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 of Notre Dame's senior newspapers yesterday after deciding whether they receive their Bachelor's degrees will lose their II-B classifications. Father Biechler said that this
does not mean that they will be drafted, but simply that all will depend upon the draft board.

He said further, "Some (grad students) have been classified I-A already, whether they will be called is another story." At any rate, all Master's degree candidates will lose their legal deferments this June as well. Others considered for the nomination were Senator Carl Hayden, Justice Thurgood Marshall, and John Patrick Cardinal Cody and Pat Moynihan.

William F. Buckley Jr.

Automatic Grad Deferment Dead

No revolutionary announcement was made this week regarding the Selective Service, but as the effects of the Executive Order and Selective Service revisions made earlier this year become more clearly seen, it is clear that fewer of this year's graduating seniors may be permitted to go on to graduate school than are planning to do so. Reverend Paul Biechler, C.S.C., Dean of Notre Dame's Graduate School said yesterday afternoon, "It appears that graduate students will no longer have the convenient kind of assurance that they had before.

According to the present law, all students receiving their Bachelor's degrees will lose their II-B classifications. Father Biechler said that this

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At 1 p.m. Tuesday YCS was told by 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 police car pulled up five minutes later. The officer got out and ordered the ten or so YCS protesters to evacuate the building, and they did.

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

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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 John­son’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 criticized equally their accuracy.

In keeping with the announ­ced topic of his address, "Viet­nam and the Democratic Party."

Hartke reviewed the 1964 camp­aign, saying "In 1964, by its platform and its candidates, the Democratic Party became known as the peace party. Comment­ing on the 1964 outcome, he said "The mandate of 1964 was a mandate for peace."

Hartke zeroed in on the ac­tions of the Administration, th­ough never attacking President Johnson by name. He accused the administration of failing to meet its mandate for peace. In­stead of a plan for peace, ac­cording to Hartke, "we have had a plan for war."

Hartke reviewed his own pre­dictions 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 In­diana 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 es­calation 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 Presi­dent’s advisors. He cited optim­istic predictions of Rusk and McNamara made in 1963 and 1964. His criticism took on a personal note as he stated "Sed­entry 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 al­leged 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 mil­itary goals. Secondly, Hartke al­lained Rusk has consistently op­posed willing in the Vietcong, then North Vietnam, and now China. Finally, Hartke blasted what he de­scribed as a shift of emphasis to a military victory in the area of Vietnam objectives.

Hartke waited until the last five minutes of his address to make his major proposal, al­though he earlier climaxed his Johnson’s advisors with the call for a "new team". Hartke stated "The substitution by this Ad­ministration 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."

Senate Effects Kelly-Dowd Deletion

Student Union President Mike Browning appeared before the Student Senate Wednesday night to present a report on student services, particularly Homecoming. He used Homecoming ’67 as a “very successful”, thus clashing with a number of Senators. Alumni Senator Steve Berry asserted that there were no girls to help out with hall displays, no band for the winning hall, and no announcement of the winner. Browning admitted the lack of a announcement, but said that winner Cavanaugh had been pro­posed a band for a future date of its own choosing.

The Student Union President boasted of ticket price reduc­tions, an immensely successful banquet, and successes in football ticket acquisition. He admitted a lack of motel rooms and pro­blems with grad students on the lottery.

A band of Senators led by Berry and Bob Campbell of Al­umni and Pat Dowd of Walsh had requested Browning’s appear­ance because, in the words of Dowd, “Facts, not rumors, should be the basis on which the campus views Homecoming.”

Following Browning’s appear­ance, Student Body President Chris Murphy read a statement presenting his concept of Notre Dame’s role in “meeting the chal­lenge of our age.” Murphy pro­posed, among other things, turn­ing Mardi Gras proceeds over to helping the ghetto poor and the establishment of a Campus Disci­plinary Board. He asked Senate approval for allowing the Fin­ance Forum to invest $5,000 in student government funds.

A mal or piece of old business enacted by the Senate was de­letion of Article 6, Part D of the Constitution. ASP Senator Bill Kelly had proposed elimination of the section, which prohibits actions contrary to Administrativa­te regulations, last May. With Kelly no longer in the Senate, Walsh Senator Dowd formally proposed the deletion. Stay Sen­ator Rich Rosie spoke strongly in favor, emphasizing the need of the Senate, to, on occasion “confront the administration.” The deletion passed unanimous­ly.

A moment of drama was pro­vided when Off-Campus Senator Don Hytes requested a minute to speak and blasted the Sen­ate’s “running through” its bus­iness. He emphasized a need for education in the Senate, and contended that there was not adequate time given to discus­sion of the deletion. He criti­cized the chairing of the meeting by SBP Murphy, contending that Murphy had tended to hurry matters along.

The first two hours of the meeting were devoted to reports by the President, Vice President, and members of the Cabinet. In its next meeting, the Student Se­nate will consider the budget.

Meet the Man from Monsanto

Oct. 30 & 31

Sign up for an interview at your placement office. This year Monsanto will have many openings for graduates at all degree levels. Fine positions are open all over the country with America’s 3rd largest chemical company. And we’re still growing. Sales have quadrupled in the last 10 years ... in everything from plasticizers to farm chemicals; from nuclear sources and chemical fibers to electronic instruments. Meet the Man from Monsanto—he has the facts about a fine future.
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 trapped in dark solitary corridors; trapped after having fled the dulness 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 enmating 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, Or What?

It is these times when the bread and meat of life are gone, flee from you and absolutely gone. The loves and wars, hates and people were all gone and you were there 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. 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 buck 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 about the lake and the brown and yellow decay of the leaves are glued together on the rain mud. Everything is gloom and the streetlight cannot disperse its watery mouth.

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, irresistible, 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 buck 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.

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Drafting The Rah-Rahs

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 hum-drum 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 White Plains, Evanston or wherever) and grades and courses and the like, but once e's) can disappear into college for a few weeks. 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 "high 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 say 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 crowd (almost like rooting for the other team at a football game.) But maybe there shouldn't be anymore deferments for college, anymore deferments at all. After all why should one economic group be reading the war in Time or Newsweek while another group or race (about 20 percent of our men over there are Black) fights it.

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, 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. You'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, cloth 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 find 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.
Dear Sir:

I was grieved to read Denny Gallagher's account of the protest march on the Pentagon. It was simply sad to hear him call it a "free, wild and woolly stroll down the highway."

For I think he missed the point. The march had meaning — as a serious civilian protest by many concerned people against the declared policies of our government. It is not to be taken lightly, and I don't think it was by the people involved. There were a lot of deadly serious people there. The point is I don't think he captured the prevailing mood very fairly in his article.

It's a tragedy that the organization and peacefulness of the march were totally overshadowed in the press by the outbursts of violence at the Pentagon. It's just that there was something too good about most of the movement to be casually dismissed by a cynical reporter.

I'm glad he got to visit an Italian restaurant as well as the Natural History Museum. I guess I just wish that his reasons for coming, though, would have seemed a little more concerned with the meaning behind what was really going on.

Terry Dwyer

The Mail

The Year Award has long been a part of Notre Dame's tradition. Yes, Notre Dame, one of the "things" you even like. The secret committee was one open and publicized to each and every Senior last May. It is now composed of twelve members who volunteered their services. They represent both the liberal and conservative movements as well as the neutral faction. These people have been working on this secret project since last June and their intelligence goes far beyond the trite conversation which seems to dominate your vocabulary. I am sorry that you, Jay Schwartz, do not like the Patriot Award "one damn bit" but the majority of your class mates, over 80% according to our May Pote of last year, want the award and think it benefits both the Senior Class and Notre Dame immeasurably. But of course, each of them don't have their own column. I'm glad to see that you were so successful in your monetary gains at the "Cherry Blossom Parade" but to some of us Patriotism means more than a fast buck, or even fifty-three points. Perhaps you should continue counting columns at the Lincoln Memorial and selling programs for your writing will never earn you a buck.

The "stealthy committee," as you prefer to classify it, has worked long and hard in arriving at a fair definition of Patriotism. The system of balancing will be on a preferential basis with a certain percentage necessary for validity. All ways and means have been exhausted to make this year's award one deserving of the recognition it merits.

Mr. Schwartz, you could be more effective by offering less of your own opinionated criticism and more constructive advice.

Michael H. Munson, Pres. Senior Class

Dear Sir:

Just wanted to say I support the priests who want to marry and I hope priests everywhere will take action on this. I can see why Father Kavanaugh is taking the action he is and I think it is right.

The church is growing up.

Sincerely, an reader

Dear Sir:

This evening Notre Dame was honored to have Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society, for a lecture on, "The Main Function 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 bluf- fing. What could be more important than a flaw in our system, if one exists?

Sincerely yours.

Michael F. O'Connor
405 Cavanaugh Hall

Gentlemen:

Having gone to Washington for the peace march, I cannot believe the dichotomy of what I saw and what was printed in most newspapers, including The Observer.

Both the press and the radicals were out there for the same reason: Action. When those screaming idiots stormed the Pentagon, the reporters got their fill of bloody news and went home.

There are two disturbing points left over. First, something that the press did not print was that the most violent episode occurred early Sunday morning when federal marshals pressed people's faces with their rifle butts for no apparent reason. They made few arrests; they just beat people. Secondly, the great majority of demonstrators were peaceful and well-behaved. Only one major newspaper — The New York Times — pointed this out.

Tony Sweeney

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

The new Plymouth Road Runner now 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 Conspiracy.

In explaining the Communist Conspiracy, Welch spoke of a monolithic movement, conditioning 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促进了 "the morals of collectivism."

Overall, Welch saw the main objectives of the Communist Conspiracy as the undermining of loyalty to Family. In contrast, the Birch Society, according to its leader, promotes these loyalty.

Top Deck
To House
Senior Bar

A meeting with Campus Security Director Arthur Pearse 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 Hours" as well as privileges for Senior Social Club Members.

The senior Class is considering moving the Bar to the Top Deck, where it will be sale oner. 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, mainced a solid cluster of disgruntled protestors. Yet, WITHOUT DUE PROCESS. Even by 5:00 there still remained a group of protestors which read: YCS PROTESTS EVICTION to 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.

It was impossible to obtain any direct information from Father Wilson about the activist literature on display there.

Father McCarragher said that Father Wilson was unaware of YCS's occupation of the B-X office, But Father Wilson visited the office last Friday and complained about the activist literature on display there. Following the visit, Fr. Wilson neglected to postpone the notice to the YCS.

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ACTION was the result of any displeasure with the co-operation of YCS in the use of the office with other student activist groups.

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The Observer
FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION SEND $5
TO THE OBSERVER, BOX 11, ND, INDIANA
NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY ________________________________

Phone 254-4454
(Open 10 AM to 12 Midnight)

The Mail
—Con't.

(continued from page 5)

The Mail —Con't.

ment. After the six day pause (bombing) last February, for example, the Pentagon disclosed that the enemy had transported 23,000 tons of materials into the South, and so after that, it was the soldiers there who suffered more than the people in the States who advocate a bombing pause. Another thing I can't under stand is why they are asking the North Vietnamese to stop in filtration into the South, when they are asking the U.S. to stop bombing? It is only yesterday the North Vietnamese Communist official newspaper Nhan Dan said that the Communists are rejecting U.S. offers for peace talks and bombing pauses. How will these advocates of a pause in bombing estimate this flat refusal? I have only one more question to ask. Suppose the Pentagon accepts this proposal for a bombing pause for as much time as they want, say, one month. If there is no sign of a peace talk even after this proposal time limit, will any of them be ready to ask for doubling the bombing over North Vietnam to cripple their supply lines? I want to know whether there is anybody who is bold enough to say "yes."

J.J.K.

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BY DON HYNES

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 had a feeling that I could never explain, only experience. A mass of human beings, gathered together, and all, for that instant in time, singing in one eternal truth, peace.

As I walked through the crowd I could feel the aura that superimposed itself over every one present. People sat in groups, singing, laughing, and letting themselves go out 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. We and they knew about the war and we were there to share the essence of peace that we had inside ourselves. Peter, Paul and Mary sang, "We Shall Overcome," and if your heart wasn’t in your mouth you had to be human.

Dave Dellinger announced at 2:30 P.M. that a barricade had been set up on the Arlington bridge and that the parade permit had been temporarily revoked. Over one hundred and fifty thousand people were assembled by then, and for the first time, I could sense violence, and sense the power of the crowd—the crowd that was to become a mob. Police allowed the march to begin, but slowly the thousands started flowing out of the park. I was marching in the student contingent, young people like myself, from campuses all over the country, walking along together, arms linked, for peace.

At the Arlington bridge I met a fellow named Louie Bremen.

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 doesn’t do anything to add to the good of the people, the human beings. I talked to Louie about love and life and God. As a human being he’s the epitome and the enoblement of all that the march stood for: truth, love and brotherhood. Louie Bremen is eleven years old.

Further across the bridge a person began speaking out to the marchers. The sun was in his face and he was dressed in white. "We are not being led or pushed forward, but rather we are moving forward as individuals because we believe that what we are doing is right." As the crowd continued he cried out again, "God is in the sky and in me and in every one of you. God has given us this day and this life and we must pray that what we are doing is right. God is the source of truth and God is love." Some laughed, some clapped, some said they were insane, but they were all afraid. And another crack appeared in what I had considered a solidarity of belief and intent. The people couldn’t confront this beautiful human being who was preaching to them. They were fearful of what the man said.

When our section of the march reached the Pentagon, I began to work my way towards the front line of demonstrators. I was drawn to that symbol of evil. I knew inside of me that I had to be there. A few of the leaders had been arrested already but the arrests were only symbolic. There was no blood as yet. I reached the front of the line and started talking to an MP, although his orders forbade him to respond. The crowd began to palpitate and the soldier’s face was tormented. His hands were clenching and unclenching his black night stick. His eyes were terrified because he might have to use the weapon that our government had put in his hands.

I asked him to drop his stick and gun and leave that place. "We’ll talk about the war or anything you like," I said, "but don’t let them make you hurt." His knuckles were drawn white over the billy club and as his eyes would scan the crowd, they would return to me imploringly. He was trapped. The mob began to surge—the crowd was now indeed a mob, and I was carried away from this young MP. Before the first tear gas bomb went off I heard a great shout and as I turned I saw that some young man was trying to break through this soldier’s section of the defense. I saw this tormentured man’s club crash into the youth’s temple.

A bearded student tried to stem the human barrage of police, who were guarding a pile of stone. He was struck down and hurled back onto the mob. He attempted it again and the soldiers struck him once more and hurled him back. I could not get all out to those around. "Don’t make these soldiers hurt any more. They are human beings exactly like you and me and we are here to demonstrate peace. We cannot be the cause of violence."

I staggered out of the mob, to cry streaming from my face, and I sat down on the asphalt. There were three levels of pavement, and the mob now moved down to the second level. Eight students were standing in line shouting "Zig Heil," and performing a Nazi salute to the soldiers. I ran to them and said, "We were able to march and to talk and to love today in this country. This is America, not Hitler’s Germany, and it is a beautiful country." Seven quietly stopped. The rights of the student to hold in my face and then drifted into the mob to become one of the pushing hands and screaming voices; ready to urge on more destruction for those around them.

Shouts of warning rang out and as I turned around I saw a line of soldiers, their guns pointing with fixed bayonets, marching down on us. The mob scattered again, but slow down to the lowest road. Dispersed through the mob the hands and voices, full of anger, punched out their pockets and flung them at the soldiers, and the mob picked up their lead. No free individual

I was standing 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 marshall from the Mobilization committee asked me to speak into his portable microphone so that people could hear, but there were too many words before the bearded young man ran out of the mob once again. He was struck down with a wooden stick. He got up beseeching.