

★ EXTRA ★

The Duke Chronicle

Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1969

Durham, North Carolina

Nixon inaugurated; promises commitment to peace, unity

Security tight as protestors call for peace and revolution

By Tom Campbell
Special to the Chronicle

At least 10,000 young people came to Washington last weekend to protest Richard Nixon's inauguration and to show him that the peace movement is still alive in this country.

Although Sunday's "Counter Inaugural Parade" was planned to be the focal point of the demonstrators' activity, clashes along yesterday's inaugural parade route attracted the most attention and publicity.

It began at about 11:00 Monday morning, when a group of militants gathered in a park at 14th and "I" streets. Speakers denounced the leaders of the previous day's march as being "too peaceful" and offered to lead the more militant protestors down to Independence Avenue to see the parade. A group of about 300 formed and marched to the parade route, a proceeding marked by five or six arrests.

Arriving at Pennsylvania Avenue, the demonstrators concentrated between 12th and 13th streets and began chanting, burning small American flags, and hurling insults at the police. Helicopters whirled overhead, and roof-top spotters appeared on all the surrounding buildings.

Tension rose as the time approached for the parade to begin. For a while it appeared that the police might have to move the protestors out of the area, for they did not seem to have a large enough force to control the crowd if it decided to rush the President's automobile. But re-inforcements soon arrived—2 platoons of National Guard troops came double-timing out of a nearby side street, and another group (complete with bazookas and bayonets) arrived shortly afterwards. The crowd became louder and more vocal than ever when the troops appeared, however, and while the protestors booed, and shouted "Seig Heil," Republicans in the official grandstands across the street applauded the efforts of the military.

Only once did the composure of the police break, and they charged about ten feet into the crowd, momentarily scattering the demonstrators. But the protestors' ranks quietly reformed, and the situation quieted down until President Nixon approached, leading the line of the parade.

The bubble-top on Nixon's car was closed, and secret servicemen walked along its side, the vehicle slowing to a crawl. Most of the crowd shouted "peace now, peace now," while others hurled insults at the new President. Four or five people threw rocks and sticks towards the car, but many in the group showed their disapproval of such actions. Moving out of range of the demonstrators, Nixon's car began to speed up.

(Continued on Page Four)



President Richard Milhous Nixon

UPI photo

'Crisis of the spirit'

Text of Nixon address

Senator Dirksen, Mr. Chief Justice, Mr. Vice President, President Johnson, Vice President Humphrey, my fellow Americans, and my fellow citizens of the world community:

I ask you to share with me today the majesty of this moment. In the orderly transfer of power, we celebrate the unity that keeps us free. Each moment in history is a fleeting time, precious and unique. But some stand out as moments of beginning, in which courses are shaped that set decades and centuries. This can be such a moment.

Forces now are covering that make possible for the first time the hope that many of man's deepest aspirations can at last be realized. The spiraling pace of change allows us to contemplate within our own lifetimes advances that once would have taken centuries. In throwing wide the horizons of space we have discovered new horizons on earth. For the first time, because the people of the world want peace, and the leaders of the world are afraid of war, the times are on the side of peace.

Eight years from now, America will celebrate its 200th anniversary as a nation. And within the lifetime of most people now living, mankind will celebrate that great new year which comes only once in a thousand years—the beginning of the third millennium. What kind of a nation we will be, what kind of a world we will live in,

Richard Nixon became the nation's 37th President yesterday and added to his oath of office a personal pledge to "concentrate my office, my energies and all the wisdom I can summon to the cause of peace among nations."

"We have endured a long night of the American spirit," Nixon declared, calling upon the nation to "gather the light" of the "first rays of dawn."

Nixon said that "We cannot learn from one another until we stop shouting at one another," explaining that "In these difficult years, American has suffered from a fever of words."

Although he made no direct reference to the war in Vietnam, he asserted that "The greatest honor history can bestow is the title of 'peacemaker.' This honor now beckons America—the chance to lead the world at last out the valley of turmoil and on to that high ground of peace that man has dreamed of since the dawn of civilization. If we succeed, generations to come will say of us now living that we mastered our moment, that we helped make the world safe for mankind."

The dominant theme of the address was world peace, but Nixon also gave attention to domestic matters. He pledged to "plan now for the day when our wealth can be transferred from the destruction of war abroad to the urgent needs of people at home," but declared that "Our greatest need now is to reach beyond government, to enlist the regions of the concerned and the committed."

His discussion of racial problems in the United States was perfunctory, but he promised to work "to insure at last that as all are equal before God, all are born equal in dignity before man." There were none of the cries for "law and order" that dotted his Presidential campaign, only a pledge to produce "the decent order that makes progress possible and our lives secure."

whether we shape the future in the image of our hope, is ours to determine, by our actions and our choices. The greatest honor history can bestow is the title of "peacemaker." This honor now beckons America—the chance to lead the world at last out of the valley of turmoil and on to that high ground of peace that man has dreamed of since the dawn of civilization. If we succeed, generations to come will say of us now living that we mastered our moment, that we helped make the world safe for mankind.

This is our summons to greatness, and I believe the American people are ready to answer the call.

The second third of this century has been a time of proud achievement. We have made enormous strides in science and industry and agriculture. We have shared our wealth more broadly than ever. We've learned at last to manage a modern economy, to ensure its continued growth. We have given freedom new reach. We have begun to make its promise real for black as well as for white.

We see the hope of tomorrow in the youth of today. I know America's youth. I believe in them. We can be proud that they are better educated, more committed, more passionately driven by conscience than any generation in our history.

No people has ever been so close to the achievement of a just and

(Continued on Page 4)

The Duke Chronicle

The Student Press of Duke University

Founded in 1905

Third Floor, Flowers

News Phone: 684-2663

Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1969

Page Two

Freezing rain?

Richard Nixon was sworn in yesterday under cloudy skies with a threat of freezing rain.

The story of this poor Quaker boy's climb to success in 20th century America says a lot about what is good, or used to be, about this country. But the story of his rise to the Presidency is an American tragedy--and the fact that our leader now is the Lawrence Welk of American politics says a lot about what is wrong in this country.

But for all that, now he is President.

There is a natural impulse to unite behind him, as he asked the nation to do yesterday. He wants the people to follow him as we go "forward together." And even to those of us who wisely fear that he is leading us "forward" to some as yet undreamed hell, comes the temptation to sit back and follow the advice that we "give him a chance." Out of our complacency, our weariness at having tried to make the politics of this country work and having failed, our now vain hope that we will not have to take to the streets to get this country back again, we sit suspended, not knowing what to do and not interested enough or angry enough to make much of an effort.

There is some validity, even today, in the "give him a chance" line of thinking. In earlier, less critical times, it would have been good, honorable advice. Now, its worth is fed by a desperate optimism that Nixon will turn completely against his past, and by a faint knowledge that if we do give him a chance to prove himself, what he will prove will be all to our advantage.

We must not delude ourselves--not about the chances for a public swing to the left in the months ahead. But the triumph of Richard Nixon is not the end of the world. America has many dark years ahead, for our political system has still not evolved any better way of supporting hope than coughing up an occasional McCarthyite turncoat. Yet the impulse toward justice and a better future still beats in man, and on it anything can be built. The only limiting factors now are our own endurance and the increasing propensity of the world to make thoughtful men wonder about its chances for survival.

There will be a "long night for America," to borrow Nixon's term out of context--a long winter for the world. Chaos and turmoil will disrupt our secure lives; Czech and Vietnamese and American students will die; our struggle will leave scars on us all, young and old. But the world revolt brought to the forefront by young people in 1968 cannot be held back forever, not even by all the Richard Nixons and Leonid Brezhnevs and Charles DeGaulles alive. We have only to wait, and work, and hope. The revolution will come. Not yet, but someday, brothers.

Published every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the University year except during University holiday and exam periods by the students of Duke University, Durham, N.C. Second class postage paid at Durham, N.C. Delivered by mail at \$10.00 per year. Subscriptions, letters, and other inquiries should be mailed to Box 4696, Duke Station, Durham, N.C. 27706.



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By Alan Ray

The curse of history

The curse of history fell over America yesterday as some of the people inaugurated Richard Milhous Nixon President of the United States.

Jefferson envisioned a nation of yeomen and farmers who would live the simple life. The descendants of that nation have now installed with pomp and pomposity a product of our time to be first among us. And half the world rots.

We cannot know what the presidency of Nixon, the complete politician, will bring us. But we can do a little predicting.

Nixon has pledged to "keep our country strong" (against what, if not each other). And he has pledged a bigger defense budget. Better defenses lead to more militarism. To more research. To more government grants to the nation's universities. For more research. For more militarism. Toward a more satisfied military-industrial complex. That's what a Nixon presidency means to us. And half the world starves.

Nixon has promised to give the blacks a "piece of the action." He'll give us more fat cats. Only this time they'll be black. And the blacks will learn how to exploit their own people the way we whites exploit ours. Richard Nixon will teach the world.

And Nixon has promised to end the Vietnam War simply by ending it. And to help the Vietnamese people to determine their own destiny. For their own good. Coming from a politician without a principle, that's a mighty big promise. Nixon has stifled every living thought he ever had--at least once. What will be his next course?

Richard Nixon has now promised that the laws have caught up with the conscience of the country. Is he trying to prove that the country is racist--or just that he is. The people, self-critical as they are, should be insulted. But what people can be insulted in their fur coats and tuxedos--splashed with mud, maybe, but hardly insulted.

Nixon is wrong. The laws have surpassed the conscience of the country. And that's why only the conscience laws will be enforced. Like the draft. And the repressive tax structure. And the federal provisions on crime in the streets. Richard Nixon, the middle class blesses you.

For Richard Nixon is the symbol of the American middle class mediocrity. He is the symbol of the wave of this ruling generation. And for him the Scarsdale IBM executive is the symbol of the wave of the next. He believes there is nothing basically wrong with the exploitative economics of capitalism, with the dehumanizing competitiveness of free enterprise.

But Nixon draws little

enthusiasm. People are not stirred by him--not even the fat cats, not even the pigs. Some people feel more comfortable with him, knowing he will not stir them. He will not show them a greater vision than they know. Because after a disturbing year of demonstrations, they are busy frenetically returning to normalcy. They hope maybe the peace people and the revolution people will go away. But the Washington incident proves they will not. It proves that they will now, in the words of one, begin to "develop new theories to deal with the new problems we'll be facing." The movement may become dormant nationally while the obviously divergent forces begin a new test on the local level.

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Photo by Carl Ballard
SSOC contingent demonstrates on Constitution Avenue

Parade protests war with banners, chants

By Pat Black
Special to the Chronicle

WASHINGTON—Some 10,000 antiwar demonstrators, led by Vietnam veterans and other former servicemen, spent Sunday afternoon marching through Washington to show their continued opposition to U.S. aggression in Southeast Asia.

The march formed at Independence Avenue and 15th Street, and demonstrators were organized according to ideology and geography. The marchers walked north on 15th Street past the Washington Monument and then turned east on Pennsylvania Avenue. The long expanse of Pennsylvania Avenue from 15th to 3rd Street was virtually devoid of police, and spectators were generally sparse.

Chanting, waving signs and flags, and flashing the V sign the demonstrators stayed on the right side of Pennsylvania Avenue, and there were no incidents all the way to the Capitol. The chants varied from group to group, but "Peace Now" was used by all. Viet Cong and anarchist flags were scattered throughout the crowd, and signs varied from huge professional looking banners to home-made placards.

By far, the most spirited and

well organized contingent were the students in the Southern Student Organizing Committee, which included activists from Duke and environs. Marching thirty abreast, carrying a wide SSOC banner across the front rank, following the SSOC Confederate flag with black and white handshake superimposed, the Southerners provided a definite break from the funeral procession in front of them and the less organized groups behind. Some students carried signs proclaiming "Liberate the South" and everyone shouted (favorite chants were "Peace, hell, Revolution; 2,4,6,8, organize and smash the state; Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is going to win").

The only incident in the march occurred after the demonstration turned south on 3rd Street. A few protesters strayed into the left lane of the street, and five police cars immediately materialized and disgorged their contents, who then pushed back the errant activists.

The police were determined to keep this street clear rather than using the other four possible entrances, and the activists were equally determined to demonstrate their disapproval of the whole procedure. A few protesters threw

mud at the horses and someone set off a firecracker. The police then charged one side of the two-part group of demonstrators. One girl was trampled by a horse. One policeman fell off his horse when trying to swing at a protester and was then rewarded with a few reciprocal clouts with his own club. The beleaguered officer was swiftly rescued by his comrades and the protesters in that immediate area received rough treatment.

10,000 at rally

By Alan Ray
Special to the Chronicle

WASHINGTON — Strident and divergent peace groups — 10,000 strong — staged a rally near the Lincoln Memorial Sunday morning as a preview to the afternoon's counter-inaugural parade.

They met in a tent holding 8000 and spilled out the openings into the campground as they listened to Phil Ochs sing and others talk about the nation's peace movement.

Everybody in the crowd had his own thing: revolution, hippie anarchism, women's liberation, Greek liberation, Southern liberation, a SANE nuclear policy. But everybody also agreed on two things: that this nation is imperialist and racist and that Richard Nixon is not the man to lead it to peace.

Tom Melville, the ousted Maryknoll priest convicted of destroying Selective Service records in Baltimore ("the best use ever made of them," Dellinger laughed), invoked the mood of the rally when he declared, "People keep asking me 'What can I do?', and what they are asking is 'what can I do that won't cost me a drop of my sweat or a drop of my blood,' and I tell them, there is nothing you can do, go home, and we'll tell you about it when it's over."

Jimmie Johnson, a member of 'the Ft. Hood 3' who refused to go to Vietnam and spent over two years in the stockade for it, derided the "racism in the American army." He was interrupted repeatedly by demonstrators anxious to get on with the march. At one point a group of yuppies charged into the tent yelling "Get off the stage" but retreated when told to "get the hell out of here" by one not-so-soft-spoken woman.

Johnson called for the formulation of a black liberation army and attacked racism as a nationwide "tool of the ruling class to keep the lower classes down."

And the demonstrators left the tent for Pennsylvania Avenue to proclaim by their presence their chant that "the streets belong to the people."

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By Duke University

-Nixon draws anti-war chants-

(Continued from Page One)

Compared to the major demonstrations of the past few years, the "counter inaugural" activities were rather small and unpublishable. Last fall's march on the Pentagon drew an estimated 100,000 people, while the demonstrations at the Chicago Democratic National Convention attracted wide publicity and stimulated passionate controversy.

The demonstrations were sponsored under the auspices of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, whose leader, David Dellinger, also organized the Pentagon and Chicago protests. But Dellinger was the only real luminary of the peace movement in evidence at the protest. Among the missing were such "veterans" as Dr. Benjamin Spock, Rene Davis, and Norman Mailer. Mark Rudd, former president of Columbia University's SDS, participated in the march but kept himself well out of the spotlight.

The great majority of the demonstrators did not want to provoke a real confrontation with the police. Although there were a number of small scuffles, any one of which could have erupted into a large-scale clash, the demonstrators noticeably restrained from pushing

the police too far. In turn, the police were significantly restrained, even though hatred and disgust could often be seen on their faces. Only a small number of police were noticeable at Sunday's march, but hundreds of police and National Guard troops lined the parade route Monday, concentrating in the same areas as the protestors.

There was nothing tangible to protest against—no vicious, uncontrolled police, and no real responsibility on Nixon's part for the tragic mistakes of our involvement in Vietnam. At the same time, the protestors seemed to realize that there was no reasonable chance for a quick realization of the anti-war movement's goals, and many of them gave the impression that they had already given up on Richard Nixon. These factors tended to keep the crowds small and non-violent, and the Students For a Democratic Society (SDS) also did its part by boycotting and the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) also did its part by boycotting said that if a serious confrontation developed, they would feel the brunt of any police reprisals.

At the inaugural parade itself, however, the crowd's frustration was channeled along Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew. Loud and

so-called vulgar language was directed at the nation's new leaders, and the slogans that drew the most enthusiastic support were "fuck you, Agnew," and "We love our Dick."

But for all the efforts of the protestors, it was really Richard Nixon's day. The Washington newspapers gave little coverage to the demonstrations, and NBC reporters agreed that their network would probably want to "play down" the protests. Other than the

two or three blocks where Nixon's car was forced to slow down, the police kept the activists out of sight and sound of the official inaugural proceedings. But through the troops and the police, Nixon did get a glimpse of a large number of disenchanted youth, and that, after all, was the reason they were there.

The crowd that lined Pennsylvania Avenue yesterday was well below the anticipated two million, and it seems like that there would have been a larger crowd and-

a larger number of demonstrators if Hubert Humphrey had been the President-elect. To the protestors, Nixon seemed to symbolize a despised American middle-class mediocrity, and Republicanism was looked upon as a strong-hold of wealth and "fat-catism."

If any focus could be discerned, the theme of the march was U.S. imperialism and racism. More militant types chanted such slogans as "Bring the war home, Revolution-Now!"



Photo by Tom Campbell

President Nixon rides past demonstrators in Inaugural Parade

-To go forward together-

(Continued from Page 1)

abundant society, or so possessed of the will to achieve it. And because our strengths are so great, we can afford to appraise our weaknesses with candor, and to approach them with hope. Standing in this same place, a third of a century ago, Franklin Delano Roosevelt addressed a nation ravaged by depression, gripped in fear. He could say, in surveying the nation's troubles, "they concern, thank God, only material things." Our crisis today is in reverse. We find ourselves rich in goods, but ragged in spirit, reaching with magnificent precision for the moon, but falling into raucous discord on earth. We are caught in war, wanting peace; we are torn by division, wanting unity; we see around us empty lives, wanting fulfillment; we see tasks that need doing, waiting for hands to do them.

To a crisis of the spirit, we need an answer of the spirit, and to find that answer, we need only look within ourselves. When we listen to the better angels of our nature, we find that they celebrate the simple things, the basic things, such as goodness, decency, love, kindness. Greatness comes in simple trappings. The simple things are the ones most needed today, if we are to surmount what divides us and cement what unites us. To lower our voices would be a simple thing. In these difficult years, America has suffered from a fever of words, from inflated rhetoric that promises more than it can deliver, from angry rhetoric that fans discontent into hatreds, from bombastic rhetoric that postures instead of persuading. We cannot learn from one another until we stop shouting at one another, until we speak quietly enough so that our voices can be heard, as well as our voices.

For its part, government will listen. We will strive to listen in new ways to the voices of quiet anguish, to voices that speak without words,

to voices of the heart, to the injured voices, the anxious voices, the voices that have despaired of being heard. Those who have been left out we will try to bring in; those left behind we will help to catch up. For all of our people, we will set as our goal the decent order that makes progress possible and our lives secure.

As we reach toward our hopes, our task is to build on what has gone on before, not turning away from the old, but turning toward the new. In this past third of a century, government has passed more laws, spent more money, initiated more programs than in all our previous history. In pursuing our goals of full employment, better housing, excellence in education; in rebuilding our cities, in improving our rural areas, in protecting our environment, enhancing the quality of life—all these and more we will and must press urgently forward. We shall plan now for the day when our wealth can be transferred from the destruction of war abroad to the urgent needs of our people at home.

The American dream does not come to those who fall asleep.

But we are approaching the limits of what government alone can do. Our greatest need now is to reach beyond government, to enlist the legions of the concerned and the committed. What has to be done has to be done by government and people together or it will not be done at all. The lesson of the past is that without the people we can do nothing; with the people, we can do everything.

To match the magnitude of our tasks, we need the energy of our people enlisted not only in grand enterprises, but more importantly, in those small, splendid efforts that make headlines in the neighborhood newspaper instead of the national journal.

With these, we can build a great

cathedral of the spirit each of us raising it one stone at a time as he reaches out to his neighbor, helping, carrying, doing. I do not offer a life of uninspiring ease: I do not call for a life of grim sacrifice; I ask you to join the high adventure one as rich as humanity itself and as exciting as the times we live in. The essence of freedom is that each of us shares in the shaping of his own destiny; until he has been part of a cause larger than himself, no man is truly whole. The way to fulfillment is in the use of our talents. We achieve nobility in the spirit that inspires that use.

As we measure what can be done, we shall promise only what we can produce: When we chart our goals, we shall be lifted by our dreams. No man can be fully free while his neighbor is not. To go forward at all is to go forward together. This means black and white together as one nation, not two.

The laws have caught up with our conscience. What remains is to give life to what is in the law, to insure at last that as all are equal before God, all are born equal in dignity before man.

As we learn to go forward together at home, let us all seek to go forward together with all mankind. Let us take as our goal: where peace is unknown, make it welcome; where peace is fragile, make it strong; where peace is temporary, make it permanent.

After a period of confrontation, we are entering an era of negotiation. Let all nations know that during this administration our lines of communication will be open. We seek an open world, open to ideas, open to the exchange of goods and people, a world in which no people, great or small, will live in angry isolation. We cannot expect to make everyone our friend, but we can try to make no one our enemy. Those who would be our adversaries we invite to a

peaceful competition, not in conquering territory or in extending dominion, but in enriching the life of man.

As we explore the reaches of space, let us go to the new worlds together, not as new worlds to be conquered but as a new adventure to be shared. And with those who are willing to join let us cooperate to reduce the burden of arms to strengthen peace, to lift up the poor and the hungry. But to all those who would be tempted by weakness, let us leave no doubt that we will be as strong as we need to be for as long as we need to be.

Over the past 20 years since I first came to this Capitol as a freshman congressman, I have visited most of the nations of the world. I have come to know the leaders of the world, the great forces, the hatreds, the fears that divide the world. I know that peace does not come through wishing for it, that there is no substitute for days and even for years of patient and prolonged diplomacy.

I also know the people of the world. I have seen the hunger of a homeless child, the pain of a man wounded in battle, the grief of a mother who has lost her son. I know these have no ideology, no race. I know America. I know the heart of America is good. I speak from my own heart, and the heart of my country—the deep concern we have for those who suffer and those who sorrow. I have taken an oath today in the presence of God and my countrymen to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States and to that oath I now add this sacred commitment: I shall concentrate my office, my energies and all the wisdom I can summon to the cause of peace among nations. Let this message be heard by strong and weak alike.

The peace we seek, the peace we seek to win, is not victory over any other people, but the peace that comes with healing in its wings,

with compassion for those who have suffered, with understanding for those who have opposed us, with the opportunity of all the peoples of this earth to choose their own destiny.

Only a few short weeks ago, we shared the glory of man's first sight of the world as God sees it, as a single sphere reflecting light in the darkness. As the Apollo astronauts flew over the moon's gray surface on Christmas eve, they spoke to us of the beauty of earth, and in that voice so clear across the lunar distance, we heard them invoke God's blessing on its goodness. At that moment their view from the moon moved poet Archibald MacLeish to write: "To see the earth as it truly is, small and blue and beautiful, in that eternal silence where it floats, is to see ourselves as riders on the earth together, brothers in that bright-loveliness in that eternal cold, brothers who know now that they are truly brothers."

In that moment of surpassing technological triumphs, men turn their thoughts toward home and humanity, seeing in that far perspective that man's destiny on earth is not divisible, telling us that how far we reach into the cosmos our destiny lies not in the stars but on earth itself, in our own hands, in our own hearts.

We have endured a long night of the American spirit, but as your eyes catch the dimness of the first rays of dawn, let us not curse the remaining dark, let us gather the light. Our destiny offers not the cup of despair, but the chalice of opportunity. So let us seize it, not in fear, but in gladness. And riders on the earth together, let us go forward firm in the faith, steadfast in our purpose, cautious of the dangers, but sustained by our confidence in the will of God and the promise of man.