

Alexander Kendrick CBS 8/24/65

This is Alexander Kendrick reporting from Keene, New Hampshire about the homecoming of a young man slain on the civil rights battle field, brought to you by American Express Travelers Checks. The story brought to you in a moment.

Commercial

It could have been a young soldier killed in Vietnam and brought home for burial, there have been some such. It was, instead, the funeral of a young theological seminarian killed on a nearer battle field, Hayneville, Alabama. But in this small New England city, no particular distinction would be drawn between two such occasions. For Jonathan Daniels, age 26, is described in his hometown today as a man doing his duty in Hayneville just as if he had instead been a marine doing his duty at Chu Lai. That was the thing about this New England funeral, that though Jonathan Daniels was a casualty of the war for civil rights, the occasion was not one for glorifying or extending his civil rights activity, but only one serving as a memorila for it. There were no demonstrations, no banners no pickets and the only oratory was the reading of some of the letters that Jonathan Daniels had written from Selma. He was among the first to go there last spring and had been in Alabama ever since serving the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity. The letters showed that Selma had been, for him, not a political, not a sociological experience as for some of the others there, but a truly spiritual one. Daniels was in his third year at the theological seminary at Cambridge and by all accounts, one of the most brilliant young minds ever to pass through it. He was preparing for the ministry and no one doubts that he would have made his mark. But today in Keene, though there was sadness, there was no undue sentimentality about his death. Selma and Hayneville are a long way from New Hampshire, almost as far as Vietnam and Jonathan was remembered instead as the son of one of Keene's most beloved physicians, the boy who was graduated at the head of his class at Keene High School, class of 1957, who grew up here, went on dates, sat on the soda fountain and then went away to college, VMI that was, and came home occasionally to visit his mother and grandmother. The funeral today did not disturb the even tanner of this small cities ways. There were no traffic jams, no crowds. All of Keene knew what was happening and why it had to happen but the fact that it was accepted without emotional outburst or political exploitation, almost as a routine casualty in what has become a routine conflict, was in a sense the highest tribute his hometown could pay to Jonathan Daniels. Those that went to the church and the cemetery were those that had known and appreciated him, not people sneaking to pile one occasion on top of another for their own larger purposes, for the occasion was large enough in itself that a young man had died who should not have died yet. That he knew what he wanted to do and was doing it when he died

145F J.O." enlarged the occassion even more. This city of 18,000 persons calls itself the all america city. It's downtown streets bear signs to that effect and it's reaction to the death went a long way to prove it. This does not mean that his death will pass unnoticed but merely that it belongs elsewhere. It was where he fell that Jonathan Daniels will be mosdt remembered, on the line at Selma in the soaking rain working in the back room at Brown Chapel, living with negro families in Hayneville, spending time in jail there for taking part in a demonstration and most of all perhaps, on the sidewalk in front of the country store where he and another young theologian, a roman catholic priest, were shot down. The funeral was held in Keene today but Jonathan Daniels last resting place is Hayneville, Alabama. Tomorrow another top story of the day as viewed by CBS correspondents around the world.....