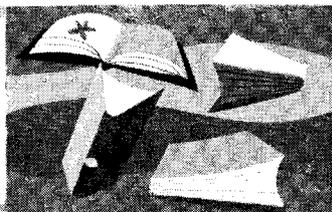


Trade Winds



Once upon a time the simplest thing was to get a motel room for the night. You paid a few bucks in advance to Mom or Pop, got a key to No. 4 in return, drove over to the door, and moved in. The object was a night's lodging, nothing more, and the chance to get up when you wanted to the following morning and get started without any fuss.

Not any more. Like the weapons of war, motels have gone sophisticated. Mom and Pop's little office-living room has been replaced by a fancy lounge with easy chairs and a counter where newspapers and magazines are sold. No cozy little kabin out in the pine glade all to yourself; motels are big, attached dwellings that don't quite allow you to get the old-fashioned feeling of remoteness. They come in chains, called motor lodges and even "inns"—a far cry from the meaning of the word inn.

Rooms have television, wall-to-wall carpeting, phones in the bathroom, air conditioning, two double beds, a coffee-



maker, and a machine which, for two bits, will rock and roll your mattress for ten minutes and put you to sleep (Magic Fingers). These elaborate establishments boast golf courses, private beaches, airports, whirlpool baths, saunas, skating rinks, restaurants, dance floors, beauty parlors . . . and so on. A swimming pool is SOP. A North Carolina place has a bomb shelter, and a Chicago inn, a resident psychiatrist.

The original point of the motel was that the weary traveler could avoid driving into the city and checking into a hotel—a sometimes complicated, expensive, and time-consuming process. But nowadays many motor inns are constructed so you can't park near your room and you have to have a bellboy to carry your luggage. You can't run out to the car in your pajamas to retrieve something you forgot when you unloaded. You feel embarrassed, stepping up to one of those fancy registration desks, all hot and smelly from a long drive, and then being escorted through the lobby

while you and your family are an absolute sight to see.

The luxury motels are now more expensive than most hotels, which negates another reason for their creation. Recently I went to the extreme and drove up to a motor lodge a couple of blocks from Times Square. My car was taken away to heaven knows where; one bellboy moved luggage to the lobby and another to the room on the fourteenth floor; it required ten minutes to check in and, the next morning, fifteen minutes in line to check out, in an inhospitable atmosphere that would have shocked Mom or Pop. It all came to more than \$25 for two. Next time out I'm gonna find me one of them cozy little kabins.

Everything said in court is taken down by those unsung heroes, the court reporters. Most of them are members of the National Shorthand Reporters Association, and often they compare notes on some of the nutty testimony they hear. The association sent me some excerpts from actual cases, such as the question a lawyer asked of a doctor on the stand: "Now, tell me, doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, in most cases he just passes quietly away and doesn't know anything about it until the next morning?" Or, this exchange:

Q: Did you ever stay all night with this man in New York?

A: I refuse to answer that question.

Q: Did you ever stay all night with this man in Chicago?

A: I refuse to answer that question.

Q: Did you ever stay all night with this man in Miami?

A: No.

Here's another witness-stand encounter, in which the names have been changed:

Q: What is your brother-in-law's name?

A: Borofkin.

Q: What's his first name?

A: I can't remember.

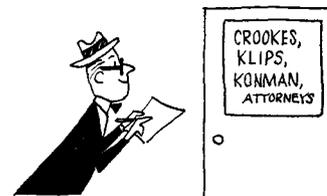
Q: He's been your brother-in-law for forty-five years and you can't remember his first name?

A: No, I tell you I'm too excited. (Rising from the witness chair and pointing to Borofkin.) Nathan, for God's sake tell them your first name!

The publishing house of Macmillan in England announced that it will give £1,000 for the best first novel sub-

mitted to them by a don. J. I. M. Stewart, a fellow of Christ Church College, who turns out innumerable thrillers under the name of Michael Innes, was reported by the *Observer* to have been quite irritated by the idea, saying, "I should have thought there were quite enough dons writing already." Kingsley Amis, an ex-don, said it would be more interesting to have a competition on another level. "Why dons?" he asked. "Why not first novels by probation officers or goalkeepers?"

Sharps and Flats: Author Alan Hynd collects the names of legal firms and recently added to his list a Manhattan at-



torney appropriately y-clept Abel Just. In his hometown of Westport, Connecticut, a local attorney got after Hynd in a matter involving the currency of the realm. He was from the firm of Wake, See, and Dimes.

► Will Yolen and I have written a song which calls attention to how good things used to be. It is titled, "Oh for the Good Old Colony Days, When We Were Under the King!" There are lines like:

"Excise, income, sales tax away!
Send me a tea tax—I'll gladly pay.

Of the world's biggest bargain I sing:

Thirteen colonies under the King.
We blew it, and oh, how we erred,
Overthrowing that wonderful George
the Third."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1740)

E. Y. HARBURG:
INTEGRATION PLEASE

When I was planned
And spawned and hatched,
My heart and mind
Were badly matched.

My heart wants roots,
My mind wants wings,
I cannot bear
Their bickerings.

Oh Lord, who wrought
This schizoid mess,
Did you forget
Togetherness?

Must I now pay
An analyst
To teach them how
To co-exist?

E. Y. HARBURG (Rhymes
for the Irreverent)

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The process used in this photograph is in 1-color sky tone. For detailed information, send for the four-part series of "Variations On A Color Theme."

America's Cities are Bergstrom's Forests

A Patriotism for All Seasons

What is love of country? More than pacifism or militarism, says an eminent theologian, for it must embrace both summers of domestic strife and winters of war.

By ROY PEARSON

THE WAR in Vietnam raises significant questions about the substance of patriotism. Commonly defined as "love of country," patriotism is widely held to be among the higher human virtues; but it was no less a man than Samuel Johnson who said that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." And counting both opinions true, I often discover myself astraddle an extremely uncomfortable fence.

My difficulty usually begins in the common confinement of patriotism to its military expression. In our national calendar the patriotic days are the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, both wartime leaders; May 30, when we do highest honor to those who died in armed conflict; July 4, inseparably linked with the Revolutionary War; and November 11, the day set apart for the recognition of all veterans of the armed forces. It is the soldier who is the patriot *par excellence*. The patriotism of other citizens is demonstrated by giving the soldier support or applause, and, writing as one whose familiarity with armed combat is limited to battles with mosquitoes and termites, I do glad obeisance to the courage of the warrior.

But a brief tour of duty with the Stateside Army left me in no doubt that patriotism and military service are not always synonymous. Some soldiers are veritable patriots, whose humility, unselfishness, and courage merit all the honor accorded them, and much more. Others, however, are the unwilling cap-

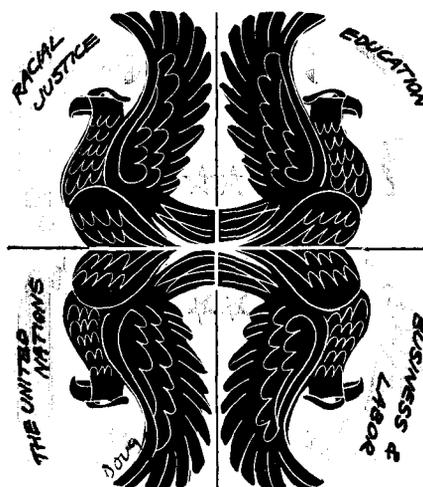
tives of laws which gave them no alternative to the armed forces but jail, and, far from loving their country, they hate it for pulling military service out of them as a dentist pulls a tooth. Moreover, I have had enough to do with patriotic celebrations in praise of military veterans to be sure that although many of the participants had no motive but honest love of country, others became involved because there was political, economic, or social advantage to themselves in their involvement.

One need only remember the Nazis of Hitler, the Fascists of Mussolini, and the Communists of Mao Tse-tung to be aware how readily patriotic emotion can be transformed into an unprincipled militarism which destroys the nation it was meant to defend. And, most immediately significant, I confess to a vast impatience with the point of view which interprets patriotism as "supporting our boys in Vietnam" while it becomes increasingly clear that we support

them only as pallbearers to fruitless graves in a war that cannot be won.

The patriotism that manifests itself only in the military is preoccupied with the nation's physical safety: Enemies must not dare attack or, if they do attack, they must be defeated. Given the state of the world, this is far from inconsequential, but it is equally far from adequate. It is like a frontiersman thinking that he had fulfilled his duty to his country when he had driven out the Indians, or like a father assuming that when he has protected his family from hunger and cold he has been a good father. At its worst, militaristic patriotism is a cancerous invasion of a nation's life. Even at its best, it does no more than preserve the nation's freedom to live and to choose.

THERE was a time when I thought that I had found the solution to my problem in the pacifists, and I still find much in them to honor and admire. Some of the noblest patriots I have known have been peacemakers; some of the highest courage I have seen has been that of conscientious objectors; and some of the largest contributions which friends of mine have made to their state and national communities have been made by those who have refused to enter the armed services. Define a pacifist as one who creates the conditions which make enduring peace possible, and you discover that the pacifist is himself a warrior who fights to make the soldier obsolete by removing the need for the soldierly function. To be a pacifist in this sense ranks among the superior vocations, and, given the peculiar awfulness of modern war with its impersonal, missile-



Dr. Pearson is president of Andover Newton Theological School and a contributor to many scholarly and religious journals.