

# CARBON

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. 24

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

First of course was the funeral cortege. 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 caisson 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 crowd. 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 for 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.

D.T.

MONDAY Nov. 25

The crowd at Arlington National Cemetery numbered several thousand and was composed of many college students who had hurried to Washington much as we had done. It was necessary to stand in the cemetery for nearly seven hours to be able to see the service. There was no room to sit down. Elaborate description in this article would be largely repetitive but we were very impressed by the relative swiftness of the ceremony and the aura of quiet disbelief that hung over the crowd during the proceedings.....

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.

## LOOK-OUT BUDDY

Dear Mr. Dick Bufour,

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 dismay and disgust. 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

## SOUND OF MUSIC

Next Thursday, December 12, at 10:30 the Bel Canto and Men's Glee Club will present a Choral Assembly. Everyone is cordially invited to attend this program sponsored by NCMEA and is promised an enjoyable hour.

## BOOZE.....

If you cannot refrain from drinking, why not open your own bar in your own home? It's very easy. Being the only customer, you won't need a license. Just give your wife \$55 to buy a case of whiskey. There are 240 shots in a case. Buy all of your drinks from your wife at 60¢ a shot. In two weeks when the case is used up, your wife will have \$29 to put in the bank, and \$55 to go in business over again. Now if you live ten years, and continue to buy all your liquor from your wife, and then get trampled to death from pink elephants, your widow will have over \$27,000 on deposit, enough for your funeral, enough to send the children through school, pay off the mortgage, marry a decent man and forget she ever knew you!

## Cynic's Corner

It's a good thing the world turned out to be round. Just think what a square satellite orbit would cost!

## Say Now.....

The Dean of Men and the Dean of Women are trying to stop necking on campus. The first thing you know, they'll be trying to make the students stop too.

## STUDENT BOARD BRIEFS.....

A committee was formally initiated to investigate the GADFLY.

The Day Students requested \$100 for winter emergency equipment and a small working budget.

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. 117:11-13

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 faineant 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.

HA HA Dept.

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

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 dime 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.