

Silence Is Everywhere as Thronged Capital Bids Farewell to President Kennedy

CROWD IS MUTED, GRIEF ALL SPENT

A Million Drawn to Various Viewing Areas—Drums Beat Out Day's Sombre Accent

By RUSSELL BAKER
Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, Nov. 25—It dawned cold, clear and quiet, this day when they buried the President. There was movement in the city, as there had been throughout the night, but it was crowd movement without the noise of crowds, and the silence was pervasive.

All through the night people had waited in lines 30 blocks long for the opportunity to file past his bier in the great Rotunda at the Capitol. And when the sun rose behind the Supreme Court Building, many had been standing for eight hours. At St. Matthew's Cathedral, where the funeral mass would be said for him at noon, and at Arlington National Cemetery, where the bugler would play taps for him, the people had begun to assemble before sunrise.

Sidewalks Filled Early
On Connecticut Avenue, the city's graceful shopping boulevard where the funeral procession would pass, the sidewalks were thickly lined before breakfast time. Children sat on the curbstones, patient and solemn, and shivered in the wan November morning.

When the huge bronze doors of the Capitol swung shut at 9 A.M., nearly a quarter of a million people had shuffled past the bier. The bier was the one that had supported Abraham Lincoln's coffin there 98 years ago, and the analogy to Lincoln's death must have been poignantly apparent to most of those who passed the flag-draped coffin.

The people came silently with small children — some carried sleeping babies in their arms — as though fulfilling some inner sense of obligation to the future.

And yet, the cranks and faders continue to operate silently in the night. Inspector Richard J. Felber, assistant chief of detectives, said that Washington authorities had received threatening telephone calls against "virtually every dignitary here."

Many, he said, had been directed against Chief Justice Earl Warren.

Sunny But Raw
As the morning advanced, it lit the city in a flood of brilliant sunlight, but the day remained cruel and raw. Nevertheless, enormous crowds were waiting silently all along the lengthy funeral route by the time the coffin had been strapped to the black caisson at the Capitol for its journey down Pennsylvania Avenue.

On the high housetops along Connecticut Avenue, people loved the progress of the cortege on muted transistor radios, shivered in the wind and studied the streets below.

Here and there in the waiting crowd, some stifled the impulse to sob as the dirges told the coffin's progress toward the White House. A few wept briefly, but generally it was a sober reflective crowd in which grief seemed to have been exhausted.

The police later estimated it at 1,000,000, an enormous multitude in this city that normally shuns the streets during state occasions in preference for the comfort of home and television.

From the rooftops the city was a study in quiet. Flags at half staff rippled in the wind. The Washington Monument, with the sun behind it, loomed in a somber silhouette over the White House. On the roof of the Army-Navy Club, looking down on the White House as the procession arrived, three white-streaked waters were outlined motionless against the sky.

A River of Uniforms
At 11:25 A.M. the first military units that would lead the march from the White House to St. Matthew's swung out of Pennsylvania Avenue, and stepped into 17th Street. And then the street, which flows into Connecticut Avenue, became a river of slowly moving uniforms.

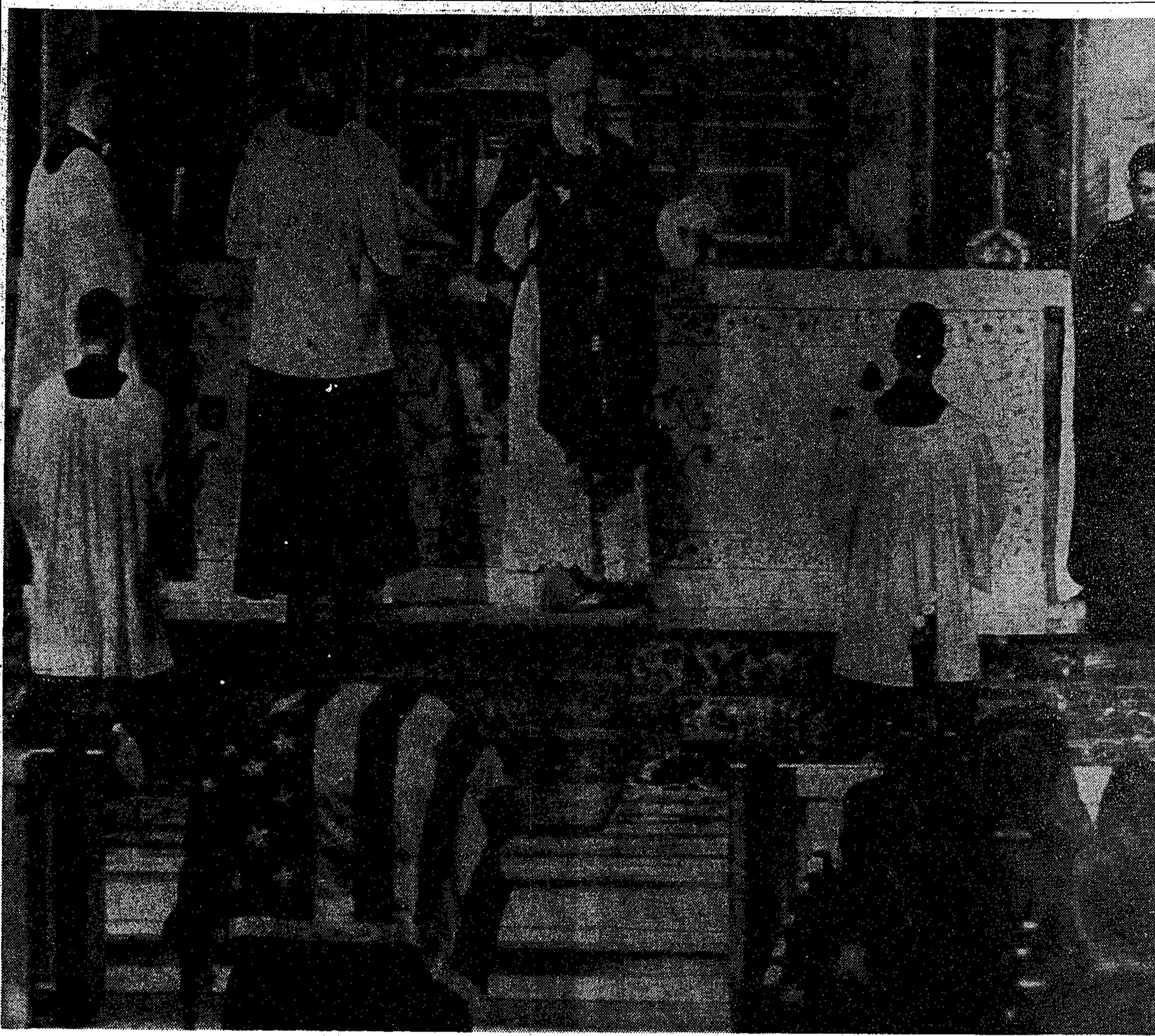
First came the Marine Corps band in red tunics, blue and red-striped trousers and white hats, their muffled drums draped in black, their brass instruments gleaming in the sunshine. Behind them came the cadets from West Point, marching with a precision to break a drill sergeant's heart.

Then the midshipmen from Annapolis in navy blue and white. The cadets from the Air Force Academy in lighter Air Force blue. And the men from the Coast Guard Academy. Representatives from the women's service units, honor guards from the services — soldiers, sailors, airmen, marines, all moving until they stretched out through seven blocks.

At 11:35 A.M., just as the coffin arrived at the White House, the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers" drifted up through the leafless treetops of Farragut Square, and the Navy band swung into sight.

When the procession had formed, it halted until the dignitaries who were to walk behind the caisson could form into position. Then a staccato of military commands snapped along the column. The drums began to beat and the line began to move.

The drumbeat fell with soft and yet relentless regularity — one, two, three, and a roll on the count of four. Its muffled command echoed off the city's stone and glass walls. Its melancholy roll became the in-



BOSTON PRELATE OFFICIATES: Richard Cardinal Cushing celebrating the pontifical requiem mass for John Fitzgerald Kennedy yesterday at St. Matthew's Cathedral

Transcript of Commentary at Requiem Mass for Kennedy in Washington

Following is the transcript of the running commentary carried on all networks on the requiem mass at St. Matthew's Cathedral by the Rev. Leonard Hurley, director of radio-television communications for the Archdiocese of New York, as recorded by The New York Times:

Commentator: The first reading from the sacred Scripture is taken from the Letter of the Apostle Paul to the Thessalonians:

"Make no haste, brethren, about those who have gone to their rest. You are not to lament over them as the rest of the world does, with no hope to live by. We believe, after all, that Jesus underwent death and rose again. Just so, when Jesus comes back, God will bring back those who have rested through Him."

The solemn reading of the Bible is followed by a lesson which serves as an additional food for thought. The first of these, for example, certainly reminds us of President Kennedy. The just man shall always be remembered. He shall fear no evil reports.

The celebrant is reading a 13th-century hymn, the Dies Irae. This hymn is a Christian meditation on the day of death. A non-Catholic has described this magnificent hymn as solitary in its excellence. The secret of its irresistible power lies in the awful grandeur of the theme. Intense earnestness and pathos of a poet, the simple majesty and the solemn music of its language, the stately meter the triple rhythm, all combine to produce an over-

whelming effect, as if we heard the final crash of the universe, the commotion of the openings of graves, the trumpet of the archangels summoning the living and the dead. And so the King of tremendous majesty, seated on the throne of justice and mercy, and ready to dispense everlasting life or everlasting woe.

Now comes the most important reading of the mass, the proclamation of the Holy Gospel. The Cardinal prays that he may be worthy to perform this sacred task. All stand to demonstrate this respect for the word of God.

"At that time, Martha said to Jesus, if Thou has been here, my brother would not have died, and I know well that even now God will grant you whatever Thou asks of Him. Thy brother, Jesus said to her, will rise again. Martha said to Him, I know well enough that he will rise again at the resurrection when the last day comes. Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection in life. He who believes in Me, although he be dead, will live on, and whosoever has life and has faith in Me through all eternity cannot die. Dost thou believe this? Yes, Lord, she told Him, I believe that Thou art Christ, Thou art the Son of the living God."

Offertory Begins
The first part of the mass having been completed, we now begin the Offertory — preparation of the gifts. The celebrant has presented the bread, which is to be consecrated in just a few moments. Here the wine is presented on behalf of all who have gath-

ered themselves in this work of worship.
As we offer our praise to God, we pray to God for John Fitzgerald Kennedy, servant of God, that he may be given everlasting rest.

In a moment the Cardinal will invite all to join with the angels in unceasing prayer before the throne of God.
Thus begins the Canon, the central prayer of Thanksgiving, through which Christ renews his work of redemption in our midst.

In the first part of the Canon, the priest again asks God the Father to accept the sacrifice. Then he prays for the whole church. Next he prays for the faithful on earth, mentioning by name those for whom the mass is being offered, including in a special way those who are actually present.

Spreading his hands over the offering, he prays: "We therefore beg you to accept, O Lord, this offering of our worship, that of the whole household."
Taking the bread into his hands, he recites the solemn words which Christ used at the Last Supper:

"This is my body."
Now blessing the chalice, he recites the words of himself as he consecrates the wine: "This is the chalice of my blood of the new and eternal covenant, the mystery of faith which shall be shed for you and for many unto the forgiveness of sins."

The prayers after the consecration call to mind the passion, resurrection and ascension of Our Lord. Now the Cardinal prays for the faithful departed that they may have comfort in peace, nam-

ing in particular in this mass our late beloved President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy.
"Through Christ, and with Him, in Him is given to you God the Father Almighty in the Unity of the Holy Spirit, all honoring Glory for ever and ever."

With this element we pray: "Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name, thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem.
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[Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest eternal.]
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The celebrant now receives the communion. The Holy Eucharist is a living symbol of union, union of all the faithful of Christ living in death. The Holy Eucharist is the daily bread that Christians everywhere devoutly pray for. To the Catholic, the sacramental body of Christ received in the Eucharist is the Christ whom those who die in the Lord will meet in heaven. It is this mystery, together with things, that enables the Christian to utter the prayer contained in the

preface of this requiem mass: "To those who are faithful to you, Lord, life is not taken away — it is transformed."
When this earthly abode is no more, an everlasting dwelling place awaits them in heaven.

To wholly take part in the Holy Sacrifice and to do what Our Lord wants, the congregation receives the sacramental body of Christ from the hands of the priest.

Cardinal Cushing, having revered the altar, now moves to the bier. A wonderful prayer in its simplicity and confidence.

"But he was sealed with the seal of the Holy Trinity in baptism. He believed in the true God. And therefore the church confidently hopes for mercy from the same all-loving God. O Lord, from everlasting death, that dread day of terror, when the heavens and the earth will be shaken, as Thou dost come to judge the world by fire, I am in fear and trembling at Thy judgment, the wrath that is to come. The heavens and the earth shall be shaken. That day will be a day of wrath and of misery and of ruin, a day of grandeur and of horror, as Thou dost come to judge the world by fire. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let Thy perpetual light shine upon him."

Pausing now, the Cardinal places incense over hot coals in a censer. This action is filled with Biblical symbolism, the smoke rising to heaven indicative of our prayers of supplication.
[At this point the Lord's Prayer is recited in English, in unison.]

While the Cardinal recites the "Our Father" with the people, he goes around the bier and sprinkles the corpse with holy water thrice on each side, then in the same way he incenses it. Holy water and incense becoming efficacious sacramentals for the prayer and the blessings of the Church. They're employed here because the soul of the departed benefits by their application and because the body of the departed was a temple of the most Holy Spirit.

The Cardinal now says: "From the gates of hell, rescue his soul, O Lord. May he rest in peace. O Lord, hear my prayer and let my cry come unto Thee. Lord be with you and with your spirit. Let us pray.

"O God, who alone art ever merciful in sparing of punishment, humbly we pray Thee on behalf of the soul of Thy servant, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, whom Thou has commanded to go forth today from this world. Do not hand him over to the power of the enemy, nor forget him forever, but command that his soul be taken up by Thy holy angels and brought home to Paradise. May his soul, and all the souls of the faithful departed, with the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen."

[At this point, Cardinal Cushing, speaking in English, says:]
"May the angels, Dear Jack, lead you into Paradise. May the martyrs receive you at your coming. May the spirit of God embrace you, and mayest thou, with all those who made the supreme sacrifice of dying for others, receive eternal rest and peace. Amen."

THE ANONYMOUS ALSO PAY HOMAGE

Thousands Travel to Capital for Funeral on Impulse

By NAN ROBERTSON
Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, Nov. 25—Yesterday noon, Mr. and Mrs. David H. Harrison were sitting in their living room in Orange, N. J. Their television set was turned on, but they were reading the Sunday papers.

"David," said Mrs. Harrison, suddenly, "I think we ought to go to Washington."

The Harrisons moved at once on impulse, taking their two little girls with them and leaving the dishes to soak in the sink. They left for Washington within the hour.

"We'd never done anything like that before," said Mr. Harrison, an accountant, a careful man who likes to think things over. "We plan for weeks if we're just going to the Jersey shore for a couple of days. But yesterday we had a sense of real immediacy. We regretted we hadn't started sooner. We felt we couldn't waste an hour."

David and Lynne Harrison were astonished at themselves, but their story was typical. The Harrisons and thousands of others who traveled far to view the last journey of President Kennedy were compelled by deep instinct to share in history and to give their children a day that they might not comprehend now, but that they would always remember.

Cameras Left Home
They dressed Judy, 5 years old, and Debra, 3, in their best clothes. Their cameras were left at home because to take them, they felt, was "touristy and sacrilegious." On the way to Washington, they talked to their daughters about what they were to see, trying to find words the children would understand.

This morning, the Harrisons rose at 6 o'clock in their motel, just across the Potomac from the Lincoln Memorial and down the hill from Arlington National Cemetery. They were luckier than many families along the route of the cortege who were haggard from a night in their automobiles.

By 8 o'clock the Harrison family stood shivering on a curb at Connecticut Avenue, two blocks from the church where the requiem mass was to be said for President Kennedy.

The Harrisons are Jewish but rarely go to synagogue. When their children are older, they plan to go with them "to give them a sense of our culture, rather than religion."

"It may sound corny, but these are probably the most historical moments that we'll ever experience. Even though the children are so little, we want them to be here," Mrs. Harrison said as they waited for the procession to appear.

"What struck all of us," Mrs. Harrison continued, "is this great sense of identity. The President is not a removed figure, he's lost my own father a year and a half ago, but I can more shocked and sick at this. Someone so vital and alive, someone our own age. You don't expect to be present at their death."

Mr. Harrison is 42, his wife 30. **Drove to the Capitol**
The Harrisons' sense of urgency impelled them last night to drive from their motel to the Capitol, where President Kennedy lay in state. On the way they became confused and turned in "at a driveway with a little guard house" and asked directions of a "wonderful police captain."

"Say fella," the captain asked Mr. Harrison, "do you have any idea where you are?"
They had turned in at the White House gate.

When they arrived at the Capitol, they were confronted with immense throngs and by now they were carrying their weary children. A policeman cautioned them, that such were the crowds that they would probably never get into the Rotunda.

So today the Harrisons stood for the four hours, waiting for a spectacle that would unfold before them with bewildering swiftness. It was too much even for an adult to take in — the military marchers; the black-draped caisson rattling up the avenue; Mrs. Kennedy, her head held high under a flowing widow's veil; the giant De Gaulle; little Emperor Haile Selassie, resplendent in medals and braids.

Riderless Horse Goes by
"Look, mommy, they're dragging their feet along," said Judy, her hazel eyes big as the military marched by in slow step. "Why are they going so slow?"
"See darling, that's the caasket," her mother said. "President Kennedy is there. That's the last we will ever see of him. And that's the riderless horse — remember, I told you about it?"

"He'll ride it tomorrow," Judy insisted.
"I don't think they can really comprehend. I don't think Debra, especially, has any conception of death," Mr. Harrison said as the coffin went by.
When it was over, Debra, in her father's arms, clutched her pink blanket and her eyes leaked teary bear. Her face puckered in fleeting disappointment. "I didn't see President Kennedy," she said.

The Harrisons started back to Orange in early afternoon while the funeral was in its last moments at Arlington. At first they had thought to take the children to the Lincoln Memorial. They decided against it.
"No, not the Lincoln Memorial today," Mrs. Harrison said. "The day really has had all its meaning."

escapable sound of the day, and events seemed to move at its metronomic command.
At 11:45, just before the caisson turned into 17th Street, the Air Force band came into view and the melody of "America the Beautiful" swelled on the air.

But when the last strains were played — and crown Thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea" — the drums again prevailed.
The caisson turned into 17th Street, the sidewalk crowd surged to keep abreast of it, and the drums beat their relentless cadence.

As the caisson moved north up Connecticut Avenue, the drums beat and the hush of the crowd became absolute, despite the constant pressing of the people to keep pace with the coffin.

In the sunlight that bathed the street, the flag gleamed in brilliant red, white and blue. As it passed, there was only the sound of jingling brass, the echoing clomp-clomp of the six white horses, and the drum's insistent one, two, three and roll on the count of four.

And then came Mr. Kennedy's family, President Johnson and the dignitaries. In contrast to the majestic precision of the military unit, most of them walked at their own pace in an ill-defined mass that stretched from curb to curb. At their head was the Pres-

ident's widow, who had decided that she would walk the eight blocks behind her husband's body.
Deeply veiled and with unflinching step, she strode up and shoulders erect, looking neither left nor right, marching at a soldier's pace. She was flanked by her husband's brothers, Robert F. and Edward M. Kennedy, who marched in step with her to create a tableau of resolution in the face of bereavement.

Behind her walked an assembly of the world's and the nation's leaders such as this city has never seen.
As Richard Cardinal Cushing sprinkled the waiting coffin with holy water at the church steps, the sound of a male voice singing "Jesu Domine" within was audible in the streets. The mass proceeded, and the drums were quieted for the hour as Cardinal Cushing prayed "that John Fitzgerald Kennedy may be spared all punishment and taken into Paradise."

By 1:15 P.M. the mass was ended, and outside the drums were beating again. The procession started on its final lap.

Now the dignitaries and Mr. Kennedy's family were riding in closed limousines. The sun had fallen behind the rooftops and the shadowed street was colder.

Security guards had taken up walking positions beside the limousines of the statesmen.
The car of President de Gaulle of France had more than any other — ten. The security agents formed a human wall around it as it moved toward the cemetery. The agents studied building windows and rooftops and examined faces and movement in the crowds

with more than customary intensity.
The drums beat the message of the caisson's passage through the town — down Constitution Avenue, up around the Lincoln Memorial, across the old Potomac and into Arlington Cemetery.

There on the hillside, the trees were almost leafless and the falling sun cast its long shadows across the headstones of the nation's other fallen military men.
The hill where the grave lies with an eternal flame lighted at

10:39 A.M.—Mrs. Kennedy and brothers-in-law enter Capitol Rotunda. They kneel at coffin and kiss flag draping it.
10:43 A.M.—Military bearers lift coffin from catafalque and carry it to horse-drawn caisson of funeral cortege.
10:48 A.M.—Coffin is placed on caisson.
Cortege Leaves Plaza
10:50 A.M.—Cortege escorted by caisson begins departure from Capitol Plaza.
10:58 A.M.—Cortege clears plaza.
11 A.M.—Cortege joins military units at Constitution Ave.

11:35 A.M.—Cortege arrives at White House. The first section of procession proceeds to St. Matthew's Cathedral, as cortege turns into White House grounds.
11:40 A.M.—Mrs. Kennedy is joined by world and national leaders in walk behind caisson to cathedral.
12:13 P.M.—Bronze doors of cathedral close for beginning of requiem mass.
1:15 P.M.—Mass ends. Bronze doors of cathedral open for resumption of funeral procession.
1:30 P.M.—Caisson resumes

funeral procession to Arlington National Cemetery. Mrs. Kennedy and dignitaries follow in limousines.
2:43 P.M.—Caisson arrives at Arlington National Cemetery.
3:08 P.M.—Army bugler, Sgt. Keith Clark of Grand Rapids, Mich., sounds taps.
3:15 P.M.—Mrs. Kennedy lights the eternal flame that will burn at the head of the grave and receives the United States flag that had draped the caasket. She is escorted to her waiting limousine by President Johnson.
3:34 P.M.—Coffin is lowered into the grave.
The ceremonies were over.

Britain's Chief Rabbi Hails Kennedy Moral Leadership
LONDON, Nov. 25 (Reuters)
President Kennedy was a man who exemplified moral leadership, Britain's Chief Rabbi, Rabbi Israel Brodie, said in London tonight.

He told a dinner of the Anglo-Jewish Association that Mr. Kennedy was a man "who was dedicated to the proposition of happiness and equality to all men and to all Americans irrespective of color, race or creed."
"He was a man of courage and a man who believed in the fundamental teaching of his faith."

Timetable of the Kennedy Funeral and Procession

Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, Nov. 25—
Following is a timetable of the funeral of John Fitzgerald Kennedy today:
8:25 A.M.—The police cut off the line of persons waiting to view the coffin in Rotunda of Capitol.
9 A.M.—Bronze doors of Capitol closed, ending lying in state.
9:05 A.M.—Last visitors pass by coffin.
10:25 A.M.—Mrs. John F. Kennedy, accompanied by Attorney General Robert Kennedy and Senator Edward M. Kennedy, leaves White House by limousine.
10:39 A.M.—Mrs. Kennedy and brothers-in-law enter Capitol Rotunda. They kneel at coffin and kiss flag draping it.
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