

It's pretty hard for Zorba the Greek, or Zorba the Veep, whichever you prefer, to really understand how the humor that's pervaded American life, that permits us as people of wide backgrounds to be free and easy in our expressions with each other, gets caught into such a desperate clutch that we must watch every expression we use.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am sick of sloganeering. I'm sick of people reading something different into law and order than what law and order really means. I'm sick of people attempting to put my thoughts into a context that they didn't exist in when I spoke them. And I say to you when you stop and consider how utterly ridiculous it is to think that a person who had felt the sting of unkind remarks that *were* uttered harshly in an ethnic or racial sense could say something that callous *without* meaning it in fun and jest. It just doesn't make sense to me.

I'm not going to apologize for the spirit in which I said what I said to Gene Oishi; I am going to apologize to any who might have read in my words an insult to their Japanese ancestry, or to any who might have read into my words an insult to their Polish ancestry. And I would say that 90 percent of the people who are born of immigrant parents understand probably better than most how important it is that we in the United States of America, one of the few countries in the world where it is safe to laugh, don't lose our senses of humor.

I am sorry that the remarks I had prepared for today must be laid aside because what I'm saying has to be said. And in the spirit of Ted Makalena, your great touring golf pro, whom you lost so tragically so recently, let me ask that the camaraderie that exists among men, which allows them to insult one another in a friendly fashion, be not abolished in favor of the terrible and intense guarded atmosphere that seems to abound so freely in the dictatorships of the world. This is America — this is the melting pot of America! And if we are so ashamed of our background that a single word sets us into orbit, then the purpose of America, my friends, is beginning to fail.

Yes, I remember when my father first came here from Greece the word Greek was considered to be an epithet. Those very sensitive people, who were sensitive because they did not know how they were going to be received in the United States, because they were sensitive in that they didn't realize that this really was a free country and that they were most insecure, resented the use of the word Greek. They preferred to be called Grecians or people of Hellenic descent. But they got over that. They got over that because they moved up the