

## In Defense of a Real American

Joseph Landis

VERY recently, there appeared on the editorial page of *The Indianapolis News* a letter which had been written to the editor. The letter was more than a little disgusting. It began thus:

"Yes, my friends, it's more than ever time for a change.

"Eisenhower should change his tactics and pay attention to the advice of Senators Taft, McCarthy, and Jenner, along with the others who helped to elect him, instead of cuddling up to Democrats and Fair Dealers, as he seems to be doing.

"Eisenhower wasn't elected to placate the Democrats. He was elected to get this country on a sound and stable economy. He has all the tools at hand and tried and experienced men to help him if he will recognize them and give them the support they need. . . ."

In answer to this letter, first let me state that President Eisenhower is a statesman, not a politician. Because of this, he has tried to surround himself with men who are most capable in their respective fields. Some Democrats were included in his choices, which brought vigorous protests from many Republicans who still believe in the Jacksonian spoils system. Furthermore, it is to the advantage of the American people that the President realizes that the Republican Party does not have a monopoly on able men. Yet he is charged with sugaring the Democrats and forsaking his own party, especially Messers Taft, McCarthy, and Jenner.

These three men are well known throughout the nation. Part of their renown comes from the radical conservatism they often display. To say that the President has not listened to the advice of these men is to say something which is not entirely true, but which somewhat compliments Mr. Eisenhower's balanced judgment. Further, it would be more nearly correct to say that it was not Taft, Jenner, and McCarthy who elected Eisenhower, but that it was Eisenhower who elected Jenner and McCarthy.

The letter writer (who not very surprisingly calls himself "a Regular Republican") went on to say:

"If he (Eisenhower) insists on letting pseudo-Republicans like Dulles and Lodge hog the limelight, then it will be up to the real Republicans to give him a lesson in practical politics."

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Henry Cabot Lodge have their faults, as do all men; they will make wrong decisions, but they are hardly to be greatly insulted by being called "false Republicans."

Mr. Dulles has initiative which is recognized by both great political organizations. He can not in all fairness be classed as a pseudo-Republican because he negotiated the Japanese Peace Treaty under a Democratic Administration! He is not a great orator, but he is a great man. He will in all likelihood be the best Secretary of State the United States has had since James Byrnes held that position.

True, the Republicans, like the Democrats, will make mistakes. We must forgive them the human element just as the Democrats, who were re-elected continually, were forgiven for it in the past. This man who calls himself a "Regular Republican" should become a real American. He should be more careful in appraising government officials. Doubtless he has never heard Pope's famous words, "To err is human, to forgive, divine."

## In the Cathedral

Paul Stricker

**K**NEELING on the hard wooden prie-dieu he became slowly aware of the heavy atmosphere of quietness and solitude which inhabited the old cathedral. He could still smell the heavy, sweet odor of the incense, and the pungency of burning wax, age, and polished wood seemed to drug him. The huge colored windows suddenly caught his attention, and while he silently gazed at their beauty the late afternoon sun slotted coins of gold through them. Instantly the cathedral was lit in a blaze of color. The sunburst, reflected a hundred fold by the marble mosaic of the floor, was reflected and refracted a million more times by the gold and stone of the high altar. The colors slowly faded from a startling brilliance to a soothing and melancholy tone as the sun began to fail; finally they dimmed, leaving the church cloaked in a cape of ecclesiastical black.

The church was dark, but on the great walls were cast flickering shadows, as hundreds of little votive lamps sent their silent and endless petitions swirling upward.

As he knelt there meditating, a feeling of spiritual quiescence and satisfaction warmed in him. His eyes drifted slowly across the news of the great church, and he suddenly discerned a slight form bent in silent adoration.

Through the darkness he saw the flickering of the tiny rosary beads as they prayed their way through the small, aged hands—"the Lord is with Thee"—"Thy kingdom come." These humble prayers, he reflected, must be pleasing to Almighty God, and He would undoubtedly take this soul unto His Sacred Heart.

While he watched her, he heard the ancient organ, high in the loft of the cathedral, begin to intone the beautiful music of the Gloria from the "Missa Choralis." He closed his eyes, and in his imagination he visioned a legion of angels descending from above the high altar to join the old woman in her adoration.