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No. 10 A last salute — J.F.K. Dec. 5, 1963

John Fitzgerald Kennedy 1917-1963

Two of the CARBON editors traveled to Washington for the events following the death of President John Kennedy. We have tried to report the personal side of what we saw and felt during these two days.

SUNDAY Nov. 25

There are three things that stand out in my mind when trying to recall the happenings in Washington.

First of course was the funeral cortège. There were both mournful and historical overtones to this procession. The drums, the sound of marching feet, and the faces of the Kennedy family emphasized the grief which all America felt. But yet, the flag draped coffin, the riderless horse, and the cassion tempered the feelings of grief with awe at the majesty of the ceremony and a realization of the respect and esteem with which our late president was held.

Second— the attitude of the crowds. Even though thousands stood for hours just for a glimpse of the coffin, there was very little movement and scarcely any talking among the people. I doubt if in any other circumstance could 200,00 people hold that air of solemnity for all day and most of the night. This alone is a great tribute to President Kennedy.

Finally was the view from Capitol Hill at 10 o'clock Sunday night. This view is beautiful at any time but on that night and at that time it was unbelievable. From the steps of the Capitol looking west one could see the lights of the city, the slowly moving cars and the Washington Monument jutting up into the dark sky. Looking north there were lines of people as far as one could see holding perfect ranks and very, very quiet. In one direction a last tribute to the chapter in History which may be called the New Frontier; and in the other, a view of the past intermingled with the present and the unending continuity which gave the American people hope.

The United States Air Force flew the traditional "missing man" formation. U.S.A.F. 1 circled above the grave presenting its sad and lonely salute.

A cannon sounded in slow cadence.

The volley of the firing squad cracked the cold winter air; And taps sounded serenely over the Virginia hills and the white monuments of Arlington.

The world had given its farewell to John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th President of the United States.

M.B.
Dear Mr. Dick Burford,

I am writing this to let you, as well as all of Marian College, know that I think your open letter to Mr. Divita was deplorable and in poor taste. My reaction was one of disgust and distaste. I am not referring to the content of your letter, but to your disrespectful mode of expression. Since when does any college student, much less a Student Board member, show such disregard for authority by addressing a faculty member as "Mr. D," or signing the letter "Your Buddy!". Your tone was not one of constructive criticism, as it should have been, particularly considering your position of responsibility. I ask you: How can you expect to obtain the vital respect for authority from the students that you represent, when you publicly show such disregard for it yourself? I submit that the students which elected you did so because they felt that you were capable and aware of the responsibilities of your office. Your letter did not display a realization of this awareness.

I hope that your letter was only an oversight on your part, and not an example of the way in which you think a college student and a member of our Student Board should conduct himself.

Yours truly,
Judy Farmer

Open letter to all my Buddies:

On all sides they surround me: in the name of the Lord I destroyed them. They swarmed around me like bees; they blazed like a fire among thorns: in the name of the Lord I destroyed them. I was pushed violently so that I might fall; but the Lord helped me.

Ps. 117:12-13

Sincerely
Mr. Divita

Gadfly,

Your polysyllabic answer to my article only demonstrates that you are neither willing or able to stand behind and defend your ideas and editorials. This brushing aside of legitimate questions suggests that you are perhaps a faincend in the hands of a policy dictator, that your crepuscular activities are not to be taken seriously, and that the potential which you showed is necrotic.

D.T.

Did you hear about the cannibal who went to the Psychiatric because he was fed up with people? I guess he needed a bicarbonate of soda.

A big head is a hell of a place for a small brain.

Show me the man who can hold his liquor and I will show you a serious kidney condition.

Joe E. Lewis

None of us would have been missed by anybody, had we not been born.

Some folks go to church to see who didn't.

A ding used to buy what a nickel used to buy.

If it wasn't for Russia, we wouldn't know whether we were ahead or behind.