

# ***'Abraham, Martin, and John'***

***'The good die young, I just looked around and he was gone'***

Sad Memories of the assassination of President Kennedy

By Alan Miles, Feb 2014 [[email](#)]

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This short article is very factually correct, and is my salutation to the kids of William Fitt School who helped to forge and brand, and put this nation where it is, 'Semper Actus'.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> November 1963, people say (who were alive then), that they knew where they were when President John Kennedy was killed.

I can remember it for the following day on 23<sup>rd</sup> November, The Rolling Stones the greatest thing that London produced, were to play at The Leyton Baths. At approximately 8pm in the evening John a Rocker, opened the cafe door and rushed in. This was our hangout called The Park Cafe , which was opposite Lloyds Park in Forest Road.

I was standing at the Pintable waiting for a replay as John rushed through the door and very excited. He said "ol Kennedy has been shot, I replied "who?". John replied "He was the american president", I said "Oh I know, he was their sort of Prime Minister". I got another replay after some good skilful play, and John turned around and began to walk towards the counter.

Jock was waiting there the owner of the cafe, and an articulate Glaswegian ".John", I called out, "John can you get me a cup of Rosie" John did so. It was that reddish brown tea that only British cafes can make. I called to John again "John can you get us a raspberry jam tart and not a fe\*c\*ing yellow lemon curd one either!"

I carried on playing with the Pintable. John sat on the corner table where the Jukebox was. I called out "John can you put a couple of records on mate, I like 'I wanna Be Your Man' by The Rolling Stones". John being a Rocker moaned a bit about the choice of The Rolling Stones.

He then put a couple of records on, he just sat down and started to roll a cigarette. I called "John mate can you roll one up for me, and not a fu\*ck\*n\* skinny one either". John did so and he used those liquorice cigarette papers, they tasted bloody horrible.

Now the trouble with the jukebox was that it held some Scottish records, and if you were not careful enough in pushing the right buttons, you could end up getting your ears blasted by a load of Bagpipes. John rose and walked over giving me the roll up that he had made. I put the fag in my mouth and then mumbled to him "giss a light". John replied "do you want me to smoke it for ya?"

Then bloody Andy Stewart started up on the jukebox singing 'A Scottish Soldier'. "You stupid idiot "I bawled at John "mind where you put your fingers". Anyway, Buddy Holly came on after Andy Stewart, singing 'It doesn't Matter Anymore'. I sat down with John, and supped me tea. Then I said "Tell us about Kennedy, John".

John still looked shaken, he said " well he was driving through Dallas, sitting next to his wife Jackie, and smiling and waving , when you see this bullet hit him right in his head". I asked "Then what did he do?" John supped his tea and replied "well it's on the tele but anyway" as he put down his cup of tea.

He drew on his roll-up and replied " his head was blown clean off and there was a spray of like bone, and blood, and he still carried on waving at the crowd after his head was gone, and then he fell on his wife's lap, and people were still waving back".

Well that was the trouble with kids then, they often exaggerated to make an event sound more interesting.

Then Mick an androgyn walked in, he was a really pretty boy. As he stood by my chair, I said "Oy Mick, John has just told me that ol Kennedy has been shot, is that right?"

Mick walked across to the counter and continued to try and buy himself a cup of tea. I called to him "Mick can you get me a cuppa of Rosie", Mick was a bit tight in some areas and grumbled a bit.

Mick sat down after getting me the tea, and he said "it was on the news, he was being driven in his motorcade, when you see this bullet fly at him . I replied "who was". Mick sobbed "President Kennedy".

I asked "what's a f\*ck\*n\* motorcade", Mick replied "it's a fleet of limousines". John then piped up "Yeah I saw it on the tele as well, all his head was blown off". Mick looked tragically saddened as he said "His head was blown off and it bounced across the road and he was still waving".

Luckily Jock was listening, and quite angrily he butted in and said "You liars give the man some respect, and don't exaggerate over his death".

Truth was that both of these kids never even saw the tele but heard it elsewhere a case of Chinese Whispers. Anyway, 'I wanna Be Your Man' came on the jukebox. I said "we're gonna see 'em tomorrow night at The Baths aint we", Mick gave a camp smile and said "I fancy that Brian Jones" and I said "he's the singer ain't he".