

Dunkirk 1990. One of the most dramatic moments in all of English theatre is a speech William Shakespeare put into the mouth of Henry V just before the battle of Agincourt. In Sc. 3 of Act IV Henry enters after a late night visit to his troops; enters just in time to hear one of his comdres wish aloud for a larger force to do battle when came the dawn. What's he that wishes so? Henry asked. No, my fair cousin, he said, if we are marked to die, we are enough to do our country loss; and if to live, the fewer men, the greater share of honour...we few, we happy few, we band of brothers...and gentlemen in England now a-bed shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here. And so it was, at Agincourt, in the imagination of a brilliant playwright, of a battle nearly 6 centuries ago. Size is no measure of strength, or of a hero, or of those who triumph. As often as the giant crushes the dwarf do we hear the psalm, How are the mighty fallen. When spring shall come this year we shall note the 50th anniversary of another example of the surprising, and inspiring, and meaningful, victory of the diminutive. From the sands of the beaches at Dunkirk on the French-Belgian coast across the Channel from Britain, hundreds of small boats rescued what Winston Churchill later called the whole root and core and brain of the British Army from what seemed certain death or ignominious and starving captivity. It was a defeat, a hard cold fact that Churchill had to face. Wars, he said, are not won by evacuations. But out of that nettle danger, western Europe and the English-speaking world could pluck this flower, safety, thanks to the courage and skill and unquenchable spirit of the men who sailed the small boats into the whirlwind of battle, where the large boats could not go, and saved the human materiel out of which the Allies were able to rebuild a force which held, and then turned upon, and overcame. What happened on the battlefields of Flanders, and in the harbor and on the beaches at Dunkirk, was a hinge of history, the first small and uncertain step on the long and bloody road that led to the heart of Europe and the defeat of Adolf Hitler. The heroes of that incident were commanders of the armies, and the admirals of the Fleet, and the ordinary people in the ranks who did extraordinary things in a time of confusion and chaos. But they were also small boat people, some fisherfolk, some bargemen, others people like you, who love the sea and make a hobby of boating. In a crisis, when their country's survival hung in the balance-scales of time, when the moving finger was preparing to write the history of the 20th Century, all the way to the present hour, they responded without hesitation. Small grains of sand make the mountain, and the tick of the clock makes the year, and a lifetime. Size is no measure of greatness.

The story began with one of the most awesome military campaigns in all of the record of warfare and man against man. In Sept 1939, just over half a century ago, a German air and armored force destroyed the obsolete horse-mounted Polish army in a sordid deal with the Russian dictator Josef Stalin. In compliance with treaty obligations both the French and the English declared war upon the Nazi state. Reserves were called to duty, the English sent an expeditionary force to the continent, so that from the Netherlands to Switzerland a mighty army stood to the challenge. And throughout the winter nothing happened. It was the phony war, the sitzkrieg, what the French called La drôle de guerre. But with the spring of 1940 the German high command was ready for action. They had old scores to settle, wounds that were 30 yrs old and still bleeding; they possessed a spirit born of race and ideological propaganda upon which they had been fed; and their strategists had adopted and perfected the latest thinking about 20th century war. They would attack not thru the Low Countries to the north, as in 1914, but through the Ardennes forest, where no serious opponent expected them. So unlikely a thing was it that the French in constructing their defense line on the east stopped it at that formidable barrier of woodlands and mountains. And they would strike with a tough and lean mobile force that would crack the thin shell of defense and move rapidly through the undefended rear areas to reach the sea. Early on the morning of May 10 the attack began. The spearhead contained 1800 tanks, backed by other armored vehicles, and behind them a swarming force of motorized infantry--troops that fought on foot, but who were transported into battle by mechanical marvels that travelled not at 3 MPH, but at 30 MPH. Quickly the truth of Allied unpreparedness emerged. Antitank units sent to the break-thru had no armor-piercing ammunition, tank forces ran out of fuel and were worthless, other defense units were captured before they could deploy for battle. In 10 days, the battle of France was over, and the French govt informed the English that they were defeated. On 20 May the German XIX Corps moved out at 7 a.m.; in 3 hrs they were on the Albert Canal; an hour later they captured a British artillery battery still supplied with training ammunition that would not fire; at 4 p.m. they captured the depot containing all of the army's battle maps, and at 9 p.m. they reached the Atlantic at Abbeville. In a 14-hour assault, against token opposition, they had cut the Allies in two. All of the British, two French Armies, and all the Belgians, were trapped in Flanders, ripe for the capture. Nearly a million men, with all their equipment, fluttered helplessly in the net. All the Germans had to do to destroy all resistance was to contain and then liquidate that penned-up and wing-clipped army. It was an astounding feat of military competence at its best. With unbelievably few casualties, and with

for Jerry

A panzer div
in full cry was awesome.

the speed of lightning, they had ended forever the costly and debilitating trench warfare, and they had humiliated those who had defeated them 30 yrs earlier. It was just a matter of time before the ripe plums were ready to fall into their laps; they would then dominate Europe, and without a fighting force England too would ask for peace terms. At that juncture came the miracle of the beaches. The British army command ordered retreats to a coastal perimeter only 39 miles from the white cliffs of Dover, retreats which were carried out with professional competence. X The retreat took them through A. incourt, where Henry V had faced the French in 1415, and within the perimeter were the towns of Ypres and Poperinge and Passchendaele where in 1916 a million English died in Flanders fields where poppies blow. For a precious 3 days the panzers ceased the attack, to rest and recuperate--in some divisions half the tanks were damaged or destroyed. When it resumed, the defenders gave ground slowly, holding the beaches clear. That was the opportunity to rescue the beleaguered troops. On May 23 the British comdr of the Dunkirk region wrote in his diary: Nothing but a miracle can save the BEF now, and two days later Edmund Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff wrote: We shall have lost practically all our trained soldiers by the next few days--unless a miracle appears to help us. Of the 400,000 British in the beachhead, Churchill expected to save only 20 to 30,000. But he did not give up. Miracles happen when people make one last effort after they are totally exhausted and without hope. The Royal Navy began commandeering boats of all sizes and varieties. On the French coast were tens of thousands of troops awaiting rescue, and few craft small enough to reach them. The shoreline shelves gradually into the sea, making possible wading at shoulder depth for nearly a mile into the Channel. Destroyers, and coastal ferries, and a merchant ship brigade, stood ready to haul away the men, but they could not get close enough to them. For a week or more the British and French used a mole that protected Dunkirk harbor from the sea; it extended a half-mile into the water. Bombers attacked it, and by the end of the week it was under direct artillery fire from the shore west of the perimeter. The British also drove trucks into the sea (lorries) and connected them with timbers from abandoned boats to make a substitute dock. But it was the small boats that made the difference. On the evening of May 30 naval personnel were surprised to see a mass of small vessels plying the route from the mouth of Thames to the beaches of Flanders. A few were respectable ocean-going steamers, a few others were luxury yachts owned by the lordly British who had salt water in their veins. But the most of them were little boats. They were fishing smacks, mud-spattered surf-hoppers, commercial barges that carried the workaday cargoes up and down the rivers, open launches, dredging boats & trawlers, scows, even rowboats and ship's lifeboats/being pulled along behind snorting tugboats. All who witnessed that armada in miniature felt a surge of pride, at being British, at being a member of the human race. No one will ever know how many boats and boat people there were in the midst of battle in the next four days. Many of them went out without asking anyone, or telling anyone; they came from all marinas and ports in England/ from the far north near Scotland to the south coast as far west as Poole. Many were commandeered and manned by Navy personnel; just as many others were sailed by the owners. Every boat club in England volunteered; the Royal Ocean Racing Club was made up of business men and professional careerists--actors, bankers, stock brokers, insurance salesmen, lawyers; they were taking courses to teach them about the sea; few had ever been beyond the sight of land. Now, with a will which still possesses the power to move us emotionally, they went forth to rescue their own from the hell of battle. They went as close to the shore as they could; they took on as many men as they could--some were overloaded, and swamped; and they rowed them, or drove them, to the destroyers and larger ships farther out to sea. Many were hit, many went down, as did a number of the transports. Too late the triumphant Germans discovered that the mice they thought safely trapped were getting away. He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day. Hour after hour the little boats worked the beaches, Dutch eel-boats and cockle shell fishers, and polished mahogany hulled pleasure boats--it was a huge democracy of water craft. When on June 4 the perimeter could no longer hold, when German tanks traversed the sands of Dunkirk, 340,000 of the 400,000 British, and over 120,000 of French forces, had been lifted off the beach and ferried back to Blighty. Out of the ashes and the pain came in time the British Army that held India, and the Suez, and Malta, and with allies cracked Fortress Europa four years later. Are you discouraged, a bystander asked of a tired Tommy as he got off the train in Victoria Station. Of course not, he replied; we're in the finals, and we're playing at home. The New York Times, commenting upon the rescue, said: So long as the English tongue survives, the world Dunkirk will be spoken with reverence. And Churchill, again: Behind them, behind us, gather a group of shattered states and bludgeoned races: upon all of whom a long night of barbarism will descend unbroken even by a star of hope, unless we conquer, as conquer we must; as conquer we shall. Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say: This was their finest hour. Ordinary people, called upon to do the impossible, proved again the imperishable nature of human spirit. And in the first week of June, when the grimy, limping convoy of small boats sailed up the Thames to find mooring in the docks and yards of the small boats, every bridge was jammed w/ shouting people, weeping and cheering. That few, that happy few, who saved an army, went back home.

My dearly beloved, it is an honor to me to be invited to share this occasion with you. I am here on sufferance, for it is my great misfortune that I was badly educated in another school. But it is my great pleasure to be part of this alumni association by adoption. A dozen years ago I was voted the high honor of honorary alumnus of Wake Forest College. Now there are two schools that must explain to their Trustees how I got on their alma mater rolls. As the document put it, I am entitled to all the rights, honors, and privileges, and annual giving solicitations, But more than that. I am the luckiest mortal who ever was permitted to walk this greenapple earth, for I have been since 1950 a small part of Wake Forest. If I complete the present term I shall round out 40 years, 40 of the happiest and most rewarding years, any sinful human being was ever allowed to enjoy. Think of it--80 semesters of fun! I do not deserve it, but I take it as a gift, one day at a time, fourteen thousand six hundred of them, delighting in the company of the finest people who ever lived. For 10 4-year college generations I have watched students come to the campus, some of them to the old one in Wake County, many more of them to the new one on a red hill in Forsyth. I have watched them drink from the wellsprings of human thought and achievement, and of the Wake Forest tradition, and then leave to make something of themselves, and at the same time to serve humanity's needs. No one could be more fortunate than I, to have lived such rich experiences. Because of them I am the richest person who sits at this board, and breaks lettuce with you on this occasion. People sometimes ask me what are my most cherished memories of a lifetime in a Wake Forest freshman class; there are thousands of them, many of them inspirational, more of them funny, some of them sad. If you like, when this session ends, we can swap stories of student days at our favorite college.

But I have only a few minutes, and there are some things I want to say to you. I invite you to come with me in your imaginations, to see the Wake Forest that shall be, and the Wake Forest that is, and the Wake Forest that has been. To use the vocabulary of Charles Dickens in that familiar Christmas story, let us meet the spirit of Wake Forest future, and present, and past. All of you, being college graduates, will notice that I reverse the normal course of time. I am an historian, and historians always prefer to see time backwards; on our automobiles we have wrap-around rear-view mirrors instead of windshields. Or perhaps we should prove the idea of the American-British poet T.S. Eliot, that time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future, and time future contained in time past. What we call the beginning is often the end, and to make an end is to make a beginning. Certainly it is sound historical teaching that the future grows out of past and present. Because of that, I can assure you that the future is bright with promise for that school we all love. Careful and continuing planning is going on in the administration to prepare the way for the Wake Forest of the next century. See it, in your imaginations. The present buildings for law and business schools will house undergraduate academic depts, and a new professional-school area will stand near the Univ Pkwy entrance. This spring a symbolic spadeful of earth was turned to begin construction of a library annex to contain the overflow of study and research materials. A new physics building, the result of a grant my physics colleagues won in a natl competition, was opened this year, and the student center will soon be ready for occupancy. Recently, as I walked from my home to the campus, a trucker driving a huge vehicle, stopped to ask me, Where does the Pizza Hut go? I have its machinery in this trailer. I took it as just another sign of the changing times. The library is plugged into a satellite-communicated information retrieval system that makes instantly available any book or document in every library in the world. I cannot understand that, and yet there it is. In the future Wake Forest the student body may not be noticeably larger, but the ratio of women to men is closing in on 1:1. Athletic equipment is the equal, if it does not surpass, the best in the country. Wherever you look, the future is shining forth a promise of good things to come.

That future will grow out of Wake Forest's strengths in the present. Pro Humanitate does not appear on the University's logo, but it remains the unspoken purpose of the institution. This spring on campus is a good example of the beehive buzz of excitement you would discover during any other week of the term. Only 8 weeks remain before final exams begin; there is all-night studying, and term-paper writing; end-of-term concerts and performances and parties all coming at once. Can you remember how it was when you were a student? It has not changed much. In addition to all that, there is available an astonishing variety of attractions. This year there have been over 200 events--concerts, recitals, lectures, discussion groups and panels presenting dozens of topics, and a movie schedule that each year provides a superior selection of educational and dramatic films, most of them free and open to the public. This spring, to explain the startling events in eastern Europe there has been an internatl series of lectures; the theatre has offered two major productions and a small battalion of Ring shows; every academic department

has offered extracurricular educational gifts. I could talk at length about the Wake Forest of today, and still leave out an equal number of significant events. It is an exciting place, and a great time to be alive in it. If you have not seen your school lately, I urge you to come visit, for a game, or a lecture, or to browse in the library, or to walk the path to the Reynolda gardens, and Reynolda House to see the American art.

That leaves little time to talk about the spirit of Wake Forest past. What a heritage that school has to offer. Every one of you is here tonight because of what happened to you there. Every one of you is part of Wake Forest past. You remember the professors who made the legend, and the fact, of academic excellence, and thinking, and reading, and talking about ideas, and the things that really matter--the good, the true, and the beautiful, and why the good is good, and why the true is true, and why the beautiful is easy to look upon. Only a handful of teachers remain on active service of those who met class on both of Wake Forest's homes, and in a very few years it will be up to you to keep alive the memories. As you meet, and reminisce, and hum the alma mater and the fight song, you add luster to the honor and reputation of the school where you learned how to make a living, and how to make a life worth living. There are spirits in WF's past, the giants of learning and the classroom, who lit someone's lamp; and there are the memories of student life, the boxwoods, the buildings, the escapades, and all that fun. The past can guide us, but it must not bind us. The future belongs to the living; it belongs to those who make it. Memory is the ability to gather roses in winter. Gather roses, dearly beloved. Remember the great teachers and the great students, giants in the earth, who made Wake Forest the mother we cherish, the mother so dear. T. S. Eliot said it--time present and time past are both present in time future, and time future is contained in time past. In your beginning is your end. You drank at the wellsprings of Wake Forest tradition. Now you look back from what was then your future, to the person you were in the beginning. Keep fresh the memory, for that school we love is part of our very beings.

Robt Browning, A death in the desert.

I say that man was made to grow, not stop;
That help, he needed once, and needs no more,
Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn:
For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view; the help whereby he mounts,
The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.

College Day 1990. Do you know that there is a riddle right in the middle of God's word? And it isn't the one that Samson told to the Philistines at Timnah--out of the eater came something to eat. Out of the strong came something sweet. (Judges 14) No, it is the one in Psa 49. ~~Last~~ ^{Last Jan} month Harold Fey died in California at the age of 91. In his life he was a preacher and teacher and editor of books and ~~a~~ a relig newspaper. He was also president of a Xn Pacifist organization. 8 yrs ago he published an autobiography entitled How I Read the Riddle. The title is from his own translat of the 49th Psa: I will set my ear to catch the moral of the story and tell on the harp how I read the riddle; why should I be afraid in evil times, beset by the wickedness of treacherous foes? The Psa is a call to all mankind to confess that there is a moral to the story of life, and a riddle for us to solve with the singing of a hymn, and that by our side as we walk through the valley of the shadow of treachery and temptation there is the indispensable Spirit of God the Father, sent by the prayer of God the Son. Certain it is that life is filled with riddles. 25 yrs ago the British historian G. R. Elton wrote: the future is dark, the present burdensome; only the past, dead and finished, bears contemplation." And when we contemplate it, and look into the depths of our being, and shout into the infinity of space, we confront riddles, and enigmas, and uncertainties. 15 yrs ago the Chicago Historian William McNeill said that western civiliz was once ordered and understandable, like pearls in a necklace. But now, he said, the string is broken, the beads are all over the floor, and we cannot put them together again. It is when we confess that in ourselves we cannot understand, and find meaning in our own existence, that we know our need for the wisdom of the ages and the faith of our fathers, which brought us to this moment. And what a moment! Marx and Lenin have at last been consigned to the dustbins of history; liberty emerges triumphant from behind the stone walls and the iron curtains that have suppressed her; from Beijing to Capetown and Soweto to the republics of the Soviet Union and the captive nations of the Soviet Empire come the glad sounds of freedom, the unforgettable sights of flags waving and of a crude but unmistakable copy of the Statue of Liberty. There are also heart-warming reports of a return to the worship and the praise of God among peoples long denied the freedom of conscience. Surely we are living in a time of change and renewal, a time of challenge and opportunity, a new era that will require of us the best thinking, and imagining, and and daring, that we can do. And still there are riddles--about our own existence, and about the world of which we are a part, and about the faith to which we are called. Where there are riddles there are answers, and we must seek them in all seriousness and energy. For my text tonight I offer you, and me, one answer to the riddle, and the moral of the story. It is the teaching of J about the unbreakable connection between faith, and truth, and freedom. John 8: 28-32. This is one of the most often quoted, and misquoted, passages in this Bible. Not many yrs ago you saw the words carved into the entryway of schools and colleges; you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free; sometimes, when all educated people knew the classical languages, the words were in the original forms, and made part of school mottoes and seals. We still hear it, and see it, around us, a comforting promise that we shall know the truth, and that knowledge shall liberate us from whatever enslavement we suffer. But before we congratulate ourselves that we have found an automatic emancipation, we need to note carefully, and think about, the conditions which Jesus put upon that promise. IF, the sentence begins. It is one of the smallest, and yet largest, words in our vocabulary. If ~~beggars~~ wishes were horses, then beggars would ride; if just wanting it gave us the job, or the success, or the public acclaim, then all of us would have what we want. Standing there in front of the promise is that small but powerful word IF. If you continue in my word, you are truly my disciples, and you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free. First comes the faith, then the folwg, then after that the truth, and not until then do we know the real meaning of freedom. We cannot short circuit the wiring, to get to the freedom without going through the necessities. Being human means that we want to live our lives, and make our decisions, and choose our path, on our own, independent of the ultimate, the transcendent, the Other, who made us and wants us for His own. Down that road lies the house of disaster. It is the function of the prophet to stand in the middle of that road and shout out the warning. The way to freedom begins at the altar where we confess our sins and testify to our faith; then we become disciples, learners, and the search for truth leads us to the most glorious freedom the human life can know. If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed. In this life there are riddles; there are riddles in the Bible, and there are riddles where we live. But here is the solution. We commit ourselves to continue in the word--it is the same Greek term we met in 1:1--and we study as disciples do, and we know the truth that matters, and that truth makes us free. Free from fear, from loneliness, from lostness. This is the mission of the God-centered school, and college, and university. ~~I have been invited here this evening to talk to you about Wake Forest, the school which has been my home for the last 40 years. She is small, but there are those who love her, as Danl Webster said of another school; she is often in trouble but never in fear, for her mission has been to preserve the best of the old and to seek out the best of the new. At her best Wake Forest has prepared students for over 150 yrs~~

to face life, rooted and grounded in the faith which is the key to truth, which is the doorway to freedom. That means that her proclamation is the ancient word, expressed in the vocabulary of the present. At present there are on campus a few more than 3300 undergrads, and a few less than 300 professionals on the faculty. Adding in the other schools, law, medicine, business, graduate, increases the student enrollment to a bit more than 5000, and the teaching staff to almost a 1000. For those students who continue in the word, and become disciples of Xr, to know the freedom that only he can provide, there are a great number of activities and programs available. There is a staff of chaplains, who plan projects for students who want to help; each week groups of them go to the new Baptist retirement home just north of the campus; they go to the jail, and to the street people, and to the sections of the city where Jesus would go if he came to our town. There is a strong department of religion, and each student who enrolls at WF takes at least one course in that dept. There is a student-oriented worship service each week, with a variety of ecumenical Xn speakers. And there are plans to establish at WF a divinity school to train men & women called of God into the full-time ministry of the church. As you know, in the past dozen yrs a group of contentious people has taken control of the denomination, and in the process enforced their vision of truth upon a once dogma-free people. Seminaries which once taught commitment, and truth, and freedom, to people who were invited to accept commitment, and truth, from a variety of perspectives, began to compel spiritual and intellectual conformity upon the seekers after the word. A new organization of believers and churches has appeared, with plans for a seminary in Richmond, and many of the denomination's ldrs have encouraged Wake Forest to begin degree courses and professional training of applicants for the pastoral ministry. In April, not quite a year ago, the WF trustees approved a program of planning and preparation, and soon thereafter a fund-raiser was put to work soliciting support. Considerable financial backing is necessary, for which university officials are optimistic. A committee has been appointed to implement the establishment of a divinity school, and we may expect an announcement in early summer that the project will in fact become a reality. A Dean to employ administrative and teaching staff would be next after that, and a board of visitors to advise and oversee the school would begin visits and deliberations after that.

First the faith, and the commitment, and then the truth. That is God's road map to solving the riddles we confront in this life. For when we know the truth because we trust, and learn of Him, we are then set free to be what we were created to be. If the string of your life, or of your world, has been broken, and the beads are scattered all over the floor, then I invite you to talk to your pastor, and make the commitment, and know the truth, and revel in the freedom that God intends all of us to know.

History Day, 1990. Rights and Responsibilities: the Theme of History Day 1991.

Dearly beloved, I have been invited to this session to talk to you, and with you, about the History Day theme for 1991. It is centered upon the bi-centennial of the ratification by the states of the first 10 amendments to the constitution, those we call the Bill of Rights. It invites us, as it invites all students of American history, and the idea of America that has so challenged and inspired people all over the world. It is the fragile balance between rights and responsibility, between freedom and order, between liberty and equality. That is the perennial enigma which all peoples and all societies must confront. Too much liberty makes community life impossible; too much order makes stagnation and the crushing of the individual conscience. 18 yrs ago N. C. actor Andy Griffith starred in a film entitled Street Killing. One scene showed Andy with his granddaughter looking at the Statue of Liberty in NY harbor. He told the child that the lady liberty represented freedom and justice for all. And what, the little girl asked, are freedom and justice? Freedom is a bird in flight, he replied, and justice is so the bird won't get hurt. Each of us, as we become aware of ourselves as individuals, and as different from other individuals, wants to fly free, to find our own private vision of the good life, and enjoy the blessings of liberty; and we also want justice to pour down like a rainstorm, and flow through the streets like water, so our wings are not clipped, and we are not hurt. But the next question is also an ancient one, and it may be even more important than the one about liberty and justice, and freedom and order. At what point does MY freedom become a threat to you, and who should decide where the dividing line is? Which comes first: my freedom, or your justice? My liberty to do as I please, or the community's right to expect safety, and decency, and the protection of life, and property? That is the question we face frequently, and the one we shall consider in its 1000s of faces in the hist day competition one year from now. In 1831 there came to America a young French Aristocrat named Alexis de Tocqueville, to study the effects upon American society of the American experiment in democracy. The book he wrote out of his observations, and his studies, is a classic of American political and philosophical writing. He was convinced that the U.S. represented the wave of the future for all the world, and in that he was not far from ~~wrong~~ right. He also feared that democracy would inevitably produce equality, and that would in turn destroy liberty. What he saw in Andrew Jackson's America that frightened him most was the tyranny of the majority. In Chap 15 of Part One of Tocqueville's book we may read, and should often discuss, the compulsion to conformity that is without limit or constitutional check, and is a continuing threat to both liberty and individualism. The danger from democracy does not arise out of its weakness, Tocqueville wrote; but rather out of its overpowering strength; excessive liberty was not the primary problem in America, but instead it was the inadequate securities which defended freedom against tyranny. Fair-skinned majorities dominated a darker-skinned minority; protestant Xn denominations dominated the faithful of other religious persuasions; mobs destroyed the printing presses and gagged the mouths of dissident opinions; patriots doing battle with the enemies of liberty, in the utmost sincerity demanded that all Americans act and believe as did they. The threat to individual liberty that a militant and bigoted majority presented in Tocqueville's time is a continuing one. The price of liberty is now, as it has always been, eternal vigilance. It is that threat, and that precious and fragile freedom, that the bill of rights protects against and for. Freedom is a bird in flight; equality, justice, order under law, are so the bird won't get hurt.

How, then, are we to represent the bill of our rights so that all people everywhere will know, and understand, and devote themselves to that eternal vigilance which is their necessary defense? I can only offer a few suggestions; your own experience and imagination are more reliable sources than any which I possess.

Read the bill of rights, and explain their meaning.

Consider why many of the states asked that a bill of rights be added to the Constitution, and why N.C. refused to ratify without it.

Compare the Virginia Bill of Rights with the U.S. Bill of Rights.

Study the life and work of the crippled George Mason, who wrote the Va Bill.

Reenact the debate in Congress over the proposed Bill of Rights.

How many proposals were made to be part of the Bill of Rights, and why were they not all ratified by the states?

Many consider the First Amendmt to be basic to our liberties.

Get clergy to describe what an act of Congress would mean if it establ a relig;
or if the freedom of people to believe were controlled by govt.

It is a live issue among many: prayer in the public schools, instead of in
your closet; public money appropriated to support schools which teach

Xin Si case in Boston
Am. Indian & payote

sectarian opinions. Every week put on the bulletin board a page of the local newspaper from which all political expression has been cut out.

Often, in classroom, when a pupil is giving a report, have a board of censors to object to the freedom of expression.

Have the class prepare a petition to the principal, or the school board, or the town-county govt, about a matter that is important to them--petition govt for redress of grievance.

Emphasize the freedoms of people accused but not convicted of crimes--

the Gideon case, the miranda case, the escobedo case.

Make posters, and signs, and samples, of the freedoms we enjoy.

where would any of us be, where it not for protections

Rights make us human, responsibility makes us adults in community. Liberty is a bird in flight, justice is so it won't get hurt.

David L. Smiley

Prof of Hist

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Winston-Salem

To 150 yrs ago, & tyranny of majority

For Barr Ashcraft, Feb 1990

Few of us have been called upon to look into the face of battle, and of those who have survived that gaze it is an unforgettable experience. Some suppress the memory, others attend reunions of their units and relive in pathetic ways what was the most significant hours of their existence. Still others enlist in a crusade to make their fellow citizens remember so that, in Herman WouK's words, in memory will grow the spirit that will end war. That has been Barr Ashcraft's calling, and to make his point he shows photographs of war at its worst, and on occasion, the human spirit at its best. He was a student in this college 25 years ago, and he graduated at a time when the country was embroiled in divisive and destructive war in the Far East. 1964 -

He became a professional news photographer for the TV news and for the picture magazines. *Time-life AP Foreign Press*

For that assignmt he was given three eyes--two on his face, and one in his mind. His photographs as someone said of another picture-taker, reached eternity through the moment, and he make his camera a weapon in the warfare of the mind. Now he is here to assail our nerve-ends, and our consciences, with some pictures that discuss the theme of deception and mind-control. Watch, and think, and rmember, as Mr. Ashcraft takes us on a journey through the past, that continues to haunt our present, and may affect our future.

Q. Q.
P.O. Box 8593 Brewster, Ma
Bridgport CT 06605
\$12.00

Talent Feb 3/90.

My thanks to you, Mr. Master of Ceremonies, for those kind words. And my gratitude to those who permitted me to join this charmed circle of gifted people. Of all people on this campus it is clear that I am the least talented, and therefore the most honored to be here. What I have done, over a lifetime, is to watch with unfeigned fascination the behavior of the students who make this college very special. I beg leave, then, to remember in your hearing some of my favorite yarns of student-hood. Some of them are fictitious; others are unabashedly true.

There are many stories of unintelligent, or badly prepared students. But there are also stories of acutely intelligent students. One is of the two freshmen who in math class were sent out to measure the height of the campus flagpole.

Another is of the student who failed his course and was cut from the list of graduates. He appealed the judgment and request another test to prove his competence. The faculty agreed, and the student appeared before a panel of his teachers, who posed three questions, which should he answer correctly would bring him the desired diploma. The first one was, how many seconds are there in a year? The face of the student, and his twistings and turnings, and his counting upon his fingers behind his back, indicated intense and laborious thinking. After half a minute he answered. Twelve, he said. The answer is wrong, the professor said; but please tell us why you gave that answer. To which the student responded--the 2d of Jan, the 2d of Feb, the 2d of March.

The second question was, how many D's are there in Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Again the student's strained demeanor betrayed feverish reasoning. After a time he answered, 372. Wrong again, the Prof said. But why that number? De-de-de-dede-de-de, the student sang.

The third question was, how many days of the week begin with T? Once more the student struggled to remember, and time passed in agony. Then came his answer--two. Right! shouted the Prof, pleased and surprised. Now tell us what days they are. Today, and tomorrow.

Student - 2+2 - give him another chance
Then there was the student who, in the old days, on the old campus, was paid 25¢ to start the fires in the cast-iron stoves in the classrooms. One morning was cold, drizzly, sleety, miserable. He crawled out of bed in black morning, and made his way to the building which housed the English dept. He lit a fire in the stove; then, because he was behind in his sleeping, and because the fire was warming the room, he pulled a chair to the stove, took off his shoes, and put his sock-feet on top of it.

The Duke basketball coach is of Polish ancestry and lineage. He thought it was be good training for his players to learn to spell his name before Xmas. At Chapel Hill, Dean Smith thought that so excellent an idea that he gave his players until New Year's to learn to spell his.

The Carolina football coach met the State football coach, who was carrying a pig in his arms. Where did you get that, the Carolina coach asked. Won him at the fair, the pig replied.

In every city in the country the Coca-Cola bottlers put the name of the city

Many yrs ago a ~~Waco Texas~~ State student drove his car from Raleigh to Chapel Hill.

A student from State, Duke, and Carolina were travelling together, when the car refused to go further. They saw a farmhouse nearby, and went to use the telephone. Wrecker could come, but it's too late today. Farmer offered bed for two; the other could go sleep in the barn.

Duke went to barn, St & Car to bedroom. Cows make too much noise. Loud rappings.

State to barn horses snort and stamp.

Carolina to barn.

1060 Polo Road, Winston-Salem, N. C. 27106, 3 January 1990

Dear People,

Now it is my turn to come to the family circle with apologies

to everyone in this room for the part I played in the events of the past few years. I am sorry that I have not been able to do more for the family and the community. I am sorry that I have not been able to do more for the people of this city. I am sorry that I have not been able to do more for the people of this country.

There are many things that I have done, but I am not proud of them. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this city. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this country. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe.

I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe.

I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe.

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I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe.

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I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this world. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this planet. I am not proud of the way I have treated the people of this universe.

St. David's, Mar 2 1990

My dearly beloved, ladies and gentlemen, it is a delight to me to visit once again the best state with the best people in the most beautiful setting in all of God's green earth. You are kind and tolerant to admit to your festive board a lowly historian in whose veins flows Scots blood from Argyllshire, mingled with the lowland rowdies who inhabited the borders of Scotland and of Ireland. But the Welsh, now; there's a noble breed of human. A 13th Century writer named Gerald of Cambridge wrote what remains the distinctive definition of British rankings: who dare compare the English, the most degraded of all the races under Heaven, with the Welsh? It is a question that has echoed unanswered through nearly 8 centuries.. There is another line, familiar to all who look to the unconquered west lands for their ancestral ~~Roots~~ **Roots**: what should they know of England who only England know? And there is also that perennial joke: a scientist said that it was eating roast beef that made England what she is today. To which someone added the moral: eat more vegetables.

But I want tonight to talk to you about those very English bulldogs, and an act of stubborn courage which made possible the preservation of our liberties at a time of defeat and devastation. It is a story of the small and ~~few~~ the few who rescued the manpower out of which was built the force that changed the course of modern history. To begin it, let us in our imaginations go first to the English stage, and then to the beaches of Belgium, and then to the waters of the English Channel.

And the Welsh were there, as they have been at every field where liberty stood threatened. And in that hellish perimeter they won high marks for their military discipline. The famous English guards regiment, the Coldstream, came early to the beaches. There they had nothing to do but to note with disdain the slovenly appearance of the weary and hungry troops who made their way out of Flanders and onto the beach. They saw none who met their critical standards until...until two platoons of the Welsh Guards entered the area. They ~~xm~~ marched with military precision across the bridge over the canal, their rifles at port, their ~~xyes~~ eyes straight ahead, their heads held high. It was ~~ax~~ retreat, but it was not a defeat for them. The Welsh never know when they are beaten.

Book Club, April 1990. My dearly beloved, it is an honor to me to be part of this gathering. In the next few minutes I propose to share with you some recollections^{of} and reactions to three recent presidential biographies. One of them is the second volume of Geoffrey Ward's Franklin Delano Roosevelt; another is the second volume of Robert Caro's Lyndon Johnson; the third is the first volume of Roger Morris' Richard Nixon. All three have been published in the past six months or so; all are ponderous and closely detailed; all, to varying degrees, reflect their authors' repugnance at their subjects' goals and methods of attaining them. All three of them invite the reader to confront the problem of leadership in the late 20th Century American republic. One of them came to his exercise of political power naturally, out of his heritage of Hudson River landed aristocracy; the other two clawed their way into the highest echelons of power from the least cultured and materially wealthy of America's vast hinterlands. Each of them, in their inner personalities and also in their public expressions while Chief Executive, revealed both the strengths and the flaws^{of} characters of their early years. And each of them in their own ways participated in the substantial revolution in American policy and power at home and in the world beyond. These three careers, and these three personalities, present us with perplexing questions about which we should ponder~~at length~~ seriously and soberly. They are fundamental to the life or death of the American experiment in republican government. Each of them^{se} ignored the rules of civilized political behavior, or broke them outright, in order to obtain the position and the authority of office; each of them practiced deceit in office, FDR with a subtlety that disguised but did not soften the fact; the other two with an intensity that produced outcries about Credibility Gap that eventually compelled the one to withdraw from contention for a second term, and the other to resign his office. The questions these three presidents ask us to consider are--how accurately do these men represent the integrity and simple honesty of the mass of citizens? Are we all like that, or are they aberrations? Is it another case of there but for the grace of God go I, or examples to illustrate the aphorism that power corrupts the soul of those who possess it, and are in turn possessed by it? Is there a demon in the psyche of democracy that proves the ancient Greek proverb, whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad? The reader comes away from these three biographies with a troubling sense of impending doom. And yet each one of these men, and each of their administrations as president, are resplendent with brilliance and positive achievements that have contributed richly to the conscience and the spirit of a nation that is strong and great, and a people who are the world's most generous and most gifted. This is the paradox of the modern presidency. The problem for those of us who care about the country, who vote and express opinions, is to reinforce the positive while consistently holding to personal accountability the darker phases of the very human characters in whose natures burn the flames of ambition. Without power, ideals are unattainable; ~~if it~~ also true that WITH power, ideals succumb? I invite you to read these three books to learn of these men, and to seek answers to the perplexities their careers present to us. For now, let us look briefly at each of these successful campaigners to see what they can teach us about our country and its political nature, and also about that human nature which is bred into the bone of all mankind. More than a half-century has passed since Franklin Roosevelt took office in the fear filled days of March 1933. Child of James and Sara Delano Roosevelt, heir to the Democratic partisan branch of the Dutch family named for a field of Roses--as opposed to the Republican branch at Oyster Bay in Nassau County--wealthy, cultured, knowing from infancy the unspoken rules of polite society, Franklin was ~~AN~~ only child. ^{learned} His mother dominated him in many ways, so that he was compelled to deceive her in order to have any private life of his own. Mother Sara taught her son that he was important; that he could do anything to which he set his mind; and that as a Delano & a Roosevelt he had an obligation to do good in the world. She was his only parent after the death of his father, and she directed his schooling and his growing up as minutely as she managed Springwood, the Roosevelt's Hyde Park home, and Algonac, the Delano's walled estate near Newburgh. The second volume of Geoffrey Ward's biography begins with FDR's wedding to his distant cousin Eleanor, niece to ~~the~~ president Theodore Roosevelt, (in 1905). It recounts his coming of age, his beginnings in politics, his deliberate imitation of TR's career with service in the NY legislature and an appointment as under secretary of the Navy. Then came the crushing blow of infantile paralysis and the long, doomed effort to recover the use of his limbs. (It) is filled with anecdote to illustrate Franklin's consummate success in preserving the secrets of his private life and thoughts while appearing to reveal everything. His concealments were honed in practice with his prying mother, and continued into the marriage with painfully insecure Eleanor. In 1919 Eleanor's world suddenly fell apart when she found a bundle of letters to Franklin from Eleanor's social secretary, a younger and more confidant woman. Quickly she discovered that people she considered friends, and family, had been part of the deception. She was humiliated, and considered suicide. After her death in 1962 a tattered clipping from a newspaper was found in her bedside table drawer, a poem by Virginia Moore: The soul that has believed and is deceived thinks nothing for a while, All thoughts are vile. And then because the Sun is mute persuasion, and hope in Spring and Fall most natural, the soul grows calm and mild, a little child, finding the pull of breath better than death...

The soul that had believed, and was deceived, ends by believing more than ever before. The two remained together, under pressure from Mother Sara and FDR's unkempt but competent political advisor Louis Howe. In 1920 he was Democratic Vice-presidential candidate in a losing race, and the year after was stricken with polio. Never did he abandon ambition or hope; in 1928 he was elected N.Y. state governor. His career was moving again, despite his inability to walk or to stand unaided.

The other two presidents in the group were products of an altogether different environment. Both Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson were born in the American west, where the key to survival remains a dependable supply of water. Nixon was 3 yrs older than Johnson; he grew up in Yorba Linda and Whittier in the Los Angeles basin; Johnson was a Texan, native of the Hill Country in central Texas west of Austin. Both possessed towering ambition and a native intelligence which when added to an unfailing intuition about people made them extraordinary individuals. From the moment they entered public life they were adversaries pursuing the same goal through competing political ~~sys~~ parties but remarkably similar methods. In 1946 Nixon ran for congress, and in 1948 Johnson ran for the Senate of the U. S. Both were elected, and both of them employed campaign methods which were both unethical and illegal. Their means of attaining their ends, and the ends their means permitted them to proclaim once in office, make those two races crucial in any understanding of the political establishment in this country in the years after World War II. The political process shapes history, and in a democratic state that process comes not from the barrel of a rifle, not from the unquestioned edict of an hereditary monarch, but from the voting booth. To understand the formulation of public policy thus requires a careful study of elections--how they are managed, how issues clash, or are concealed in the wings, how the candidates define the future and how they intend to meet it. 1946 in southern California, and 1948 in the vast expanse of oil-rich, communist frightened Texas,

(where immense wealth in oil, real estate, and agriculture existed in the city, while in the irrigated citrus and vegetable fields the workers existed in stark destitution,) those conditions conspired to produce elections out of which came the present in which we live. They are the central themes of these two biographies. The Nixon story goes beyond 1946 to the senatorial race in 1950 and the vice-presidential campaign of 1952, in which Nixon's private political fund required the celebrated Checkers speech on TV. But the pattern was clear in 1946; conduct a negative offensive against your opponent, do not talk about issues, distort the opponent's voting record, collect large contributions and report only a fraction of the total. When challenged, do not respond; stonewall, change the subject, respond to a critic with an attack upon the critic. It was a style Nixon never recanted or changed. It led directly to the deception about Viet-nam, and Cambodia, and Laos, and the 1973 coup that overthrew a democratically-elected government in Chile and murdered the man elected president. Lyndon Johnson, biographer Robert Caro now claims to prove, stole the election for senate in 1948 by incorrectly reporting the returns. That too set a pattern that continued into the oval office; the president lied so often and so blatantly that people began checking his every syllable. TV multiplied the duplicity and made it more vivid. From an impressive electoral triumph in 1964, to ~~chanting~~ ~~chanting~~ crowds wherever he went in 1967 and 1968, chanting Hey hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today? Caro said, the United States had its brief moment of greatness before the loss of faith put out the lights. And yet, "Abraham Lincoln struck off the chains of black Americans, but it was Lyndon Johnson who led them into the voting booths, closed democracy's sacred curtain behind them, placed their hands upon the lever that gave them a hold upon their own destiny, made them, at last and forever, a true part of American political life." It was in the contrast between the bright threads and the dark which ran together in the fabric that was Lyndon Johnson, and Richard Nixon, that made the paradox of modern America.

So the questions remain. How do Americans select their leaders? and what kind of leaders do they select? Do they inspire us to be our best, or do they represent the human psyche at its most primitive--people elected to do violence and deception which voters think need doing but which they would not do themselves? In these biographies there are hours of reading pleasure, and along with that there are puzzles that should disturb and challenge us all to thought, perhaps to action. In July 1936 FDR went to a football stadium in Philadelphia to accept his party's nomination for a second term as president. His words echo down the decades of this troubled and confusing century: There is a mysterious cycle in human events. To some generations much is given. Of other generations much is ~~required~~ expected. This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny. Nixon, and Johnson, and Roosevelt himself, met that appointment in the name of the people who selected them. This final decade of the second millennium ~~after Christ~~ ~~after Christ~~ is the result of their deeds.

Book Club, April 1990. Three American Presidents. My dearly beloved, it is an honor to me to be part of this gathering, and I appreciate your invitation to join you. I propose to share with you some recollections of, and reactions to, three recent presidential biographies of three recent presidents. One of them is the second volume of Geoffrey Ward's life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, entitled a First Class Temperament; another is the second volume of Robert Caro's biography of Lyndon Johnson, Means of Ascent; and the third is the first volume of Roger Morris' interpretation of Richard Nixon, a book whose subtitle is The Rise of an American Politician. All three have been published in the past six months; all are weighty, lengthy, and closely detailed; and all of them to varying degrees reflect their authors' repugnance of their subjects' goals and their methods of attaining them. All three are parts of what will become multi-volume in-depth studies of these presidents. Geoffrey Ward published the first of his FDR volumes in 1985 with the title, Before the Trumpet, Young Franklin Roosevelt, 1882-1905. Title comes from a remark of FDR himself: Too often is the biographer tempted to confine himself to that comparatively brief period after the trumpet of fame has directed the eyes of the world upon him whose life story he writes. But to understand properly the greatness or littleness of any man we must know something of his whole life --what went before and what went after. That first volume was largely devoted to the time before the trumpet of fame was heard throughout the land. The second volume appeared late last year, and describes Roosevelt's life from his marriage to his election as governor of New York. The first volume of Robert Caro's biography of Lyndon Johnson appeared in 1982: The Years of Lyndon Johnson--the Path to Power. It begins with the Texas background that molded the man, and it traces the rise of a monumentally ambitious American from his beginnings to his first defeat in 1941. The second volume tells of the seven years after, in the 1940s. It was published earlier this year. Roger Morris' vast and exciting story of Richard Nixon, published in 1990 but available for Christmas giving last December, is the first of what will be a three or four volume work. Its subject is the only one of the three who is still living, and still working. Last month an issue of TIME bore his portrait on the cover, and contained excerpts from his latest memoir.

These three biographies of American presidents illustrate the problem of writing the history of our time. The telephone has deprived the historian of the documents he needs to reconstruct the past, while the typewriter has so multiplied them that no single researcher can see all that cram presidential libraries with hundreds of files. Much of it is useless, but no one can be sure. The result has been longer and weightier biographies, more and more devoted to anecdotes and reminiscences of those who knew the great man. But that is not the only, or even the major, problem in understanding the decisions that have shaped our lives in the middle half of the 20th century. As these examples of the art amply testify, the historian's task is to make credible to the reader the inner forces which impelled these men to seek power. Each of these men, when they sat in the seat of authority, ignored the rules of civilized behavior in order to satisfy some yearning within. Each of them practiced deceit and mendacity in office, each of them said one thing while doing another. Each was a war president--such has been the nature of our embattled century--and considered duplicity a necessity of conflict. England's Winston Churchill said it best: in wartime, truth is so precious that she should always be attended by a bodyguard of lies. But each of these Americans met hostility for misleading their constituents. One of them withdrew from contention for a second term, while another of them became the first President in America to resign his position. Thus the major question these individuals ask us to answer is, do they represent a decay in integrity among the body of citizens? are we all like they are, inside? or are they aberrations? Is it a case of, There but for the grace of God go I? are they examples to prove the truth of the aphorism that power corrupts the soul of the person who possesses it; does the ancient Greek proverb apply: whom the gods would destroy they first make mad with power?

And yet it would be unfair to leave these three with only negative adjectives beside their names. Each one of them and each of their administrations are resplendent with brilliance and positive achievements that have contributed richly to the world in which we live. This is the paradox of the modern presidency. Without power, ideals are unattainable; with power, ideals sometimes disappear from sight. I invite you to read these three presidential biographies, to learn of these strong personalities, and also to confront the dilemma of American leadership in our time. For now, let us look briefly at each of these men who have constructed our history.

More than half a century has passed since Franklin Delano Roosevelt took office at a time of great fear and financial ruin. There can be no doubt that he had the most fun in his position. He came naturally to leadership. He was the only child of James Roosevelt and Sara Delano, and from them he inherited a rich Hudson River aristocratic tradition, of quiet, undemonstrative wealth that bespoke the essence of civilized man. From his mother Sara Franklin learned early to conceal his thoughts. She dominated him, so that he began deception as a small child. He loved his mother, and she taught him much: that he was important, that he could do anything he set his mind to, and that as a Delano and a Roosevelt he had an obligation to do good in the world. Sara directed his

education, selected his friends, and chose his activities. Geoffrey Ward's second volume begins in 1905 with FDR's marriage to his distant cousin Eleanor. The president of the United States, Eleanor's uncle, attended the wedding in NYC. The book is filled with anecdote to illustrate the man's consummate success in hiding his real self behind a veil, while appearing to be simple and open. In public no one could be more charming. Winston Churchill, again: meeting Franklin Roosevelt was like opening your first bottle of champagne; knowing him was like drinking it. But within the recesses of his nature were other, and less attractive, traits. His marriage was far from happy, and his family was less important than was his career. He served in the state legislature, was asst secretary of the Navy in Wilson's cabinet, and in 1920 was Democratic nominee for Vice-President in a losing cause. The next year he fell victim to infantile paralysis and for the last 25 yrs of his life could neither walk nor stand without assistance. Ward tells of the agonizing struggle to overcome the handicap, and of his gradual return to the gaudy and seductive world of politics.

The other two presidents in the group were products of an altogether different America. Both Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson were born in the semi-arid west, where the key to survival was, and is, water. Nixon was three yrs older than Johnson. He grew up in Yorba Linda and Whittier in the Los Angeles basin; Johnson was a Texan, born in the Hill Country west of Austin. Both of them possessed towering ambitions in part to satisfy a creature craving within themselves, and in part to prove something to those who had belittled them. Both were gifted with superior minds and personalities; both profited from an intuitive awareness of other people's motives. Before Johnson went to school people knew he would one day be president; Nixon's talents and ambitions were more carefully contained. Their early years were passed at either end of the American desert, but from their initial appearance in public life they were adversaries, competing for power and place, one a Democrat who wanted to be regarded as a Roosevelt New Dealer, the other a Republican in the mold of his neighbor Herbert Hoover or Senator William Knowland. Nixon and Johnson pursued the same goal--and there were probably 30 other people in their age-group who hungered for the power and the perquisites of the presidency--and they employed surprisingly similar methods. In 1946 Nixon ran for Congress; in 1948 Johnson ran for a seat in the Senate of the United States. Both made use of illegal and unethical methods, and both were elected. These two races are crucial to an understanding of American politics of the past 40 years. The political process shapes history. In a democratic state that process comes not from the barrel of a gun, not from the unquestioned edict of an hereditary monarch, but from the ballot box. To understand the formulation of public policy therefore requires a careful study of the electoral process--how campaigns are managed, how issues clash or are concealed in the wings, how the candidates define the future, and how they propose to meet it. 1946 in southern California, where immense wealth in oil, real estate, agriculture and show business existed in the city, while in the citrus orchards and vegetable fields the workers subsisted in destitution; and 1948, in a Texas similarly engaged in oil, and citrus, cotton and rice, and a growing textile and smokestack industry, also importing armies of fieldworkers from the human assembly lines to the south, the political framework for the remainder of the century was put into place. They are the central themes of these two biographies. The Nixon story tells of a strange personality mix of brilliance and bitterness, a man who regarded the world as hostile, who manipulated and distorted to win the recognition he needed. In his beginning was his end. The volume ends with an account of the vice-presidential race in 1952, the secret fund for Nixon's personal use, and the famous Checkers and wool-coat TV speech. As a boy Nixon learned, and frequently quoted, a line from General Grant: Time comes in battle when both leaders decide they are defeated. He wins the battle who goes on fighting. That credo was part of Nixon's personality. And Lyndon, in 1948, according to author Caro, stole the election from the popular Coke Stephenson, the 87-vote landslide, as he called it, the 87 votes that changed history. From that victory came his nomination for vice-president--both men held that position before reaching the pinnacle--and from that came his presidency. In 1963, for the second time in American history, an assassin's bullet brought a southerner named Johnson to the White House. In office he continued his practice of deception, even as Nixon also did six years later. And yet, it was Nixon who opened China to western diplomacy, it was Nixon who changed American foreign policy in dramatic and lasting ways, it was Nixon who made Reagan possible. And it was Lyndon who pushed Civil Rights legislation thru Congress, and revolutionized American politics and society. As Caro puts it, Lincoln struck off the chains of black Americans, but Lyndon opened to them the voting booth, made them part of American political life. In the contrast between the bright threads and the dark, which ran thru the fabric that was Richard Nixon, and Lyndon Johnson, and FDR, there was the paradox of the modern presidency. In July 1936 Roosevelt went to Philadelphia to accept his party's nomination for a second term as president. In his address he said 4 sentences that echo down the years: There is a mysterious cycle in human events. To some generations much is given. Of other generations much is expected. This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny. These three presidents met that appointment in the name of the people who chose them. Our America is the product of their deeds.

25 april 1990. Daughters of War 1812

It was the celebrated preacher Harry Emerson Fosdick who said that democracy is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people. The face of battle is also a way to bring out unexpected resources of strength and character in the behavior of quite ordinary men and women. The Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. was a participant, and was wounded, on three battlefields. Many yrs later he remembered^{ed} what battle had meant to him. Through our great good fortune, in our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing. In the War of 1812, also, many people discovered, when called upon, that they possessed courage and ability far beyond their imaginations. From the earliest skirmishes at Detroit and on the Niagara River, to the truly significant battles at Baltimore and at New Orleans, brave men found within themselves a store of heroism they did not know, and would never have discovered/had not the drums and bugles of combat for home and country roused them to the unexplored heights of gallantry.

June 1990. Jefferson Davis Birthday.

Stand tall

My dearly beloved, ladies, it is an honor you do me to invite me here, on this occasion, to celebrate with you the ~~190~~ birthday of Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, President of the Confederate States of America. I too am a Mississippian, born over a century after Davis' birth, nursed and nurtured from earliest childhood upon the Jefferson Davis tradition. My parents were each born within two years of Davis' death, and saw to it that as I was ~~about~~ growing up I was taken to visit the spots, and given to read the documents, of Jefferson Davis and the Cause of which he was the leader and symbol. It meant much to me then, and as the years pass from the now into the then, it increases and expands in my life. ~~Now~~ Today we stand a century after that humble and honorable man breathed his last breath of earth's air, and we are not surprised to learn that the purpose and motive of his life is as powerful a force in the world as it was when he was at the zenith of his endeavors. From all parts of the world we hear demands for the rights and liberties of small nations to know the reality of liberty and justice under law. ~~This week marked the anniversary of the crushing of the Chinese students' demonstrations and the freedoms that make all people human, and as the Soviet President crossed this continent we saw attending his appearances the defenders of local liberties with signs and petitions asking that in the ethnic republics of the last of the world's empires the same future be open.~~ ~~And all~~ this the voice of Jefferson Davis is not silent, nor is his example ignored. Where liberty and independence are on the lips of people, and in the headlines of the press, there is the spirit of that indomitable and undefeated man who suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune without a whimper, and with head held high. In the mighty words of John Milton, ~~Davis~~ *of another* argued not against heaven's hand or will, nor bated a jot of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer right onward." In a letter written in March, 1862, ~~he~~ wrote: "History, when the case is fully understood, will do justice to the men who have most suffered from hasty judgment and unjust censure." Surely that has been Davis' defense and reward for honor without a spot, for conscience without a blemish, and for duty without reservation. But for history to give him his due, we must see him in the most humiliating circumstances any American statesman has experienced in all our past. To know the measure of a man or woman we must observe them in adversity; Washington Irving, the American writer, said that there is in each of us a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. The uses of adversity are sweet, Shakespeare wrote, in that line we all memorized; it is like the toad, ugly and venomous, yet wears a precious jewel in his head; and this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." So it was with Jefferson Davis at the most uncertain and saddest time of his life. But character, and moral force, and the hand of that One who feeds the ravens and counts the sparrows, provided the shield against the unfounded charge, and unjust treatment, and purified in the crucible of ill-fortune a mind and spirit already cleansed and strengthened. ~~Three weeks ago tomorrow, and 133~~ yrs ago this year, on May 19, 1865, a small coastal steamer named William P. Clyde dropped anchor in Hampton Roads, at Old Point Comfort on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay. On board as prisoners were Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, only six weeks earlier the civilian heads of the Confederate States of America. Also aboard were John H. Reagan, former Postmaster General, and Confederate Senator from Alabama Clement C. Clay. In the afternoon of May 22 President Davis, now a state prisoner suspected of complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, was forcibly separated from his family--Mrs. Varina Davis, their four children, and other members of the household--and taken through a double file of troops in blue from the landing to the casemate of Fort Monroe, and there imprisoned. He entered that small and forbidding room, and behind him the heavy doors clanged shut. It marked the sorrowful ending of what had been so glad and hopeful a beginning, and it marked the beginning of the most discouraging and despairing time of Davis' life. For just a few days short of two years he was held in close confinement, always under surveillance, in abysmal living conditions for much of that time. It was enough to try the patience and fortitude of the strongest of human beings; it would have broken a lesser breed. But in that dark hour of adversity, when the ugly and venomous toad was dominant, Jefferson Davis proved the quality of his mind and soul; in the storm-clouds and in the deep valley of the shadow, he found the precious jewel. As the symbol of a storm-cradled Nation that fell he won the admiration, at first grudgingly, and then in full measure, of every officer and every guard who met him in that narrow room. It is a tale of the indomitable human spirit, the unquenchable integrity and purpose that governed his every act. It is also a story of a people who were defeated but who emerged triumphant in the ways they confronted, and overcame, the consequences of ill-fortune's sharpest wound. Davis' punishment, and imprisonment, and humiliation, were endured in the name of all those who supported his grasp at independence, and self-government. He was taken, and held, not for himself, but for what he represented. Upon his weak and unwell back were laid the lashes that were intended for

an entire generation. It was as the representative Confederate that Jefferson Davis was imprisoned without trial, and without indictment. It was the lowest point in the story of the American South and its doomed desire for national self-determination. But it was more than that; it was also the highest point of Davis' life. For that cause he was born, and trained, and given experiences, and taught lessons, that served him when the need came. Out of the subterranean mine of his entire life he extracted the strength, and the wisdom, and the courage, to survive, and more than survive; to prevail in a world which in his lifetime changed its nature, and which it became his assignment to reverse, and set right. Impermeating the fabric of those two horrible years are ironies abounding. A decade before Davis' imprisonment, when he was Secretary of War in the administration of Franklin Pierce, he had visited Fortress Monroe and had been received as befitted the civilian agent of the nation's commander-in-chief. The fort's gates swung open to him, the cannon thundered a salute to his ranking, the fort's complement presented arms to him, and the entire force was under his command. Now, a ~~decade~~ later, he came to await whatever penalties and woes a victorious and at the moment psychologically disturbed nation considered appropriate. For five days his ankles were shackled in heavy iron and chain, an action he protested. "The world will ring with this disgrace," he shouted. "The war is over; the South is conquered; I have no ~~country~~ longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America that I plead against this degradation. I am a prisoner of war," he said. "I have been a soldier in the armies of America, and know how to die. Only kill me, and my last breath will be a blessing on your head." But to no avail; the orders to shackle the ex-president came from the highest authority in the government. By force the blacksmith performed his duty. Sometime later Davis admitted that at that moment he thought of suicide, but that his conscience would not permit it. Life is not a commission that we can resign when disgusted with the service, he said. Taking your life by your own hand is a confession of judgment to all that your worst enemies can allege. And so he lived, and endured, and prevailed. Before the week was out the orders had been changed; Jefferson Davis would be freed from the chains, but kept under close observation and imprisonment. "During my confinement here," he told his jailers, who were troops of the 3d Pennsylvania Artillery, U.S. Volunteers, "I shall ask for nothing." As if in ironic parallel, on May 24, the day after Davis' legs were shackled, in Washington the Grand Army of the Republic, over 200,000 veterans of battle whose efforts brought Davis to that place, and to that moment, held their Grand Review and parade, symbolically laying down its arms at the feet of the civilian authority who commanded them. Pride and power thus stood beside humiliation and weakness; I leave you to choose which was which. That summer Davis was critically ill and came near unto death, but even in that crisis he won the compliments of all who knew him for the sweetness and nobility of his conduct. "Sickness as a general rule is sadly selfish," his attending physician wrote, "but with Mr. Davis the rule did not work; no patient has ever crossed my path, who, suffering so much himself, appeared to feel so warmly and tenderly for others." Within a week the prisoner had become the teacher, and the inspiration, for those around him. As his health permitted, he talked to all of them, displaying a tenacious memory for the details of any subject that arose--dogs, turtles, military affairs, history, biography--so much so that one of the artillery officers said that he wanted to be officer of the day every day "so he could go to school with Jeff. Davis." Through it all his favorite text was the faith of Abraham, in Genesis, in the Bible. Abraham was commanded to prove his faith by offering the child of promise, Isaac; when the boy asked where was the lamb for the offering, Abraham replied, Jehovah Jireh, My son, God will provide. In many an hour of suffering and bitter calamity those words, Jehovah jireh, God will provide, were his only consolation. And in still another way Jefferson Davis the prisoner spoke from that small cell to us here today. During the war the Confederates had no time to build monuments to the illustrious dead. If the cause had been crowned with success, the new nation would out of its gratitude have built mausoleums and trophies to those who lost their lives in founding it. Now, with the Cause lost, the task of remembering must be undertaken by the individuals who refuse to forget. "The people," Davis said, had done their duty in war; now they have the duties of accepting the future, and to prove by moral conduct the rightness of their effort." It was a subject he returned to often. In March 1888, in Mississippi, after nearly a quarter-century of thinking and growing, he delivered a speech. "The faces I see before me are those of young men," he said; "had I not known this I would not have appeared before you. Men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie, for love of her I break my silence... The past is dead; let it bury its dead, its hopes and its aspirations. Before you lies the future--a future full of golden promise; a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your places in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished--a reunited country."

Out of the depths of despair, and sickness, and shackles, and a prison-cell, Jefferson Davis plucked the precious gem of wisdom, and statesmanship, and greatness. ~~Happy birthday, dear~~

One of the hottest topics going in academic circles these days is called semiotics. It is the discipline that studies the problems of language, communication, and organization of the signs that we use to describe the world. One of the most creative professors of the study of symbols is Umberto Eco, who provides insight into the significance of names upon the way we think and act. Recently he published a novel entitled *The Name of the Rose*. Its theme is, the rose endures by virtue of its name. A rose by any other name, Eco says, does not smell as sweet. For more than a century and a half, Wake Forest College has been known to people around the world, as a center of learning and a bulwark in the defense of intellectual freedoms in the pursuit of truth. Its graduates have brought honor to the school by the excellence of their preparation, and by the contributions they have made to a state and a region that was, and is, much in need of all the help it can get. You do not get to be 49th among 50 states in educational ranking without purposeful energy, or 50th in infant mortality without strong leadership. It is impossible to imagine what N. C., and the southeast, would be like had there been no Wake Forest in its past. Under the symbol of the chi and the rho, and inspired by the pro humanitate motto, people have gone forth from this place to add their bit to the ceaseless warfare between light and darkness, between yesterday and tomorrow. And the name has influenced Wake Forest's impact. Nearly a century ago an alumnus who became professor in the college, a man whose name was James William Lynch, said: I find few who know where Wake Forest is, but I meet many who know where her sons and daughters are. The College is known by her fruits. She has spheres of influence in every field of endeavor, and her far-flung battle lines are holding their own. Whether Wake Forest nestles in a forest in Wake County, or sits upon a red hill in Forsyth, its mission will remain a quest for truth and a crusade for simple right--words written by the supreme court of this state, and inscribed upon a plaque in the entrance to the law school building. It is the symbol of this school's heritage. The foundation-stone of that glowing past has been the minds and personalities of a band of scholars who gave of themselves in classroom and on campus to make Wake Forest the lighthouse of intellect and honor that it has been. H.L. Mencken, the irascible and opinionated editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, looked upon the American South as a Sahara of the fine arts, a desert where nothing bloomed. But in all that arid wasteland he saw one oasis. It was Wake Forest College, where the lamp of the scholar gleamed amid the gloom of the sands. ~~The~~ American Assoc of Univ Profs honored the administration and trustees of this institution, when they were still elected by a Christian denomination whose sturdy roots nourished the principle of soul liberty and the freedom of inquiry. That is the heritage of this hallowed ground, May it never be forgot, or denied, or outgrown.

a generation later

A significant and unforgettable portion of that long tradition has emphasized the friendliness of a campus where people speak to each other; and the civil courtesies of a community where people are polite and caring about each other; and the great good humor of people who know how to laugh at themselves, and at the absurdities of pomposity and pretense. I offer a few examples, some of the truthful, others fictitious, to illustrate the symbolism that learning in a community of learners is the most fun any mortal being can ever know.

Student built fire in cast-iron stove, put feet on top of it.

Student came late to Prof Pearson's class; he stood behind the door. Where is the skinny little offspring of unmarried parents? Heah he is!!

Student gave up on college, could not pay bills, or even buy food.

Paint porch--but it wasn't a porch; it was a ferrari.

(((Student from N.C. State drove to Chapel Hill, began bumping walkers wearing Carolina blue.

All this is part of your heritage in this place. The future, with its promise and its needs, is yours to make and to mold. The future belongs to those who make it; make it yours.

Last week, on Thursday, Nov 29, 1990, for only the 2d time in its 45 yr history, the UN/voted to approve the use of force to compel a member of the community of nations to surrender territory it had acquired by a military invasion. The first time was in June, 1950, when the invader was an artificial state on the northern end of Korea. The goal at that time was to reunite the two dissevered sectors of the Korean nation into a whole. After a 3-year war, and 50,000 US casualties, and 35 yrs of army occupation along a demilitarized zone, the country remains divided. Patriots on both sides of the line are constantly at work to undo the UN's intervention and make one political state for one divided nation. I begin with that to indicate that the record of UN action as a military force is not one to inspire confidence. Then as now the most of the troops, & therefore most of the casualties--real in one instance, predictable in the other--will be American. In 1951 the joke went, misquoting Nathan Hale, I regret that I have but 113 countries for which I give my life. This time around, there are more countries in the UN than there were in that earlier internatl police action. There are also more combat troops standing on the line of battle now, and as before, the greatest proportion of them are American. That situation, and that UN vote, may well explain why we are gathered here this evening to talk, and to discuss with one another, what happened, and why, and what it might mean to you and to your generation, and to your country.

The present crisis began on August 2, when the Iraqi military machine rolled almost without resistance across a line in the sand between their own country and the sheikdom of Kuwait, and annexed the territory of Kuwait, and declared it to be the 19th province in their country. First, a sentence or two about why they took the decision to invade a neighboring country. In the past 10 yrs Iraq has waged a bloody and costly war against Iran, their adjoining country to the east, over control of oil lands and refineries and the trade routes by which petroleum leaves that rich region and enters into world commerce. The war continued for 8 yrs, and cost heavily, perhaps into the millions of casualties. When it ended, 2 yrs ago, Iraq was declared the winner, but it was a victory only by definition. Because Iran was at the time the enemy of the U.S., having seized the embassy in Tehran, and taken its personnel hostage, Iraq received great quantities of Amer aid, asstance, and encouragemt. Arms shipments of the second-best military equipmt, went to the Baghdad command, and from other countries went the basic ingredients for chemical and biological weapons, and for the largest artillery pieces ever designed. It is a nice piece of irony that if the US does go to war with Iraq it will in considerable measure fight its own weapons. But 1988 saw a war-weary Iraq finally attain a peace. Its credit and reserves were lost, its debts to foreign states--including the U.S.--were enormous, and it was 8 yrs behind the other oil producers of the middle east in competing for markets. Its ldr, Saddam Hussein, declared that Kuwait had appropriated oil fields belonging to Iraq, and charged high rates for the use of the port of Kuwait as an outlet to the Persian gulf. In July the state dept, through the ambassador to Baghdad, told Saddam that local Arabic conflicts lay outside the U.S. national interest, a move that many have declared after the event to be a deliberate invitation to Iraq to invade Kuwait.

Kuwait itself is a rich prize. It is only a port city on the northwestern corner of the Persian gulf, separated from the rest of the region by 200 miles of the most forbidding desert to be found anywhere. There is no water, and the temperature reaches unbelievably high levels in the noonday, and goes below freezing at night. It was not an independent nation, or state; it was until the present century just a port thru which little commerce passed. In 1899 the sheik gave over the protection of his interests to the British. World War I saw attempts by the Turks to drive the British out of the region, though the attacks were disorganized and unsuccessful. In 1919 as part of the postwar settlement, a native independence movement was crushed, and in 1921 the present boundaries of Kuwait were drawn upon the map by the British military commander. Until then it possessed no recognized boundaries, except as the port at the end of the caravan route; it could as well have been made part of Iraq at that time. But then came oil, and the Aramco. Suddenly Kuwait's port, and refinery equipmt, and tankers, brought wealth beyond imagination to the small sheikdom. With a small population and an enormous income, it was the richest country in per capita wealth in the world. And yet it offered no assistance to displaced Palestinians, or impoverished Arabs in nearby countries, where poverty is so rampant you would not believe it. The sheiks bought properties and businesses in the west--in Europe they own a substantial portion of the petroleum retaining business, and Kuwaiti banking directed from London is a major financial force. And they spent much of their time on the French Riviera, gambling in the casinos, driving enormous limousines, taking wine and women as their right. When Saddam attacked them, many Arabs shouted their delight. So, early last August, he moved upon the small but beautiful port city; he defeated and drove the small Kuwaiti army out of it; he annexed the region as a province.

It provoked immediate reaction from the American president, and proper but restrained approval

of the American response from most countries in the world. An amazingly rapid build-up of force in Saudi Arabia, next country south of Kuwait, proving that the commanding general Colin Powell, first black American to reach so high a rank in the military, had done a superb job of making the army lean and mobile after the soul-searching and frustrating defeat in Viet-nam. Proof of a new era in world history came when the Soviets approved the response to Iraq, though with less enthusiasm for actual fighting. On the Security Council the vote was 12 for a military option, 2 against Yemen and Cuba, and 1 abstention, China. It was a major diplomatic triumph for Pres. Bush and his Sec-State Baker, and a new alignment of world opinion and world determination. The UN imposed economic sanctions upon Iraq, froze its assets abroad, and closed its access to world markets for the oil it must sell to pay its bills. That in itself may compel Saddam to retreat, but to many leaders in the coalition it is moving too slowly, and so an attack is necessary. January 15, next month, is the deadline. Either Iraq will withdraw from Kuwait, or the full force of the alliance will be employed to drive her out. We are now in a waiting period to see what will come of the confrontation. Your future, your jobs, your life-style, even your life itself, depend upon what happens in that hostile environment, so far away. People you and I know may die to defend a sandpile where women may not drive a car, and where democratic processes of problem-solving do not exist. It will be an interesting year. I hope you enjoy it, and survive it.

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