

# Will it replace the foreign car?

● Status symbol or noisy nuisance...those jaunty little foreign jobs are almost invariably owned by people who get a bit of extra fun out of life. So it is, you'll find, with the Conn Organ. It's fun. It takes up very little parking space. You can make, not just *noise*, but mountains of real, live music with it. And the mileage is terrific. A lifetime!

Best of all, you can play the Conn right away—even if you can't read a note of music. If you know your alphabet from "A" to "G" you've got it licked. Conn's amazing new teaching method, "Instant Music," will have you playing any one of 39 well-known songs...in a matter of minutes.

And you'll be playing just the way a professional musician plays. Naturally. With true human expression. That's because the Conn is a professional-quality instrument that does not depend on pushbuttons, chord makers, gimmicks or gadgets.

The Conn Organ is created by C. G. Conn, Ltd., world's largest manufacturer of band instruments. It is a full, rich, versatile instrument...with musical effects of infinite variety.

The Conn Organ will never fail to delight you, from the moment you first see one in your dealer's showroom. There are seven beautifully-crafted models, with prices starting at \$995. Your Conn dealer can arrange payments which are almost as easy as our "Instant Music" learning method! For helpful free booklet, "How To Choose An Organ," plus free "Caprice Capers" LP record, just writeto Dept. SR-1, Conn Organ Corporation, Elkhart, Indiana.

## CONN ORGAN

## TRADE Winds

**MANY CHANGES** HAVE been wrought in the world of publishing, but one that has not received much attention is in the field of job-seeking. For example, a girl reported to me that she was surprised to find that her training and



background had failed to prepare her for the custom of the "cocktail interview."

No longer does a young woman submit her résumé sitting bolt upright on a chair in a cool, gray office. Nowadays she sits opposite the interviewer in a dark room at a tiny, round table with a red-checkered tablecloth. While the pianist plays some tune from "Camelot," the two thoughtfully sip their martinis. Since the interviewer cannot possibly read the résumé by the dim candlelight of the little place, he doesn't even ask for it. Instead, she tells me, he leans across the table and asks intimately, "How's your typing?"

After a few of these encounters, my informant learned to handle herself very well. For example, she soon knew enough to ask, not for "a martini," but for a *Beefeater* martini.

"This indicated that I would never settle for \$100 a week, but that I had a well-paying \$115 job in mind."

This girl is now director of promotion and publicity for a good small publishing house and owns a large collection of swizzle sticks.

**HERE IS A CLIPPING** that tells of a fellow in Dallas who is tired of people who walk up to him, pat his twin three-year-olds on their heads, and ask, "Are they twins?"

He has finally devised what he considers the perfect answer. "No, they're not," he replies. "I've got two wives."

**FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR** in a row, the Post Office Department and the Paper Stationery and Tablet Manufacturers Association have gotten together to proclaim National Letter Writing Week, October 7 to 13.

"The Association's interest is to sell more stationery," declares the announcement. "The Post Office Department's interest is to promote first-class mail." The slogan this year is: "Send Happiness With Letters."

Letter Writing Week has always been accompanied by lively ceremonies such as renaming Eighth Avenue, where the New York City Post Office is located, "Letter Writing Avenue." Or by statements such as "Every unwritten letter is a sin of omission" (from former NYC postmaster Albert Goldman). Or by hanging a painting entitled "Indian Summer Mail Call" in the GPO in Washington. Or by 34,000 U.S. postmasters' writing pen-pal notes in seventeen languages to postmasters around the world. In addition to statements from the Postmaster General and every local postmaster, proclamations are issued by almost every governor and hundreds of mayors.

You might conclude that the swift completion of these appointed promotion stunts would delay the delivery of the increased first-class mail they are meant to stimulate. But the Post Office has an answer; they call it NIMS. That's for Nationwide Improved Mail Service. The sincerity of this effort is indicated by the fact that NIMS doesn't spell anything. If they had called it Speedier Transport and Mail Patrols it would have been catchier.

In any case, from October 7 through



13, Letter Writing Week and NIMS are working hand in hand. On Monday, October 15, we shall see what happens.

**JUST AS I WAS** looking up NIMS in the dictionary, I was shown a message sent by Ethel Duley, Office Manager at Benton & Bowles, to a number of the firm's correspondents in which she politely requested them to revise their mailing lists and to stop writing to people who don't work there any more.

"Each day," she revealed, "our company receives twenty-five pounds of mail addressed to persons no longer in our employ—some of them gone as long as eighteen years!"

If more than five pounds of that is for either Benton or Bowles, I suggest the agency do NIMS a favor and change its name.

**SCREAMS OF DISMAY** greeted Irving Wallace's "The Prize" when it hit Sweden. The novel was seen as an at-

tack on the Nobel Foundation. Reviewers said it was scandalous, that Wallace had "done everything in his power to drag the Prize and the prize-winners down in the mud." In Norway they called for a law suit to suppress the book. Moreover, Wallace wrote an "open letter" to Stockholm which helped to keep the pot boiling.

Then Nils Stahle, director of the Nobel Foundation, said he didn't think the book "unfriendly" at all. But he added, "At least for an older reader it is both tiring and unnecessary for the author to have spiced the meal with so many bedroom scenes."

**SHARPS AND FLATS:** The Akron police department is establishing a canine corps and looking for likely recruits. Deputy Chief Burk says a woman telephoned and offered her dog for the corps. "I'm sure he'll do a good job," she explained. "He's already bitten three children."



►Harriet Stolorow reports that, after the dragon finished eating Sir Lancelot, he said, "Tender is the knight."

►I still think the funniest remark I ever heard on television was made by actress Viveca Lindfors on a panel show seriously discussing marriage and divorce. Artie Shaw was also a guest, and she innocently argued with him, "I don't know about you, Mr. Shaw, but I've been married before and. . ."

►Phil Kelleher just came back from Calcutta where he saw a Buddhist monk reading "Our Man in Nirvana."

►Roland Woodland says a kangaroo went to his psychiatrist and complained, "I'm not feeling jumpy."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S  
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1485)

COSTAIN:  
THE LAST PLANTAGENETS

Richard invented the handkerchief, certainly a most useful article in a climate so conducive to colds in the head. If it had been called simply a richard, he would have been much surer of his place in human remembrance than by grace of his part in history.

# HORIZON

A MAGAZINE WHOSE FIELD IS THE WHOLE OF CULTURE—PAST AND PRESENT



## Now why on earth would Othello do a thing like that?

Why murder a nice wife like Desdemona? An innocent reader of Dr. Bowdler's celebrated laundering of Shakespeare might well ponder the murder motive, so mercilessly did the dear doctor hack away at "suggestive" passages. You'll be surprised at how much more suggestive some of his lines sound than the Bard's when you read *The Man Who Cleaned Up Shakespeare*, in the September issue of HORIZON.

Tidy Dr. Bowdler, exposed, is one of a score of out-of-the-ordinary articles and handsome picture portfolios in this latest HORIZON. There's Walter Kerr's witty attack on the Theatre of the Absurd; a look at some newly discovered 9,000-year-old murals; a portfolio of remarkable photographs from China; a word-and-picture portrait of "the architect's architect," Louis Kahn; a history of the Moors in Spain; superior reproductions of Sidney Nolan's paintings; Gilbert Highet on gossip as history; a provocative view of today's non-teaching professors. And more.

### TRY IT—AT A GOOD BUY

HORIZON is different. A product of the American Heritage Publishing Company, it has hard covers, no advertising at all, appears six times a year, and is made to last, inside and out, like a fine book. It is strikingly beautiful, thoroughly adult—aimed at the mind as well as the eye of anyone who has enough interest in cultural matters to enjoy exploring them with well-versed companions.

It is rich, not gaudy (120 big, superbly printed pages, a third in color); and perhaps this is the time and place for you to try it. To that end, the price of a try is reduced substantially, via the coupon below. There is reason to hurry, if you're to start with the September HORIZON. But there is little risk. We are amiable about cancellations, because we receive so few. Scissors?

HORIZON SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE,  
381 W. CENTER ST., MARION, OHIO  
Please send me the September issue of HORIZON as the first of my one-year (six-issue) subscription. The charge is \$16.95 (regular prices: \$21 a year; \$4.50 a copy) under the terms checked below. I may cancel at any time without penalty.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me \$16.95  
☐ Bill me in 3 monthly installments: \$4.95 to start, then two of \$6 each (No service charge)

PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_

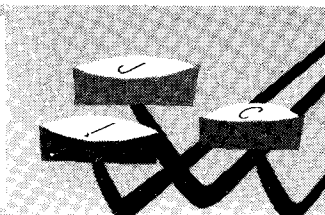
STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

N5520

HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

# Manner of Speaking



**RELIGION AND CITIZENSHIP:** I have formed the habit of tossing collections of newspaper clippings into a file for later browsing and second thinking, and so it is that I find myself poring over reports on the Supreme Court's school-prayer decision and on clerical reactions to it. I shall not pretend to disinterest, for certainly the first and the central question to arise from the court's decision and from the clerical response to it involves the right of the nonbeliever to full citizenship, and on that issue I have all of my own confused world to defend.

The Supreme Court has taken the position that it is unconstitutional for an agency of the government to coerce religious expression, and it has held that for a public school to require the reading of a prayer as part of its standard procedure constitutes such coercion even when dissenting pupils are permitted to abstain from the reading.

Churchmen, by and large, have cried out against this decision. A scattering of Protestant ministers and relatively more rabbis have supported it, but what I take to be the essential position of most clergymen was baldly stated by *The Advocate*, a Catholic publication in New Jersey:

In the majority opinion there is the vote that by denying the use of this prayer in the schools of New York, the court is upholding what it claims to be a traditional wall of separation of Church and State. More truly could it be said that it is erecting a wall of separation of God and State. The impact of this decision can have lasting effects on the minds and hearts of every child attending a public school in the United States of America.

That the effect of such a decision will be far-reaching seems certain, but that the results will be bad, as *The Advocate's* editorialist implies, is a conclusion I must oppose, and without intending any attack upon religion. A man's religion is his own business; his own, and that of any clergy whose guidance and discipline he voluntarily accepts. If he is given to prayer, there is nothing to keep him from praying silently at any time. Nor can I recall having read any churchman to the effect that God cannot hear a silent prayer as readily as one spoken aloud.

It is, rather, an essence of every modern religion I know anything about that God need not be shouted at, and that the quiet heart may reach Him as readily as any.

But it is not religion I mean to argue. Reason may hope to speak to reason on many topics, but I have seldom found religion to be one of them. For years I had to forbid my freshman English students to take religion as the topic of their weekly themes. It was my duty, as part of a hoped-for conversation in reason, to demand of them intelligent generalizations (sometimes called topic sentences) and to demand that those generalizations be supported by orderly, thoughtful, and coherent evidence or deduction, or both. But what happens when the instructor must criticize the reasoning process, only to have the student cry, "That's my religion!"? All hope of communication ends right there. Sooner or later the instructor learns to insist that his students avoid any topic that makes dispassionate comment unacceptable. What the instructor so learns, the instructor-turned-columnist is not likely to forget.

**T**HE ISSUE, I repeat, is not religion but my right to make up my own mind—and to let my children make up theirs—on such matters as God, prayer, and the intent, if any, of the Universe. It is the right to reach a personal decision with no least trace of coercion from any branch of government. And it is the right to unimpaired citizenship no matter what final view one comes up with.

It would not be honest to pretend that I have not reached what I take to be a reasonably firm and final view. I do not pray, and I am not aware that a belief in supernatural forces motivates anything I do. I am not moved to be militant about my view. Our local Presbyterian Church has a good choir, my daughter likes to sing, and my wife happens to feel more comfortable when she can edge the kids to Sunday School. The kids seem to enjoy Sunday School there, and there they go. As far as I am concerned, they may stop going whenever they please, or they are free to stay with it all the way through ordination if that is the road they find for themselves. When they ask about my own views, I try to give them as fair an answer as I can form,

but never a directive one. I mean to coerce no man's view of the universe, and certainly not theirs.

If I did not believe my secularism to be as valid as any man's religion, I should, of course, change my view. Why take a second-class seat to mortality? I hold to the best I can see. And I may be wrong. But my tolerance ends at the point at which any man dares to rise to me in my error—if error is what it is—to say that I am required as a citizen to believe, and publically to avow, that the United States exists, as the Eisenhower pledge of allegiance would have it, "under God."

**I** DO NOT so believe, nor will I accept such a belief as a condition of my citizenship. Yet, by insisting on the federal rightness of their own point of view, the sponsors of this religious insertion into a civil declaration have made it impossible for me to be quiet in my own conscience in pretending to pledge allegiance to the flag. For even if I omit the words "under God," I still seem to be endorsing them, and I will not permit such seeming. If there must be such an interpolation, let me suggest substituting for it the words "in this Universe." I am confident that the nation does exist somewhere in the Universe. I can say that much in good conscience. At the same time, any man who believes the Universe to be God-suffused, can read into this substitution his own affirmation of belief, and so, in good democratic principle, may we both be served.

*The Advocate's* editorialist argued that the Court's decision erected a wall between God and State. I, for one, insist upon that wall, for in practice God and State cannot be distinguished from Church and State. If it is entered as a public premise that God will speak to the State, it will certainly be the churchmen who will rise to say the words for Him, and forgive me for suspecting that *The Advocate's* editorialist would be among the first volunteers.

I will insist with the minority of the clergy that the Court's decision is fundamental to the idea of the American democracy. It takes religion away from no man and forces it upon none. It declares again that though a man is free to worship as he sees fit, or not to worship at all, his citizenship is secular and in no way dependent upon his affirmation of religious belief, or upon his refusal to make such an affirmation. For what point can there be in defending the right of the individual conscience, if the individual is not free, in conscience, to come to the less popular conclusion as well as to the more popular one? —JOHN CIARDI.