

The familiar contest between choice and coercion, the familiar places of danger and conflict are all still there—in Cuba, in Southeast Asia, in Berlin, and all around the globe, still requiring all the strength and the vigilance that we can muster.

Nothing could more greatly damage our cause than if we and our allies were to believe that peace has already been achieved and that our strength and unity were no longer required. But now for the first time in many years the path of peace may be open. No one can be certain what the future will bring. No one can say whether the time has come for an easing

of the struggle, but history and our own conscience will judge us harshly if we do not now make every effort to test our hopes by action, and this is the place to begin.

According to the ancient Chinese proverb, a journey of 1,000 miles must begin with a single step.

My fellow Americans, let us take that first step. Let us, if we can, step back from the shadows of war and seek out the way of peace. And if that journey is a 1,000 miles, or even more, let history record that we, in this land, at this time, took the first step.

Thank you, and good night.

The Battle For Freedom

JEFFERSON ORATION

By SIR ROBERT MENZIES, *The Prime Minister of Australia*

Delivered at Monticello, Charlottesville, Virginia, July 4, 1963

IT IS A RARE PRIVILEGE for the Prime Minister of a nation of something under eleven millions of people to be invited to speak, in the United States of America, on a day which commemorates the Declaration of Independence and, 50 years later, the death of its draftsman, Thomas Jefferson.

Yet I take comfort from the fact that, when Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States, he presided over the destiny of a nation with only half of the present population of Australia. Yet he is immortal, and his work endures.

There is nothing more stimulating than to recall that the American Colonies, as they moved into independence through blood and revolution and much suffering, and encountered the immense practical problems of fashioning a system of self-government, had in their service a group of men so superbly talented as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, John Marshall, and their great contemporaries. They did not all think the same way, but each was remarkable. These names, after a lapse of time of a century and a half, remain familiar to millions of people with even a superficial knowledge of political and constitutional history.

But it is important to recall that men of great talent who embark upon the stormy seas of public affairs, and particularly those who achieve posts of leadership and responsibility, will frequently be over-praised by their friends and over-attacked by their opponents. For the arts of propaganda are not of modern invention. They were in a flourishing state in the United States of America and elsewhere in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and have been practised ever since.

The great trouble about all contemporary propaganda is that it tends to create a false dichotomy. The people under discussion are, so we are asked to believe, all pure and shining, or wicked and worthless. This is, of course, absurd. History, we hope, sorts these things out and finds an immense variety of shades of grey.

The art of politics, and the history of politicians illustrate this simple truth. For, in spite of people of allegedly superior and independent mind, politics derives its vigour from partisanship and partisans.

The only non-party system of government is a dictatorship. But one by-product of the party system is that if we come into a long era of Tory domination, the names of former great Whigs become dimmed. And vice versa.

The great name of Thomas Jefferson has experienced these "whirligigs of time." Greatly admired in the formative years

of the United States, draftsman of the Declaration of Independence, George Washington's first Secretary of State, Vice-President, President for two terms, his career as a statesman was a formidable and glittering one.

Add to this his astonishing attainments as a scholar, a lawyer, a farmer, an architectural designer and you have a man not easily to be surpassed in any country or at any time. I love the remark attributed to President Kennedy at a White House dinner for a notable group of guests. "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House—with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone." Yet when his political opponents had achieved their turn of office, a turn which lasted a long time, the name of Jefferson appears to have suffered an eclipse. It was not until the twentieth century that a suitable memorial was erected to him in Washington, and Monticello re-purchased and preserved.

I do not profess to understand with any precision the philosophical differences between your Democrats and Republicans of today. I suspect that your party lines are not so sharply drawn as ours are in Australia, where, as Winston Churchill once said, we "conduct our political battles with a fine eighteenth century vigor." The currents of your history have buffeted your parties so much that no outsider could hope to trace the history of one party and find in it complete consistency or continuity. I am convinced that you have had great leaders of one party who, generations later, might have proved to be leaders of another.

This is, of course, inevitable in any changing world or progressive society. Yet certain beliefs have an enduring validity. This, indeed, is the secret of Thomas Jefferson's immortality.

He believed in the importance of the persistent search for truth, and therefore in the liberty of the mind. But the liberty of the mind which he sought was something which was to be enjoyed by the well-furnished mind. It has never occurred to me that he believed in the appeal from Philip Sober to Philip Drunk. He had disciplined his own mind by the most amazing intellectual training. He was equipped for freedom. He wanted others to be so. His founding of the University of Virginia was in reality his testimony to this truth; a democracy, to be effective, must be educated.

Looking at the matter in the light of my own extensive experience in my own country, I would be disposed (if, in this famous place, this is not a species of blasphemy!) to

think that Alexander Hamilton and his "Federalist" colleagues were right in attaching great importance to the creation of a powerful national administration and authority.

I am even imprudent enough to think that many of today's Democrats have a not dissimilar view. But Mr. Jefferson was strong against tyranny or the means of creating it. To him individual liberty was the vital essence. American history has reconciled both conceptions. For it has been your glorious destiny, notably in the turbulent years of the twentieth century, to evolve a system in which national power has grown on the basis of a passionate and Jeffersonian belief in individual freedom.

The Communist powers, who have created a ruthless imperialism of their own, to the acute discomfort of their neighbours, have, for diversionary reasons of their own, painted a picture of "American imperialism."

It is therefore important to recall, and to emphasise, that the interventions of the United States in world affairs have been directed, not to territorial expansion, but to the achievement and preservation of individual liberty in far-away countries where that liberty is threatened.

Throughout the whole of my adult life, the great ideological conflict in the world has been between those who believe that the national power of governments is something granted by free people to their political rulers, and those who believe in the all-powerful State which concedes to its citizens such freedoms as it thinks fit.

Well before the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson himself had resolved the matter in classical terms:—

"These are our grievances, which we have thus laid before His Majesty, with that freedom of language and sentiment which becomes a free people, claiming their rights as derived from the laws of nature, and not as the gift of their chief magistrate."

This truth is, of course to us "self-evident," so that we find it difficult to realise that so many hundreds of millions of people either reject it or are unaware of it. Yet it is important that we should arrive at a clear realisation of the facts.

We are all a little disposed, when interesting ourselves in the emerging independence of some former colony, to think that democracy can be successfully transplanted in a comparatively brief time.

We are so utterly familiar with what I will call "parliamentary self-government" that we somehow forget that it has been a thing of slow and sometimes painful growth; that it has come from below, and not from above. You cannot create a democracy as quickly as you can create independence.

There are still too many influential people who forget that the granting of political independence is not an end in itself. It is, indeed, a beginning, just as capable of producing a new tyranny as it is of producing an independent community of free men. Indeed, we all know of more than one case in which independence has been followed by either chaos or something singularly like dictatorship.

There are lessons here for all of us. You are Americans. You detest colonialism because, to you, it connotes subordination. Whenever you see some surviving colony, somewhere, you are eager to make it independent. But it is a mistake to underestimate two factors.

The first is that a modern and intelligent colonial power—like Australia in respect of our Papua and New Guinea territory—while aiming at complete independence as the goal, realises that the process of fitting native inhabitants for self-rule must be relatively slow if it is to be relatively sure. We know a good deal about this territory, with its confusion of tribes and languages, its rugged mountains, its towns in which the Papuans are comparatively advanced in civilisation, its

remote valleys and jungles in which sheer savagery survives.

When well-meaning people tell us that we should create complete political independence in one blow by the simple process of creating a popular Assembly and arming it with full powers, we marvel that they should think self-government so artificial and so easy.

This does not mean that we favour dilatory tactics; freedom is too precious a thing for mankind to be wantonly denied. But the best guarantee of individual freedom is the existence of a community so constructed that freedom is its daily guide. The building of such a structure, starting with the foundations and not with the roof, takes time and conscious effort. I repeat, in a slightly different way, that you cannot endow a country with democracy as simply as you can endow it with money or goods.

I am saying these things because I think that we are all in danger of considering our international relations in too limited a way. The great issues of peace or war, of armaments and alliances, remain paramount so long as we live in a world in which aggressors multiply and are strong.

The great issues of trade, to which we are all currently directing much attention, have all the complexities which are inevitable when legitimate national interests have to be reconciled with the clear need for growing markets and rising production in a world whose population is increasing at an almost bewildering rate. But are we yet doing enough to increase our knowledge of other peoples, or their knowledge of us?

If, as Mr. Jefferson did, we believe that an informed democracy is the greatest and most humane system of government ever devised; that it elevates and enfranchises the individual citizen; that it reconciles some demagogery with much dignity; are we doing enough to make it understood by other nations and peoples? Are we, perhaps, too negative in our democratic faith, defending it against aggression from outside, but not doing enough to preach its gospel abroad? What would Mr. Jefferson do and say if he could revisit us and look out upon this new world? For freedom was his burning faith. It was not something just for the study or for reflection. It was a faith to be practised, but it was also a faith to be preached. For Mr. Jefferson was a vastly civilised man, with the roots of his learning and philosophy deep in the soil of the old world. Virginia itself was a characteristically English community in many essentials. The colonies themselves felt no sense of quarrel with the people of Britain. Yet, when the need arose, they took up arms and by declaration, severed their ties with their mother country.

Here was no war for territory. Here, indeed, was no ideological war in the sense in which we now understand that expression. It was simply a battle for freedom, fought in fact against an unimaginative government in London and British soldiers and mercenaries in America, though in form, (ironically enough) against the people of Britain, whose record in the achievement and defence of freedom was and is so long and honourable.

This is one of the paradoxes of history, but, in the result, a happy one. For, just as the issue of the War of Independence was freedom, so was freedom the result, exalted in the minds of the colonists and destined to give character and direction to their later national history.

You are today doing great honour to an Australian. May I, therefore, say something about my own country and yours?

Australia has, I need hardly say, many points of contact and understanding with the United States. It is the fashion among a few cynical observers to treat our friendly attachment to your country as a sort of "cupboard love," based upon self-interest in a dangerous world. This is a superficial view, for at least three reasons.

(1) When Britain's colonial adventure in America ended in 1782 with the birth of a new nation, Captain Cook had already explored and reported upon the East Coast of Australia, but there had been no white settlement. It had been the practise in Britain in the 18th century to transport to the colonies large numbers of persons convicted of offences (many of them very trivial) against the law. Between 1717 and the War of Independence the historical records that some 50,000 English convicts were received into America. But this had now ceased. Where could such people be sent in future? The choice ultimately fell on Australia, the particular site chosen being Botany Bay, just south of Sydney. A fleet under Captain Phillip arrived at Botany Bay in 1788, and the modern history of Australia began. The first settlers were convicts and their custodians. In short, a colony began in my own country just after and because colonialism ended in America. When people in England make jesting remarks to me about these lowly origins of our now thriving and law-abiding Commonwealth, I make the good-natured retort that, though many thousands of convicted persons were sent to America, and many thousands to Australia, the records show that the great majority of persons convicted in England during the transportation era remained in England.

The whole point I make is that, though nobody could have foreseen it at the time, your War of Independence created as it turned out, two nations; one your own, the other Australia.

(2) When, at the close of the 19th century, the Australian colonies decided to federate and become one nation, it was to the Constitution of the United States that the draftsmen of the Australian Constitution turned for light and leading.

During the months and years in which some of the best political and legal thinkers in Australia were engaged in the work of drafting, the Constitution of the United States of America was never far away from hand. In the great Convention Debates, the decisions of the United States Supreme Court were extensively cited.

True, your Union had grown out of armed conflict; ours came more peacefully, by reason and argument, the gradual persuading of self-governing colonies, each with a well-defined local pride, that a national existence should be achieved. It came about that the Australian distribution of legislative powers between Commonwealth and States is much like your own. The separation of powers, legislative, executive and judicial, though not, perhaps, such a high matter of doc-

trine as with you, still makes its impact upon judicial decisions.

Your founders were, of course, much influenced by the great French commentators upon a British Constitution which in a real sense had no existence. And so, for example, your Executive does not sit in Congress or, in a direct sense, answer to it. But we inherited, and had long practised, responsible Cabinet government, with Ministers sitting in Parliament and answering to it and, from time to time, being put out of office by it. It is this fact which gives a special colour to the Australian Constitution, and provides an underlying difference partly concealed by remarkable similarities of form.

In my hey-day at the Bar of the High Court of Australia in constitutional cases, it was still the practise to make much reference to the currents of American judicial opinion, currents, may I say, in which backeddies have occasionally occurred, but the main stream of which, as in Australia, has moved towards an enlarging interpretation of national powers. We may not always like this if we believe in a federal and not a unitary system of government and see, as Mr. Jefferson did, some guarantee of individual liberty in a division of governmental powers.

But there has been, particularly in times of national emergency or strain, a real value in a Constitution which can be applied to new circumstances without crippling rigidity.

But I grow tedious. All I really wanted to say was that, if the names of your great founders and brilliant political philosophers are familiar in Australian minds and mouths, it is largely because our constitutional history has been profoundly influenced by your own. A Jefferson memorial would not be out of place in Canberra.

(3) My third reason has, I believe, a fine Jeffersonian ring. For I feel sure that Mr. Jefferson, though he worked primarily for the liberty of Americans and felt no call to impose his views on an older world, would, confronted by the problems of the modern world, have vastly approved the world defence of individual liberty, a defence in which the U. S. A. is playing such a splendid and vital part.

Australia has a deep feeling for your country, not just because your friendship contributes so greatly to our national security, but basically because, great or small, we work for the same kind of free world. The freedom of man is not a local perquisite and cannot be defended in isolation. There can be no better place than Monticello in which to remind ourselves of this great, though occasionally forgotten, truth.

The American Revolution

IS SOCIAL REVOLUTION COMPATIBLE WITH A BUSINESS SYSTEM?

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN, U. S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic

Delivered at 13th Annual Convention, Chamber of Commerce of the Americas, Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, June 19, 1963

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS, ladies and gentlemen, I am honored to meet with distinguished business leaders of our hemisphere—and by choosing to hold your 13th annual meeting in Santo Domingo, the cradle of the hemisphere and its newest birthplace of democracy, you honor with

your presence and with your confidence the brave Dominican people and their elected and dedicated president, Juan Bosch.

Your deliberations will reach far beyond this lovely island. They have the capacity to help shape the future. For yours is an absolutely crucial role in hemispheric development, not

only your capital but your technical knowledge and above all your flexibility, your confidence, and your constructive leadership of the revolutionary change which is the condition of our life today.

Change is everywhere. The splendored jets which brought you here glided into Aeroperuto Punta Caucedo over the heads of ragged women on burros, carrying charcoal to market; and what concerns that woman is not the European Common Market but the market on Avenida Mella, and the pennies she can take home to her children tonight. Change, wrenching change; contrast and contradiction; camposinos plowing the earth with forked sticks while the hydrogen bomb ticks away, one man orbiting the earth while below him millions starve—this is the world we live in, this is the basic fact of our life.

Whatever we do, whatever anyone does, the plain truth is that Latin America is having, and will continue to have, a revolution. Whether it will be peaceful and maintain liberty, or will be bloody and destroy freedom, is to a considerable extent in your hands.

I would not presume to lecture this audience on such technical though vitally important questions as those you have discussed this week—capital formation and capital flight, systems of housing finance, investment guarantees, and so on.

Rather, I should like, if I may, to set our discussions in a somewhat larger frame of reference.

For we must not forget that in all our deliberations, in all our common efforts, our common purpose is to make a revolution. And the questions we must confront are these: Is social revolution compatible with a business system of free enterprise? Is it compatible with peace, with democracy, with individual freedom? And are we up to the task—can we summon the wisdom, the courage, the patience, and above all the confidence we need—confidence in ourselves, confidence in the ordinary people?

Our opponents answer no.

And we would do well to heed them. A leading theoretician of the extreme left in Latin America has told us plainly what he thinks. Speaking directly to the United States, he said that we have had four centuries of uninterrupted development, of industrial revolution and liberal democracy within a capitalistic structure, while, he says, Latin America has had four centuries of continuous underdevelopment, misery, and stagnation, within a feudal structure derived from old Spain, with its tyranny, great estates, denial of rights to the masses, and barriers raised against modern ideas. Our theoretician contends that the only solution for Latin America today is to destroy its feudal structure once and for all. He tells us the Alliance for Progress is a sham and that its only real structural reform, agrarian reform, is doomed by the Latin American oligarchy. Agrarian reform, he argues, "can only be brought about by revolution, with a gun in hand." And our theoretician continues—and I quote him directly—

"Revolution? Yes, because, as Mexico and Cuba have shown, only armed revolution can destroy forever the armies and good wishes.

"Revolution? Yes, because, as Cuba and Mexico have shown, only armed revolution can destroy forever the armies which guard the old order.

"Revolution? Yes, because, as Mexico and Cuba have shown, only a revolution can bring about the structural changes necessary to modernize our countries, put stagnating natural resources to work, recoup ill-spent and estranged resources, carry through agrarian reform, create an internal market, diversify production, promote popular education and industrialization.

"Revolution. You cry out and put your hands to your heads,

weeping to see the violence and the spilling of blood. Yes, because unfortunately, it is has never been possible to convince the ruling classes of a feudal country that their hour has come. Blood? Yes, historical delay is paid for in blood. Remember Jefferson. From Spartacus to Fidel Castro, through Protestant, English, French, United States, Mexican, and Russian revolutions, revolutions have been violent. Revolutions are not made by Mickey Mouse. They are made by hungry, courageous, angry, desperate men."

Now, it is manifestly absurd to equate the Mexican revolution, which was indigenous and has remained so, with the Cuban revolution, which is the creature of a foreign colonial power; it is also absurd to pretend that tragic Cuba proves that violent revolution promotes economic growth.

But I think our theoretician raises a serious question which deserves an answer when he asserts that revolution can be made only with rifles and not with reason; only by bullets, never by bankers; only with blood, never with brains.

I assert, and I deeply believe he is wrong.

I refuse to believe that the human race has learned nothing since Spartacus, that history is an iron vise, and that reason, good will, education, and a passionate devotion to freedom cannot loosen that viselike grip on mankind.

History is not a straitjacket. The human race does learn. Change is the one certitude. The dismal factories of 19th century England on which Karl Marx founded his historical postulates resemble in no way the institutions of modern capitalism in the 1960's. And our doctrinaire theoretician is as wrong in his interpretation of history today as Karl Marx was wrong when he predicted that communism was unlikely in Russia in the near future but historically inevitable in England and Germany.

The experience of my country demonstrates that a profound social and economic revolution can indeed be made by peaceful means and without destroying individual freedom. We had one. It began in the 1930's, and it is continuing yet. I belong to the generation of Americans who grew up in the great depression—like some of you, I daresay. I not only remember the long lines of unemployed at factory gates—I stood in them, every day at daybreak all one icy winter. I cannot only recite the history of the New Deal and its great leader—I also remember that one of its reforms saved my parents' home from the mortgage holder, that one of its emergency programs put my father to work, and that I received my own first increase in pay, from \$9 a week to \$14.50 a week, because of the minimum-wage law. And I have not only read Franklin Roosevelt's speeches but I heard his voice coming over the old-fashioned radio in our home: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

If ever a great free nation might have gone under to authoritarian revolution; if ever free men were tempted to barter freedom for bread, it was in the United States in the 1930's. But instead, unrestrained finance capitalism was thoroughly and peaceably reformed. And we erected a new structure which preserved the free enterprise system but created mechanisms for protecting the people—and business itself—against excess. Stock market regulation, social security, Federal housing, bank deposit insurance, legislation guaranteeing minimum wages and maximum hours and the right to collective bargaining, agricultural credit and extension systems, rigorous income and inheritance tax reform, the Tennessee Valley Authority and the other grand river valley developments that made deserts bloom and destroyed private power monopolies—these measures were at the time viewed with alarm; yet today they are accepted as ordinary and necessary safeguards to make a free society work.

Nor is this all. Since World War II, instead of the predicted

federal. The press is the forum even of the nations. Here all these elements come, to report themselves and be reported, to criticize and be criticized, to seek that understanding and support from others which all human beings crave. To the press they come to put something in and to keep something out. These interviews are often as intimate, almost, as the confidences which the patient shares with his doctor or the layman with his minister. Thus the newspaperman has a vantage point from which he can learn much about human nature and human institutions.

Out of all this experience and observation I have come to two conclusions.

Some newspapermen become cynical. I have not. I have come to an unshakeable faith. I believe that God is wholly good, and has provided an infinite universe which contains all things necessary for the fulfillment, activity, and enjoyment of Man. Man is not a beggar or a pensioner at the court of Heaven. He is the son and heir, reigning over the Earth with the Father, who shares all things with the son, even His very dominion. He is the expression of God's being. Man is as necessary to God as God is to Man. There is no real conflict between man and man, no real divergence of interests. If anything is not good for all men, it is not good for any man. There is seeming conflict, but it is only in the erring human mind and human emotions. The problem of every human being is to give up this which Paul calls the carnal mind, of which modern psychologists have given such an unflattering picture, and reflect instead the unerring mind of God. When we let this mind speak to us in the quiet of meditation, the solution of all human problems is found.

From my vantage point of a newspaperman, this is my sharpest impression: There are vast riches of human personality, intelligence and energy in our society which are only partially used. When I contrast what people are thinking, saying and doing with what they are capable of thinking, saying and doing, it seems to me that mankind is a race of sleepwalkers, only half alive. Religion has rightly sought conversion, change. The change that I see as needed is an awakening. Man needs to awaken to his tremendous potentiality, now only half realized.

Only a few people are fully awakened to the need of doing what must be done. Most people are inhibited by a lack of faith in God and themselves, and by fear of their fellow men, and they give their really splendid intelligence to petty pursuits. We have inherited from our forebears a society of complete freedom. How few fully use this precious freedom! A man is afraid to stick his neck out, as he says. He is vaguely afraid that he will lose friends or customers, or that some politician will raise his taxes or give him a traffic ticket. If these things really happened would it be too big a price to pay to keep a freedom won by bloody sacrifices—a freedom that can be kept only if we fully use it? But it is my observation that an American is rarely required to make any sacrifice at all if he assumes the responsibility of living totally, acting fully, as a citizen. Actually other people admire, respect and like the man who dares to think, to speak, and to do, boldly and firmly. He has more friends, more customers. I would like to tell you a story that illustrates this.

The phone rang at my desk in Memphis. Said the voice: "This is Henry Blanc. I am convalescing from an operation at Baptist Hospital and I would like you to come over and see me." "I'll be right over." Henry Blanc, and that is the actual name—Blanc not Blank,—a leading Baptist layman, head of the Chavannes Lumber Co., had served as councilman under the splendid nonpolitical council-manager government which Knoxville enjoyed for many years, which was marked by many fine achievements.

Said Mr. Blanc: "I wanted you to come to see me so I could thank you. When I, a business man, agreed to run for the council on the Citizens Charter Ticket, I thought I was making a great sacrifice. But it proved otherwise. You put in the paper that I was serving honestly, unselfishly. And do you know what happened? People figured that if a man served his city honestly and well, he would give them a good deal too. So they brought their business to me, and I prospered."

As the Rotarians say, "he profits most who serves best."

What is the public service that calls to the American citizen today? It is politics. Too much civic work today is piddling, hardly worth doing. Clubs look for non-controversial projects, when the important things, the projects that thrill when victory comes, are controversial.

First and foremost, nonpartisan politics. Every community needs citizens organization to see that democracy functions. This can be two separate organizations, one for research and study of governmental problems, and one for political action to get good local government. Sometimes these can be combined under one roof—the "left arm" of research and study to operate with tax-exempt donations, and the "right arm" of political action financed by citizens willing to donate 100 per cent to this essential cause, but with the same members and the same executive secretary, carefully keeping books that will satisfy a vigilant Uncle Sam.

What form of local government is best to work for? The National Municipal League, the organization under whose auspices the *Look Magazine* award was given to Knoxville for its Downtown improvement, made a study of this question. They concluded that city manager government or county manager government is best. True, you can get good government under any form if you have dedicated citizens taking unselfish, active responsibility. And even the best form of government, even manager government, will not work without it. An irresponsible driver can wreck a new car as well as an old one. But if you are a responsible driver why be content with anything but the latest model? Why be content with a Model-T? To change the figure, if you are going to do a job, get good tools. The good government job deserves the good tool, the latest and best, and fastest growing government, council-manager.

There's a reason why council-manager government has been rated as the best form to encourage citizen participation. It is the only form which permits citizens to hold office, completely control their government, and yet not have to give up their own business or profession. This puts government in the hands of the city's ablest citizens, men who have no axes to grind, who have no motive except to serve their community, in the same spirit as they serve their farm organization, their chamber of commerce, their church. They can serve on the council, which is a busy but not a full time job. Thus they can determine the policies of government, but the daily work of administration they can leave to the employed manager, a career man. This manager has made local government his lifetime profession. He has a reputation to make and to keep, and will not soil it by graft or demagoguery, but will use his brains to get the best results for the fewest tax dollars. He will follow the directions given him by the councilmen, the public-spirited representatives of the people. Council-manager government is designed to work, and it does.

But nonpartisan activity is not enough, tho it is basic. Nearly every citizen should become a member of one of the political parties. He should vote in all its conventions and primaries, including those for the choosing of precinct committeemen—not of course to get a job out of it, but to put something into it, his unselfish service to the republic. He should support and work for the candidate of his choice, whom

he has chosen not for selfish reasons but because he thinks the man will do the most good.

When we have a good man in office, let's give him warm moral support, and fight to keep him there. It's easier to keep a good man in than to get a bad man out. Let's not be too critical of an official because he does something we don't agree with, as long as he is conscientious. The American people are sometimes too impatient with their elected representatives, fail to see that it is more important to be for someone or something than to be against someone or something.

The supreme need of our communities, of our democracy, of our country is that they shall not be destroyed. For one hundred years, from the fall of Napoleon until the outbreak of World War I in 1914, this country was not in danger of foreign conquest. That is because there was a preponderant power in the world, keeping order and peace, the British Empire. There were dark spots in that world of the Nineteenth Century, but there was continuing progress since the chief power in the world subscribed to the principles of free speech and press, honor, and the dignity of man. Even tho practice did not always live up to profession, it was a world of security and hope, and as we look back on it from today's universal confusion and danger, it almost seems like a golden age. Britain indulgently allowed us to think that it was our Monroe Doctrine that protected our hemisphere; actually it was mostly the might of the British Navy.

This preponderant power was weakened by World War I, was no longer preponderant after World War II. Peace is in danger, we are in danger, because there is no power defending peace strong enough to prevent war. We must erect such a power. The NATO alliance is not enough. We need a Federation of the Free, a firm Atlantic Union consisting of the United States, Canada, and the democracies of Western Europe. We need the courage of the Founding Fathers who dared to unite thirteen diverse colonies into a Federal Republic, in defiance of awesome military powers, and then spread this Republic over a continent. We cannot defend ourselves alone, much less carry out all the commitments we have made all over the world. Only a mighty Federation of the Free will be big enough, strong enough, united enough to cope with the power of the great Communist Empire. There are two organizations you can join if you want to work for this—Freedom & Union, which would go all the way; and the Atlantic Council, which favors only certain steps in the direction of greater unity among the NATO nations.

So much on preserving our heritage of liberty. We need to preserve also our heritage of natural resources.

What can the farmer as a citizen do for conservation? As you know, as a farmer he is urged to explore the possibilities of more income by inviting paying customers to enjoy outdoor recreation on his farm—fishing, boating, hunting, camping, archery, horseback riding, dude farming. There was a time long ago when summer boarders were a big thing on the farm, and they say it's on the way to becoming a big thing again, with the city folks staying in the main house or in cottages. How the city children love to get out and see the farm animals, maybe glimpse wildlife. Ray Strong of the West Tennessee Sportsmen's Association tells me of one farmer who charges \$5 a day for permission to shoot rabbits, \$5 a day for the limit on quail. He has fixed up a room in his house as a club-room for the hunters.

You are often urged to let the fence rows grow up to furnish cover for wildlife. I would urge also, that every farm that can do so, set aside a piece of woodland, fence it to keep cattle out, guard it to keep fire out, restore the species of native trees and plants that may have disappeared, and care for it as a perpetual nature area.

A project has been established in Memphis which can be established in any community. It is "Fireplace logs for the Motor Age." In the old days, a farmer would cut up his fallen or cull trees, and take a wagon load, or later, a truck load, of fireplace logs to town, and sell them to householders. To a certain extent, this is still a practical way to market them. But many a city dweller does not have room to store a load of wood. But he would like to pick up a bundle of logs, tied together with twine, at the filling station, and put the bundle in the trunk case of his car, and take it home. It is just this type of service that is now being rendered by several filling stations in Memphis. It works. Any county agent or group of farmers who will organize this method of distribution will be doing farmers and city dwellers a service that will be appreciated.

Here is a big thing you can accomplish with comparatively little effort. You can get a conservation board in your county.

Iowa led the way with a law permitting counties, by vote of the people, to establish county conservation boards. Under this law three fourths of the counties have set up such boards. These boards have acquired, either by gift or purchase, a total of more than 300 areas totaling more than 15,000 acres. Some of these are parks, some hunting and fishing areas. Tennessee passed a similar law in 1961. Two counties, Shelby and Anderson, have set up boards.

If you want your county to have a conservation board, get up a petition to the county court of not less than 200 qualified voters. Then the court must submit the question to the people at the next regular election, and if the people vote for it, the court then appoints a board of five, who serve without pay, tho their expenses are paid. Things begin to happen in conservation when such a board is in existence, as the experience of Anderson County shows. They have already acquired five areas. If you want a copy of the law under which you can act, write me and I will be glad to send you one.

In national conservation, the big things to get done are passage of the Land and Water Conservation Bill and the Wilderness Bill. Nearly all the nation-wide conservation organizations favor both bills. The Land and Water Conservation Bill, because it is seen as the way, at this time, to get needed land acquisition. The Wilderness Bill, to secure America's irreplaceable wilderness. It is not proposed to add any wilderness areas, only to make sure that selfish interests cannot invade those we already have. Write to any representative in the lower House of Congress whom you may know and urge him to use his influence to get the Wilderness Bill out of the Interior Committee and on the floor of the House.

YOUR "TWO CENTS WORTH"

Many a time I have heard a man say "If I may add my two cents worth"—. How I hate to hear anyone thus belittle his own opinion, the opinion of a free, sovereign American citizen. We are governed, for the most part, by average men. I am sure there are men in this room who are better fitted to be county judges, mayors, governors, congressmen, senators, or even presidents of the United States than some men who have held these offices. So no American citizen should apologize for his opinion or underrate its worth and potential influence. Write letters to officials, but most of all, write letters to your newspaper. Surveys show that letters from readers command within one or two percentage points of interest compared with the editorials themselves. So you can be editor for a day! Keep your letter short. The shorter, the more readers. There is a saying that every time you add a paragraph you lose a thousand readers. Also the editor will like you better if you are considerate in using his precious space.

At last Letters to the Editor are to receive the recognition which they deserve.

At the suggestion, made simultaneously by Mr. James S. Copley of the San Diego Tribune and myself, the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge has added the category of "Letters to the Editor" to their national awards. For the published letters-to-the-editor submitted to them which they consider have best brought about a better understanding of the American Way of Life—the political and economic rights which protect the dignity and freedom of the individual—they will give ten awards of \$100 each, with George Washington medal, and 25 to 40 additional medals. The letters must have been published since Nov. 1, 1962, and must be received not later than Nov. 1, 1963.

Such is a program of Total Living, Total Citizenship. How do we get the inspiration for Total Living, Total

Citizenship, such as is called for?

By a daily quiet time, a period of at least 15 minutes of prayer and meditation, in which one listens for the guidance of God. He allows divine Love and Life to dominate his mind, which is opened to the inflow of His Infinite Power. Plug in, tune in, throw the switch. Those who form this habit find that 15 minutes a day is not enough. Once a day is not enough. They stay on the Center in all that they do, and "pray without ceasing." We live fearlessly and actively, for "if God be with us, who can be against us?"

We join with others in the intimate fellowship of a small group for discussion and prayer, and find great increase of strength and power in such fellowship. We live totally and we live every moment.

The Bridge And The Wall

THE CONFLICT THAT DIVIDES THE WORLD

By DR. MARVIN A. RAPP, *Vice-President and Executive Dean, Nassau Community College, Garden City, New York*

Delivered to Rotary Club, Albany, New York, February 15, 1963

I LOOKED DOWN into his face, now so still. He had a fine biblical name. It was Peter. Peter means rock. He was only 18 years of age. What age has more life than 18? Now Peter was dead. To mark the barren spot where he died was only a black and white picture—a picture of Peter dying. I looked long and longingly at the picture. About it were banks of fresh flowers; behind them a cross garlanded in black; and behind the cross, the wall, where Peter died only a few feet from freedom.

Peter and his friend had suddenly made a dash for the wall and for freedom. Peter's friend made it. Peter did not. The Communist police of East Berlin started shooting as Peter climbed the wall. He made the top in a hail of shot. For a precious moment he was free. In that moment he looked back on the Communist world and forward into the free world. But in that moment the Communist bullets cut him down. He fell back behind the wall mortally wounded. He died twelve minutes later, quietly whimpering for help. Soldiers, American, West and East Berlin, looked on. But no one offered to help.

I know very little about Peter Fechter except that he died because he wanted to be free. Peter Fechter probably never heard or knew the words of America's freedom fighter, Patrick Henry. He probably never even knew who Patrick Henry was. How could he? Most East Germans have never known freedom only dictatorship. They have been ruled by the iron hand of Hitler, Stalin and Khrushchev, without a moment of freedom. Still for some reason, now unknown, Peter wanted to be free. In those last moments of his life, Peter lived out the full meaning of Patrick Henry's ringing words, "Give me liberty or give me death." Peter paid the full price for his moment of freedom. The life Patrick Henry lived helped give the world the freedom for which all Peter Fechters have died, wherever and whenever people yearned to be free.

I was in East Berlin the dark sullen day they buried young Peter Fechter. I thought of all in the new world and the old world who fought and died for freedom. I now added Peter's name to that noble list. But at the cemetery behind the wall that day there were no words of praise for Peter. There were no words of comfort for his mother, for his brothers or his sisters or his friends. There were only ugly words of damnation and blame for all of them, uttered by the official Communist speaker appointed for the ceremony at the cemetery. They

buried Peter Fechter that day behind the wall in East Berlin. But they did not bury freedom.

In East Berlin that day I searched for the meaning of this death at the wall,—the meaning beyond the tragic loss of a single life. Coming back to me again and again were the simple honest words of Robert Frost. Little did I know then that within that very week, the first anniversary of the building of the wall, Frost would be taunting the Communists in Russia with his poem "Mending Wall." Do you recall his words:

"Before I built a wall I'd ask to know what I was walling in or walling out, and to whom I was like to give offense. Something there is that doesn't love a wall, that wants it down." This was certainly the deeper meaning beyond the physical fact of the wall itself. I stood there and looked at it hard. Then slowly I followed it first on the East and then on the West as it snaked its crooked way through the city like the ugly thing it is. This wall, this ugly thing, that turns through streets and boulevards into blind alleys; this wall that lines the banks of running streams and dams the side against the flow of people and of things; this wall that blocks the rail lines and turns the stations into hollow places echoing emptiness: This wall, this ugly thing, that seals off the sacred stations and doors of a church and leaves it reaching up toward heaven above the wall silently without the voices or prayers of its priests or its people; that wall, that ugly thing, that walls up windows of buildings and turns them into useless and unseeing things. There it was in front of me the wall, an ugly thing to behold.

How much like a wall is Communism. A wall divides people. It keeps them from seeing each other. It keeps them from talking to each other. It keeps them from touching each other. A wall stops people and things from moving back and forth. It keeps people one from the other. The wall does not divide Berlin alone, it divides the world. A wall is a solid thing that casts dark shadows and keeps the sunlight from the land. A wall stops men from learning, from talking, from trading, from living together. A wall breeds fear and ignorance and hatred. A wall can breed war. A wall, like communism, is anti-human, anti-social, anti-intellectual, anti-democratic. The wall is the symbol of death and darkness; the symbol of Communism.

There I stood looking at the ugly, crudely built wall. It was

a wall of cinder block and stone and brick, ten, fifteen, twenty feet high, topped with broken glass and barbed wire. Behind the wall there was a dry moat of sand to catch the footprints of people fleeing to be free. Behind this there were steel tank traps bristling with machine gun nests. Behind the wall fortification could be seen the bombed out, burned out buildings of East Berlin now so long dead but not buried.

If the wall is the symbol of the new dark ages, what pray is the symbol of the West, of Democracy, of light and of the future? As I stood there in front of the wall it came to me. Along the shore of the Niagara River where I was born and grew up as a boy, there was a bridge. This bridge gracefully arched itself over the spectacular Niagara River that divides America and Canada. For centuries these two powers and those who occupied their lands fought world wars in the wilderness about these waters for the conquest and the control of these waters and the land they washed.

It was the War of 1812 which ended the struggle of empire in North America between England and America. Out of that conflict came a new concept of peace. For 150 years along the 3,000 mile border line separating these two countries there has been a boundary without bayonets, a boundary without bullets; no hostile cannons, no hostile battleships, no hostile fort mar the frontier between these two countries today. To commemorate the century and a half of peace that followed three centuries of war, America and Canada built this bridge which they called the Peace Bridge. From that Bridge you can see where the sweet waters of the Great Lakes pour swiftly and freely into the narrow channel that is Niagara. Here much that has been important to the world has happened. From that bridge, eyes can see the water of the little rapids as it flows north and west to the sea connecting two continents, floating the world's greatest inland fleet and powering the world's greatest plants. A marker near the bridge reminds us of the history this spot has seen:

- 1641—Earliest mention of the lake, in writings of French missionaries
- 1669—First white man known to travel its waters was Louis Joliet
- 1679—LaSalle's "Griffon" first ship to sail Great Lakes above Niagara
- 1749—Celeron's expedition voyaged south to claim Ohio Basin for France
- 1758—Chaber Joncaire constructed earlier settlement at Buffalo
- 1759—French were defeated—This region became a British possession
- 1783—Treaty of Paris—United States recognized by Great Britain
- 1796—Jay's Treaty—British relinquished frontier posts south of United States shores
- 1813—Commodore O. H. Perry victorious in Battle of Lake Erie
- 1817—Rush-Bagot Treaty—Naval armament of the Great Lakes restricted
- 1818—The "Walk-in-the-Water," First Steamship on Lake Erie was launched
- 1849-1850—Immense tide of western emigration embarked from this port
- 1875-1925—Great Lakes developed into largest fresh water navigation system in the world with Lake Erie its gateway East and West
- 1927—Dedication of Peace Bridge at the outlet of Lake Erie marked a century of unfortified peace between Great Britain and the United States.

"Historic Lake Erie named for the Indian nation of the Eries, who dwelt on these shores before

1654 when they were conquered by the Iroquoian confederacy."

This happened and even more. In the individual American, and in his heritage, America can find the strength it needs for the struggle. This Bridge of Peace reminds the world that America here won a local victory over war. It won even more than that. It won a victory over man. This bridge symbolized the achievement of a great victory for civilization. It is a victory over ignorance, inhumanity and poverty.

Truly, I thought to myself this Peace Bridge and all bridges are symbols of the West. For a bridge is a beautiful thing that flies straight and true from shore to shore; a bridge is a beautiful thing that turns blind streets and alleys into open thoroughfares and thruways. A bridge is a beautiful thing that opens the shores of streams and rivers to the flow of people and things; a bridge is a beautiful thing that arches gracefully to heaven. It is a spiritual thing, held lightly between heaven and earth.

This bridge called Peace, I thought, is a beautiful thing. It unites people. A bridge helps people to see one another, to talk to one another, to touch one another. A bridge makes it easy for people and things to move back and forth. A bridge makes it easy for people to learn, to talk, to trade, to live together. This bridge called Peace is like democracy. It is human, intellectual, social, cultural. It is the symbol of life and the light of America and of Democracy.

What a difference there is between a wall and a bridge.

At night when I went to bed in West Berlin, I could look East from my window, high above the city across the five blocks of lights of West Berlin to the wall at East Berlin and beyond. Beyond the wall there was no light—only darkness. Behind me and West Berlin was 120 miles of Soviet occupation. There I stood in an island prison of freedom surrounded by Communist dictatorship.

Never have I thought so much and so long about the strength of our country—about our strength as individuals. American foreign policy overseas can be only as strong as America's internal policy at home. America is only as strong internationally as it is nationally. And America is as strong nationally as it is individually. As I stood high above the City of Berlin, on the boundary line between East and West, between freedom and dictatorship, all alone, there came to me a moment of truth. The strength in this struggle is you. You, the individual American, is what counts. And what counts in you is what makes you you.

The ultimate human force like the ultimate weapon is found in the character of the individual. It is found in the strength of a man who stands a lonely vigil steadfastly but helplessly as he watches his loved one die. It is found in the spirit of a man who has cause upon cause upon cause for bitterness, yet feels only sweetness. It is found in the soul of man who tries again and again and again and meets each trial with endless patience. It is found in the heart of man filled with fear in each recurring crisis who nevertheless meets each crisis with deep, quiet courage. It is found in the way of a man taunted and tempted unjustly and continuously, who succumbs not to taunt or temptation. It is found in the man of determination who turns the other cheek in strength—not fear.

Man who will not be defeated cannot be defeated. In our homes, in our schools, in our lives. America must rediscover the motivating sources of its greatness.

SELF-WILL, the motivating force which makes it possible for man to hold his own destiny, and for man to meet the destiny of the world.

SELF-DISCIPLINE, by which man can organize and direct the unlimited creative powers found within his heart, and his soul, and his mind to achieve greatness.