

A Renewal of Maycomb Must be on the Horizon

Maudie Atkinson

“Christian virtues unite men. Racism separates them.”

-Sargent Shriver, US Politician

I am not sure what to write to you all in this editorial here. I mean to address the facts; I mean to write about my view on the trial. I mean to write what I want to get across to you. But, citizens of Maycomb- men, women, children, babies, black, white, mixed, who or whatever you may be- listen here. Our community is flooded with waters of the same strength as the ones the Good Lord washed over this earth in the Book. Understand, though, that these waters are not physical- they are mental, they are embedded in our psyches;

they are something we have adapted to, and this makes them all the more lethal.

I did not attend the trial, but I have heard talk of it from various people- young and old. Lively, just as I had predicted: like a Roman carnival. I dare not go to see an innocent man put on trial for his skin color. The slew of ignorance that thrives within the framework of this community is astounding.

In regards to this trial, I can do nothing but applaud Atticus Finch for his character and the

lack of bias he shows towards those of a different race, color, or creed. In his attempts to defend Tom Robinson, it is my understanding that, though Tom was still sent to prison by an unfair jury, Mr. Finch did put on a very compelling performance when questioning Mayella Ewell and defending Robinson.

I hope we are all mourning for Tom’s lovely wife Helen and their beautiful children. To be so young and lose a father must give you a heartache worse than the Alabama sun in August draining the color from

your garden. I commend the upstanding acts of our friend and supporter here at the Gazette, Link Deas.

As many of you may know, Link looked past the the color of Tom Robinson and gladly became his employer. He has also put to rest Bob Ewell’s harassment of Tom’s wife Helen and has even given Helen a job.



My liberal citizens, acts like those of Link Deas and Atticus Finch, two outstanding men in our crumbling community, should be placed on the mantlepiece for all to admire. However, let's not forget that these acts are sitting there; don't let them become knick-knacks, trinkets to pretty up our homes.

Let's take these things down from the mantlepiece every day, and use them with others. Show them to children so that they might grow on up and remember these acts, knowing the effects that they have. Let's show them to our friends: men, women, black, white, brown, yellow, red, green, and all colors of the rainbow. Let's show these acts off to our fellow liberal citizens and those who aren't so open-minded as us. Why, readers, if we leave these things on the mantlepiece, if we leave these actions to get dusty- they will eventually be disposed of. Our homes will become a mess, and our neighborhood will be ever so weary.

It has been seen throughout this county the examples that men and women have set. In some ways, I commend those like the Ewells on their actions: they are the perfect example of what we should not be doing. We all see Dolphus Raymond living amongst the black men and women of our community. It only brings hatred and confusion for him, but I applaud him on the will power that he has to care not what people say- but for his own morals, setting forth a reputable example for our young citizens. However, know that these are not the only ways proper examples and morals can be put in the minds of those around us.

Do any of you remember that night in Maycomb's first real winter in years (since, the Good Lord breathed life into me, anyways) when a fire struck my house, roaring from the windows and the doors? I stood on the side of the road and watched my box of timbers burn without fail, I watched my flowers become charred and covered in soot. It was a dark night, a very long and dark night. I woke the next morning, however, with my usual pleasant disposition, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as could be.

Now, understand that I *was* upset due to the fact that I had lost my house to something I could not completely control. It's not exactly desirable when life sort of spins out of control like that- tossing the unexpected at you like a rag doll. However, I looked ahead to the new process of rebuilding. I knew that I could go ahead and build me a smaller house; it only meant more room for a larger garden! Readers, know that as long as you keep in mind that change is ahead, you will procure change. As long as you know that the future is looking up for you, you will make sure that it *does* look up for you.

And this is what I have to say about our county: we need a change of plans, and we need it soon. Much better sooner, because I fear that if it doesn't happen now- there will not be a later. There will be no future for our children and our babies. Our young adults will fall into the same trap we older men and women have set into place. We lead by example- in the worst way. I say that we begin to, as I did, rebuild. As soon as we begin to notice the

future can be brighter- we will begin to claw at this future like a kitten at a ball of yarn. We will open this package set before us, and open it with eagerness. It is us who have to do the changing, and it is us that has to do the changing now.

IN OTHER NEWS

- ***Gone With the Wind: A Review***

by Genevieve Brownwell.

The tale of the year, a story to be told- and read by you? Flip to page 7 to see Ms. Brownwell's full review.

- ***Horoscopes: It's looking up if you're a Scorpio! (p. 5)***

- ***Prayer Circle at the Hause residence: 3:00 pm 11/14***