

THE *Freeman*

NOVEMBER 3, 1952 25¢

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God and Woman at Vassar

Nancy Jane Fellers

The Crime of Alpheus Ray

Oliver Carlson

Once Britons Owned Their Farms

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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editors JOHN CHAMBERLAIN FORREST DAVIS

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Our Contributors

MISS NANCY JANE FELLERS (Earlham '52), author of "God and Woman at Vassar," is the daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Bonner F. Fellers. General Fellers ended his army career in 1946 as secretary-general of the Allied Council for Japan. Since 1947 he has been assistant to the chairman of the Republican National Committee, writing on military affairs for magazines, including the *Freeman*. All this is by way of saying that Miss Nancy Jane inherits her father's aptitudes and adheres to his allegiances, a phenomenon not too usual these days. The daughter of another famous man is represented in this issue, MISS BETSEY BARTON, daughter of the eminent author, columnist and advertising agency executive, Bruce Barton. Miss Barton, who herself conquered the physical handicaps resulting from a fearful motor car accident, reviews "Karen," which tells how the gallant Killilea family overcame many of the handicaps which cerebral palsy had visited upon their daughter.

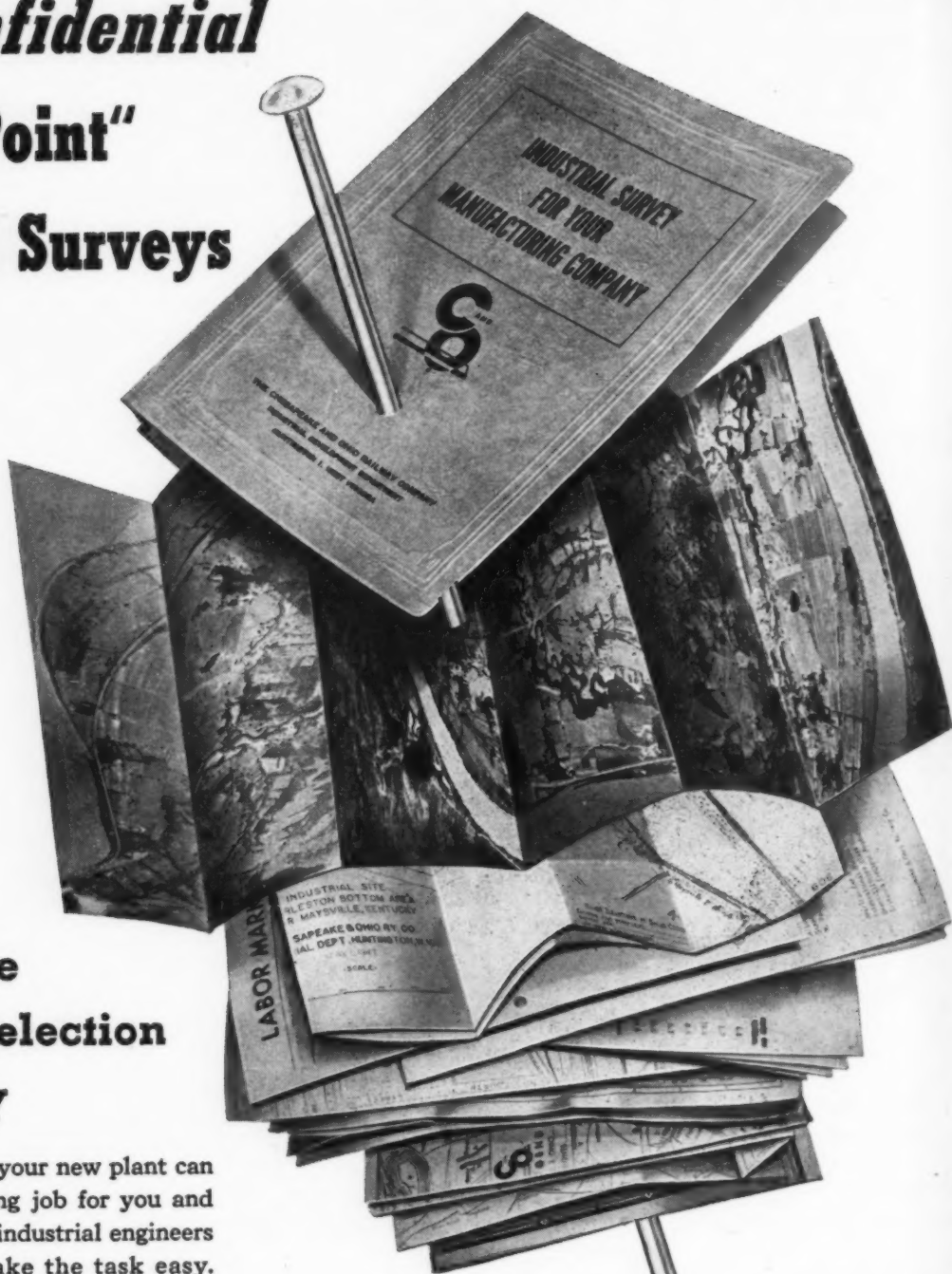
OLIVER CARLSON reported for the *Freeman* (July 30, 1951) the upheaval in Pasadena incident to the dismissal of Superintendent of Schools Willard Goslin. The echoes of that controversy still reverberate through the school-houses, the PTAs, the teachers' colleges and the "liberal" press. The present article presents the other side of the shield, and this likewise from California. A veteran contributor to magazines, Mr. Carlson has lectured to adult education groups and taught non-fiction and radio writing. . . . STERLING MORTON, chairman of the Morton Salt Company of Chicago, learned something of the writing trade as one of the editors of Princeton's *Nassau Literary Magazine*. His "Story of a Shirt" appeared in the *Freeman* of last February 11.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER, GEORGE WINDER, the British farmer and economist, and ALICE WIDENER have recently been identified in this column and are favorably known to *Freeman* readers. LLOYD MAYER, author of the poem, "Prayer For the Future," is a former magazine editor and has written for the magazines, radio and TV.

Among Ourselves

A California subscriber, whose name shall hereafter be blessed in this sanctum, has set a precedent which we offer for emulation to all other subscribers. This gentleman, finding no *Freemans* on the newsstand in his downtown Los Angeles office building, ordered ten copies delivered each issue to his newsdealer and is underwriting the bill. "I shall," he wrote, "see to it that none are unsold." Another subscriber earning the *Freeman* "E" for effort is the Granite Foundation, Mark Granite, chairman, of Lancaster, N. H. Mr. Granite wrote us the other day that 200-odd new subscribers had been added to the *Freeman's* rolls as the result of a mail campaign conducted by himself and, he added, "they are all getting their money's worth—and more! Good luck!" What better luck than to have the Granite Foundation on our side?

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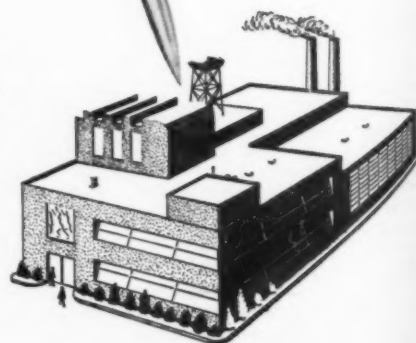


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THE Freeman

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1952

The Fortnight

We have always been awed by the mysteries of a Planned Economy, but no Planner has ever puzzled us more than one Sir Hubert Holdsworth, Chairman of the National Board of Britain's socialized coal industry. Having pondered the problems of his ailing ward for a year or so, Sir Hubert came up with the reassuring promise that the socialized British coal industry might reach the coal output of 1937 some time in 1960—provided the government authorized him to invest the bagatelle of a billion pounds sterling.

The noisy Fabian argument for socializing the British coal industry, you will recall, was the alleged inefficiency and mismanagement of its private owners (may they rest in peace). It is beyond us why it should take that industry, now that it is socialistically transfigured, another eight years and about three billion dollars to match the mediocre performance of 1937. But then, we have never really understood socialistic economics.

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who once dismissed the government of Nationalist China as a corrupt regime, is now praising Chiang Kai-shek for having done a "fine and valiant job." We welcome Bill Douglas to the ranks of the China Lobby and hope he enjoys his share of that good Formosa gold as much as we have enjoyed ours.

Dean Acheson, with his usual genius for simplifying great issues, has informed the UN that we must stay in Korea until the aggressor is convinced that crime doesn't pay. Inasmuch as Stalin, the aggressor, still has a few million Chinese to use up in Korea before he need call on a single Russian, this means the Korean War may some day be known as the Second One Hundred Years War. The people we feel sorry for are the generations of unborn GI's. Not only must they fight in Korea for

History: Acheson Version, they must also suffer the double indignity of studying that history in school while training for the job of opposing the fecund generations of Moscow's loyal Chinese.

Although one general after another during the past few months has told us that the Chinese Communists were using the truce talks as a cover for a formidable buildup of forces in Korea, Secretary Acheson went before the UN on October 16 and said that the enemy had been stopped. But, he added, the Communists refused to accept reasonable terms for an armistice (in other words, they don't know when they're licked); therefore troops must be trained and committed, and food, clothing and money provided, to the end that the aggressors may be taught to know when they have had enough. Ironically, with the exception of Mr. Austin and his colleagues, the only delegation among Acheson's listeners who may be expected to respond with a major effort were the Russians; and their object, of course, will be to teach their fellow members that aggression *does* pay.

Harry Truman says Ike Eisenhower is a no-good bum who let the Russians steal us blind in 1945. So what? So Harry Truman made the no-good bum his chief of staff, appointed him to the top job in NATO and offered him the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. If our junior year course in Logic signifies anything, these actions and words about Ike convict Harry Truman of being (1) a liar, or (2) the world's worst judge of character, or (3) totally irresponsible. You pays your money and you takes your choice, but in any event it's a fine heritage for a Stevenson Administration.

Freeman Dinner

Due to circumstances arising from the political campaign, the Freeman dinner, originally scheduled for October 24 at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, has had to be postponed. It will be held at a date to be decided upon after the election. Watch this space for the announcement.

Senator Wayne Morse, Republican, has deserted Ike Eisenhower; Senator Harry Byrd and Bernard Baruch, Democrats, have, on the other hand, obliquely declared for Ike. In good baseballesse, we should say that the Republicans have traded off a Zeke Bonura for a Lou

Gehrig and a Ty Cobb. Mr. Rickey, greatest trader since David Harum, never pulled a better deal.

The other day our old friend Harry the Hackman, offering us a thin dime in change, remarked: "That's the dime with the United States destroyer on it." The dime contained a shining likeness of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. The mention of money brings us naturally to a couple of incongruous appeals for same which have reached us in the waning days of this campaign. First, the Americans for Democratic Action solicited a gift in a letter addressed to the editors of the *Freeman*. Then came a long and hortatory telegram signed by three McLiberal Senators, Fulbright, Douglas and Kefauver, addressed to one editor by name and urging him to help with the "huge sums" needed for radio and television time by Governor Stevenson. It would, of course, be inappropriate for a periodical of general circulation to contribute to campaign funds, but were it appropriate we could not, we fear, spare even a Roosevelt dime for the purpose of perpetuating in power the men of Teheran and Yalta, of Cairo and Potsdam; the men who have carried us from the pinnacle of world prestige in 1945 to the dull and despondent trough of 1952.

Harry the Hackman, a solemn wag, dispenses Truman jokes as he threads the perils of Manhattan traffic. That traffic, he says, has become worse since the advent of the "Truman cars." "You know," he explains, "shiftless." He inquires courteously if you have heard of "Truman beer." "Headless." There is also "Truman coffee"—"White House drip." He reaches a climax with this one: "Know why the cherry blossoms didn't do so well this spring? The sap wasn't running."

We would like to share a rare pleasure with our readers—a few kind words thrown America's way in a radical British journal. The *New Statesman and Nation* (London's *Nation* and *New Republic* wrapped in one) is habitually Britain's leading spokesman of rabid anti-Americanism. But its editor, returning from an apparently joyful vacation in France, published these words in his weekly "Notebook":

I must record that in a part of France where large numbers of American troops are stationed, their bearing and conduct are extremely good. . . . This army, or the bit of it I saw, can claim to be doing everything that can be done to avoid the superficial frictions.

The unmistakable tone of regret with which Mr. Kingsley Martin "must" record the facts only adds to the compliment. In return, God save the Queen!

The day we read the above impressions of a British tourist in France, a colleague of his brought far less welcome news from the French countryside.

The latest statistics (submitted to the 24th International Temperance Congress in Paris) show that each French adult drinks, on an average, about fifty pints of pure alcohol a year. Ten per cent of the average French family's household budget is spent on alcoholic beverages (more than twice the average family's expenditure on rent) and the nation's total bill for alcohol is more than three times what *la grande nation* spends on public education. The British journalist to whom we are indebted for these official facts ended his report on a note of moral gloom. We can not follow him there. We are fond, not only of French wines, but also of the venerable principle that every nation must be free to go to hell in its own way. We would, however, like to advise those thirsty Frenchmen to restrain themselves a bit from hollering about the uncivilized Americans who imbibe Coca-Cola.

We can hardly cry over the fact that the Supreme Court has refused to consider the appeal of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the atom spies who are waiting to die in the electric chair. But we do find it ironical that the Rosenbergs are about to get a rap that Dr. Klaus Fuchs and Dr. Allan Nunn May escaped. We also find it ironical that certain "larger felons" who gave the Russians everything from atomic materials to zippers during the war should continue to be revered not only as patriots but as paragons of intelligence. It comes down to this: the Rosenbergs picked the wrong time for their treachery, and lamentably failed to get themselves some good sympathizers and press agents when that treachery was discovered.

"Communism," says *Trouw*, a conservative Dutch publication, "has four allies in the West: the iniquities within the Western World itself; the secularization of the West; the fifth column embodied in the Communist parties devoted to Moscow; and a sixth column of moral simpletons, ministers, artists and professors who are against communism but who are also against 'America' and who walk into every trap, no matter how simple, set up by Moscow." *Trouw's* characterization of the fourth ally of communism interests us particularly. Even in sober-sided Holland they are having to ask themselves that weirdly paradoxical question, "Have intellectuals brains?"

Dmitri Shostakovich, the musical idol of our McLiberal intelligentsia, has announced that he is writing a new opera. He got the inspiration, he asserted publicly, when he was reading the Central Committee's report to the recent Communist Party conference. His new opera, said Mr. Shostakovich, will be about "the building of new factories, a gigantic hydroelectric station, architectural ensembles of new apartment houses and houses of culture." This promises to be the most opaque opera plot since *Il Trovatore*. But Mr. Olin Downes of the

Times and other McLiberal lovers of the arts will no doubt guide us toward an objective appreciation of Shostakovich's devotion to pure music.

Governor Stevenson, who finds himself constantly reminded of a story, reminds us in turn of one which is neither less relevant nor necessarily older than those with which he keeps his audiences in stitches. Ours goes back only to Dr. Johnson. When a visitor was making light of a speech he had heard a lady deliver in public, the old buzzard reprimanded him by suggesting that a lady's public oratory must be viewed the same way one appreciated a talking dog: the remarkable thing was not what he was saying but that he was saying anything at all. Therein, it seems to us, lies the secret of Mr. Stevenson's current success with some intelligent people. So completely had they given up hope of encountering ever again a Democratic candidate on friendly terms with English that the sound of one who can use it takes them by surprise.

As for us, we asked our colleague who conducts the "Arts and Entertainments" department to take stock of Mr. Stevenson's amusement value in one of his critical treatises. However, our colleague is stalling because in his opinion Jimmy Savo and Lou Holtz have outdistanced the Governor in storytelling and histrionics.

The *New York Times Book Review*, always eager to broaden the horizons of its readers, assigns learned foreigners to report the literary scene abroad. The author of a recent "Letter From Vienna" was one Franz Theodor Czokor whom the *Book Review's* editor introduced as "an outstanding Austrian dramatist." To learn that Mr. Czokor is not just a fellow-traveler but a devout member and hack propagandist of the Austrian Communist Party will surprise no one, except perhaps the *New York Times* editors. They will continue to inform their readers about the fate of freedom with a truly majestic neutrality toward the issue at stake.

A Common-Sense View of the Election

A Presidential campaign undistinguished for candor and dignity reaches its gratifying conclusion on November 4. Soon Harry Truman's rasping execrations will no longer be heard in the land. Adlai Stevenson's rhymed japeries and adroitly polished epithets will be with us no more, General Ike's earnest exegetics will be lost to the air waves, the Columbia professors can quit jostling over the aspirations of their President and the metropolitan press can cease its labors on his behalf.

Before quitting the subject of the campaign itself, its degraded forensics and ambiguities, some

notice should be taken of the new levels to which the irresponsible occupant of the White House reduced it during his spattering sojourn in New England and New York. Truman's recklessness was astonishing even for him. The suggestion, so carefully cultivated in his wake, that the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket and the Republican Party in general is anti-Semitic, anti-Negro and anti-Catholic may win votes but it will do so at the cost of the integrity of the whole American community. Not since the days of the Know-nothings has a Presidential campaign been so deeply and revoltingly mired in racial inflammations.

On the fourth we the citizens take the stage and, amidst a vast and urgent calm, decide issues which were never quite made convincing, choose between candidates who have not quite brought themselves into clear relief in spite of millions of words, TV and incessant campaigning. The job is ours and what shall we make of it? What of the citizen who, unimpressed by the charm of either major candidate, wishes to do his duty by his society and his time? Waiving the oratory, the accusations, the irrelevancies, what is the overriding issue to be determined on November 4? Is it not the safety and survival of the United States, beset by a malignant foe in the Soviet empire, mistrusted and unfriended abroad by its neighbors of the West? Do not most of the issues so belabored during the last two months find place in this overwhelming question: high taxes and the corruption that inevitably follows upon the mulcting of the citizen; the humiliating Korean war, the drive toward ever more statism in the name of the emergency?

The rise of Soviet power since 1945, in far too large a part the product of the American government's complicity, is at the bottom of nearly all our political and economic ills.

Granted that this is so, what can the voter do about it in the solitude of the voting booth? Where shall he cast his lot if the prime question confronting him is the welfare of his country versus the Soviet Union? In the opinion of the *Freeman* he can do no other than vote the Republican national ticket. He cannot vote for Stevenson, however ingratiating the Democratic candidate may be, because he cannot vote for the men of Teheran and Yalta, the men who (as typified by Acheson and Marshall) pulled the United States down from its eminence of 1945 and reduced it to its present defensive and apologetic state. He cannot, moreover, if he values the security of his country, vote for the men who defended Hiss until the second jury found him guilty of treason; he cannot vote for the men who have with anger and unreason denounced all who have decried treason in our midst.

In the last analysis when you confront your conscience in the voting place you are not marking a ballot for Eisenhower or Stevenson. You are so marking a ballot, it is true, but the act is by no means as simple as that. Behind Eisenhower stands

ranged the Republican Party, an amorphous conglomerate that embraces Irving Ives and Joe McCarthy, Charles Tobey, Margaret Smith and Bob Taft. Since Mr. Herbert Hoover's TV speech the Grand Old Party is as nearly united as it ever has been before a national election. While it is as impossible to endorse or indict a whole party as it is a nation, one thing is true about the Republican Party in this year of ill grace: except for an insignificant handful it has never condoned treason nor sought to shield traitors.

As much cannot be said for the Administration, which, counting Roosevelt's and Truman's as one, has held the seats of power for twenty years. It was under the party headed by Stevenson that Hiss worked great harm to his country's interest and Owen Lattimore contrived to influence our Far Eastern policy to an end which can not as yet be discerned.

This is the common-sense view of the matter. Whether Stevenson is a literary craftsman of high order or not, whether General Ike can charm the birds from the trees—these things are of secondary importance. What matters is the general climate of government and opinion that we as voters wish to see prevail during the next four years. We shall be voting for far more than individuals on November 4.

Boo to a Pumpkin

Every so often, usually in the dark reaches of the night, we feel like tossing in the sponge as an editorialist and retiring to our farm to grow potatoes. For it becomes increasingly apparent that the intellectual life of this mid-century period is dominated by word fetishists, by people who insist in the face of all the evidence that the naked king is fully clothed. Things go by their opposites, a crazy system. We grow tired of assaulting the almost universal curtain of fog which the fetishists have succeeded in laying down.

The fog is everywhere. It drifts across the pages of the maidenly *Manchester Guardian*, which reports an intellectual "reign of terror" in America. (But who or what is being "terrorized," deponent sayeth not.) The fog swirls through murky and utterly unsubstantiated pieces by Bertrand Russell and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in Lester Markel's Sunday section of the *New York Times*. It crops up in a Harvey Breit interview with James Thurber, who alleges that "all writers, even the innocent ones, are scared." Worst of all, the fog floats across a chapter of a book by a man who is ordinarily the soundest and the kindest of men, Frederick Lewis Allen, editor of *Harper's*. On page 282 of his "The Big Change," Mr. Allen writes, in all seriousness: "... a great many useful and productive people have been frightened into a

nervous conformity. . . . At many a point in American life, adventurous and constructive thought is stifled by apprehension."

Reading this, we felt like saying "Oh, oh, Fred" and quitting the life of words forever. That potato field which we have yet completely to harvest looked more alluring than a Mohammedan's dream of heaven. But then we recalled ourselves sternly to the point of duty to 21,000 *Freeman* subscribers. So, leaving the potato fork to rust momentarily in the autumn dews, we challenge Mr. Allen to a reporting job. Where are those useful and productive people who have been frightened into a nervous conformity? Names, please. Dates, please. And where is the "adventurous and constructive" thought that has been "stifled by apprehension"? Has Mr. Thurber or Bertrand Russell or Justice Douglas, speaking or writing for a million readers of the *Sunday Times*, been stifled? Contrariwise, would Lester Markel permit the words of a *Freeman* editor to go out to a million readers of his newspaper? We are waiting for an invitation.

No, Mr. Allen, you've fallen down on your job and your forte, which is—or, at any rate, used to be—good, straight, factual reporting. There is no terror of the sort you specify; you have mistaken a Hallowe'en pumpkin for the real thing. Archibald MacLeish, Schlesinger *fils*, Benny De Voto and Ken Galbraith say daily what they please in Cambridge, Mass. In Dwight Eisenhower's great university of Columbia, faculty members and the head of the Pulitzer School of Journalism go all out for Stevenson. Any idiot and not a few otherwise sane men can get a forum by yelling about "McCarthyism." James Wechsler may be momentarily forced off the air by a silly sponsor who chooses to exercise his Constitutional right to refrain from paying Mr. Wechsler's grocery bills, but Jimmy still has all the white space of the *New York Post's* editorial page in which to disport, and as a matter of fact it didn't take him very long to get back on the air after his contretemps.

If you ask us, what bothers the people who go around prating of the "intellectual terror" is a simple thing: their monopoly of white space, their power to dominate forums, college faculties, radio programs, review media and magazines, has been challenged for the first time in a generation. They react to an unfamiliar challenge by trying to browbeat the new opposition. It's lèse majesté that a non-Keynesian economist should pretend to a job at Harvard! It's an outrage that a conservative like Bill Buckley could worm his way into the chairmanship of the *Yale Daily News*! It's perfectly terrible that a *Freeman* could come into existence and print the articles of Burton Rascoe and Ludwig von Mises and Ralph de Toledano and other people whom Lester Markel won't print!

We'll let Frederick Lewis Allen in on a little secret: the people who started all this talk about

"terrorization"—i.e., the Communists—did it to enforce their own terror. They got the story across in the same way in which they spread the gospel of Chiang Kai-shek's "corruptness," or the whispered theory that Senators Jenner and McCarthy are "Fascists." The technique is to put out the line in the *Daily Worker*, then sell it via the transmission belts to innocents and dupes who never read the *Daily Worker*. And the sucker intellectuals fall for the racket every time. The trick is as dependable as the shell game at an old-time country fair.

Having said this, we'll let Mr. Allen in on another little secret: there is a terror. But it is a terror visited, not upon Leftists, but upon those who would pursue the adventure of "constructive thought" on the Right. If it were not for the saving grace that we don't personally give a damn (we are always willing to quit writing and raise those potatoes if forums are closed to us), we might have succumbed to the anti-Right terror ourselves.

Since we have challenged Mr. Allen to give his evidence, we feel called upon to display ours. Nancy Jane Fellers's article called "God and Woman at Vassar" (see page 83 of this issue of the *Freeman*) is our Exhibit A. We have known the Fellers family ever since 1939, and can vouch for the soundness, the unspoiled wisdom and the humor of both Nancy Jane and her father, General Bonner Fellers. (General Fellers was adviser at *Fortune Magazine* on military articles when we were writing them, and he turned out to be a man of prophetic insight. He told us we were all wrong about General MacArthur in 1939, and events subsequently proved Fellers, not us, to be correct.)

Exhibit B in our display of evidence is the article on page 87, "The Crime of Alpheus Ray." We challenge Mr. Allen to read this and tell us who is terrorizing whom.

One further bit of evidence, a letter from a college student to the editors of the *Freeman*. We quote for Mr. Allen's benefit:

I am enclosing five dollars which came into my hands in a very unusual way. I struck up a conversation with a gentleman wearing an "Ike button." Naturally my statements were sprinkled with "the *Freeman* says." "What is the *Freeman*?" (my most hated question) brought forth a long pep talk which ended in a plea. "How much?" "The best five dollars you'll ever spend," I said. The enclosed check is mine, but it is backed by the crisp bill of [the "Ike button" gentleman].

We offer this letter not for its evidence of the way *Freeman* circulation grows, but because of the postscript, which asked us not to reveal its origin. For Mr. Allen's edification the postscript is this:

I am at the beginning of my four years of this academically magnificent but politically naive college and I prefer to conclude them in comparative anonymity. In case you doubt the need for such pre-

cautions may I suggest that you consult Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr. He had the intelligence and ability which warrant opposition to the *Nation-New Republic-Reporter* fans, I do not. . . .

Now, Mr. Allen, just who is conducting the terror? The *Freeman* is in possession of concrete evidence that a conservative freshman in a large college doesn't dare speak out by name. It has the concrete evidence offered by the Fellers and Carlson articles in this issue.

Where is the evidence of terror in the other direction? We hazard a guess that the only terror Mr. Allen could prove is the terror of Communists or ex-Communists who are asked to tell about their own present or past affiliations. In other words, the terror to which Mr. Allen alludes is the craven terror shown by all hooded men when they are asked to show their faces.

Of course, we could be wrong. Maybe Mr. Allen knows a few "liberals" who will admit in private to being scared into a nervous conformity. But if he does, what right has Mr. Allen to speak of these "liberals" as being the exemplars of "*adventurous and constructive thought*"? The italics, we hasten to add, are ours. By definition *adventurous* thought can hardly be stifled by anything short of death.

A New View of Hoover

No conditioned reflex has a stronger grip on our liberal commentators and educators than the meretricious anti-Hoover cliché. A captive youth is still being taught that Herbert Hoover personifies American provincialism, isolationism, callous ignorance and indifference to the affairs of the Old World.

So, when the "liberal" book reviewers went to work on the latest volume of Herbert Hoover's memoirs, and did their worst (for relief, see John Chamberlain's review on p. 98) it warmed our hearts to reread what a European observer at the Paris Peace Conference recorded for history in 1919. Only one man, concluded that observer, emerged from the conference with uncompromised honor and an enhanced reputation:

This complex personality, with his habitual air of weary Titan (or, as others might put it, of exhausted prizefighter) his eyes steadily fixed on the true and essential facts of the European situation imported into the Councils of Paris, when he took part in them, precisely that atmosphere of reality, knowledge, magnanimity and disinterestedness which, if they had been found in other quarters, also, would have given us the Good Peace.

"This complex personality" is of course Herbert Hoover. And the faithful portrait, so cunningly hidden from the youth of this country for twenty years, was drawn by a man whom New-Dealish professors otherwise quote *ad nauseam*—John Maynard Keynes.

Strange Case of Mr. Wu

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My defense of Mr. Buckley's book is easily understood by knowledge of my background. I was born on Corregidor where my father was stationed as a Lieutenant in the United States Army. In faraway lands I became intensely proud of being an American. I am not ashamed to show emotion at the sight of the flag. At home I have always been free to express myself and participate in open debate with my parents and friends.

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It is not my intention to suggest that the quality of my work warranted my being placed in the top of the class. But after reading the papers of the other students, I was positive that I belonged in the center bracket.

It was not until my last conference with Miss Lockwood that I found I was failing the course. Contrary to standard academic procedure, she had avoided being specific on this issue. In fact I had to drag the information out of her.

The 1950-51 Catalogue of Vassar College states, "For failure in a course marked E, one reexamination is allowed. Failure in the second examination automatically gives an F for the course." So I asked

Miss Lockwood if I might take an examination. She refused.

Meanwhile I was beginning to see the intimate connection between Miss Lockwood and the head of my major department, who was also my adviser. When my adviser first learned about the threat she was shocked. She said it would be a shame for me to leave because I had "so much to offer." At our next meeting she did an about face. Explaining that she might be wrong, she said that I presented the picture of a young girl sitting in a darkened room and looking into a mirror. There I saw only what I wanted to see. I had never gone through any "political turmoil" to find out where I stood. I was "politically naive." And if anyone should enter the room and want to turn on the "light," I would say "No, no. Go away and leave me with my reactionary ideas." Miss Lockwood had said that something must be done about my "dangerous ideas."

On January 12, 1952 I had a second conference with Dean Tait. I wrote home:

... As you suggested I took some of my papers to the Dean. She agreed with Miss Lockwood that I was a problem, academically. The work is not "senior level." I give my points in "capsule" form. I am "dogmatic." She is worried about the "quality of all my senior work." My language is "archaic." (I had used the word "lest," one that is natural to me but she felt it was false.)

As much as I hated to, I did tell her about Miss Lockwood's threat. She cast it off with, "I'm sure Miss Lockwood didn't mean her comments as a threat." But I was there! Miss Tait wasn't. I saw the look in Miss Lockwood's eyes. . . .

So I had made a prophecy when I wrote home the day of the threat:

Frankly, I suspect a plot. . . . I think their main tactical line is to show me up as "unintellectual," not up to Vassar standards. If they flunk me out I can't fuss as much as if I'm dismissed for no obvious reason.

By the time I had undergone the runaround and many conferences in which my stupidity was lamented, I wrote home:

After talking to Miss Lockwood and Miss Tait, I began to feel like an underdeveloped moron who has no business wasting time in college. But it is curious that they accepted me in the first place if I am so dumb. If the quality of my work was so poor why did I pass the last year?

Miss Tait was interested, in fact curious to the point of prodding, about what I would do if I left Vassar. This question had been churning in my mind. I thought about returning to Earlham.

It became imperative that some conclusion be reached because the second semester of Earlham began on January 29. I went to the recorder and asked for my marks as soon as they came in. (It was the Vassar policy that the professors of courses in which there were no mid-semester exams would submit their marks as soon as possible in order to

alleviate some of the last-minute rush in the recorder's office.) Realizing that time was closing in, my father called the recorder's office and asked for the marks as soon as possible.

Miss Tait sent for me. She was quite upset. She said that my father had been calling the school and causing "great consternation." She added that they would take care of me and that there was no need to bring my parents into the situation.

My parents, still hoping they would not have to intervene, felt that I needed neutral counsel. On January 29 my father called the president, Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, and urgently requested the name of the president of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors. It was refused. Miss Blanding and Miss Tait said I had no need of advice; they were looking after my interest. Miss Tait suggested that my parents come to Vassar to confer. My father was told that no decision about my status could be reached until a forty-page playwriting paper was evaluated for inclusion in my semester mark. In addition they would have to know the results of my geology exam.

I asked that I be allowed to take this exam on Saturday morning, February 2, so that my complete report could be in the hands of the administration for the conference with my parents on Monday morning, February 4. Miss Tait granted permission, but when I arrived at the appointed time on Saturday morning she had sent word that I could take the exam but that it was against her wishes. I did not go against her wishes. The following Tuesday, after I had learned that I could not graduate in June, I took the exam. My final mark in geology was B.

Conference with Nancy's Parents

On the morning of February 4, 1952, there was a long conference between the Vassar Administration and the Fellers family. It began with President Blanding, Dean Tait and my parents. Then Miss Lockwood and the head of my department were called. At the express wish of Miss Blanding I remained outside, although my parents asked several times that I be brought in. I was eager to be present because I had a hunch that I would be misquoted. I was.

Miss Blanding told my parents that I had admitted (in her home) that I "was not a good actress." This was to bolster the assertion that my drama marks were justified. What I had actually told Miss Blanding was that I was not a good enough actress to pretend that I believed in the ideologies Miss Lockwood advanced in class.

When at last I was admitted to the conference my marks were read to me. I was prepared for the F in Contemporary Press. But the two D-pluses for drama were a shock. I knew that I should make at least a C in drama. I had made a C-plus the year before, and my work had since profited from

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Miss Lockwood retorted, "You are not ready to do the article."

So I changed the subject to a theater review on "Finnegan's Wake." I took my paper to Professor Katz, who had adapted the play for the Vassar Experimental Theater. I felt familiar with the subject because I had participated in the production. Dr. Katz said: "You have caught much of the theme." He appeared satisfied with the paper. But it did not satisfy Miss Lockwood.

It is not my intention to suggest that the quality of my work warranted my being placed in the top of the class. But after reading the papers of the other students, I was positive that I belonged in the center bracket.

It was not until my last conference with Miss Lockwood that I found I was failing the course. Contrary to standard academic procedure, she had avoided being specific on this issue. In fact I had to drag the information out of her.

The 1950-51 Catalogue of Vassar College states, "For failure in a course marked E, one reexamination is allowed. Failure in the second examination automatically gives an F for the course." So I asked

Miss Lockwood if I might take an examination. She refused.

Meanwhile I was beginning to see the intimate connection between Miss Lockwood and the head of my major department, who was also my adviser. When my adviser first learned about the threat she was shocked. She said it would be a shame for me to leave because I had "so much to offer." At our next meeting she did an about face. Explaining that she might be wrong, she said that I presented the picture of a young girl sitting in a darkened room and looking into a mirror. There I saw only what I wanted to see. I had never gone through any "political turmoil" to find out where I stood. I was "politically naive." And if anyone should enter the room and want to turn on the "light," I would say "No, no. Go away and leave me with my reactionary ideas." Miss Lockwood had said that something must be done about my "dangerous ideas."

On January 12, 1952 I had a second conference with Dean Tait. I wrote home:

... As you suggested I took some of my papers to the Dean. She agreed with Miss Lockwood that I was a problem, academically. The work is not "senior level." I give my points in "capsule" form. I am "dogmatic." She is worried about the "quality of all my senior work." My language is "archaic." (I had used the word "lest," one that is natural to me but she felt it was false.)

As much as I hated to, I did tell her about Miss Lockwood's threat. She cast it off with, "I'm sure Miss Lockwood didn't mean her comments as a threat." But I was there! Miss Tait wasn't. I saw the look in Miss Lockwood's eyes. . . .

So I had made a prophecy when I wrote home the day of the threat:

Frankly, I suspect a plot. . . . I think their main tactical line is to show me up as "unintellectual," not up to Vassar standards. If they flunk me out I can't fuss as much as if I'm dismissed for no obvious reason.

By the time I had undergone the runaround and many conferences in which my stupidity was lamented, I wrote home:

After talking to Miss Lockwood and Miss Tait, I began to feel like an underdeveloped moron who has no business wasting time in college. But it is curious that they accepted me in the first place if I am so dumb. If the quality of my work was so poor why did I pass the last year?

Miss Tait was interested, in fact curious to the point of prodding, about what I would do if I left Vassar. This question had been churning in my mind. I thought about returning to Earlham.

It became imperative that some conclusion be reached because the second semester of Earlham began on January 29. I went to the recorder and asked for my marks as soon as they came in. (It was the Vassar policy that the professors of courses in which there were no mid-semester exams would submit their marks as soon as possible in order to

alleviate some of the last-minute rush in the recorder's office.) Realizing that time was closing in, my father called the recorder's office and asked for the marks as soon as possible.

Miss Tait sent for me. She was quite upset. She said that my father had been calling the school and causing "great consternation." She added that they would take care of me and that there was no need to bring my parents into the situation.

My parents, still hoping they would not have to intervene, felt that I needed neutral counsel. On January 29 my father called the president, Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, and urgently requested the name of the president of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors. It was refused. Miss Blanding and Miss Tait said I had no need of advice; they were looking after my interest. Miss Tait suggested that my parents come to Vassar to confer. My father was told that no decision about my status could be reached until a forty-page playwriting paper was evaluated for inclusion in my semester mark. In addition they would have to know the results of my geology exam.

I asked that I be allowed to take this exam on Saturday morning, February 2, so that my complete report could be in the hands of the administration for the conference with my parents on Monday morning, February 4. Miss Tait granted permission, but when I arrived at the appointed time on Saturday morning she had sent word that I could take the exam but that it was against her wishes. I did not go against her wishes. The following Tuesday, after I had learned that I could not graduate in June, I took the exam. My final mark in geology was B.

Conference with Nancy's Parents

On the morning of February 4, 1952, there was a long conference between the Vassar Administration and the Fellers family. It began with President Blanding, Dean Tait and my parents. Then Miss Lockwood and the head of my department were called. At the express wish of Miss Blanding I remained outside, although my parents asked several times that I be brought in. I was eager to be present because I had a hunch that I would be misquoted. I was.

Miss Blanding told my parents that I had admitted (in her home) that I "was not a good actress." This was to bolster the assertion that my drama marks were justified. What I had actually told Miss Blanding was that I was not a good enough actress to pretend that I believed in the ideologies Miss Lockwood advanced in class.

When at last I was admitted to the conference my marks were read to me. I was prepared for the F in Contemporary Press. But the two D-pluses for drama were a shock. I knew that I should make at least a C in drama. I had made a C-plus the year before, and my work had since profited from

a summer session in the drama department of Denver University. Professor Katz of Vassar had praised my performance in a Yeats play. Significantly, the drama marks were just below transfer strength. I felt that they had been designed to entice me to stay to be broken or processed by June.

We learned from the head of my department that my forty-page paper had not been included in the playwriting mark. My father interjected that over the telephone both Miss Blanding and Miss Tait had stressed its importance in determining the semester mark. Miss Blanding replied that that also was her understanding. Nevertheless, as President she would not direct that the paper be included.

My parents asked to be shown the work in which I had failed. My father had been an English professor and was interested in the papers from a professional as well as personal standpoint. The administration produced no paper with a failing mark. They told my parents that it was not the practice to mark at Vassar; that my work was "immature" and just not up to "senior level."

My parents asked that a board of three neutral educators, only one of whom they would select, be brought in to evaluate my work. Miss Blanding replied that they had no objection but that the Vassar evaluation would stand, no matter what the conclusion of the outside board.

The administration felt that it was being "very lenient." It would wipe Miss Lockwood's F off the record entirely. In my opinion this was not lenience; it was plain dishonesty. If the F was fair, it belonged in my record. By wiping off the course "as if I had never taken it," the administration admitted that my failure was the result of Miss Lockwood's unobjective marking.

The conference terminated when Miss Blanding presented the final arbitrary draft of their solution. I could remain at Vassar. After the completion of a summer course I would receive a degree. But they would not permit me to be graduated with my class even though I could have qualified by taking only two extra hours in the next semester to make up the deficit caused by Miss Lockwood's F.

It was then that I made my decision to return to Earlham. Although I had no assurance that I would be graduated by June, I preferred to finish where my work would be evaluated on its merit.

My experience at Vassar was not a case of personalities, of likes or dislikes. It was the clash of two forces diametrically opposed to one another, even as they are in the world. I do not hate Miss Lockwood. I wish that all the fighters on my side could possess her passion without her tyranny. Within their academic immunity she and her kind are a law unto themselves. They insist upon "academic freedom" as their exclusive right. They deny freedom to students who do not swallow their brand of "objectivity," which is the subjectivity of the New Social Order in disguise.

Most Politely

In these days when men of the highest character are called "liar" or "thief," when the Soviet delegate to the United (?) Nations is apparently chosen for his proficiency in billingsgate, and when even the President of the United States is somewhat unrestrained in his choice of language, an old man gets a bit nostalgic in thinking of how much more politely, as well as efficiently, important matters were handled in times past.

For example, it is related that during the twenties, Alfonso, then the ruling monarch of Spain, while pursuing a more general (if less publicized) "sport of kings" in Paris, made the acquaintance of an attractive dancer and bestowed on her an expensive necklace, with the request that the famous jeweler send the bill privily to the Privy Purse. In due course, however, the Keeper of the Purse sent back word that sufficient funds were not on hand. After several duns the jeweler suggested that the Queen, being a Mountbatten, was rich and could pay the bill.

The situation was critical, but at this moment a real diplomat took over. He was the famous M. Blanc, principally known as owner of the Monte Carlo Casino, who also owned the Casino and some hotels at Deauville. For several seasons Deauville had been slipping, and M. Blanc was quite worried. So he suggested through a discreet emissary that His Majesty might like to spend a month at Deauville; that a royal suite and a number of other rooms would be at his disposal without charge, together with truly royal nourishment; that His Majesty could keep his winnings and forget his losses at the Casino, and that the little matter of the necklace would be taken care of.

The King accepted, and Europe long remembered the brilliance of that season at Deauville. The Prince of Wales headed a dazzling concourse of royalty; society just had to be there; the greatest stars of the theater, the movies and the tennis court were on hand, and Deauville was reestablished as the premier summer resort of Europe.

The suave master of diplomacy had evolved a solution which pleased everyone. The lady had the necklace, the jeweler had his money, the Privy Purse was not further depleted, M. Blanc's resort was again prosperous, the King had a wonderfully good time, and the Queen remained in blissful ignorance. While today some favor "open covenants openly arrived at," I confess a longing for the more traditional, less strident approach, where the bickering and name-calling is done, if at all, in private, and hard feelings do not become nation-wide.

As most of the principals have now "strutted their brief hour upon the stage," this story probably hurts no one. I can not vouch for its accuracy; all I can say is, "Even if not true, it's good anyhow!"

STERLING MORTON

The Crime of Alpheus Ray

By OLIVER CARLSON

Mr. Carlson, who gave to Freeman readers the facts behind the widely condemned dismissal of Willard Goslin in Pasadena, now tells what does not happen when a conservative school superintendent is fired.

By a three-to-two vote they fired him. For seven and one-half years he had been superintendent of the elementary school district of Roseville, California. Now without a word of warning and without a hearing he was "through," "finished," "washed up." No charges, either written or oral, were made at the time the Roseville Board of Education took the action. There were only vague "complaints." Later, as public indignation developed, charges began to be heard: "Superintendent Ray is not a good administrator." "He has not practiced good public relations." "He has antagonized some of the parents." "He gets involved in too many things which do not concern our school system." "We could carry the school bond issue if we had a new superintendent."

So far as a great many Roseville citizens were concerned, these *ex post facto* reasons did not ring true. Soon the whole town was debating the question, just why had Alpheus W. Ray been fired. Repercussions were felt in San Francisco as well as in nearby Sacramento. The working people of Roseville (a large railroad center) rose to Mr. Ray's defense through their local labor unions. Mr. George H. Mayse, Secretary-Treasurer of the AFL Railway Employees Union and Chairman of the local lodge of the International Association of Machinists, declared in a letter that the workers were "fighting to retain a school superintendent who stands for teaching the three R's and the principles of democratic society." The California section of the Sons of the American Revolution learned what had happened in Roseville and instructed its attorney, Mr. Aaron M. Sargent, to make an on-the-spot study. Copies of his findings were sent to the California Legislature and to Congress.

But the case attracted neither state-wide nor national newspaper attention. Not a single magazine gave it so much as a paragraph. The Winchells, the Pearsons and all the other widely known commentators were obviously unaware of its existence.

Strangest of all, the National Education Association, which had gone all out to defend Superintendent Willard Goslin of Pasadena when he was dismissed two years ago (and which ever since has devoted much—perhaps most—of its time and attention to such problems), has remained completely oblivious to the firing of Alpheus Ray. It has not reported the case in its bulletins or its magazine.

It has sent no investigator to Roseville to get the facts. It hasn't even written a letter, either to the Board of Education or Mr. Ray, asking about it. Even the California Teachers Association never went beyond sending a single brief letter of inquiry.

Why Mr. Ray Went Undefended

Why were these powerful organizations unwilling or unable to go to the defense of one of their associates? Why were these staunch and vociferous defenders of the civil rights of educators so conspicuously silent in the case of Alpheus Ray? Did they know that the belated excuses given by the majority members of the Roseville Board of Education were not the *real* reasons why Superintendent Ray had been fired? Did they feel that he was guilty of something more serious? That he was unworthy to be defended? There's no doubt about it—this I found from a careful first-hand investigation—the crime of Alpheus Ray is serious. It is basic to the future of all American education.

First, Mr. Ray is out of step with prevailing educational theories and practices, and he admits it. Secondly, a successful demonstration of his point of view, if nationally advertised, would be a serious blow to the existing leadership in American public education. Thirdly, he has had the audacity to advocate that our boards of education

. . . reassume their original and rightful responsibility for operating our system of public education . . . that they once again concern themselves with the philosophy of education and with the science of pedagogy and become really acquainted with teachers and principals . . . and that they redefine the duties of the superintendent so that he shall become, in fact, the executive secretary of the school board.

This, in the eyes of many school superintendents, is next door to treason. In addition, Mr. Ray has appeared on several occasions before legislative committees of the State of California to give them expert information about textbooks and educational practices which he considered unsound, incorrect and un-American. Beyond this, as Superintendent of Elementary Schools at Roseville he issued the following instructions to his teaching staff:

We, as citizens, have the right to participate in activities toward amendment of the Constitution or change of the laws governing the subjects, the books, and the philosophy of the public elementary school,

should such amendment or change be found necessary or thought desirable.

But we, as teachers, can comply only with the Constitution as it is written—*now*; only with the laws as they stand—*now*.

This is the essence of Democracy through education.

This—finally—is Democracy: that parents shall be secure in their right to have their children taught what parents want those children to know.

To cap the climax, Mr. Ray took over the Roseville school system in 1944 when it was so completely demoralized by so-called "progressive" education that only 35 per cent of the graduating eighth-grade pupils were (according to tests) ready for high school. Tests revealed that the pupils of the Roseville schools at that time were in general far below the national average. Superintendent Ray, using the same staff, brought that average up within a year beyond both the California and the national norm, where it has remained consistently ever since.

In brief, the crime of Alpheus Ray consists in his conviction that elementary schools must not only teach children how to read, write, spell and do arithmetic, but also to obey the laws of the land and live by the accepted moral, social and political standards of our country. In proposing and carrying through these (shall we say revolutionary?) ideas, he was running counter to the dominant concepts of our educational hierarchy.

A Visit to Roseville

Alpheus Ray has been a school teacher, principal and superintendent for more than thirty-five years. His life has been spent in the schools of small towns and cities which are, he believes, rather representative of America. He has strong faith in the intelligence and common sense of the average man and woman:

Ninety-seven per cent of all our pupils can learn what we offer them at the elementary level; that I know. Some learn more slowly than others, to be sure, so we must work harder with them. It demands good teaching and patient teachers. But it can be done, as we proved right here in Roseville over the past eight years.

I made it my business to talk to a great many citizens of Roseville, especially young people. I asked them what they thought about their school system and about Mr. Ray. Many said he was "strict" and "wouldn't let you fool around or waste your time"; but without exception they admitted they had learned a great deal. One teen-ager said to me, "All the kids who graduated from eighth grade in the last few years can read and write a lot better than their older brothers and sisters."

A middle-aged railroad worker with whom I talked in a lunchroom said: "I know some parents around here are sore at Mr. Ray because he won't go over the heads of the teachers and promote their

kids. But if the kids won't study they shouldn't be promoted just for attending school the way they do in Sacramento. Most of us working people are darn well satisfied with the way Mr. Ray has made the teachers teach and the kids learn."

What manner of man is Alpheus Wilson Ray? He is 56 years old, of slightly more than medium height, thin, broad-shouldered, with graying hair. He has a square jaw and a firm mouth. His gray-blue eyes are usually serious but occasionally sparkle with a glint of humor. He is married and has five children, one of whom is now serving his country in Korea. I found Mr. Ray quiet and almost shy. He has no bitterness toward the board members who discharged him and in no sense considers himself a martyr. He speaks with great precision and confidence in his ideas. His little upstairs "study room" in the Atlantic Street school, where we conversed one evening until long after midnight, is stacked not only with the books you would expect to find in a superintendent's office, but with the most notable works on economics, politics, sociology and international affairs that have been published in recent years. Mr. Ray loves small towns and the people in them, but the caliber of his mind and the scope of his reading made me feel he belonged in one of our major cultural centers.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Ray, "the school superintendency is the bottleneck in public education. All over the country superintendents are asking themselves whether their jobs are becoming untenable. Wherever you look at the public school system you will find ex-superintendents looking for new jobs. In a sense the superintendent belongs to a 'tramp' profession."

Ray set forth his concepts in an article published in the *American School Board Journal* of March 1945. The following passages are illustrative of his philosophy:

In a true democracy the teachers must always function as servants of the public. Otherwise, the public soon would become the servant of the teachers.

Supervision, like superintendency, contains within itself a fatal weakness, as revealed by the very name. The word "supervision" is formed from "super," meaning "above," and "vision," meaning "to see," thus the idea of "seeing from above."

Supervision and superintendency either form an alliance or clash in controversy. Both of them may speak the language of democracy, but they think the thoughts of autocratic control, and they do the deeds of centralized power.

Truly, the literature of supervision is full of praise for the democratic way of life, full of declarations that the so-called "modern" curriculum is a product of cooperative effort. But the teachers know this claim as only one of the techniques of gradual penetration by which zealous crusaders force upon us their new religions.

To assist his teachers in the teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic, Superintendent Ray worked

out detailed instructions from which I quote the following significant passages:

The elementary school is a "reading" school. Unless children are taught the mechanics of reading they can not be expected to understand—to comprehend—what they look at in books.

What has been called a "phonetic" system is a see-say-hear-think system. . . . A few children who see, say, and hear words very well may be slow in learning how to *think* words—to get meaning from them. Therefore, I propose that our teachers make every effort to insure that each word read by the child be understood as being the name of a thing, an action, a relationship, a value, a quality, etc.

But the first thing to be done in the teaching of primary reading—any reading—is to show children how to *see—say—and hear* words.

The purpose of reading is comprehension.

The purpose of instruction in reading is to help the child become aware of and to know the symbols with which the reading material is recorded, so that he will comprehend.

Mr. Ray insists that though writing, as a subject of instruction in the public schools, is usually thought of merely as a simple skill, "it is much more than a skill. It is a very complex intellectual activity."

When a child is beginning to learn writing, he copies letters and words that are outside of him—on the blackboard, on the paper in the book. To copy those letters and words, he must *see* them—the symbols of recorded intelligence. But he can not see them until he knows them. Nor can he know them until he sees them. For the mind can not see what it does not know.

At first he knows-sees-knows, or sees-knows-sees, only vaguely, partially. He "looks" clearly through his eyes, but he "sees" dimly in his mind. "Looking" is not enough. There must be "seeing."

Instruction must point out—over and over again—every curve, twist, angle, slant, loop, and dot, so that children will not only "look" at letters and words, but will "see" letters and words—knowingly, exactly, critically, usably. Then—gradually—the symbols of writing will become images within the body, within the mind.

With respect to arithmetic, Mr. Ray told his teachers: "Arithmetic is more than the science of using numbers. It is the 'meaningful' use of numbers." He also insisted:

Arithmetic as a social instrument has moral significance. A child must be shown that his work in arithmetic has not only "mathematical" rightness or wrongness, but also "moral" rightness or wrongness.

The virtues of accuracy, exactness, orderliness, thoroughness, neatness and legibility have a double value; they are mathematical, and they are social.

Moral ideals of "rightness" are far more important than mathematical ideals of "correctness." The child who *wants* his work to be "right," probably will do work that is "correct."

These quotations represent in brief the point of view of the man who was discharged without a

hearing by the Roseville Board of Education, and whose case has been overlooked—deliberately or otherwise—by educational associations, the Civil Liberties Union and the "do-good" organizations.

The Pasadena Case in Reverse

If constructive, conservative superintendents such as Mr. Ray are to be dismissed at will without regard for their rights, while left-wingers and "progressives" are to be ardently defended, the effect on American public education can only be bad. Many school superintendents who believe as Mr. Ray does will obviously keep silent rather than lose their positions. The report of the Sons of the American Revolution declares that

. . . injury to the public school system is likely to result . . . if this injustice is not corrected, it will be difficult for the board to obtain a successor who is not a radical or at least a "neutral," unable to withstand pressure from left-wing groups. . . . If the standards which apply to private employment had been applied to the transaction of public business, this thing would not have occurred.

What happened in Roseville is the Pasadena case in reverse. The intellectuals, the "progressive educators," the "snobocracy" who rose so vehemently to the defense of Pasadena's Goslin were quite willing to sacrifice Alpheus Ray because his concept of American public school education was not theirs.

After his dismissal Mr. Ray declared: "We superintendents . . . are employed to do a job and we try to do it in compliance with what the board wants. So this thing has more than personal significance. . . . What am I to think as I face the future in education? What are other men to think as they face the future in education? . . . Can't anything be done to prevent the slaughter of superintendents and principals and supervisors? Must we continue to be a profession of tramps? Must we be dismissed because we have done what we have been employed to do?"

This, then, was the "crime" of Alpheus Ray, but from my point of view the real crime is that we do not have hundreds or thousands of men in our school system as guilty as he.

Prayer for the Future

(After Swinburne)

From too much love of giving,
From rash commitments free,
We'll thank with deep thanksgiving
God, if He help decree
That our blest land come ever
Before those states that never
Will, on their own, endeavor
To fight for liberty.

LLOYD MAYER

Foreign Trends

Depression Expected

All over Europe the climate of expectation is changing fast and in a strange unison. From London to Rome, and from Lisbon to Vienna, the one grave concern of people whose business it is to anticipate the economic tomorrow is the coming European depression. Nothing like this has happened since 1947.

Few politicians and even fewer economists would care to offer factual evidence in support of Europe's universal apprehension. This new pessimism is a matter of mood rather than statistics. But every sound economist has of course a healthy respect for intangibles, and particularly for the powers of a sudden and general wave of business pessimism: a bearish outlook, even unsupported by factual evidence, if only shared by enough decisive people, can indeed determine the business cycle. This much, if nothing else, the science of economics has learned from the weird experience of the Great Depression.

However, the pessimism that currently sweeps Europe is based on at least one tangible and unchallengeable fact: for the first time since 1947, European production has declined for a whole year and keeps declining. With the singular exception of western Germany (and in some business areas even there), the reconstruction boom of the immediate postwar period, synthetically enhanced by U. S. tax dollars, is clearly over. The domestic markets are shrinking again, overseas exports are meeting insurmountable obstacles, and the feeble attempts (the Schuman Plan, for instance) at creating the unified European mass market are immeasurably far from practical results. Significantly, nowhere, not even in France and Italy, has the business decline reached such serious proportions as in those continental countries which (like the Netherlands, Scandinavia and Belgium) are traditionally linked with the British economy: the appalling passivity of Britain's intimidated Conservative government has, after one year of "neo-conservative" dragging, not only suffocated British hopes but also infected the dependent continental economies.

In percentage figures, the universal European production decline is as yet not dramatic. In fact, if the NATO countries were to muster sufficient nerve to fulfill their promised rearmament quotas, that impulse alone could reverse the incipient trend. But nothing is less likely than a revival of courage in a Europe that is congenitally fascinated by the ghosts of depression. On the contrary, the pessimistic talk that is rising all over Europe, even above the pitch of that favorite conversational topic, anti-Americanism, is bound to strengthen Europe's underlying defeatism. More important, it is exactly the psychological background for the Kremlin to stage its new tactics of penetration.

(See "Foreign Trends," the *Freeman*, October 20.)

For the almost inescapable corollary of Europe's sudden business pessimism will be a fatuous but general scramble for trade with the Soviet bloc. The alleged prospects of east-west trade are thoroughly disproved by all economic experience, but this matters little in an enveloping atmosphere of panic. Europe is moving into a psychological climate in which "popular fronts" may lustily thrive.

Tito's Base: Uranium

Informed Europeans refuse to believe that the recharged Anglo-American romance with Tito has no other reason than Communist Yugoslavia's strategic position in the flank of the Soviet Empire. Instead, their speculations center around apparently reliable intelligence that a tremendous uranium field has been discovered in the triangle formed by the rivers Morava and Ibar, near the Bulgarian frontier. According to one European source, these auspicious uranium ores of the Morava-Ibar hills were the ultimate cause of Tito's break with Stalin: a scientific expedition, led by the Soviet physicist Globov, tried to misinform Tito in 1948 that no important quantities of uranium could be found in the investigated area; whereupon Tito realized that Stalin wanted to get hold of Yugoslavia's potentially greatest trump in the international power game.

This story may be apocryphal, but the uranium ores are real enough. The Anglo-American experts, who have explored the Morava-Ibar triangle since 1950, are said to agree that Tito is in possession of perhaps the most promising uranium mine in the Old World. Its decisive advantage over other uranium-rich areas is that its ores are particularly near the surface.

Fully aware how pretty he is sitting, Tito is said to have agreed on a long-range development program with American technological and financial aid. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden's recent state visit was apparently undertaken to sign and seal Britain's participation in the deal.

Too Rich to Be "Right"

The phenomenal fact that leftism is an affliction of the well-to-do rather than the "proletarians" is not confined to Park Avenue. At the recent Morecambe Conference of British Labor, Bevan's victorious faction filled all five vacant seats on the Party's executive committee. Twenty seats are occupied by bona-fide representatives of the unions—and they are all "rightists." But the five newly elected Bevanites—Messrs. Wilson, Driberg, Mikardo, Crossman and Mrs. Castle—have all gone to privileged schools, draw their relatively high incomes from privileged "bourgeois" professions and move in London's most privileged circles. British leftism, too, is clearly a disease of the privileged intelligentsia.

CANDIDE

Once They Owned Their Farms

BY GEORGE WINDER

The English farmers, says a British economist, thought Magna Charta was still the law of the land, but the state has taught them otherwise.

London

General Eisenhower—his military title will never be omitted in Great Britain, however exalted the position he may hold in his own country—referred at Omaha, during his election campaign, to the fact that a British farmer can be dispossessed of his farm by the government. "If you were not as efficient as the government thought you should be," he told his audience of Nebraska farmers, "you could be thrown off your land."

He added: "This is happening today in freedom-loving England. A Republican Administration intends to see that it does not happen here."

This statement will no doubt arouse the interest of many Americans, and will bring about a desire for further information concerning the entirely new status now enjoyed, or endured, by the British farmer.

Before the war the British farmer was a free man. Nobody could tell him what to grow on his land, or could take it from him for farming it as he pleased. If he owned a freehold farm—and one-third of British farmers own their own land—he had complete security of tenure as long as he paid his debts. If he was a tenant farmer, he could not be turned off his land save at the expiration of his lease, or, if he had no lease, after one year's notice to quit. In either case, the Agricultural Holdings Act provided that the outgoing tenant should be compensated for improvements made with the consent of the landlord, and also required that a sum of money, usually the equivalent of one year's rent, should be paid in compensation for disturbance.

Between the two world wars, British farm production experienced a period of remarkable transition and expansion, brought about by the application of the internal combustion engine to agriculture. This development had tremendous repercussions on British farming. Ever since the 80s of the last century the British farmer had been struggling to grow corn against the competition of overseas producers, and for thirty years he had been slowly losing the fight. The use of the tractor for plowing in the New World now made his struggle hopeless.

The price of corn, which had been 80 shillings a quarter before the repeal of the Corn Laws a hundred years before, dropped, between the two wars, as low as 20/9 a quarter. In these circumstances the British farmer had either to adapt himself to

the fact of cheap imported corn or go bankrupt. Some did go bankrupt, and the area of arable land in Great Britain dropped to less than it had been in the days of William and Mary. But the vast majority turned their energies to animal husbandry, and found in this the road to success.

So great was the expansion in this branch of farming that the total production of British agriculture, according to the index issued by Mr. O. J. Beilby, of the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Research, increased by 33 per cent between 1924 and 1936. When the second World War broke out, Britain's livestock population was higher than ever before. Unfortunately, the cutting off of feeding stuffs from abroad meant that a large number of pigs and poultry had to be killed. Milk production declined considerably.

It was decided that for the duration of the war at least, Great Britain must reverse the trend toward animal husbandry and revert to arable farming. Milk production was made an exception to the general policy, and given first claim on the reduced supplies of imported animal feeding stuffs.

The Dispossessed

The task of switching the country's agricultural production from animal husbandry back to arable farming during a war was no mean one, and a great effort had to be made by the farmer and the government. Agricultural Committees, made up of experienced farmers who gave their services free of charge, were appointed for each county. These were staffed by paid officials from agricultural colleges, together with all kinds of unsuccessful farmers and unemployed farm managers. Under powers granted by war emergency legislation, these committees, at the instigation of their paid officers, did not hesitate to dispossess a farmer of his land when he failed to plough up sufficient acreage, or showed evidence of inefficient farming.

When the dispossessed farmer was a freeholder, the committee either worked his farm or sublet it to a tenant of its own choice. The owner received from the committee a rent, which in some instances was less than that paid to the committee by the new tenant. The tenant farmers, however, were the chief sufferers. They found themselves faced with a forced sale of their stock, and there can be no doubt that many of them suffered very great loss.

Also, when a committee had once evicted a tenant, no landowner dared rent him another farm.

In every instance where a committee evicted a man from his farm, it also took possession of the farmhouse, although sometimes this was not wanted by the new tenant. Mr. Griffin, for example, of King's Coughton Farm, Alcaston, was evicted from his house and farm, although the committee's new tenant, a young man of military age living nearby, did not want the house and it remained empty for a considerable time after the eviction. With Mr. Griffin were evicted his daughter-in-law and her two children. She was the wife of Mr. Griffin's eldest son, who was abroad serving in His Majesty's Forces. Fortunately, a neighbor accommodated this daughter-in-law and her children, but the only shelter Mr. Griffin could find was one of his own fowl-houses. The committee ordered him to remove this fowl-house from the farm.

When they took over the farm, the committee confiscated Mr. Griffin's two shotguns. The act, though illegal, may have been wise, for shotguns figured in more than one committee eviction. For instance, Mr. George Bell, of Hallingdon Hill Farm, Northumberland, when the committee arrived to evict him, took up his shotgun and, retiring to his barn, killed himself. Mr. Bell, who was 67 years of age, had made the mistake of supposing that he could run the farm to the satisfaction of the committee without the aid of his son, whom he had allowed to go to the war.

Only once did an Agricultural Committee meet with spirited opposition to eviction. This came from Mr. G. R. Walden, of Borough Farm, Itchen Stoke, Hampshire, a farmer 65 years old and made of sterner stuff than most. Mr. Walden was of a third generation of tenant-farmers who had held land near Winchester on the Tichborne Estate, which has been in the same family since before the Norman Conquest. He had a house and six acres on the banks of the beautiful River Itchen, and some forty acres on the higher down land about half a mile away. The Hampshire Agricultural Committee ordered Mr. Walden to plow, summer fallow and prepare for cropping some four acres of this down land. The order was given only in the middle of April, yet on June 20 the committee ordered him to quit his farm for non-compliance.

Mr. Walden, who considered that Magna Charta was still the law of the land, who had been taken before no court nor served with any court order, refused to budge. When the officers of the committee came to take possession, he chased them off the land with a shotgun. The police were sent for, and instituted a siege. Walden kept them at bay. He could be seen from time to time going to his barn to feed his cattle—but always with the shotgun in his hand. Finally the police threw tear-gas bombs through the windows of the farmhouse, and made a concerted rush. Mr. Walden, still resisting although nearly blinded by tear-gas, was shot dead.

These three incidents are only a few of the many which occurred during the war, when the emphasis of British agriculture was being switched from animal husbandry back to arable farming. Men whose sons and women whose husbands were serving in the war, were evicted at a time when it was almost impossible to find another house.

Exchange for a Mess of Pottage

A policy such as this, which gives committees appointed by the state such powers over individual farmers, will naturally be abhorrent to all Americans. It must not be forgotten, however, that the examples I have given occurred during the war; and, in the eyes of most people, this justifies actions which should never be tolerated in times of peace.

What, however, can never be forgotten is that after the war the Socialist government, in its Agricultural Act of 1947, made these wartime measures into a permanent peacetime policy. Even the present Conservative government has shown no signs that it will repeal this Act. Farmers can still be evicted without the right of defending themselves before an independent Court of Law. The only right that a farmer, so threatened with eviction, has is to appeal to a body called a Land Tribunal, the majority of whose members are appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture, the very Ministry that appoints the county committees from whose decision the farmer would be appealing. Furthermore, as these tribunals are not bound by clear-cut legal precedents, they can give purely arbitrary decisions, and there is no appeal to a higher court. A right of appeal to such a body can scarcely be considered a fair substitute for an independent court of law presided over by one of Her Majesty's judges.

One may wonder what resistance this system has aroused in the farming community. In individual cases it is strong and bitter, but the Farmers' Union, which represents the great majority of farmers, has not opposed the system. The reason is that the Socialists cleverly associated this system of committee control with the farmer's receipt of guaranteed prices. The farmers feared that if they opposed committee control they would lose their guaranteed prices and perhaps their subsidies. It was not fair, the Socialists claimed, to guarantee prices to farmers who were not pulling their weight. The farmers may be said to have sold their liberty for the customary mess of pottage.

The majority of farmers, too, always believe that a committee's displeasure will never fall on them. The marginal farmers—that is, the men on poor land—are in particular danger. It is probably true that such men are not first-class farmers. First-class men could not be bothered with such land. Nor does such land justify the expense of keeping it up to the ideal standards of the agricultural textbooks. It is a simple matter for an employee of a committee to make out a reasonable

case of inefficient farming against almost any marginal farmer.

There is also a tendency on the part of many farmers to argue that agricultural committees are made up of decent men like themselves, and why, therefore, should they fear their powers? The idea that decent men, placed in power, can be corrupted, does not occur to the average unsophisticated countryman. However, stories are getting abroad about relatives of committeemen who obtain farms of which the committee has dispossessed the owners. It is difficult to get at the facts, as most dispossession go unreported in the newspapers. Appeals to a tribunal are open to the public, but the press has not the same freedom to report a case without fear of action for libel as it has in the established courts.

One of the very few transactions of a committee which, because a case of defamation was involved, did reach the courts, revealed a very sink of corruption. This was the case, already reported in the *Freeman* ["British Bureaucrats Kill Some Cows," January 28, 1952] where a herd of Friesian cows, which produced the famous Manningford Faith Jan Graceful, the world's most productive cow, was dispersed, and part of it destroyed, as the result of a committee's ineptitude and folly. In this case the judge branded the chief executive officer of the committee as a liar, and declared that the committee had tried to represent the owner of the farm as inefficient, to cover up its own mistakes.

The Price of State Control

General Eisenhower was overwhelmingly right when he warned the farmers of Nebraska against the danger of traveling along the road which leads to the destruction of human liberty. We must, however, answer one more question. Has the British farmer's loss of liberty brought any material advantages? Has the power of committees to dispossess those who they claim are bad farmers brought about more efficient farming in general?

The case of the dispersal of the Manningford herd points to the fact that committees are not infallible, and this view is supported by the finding of the Select Committee on Agricultural Estimates which, in 1949, discovered that the average loss on all the land taken over and worked by the county committees was £6 per acre. No farmer could sustain such losses without facing bankruptcy. The committees are now in the anomalous position that, for good husbandry, they ought—on their own principles—to be deprived of the farms of which they have dispossessed others.

Has that steady expansion continued which was so clearly marked before the war? We find that until 1949, under the new system, expansion practically ceased. In 1947 gross production was 7 per cent, and in 1948, 2 per cent, less than the average for the last three years before the war. In 1949, however, the increase over prewar production was

12 per cent, while in 1950 it was 13 per cent, and in 1951, 19 per cent. This improvement occurred, however, at a time when there was a partial return to the old system of relying on feed from abroad.

When we consider that within twelve years between the two wars, agricultural production in Great Britain increased 33 per cent compared with 19 per cent during the last twelve years, we can only conclude that the system of agricultural control Great Britain has now adopted, and which General Eisenhower so rightly condemns, is not only an affront to human liberty but a distinct economic failure.

Under the new postwar system, Britain pays her farmers, in subsidies, untold millions which she can ill afford, guarantees the prices of their products and, at the expense of many more millions, retains agricultural committees with power to put farmers off their land without trial before an independent court. Yet in spite of all this terrible expense and injustice, farm production does not expand as rapidly as it did before the war, when, except for very slight subsidies and tariffs, Britain did nothing for her farmers beyond giving them the inestimable boon of freedom.

The present emphasis on grain-growing is a reversal to a policy which most economists thought had disappeared with the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. Sometimes it is excused with the argument that grain-growing would be necessary if war broke out and we were cut off from overseas supplies. The truth is that the precautionary measures we should take are exactly the opposite. Grain is the great robber of the soil's fertility. Under the prewar system we grew little grain and imported large quantities of animal feeding stuffs. A proportion of the richness of these feeding stuffs reached our land in the form of manure, steadily building up a rich fertility under the soil, so that, when our supplies of artificial fertilizers were cut off by war, two or even three crops could be taken off the land without putting anything back.

If another war breaks out there will be no stored-up fertility in the land now used for grain-growing, to act as a standby. Some land now used for wheat would turn almost into a desert if its supply of fertilizers were cut off.

Further, the prewar system encouraged us to use our overseas exchange for the purchase of cheap, but bulky, grain and feeding stuffs. This calls for the use of a great deal of shipping. The result of the present system, with its emphasis on grain-growing, must be, in case of war, that we shall not only have fewer fertile fields to sustain us, but fewer ships. The possibility of war constitutes the final reason why we should go back to the prewar system that was serving us so well.

If General Eisenhower's stricture on British agriculture is noted in Great Britain, he may yet do this country another great service, and add to the great debt we already owe him.

UN: Haven for Traitors?

By ALICE WIDENER

This is the second in a series of articles on the UN for which Mrs. Widener did special research. The first appeared in the Freeman for October 20.

Apparently members of the UN Secretariat may engage in espionage against any nation, including the United States, with impunity and without fear of loss of jobs. This sensational information was stated quietly under oath to the U. S. Senate Internal Security subcommittee of the Judiciary on May 15, 1952 by David Weintraub, director of Economic Stability and Development in the UN Division of Economic Affairs. Mr. Weintraub appeared there under subpoena as a result of his and other UN officials' previous testimony before a Federal Grand Jury in New York City hearing evidence concerning Communist activities and espionage by American members of the UN Secretariat.

Mr. Weintraub had admitted to the Senate committee that he himself had recommended for UN employment an American assistant, Irving Kaplan, who refused in 1952 to tell the Grand Jury whether or not he was currently engaged in espionage and where his loyalties would lie in the event of war between the United States and the Soviet Union.

SENATOR FERGUSON: Mr. Weintraub, is this a fair statement, that you never inquired about any of these people when you were recommending them as to whether or not they were Communists?

MR. WEINTRAUB: That is correct. . . .

SENATOR FERGUSON: You do not ask a man whether he is a Communist or not?

MR. WEINTRAUB: That is correct.

SENATOR FERGUSON: If he is working in an espionage ring, how would that affect his job there at the United Nations? . . . As far as the rule is concerned that if the espionage, the spy ring, was not a spy ring against the United Nations it would not make any difference, would it?

MR. WEINTRAUB: I would suppose that it would not make any difference.

Thus the alarming fact seems to be established that espionage, policy-subversion and what is often called cold-war treason against the United States or any other free country may be practiced in the United Nations Secretariat. And the American UN official who so testified under oath had had the benefit of advice from the UN legal department, headed by an American, Dr. Abraham H. Feller.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that the investigating Senators soon learned of a connection between UN official Weintraub and Owen Lattimore, who was described in a Senate Internal Security subcommittee report of July 2, 1952, as "a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy."

Mr. Weintraub admitted to the Senators that

when in 1950 the UN received from the government of Afghanistan a request for technical assistance, he personally recommended that Lattimore be appointed Chief of a UN Mission to that country. It is a highly strategic region, as everybody knows, for the defense of Asia from further penetration by the Soviet Union. Kabul City, its capital, is considered by top U. S. military authorities to be one of the most important listening posts in Asia.

Just Happened to Recommend Lattimore

Mr. Weintraub testified that though he had never met Lattimore, hadn't read anything Lattimore had written about Afghanistan, and didn't know whether or not Lattimore had ever been there, he felt no hesitation in recommending Lattimore's appointment solely on the basis of expertness "in general Far-Eastern affairs."

When Mr. Sourwine, General Counsel of the Senate Judiciary Committee, asked, "What countries adjoining Afghanistan had Mr. Lattimore been in, to your knowledge?" Mr. Weintraub, who is largely responsible for spending approximately \$39,000,000 of UN Technical Assistance funds to which the United States contributes 60 per cent, replied: "Mongolia."

Mr. Sourwine inquired: "Where does Mongolia adjoin Afghanistan?"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Weintraub, "I would like to have a look at a map to help me on that. I just don't have that clearly enough in my mind."

Mr. Weintraub admitted he hadn't approached the U. S. State Department to inquire about Lattimore or any other American who might have valuable knowledge about Afghanistan; nor had he consulted with any other government to find out whether it had a subject or citizen qualified to do the job for the United Nations.

Hearing this, Senator Ferguson prodded incredulously: "Out of a clear sky, the name of Owen Lattimore came along?"

"I don't know how names occur to one, sir," faltered Mr. Weintraub.

Mr. Weintraub then testified that he and David Owen, then his UN superior as Assistant Secretary-General for Economic Affairs, arranged a UN luncheon for Lattimore which eventually resulted in his appointment as Chief of the UN Mission to Afghanistan in March 1950.

It was during Lattimore's stay there that he was charged with being a top Soviet espionage agent by Senator Joseph McCarthy. Lattimore later described in "Ordeal by Slander" how he heard the news in Kabul City and determined not to hurry home to try to defend himself, because his quick departure from Kabul "would harm the United Nations Mission to Afghanistan and it would certainly be a terrible blow to American prestige." His decision to remain in Kabul was fortified by a cordial telegram from UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie, expressing his conviction that Lattimore would perform his duties in the best interests of Afghanistan and of the United Nations.

Continuing the story of his "ordeal," Lattimore declared that in his mission to Afghanistan, "there was a lot at stake." Undoubtedly the stakes there were high in 1950; they are even higher now.

The *New York Times* published last August a front-page story, "Red Designs on India," which stated that the Chinese Communists are setting up an army of 200,000 in Tibet, and are planning to infiltrate near-by Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan, as well as Kashmir and Afghanistan, in preparation for moving into India itself. This, said the *Times*, would be preparatory "to the penetration of India, and Chinese Communist domination of all the mainland of Asia."

The American public, however, has never been officially informed by the United Nations precisely what it considered to be at stake in its 1950 Afghan adventure, for which the U. S. footed 60 per cent of the bill including payment of \$40 to \$50 a day plus incidental expenses to Owen Lattimore. Neither has the UN issued for public study any report on Lattimore's recommendations concerning technical assistance for Afghanistan; nor has the UN Technical Assistance Administration revealed to UN member nations exactly what its experts accomplished in Afghanistan. An article by David Owen in the *United Nations Bulletin* of July 1, 1952, does report that the UN Food and Agriculture Organization distributed about 500 scythes to the mountain farmers there and "at the request of the government, sent a Swiss farm implement expert to Afghanistan, accompanied by two Austrian assistants experienced in the scything of high pastures."

David Owen, a British subject, was Weintraub's superior in the UN Division of Economic Affairs and was recently made executive chairman of the UN Technical Assistance Board, with greatly increased administrative powers. During 1933-36 Owen was Secretary, and during 1940-41, General Secretary, of a British society called PEP (Political and Economic Planning), which has been described by a correspondent of an international news agency as "in reality the nuclear brain trust for the socialization and/or communization of England."

On July 15, 1941, PEP's fortnightly bulletin, *Planning*, came out for a unified scientific world

economic system with "modern government central planning." In December 1941 it analyzed the probable postwar situation and prophesied:

The overriding interest of the Soviet regime will be security, to repair the devastation of war and return to the interrupted task of building up a Socialist civilization within the borders of the USSR. . . . The Russian land-mass is and will remain a largely self-contained system, with proportionately small influence, at any rate for some years to come, on the course of world economics.

In the same issue *Planning* remarked that Britain could diminish certain differences between the Anglo-Saxon and Soviet ways of life "by breaking down class barriers and by an increasing adoption of planned institutions and methods of which Soviet Russia was the pioneer."

U. S. Cash but UN Credit

It would appear that Mr. Owen and his right-hand leftist man, David Weintraub, would like to use similar "planned institutions and methods" to bring economic welfare to the world through the United Nations.

During his testimony before the Senate subcommittee, Mr. Weintraub was asked if he'd ever taken the position that the U. S. Point Four program should be administered by an international organization and not by the United States. His reply was "Yes." He testified that the United States had supplied 60 per cent of the \$39,000,000 contributed by different countries to the UN's technical assistance program. And he explained:

The program in question [U. S. Point Four] is a program of technical assistance for the economic development of underdeveloped countries. That question has been under discussion in the United Nations for years . . . and along with others, I felt that kind of activity is peculiarly suited for an international organization so as to put underdeveloped countries in a position of receiving economic assistance of that character from an organization of their own rather than receiving it on a bilateral basis from individual governments.

If the United States were to hand over its Point Four program for administration by the United Nations, then our country would put up all the cash and, in theory, have only one-sixtieth of the say-so about how, where and when it should be spent. And as far as U. S. cold-war gains in international good will are concerned, fifty-nine sixtieths of the political credit would go to UN member nations, including the Soviet Union.

U. S. appropriations for Point Four technical aid alone to countries in Asia, Africa and South America increased from \$8,000,000 in 1950 to \$19,000,000 in 1951. In addition, Point Four gave \$25,000,000 to the UN for its Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East; an equal sum in final payment to the now-disbanded UN-sponsored International Refugee Organization;

and \$5,000,000 to the UN International Children's Emergency Fund, to which the Soviet Union does not contribute a red ruble. Total U. S. aid to foreign nations reached \$4.7 billion in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1951, with only \$1.2 billion allotted for military Mutual Defense.

Naturally, all socialist-minded political and economic planners striving to establish a single world economic system are avid for control of American Point Four and foreign aid funds. Some of these people are sincere Utopians and idealists, and some are cynical plotters in the service of the Kremlin.

Mr. Weintraub's Associates

Mr. Weintraub has shown a marked predilection for association with persons cited in sworn testimony as members of the Communist underground, especially with those who operated in three alleged spy rings centered in the U. S. government before, during and after World War II. His testimony to the Senate subcommittee shows that while he was working in various government agencies he knew six out of ten members of the "Silvermaster group," eight out of ten in the "Perlo group," and six out of seven in the "Ware-Abt-Hiss group" which included Alger and Donald Hiss, Lee Pressman, John Abt and Harold Ware, Communist son of the American Communist heroine Mother Bloor.

Mr. Weintraub also lent his name as reference for several members of the alleged spy rings when they sought government employment. Abraham George Silverman was a "social and business associate" of Weintraub and used his name as a reference when trying to get into the U. S. Air Force. But when Mr. Silverman was called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1950, and was asked: What was the nature of your association and relationship with David Weintraub?" he refused to answer "... since what I would say might tend to incriminate me." Silverman also refused to answer a similar question about his relationship with Irving Kaplan.

It is evident from Weintraub's testimony and also from official statements made and documents issued, that he and several of his highly placed UN colleagues are in substantial agreement on many political and economic questions. These colleagues are: (1) Weintraub's handpicked assistant, Irving Kaplan, who would not tell the Grand Jury whether he is a spy; (2) Dr. Abraham H. Feller, General Counsel and director of the UN Legal Division; (3) Oscar Schachter, Feller's deputy director (see the *Freeman*, October 20, p. 48); (4) Wilder Foote, UN director of public information.

It is necessary only to look at these gentlemen's employment records to arrive at the inescapable conclusion that they probably have known of and been in agreement with one another's views for a long time. Before and during World War II, Weintraub and Kaplan worked together in several U. S.

government agencies, including the National Research Project and the War Production Board. Also during the war, Dr. Feller was general counsel of, and Wilder Foote was employed by the Red-infiltrated Office of War Information; and Mr. Schachter was legal adviser to the Board of War Communications. During the period 1944-46, Feller, Schachter, Weintraub and Kaplan worked together in the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. From 1947 until Kaplan's dismissal last May, all four were in the UN Secretariat.

Mr. Foote was a representative of the U. S. Department of State at the first session of the UN General Assembly in London, 1946, when the principal adviser to the U. S. Delegation was Alger Hiss. Foote and Hiss were two of the three "State Department experts" whom Secretary of State Stettinius named as having traveled with him to the Yalta Conference in his book, "Roosevelt and the Russians."

Stettinius wrote on page 36 of having reviewed questions with Hiss and Foote "for subsequent discussion with Roosevelt." Further excerpts are:

After luncheon [with Eden and Molotov] I met immediately with Hiss and Foote to go over my notes for the afternoon meeting of the three leaders [Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin].

President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin on the last day of the Yalta Conference, signed the "Agreement on Terms for Entry of the Soviet Union into the War Against Japan." . . . The British and Russians had virtually no changes to suggest in the American document prepared principally by Wilder Foote. . . .

Several of Mr. Weintraub's UN colleagues are old hands at whitewashing the Chinese Reds. While Lattimore was in Kabul City in March 1950, Secretary-General Lie distributed to members of the UN Secretariat and to the Security Council a memorandum drafted by Abraham Feller. Its contents amounted virtually to a plea for the admission of Red China into the UN through advocating UN acceptance "of whatever government exercises effective control over Chinese territory." When Nationalist China's UN delegate, Dr. Tsiang, read the memorandum he blasted it not only as "bad law and bad politics," but as "a deliberate attempt to prejudice China's case before the United Nations."

The freedom-loving, conscientious employees and officials who constitute a majority within the UN Secretariat have become disheartened. Frustrated and intimidated by a powerful clique of totalitarians and left-wing radicals, they are looking to an aroused American public opinion for help toward their own liberation and toward the achievement of UN ideals. For the kind of representation the U. S. has within the UN is a matter of concern for all Americans. It is linked with the success or failure of our foreign policy, with our internal and international security, and with world hopes for peace and prosperity.



Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



The television comedians, instead of killing their audience, are killing themselves. The thought that this nation may soon be left without a laugh, except perhaps in election years, is staggering but must be seriously entertained. For the casualty list is growing alarmingly.

Yet my own will to live makes me first consider the survivors. Moreover, a rollcall of the winners (annotating my recent love letter to Jimmy Durante) might expose the common denominator of their success and the virus that is killing the others.

Nobody, of course, could tempt my monogamous fidelity to Jimmy, but I do enjoy those occasional innocent dates with Jack Benny. If Durante is a torrent of *élan vital*, Benny is a mere ripple of the mind; and he knows it. Far from simulating powers he simply has not got, Benny has built his own little cosmos with the scarce material at hand—his low metabolism, his chilled sensuality, his reduced passion for anything but dough and, above all, his incorrigibly jerkish outlook on life. Anybody who doubts that such negative assets could be laminated into quite a lovable figure of a man has no idea of Benny's mastery and is advised to see his show (every fourth Sunday, channel 2).

Every fourth Sunday, too, I am astonished to find myself enjoying Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. To call the winning quality of their show madness would be to overestimate it. Madness (the demonic element in W. C. Field's, Charlie Chaplin's and, yes, even Jimmy Durante's comedy) is a result of the artist's painful (and hardly ever conscious) alienation from affirmative life. But Martin and Lewis would not understand the preceding sentence even if I translated it into jive. They are not mad but just crazy, if not well-nigh normal in a Brooklyn sort of way. They strike me as two young men who have noticed the zaniness of urban existence, approve of its juvenile antics and exploit its stupidity to the point of abandoned exaggeration. The real reason for my liking them is, I guess, that they never try to look smarter than their material.

And there just *are* no more winners. I would not deny that three or four times over a period of two years I have requited Red Skelton's disarming grin; that, about as often in the same period, Groucho Marx's by now boring insolence made me laugh against my better judgment and taste; that once or twice Abbot and Costello did hit my solar plexus, though not my funny bone; that once Martha Raye floored me with superior muscular force. But these were just accidental moments of levity on a TV screen strewn with dead comedians.

To start the casualty list with Milton Berle would be not only obvious but also wrong. Though he was promoted to the position of "Mr. Television" by the most glaring publicity scandal in my memory, no honest critic could possibly deny that Mr. Berle's talents would under normal conditions disqualify him for membership in the Amateur Dramatic Club of Paducah. To deplore his fall from comic grace requires the untenable presupposition that he ever had any. So my list of dead comedians starts with one who has been alive—Bob Hope.

At his recent TV appearance I felt that it embarrassed one person even more than me—namely, Mr. Hope. The attractive impudence has evaporated from his familiar babbling, a flabby greed for "topicality" has asphyxiated the zany rascal of yesteryear. Nothing can be more unpleasant than a professionally offensive comedian who is ill at ease. Mr. Hope was; and that is to his credit: the cocky fellow was visibly aware that, in the parlance of his trade, he was constantly laying eggs.

Or consider Herb Shriner whom, only a year ago, one could enjoy with hardly a hangover. A year ago, his patter used to be deceptively irrelevant. Now there is no deception—it is all irrelevance. As the psychoanalyst pensively said to a patient whom he had studied for months: "Mister, you haven't got an inferiority complex—you *are* inferior!" That Herb Shriner, who only a year ago reminded me of Will Rogers, now reminds me of that story hurts me more than it will hurt him, I hope.

To be complete, the casualty list would have to include the indescribably horrifying Mr. Amsterdam, the sweetish Mr. Levinson, the exploded Mr. Gleason, and even Sid Caesar who begins to look pretty second-rate when compared, inescapably, with his co-star on "Your Show of Shows," Miss Imogene Coca. But it seems to me that some sort of conclusion can be drawn from the limited funeral service I have been able to arrange in a limited space.

My conclusion is, in short, that the surviving TV comedians are those who, having created their own little cosmos, transport the audience into a world unmistakably their own. Those comedians, however, who invade the living room to tell jokes will lose their audience in no time. Which is another way of saying that a master of ceremonies would of course be a comedian, if he were good enough; and that a comedian who is not good enough to be one, will end up as a master of ceremonies—a fate worse than death. Durante, Benny and even Martin and Lewis have created their own system of coordinates, far away from "events of the day," and when they bounce within that fantastic system, we wistfully join the dance. Hope, Shriner, Jessel *et al.* are desperately trying to be "topically" witty; and, like all unsuppressable wits of saloons and commuters' trains, they end up as bores.

In short, masters of ceremonies fade away. Comedians never die.



A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I belong to a generation that was suckled on the literature that took form in the so-called "Progressive" era of 1893-1913. It was a literature in which the psychological bias was individualist, which was all to the good. Unfortunately, however, the basic philosophical assumptions of that literature were Statist and collectivist. The clash has made for terrible confusions, and the impact of the confusions on the mental and moral life of the nation has been all but disastrous.

One of the unforeseen but quite vicious results of the literature of 1893-1913 was the intensive "smear Hoover" propaganda put out by Jouett Shouse and Charles Michelson from 1929 to 1933. In key with the almost crazy pattern of our recent past, this propaganda was financed by certain industrialists who should have known better. At the time I, in common with most people of my age, believed that propaganda. Whether consciously or unconsciously, it played upon the stereotypes created by our literary conditioning with great skill. Seemingly plausible though it was, however, the propaganda was based on lies. The utter mendacity of it is proved to the hilt by the third installment of "The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover" subtitled "1929-1941: The Great Depression" (Macmillan, \$5).

I was busy reading Mr. Hoover's book on the New York-New Haven commuting train one day last week when I looked up and out of the window. There, standing stark against the twilight sky, was the Connecticut Light and Power Company station at the Housatonic River. I had just been going through Mr. Hoover's chapter on "Introduction to Socialism Through Electric Power." The sudden apparition of the power company station set me off on an ironic course of thought. All through my youth I had heard of a sinister hobgoblin named J. Henry Roraback. He was the big Connecticut Republican boss, the reputed minion of the power company, and he was supposed to hold the state in the hollow of his palm. And all supposedly to the end that people might be soaked for electricity.

That night I happened to be paying the monthly bills. The food bill for a family of six was \$140, not counting milk. Not so long ago a bill for the same amount of food would have been \$70. Then there was a \$90 monthly installment on a car. A

decade back the same type of car would have cost \$45 a month to purchase. So the bills went until I came to the Connecticut Light and Power Company light bill. It was for \$7—just about what it was in the nineteen thirties. The Connecticut Light and Power Company is a private company, and it is extremely well-run to the end of giving the customer a break. Yet Mr. Truman, giving 'em hell in the Northwest, was still trying to raise the hobgoblin of the "power trust," a literary legacy of the Michelson-Shouse smear campaign days. I turned back to Mr. Hoover's book in bed that evening with a feeling that no records can ever be set straight in the climate created by the stereotypes of "progressive" thinking. But Mr. Hoover, in the course of 503 closely-packed pages, certainly gives it a good try.

It is a heart-breaking tale that our ex-President has to unfold. Much of the book has to do with technical economics, with details of banking practice, rediscount rates, gold movements, tariff schedules, foreign exchange activity and the like. But out of the multiplicity of detail there emerges a stirring story of old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago. There is a note of Grecian tragedy to it, for Fate was crushingly arrayed against Herbert Hoover. He played his part of protagonist in the tragedy with humility and bravery and dignity. This was not a man consumed by Greek *hubris*, but rather, a "parfit gentil knight" of the Western Christian tradition. The knight refused to bow to Fate, but his people ran out on him both in the interim Congressional elections and in the campaign of 1932.

What the record shows is that Mr. Hoover was disregarded in the Coolidge years when he objected to a Federal Reserve policy that was helping to feed the forces of stock speculation. The record shows, furthermore, that overseas economic disaster, created by the thoroughly unsound "solutions" of the Versailles settlement, snuffed out more than one American business upturn after 1929. Yet in spite of all the mishaps the Hoover policies were successful in combating the ravages of the depression. There was belt-tightening in the land, but nobody starved who had a voice to call attention to his condition. The Hoover voluntary committees were doing as good a job as could have been done without turning the nation into collectivist chan-

nels that would lead to an ultimate ruin far more horrendous than anything connoted by mention of "1929."

In 1932 the bottom was finally hit, and the upturn began. Mr. Hoover arrays statistic after statistic and authority after authority to buttress his point. The signs abroad in all the free economies were propitious. But the drip-drip-drip of the Michelson-Shouse poison had done its political harm. Mr. Hoover lost the election to Mr. Forcible-Feeble from Albany, who promised economy and delivered the opposite. True, there was continuity between Hoover and Roosevelt. Hoover's government had taken Statist action; it had created the RFC, it had utilized the devices of the Farm Board, it had loaned big sums for public works, it had given credit assistance to farmers to handle their mortgage problems, it had secured the calling of a World Economic Conference, it had set up Home Loan banks. An ironist, seeking to confound by paradox, might be justified in saying that the New Deal sprang from Herbert Hoover's head. But Mr. Hoover's devices for stemming the depression were almost uniformly provided with self-liquidating gimmicks and terminal facilities. The loans made by his RFC were eventually paid back. His "reproductive" public works—the San Francisco Bay Bridge, the Los Angeles water supply from the Colorado River, the Jones Beach project in New York, the Mississippi River Bridge at New Orleans—were set up under a financial regimen that permitted the government to recover their cost with interest.

On the basis of the inside evidence provided by Mr. Hoover, it can be said definitely that the banking panic of 1933 could have been avoided if Franklin Roosevelt had been willing to cooperate with the outgoing Administration between New Year's Day and March 4. But Roosevelt, the consummate politico, wanted an aggravated crisis so that he might pose as a savior on March 5 and thereafter. The trick is as old as politics, and it often works for the short run. But in the long run such tricks add up to a mighty poor character reference, and those who utilize them occupy very low places in history. The worst thing that can be said of Herbert Hoover is that he was a poor politician. But that, in itself, is high praise.

In 1932, in commenting on a Garner-championed bill for straight non-reproductive public works, President Hoover let fly with an epigrammatic thrust that should be in the school books: "Our nation was not founded on the pork barrel." Five years later, within my hearing, the effervescent Tommy Corcoran said: "The best way to spread purchasing power is to take money up in airplanes and shovel it out." Tommy was a logical Keynesian, and he drew the honest conclusions from his

premises. What he could not see was that all Mr. Roosevelt had accomplished was the institutionalizing of depression. When a depression is institutionalized, it does indeed take money tossed out of airplanes to generate necessary spending power. But it is written in the records of humanity that such money must buy progressively less, until the end is reached in the ultimate purchase of dictatorship, disaster and war.

The Omnipotent Fools

The Traitors: Klaus Fuchs, Allan Nunn May, Bruno Pontecorvo, by Alan Moorehead. New York: Scribner. \$3.50

Dr. Allan Nunn May is to be released from a British prison at the end of this year. He was the most important of the atom bomb traitors caught in Canada. He is not to be on parole but will be a free man. His is the first story told in this skillful and lively book by Alan Moorehead. One may well speculate on May's future. The Communists, behaving as usual, will probably toss him aside as no longer useful. The British government will keep a wary eye on him. And after reading in "The Traitors" about the soft-headed actions of his fellow scientists, it seems likely indeed that some one will take pity on him and take care of him.

Moorehead has traced the lives and, as far as possible, the motives of these spies for the Russians. He has tried to find out what made them tick. The stories are brilliantly told, and there seems to be much that is new even to those who followed the news stories at the time. But in spite of Mr. Moorehead's expert journalism, I am still troubled by his book. First, there is a conviction that the author has not told all he knows. Perhaps he was forbidden to do so. One result is that the Pontecorvo story is not convincing. Pontecorvo was (or is) a handsome, gay Italian with a beautiful wife and two attractive children. He was a top scientist in England, highly paid, popular, gay, a tennis expert, a fine dancer, an extrovert.

Taking wife and children, he went to Italy for a vacation, where he swam and camped close to well-loved kindred. Suddenly he and his family took a plane to Helsinki and all of them disappeared. Their property, bank accounts and clothes were left behind in England. Pontecorvo's father and mother, his wife's father and mother, all are dazed and heartbroken.

This is a wild story, fascinating to read, but it does not button up. What is left out? Is Mr. Moorehead, as Rebecca West says, manipulating facts on orders from the British Division of the Ministry of Supply? Is he trying to relieve that Division from responsibility for fatal leaks, as she says?

Certainly it is clear to the reader that Moorehead minimizes the guilt of Fuchs and puts a good

face on all his actions. Fuchs was silent, unfriendly, remote for most of his life. Suddenly he became kindly, generous, friendly, considerate, so that the scientists who worked with him came to love him. Mr. Moorehead thinks that this change came about because Fuchs met so much warmhearted kindness in England. Nevertheless, he did not give up his double life. Many of us who can remember the thirties in this country saw just such a change in many a left-winger. From being rude and careless in dress, they became soft-spoken, well-bred and cordial. But they also were leading double lives.

The scene of Fuchs's confession is high drama. But the sweet generosity exhibited toward him by his fellow-scientists afterward is horrifying. Mr. Moorehead condemns all these traitors and writes of them with scorn, but perversely the total effect is to arouse sympathy for them. Perhaps this is a concomitant to understanding. But nothing that I have read anywhere makes it possible for me to understand the final act of treason, any more than I can understand the final act of a murder.

They are all strange people, of course, these traitors. Characteristic of Mr. Moorehead's trio is that each has a high opinion of himself. Not only do they believe that man is all powerful, but that each of them as an individual controls his portion of that power. And the double life they led not for days but for years? Schizophrenia? If that is the case, when they come out of prison they should be put in asylums where they can do no further harm.

HELEN WOODWARD

Miss Carson's First

Under the Sea-Wind, by Rachel L. Carson. New York: Oxford. \$3.50

"Under the Sea-Wind" is Miss Carson's first book. Published in the late fall of 1941 when, to use the publisher's phrase, "the nation had its mind on other things," it disappeared for a while behind the chaos of events. So fine a book, however, has a vitality of its own; once aware of its existence, humanity will not suffer it to die so precious is the literary moment when something is said with beauty and rightness concerning the world of nature which surrounds and animates our own perplexing existence. "Under the Sea-Wind" is thus with us again, both to the enjoyment and advantage of the contemporary mind.

Depend upon it, the literary work of Miss Carson and its immense success is more than an event in literature, it is a portent. It means that an age which has seen poetry die out of life has had an awakening and a reassertion of the human spirit and has sought and welcomed a presentation of nature made valid by a sense of beauty and a superb power of poetic perception. Some spiritual instinct has shaken itself free, and has refused to

take the scientific vision of nature as complete.

Not that a scientific sense of nature is without value. It is, on the contrary, of high value; the point is that the scientific view, being one-sided, creates an entirely incorrect picture of the natural world. Let us remember, too, that what Science says about our world is amazingly subject to change. Some second scientist is always contradicting, amending, or somehow reinterpreting either a first scientist's facts or his conclusions. (Only consider, for instance, what has happened during the last quarter of a century in the field of anthropology.)

The truth is that a real awareness of nature must be sustained even more by the poetic perception than by knowledge. The poetic sense is the justification of man's humanity; it is also the justification of his inexplicable world. Poetry not only provides a perspective, it widens the boundaries of understanding. No matter what astronomers make of the sun, it is always more than a gigantic mass of ions, it is a splendor and a mystery, a force and a divinity, it is life and the symbol of life.

It is Miss Carson's particular gift to be able to blend scientific knowledge with the spirit of poetic awareness, thus restoring to us a true sense of the world. Surely, it is to the credit of naturalists who are writers that they have written so magnificently, and that their work is lasting in an age of moral and intellectual confusion. I only hope that Miss Carson has readers who can read her as a stylist as well as a writer on nature. That beautiful, direct, harmonious prose of hers would be a joy in any age, and only a writer of the first rank has ever managed such a style. What a classical quality it has and what a feeling it gives of complete intellectual honesty.

"Under the Sea-Wind" concerns itself more with living creatures than did "The Sea Around Us." In this book Miss Carson deals with marine birds, with the life of the littoral, with the creatures of waters adjacent to the continent, with the pilgrimages of the eel. Here you have it all, as set down by one of the very few writers of her time in whom one does not detect the malady of this age, the fear of life, the "*peur de vivre*." Here is the glimpse of nature in the full cosmic perspective—nature portrayed in her inexhaustible variety and gigantic ruthlessness. Here is the element of nightmare, here the haunting element of chance, here the splendor and the terror and the beauty of the waters and the air. There is never the slightest humanizing of the creature or its world, for which may Miss Carson be ever blest. Her world of the sea and air is ruled by its own gods and its own values. To make this world, really so alien and remote, a part of the world of the human spirit, is a very great achievement. "Under the Sea-Wind" is a book for all who do not fear the adventure of living. We shall live more fully for having read it.

HENRY BESTON

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A Distorting Lens

South of Freedom, by Carl T. Rowan. New York: Knopf. \$3.50

A visiting foreigner seeking accurate information about race relations in the South today will close Mr. Rowan's account of a 6000-mile journey through Dixie in 1951 almost as ignorant as when he opened it. This propaganda screed, which is characterized throughout by malice, distortion and imbalance, is little more than caricature. The author, a Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* reporter, rings the changes in the familiar pattern of racial segregation and discrimination, but there is little here of the roundness and objectivity one might expect from an author concerned with presenting a true picture of the South today. It is almost entirely a one-sided account, sketchy and superficial.

The author, a young Negro native of McMinnville, Tennessee, and a Navy veteran, began his journey by revisiting his home town, where assertedly nothing has changed since he left and the plight of the Negroes continues dire. The reader is then given a review of all the hurts and frustrations Mr. Rowan experienced growing up as a colored youth in a backward Dixie town. It is the familiar subjective narrative we have come to expect from most colored writers, and there is no reason to suppose that it is not essentially true, as far as it goes.

Unfortunately this mood runs throughout the book and consequently lessens the value of Mr. Rowan's writing for all those at all familiar with the South today. Such writers are furious that less than ninety years after a most sanguinary civil war ending generations of chattel slavery and its by-products, the traditional social pattern has not disappeared, and they vent their spleen and frustration with reckless irresponsibility. Carried away by their lugubrious recitals, they are not averse at times to prevarication.

For example, the author moans "I would have to remember *not* to wear a tie in several small towns in Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Louisiana, or anywhere in the Deep South. A Negro can get killed in those areas for 'dressing and acting like white folks.'" This is repeated at least twice more in the book to illustrate the supposed reign of terror existing. This reviewer has visited hundreds of small Southern towns and villages dressed the same as in New York City and has been unmolested. The truth about our bi-racial society is doleful enough without manufacturing evils.

Again, we are told that "No human beings ever lived under more deplorable circumstances than do Negroes in the big-city slums of both the North and South." This is truly a singular statement in the face of government housing statistics and ordinary observation here and abroad, but it is characteristic of this phony panorama of Dixie.

One follows Mr. Rowan to Washington, D. C., to

Charleston, S. C., to Miami, through Florida and Georgia to Atlanta, to Birmingham, New Orleans, through Mississippi, Arkansas and Oklahoma, and learns much about the slights and proscriptions he underwent, and how he occasionally challenged the legal jim crowism. Unhappily there is little else.

The Columbia, Tenn., race riot of some years back is rehashed and so is the much-publicized case of Willie Magee in Mississippi. A tribute is paid to Federal Judge J. Waties Waring of Charleston, S. C., and his wife, who incurred the enmity of white society by boldly espousing the cause of justice and fair play for colored citizens. Not a word is said about the militant Negroes of prominence who initiated the equal rights cases on which the good judge passed. Indeed, it is strongly implied that these Negroes are "Uncle Toms" unworthy of mention.

Nor is this fury at Southern Negroes who sensibly refuse to adopt suicidal tactics restricted to those in South Carolina. Mr. Rowan finds no words of praise for the activities of the vastly expanded branches of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People throughout the South which have contributed so much to the growing militancy of the area's Negroes. There are no kind words for the various colored state teachers' associations who brought the legal actions that led to the high court decisions to equalize teachers' salaries and educational facilities. The Negro business and professional folk who are everywhere in the forefront of the fight for equal rights in the South are derided because they are thrifty and live well. About the remarkable increase in Negro home and farm ownership (unparalleled anywhere among any colored peoples) the author is mum, except to mention some isolated bombings of newly-acquired Negro homes in "white" sections. One learns nothing of the Negro builders who have erected thousands of FHA homes nor of the colored banks, insurance companies, newspapers and smaller businesses in the very cities he visited.

Instead, we are told that Negro businessmen (who support and lead the NAACP) are "afraid to attack" the system because of fear that ending segregation would mean the end of their businesses, although this has *not* happened where there is no segregation. In Birmingham we hear that "big-shot" racial leeches are sucking at the bloodstream of progress," while the generality of Negroes are damned as apathetic. Of Miami, Oklahoma City and New Orleans, where significant progress has been made interracially, we learn absolutely nothing. No Negrophobe could have written more devastatingly of the colored Southerners than this journalist who presumably loves and sympathizes with them.

It is not surprising that the Book Find Club selected this distortion as its Book of the Month.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Cry of Victory

Karen, by Marie Killilea. New York: Prentice-Hall. \$2.95

"Whether we are teaching our child to swim or walk or use her hands deftly, fear is the monster that can crush and completely destroy," writes Marie Killilea in this absorbing story of Karen, her physically handicapped daughter, and Karen's re-education to a wholesome, active life. With the wisdom won from their battle against any kind of limitation for Karen, Mrs. Killilea enumerates her daughter's fears, the terrible fears, against which she and her husband pitted their tremendous faith: "Fear of falling, fear of breaking an object, fear of ridicule, fear of being a burden." For whatever else this book may be, and whatever the service it renders humanity, it is primarily a book of faith.

When Karen was a few months old, the Killileas noticed that although she smiled and gurgled and had bright, intelligent eyes, she was slow in beginning to sit up, to crawl, or to move her legs. At first, they blamed her premature birth and her long stay in an incubator. Months later, when Karen still showed no signs of being able to move at all, fear became a permanent lodger in the Killilea household and with the reluctant admission that Karen was not normal, the cruel trek from one specialist to another began.

"Let her die." "She is a hopeless case." "Mentally deficient." "We can do nothing." The doctors agreed unanimously and against such verdicts as these, the Killileas began their fight.

One evening, after years of searching for help, when her husband was ill in the hospital (as much from despair, Marie Killilea thought, as anything else), she answered an ad in a paper announcing that a certain specialist was to hold a clinic in town the following day. If this did not work, Mrs. Killilea vowed it would be her last try.

The doctor who was to mean Karen's new life to her was very gentle. He took his time; he didn't frighten her. "Your daughter is very intelligent," he said finally, "She can be taught many things, but she has cerebral palsy."

From then on, the Killileas began learning about the nature of their daughter's disease. It is not hereditary, they found. It can happen to anyone at any time in their lives as the result of disease or injury to the brain. There are five types of cerebral palsy: spastic, athetoid, ataxia, rigidity, and tremor. Treatment differs for each type. Little Karen suffered from rigidity. She would need physiotherapy to learn to walk; occupational therapy to learn self-help. Such therapy, the doctor said, would train some other part of the brain to do the work of the damaged areas.

The Killilea's fight against fear now took concrete form, for with hope and correct information began an epic struggle. They formed a team to mas-

ter the techniques of reeducation for Karen. Using every weapon at their command including humor, cajolery, repetitious hours of exercise and the most difficult of all therapies, letting Karen struggle to help herself, Marie and Jimmy Killilea had the faith to help remake their daughter's life.

In the process they discovered the many thousands of other parents and children who had followed the same dark road without hope of success, and being dedicated people who believe it is more blessed to give than to receive, the Killileas set themselves to help these others as well. They formed the Cerebral Palsy Association which, in its relatively short life, has brought hope to many, success to some, and correct information wherever and whenever there was need for it.

Yet there is still much to be done, for in this country alone one child with cerebral palsy is born every 53 minutes and only one out of a hundred is getting treatment. There are still too few institutions that will take them; the ignorance concerning their potentialities continues to be widespread.

Against the public's many superstitions the Killileas continue their magnificent fight, knowing that all who read "Karen" and come to know her will want to help continue it also. For when they get discouraged, as they often do, and even their great faith grows dim, it is rekindled by the sight of Karen's expanding achievements and by the sound of her cries of victory:

"I can walk. I can talk. I can read. I can write. Mom Pom, I can do ANYTHING!" BETSEY BARTON

Strong-Man Ruse

The State of Latin America, by Germán Arciniegas. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onís. New York: Knopf. \$4.50

There may be something to say for a foreign policy which adheres to the classic dictum: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." This dictum offers the only rationale for an anti-Communist front which unites such politically dubious characters as Tito and Franco in Europe and the melange of midget Caesars who govern the majority of countries in Latin America. In the face of a life-and-death struggle with world communism only the ideologically squeamish will be troubled by the glad hand—and the small and medium arms—which America extends to the Trujillos, Somozas and Peróns.

But there is at least one basic flaw in our policy. This is the assumption that these friends-by-expediency must consider world communism as grave a threat to *their* existence as *we* consider it to be to *ours*.

Do they regard it as a threat? "No," says Professor Germán Arciniegas, a distinguished Colombian intellectual and a leading member of his country's now virtually outlawed Liberal Party. The real enemy of these dictators, he asserts, is the

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people. How secure can the repressive regimes of Argentina, Colombia, Peru and Venezuela be? And what is the feeling of the people toward a U. S. government which supports the Strong Man?

These are disturbing questions and Arciniegas means them to be.

How many heads of states [he writes] would be left in power if Latin America were to say: armaments are for international war or for maintaining order and soldiers will leave their barracks for no other reason? The irony of this situation is the fact that the dictators first received machine guns from the United States to safeguard liberties . . . menaced by Hitler, and received more machine guns later to reinforce the United Nations system based on respect for human rights. But a survey of the present chiefs of staff of many Latin American nations reveals that those who now hold the machine guns were at one time Hitler's most fervent admirers. The enemy they pursue today is not the Communists, but anyone who stands for freedom.

The political line-up in Latin America presents a disquieting picture. Even Ecuador, described as one of the three remaining democracies in Latin America, has recently rejected the enlightened democratic viewpoint represented by President Galo Plaza Lasso's Radical Liberal Party, to elect a man jointly sponsored by the local Falangist and Communist parties.

Today (and the picture can change tomorrow) only little Uruguay and even littler Costa Rica, of the twenty countries south of the Rio Grande, can conscientiously be called democracies. Chile, Mexico, El Salvador, Haiti and now Brazil seem to be moving with varying speeds toward democratic government. The thirteen remaining strong-man governments comprise the bulk of the population, area and strategic resources of this hemisphere. Some of them are fertile breeding grounds for Communists—notably Guatemala and, to a lesser extent, Panama, Bolivia and Paraguay. All have attempted to stamp out all vestiges of free thought.

What, then, should American policy be toward these dictatorships? If Arciniegas is correct in asserting that the Liberals in Colombia, the Radicals in Argentina, the Apristas in Peru, and other such opposition parties, represent the majority will, then the answer is clear; we must stop trading principle for expediency, or we shall forfeit the friendship of 150 million Latin Americans who "given education, well-being and opportunity—three things they have been denied—could play a major role in the world of tomorrow."

This is a fascinating and provocative book. It is written with skill, accuracy and sprightliness. If Professor Arciniegas seems somewhat naive about the Communist threat in Latin America (and he does seriously underestimate it) he is nonetheless clear that we can not—and dare not—strengthen the Black, Green or Brown Dictator in Latin America to help us fight the Red Dictator in Europe and Asia.

MILTON EDELMAN

Brief Mention

Let There Be Bread, by Robert Brittain. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$3.00

Mr. Brittain, the author of this book, has an arresting but somewhat disquieting way with statistics. He starts off with the statement that the 2400 million people on this planet will be increased to 4000 million by the end of the century; and when you consider that only half the present population has ever eaten what we Americans consider a square meal, it doesn't take an Einstein to figure out what the world's up against in the matter of food. Of the 36 billion acres of the globe, less than one-tenth is being used.

What is needed, therefore, is a pooling of scientific knowledge and a coordinated attack on lands not now producing. We must delve deeper into Arctic agriculture, learn more about the potentialities lurking in the jungles of the tropics, reclaim swamps and even pioneer into the depths of the ocean itself. Inasmuch as the ocean comprises seven-tenths of the world's surface, it's a promising frontier, and by 1992 we may be thickening our soup with all sorts of exotic algae. Then there are the undiscovered foods under our noses. Of the 200,000 known species of plants, we are cultivating less than four hundred. An illuminating and disturbing book.

A. DU P.

A Chance to Live, by John Carroll-Abbing. Translated by Carol Della Chiesa. New York: Longmans, Green. \$3.00

Monsignor Carroll-Abbing gives us the story of some of the lost children of the war and the part he played in saving them. At the time of the Italian armistice the author was stationed in a hospital in Rome and had an opportunity of observing conditions in that city. Due to the fact that most fathers had been either killed or were languishing in concentration camps and mothers were out hunting food, children had a freedom they had never had before. Young boys had already demonstrated their courage and enterprise by taking part in the Resistance. Stealing from the hated Germans was considered an act of heroism. Now, suddenly, they were fighting another enemy, hunger, with the only weapon they had—their wits.

They called themselves "The Shoe Shine Boys" but their real metier was thievery. They stole everything from cigarettes to automobile tires. Often they became the titular heads of their households, for they were the ones who kept the larder filled and the family clothed. Monsignor Carroll-Abbing saw possibilities for good in these bright young adventurers and founded a village for them. It became popular and the movement spread. Now these incipient little criminals are on the way to becoming honored citizens in a functioning democracy.

A. DU P.

Success Story

A MEMORANDUM

From: The Freeman's Editors
To: The Freeman's Readers

Our magazine, yours and ours, celebrates its second birthday this fall. Two years are nothing in the life of a society; they are a significant span in the history of opinion journalism in America. It is a curious paradox that in this country, so deeply concerned with its past and ostensibly dedicated to freedom of the market place as well as the polling places, few journals celebrating our free traditions on intellectual grounds have long survived.

The *Freeman* entered its pilot plant stage two years ago with the usual misgivings attaching to a new publishing venture. In our original editorial, "The Faith of the Freeman," we expressed the hope that there was room in the intellectual life of our country for an individualistic, traditional fortnightly review that would swim resolutely against the currents of fashionable "liberalism," of Fabianism, the nihilistic pragmatism of the schools and the encroachments of Big Government upon our social and economic life. In attempting to realize this hope, we have tried to edit the *Freeman* without conscious compromise as a journal of principle: challenging but not intemperate, pungent in its judgments of men and measures but not ill-natured.

Where do we stand at the end of two years? The *Freeman* has won a far wider reader acceptance than was envisaged in our swaddling days. Then it was hoped we might have 15,000 subscribers at the end of two and one-half years. Actually, we have 21,000 net paid circulation. What makes this figure remarkable is that it has been reached without any substantial pro-

motion effort of the kind put at large cost into every other successful magazine. We have lacked the funds for such effort. We owe this accomplishment to you, the most devoted body of magazine readers in America.

But that is not the full measure of our success story. Our success lies also in the ever-widening impact of the *Freeman's* editorial influence. Measured also by the fact, cited as one example of many, that last year on two occasions a Maryland professor supplied copies of the magazine to his classes as a corrective to the collectivist material they were otherwise being flooded with.

We believe that, thanks to you, we have made a go of the pilot plant. We want now to get into real production. In order to make the impact we should like to make upon thoughtful America, we need a far wider readership. Our next step is to double our circulation. We want your help not for our own sakes, not from motives of pride or revenue, but solely in order that the principles in which we all believe shall have enlarged hearing in the intellectual life of our country—among the universities, the professional groups, the formers of opinion.

It is, of course, clearly evident that if each of you were to solicit one reader, we could double our subscription lists in no time. That is, in truth, our goal. What we hope is that each of you will obtain one new subscriber within this, our anniversary month—or, if that is not possible for all of you, we hope that some of you will obtain two or three new readers. We ask this as a birthday gift not to us, not even to the *Freeman*, but to the cause in which we all believe. We are appending a birthday subscription coupon to make the task easier for you. Knowing of your dedication in the past, we trust your judgment in what you are about to do.

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THE FREEMAN, 240 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

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Letters

Russians in the Olympics

I read with great interest the editorial "Olympic Shell Games" in the August 25 issue of the *Freeman*.

I was not a "minority of one" at the meeting in Vienna, because there were a number there who felt that only if the participants are free can there be sport, and who suspected that there was no conception of amateurism, fair play or good sportsmanship in the USSR under the present regime. The basis of the Olympic Games, however, is to welcome the youth of the world regardless of class, creed, color, or politics. The Committee had an application for recognition from the Russian Olympic Committee, stating that our regulations had been read and were accepted. The majority vote to give them recognition was with the idea that the exposure of Communist youth to Olympic principles might be beneficial in the long run.

No country wins the Olympic Games, which are strictly a contest between individuals. There is no official scoring and the International Olympic Committee has gone on record repeatedly, deploring the practice of publishing national point scores. The Olympic Games will lose all their purpose if they are adopted by nations and become contests between hired gladiators, who attempt to prove by relative scores the superiority of one political system over another or who are seeking to build national prestige.

It might be appropriate to extend the theme of your editorial to wider fields. Association with the Communists in political, economic and cultural matters deserves the same attention. We send and receive diplomatic representatives, we buy from and sell to them, we sit with them in the United Nations and a score of its committees, and we allow them to make fools of us in Korea; and, of course, the fact that we act in this fashion influences many others who are not fully informed. How true is your statement that "the world is yearning for moral guts."

AVERY BRUNDAGE
President, International
Olympic Committee

Chicago, Ill.

Academic Freedom

In your issue of September 22 Robert E. Carter wrote that "the trustees of Columbia University would be trifling with the principle of academic freedom if they dismissed her [Dr. Gene Weltfish] because she did not agree with popular opinion in the U.S.A."

HENRY GEORGE Social Thinker vs. Land Communist

Controversy Rages Anew

Was Henry George the founder of "Agrarian Communism" in America? Has the total communism inherent in his great masterpiece escaped until now even the keenest of minds? Socionomist Spencer Heath says: "Tax-slaves forfeit freedom for servitude; the future free-man will pay only the market-gauged site-rent value of whatever public services he receives." Tax-Lords versus Landlords! Judge for yourself!

Read Henry George's *PROGRESS AND POVERTY* for the Land Communist argument and point of view. Then read the—ANSWER—in 26 pages of critical review and clarification, showing Landlords and private property in land as Society's first and last—its only ultimate defence—against total enslavement by the State.

John Dewey says of Henry George: "No man, no graduate of a higher educational institution, has a right to regard himself as an educated man in social thought unless he has some first-hand acquaintance with the theoretical contribution of this great American thinker." Tolstoi, Helen Keller, Nicholas Murray Butler—all have written in similar and even stronger vein.

Yes, *PROGRESS AND POVERTY* is an appealing book. Grossly fallacious in its economic argument and inevitably totalitarian in its proposed application, it is yet idealistic, rhetorical, poetical, beautiful—thus subtly deceptive—in its world-wide renown. Order your copy now at the special low price of \$1.50 and you will receive, in addition, a free copy of its definitive *exposé*, *PROGRESS AND POVERTY REVIEWED and Its Fallacies Exposed*, a 26-page booklet by Spencer Heath, LL.B., LL.M.

The FREEMAN, 240 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me the book *PROGRESS AND POVERTY*, Anniversary Edition, 571 pages, cloth bound, with free gift of Spencer Heath's booklet *PROGRESS AND POVERTY REVIEWED and Its Fallacies Exposed*. I enclose \$1.50.

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Any person in our country is entitled to express his opinions outside of his employment as he see fit, but what authority, Constitutional or other, exists for a professor to teach doctrines in line of duty not in accord with those his employer desires him to teach? Is there an engineer's freedom to run his train on the schedule he thinks best? A judge's freedom to render decisions not in accord with the law?

It is about time to explode the myth of academic freedom, apparently invented, or at least most loudly expounded, by the more radical element of the teaching profession.

Westerville, Ohio L. B. MOODY

Can't Miss an Issue

Enclosed please find check for a subscription. I have been buying copies at our local drug store, and now and then I miss out on getting it. I carry some copies to meetings and loan it to my friends, and now I must get the *Freeman* regularly.

"A Reviewer's Notebook" is the best I've found anywhere. And the articles on current affairs are exactly what I am looking for in our confused times.

Hamden, Conn. MRS. HAROLD J. LUTZ

Defending the Single Tax

I have prepared a review of Mr. Spencer Heath's "Progress and Poverty Reviewed." Those of your readers who have copies of Mr. Heath's booklet will be interested in an answer. They can obtain one free by writing to me.

170 Winthrop Road LIDIA ALKALAY
Brookline 46, Mass.

A Housewife's View

We are trying to keep the Republican Club running after the election. I think we should bring issues out into the open and discuss them. I'd like to push the *Freeman* as required reading. Others are afraid a definite policy will alienate our more "liberal" members.

People will accept any wild-eyed theory slanted to the Left by a college professor or clergyman just because they have degrees. Why can't they accept common sense even though it comes from a housewife or a merchant? We can think, manage and save quite often much more efficiently than the theorists. Why shouldn't we be considered just as good authorities on what is good for the country?

Polo, Ill. FRANCES DEMPSEY

(Continued on page 106)

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