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THE MONTHLY JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION

FAITH AND FREEDOM

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FAITH AND FREEDOM

Faith and Freedom is a voice of the libertarian—persistently recommending the religious philosophy of limited government inherent in the Declaration of Independence. The chief intent of the libertarian is not pedagogy, but the further discovery and application of the Creator's changeless principles in a changing world.

While speaking against the present-day Goliath, the totalitarian state, we work for no special interest. Freedom under God is in the interest of every man of faith, whether he is in a factory or on a farm, in an office or in the pulpit. If a government or a philosophy does not serve to safeguard his freedom—whether he is in a minority or a majority—then that government or philosophy is his enemy. A Communist, Socialist, Fascist or other authoritarian government is always such an enemy; and a democratic government espousing a paternalistic philosophy straightway becomes such an enemy.

As the journalists of Spiritual Mobilization, our editorial policy is based on a profound faith in God, the Author of liberty, and in Jesus Christ, who promoted persuasion in place of coercion as the means for accomplishing positive good.

Our credo is the long-standing credo of Spiritual Mobilization: Man, being created free as a child of God, has certain inalienable rights and responsibilities: the state must not be permitted to usurp them; it is the duty of the church to help protect them.

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MARY TURNER'S CLASSROOM

by

**THADDEUS
ASHBY**

Mary Turner achieved fame when Collier's magazine printed her story: "I Won't Send My Children to Public Schools." She would, in fact, rather go to jail. Let's visit her classroom, and contrast her product (the smiling kids in this picture) with the product the public school authorities seek to impose.



I pricked up my ears when I heard that Mary Turner was battling the law again, this time in Arizona. I had read about Mary Turner's arrest in Buffalo, New York, in Culver City and San Clemente, California, with intense interest. Each time she was arrested for refusing to send her children to public school.

"I love my children," she said. "I like to be with them. Teaching them is fun. I want a different product than the public schools are turning out."

It would be interesting, I thought, to find out what "product" she wants badly enough to go to jail for it. I thought I knew what product the public schools were trying to turn out.

If you want to get a fairly complete picture of the ideas which exert the greatest influence on public education today, your desk will have to groan as mine is groaning under the weight of educationists from Rousseau and Pestalozzi

to Dewey, Kilpatrick, Rugg and Counts.

If you read the works of these authorities plus any the teachers recommend as being even more up to date, plus the publications put out by the National Education Association and the American Education Fellowship (formerly the Progressive Education Association), you will know enough of the theory which dominates public schools to talk sense about it.

The product which the experts wish to turn out today looks something like this:

The ideal public school product thinks for himself—that is, he challenges the opinions of his parents, his preacher, and other outside influences. He doesn't carry the spirit of rebellion too far, however, for he wishes to avoid any extreme. Therefore he obeys those teachers, officials and experts whom the majority appears to choose by democratic process.

He recognizes the state as the sovereign

people in action, meaning that he feels a part of it. Therefore he doesn't have to rebel against it; that would be rebelling against himself.

Though he receives instruction on thinking for himself, he doesn't carry this to extremes either. He is not a fanatic. Realizing that Society accepts some traits and rejects others, he strives to avoid rejection by developing only Socially Acceptable traits.

He regards attaining Society's Approval as more important than attaining the approval of his Freudian Super-Ego, or conscience. The prejudices of family and religious influences have conditioned the super-ego; therefore he shouldn't trust it. Instead, he trusts Society.

Dr. Rudolph Flesch finds much to object to in the New Education: mainly it wears off quickly, and leaves you at about age 40 with a sense of emptiness and purposelessness.

How the Schools Teach Both Sides

Before looking at Mary Turner's contrasting product, her seven children, and the government-unapproved method Mary uses to teach them, you may want to see an example of how the public schools teach the child to think for himself, rather than letting him accept the chauvinistic influences of home and church.

Dr. Carleton Washburne describes in *What Is Progressive Education?* how an irate parent came to him, complaining that his child was learning to stick up for labor unions. Dr. Washburne calmed his fears in this way:

"I was able to point out that if the family was showing only one side of a question, and if the children were thinking honestly for themselves, they would naturally take the opposite view from what seemed to them a parental prejudice. . . . If their children were going to discuss the issues (concerning the labor movement) honestly, they must know all sides of the question, must be free to do independent thinking, and must be guided to careful factual research."

Dr. Washburne gives an example of how children must be guided in another book, *A Living Philosophy of Education*, in which he describes a field trip to a candy factory:

"The guides discuss the air conditioning, the cleanliness, the light, the adjustable chairs for the workers. They show the children the park around the factory, the baseball field,

the bowling alleys. But they evade questions on wages. The children learn that the workers here (at Jones factory) are not members of a union . . ."

Back in class the teacher guides the discussion in this direction to show "both sides."

"There are a few children who keep the rest from overidealization of the Jones factory. 'Did you notice that the guides wouldn't tell us what wages they pay? Aren't some of the nice things like the park, the swell rest rooms, the baseball field, just ways to keep the workers from joining unions and getting good wages?'"

These children appear to be thinking for themselves. Such guided discussions help them become socially adjusted products.

Why Mary Wants Something Different

Why does Mary Turner want a different product? How did she come to want to educate her children at home?

The psychological motive probably goes beyond the obvious answer that she loves her children. Probably most of us want in some way to relive our lives through our children. Our children offer us a chance to start all over again. And why do we need to start over again? Thoreau answered in *Walden*:

"The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance, a palace or a temple on the earth, and at length, the middle aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

We like to feel that we can reverse our failures through our children, and thus turn our woodshed into a bridge to the moon again.

Young Mary Turner began getting together her materials when she sat in public school and felt bored by the teacher's repeating over and over again for the slower children lessons Mary already knew. Mary felt that her lessons weren't *hard* enough: "they didn't give that joy of flexing your aching muscles after you've just climbed a steep mountain."

Mary thought if she were a teacher she wouldn't hold obviously bright kids back. She'd give them something hard to do, let them sink their teeth into something tough, feel the pride of achievement hard come by, shoot ahead as fast as they could go.

By wanting her children to avoid the sys-

tem she was forced to endure, Mary Turner is reliving her life through her children.

"But," she asked herself, while trying to formulate her concept of a different "product"—"is this bad? Depends," she said to herself, "on whether you want your children to win *their* battles, not yours."

By thinking of her children as individuals, with individual battles to win, Mary Turner began, unconsciously, at first, to find a goal which differed from the product the public schools were turning out.

Reliving your life through your children does great harm, (Mary Turner said to herself) if, for example, you bend a potential violinist into a mathematics teacher, because you wanted to be a mathematics teacher.

But it does no harm to want your children to win where you lost, in a general way, practice perfection where you led an imperfect life, grow into maturity where you remain childish. It does no harm—on one condition: (and here Mary Turner's product began to differ from the public school's product).

You must help your children become individualists, find God in their own way, find their real selves. You can't help them if you seek to find yourself in them. But if you respect them as individuals, "you can help them become what they really are."

You can help them say when they reach maturity: "I am proud, not of those decisions others made for me; I am proud of that part of me which is my own."

This means you must respect the way each child differs from every other child. You must know that each child wears God's kiss of unique talent on his forehead. The essence of your child is that part of him which makes him different from others.

Education, by this definition, is something a man largely gives to himself—at best, others can but help a little, and teach him to use some tried and true tools which he can use to open his window to the world.

Being Good, Means Being Yourself

But this kind of individualistic education leaves out the main concern of public education: social adjustment.

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"The children will be socially maladjusted if they do not attend school."

"School officials should know," Mary Turner answers, "a child's greatest adjustment is to himself. A good deal of his life he must spend in the community, a good deal in his family circle. But always, every moment, he must spend with himself. He must live with his own behavior, his own thoughts; and while these are affected by, and affect other people, he must judge his behavior by his standards alone if he wants to respect himself.

"My 13-year-old girl, Red, came to me the other day, and said: 'Mother, I have learned that I'm being good when I'm being myself; and it makes me feel relaxed and happy.'"

Mary Turner put her finger on the heart of the difference between the two products:

"The public schools want to produce a common man, no better, no worse than the others, with personal popularity his most cherished trait, 'adjusted' to nonentity.

"Our idea is the old-fashioned individualist, ambitious for intellectual achievement, with high moral standards, friendly, but daring to be unpopular for a cause. The public schools' idea is a society in which the state makes all improvements. Our idea is a society in which each individual improves himself."

Mary Turner concluded:

"The funny thing is, I'm not opposed to every part of the New Education. I simply want to choose for myself how much of it I can accept for my children.

"The main thing I object to about public schools is the idea that school officials decide what's good for my children and impose that decision on me—particularly since I want my



children to have something different.

"People should have the right to pick and choose the educational theory they want. Though I think my kind of education is better, still I wouldn't force it on any other parent."

How does Mary Turner decide what kind of education she will give her own children? She listens with this question on her lips:

"Will this theory help my children find their true selves, their own unique talents? Or will it encourage them to lose their individuality through regard for the group, and bury that part of them which makes them different?"

Perhaps we should all ask these questions as we decide whether or not to send our children to public school, church school, private school, or to teach them ourselves as some parents are doing. But before we choose this last, illegal course, we should answer some questions which Mary Turner has raised:

If we want a different product than that turned out by public schools, does that give us the right to break the law?

Does each parent have the right to decide what education his children should get?

Mary Turner's Story

Just down the winding dirt road which opened up the hill country of Arizona for my small car and me, the sunrays struck a head of shining red hair. A lithe-limbed, aesthetic young lady of thirteen stood waiting.

"Is this the Turner place?"

"Yes," she said gravely. "My name is Red. We live in a trailer back of those rocks."

A 12-year-old boy with copper curls stuck his head through the bushes.

"This is Billy," Red said. His bright eyes drank me in while he walked around the car taking inventory.

We walked through the trees into a clearing behind two mountainous boulders; here two small trailers and a make-shift canvas shelter had taken roots. Mary Turner and her seven youngsters called this clearing home.

Suddenly a tribe of children surrounded me, softly, soberly, very grave.

"Mr. Ashby," Red said, "may I present the children to you? This is Mariel."

A tall, willowy young girl, aged 17, stepped

forward and took my hand graciously.

Peter, a towhead aged ten, shook hands smartly, like a soldier. Annie, aged seven: Almost on tiptoe a tame deer comes to you, shyly, big eyes, long blonde hair; the touch of her hand light as mist. Johnny, a manly cowboy aged six, pumped my hand; and "Brucie," a toddler aged three, grabbed my leg, looked up at me solemn as a pint-sized owl, said:

"Give me some candy?"

"Brucie!" Red was horrified.

"Mother will be out in a few minutes," said Mariel. "Can we show you around?"

I looked at the round rock mountain behind us, and at the cumulus castles soaring up against the brilliant blue. Everything lay so quiet I could hear my watch ticking.

"Beautiful. Here."

A Kitty to Call His Own

"Mr. Ashby, we have a secret spring up there where we get water," Billy confided.

"Call me Thad," I said. And so we became friends, and the children dropped their state occasion manners. Brucie brought me a yellow cat. I knelt to take it from him.

"Mine!" Brucie cried, withdrawing it.

"That's *his* kitty," Red explained. I had always thought big families quarreled among themselves over who got what. But here the older children respected Brucie's right to own that kitty as inviolable. He didn't have to share his kitty with anybody!

"Do all of you own a kitty?" The children ran to round up their cats.

"Here's Princess, she's mine." "Mine is Sarah." "This is Polly, Hermy and Sammy."

We walked up to a natural basin with steep granite walls; here a little glen nestled; deeply shaded, cool—I heard the cold water's music splashing on the rocks. The children helped me down and we sat like chieftains in a sacred place.

"Easy to defend against the Indians," I suggested to Peter.

He looked at me quizzically, decided to humor me. "Yes," then realistically, "and against the sheriff, too."

"Have the cops bothered you much?" I asked.

"Bout all my life," Billy said, chewing the end of a leaf of grass. A flood of excited voices told of their troubles with the law:

"They arrested us for unfit living conditions 'cause we haven't got a bigger trailer."

"They took us all to jail once, before we could get dressed or comb our hair."

"The social workers in California spied on us almost all the time."

"We had some social workers the other day."

"Why?" I asked.

"When they're not after mother for violating the education laws," explained Mariel, "they try to get her for unfit living conditions. No landlord will take seven kids, so we have to live in a trailer. The other day while mother was shopping, some investigators came over."

"Tell him what Peter said." "Let Peter tell him." "No!" Peter wouldn't.

"The man asked Peter: 'Where do you go to the bathroom?' Peter said: 'Where do *you* go?' The man said: 'Never mind. You tell me where *you* go.' Peter said: 'I'll tell you where I go if you tell me where *you* go.'"

"He never did find out."

"Mother's coming out now," Johnny sang.

So we tumbled down, and I heard all about the prickly cacti, the charging bulls, and the soaring hawks in this wild, quiet land.

Mary Tells of Her Arrest

Far off I saw a young woman with a big smile, tall, slim, wearing a colorful squaw dress, coming toward me through the flowering trees.

"Hi!" she called, and I answered "Hi!" and stood there amazed. The picture of Mary Turner in the *Collier's* article, entitled *I Won't Send My Children to Public Schools*, showed a harassed woman, heavy and grim.

"Gosh," I said, "you certainly don't look like your picture in *Collier's*."

"Thank you," she said. "It's this outdoor life. I've lost thirty pounds. And I'm rested."

"Tell me about all your trouble," I said. "When were you first arrested?"

We drove up to eat "brunch" by the crackling fire in the Ranch House Cafe, and Mary Turner told me how she came first to feel the law's cold rod and learned she was an outlaw.

The time? 1949. Place: Buffalo, New York. A blizzard breathing down across Niagara had whiskered the city with ice.

Mary Turner and her husband had just arrived, found no place to live, except a tourist court. A school bus driver saw the children playing; he reported that they weren't in school.

Soon an officer knocked at her door.

"Mary Turner?"

"Yes."

"I have a warrant for your arrest for not sending your children to school—unless you have some good reason."

"My reason is I want to educate my children at home."

"Why don't you like public schools?"

"Do you care for your children?" asked Mary Turner.

"Yes—that's why I send them to public school."

"That's why I keep mine at home. I care about what they turn out to be. I don't like the product the schools are turning out."

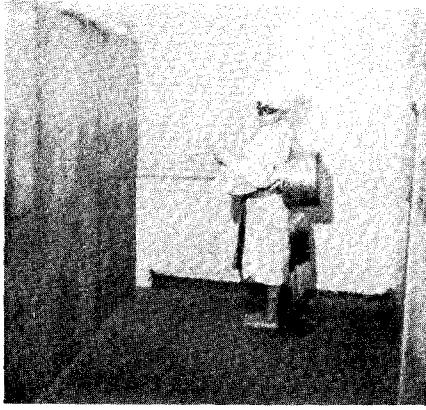
"Then why don't you work to improve the schools?"

"It might take twenty years to persuade the schools to educate children as I want mine educated. By then my children would be grown. I have to teach them now, this year, this week, today—they're learning all the time. It would take too long for me to change the schools. Besides that, I enjoy teaching them."

You Are Guilty, Mary Turner

The officers took Mary Turner to court. A juvenile court judge tried her. She told the judge how she kept the children out of school at first because they couldn't find a house and didn't know what district they'd land in.

"How we studied," she told the judge, "to keep from falling behind—and I found out something that warmed my heart. They enjoyed hard work. They honed their own minds keen and stretched their mental muscles. Hard work was fun. And teaching was fun for me. I had to bone up and cram the night before to teach them the next day. Sometimes they caught me with my answers down, and together we'd look it up in the book. They shot



Going to plays is much more fun after you've produced a few yourself!

ahead faster than the public schools would allow—they enjoyed work—which in school they hated.”

Not once, Mary Turner told me, in any official interview, did the officials ask what she was teaching her children. They worried about one thing: that these children were circumventing public schools, escaping official doctrine, escaping the experts' mold.

The judge of the juvenile court found Mary Turner guilty of violating the New York State education law.

Soon after, William Turner was offered a better job in Culver City, California. So off they went.

After several visits from social workers in Culver City, the California school officials decided to have Mary Turner arrested. At Mary Turner's trial, the prosecution held that the state knows better than his mother what each child should learn, which brought up the interesting question: is Mary Turner qualified to teach her children?

Q: Mary Turner, what is your educational background?

Two years and a half in Pasadena Junior College and Occidental College. She took many educational and psychological subjects from her mother, who taught her for years.

How did her mother get away with it?

She was Vinnie Crandall Hicks, PhD, well-known practicing psychologist, and official psychologist for the state of Rhode Island.

The officials made some point of the fact that Mary Turner doesn't possess the required credits in education courses to get a teacher's certificate in California. Since many teachers who do have this certificate can't teach very

well, it seems that the state should have concentrated on asking not does Mary Turner have the credits—but: can Mary Turner teach? They didn't ask this question.

The defense raised it however. The defense showed that Mariel Turner, then aged 15, had just taken an aptitude or achievement test, at the California Testing Bureau.

The Bureau tested Mariel on mathematics, language and reading. By public school age standards, Mariel should have been in the ninth or tenth grade. The achievement test showed that Mariel should actually be in her sophomore or junior year in college!

If achievement tests mean anything—and public school officials usually put great faith in them—then Mariel's test proves that Mary Turner qualifies as an expert teacher.

But the judge who found Mary Turner guilty said that education should be concerned with other things:

Education now involves, the judge said, “an understanding and appreciation for desirable social relationships, the ability to associate and cooperate with others in joint enterprise.”

The Turners were fined \$60 and given a suspended jail sentence. It wasn't the fine or the criminal record which Mary Turner minded—what she minded was now she would have to send her children to public school; her right to give them the kind of education she regarded as best had finally been abridged. It was the lost freedom she minded—not the fine. She minded losing what she regarded as a most important battle for principle.

A Miracle Came Named Hoiles

The *Collier's* article by Robert C. Goodman sympathetically described Mary Turner's plight during this trial:

“Two days before Christmas, 1952, the fortunes of the embattled Turners reached their lowest ebb. That day, they went to court to be arraigned on three counts, one for each child of school age . . . for violation of the state education code . . . They had no legal help . . .

“Then came the miracle which Mrs. Turner could only have prayed for. Her telephone rang, four days after the newspaper account

of her court appearance, and a male voice said, 'I think you are waging a noble fight. I'd like to send you a thousand dollars to help.'

The male voice belonged to Mr. R. C. Hoiles, president of Freedom Newspapers, Inc., who has risked his reputation and his fortune fighting compulsion in education.

Hoiles Suggested a Lawyer

Before the court fight ended, R. C. Hoiles put up \$5000 to defend Mrs. Mary Turner and to appeal her case. He suggested a lawyer. Readers of *Faith and Freedom* will recognize his name. James C. Ingebretsen, president of Spiritual Mobilization, represented Mary Turner in her appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

This quotation from the 46-page book in which Jim Ingebretsen presented his argument to the high court sums up the moral issue:

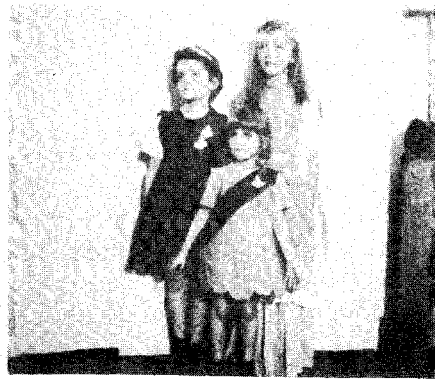
"The family therefore holds directly from the Creator the mission and hence the right to educate the offspring, a right inalienable because inseparably joined to the strict obligation, a right anterior to any right whatever of civil society and of the State, and therefore inviolable (by) any power on earth. . . .

"Accordingly, unjust and unlawful is any monopoly, educational or scholastic, which physically or morally, forces families to make use of government schools, contrary to the dictates of their Christian conscience, or contrary even to their legitimate preference."

After spending \$5000 and about ten years of concurrent man hours, R. C. Hoiles, Jim Ingebretsen, their assistants, Mrs. Mary Turner and her children, received word that the Supreme Court of the United States refused to hear the Turner case.

The following quotation from the opinion of the judges of the Appellate Department shows the court's thinking:

"If the parent undertakes to make use of units of education so small, or facilities of such doubtful quality, that supervision thereof would impose an unreasonable burden upon the state, he offends against the reasonable provisions for schools which can be supervised without unreasonable expense. The state may require, not only that educational facilities be supplied, but also that they be so supplied that the facts in relation thereto can be ascertained, and proper direction thereof maintained, without unreasonable cost to the



Comedia del Arte. The Turners make costumes, sets, act out original plays.

state. Anything less than this would take from the state the all-efficient authority to regulate the education of the prospective voting population."

Boiled down, this means: you parents can exercise a certain amount of freedom—but don't put the state to any trouble or expense. Also—the state has more right than you do to decide what kind of education your children get.

Why? Because the state, with "all-efficient authority" must regulate the education of future voters. In other words, voters should learn how to vote in schools large enough to be easily patrolled and controlled by that "all-efficient authority" on which ideas are suitable for voters to imbibe.

That ended the matter.

Mary Turner now had to pay her fine. (R. C. Hoiles paid it for her.) The judge suspended her jail term on condition that Mary Turner would, since it was all adjudicated, now obey the law.

After being arrested three more times (R. C. Hoiles bailed her out) she packed her children into a station wagon and a small trailer and bored deep into Arizona's wilderness—there to start the whole thing all over. That's the trouble with individualists. They don't know when they're licked.

"Mrs. Folsom, the county superintendent of schools, gave out an interview about me when I first arrived here in Yarnell. She said: 'Even if this mother is competent to teach, and I don't believe she is, it would set a precedent the schools cannot permit. What if other parents decided to keep their children home?'"

"But," said Mary Turner, "if my children don't turn out well, that would prove that public schools are better. That would prove their

arguments. Are they afraid that my children will turn out better than the school product? If so, the schools need competition.

“Does the parent have a right to give his children something different, something he thinks is better than what’s being offered? I want to instill in my children the old-fashioned ideals—to learn right from wrong. I want my children to be ladies and gentlemen.”

“Tell me about your curricula. What books do you use?”

“We don’t use standard primers. I use lots of reference books and lots of classics. When we’re studying the Civil War, for example, I have them read *Huckleberry Finn*, and take them to see movies like *Gone With The Wind*.”

“Does it help the older children to take turns teaching the youngsters?”

“There’s no better way to learn a thing than to teach it to somebody else. Red often tutors Johnny and Annie to help them keep up in group lessons. We have group lessons in reading, phonetics, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and the younger kids need extra help.”

“Do you ever push them too far?”

“Sure. All teaching involves trial and error. Every day I learn something new about teaching. The most important things I’ve learned have to do with how to combat mental fatigue and how to keep the children’s minds alert over a long period. Also I’ve learned how different the children are in their learning habits.”

Children Enjoy Hard Work

“How do the kids spend a typical day?”

“About two hours class room teaching, three or four hours studying with older ones, rest of the time, yardwork, cleaning up, making beds, shopping, play. This afternoon Peter and Billy are cleaning up a neighbor’s lot. They’ll be paid well for it and they’ll keep the money to spend as they please.”

“Tell me the main difference between your curricula and the public schools’.”

“We spend lots of time on philosophical discussion. We discuss moral and religious problems. We spend lots of time in outdoor nature study. We can take time off and go on a trip. This winter we’re going to go to Mexico if we can. The public school curriculum is

spread over too many subjects at once. We concentrate on one subject at a time, until the children know it, then we go on.

“There’s only one grade in our family, that’s A. My children study a thing until they master it—they don’t drop it after they’ve earned a ‘passing’ grade of C.”

“How about your methods of teaching? Are they so different?”

“My methods differ on basic approach. The modern idea in public schools seems to be to make studies so easy and play-like that the youngster’s mind is never strained. This establishes false moral values. Also, it bores the child because it’s so unstimulating. The challenge of a task you have to work at, the joy of accomplishing something *hard*, is the deepest, most lasting pleasure possible. My children expect to work and to enjoy it.

“This means I use much more drill in my teaching. Public school methodology is kept a deep dark secret even from parents. I feel that, if you explain to a child why a certain method works best, he will cooperate better in responding to it.”

“I gather from your emphasis on drill that your school is not progressive?”

“That’s the funny part. My method is ultra-progressive in some ways. Relating education to life situations, for example.

Each Side Uses Force

“But that’s not the important thing in my fight with the state. The important thing is: I don’t think anybody’s brand of teaching, whether progressive or fundamentalist, should be imposed on anybody. Being in the minority myself, I respect the rights of minorities, whether they are fundamentalists or progressivists. Neither camp has the right to impose its brand of education on the other. That’s the trouble with most school fights—in Pasadena, for example. The Goslinites wanted to impose progressive education on the anti-Goslinites. And the anti-Goslinites wanted to impose fundamentals on the parents who preferred the progressive education. A thing like that can’t be settled by majority rule without sacrificing the rights of some individual. Force and education are opposites.”

"Then it boils down to the individual parent's right to choose the education he thinks best?"

"That sums up my whole fight."

Thirteen-year-old Red met us.

"What would you like to do when you grow up?" I asked Red.

"Open a ranch for delinquent girls," she said. "I think their problems are caused by not getting enough love at home. I would help them by loving them and taking a personal interest in them."

I watched Mary Turner encourage the children, particularly when they wanted to do anything creative. After their reading class, they worked on each other's birthday presents, weaving mats, carving blocks, painting rocks. They make up all their own birthday and Christmas presents instead of buying them. They appreciate these presents, too, because they remember watching the love on the face of the child who created their present.

I'm Not a Baby!

That afternoon Mary Turner wanted to get something from the top of the canvas shelter.

"Somebody bring me a ladder," she called.

The older kids were all out of earshot. We heard a scraping noise and lots of grunting. Here came three year old Brucie, dragging a big ladder through the bushes. Nobody else was around, so he brought it, grunting and frowning and very serious. You could see that Brucie would be surprised to learn that he was only a baby, not old enough to drag around a heavy ladder. He didn't think of himself as a baby.

"One day I was away," Mary said, "and I hadn't left the children any instructions. When I came back they had cleared out that glen of trees on the back lot, and burned all the leaves. . . . Now when Billy goes to the store I don't tell him what to buy. The girls make out a menu and he shops for the best buy. I believe I could leave the kids alone for two weeks and they would take care of each other."

I asked six-year-old Johnny:

"What kind of work do you do?"

"Take care of the other kids," he said.

"Who takes care of you?" I asked.

"I take care of myself," Johnny said with dignity.

I thought to myself: here I've seen two products. In my reading, the public school product. And in Mary Turner's children, the self-reliant product in the Emersonian tradition. The question we parents and future parents must face is this: Should some one else choose for us the kind of product we want. Should the public schools impose the "group-centered" type on parents such as Mary Turner, who want their children to be self-reliant, Christian individualists? What can we do about it?

The Moral to This Story

Changing the schools may be our long range goal—but that can't be done overnight. It took 20 years to make the change from fundamentals to the New Education—it would probably take 20 years to change the schools back again—too late for our children to benefit.

That brings up the moral to this story: should parents who want one brand of education for their own children have the right to force their brand on parents who want something entirely different for their children? What about the minority who want something other than official, or majority, doctrine? Shouldn't they have the right to teach their children at home—and shouldn't they be relieved of the burden of supporting an education which goes against their consciences?

Victory in Defeat

I left Mary Turner. And though she was poor, I envied her those happy, healthy, prosperous kids.

As I drove down the road, I saw the boys drive a great hawk from his nest in the rocks; he flew about, circling and screaming. The hawk seemed not to fear the boys, but to feel at home among them, as I felt at home among these fledglings learning to beat their poor splendid wings against the world.

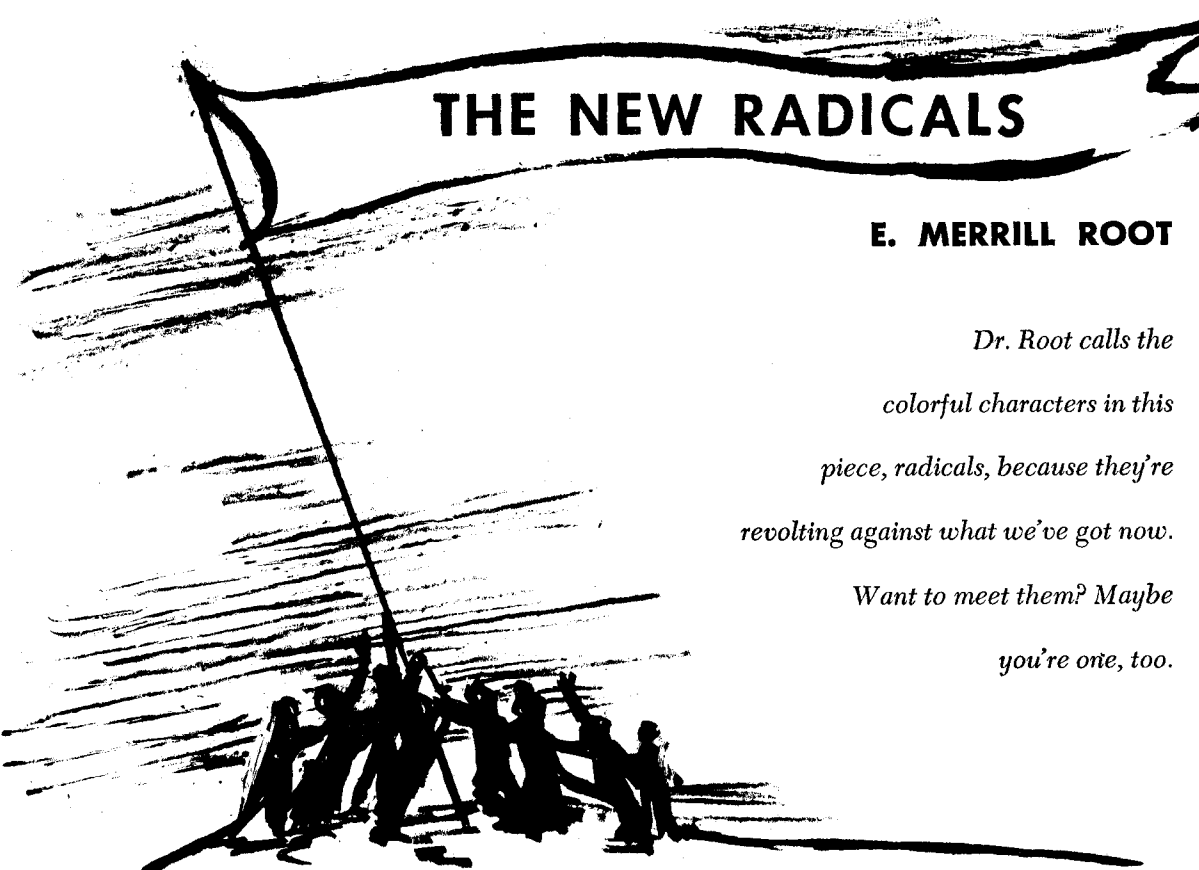
I was afraid that Mary Turner would be defeated—for she was battling to get the state to recognize her natural right to be left alone. But the wild hawk knew, wheeling in free circles against the spacious sky: Mary Turner's children had already won. ≠≠

THE NEW RADICALS

E. MERRILL ROOT

Dr. Root calls the colorful characters in this piece, radicals, because they're revolting against what we've got now.

Want to meet them? Maybe you're one, too.



Recently as I went about my ordinary affairs I began to feel an extraordinary sense of change. We all feel this way after a hard and haggard winter, when the first sense of spring works mischief in us. But it wasn't spring.

And I didn't feel some tangible outer thing of space; I felt an intangible inner thing of spirit. I felt *radical*. And I seemed to feel abroad in the land—in other men and not just in me—the same restless, radical rooting for change.

Maybe (I thought) it's just me. I told myself: find out if others are radical, too. If this feeling is sprouting not just in you, but all through society, it means something wonderful is happening.

Stop and talk with people. Pick their brains. Turn the fluoroscope on them.

So I began to look and listen. As I drank coffee in restaurants, listened to repair men ex-

plain why my automatic choke refused to be automatic—as I met fellow professors or passed the gay word with that insouciant breed, the college student (preferably coed), I listened for the answer.

He Drives with Yankee Zest

Am I right, sensing in the people around us, an intellectual renaissance, a new radicalism, a stirring of the spiritual sap? I believe I found out. I tapped people intellectually, as farmers in Vermont tap the springtime maples; I boiled down their answers into these sweet brown cakes of literary maple syrup:

I talked first with Professor Edward R.—. Dr. R.— stands tall, tweedy, carefully careless, fragrant with tobacco. He teaches English. Like most of us who make our living in that pleasant way, his speech turns out a charming mosaic of quotations from the great masters. Through graceful pilfering, he arranges his thefts with an artistry of his own—just as he drives his British sportscar with American zest.

Professor R. sprawled gracefully graceless in a leather-covered chair; arched heavy eye-

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brows; puffed infinite smoke from his pipe, while regarding me from steady gray eyes.

"Professor," I began. "Are *you* more radical? I feel that I am. I feel as if some secret presence of change is running through the veins of the earth, popping out occasionally, in me—perhaps in others. Am I right? Do you feel any nudges of radical change in your own innards?"

The Woods Are Lovely

"Odd, your asking me," he said. "I was just wondering at my own paradox—brooding, you know—dove-like on the vast abyss. Do you know?—I've just discovered that I'm a radical—for the first time in ten years—because at last I've become a conservative. Funny thing for me to be, too! I always thought myself a 'liberal' in my quiet academic way.

"We naturally want to be 'liberal'—we professors. We don't like 'sales talk,' 'business,' commercial things. Why should we? Businessmen don't like us; never did.

"We subconsciously resent their hard efficiency—as they resent our soft inefficiency. 'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.'

"We professors fought instinctively against the masters of our economic fate, the captains of other people's pocketbooks. So, we wanted to be radicals—we called it 'liberalism'—we turned to what we falsely supposed to be the true revolution: *collectivism*. It stood *against* capitalism. It stood up *for* 'the underdog.'

"We took it for granted—as self-evident: *collectivism* meant the new, the adventurous, the radical. We accepted it, uncritical of its premises. We had found the brave new way."

The Professor paused, drew deeply on his pipe, grinned wryly, and waited—as if uncomfortable for fear I would not understand what he hardly understood himself: it was so new.

"You know Frost's poem," I said, "The woods are lovely, dark and deep . . .' We all want that, don't we?—woods that are lovely, dark and deep, The horizon and the wild frontier? Adventure."

"But it isn't enough," the professor said, "to remind ourselves that we 'have promises to keep.' We need the woods—lovely, dark and wild! We thought we saw that in socialism—

and (for the first few years) in Russian communism. We thought of them as revolution!

"We forgot Emerson and Thoreau—the lonely way of Walden, the brave whim of Self Reliance. We forgot that Emerson, our greatest American liberal, said that government is best which governs least, and that Emerson spent all his energy to further the 'infinite of private man.'

"Now suddenly some of us—at least the one of us I know best—wakes up. Socialism? Communism? The greatest reaction in all the world against the 'infinite of the private man.' The greatest lumbering operation in history against the woods that are lovely, dark and deep!

"How could we have stood the putty in our eyes so long? Hypnosis, I guess. But some of us are waking up. As Thoreau said, 'There is more day to dawn.' Not seeing that made me sympathize with the reaction of socialism. Seeing it now, I have become a radical—the new radical."

I left the Professor—still brooding dove-like on the vast abyss.

Judy Made A Charming Target

I forgot the Professor easily, because I met Judy B—. Judy stands five four in her stocking feet, sports freckles on her nose, and—by a priori judgment—measures 35, 24, 36. But even more interesting: Judy is alive. Ideas jump from her like sparks from a magneto: she would be hard to brainwash. A lovely combination of black hair and blue eyes, she made a charming target for my exploration.

"Something has happened to me," I told her. "And I wonder if it's happening to you, too. Am I living in a private idiot's delight, or in a yeasty world where new ideas are about to pop? So I ask you, Judy: is the modern student radical?"

"I can't speak for the 'modern student,'" said Judy. "I can only speak for myself. Radical? That depends. A lot of students on this campus *think* they're radical because they join all possible combinations of the scrambled alphabet and set out to do good with a sour stomach. But look here."

She pulled out a sheet from her notebook and handed it over. "My new theme for Eng-

lish 201. I call it *Self Reliance and 1984*.”

I heard a professor say recently, “The papers are criticizing Federal aid to education. But, like it or not, it’s as sure to come as tomorrow’s sunrise. The Federal government isn’t a Big Bad Wolf; it’s a kind St. Bernard.”

There it is, preserved forever in amber! “The State isn’t a Big Bad Wolf, it’s a kind St. Bernard.” And humanity is stuck in a perpetual snowdrift of endless Alps, and all we can do is wait there till the kind St. Bernard comes with his little brandy keg and puts the bung to our cold blue lips. But some of us cherish a braver doctrine—we remember Emerson’s *Self Reliance*. We refuse to stay stuck in a perpetual snowdrift, when we know we can and should walk down to the good green valleys on our own strong legs.

“I go on,” said Judy, “to show that once you accept the welfare state of the ‘kind St. Bernard’ you come at last to the total state. And what difference does it make—whether Hitler or Bulganin turns the clock backward or forward? It adds up to perpetual *1984*.”

“Don’t you like sacred cows?” I asked Judy.

“Look what worshipping sacred cows did to India,” she said. “God forbid that should happen here in Indiana.”

Much as it pained me I left Judy to go on my intellectual safari.

A Big Shot Speaks His Mind

The next target for my fluoroscope looked as little like Judy as a wheat-field in harvest looks like a June rose.

In older days we would have called him a “strong silent man.” Fortunately for me, though strong, he was not silent. “Call me George,” he said. (What’s in a name? Everything. We don’t say “Let Clarence do it!” or even “Let Henry do it.” And George H. W. was the man to do it.)

George strikes you as the sort of man who, if not such a good fellow, would be known as a Big Shot. Strong face, stamped with experience and authority, he wears quiet expensive clothes with simple distinction.

“George,” I asked him bluntly, “are you a *radical* businessman?”

“Once,” George H. W. answered, “I might

have called you on that word radical. Not now. The answer is: I am!

“And it’s about time. Look at us businessmen. Most of us don’t know the score, or we don’t care as long as we think we can make a dollar—even the rubber dollars of today.

Don’t Stick Your Neck Out!

“Most businessmen don’t understand freedom: they haven’t shown the spirit of the unique American Revolution. What’s that? Not security but opportunity! Not controls (which include tariffs and subsidies and government contracts) but freedom to stand or fall on our own legs.

“Most businessmen talk like cowards: ‘Don’t stick your neck out!’ ‘Don’t rock the boat!’ ‘Don’t antagonize the government, the unions, the statist.’ Their motto? ‘Avoid trouble, compromise, appease.’

“But you couldn’t compromise in Missouri with Negro slavery; you can’t compromise at Yalta with Red slavery. You can’t do business with slavery.

“This British fellow who thinks he can keep his bank open in Shanghai—under the Commie thumb—and lets them pull out all the plums, while he just grins and shares it; they’ll soon be good free enterprise bankers, saying, ‘Naughty, naughty!’ to Moscow! Most of us agree that you can’t do business like that, but we go on compromising with labor unions and the government, giving away our capital piece by piece, hoping for a short term gain through a war contract or a subsidy.

“How do we get that way? Fatty degeneration of our brains, I say. Well, I’m done compromising with anybody. I want to get at the roots of things. I want to make a stand for the original principles of the American Revolution. So I’m a radical.”

An Elephant Sat on a Percheron

George H. W. locked the door of his small car. (He would never buy a car from the bigger companies; claimed they made too many compromises with government. He also refused to play golf: said too many businessmen played it because it was supposed to be the game for all good businessmen to play.)

Before he started his engine, he leaned out the window. "And taxes!" he said. "Don't you professors, don't the people who work with their hands ever stop to think what could be done if it weren't for taxes?"

"It's like asking a pair of Percherons to plow with an overweight elephant astride their backs.

"Just think for a moment—you professors get paid for thinking—how our economy would expand if that money taken for taxes went into wages, new jobs, into dividends, into expansion of business.

George Stopped Being Afraid

"Working men would get at least a third more to spend, just the first year. Investors would get at least that much, too. And as they spent it, or reinvested it, we would see a standard of living that would make us seem poor now, by comparison!

"That's why America rebelled against England: so that you and I, and every man of us, could engage in 'the pursuit of happiness.' That doesn't mean walking the chalk line that the Big Shots in Washington draw for us. It doesn't mean giving up pursuing happiness for 'social welfare.'

"We businessmen deserve to be called 'know-nothings' if we don't see that; cowards, if we don't say that. But we're scared. We're too damned scared of being called 'reactionary' and 'illiberal.'

"We talk like conservatives in the bad sense of the word—we stand for *status quo*. And the *status quo* today means collectivism. Radical? You bet I'm a radical! I get more radical every day I live.

"What does that mean, specifically? It means I've stopped being afraid. I've stopped being afraid of foreign competition, now. I'm against tariffs and for free trade. I've stopped being afraid of domestic competition. I'm against 'fair trade laws' and in favor of letting my prices fall if competition makes 'em fall. I'm not afraid of trying to survive without the government to give me mail contracts, defense contracts, without any laws which appear to help me by preventing competition. I'll get along without them, or I'll go out of business.

That's what being a radical businessman means to me."

His little car's engine purred into power and George H. W. drove away. "May his tribe increase and prosper!"

I tried to start my own car, and found out my automatic choke wouldn't choke. After I teased and coaxed my engine into life, I drove to my regular service station. There Joe O'C—plunged his surgeon-like hands into the guts of my engine and, while probing for the trouble, began to talk.

"I see by the papers that Germany is now turning out the Volkswagen in mass production. That's the car Hitler promised to make. The people's car, it means. Hitler never did make one car, far as I know. Now they got it back to a private company—they're making 'em fast. Imagine having the government turn out cars. Even if they could make 'em, there'd be no competition.

"Why do you think competition's such a good thing, Joe?" I asked him. "Would you like for a new service station to open up across the street?"

"Sure. If I can't keep the trade I've built up over the years, I deserve to get put out of business. Why, competition—that's what freedom means, isn't it?"

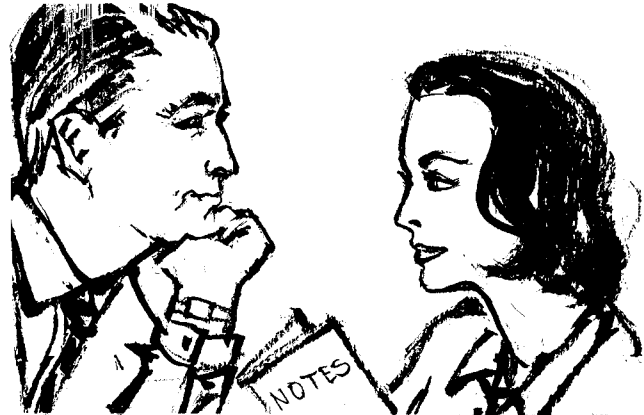
"How do you mean, Joe?"

Don't Use That Cuss Word

"Why, when you're free, that means you can pay your money and take your choice. Take a job you like, not one the government says you've got to take, like in the army. Cross a state line, if you want to, because the other state doesn't tax you to death. Buy the kind of car you like, instead of a people's car put out by the government.

"You're a radical then," I suggested, "on the subject of freedom, I mean. You believe in radical freedom."

"Well," said Joe O'C—. "I never thought of it that way. Radical always sounds like a kind of cuss word. But I guess I am. I'm against the way they do things in Russia—and, when I see our government doing the same things, I'm against it here. If that's being a radical, then that's me."



With the skill of a pathologist he had found the trouble with my car. But he had done more than that: he'd fixed it. And he'd given me my answer.

Every Time You Sneezes

As I drove, I saw a friend of mine walking. I gave her a lift. A colored woman who works for a friend, she shows a rough, native intelligence, a rich sense of humor, a blunt way of calling a spade a spade: she would not say "liquidate" when she meant "murder."

I didn't have to ask Mrs. Rose C— if she was a radical. She was brimming over with radical ideas.

"It's crazy!" she said. "If I want social security, all right; but if I don't want it, why isn't that all right? Here I work for Mrs. R—. I make maybe six dollars for a few hours' work, once a week. Just a few cents over the line. What does she have to do and what do I have to do? Pay out a piece of my wages plus some more of her money and turn it in to the government, so when I'm sixty-five I can retire on it.

"What's wrong with that?" I asked.

"What's wrong is I'm sixty-eight now, and I don't plan to retire when I'm seventy-eight! They take it away from me—my own money! If I wanted to do it, that would be one thing. But I don't want to do it. I *have* to do it. Mrs. R— has to do it. By and by they'll make you deduct something from your pay each time you breathes and fill out three copies of a report every time you sneezes. I could fight!"

"I judge you're a radical, Rose!" I said.

"Don't use any bad words, but I'm powerful mad!" she answered. "If it's radical to get up in arms over the government, then that's me!"

I dropped Rose and went home, first stopping by a coffee shop. I saw my friend, the

Reverend Harold S—, getting a cup of coffee. I sat down with him.

"I'm trying to find out something," I said. "Do you notice any radicals in the church; I mean new radicals, men swimming against the stream?"

"New heretics? Yes," he said, "I've seen a lot of rebellion against the fashionable orthodoxy. You know the cant of it. God the Father went far off, on a kind of cosmic balloon trip, who only comes back to people when they serve Him by doing good to our brother man.

"They don't sell you this, but doing good to your brother means forcing him to lay down on a modern Bed of Procrustes and chopping him off if he's too long, and stretching him out if he's too short. You ruin him in the process, for his own good, of course.

"The New Orthodoxy stands against 'mysticism,' direct experience of spiritual reality—against metaphysics, immortality, the Eternal. But it's for turning stones into bread, for seizing the Kingdoms of this World—which, if you know your Gospels, suggests their Patron.

"The newly orthodox fight with sincerity and passion: they will die for their creed; but first they will try to make the rest of us live by their creed. They plan to enforce it by selecting Caesar to enforce their version of Christ."

"And you are a heretic, against all this?" I asked.

The Yeast Is Stirring!

"Certainly! Didn't our Lord say, 'My Kingdom is not of this world'? Ethics remain ethical only so long as you root them and ground them in Him. Otherwise you make Truth into a convenient lie, Right, into manners and the biggest battalions.

"The new orthodoxy may have captured the Church. But God may not always side with the Church. Radical? Of course I am!"

As I said goodbye to the heretic from the New Orthodoxy, I knew I'd been right: I was not alone: new radicalism is beginning to create ideas which swim against the stream. The yeast of life is stirring in the dough of society. Who is doing the stirring? The New Radicals.

Tell me. Are you one, too?

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THE SQUEEZE IS ON

Rip Van Winkle slept for 20 years in his mountain retreat. And when he wandered down from his "bed-in-the-clouds," he shook with bewilderment, and fear and wonder. Everything had changed. "What happened?" he gasped. It was a rude awakening.

But the startling physical changes that met old R. V. Winkle's eye startled him no more than the transformed political-economic outlook now suddenly startles millions of Americans into asking "is this happening here?"

People like Miss Elsie Mumma and Lew Shafer will testify to that.

Elsie Mumma is an unmarried orphan. She works a farm out in Hummelstown, Pennsylvania—farms the land that her father farmed, and his father before him. But Miss Mumma is in hot water with Washington. Last year she worked long and hard, harvested a bumper crop of golden Pennsylvania wheat—but 18 acres over her "government allotment." A thumping fine of \$403.20 was slapped on the Mumma farm. Elsie Mumma protests; is puzzled. Her father taught her a big crop is a good crop.

Down in Westminster, Maryland, another farmer—Lewis Shafer—is reaping similar rewards of government control.

Government officials came to investigate the acreage that Mr. Shafer and his three boys till. Shafer protested, ordered the government men off his farm. "It's a free country," he said. "This is my land." But a court order says Mr. Shafer must grant the "investigators" entry. Mr. Shafer is appealing it. He too is puzzled. Years ago he farmed his soil as he saw best. He can't do that any more.

Similar harassments might be cited across the country—on the farm, in factories, in the home. And everywhere the question is the same: "What has happened to free America?"

The answer isn't so hard. Some of us dozed through the days of decision—days of the alphabetic rule: AAA, PMA, NRA, all spelling out more government controls, less personal freedom. Others drifted indifferently through

the fog, whipped up by "opinion leaders" amply paid to keep the "people" stimulated, optimistic and happy.

Now the government is tightening the controls blithely granted, and many feel the pinch. It is the time of the Great Awakening; it is the passing of the fog. What has happened is clear: minimum government snow-balled into maximum government. The question is: what to do about it?

What do we do about the ever-tightening tentacles of government? What do we do about the yearly spawn of more and more government employees? Right now there are more federal employees in the State of California than State of California employees. New buildings are shooting up in every major city—new buildings to incubate new federal employees. They say the buildings can't be built fast enough.

Can We Do Anything?

Secondly, what do we do about the licensing, inspection, and credit controls that are choking free Americans to death? Government workers are increasing. Government regulations are increasing.

Most fearsome of all, government subsidies are increasing. Lobbyists are grinding out more every day.

These are the problems then: we are losing our freedom by taking from the government money not ours. To administer our subsidies large chunks of tax money go for unnecessary bureaucracy. Many who would invest in creative products lose their income through government "redistribution of wealth."

Again, the question comes up: "what do we do about all these things?"

Happily, new libertarians are developing over the country—people who still believe as Jesus did, in the dignity and sovereignty of man. These people have committed themselves to stand firmly against collectivism, firmly for liberty.

We of Spiritual Mobilization are always glad to hear of others who share this view—about "Americans who really care." We would like to hear from you.

JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

AUBREY HERBERT

If you want to make sense out of conflicting Presidential predictions, keep your eye on Vice-President Richard Nixon. In one blow, President Eisenhower's tragic illness changed the prospects for 1956. A cut-and-dried campaign now turns into a bewildering but exciting one.

Warring factions in the Republican Party started jockeying for position almost before the news of the President's illness hit the newsstands. The power struggle shapes up this way: Vice-President Nixon looms as the key figure in the big contest.

The "right-wing" of the party quickly adopted "Nixon-for-President" as their goal. When the tragic news first struck the country, the conservative wing urged Eisenhower to resign, elevating Nixon to the top post. Later, the President rallied; Sherman Adams and Herbert Brownell rushed home to block any Nixon effort to wield executive power.

So conservatives shifted their strategy. They now want to persuade the President to run again, keeping Nixon in a favorable spot as heir apparent. Failing that, they hope to elect Nixon president in 1956.

Run Nixon in '56? Nix!

The "liberal" Republican forces, on the other hand, are working on an opposite motto: "Stop Nixon at all costs." First, they successfully soothed the country, and calmed the early atmosphere of crisis. Thereby, Adams and Brownell kept the reins of power in their own "liberal" hands. Although worshipful of Eisenhower, they oppose his running—for the same reason that some right-wingers favor it—they fear Nixon's rise to the Presidency.

Right now, the "liberals" are searching silently and desperately for a man they can build up as Eisenhower's successor. They prefer Chief Justice Warren. Warren's entry would force the younger Californian, Nixon, to retire from the race. However, many doubt

that the left-wing Republicans can persuade Warren to forsake the high bench for the rigors of political battle.

Who else may the "liberals" choose? They are mentioning: former Governor Dewey; Governor Christian Herter of Massachusetts; Harold Stassen, Eisenhower's counsellor on disarmament; Paul Hoffman, industrialist and a left-wing favorite—even Dr. Milton Eisenhower, influential brother of the President. Fantastic as it may seem, don't sell this last choice short. We've seen stranger things in American politics.

Already, powerful "liberal" spokesmen are urging, "Milton-Eisenhower-for-President" — such men as Roscoe Drummond of the *New York Herald Tribune* and *Chicago Sun-Times*.

At any event, when the left-wing Republicans finally find their man, rest assured we will know him. An expensive and powerful publicity campaign will build up his stature before the American public. Articles will suddenly appear in national magazines. In them, writers will testify to the wisdom and sagacity and healing powers of Mr. X.

At first, no writer will hint that he wants Mr. X for President. But the people, deluged with praise for the man, will soon realize that they shouldn't waste a man of such virtue in any more lowly posts. So we will enter one more "spontaneous draft" in American political annals.

Yet one question remains: how has Nixon earned the tag "conservative"—either by friend or foe? Consider his record, and you find little substance to back up Nixon's "conservatism." He followed faithfully every socialistic twist and turn of the Eisenhower administration. He went all out to sell the whole program to Congress. Richard Nixon does not battle for libertarian ideas; his record shows little opposition to the march to socialism.

Where did the "Nixon myth" come from, then? It stems from four sources: (1) a group

of staunch conservatives sponsored Nixon's first election to the House; (2) Nixon helped to uncover Alger Hiss; (3) Nixon attacked the Democratic Party for softness to Communism in the 1952 campaign; and (4) Nixon jumped into the "pro-war" corner of the Administration—urged intervening in Indo-China and bombing the China coast.

The first factor makes him suspect to leftists. Actually, it signifies only a measure of the distance Nixon has traveled away from his former friends.

The remaining counts emphasize the gap between Nixon and the Republican left-wing. Yet they scarcely suffice to endear him to libertarians. Anti-Communism doesn't always mean love of freedom. No one suggests that such staunch anti-Communists as Norman Thomas or David Dubinsky run for President on the conservative ticket. As for his "pro-war" stand—nothing crushes liberty more effectively than the weapon of war.

A New Party Leaps Leeward

Libertarians, in short, can think of no reason to leap to Nixon's side in the coming fray—they are considering a more hopeful portent for '56: a new political party. It remains in the planning stages—a newly-launched group appropriately tagged "the New Party." A dedicated couple named Kent and Phoebe Courtney founded it. They also organized a monthly newspaper recently, *Free Men Speak*.

The Courtneys serve jointly as temporary chairman of the New Party and have recruited Lt. General Pedro A. Del Valle (ret.). The General, head of the Defenders of the Constitution, battled valiantly in the courts against the Status of Forces Treaty, which permits foreign governments to jail drafted Americans without granting them the protection of Anglo-Saxon legal procedure.

The press has scotched all news of the New Party, hopes to kill it by silence. But despite the formidable suppression, they will hold a national convention early next spring, name themselves, write a platform and pick a presidential candidate.

Right now, the New Party is conducting a mail poll of favorite conservatives for their

'56 ticket. So far, Senator McCarthy and Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah are running neck and neck for top billing. Every libertarian should rejoice to find Bracken Lee's name on the ballot. Lee looms far above all other possible candidates.

A rare political bird indeed—Governor Lee has refused to pay his income tax on grounds that the Constitution doesn't provide for taxing us to benefit foreign states.

Bracken Lee Stands Up

Ask yourself what other politician advocates repeal of the 16th (Income Tax) amendment? Who else urges withdrawal from the UN? What other Governor refuses Federal grants-in-aid for highways? Who else dared to challenge the powerful educationist lobby by cutting school costs and selling state colleges to private enterprise? Who else denounced the fraud of social security? Or proclaimed foreign aid unconstitutional?

Throughout his career, Bracken Lee has broken all the "political" rules. He stood up for principles. And the people of Utah re-elected him Governor by a thumping margin.

In fact, Lee seems blessed with all the political requirements: excellent speaking voice, sincere and winning manner, proven vote-getting ability. What more could anyone ask?

Over in the Democratic camp, the tempest rages in a teapot. Nominations may brew up a boiling pot of personal squabbles, but policy differences look to be few and far between. The presence of two left-wing multi-millionaires marks the Democratic contest: Governor Averell Harriman of New York, and Governor G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams of Michigan.

Governor Harriman—last survivor of the original New Dealers—runs as candidate of Tammany Hall. Governor Williams will run as a favorite son candidate—of Walter Reuther and the CIO.

Flamboyant Senator Estes Kefauver, darling of the world-government set, will also run. And Adlai Stevenson, who carefully keeps his nose before the news cameras, may cop the nomination. But Stevenson's policies differ little from the other "potentials." The difference lies in his superior wit and intelligence.

By Gerald Heard



I remember someone taking me, one afternoon, to a large Gothic room in the old British House of Commons.

A vast fireplace took up one entire wall—a black cave without flame—and in the intricately carved scrolls that wreathed its lip, ran a motto. Terse to the point of impatience, it consisted of the two words, “Get Understanding.”

We get into serious confusion over that deceptively simple word—understanding. When we speak of “a very understanding person,” we nearly always mean someone who sympathizes with our feelings. But if we use the word accurately, it means that the “understander” shows an uncommonly penetrating insight into our motives. Then, I fear, “understanding” would fall out of favor in our vocabulary of courtesy.

Yes, obviously, this Anglo-Saxon word signifies getting the “low-down” on any thing, person or action. It means going beneath the foundation, or behind the facade (what architects call the elevation) of a person’s outward manner, perceiving what he really intends.

True understanding, then, lies in the ability to estimate the girders and tie beams that, behind another’s conventional outside, actually make up his true motives. Latin lawyer minds call this false-front the “persona”—that mask through which the ancient actor spoke his part. Legal understanding, even in that day, took it for granted that everyone was making a case, playing a role, keeping up appearances.

On this inconvenient question of understanding, however, Greek minds searched even more disturbingly. Going deeper than the practical Roman mind, they came to a still more upsetting notion as to what understanding really means. At least, the way they defined a man of understanding gives us a jolt—if we imagine that, when a man “understands” us, he soothes our self-esteem.

The Greeks called the understanding person “hypocrites,” which we generally trans-

late as “actor,” someone who simply plays a part. The Greeks, however, gave the word a subtler range of meaning. “Hypocrites” made a concealed or reserved judgment, a hidden estimate; he learned to reserve his actual opinion. “Hypocrites” found, through his experience with people, that he could not always say what he thought.

We all, in this respect, let our understanding drive us to use caution in revealing our private conclusions. In a world of courtesy mixed with conventional egotism we learn to make “press releases,” to edit before we speak of the things we observe or suspect.

Such caution need not be cynical. Indeed, it can spring from charity, which judges and allows for the weaknesses of others because it knows its own. For instance, when you pass on to someone else a censored version of what would strike him as unpleasant facts about himself, you are not necessarily dishonest or unkind.

An understanding friend feeds into us, as fast as we can stand it; what our acquaintances (who are not our friends) know and think about us. For each one of us lives, as it were, in a special, private “pressurized atmosphere.” Most of us, most of the time seem able to exist only in a particular climate of our own.

Our sanity and usefulness to others may depend on how much we dare accept their true estimate of us. If we remain “shut up in measureless content” or unjustified self approval, our absurd complacency renders us useless. And if we find ourselves suddenly thrown open to “the raw vapors of an unkind world” our souls choke. The small flame of our spirit flickers and dies.

An understanding friend must carefully, considerably administer to us the idea of our worth that others honestly hold, an idea which, sometimes may strike us as painfully different from our own. Otherwise, we will stay, stubbornly, inside our “private bell.” We know

how the caisson worker gets an attack of the "bends"—the nitrogen bubbling in his blood—when he plunges into deflated atmospheric pressure too quickly after he has been working under the special air pressure of the caisson. So do we, just as certainly, feel an intolerable anger and dismay if suddenly, and without the mediation of a friend, someone with rugged honesty deflates our false egos.

God Save Us from Our Friends!

We should think of this service of mediation as a skilled art. You can ruin the results by impatience. Our fear is memorably expressed by one of the casualties of rude handling: "Let me face my enemies, but save, oh, save me from the candid friend!"

True understanding, then, contains two sides; true insight shows two phases. Understanding stands in danger of becoming cynical. Basic knowledge ends in being simply the "low-down," only if it stops with short-sighted selfishness to hoard for its private purposes what it sees so penetratingly. Let us seek with kindness and patience to return this secret to its rightful owner. Then our understanding becomes the truest charity.

To show honesty and kindness at the same time, however, we must use intelligence—another word that we like to use inaccurately. For Intelligence means much more than remarkable cleverness. Nor does Intelligence mean Information—the meaning the Armed Forces give it. Neither does it mean the capacity to reason, to use the rational faculty.

The Latins use the word "intellegere," from which we derive our word intelligence, to designate that faculty of man which is greater than reason—the capacity to choose.

Reason measures and weighs. It can tell us what things cost. But intelligence decides whether or not the cost is worth while. Reason gives us means. Intelligence picks those means that best serve it in reaching its chosen goal.

We need to use this true intelligence if we wish ever to communicate with others, if we wish to commune with them trustfully. Then, with perfect and mutual confidence, we can, as the Quakers say, "speak the truth in love."

Dean Inge, that ironic but wise old wit, used

to say "it takes two to tell the truth; one to speak it, the other to hear it."

Why is it hard to hear the truth? Dr. Malinowski, the famous anthropologist, tells us that words, even among ourselves, nearly always convey two things.

First, of course, the spoken word gives, as the speaker intended it should, information about some fact. But secondly, the speaker, unless he is very wise, unintentionally gives even more information about his feelings. Dr. Malinowski points out that we charge our words with such feeling that our hearers can't hear the sense because of the sensation.

We all know the Emersonian remark—"Your actions speak so loudly that I can't hear what you say." No doubt most people could "keep down" (as nurses say) our good advice if the unsolicited medicine tasted to them less of our censure and more of our charity.

Understanding each other in this sense would go far toward filling one of today's paramount needs. We are beginning to do something about it. We are taking the first, painful step by realizing the obstacles we face when we try to communicate. "Words were given us to conceal our thoughts" is the French saying. But the trouble, I'm sure, lies far deeper than the level of such a shallow cynicism. Bernard Shaw got closer to the truth when he commented that the Americans and British are one people divided by a common language.

It Hurts to Take Off Your Mask

True understanding, then, enables us to penetrate through the emotional charge that colors the words of others, through the defensive ambiguities of their actions, and so to contact the real person behind the mask. When we have done this, we find, nine times out of ten, that he feels as eager to understand and be understood as we ourselves feel. Realizing this, plus exercising true intelligence, makes it possible for us to choose the apt word, the fitting deed, and the right moment. If we define intelligence and understanding correctly, we may maintain the lines of communication that we have opened through our honest effort to understand, and the painful effort to allow others to understand.

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PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

"I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts," declared the Psalmist long ago.

Perhaps no more succinct formula for freedom has ever been penned than that. As long as we sincerely and honestly and earnestly seek God's precepts in order to faithfully and fully obey them, we shall walk at liberty. There is no question about that.

It is when we begin to regard God's precepts as too rigorous and demanding and we, as a consequence, start substituting expediency for principle that we relinquish our freedom.

As long as we stay on the highroad of God's precepts, we walk at liberty; when we try to detour across the swamps and quicksands of opportunism, we are almost certain to lose our liberty. The only real freedom is freedom under God.

How long has it been since you read Tom Paine's famous pamphlet, "Common Sense"?

I recently reread it—after a lapse of a good many years. And I had forgotten so much of it that I was amazed at a great deal of what I read.

For example, take this:

"Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness *positively*, by uniting our affections; the latter *negatively*, by restraining our vices. . . . The first is a patron, the last is a punisher."

But not everyone would agree. "Waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up is a complete negation of government," declared Arthur Woodburn, once Socialist Secretary of State for Scotland, in criticizing the incumbent British Government for having "removed all (price and dividend) controls and let

things rip," according to a recent news report from London.

Well, let's see. Is a military force held ready but inactive, "waiting for something to turn up," "a complete negation of government"? Is a police force, walking its beat, alert and ready, but not interfering with anyone until something turns up, "a complete negation of government"?

As Paine makes clear, the function of government is to lay down the rules by which the innocent are protected and the guilty restrained and then to stand by until a real and present threat to the innocent occurs—when it is its duty to step in and furnish as much protection to the innocent as it can by apprehending and judicially dealing with the culprit in firm fashion.

"Waiting for something to turn up" instead of being "a complete negation of government" is the basic function of government. When it acts otherwise, it becomes the master of the people instead of their bodyguard.

"Taking cognizance of this TV age, the Cincinnati Equirer," according to a recent issue of the Wall Street Journal, "recounts the experience of one prominent Cincinnati who bought a baby grand piano for his children in the hope that it might encourage their musical talents. When he arrived home that evening, he found all three of the youngsters examining the instrument in an effort to find where they could plug it in."

Well, we shouldn't blame the youngsters too much. After all, they are growing up in an age when a lot of adults seem to think that our whole economy will run along without personal effort or attention if only it can be

plugged into the United States Treasury.

I suppose, if anyone could be called an expert on labor unions, it would be John L. Lewis.

And John L. is now quoted as saying that the proposed merger of the A.F.L. and C.I.O. would "part like the rope of sand it is" under pressures from rival union leaders. He went on to charge that the merger . . . would give "carnivorous" and "cannibalistic" unions the chance to prey on smaller groups within the organization.

Those are rather strong words—but they are undoubtedly justified. Groups that do not hesitate to prey on those outside their organization can hardly be expected to resist the temptation to prey on the weaker units within.

The "brotherhood of labor" is not a tie that binds very strongly. Associations built on distrust and hate are, indeed, ropes of sand. Only associations built on trust and love endure. How long is it going to take America's "labor leaders," and those who support and encourage them in present pathways, to learn that simple but all-important truth?

"The whole problem of our time is not lack of knowledge but lack of love," according to Thomas Merton, Cistercian monk, born in France and now a member of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky.

This statement, it seems to me, compresses a profound truth into a few words.

We are constantly adding to our knowledge. But at least some of this additional knowledge brings more new problems than it solves.

Only as we adequately increase our love can we be sure that our growing knowledge will be an aid to solving our problems instead of a means of aggravating them.

As Peter advised us, we should "add to (our) faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity (or love) . . . he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off."

Surely, if ever there was a time when we needed to "see afar off," it is now, isn't it? Love, being at the end of the list of spiritual qualifications for seeing "afar off," removes the last blind spot and gives us a range of vision that is otherwise impossible.

How greatly, how imperatively, we need it!

"The majority is usually wrong' is truer than 'The majority is always right.' This has been true historically. It is true today."

The above is the opening paragraph of Dr. Fifield's weekly column in a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times.

The third paragraph reads: "Christianity started out as a very small minority movement. It is still a minority movement. Even within it, majorities have often been wrong and minorities many times right. In the present tensions within Christendom, my own judgment lies with the minority positions in most major matters."

The situation would be discouraging to many of us were it not for Jesus' words, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven . . ." and Paul's assertion, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." While it is true that Paul, in his statement, was using leaven to denote sin, his assertion is just as apt if applied to leaven as a symbol of the kingdom of heaven. While the whole lump is poisoned and swollen by the leaven of sin, it is at the same time constantly purified and lifted up by the leaven of the kingdom of heaven. And we have the assurance of Christ that this latter action will continue "till the whole (is) leavened." What greater encouragement than that do we need—or could we have? † †

We borrowed these gumptious bits from "Pause for Reflection," James C. Ingebretsen's newspaper column, carried by nearly 300 papers across the country. Do you like the sampling? If so, let your local publisher know that "Pause for Reflection" is syndicated, provided on a "no-charge" basis to all interested newspapers.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

"Just the other day, a friend to whom I sent 'Faith and Freedom' last Christmas told me that it has been one of the most unusual gifts he's ever received. Because, he said, 'it is a gift of ideas.' Others to whom I sent Christmas gift subscriptions have mentioned them with appreciation off and on all year.

"I want to send 'Faith and Freedom' subscriptions again this year. In your last issue, you stated that there is to be no charge for subscriptions beginning in January. I am wondering how this new policy will affect my plans to make the 'gift of ideas' at Christmas time."

KEN PAYNE, JR., Pasadena

Others of you might want to know how to send gift subscriptions, under our new policy. When this policy goes into effect the first of the year, subscriptions to *Faith and Freedom* will come to you without charge. However, any individual wishing to receive an unpaid subscription must request it. If you have friends who would enjoy *Faith and Freedom*, send us their names and addresses. We will send them sample copies and cards with which they can request receiving *Faith and Freedom* without charge.

If you wish subscriptions sent as your personal Christmas greetings, we ask you to give us a contribution you feel will cover them. Send the names and addresses of those to whom you wish to send *Faith and Freedom* for Christmas—with your contribution. We will send your friends appropriate Christmas cards telling them of your remembrance. Then all through the year, they will be receiving your "gift of ideas."

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