She Whipped Us—and How We Liked It!

Sharing this space with us today is the likeness of a God-touched walt who earned the palm by remaining serene and cheerfully buoyant, in perfect stride, while hurling all the wiles of a dubious news hound barking on the trail of truth. She licked us—and she left behind some tantalizing thoughts.

She tripped in here, garbed as pictured, and approached the high counter, her face aseam. The first impression was that she was a grease monkey from a service station. But a second glance revealed that the sign emblazoned across her chest, if that is the word, was not the name of an oil company. It was Peace Pilgrim.

If we would be interested in her mission and her message—here's the story—extending a sheet of paper, the pages neatly typed. After hasty look-see, one important item seemed to be missing—perhaps an oversight.

"Your name?" with pencil poised.

And that's where the battle of wits began.

"My name is of no consequence," she declared. "I am nothing. My cause is everything. I am not seeking publicity for myself. So far as you are concerned—you and the whole world besides—my name shall remain Peace Pilgrim."

Now there is an old-fashioned idea in newspaper circles that names are news. When you deliberately withhold your name from a news racketeer while seeking publicity in his medium—well, you are doing it the hard way, to say the least. The news sleuth is apt to class you in the same category with the ping who drags in the Fifth Amendment when asked if and when and why he was born.

"That's a hell of a note," we remarked, stepping into our best religious pose. "Suppose the Christ had assumed your attitude— withheld His name—you never would have heard of Him. Names are tags with which we identify persons and causes and a lot of other things. So kick in if you want any consideration from..."