

## JFK Remembered

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Library at Stanford University where I was a graduate student. I came out of the stacks and there were students all round crying. I met my best friend and she told me about the assassination. The whole school closed down for the next few days while everyone watched events unfold on TV.

**Paul Orlov, Assistant Professor, English:** A junior in high school at the time, I first heard the news from some students as I approached our cafeteria for lunch period. Initially, I thought their comments that JFK had been shot "just like Lincoln" were part of some sick, stupid joke. But soon, in the school lunchroom, we all heard over the intercom system actual radio broadcasts confirming that the President had been shot — and soon, incredibly, that he had been killed. I will always remember, like an ancient yet still-present grief, how all of us, teachers and students, spent the rest of that afternoon of Nov. 22nd in stunned silence, shock, or shared tears. And forever within me live memories that the Chicago area weather on that Friday, aptly, was cold, rainy, and utterly dreary!

**(Name not given):** I was sitting in fourth grade when my nun was called out of class. She came back in crying, and we all knew something big had happened. She composed herself enough to tell us what had happened, and we stopped our class work to have a moment of silence. Then we had say the rosary. As homework, we had to watch the news. It was a big event in my life to see my nun so upset, so I knew it was a major event.

**Arlene Martin, Secretary, Continuing Education:** At the time, I was the secretary to the president of a Philadelphia center city insurance company, and when the "musitone" was interrupted with the announcement of the President being wounded, my boss turned on the TV in his office, and all of the executives flocked in, and we all watched the terrible events unfold.

**Diane Jankowski, Director, Business Services:** I was in school in fourth grade. They announced it over the loudspeaker and let us out early. All of the kids were shocked.

**Sharon Manco, Instructor, Reading:** I was in a seventh grade class being taught by Sister Elizabeth. The principal of the school came to the door and called Sister out. She came back into the room a few minutes later and announced that we were all going to the church to pray for President Kennedy because he had just been shot. I recall noticing that the entire school became very quiet, even though all of us — Grades 1 through 8 — were in the halls moving into the church. A prayer service was held, and we were dismissed at the regular time. It was not until I got home that I heard that Kennedy had died

**John Ousey, Assistant Professor, Environmental Science:** I was a senior in college and was in an American History class when a colleague of my instructor suddenly broke into the lecture with the news that Kennedy had been shot. The professor (Jos. O'Grady, LaSalle College), terminated the class, and we all rushed over to TV's in the student union building to watch the drama unfold. That weekend was also our senior prom, which was canceled.

**Marianne Rhodes, University Relations:** I was a senior in high school. Actually, I was cutting class at the time — I was on the yearbook staff, and we had been shooting casual photos all day. One of my classmates came into the locker room and said that the President had been shot. My first reaction was, "Yeah, sure."

I got home about 3 PM, and my friend, who was visiting from out of town for the weekend, answered the door with the words, "He's dead." I vividly remember how cold I felt, and how dark and closed the city was that entire weekend. And on television, nothing but news until the funeral with those muffled drums. And how people cried, people of any political leaning, that someone would kill this man so cold bloodily.

**Flyn Bortnicker, Assistant Advisor, DUS:** I was teaching at Overbrook H.S. in Philadelphia. The news spread quickly, and we were all stunned. We managed to get through the day, but we were dazed and crying. I'm sure not much teaching went on for the remainder of the school day.

**Andy Kearney, Community Services Officer:** On Friday, November 22, 1963, I was conducting a surveillance on a known numbers racket figure at 5th and Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia. The subject ran a newsstand at this location, and we had had him under surveillance for about a week. Some time around 1 PM a runner (numbers carrier) ran up to the newsstand and said something to the subject and left. Thinking he had made a drop, I approached the newsstand, whereupon the racket figure informed me of the President's death. I didn't make a pinch; I was numb. No numbers found.

**Diane Shorter, Secretary, Student Programs and Services:** I was in high school at the time and was just putting things in my locker when I heard the news, and I suppose like everyone else I could not believe that this all was happening. I kept thinking that this was all just a joke or some publicity stunt that somebody had thought up.

**Carol Kessler, Associate Professor, English/Women's Studies:** At the University of Wisconsin, I was about to take an exam in the History of the English Language. The whole class had assembled already. The instructor, very distraught, entered the classroom, announced the

assassination, and dismissed the class.

**Phyllis Touchstone, Nurse:** On Nov. 22, 1963, I was in my kitchen feeding my youngest son, then 8 months old. I telephoned a close friend because I didn't believe it; I thought it might have been a terrible hoax. I remember crying and thinking I didn't want to upset my 5 year old when he came home from nursery school. From then on, we were glued to the T.V.

**Ray Cullen, Security:** I was taking police motorcycle training at an open lot that the Spectrum now sits on. A motorist honked his horn and shouted what had happened. We all raced to our vehicles and turned on our automobile radios. We were due to provide a security escort for him that next week.

**Pat Reynolds, RCLED and Learning Center:** I had just leaned forward to turn on the car radio. Six of us were jammed in my friend's brother's Pinto. We were ready to ride home from Immaculata-LaSalle High School in Miami, Florida. We all were juniors. I simply stared at the radio above my knees and said, "I don't believe it." Then we started to sob.

**Sandy Hutton, Lecturer, History:** Although there was nothing very dramatic about where I was when I heard of the assassination, the event is as indelible imprinted on my brain as a photograph. I was in my 10th grade English class and the principal came on the PA, not in his usual absent-minded fumbling way, but with an uncharacteristic formality. I can see the moment — who sat next to me, where the clock was, how my teacher looked, the absolute silence, the shocked faces. We were dismissed from school early, and no one shouted with joy. We all went home to begin the vigil in front of the TV. Sadly, this country has held other vigils since then, but this was the first.

**Max Levins, Lecturer, English:** I was alone in my car with the radio playing, en route to a business meeting in Philadelphia, when a

voice broke in with the news that President John F. Kennedy had been shot in Dallas, Texas, and was being rushed to a local hospital. The announcement left me shocked, dismayed, and stunned, as I listened in disbelief to the details of the tragic event.

**Frances Callahan, Adult Student:** When I heard that John F. Kennedy had been shot, I was shopping, alone, and had left my children unattended at home. I heard one salesperson say to another, "It's a shame for someone so young and vital to die." That was all I heard, but somehow I knew that the President had been killed. I was shocked and upset, not only for the death of the young man, but also for the country. I thought, "What kind of society are we?" I also feared that my children would hear the news, be upset, and have no nurturer to turn to. I rushed home, crying, and found the children happily playing a board game, oblivious to current events.

**Naomi Ware, Clerk, Business Services:** When President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, I was with four beauticians and five patrons. I was doing a patron's hair. I immediately broke down and cried.

**Ed Sevensky, Admissions Officer:** I was a freshman in high school and can remember being in the school library with classmates when the announcement of the assassination came over the P.A. system. Many wept at the news (mostly females) while the rest of us were too stunned to believe that it could be true. This disbelief persisted even as I watched the news unfold on TV and later during the funeral service. (We were excused from classes on that day.) All in all, a very painful memory.

**L. B. Murdah:** I was a student in a Math 44 (calculus) class at University Park when one student with a transistor radio (not very common in those days) announced the fatal shooting. The instructor — I don't remember his name — curtly advised the student to shot off his radio as we were there to learn, not to amuse ourselves.

## Black History Month Planned At Delco for February '92

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Black History Month continues a series of culturally diverse programs on campus, including Hispanic Heritage Week, Asian-Pacific Week, Native American Week and Unity Through Understanding.

Lindsey is confident as she says, "The Black History Month program offers an opportunity for growth for everyone who attends." Lindsey hopes that people will, in addition to appreciating the culture, learn about it.

Lindsey added, "The only time we

see these programs is during these weeks or months, and they become sort of alienated. They need to be part of the entire fabric, rather than woven in here and there. We need to be careful about what messages we put out."

In addition, Tammy and Beverly hope for some kind of tie-in with the campus' Cultures of Africa program, which will soon be under way.

In January the campus will celebrate Martin Luther King's birthday. Watch for details upon return from Christmas break.