

See over.

Realizing that [like it or not] we  
if mortals are - all fellow travelers on this  
globe, ~~then~~ whether we organize our Communies or our  
State - to include - only the decent, as we see decency  
or ~~we~~ the decent as we see decency and the less  
decent according to our standards, ~~but~~ including all who  
are within in the range of our spoken and written words ~~we~~  
within our ~~organizational~~ ~~or~~ ~~not~~ ~~we~~  
should remember ~~that~~ facts ~~we~~ have to guard

# What the Hell Can We Get Out of This War?

against being overly-zealous in the creation and

**THE ANSWER:** The best bill of goods any nation has ever had; the only bill  
of goods by which any nation can survive; the only bill of goods by which this  
nation has ever lived—Decency!

And what is decency?—the right to live and die without fear; the right to  
live among friends and family; the right to die in peace amidst quiet tears, hoping  
to find a place beside God.

This is worth fighting for; this is worth killing for; so that good people  
may keep their world a decent place in which to live and die.

The world belongs to the good people. Every highway and every sea lane  
must be open to the good men and women of every land so they may pursue hap-  
piness, with its bread and laughter, finding God in their own way, be it in a garden  
among flowers or in a temple among strangers. In the dank darkness settling over  
most of the world it is getting on toward midnight. Past that zero deadline looms  
a dawn splashed with blood, streaked with hate.

That dawn must never come. That dawn must and can be stopped by the  
United States.

Hitler has spit in the face of every decent man and woman in the world.  
He has spit in the face of every child, in the faces of the men and women who  
follow God, be they Jew, Protestant or Catholic.

Hitler must be killed and all the others who would be Hitlers must go  
with him to his grave.

The United States must declare war against Germany and with this decla-  
ration add a simple clause condemning to death Hitler and his agents. The inter-  
national gangland must go.

Maintainance of the beautiful order of our  
States or Communies, But we can not be

This is the credo, the declaration of a citizen, a citizen who  
believes in God, his country, his family, his friends and would  
keep all of them intact.

I have never known much about praying but since this  
sadness fell upon the world I have been praying for my coun-  
try, praying not alone that she comes through but will make it  
possible for all other good peoples and good countries to come  
through into a decent dawn of another day, a lasting day of  
peace.

I had never prayed before save in some emergency affecting  
my wife or children. In my own dangers I have always been  
inclined to pray for myself, feeling that I'll be forgiven this  
time if I ask good things only for my family.

And now an emergency falls upon my country and I pray  
for it. But prayers are not enough.

We must strike and strike first. One doesn't fight a snake  
waiting until it has struck with its deadly fangs. Those  
snakes have already proved fatal to fourteen countries the  
peoples of which no longer walk in the garden among their  
flowers and their God.

There are many of us who do not understand a great many  
things about our country. We don't understand the hesitancy,  
the indecision. Personally, I don't understand the kind of free  
speech we have nowadays. I don't know what free speech is . . .  
I have never heard it satisfactorily defined. I know what free  
speech shouldn't be. It was defined by a great Justice whose

name I have forgotten. In handing down a decision he declared  
that free speech, even under a Democracy, did not permit a man  
to yell fire in a crowded theater. I don't understand why we are  
permitting men and women, high in the walks of American life,  
to scream fire in a crowded theater—the fire of isolation, the fire  
of appeasement, the fire of defeatism.

There are many things I don't understand but I think that's  
unimportant.

When I was a child I didn't always understand my parents  
but they were invariably right. I have read the Bible and I don't  
understand all of it. I don't always understand my country but  
I am willing to follow it passionately and loyally to my grave.

I have a feeling the world will be decent again and the  
United States will help its gallant brothers England and China  
to make it so. If it takes the rest of our days, let's at least be-  
queath our children a decent world. That's a mighty fine legacy  
to leave behind. It's the legacy we inherited.

It's close on to midnight . . . another dawn is about to break  
through.

Mr. President and Congress, we are awaiting your march-  
ing orders. Surely there is a job for every man and woman in  
the United States to do at this zero hour.

**RUSSELL BIRDWELL**  
New York City, July 10, 1941

(An Advertisement)

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of the man with the Badge and the Gun.

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To the Commission  
on the Study of  
Police Brutality City of  
Atlanta.

CP

see over  
- see copy of  
Letter  
see ad.  
~~one~~  
one

This ad is taken out of "News  
Week" magazine, opposite to page 46  
July 21-1941 issue.

Enclosed with this copy of the  
ad is a copy of a letter I wrote  
to my oldest son and his wife.

The long first paragraph in  
it is understandable, if you read it  
as you would read a similar paragraph  
in the Bible.

He, my eldest son, was born  
~~to me~~ to his mother, my first wife, now  
dead, [partly due, <sup>to this ad</sup> ~~to this~~ this type of  
Emotionalism], and to me after we had  
both been in the hands of "Big City Police".

at the birth of our first child,  
as at the birth of his brother and sister,  
we were both, ~~each~~ each and to-gether,  
glad we had accepted the shoving around,  
the spitting in the face of our ~~Souls~~  
"Souls" for being occupants of bodies that  
were or could be occupants of a div.

See over

Winfield Pinson Woolf Jr  
320 Ferguson Pl. N.E.  
City