Patriot Committee Selects

Harvey, Shoup and Buckley

Former Marine General David Shoup, news commentator Paul Harvey and columnist-politician William F. Buckley, Jr., have been nominated for the Patriot of the Year award, the Senior Class’ annual George Washington Birthday presentation to a distinguished American. The committee said they will embellish this list by two before the week’s end.

Running in strong contention for nomination to the Patriot list are two Notre Dame alumni whose names will not be released because the final approval has not been made by the committee.

Last year’s Patriot, General William Westmoreland, was contested by the Notre Dame new left who picked the “in absentia” presentation at the Morris Inn where Col. John Stephens, Professor of Military Science here, received the award for the four-star General.

Gen. Shoup, a graduate of DePaul University, joined the ROTC program but remained as private all four years. Upon graduation he enlisted into the Marine Corps. At any rate, all Masters Degree candidates will lose their deferments, whether they actually will continue to public health.

It appears that the only graduate students who will continue to receive automatic deferment will be medical, dental, osteopathic, veterinary, and other students in fields related to public welfare.

All undergraduates now receive deferments by law under the present system, instead of at the discretion of local boards, as was the case under the earlier law. Father Biechner indicated that there was “no need for panic.” He made it clear that although graduate students will not legally receive deferments, whether they actually will cannot be known at the present time.

DEPRIVED OF HOUSE and home, the YCS protests their eviction from the old Book Exchange. Whether due to misunderstanding or design, the Administration didn’t even give them time to get out on the evening stage. So the orphans protested against the irresistible storm.

Admin. Evicts

YCS From B-X

BY JOHN ALZAMORA

In a sudden and announcement move, the Administration permanently evicted YCS from its headquarters in the old B-X room, Tuesday afternoon.

The Young Christian Students, an actively influential organization on campus for the past 25 years, has been a major force behind Mardi Gras at Notre Dame, the original founders of the campus press, the instigators of Dialogue magazine, and the sponsors of the South Bend Big Brothers tutoring program.

According to YCS officials the eviction was foreshadowed last Friday when Rev. Charles McCarragher, C.S.C., Vice-President of Student Affairs, made mention to Tim MacCarry of YCS that he was dissuaded with YCS’s cooperation in the use of the B-X with other student activist groups.

At 1 p.m. Tuesday YCS was told on Father Jerome Wilson’s orders to be out of their office in an hour. By 1:30 p.m. carpenters had arrived to board up the windows.

When asked by the surprised office staff why he was closing up the room, a carpenter shouted back “I don’t have to tell you a damn thing … The University can do anything they want to.” And they did.

A campus patrol car pulled up five minutes later. The officer got out and ordered the ten or so YCS members from the office. There was much reluctance but no emotion.

At 2:00 a locksmith arrived, tore down the lock to which YCS had the key, and installed a new one. The University can do anything they want to.” And they did.

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Hartke Calls For L.B.J. Re-Alignment

In a speech Monday evening in Stepan Center, Indiana Sena­
tor Vance Hartke called upon President Johnson to formulate a peace plan for Vietnam. He also called for a new team of advisors to the President, "not 13 months from now, but to­
ight."

Hartke spoke to a crowd of about 1,000 in Stepan Center. His hour-long speech, billed as one which would revolutionize debate on the war, was mainly an attack on the policies and predictions of President John­
on's principal advisors, most specifically Secretary of State Rusk and Secretary of Defense McNamara. Again and again, he quoted old predictions of Rusk and McNamara on the course of the war and thereby ques­
tioned their accuracy.

In keeping with the announ­
ced topic of his address, "Viet­
nam and the Democratic Party."

Hartke reviewed the 1964 cam­
paign, saying "In 1964, by its plato­
form and its candidates, the Democratic Party became kno­
own as the peace party." Com­
menting on the 1964 outcome, he said "The mandate of 1964 was a mandate for peace."

Hartke zeroed in on the ac­
tions of the Administration, th­
ough never attacking President John­
on by name. He accused the administration of failing to meet its mandate for peace. In­
stead of a plan for peace, ac­
cording to Hartke, "We have had a plan for war."

Hartke reviewed his own pre­
dictions and statements on the War plus his criticism of U.S. policies. Analyzing the future course of the war if present policies are continued, the In­
diana Democrat remarked "All that is left now is to 'bomb them back to the stone age' as one general has suggested." He followed with the emphatic statement "We can say that es­
calation has bred escalation. This strategy of increased escalation to bring peace must be exposed as a miserable failure."

Hartke blamed the "miserable failure" mainly on the Presi­
dent's advisors. He cited optim­
istic predictions of Rusk and McNamara made in 1963 and 1964. His criticism took on a personal note as he stated "Sed­
retary McNamara will appear to the student body of Notre Dame but he refuses to appear before the Senate and answer public questions."

Hartke castigated Secretary of State Rusk for Rusk's al­
leged shifts of emphasis in three different areas of the war. The first area, according to Hartke, was the shift of U.S. emphasis from political and social to mil­
itary goals. Secondly, Hartke ac­
aimed Rusk has consistently ch­
anged emphasis in identifying the enemy in Vietnam, first es­
ituating the Vietcong, then North Vietnam, and now China. Final­
ly, Hartke blasted what he de­
scribed as a shift of emphasis to a military victory in the area of U.S. Vietnam objectives. Hartke waited until the last five minutes of his address to make his major proposal, al­
though he earlier climaxned his Johnson's advisors with the call for "a new team". Hartke stated "The substitution by this Ad­
ministration of a war plan for a peace plan has failed. I call upon my Democratic Party and my Democratic President for a peace plan now."

The Observer is published three times a week during the college semester by the stud­
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Yesterday was just one of those days. It was a day when you were trapped in O'Shaughnessy Hall twenty minutes or more before an afternoon class—trapped by an irrepressible gloom and an annoying drizzle; trapped in dark solitary corridors; trapped after having fled the dullness of a seemingly well-lit Library; trapped and running to find a hint of the sun, and finally falling into the Art Gallery only to find the somber somnolent shades of this fellow Rosenberg. Air, air, O God, a bit of air and sky.

The smell of pasture. No air. The only way to go was to the wide entrance corridor. There you could sit and did sit and did wait for the dawning darkness and you could and did feel the gloom of antiquity upon you, the stained glass windows and their ancient musty names. The darkness began to surround you like a great black overcoat, strangling you into seclusion, not just in corners and cupboard closets but everywhere out there that was nowhere. And the wind came through the opened door and your thin socks, and legs. Dark, damp, and beaten.

Small, gone, and secluded there. Lonely and only dully awake, lost in the haze of dusty cigarette smoke and creeping sleep with its watery mouth.

Yesterday was a day of gloom; a day when twenty minutes before the bell, you and me and the real were constipated. To, At, Upon, On What.

It is these times when the bread and meat of life are gone, fed from you and absolutely gone. The loves and wars, hates and people were all gone and you were there alone and alone and hollow. Face to face with what and that what is Nothing in all its immensity. It is these times that power and activity are impossible.

Despair, with you and me is the only real thing and you can't get your damn hands about its damn throat and beat the hell out of it because it is empty, and irresolute, and invisible. You just can't do it.

Perhaps you will get up soon and go to dinner in the murky South Caf, and you won't want to eat your vegetables or drink your milk. You'll leave and the rain will wet your hair and you will retreat to your small single in Howard and husk in the empty warmth of the radiator. And you will read and, as you read, fall asleep for an hour and wake up with a bad taste on your palate.

You have to leave and do. You walk along the earth and the brown and yellow decal of the leaves are glued together on the rain mud. Everything is gloom and the streetlight cannot dispense the fog. And if it could it wouldn't matter.

And then you come home and take a shower and feel clean but still, still that damn dullness in your brain and then you go to bed still, still that damn dullness in your brain and then you go to bed...
The draft for the past few years in "peace-time" America has become an exciting game (like chicken or Russian roulette) for our "peace-time" youth. General Hersey's vacuum cleaner can all of a sudden suck you out of your humdrum suburban existence (in Royal Oak, White Plains, Evanston or wherever) and drop you into the excitement filled jungles of South East Asia.

All you have to do is stand around a while and wait for them to "ask" you to become a part of this man's army. Few do of course. (There is something about a jungle that doesn't like a man.) Few that is except those ones who through money (their own, their father's, or the college's) can disappear into college for a few years.

There you can play tight-rope with grades and courses and the like, but once you get the hang of it you're generally safe. And if you're worried about getting the boom lowered once you spring out into the world (naked except for your sheepskin), there is always ROTC and the reserves where you can play at being a week-end warrior. Such are the rules of the game. (Pit falls do exist but what's life without a few thrills?)

Yet the game is all one big pitfall for the man who either doesn't want to, can't afford to, or isn't bright enough to go on to college. In fact the game isn't fun anymore.

You get drafted and playing around on the front is somewhat fatal.

We find this man is part of that world grating to our middle-class ears, the lower economic classes. Instant escape via "higher education" or the Reserves or a teaching job (now so popular) isn't in the cards for him. The cards (Hershey's deck) have been stacked in favor of another set of players, above his station.

 Obviously to suggest that there shouldn't be this inequity on who gets to go and who gets to stay around will be pretty unpopular with the college crowds (almost like rooting for the other team at a football game). But if that's the way it is, there shouldn't be anymore deferments for college, anymore deferments at all. After all why should one economic group be reading about the war in Time or Newsweek while another group or race (about 20 percent of our men over there are Black) fights it.

Drafting the Rah-Rahs

About The Herd Instinct

Sign the petition. Say that you won't go. Say that you're opposed to the war and the killing. Stand up for what you believe in even if it means a prison sentence.

That's what a mimeographed poster tacked up on every bulletin board encourages. And though it has its obvious disadvantages, such as five years in a Federal penitentiary, the idea of simply running out and confronting the government with your opposition is certainly attractive in some ways.

First of all, it will answer once and for all the disturbing charge that you're an armchair liberal. You do this and no more self-doubt, no more clean-cut conservatives taunting you for an alternative. Once and for all, this would show them you meant business.

Second, it is just one act. In fact, if it is just one non-act. You won't go and that's all there is to it. You get involved with VISTA or some non-governmental social service program and you'll have to get up every day and make new decisions based on new circumstances. How much more convenient to say, "I'm a pacifist and that's all there is to it." Third, you can do it with other people and then you won't have to make the decision on your own. Suppose you wait until your draft board calls you up. It'll be in your home town with all your relatives and most of your friends working on you to change your mind. Then would you be able to do it?

Fourth, it would simplify everything so much. Here, you have to worry about how much you personally are guilty for Vietnam. Precisely what percentage of a death is your responsibility because you're playing out a string of student deferments. Hand in your freedom to the government and let them feed, clothe and shelter you. Give up on America and resign from its population.

Perhaps we're being unfair and we take it as a calculated risk. We know that for some people to sign that pledge would take courage and conviction undiluted by any of the reasons we've just mentioned.

But we remember Thomas More, a man who said no. And he didn't seek martyrdom. He strove mightily to get out of it, to reason, to live a loophole. He wanted to live and do what good he could on this flawed earth. He had no taste for symbolic protest or self-immolation. But still, in his unenthusiastic way, when the time came he stood alone and said no.

THE OBSERVER

A Student Newspaper

BOY EDITOR

PATRICK COLLINS

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 3, 1966

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

THE REPORTER

Rev. Dr. King

BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

It was the Wednesday before the peace march. I had arrived in Washington late in the afternoon. I got the word that not much was happening yet but that Dr. Martin Luther King was holding a press conference that night and might have something to say about the Mobilization for Peace.

King was to address a small group invited by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to a gathering at the Executive House, a semi-posh Washington hotel. Though I had no real personal involvement at the time, I got into the meeting without any trouble. It was a new experience for me, playing big time journalist and standing with the long hair and glasses of the lower middle class.

Finally, about an hour late, Dr. King came in. Although there was a stir and bustle through the crowd announcing his arrival, it took me a few moments to locate him in the small room. Unlike a Robert Kennedy or even a Hubert Humphrey, he did not seem to possess an aura of celebrity. He seemed smaller than his actual (about 5'-9") height, as if at any moment he might become indistinguishable from all the other Negro lawyers, doctors and ministers who peopled the little room.

As it turned out, Dr. King had no intention of saying anything about the peace march. He was, in fact, at the meeting to try to raise funds for the SCLC. And being at least somewhat politic, he knew well enough that one doesn't raise funds by attacking what your potential donors believe in. At any rate, King's opposition to the radical left and violent protests were too well known to really need restatement.

I had gone to see him not because I was especially interested in his views on the peace march (for he was not really in a position to affect it much anyhow) but rather because I wanted to see how the patriarch of the dead days of liberal hope was faring in these times of radical revolution and riots.

He gave a little speech, no doubt similar to others given elsewhere. He patiently affirmed the creed he stood for. He talked about freedom and human dignity, about working together on specific programs that would end the riots and help the ghetto.

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Dear Mr. Gallagher:

Enclosed here are my opinions about the answer (c) in Question 3 of the "Viet Scoreboard," which has scored the highest percentage, published on Oct. 19. Question: You would favor (c) Unilateral cessation of bombing of North Vietnam and increased efforts at negotiation. - 32%

I can't understand why 32% are supporting this proposal. They may say "U.S. is the aggressor." But who will answer my question? Did any of these people brand the North Vietnamese as aggressors when they were kidnapping or killing more than 20,000 South Vietnamese annually before 1963? Never, because it was some of their business. Now they mind the bombing which hinders the North Vietnamese from cultivating what they euphemistically call their "rice paddies"...

Sincerely yours,

Michael H. Minton
333 Cavanaugh Hall

Tony Sweeney

Editor: A letter appearing in the Oct. 19 Observer questioned the success of Homecoming '67. In answer to the questions posed in the letter, I offer the following comments.

1. Bob Banner Associates, Inc., filmed hall decorations on campus from 11:15 A.M. to 1:00 P.M. Mr. Al deCaprio, the unit director, not the Student Union, picked the halls to be filmed. Since filming was done with hand-held 16 mm. cameras, it may not have been overly noticeable, but this was precisely what BBA wanted - spontaneity.

2. Last year, motel owners were contacted beginning in early December for rooms for Homecoming '68. The response was poor, and work during the summer resulted only in the rooms we had at various second-class motels in and around South Bend. Our difficulties stem almost exclusively from ND students' reputations and past behavior - disturbing other guests, damaging rooms, etc. This week we are beginning to contact motel owners for rooms for Homecoming '68.

3. Girls were not quite ready for psychedelics during the summer resulted in the University for a lecture on 'The Main Functions of the John Birch Society,' and 'The Communist Conspiracy in the United States.' He had many lucid and fine points, but there was one issue left in the air. He accuses Chief Justice Earl Warren, head of the Supreme Court, of being a Communist. He also stated that he now has conclusive evidence of his accusations, but there are more 'important' things that he has to attend to first.

I say that Welch is blufing. What could be more important than a flaw in our system, if one exists?

Sincerely yours,

Michael F. O'Conner
405 Cavanaugh Hall

The Mail

The only way to catch the Road Runner is at your Plymouth Dealers.

The new Plymouth Road Runner at your Plymouth Dealers, where the beat goes on.
President Johnson is fighting the Vietnam War in order to enlarge the size of the federal government and further centralize power in Washington according to John Birch Society head Robert Welch. Welch made his statement in response to a question following his Stepan Center speech Tuesday night.

Welch spoke to an audience of more than one thousand, explaining the objectives of the Birch Society plus the Society's view of an "International Communist Conspiracy". Welch explained the formal objectives of the Society, but then delved in great detail into the chief work of the group, the combating of the Communist Conspiracy.

In explaining the Communist Conspiracy, Welch spoke of a monolithic movement, contending that the Russo-Chinese split is "as phony as a nine dollar bill." Welch saw Communists as promoting civil turmoil, plotting to discredit local police, and provoking the people to pull out of the morass of collectivism. He saw an inevitable conflict with Communism, as Communism is the promoter of collectivism.

To Welch, the main, in fact only, danger to the Communist Conspiracy is exposure. Thus the Birch Society, both in promotion of its ideals and combating the Conspiracy, takes the form of an educational organization.

Welch characterized the Society as a "nationwide educational army."

Top Deck
To House
Senior Bar

A meeting with Campus Security Director Arthur Pears and the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board has resulted in a permission for the Senior Class to purchase their own "private club license," which will enable them to open their own establishment.

The new Senior Bar will be in the form of a private night club with Seniors themselves responsible for club rules and behavior.

The new arrangement stems from the fact that the Class now receives but five percent of the net profit, the rest going to the Flamingo. As of late, too, the ABC has told the Class that no ladies under 21 will be permitted in the Bar. Besides, there is not supposed to be any dancing and all persons must be seated while drinking.

The new Senior Bar will cater to couples as well as individuals. There will be wood panel walls, carpeting, a game room, couches, low lights, and places for everyone to sit. A schedule of entertainment is to be presented. The Class Officers promise to keep the low prices and "Happy Hour," as well as promote for Senior Social Club Members.

The senior Class is considering moving the Bar to the Top Deck, where it will be sole owner. Class Officers term this location as "most likely" while other places have been offered. According to Class President Mike Minton the new bar will be opened by January 1.
Travel Center To Occupy B-X Office

(continued from page 1)

doings of the afternoon.
The 30 then organized a protest picket with quickly inked-in signs which read: YCS PROTESTS EVICTION WITHOUT DUE PROCESS. Even by 3:00 there still remained a solid cluster of disgruntled protestors. Yet, they felt they had accomplished nothing and would remain evicted and without a meeting place.

In an interview with Father McCarragher the OBSERVER was told that the eviction was the result of a desire long cherished by Father Wilson to obtain more commodious quarters for the travel bureau presently located in the bookstore. Fr. Wilson, acting in the belief that the office had not been in use since it was vacated by the book exchange, mained a solid cluster of disgruntled protestors. Yet, the doings of the afternoon.

Wilson visited the office last Friday and complained that the office had not been used since it was vacated by the book exchange, and that he did not think such authority sufficient to require either re-consideration of his plans or the notice to the YCS.

Fr. McCarragher denied all possibility that the decision was the result of any displeasure with the co-operation of YCS in the use of the office with other student activist groups.

It was impossible to obtain any direct information from Father Wilson concerning the proposed new travel bureau office since he himself is traveling this week and will not return until shortly before Saturday's football game.

The Observer

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From the early morning hours people had been streaming into the rally center. By 11:00 A.M. thousands had gathered on both sides of the reflecting pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial. I climbed to the top of the monument and looked out. I knew inside of me that I had to be in your mouth you had to be inside ourselves. Peter, Paul and Mary sang: "We Shall Overcome," and if your heart wasn't singing, laughing, and letting it superimpose itself over everyone present, you had to be in the aura that was to become a crowd I could feel the power of the crowd—the power like myself from campuses and if your heart wasn't singing, laughing, and letting it superimpose itself over everyone present. People sat in groups, singing, laughing, and letting themselves go in friendship to others. Speaker after speaker rose to the podium to condemn the war and President Johnson. But that is part of the political activity thing, and we were not there for that. For the first time, and for the first time, I knew that we knew the war and we and we were there to share the essence of peace that we had in ourselves. Peter, Paul and Mary sang: "We Shall Overcome," and if your heart wasn't singing, laughing, and letting it superimpose itself over everyone present, you had to be in the aura that was to become a crowd I could feel the power of the crowd—the crowd that was to become a mob. Police allowed the march to begin, and as we approached the Pentagon, I was in the front line of demonstrators. I was drawn to that symbol of evil—I knew inside of me that I had to be in the vicinity of that symbol. There was no blood as of yet, but I was at the front of the line and started talking to an MP, although his orders forbade him to respond. The crowd began to pulsate and the soldier's face was drawn to that symbol of evil as much as the people in the Pentagon. There were no more words before the mob turned, and the soldier's face was struck down again and again, until his face and his skull were splattered over the Pentagon lawn.

A young girl ran out to aid him and a club was broken over her back and she fell to the ground. The mob wasSolid and manually surgued forward and an MP fired off the first tear gas bomb about 12 feet from me and about six inches from the leg of another student. The concussion of the bomb knocked her unconscious and the mob moved forward. Her voice and the longs and cries out for peace. Those that were as close as I was from the same families as you and from the same families as you, I was shouting now and pleading, "If we are trying to stop having these soldiers kill in Viet Nam, then how can we cause them to hurt in this country?" A marcher from the Mobilization committee asked me to open to his portable microphone so that people could hear, but there were no more words before the marcher was knocked out of the mob once again. He was struck down with a wooden stick, and I got up semiconscious:

October 21, 1967

by DON HYNES

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I asked Louie why he was here and he said it was because he didn't like war. I asked him why he didn't like war and Louie replied, "Because it does nothing to add to the good of the world. It hurts people." I talked to Louise about love and life and God. As a human being he is the epitome and the embo-

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A young girl ran out to aid him and a club was broken over her back and she fell to the ground. The mob wasSolid and manually surgued forward and an MP fired off the first tear gas bomb about 12 feet from me and about six inches from the leg of another student. The concussion of the bomb knocked her unconscious and the mob moved forward. Her voice and the longs and cries out for peace. Those that were as close as I was from the same families as you, I was shouting now and pleading, "If we are trying to stop having these soldiers kill in Viet Nam, then how can we cause them to hurt in this country?" A marcher from the Mobilization committee asked me to open to his portable microphone so that people could hear, but there were no more words before the marcher was knocked out of the mob once again. He was struck down with a wooden stick, and I got up semiconscious:

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