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THE DAY LEE WASN'T SHOT

WILLIAM JOHNSON



Van Sant



Riley

AMONG US

Anne Ashby, our art director, has been promoted to the time-demanding job of chief designer for Don Loper Inc., a posh couturier in Beverly Hills. So we have a new art director, Tom Van Sant. Aged 25, a platoon commander in the Marines who served in Korea, Tom looks like a Stanford grad, football player, wears Ivy-League clothes. He doesn't look much like the sensitive artist he is, who paints subtle Japanese water colors.

Tom paints during the week at Los Angeles County Art Institute. We asked him what he does for a hobby on week ends. "Paint," he said. "What do you do during summer vacation?" we asked. "Go to Mexico and paint," he said. He sells pictures from \$100 on up.

Tom is "devilishly good looking," says Doreen Riley, the blue-eyed, short-haired gamin who is editing our new *Churchman's Digest* beginning on page 15. Lew Miller, an old hand around the rancho, who helps Jim Ingebretsen write his newspaper column (Pause for Reflection), dug up the meat which Doreen digested. Doreen wants you preachers to know that this month's work merely shows the framework, and not the content. "I want to get ideas from you," Doreen declares. So write

and tell her your pleasure, Sirs, and she and Lew'll cough up what you, the doctor, ordered.

Here's how our panel of twelve good men and true (editors didn't take part) answered last month's libertarian quiz. We will discuss their answers in detail next month, along with some of your good critical letters.

1. 11 Y's, and one Q (Question mark.)
2. 11 Y's, and one Q.
3. 7 Y's, one Y/N, and three Q's.
4. 10 N's, one Y/N, and one Y.
5. 11 Y's and one N.
6. 11 Y's and one Q.
7. 8 N's, three Y's, and one Q.
8. 11 N's and one Q.
9. 11 N's and one Y.
10. 11 N's and one Y.
11. 7 Y's, three N's, and two Q's.
12. 7 N's and five Y's.
13. 10 Y's, one N, and one Q.
14. 12 Y's. (The only unanimous answer.)
15. 10 Y's, and two N's.
16. 9 Y's, one Q, one N, and one Y/N.
17. 11 Y's and one N.
18. 10 N's, one Y, and one "NQ".
19. 11 Y's and one Q.
20. 6 N's, five Y's, and one Q.

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We are supported by corporations, foundations, ministers, farmers, college presidents (in fact, individuals from all walks of life). Our Advisory Committee includes well-known men in many fields. We will send you their names if you ask for them. Chairman of our Advisory Committee is Dr. Donald J. Cowling, President Emeritus of Carleton College.

Besides *Faith and Freedom* (current circulation, 20,178), Spiritual Mobilization produces *The Freedom Story*, carried by over 400 radio stations, and our newspaper column, *Pause for Reflection*, which appears in

nearly 400 newspapers. We also sponsor conferences attended by ministers, leaders in education and businessmen.

- We believe in the religious philosophy of self government stated in the Declaration of Independence.

- We want to help ourselves and other men to understand the moral values which ought to govern men's relations with one another.

- We want to help ourselves and other men to grow spiritually, so that man may be free to become what he might be and ought to be.

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THE DAY LEE WASN'T SHOT WILLIAM JOHNSON

When Utah's Governor Bracken Lee said that he wouldn't pay his income tax this year, Bill Johnson went to see him. Governor Lee told Bill these incidents which happened over a period of months. Bill compressed them into a few dramatic hours. The assignment? Construct one archetypal day in the life of a libertarian governor. Show in action how he stands on current issues. Show dramatically how he bears up under the constant pressure put on him to make him compromise his ideals.

The lean, leather-faced chairman of the Mining and Metallurgical Engineers (Salt Lake City chapter) pushed back his chair, looked across the banquet table, put a match to a big cigar and waited for his audience to stop jiggling, talking and chewing their apple pie.

On his right he saw the governor sipping his coffee. "Pretty good lunch, eh?"

"Fine," the governor grinned. The chairman felt warmed by his smile. He was glad he'd asked Bracken Lee to speak.

"Just a friendly get-together," he had said. "Nothing too serious, you understand. Maybe you could entertain us with some of your famous good humor."

That's why the men were looking up toward the speaker's table now, grinning expectantly. The chairman introduced Lee: "Gentlemen,

Utah's genial governor."

They all settled back, limbering up, unbuttoning coats, ready to laugh at Lee's jokes.

The chairman felt it was going off just fine. Then he heard Lee say: "I am not going to pay my income tax this year." The chairman shot a hasty glance at the governor. Some of the men laughed dutifully. But not many. Most of the audience sat up straighter and looked as if jolted to the edge of their cane chairs.

"I'm not going to pay my income tax because I believe it is unconstitutional for this nation to tax its citizens to support foreign nations."

Burrs in His Saddle

I was driving back to the office from a conference with Mr. Hensen, our printer. Just as I turned onto Wilshire Boulevard, I heard the

radio announcer say: "Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah has just refused to pay his income tax. He plans to send in his return, Lee said, but no money. Instead he wrote a letter saying he has put the money aside in a bank and won't pay the tax until the United States Supreme Court orders him to. Lee believes it is unconstitutional to tax Americans for the support of foreign countries. But the Bureau of Internal Revenue isn't worried. Commenting on Lee's intention to make a test case, an Internal Revenue spokesman said:

"We have ways of getting our money without going to court."

I turned off the radio, whistled and said to myself: "This man Lee sounds too good to be true. I wonder if he's doing this for publicity, or if he's really going to stand on principle?"

"He's a politician," Mr. Hensen said.

Even so, I wondered: What burrs under his saddle make him ride his politics so furiously? What's the angle?

Unable to restrain my curiosity, I up and went to Salt Lake City.

They Had Cut Me Down

The state house: white stone, golden dome, perched on a hill; high-ceilinged, marble stairs, long hallways, bronze plaques etched with the names of the signers of the Utah Constitution; mineral exhibits in glass cases, gems sparkling from wall cabinets, statues loitering in the passages; men wearing tired and worried faces, women lifted by a mission in life.

The door to the governor's office suite stood open; no receptionist yet. The tableful of magazines didn't tempt me, for I could use the time profitably in worrying about Lee.

Would he be a tough customer, give me a fast shuffle—make me work ten times as hard digging facts from inside dopesters in Salt Lake City? Why would he open his books, and his soul, for the cantankerous editor of a small religious magazine?

The receptionist, 20 minutes before nine, sat at her desk, nodded my way, stretched her neck to see the clock, shrugged, and checked her desk calendar. Typewriter clatter ricocheted from the plaster walls, shook my mind from interview worry to office decoration.

Gold lettering on the frosted glass of the door invited: "Governor—Walk In." Utah's mountains and public parks hung in oil on the far side of the room. An atom exploded at Frenchman's Flat in a color photograph above the receptionist. Peering down on the magazine table to my left, two *Senoritas* within a gold frame posed sadly in a flower garden.

The architect and interior decorator who had designed the room worked wonders. The high ceiling, the hard walls, the formal art, even the glare of the morning sun through the iron grill of the windows went to work on me. I no longer felt like the self-ruling citizen who hired public officials to labor for me. Instead, they had cut me down; serf-like, I now hoped the master would permit me to touch his gown.

Would He Sport Two Guns

Before I slithered to the floor, a tall sinewy man rescued me. He marched from the hall with brisk steps, turned his head my way and his strong smile muscles stretched out his mouth and crunched up his eyes.

"Hello," said the man, much too pleasantly for the early morning hour.

"Hi!" I said, involuntarily, and watched this open-faced man disappear behind the oak door marked "Governor."

"Was that—?"

"It was," said the receptionist.

"Gosh," I stammered. I'd expected to meet a tough customer—a rugged individualist wearing spurs and sporting two guns.

After a while, the receptionist took me into the governor's office.

"If I had known you were the governor, I wouldn't have said *Hi!* so irreverently," I said.

He waved that aside. "Hate formality," he said. He waved to a chair. "Sit down!" And aimed his swivel chair in my direction. His trim, welterweight body sat up alertly, his whole attention focused on me.

"I'd like to see how you operate," I said.

"All right," he grinned, "you just sit there and I'll operate. Stay all day."

"Won't I be in the way?"

"I operate in a goldfish bowl," he said. "No secrets. Who's first?" Governor Lee asked the desk-mike.

8:50

Lee on Economy

"Mr. Mathers wants you to look at some float designs for the Presidential Inaugural in Washington," the feminine-voice box said, "after you finish with Mr. Johnson."

"Mr. Johnson's going to stay all day," the governor said. "Send in the floats."

I watched a shirt-sleeved man with glasses unroll a huge drawing on Lee's walnut desk.

"We can build this float," the designer said, "for \$8000. The others will cost more."

"Too much," Lee said.

"But it's good publicity for the state."

"If we're after publicity," Lee replied, "let's have two girls march in the parade carrying a sign saying: 'Funds allotted for a float have been used to build better roads in Utah.'"

Lee watched the designer's jaw sag. Lee smiled and said, "Don't worry, Frank, I'll try to get a private organization to sponsor it. I just don't believe in taxing people to pay for it."

9:00

Lee on Eisenhower

"Next?"

"The Republican Party chiefs," the box said. The door opened; handshakes all around.

Grey flannel: bald head; tweed: beady eyes; pin stripe: extra friendly smile; cowboy boots: black cigar; string necktie; iron handshake.

"Only five of us, Governor," the spokesman cocked his head. They all laughed.

"Governor, we wish you'd go easy on Ike. It's not as if he were a Democrat. . ."

"How is it?"

"Ha, Ha. No, seriously, Governor, those speeches where you've been raking Ike over the coals. Why, you said we've gone farther to the left under Eisenhower than in any other three-year period in our history. You certainly don't believe that?"

"I sure do," said Lee. "When Americans elected Ike, they were mad about losing their rights—big debt, deficit financing, giving away money all over the world, stuck in wars."

"But," began the grey flanneled spokesman.

"Ike said he'd get us turned around right. But what happens? He goes to Washington. The voters go back to their jobs. Then the organized minorities sick their lobbyists on him. They tell him the people want what the lobbies want.

"By then, Ike loses his real contact with the people. So he believes the lobbyists, forgets campaign promises, and a new drum major leads the march of socialism."

Sell Him and I'll Buy Him

"Come now, Brack, Ike's had his troubles. Let's overlook a few things. It's better to have our friends in Washington. It could be worse."

Lee bristled as he spoke. "What do you want me to do? Be a hypocrite?"

"Now, Brack. . ."

"Instead of you telling me why I should cast aside my beliefs, you sit there and tell me about Ike's good points and why I should support him. When you sell me on him, I'll make you the best supporter you've got."

"Well," the spokesman said, "it won't do us any good to fight about this. We really came to see what your Tax Commissioner's up to."

"You mean H. C. Shoemaker?"

"Yeah, Brack, he's hired one of the best known Democrats in Salt Lake to head up his legal section. What kind of a way is that to build loyalty in the Party?"

"First I've heard of it, Tom. I'll call H. C. this morning and let you know about it at lunch."

9:46

Lee's Consistency on Taxes

Box: "Man insists on talking to you; says he's a taxpayer. Want to take it on your phone?"

"Be glad to."

A raspy voice scraped through the telephone: "Governor, the paper says you're not going to pay your federal taxes because you don't like foreign aid. Now suppose I tell you that I think your office costs too much and I won't be paying my Utah taxes his year. Now what do you say to that?"

"I say I'm tickled pink."

"What? But. . . Suppose everybody with-

held their taxes because they didn't like what their government was doing?"

"I wouldn't give a dang if there wasn't a taxpayer in Utah that paid a dollar. That's the only way we're ever going to cut down government: squeeze up on its supply of money . . ."



9:52

Lee on Special Privilege Laws

Forest green dress, long slim fingers laid a manila file on Lee's desk; Miss Barlow said: "The clerk says your veto message on Senate Bill 489 comes up first on the docket."

"Thanks," Bracken Lee buttoned his trim grey suit, winked at me, and said: "Let's go. This won't take too long."

"What's this all about?" I asked.

"I'll tell you on the way down the hall."

I grabbed my notebook and almost ran to keep up with him.

"My friends in the Senate," Lee said, "have been hoodwinked into passing a bill prohibiting advertising eyeglasses by price."

"But you're vetoing it?"

"They may pass it over my veto. The measure has been pushed through by one of the most expensive lobbies I've ever seen up here on the hill. The lobbyists told the senators that the bill would protect the public against inferior workmanship and fraud. That's how they sell everything: we've got to protect the people; so take away their freedom."

"Why I'm Vetoing This Bill."

I sat in the visitor's gallery. The governor walked to the rostrum. Pats on the back. Quick smiles. Clasped hands across an empty chair. Then the governor read his message.

Polite applause, side-looks at colleagues, rapt attention when Bracken Lee told them:

"I want to go beyond the unconstitutionality of the bill, however. I am returning this bill because I am strongly opposed to any legislation promoted by one class or group which in any way deprives others of fundamental rights. . . . I can see no other intent but that it is designed to eliminate competitive advertising and thus limit the advantages to the customer which he gains through competition."

10:15

Lee on Taxes and Foreign Aid



Back in his office, I asked the governor: "Do you think they'll pass that bill over your veto?"

He grinned and shrugged. "We'll see," he said. "I have to answer my mail now."

I sat quietly. He shuffled through the papers before him.

"Look at this!" he said, as the creases around his eye wrinkled up.

I took a letter signed by P. F. Taylor, missionary, The New Testament Church of God, Jamaica, British West Indies; I read:

"As an American missionary serving abroad, I believe I can speak from a different perspective to the citizens at home.

"Billions have been squandered in my honest opinion and have actually thwarted the purpose that was supposed to be served. Our prestige abroad has definitely not been enhanced, when even our closest allies, the British whom we have constantly bailed out of the drink, smugly and smirkingly refer to us as: 'There are no fools like the Americans.' And they really mean it, because to them it is true.

"They cannot understand why America is so willing to run her vast resources down the drain, and receive nothing but ill-will in return for her pains."

While I read the letter, Miss Barlow came in, sat beside Lee's desk; he dictated:

"Letter to Richard Gerlach. Thanks for your support of my stand against taxing Americans to provide foreign aid. I'm sorry, but I can't advise you to take a similar stand" He turned to me and said:

"I can't afford to be part of any conspiracy. Lots of people ask me how they should go about withholding their taxes from the government. I've got to tell them not to do it. But deep down in my heart I wish they all would. If enough of them held out, the Internal Revenueurs would be stymied."

"Governor, how many letters have you had?"

"About five thousand," he said, "And only five that have given me the devil."

Lee picked up the letter, Miss Barlow triggered her pen, and the governor resumed:

"I am pretty sure I stand on good legal ground. My own lawyers, plus about fifty others who have written to me, say the Tenth Amendment makes foreign aid unconstitutional. It's never been tested.

"If I should decide," Lee continued to dictate, "that Utah should appropriate a couple of million dollars for Nevada, I'd be run out of office. The Utah Constitution says it's illegal. Yet the U. S. Constitution is even tougher."

"What is the worst that can happen to you," I interrupted, "if you file a return but don't pay your taxes?"

"Make me pay interest on the unpaid part."

"Will they attach your bank account?"

"Not now. They'll sit back and say, 'As long as he's in office, we'll leave him alone. The minute he gets out, we'll slap it to him.'"

"Suppose you guess wrong?" I said.

"You mean if they show up at my bank tomorrow and grab part of my account?"

"Yes."

"I'd invoke the Utah Constitution and force them to give back my money. They can't take my money without due course of law. Trouble is, they bluff others and get away with it."

"I thought I read once that you opposed the income tax, no matter what the government spends the money on?"

"That's right. But right now I figure I've got a better test case on foreign aid. Pin me down to it and I'll say they violated the Constitution when they put in the graduated income tax. The Constitution's suffered so many violations now that in my opinion it's dead."

"Chuck the income tax," I said, "and how do you buy Washington's carbon paper, typewriters, guided missiles and farm subsidies?"

"Go back to the original plan," snapped Lee, "let Congress assess the various states."

"Would that work?"

"It works in every other organization; the churches, the unions, the lodges. None of the national offices assess individual members directly. The local gets dues from its members, then the local pays its share to the national."

"Wouldn't the states abuse the power to tax?"

"Sure," said Lee "but competition would help! Think what it would mean if all the states were bidding for residents, saying: 'Our



taxes are lower. Our government is cheaper.'"

"I don't see how the states. . . ."

"The state legislators wouldn't grant all of Congress' requests. If they had to tax their people for federal expenses plus state expenses, they'd be more tax conscious. Budgets would be trimmed to the bone."

"What do you mean?"

Lee nodded to Miss Barlow. "Better catch this dictation later." He leaned toward me.

"Suppose, for instance, the federal government started out saying it wanted \$1 billion from Utah: so many millions for highways, so many millions for relief, so many millions for the farm program, and so forth. Know what my legislature would do?"

"Well. . . ."

"They'd look at that budget. Three million for England? No, we won't pay that. Fifty million for roads? No, we'll build our own roads. Two million to build a power plant in Tennessee? No! They'd tell the federal government, 'Just don't bother to give us any aid, we'll do our own financing.'"

"Don't forget your eleven o'clock appointment," the box spoke up.

"Just a minute," Lee said.

"Johnson, what chance would the lobbyists have trying to get all 48 state legislatures to support a foreign aid program?"

I didn't have an answer, nor want one. Lee knew it. "Next," said the governor to the box, and aside to me: "I must sound like a dentist."

11:00

Lee on "Do Good" Bills

A crowd of conservatively dressed men and women of uncertain ages pressed into the 10' x 10' space in front of the governor's desk.

"We represent the divorce counselor bill," a determined lady said. "We understand you intend to veto our bill. You favor divorces?"

"No," Lee replied, "but I think your bill will do more harm than good."

"What's wrong with cutting down on divorces?" The even more determined lady caught the admiring glances of her supporters.

The governor stood up, his eyes searched for a friendly face. "I'll try to explain my position. The way I see it, a government divorce counselor would never get to a home until the breach had taken place; too late for any hope.

"You would soon reach the conclusion that you weren't getting at the problem. You would come back here asking for authority to counsel with these young couples before they marry—See if they're suited for each other."

One face smiled at the governor, as if to say, "I get your point."

Lee looked at his new friend. "The first thing you know, by golly, some government agent would tell you you couldn't marry that girl because you weren't suited. Why, if they had had such an agency when I got married, they wouldn't've let me marry Mrs. Lee."

Angry rumble in the audience.

Lee continued. "And all you'd have done was created another government bureau—a well-meaning bureau, but wrong nevertheless. That's the way government grows. First thing you'd know, a hoard of people on the payroll up here would go snooping into everybody's business. If I was having trouble with

my wife, the last person I'd want to see is some government agent."

"Governor," the spokeswoman said, "we are not impressed with your argument. The people want to prevent the climbing number of divorces and you won't give them what they want. I think you are a dictator."

The governor flushed; nervously toyed with his letter opener and said, angrily:

"If you people would spend as much time trying to improve yourself as you do somebody else, the world would be better off. Every man, in my opinion, has a lifetime job trying to improve himself."

11:47

Lee on Prayer

The governor, elbows on desk, rested his head in his hands. Without looking at me, he said:

"My wife always tells me, 'Brack, try not to lose your temper today.' If the delegations that come to see me don't grow to mob size, we can get our business done peacefully. I knew when that mob packed into my office, I was in for trouble."

The governor stopped talking and seemed to pray quietly. After a minute or so, the governor looked up and my puzzled face must have made him explain, saying softly:

"I usually ask my Maker to direct my steps before I act. This time, mine was a prayer for forgiveness."

I tried to soften his feeling of guilt. "When mob spirit replaces reason, what do you do?"

"I'll Do the Opposite of What You Request."

But the Governor still wanted to beat himself. "I violated one of my own rules this morning; I blame myself. Several years ago, I put a stop to these mob meetings. I told the groups who asked for appointments: I'm not interested in a show of strength. If you limit your numbers to no more than five, I'll see you. But I'll tell you to begin with, if you bring more than five, I will do the opposite of what you request. For you'll prove to me that you're trying to scare me into doing something."

"No, I knew better. I broke my own rule, and I paid for it."

11:50
Lee on Political Plums

"I'd better call Shoemaker," Lee said, "and tell him the party chiefs are riled up.

"H. C.? Brack. Tom Wynn was in here asking me to skin you and nail your hide over the hearth for hiring that Democratic attorney Now, wait, H.C., I didn't say Hello? Hung up. Must be coming over here.

"Johnson, did I tell you how I hired Shoemaker? I don't believe I did.

"When I first came up here, I needed a good Tax Commissioner. I kept talking to different friends about somebody who was retired. Some fellow mentioned H. C. I started checking on him, found he was retired from Sears and everybody gave him a wonderful reference.

"Then I called his wife—he was out of town. She said, 'What do you want him for?' I said, 'I was wondering if he'd like to come up here as chairman of one of my Commissions.' She said, 'Well, I'm sure he would, for he's been getting cranky lying around doing nothing.'

"I called Chicago, and he'd left. With the nomination deadline breathing down my neck, I sent his name up. The Senate confirmed it.

"As soon as Mr. Shoemaker got off the train, he bought a paper and there's his picture. He jumped in a taxi and planted himself in my office. 'What's this all about?' Shoemaker asked me. I said, 'I'd like you to run the department without interference. All I expect you to do is be as fair to the people as you are to the state.'

"Shoemaker said, 'Yes, I'll take the job.' He has reorganized the department. Did a wonderful job."

A vigorous man paused, then came through the governor's doorway. He ignored me, and said, "Brack, when you hired me, you said—"

"I meant it, too, H. C."

"All I did was hire the best tax expert I could find. I didn't ask him how he votes. If Hodges goes, I quit too."

"You would, too, wouldn't you?"

"I would."

"Well, H. C., you go on running your shop as you want. I'll handle Tom. But next time

you hire a Democrat, let me know, so I can get out of town until the heat's off."

12:30
Lee's Severest Critic

"I'm going to lunch with Tom and the other G. O. P. officials," Lee said. "Come along?"

"Thanks," I said, "but I have a date."

"Fine. I'll be back here at two o'clock."

"I may be a changed man, Governor, when I get back."

"Why?" he asked.

"I'm lunching with one of your arch-critics."

"You have nothing on me," Lee said.

"Why?"

"I'm lunching with ten of them."

I walked down the sunny, clean streets of Salt Lake City, and stopped before an imposing office building; turned in to meet an editorial writer, let's call him Andrew March, who worked for *The Salt Lake City Tribune*.

He turned his rimless spectacles on me and I felt as if standing in the glare of the headlights of a British car. I shook his limp hand. He grinned charmingly. We went to a grill.

"So you want to write a story about our governor? Bad publicity for the state. The salads are down at the bottom—there. I don't mind telling you the man's a fake. Uses all this publicity to build himself up."

"How's that? Even the *Deseret News-Telegram*, critical as they are of Lee's policies, say right here—" I dug a clipping out of my pocket, and showed him:

"No governor of recent memory has operated the state house more efficiently, or more openly for public inspection. There has been no breath of scandal. . . . His determined fight for Utah to carry its own load without federal paternalism, his resistance to tax increases, and his stern pay-as-we-go policy have all been in the interests of good government."

"You can tell," March said, "they've been taken in by the governor's speeches, too. Here, read what Gail Martin, local public relations man, says about Lee in the *New Leader*:"

"Lee's philosophy calls for reducing government functions to the medieval level of merely keeping peace and enforcing contracts."

March handed me another magazine, pointing to a paragraph and said, "Read what *Frontier* says about him:"

"This bull-headed idealist has raised the blood pressure of most of Utah's 690,000 residents at some time or another. A political paradox, he tramples on the toes of vote-delivering groups like organized labor, farmers, war veterans, educators, lawyers—any organization seeking public funds, regardless of the merits of their cause.

"A special anathema to school teachers, he not only angers them by keeping the strings tied on their money bags, but he impugns their motives and insults them. This modern knight's sword is always pointed at waste; he rides out in all directions under the banner of economy, scolding, exhorting and threatening . . . that the country is heading toward socialism."

"I'm afraid," I said, "I sympathize with the governor's philosophy of limited government."

"I could tell," said March, "as I watched you read the clippings. Your hero tramps hard when he figures it won't hurt him. But how many times do you see him flouting the Church? That's the key to Lee. The Mormon Church runs this state, and the governor, too.

"I know he's not a Mormon, but the hierarchy supports Lee's economy campaigns. They keep their eye on the tax bill on something like a billion dollars' worth of property. Lee won't ever cross the Mormons. No, Sir."



1:55

Lee and the Blue Laws

"Miss Barlow," said the governor, "you have written 'Blue Law Blues' on my desk book?"

"Yes, Governor."

"How does it go?"

"It is a group from the Church, Governor, who want to ask you to . . ."

"Pass a law?"

"The Sunday Closing bill, Governor."

"To close down the state on Sunday?"

"Everything except churches and . . ."

"Send them in."

A squad of granite faced patriarchs and matriarchs marched slow tempo into the office.

"The papers say you're vetoing our bill."

"Don't you want me too?"

"No. And we don't understand why you . . ."

Lee stood up, took a deep breath, looked up at the ceiling, paused as if in prayer, then said:

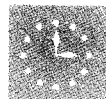
"I know you men and women represent the majority of our citizens in Utah. I know the Church supports this legislation. I, myself, admire your desire to keep the Sabbath holy.

"But I have talked to other people too. Sure, they're in the minority: the Jews, the Seventh Day Adventists—their ideas about the Sabbath run contrary to yours. Then, too, the wayside fruit vendor, the neighborhood grocer who survives at least partially by Sunday trade have come to talk to me. What do I do?"

"I said to myself: 'Brack, is the wish of the majority an accurate measuring stick of right and wrong?' Suppose the majority of Americans voted to re-establish slavery. You folks wouldn't defend it as being right, would you?"

"No."

"Well, I believe we can't pass any legislation which discriminates against the freedom of the few. And, besides, I've always believed you cannot legislate the morals of the people. I'm sorry, but that's why I must veto your bill."



3:00

Lee on Third Parties

Governor Lee came back from the reception room, where he had escorted the Sunday Closing bill people. He turned to me: "I did better. Must have learned something this morning."

I smiled in agreement.

"Down in their hearts, those folks are good. Yet you can't trust anyone with the power to control others. Take any religious group, not just the Mormons, really deep believers in their particular faith. Give them the power to close all the other churches and force people to join theirs. Most of them would do it—and they would do it thinking they were right.

"I worry about my own position of power. I try to remember the Golden Rule. I say to myself: 'Lee, you can't be governor forever. Don't get any power here that you're not willing to pass along to your worst enemies.'"

"Governor, are you running for President?" the pleasant voice in the box asked.

"Not up to now. Why?"

"A 'Lee for President' delegation is here."

"Don't send in more than five of them or I'll run."

The door opened and a grinning group of short and tall men charged us, hands out.

"Governor, we'd like you to head up a Third Party as its presidential candidate."

"Boys, I hate to dampen your spirits," said Lee as he sat up on the edge of his chair and spoke very slowly. "But I don't think a third party's got a chance. Besides, you couldn't pick enough congressmen who would keep their word to return us to a limited government. No, better than running for national office, I think I'd do better trying to stir up enough people so they will demand a return to the limitation of powers."

"But, Governor, are the voters in the other 47 states different? You're popular here."

"I'm not quite sure how many vote for my ideals and how many check my ballot box because they think I'm honest and efficient."

"Actually," Lee continued, "what have I solved here in Utah?"

"You've accomplished a lot, Brack."

"No, the machinery that existed before I took office still exists. Another politician can go back to the same abuses that I've stopped. My work will be 100% wasted if the professional politicians come back here and get hold of things again. Without constitutional limitations, what is safe?"

"Don't think I don't appreciate your confidence. But sometimes I think our country would be safer with a strong political minority opposing statism than for us to have our friends in power. Friends who feel they must compromise."



4:10

Lee's Energy

I watched the governor sign a stack of letters. I was beat just watching his day of continuing conflicts. I asked him:

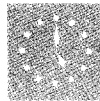
"Governor, you are fifty-seven years old. Where do you get all your energy?"

"Keep in shape, I guess. Most week ends, Mrs. Lee and I and as many of our four chil-

dren as we can round up go tracking through the mountains. We're a great family for picnics. I like to trapshoot, too. Last Sunday, I ran 97 out of a hundred. First time I'd been out there in months. One year I was champion."

I interrupted, "I meant, how do you take all this criticism?"

"I like criticism. It has a way of bringing you up sharp and saying: 'Wait now, let's take a look at this thing. Maybe you weren't so right after all.' If everybody patted me on the back, pretty soon, I'd be so far off the beam, I'd do nothing right."



5:00

Lee Says No to His Wife

"Mrs. Lee's here, Governor."

"Good. Quitting time."

"You'll be stuffing your brief case and working into the wee hours, I suppose," I said.

"Nope, no brief case. No home work. That's the trouble with officials. If they'd work less, we'd have less government. I quit at five. Go home, read about anything but government."

The door opened. Mrs. Lee, warm-smile, beautiful looking, sailed through the doorway. "Brack, I want to ask you for a favor."

"Not again, Margaret?"

"Now Brack, couldn't you find a job somewhere for Charles Higgins? He's a good man."

Lee threw up his hands and said to me: "See Johnson, it's like I say, everybody wants some special privilege."

I smiled, and tried tact: "Thanks for—I was about to say thanks for the lesson in *how not to be* a successful politician. But you were re-elected by a landslide, weren't you?"

"Not quite. But it's an old chestnut that you can't get elected without compromising. I have a suspicion people like fighters. If you've got principles, if you stick to your guns, I think you can get elected because of the novelty of it. It's never been tried, lately."

"You've tried it—," I began.

He waved aside what he feared would turn out to be a compliment.

"Good night," he said. "And don't stay up all night writing my story. No politician is worth it."

Thaddeus Ashby had a good time
 blasting his enemies
 with sizzling prose.
 But after ten years,
 blasting



lost its savor.
 Now what?
 Go to a desert island?
 Or find a new approach?
 Maybe there's a new enemy,
 in the most
 unlikely place of all.

THE WAR AT MY HOUSE

THADDEUS ASHBY

I sat by the fire alone tonight. I spoke to an empty room. My conscience answered from the blaze—softly at first, like a coward—like a weakling beaten in frequent battle.

The logs gave off pine smoke. Wind whined down the flue. Staring from the flames I saw the shapes of my enemies. Battalions of audiences I addressed, hordes of readers going up in smoke, glanced at me in passing, blinders on their eyes, earplugs in their ears, icicles in their hearts.

"What's the matter with these people?" I asked myself. "Why won't they listen? My libertarian ideas hold water. Why don't the scales fall from their eyes?"

"When the blind leadeth the blind," my conscience whispered, "both shall fall in the ditch."

"I'm not blind," I said. "I'm looking for the best psychology to beat my enemy."

"Do you want to kill your enemies?"

"No," I said. "I want to convert them to libertarian ideas."

"Do you remember," my conscience asked, "trying to get a Socialist to consider a Christian idea—an idea you said would solve all his food and shelter problems?"

"No," I said.

"Don't you remember? You said: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things shall be added to you.'"

"Yes," I said.

"A good argument," my conscience said. "Why not use it on yourself?"

"What?"

"Try a thought in your head," my conscience said.

"Shoot."

"Take Christ's phrase: 'all these things shall be added to you.'"

"It refers to meat, drink, clothes, money."

"And maybe converts," my conscience said.

"You mean if I didn't fight for converts—"

"You'd get all you want."

"If—" I began.

"If you seek first the Kingdom of Heaven."

"But that would mean giving up fighting—" "As you've known it. But how much success have you had," my conscience asked, "fighting as you have known it?"

"Christ fought . . ." I began.

"But how many converts have *you* made?"

"Heaps," I said defensively.

"You were just complaining that people wouldn't listen to you."

"That's their fault," I said.

"You weren't always a libertarian," my conscience reminded me. "What won you over?"

So I thought of the days when I worshipped F.D.R. A bright-eyed youth wanted to save man from hunger and poverty. "Feed everybody, and we'll have no more war," I said. "Tax the rich and we'll have equality," I said.

"What changed you?" my conscience asked.

"I read *The Fountainhead*," I said.

"Did that change you?"

"Yes," I said. "I learned that it wasn't the creators who did the harm in the world; but the 'humanitarians'—not the individualists, but the 'altruists.'"

"In other words you merely changed your villains," my conscience said. "Instead of hating capitalists, you began to hate collectivists. You crossed the fence, but you took your hatred, your barbs and slings, your negative outlook with you."

"No. I wasn't negative," I objected.

"No?" my conscience said. "Then I will summon some witnesses from your memory."

"First," my conscience said: "I call Maurice Fall, your high school debate teacher."

A Tall Chubby Man Smiled

A tall, chubby-faced, pleasant man appeared in the shadows by the fire.

"Mr. Fall," said my conscience, "how did Ashby argue on your debating team?"

"He argued in favor of anything Roosevelt did," said Mr. Fall, grinning. "He argued for Universal Military Training, saying that anybody who opposed it simply didn't understand the gravity of the emergency. He argued in favor of higher taxes, saying that those who opposed higher taxes wanted to prolong the emergency for their own profit—"

I turned to my conscience. "It's not fair to

throw up the shadow I cast in my youth."

"I call John Chamberlain, free lance writer, former editor of *Life* and *The Freeman*."

John Chamberlain, looking young, ruddy, as if he'd just come off an ice-skating rink, brushed his sandy hair from his eyes.

"Mr. Chamberlain," said my conscience, "what kind of stuff did Ashby write for you?"

"He blasted the Communists off the map," John Chamberlain said. "His words exploded. He wrote with a goose quill dipped in venom. He raged and swore, and set off the powder of his soul like a rocket which should have torn through the Red ranks."

An Old Lion Growled into The Room

My conscience turned to me, eyebrows up: "Your words killed a great many Reds?"

John Chamberlain's figure faded away, leaving a gentle smile. "No," I whispered.

I remembered how I called all those who wanted peace "appeasers" in *In Praise of War*. How I beat my drum and blew my bugle.

"Enjoy your work?" my conscience asked.

"Enormously," I said. And remembered how I wrote with Roget's *Thesaurus* sitting on my lap, open to *Evil*.

"But," I defended myself, "I didn't go on blasting Reds forever. They might need it. But I felt I was beating an intellectually dead horse."

"You didn't stop blasting though," my conscience said. "You just looked for a more worthy enemy. Who did you take on next?"

"Remember," I said, "how Truman just beat Dewey, and how I beat both of them—they weren't dead horses."

"Did you succeed?" my conscience asked.

"Curiously, considering the violence of my attack, the Fair Deal survived."

"Did you ever think of working out a positive philosophy?" my conscience asked.

"Certainly, I was working on one all the time," I said.

"In your published writing?"

"Well . . ."

"I call Frank Chodorov, an editor of *Human Events* and *The Freeman*," said my conscience. A pipe began to smoke, and an old lion with twinkling eyes growled into the room.

"Was Ashby working on a positive philosophy?" my conscience asked.

"Ashby was like Bentley's Edward the Confessor," Chodorov said, "who 'slept under the dresser / When that began to pall, he slept in the hall.' When one 'anti' group began to pall, Ashby would sleep in every other 'anti' bed he found. He achieved some stature in the philosophical school of 'aginism.'"

A Young Man Lounged by The Fire

Frank faded in a cloud of pipe smoke and made me see there in the fire, some of the colorful characters I ran into at various "agin" Congresses. How we all outdid each other inventing invective.

I looked at oceans of faces, audiences which ate up what I wrote. I saw anti-boat scuttlers, anti-progressive educators, anti-integrationists, anti-immigrationists, anti-free traders, anti-Semites, anti-Negroes, anti-Patagonians, anti-fluoridators, anti-anti-anti-Communists.

"What kind of thing did you get published then?" my conscience asked.

"Inspirational messages," I said.

"Uh huh," my conscience said. "I call on Walter B. Mahoney, Jr., Senior Editor, the *Reader's Digest*."

A handsome young man wearing Ivy League clothes lounged beside the fire. "We bought and published one piece Ashby wrote," he said. "But we turned down all the rest."

"Why?" my conscience asked.

"He wrote them in the Set-them-up-knock-them-down-technique," Walter said.

"What's that?" my conscience asked.

A Portly Man Marched Through The Flames

"Here's the format," Walter said. "Ashby would say: 'Professor Gormley says Social Security benefits should be increased.' Ashby would quote the professor. Then hit him over the head. He'd say:

"What these people like this professor who're doing all the harm in the world can't seem to understand is . . . ' Or:

"What these asinine stupid idiots can't get through their thick skulls is . . . "

My conscience chuckled, while Walter accompanied the wind back to Chappaqua.

"Where did you manage to publish that kind of 'inspirational' stuff?" my conscience asked.

"I was editor of the Colorado Springs *Gazette Telegraph* editorial page," I said.

"How did you go over?"

"My editorials," I said with dignity, "were the sort of thing which people liked . . . who liked that sort of thing."

"I will call the Reverend Mr. Ernest C. Mattingly," my conscience said. The Reverend Mattingly, a tall, portly man, marched vigorously through the flames, unscorched.

"Did you like Ashby's editorials?" my conscience asked him.

"I once wrote him a letter telling him I did," Mattingly said. "I wrote: 'Dear Mr. Ashby: While I find myself in general sympathy with your intention to reverse the trend, I wonder if you might not be more effective if you took a more positive approach . . . '"

"Did he answer?" my conscience asked.

"I don't remember his exact words, but his tone went like this: 'Dear Stupid: What you don't seem to realize is, I'm *not* negative! I'm a realist! I face life without rose-colored glasses. I don't blind myself to the evil boring from within.'"

A Man with Big Hands and Bright Eyes

"Thank you, Mr. Mattingly. Who's that behind you? Ah, good evening, Mr. Stanley Drake of Peyton, Colorado. Tell us about Editor Ashby's speech."

"Well," said Mr. Drake, a mild, unassuming man with big hands and bright eyes. "The school board at Peyton asked him to give the commencement address to the graduating class. He told the graduates that their farmer parents who took wheat checks from the government were no better than thieves."

"I assume his speech was a sensation?"

"People remarked on it for months," said Mr. Drake, his eyes twinkling.

Another shadow stepped forward and the fire lighted up Mr. Charles Wilcox, short, good humored, bustling.

"You say Ashby addressed the Realtors?"

"Yes. He told us that by voting for government financed housing, we were no better than

(Continued on page 25)



CHURCHMAN'S DIGEST



Profiles in Courage. John F. Kennedy. 266 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$3.50

A collection of action-packed stories about American leaders who defied public opinion, followed the dictates of conscience.

Eight profiles stand out, range from granite voiced Daniel Webster to soft-spoken Edmund G. Ross (diffident but decisive voter in the Johnson impeachment trial). Others: Sam Houston, George Norris, Robert Taft, Thomas Hart Benton, Lucius Q. C. Lamar and John Quincy Adams.

Each story is unique; each rings with the courageous voice of a "great dissenter" . . . mirrors a man who took a stand on some critical issue, held to his decision despite the roar and rage of voters or party.

Profiles already rates consistently high on non-fiction "top ten" listings.

The author—boyish, tousle-haired, 38-year-old Senator John F. Kennedy from Massachusetts. He wrote it during a lengthy convalescence last spring. He says: "The conscientious legislator cannot serve merely as a seismograph to record shifts in popular opinion.

"This may mean that we (Congressmen) lead, inform, correct and sometimes even ignore voters' opinions."

The Catholic Approach to Protestantism. George H. Tavad. 160 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50

French-born Father Tavad (now with N.Y. City parish) tackles a sore subject with gentle, best intentions. With Clemenceau-like diplomacy, he approaches Protestant doctrine. With Augustinian humility, he appraises it.

His book will probably raise fur on both sides of the fence.

Book works to build Catholic understanding of Protestantism. The first step in studying religion, says Fr. Tavad, "consists not in condemning, but in understanding."

Includes: appraisal of decay of pre-

Reformation church, treatment of history of ecumenical Protestantism, summary of official Roman ideas on church unity.

Fur-raisers: (1) Protestantism is not "a denial of Christianity; it is a biased interpretation of the faith." (2) Fr. Tavad's frown at over zealous efforts of some Romans to "convert Protestants to the true faith" (discussing elements of true ecumenicity).

Conclusion: While peace may not be the heritage of this generation, a necessary precondition is understanding of and prayer for each other.

Love or Perish. Smiley Blanton, M.D. Simon & Schuster. New York. \$3.50 & \$1 (paperback) editions.

Dr. Blanton co-authored best sellers *Faith Is the Answer* and *The Art of Real Happiness* with Norman Vincent Peale. Similarly big sales volume for *Love or Perish* predicted.

It's moving fast already.

Easily read; appeals to most age groups; psychiatric principles simply, smoothly stated.

The big problem of mental health and happy living, says the Doctor: Balancing two major forces in our natures—love and aggression. The two tend to conflict, create ailments and maladjustment.

Includes chapters on: "Miracle of Man & Woman" . . . "Paths to Successful Marriage" . . . "Glory of the Senses" . . . "Middle Years and Beyond" . . . "Lovability."

"Lovability" concludes: "To be a lovable person. . . we must re-create an adult version of the good qualities originally evolved in the relationship between mother and child."

How? Through self-discovery, faith and love, Dr. Blanton says. We must: (1) forgive parents for real and imaginary injustices received in childhood; (2) have faith in universal power greater than man's; (3) accept own aggressive impulses as natural and normal part of life.

Parishioners will be reading this one.

Judaism for the Modern Age. Robert Gordis. Farrar, Strauss. 368 pp. \$4.50



A conservative Jew, author Gordis grapples with the problem of Jewish self-orientation. Touches upon these questions: if what is unique about Judaism is universally valid, why is it confined to Jewish people? If it is not universally valid, how can it be valid even for Jewish people?

Dr. Gordis then talks of traditional Jewish law. Doesn't accept Orthodox belief in verbal inspiration. Does believe law should be taken more seriously than Reform Judaism takes it.

Argument: traditional law must not be reduced to a system of "customs" of psychological usefulness. It must remain "Halachah"—the Jewish way of life in response to the challenge of God.

Behold the Glory. Chad Walsh. 156 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00

Like Gaul, Mr. Walsh's book is divided into 3 parts: Double Vision, Exploration and Discovery.

Ground covered is equally sizeable.

Mr. Walsh's "Double Vision" resembles what the ancient prophets would call Vision; the mystics, illumination; the poets, inspiration. Yet, it is not reserved for the very few. He tells us it is a door suddenly opening, a brightness that, at unpredictable instants, surrounds and transcends the most familiar of things and happenings—a human face, a flowering tree, a score of music, a child at play, the worn paths across a college campus.

Double Vision, he tells us, is "that time when axioms of common-sense stammer into silence." It is a sudden awakening. Or (another way of putting it) that time when we "soberly yet joyfully welcome the hints of another universe, and then examine our familiar places and days, to see whether perhaps the new universe has established colonies in our very midst."

Stepping through the open door of Double Vision, he explores the reality of this new world, this new life. Relates it to all places and pursuits—the city, the desert, the machine shop, politics, science, art, the church and "the church outside the church."

Finally, "Discovery" climbs to the exultant peak of assertion: nothing in life is "commonplace"; all strange and seemingly inexplicable moments of vision bear unmistakable witness to God.



For Discussion: Federal Aid to Education. (Some leading questions for your church group)

1. What kind of shape are our schools in? What are the needs? Nationally? In our state? In our community?

2. Should the wealthier states be taxed more for public schools? Equal amounts? Less?

3. Does federal control go hand-in-hand with federal aid? What kind of controls are inherent in such a program? How does the government apportion your dollars?

4. What would happen if all federal aid were cut off from schools completely? Would your children grow up in ignorance? Could you handle your youngster's education yourself? Could the community? How?

5. Do you think government should aid private schools that teach a particular faith or creed?

6. Should the government try to promote progressive education through its federal aid program? Traditional educational methods?

7. Should government grant funds to schools regardless of how adequate the facilities? Only to those with inadequate facilities? To those with above-average facilities? Could we ever forego state aid?

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Analysis of Kelly & Smith Bills. American Enterprise Association. March 17, 1956. AEA Report #615.

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(Sunday, November 27, 1955).

Industry & Education. University of Chicago Round Table. December 19, 1954.

We Don't Need Federal Aid for Schools. W. G. Stratton. *Nation's Business*. February, 1956.

Higher Education, How? (pro and con discussion on Federal Aid. *Christian Century*. December 21, 1955.

Who Wants Federal School Aid? The Bureaucrats. *Saturday Evening Post*, December 31, 1955.

Corporation Gifts to Education: *Newsweek*—GM program expansion (Jan. 24, 1955); Reed on GE Scholarships (April 11, 1955); CFAE reports gift rise since 1951 (May 9, 1955); Burlingame-Mott gifts programs (June 13).

How does the South feel (and why) about the stepped-up pressure for integration of Negro and White? Editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, **T. R. Waring**, states **The Southern Case Against Desegregation** (*Harper's*, Jan., 1956). Major complaint over the issue—"interference with sovereignty, . . . the Southerner is bitter over what he believes a flouting of the Constitution for political reasons." Other objections to mixed education: (1) Negro health standards are lower, (2) intermarriage is distasteful, (3) incidence of crime is higher among Southern Negroes, and (4) intellectual development of Southern Negro and White is too uneven. Can desegregation be pushed through? No, says Waring. Bootleg segregation, abandonment of schools or White refusal to support public schools will result.

Once ⅓ of the nation was ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed. Today, 1/10th of the nation is ill-at-ease (*Newsweek*, March 5, 1956). Add up all the nervous headaches, sweaty palms, rapid heartbeats, tense shoulders, dry mouths, ulcers and high blood pressure victims, and 16 million Americans crowd your computations. The disorder: tension, current annihilator of **A Nation's Nerves: How to Calm Down**. Good quote source on topic of tension (e.g., "The American people are so tense that it is impossible even to put them to sleep with a sermon."—Norman Vincent Peale). Article concludes with ½ page dealing with **How**

Some Successful Men Tame Their Tensions—*Charlie Wilson*, *Ted Williams*, *Dr. Ralph W Sockman* (Christ Church, N.Y.) and *Sam Goldwyn*.

Atop a high hill in Palos Verdes, California, stands a "glass church" designed by Lloyd Wright — Wayfarers' Chapel. Here, standing in a background of sky, rolling earth and ocean, Pastor Kenneth W. Knox recently gave **Two Sermons on Time and Space** (*New-Church Messenger*, Feb. 18, 1956). On Time: "If it were possible for a man to travel at the speed of light, and he were to visit a star nine light years away, he could go and return, without aging. . . . It would seem like a day to him (yet) . . . 18 years would pass on earth before he returned. . . . We are not prisoners of time. We have the potential to transcend and live above it." On space: Man can be transferred, spiritually, even while his body remains on earth. Conquering of space may not be by travel, but rather by "transcendence."

"If you do good to those who do good to you, what credit is that to you?" is the heart of Mr. Henry Kuizenga's sermon **On the Credit Side** (*The Pulpit*, March, 1956). A light, bright, down-to-earth treatment. Excerpt: ". . . says Jesus, once you have drawn a circle for the purpose of limiting the practice of your religious virtues, then no intensity of practice within that circle will avail to distinguish you from any other clique, sect or cult that cuts itself off from the rest of the world to suck its collective spiritual thumb. In the schools, this sort of thing is known as group ethics. I know a story that is told to describe what is meant by group ethics. A young son asked his father one evening: 'Daddy, what is ethics?' To illustrate what he could not otherwise define, the father, who happened to be a businessman, told an incident from the day's transactions. 'This morning,' he related, 'a customer made a purchase and overpaid me by ten dollars. Now, this is the ethical question: Do I tell my partner or don't I?'"

A Clergyman as Hero now steps into the comic sections of 117 papers across the country. He is *David Crane*, "clean-cut young minister, denomination unspecified" (*News-*

week, March 12, 1956). The idea comes from Hall Syndicate president, Robert Hall. Writer-artist: Winslow Mortimer, a Methodist and once *Toronto Star* Cartoonist. Says Hall, "*David Crane* will not be 'the Apple Mary' sort of thing, but any minister trying to do his job in a town, to make faith work. He has all sorts of problems." The strip is reported "moving fast."

Sermon Seeds:

On Tension—

Basically, there are two kinds of clocks. Tension keeps one kind running; electric current, the other. Now people are not so different from clocks. Ask what makes 'em tick, and we might answer: Some run by tension—are usually either all "wound up" or all "run down."

But others seem to buzz along, at a steady pace, day after day—no undue tension or "all-in-ness." Maybe their secret is this: they've connected their lives to the infinite currents of God and so can say with Paul: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves. . . ; but our sufficiency is of God" (2 Cor. 3:5); and, with the Psalmist, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass" (Psalm 37:5)

On Public Relations:

While on a recent trip to Texas, I spent a day in Houston. Feeling the need of spiritual reading, I dropped into a book shop. I was browsing through the shelves when a salesgirl asked me, "Looking for something in particular?" "Yes," I replied. "Do you have the *Greatest Story Ever Told*?" "Certainly," she said without hesitation. "Which one would you like?"

—Winifred McGrane.

On Security:

A recent Reuters dispatch from Patras Greece, reports: "The local prefect found two women, 70 and 60 years old, among the inmates when he inspected the municipal children's home. The superintendent of the home explained: They were foundlings and had lived there all their lives because no other organization could be found to care for them."

A good picture of what could happen to all of us when the government acts as ward

"from the cradle to the grave."

On Damp Devotion:

A young man wrote a passionate letter to his girl friend: "There is nothing I would not do to reach your side. I would climb the highest mountains, I would cross the trackless desert, I would swim the widest ocean to be near you, darling!" As an afterthought, he added: "Sweetheart, I'll see you Saturday night, if it doesn't rain."

A similar story might be told about Sunshine Sunday churchgoers.

What's Wrong with Our Youngsters?

Some children are on the streets at night because they're afraid to stay home alone.

A Simple Tax:



The government has perfected a simplified tax form for next year. Here it is:

1. What was your income last year?
2. What were your expenses?
3. How much have you left?
4. Send it in.

Industrial News Review, March, 1956.

On All the Facts, M'am:

I like to tell the story about a little Protestant lad who came home with a big black eye and his mother said, "Where on earth did you get that black eye?" He said, "The O'Reilly kids hung it on me." She said "How did they come to do that?" "Well," he said, "I was over at their house, making some cracks about the Pope." His mother said, "Didn't you know the O'Reilly's were Catholics?" "Yes," he said, "but I didn't know the Pope was."—Herbert V. Prochnow.

On the Credit Side:



One time a man was introducing me to a meeting, and he said, "I've just heard this man, LeTourneau, talking about giving the Lord credit.

I know a lot of folks who will give the Lord credit, but they won't give him a cent cash."—Robert G. LeTourneau.

Write Us for a Free Copy:

List of 30 *break-through* books—presenting new outlook in many fields of thought.

Last month, I wrote in these pages of the death of the National Lay Committee of the National Council of Churches. I said that the secular and religious press, save for the *U. S. News & World Report*, had kept strangely silent about this whole struggle.

But now another magazine breaks the silence. Listeners with an ear cocked to the February 22nd and 29th issues of the social-actionist *The Christian Century* caught the swish of two round-house swings aimed at the ex-Committee and its Chairman, Mr. J. Howard Pew. Included in the blast were Messrs. David Lawrence and Raymond Moley, who showed the effrontery to comment favorably on Mr. Pew's Final Report.

The Christian Century says four serious questions are asked (and answered in the affirmative) by Mr. Pew and, worst yet, Mr. Lawrence gives "the impression that he agrees with Mr. Pew."

The Christian Century phrased the questions this way:

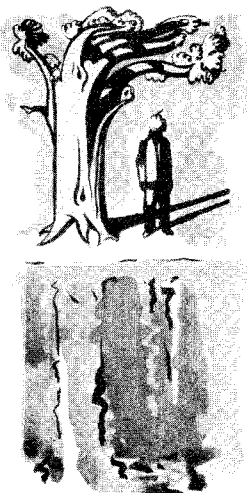
"(1) Do clergymen dominate the Protestant denominations holding membership in the National Council of Churches?

(2) If so, are these men using their power within the churches to impose a philosophy of statism on the council?

(3) Are they making the council an instrument for promoting socialistic policies for the United States?

(4) Have these men of power lost their capacity to understand the true nature of the church, the gospel they are committed to preach and the lay membership they are committed to serve?"

"What are the Facts?" *The Christian Century* then asks. The "facts" show (as you can



see by investing 20¢ for a copy of the February 22nd issue of *The Christian Century*) that this "small group" [sic] of distinguished lay men and women headed by Mr. Pew just couldn't seem to understand certain absolutes. Great religious imperatives required the National Council of Churches to speak up against the Bricker Amendment and investigation of spies. But this was to be expected. Says *The Christian Century* of the Lay Committee: Their "principal qualification was that they were possessed of larger than usual means, or of ways of obtaining money, rather than their demonstrated interest in the work of the churches."

Apparently, no one would expect those who finance the churches to understand the finer points of ecclesiastical statesmanship.

[Sticklers for truth will remember that the 200 lay men and women were chosen for being active in their churches, and for their national recognition in their own fields. Only a handful of the 200 were men of very great means.]

You Have One Mistake, Will You Try for Two

But still, what about those four embarrassing questions. Well, says *The Christian Century*, let's take the first one. True, ecclesiastical officialdom *does* dominate the National Council, but it was really another group of laymen headed by Charles P. Taft [certainly Walter and Victor Reuther should have some credit] who "foundered" the Lay Committee!

Well, how about questions 2, 3 and 4?

Perhaps the mental effort, circumlocution, and spiritual strain involved in finding this most interesting answer to question number one proved so exhausting to *Century* editors that neither strength nor space remained for answering the final three questions. For on

this note of the other group of laymen triumphant, the article ends.

The comments in the February 29th issue of *The Christian Century* preface a vitriolic attack on Evangelist Billy Graham. *The Christian Century* says "religion, in communist scriptures, is the opiate of the masses." Failing to stamp it out, the Soviet Union "now tolerates it, but only as an opiate . . . Assauge, adjust, lull the people, direct their devotions, and the church can stay."

The Christian Century concludes: "Coincidentally, this irony binds Krushchev, Bulganin, J. Howard Pew, David Lawrence and Raymond Moley in one amazing bundle of conviction: Christians should keep quiet about politics and business. The loudest amens to the three Americans' cantankerous proclamations this month must have come from the Kremlin."

Come, Come

The misrepresentation in this paragraph of the views expressed by the Lay Committee and its Chairman, Mr. Pew, and supporters David Lawrence and Raymond Moley must be deliberate. Even the *Century* editors, shielded as they may be from "the facts," must know better than this. Time and again in the documents of the Committee and in the Affirmation, you will read: "Members of the Church are also citizens of the State with responsibility to express their Christian convictions and life in secular realms, such as economics, politics, and social relationships . . ." And further, ". . . we believe the pervading purpose of God's Will extends to every aspect of life and suggest no limitation on its application to the affairs of men."

Mr. Pew's detailed 316-page Final Report shows that the Lay Committee always stressed the view that Christians should be morally and spiritually sensitive and should speak up about all aspects of life, including politics and business. Where the Committee got into trouble was in supposing that this responsibility even permitted them to inquire whether church leaders should speak on controversial political issues for millions of church members.

The Committee asked the four questions mentioned earlier. For this, the Committee

was "liquidated." Here, you might perhaps find a certain parallel between events in the Soviet Union and those we are just now considering, though hardly the parallel found by *The Christian Century*.

The treatment of the National Lay Committee by the General Board of the National Council of Churches and the bitterly caustic reporting of the liquidation of the "late and unlamented Committee" by *The Christian Century* reminds me of something the illustrious Dean William R. Inge once said. He used stronger words than any used by the National Lay Committee:

"Men have set themselves to hate in the cause of love, to use compulsion in the name of freedom, and to become practicing materialists for the inculcation of spiritual principles."

So we see the problems Mr. Pew and his associates raise are serious but not new. This is one of a number of similar surface boils which reflect a disturbed inner system. Those who would like to see below the surface of ecclesiastical leadership, to see what is really going on in the system which connects our great churches, should ask the Foundation for Social Research, 1521 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 17, California, for copies of its two most recent studies (now available paperbound at \$3.00 for the two volumes); *The Kingdom Without God: Road's End for the Social Gospel*, and *The Powers That Be: Case Studies of the Church in Politics*.

Each book is complete in itself. Together they provide a view of the materialism which is eating into spiritual thought and into church officialdom.

I Pray You Will Respond

Just a closing word to remind "old faithfuls" and our many thousands of getting-acquainted readers we will now send *Faith and Freedom* regularly to anyone who asks for it! Instead of complicated subscription promotion and bookkeeping, we will give readers an opportunity to contribute, as they desire.

You should have recently received—or will shortly—a message from me, and I pray that you will respond generously.

NEW MEANING FOR JULY 4th



"As the fishing boats come into Buffalo, their skippers see a sign: 'If you do not choose to stop here, Niagara Falls will make the decision for you.'"

Marian Baker, age 18, looked again at the top of the newspaper page. Yes, the editorial was titled "An Independence Day Message." What on earth did Niagara Falls have to do with the 4th of July?

She read on. About a little band of men and women who had steered away from the whirlpool of tyranny. How they had anchored themselves with the Mayflower Compact, composed of the indestructible principles of the Christian religion.

How, when they needed larger anchors, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America held them back from the fall's rushing torrents.

As Marian read, she began to wonder if her country is still anchored in the firm soil of individual reliance and responsibility to God.

Suddenly she felt it was terribly important that her faith in God be like her forefathers'. That her determination to preserve freedom under God be comparable to theirs.

She saw herself eloquently persuading her countrymen to make the choice which would stop the drift toward the plunge over political cataracts.

Marian was reading what Spiritual Mobilization sent last year to thousands of individuals and newspapers as a suggestion for a July 4th editorial. It was about a different kind of celebration on our country's birthday — a "*Freedom under God* observance of Independence Day."

A housewife and an editor thought it important to remind people that Independence Day deserves something better than fireworks and picnics. So a shining dream was born in a young American's heart. And who can say that Marian Baker will not be one who leads America to renewed dedication to freedom under God?

Many other newspapers printed the editorial. One reader sent it in to the Freedoms Foundation, which awarded it second prize in the editorials category.

Editors were not alone in their efforts to bring to life the thrilling significance of Independence Day. Literally thousands of clergymen preached sermons about the religious meaning of liberty.

One minister sent a thoughtful letter on the need to stress freedom's spiritual foundations to all the other clergymen in his town. A Missouri Ministerial Alliance erected a large billboard with a *Freedom under God* theme.

A Chamber of Commerce executive wrote to every Chamber manager in his state urging them to contact governors and mayors regarding proclamations for a "*Freedom under God* observance of Independence Day." And across the country, they issued such proclamations.

The Illinois American Legion blanketed the state with *Freedom under God* material. Typical of company efforts was that of The Gates Rubber Company, which gave over a big part of the July 4th issue of its magazine to "*Freedom under God* observance of Independence Day."

Scores of radio and television stations reminded their listeners that "whether in a factory—or on a farm—in an office, a kitchen, a school room or a pulpit — every man and woman has a big stake in preserving America's freedom under God."

For six years, those who wish to commemorate Independence Day by focusing attention on our religious heritage, have looked to Spiritual Mobilization for leadership and assistance. We hope to continue this assistance.

The "*Freedom under God* observance of Independence Day" was originated, under Spiritual Mobilization's sponsorship, in 1951, by the Committee to Proclaim Liberty. The Honorable Herbert Hoover and General Douglas MacArthur were among the Committee's eighty-nine distinguished members.

This annual, nationwide effort enlists the support of clergymen, club members, business men, teachers, publishers, broadcasters — of every American who cherishes freedom.

The "*Freedom under God* observance of Independence Day" awakens Americans to truths welded 180 years ago into a mighty document. The Declaration of Independence rooted two principles from which flowers our freedom.

The first principle is that every human being matters—to God and so to us.

The second is that God has endowed—not society—but individuals with inalienable rights and responsibilities, which we must not violate even in trying to help one another.

The signers of the document anchored these principles with faith in their Creator.

Often we hear how lucky we are to live in a free country. We hear it so often we tend to tuck it away in that part of our brains reserved for storing beautiful platitudes.

But when we lay these principles lovingly away in old lace—or persuade ourselves that we are living by them when we are not—are we keeping faith with our forefathers?

Are we keeping faith in freedom?

Are we living off bounty produced by our ancestors—or are we making certain that the *Freedom under God* bequeathed to us will be inherited by our children?

What Can You Do?

- ★ Suggest to the program chairman of your club that it would be a good idea to turn over at least one meeting to understanding what *Freedom under God* means.
- ★ See that the services in your church on July 1st emphasize the theme: *Freedom under God*.
- ★ Try to persuade the publishers and broadcasters in your town to use their papers and microphones to deepen public understanding of independence.
- ★ Ask the public officials you know to give earnest consideration to issuing proclamations for a "*Freedom under God* observance of Independence Day."
- ★ Suggest to your businessmen friends that they use *Freedom under God* themes in their advertising, in house organ editorials and features, in payroll inserts.
- ★ Fly the American flag in front of your home and place of business—urge others to do so, too.
- ★ Suggest to your minister that the church bells be rung for ten minutes at noon on the 4th, in the manner of our forefathers.
- ★ Most of all—fortify freedom with faith in God, faith in yourself, faith in others.

To help you pay your respects to the Declaration of Independence, Spiritual Mobilization will send you the material listed in the coupon on the next page. Just check the material you can use—or encourage others to use—and mail the coupon promptly.

There is no charge for this material. All that is done is made possible by the voluntary, financial support of individuals. Contributions, large or small, are welcome—and are deductible for tax purposes.

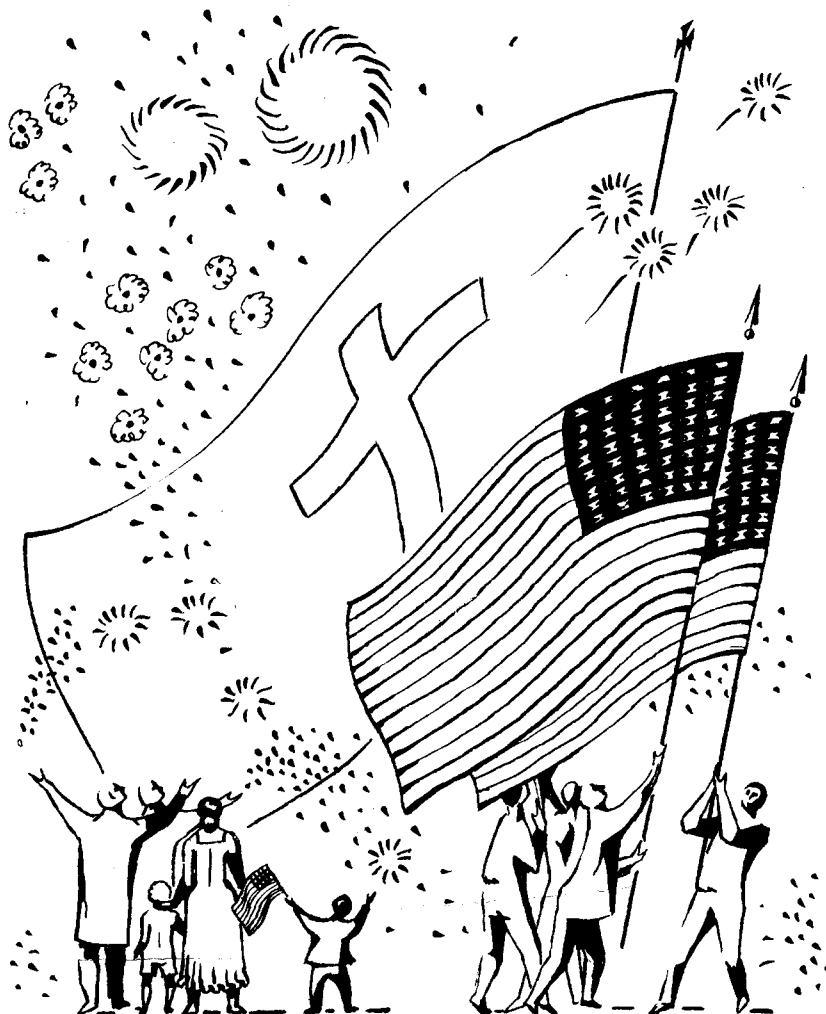
To: Spiritual Mobilization, 1521 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 17, Calif.

Please send me:

- _____ Material which can be used for *Freedom under God* sermons, talks, articles and editorials
- _____ *Freedom under God* radio script (this fifteen-minute script is easily adaptable for stage presentation)
- _____ Radio and television public-service announcements
- _____ News releases on the "*Freedom under God* observance"
- _____ Suggestion for a proclamation of the "*Freedom under God* observance of Independence Day"

My name _____

My address _____



THE WAR AT MY HOUSE

(Continued from page 14)

pickpockets."

"How many Realtors did he convert?"

"His speech was widely greeted by scattered applause. Widely scattered."

A pretty girl named Edith Martini smiled from the shadows. She had big brown eyes.

"You reported on Ashby's debate with Representative Norman Enfield?"

"Yes, Thad gave fourteen reasons why public schools should be abolished. Representative Enfield read his speech in a monotone. Thad gave a dynamic, table pounding speech."

Pretty Edith Heard A Speech

"Ashby won?" my conscience shot his eyebrows up.

"No. Enfield did. Hands down," Edith said.

"Corrupt judging," I mumbled.

"I call Harry Hoiles, publisher of the *Gazette Telegraph*," said my conscience.

Harry Hoiles, young, sweet tempered and shy, bowed slightly. "How do?" he said.

"Tell me how Ashby used to write his editorials," my conscience asked.

"Well, he'd sort of assault his typewriter," Harry Hoiles said, smiling. "He sort of hunched his shoulders, and spread his fingers like talons, and kind of smiled fiendishly and invented words that would fry his enemies in Spry. Sometimes I'd say: 'Be nice.' Once I cut out a quotation by William Penn and left it on his desk. It said:

"Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders, than from the arguments of its opposers, or something like that."

"Did he make an effort to 'be nice.'?"

"Yes. But it gave him ulcers."

"What sort of effort?"

"Well," said Harry, "He put a new head over the editorial column: *What We're For*, to show we were for something."

"What was Ashby for?" Conscience asked.

"He wrote leads like this," Harry said:

"We're for Senator McCarthy for blasting Reds . . .

"We're for the Farm Bureau for denouncing handouts . . .

"We're for the voters who voted No on

socialized parking lots.'"

"Something's wrong with this whole argument," I interrupted.

"Yes?" said my conscience, letting Harry go.

"You're condemning me—by being negative yourself. Exposing, refuting, must be a good way of getting people to change—you're doing it to me."

"It's not a good way," admitted my conscience. "I'm proving my point: I haven't converted you to the positive approach, have I?"

"No," I said.

"You see," said my conscience, "if a man is building a house and you tell him he's inept, and he thinks you're condemning him personally, he won't listen to you. But if you show him how a house might be built and ought to be built, he'll watch you do it."

"Might be and ought to be?" I said. "Where did you get that phrase?"

"You know, of course, from Ayn Rand, who wrote *The Fountainhead*," my conscience said. "I wonder why you didn't remember. She said she used the fictional methods of Aristotle—who said art shouldn't depict the world as it is, but as 'it might be and ought to be.' Perhaps you didn't want to remember that because that's the hardest discipline of all."

"You mean," I began, "you'd make more headway with me if you showed me how *I might be and ought to be*, instead of tearing me down."

"Exactly," said my conscience.

"All right," I said. "Show me how I might be a better fighter for positive truth."

"You've had glimmers. Moments when you've glimpsed your better self. You've heard some inner voice whispering of better dreams. You know when you listen to that voice you can write beautiful things. But you can't listen to it while you're angry with others."

"I'm not angry with them, exactly," I said, "I just want to change them."

"The witnesses said you were angry."

"Shouldn't a righteous man feel righteous indignation?" I demanded.

"I answer that," my conscience said, "by provoking you to remember a quotation from a righteous man: Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*: 'Be not angry that you cannot make

others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be.’”

“So—how do you change people?” I asked.

“Same way you change yourself,” my conscience said, “Show yourself a better way.”

“But when people vote for some idiotic plan which smacks of economic lunacy, shouldn’t you refute it?”

“Once you submitted to Leonard Read a manuscript which tried to refute every philosophical error which outraged your eyes. Remember what Read said?”

“No,” I said, and looked at the floor.

“Leonard Read, take the stand,” my conscience called.

When I looked up I saw Leonard, gray hair, tall, handsome and smooth, looking very distinguished, leaning against my hearth.

“Would you refresh his memory?”

“I offered this analogy,” Leonard Read said. “Suppose you are trying to tell somebody what shape the earth is. Why waste time telling what it isn’t? You would have to prove it isn’t a cube, cylinder, pyramid, cone, diamond, nor football. It would save time to come right out and prove the earth is a sphere, a globe.”

“Yes,” I said, “but you have to show people the ideas they hold are wrong, don’t you, before they listen to a new one?”

“It saves time,” said Leonard, “if you show people what the world might be and ought to be. Instead of showing them what’s wrong with the world, and dwelling on it in detail, why not spend your time working out a cure?”

Leonard left me with an awful thought creeping from the cobwebby corners of my head:

“Listen,” I said to my conscience, “I think I’m more talented at telling people how *not* to get to Heaven. I can’t tell them how to get to Heaven—not from my experience. I’m not sure that everybody is creative in the positive sense. Maybe some people’s talents are critical. Take drama critics.”

“You think that because you stopped looking into your talents too soon. You found you were good at criticizing, it came easily to you, you could make money at it. You sealed the entrance and refused to mine your gold, because you were scared you didn’t have any gold to

mine.”

“All right,” I said, “suppose you’re right: I’ve always been negative, spent my time criticizing. Suppose I want to, as you put it, mine my own gold. Now *you* be positive. Show me how.”

“First,” said my conscience, “You have to look inward, Angel. And wonder whether you have anything positive to teach other men.”

“I don’t see anything when I look inward,” I said, “but,” my voice fluttered to the floor, “... guilt.”

“What do you feel guilty about?” my conscience demanded.

“That which I should have done, I did not do,” I quoted.

“Sometimes you can find out what you want to do that way,” my conscience said. “By finding out what you’ve left undone. You feel as Iris Storm felt in *The Green Hat*: ‘I have only one lover, but I know that only because I always feel unfaithful to him.’”

I whispered: “I feel unfaithful to God.”

What Do You Know About God?

“Perhaps your knowledge of God is limited to that half-choked voice inside that whispers of better dreams. Actually, you want to write words that sing a joyful *Yes!* to life. But you can’t say that *Yes* if you mainly write an editorial enumeration of other men’s mistakes.”

“Tell me what that voice is saying,” I said, “that voice I refuse to hear?”

“It tells you to climb your own Stairway to Heaven. Remember Leonard Read’s *Tidings From the Lord?* (*Faith and Freedom*, October,



1955).”

“That sounds as if you’re saying: I can help others only by helping myself,” I complained.

“That’s true,” my conscience said, “true in this way. When you see the stairs above you, you will stop comparing yourself to other men. You must resolve: ‘I will not compare myself to others. I will begin to feel the greatest pain of all: comparing my Self with the Self I ought to be.’”

“I don’t like pain,” I objected.

I’m Climbing My Own Everest

“No one does,” my conscience said. “But if you don’t want any pain, then why did you write down Chesterton’s *Prayer*: ‘Burn from my brain and from my breast / Sloth, and the cowardice that clings, / . . . And feed my brain with better things.’”

“I didn’t know how much pain that meant,” I protested.

“But you know I’m right,” my conscience said. “So listen to this resolution. Repeat it when I’m done: ‘I’m not climbing on top of other men. I’m climbing a mountain buried in my mind and soul. I won’t ask how far I’ve come, nor how far below me the rest of mankind loiters—(maybe they’re far ahead). I will make my first concern: Keep climbing!’”

“Still,” I said, “I’ve been taught I should help others . . .”

If You Want to Help Others

“Secondly,” my conscience said, “‘I want to communicate to others what I’ve found: my truth, not their errors—but before I can commune with their souls, or show them anything, I must take that next high step.’”

“Shouldn’t I tell them what I know now?”

“Show them, not tell them. Preferably show them by example. In the past you spoke as if you were a fount of wisdom, saying: ‘Oh, if only others knew what I knew—why, mankind would throw off its shackles . . .’ What you really said to others was this: ‘If you were only different, I would be happy.’”

“But,” I objected, “I can’t be happy if others enslave me, take my property away from me, if others stop me from being wise?”

“Have they stopped you yet from being

wise? Or have you stopped yourself with self-imposed limitations? You’re not in jail—yet. Are you using the freedom you’ve got now?”

“I’m using it to show people how we’re losing it.”

“Whereas if you were positive you’d show them a *positive alternative* to statism.”

“What positive alternative?” I asked.

Look For A New and Higher Way

“Perhaps you’d find one, if you took the next step up.”

“What if I haven’t got any alternative?”

“If you spent the time searching, which you now spend blasting, you might find one.”

“What makes you think people would want it?” I asked.

“Wouldn’t most people, like you, give up their attachment to taxes, for example, if someone would show them a *better way* to support government?”

“Maybe people *want* slavery,” I said.

“Show them something better then, and maybe they’ll want that instead.”

“You mean instead of telling people what’s wrong with, say public schools, I should offer a plan for educating children better?”

“I ask you to try it for a change.”

“And I might find a creative alternative to taxes, if I look—instead of blasting taxes . . .?”

“That’s the challenge.”

“All right,” I said, “I will try it. But I don’t guarantee I’ll succeed.”

“No, but you have found your answer.”

“What?” I asked.

“You began this discussion by asking which psychology would conquer all your enemies.”

“And which one will?” I asked.

“The answer you were seeking blazed like frightening fire—when you accepted the idea that you are your own worst enemy. That your internal flaws can harm you more than any outside enemy.”

When I looked up I was alone, the fire was out, the room was cold. Still I was warmed by that frightening fire. It lit the way up the high slippery stairs. Stairs in my soul, which I have yet to climb. But a voice beckoned from the heights. And when I opened my heart, I knew it was my voice, trying to sing of better dreams.

by Gerald Heard



What will the Church of tomorrow look like? I am continually surprised to find that so few church-goers seem to ask themselves this question. Nor do I know of a book, written by one who really knows the Church, in which the author seems to be aware that such a question should be asked. The Church will simply go on, and on the same course, 'to the end of the aeon' when Time will turn into Eternity.

That is the common assumption, but it is certainly untrue. The Church is alive, and because it is alive, the Eternal Spirit that informs and inspires it, makes it grow.

New wine, its Founder said, must be given new bottles. And one of the best informed and most thoughtful of Roman Catholic scholars, Baron Von Hugel, pointed out that already there have been at least five Christianities. Five times the Church has come upon a particular crisis in Western Man's story.

The first was at its birth site. Judaism, having met the universal thought of Greece and the irresistible force of Rome, was failing to contribute the third ingredient—a universal spirit.

Christianity, after rallying its home forces under the banner of a new hope, went out to answer the Mediterranean world's problem. And in less than three centuries, it was ready to become receiver in bankruptcy for the Roman Empire, which was going into liquidation. It then gave Western man a standard of culture that taught the barbarians to respect not only ideals but ideas. This led to the great scholastic medieval civilization which, in turn, led to the Renaissance.

And now? Now, said Engels and Marx, religion in the educated countries will merge into socialism. For we must remember that these two engineers of revolution did not expect a violent explosion in Britain, which country was then leading the world into the second part of the Industrial acceleration.

Engels shrewdly pointed out that as soon as

you extract spirituality from the Gospel and substitute socialism, the Church can be easily reduced to an arm of the State and will gladly use its authority to coerce its members into obeying a secular tyranny.

However, a far shrewder thinker than Engels was Canon Streeter. Of course, he had the advantage not merely of writing two generations after Engels, but of knowing the Church from the inside. In his book, *Reality*, he made it clear that the Church does develop. And as it grows and meets new challenges, it makes blunders.

Streeter takes the story of Christianity's evolution on from where Von Hugel left it. He points out that the modern age has given Christianity three great opportunities, the first two of which the organized Churches failed to take. The first opportunity was the chance to take over an immensely enlarged idea of God's creation, the Copernican Theory.

There was no reason to feel that the Copernican picture of the cosmos lessened God's majesty. On the contrary. And if man's size was dwarfed by the new picture of the universe—well, man, as a mass of muscle, has never been much beside that decadent mammal, a whale. Man's value—yes, and his power—has always been in his mind and soul, his quality of consciousness.

The second opportunity was a vastly extended view of time — of life's story down through the aeons. Again, we must remember that the Church was upset more by the very *idea* of evolution than by Darwin's personal notion as to how evolution came about. But at least this time the Church did not start flinging anathemas at the heads of biologists and threatening to burn them.

The third opportunity came in this Century. The Church has not yet made up its mind about it. This circumspection is certainly wise, for this third advance has been into man's mind, "the beyond which is within."

The universe outside our own planet does not really concern us—our total real estate is for all practical purposes isolated from other territory by such immense areas of space. Nor does it much matter whether we were raised slowly to manhood or by a sudden fiat made human.

The Catholics Woke Up

But the source and authenticity of conscience, the bases of morality—surely, these are live-wire questions. This problem, psychology, as Streeter points out, belongs to the Church. Here she is at last on her own ground. To rush out and defend an out-of-date astronomy was unwise. To debate geology with specialists—again, that was not her province. But in all matters of the soul, Christianity can and must prove that it is an expert.

This is the Church's big opportunity. But is she awake to it? Canon Streeter wrote his book a generation ago; psychiatry broke on the modern mind fifty years back. And the Church still seems not to have made up its mind as to what to do.

True, there are symptoms of change—but will they be in time? They may. Such a frank and liberal book as *The Third Revolution* by Dr. Stern, the eminent Toronto psychiatrist, has got the *nihil obstat* and the *imprimatur* of the Catholic Church. Is Rome going to forge ahead and leave Protestantism stuck with pre-psychological obsessions?

And here we must repeat that such sociologists as Hayek and Drucker have, for some time now, been urging us to wake up and realize that Renaissance man is no more. The old notion of what economic man was—a creature formed by what Thomas Carlyle called the cash nexus—was a completely mistaken diagnosis of modern man. We are now out of the economic revolution and in the psychological revolution.

Why aren't the Churches showing clearer signs of acting on that knowledge and seizing that opportunity? The crude notion of a social gospel still seems to have most ministers hypnotized. Most of them had such a shock at their seminary when they first faced up to the problems of miracles, faith healing, etc., that

they have decided never again to look psychology squarely in the eye. When, round the lights of their church, there come circling the lost individuals that compose what William James impatiently named the 'lunatic fringe,' they fan them away into the parlors of psychotherapists.

And often the psychiatrist can't do anything. Alcoholism, for instance, is the analyst's nightmare; he can seldom do anything with it. Besides very few alcoholics can afford the thousand sessions which might make a dent in their obsession.

Ad Hoc or "One Track" Churches

But, as we know, it is precisely here that the very need and number of the patients have produced an answer. The human problem, which the Church handed to the doctor and which the doctor couldn't handle, is now being faced and solved by *ad hoc* gatherings of desperate souls seeking salvation—and being solved with a higher percentage of success than by any other method. And that is why I call such acute self-help therapies *ad hoc churches*. There are, to my knowledge, beside the Alcoholics Anonymous at least four other such groups; each for dealing with a special desperate human situation.

Parsons, Roll Up Your Sleeves

And what is their common characteristic? First, an ordeal; second, an initiation—first, confrontation with complete disaster, disgrace, debility, death; secondly, the meeting with someone who has also been to hell and has been brought back. They have no plant or endowments. They shun such things, as a swimmer would shun an academic gown—nice in its place, but fatal when fighting to make a rescue in a fierce sea. These *ad hoc churches* are crude, no doubt, but they are doing work which the rest of us didn't do.

One thing is clear—the Church of the future will have to find a place for this kind of enterprise and will have to change shape to take it in. I believe that it will. But I also believe that when it does, the Church of tomorrow will look much more like a spiritual gymnasium than a religious museum.

ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

AUBREY HERBERT

In this Presidential election year, all Washington energies focus on the coming campaign. What will be the big issues of 1956?

Creating the issues is the job of the Opposition Party. But what can the Democrats oppose? The Republican Party has grabbed the New Deal banner and embraced it as its very own. It's been a long time since we've had a real Opposition Party in America, a party that will clearly and firmly expose the violations of sound principle made by the party in power.

As always, the Administration will "point with pride" and the Opposition will "view with alarm." In this age when government is held responsible for everything, the Republicans will take credit for all the good things of the past four years, and the Democrats will blame them for all the bad. Do we have peace and prosperity? Hurrah for the Republicans! Is farm income slipping, or neutralism rising in Europe? Make way for the Democrats!

Yet the Democrats can present no real issues, because they cannot offer the voters any alternative to present Republican policy. The Democrat promise of 100% parity to farmers is matched by the equally socialistic Republican Soil Bank. All the Democrats can do is complain that the Republicans don't *New Deal* enough: "not enough" highways, foreign aid, schools, social security, armament spending, minimum wages, etc. But don't expect the voter to get stirred up over a few million dollars more or less for highways.

Foreign policy issues between the Tweedledum-Tweedledee parties will confuse the average voter even more. Both parties are equally bewildered and confused; both want to be for Peace but against Appeasement; for Anti-Communism, but against War. And so back and forth they will sway, depending on the moods of John Foster Dulles. Dulles talks tough or softly and the Democrats accuse him of inviting war or appeasing Reds.

So where does this vast muddle leave our

average voter? He will fall back on Peace and Prosperity, on the prosperity he enjoys and on the truce Ike signed in Korea. Score two big rounds for the Republicans in the game to win the minds of the American voter.

Only the Middle East crisis will provide a genuine foreign policy issue between the two parties. The Republican policy is simply: keep the dollars flowing impartially to both Israel and the Arab states, hoping that both will be pacified. In a showdown, the Administration, lured by oil and air bases, would lean toward the Arabs. The Democrats, on the other hand, have always favored the Zionists, and will take a strong pro-Israel line in the campaign. Neither party will choose America's traditional policy of "no entangling alliances."

In this clash, the voter could decide either way, but my hunch is that he will prefer Republican pleas for bipartisanship and national unity on this issue. Score a thin round for the Republicans.

A striking feature of this campaign is that the Democrats—especially the left-wing Democrats—are excited about plenty of issues. Yet they must wait frustrated on the sidelines, unable to shout about these problems, while the campaign sleepily drags on. What makes the leftists *really* angry? Issues personified by the newest controversial Senator: Jim Eastland of Mississippi.

The left-wing Democrats—the sparkplugs of the New Deal—are reasonably content on economic and foreign policy matters. By and large, they have seen their views and policies become coin of the realm. But three issues stir them: "civil rights" for Negroes; civil liberties for Communists; and immigration barriers. If they had their way, they would launch an all-out attack on Southern segregation, on Congressional investigations of pro-communism, and on our subtly racist immigration barriers.

But they can't—and "Jim Eastland" tells us why. For their leading opponents are found in

their own Democratic Party! Eastland, powerful chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, is at one and the same time the chief defender of segregation, of investigations into communism, and the McCarran-Walter Act. Spearheaded by the *Daily Worker*, the extreme left peppers Eastland daily, just as they used to attack McCarthy. But the Democrats cannot follow lest they rip their party asunder.

Main St. Vs. Madison Ave.

In this squabble, the Republican Party will simply stand by and smile, playing a very "moderate" game while Democrat passions flare.

Clucking at Democrat infighting and extremism, the Republicans will be moderate in all things: for integration but slowly, for investigations in communism but with safeguards, for revision of the McCarran-Walter Act, but not too drastically. Chalk up another big round for the Republicans.

The poor Democrats can't even level off against their old enemy, Big Business. They set themselves to attack Republican "give-aways"—a feeble issue at best.

But they saw the natural gas "giveaway" put through by the Texan Democratic leadership of Congress—and vetoed by the politically shrewd President. And they can't even denounce Republican millionaires any more—with the leading Democratic candidates matching the top Republicans dollar for dollar. Certainly no Democratic advantage here.

And so, bereft, frustrated, befuddled, the Democrats must fall back on personalities. With no issues to convince the public, they must show that they are nicer or more efficient people than the Republicans. And so they must attack Vice-President Nixon, and paint him as "unpopular." They must show the public again that subtle but unmistakable difference in party personalities—the breezy "man of the people" Democrat *versus* the stuffy, faintly snobbish Republicans. They will pit Main Street *not* against Wall Street, but against Madison Avenue—the land of the slick advertising agency.

For counterattack, the Republicans will conjure up the image of little Harry Truman, who

left office in a blaze of unpopularity. Perhaps they might mention Alger Hiss once in a while if the going gets really rough. But mostly they will answer with the big Republican seige gun—their Big Issue—Ike Eisenhower.

The Eisenhower popularity is a fantastic and frightening phenomenon. Never before have we considered it almost a sin to criticize a President sharply. Roosevelt had his worshippers, but many bitter enemies too. Eisenhower has only worshippers. Perhaps the Democrats will try to whittle down the Eisenhower Myth in the campaign, but we doubt it. They have waited too late, hoping he wouldn't run.

And so the Democrats will play their only card—Ike's health. And the pitch will be: please America—vote for us for *Ike's* sake—so he can live out his years in peace and quiet. Vote Democratic to *Save Ike!*

The Republicans will counter this with Sympathy and Assurance. Sympathy: vote for wonderful, ailing Ike who is sacrificing so much to save his country in time of need. Assurance: that stuff you heard for years about the "man-killing strain" of the Presidency was all nonsense. The doctors say Ike is fine, and we'll do all the tasks, make all the decisions, for him. He'll be better now, because he'll be taking more care of himself. And if we botch things, Ike will be on the job to fix it all.

So great is the voters' love for Ike that this line will score a big hit. Another whopping round for the Republicans.

How The Dems Might Win

In the verbal slugging contest over issues and personalities, we see that the Republicans will capture the voters every time. Does this make Republican victory certain? No! It is still possible that the Democrats will lose every battle, yet win the war.

We must watch these possibly offsetting factors for the Democrats: (1) the South, angry with Chief Justice Warren, will return to the solid Democratic fold; (2) the New Dealers will vote for their original party; (3) the conservatives may finally revolt against the party that *speaks* free enterprise but *acts* socialism. They may go fishing on Election Day, vote Democrat, or set up a New Party of their own.

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DR. FIFIELD

Another quality of leadership is friendship—not cronyism but friendship—with men devoted to truth, in other words, friendship based on a mutual exploration into God.

Like many others, I can say, "My greatest wealth is in terms of my friends. Through the years, I have had extraordinary opportunity to meet and know people.

My boyhood friends were important to me. My Army buddy in the infantry in World War I remained my friend until his death. My college friends have been the continuing inspiration to me through the years.

I used to be a carpenter. One of my associates, a member of my same union, greatly influenced my life.

I have met Churchill and large numbers of those who have had and are having important influence in shaping "things to come." I have had the privilege of knowing important businessmen, and labor leaders, and leaders in the professions of law and medicine over the years.

During my more active association with Spiritual Mobilization, I had rewarding contacts with people in all parts of America, and in all stations of life. Living on a farm and raising a few cattle, I now have contact with farmer folk. They are down to earth and practical people, realistic, patriotic and freedom-loving.

Last night I thought at length about the debt I owe my friends, and the inspiration they have brought into my life. I thought I would devote this column to this. I hope that every reader has developed the quality of friendship, not only for its pleasures, but as a necessity, as an indispensable quality of leadership.

I wonder if you would agree: the best friends I have had are those who are most devoted to Freedom under God. They are devoted to truth. They are not trying to get a fast buck. Nor get their hand into the public purse. Nor their foot into the public trough.

They wish to stand on their own feet, carry their own load, and help others by showing them why each man needs to carry his own load.

They feel a genuine and deep concern about the trend toward socialism in America, and toward collectivism over all the earth. They do not despair because they believe in God, and recognize that with God, all things are possible.

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