

An Editor at His Best

Brotherhood More Than Tolerance

February, 1962

The word tolerant may have served a useful purpose in the beginning days of our modern concept of brotherhood, but its status is questionable at this moment, so far as I am concerned. It has some dubious implications and overtones.

When a person thinks of himself as "tolerant"—and this is somewhat in the nature of a confession—he arrogates to himself a definite superiority over those toward whom he practices his tolerance. He endures as a martyr. He's right proud of himself.

Lest I be misunderstood, let me say right now that I regard tolerance as far better than its opposite, intolerance. I'll even concede that it can be—and often is—a midway step toward racial or religious understanding. But it isn't brotherhood per se.

I wouldn't be surprised if my own progress toward true brotherhood is typical of those who have been born and reared in the north central states. I knew no racial problem because there was but one Negro family in our county—and a well-respected family it was too.

Nurtured in a Protestant home, I was led to believe that Catholics were a people apart. The true meaning of the symbolism was lost in the telling and in a juvenile sort of way, I suspect I took on my fair quota of "anti-Catholicism" bigotry.

Fortunately for me in my university days, I was exposed

to some wonderful Catholic youngsters. One became my roommate, and I have no closer friend to this day. I came to respect him and his religion. I had taken a giant stride toward brotherhood in religion.

Although there are other—and perhaps better—ways to achieve it, a career of travel to the far places of our world has disabused my mind of the idea that ours is a superior race. Spirit and intellect are not a product of the accident of skin pigmentation.

Wherever I have crossed paths with them—and there have been no exceptions—I have found human beings possessed of the same basic ideals and aspirations held by me and other Americans.

Never once in my visits to 65 countries over a period of 35 years have I been made to feel unwanted or unwelcome because I was known to be an American. And nowhere was this more true than in Russia.

Even in Calcutta—the ultimate in poverty and squalor—I found myself recalling that time-honored observation: "There but for the grace of God, go I."

What I've seen, heard and sensed in my travels has left me with the deep-seated conviction that human kind, generally speaking, is deserving of better government than it has received. And, again, nowhere is this more true than in Russia.

The idea of second class citizenship through the accident of birth and skin pigmentation has been made repugnant to me, as indeed it must be to all who REALLY believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

In enlightened selfishness, if for no other reason, the arguments for erasing the racial inequality blot from the image of America in the world's eye are both immediate and compelling.

With the uncommitted people of our world, there is

scant difference between the slave status imposed by the Kremlin and the inferior status tolerated if not actually imposed by America's democratic government.

Something far deeper and more meaningful than mere tolerance is involved in all this. The really compelling reason for treating those about us as equals is that they ARE equals. In that direction lies true Brotherhood.

**The Command of a United America
Is "Forward March"**

December 8, 1941

Japan's cowardly attack upon the territory and flag of the United States will be dealt with by a strong and united nation. Yesterday and the day before there were "isolationists" and "interventionists," "America Firsters" and "Fight for Freedom" advocates. Today and tomorrow there will be but one classification—Americans all.

The one goal of our republic is to bring this war to a victorious conclusion at the earliest possible moment. The time for bickering is past; recriminations will have no place in our national life. There's a war to be fought and won.

It is well that America know the character of its adversary at the outset. While wearing the robes of peace Japan was clutching a concealed dagger. The fundamental tenets of civilized decency have been violated.

Even those most reluctant to believe that Hitler had designs on the western hemisphere must now see that the Japanese warlords responsible for plunging their country into war are disciples of his barbaric philosophy. Tokyo, like Rome, has become a mere remote control station for the master voice in Berlin.

We used to wince at the reference to this as "World War No. 2" but now it has become exactly that. The

democratic ideal is locked in battle with the totalitarian concept and there can be no compromise.

While we believe completely in ultimate triumph for our country and those who will be fighting with us on the side of human freedom, we are not neglecting the probability of "blood, sweat and tears."

All that Americans hold dear is at stake, our heritage of freedom, our glorification of man over state, our religion centering about the golden rule.

The issues and the stakes are clear beyond mistaking. America can be counted on to rise up in all its might against those who seek to return to the moral standards which prevailed in the dark ages.

From this point on all other considerations are secondary to winning this war and helping build a world in which future Hitlers will be dealt with before they attain Frankenstein dimensions.