

I am one of the Americans who heard Mr. Khrushchev tell our nation that my great-grandchildren will grow up in a Communist world. For some time now, this has bothered me. I am not a brave man — not even a big one. I suppose I would have to admit that I am, among my own neighbors and in my own culture, the typical, average, well-educated, genteel suburbanite, to whom family, the mortgage, and security have been the all-important items.

I am now 50, and soon my wife and I will see the first of our three children married. I paint my own house, repair my own car, grub my own devil grass, and nurse a modest savings account at the Bank of America. I am a law-abiding man on the quiet side, and dissension makes me terribly nervous. Frankly, I am the kind who simply doesn't have it in him to fight anyone ever.

My wife had me cleaning out an old trunk in the storage room the other day, and I ran across the huge old family Bible that I hadn't thought about for years. My great-grandmother had kept a journal of the trip across the Great Plains with a wagon and oxen when she and great-grandpa were youngsters coming out to settle in California in the great migration. Great-grandma wrote about it as the wild, new land, rich and abundant in mythical proportions.

On the trail she wrote of sickness and hunger, and heat and cold, and dust and thirst, and the deaths and births like beads strung together on a thread of

hope — hope of freedom and a land of plenty for their children yet unborn. And when she viewed the new land, she wrote in simple word pictures of the cities and farms and schools, and happiness that would some day bloom in the greatness of the vast new land. She wrote of her tomorrow and my today.

The ink was badly faded, but the message was clear. As I read, I began to think about America and being an American and what it all stands for; and I thought about our enemies and what they intend to do to America, to those rich lands and farms, to the cities and the people, to its freedom and its hope.

And, suddenly, I realized that I am a sick American. I mean really sick. I am sick of panacea and of backing up. I am sick of reaction where there should be initiative. I am sick of bureaucrats who tell me that my enemy is not really my enemy and that I should live together with murderers and tyrants. I am sick of government that hasn't the guts to clean traitors out of its own offices. And I'm sick of being a nice, patient guy about it. I am sick of placidly accepting excuses instead of successes; of being a silent gentleman about it for fear of controversy. I am sick of my country being ridiculed all over the world. I am sick of pink-fingered diplomats and lily-livered politicians who place personal career above the fate of the Flag.

I am sick of 40 years of relentless, creeping, cancerous, Communistic god-