

# The Petal Paper

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By P. D.

For four or five years John Howard Griffin and I have been friends. I have been his guest a number of times, visiting with him and his wife, Piedy, in their home at Mansfield, Texas. And to this day John remains an enigma to me. The simple fact is this: John Griffin behaves differently from the way I do. So, naturally, he's an enigma.

One example I have in mind goes back several months. At that time John's desk was piled high with work; there were letters to be answered, lectures to be prepared, articles and reviews to be written, not to mention a book to be finished.

Sometime that day an acquaintance (he barely knew the person) called and asked if he could come and talk over a personal problem with him. John, being the man he is, stopped all his work and gave his time that evening; it was mostly given to listening.

Finally, after four to five hours of listening, John's major response was: "Perhaps you might find a religious affiliation of great benefit. A spiritual reservoir can see you through such a crisis . . ."

"No, no," the person interrupted, "I could never be a Catholic. It's just too easy!"

(Not once had John mentioned the Catholic Church, even though he's a devout member. My personal opinion was that another person had missed a point, and not such a fine one, either.)

Like the acquaintance with whom John talked, to whom he gave of his valuable time in the hope of helping another human being, I, too, am not a Catholic, and I doubt I could ever become one, but, I assure you, for a reason to the exact opposite of the one given to John on that occasion.

Now, while I've never even considered becoming a convert, I have often gone to a Catholic church and sat in the quiet and let the mood and, if you like, the spirit of the surroundings engulf me and restore something that gets drained from the human spirit in the everyday scuffle to survive. However, I hasten to add that I have also found the same satisfaction sitting still and quiet in a Temple.

If you have read this paper for any length of time, you know that I am not a Christian; I have never been one, am not now one, and have no hope of ever becoming one; however, I assure you that I appreciate, admire, and respect a Christian, his demoninational choice notwithstanding. Indeed, I have the same respect and admiration for any person who is what he claims to be—Christian, Jew, and/or whatever the hell else there is.

And what is the purpose of all this? Well, it's beginning to look a little like a sermon—but, then, there are no members of my church, so no sermon, I hope.

The purpose is simply this: To pay respect to a man, now dead more than two months, Pope John XXIII.

When Cardinal Roncalli was elected Pope in October, 1958, I had an immediate regard for the man, the image, I suppose it was. I liked him personally. I had the feeling that here was a human being, a kind and gentle man, a man who could and would understand the countless points

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## A BOOK REVIEW

A THOMAS MERTON READER, edited by Thomas P. McDonnell. Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York, 1962. 553 pp. \$5.75.

How odd that a recluse should be so friendly, for Thomas Merton is a monastic. Born in France in 1915, educated at Clare College, Cambridge, and Columbia University, he entered the Cistercian Order in 1941, was ordained a priest in 1949, and is now Father Louis of the Order at the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani in Kentucky, USA.

Thomas Merton has written many delightful books, and this anthology is drawn from a quarter century of reflection, experience, and creative work. Take the book with you. If you are on the (symbolic) highway, and have a (symbolic) dead cell in your (symbolic) battery, you will need it—to reduce the outwardness of Jupiter Pater's thunderstorm to the inwardness of your self-sovereign spark plugs.

Now Rome has been pillaged before, and can be again. To a gaunt and starving Goth the collected and unprotected wisdom of Rome looks inviting. If Thomas Merton has discovered a wonder drug to relieve headache, heart-burn, and anemia of the soul, why not make

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## LETTERS

Levittown, New York

Dear Mr. East:

Your very good friend, senator James eastland, is now engaged in another grand mockery of the freedoms of this country. He is now heading the U. S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which is investigating Pacifica Foundation, on the suspicions of its being communistic.

Are you acquainted with Pacifica Radio—here in New York WBAI? The subscribers of WBAI and its sister stations in California look to it for every facet of intellectual nourishment, the arts, public affairs, the state of the nation, and of the world. The loss of these stations would be the loss of just another of the last really free communication channels. These stations are supported by their listeners, by no grants and by no political or commercial interests; therefore representatives of any viewpoints can and do speak on the Pacifica stations—where else?

Therefore, I, as a Pacifica supporter ask that you use the Petal Paper to again oppose eastland, who himself opposes all freedoms which we are fighting to keep or restore. I think the morals and the views of your subscribers must coincide pretty closely with those

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## Afterthoughts On BLACK LIKE ME— THE SHINE BOY HAS THE DREAM

by

John Howard Griffin

Two years ago when I completed a journey through the Deep South during which I lived as a Negro for a number of weeks, I sank into the despair of a Negro. This came not so much from the sub-human existence that is the Negroes' lot as from the hopelessness of its ever getting better. Communication, a dialogue of some sort, had to be established between the two groups of citizens before there could be hope for improvement. Discrimination long ago destroyed such communication. A Negro who spoke simple truths about justice or inalienable rights was not tolerated. Since most white southerners lived under the illusion that they alone understood their "nigras" and were thoroughly imprisoned in a culture that said the "System" was for the good of those whom it suppressed, what chance for any true communication?

This "System" is a complex of customs and traditions that have all the force of law, plus the actual Jim Crow ordinances. The System says in effect that the Negro is a citizen of this country, but a special kind of citizen: that he should pay taxes and defend his country from its enemies, but he should not vote, have equal protection under the law, equality of educational or job opportunities; and that he should not have access to public eating places, parks, hotels, libraries, concert halls, and even hospitals.

Every Negro understands this System, but although it is part of the southern whites' "way of life," few of them have taken a close hard look at it. The Negroes have lived it, been burned by it every day of their lives, but contrary to the facile beliefs of many whites, Negroes have never accepted it, never been "happy" with it, never got used to it. They have a remarkable record for resisting subversion, for manifesting a deep love of country; but this is a love of what the country is supposed to be, the American dream—not what it is where racism is practiced.

A Negro has his secrets. He has had to "accomodate" or else suffer reprisals. He has had to climb his mountain of yes-yes-yes and grin at the white man. He has seen the perpetration of the southern myths that say he is happy, carefree, contented with life as southern whites have arranged it for him. He knows that these myths are a great lie which white men have had to invent in order to live with their consciences. When I was a Negro we yes-yes-yessed and grinned, but when we went home for the evening we wept and said how could the

white man twist his mind enough to think this death of our manhood, our hopes, our dignity—this slavery—was for our own good. The only way to accept it was to lose hope, to despair, to stop thinking and feeling and just exist. Not to give a damn. Not to give a damn for your own people or whites or anybody else—just try to make it, keep the bread on the table. Try to keep from hating. Try to keep from having your belly twisted into knots all the time.

Living under the "System," only the shallowest optimist could resist the temptation to despair; but Negroes could resist the temptation to hate southern whites, and this for two reasons.

First, Negroes understood that southern whites were as helplessly entrapped by the System as southern Negroes; and further that the whites were as devastated by it as the Negroes. Anything that dwarfed and deprived a Negro child also dwarfed and deprived a white child. This was another of the Negroes' secrets, something most white men did not know.

Second, Negroes believed that their misery came from the "white trash" and that the white trash, though powerful, were a minority as oppressive and painful to the "good whites" as to the Negroes. Negroes retained faith in the "good whites," who could be counted on to behave correctly and swing their weight in favor of justice when a showdown came. Did they not quietly tell the Negroes of their disapproval of the fascist bullies, of their shame?

But all of this has changed, is now changing. The changes are so drastic that those who knew something about the South ten years ago or even two years ago, are misinformed if they rely on that information today.

Negroes, particularly young Negroes, have lost their illusions about the "good whites." They have seen "good whites" equivocate endlessly and finally grow silent in times of crisis when issues were bare and words of protest or sanity would have sounded with clarion clarity. A "good white's" quiet words aimed sympathetically at a Negro's ears don't mean anything now; they are part of the mockery. A cracker is a cracker. The "good" ones are just less bad than the bad, bad crackers. They won't join the mob, but they belong to that mob that sees the Negro individual as nothing but the stereotype; that talks to him about "your people" and "your problems" and tells him how much it admires "the Negro race"; and some say they are pro-

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## East Side

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of view men hold with reference to their respective Gods. Without any knowledge of Dr. Freud (or whomever of that bunch this relates to) I think my regard, respect, feeling, was directed to a father image, and in view of the origin of the word "Pope" that doesn't seem too far-fetched. I'm afraid I never gave much thought to the fact that this kindly man was The Pope; I did give thought to the fact, as I've said, that here was a man most patient, most kind, most forgiving, most sincere, and with a great sense of humor; in short, here was a man of good will, and the Father of us all must surely know how badly we need such men.

I had occasion to visit with John Griffin on the day of Pope John's death. I can only say that we felt gloom, sadness, and with both of us—though as far apart in religious matters as two men can be—a very personal loss.

The tributes paid Pope John pleased me greatly. Some of the statements contained in news stories and magazine articles I jotted down for my own pleasure. I think, perhaps, I made the notes for still another reason: that Pope John would remain in my mind and heart as the great and good man he was—as a man, as a human being.

One quote I liked was by Joseph Roddy, writing in LOOK:

"We have to be careful about how we say it," one Jesuit in Rome said, "but in a sense the Holy Father was something of a socialist."

And from an article in LIFE, the Pope was quoted as having once said: "In Italy there are three ways of losing one's money: women, gambling, and farming. My father chose the most boring of the three. He became a farmer."

And in the London Telegraph, Douglas Brown wrote: "His strength was in being the kind of man that everyone would like his parish priest to be."

I failed to make a note of this expression, but from my point of view it was a great tribute: "Pope John tried to make his church more Catholic and less Roman."

Without a doubt, one of the finest things written about the Pope was an article by Morris L. West, that appeared in LIFE on June 7th, entitled: BUILDER OF BRIDGES FOR US POOR DEVILS. Mr. West ended his piece with the following:

"Will they canonize him and make him, officially, a saint in the calendar? In a way I hope not. For my part I do not want to see him idealized by a Vatican painter, lit by a thousand candles in St. Peter's, reproduced in plaster and gilt and sold to pious pilgrims. I want to remember him for what he has been—a loving man, a simple priest, a good pastor, and a builder of bridges across which we poor devils may hope one day to scramble to salvation."

Personally, I am convinced that Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli would smile and be happy to see any of God's children upon the bridge he was building. Personally, again, that bridge is not, was not for a chosen few; his bridge belongs to the world—to all mankind.

## Heavns Yes Those—

## OPPRESSIVE PRONOUNS

We keep on inventing nouns—but not pronouns. Since when has any pronoun been added to the English language—or to any other?

Three new pronouns are badly needed now in English. They are needed to stand, sexlessly yet humanely, for such nouns as person, citizen human being.

We have he, his and him for males; she, her and hers for females; and it, its and it for the inanimate. But we have no special pronoun to refer to a living being who may be of either sex, as may be a person, child, writer, politician—to mention no more. We now use for this purpose the masculine pronouns.

The use of he as the pronoun for such a noun as person or citizen is a relic of the primitive period when too much language—

and spelling, and grammar—were invented. It smells of the old Adam, the theory that woman was made from his rib, the oppression of woman. It does not reflect the present accepted view of the equal dignity of the two sexes.

No man would be willing to refer to the citizen's rights as her rights when clearly they included his own. Why then should we expect women any longer to say, "the citizen must assert his rights," when they are thinking of themselves, too?

All words have had to be invented by someone sometime—and so why shouldn't we invent the pronouns needed for such bi-sexual nouns as citizen, capitalist, communist, author, editor and—inevitably in the end—astronaut? To start the creative process, I venture to suggest that E be the

## A BOOK REVIEW

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ourselves welcome to his formula for inner peace? What is stealing but proper homage to the sovereign self? The temptation to release Barabbas, and kill what stands in the way, is very great. How nice it would be to have great mental health and wealth, and the benefits that go with both.

"I am opposed to the proposition that a religious man is one who obtains inner peace at any price, above all at the price of self-alienation. Faith demands certain renunciations, but not the renunciation of intelligence, exploration, spiritual and cultural renewal, profound social concern, and the defense of one's inner integrity."

So opposition we have, but not frustration—yet. Our friends the Russians have warned us against the opium of religion, and we aim to try some anyhow. All we have to do, the man seems to say, is avoid "self-alienation." How?

A chthonian whisper comes out of the night about us. "You can be a grand seigneur and steal without getting caught if you carry a toad's heart in your pocket." Does it work? That is all we ask. "Yep, just like stump water for warts." Well, what do we have to lose that is not lost already?

What did we do? Was that the devil's contract? Will a man mock God? Well, he can try. Both ways—to cheat, and to simulate. So maybe we had better throw away that dried up toad's heart, and shed a compassionate crocodile tear for the meaningless sacrifice. It was a childish trick anyhow.

Back to "self-alienation" which is an awful thing we want to avoid, and we try to do so by whooping it up for "justice" (and its fringe benefits). Justice is something that ought to go over big with everybody. Then we find there is a catch to it, and hell is a place where justice is supreme. A court of equity is no Sunday school picnic. In equity we fry.

Before it is all over a child is born, with the face of a toad, and the heart of a reptile, or both. That is the limit, too much for human endurance.

Thomas Merton has written a very disquieting book. It speaks to our guilt.

—W. W. STOUT

nominative pronoun for all such nouns.

E appears in both he and she, it is their main sound, their common vowel—and it has the virtue of being as short a word as possible. We use a single vowel for the first person, I, and though there are three letters in the second person, you, it is really a single vowel sound. Why not E then for the double person nominative. And by much the same process of creating why not er for the double person possessive, and im for the double person accusative?

As for the citizen, it is time E asserted (his—whoa!)—er competence to invent pronouns, or what will become of im in this age of equal rights?

And now let's have a few more candidates for the office of candidate's pronoun—and then a Gal-lup poll!

—Clarence Streit in Freedom & Union

## THE SHINE BOY HAS THE DREAM

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Negro instead of saying they are pro-humanity. And all of this shows that one way or another a cracker is a cracker, more or less, and they'll never realize in time. They won't learn really to love before Negroes learn really to hate.

The new, new Negroes, the ones today, are products of this painful disillusion. They see that gradualism as practiced by southern whites is going to stretch on into eternity. They see that their children and grandchildren will have no more hope than they unless they do something about it now. They see that their actions and reactions are judged not as those of humans defrauded of their rights to grow as humans, but as "nigger reactions"—smart-alecky, cocky, DISRESPECTFUL.

These American Negroes have learned to be bitter. They see that America is not America, that we have cheated and beaten the American Dream to death. They are sure that if we had time this dream could come to be something great again, but daily events, daily abuses of justice, daily compromises of principles tell them that time is running out, and they say now that since they were born with rights, they will not go on being patient while the System defrauds them of those rights.

Most Southern whites see it differently, of course. They hastily construct slightly better school buildings with brick veneer and with no inside finish and one toilet for a hundred students. Separate, not equal, but better than before. They say, why don't you look at these good things we are doing for you? Why don't you look at both sides of the question?

Negroes laugh and say our tax dollars helped pay for that; we'd give more tax dollars if you allowed us to earn fairly; our tax dollars also go to support State Sovereignty Commissions, to pay for pseudo-scientific state-sponsored books that seek to prove we are intrinsically inferior and should be deprived of our rights of citizenship; our tax dollars also go to support public beaches and parks that we are not allowed to enjoy. Our tax dollars, Sir, are used to pay for the rope that lynches us. Now why don't you look at both sides of the question? We have been shouting: "Whatever you do against me you do against yourself, against this country. And I cannot carry the load forever. You cannot expect me to go on fighting to protect America's freedoms abroad and not fight for them at home." You do not hear.

Perhaps the greatest source of frustration is the fact that more and more we have two groups of citizens with two different sets of knowledge and information. Negroes are fully aware of the many current instances of rank injustice and violations of civil rights, but the non-Negro masses are not aware of them. Uninformed, the national conscience cannot manifest itself.

For example, I have spent most of the autumn on a national lecture tour. The McComb, Mississippi, scandals, which have shaken the Negroes, are almost wholly unknown to the non-Negro population. In speaking to thousands of interested and concerned whites, I found only one person, a professor of sociology, who had even heard of the McComb dep-

redations. The real substance of such scandals simply does not make the local newspapers and therefore usually is not picked up by the wire services; or if it is, many newspapers choose not to run it. Newspapers are reluctant to deal with real controversy or indeed with anything that might offend popular prejudice and therefore cause them to lose subscribers or advertising revenue.

This lag in communication means that we are at least two versions behind "the New Negro." He is not the "race man" protesting through Hip—not the hipster. That came and went. He is not the loud flash out to impress the white. Not any more. He is the informed, polite, rock-hard, no-nonsense man who says that by-damn this is something worth dying for and none of your soft white-man words are going to fool us ever again.

How many whites realize this? Few, as far as I can tell. To most, the Negro is still the handkerchief-head, the uncle tom, or perhaps the hipster. A Negro's actions, his demands, are therefore misinterpreted. They bewilder and frighten many non-Negroes. The new Negro is going to do exactly what a proud white man would do in his place—either stand up and die or else get the rights that are being withheld from him, so that his children won't have to take the garbage they've always taken; so that his children won't have to despair. This new Negro says: "Nothing's worth that. I'm going to be a man." You call him "nigger" when he shines your shoes in a barber shop and he'll never show up for work there again. The word has spread. The shine boy has the dream, too.

Southern white men—white men in East Texas—will react against this, too; will deny it. They know Negroes, see them every day, and although they are more "sullen" perhaps, they are otherwise no different; don't have these complex personalities, these dreams. White men must realize that they do not know what goes on in Negroes' homes at night, what they say and think and discuss. Complex as the situation is, in a sense it is desolatingly clear. Even a concerned, sympathetic white knows practically nothing about Negroes or their real problems because he seldom stops looking upon a Negro as one of the Negroes. A Negro snatches a purse and this is all Negroes. A white man rapes and murders, but he is an individual white.

On the other hand, Negroes cannot believe any longer that white men are simply unaware. Five years ago, Negroes saw Little Rock. Last year they saw Oxford. They saw that they were identical in pattern. Five years have produced nothing.

They are not edified by Southern moderates or liberals who are scarcely better informed than the masses. Moderates are calling for such rare items as justice and compassion as though they were ingredients in a soup—a bit of one here, a bit of another there; and when some little something is accomplished we think the soup is beginning to smell and taste as though it were cooked by Christ and Thomas Jefferson—a real, American nourishment. But since we whites are not obliged to eat it, we don't realize that to the

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## THE SHINE BOY HAS THE DREAM

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Negroes it is a thin swill. We further err in thinking that they should be overwhelmingly grateful to us for it and bide their time while we "good whites" think of something else to help them, some new ingredient for the soup.

James Baldwin admirably expressed the Negroes' growing disgust when he remarked, "All of Africa's going to be free before we can get a lousy cup of coffee." Or again, consider the difficulty of establishing any kind of rapport between Negroes and whites on a local level when a Negro tells a white as Baldwin did recently that a white man should not ask, "Do you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" A white man, Baldwin says, should specify that he means daughters he has had by his white wife, "Because, Gentlemen, we've been marrying your daughters for generations."

Another point of misunderstanding that I encounter more and more frequently is a "good white's" bewilderment that when he smiles and acts "brotherly," a Negro does not fall on his shoulders grateful to have a Great White Buddy. In many Negroes' experience, a white man who is immediately and overtly friendly usually wants something—for a Negro to share his wife or his girl friend or to get him a date with a Negro woman. Even worse, Negroes are offended to see that they are being "loved" because of their pigment, a racial discrimination as offensive as any other.

There is a sobering schism now in Negro leadership. Young Negroes are revolting against the established leadership. Two years ago, the Black Muslim movement could make no headway in the South, because southern Negroes still had some illusions. Today, the advocates of non-violent resistance are losing ground to the black racists. This can be attributed to one cause—Negroes' loss of hope that white men will ever throw off the chains of racism; that they will ever do the right thing. A year ago, on a national radio program, I condemned the Black Muslim movement as an evil that perpetrated the very racism from which the Negro in America has suffered so terribly. This year, with the rapid growth of such hate-movements all over the U.S., the same holds true; but we must look to causes, frankly face the fact that we are driving many Negroes to desperation, and admit that they resisted a long, long time before they decided to withdraw from further participation in the American Dream.

This withdrawal is not yet a stampede, but it is one of the large lines of the movement, one that we are doing little to help correct. We are still telling Negroes that they must "earn" their rights. This makes no sense when they see that Ph.D.'s are denied, because of pigmentation, rights that we unhesitatingly accord even the most degraded white. We are still talking about Americanism and the great principles of democracy even as we witness the spread of

regionalism and sectionalism and the growth of prejudice throughout the nation. This was nicely summed up in a letter from a Minister of God addressed to "Ralph (Rastus) McGill" recently. The minister said: "I am a Mississippi first, a Southerner second, an American third." Presumably, he was a Christian fourth. To borrow a phrase from P. D. East, this Christian is ass-backwards in his values.

At the conclusion of *Black Like Me*, fearing intergroup violence, I wrote: "If some spark does set the keg afire, it will be a senseless tragedy of ignorant against ignorant—a holocaust that will drag down the innocent and right thinking masses of human beings. Then we will all pay for not having cried justice long ago." I wish I could say that fear is now obsolete. No, the danger of a racial holocaust is greater now than it was then. The true issues are evaded in newspapers and other mass communications media. States still seriously claim that they have the right to do wrong. There is still a vast confusion in the public's mind about the contradiction between inalienable rights and human positive law. Few realize that our problem is not one of race, but of racism; anti-Americanism; and that this problem affects every American regardless of pigmentation.

How can the necessary communication, the dialogue, be established? Can it ever be established as long as truths offend the whites? The Negroes? How can these two blocks of humanity keep from crashing into one another?

I have pondered this until I dream of it at night. In one of the dreams I drew up a 265 point program. As I finished typing it, a delegation of men from the KKK and the White Citizens' Councils along with one distinguished woman from a venerable-lineage society called on me. We discussed humanity and justice. The woman finally spat out in distaste: "But they breed just like animals." In my dream I answered: "And just how do you breed, Madam?" Then I presented my 265 point program. They were indignant. A well informed southern governor said: "Two hundred and sixty-five points! Who do you think you are? Why, Son, even God handed down only ten commandments, and the great Bill of Rights only contained ten points." And in my dream, I told him, "If you'll live by either or both, I'll throw away my two hundred and sixty-five."

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## "The Harm That Good Men Do"—SOULS OF CHALK

(Excerpts from an address by Dr. Abram L. Sachar, president of Brandeis University, who spoke at the First Unitarian Church in St. Louis.)

The longer I go on in public service, the firmer becomes my conviction that we must focus some very heavy artillery on the so-called good people of every community—the indifferent, the slothful, the oversensitive, the cynical, the tired liberals, the refugees from responsibility.

Some years ago, Bertrand Russell wrote a provocative essay which he titled "The Harm That Good Men Do." He was not primarily concerned with the patent scoundrels and fakers. Russell was more troubled by the respectable elements, the pillars of society, the smugly righteous who would be outraged if they were bracketed with the anti-social elements. Yet it is these who wear out the patience and the courage and the vision of those who, with great dedication, devote themselves to the service of their community.

The first are the good people whom Walt Whitman once excoriated as men with "hearts of rags and souls of chalk." They find the world beyond repair and wish to retire to their ivory towers. They believe that we are now so overwhelmed by forces which we cannot control—vast impersonal economic, political and military forces—that there is no point in trying to fight back.

### Understandable Nostalgia

What is the good of study, where is there any relevance in application to history or philosophy, the humanities or the creative arts, when tomorrow you are to be siphoned out to devote the best young years of life to the sterility of militarism? Paul Valery has summarized the mood in a memorable phrase. He said, "The trouble with our times is that the future is not what it used to be."

There is a second, much more numerous company. This group, not at all cynical or defeatist, is just unwilling to be tempted into any kind of aggravation. These are the people who above all seek peace of mind. This quest, which normally is worthy and wholesome, has become an overwhelming fetish.

Too many of us look back nostalgically to our earlier history when we did not have to worry about billions in taxation in order to buttress the tottering structures of European societies; when we could forget for the moment who would be the new prime minister of France or what the outcome was likely to be in an Italian election. This is an understandable nostalgia. But we cannot forget that America now has attained primacy in the world. When one of our statesmen drops an indiscreet statement, as he usually does, the chancelleries of the world react at once, for every public utterance in America has an impact everywhere.

### Resent Aggravations

Of course our isolations holds fast to our primacy. They are proud the map of the world has been colored American in such a large part, economically as well as in military control. But they resent the aggravations that walk hand in hand with greatness. America will never be worthy of its heritage if patriotism condones flight from responsibility, if chauvinism crowds out responsible service.

Have you often wondered with me why, in so many areas of

public service, we get the fantastically inept kind of leadership that has become so common? We listen to their banalities; we shudder at their antics. And we ask, "How did they ever get there?" In truth did they are there because they have had the stamina which the more sensitive have lacked. But the oversensitive resign and leave the field to the men whom they despise. And we get the survival of the unfittest.

### Monday Morning QB's

There is time for but one other category. This is the group of be-

littlers who sit in the seats of the scornors. They themselves would never get into the market place or into the arena. They have no stomach for the patient drudgery and the unglamorous plodding and grubbing which public service so often entails.

But how quick they are, with their criticism! Do you recognize these Monday-morning quarter-backs, these artists in denigration, who dip their pens in gall and shave with their tongues? They are never within earshot when volunteers are called up for vital community tasks. But they are everywhere available when the opportunity opens to drive barbed shafts into the motives of those who never spare themselves in the community interest.

## All Should—Well, Some Will Be Interested In—THE DECLINE OF LIBERALISM

Liberalism and rugged individualism were originally synonymous but, somewhere along the line, they parted company and are now regarded as the antithesis of each other. Everyone in the United States—except Barry Goldwater—fancies himself a "liberal" and one of the main intellectual pursuits of our time is dreaming up new definitions for Liberalism. Permit us to air our views.

Liberalism is a good word. It stems from the same root as liberty. Liberal, as an adjective, means "free from narrowness and prejudice"; as a noun, it means "one who advocates a maximum of individual freedom." Unfortunately liberalism has veered away from these concepts toward paternalism, regimentation and confiscatory taxes.

Political opportunists, masquerading as liberals, have copied Robin Hood and Jesse James who, legend has it, robbed the rich and gave to the poor. These great liberals were also strong believers in the redistribution of wealth. Luckily, there are many genuine liberals holding public office today although, generally speaking, they are not the ones making the most noise.

Perhaps we can ask a few basic questions to help identify false or non-liberal "liberals": (1) When a person claims to have all the answers, and the only answers, is he a liberal? (2) When a person stirs up strife and hatred among his fellow men, is he a liberal? (3) When a person engenders false hopes or false fears among those incapable of discernment, is he a liberal? (4) When a person uses his position to obtain special privileges for himself and his friends, is he a liberal? (5) When an entrenched political machine appropriates the money of one group to buy the votes of another group, is that liberalism?

A true liberal, of course, does not attempt to right wrongs by perpetuating other wrongs. He believes in "live and let live" and the Golden Rule. He seeks justice for all knowing that human rights and property rights are identical. He respects the opinions and beliefs of others, no matter how different from his own. In the words of America's greatest liberal he harbors malice toward none and is sincerely charitable to all. In short, a real liberal is a real fine person.—Arizona Progress.

## We Also Believe The—COURT SPOKE TWICE ON RELIGION

On the same day that the United States Supreme Court outlawed prayers and ceremonial reading of the Bible in public school programs, the Court handed down another decision on religion, which ought not to be overlooked or neglected.

In the prayer decision, the Court broadened and strengthened that part of the First Amendment forbidding a government "establishing" of religion. In the other decision—the one given less public attention—the Court broadened and strengthened that part of the amendment which forbids government interference with the "free exercise" of religion.

The "free exercise" case involved a woman in South Carolina who was denied unemployment benefits by the state on the ground that she refused to accept "suitable work" when it was offered to her.

The rejected jobs required work on Saturday, a day regarded as the Sabbath by the Seventh-day Adventist Church and a day on which members of the church are prohibited from working. The woman in the case was a member of that church.

The Supreme Court found that the policy of the state forced the woman "to choose between following the precepts of her religion and forfeiting benefits, on the one

hand, and abandoning one of the precepts of her religion to accept work, on the other hand."

"Governmental imposition of such a choice," the Court said, puts the same kind of burden upon the free exercise of religion as would a fine imposed against appellant for her Saturday worship."

The burden on the free exercise of religion, the court said, is not justified in this case by any "compelling state interest."

The Court shows no less zeal in this case in preventing government from burdening the exercise of religion than it does in the prayer case in preventing government from espousing religion through officially promulgated prayers and Bible reading in the public schools.

Under the First Amendment, the Court says, the government is obliged to protect religious rights without fostering a state religion; the "free exercise" of religion must be respected, even as the "establishment" of religion is to be avoided.

Considered together, as it was obviously intended that they should be, these decisions give an impression of a Court much more understanding of, and even favorably disposed toward, America's religious tradition than some of its critics would credit it with being.—Denver Post.

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