

THE BOOK SHELF

A BRIEF FOR SOCIALISM

By Pedro de Mesones

COMMUNISM IN LATIN AMERICA. By Robert J. Alexander. Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N. J., 1957. 450 pages. \$9.00.

IT is a commentary on our current misinformation on subversive trends in Latin America that it is the Socialists who are writing the so-called anti-Communist books and magazine articles.

Professor Alexander, who is a leading light in Miss Frances R. Grant's embittered little Socialist junta in New York—the Inter-American Association for Democracy and Freedom—has written a book of considerable reference value as a handbook of historic facts on the Communist party in Latin America. He has dredged up much interesting information, but he has destroyed the value of his work by stringing all of his facts around a thesis. That thesis is: only Socialists can effectively fight Communism in the Caribbean and South American nations. The corollary is that our State Department should give its support and financial aid only to governments which are Socialistic.

Not that Professor Alexander puts

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it as frankly as this. With characteristic Marxist double-talk, he describes Socialists throughout as "Liberals" and "Anti-Communists." He deceptively presents such life-long Latin American Socialists and anti-Capitalists as Haya de la Torre, Romulo Betancourt, Jose Figueres, Luis Munoz Marin, Carlos Ibanez as the Latin American leaders who are closest to the American political ideal. The authoritarian governments, which have been most consistently anti-Communist, and which are the staunchest supporters of the United States in the area, are the devils of the Alexander book. The author would have us drop all ties to such governments in favor of the Socialists. Again and again throughout his text, he labors the argument that only Socialists, or "Liberals" as he styles them, can effectively fight Communism in Latin America.

Mr. Alexander is not personally important, but he represents a trend which is bringing a dangerous element of confusion into United States-Latin American relations. More influential men have been espousing this "Socialism for Latin America" theme recently. The brilliant Adolf A. Berle has recently published a book supporting substantially the Alexander position. Curiously, the capitalistic *New York Times* slants its editorials

and some of its news dispatches on Latin America to glorify the Socialists. A whole web of untruth is arising in United States political discussion which accepts a Socialist future for most of the nations in this hemisphere.

Many errors of fact stud the pages of Mr. Alexander's book. One finds such amazing misstatements as his assertion (p. 12) that Communists worked with President Odria in Peru—actually he outlawed them: that President Prado worked with the Communists—Prado was the archetype of Peruvian anti-Communist. Both of these misstatements were cleverly designed to convey the impression that it is the dictators who encourage Communism. On the other hand, he incorrectly states that the Apristi Party (which he favors) did not support the October 3, 1948, revolt against President Bustamente. It did.

On page 300, speaking of Gener-

alissimo Trujillo, he charges that the Trujillo-sponsored trade union, the CDT, were affiliated with Toledano's Communist CTAL from 1944 to 1948. This is a deliberate falsification.

In his section on Venezuela, he states that the Perez-Jiminez government permits the existence of what he calls the "Black Communist Party." This is a myth made out of whole cloth. We could fill pages with similar errors.

Latin Americans who are honestly fighting Communism have long hoped for a book which would give them the factual information which they need to recognize and oppose undercover Communist intrigues in their countries. This book does not give that information. On the contrary, by distorting the truth, it aids the Communists and whitewashes the so-called "Liberals" in Latin America who are attempting to open the door to Moscow.

PSYCHOANALYSIS TOUCHES THE ABSURD

THE HORIZONTAL HOUR. By Robert W. Marks. David McKay Company, New York, 1957. 346 pages. \$4.50.

IT WAS inevitable that Freudism, after its years of near-idolatry by the American intelligentsia, should lead finally to bedlam. The seeds of insanity in psychoanalysis have been all too apparent to non-cultists.

Now Robert W. Marks has written a book which pronounces the final epitaph upon the Freudians. In his quick-paced novel, it is the analyst who goes insane.

Mr. Marks, who is a compelling story teller, gathers about the analyst one of the queerest galleries of characters in fiction. The novel opens with all the protagonists grouped admirably like a Greek chorus about Dr. Kurt Bucholz, a transplanted Viennese. Bucholz, who styles himself a mind engineer, rules his little fee-paying court like a master. Male and female, they dote upon him.

As the story begins, Bucholz has succeeded in warping all their lives. Under his advice a successful lawyer is about to abandon his profession to become a mediocre painter. His wife,

an inhibited conformist, is contemplating a career as a Messalina. A writer who is capable of best-seller success is writing unsaleable *avant-garde* tripe. An M.D., also a fellow refugee, is becoming dissatisfied with his profession, while his wife, an actress *manquée*, is looking around for an opportunity for adultery.

Under the analyst's disturbing influence, both wives scheme to go to bed with the writer. But the Bucholz downfall comes when he himself attempts adultery with the lawyer's wife and, bungling it, makes her his vengeful enemy. He falls into the hands of a schizoid patient who marries him in a whim of sadism and then proceeds to derange him. The curtain descends as the aggrieved lawyer's wife turns him over to the men in the white coats and he vanishes in Bellevue. By a touch of final irony, the ex-Bucholz patients, free of their couch sprawlings, proceed to straighten out their lives. The lawyer throws away his paint brushes and begins to make a name for himself at the law. The actress becomes a career woman. The lawyer's wife, after a bout of promiscuity, divorces the willing lawyer and unites with the writer, now a celebrity. When Bucholz emerges from the straightjacket, his spell over the little circle is gone.

Mr. Marks knows how to sustain suspense, as he shuttles between his characters. There are places where he sometimes sacrifices probability to keep his story moving. His character Leslie, the manic wife, is quite unbelievable. But his style is vigorous, his pace swift, and his picture of the disintegrating mind of the analyst is unforgettable. This is Mr. Marks'

first novel. We predict it will be followed by many others. —H. L. V.

A HUMAN STORY FROM RED CHINA

THE STORY OF MARY LIU by Edward Hunter. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, New York. 248 pp. \$4.00.

IN *Brainwashing*, published in 1956, Edward Hunter, an American foreign correspondent, gave us the first complete description of the brainwashing technique used on the POW's by the Chinese Communists. In *The Story of Mary Liu*, he presents us with the true and heart-warming account of a limbless mission-educated Chinese girl, who, despite her physical handicaps and political persecution, has managed to keep her faith, her integrity and sanity. This carefully documented book is not only the personal story of Mary Liu, but the triumphant testimony of the unconquerability of the soul.

For the western reader, this is an important book. For the story of Mary is also the story of the Communists' challenge to Christianity—the subordination of religion to the State. The facts taken are vital enough to stand up by themselves. Here is the life-story of Mary, from the time she was a child in Nanking to her escape to Hong Kong in 1951. Mary was a slave girl. At five she lost both her legs, one arm, the fingers of the other as the result of a severe frost-bite. Then came the long period of convalescence in the mission-run hos-

pital; the shock of discovering her own disability; her life in a Methodist school; her need of belonging, and the joy of receiving her first gift at Christmas.

Mary's problem was her physical handicaps. Determined to make the best of what was left of her, little Mary learns to use the portion of her right thumb that is left to wrestle with her chopsticks, to button her own dress, and learns to walk and run with her knees. When she discovers that she was unable to sew like other girls, Mary practices in secret. With a bit of thread and a needle, she pokes and pokes, it doesn't work. But Mary keeps repeating to herself that if she kept at it, surely someday she would succeed. This fanatical determination and her refusal to be licked serves Mary in good stead in later years.

Graduated from Ginling College in 1929, Mary becomes the assistant to Laura White, her one-time high school principal and mentor who is then the editor of *The Women's Messenger*—a Protestant magazine published in Shanghai. Mary reads proofs, writes, edits and translates, and later succeeds Miss White as the editor.

During World War II Mary manages to continue publication under the Japanese occupation. Then one day the representative of the puppet Chinese authorities appears and asks for cooperation with the "new order." Mary sends off her proof for the next issue and closes the office.

At war's end, Mary resumes publication. When the Communists arrive in 1949 things begin to change. First there is the nation-wide witch hunt for counter-revolutionaries, then

the Reds start molesting the churches. Church leaders are told that Christianity will have to carry out Communist policies in order to survive, and Chinese Christians are urged to cut off relations with the Foreign Missions, to denounce the foreign missionaries as "spies" and "agents of cultural aggression." And, as all Christians must rid themselves of the "imperialistic poisonous influences," they are subjected to brainwash.

Mr. Hunter traces the fairly familiar Red tactics of brainwashing—endless sessions of probing and questioning, "learning" groups, "self-criticism" and "accusation" meetings. By intimidation, threat, isolation and pressure, Mary is forced to walk the ideological tight rope and she is made to confess whatever crimes the Reds want her to confess. Her "sin" is collaboration with the Americans and the target of attack is an American friend and a co-worker. Torn between loyalty and guilt, Mary thinks of suicide for it seems preferable to surrendering her mind and soul to the will of others. But since she is pressured to make her accusation for the security of her staff, there is no way out.

But when Mary has finally made her public accusation, she has one consolation. For, despite the fact that she has to invent imaginary grievances, revive fancy grudges and give a new twist to the most innocent and well-intended actions, her accusations are in no way endangering any of her friends. Those accused are either dead or in Hong Kong, beyond the reach of the Communists.

The author has devoted a good part of the book in tracing the control

of religion in China, the insidious methods used by the Reds in brainwashing, the mental and emotional torture Mary Liu had to endure during her brainwash and finally her own formula in counteracting it.

The book is based on a series of interviews with Mary Liu after her flight to Hong Kong and those who knew her intimately. This is the story as she told it. Much of it is grim. But it is a story of human courage, of perseverance, and of personal integrity. Above all, it is the story of a woman who, with indomitable will, faith in God and in herself, has triumphed over insurmountable odds. Because the story of Mary is so closely related to the life of the Chinese people, it is their story also. This is a book no one should miss.—CHEN MEI

THE TICHBORNE IMPOSTOR. By Geddes MacGregor. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. 288 pages, \$3.95.

USUALLY, we picture a successful impostor as a slick, artful individual, who somewhat resembles the original he is impersonating, and has plausible information and credentials, phoney as they may prove later, to back up his role. But in this utterly fantastic case there was nothing of the kind to support the pretender, who was the uneducated son of a Cockney butcher in London's slummy dockland region, and posed as the lost heir to the estates of one of the oldest and richest families in England—the Tichbornes—whose annual income at the time was equivalent to a million dollars in our money.

The ignorant, lying, young upstart from Wapping High Street, having knocked around the world and settled in Australia as a ne'er-do-well (a horse-thief among other things), almost won out, with half of England believing in his validity despite all the glaring contradictions and absurdities. Never was there a more incredible tale of real life told than this, as it unrolled its seven-year length in legal battle—the longest criminal trial in the history of the English law courts—between the years 1867-1874.

The tragi-comedy really began in May, 1865, when Arthur Orton, the butcher's son, then thirty-one and living in Wagga Wagga, Australia, learned of Dowager Lady Tichborne's unrelinquished, irreconcilable search for her adored son, Roger Charles, reportedly drowned in shipwreck, eleven years before. That Roger was still alive had become a fixation. So much so that when the desperately hard-up Arthur wrote her an ungrammatical, misspelled letter, claiming to be her vanished Roger, she paid his passage to England, where he arrived on Christmas Eve, 1866, together with an illiterate wife, their child, and a nurse, secretary and valet, as befitted his lordly rank! Before sailing, he had loftily written in a letter to Lady Tichborne: "I Hardly know, my Dear mother, how you have born the suspense of knowing my fate so long."

But Arthur Orton's "fate," echoing the laughter of the gods, had merely begun. To start with, the bemused Dowager "recognized" him, though her slim, cultured son had grown into an enormous man of nearly 300 pounds, and his speech and aura those

of a commoner born. Yet, determined to resurrect her boy, Lady Tichborne said, "He looks like his father, and his ears are like his uncle's." Preposterously, he had made the grade.

Other hurdles were ahead, however. The fat, genial impostor had to establish his identity legally. After a farcical preliminary examination in 1867, the case wasn't called for four years, while the pretender lived in luxury, drinking whisky by the gallon and chain-smoking cigars. In 1868 his "mother" died. This removed his irreplaceable foundation.

Civil and criminal trials followed, with all England excited to the point of taking violent sides. Even a bond issue of £100,000 was subscribed by the credulous sympathizers for his cause. And while out on bail, the "hero" made a speech-making tour to the wild acclamation of thousands!

Hundreds of witnesses appeared for and against the obese impostor, who now weighed 367 pounds. Their testimony and interminable legal arguments filled more than 10,000 pages in court records. Finally, found guilty of perjury and basest fraud, the false Roger Charles Tichborne, baronet, was sentenced to penal servitude for 14 years. Freed for good behavior after serving three-quarters of the term, he finished his days in poverty. But his "bad" behavior cost the Tichborne family £91,677, and the Crown £55,315.

This study in human gullibility is told in absorbing detail by the author, a native of Scotland, who at present holds the Rufus Jones Chair of Philosophy and Religion at Bryn Mawr College.—D. E. WHEELER

REFLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIST. By Percy W. Bridgman. Philosophical Library, New York, 1955. 576 pp. \$6.00.

THE FIRST edition of this collection of non-technical writings by a leading American physicist was published in 1950. The present volume includes several more essays on "operational thinking", an important concept in the philosophy of science.

When Newton formulated his epochal synthesis of the science of mechanics, his contemporaries felt that the last word had been written. The only task that remained to science was to explain rather complicated phenomena in terms of the simple laws of mechanics.

This naive assumption was rudely knocked over when electrical science emerged with its own set of laws. And Einstein administered the *coup de grâce* to the Newtonian notion of the universe when he propounded his theories of special and general relativity, which broke completely with classical thought.

Scientists were in a dilemma. Whenever scientific philosophers felt they had a firm grasp on things theory-wise, some new findings would develop in a special area which would demand complete revision of hallowed structural theories. This, needless to say, was very upsetting to hard-headed scientists.

This continual upsetting of the applecart of theories plagued physicists and researchers for more than a century. One modern approach toward dealing with this rather unhappy state of affairs has been to analyze the structure and essence of

human knowledge itself (epistemology). Professor Bridgman has been one of the most eminent of such analysts.

He felt that much of the difficulty lay in the inadequacy of the physical concepts employed. From the standpoint of practical physics, concepts such as length, time, force and the like were as good as the actual physical operations which define them, but not one whit more.

For example, the idea of length by employing a yardstick is quite useful within the range of those operations where this operation can be performed. But in a different range, such as high speed objects moving by the observer, it is invalid. A new concept must be created in terms of operations that can actually be performed. Einstein did this with his special relativity theories in the case of high velocities in terms of the constant velocity of light. This concept of length is very different from that of the yardstick because it is defined by different operations.

This kind of epistemological scrutiny has been aptly termed "operational analysis." It has injected a degree of rigor into scientific thinking by requiring a critical appraisal of our terminology. As a result we should know better what we are talking about and what we can realistically anticipate from the conceptual tools with which we work. *Reflections of a Physicist* is a group of 32 intriguing essays and addresses prepared over a twenty year period by Professor Bridgman. In them he applies operational thinking to problems ranging from thermodynamics to society itself. The advantages as

well as the limitations of this method are apparent on every page. The appeal is largely to pure intellect. "Inspirational thinking" is everywhere in a subordinate role to "operational thinking." In a democracy at least we like to think that the human intellect is only as good as the values which inspire it. While the intellect is a sharp-edged and powerful tool, by itself it cannot establish ultimate moral ends for mankind.

Two other famous books by Bridgman could be considered along with this volume: *The Logic of Modern Physics*, and *The Nature of Physical Theory*. Philosophers have arisen to belabor, or to defend, the notion of operational thinking. Operational meaning would assure the automatic elimination of even the best propositions of metaphysics. In short, no operations, no meaning!

Professor Bridgman believes that the survival of civilization hinges upon men and women of superior mental ability. But we must remember that the possession of intellectual attainments and the ability to use them is inadequate. True mental ability needs most of all an inspirational focus to attain its greatest heights of service.—CEDRIC A. LARSON

THE TARNISHED TOWER, A Novel of Educational Huckstering. By Ann Marbut. David McKay and Company, Inc., New York. 283 pp. \$3.95.

ANN MARBUT'S well-written second novel tells the story of a slick guy with a quick slogan, a Madison Avenue con-man who sets up his pitch inside the ivied walls. He is

the twentieth century American Scholar, clad in gray flannel and eager to sell Education (big E) like soap flakes.

Jerry Scott's pitch is Transitional Education, an indefinable but "moderate" blend of the old and new, tradition and progressivism, which appeals to the buying public. It doesn't appeal to the men Jerry despises, the earnest scholars, but it wins publicity and the favor of powerful men who can satisfy Jerry's urgent power-lust.

The wife of a university professor, Mrs. Marbut knows well the academic world she describes. She introduces Jerry and his wife, Peg, to the reader at a professional convention, "a slave market," where ambitious young men hawk their personal wares to attract older men who can lift them a notch or two in professional rank.

At the convention, there is none of the detachment the layman associates with the scholarly life. There are men "on the make" and women who studiously help their men. They are determined to "get ahead" in the business of Education. The author will win no friends among educationists for her unsparing portrait of educators who are over-organized and under-dedicated.

Flattery and insincerity win Jerry a job in the political science department at Charleston State. Jerry ruthlessly sets in motion forces that will destroy those who stand in the way of his success, while his wife quickly discovers that the college community is actually "a company town," where bitterness and cruelty lie close to the "folksy" surface.

Life at Charleston State is unpleasant, but, unfortunately, it is not unique. Anyone who has spent some time in a college town will applaud Ann Marbut's honesty in describing the conflict between the hucksters and the idealists. In recent years, the hucksters and ideologues have held sway on many campuses; first, with quackery about "educating the whole child" and curricula based on "social adjustment," and, second, with outrageous affronts to scholarship which they have proclaimed "liberal" and true to the concept of "academic freedom." One man, Robert Hutchins, profitably combined the huckster's chant with the ideologue's cant.

Mrs. Marbut's main concern, however, is with the notion of education as a commodity, sought and bought by people who want the tinsel but not the toil of learning. American colleges and universities are bursting at the seams today, and each year more and more young Americans apply for a college degree as they would for a white-collar union card. Many educators are holding firm against this influx; others are giving the buyer what he or she wants. In the process, these hucksters are driving the standard of higher learning down to a "democratic" level of mediocrity.—RICHARD WHALEN

THE ACCUSING GHOST OF ROGER CASEMENT. By Alfred Noyes. Citadel Press, New York. 192 pp. \$3.50.

Yeats wrote a poem of which each verse ends with the line:

*"The ghost of Roger Casement
Is beating on the door."*

IT EXPRESSED the feeling of every outraged Irishman; it reflected as well the widespread public attitude of British and Americans at that time. They all felt it was wrong to hang such an honest, courageous man. Nevertheless, Sir Roger Casement, Irish Nationalist, was found guilty of high treason and hanged in 1916. And there has always remained the disturbing question: would his sentence have been commuted but for the campaign of calumny instigated by his political enemies?

Now, after many years of silence, Alfred Noyes, the distinguished English poet, presents a spirited and persuasive case against the vicious charges of immorality that were produced by the prosecution at the precise psychological moment when petitions for Casement's reprieve were being signed. Noyes, whose name has long been linked in the public mind with Casement's accusers, refers here to the notorious "black diaries," alleged to be Casement's, which British officials privately circulated before the execution.

These diaries, which "recorded unnatural offences," are now believed to be forgeries. A typed version was shown to Noyes when he was working in the Foreign Office during the first World War. "I am now convinced," he writes, "that what in perfectly good faith I accepted in 1916 was imposed on me, as it was imposed on many others." Meanwhile, to all the demands of indignant Parliamentarians the Home Office has refused to submit the material evidence, using the excuse that it is protecting the reputation of Casement in not airing the documents.

There have been several discrepancies in the statements of those directly responsible for the "discovery" of the diaries. In tracing the various and varying narratives given by Lord Birkinhead (the prosecutor), Sir Ernley Blackwell (then legal advisor to the Home Office) and Sir Basil Thompson (head of the C.I.D.), Noyes proves, without a doubt, that these men were not too careful about comparing notes with one another. On the strength of the glaring loopholes discovered in their testimonies he urges the Home Office, after 40 years of evasions and "Pecksniffian" high-handedness, to act quickly. "The only right course," he says, "would be for the Home Office to admit that in the heat of war things were done for which there is now no excuse."

However misguided Casement may have been in his attempt at gun-running in behalf of Irish independence, his worst blunder was made when he began negotiations with the German Government to guarantee Ireland's freedom in the event of a German victory. Yet Noyes is now able to view the "duality" of Casement's political position in a much kinder light than patriotic Englishmen did at the time.

Casement, a member of the British Consular Service, received a knighthood for his "selfless" work in exposing atrocious conditions in the Congo and later in Peru. Due to these humane services he made countless friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Noyes' contention is that the spurious documents, branding Casement as a homosexual, were used in a vicious smear campaign to alienate the sympathies of a number of influential in-

dividuals who would otherwise have supported the movement for Casement's reprieve. Moreover, the British Government was determined to prevent Ireland from regarding Casement as a patriot-martyr.

This is a challenging book and should arouse demands in England for a Parliamentary inquiry. Naturally no side in this controversial issue can be certain of the truth, nor can proper amends be made, until, as the author says, the diaries are removed from the so-called "Black Museum" of Scotland Yard and handed over to the experts for a final test of their authenticity.

—Richard McLaughlin

SOUTHERN BELLE. By Mary Craig Sinclair. Crown Publishers, Inc., New York. 407 pages. \$5.00.

TO THOSE who regard Upton Sinclair as a major prophet, this love letter from his wife will have some nostalgic interest.

For fifty odd years, Upton has milked the fictional possibilities of all the passing radical enthusiasms and

he has ground out a formidable one-man library of novels and tracts. To give him the benefit of the doubt, he has probably been sincere in each of his temporary enthusiasms. Through all his twistings and turnings, he has been sustained by a deep sense of mission.

Now Mary Craig Sinclair, herself an inveterate crusader, has written the story of this unusual life.

It has been the fate of Sinclair that he has followed so many fancies that even the radicals themselves don't trust him. The man who began his career with Mother Bloor, of later Communist fame, as his assistant, deifying Eugene V. Debs, and who ended it heroizing Franklin D. Roosevelt, is a shifty guide for any genuine revolutionist to follow.

Those who lived through the exciting times which Mrs. Sinclair depicts will find considerable reminiscent enjoyment in the anecdotes about forgotten celebrities which bestrew her text. But the book itself has little of interest to attract the present generation, now growing up under the livid reflection of the Sputnik.

—H. L. V.

History Wrote These Words

During the reign of Louis XIV, the French general, Jean Martinet, bedecked the French Army in an impeccable uniform and introduced a Spartan-like drill code. The system of drill was so rigidly enforced by its inventor that his name achieved a tone of infamy. Ever since, a stickler for discipline and order has been called a *martinet*.

Four black balls hoisted onto New York's signal mast on Staten Island threw the city and harbor into panic one day in 1813, for it signalled the approach of four enemy ships of the line in the War of 1812. Modern communication has long-since outmoded this method of signalling the approach of unwelcome visitors, but the term "blackball" is still used to brand an enemy or unpopular person.

—RUSSELL NEWBOLD

THE COLLEGE FORUM

Sir: Here at William & Mary we wonder: *quo vadis*, Conservative? The young voter of today is disillusioned by the "liberal" movement, which so fascinated the past generation. He wants to see the country make a political move to the Right. His problem is: where does he find a conservative party?

Neither political party has offered a conservative for President since the GOP ran Alf Landon in 1936. Franklin Roosevelt, Truman and Stevenson are left-wingers under any definition. The alternative of Wilkie and Dewey was only a shade to the Right. Most conservatives voted for President Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956, in the hope that he would be influenced by Senator Taft and by the Taft wing of the Republican party—and give the country a genuine conservative government. He has failed to do so.

Conservatives are predominant on Southern and Midwestern campuses. They are growing stronger in the Far West. We are talking about a realignment of parties along conservative *vs* pseudoliberal lines. Unless one of the two major parties takes a stand on the Right side of the political line, for the conservation of our national assets and morals, such a realignment of our voting habits may become necessary under a new party leadership. We *want* to vote conservative, not for the lesser of two pseudoliberals . . . For less federal

government controls in all fields; for less federal spending and a return to a sound money policy; for less foreign "aide"; for a Teddy Roosevelt foreign policy (Walk softly but carry a Big Stick); for vigilant opposition to Communism and Socialism in all their forms and fronts, including the Peiping Communist regime in Red China; for a reduction in taxes, not by decreasing defense spending but by decreasing give-aways and federal waste.

Where can we go? For whom can we vote?

FRED ALLEN ENGLE,

The College of William & Mary

That's what we at MERCURY are trying to find out. By the Spring of 1958 we hope to have a well-appraised suggestion. We are not searching so much for a party as a patriot, or a group of patriots, to lead a party. It took only twelve Christian Disciples to carry the word of Christ throughout the world. Maybe it will take only twelve Christian Patriots to carry the truth, and its leadership, throughout our threatened land. You help us—all of you undergraduates and young college professors—in the campuses of America, and we may turn the tide. You have more time to enjoy our land than we old alumni—and especially your children. ED.