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THE MONTHLY JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION

FAITH AND FREEDOM

SHOOTING ON SOUTH FLOWER

THADDEUS ASHBY

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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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WILLIAM JOHNSON, *Editor*

THADDEUS ASHBY, *Associate Editor*

EDMUND A. OPITZ, *Book Editor*

ANNE ASHBY, *Art Director*

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SHOOTING ON SOUTH FLOWER

THADDEUS ASHBY

This is no ordinary violence. Ellis Poole had violated the labor union's law. He was marked for punishment. His crime: Living according to Christian conscience. Perhaps he should have run away—but he didn't.

A struggle, a shout of "Help!"—shots rang out; a man ran down the steps of a house on South Flower Street in Los Angeles; bullets sang past his ear; he jumped into his car, sped away. Another man staggered down the steps; his right hand gripped a heavy lug wrench streaked with blood; his left hand pressed to his shoulder—a dark blotch was soaking through the cloth. He stumbled and sank slowly to the steps; he lay still.

Standing in the doorway, silhouetted by the light behind him, a young man, not too tall, stood dazedly, swaying a little. In his right hand a .38 Colt revolver smoked faintly; its handle felt damp against his trembling fingers. His left hand groped to the pain which throbbed into his face. His eye was puffing. His nose was bleeding and broken. Behind him, clutching two frightened little boys to her skirts, stood his pretty brunette wife, her eyes glazed with fear.

His name was Ellis Poole. A slight man, a man with hazel eyes, a receding hairline, clean-shaven cheeks, a man with character in his hands, hands gnarled with work, skilled in the use of tools.

On the floor of his house, a Bible lay open

to the story of Jacob and Esau. Ellis Poole had been reading this story to his sons, just before he heard the knocking at the door. The nightly ceremony of reading the Bible before bedtime prayers was still honored in Poole's house. Poole was a Bible student, a church-going man who worked so hard as a layman he was finally made group leader in the Church of God at 9916 South San Pedro in Los Angeles. To help support this little church, which has sixty members, Poole tithes from his salary, besides putting \$15 per month in the collection plate and contributing to the building fund for a new church. Last year Poole gave a total of \$1500 to his church.

Now how was it a church leader came to find himself with a gun in his hand and blood streaming from his eye?

Ellis Poole is a garment worker. He had been threatened with violence a number of times. The threats weren't idle bluffs; they had been carried out tonight.

Ellis Poole couldn't be called an ordinary man; he is an individual, as different from others as you are different. He lives in an old house, though he could afford much better if he gave less to his church. He doesn't pay much attention to fashionable clothes. His idea of pleasure is to be able to provide music lessons for his eight year old son, and for the

Thaddeus Ashby is associate editor of FAITH AND FREEDOM.



five-year-old, too, when he's old enough. The eight-year-old practices on an ancient M. Schultz & Co. upright piano with yellow ivories. A bare light-bulb hanging from a browned string lights up the music room; but this is not the light that lights up Poole's face as he listens to his son play.

Ellis Poole had not wanted to join the garment workers' Union. When the representatives of the AF of L, International Ladies Garment Workers Union, asked him to join, Poole said:

"I've got nothing against the Union. My employer gave me a job when I needed one. He told me what the pay was and I thought that was fair. Now you want me to carry a sign saying he's unfair. But that isn't the truth."

"You don't get the picture," the representative said. "We're not *asking* you to join. We're telling you, if you know what's good for you . . ."

But Poole stood his ground.

One evening the phone rang. Poole saw his pretty, twenty-six-year-old wife answer it, watched while her face went white. She said nothing, merely listened speechlessly. After a moment she hung up.

She looked at Poole as if she had been struck. Words wouldn't come.

He walked to her, took her hand in his.

"Dear, who was it?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"What did they say?"

She bit her lips. Finally, she was able to choke out the words: "They said something would happen to the children."

Poole stopped breathing a moment. Tension wound around his lungs like a fist. His wife began to cry.

The voice had told her that her husband was refusing to cooperate. They wanted to meet her at a specified place, "alone, to talk

this over." The voice, (which she translated into a huge, anonymous "*they*") said that unless she agreed to come and talk things over with them, "*something might happen to the children.*"

What might happen? They didn't specify exactly what or how. They used "vile language" Mrs. Poole said. And they said "they would *kill the children.*"

Visions of a big car, ripping through the safety zone, smashing down the children and speeding away, haunted the young mother as she sobbed in Poole's arms.

Poole had brought his bride from Mississippi. Arriving in Los Angeles he turned his pockets inside out, found nothing more than sixty dollars. But Poole's soul was brimming with faith, and the face of the dark-haired girl beside him overflowed with her faith in him. They knew God helps those who help themselves. That was enough for them.

Poole found a job at Sir James, Inc., makers of separates, skirts, blouses, dresses. As a clothing cutter he held down a most important skilled job in the garment industry. A designer dreamed up an idea for a new dress and made a master pattern. Ellis Poole took the master pattern, laid it out on the cloth and marked out the garment. Then he cut it out. Using a huge electric cutting machine he could cut through 240 layers of cloth at once.

"We'll Beat Your Brains Out"

One day, while Poole was cutting at Sir James, Inc. the Union representatives came around and told him: "Get ready to strike."

"I'm not a member of the Union."

"All right, you join us and go out on strike, and I tell you what we'll do. We'll pay you fifty dollars a week while you're striking." But Poole was already earning much better than fifty dollars per week.

"Think it over," said the Union representative. "If you join us we'll pay you." The man paused significantly, "If you don't join us we'll beat your brains out."

Poole went home that night deeply shocked. His faith told him to love his enemies, not to resist evil, to turn the other cheek. Poole was not afraid for himself. Later, he said: "They

kind of always feared me a bit, because I lived a good life and always told them they couldn't kill me without a fight."

The only thing Poole feared was that his family might be hurt. He considered moving. But anywhere he went he would face this problem.

He Tried To Escape

A friend of Poole's, the head cutter at Sir James, wanted to open up a little shop and employ himself and Poole after their regular work. They would bid on small jobs until they made enough to expand.

"He propositioned me as his business partner but I let him go ahead with it. I said I'd help him cut nights."

His friend took his small savings out of the bank and bought a cutting machine. He found a small store which he rented and converted into a cutting room. After their regular hours they began to cut out garments on a contract basis. They began bidding lower than firms using high-priced Union labor.

A car began following Poole's friend from his home, trying to find the location of the busy little shop. It didn't take them long.

Poole was not helping out that day. His friend and employer was also janitor and had stayed late to sweep up. He was sweeping the floor when a shadow fell across it. Men were standing on the sidewalk. He looked out the back door and saw "some people maneuvering around in the back."

He called the police. As he set the phone down he heard them knock. He looked around for a way out. "There was some of these guys at the front and back . . . no way to run. They really had the joint cased in good." He counted eight men.

Poole's friend reported the following to the police:

They broke the door down and seized him. Systematically they beat him. "They really worked him over." They threw him unconscious and bleeding onto the floor. They smashed the expensive cutting machine, wrecked the shop and ran, leaving him for dead.

The police cruiser arrived as soon as possi-

ble, but the violence hadn't taken long. The police pulled up as the hoodlums were running out, and caught them red-handed.

Poole's friend was rushed to the hospital. He almost died, and had to spend three months in the hospital before going home to recuperate. The men arrested were indicted and tried. The jury was hung and the prosecution did not ask for a new trial.

Poole Wasn't Looking For Trouble

The destruction which put Poole's friend in the hospital threw Poole out of a part-time job. "He never did get to open the place up any more." The Union was striking at Sir James. Poole was not looking for trouble with hired pickets. Poole looked for a job elsewhere, and found one at Holmes of California, following his trade of garment cutting. Poole said of Mr. Holmes: "The man was paying his taxes, living up to American standards—he paid me a little more money—I didn't know it was going to turn into a mess like this."

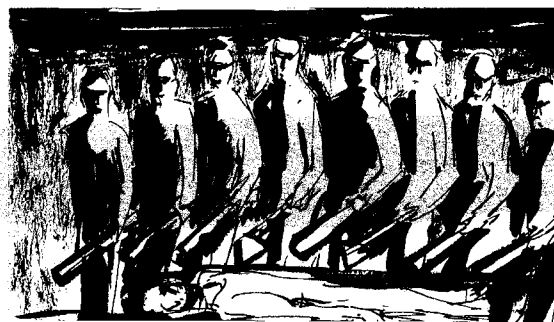
The head cutter at Holmes had been beaten up. But there had been no violence recently. Poole hoped that order had been restored. He accepted the job of head cutter. Immediately the Union representatives accused him of being a "strikebreaker."

He had refused to strike at Sir James and now he was refusing to strike at Holmes of California. Obviously, reasoned the Union representatives, this guy Poole was following them around.

The Union demanded a guaranteed annual wage for each employee. In other words, no lay-offs.

He Refused To Walk Out

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, the owners, felt that they couldn't keep the company going on a year around basis and pay workers for work not being done. They operated on a small margin of profit. They felt this would break them.



Poole felt sympathy for the owners: he refused to walk out.

The "representatives" began telephoning Poole. After the first few calls Poole refused to listen to them. Later, as the violence passed climax after climax, they began calling Poole's wife.

"What did they say to you?" Poole asked her. She seemed near hysteria and the words came with great difficulty.

"They knew all about the children," she said. "They followed them. They know which way the children go to school."

"What did they want from you?"

"They wanted me to come and talk to them. To meet them somewhere . . . alone."

"You? Why? You're not mixed up with them."

"They said you wouldn't talk to them—so they said I had better or . . ."

"Or what, dear?"

"They said . . . terrible things to me. They said they'd kill the children."

Poole cleaned and loaded his gun. He had used his gun for protection when he had owned a small business in Mississippi. It had lain in the drawer unused for years.

He Heard A Soft Knocking

Poole didn't know what they would do next. They had even followed him to work. Once a car with several men in it had pulled up beside him. One of them asked if he wanted a ride to work.

Poole said, "no." The car door opened and one of them started to get out. Poole ran. The car followed him all the way to work.

Poole called his wife to see if she were all right. He did not know what to do. Did this constitute being struck on one cheek? Should he call the police now, tell them he felt the lives of his children were threatened? Should he get his family out of town? It was just before Christmas. Maybe later.

Poole, his wife and the children were bringing in the big silver Christmas tree. He paused—he heard a soft knocking at the door.

Poole went to the door. A representative of the Union stood on the dark porch. He came in, saying: "You dirty scab. We're giving you

one more chance to stop fighting us."

"I'm not fighting," Poole said, astonished. "I've got nothing against the Union. But I don't want to be driven into it."

"You're hiring yourself out as a strikebreaker; you're fighting us."

"No," said Poole. "I don't want to fight anybody and I don't want anybody to fight me, or my wife and kids."

The man dropped his snarl and began to wheedle: "You can't buck them," he said, as if he personally weren't a part of "them."

"They'll get you sooner or later."

Later, Poole testified: "He let on like they had so many men, they'd kill me, even though I killed several of them first. Like it was so important to get me they wouldn't mind sacrificing a hundred men just to kill me."

Poole locked the door behind him and went back to the Christmas tree decorating—but the spirit of Christmas was gone.

What would Christ have said, Poole wondered, about turning the other cheek more than twice, again and again?

Poole decided to teach his children to defend themselves. The little boy was too young, but he enrolled the older boy in a night class which taught Judo, the art of Japanese self-defense. He took the course himself, and learned how to defend himself at close quarters, ignoring the Marquis of Queensbury's rules.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays, Ellis Poole went to church, led prayers, supplied for the pastor in his absence—and on Tuesdays and Thursdays he went home, picked up his oldest son and took him to Judo class, where father and son learned to defend themselves.

"Break His Yoke From Thy Neck"

And so it came to pass that the sun rose over Los Angeles on the morning of December 14, 1954. Poole went to work, and hoped that maybe they had forgotten him, or had decided to let him live in peace. He heard no more from them that day at work.

Poole had arranged a special treat for his boys that evening. He had borrowed a Bible full of richly colored pictures.

The little boys were dressed for bed. He drew them up on his lap and read aloud the story of Jacob and Esau, and how Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. He showed them the pictures. He explained to them how no man should ever sell his birthright for any reason, no matter how tempting. He read:

"And by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."

"What's the matter, daddy?"

"Take the boys in the bedroom, dear."

"What is it?"

"I thought I heard somebody at the door."

Why He Pulled The Trigger

Later Poole described these terrible few moments to the police and reporters:

He went to the door. He opened it, only a crack. He saw a lone man, a man with hands in his pockets, his head tilted down, his hat shadowed his face.

Poole thought the man was alone, opened the door to get a better look at him. Beyond him he saw a parked car; the rear door open—engine running.

Poole started to close the door. Without warning the man grabbed him, pulled him forward. Then Poole saw a second man coming at him from around the chimney. *"We'll teach you!"* the second one cried. Before Poole could move the first man pulled him out, lining him up—the second swung a heavy lug wrench and struck him in the face. The blow landed on Poole's right eye, crashed down mashing his nose.

Poole jerked back, but the man still held him. Poole tried to shut the door but the man pulled his arm through the door and Poole was shutting the door on his own arm. The second man reached through the crack and struck at Poole again. Poole dodged and twisted but could not break loose. They were pushing against the door now. Slowly it began to yield.

Poole called to his wife:

"Bring my gun. Bring my gun."

She brought the .38 revolver. Poole took it in his free hand. The men forced the door

open and came three feet into the living room.

Then Poole fired, once, twice. The hand holding his arm in the vise-like grip loosened. Suddenly the men were struggling to get out the door, out of Poole's house. One of them ran down the steps to the car. Poole fired again over his head. The man with the wrench stumbled away, down the steps, fell on the sidewalk into a smear of his own blood.

Better Call The Police

Poole started after them—then paused and turned back to his wife. He couldn't see too clearly. The blow had dazed him and blood was running from his eye. Knifelike, the pain ate into his face. Poole's wife was holding the two boys to her skirts protectingly. Her face went white. The little boys saw the blood running down Poole's nose; they began to whimper piteously.

"I'd better call the police," Poole whispered.

The police arrived in a very few moments—which lengthened for the young couple into years. The man wounded by Poole was taken to the General Hospital, where he was held on suspicion of assault with a deadly weapon. Later they picked up the second man who had run away.

How Do You Feel?

After Poole told his story they booked the two men on "attempted kidnapping and assault with deadly weapon with intent to kill."

Poole was treated for bruises and cuts about the eye and nose.

"How did it happen?" a detective asked Poole. Poole told him.

"Then do you deny what the Union official said?" the detective asked.

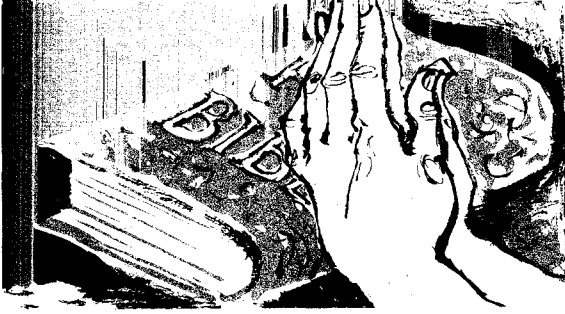
"What did he say?" asked Poole.

"He said that these men came out on a peaceful mission to talk to you, to get you to discontinue your strikebreaking activities."

The look on Poole's face, the surprise and shock, combined with the black eye and ugly bruise, was answer enough.

"Why did they do it?" the detective asked.

"They wanted to make me an example," said Poole. "But they haven't got any brains in the Union or they wouldn't pull such tricks



as this.”

“How do you feel about shooting a man?”

“If I had let those guys beat my brains out in front of my children, they would have been scared of evil all their lives. That’s the saddest part of this. We had just decorated the Christmas tree—they came in to give my wife and kids a dead husband for a Christmas present. If they killed me, who would provide for my family? The Bible says a man who doesn’t provide for his family is no good.” (But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. 1 Timothy 5:8)

Tried To Scare Them Into Leaving

More anonymous phone calls came. There were new threats to kill the children. “They said this time they’d really kill the kids.”

The police began to guard Poole’s house.

Perhaps suspecting that the police might record the telephone calls, another strategy was tried. Talking to Poole’s wife, the telephone voice demanded that she meet them outside. Then the voice commanded her to “stand before the windows with all your clothes off.”

Poole commented, “they wanted to make the police think that all these calls had been made by some sex deviate who saw her picture in the papers.”

Poole believed they were trying to scare him into “leaving the country” so he wouldn’t testify against them in court. “I told my wife to go ahead if she wanted to but I am staying here to see it through.”

Poole’s wife collapsed from nervous tension. “Her blood pressure,” Poole said, “popped from 110 to over 200. We spent \$100 on doctor bills from this.”

Asked how his church took the news of the shooting, Poole said: “A few years ago they

wouldn’t have gone along with my shooting a man. They feel differently now, after all that’s happened.”

Poole talked it over with his sons.

“The kids are like grown up. I gave them a good straight talk. Don’t kill anybody. Only in self-defense. Live and let live. They know I didn’t want to hurt anybody. I talk to them like they can understand.”

God Bless You

The trial of the Union representatives has been set. Although the anonymous calls have tried to scare Poole off, he is determined to testify against them in both a civil and criminal suit.

Poole received many phone calls of another type: “God bless you for standing up to them. I won’t tell you my name but I’m a Union member myself and I admire anybody with the courage to fight them.”

A letter from a minister in Long Beach told Poole: “You are the kind of American we need if we are ever going to be free of organized violence.”

A professional picket who works full time for the Union called Poole and said:

“Poole, I work for the Union but I want you to know that 85 per cent of this Union are dissatisfied and would like to get out of it. But how can they get out?—until a few of them get backbone enough to stand up and fight like you did. You should be proud.”

Is It Possible?

Poole did not agree that he had done anything to feel proud of. He wished devoutly that the men had never paid him that visit. He went to church and prayed for them; especially he prayed that the man he wounded would get well.

As Poole talks about it to his friends, he asks these questions most often:

“Why do good Christian people believe the Unions are working for Christian brotherhood and support them in their violent actions? I want to learn how to serve God, to raise a family, and do my work. Is it possible for a working man to live without violence in America?”

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PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

Mr. Edmund Opitz and I have had the pleasure of seeing many of our good friends in the Midwest recently. In Minneapolis last week, Ed and I visited at length with Dr. Donald J. Cowling, beloved chairman of our Advisory Committee. Just 20 years next month he and Dr. Fifield met in Chicago to bring Spiritual Mobilization into the world.

Dr. Cowling was honored recently at the completion of the fourteen-story Mayo Memorial at the University of Minnesota Medical Center.

The sole award at the dedication ceremonies went to Dr. Cowling as Chairman of the Committee of Founders. The citation spoke of his faithful service to God and Country—

for thirty-six years distinguished President of Carleton College; lifelong exponent of progress and freedom in higher education; outstanding worker for the advancement of the arts and sciences, religion and international understanding . . .

What a joy it is to have the wholehearted support of Dr. Cowling for the purposes to which we are dedicated.

A Piano With A Small Sign

After traveling together for several weeks, Ed deserted me for a round-about trip from Salt Lake City through Seattle to end up at Berkeley, California for Dr. Emil Brunner's lectures at the Pacific School of Religion.

Ed writes that our friend James W. Clise has gathered all the libertarian books and pamphlets he likes best and put them on his piano with a small sign, "Freedom Library" in front of them. Mr. Clise says: "Anyone building a Freedom Library shelf would use his own judgment in selections but it would be expected that Weaver's *The Mainspring of Human Progress* would be in most every collection."

Why don't I start a Freedom Library on my piano? Now my libertarian literature is mixed in with all my other books. Putting it in a prominent place might be a good way of interesting others in these ideas. Personal Freedom Libraries could become a powerful tool in the fight to spread the seeds of liberty.*

You've Got "It"

This morning's mail brought a letter from Mr. Trygve J. B. Hoff, distinguished Norwegian editor of *Farmand*, a courageous paper reproduced in English which sharply criticizes socialism in the land of the Vikings. Mr. Hoff writes:

Just a few words to compliment you for the spirit—and not only the religious one—you put into *Faith and Freedom*. . . . An article may deal on almost any subject, even questions that do not ordinarily interest you, but if it has got editorial 'it,' you cannot resist reading it. It seems to me that you have got that editorial 'it.' My compliments.

Another letter in this morning's mail comes from the son of a Christian missionary who was brought up in China. After expressing a warm message in which he hopes that our influence will be felt more and more, he says it was not until he was introduced to Spiritual Mobilization "that I discovered the key to what I had been missing."

Faith and Freedom is certainly getting around! Incidentally, so is *Pause for Reflection*. Miss Beulah Roth, our Circulation Manager, tells me that it is now carried in newspapers in Sweden, British West Indies, Alaska and Hawaii as well as 39 states! ≡ ≡

*My 16-year-old daughter, who's currently giving piano lessons to an assortment of small fry, has just looked over my shoulder to say I had better find some other place than the piano—but otherwise she thinks a Freedom Library is a real swell idea.

UNDERCURRENTS

WILLIAM SCHLAMM

The theater season on Broadway is far enough advanced to appraise the year's dramatic harvest. And most professional critics have indeed reached a verdict. It is pretty unanimous. The consensus seems to be that no previous season could have been poorer—which is quite a distressing statement considering the fact that, for the last few years, just about the same statement has been made at the end of every season. In December of 1951, for instance, Mr. Brooks Atkinson, the absolute Czar of Broadway, pronounced in *The New York Times*:

None of the new dramatic work has suggested that the authors are creative writers with original points of view and vivid ideas. And many of the new plays . . . have been hopelessly banal, as if both the authors and the producers had aimed at mediocrity and had not succeeded in getting that high in the artistic scale.

But back in 1951, Mr. Atkinson, one of the nation's earliest anti-anti-Communists, had a consoling if somewhat absurd explanation:

The ignorant heresy-hunting and the bigoted character assassination that have acquired the generic title of McCarthyism, are succeeding. The hoodlums are in control here as well as in Russia, and the theater begins to look as insipid in one place as the other. . . . We cannot expect to have vital art in our theater if we emulate totalitarian countries and yield the control of cultural life to Yahoos and hoodlums.

This was how the country's most audible theater critic portrayed America's cultural situation in the country's most respectable newspaper—a newspaper, by the way, which has often since wondered, in bemused sorrow, whence anti-American Europeans got their grotesquely distorted picture of American life.

Just so, three years have passed and Mr. Atkinson's power over the American stage has been demonstrated since with a vengeance: A few weeks after the Czar had spoken, the Broadway producers began to crowd the street with plays attacking "the Yahoos and the hoodlums." Platoons of American playwrights rallied behind the leader—and wrote

the worst turkeys that were ever seen flapping over Broadway.

Nothing could have been more embarrassing to the Atkinsonian critics of American civilization. Back in 1951, for a hysterical while, they could blame the sterility of their intellectual brethren on Broadway's cowardly submission to Senatorial Yahoos. But, how were they, now that Broadway sizzles with "liberal" protest drama, to explain those choking odors of burnt inanity? For no one, not even Mr. Atkinson, can deny that the artistic horrors of these new protest plays clearly surpass the alleged political horrors they mean to indict.

Take, for example, what Mr. Atkinson was compelled to report on the latest abomination, "The Passion of Gross," a new play by Harold Levitt. (To concoct the asinine blasphemy of his title, Mr. Levitt "created" a Professor Gross who refuses to sign a loyalty oath and is, of course, "crucified.")

. . . a thousand lines. At a rough guess, none of them is good. Professor Gross, to be blunt about it, gives every indication of being a dope . . . "The Passion of Gross" is nothing to the passion of the audience listening to the prose of Mr. Levitt.

Has ever a circle been more vicious? Broadway plays were bad, because playwrights dared not attack McCarthyism; and when they do, their plays are even worse. What Merlin can now be blamed for the curse?

My sincere sympathies are with Mr. Atkinson and his school of criticism—so much, in fact, that I am glad to help them out with the following explanation of the great collapse.

In addition to the divine spark, or whatever accounts in your personal credo for the mystery of creativeness, art is ignited by a talented man's friction with his environment. It does not always have to be the studied protest of the rebel. In fact, it seldom is: conscious zeal blunts the artist's sensitivity. But unless he is mobilized by *some* kind of conflict with his world—a conflict between sensibility and smugness more than anything else—the artist

atrophies. (This, to me, is the only truth in the balderdash of Social Determinism.)

So the artist habitually assumes the posture of opposition—certainly in our modern world from which reverence (that other great motor of an artist's creativeness) has vanished. He needs to think that he is defying the entrenched conformity, the complacent and crude powers-that-be. And it is precisely at this point that the contemporary artist traps himself in an ironical misunderstanding: His posture is still that of defiance—but he now is swimming *with* the current. All dressed up for battle, he has none to fight.

More than anything else, it seems to me, this tragicomedy of errors explains the intellectual and artistic sterility of our age. Our intellectuals and artists still cling to yesterday's images of protest—and have not noticed yet that they are today in cahoots with those in power. They still use yesterday's vocabulary of protest, but throw it at today's underdog. It's an impossible situation. It contorts the intellect and suffocates art.

This may be, at least culturally, the crucial phenomenon of our era: The advocates of the ruling order are costumed as dissenters—the heralds of conformity still speak the jargon of rebels! As a class (for there are, of course, individual exceptions), the creative intellectual of today is rooting for the collectivists, the statist, the professional wardens of "the common man." Instead of defying that modish mob, he tries desperately to use his traditional equipment of protest in *their* defense. This can't be done. The tools give out. When one seats on the throne of conformity, and yet assumes a martyr's posture, he is, at best, involuntarily comical.

Who, in demonstrable truth, are the down-trodden and persecuted of this day? Who if not those few who oppose the overpowering trend toward regimentation and statism? Who if not the foolhardy men who denounce the deification of the compact majority?

A few generations ago, the artist discovered and aligned himself with "the masses" (or "the people," or "common man," or whatever the hazy phrase was at a given moment). Since then, each artist's declaration of war, esthetic

war, against the reigning vulgarity was directed against "the reactionaries" of the day. And no matter how distressingly fast the innovators found out that "the people" had even less use for the artist's innovations than "the rulers"—the artist's rebellious rationale was a tremendous motive power and, on the whole, beneficial.

Traditionally, the artist could depend on a crude but, on the whole, workable compass: he could look at the taste of the day's social masters—and turn exactly the other way. The artist's revulsion against the smug, the arrived, the successful, the comfortable, was indeed indispensable in originating the new.

But the smug, the arrived, are today "the masses." It is *their* taste that prevails, *their* preference that the market caters to, *their* vulgarities that deface our civilization. Who is today's "social master" whose crudities the sensitive artist would have to oppose if he is to create? The statistical average. Mass-man himself. The conforming herd of monolithic campus "liberals." The reigning critics and pundits of the metropolitan press. The compact majority of collectivism.

It is they against whom the contemporary artist would have to issue his new declaration of creative independence—and this is precisely what he refuses to recognize. To move ahead in the esthetic cosmos, the artist would have to change his frozen position in political society. His true compass points away from the multitude. But a stupid loyalty to an outdated vernacular of "social protest" keeps him stuck and sterile in a senseless position.

This, it seems to me, is why the contemporary artist has lost taste as well as subject matter. At the bottom of the crushing sameness, the imitative boredom, the emptiness of modern stage and literature, is the artist's temperamental displacement. Everything that makes him an artist wants him to defy "the trend"; but his grave intellectual misunderstanding of the true power distribution around him makes the contemporary artist swim *with* the current. It's a pathetic trip, through smelly and shallow waters, and when he finally lands on Broadway, the playwright holds in his hands nothing but a dead fish. ≡≡

GOD'S IRREGULARS

P O R T R A I T O F P A T R I C

There are a happy few, a band of brothers called individualists—who have escaped the fate of conformists. Their lives give off light. In a series of portraits on the ones we know, we'll try to introduce some of them. You may not agree with them on everything—we don't—but at least they are different from the run of the mill. Their difference sparkles with their love of freedom.

WILLIAM JOHNSON



Through the front door of a restaurant in Atherton, Kansas, you see a vintage Lincoln stutter to a stop. The driver, a pipe-smoking man, wears a bulky overcoat as he takes a stool at the counter. In no time he strikes up a lively conversation with the waitress.

His name is John Patric, Frying Pan Creek's most irregular citizen. The waitress looks at a book Patric has handed to her. You can't hear the conversation but she smiles, reaches into the pocket of her uniform and hands some bits of silver to the pleasant man in the large overcoat. This is the way he sells *Yankee Hobo in the Orient*, authored, bound, published and sold by John Patric.

Who is he? He is a man with a free spirit. Where most men pursue fame or fortune, Patric through most of his life has pursued the warm personalities within individuals—the spark that sets them apart. But just as energetically, he scratches and bites, punches and slugs with his literary ju-jitsu against the

state's herding of men into selfless flocks.

Patric's spirit has escaped; he is one of the happy few. He sees his life as an adventure, a prank now and then, but a great talent for wanting to be—and remaining—independent.

As far as I know, Pat is the only author in America who has met over fifty percent of his book-buying public—one at a time. A highly inefficient way to distribute books you say? After listening to Pat explain why, I'm not sure. You see, Pat wants to reach a different market; one not touched by the conventional libertarian channels.

"I find I'm most effective when I shoot with a rifle; I hide my economics under the best book jacket I can buy, full of cheesecake and adventure."

He once sold a *Hobo* to a Jewish laundryman in Paterson, New Jersey who had an addressographed copy of *PM* on his desk. He went back with trepidation to get his little laundry bundle (he always splits up laundry into as many bundles as possible because he always sells *Hobos* in laundries) because he knew the laundryman would realize that the

William Johnson is editor of FAITH AND FREEDOM.



book was not quite what it seemed.

"To my astonishment," Pat reports, "he bought a dozen more and would take no money for my laundry. 'Ralph Ingersoll wouldn't like your book,' he said. 'But I like it. You are the first reactionary I ever met,' he said, 'who really *believes* in what he says, and has justification other than financial for believing in it.'"

"I have big pockets in my clothes; so that I can carry about six *Hobos* with me, or twelve if I wear an overcoat. I can, in a good small town, and in the course of errands that seem perfectly legitimate (and are, except that I extend their numbers by buying a meal in four restaurants—soup and a glass of milk in the first place; hot beef sandwich in the second; piece of cake in the third; 'just coffee, please' in the fourth). I can sell about 35 *Hobos* in a day of hard work without seeming to have tried to sell any.

"Each *Hobo* will take about ten hours to read and, because the buyers have met the author and have an inscribed copy, they lend the book more than usual. So I figure maybe that those 35 copies—that's a top day—would account for 2,000 hours of human time; time in which the reader is exposed to my reactionary poison in doses not too long to interrupt the narrative too much."

There is a quality about his book (a terrific tale of how one American saw the Orient as no other American has ever seen it) which lets him get away with injecting his philosophy in among such off-beat chapters as "Her Father Consented, in Writing," and "Rumpin on the Road."

A rumpin, by the way, is the label Pat gives to his self-portrait. "I was a rumpin, an obscure nobody, a hapless tramp, a good-natured guy who would sleep in a pile of straw, or sitting up; who would eat anything he could

get; who required no service; and who got about much of the time afoot, a misadventure in every mile."

Should your curiosity by this time be nudging your pocketbook, you can order one book by writing Pat at Frying Pan Creek, Florence, Oregon and enclosing a dollar. This wasn't meant to be an advertisement for Pat's book; I was merely tipping you off to order just one book the first time. You will order more, I'm sure, but when you send in the quantity order, if it's big enough, Pat will write you a personal letter; one which will tickle both your intellect and your funny bone.

A friend of mine asked Pat to contribute an article and Pat refused in a ten-page letter. He explained: "Because I wrote you a three-page letter, you bought 13 extra *Hobos*. Anytime you buy more *Hobos*, I'll write you another letter, because then I won't have to use the time to go around selling them. Yesterday, the day I got your letter, I drove 50 miles or so, sold 17 paper and 2 cloth copies of the *Hobo*. Today I shipped you 13; not so good as yesterday, but I haven't driven 50 miles. I drove one mile, to mail your books. I sold a copy to a laundry (cloth) where I left a little bundle, and two (one each) at a hamburger stand where I ate lunch. Breakfast was a jumbo-size can of Rancho Vegetable Soup, 19¢, and a cup of coffee. Dinner was a quart of most excellent milk, and, later, a can of Maine Mussels, 12¢ plus coffee. So, while I earned little today, I had little expense, and did a good many chores in my trailer."

Refused To Be An Accomplice

Pat lives a spartan life because he rebels at government compulsion. "I have a mania for making *personal* expenditures with penurious frugality, while spending rather lavishly on anything that is a deductible expense, to the end that I personally pay the absolute minimum to the federal government without falsifying my own return."

Once Pat turned down a lucrative job because "earning that much would have increased my involuntary financing of the further destruction with tax money of American freedom by the government in Washington."

In *Hobo Years*, a book yet to be published, Pat promises to tell us how, to keep from financing the ever-so-voracious government, he shall be living on Frying Pan Creek and its 160 acres on \$500 a year.

His hobo budget-squeezing stood him in good stead for his trip to the Orient. To accumulate money for passage and to fit himself for living as an oriental in the Far East, he slept in his car, ate cheap food, walked all he could instead of riding; gave up comfort completely—all to save twenty dollars a week. He would have little respect for the social worker who pleads that the “underprivileged” cannot, without government aid, work out their own destiny. Pat would rather sell the man-in-the-street one book than the man-in-the-board-room fifty. He has cast his lot with the little guy. “I have found all over the world that the simplest, poorest people are least chauvinistic until they have been swayed away from their friendliness by government propaganda.”

Freedom For Me—Not You?

Pat has always resented any reference to “the masses.” “When I hear the term used by an intelligent man, I know he means that *he* is not one of them; that what’s good for the masses doesn’t apply to him. If he thinks that way, then that man is my natural ideological enemy, however in agreement he may seem to be. Anybody who’s got any ideas for me that don’t apply to him, or any ideas for his kind that aren’t applicable to mine, is highly suspect in my mind.”

Pat doesn’t go in much for pitching in with conservative organizations. “I find myself on all kinds of mailing lists, all kinds of people with all kinds of projects, all wanting help and money. I get mad at one outfit because it’s for freedom but argues for tariffs and against free trade. Another organization sends me some good stuff sometimes but they’re always asking for contributions and besides their name is a misnomer. They’re supposed to be for political freedom but one of their releases proposed to outlaw the Communist Party. Yeah, freedom, if you think like we do! Some gent starts the Ben Franklin Book Club and has selected

Hobo for it, and wants some. He sends me his prospectus, containing ‘Ben Franklin’s Famous Expose of the Jews.’ I write him where to go and that’s the end of the correspondence with him. Gosh, I believe in freedom for Jews, too.”

Pat pins most of the responsibility for tyranny’s growth on those that say “Let’s fight all other subsidies, but let’s keep ours.”

Up on the banks of a creek where Pat went swimming as a boy near his home town of Snohomish, Washington, he and a friend own a farm together. Pat reports that his friend wrote him that the government would give them about \$100 worth of lime to improve their soil. “He didn’t have the slightest realization that if we accepted this, we couldn’t then consistently oppose anything else the government was going to do for the other guy.”

“Pat Likes Women”

The hundred dollars wasn’t much but Pat is extra careful about the way he looks at money. He believes that men who put money first are always grubbing for it, and find it always elusive. “If you think first of perfection of workmanship and service to the customer, money comes automatically and you needn’t worry about it.”

A woman who has gone out with Pat a few times writes of him:

“Practically nothing is a ‘side interest’ with Pat. Anything that wins his interest commands his study and attention. He is interested in law, for purposes of using it or circumventing it; he is interested in printing and bookbinding, for purposes of demanding a good job on his own books; he is interested in art work and engraving because he uses them in his books; he is interested in 1927 or 1929 (or some other year at least 25 years ago) Lincoln because he has one and he needs new parts for it now and then.”

“Pat likes women, has had a lot of experience with them, and has even been in love once or twice. He is always interested in getting a woman’s ‘story’ and is always sure he knows just what she needs—him! At least temporarily, for the pattern of his life has so far not really had room for a permanent feminine alliance in it. He counts on his charm and wit,

his eccentricity and his reputation as an author to advance his suit—not elaborate dinners and high-priced entertainment.”

Because Pat has reduced his love of money to such a low level, he feels he has reached a relatively high state of independence: Pat has arranged his life in such fashion that he doesn’t punch a time clock, isn’t tied to a desk, doesn’t worry about a pay check, and doesn’t have to stew about getting somewhere on time. Editors and publishers got to restricting his freedom, so he pulled out, resolved to write for only Publisher Patric and to publish for only Salesman Patric. In one of his asides in *Hobo* he says: “That’s the nicest thing about a book—you can interrupt it anywhere to say any gosh-darn thing you please, without having some stuffed shirt editor chop out something which *he* is sure the readers won’t like because *he* doesn’t.”

His insight into personal independence helps explain Pat’s theory as to why individualists don’t make much of a show in church politics. “I see the left-wingers invading this field because the right-wingers are too busy working, solving their own problems and paying taxes to give them much opposition. The folk who attend the meetings are always—or at least they tend to be—the ‘let George help us organize’ type of folk. They want group action; that’s why they attend. Men who don’t want group action but do things individually are too busy for such foolishness. The danger is that the unthinking public will assume from the newspaper stories that to be a good Christian nowadays you have to be a leftist.”

Repairmen Will Gyp You

The best thing Pat’s father taught him: “If I learned to like work, I could choose for myself what work to do, and that I could earn more than fellows who didn’t like to work.”

Though Pat flunked English in school because he could never learn the rules of grammar, he is a top-notch reporter. Remember his *Reader’s Digest* series (with Roger Riis and Lioy May) entitled *Repairmen Will Gyp You If You Don’t Watch Out?* (Pat inserts a note in *Hobo* when he mentions the series: “If we cannot always trust humble mechanics among

our own countrymen to tell the truth, can we trust our politicians—whose profession is more devious—to tell us the truth about the events leading up to war?”)

Benefits For Camp Followers

Pat’s first rebellion against authority rose against the social-register behavior imposed upon him by his mother. He didn’t kick or talk back; he took his wagon, put a sign, “John Patric—Junk Dealer” on it, and went about the whole community gathering people’s refuse from back alleys.

Some of his best prose pours out when he warns against government’s authority. Example: “Government may benefit in the end only its camp followers, their numbers always growing. Yet it takes ever heavier tithes from humble folk who confuse eloquence with truth, profession with honor and magnificence with merit. This it does until at last, more honored than ever, secure-seeming behind its bastions of bronze and granite and marble, its pronouncements of its own holiness and selfless good, it decays unhurried, but decays so thoroughly that when at last it falls, men wonder how it stood so long.”

He likes to quote Don Marquis’ *archie*: “If you are a tyrant you can arrange things so that most of the trouble happens to other people.” Pat found time in *Hobo* to reflect upon the plight of a Chinese coolie (who Pat believed to be intrinsically smarter than himself): “Had I been the Chinaman, he the American, I should have been pulling him, and doing a poorer job. By what triumphant human justice was the American riding, and the Chinese pulling? Well, my forebears and I had lived for a time under the weakest government the world had ever known. We had been free. His people had not for centuries been free. That’s what relative freedom from government had meant to me, and that’s what the government with all its ‘laws for the good of the people’ had meant, in the end [for him].”

What does Pat believe the individual can do against government’s onslaughts? Not much, really. “Reduce by whatever peaceful means a man’s ingenuity may devise, the power of government—any government—to

tell him what to do.”

But there seems little limit to John Patric's ingenuity. These are my favorite stories about his off-beat one-man rebellions. This first one really can't be labeled as a rebellion against government—but I like it because it shows off his inventive mind. It happened during the 1940 presidential campaign. Pat found himself rooting for Wendell Wilkie. In New York, at the time, Pat noted the large number of Westchester County stationwagons sporting Wilkie stickers. The stickers surrounded by shiny new automobiles, thought Pat, would be building protest votes for Roosevelt. As a counter-measure, he filled his pockets full of the largest Roosevelt buttons he could find. Then he headed for the Bowery. He pinned a Roosevelt button on every bum he found lying in the gutter.

A Postmaster Threatened Him

The Post Office has been one of Pat's chief adversaries. It takes all of his resourcefulness to stay in the hair of this unfriendly monster. Pat's words here are better than mine.

“The other day I got a letter from the San Francisco postmaster, advising me that he had sent me a money order for \$8.77 instead of the \$3.77 to which I was entitled. For years and years I have had to conduct all my business with the wholly monopolistic post office in *their* way; this was my first chance to handle a matter *my* way.

“So, I thought back on every squawk I've ever had about government-in-business, and I decided that, within the framework of an avowed effort to ‘handle the matter in the approved bureaucratic manner,’ to refund the \$5 with just as much correspondence, just as many words, just as many individual reports, just as much expense, as I could possibly put into it. The result was a series of four letters to the postmaster in San Francisco. The first was a single page; the second was four pages; the third, five pages; the fourth and last, six pages. It is, I believe, or so it was intended to be, redundantly self-explanatory ad nauseam. I wound up by refunding 29¢ out of the \$5.

“Apparently, without having realized it, I hit upon something that strikes a chord in the

mind of most anyone who has ever had any dealings with the government. Even at the Registry window of the postoffice, where I anticipated a most hostile reception, they said, ‘You are closer to being right than you think you are. You can have no idea of all the red tape we have to go through on even the slightest matters. It must cost a terrific lot of money.’

In past years, Pat has originated several unusual envelope devices. One was a rubber stamp which imprinted a message on an envelope pointing to a row of six half-cent stamps. (The six half-centers had to be hand-cancelled for the cancelling machine wouldn't hit them all.) The message, which Pat used a lot before the war, read: “*Poor Richard's Almanac* is ‘anti-New Deal propaganda’; so the first Postmaster-General is demoted to little-used half-cent stamps.”

One postmaster called Pat into his private office, where he spread out some of the envelopes and, in a stern voice, said: “You don't like the way things are being run? There's a federal penitentiary on McNeil's Island you ought to know about.”

“Sir,” Pat said, “if you had called me in here for a gentlemanly conversation, that would have been different. But it's threats I get—so this visit ends right now!” Out Pat started. He called Pat back, apologized for the threat. They had a friendly talk then. Finally the Postmaster let down his hair and said he'd had the staff combing the rulebook to see if there was some way he couldn't keep from handling mail so treated. He couldn't find one.

“Do Everything Thou Lovest To Do”

About ten hours each week, Pat devotes to striking blows for freedom—as he calls it. “For instance, as I reach each congressional and many state legislative districts, I send postcards pleading for freedom—without any return address but postmarked as if from one of the legislator's constituency.”

His inventiveness, of course, sometimes gets him into legal difficulties. But he has a formula for this kind of trouble, too: “Be meek, act stupid, say ‘sir,’ and pretend a respect and—always—an awe that you do not ever feel.”

Should the extent of his involuntary servi-

tude become too unbearable, Pat will be off for his Frying Pan Creek. There on his 160-acre site amid game, fish and berries, Pat will contemplate the follies of man and the wisdom of God.

Should you ask him why, he may tell you the story about King Dabshelim and his search for wisdom. Dabshelim summoned Bidpai, the wisest of men.

"Make an abridgement, a condensation of my library, selecting only that which is important for me to know."

After forty years of grueling research, Bidpai condensed the contents of the King's li-

brary. Bidpai reported to the King: "Well, sire, your books on religion, philosophy, morals and ethics, all they say is this:

"'Love nothing but that which is good; and then do everything thou lovest to do. Think only that which is true, but speak not all that thou thinkest.'"

"But the rest? The books on jurisprudence, planned economics, military strategy, sociology and political science? What wisdom have you found in them?"

"All they say, sire, can be told in a word.

"And that word, Bidpai?"

"'Perhaps,' sire."

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ONE FAIR SWOOP

Clergymen are supposed to be bound by absolute, not relative standards. The Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the ethical positions taken by Jesus stand as absolutes and cannot be compromised by his followers.

In these days of compromise many are saying: "We don't like this law, but it is better than anything else available, so we will put our tongue in our cheek, swallow the bitter pill, go along with the program." But surely the clergymen of America should speak out for righteousness, for the uncompromised ideal.

Were federal housing, federal medicine, federal education basically collectivist when proposed by Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Truman? Then they are equally collectivist and therefore equally contrary to the ethical principles of Christianity when proposed by the Eisenhower Administration. Spiritual Mobilization is neither Democratic nor Republican. It is dedicated to helping save "Freedom Under God" in America.

I believe the initiative still rests with the Communist enemy, earth-wide. I believe the proposed "cease fire" in the Far East is designed by the Communists.

I believe that many newspaper columnists and commentators of America are dupes and stooges of clever Communists acting to make the rank and file of our citizens cry out for the very thing the Communists want. The Com-

munist propaganda will be effective. Peace is not their aim.

No one should know better than the Christian minister that compromise with evil is evil. Compromise has gotten us into many of our present problems and can neither be relied upon to solve those problems nor to prevent others.

On his seventy-fifth birthday, my friend General MacArthur, spoke in Los Angeles. He brushed aside the whole possibility of compromise with one fair swoop, labeling it "contrary to the will of God."

General MacArthur ignored the little issues and came to the heart of the question of our future and of the future of liberty earth-wide. The day after his address, a thoughtful businessman said, "Did you hear General MacArthur? It was the sort of utterance one would have expected to hear from a pulpit—but rarely does." That comment has stayed with me.

Issues involving the future of civilization are too serious to be decided on the basis of prejudice for personalities or on the basis of compromise. If you agree with me that many issues are being decided in this way at the present time, I hope you will raise your voice in protest in a way that will promise results.

I should like to hear from readers of *Faith and Freedom* to get their views in this controversial area. I recognize that the position which I take is not popular, but is there anyone who can point out wherein it is lacking in soundness or in conformity to Christian ethics.

JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

AUBREY HERBERT

America now teeters close to the brink of World War III. The Formosan question may set off the explosion. The Formosa problem has been allowed to sputter, until it now threatens to ignite what could be Earth's last war.

Three solutions could be tried. One: Withdraw, as the "isolationists" have suggested, to our own possessions, committing our defense to American territory only. Two: Start a preventive war with the Communist nations on the theory that we should right any wrong committed anywhere. Three: Try another "Korea," a limited "police action" which we can neither win nor lose. Formosa could be bombed, but we could not bomb the mainland unless we want solution number three to become solution number two.

We have tried number three in Korea. President Roosevelt tried number two when he "planned" Pearl Harbor. The "internationalists" declare that the "isolationist" approach of number one has been discredited; therefore we appear to be stuck with war: either another "Korea," or an "all out" war, which if it doesn't destroy the world, will at least drain it with bloodlettings, and enslave it with controls, restrictions, new Marshall plans to feed China and Russia, and the end of freedom and prosperity as we have known it.

Now why should the "liberals" who spent so much time trying to discredit Chiang, now want us to go to war to defend Chiang? The answer appears to be that war will bring on socialism faster than peace. But realizing that the American people would never go to war to defend Chiang or any other personality, the "liberals" were forced to portray the Reds as "island hopping" their way to the United States.

Formosa, the "liberals" said, reversing their Achesonian reasoning, has become "necessary to our defense." If the Reds take Formosa, they will be one island nearer to the United

States. It is an age-old story: a peaceful Pacific "moat" is needed for our defense. In order to protect this moat, we must secure friendly countries or bases all around it.

To protect Japan and the Philippines, we must defend Formosa. To protect Formosa we must defend the Pescadores. To protect the Pescadores, we must defend Quemoy, an island three miles off the Chinese mainland. To protect Quemoy we must equip Chiang's troops for an invasion of the mainland.

Where does this process end? Logically, never. The trouble with this doctrine is that it doesn't work one way. Red China can operate on the same theory, and the inevitable result is war. If the United States considers itself menaced by the possibility of Quemoy in Chinese Communist hands, how do the Communists feel when an island three miles off their coast falls into enemy hands?

If the Chinese Communists fear that we'll start the preventive war which many Americans advocate, then the "defensive" strategy which tells us to occupy Quemoy would tell the Chinese Communists to occupy Catalina Island, 22 miles off the California Coast.

Is Isolation Appeasement?

Only those who want to socialize America really look forward to the third and perhaps last World War. On the other hand, many conservatives interpret the strategy offered by the "isolationists" (withdrawing to American possessions) as mere appeasement.

Thus the Eisenhower Administration is pulled in two opposite directions. One force pulls toward a rash interventionist policy that comes close to an all-out "preventive war" against the Communist nations. The other presses toward some formula for peace and co-existence.

Twice—in Korea and in Indo-China—the peace policy has prevailed after an intense struggle. The third inner conflict has been

perhaps the fiercest of all, as revealed by the many changes and reversals of position in recent months and weeks.

Few men in political life have publicly taken a realistic stand on the Formosa issue. The resolution of January 29 amounted to a blank check by Congress for war in China whenever the President shall deem it necessary. The Senate opposition to the resolution, though small in number, was courageous in pointing to its dangers. This opposition may have given heart to the "peace party" within the Administration, for it revealed that Congress was not eager for a "showdown."

The opposition in Congress was itself internationalist, however. Therefore, it conceded a guarantee of Formosa, quarreling only with its extension to the offshore islands and to the possibility of war on the mainland itself.

Only two Congressmen opposed the resolution on grounds of clear and direct principle. One was the always independent Senator William Langer of North Dakota. The other was freshman Representative Eugene R. Siler, (R. Ky). Siler picked up the baton that all the veteran "isolationists" had left abandoned. He said he voted nay because he promised his constituents that he would never help "*engage their boys in war on foreign soil.*"

MacArthur Answered

But the noblest note in the whole controversy was sounded by General Douglas MacArthur in Los Angeles, delivering for his 75th birthday one of the greatest speeches of his career.

It was particularly ironic that MacArthur, practically the living symbol of anti-communism in the Far East, chose this troubled time to give us an unerring dissection of the interventionist position. At a time when many of his followers expected a virtual call to arms, Douglas MacArthur issued a clarion call for peace. It was perhaps the gallant old soldier's finest hour.

MacArthur pointed out that the H-bomb age has outmoded war as a settler of international disputes. Let emotions or wishes be what they may, we know that war now is not only immoral but also irrational, for it can end

only in "double suicide." The people of all countries know this, said MacArthur; "*the leaders are the laggards. The disease of power seems to confuse and befuddle them.*" To the interventionists who say that "we can't trust the Communists," MacArthur answered: "both sides can be trusted when both do profit." And the abandonment of war would profit both sides equally.

To the bipartisan advocates of "fifty years" of accelerated atomic arms race, MacArthur warned that both sides arm in like proportion, so that neither can gain advantage. Aside from the inordinate statism the policy entails, "the constant acceleration of preparation may well, without specific intent, ultimately produce spontaneous combustion."

If MacArthur's wise words of statesmanship are heeded, especially by those who have proclaimed themselves his supporters, peace may yet become a reality.

The "liberals" have succeeded in making a *cause celebre* out of the case of Wolf Ladejinsky, and have gone almost unchallenged. The issue raised between conservatives and "liberals" concerned whether Ladejinsky should keep his government job as a "right" or a "privilege."

But doesn't the issue in the Ladejinsky affair boil down simply to this? Must the American taxpayers be forced to pay an ex-employee of Amtorg (a Soviet trading agency), to establish a socialistic program of "land reform" in Japan?

"Why should we keep Ladejinsky?" becomes a small question compared to "why should we force a 'land reform' program upon Japan?" Actually we don't need either one.

If President Eisenhower's budget estimates prove correct, the average annual spending by the Federal Government will total \$67 billion over his four years in office. President Truman was a New Dealer who didn't promise economy or a balanced budget. The average annual spending of Truman's second term, which includes more years of outright war, amounted only to \$47 billion.

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WITH THE OPINION MAKERS

"... and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Isaiah's hope fills men's hearts to this day—but it seems more illusory than ever.

Our current journals talk of little but war, groping blindly for any solution. The *Christian Century* described every man's dilemma:

About all one can do . . . is listen to the various nations involved shout at one-another that they will never, no never, give an inch, while assuring one another that if somebody doesn't give an inch terrible consequences . . . will follow.

The *Nation*, long in the vanguard of the political left, suggests we give in to Red China. "If we want peace we must be prepared to pay the price for it. It is small enough weighed against the risks of our present policy."

President Eisenhower's course is to "Stand firm now, but put primary trust in the United Nations." He is supported by the *New York Times*, the *Reporter*, and the *New Yorker*.

Senator William F. Knowland of California told *U. S. News & World Report* that we must look to our own country to defend our citizens and friends abroad. Knowland and Rep. Walter Judd of Minnesota, believe that Red China will respond only to firmness. Nevada's Senator Malone said *we should let Red China into the U.N. provided we can get out at the same time. In other words, give Red China our seat!*

General Douglas MacArthur proposed in Los Angeles that the people renounce war as a means of settling disputes because war has become so devastating that it can't be said to benefit either side.

To this *Life* magazine rejoined that nations can abolish war only by resorting to pacifism or to world government with atomic monopoly—in effect, dictatorship.

Only Malone's suggestion that we get out of U.N. and MacArthur's plea that we abandon war, differ substantially from the solutions offered by the majority of the opinion makers—almost all of them recommend some degree

of intervention and war in Formosa.

Let's look more carefully for a moment at alternative ideas and at some which nobody has advanced.

No one but a very few Americans wants a preventive war, to blow Russia up because Russia is suspected of the same intentions toward us.

A larger number of publications put their faith in world government. But the only kind of brotherhood men have ever achieved has been through voluntary cooperation. In the March issue of *Flying* Howard G. Kurtz shows how the cooperation achieved by international airlines brings about voluntary brotherhood:

We who have laced the globe with a method of travel which touches the doorstep of every man could not do so without a common denominator. We are of every flag and color and faith and ideology under the sun. We had to find a value upon which *all our variations could be reconciled without infraction of the creed or pride of any.*

. . . we have found this . . . in mutual dedication to human safety . . . doing unto others as we would have others do unto us . . .

. . . if from that cloudbank comes perchance a call from an obsolete twin-engined plane flying the flag of some obscure little principality, "I've lost an engine and cannot hold my place . . ." then the great planes of the great flags give way at once and the objective of all concerned concentrates on bringing the little fellow safe to port . . . Any rule less than the golden rule would be too dangerous a principle upon which to build air transportation . . .

But this kind of brotherhood is achieved voluntarily, through mutual self-interest; it cannot be imposed by force.

This leads us to a theory which none of the opinion-makers has advanced bluntly, though the *Freeman* has flirted with it. That is, a free economy will bring peace. But a free economy, even if we had it, wouldn't necessarily prevent Russia from attacking us.

A profound Christian moral message can be



seen here. The trouble in the Formosa straight is forcing us to face up to a fact of life: there are bad men in the world. If the devil isn't incarnate in these destroyers of the peace, he's certainly behind them pushing. And we can't get away from it, appease though we may. Wrong-doing will persist in its course until it lands on our doorstep. That is really what this is all about.

A solution that no other opinion-maker has mentioned is suggested by *Destiny* magazine:

All human endeavors today to establish amity among nations through leagues and covenants are not blessed by God, for they only stem from the desire of men to accomplish peace while circumventing the principles of righteousness upon which peace is based.

How simple! Has it ever occurred to us that God exacts a price for peace. Have we tried being righteous? With that in mind, let's ask what we should do about Formosa?

Should U.S. Defend Formosa?

Certainly righteous men should not impose a "cease-fire" on Chiang which would prevent him from defending Formosa.

Many Americans want to defend Formosa. No righteous man would prevent them from following their conscience in this matter. Those American boys who want to volunteer to defend Formosa should not lose their citizenship. Anyone who wants to aid Formosa by contributions or volunteering should be free to do so.

But just as a righteous man would not prevent anyone from defending Formosa, neither would he force anyone to defend Formosa by drafting their property or their lives.

A righteous man would not accept the power to send you to a foreign war against your will. No righteous man would force you in any way to violate your conscience.

Leonard Read put it this way: *"There never will be safeguards against war if a people can be committed to war by a few persons, that is, if a people can be committed to a war short of*

a general willingness to risk, not someone else's, but one's own life and fortune."

Can anything short of this be accomplished and remain at the same time in harmony with Christian principles?

Many young Americans of draft age, particularly those who fought in Korea or Indochina, now feel that all these bloodlettings accomplished nothing. They are beginning to feel that their dead comrades in arms actually died in vain. A young American who has been through two wars and could be called to go again, might agree with Sydney Smith who wrote this letter to Lady Grey, wife of England's Prime Minister:

"For God's sake do not drag me into another war. I am worn down and worn out with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind. I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Baghdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state of the Delta; Tibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight all these people? The world is burning with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid that the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey. No eloquence, but apathy, selfishness, common sense, arithmetic. I beseech you, secure Lord Grey's swords and pistols as the housekeeper did Don Quixote's armor."

That was written over 100 years ago. But if Sydney Smith were here today he might write that same plea for peace to the White House.

Isaiah told us how to beat our swords into plowshares when he told us that there exists but one place to turn, if we sincerely seek peace, and if we are righteous:

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on thee:
Because he trusteth in thee.

UNCONDITIONAL HATRED

RUSSELL GRENFELL

(Devin-Adair Company, New York, 1953, Pp. 273, \$3.75)

This book is by a thirty-year officer of the British Navy who has written several books on sea power and international policies that are known throughout the English-speaking world. It tells unflinchingly how unconditional hatred in unlimited war makes peace impossible and modern war, therefore, the supreme folly.

Unconditional hatred is the invention of the modern war makers. Wellington, Nelson, Washington, Lincoln and Grant fought for something more than victory,— peace. They fought for limited war objectives, and generally shook hands with the conquered when the objectives were attained. Modern war is unlimited. It calls for universal conscription, the total mobilization of agriculture, manufacturing, transportation, civilian man power, and battering all the enemy's equally mobilized civilian forces without mercy until he can go on no longer.

Hate Thine Enemy?

To get this kind of war fought, it is necessary to whip up the emotions of an entire nation to unconditionally hate the enemy, both soldier and civilian. The whippers-up of hate play on the uncritical masses like maddened mouth organists. The snarl and hiss of hate from the lips of skilled orators floods the air waves. All objectivity is crushed out. "We" have no fault; "They" have no virtue.

Having called on their people to endure terrible hardships, the war makers become the prisoners of their own propaganda. Unlimited victory becomes the only aim. The V made by two fingers becomes what all men are told to die for. "Let us have victory first and then we will get down to war aims," said Churchill. As nothing less than unconditional surrender satisfies unconditional hate, the bombing of

helpless civilians, as at Dresden and Nagasaki, is done without moral compunction. War degenerates into the stark ferocity of the jungle.

From this came Versailles in 1919 and the Morgenthau Plan in 1945. War has become a "crusade," not for limited political ends, but for unlimited abstractions like "justice" or "freedom" for "Europe" or "mankind." It has become, most deadly of all, "religious war" without ethics or morals.

Churchill is pictured by Captain Grenfell as a Whitehall Napoleon, intoxicated with the fascination of moving vast armies and navies hither and yon throughout the world. Corroborating *Advance to Barbarism* by his fellow Britisher—barrister Veale—this sea captain documents the statement that it was the British and not the Germans who began the bombing of open towns and the ruthless killing of women, babies and old men equally with soldiers.

It was Lord Vansittart of the British Foreign Office who drew the "Butcher Bird" as the portrait of the German nation. This theme was developed until Churchill said there were "no lengths of violence to which I would not go."

Because "revanche" in 1914-19, and unlimited hatred and unconditional surrender in 1939-45 led Clemenceau, Wilson, Lloyd George, Churchill and Roosevelt inexorably to fantastic misjudgments and supreme follies which made peace impossible, Captain Grenfell concludes that both Britain and the United States should have stayed out of both world wars.

Defend Only Our Homeland

Whether the reader agrees with this conclusion or not, he must wonder whether modern total war can be fought without "unlimited hatred," and if not, whether war for any purpose except the defense of one's own homeland can be justified.

Certainly the noble talk about outlawing only the atom and hydrogen bombs seems

nothing but hypocrisy. To this reviewer, the supreme evils needing to be outlawed are state control of mass propaganda—the silencing of all opposition—universal conscription. With these, unconditional hatred and unlimited war are inevitable. Whereas volunteer armies, unlike the conscripted ones, do not long fight for unlimited abstractions.

SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL

SECRETARY STIMSON: A STUDY IN STATECRAFT

RICHARD N. CURRENT

(New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University, 1954, pps. 272, \$4.50)

This book presents in a realistic manner and for the first time the motives and conduct of an outstanding American public figure who helped put the United States into the second World War. It also dwells almost wholly with foreign policy. Professor Current devotes his book to a critical and informed survey of Henry L. Stimson's career in relation to the various phases of our foreign policy in which Stimson took a leading part for nearly forty years.

The book stands as a masterpiece both of historical scholarship and objective restraint. It gives us the first true picture of Stimson the man and Stimson the public servant. Current lets the facts tell their own story, rather than selecting facts to fit into a preconceived interpretation.

Although Stimson has been hailed by powerful newspapers, generals and politicians as a great "tower," "pillar" and "column" among the Americans of our time, few public reputations crumble more completely before realistic exposition and objective analysis. Bertrand Russell once wrote an article on "The Harm that Good Men Do." This sums up the story that Professor Current's book tells of the public career of Henry L. Stimson.

Disastrous to Peace

Few men brought more disaster to the United States and the world in recent times than

Mr. Stimson. It is not an exaggeration to state that virtually every act and policy associated with Stimson's public life, so far as it touched foreign policy, was mistaken and detrimental to the cause of peace and justice.

The only weak spot in Professor Current's book lies in his treatment of the attitude of Roosevelt and his entourage in the days immediately preceding Pearl Harbor. Here he indulges in a degree of myth and fancy equal to that of writers like Robert Sherwood and Jonathan Daniels.

He contends that Roosevelt and his associates were so excited over the fact that the Japanese might cross the mystic line in the Pacific—100° East and 10° North—which would bring us into the war without any Japanese attack whatever on American forces or territory, to which we had agreed in the secret Singapore military-naval conferences with the English and Dutch in the spring of 1941, that they feared the hoped-for attack on Pearl Harbor would not eventuate.

Panicky Strategists

There is no doubt that the White House and the top war-mongering strategists in the Cabinet were momentarily panic-stricken over this eventuality and its possible effect on the American people if Mr. Roosevelt tried to get a declaration of war without any attack on the United States, thus violating the Democratic campaign promises and platform of 1940.

But this fear had passed with the receipt of the welcome news (decoded Japanese messages) which revealed by the evening of December 6th, as clearly as daylight, the fact that the Japanese would attack Pearl Harbor, presumably the next day. By 8:00 A.M. on the morning of December 7th, it was clear that they would attack at 1:00 P.M. that day, or 7:30 A.M. Pearl Harbor time. By the morning of December 7th, as sources friendly to the White House tell us, President Roosevelt was fully relaxed over his stamp collection while Harry Hopkins fondled Fala, the President's Scotty terrier, both impatiently and expectantly awaiting the news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

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