

Open Letter to Barry Goldwater

JOHN J. SYNON

Dear Senator Goldwater: Some weeks ago — six, perhaps — I wrote you a letter. After about three weeks and no reply, got off another, this one to the man in your office who parts his name on the side, D. Delos Ellsworth.

It was possible, I knew, that my first letter had gone astray, so I repeated its substance to Ellsworth and asked if he would be kind enough to determine if my first effort had been received. No answer from him, either.

So, I'll try again; I certainly would like an answer to my question.

That question, you may recall from my first letter, grew out of an appearance you made on the TV show conducted by that rolling-eyed Englishman.

You and David Frost rocked along. Twice, in the course of the banter, you identified yourself as a Jew and why you felt called upon to do that, and to do it again, is more than I know. And you told us of your sympathy for the hippies, that you yourself had tried to grow a beard ("but it didn't look right"), and so on.

Quit a new Goldwater, I thought, laughing and scratching with a Left-wing mouth-piece.

Then, towards the end of the show, Frost rather set you back. Or so it seemed to me. In his best oxonian accent your interlocutor wanted to know how you differed from George Wallace.

From the look on your face, I thought the question must have carried an odor as well as an inference.

"Oh", you said, "I wouldn't want to be compared to George Wallace." Horrors!

"Why not?" Frost pressed. "What do you stand for that Wallace doesn't stand for or vice versa?"

(Forgive me if I have forgotten the exact language that went into this six-weeks-old colloquy).

You pursed over Frost's question for a long moment, a person could see your heavy wheels slowly turn.

Finally, out it came: "George Wallace uses the Bill of Rights to deny Negroes and Jews their rights."

I nearly fell out of my chair. You said — whatever your exact language — George Wallace

does deny (or has denied) rights to Negroes and Jews.

And as fast as I could get off a letter to you I did so. I asked you to substantiate your charge, to name the act, the time, and the place.

No answer. Twice, no answer.

What am I to believe? I still have scars on my hide defending you from the tar brush, particularly that of your being thick headed, slow witted. And here you are, as far as I can determine, engaged in a blatant piece of character assassination.

What sort of person are you, anyway? When that publisher fellow wrote that you were nuts and therefore unfit to be president, you sued him. And now here you are offering a gratuitous charge, an even more despicable charge, against a man whose shoes you aren't fit to

lace. Deny rights to Jews and Negroes, indeed.

Name the instance, Barry Goldwater, name the time, and name the place.

I shall see that a copy of this column is delivered to your office.

If you have a defense for what appears to be an unfounded, unwarranted, scurrilous, snide attack, all of that, I will print it.

Sincerely,
JOHN J. SYNON

Other Editors Say

Sleepytime Down South

Summertime and the livin's easy — for some creatures . . . There lie the black mama-cat kitten factory and her three newest, the kittens with their noses to the nozzles, sound asleep . . . In a bowl on the patio is a solitary fish, growing fat on store-bought fish food, never having seen a worm, a fishhook or a little-fish-eating big fish . . . Outside the window, one of the white rabbits is bounding across the lawn, pretending he's chasing a dog, while the other naps in a shady flowerbed on his stomach, hind legs extended,

like a boy at the beach. . . From next door comes the Great Dane puppy, already as big as a Mongolian pony, knocking over garbage cans, barking at butterflies and running, all legs and head, like a car with flat tires and broken axles. . . a brazen bird (species unknown to this non-birdwatcher) swoops down, as he has for several days, to finish what the cat left on the fine old heirloom embossed paper napkin . . . These inhabitants have got it good, like another line from Gershwin's song, which embodies the absolute quintes-

sence of carefree living: "Your daddy's rich and your Mammy's good - looking." But enough: The typewriter's waking the kittens.

BEAN BACK HOME

Navy Petty Officer Second Class Clifford J. Bean, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Coney and husband of the former Juanita Melville all of Route 1, Maysville, has returned to Naval Air Station Oceana, Virginia Beach, Va., with Attack Squadron 85, from a Vietnam deployment aboard the aircraft carrier USS Constellation.



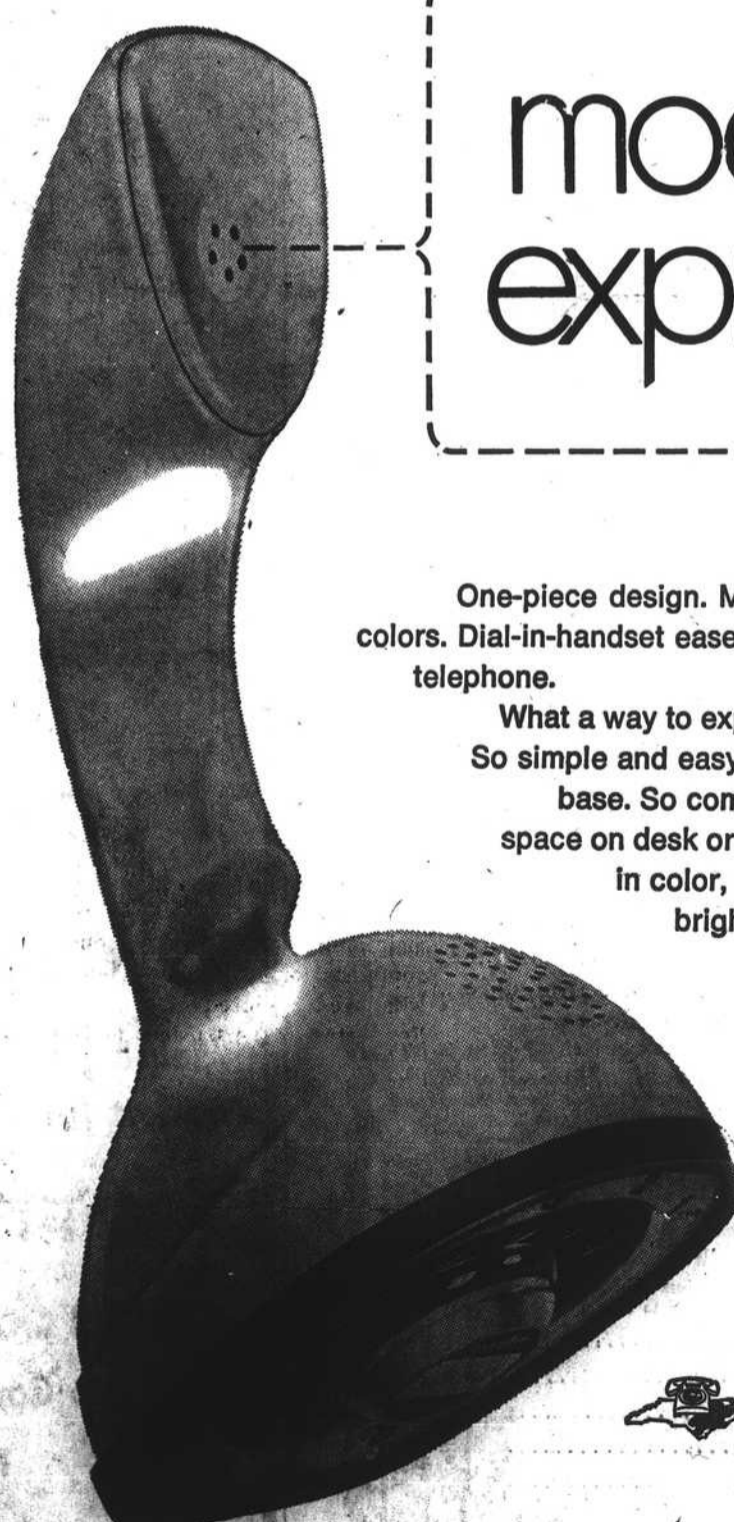
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