

LETTER TO A FRIEND

AT the end of 1945 I resigned from the Government Service and bought the _____*News*, a small weekly that had been in existence here for twelve years. I wanted to stay in this part of the country and I wanted to publish a newspaper of my own, without any outside influence of any kind. I thought I could do it. It was something I had wanted to do from the time I was a reporter on some of the big and rich banker-minded papers. Then, too, it seemed to me that the ideas and ideals of the New Deal were long dead, so far as the liberals in the government were concerned. It was disappointing and depressing to see the men and women who had been so articulate and so effective as crusaders and critics and propagandists, become so smug and sodden and fearful in the security of their government positions. It seemed to me they became the vested interests of our time, or at least the shadows of those interests. And it was especially sad because the period of their transition was so short—and because they still carried the banners and still used the words they had used when they were alive and vigorous. These were the men and women who were going to make the changes and preserve the liberties we had all talked about and dreamed about for so long. But instead they joined the ranks of comfortable people, and they sold out for a song. I don't think they even knew they had changed. Not many of them, anyway.

Well, it seemed as if there was no hope in Washington. And the more some of us talked about the old objectives and the bright ideals, the more uncomfortable the ex-liberals became. They did not want to be reminded. Of course you know all this. I am only trying to tell you what went on in my mind. I did not figure all this out at the time. I only knew I was acutely unhappy and I knew I wasn't going in any direction I wanted to go—or, in fact, in any direction at all.

Of course, it was a little naive to think I could do anything about any of these things, but I sometimes think the naive people have a lot of fun,

and every once in a while, they *do* get something done.

I had many times before left places and positions of apparent security and opportunity in favor of something intangible and much less prosperous. So there wasn't anything very new for me in leaving the government and launching a precarious sort of enterprise without much money in a part of the country I did not know very much about. But I *thought* I knew quite a bit about the country. And I thought I knew *all* about the newspaper business. I was wrong on both counts.

I reported things accurately and faithfully, as I saw them. I went into many matters that customarily were not considered as news, by the other papers, and by the strongly entrenched vested interests. I merely reported—with occasional editorial comments. One of the influential bankers called me in one day. I had been in business almost two years. I had vastly increased the readership and the income of the paper, I had formed another paper and was about to buy a third one. The income of the total effort had increased more than a thousand per cent. I thought I had made a dent in the community. But the banker told me I would have to lay off the kind of reporting I was doing. He had many marked copies of the papers, going back many months. He said, "The best people don't like this. They want you to stop." He had been very friendly at first and I thought I could talk to him. I asked him for particulars. What specifically was I doing wrong? What was inaccurate or unjust? And who were the people who objected?

"Listen," he told me, "I was told to *tell* you what I am telling you. I am not answering any questions. I am *telling* you."

He would not tell me exactly what I had said that was objected to. He would not let me meet my judges. He would not offer anything except that "the best people" were opposed to what I was saying.

"Even if it's all true," he finally said, "these people don't like and won't stand for it."

I didn't owe his bank or anyone else any money at that time. I was doing a good editorial and business job, in my opinion, and I was perfectly willing to discuss any story or any column or editorial with anyone, and make corrections or amends if such were called for. But they didn't want that at all. After about an hour's discussion, in which we got nowhere, I just laughed and walked out, and kept on as I was going. From that time on I began to get the boot. At first I didn't know what was happening. In fact, for a long time I did not suspect. It was too well done. Long-time advertisers would suddenly cancel their contracts. I knew the advertising was benefitting them, and they occasionally admitted this was true. But they still dropped out. Soon I and my staff were spending all our time getting new customers or trying to hold the old ones. My wife found many doors closed to her. Music people began to drop her, or in other ways to manifest their antipathy, which was carefully inspired. My son, at school, began to feel the prejudice.

When I reported the doings of Henry Wallace and his party, I got many calls, some of them anonymous. I got very unfavorable publicity in the other papers. The Knights of Columbus, or some of their active members, started a boycott. And so it went.

When I worked side by side with some of the "best people" in the interests of some community effort, I constantly ran into fields of secrecy. There was always something hidden. Some major motive would be concealed. They told me not to "ask questions." They said, "We will tell you what to do. Don't bother us with questions about anything." It never mattered what the subject matter might be, or whether we were on the same side or opposing sides. The main thing was that there were about a half dozen families who decided everything. And that was that. In a city of a hundred thousand, it seemed to me there ought to be a few more in the know. Quite a few more.

But the hand of the few was very strong. They had got my measure by this time. At first I sort of puzzled them. They investigated me back to the beginning. They hoped to find some crime or some dirt. Somehow, they failed. So they made up whispers. My office was broken into and many things were stolen and copy destroyed. They were apparently looking for something. My phones and offices were wired. I was followed. They tried to get me involved with women. But most of all they worked on my customers. And in this they were very successful.

People became afraid to be seen talking to me on the street, even for a moment. I was called before a federal grand jury. Ostensibly it was to get additional evidence about things I had reported. Actually, it was an effort to stop me, and if possible to find some basis for criminal action. I was sworn to secrecy about what happened in the grand jury room, but the U.S. Attorney and the papers had a field day talking about the matter, putting their own construction on the thing. The United States Attorney said I was guilty of "discrediting public officials." A new crime, in my observation. He said privately that everything I said was true. He and the FBI acted on almost everything I told them. But they castigated and ridiculed me in public. And this too had an influence on the advertisers—which is what they wanted.

The police and papers worked together to convict unimportant people, without benefit of proper safeguards. This permitted them to let their friends, and the best people, get away without apprehension, no matter what they did. Of course the authorities had to have some convictions. So the luckless and the apparently friendless were often deprived of all their rights and railroaded to prison with the full cooperation of the very venal press. This I interfered with on a number of occasions. Once in a very dramatic case an 18-year-old girl was accused of murder, and was convicted the first day, in a *trial-by-newspaper*. I took issue. Got a fair trial. Stirred up sentiment. And got an acquittal. But I convicted myself.

Back in the early days I was considerably influenced by the things you said about the need for

returning controls to the community, the group, and the individual. I was influenced more than I knew at the time. Of course I had long felt that the bigness of business, and of the press and radio and government was extremely dangerous. In my way I had long since determined to do what I could in the opposite direction. But your thinking and your writing gave this desire of mine more impetus than even I realized at the time.

I knew that if the real source of power is with the individual and the small community, then these springs of power must be safeguarded and kept pure. I thought that with my diverse and sometimes successful experience as a newspaperman, on many large and small papers, I was in some ways ideally fitted to make a test. Perhaps to set a pattern that others could and would follow. I still think I could do it if I had five years more to work at it. But I don't even know *that* for sure.

Now these things I have told you are local and to some extent personal. But there are other things I have been observing that are not local and personal—things that fit in with what you are thinking and writing. For example, I went to Roswell in 1946 to attend the "preview" of the Bikini atom bombing. Several plane loads of correspondents, most of them world-famous, came from the East, from London and elsewhere. Some of the biggest names in newspaper, magazine and radio work. After the show was over and the correspondents had all been flown back to New York, Chicago, Washington and elsewhere, I had an opportunity to read all that they had written. There were signed stories, many of them marked "exclusive," to the *New York Times*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and all the rest, including the British Broadcasting Company. I also had an opportunity to read the vast pile of Air Force and Army and Navy handouts, prepared weeks in advance. All the so-called news sent out from Roswell, all over the world, was exactly the same, word for word, as the government handouts. There was not one single paragraph of original information or comment from any of those two dozen or more world famous correspondents and writers. Yet there was ample opportunity for original reporting on the ground.

To the best of my knowledge I was the only one who made any effort at all to get a story on the ground. And I am sure now it must have made me very suspect with the government. But that is beside the point. The point is of course that there is the deadliest danger present when practically no one bothers to find out or to communicate what there is to see and hear. And if this is the way the best and the most famous and the highest paid reporters and observers work, you can imagine what the lesser ones are doing.

Now I am writing a book that may have some value. I am well along with it. But I am terribly in debt, and pressed in many ways for the small and large necessities of living. Louise teaches music, thank God, and we get by on what she takes in—but we need a lot more to pay off some of the pressing bills and to get right with the world. I could have quit two or three years ago and would have been financially better off, but I always thought another six months or another year would bring some success. Of course I underestimated the strength of the opposing forces, and I know now, too, that those forces are not local but world-wide.

Well, that is the story in very brief form. There is still a very good chance of getting outside capital and going on with the battle. And this I want to do. I have gone far enough and have made enough inroads to convince me there is great hope. But meanwhile I have got to earn some money. . . .

My wife is taking all this very well. We live from day to day. We are very busy. I have an acre of ground and an orchard and may have some livestock this year. My wife loves this as much as I do. John is 14 and a good boy. He is very musical, very intelligent, and he has developed a good left hook. I think I ought to teach him to use a knife.

I hope you are not bored with all this. And please give my best to _____.

Letter from **INDIA**

BOMBAY.—It is always refreshing for the average city-dweller, tired by the daily conflict and the storm and stress of political affairs, to have an occasional peep into some remote unadvertised social work carried on by a few individuals who sedulously avoid the limelight of publicity. One such movement is the *Sarvodaya Fellowship*, started in India under the inspiration of Mahatma Gandhi and formally inaugurated after his martyrdom.

Sarvodaya is a combination of two Sanskrit words, *Sarva* meaning *all*, and *Udaya* meaning *rise* or *uplift*, so that *Sarvodaya* stands for the uplift or welfare of all mankind, not only the people of India. When we study closely the life and mission of Gandhiji, we find that some such plan was working in his mind even from his youth. The inspiration for this ideal came to him, as Gandhiji acknowledges, from his study of Ruskin's *Unto This Last*, which appears to have enabled him to give a definite shape to his ideas on the subject. To quote Gandhiji's words: "I believe that I discovered some of my deepest convictions reflected in this great book of Ruskin, and that is why it so captured me and made me transform my life." *The uplift or welfare of all* is a concept that transcends another idea more familiar to the West, viz., *the greatest good of the greatest number*.

What were the means adopted by Gandhiji to move toward this objective? Gandhiji was very emphatic from his early days about the necessity of keeping the means as ideal as the end itself. Any underground or bloody revolution was, therefore, out of the question. The Great Buddha, prior to embarking on his search for Truth, resolved thus:

My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes

My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates
Clad in no prouder garb than outcastes wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woeful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of the world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.

Gandhiji must have arrived at a similar determination before he decided upon launching *Satyagraha*, which, imperfectly translated into English, would read: "Nonviolent non-cooperation." His successful struggle in South Africa and in India with the most powerful empire of the day is proof of the superiority of "soul-force" over "Brute-Force" and of the spiritual discipline that the former demands. All this has now passed into current history and requires no elaboration.

The *Sarvodaya Samaj* (*Samaj* means Fellowship or Brotherhood) formed by some of the intimate followers and many of the sincere admirers of the Father of our new nation demands of its votaries the same discipline and rectitude that Gandhiji set up for *Satyagrahis* (those genuinely fit and qualified to carry on the Movement) during his lifetime. The same self-sacrifice, the same control over the lower nature of man, the same love of one's fellowmen—these are essential for both the movements. In fact *Sarvodaya* may be said to be the summation or fulfilment of *Satyagraha*.

Following are a few particulars of this Samaj:

It is made clear by the Samaj to all enquirers that it is not a political or religious organization; further, that any person who agrees with its aims and honestly believes in Truth and non-violence as the only correct conduct of life can consider himself a *sevak* (or worker) of the Samaj.

Aim: To strive toward a society based on truth and non-violence in which there will be no distinctions of class or creed, no opportunity for exploitation and full scope for the development of both individuals as well as groups.

Basic Principle: Insistence on the purity of the means as that of the end.

Programme: For the achievement of the aim, the following programme is to be worked:

1. Communal harmony (friendship between followers of different faiths and sects)
2. Abolition of class distinctions
3. Prohibition
4. Promotion of cottage industries
5. Village sanitation
6. Basic Education
7. Equality of status and rights for both men and women
8. Health and cleanliness
9. Economic equality
10. Development of agriculture
11. Organization of Labour
12. Welfare of aboriginals
13. Organization of students
14. Service of lepers
15. Relief work
16. Naturopathy
17. Other similar activities

The Bombay State Government is giving financial help to this Movement, and other State Governments in India may follow suit. But financial help is not everything. Ministers of the Government belonging to the Congress will have to undergo a change of heart if they are to practice Sarvodaya both in their private and public life, and if the Congress Party is earnest about redeeming the good name it earned while Gandhiji was with us. As Gandhiji said: "The contrast between the palaces of New Delhi and the miserable hovels of the poor labouring class nearby cannot last one day in a free India in which the poor will enjoy the same power as the richest in the land."

This is a task to which Nehru's Government is yet to address itself.

INDIAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW

NATURAL DRAMA

IF we were asked to select a limited number of novelists on the basis of their "service to culture through originality," we think George R. Stewart might gain a high place on the list. The originality of this author is not of the sort that one finds in the coterie magazines—often devoted more to what seems to resemble eccentricity than creativity. Stewart is a member of the faculty at the University of California, both a meteorologist and what we might perhaps call a "mystic of the modern school." (His first book, *Storm*, dealing with "elemental forces," gave the entire history of the intricate wind and weather conditions which made a big storm out of a tiny disturbance—a tale with obvious symbolism.)

Stewart brings to his readers something of the nature-worshipful, awe-inspiring perspective which one may gain from viewing a heaven full of stars on a clear evening. In describing the effects upon many men and women of this storm—which minor cataclysm his young meteorologist spokesman personalizes under the name, "Maria"—the author does not reduce humans to impotent pawns of nature, as might be done by a writer of different temperament. Rather he sees the vast movement of elemental forces as the litmus paper which tests man's capacities for heroism.

Stewart's heroes are real, they are never *completely* helpless, or dependent on external forces, although the claim for the independence of all nature, and the interdependence of all men, certainly emerges.

It has sometimes been said that no man can know anything of independence until he has recognized the full extent of his interdependence, and to the degree we accept such a statement as a fundamental truth, we can see why Stewart's writing can be more inspiring than frightening. Some men are killed by the storm, or driven temporarily insane or into emotional spasms they later regret; yet there is a strength and a learning in others, and from others, which compensates.

Stewart's more recent contribution to modern literature is titled *Fire*, now available in a twenty-five cent edition from Bantam Books. *Fire* may be especially recommended for home reading, and if not for home reading to children, at least as a basis for story-telling. Stewart is almost as good as anyone can be for young people, in our opinion, for the simple reason that he gives them all the glory and excitement of battle, all the risks and daring, the ultimate danger of death—without the specter of humanly inflicted bloodshed. It has often seemed to us, as it seemed to W. Macneile Dixon, that the pacifists of the world somewhat characteristically forget an inherent urge towards "blood, sweat and toil" within each human heart. The majority of mankind will never look up to lukewarm persons of mild virtues, but will instead worship that different breed which lives and dies with a certain amount of "fire" in its veins. William James once wrote an essay called "The Moral Equivalent of War," as if recognizing that an enlightened society which could put an end to fratricide would have to supply some other way for young men and women to find the beneficial disciplines of bold battle. Stewart, himself, advances this thesis in direct fashion. Something of an etymologist, he shows how widely "fire" has figured in romantic and religious ritual—the "fiery" nature we have just noted as a quality of heroes being one of his examples.

While Stewart affords all these opportunities for philosophical reflection, he also does a most competent job of instruction in respect to the function and personnel of the United States Forest Service. This, too, is a good subject to know about—particularly good, perhaps, for younger generations out of whom many good Foresters of the future will need to be picked if we are to prevent the destruction of the earth's most important natural resources. Stewart lived in the midst of the smoke, the fear, the death and the bravery of a great fire in order to gain the material for his book. So authentic is his portrayal and so educative in respect to forest fires, that the story is, we understand, recommended reading for all Forest Guards and Rangers.

As to Mr. Stewart's exceptional "originality," would you consider someone to be a creative artist

and an inventive genius when he produces an exciting novel in which there is no passion, jealousy or intrigue, no exciting amours, yet in which there is the thrill of many kinds of love, and the great excitement of death-defying danger in sufficient quantity to persuade Bantam Books to try a fling at a reprint? Yes, this is a you-can't-go-wrong purchase, and if the price were ten dollars instead of twenty-five cents, *Fire* would still be one of our choices. Out of its many pages which demonstrate Stewart's breadth of perspective, we select a passage which conveys the thinking of a seasoned Ranger Fire Boss who finds himself comparing the battles of the forest fire with the battles of man:

The crews who had been ordered back from the trail to Reverse Flat, now that the line was lost, were coming into camp now. They were a motley crowd, but Bart suddenly felt a great human love for them all. They fought a common enemy, and not a lot of other men much like themselves. In a war, you had to teach men the causes, so that they would hate, and not trade tobacco and chocolate between outposts. But once let a man see a crown fire, and you didn't ever need tell him it was an enemy of all men. The crews came streaming across the flat—loggers, and millmen, linemen from Power and Light, soldiers and sailors, Conchies, two store-clerks from Suffolk, field-laborers from the Valley, pogies and winoes, a young Mendocino ranger with a Master's degree, who might be Chief Forester before he died. The two girls working with the timekeeper were students at Berkeley, and a buxom Idylhurst woman helping in the kitchen was reputed to have led a professional career in San Francisco before she was married. . . .

"Wher'd you blow in from?"

"Oh, we'd been fishin' up by Poison Spring. We saw the smoke, and thought you might need some help. So we came in and volunteered—even if we are Conchies."

"You man," said Bart, grinning, "you smelled smoke, and couldn't keep away!"

The boy gave his little laugh again: "Yes, I guess so."

"What crew you in?"

"Mostly loggers."

"That'll be a good crew, but don't learn too many bad words from 'em!"

The boy gave his little laugh, and went on. But to Bart the meeting gave a definite lift. This fire-fighting

was nasty and dirty and exhausting, and yet it made you feel good inside. He didn't know that he blamed a Conchie too much for not going out to kill people. You might have to do it, but it couldn't ever be a thing to feel too happy about. A Conchie who would come in and volunteer—especially after he'd been fighting fires under orders for three years—was all right.

And when the fire is over, something besides hate has been learned. The "elemental forces," in conflict with man, may be considered friends in disguise, bringing out the best in men by challenging them, impersonally, as Odysseus was challenged.

At Idylhurst fire-camp, long strings of men were going through the timekeepers. When they had got their final time, they stood around waiting for the trucks and buses that would take them home. Under the gray sky they were heavy-eyed and chilled and miserable. Their faces were sooty and mud-smearred and scraggly bearded. A dozen campfires were going, and around each men stood in a circle, getting what comfort they could find.

They would draw their pay and go back where they had come from, and nobody would give them thanks or make speeches. Yet they had done a good job, and they would have the memory. Sometimes in the future two of them would meet; then they would speak of what they had seen and done by Wilson Creek, and along Reverse Ridge, and on the slope of Cerro Gordo, and they would be like veterans of the same battle.

During the fire they had all fought a common enemy. No one had cared who worked beside him, as long as he worked well. Now that they no longer faced the attack, the men drew apart.

At one campfire the paratroopers had gathered, and the other Negroes drifted there to join them. The Mexicans stood in another ring. The two Indians smoked together. The Hot-shot men and the pogies kept their distance.

Down the road rolled a truck bearing the convict-crew Two days before, the convicts had held the flank on Reverse Ridge when the others had run. Now the men in the trucks looked at the men around the fires, and the men around the fires looked back.

COMMENTARY

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER

OUR leading article for this week came to us from a man who has held high office in the Government of the United States. He is the "friend" to whom the letter is addressed. As the letter was written without thought of publication—and is, indeed, a personal communication, despite its content of exceptional and universal interest—we have changed a name here and there and eliminated other clues to the identity and location of the writer, who will doubtless some day tell his story more completely, naming names and places, according to his own judgment.

We print this letter for its importance, regardless of names and places—its importance as revealing the symptoms of an almost craven timidity and a corresponding stultifying conformity which haunt the American scene; and for its importance, also, in demonstrating that there are still men, and their wives and children, who are fighting against this fear and this conformity, even though they seem, so far, to be fighting a losing game.

UNANIMOUS DECISION

On Friday, April 6, the three justices of the Appellate Court of California administered a stiff rebuke to the Board of Regents of the University of California. In a unanimous opinion, the Court found the University loyalty oath invalid and declared that the regents had exceeded their discretion in attempting to require University personnel to affirm their allegiance in a manner going beyond the 100-year-old oath prescribed by the California Constitution for all State officers. The Court also ordered the University to re-hire the eighteen non-signing professors who brought suit against the Board.

The opinion of the Court referred to the State oath as reflecting the "highest loyalty that can be demonstrated by any citizen," and observed that

"the exacting of any other test of loyalty would be antithetical to our fundamental concept of freedom." The opinion continued:

. . . the imposition of any more inclusive test would be the forerunner of tyranny and oppression . . . Our great institution now dedicated to learning and the search for truth {would be} reduced to an organ for the propagation of the ephemeral political, religious, social and economic philosophies, whatever they may be, of the majority of the board of regents at that moment. . . .

We are pleased to note that the Appellate Court of California chose much the same reasons for denouncing the University loyalty oath as those cited in articles in MANAS.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

AN article by R. E. Cochran, "Confessions of a Jamboree Scoutmaster," in the February *Harper's*, affords an opportunity for parents, teachers and perhaps even a few youngsters to be amused while being instructed. The amusement aspect of the piece is obvious enough: not only are there cartoons, but everyone will surmise as a matter of course that innumerable fantastic happenings are bound to occur when enough Scouts converge on a single point. In this case there certainly were enough—forty-two thousand.

The thing most instructive about Mr. Cochran's article is something which may have genuine significance: the one completely successful episode of the entire "Jamboree" came after the failure of all the Scouting authorities' plans to produce a vibrant *esprit de corps*, and was accomplished by a storm which descended upon the Valley Forge encampment. The storm drenched Scouts and Scoutmasters alike, blew tents around the landscape, and appeared an irremediable disaster. But the Scouts loved it! Instead of complaining about conditions, wailing because they could no longer comfortably lie on their stomachs reading comic books—which they did when they "should" have been listening to one of the many dignitaries pressed into service for addressing them over loudspeakers—they decided to become woodsmen. Where there was no planned organization, organization became the most efficient. The boys were meeting an emergency—that type of natural emergency which is the most ancient of all—and apparently they felt they were extending themselves towards manhood to the degree that they responded intelligently and with manly effort.

While it is not our intent here to "attack" the Boy Scouts of America, every individual Scoutmaster must realize that a huge and complicated organization is a tremendous obstacle in the way of youngsters developing that sense of self-reliance which could be considered a true scouting ideal. Nor can an over-sized group really teach cooperation or

team work either, since the first requisite for teamwork or cooperative effort is the comprehension on the part of the participating individuals that the task set is a desirable one. A small group can learn to actually think, part of the time, as a unit, and teamwork effort can represent a portion of each individual's desires. But the larger the organization, the more do we find the "purposes" and "ideals" originating in the mind of some remote group of official theorists.

Mr. Cochran is not unaware of these limitations of modern scouting. He pokes half good-natured and half resentful fun at the commercialism which has beset scouting:

I still didn't quite understand my own function as the key man, but my role was described more explicitly in a monitory letter to me from the National Supply Service of the Boy Scouts of America:

"It would be tragic if even one of our boys returned from Valley Forge feeling that the Jamboree had not lived up to its bright promise. You, as his Leader, hold in your hands much of the Jamboree success. Here is an opportunity for wise and provident leadership. One additional stove supplied by a provident Leader could keep a boy from losing faith. One air mattress suggested by a wise Leader could keep an honored Scout from sullen indifference. A few dollars saved—a boy's trust shattered. Let us resolve to temper our budgets with our conscience. Check the two special Jamboree catalogs prepared for your convenience and protection."

By the scheduled date we had accumulated enough cash to provide each boy with the 31 items of personal equipment listed as essential (including 1 Boy Scout knife, 1 sewing kit, and 1 canvas wash basin) as well as with his 2 brand-new uniforms prescribed by Jamboree regulations, his Jamboree-style tent, his special green garter tabs, and his special neckerchief slide. We had paid the \$40 Jamboree fee for each boy and his \$290 traveling costs. We had provided him with spending money for those delightful snacks at the convenient Trading Posts. We had purchased air mattresses and extra stoves to ward off sullen indifference. We had bought (except in rare cases where we could build or borrow) some 192 other items which I was advised were virtually indispensable. These included white chef's hats and aprons for our boy cooks, 4 rolls of aluminum foil, 8 pairs of canvas gloves, 4 metal match containers, 1 record chest, 2 lanterns, 1

paradise-size United States Flag complete with staff, emblems, and staff sling. At last we were prepared to make the Crusading Spirit of Valley Forge prevail.

We are very thankful for the storm which visited Mr. Cochran and the forty-two-thousand Scouts. For the way in which the youngsters met the inconveniences probably reminded other Scoutmasters, in addition to Mr. Cochran, that they should fight for an extension of outdoor opportunities for their youthful charges. There are doubtless many Scoutmasters throughout the country who do the best they can to reduce organization and extend outdoor opportunities, going far beyond the "suggestions" and "requirements" indicated by the National Office as the norm for this aspect of scouting life.

The fault of organization is not to be laid upon any one official's shoulders, nor even upon any officiating group. The fault of organization is its own—we always pay a penalty for huge numbers, exacted in terms of a lessening self-reliance, and also a lessening of enjoyment.

One of the saddest things about the Jamboree was its revelation respecting the Scoutmasters themselves. These men are "doing a duty" for the sake of their community, or because they love children. And while any duty conscientiously performed may bring a feeling of wellbeing to a man, we can see no reason why "Scouting" could not be a genuine source of personal enjoyment for the leaders as well as the youngsters.

As we have often attempted to indicate in this column, the most natural and organic way of cutting down large gaps between older and younger generations is to find areas of mutual expression where the desire for participation is equal. Out-of-doors life can be such, and we imagine that both Scoutmasters and Scouts would appreciate the allocation of more money for travelling in small units and a diminution of expenditures on Jamborees—and even, perhaps, on uniforms, badges and air mattresses. Let us help youngsters to become woodsmen while there is still a wood or two left, for there is much to be gained from active association with uncultivated natural surroundings.

FRONTIERS New Ideas at Work

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RADIO has been aptly defined as a device for delaying maturity. If anyone doubts that radio has this role in the cultural life of the United States, he should read Gilbert Seldes' *The Great Audience*, published last year by Viking Press. And if supporting statistics are wanted, Mr. Seldes can supply them, as, for example: "In fourteen million homes equipped with radios, *no* magazines are read; families with television sets read fewer magazines than those who do not-have them; half the adults in America never buy books."

Is another kind of radio possible? On the assumption that it was not only possible, but probable, numerous intelligent persons of some thirty years ago looked forward to the development of radio with extraordinary anticipation. Radio was to be the great educational medium of the future. With what turned out to be a vast over-estimation of the listening public's tastes and demands, Herbert Hoover prophesied that people would never tolerate the use of radio for "advertising" purposes. Today, we look back on those years of eager optimism with about the same sort of tired cynicism as that which overtakes the reader of nineteenth-century expectations of world peace. An intelligent use of air channels of communication seems just as remote as the prospect of trust and cooperation among the nations of the world.

It is all the more surprising, therefore, to learn that another kind of radio is not only possible, but until recently (August, 1950) was *actual*, and may soon be available again, at least to the listeners of the San Francisco Bay region, through the programs of KPFA-Interim, of Berkeley, California. Basically, KPFA succeeded because of the idea behind it, and because of the skillful and devoted execution of that idea by the KPFA staff. This Frequency Modulation Station began its

broadcasts in 1949. The idea was to supply the radio audience within reach of its 550-watt signal with non-commercial programs that would be intelligent without being dull, educational without being pedantic, and cultural without being stiffly high-brow. By all accounts, the station attained every one of these objectives and won a body of supporting listeners and participating artists so loyal that when it went off the air, last August, 150 of them organized a meeting to voice a vigorous demand for the continuation of KPFA. These people, many of whom had never seen one another before, collected \$2,300 from the floor of the meeting, to help with the re-establishment of the station on a sounder financial basis and to provide for a stronger signal that would enable KPFA to reach a wider audience and thus assure its support.

KPFA is a listener-sponsored station. It presents no "commercial" programs. Its time is not for sale to any advertiser. Persons with FM sets who want to listen to KPFA programs are invited to become subscribers to the station at the rate of \$10.00 a year. Studies made of the proportion of FM listeners who became KPFA subscribers during the terms of its operation show that if proportionate support is gained over a wider area, the station can easily become self-supporting. The station was very largely maintained during its experimental period by voluntary contributions from interested persons and by the sacrifices of the staff, which "contributed more than \$10,000 in unpaid salaries."

KPFA is owned and operated by Pacifica Foundation, a non-profit corporation whose purpose is "to explore the bases of a peaceful society and to heighten the cultural experience of the individual." Following are some of the reasons given for the enthusiasm of the listeners:

Its [KPFA's] non-profit, non-commercial character: The station was not a radio enterprise trying to do a few "good things," on the margin of a commercial activity. Its only purpose was to do "good things," and nowhere in its operation was the good

thing exploited or turned to the benefit of one person at the expense of another. It thus summoned out of the community an enormous and varied energy, talent, goodwill and trust impossible except in a commercially disinterested situation. And at the same time it won the cooperation and support of unions, licensing agencies and the like at points of crucial importance in the scheduling of talent.

Its frank and uncensored atmosphere: Peace, as everyone knows, is one of the world's most dangerous subjects. To say precisely what one thinks on any subject, and why, is generally a dangerous practice. But deep in the public concern over war, peace and a way of life is a basic anxiety over losing the right and the ability to speak, to look at truths, pleasant and unpleasant, and to hear the other man out with a desire to understand. KPFA-Interim, especially in its Public Affairs programs, put the unpopular, the heretical, the "dangerous" on the air alongside the accepted, the familiar and "safe." In doing so it elicited a public response of unexpected enthusiasm and gratitude. The station's integrity as a public form of unusual scope prompted persons of varied views and high qualification to seek participation in its programs.

Its address is to the individual: For better or worse one of the characteristics of mass communication media is their approach to the individual as a mass man. Radio which abandons this approach in favor of the assumption that its listener is an individual of active intelligence finds an eager response in at least a large minority of the existing audience. At KPFA-Interim it was found that individuals who feel they are respected not only return a like respect but, where the source of such feeling is a radio project, often want to offer tangible help in fostering the project.

Its listener-sponsorship plan as a "cause": It is generally appreciated that wide-spread but completely unorganized dissatisfaction with conventional radio exists among the American public. KPFA-Interim's experiment did more than catch the imagination of observers in the radio field: it answered a genuine popular discontent, and provided a single focus in a large metropolitan area for expression of the desire for better radio. For this reason alone scores of persons came to KPFA-Interim to offer their talent and time.

The KPFA programs, of course, were the reason for the exceptional loyalty of the station's listeners. Programs were cast in four main

categories—music, public affairs, programs for children, and drama, with occasional special programs. During fifteen months of broadcasting, the program schedule averaged forty per cent "live" offerings each day, and as many as 2,100 persons participated in the programs, in addition to the station's staff and the regular program producers. A number of weekly concerts were given, presenting the work of both world-famous and unknown composers, performed by professional musicians living in the San Francisco Bay Area. Some forty entirely new compositions received their first radio performance over KPFA. Other musical features included lecture-recitals of classical guitar music, a program of family folk songs, and a folk music series three days weekly.

The children's programs were of particular importance. There was a weekly "playhouse" in which children participated in dramatic productions; a series of Indian stories, told by the late Jaime Angulo, a specialist in California and Mexican anthropology; story hours, and programs on forest lore and nature study. More than an hour of the daily six-hour schedule was devoted to children's programs, for which the willing cooperation of librarians and educators was obtained.

One advantage enjoyed by KPFA was its close proximity to the campus of the University of California in Berkeley, affording unusual cultural resources. In turn, the world of culture, well represented in San Francisco, soon recognized the unique opportunity given to the artists, scholars, and teachers of the region by KPFA. The *San Francisco Chronicle* observed:

The almost devotional enthusiasm of the station's hard core of listeners was summed up by George Barati, composer and conductor: "The Bay Area needs this station. We intend to put it back on the air . . . and this time we are going to keep it there."

The *Argonaut* remarked editorially:

KPFA's programs were of top quality, and had the kind of excitement about them that is produced only by people doing the kind of work they believe in and love . . . KPFA-Interim stayed on the air long enough to prove to even the most skeptical that a

listener-sponsored station could make its way in the world and the percentage of subscriptions it garnered is eloquent proof that it made the point.

It has long been a legitimate suspicion that the views of most radio commentators reflect little more originality and independence of opinion than the boards of directors of large corporations. Sponsors, like advertisers in the publication field, dull the edge of editorial policy to a soft conformity. At any rate, one seldom hears of a commentator who has found himself in trouble because of a daring expression of personal conviction. KPFA commentators were different. They said what they thought, and while there may have been no geniuses among them, the integrity of a single thoughtful individual's reflective opinion on current events is probably worth more to the listening audience than even the best of the business-office filtered innocuities of public-affairs programs on commercial stations. KPFA had five commentators. Each one gave his interpretation of the news one night a week, and then, in a sixth program, all five met together in a Commentator's Panel, to match their views and defend them in a round-table discussion. KPFA policy with respect to the commentators and other public affairs programs has been stated:

In all of these programs and series the station's aim was to obtain from the individual speaker a searching expression of his own relationship, as an ethical man, to the issues he discussed. The station encouraged a complete and uncompromising utterance of individual views, and refused to censor any expression of belief which was the result of independent thinking.

The present hope of the KPFA staff is to go back on the air by May 15. A new transmitter site has been found, and after the last bridge of technicalities has been crossed, these excellent programs will be resumed. Then, during the last half of May, a new subscription campaign among listeners over a large area—as far south as Palo Alto—will be launched to make the station self-supporting. Further information about KPFA may be obtained by writing directly to the station, at 4084 University Ave., Berkeley 4, California.