from among three teams with 9-0 marks. Contra Costa is 8-0.

COLLEGE OF San Mateo postponed its clash with Oakland City College, following the precedent set by Stanford and Cal.

Foothill's bid for a third straight Northern California water polo championship may come again Saturday as Owl Coach Nort Thornton Jr. postponed last weekend's activity.

The cancellation favored the Owls who will welcome competition this weekend in tuning up for the Dec. 6-7 State JC Finals. Following the original tourney slate would have meant a two-week layover for Thornton's forces.



LATEST REPORTS—Sentinel staffers watched the television at the home of the editor-in-chief as they wrote copy for a special edition of the College newspaper.

photo by Jim Silver

Capitol leads nation's tribute to friend

By LEE NELSON

Three months ago I came to California from Washington, D.C. Upon hearing the news of the President's death Friday, I was deeply shocked. Even now it doesn't seem real. I can't comprehend the fact that the man I saw so often at his home is really gone.

I remember how natural and at ease he and his family always seemed. When I saw the words of his death inching their way across the yellow sheets of teletype and heard the ominous words spoken over the radio, I was filled with an empty, draining feeling: a feeling of complete loss.

The talented young hostess who charmed her way into so many of our hearts is now widowed; the happy children who drove their pony cart across the White House lawn are fatherless.

The city I know so well has lost more than a President, it has lost a friend. Knowing the city, I am sure it will grieve this tragic loss in a way no other city in the United States can.

Although considered heartless by many, Washington warmly adopted the vivacious and intelligent native son of Massachusetts. He became known to Washingtonians as a loving father, a warm personality and the symbol of great leadership.