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Cattle and Beef Imports

Mike Mansfield 1903-2001

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SENATE

January 8, 1967

The death of President Kennedy was a profound shock not only to this Nation but to people everywhere. Many in other lands shared the grief which we experienced. Some expressed this shock and grief with great sensitivity and very deep feelings.

In this connection, I invite the attention of Senators to an article by Mr. Friere, printed on President Kennedy's death which was referred to me by Mr. James J. Plaherty of the Great Falls Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Nicoll's tribute to Mr. Kennedy appeared as a column in the Vancouver Province which is published in Vancouver, British Columbia. It is a moving and eloquent comment which reveals not only the high expectations for action in which the late President was held by our northern neighbors but also the sense of bitter loss, so similar to our own, which his death occasioned among Canadians.

I ask unanimous consent that the editorial previously referred to be printed in the Record.

There being no objection, the editorial was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

A TRIBUTE

"Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; we are all of us in the shock."

Our grief, this numbing November weekend, was sharpened I think by our sensing thatience has won over reason. The assassin's bullet sought the brain, the seat of man's only hope against the tyranny of superstition, hate, and the prodding demons of war. From President Kennedy's superb mind the missile sped on to lodge in the hearts of all of us.

The head that was doing its level best to lead us out of the primitivism of emotional response—in my judgment, was his characteristic preface to a statement—lost out to a bolt-action rifle as crude in its lethal purpose as a stone-age club.

Because most of us identified ourselves gratefully with the young President's intellectual strength, his determination to make reason the master of the tumultuous forces threatening to sunder the world, the ripping away of that support by a sole agent of the powers of darkness has made the loss more than a matter of simple sorrow for the loss of a great nation's leader. By extension we recognize the sniper's rifle as the symbol of nuclear war, triggered by some madman at the least expected moment.

In last Friday's triumph of extremism, of passion, of the irrational and irreconcilable, we see that America has it also Dallas, Tex. It is the country where the gun is still more widely admired, as the