

Youth comes to us wanting to know what we propose to do about a society that hurts so many of them. There is much to justify the inquiring attitude of youth. You have a right to ask these questions — practical questions. No man who seeks to evade or avoid them deserves your confidence.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

THE CAMPUS WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

by **JOSEPH NORTH**

This is the first in a series of articles by NM's editor reporting on a recent tour of the colleges.

HARD by the Gothic tower sprawls the trailer village which has irrevocably altered the topography of America's university life. There lives the veteran turned scholar.

Everywhere I traveled, from Yale to Wisconsin—and I spoke on a dozen campuses—the phenomenon repeated itself: within earshot of the college chimed stood the barracks, the Quonset hut. "Vetsburg" was generally located on a meadow now churned into a mudflat by the May rains, across which the ex-GI, his textbooks underarm, slogged to the classroom while his wife fussed about in the prefabricated kitchen preparing the stew, mending the shirt, ceaselessly engaged in the minutiae of careful housekeeping to live within the submarginal budget. In thousands of instances the wives, too, were undergraduates, many of them WAC or WAVE veterans. And everywhere I encountered newlywed wives who have hunted up jobs to enable their veteran husbands to go to school. On the campus at Yale I saw a student in his aviator's short leather jacket leading one child by the hand, toting another on his shoulders. I peered through the windows of the trailer camp at the University of Wisconsin to see a vet poring over his books while his wife bent over a crib.

At that university a young mother proudly showed me a nursery school for veterans' children rigged up within the trailer camp on the students' initiative.

For most, both married and single, the daytime hours are a continual jog from classrooms to the restaurants where they wait on table or to dank basements where they tend furnace, or to any available task that will eke out the pennies to make ends meet. Over a million and a half of America's three million college students are former soldiers: nearly half of them are married, and well over a quarter are parents. Most of them strive to live within the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights—\$65 a month for the single, \$90 for the married. "Have you ever tried to concentrate on Hegel," one of them asked me, "with the wolf howling at the door?"

I sat in the Quonset hut at one university while the veteran (three years in the Pacific) described his life. He had the florid young face of a Michigan farm-boy but the forehead was already creased with care and the eyes bore the tell-tale circles of little sleep. "I operate a telephone at one of the frat houses," he said. "I get seventy cents an hour and work twenty-one hours a week. I'm considered lucky. But the job plays hell with my study time. I go to class from nine to two: then I work from four to eleven. Straight through. No breaks. I get

home about midnight. And I have to be up in time to make class at nine. When do I study? Well, I work every other day, so that on alternate afternoons and evenings I can study. I need at least six hours at the books to catch up. One afternoon a week I try to get to my AVC [American Veterans' Committee] meeting. I can't always make it, what with the damned telephone and study. But I do my best. I'm majoring in history and English, hope to get a job teaching in college. I don't know whether I can stick it out, though. I haven't got folks that supplement my subsistence pay and this job plays hell with my studies."

He brushed his hair from his forehead in a touchingly boyish gesture that belied the three years of hunting and killing men from Okinawa to the Philippines. "I don't know," he said. "Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. I don't think the GI Bill was passed to torture you. It's rugged. I haven't got time for any fun, no time even for a game of ball to stay in trim; I haven't got cash to buy books I want to read outside of my allotted studies. I haven't been to a movie in four months; I don't even know whether Dorothy Lamour is still wearing her sarong or not—and that's a hell of a fix," he said wryly. "I haven't got time for anything except the grind. It keeps me so busy I can't even be a first-rate campus citizen and carry through my job in AVC or any other

campus organization I'd like to belong to."

The rain beat a monotone on the tin roof of the Quonset. "Sometimes I wonder whether they're keeping us so busy on purpose. It does keep us out of a hell of a lot that some people would call mischief. It's hard to keep abreast of the Truman Doctrine when you're hunting for ham and eggs. Yes," he mused, "I wonder sometimes whether it's worth it. It's rugged, brother."

WELL over 1,500,000 have pondered the question as this lad has and have decided to stick it out, though some 300,000 have already been obliged to fall away because subsistence allotments have proved inadequate. Jobs, in most localities, are next to impossible to find; and poverty finally drove many a veteran from the campus. Authoritative surveys have shown that the student veteran, unless he gets help from home, cannot get along on his present allowance. Take Gordon Hanna's testimony, for instance. Commander of the American Legion Post at Michigan State College, he testified before a Congressional committee that a survey of thirteen colleges in Michigan indicated the married vet spends an average of \$154.58 a month, and the single vet cannot manage on less than \$106. And he insisted that part-time employment cannot be the solution. The average time worked by those who had found jobs at his university dropped from fifteen hours a week in October, 1946, to seven hours a week in March, 1947. Moreover, more than forty-five percent of those working insist that the job impairs their studies. William M. Haydon, of the University of Michigan, followed Hanna with testimony that sixty-eight percent in his institution reported that work damages study and scholastic achievement.

Most veterans who put aside what they regarded as a tidy sum have exhausted their savings as the cost of living has spiraled upward. They resent the time lost on jobs—working means lighter courses, time wasted. And the earmark of the colleges today is the sense of dreadful hurry. The war has robbed them, they feel, of two, three, four years, and they want to get out, get that job, rear that family, and make a decent contribution to America's life.

Nonetheless, student veterans lead their classes: a tribute to their deadly

SMITH COLLEGE ASSOCIATED NEWS

AID TO GREECE

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The vote taken by the Editorial Board on the Truman controversy was nine to seven in favor of his action. Since two-thirds of the Board was not in agreement, we are printing both the majority and the minority opinion.

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| <p>MAJORITY OPINION <small>By Rosamond Earle, 1948</small> A majority of those on SCAN editorial board is inclined to support the</p> | <p>MINORITY OPINION <small>By Hope Handler, 1948</small> In accepting President Truman's proposal of aid to Greece and Turkey</p> |
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**Town Hall Discussions—
Good for Your Thinking**
Town Hall's topic for discussion tonight, "The Loyalty Purge," is as controversial an issue as this country has seen since the pre-war conscription fight echoed in the halls of congress.
A loyalty purge of this type may easily act as a means of destroying liberal thinking where it is most needed, namely in our nation's capital. Seeds of suspicion many times grow into weeds of intolerance, with the latter giving birth to nothing better than threats to democratic processes.

**SYRACUSE
DAILY ORANGE**

**The Cornell
Daily Sun**

Let 'Em Eat Guns
If it were up to the United States Senate, American aid would be on its way to Greece and Turkey this morning. But the ships headed for the Near East would be carrying more rifles and bullets than bread and butter.
For those who see the tragedy of the Greek people in humanitarian terms, the Senate measure is sad news. Gunpowder does not serve well as rehabilitation. Unilateral action does not build international cooperation.

earnestness. A professor at Syracuse told me that the single vet studies harder than the youth fresh out of high school without war experience; that the married vet studies harder than the single man; and that the married vet with a kid or two studies harder than all combined. Yes, they are in deadly earnest, and most show phenomenal staying powers. Moreover, all indications point to another million who will make their way to the campus in the next year or two. As Jessie Nemtzow, chairman of the Intercollegiate Veterans' Coordinating Committee, testified before Congress: "We veterans have no desire to be a burden on the populace. We are simply trying to fulfill the purpose of the GI Bill in providing a group of trained scientists, professionals and technicians to meet the disruptive effects of the war years."

And so they jam the classrooms and the amphitheatres, spilling over into the aisles and onto the railings. I fre-

quently encountered professors whose classes had grown from some thirty-five or forty to three and four hundred. This, in turn, has evoked a crisis in the faculties which also suffered a depletion in trained personnel because of the war. And as Dean De Vane of Yale told me, "We never caught up, in this regard, to the havoc of World War I, let alone World War II." And so many a graduate student barely out of college has been pressed into service teaching men who are, in many cases, his seniors. Personal attention to the student is next to impossible. And yet college life rolls on, double its pre-war size, like a swollen stream during spring floods.

This, in predominant measure, is University Town, USA, 1947.

EZRA CORNELL, and his admirable generation of educational pioneers, could scarcely have foreseen this contingency and there is some doubt on the campus whether he would have

approved. There are many among the students and even among the faculty who believe he would have welcomed this tremendous influx into the universities and the consequent alteration of the campus in which one of every two college students is a veteran. Willy-nilly, whether it was planned that way or not, higher education has become the bright goal of a greater proportion of our sons and daughters than ever before. And it is not only a matter of quantity: quality enters into it too. Life has hardened the greater portion of our undergraduate millions into early maturity: these are not college *boys*, they are college *men*. This has evoked considerable uneasiness among many graybeards on the faculties, who yearn for the bygone days of relative tranquillity when the social whirl and the varsity letter crowded scholarship. But today, though scholarship continues to be the undergraduate's prime motivation (the Secretary to the President at Cornell, Edward Graham, showed me statistics proving the veteran to be a far better student than he was in pre-war days) the world has barged in on the campus. I don't say Plato, Aristotle, Newton, Goethe, Spinoza and Einstein have moved away, but the workaday world has moved in. Such disturbing issues as subsistence, depression, foreign policy, trade unionism, academic freedom, stalk irresistibly across the green. And they won't go away. These issues come to class every day and insist upon a tangibility at least as real as the ablative case or the quantum theory.

Inevitably, one contrasts the campus today with his own college days: I remembered mine at the University of Pennsylvania. Though I chanced to be one of the relatively few who worked for a living while a student, I recall vividly the general campus atmosphere. Most were preoccupied with the social whirl of the fraternity and the five-letter man was the university hero. (I wonder what became of Mike Dorizas?) The football game on Thanksgiving Day topped all other red-letter days.

Oh, there might have been a Liberal Club—there generally was—but it resembled today's campus organizations the way a boy in knee pants resembles a man. We had nothing to compare with the AVC, or the hundreds of independent local veterans' organizations that have sprouted on the campus far outnumbering AVC's membership. These latter began as

social outfits, became involved in campus problems such as housing and subsistence, and today lead a vital political existence. In my time only a few scattered individuals would dream of taking a turn on the picketline with neighboring strikers: today whole organizations show up for student-labor cooperation. (This drastic change began, of course, during the Thirties when you saw revolts against such characters as Umbrella Robinson, the ineffable president of the College of the City of New York.)

In my time, too, the thinking was crassly middle-class in nature, and, as Dean De Vane told me, the student of the Twenties was inspired by the dream of the broker. A Wall Street career juggling the ticker-tape was the summit of man's ambition — until 1929. Today's student can give you the name of the CIO president quicker than he can that of the head of J. P. Morgan & Co. Which is not to say that the student of 1947 is not primarily of the middle class; but he has changed, as has a great portion of today's middle class. Ignorance of labor, and bias against it, is far less pronounced in the university now than it was in the halcyon Twenties. After all, a world depression and a world war in one generation left its mark on campus as well as off. We were truly college boys then, with almost mystical faith in the sheepskin and the degree which would, somehow, unlock the doors to blinding success after Graduation Day. Many more students went to college to meet the right people than to study the right ideas. We were insular, provincial, ignorant. Who ever dreamed of Okinawa, Buna, Aachen, Anzio, Pantelleria? How many saw London, Tokyo, Paris, Berlin? And the campus reflected our relatively sheltered, small-bore experience.

IT IS a serious campus today: uneasy, disturbed, restless, brooding. This goes for practically everybody—from the post-adolescent freshman abashed by his green youth among his fellows who have dropped bombs, steered tanks, plunged bayonets—to prexy and the dean emeritus. Never before, I was told—and what I witnessed underscored the testimony—has there been such questioning. One dean told me the GI student won't take anybody's word for anything. The professor must stand his ground, must prove his case. And, I was told, many a vet has carried over his attitude toward the brass

in his attitude toward the faculty. Skepticism is general: values are endlessly challenged. It is difficult for tradition to dragoon anybody into orthodox attitudes.

The graduate student in physics at Cornell shrugged his shoulders and asked me: "What use will be made of my knowledge? Will it be to drop more atomic bombs on crowded cities?" And he pointed out this significant fact: that the science student has overtaken and surpassed the man in the liberal arts as the civic-minded campus leader. "Hiroshima," he explained. The Chicago sophomore who met the Russian as ally near Berlin asked me if he will meet him again near Athens as enemy. The economics student at Smith, pert and fresh as the tulips blooming on the campus fringe, wondered if a woman could get a job when the depression—which she saw as inevitable—got underway. "I don't remember 1929," she said, "but I studied it and I wonder if any of us will get jobs, men or women." The junior at Queens who heard Councilman Quinn shout down President Klapper, threatening the scholar ("You don't deserve the job if you can't stand on your own feet") wondered if fascism would seize our nation as it had Germany. At Yale some 800 students gathered on the campus, at a meeting to discuss the Truman Doctrine, and adopted a resolution almost unanimously, condemning it. At Wisconsin AVC students seeking signatures to a petition to boost their subsistence pay, criticizing the present GI provisions, got 10,000 names.

While I was at Syracuse a student who came to my meeting showed me that day's issue of the *Syracuse Daily Orange*, which carried a front-page story with the following lead: "Asserting that his statement about 'black, kinky-haired, thick-lipped individuals of inferior mentality' in the citizenship textbook was a matter of personal opinion, Dr. Philip Taylor of the Political Science Department yesterday defended himself against the action taken by [the campus] NAACP's anti-discrimination committee." And incidentally, the Cornell campus, with less than 100 Negro students out of some 9,000, has an NAACP of about 400 members. Impatience with racism is far more prevalent among the students than among our off-campus citizenry, and, I learned, remarkably heartening strides toward equality have been taken among the student bodies

south of the Mason-Dixon line. "The bullet didn't ask the color of a man's skin," is the way the veteran commonly sums it up. This goes for a large sector of the college populace. Veterans of a vast experience, they are prepared to grapple with vast issues.

Indeed, there was something ludicrously pathetic about the front page of the *Cornell Sun* I saw while I was there: a four-column head on Marshall's report about the Moscow con-



ference dominated a timid single-column box beneath announcing a poll on the issue of whether the freshman should wear the traditional cap. I have yet to meet the veteran who displayed a transcendent interest in the matter.

In brief, the ancient contradiction between town and gown is almost obliterated. Like it or not, university life has been changed irrevocably by the war. Senator Vandenberg's florid sentiments in Congress echo across Cayuga's beautiful waters and resound on Wisconsin's Hill. William Green and Philip Murray are perhaps more palpable than Thucydides or Cicero.

Yes, when you take the little cap off the student's head and put a helmet on it, something happens underneath.

I SPOKE on a dozen campuses to hundreds of students, many of whom came to hear a Communist for the first time in their lives. I gave my initial talk the day after J. Edgar Hoover, the current authority on university life, issued his diatribe against American Youth for Democracy. I can attest to this: the pro-fascists have not, as yet at least, succeeded in establishing their propositions as the law of the campus. Academic freedom is no corpse. The students came to hear the Communists' side of the story. My topic was: "How Can the Communist and Liberal Cooperate?" Most university youth regard themselves as liberal, and they are—they sense this issue as one of transcendent importance. They are, by and large, zealous protagonists of the university tradition of academic freedom. And they are not blind to the truth that democracy is indivisible. They resent any effort to dragoon them into unreasoning bias on any issue. Their questions at my meetings naturally reflected many of the shibboleths disseminated by the press and the broadcaster but they were, in the main, earnest, honest, searching. Their minds are not closed.

Everywhere, I asked them, as students, to go to primary sources for their information, and then to make up their own minds. I urged them not to accept the word of the pro-fascist on the Communist, nor, indeed, necessarily to accept my word concerning the Communists. I asked them to go to the record, an honorable American custom, and I indicated that record and where they could get verification. Most found this fair enough, and I was gratified that those who had plied me with what appeared the most bel-

ligerent questions crowded around me after practically every meeting, showered me with further questions and invited me out to the nearby tavern to continue the talk well into the morning hours.

From these talks, and from conversations with campus leaders, it was not hard to discern the principal issues in the universities, which I shall detail later. Most of those with whom I spoke came to see, I believe, that the issue of communism is a vast smokescreen designed to prevent the reassembling of all pro-Roosevelt Americans for durable peace, for the Economic Bill of Rights. For example, at the University of Chicago, where I debated an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer who argued the negative on the issue of Communist and liberal cooperation, the sentiment at the close of the meeting was overwhelmingly in favor of restoring the Roosevelt coalition. And that connoted, specifically, the cooperation of all who believe in the Bill of Rights and the Constitution as the cornerstones of our democracy, which, naturally, included the Communist. As a tow-headed veteran said, rising to his raw-boned six-foot-two height, addressing my opponent: "The issue as I see it is this: when you ask 'Can Communist and liberal cooperate?' the question rapidly becomes 'Can liberal and liberal cooperate?'" He cited the divisive effects of the Red-baiting within the campus post of the AVC. When one begins screening, he argued, the issue suffers, is lost sight of. "You ask only whether Communists are for it, and if so, you are opposed." That, he insisted, leads to disaster. He said he favored "sticking to the issue" regardless of the label stuck on its proponents or opponents. "If it seems reasonable to me, I am for it, and I will work with anybody, whoever he is, to win on that issue."

This is not to say his position proved the pattern everywhere. Every meeting had its quota of students whose questions reflected the libels of the press and the calumnies of the professional anti-Communists. Every meeting had its claque of "Biz-Ad" (Business Administration) boys, its purblind Social Democrats of the Dubinsky-inspired variety, its Trotskyite. But in the main I felt, as others did, that most of the questions were honestly posed, in the sense that the students want to hear what the Communist himself has to say about it. Isn't that academic freedom, that most precious quality of

the campus? they asked. They listened to reason, and by and large I found that to be the earmark of the campus citizen. He wants to listen to reason.

HENCE I found a growing desire to know more about Marxism, more about the world outlook of those currently under the hottest fire of the powerful, the entrenched. Hence, at Yale, close to 200 students came to hear a Communist speak, and at my meeting formed a John Reed Club for the discussion and study of Marxism. In a world ringing with the anti-Marxist hullabaloo, growing numbers deem it sensible to know the whys and wherefore for themselves. Hence some twenty Marxist study clubs—which include Marxists and non-Marxists—have been formed in recent months. And within them those known to be Communists are regarded with respect—for their integrity and their courage—and, in most instances (because Communist students believe Marxists must prove themselves as serious participants in every field they undertake) for their academic standing. I cannot overlook the respect accorded such Communists on the campus as Jack Gore of the University of Michigan, Hans Freistadt of the University of Chicago and Bob Fogel of Cornell. Hard-working, diligent, public-spirited citizens of the campus, they are proving their contention that Marxists are patriots, all the more so because they are Marxists. They

stand in the van of all concerned with campus issues.

And the principal issues, my travels revealed, are the following: subsistence and housing, the quest for peace and prosperity, academic freedom, and an end to discrimination against Negroes, Jews, Catholics: the loathesome *numerus clausus* which everybody knows operates, but which none in authority will admit.

These are big issues, and they merge, inevitably, with those off-campus. The Boards of Trustees (invariably representing, in the main, big business) are doing their damndest to impede that merger. Rankin and J. Edgar Hoover, also, know the score. Hence the current frenzied campaign against academic freedom which began with the effort to drive American Youth for Democracy from the campus. The AYD, indubitably in the van of those politically aware on the campus, already has a record which it can regard with pride: its membership has worked to advance the interests of the student, his bread-and-butter needs, his scholarship facilities, his identification with progress everywhere. Its membership understands that the university cannot be an island, separated from the political and economic mainland of off-campus life. Hence the AYD includes the most forward-looking of students—both Marxist and non-Marxist—who have banded together for their common interests. They regard all

categories of campus life as important—the Greek letter societies and the veterans' organizations, the religious and the academic groups. And they propose that all cooperate in working unity for objectives that will make them better students and better citizens.

This is, of course, anathema to those powers which seek to recreate the world in the image of Senator Taft. Hence their offensive against AYD—an offensive which, as numerous college newspapers contend, represents an assault upon all—the faculty as well as the student, the NAACP as well as the Jewish Hillel, the SLID (Student League for Industrial Democracy) as well as the campus PCA. They are hacking away at the very roots of academic freedom, which, history has shown, is a pretty hardy plant. They seek to drive every vestige of liberal thought from the campus. Not, indeed, to create a political vacuum. They know that in this world of 1947 that is impossible. But they aim to replace progress with reaction: to create a campus mind with all the characteristics of Congressman Rankin, J. Edgar Hoover, Vandenberg, Taft, Henry Luce. They want a fascist student, not a liberal student.

That is the transcendent issue on the campus today.

Mr. North's next article in this series will discuss the current drive against academic freedom.



May Day, New York: two sketches by Joseph Hirsch.

CLOSE-UP of KOREA

**Secretary Marshall's stated objectives are viewed
in the light of what is happening in that country.**

By RALPH IZARD

The writer was formerly a "Yank" staff correspondent in Korea.

AFTER more than a year of hunger, unemployment and economic stagnation for the people of Southern Korea (the American zone), Secretary of State Marshall proposed a reconvening of the Soviet-American military commission that adjourned *sine die* May 8, 1946. His proposal has been accepted by Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, and discussions looking toward an end to the present partition of Korea were scheduled to begin this week.

In a recent letter to Molotov, Secretary Marshall stated the aims of American policy in Korea to be: "(1) . . . Establishment as soon as practicable of a self-governing, sovereign Korea, independent of foreign control and eligible for membership in the United Nations. (2) . . . That the national government so established shall be representative of the freely-expressed will of the Korean people. (3) To aid the Koreans in building a sound economy as an essential basis for their independent and democratic state."

These are noble objectives. Carried out in practice they would long ago have vanquished the fear and hatred of the rule of the United States Armed Forces in Korea (USAFIK) which smoulders now just beneath the surface. Effectively applied even today they would in time restore that warm friendliness for Americans which the people of southern Korea demonstrated in such overwhelming measure during the first few days of the occupation.

In answer to Secretary Marshall's first point, however, it must be pointed out again that a "self-governing, sovereign Korea" was in existence before the first American soldier ever stepped ashore at Chemulpo. That government

had nominated a complete slate of provisional officers, who were to have governed until elections could be held in March, 1946. They included Rhee Syngman, who had spent thirty years of impotent exile in Washington and Geneva, as president; Kim Koo and others from the self-appointed "provisional government of Korea" that had been based in Shanghai and later Chungking; other exiles from Siberia, Manchuria and Yenan; and those political leaders who had distinguished themselves by organizing and leading the undying struggle against Japan from within their own country.

That this People's Republic of Korea was representative of the freely-expressed will of the Korean people was many times proved in the early days of the occupation. In order to test the political temper of the people, elections were permitted in certain southern counties and towns by Lt. Gen. John R. Hodge, USAFIK commander. Each election resulted in sweeping victories for the nominees of the People's Republic. After this convincing demonstration of support for the republic, no more elections were permitted.

As to Secretary Marshall's third objective, aid to the Koreans "in building a sound economy as an essential basis for their independent and democratic state," unification of Korea would make such aid, financial or otherwise, relatively secondary. The Korean people possess the most advanced, concentrated, diversified and highly productive industry in all East Asia. They built it themselves as the virtual slaves of imperial Japan.

But nearly all of this industry lies north of the 38th Parallel, in the Soviet zone. Edwin W. Pauley, making an official tour of investigation early in 1946 for President Truman, found

even then that the great integrated iron, coal and steel center at Kyomip'o was roaring with production for peace; that ten factories at Pyang-yang had been restored to full production, along with nine in Hamheung, and another seven at Won-san. And for the first time in Korean history, peasants were fertilizing their land with phosphates and other products of the great chemical factory at Heung-nam, instead of the traditional and noxious "night soil."

Peasants living north of the 38th in the Soviet zone are no longer tenants on the land. The People's Committees of Northern Korea are completing a wide and sweeping program of land distribution and satisfying for the first time in history the Korean peasant's ancient hunger for land. All the industries in the northern zone are now operated in the name of the Korean nation by these same People's Committees and the trade unions. The logic of necessity compelled both land distribution and nationalization of industry. This is in glaring contrast to the course which has been followed in the American zone to the south.

COMPARED to the north, the southern zone is industrially poverty-stricken. It has a few low-grade coal mines, some textile mills owned by Korean quislings, two airplane assembly plants to which title is held by Korean collaborators, and a number of food-processing plants, fisheries, etc., that were the property of the Oriental Development Company, controlled by the Japanese. The quislings and collaborators are protected by American arms. The food-processing plants, fisheries, warehouses, shops and vast holdings of arable land formerly owned by ODC have now been taken over by an American military corporation, the New Korea Company, Ltd. But somehow the land-hungry peasant in the south finds it difficult to understand the "change" that he is constantly told has taken place in his status.

In the past the peasant paid at least half his produce to ODC as land rent; this has been reduced to only one-third of his crop under the New Korea Company and that is a definite gain. But taxes are still paid according to the Japanese scale—hence it is necessary to collect them in the style of Dai Nippon. And where the peasant before worked all his life for a gigantic Japanese corporation, he now works for an even more gigantic American corporation. So it is difficult for him to understand just how he has benefitted by the