

MY remarks in this place on December 7, under the heading of "The Eastern Shore *Kultur*," seem to have upset the *Marylander and Herald*, for it devotes the better part of two columns of black type on its first page to a calm and well-reasoned refutation of them. The essence of this refutation is that, along with the Hon. Bernard Ades, LL. B., I am affiliated with "anarchist and Communist groups, composed for the most part of men and women from the lowest strata of the mongrel breeds of European gutters." To this the Cambridge *Daily Banner* adds the charge that I am a lyncher myself, for didn't I once propose to take William Jennings Bryan "to the top of the Washington Monument in Washington, disembowel him, and hurl his remains into the Potomac"?

This proposal, unfortunately, I can't recall, but no doubt the editor of the *Daily Banner* has a better memory than I have. In any case, I am constrained to acknowledge it on the general ground that a theologian is capable of anything. The *Worcester Democrat*, of Pocomoke City, though it does not mention my ghastly designs on Dr. Bryan, joins the *Daily Banner* in denouncing me as a lyncher, and offers to bet that both Dr. Edmund Duffy, the *Sunpaper's* wic'ed cartoonist, and I "are cussing the luck which prevented [us] from getting [our] hands on the rope that swung 'Mister' Williams to a tree." Going further, it ventures the view that both of us

could have danced with glee around the bonfire of human flesh; could easily have imagined a barbecue was on hand; could have eaten the flesh of the carcass, and smacked [our] lips over the fine flavor of the gasoline.

This fancy, which I leave to the Freudians, warms up the Pocomoke brother, and he proceeds as follows:

Mencken's soul, if he has one, must have come from a hyena, a rattlesnake, or a skunk. There must have been present at his birth a flock of leathern-winged bats, a nest of rattlesnakes, a swarm of hornets, and a colony of toad frogs—all contributing to his special form of life. There must have been some such scene attending his later existence as portrayed by the immortal William where the witches concoct a charm made up of poisoned entrails, fillet of a fenny snake, eye of newt, toe of frog, wool of bat, tongue of dog, adder's fork, blind worm's sting, lizard's leg, scale of dragon, . . . and all cooled

who dragged the victim from the hospital, blind and helpless, are known, and so is the name of the hero who made off with the souvenir toes. The leaders are on public display at this moment, bathed in moron admiration.

The *Salisbury Advertiser* is probably right: some of the very men who ran with the pack on December 4 have by now found their "sympathy with such illegal procedure" oozing out of them. There were plenty of other Salisburians who were on the other side from the start. From some of them, in fact, I have received letters during the past week. What remains to be done is to organize this decent opinion against the scoundrels who disgraced the town, and to bring them to justice as quickly as possible lest civilized government be abandoned altogether on the lower Shore. This may take some time, but it can be done if a few resolute leaders step forward, giving notice to Ku Kluxry that they are not afraid. The chief lynchers are already very uneasy, and they have reason to be.

Meanwhile, their attempt to becloud the issue by ranting against Communists and depicting the *Sunpapers* as Red need deceive no one. There were open threats of lynching against Yuel Lee in Snow Hill before any Communist appeared on the Shore, and they were heard again at Cambridge when it was proposed so unwisely to try him there. The judges and district attorneys at Cambridge actually asked Governor Ritchie for troops so early as November 13. In brief, a lynching was brewing among the Shore Ku Kluxers, and everyone knew it. That Williams happened to be the victim instead of Lee was only an accident. The will to lynch was already there.

That the murder of Mr. Elliott was a brutal and revolting one no one denies. Nor does anyone blame his son for attempting, on discovering it, to dispose of his murderer. Any other son would have done the same thing. But it is one thing to yield thus to a sudden and natural passion, and quite another to plan and execute a deliberate and inexcusable crime. The sole question to be determined is whether the civilized people of Maryland will permit such crimes to be perpetrated with impunity. The Salisbury lynchers must make up their minds to the fact that that question is not going to be got rid of by puerile gabble about Communist plots and childish efforts to alarm their betters.