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Racial Brotherhood Chapel - 10-15-1969

Maynard Ungerman

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VOICE: This is Maynard Ungerman, who is chairman of the group. And I would say, as long as men are free and remain diverse religiously, racially, ethically and culturally, there will be human relations problems. That is why the group in the job of education for understanding, amnity and cooperation and promotion of brotherhood and justice will require continuous personal concern and intelligent social action by responsible citizens. When we as students or as citizens, as individuals of this country ignore problems in human relations, because they do not directly affect us, we help to chip away a little of the foundation of our own freedom. Intolerance, indifference and inaction are constant threat to our American system of democracy. Our panel today is composed not of experts but of housewives who are dedicated to the feeling that all men must be free. Without further adieu I want to introduce Mrs. Maynard Ungerman, who will in turn introduce the panel for your discussion.

MRS. UNGERMAN: We are here today for one purpose, because we feel it is so very important for all of us to understand and appreciate our likenesses and our differences. The women today tell their own stories. They do not quote statistics or national trends. They tell what has happened to them and their families and how they feel about their beliefs and experiences. You may not agree with the beliefs of each woman, but you will come to know her and why she holds these beliefs. The most outstanding difference about this panel is that there are no experts among us, no professional speakers, sociologists, psychologists or theologians, just ordinary people. We are not representing any organization or religion, just ourselves. In other words, the opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the management. Our panel members are anxious and proud to tell you about themselves and to answer your specific questions. Each panelist will introduce herself and invite you to share your experiences with her. Finney, will you begin.

FINNEY: I am Finney Att, mother of Andrea, sixteen, Debbie, thirteen, and ten. My husband Gursten is blessed for he puts up with all of us. My mother was born in Philadelphia, that city of brotherly love and occasional riots,
of Russian immigrant parents who came to this country to escape the intoleran-

cility. My father came to Philadelphia at age three from Romania to escape the intolerance found there. I was the youngest of three children in a middle class American conservative Jewish family, practicing most of the traditional Jewish traditions. Growing up in Northeast Pennsylvania. Now as I grew up we were economically secure and I do not remember any personal insults because of my religion. In high school, however, those select sororities began to appear and Jewish girls did not get invited to join. I began to question myself and wonder if I really were inferior or undesirable. Now I began to question, was my find and how all of my children feel in school. Do they feel different about outsiders in their public school classrooms, when a prayer is offered. I know that when Christmas and Easter come, they find it hard to understand how these religious holidays can be celebrated in their classrooms, although they join in the beauty of the celebration. For example: Debbie went carolling with her Spanish class one day. She put it, Gosh, mom, the music is so pretty that I just have to sing. I took my college education at a Presbyterian girls school and later finished at a Catholic girls college. I was basically instructed in basically one idea, how similar the ideas are truly to my Jewish ones. And this after I took all the required chapel courses and attended all the lectures and the services that were required and in all these various colleges. When my husband returned from Korean service, we started our search for a home. We became aware of the restricted signs. Now they did not mean restricted as to type or design. The same type of sign appeared at a country club we thought we might be interested in joining. Again we found them one afternoon while driving in the resort area which was so close to our home. I know of industries that do not hire people of the Jewish faith, or perhaps they hire one, a show Jew to say, See, we are not biggoted, we do hire Jews. How would you feel if you were out shopping and you were handed a paper that is printed by an organization that is against the Jew, the Catholic and the Negro? They want to keep America clean. Clean? I felt dirty just holding that paper, and boy, into the nearest refuse can it went. I know that in my lifetime six million Jews were murdered in Germany just because they were Jews. I often ask myself, still what's so terrible about
being a Jew? I'm proud to live by my religious heritage, yet so many have suffered and died simply because they were Jews. I feel the suffering however of those around me. When a Negro is denied a new home in my section, I feel his hurts. I know of a qualified doctor who was denied admittance to practice in a leading hospital because of his race. Perhaps we can all learn a very simple lesson, where all Americans alike in our needs and our desires. I have a new faith in a move toward better understanding for all of us. I age that Judiasm teaches about, why it must be coming. It's just out of sight, ready.

BETTY: My name'is Betty Hopkins, the wife of Don, a Tulsa attorney, the mother of Beth, an eleven year old sixth grader, who thinks she's a teenager, and Senn, a three year old terror. I am a Roman Catholic and this simple statement tells the most important fact about me. My religion is the core of my life and a great source of strength and help for me. It gives me the necessary urging and prodding to be a good mother, a good wife and I hope a good neighbor. I was born in the deep South, in Charleston, South Carolina into a family of eight children of Catholic parents. I grew up in a neighborhood that was mixed religiously and racially. I learned a lot about my neighbor's ideas and beliefs and they learned about mine. My children won't have the same opportunity to grow up in such a neighborhood and I feel that they will miss a lot. In my childhood I never felt that prejudice was directed towards me. Charleston was a Southern metropolitan city where prejudice was directed mainly toward the Negro. I had some cousins who lived in a small up state South Carolina town and they told me that Catholics were suspect. Their neighbors believed that they couldn't read the Bible and that the pope had complete control over their lives. Catholics are frequently urged to read the Bible and at every mass portions of it are read. The pope is the head of our church and you might say the leader of our spiritual life. He's the bishop of Rome and part of it, as well as chief spokesman for the college of bishops. We believe the church is infallible and the college speaks through the bishop of Rome and expresses our beliefs. I attended Catholic schools through the 12th grade. My little girl also attends a parochial school and my husband and I don't mind sacrificing
to support two systems, the public and the Catholic. Every Catholic has the privilege of sending or not sending their children to our schools. In fact, over fifty percent of the Catholic children in the United States attend public schools. But I want a Catholic education for my children. They will learn about God each day and I hope He will become a real part of their everyday life. I don't feel a public school would be a threat to their religion. They've had their basic beliefs, moral standards and set before they entered school. This is, as the church says, the duty and the privilege of the parents. The Catholic school continues what I began, performing of a good Catholic, a good person. All the schools I attended right through college were segregated. I grew up where segregation was a fact and I never questioned it much. If anyone had asked me I would have said it was wrong not to allow everyone the same opportunities don't live in the land of the free. My religion has taught me that each of us is God's child, that He loves us all and expects us to love one another. My parents taught me to respect everyone, no matter his color, religion, or lack of knowledge. The church was in theory integrated, but in fact segregated, a product of its environment, politics in time. The practice was wrong, still is. I met and married a non-practicing Baptist from the Midwest, who in his proposal said he wanted to marry me because I was a woman with a strong faith and he was eager to agree to allow to have our children raised as Catholic. Parents have changed from our church in the past few years and there is a new ruling which no longer requires the non-Catholic party to make such written promises. When my husband and I were in the Air Force, I met Negroes for the first time socially. Before I had known them mainly as servants and had seen them in my mind's eye first as Negroes, and then as persons. So I had to unlearn this process and look first for the individual. I am raising my children with the hope that they won't have to spend a lot of time unlearning a bias. When we moved to Tulsa, our first encounter with prejudice directed at me. One day I had my little three month old daughter in her carriage when we encountered an elderly lady from down the street. She looked in the carriage and said, She's a pretty little thing, even if she is a
Catholic. Well, it was all I could do to keep from laughing. Later we became friends. She was a deeply religious person and eager to learn about my religion. I learned a lot about her too and her beliefs and acquired respect for her in her Protestant religion. When our son was born over three years ago I found out that this greatly relieved my neighbor's fourteen year old daughter. She told her mother that she thought Mrs. Hopkins was a good Catholic, but good Catholics have lots of babies and I had only one child. Of course, a good Catholic could have one, nine or twenty children. By the same token, a Catholic with twelve children wouldn't necessarily be a good Catholic. Not every family with more than five children is Catholic and the church doesn't require us to belong to a child a year club. Each couple has to decide how many children they feel they are able to feed, clothe and educate. Catholics are forbidden the use of artificial birth control methods. The church is sponsoring research on birth control methods and there are family planning centers in the United States under Catholic auspices. As an individual I know that I have changed my ideas and concepts from the time I was a young girl in Charleston. Change, in fact, may be the world's most important product. My church has changed too over the past ten years and out-moded ideas have been discarded and new and refreshing ideas have been substituted. I hope that I can continue to change myself. I want to become a better mother, wife, and Catholic than I was last year and the year before. The best way to get rid of our outdated ideas each other is to do what we are doing today, discussing what we are, all different, and yet we do have the same desires, dreams and ambitions. By learning more about each of you I hope to be a better person myself.

KATHERINE: I am Katherine Copeland and when I was younger I wanted to be a lawyer. But after one year of law school I saw that was too much and so I settled for being a lawyer's wife. We have three daughters, Linda, 19, Mary Jo, 18, and Robin, 7. I was born and reared in Tulsa on the notorious Greenwood Street, where my parents operated a grocery store. With five children to support, my father had to work very long hours and so the job of rearing us fell largely on my mother.
In spite of this we enjoyed a security and home life that today sociologists would be proud of. Tulsa has always been one of the most segregated cities in the United States and in my youth all of the Negroes lived in one area, except for those living in servant quarters, and many of us had very little contact with the white world.

If my contact with whites was limited my thoughts about them were even more so. For, to be honest, I seldom thought of them at all. This is not to say that I was unaware of the restrictions placed on us as Negroes. I was aware and occasionally I wondered about them. It never made much sense to me, for instance, when a whole group of people were so dirty you wouldn't want to sit next to any of them on the bus, but clean enough for you to eat their cooking, or that they couldn't be trusted to clerk in a store.

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but to practically rear your children. Now I wonder about the supposedly intelligent and meaning whites who think all Negroes let their property run down because they have seen or heard of Negro slums. Do they also think all Caucasians are dirty and slovenly because some are, or do the rules of the game change when the players are white. I'll confess, the whole business of human relations has me a bit confused. I don't mean the black or white extremists, they may annoy me, but they don't confuse me. But they never pretend to be anything but what they are, races.

It's the good people who leave me in a state of bewilderment. You know, the ones who talk after the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man and equal rights under the constitution and then close their eyes to the economic, physical and emotional blight of the minorities, or justify these conditions where they are forced to admit they exist by saying such things as, But they want to live like that. Or, They have no ambition. Or, They aren't qualified for good jobs. Now why would any mother want her child to be bitter by a rat? And how can anyone expect people who have been kicked and trampled on for four hundred years and made to feel sub-human in numerous ways to be bubbling over with ambition and drive?

Or, how can a person qualify for a job when he is denied training. But the real clencher, at least for me is, they want to live with their kind. And this means
that a twenty or thirty thousand dollar a year professional man really prefers living next door to a four thousand dollar a year laborer because their skin is the same color. Now can you see why I'm confused? I could cite dozens of instances of prejudice directed at me personally, but I'll name only a few. It first happened in Tulsa. My mother needed surgery and our family doctor told us the operation would have to be performed in a white hospital because ours didn't have the necessary equipment. The surgeon was as concerned and attentive to my mother as he could have been to any patient. He even insisted that our doctor, a Negro, be allowed to assist in the operation, a thing which had never before been done in that hospital. But his hands were tied when it came to the room to which he was assigned and I wonder how it made him feel to see this critically ill patient step down in a basement cubby hole between the emergency entrance and the boiler room with all the hissing and clanging pipes to disrupt the hospital quiet. Incidentally, we were allowed to pay the same rate as the first-class patient. The next incident was really rather funny. My husband was stationed at Lake Charles and we decided to go to a drive-in movie. Before going there we had been stationed in San Antonio and had frequented drive-ins. So we thought nothing about going. When we got there, however, the ticket girl told us she couldn't sell us tickets because they had no facilities for us. My husband told her it was OK, we didn't want anything special, we just used the same facilities with the others. The girl said she would have to call the manager. He repeated about the lack of facilities and my husband looked at his officers bars and said, Oh that's it, well it's OK, we don't mind parking with the enlisted men. The manager laughed and said, I didn't mean that. I mean, we don't have any restroom facilities for you. To this my husband answered, Restroom? We didn't come here to use the toilet. Well we laughed too but we still didn't see that movie. The last experience happened recently here in Tulsa. Several of us used to take our preschool children to a church to a little international play group. The children and the mothers enjoyed it and some of us became good friends. But one of the most interested mothers stopped coming and when I asked another mother why, she hedged in answering. Finally she told me, the lady liked the group and really
wanted to continue, but one day her husband came after her and when he saw my little 
Robin and the two other Negro toddlers, he became upset and insisted that she not 
return. My friend never knew this hurt me, but it did. It made me feel sick in-
side to think that in this day there was a grown man, so bitter and insecure, so 
lacking in brotherly love, that he could object to four little girls playing circle 
games together. I looked at Robin, innocent and happy, as she and the other children 
skipped to the cars and I thought, God, is she so different? Is it really so bad 
to be black? Are we forever going to be ostracized for being the way you made us? 
This is my country and I love it and my children love it too. Something wells up 
inside me everytime I sing the Star Spangled Banner and my heart pounds when I see 
the expression in my husband's eyes as he stands at attention to the flag he fought 
in two wars to preserve. I know that America is not a perfect place and I do not 
try to hide her flaws, but true love sees beyond the faults and tries to correct 
them. I know our country would be better and stronger if all of us works together. 
And I aim to do all I can to eliminate the division and lack of understanding among 
our people. Yes, sometimes I'm tempted to stop to tactics of hate and retaliation, 
but deep inside I firmly believe that the only way to overcome evil is with good. 
I'm teaching my children to prepare themselves, to accept their responsibilities, 
to stand up for their rights and to treat everyone with the same dignity and 
respect with which they want to be treated. I hope your parents will do the same. 

VOICE: A few weeks ago after I had spent the morning in a meeting dealing with 
racial relationships I was returning home, driving my middle-class car to my 
middle-class neighborhood, and I was feeling a little philosophical and sad. 
The things I had heard in the meeting disturbed me and I was struggling in my 
mind to discover just what my responsibility was in trying to solve the problems. 
Suddenly I was aware of a song playing on the car radio. The song entitled, 
Where Am I Going? had a phrase that caught my attention. It asked, Looking in-
side me, what do I see? And I started thinking about it. I know what I see 
when I look in the mirror. I see me, Jeannie Sinclair, the slightly worn mother 
of five children, ranging from 24-year old Jim, now in the Navy, down through
Susan, a 17 year old high school senior, and a little after thought, Gail, 10 years old and a proud fifth grader. I see my husband Jim, a chief test for Southwestern Bell Telephone Company and the man responsible for seeing all the network radio and television gets to our local stations properly. But looking inside me, what do I see? I see a person who was raised luckier than most children. In my whole childhood I can never remember one time that any one in my immediate family ever openly showed any hatred or disrespect to any other group. The only time I ever heard the word "nigger" was when my mother referred affectionately to a Negro couple that had helped raise her and her twelve brothers and sisters in Central Texas, and to whom she credits her cheerful outlook on life. When my family mentioned Jews it was also to refer to a religious group. And never used in a derogatory sense.

It was only in later years that I learned my Czechlovakian grandmother had migrated to this country partly because of religious dissention and that my father had been involved in Tulsa race riots in the early twenties. As I look back I can see that they must have made a conscious effort not to pass their bias on to the next generation. But this naive background I was totally unequipped to deal with my first brush with discrimination. Our gang of junior high school friends had gone to the state fair and we were having a great time, roaming through the exhibits, getting cheated at the games, and gobbling down cotton candy. Then we decided to try the rides and lined up at a booth to buy our tickets. About half of us had our tickets when my best friend stepped up to the ticket window. The woman in the booth looked up and sneered, I'm sorry, we don't let you nigger people ride our rides. My friend, who incidentally was not Negro, but a full blood Seminole Indian, fumbled around in embarrassment, then stepped out of line and walked away. I remember I was so stunned I couldn't look at her. In the intervening seconds it took us to recover and go after her, I felt ashamed and guilty, but the damage had been done to her and to us. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that things were never quite the same again. She had publicly been set aside as being different and unacceptable. And her embarrassment and our mortification hung in the background of our relationships until the passing years put it in the proper perspective. A more recent incident
brought the problem even closer. My oldest son Jim in his high school days had two
loves, basketball and pizza. His best friend on the basketball squad was a lively
ambitious talented Negro boy, who took Jim under his wing and teased, prodded,
antagonized and encouraged him until he became a much better basketball player than
he had any right to be. They always roomed together on out-of-town trips and I al-
ways had to grin when I saw them together. Five foot ten Riley, his smooth dark
skin and dancing black eyes, contrasting humorously with Jim's blue eyed-blond,
fair skin, six foot seven. I often thought how different they were on the outside,
but how much alike they were on the inside. One night after a particularly pleasing
victory, Jim and his teammates were talking about going out for a pizza to celebrate.
Riley said he had never eaten one so Jim invited him to go along. They tripped into
a popular pizza house and sat down. The waitress took a long time in coming to the
table and then bringing water to all but Riley, said in a quavering and half-
apologetic voice, I'm sorry, we don't serve Negroes here. After the first burst
of indignation the boys stormed out, muttering, I am afraid, some rather unflattering
comments about the management. At the same time, much to their credit, three tables
of high school students from another high school witnessing the incident, also got
up and walked out in silent protest. My son was furious when he was relating the
incident to me and to calm him down I suggest he buy pizza and bring Riley to our
house to eat it. He said he already suggested this to Riley, but Riley said, No,
I can't do that. Your neighbors wouldn't like it. I don't like to live in a
society where people who are invited to my home won't come because it might embarrass
me. I don't like to live in a society when I become so sensitized to racial charac-
teristics that my first impression of a person when I meet him is the color of his
skin. I feel guilty when I look around and see that life is so much easier for me
merely because through no effort of my own I was lucky enough to be born in a traditional
white Protestant middle-class American image. And I feel sad when I think of the
injustices I've helped perpetuate on minority groups, not because of any sins I
have committed against them, but for the things I have not done. So here I sit,
free, white, considerably over twenty-one, and I look around me, and what do I
see? I see the incredible beauty of Negro children and I remember the gentleness and tenderness of a Negro nurse's hand on my forehead one dark night. I remember the anguish of the ancient Jewish philosophers who out of their suffering developed a human thought that forms the basis of our present-day Christian values. I see my Catholic friends living their lives within the framework of their religion, and I envy them, their self discipline. Everywhere I see people struggling with their environment, trying to overcome their loneliness, to establish relationships with one another that will enable them to share their tastes and fantasies, their dreams, their hopes for the future and to relieve their fears from the past. So what do I do inside me? I talk with my God and He helps me to reach out and offer them a helping hand.

VOICE: You have now heard the stories of four women and what they believe. I'm sure they have brought many questions to your minds to join the questions that have always bothered you about different races and religions. Remember, we are not experts, but we would like to try to answer them for you. Please address your questions to me and I will refer them to the proper panelist. Who would like to be first? Who would like to be second?

VOICE: Madam chairman and ladies of the panel, I'd like to say that I have enjoyed extremely much this discussion this morning and the question that stands out very vividly in my mind at the time is this: Do you believe that there is hope in a very definite sense in the immediate future for such problems to be eradicated as a result of social liberty in mixing, or as a result of a move toward God spiritually. I have found out that in the churches there seems to be a doctrine also that black people or Jewish people also are God's cursed people and this is why they hold the place in life that they do. If this is so, then is it possible for this curse to be lifted and I put those terms in quotes. Do you believe this can be done?

VOICE: I really wish you hadn't combined immediate and eradicated. We will see what we can do with this. Jean, I really feel this might be directed toward
your group than any other, so how do you feel about it? Do you think there's hope for a complete solution very soon?

JEAN: I'll be honest with you, I find more prejudice, I belong to College Hill Presbyterian Church, as I look around I see more prejudice in the churches often than you find in any other segment of our society. And I believe it's because in the past church people have hidden in the churches rather than accepted any responsibility for God and for their churches. I think we are making progress. Many people don't agree with me. I think we are making tremendous progress. I don't think in the immediate future that the problems will be solved, but as I look out across this audience and when certain statements were made, I see affirmative headshake and you are the ones that will have to solve the problems. We've gone as far as we can. Your attitude, the age you are, your ability to deal with people and to deal with their emotional problems, their emotional hang-ups, you are going to decide whether or not these problems are ever solved.

VOICE: Anyone else want to comment briefly? OK.

VOICE: I want to bring this a little closer to home. I'd like to address the lady that just answered this one. How would you feel if your daughter fell in love with a Negro boy?

JEAN: I have two feelings about this. I wouldn't like it, but not for the reason that you think. In our society today it would not be acceptable for my daughter to go with a Negro boy. I have a mother's instinct to protect my children. Had this happen fifty years from now, a hundred years from now, no, it has nothing to do with the boy personally. But my instincts are to protect my daughter from anyone that would cast on her. I would never tell her that she could not date a Negro boy or that she could not marry a Negro boy. That is up to her, but my first instinct is to discourage this sort of thing.

VOICE: Betty, you were asked a similar question at Washington High School by a young man who stood up and said, what would your reaction be if I rang your doorbell to date your daughter? Would you let us know what your feelings are on this?

BETTY: Well, again like Jean says, life is so difficult at all parts and especially
(not clear) but my first point would be, is he a Catholic? Because again, going back to what Jean said, I have seen in the last six months I know of three people, three young couples who have been married and divorced. They didn't even get a chance to know who they were, who they'd married in six months, you couldn't even know somebody. So I, and so many young people today say, if they get married, it doesn't work out, we will get divorced. I believe you are going to get married and that is it. It's going to work out because you are going to see to it that it works out.
The reason I want my child to marry a Catholic is because I want her to marry someone who has the same ideas. You are getting married, you are getting married for life. We are going to make this thing work and that's really what has to be.

VOICE: I think we would all agree that as parents we would want our children to have as many things in common with the person they pick as possible, because marriage itself is difficult and this makes things easier. Who they select, what race they are, what religion, this is, we have no say in this. The world has changed and that's not our problem. Yes sir.

QUESTION: I'd like to ask what--I forget her name--Mrs. Copeland would say, what her reaction would be if she had a daughter that wanted to date a white boy.

COPELAND: For the oldest one I'd be very disappointed because I'm very pleased with what I believe is her choice right now. But for the others if they found one good enough it would be OK with me.

VOICE: Surely we haven't run out already. Who else was curious about something?

QUESTION: I'd like to mention this, this isn't directed to any particular member of the group, but we as Christians are supposed to be so holy and so full of brotherly love for mankind and it stuns me that there's so much animosity on this campus against the Negro and against the minority groups. And it hurt me very much to find out that there was a girl last year who dated a Negro fellow and they cared very much for each other and after this relationship had broken off there wasn't a white fellow in the group that would date this girl. And it astounds me that they would have this kind of feeling against a Negro. Like, Oh she's been with a Negro. I can't be associated with what the other fellows think, she's
not as good as we are anymore. I would like somebody to comment on this.

VOICE: I hate to be crude in a religious school but some of their grandparents have been with Negro women too because there are Negro people of all different colors and kinds with blue eyes and blond hair and everything, so this is all just a farce and I agree with you, it is very hypocritical for people who profess to be religious to let something like this interfere with their future relationships.

VOICE: I just want to say that most of the people who will tell you they are Christians and I mean Catholics, I don't care what church they belong to, that profess that they are Christians, ninety percent of them are not Christians in the true sense of the word. They have not committed theirselves--(applause)

Christ associated with everybody and anybody. There wasn't anybody that wasn't good, that wasn't good enough for Christ. He would take anybody and if He will take me, He will take anybody. I hate to do this to you, old friend, but I sort of under the limb then with being a non-Christian, you know. I hate to see this panel separate into a bunch of . But I do feel much as you do, you know. Basically, you see, Jesus was a Jew. (applause) I just want to say that I do not believe, I have not, as a matter of fact, very few Jewish people that I have met that are hypocritical. I don't know why.

VOICE: That's all you can say. One last question.

QUESTION: There's been quite a bit of anti-Jew feeling among Negroes, particularly in large cities. Do you think this is the laughing trend?

VOICE: I certainly hope not. I can understand it completely. Perhaps we'd better explain it a little bit more for those of us who live in a small city and are not aware of it. In most large cities what is now the slums, it use to be the areas in which "were Jewish neighborhoods." As these Jewish people became more affluent they moved into other neighborhoods, leaving homes behind which were then occupied by people going up the scale slightly and these were now Negro. So yousee, Jewish neighborhoods have become Negro neighborhoods. Consequently, many and most of the stores in these neighborhoods are still owned and operated by Jewish merchants. Many and most of these houses and homes are still owned by the Jewish people who
originally had them and owned them and therefore the Jew was their landlord. Well, it's a question of who's there, right now this is the problem. It wouldn't make any different if there were Greek, if they were Methodist, if they were Protestants or anything else. They are there and they are the establishment at the moment. The current trend is against what's there. So consequently they are against the Jew. I hope that eventually when the educational systems provide so they too will become more affluent, they too will live in better neighborhoods and boy, here we are.

VOICE: I think we've run out of time. We just want to say thank you for listening to us. (applause)

VOICE: We'd like to thank Mrs. , Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Ungerman, Mrs. Copeland, Mrs. Hopkins, not for what they said, but for what they are and we hope this will be a blessing to you today. Tonight at eight o'clock the Chorus of Angels will be performing in the Harvard Rooms. They will be singing Oh Happy Day, Take My Hand, Precious Lord, and you can listen to them as you go out. Admission is free. Thank you very much.