

Box 1:8 Taylor, Paul S.

"Our Stakes in the Japanese Exodus"

Sept. 1942

Photographs by Dorothea Lange & Frances Stewart

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SURVEY

SEPTEMBER 1942

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GRAPHIC

M A G A Z I N E O F S O C I A L I N T E R P R E T A T I O N



Our Stakes in the Japanese Exodus

by Paul S. Taylor

Rochester, Skippy Smith, and Co. *by Harold Keen*

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Power *by Ordway Tead*

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**WAR CALLS
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AGAIN DOROTHEA LANGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS (cover) and Paul Taylor's text enter into gifted partnership in interpreting migration. That combination is what gave personality, dust and sky, soil and spirit and significance to "An American Exodus" (1939). What John Steinbeck telescoped into a knot of human beings in "Grapes of Wrath," they stretched out and documented in terms of countless folk in the long trek from the Deep South to the Pacific Coast. Miss Lange has visualized the work of several government departments.

A CAPTAIN IN THE 2D DIVISION OF THE A.E.F. in World War I, Professor Taylor has been a member of the faculty of the University of California for twenty years. Here are a few of his extramural activities which indicate his exceptional qualifications for appraising "Our Stakes in the Japanese Exodus" (page 373): Chief of research in investigation of Mexican labor in the U.S.A., Social Science Research Council (1927-29); consultant on Pacific Coast studies of crime and the foreign born, National Committee on Law Observance and Enforcement (1930-31); field director, division of rural rehabilitation, California Emergency Relief Administration (1935); regional labor adviser, U. S. Resettlement Administration (1935-6); president, California Rural Rehabilitation Corporation (since 1935); consulting economist, Federal Social Security Board (since 1936); member, Governors Commission on Reemployment (1939); member state advisory committee, California Employment Commission; member, California State Board of Agriculture.

EVERY CASE HISTORY WAS ANOTHER "HUMAN interest" story to Harold Keen (page 379) when in 1934 he graduated from the Los Angeles campus of the University of California—into the depression and the staff of the State Relief Administration. Twenty months of social work helped burnish his interviewing equipment—his writing talent is a gift of nature. In due course he walked into the footsteps of Max Miller, on the beat for the San Diego Sun that had yielded his predecessor the materials for "I Cover the Waterfront." And since 1940 he has been military news reporter and general feature writer for the San Diego Tribune-Sun. "When I was assigned to cover the dedication of the Pacific Parachute Company," he writes, "I was told that Eddie Anderson (Rochester) would be the chief 'performer' on the program. When I discovered on arrival that he was not only the chief performer, but the 'angel,' the owner, the Boss of this unique enterprise, I pursued my investigation further and came across the real story—that of racial tolerance brought into full play in a practical manner in the war effort."

THERE IS NO CALIFORNIA PRIORITY ON THIS

"Americans All": Cover photograph by Dorothea Lange for the War Relocation Authority

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September issue of *Survey Graphic*. Meet two other newspapermen—thanks to Miss Wil Lou Gray whom they in turn delightfully introduce to our readers ("Where the Three R's Spell Opportunity", page 383). Second Lieut. George Chaplin, CAC, AUS, now at Camp Tyson, Tenn., was formerly city editor of the Greenville (S.C.) *Piedmont*. Earl Mazo, at present an aviation cadet, was a reporter there.

A NEW ENGLANDER, ORDWAY TEAD is president of the Board of Higher Education in the City of New York. He won his spurs in this field at Amherst College, as Amherst fellow at South End House (settlement), Boston, as lecturer at the Finch Junior College, the New York School of Social Work, and Columbia University. In another field, he is not only a director of Harper & Brothers, and editor of their

economic and business books, but on his own the author of a shelf of volumes. Their titles point up his luminous approach to the theme of his article ("Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Power," page 387) which he delivered last June as his Phi Beta Kappa address at New York University. Those titles include "Instincts in Industry"; "The People's Part in Peace"; "Human Nature and Management"; "The Art of Leadership"; "New Adventures in Democracy."

AND OTTO H. EHRLICH HAILS FROM VIENNA—if you please—and Brooklyn. In turning from banking to teaching in his native city, he improvised methods for visualizing his subjects. He practices them today—at Brooklyn College—and in his series of economic cartoons in *Survey Graphic* (of which this is the fifth). Page 389.



REGISTERING FOR EVACUATION AT SAN FRANCISCO

A corps of specially trained teams from civilian agencies aided the Japanese, aliens and American-born alike, when they reported at the stations of the Wartime Civil Control Administration.

These teams helped them in completing individual preparations and in making disposition of their homes and property. They supervised health and assisted in innumerable problems of personal adjustment.

SURVEY GRAPHIC

MAGAZINE OF SOCIAL INTERPRETATION



Our Stakes in the Japanese Exodus

by PAUL S. TAYLOR

LARGE WHITE PLACARDS HAVE LONG BECOME FAMILIAR IN THE great military areas that blanket the West Coast. They are to be seen on telephone poles in residential districts, on lonely country roads, on buildings at crowded city street corners.

Their purpose was to instruct all persons of Japanese ancestry—by army command; under Executive Order; upon pain of penalties of an Act of Congress—to report to wartime civil control stations. In district after district the posting of these signs outlined the preparations and signalized the advancing schedule by which more than 100,000 men, women, and children of Japanese ancestry have been evacuated.

Today, for the most part, they are little more than a sort of reminder to the man on the street; vestiges from a sweeping exodus of people that has passed beyond. In a chain of ten assembly centers under the Wartime Civil Control Administration (U. S. Army), and four relocation centers under the War Relocation Authority (with capacities ranging from a few thousand to fifteen or twenty thousand) more than one hundred thousand evacuees, Japanese aliens and American citizens of Japanese ancestry, are gathered under military guard.

This is the largest, single, forced migration in American history.

There are people in the United States who have never seen, much less talked with, a person of Japanese ancestry. That is hardly surprising. The census of 1940 reported only 127,000* of them out of the 131,000,000 inhabitants in continental United States. That is, there are roughly a thousand of the rest of us to one of them. Eighty-eight percent of them lived in the three Pacific

states of Washington, Oregon, and California. Ninety-three thousand, or three quarters of the entire number, lived in the single state of California, where they constituted less than 2 percent of the whole population. Well toward two thirds are American-born. [See page 375.] Let me share with you three glimpses into loyal attitudes among these Japanese during the days of this impending evacuation.

THE AUTHOR—and his challenge

As few men, Paul Taylor knows intimately the patterns of American life from "Ole Man River" to the Golden Gate; from flooded bottomlands to the Dust Bowl. For he has explored schemes of livelihood, population currents, race relations—from the water-table crops that have sprung up in the old cattle country north of the Rio Grande to the steel mills that have overrun the sand dunes along Lake Michigan. His firsthand findings are crystallized in telling books, research volumes and governmental reports.

We singled him out to assess what in six months has come of the Japanese evacuation in terms of people and program. Instead he refers our readers to the report of the House Committee Investigating National Defense Migration. Here he does something more searching—goes beyond how an excruciating wartime measure has been executed or even the constitutional rights at issue where citizens are concerned.

In essence he asks all of us as Americans to take a really good look at what we are holding in our hands—not so much what military necessity required and what it didn't; but what's to be done now to fend against irreparable damage we are likely to do ourselves—damage internally, damage with our allies and potential allies, damage to our own children and their children and their chance of survival.

*In the Territory of Hawaii there were 158,000 more or 37 percent of the population of the islands, but these are not involved in an evacuation program.

I.

Standing in a strawberry field near Sacramento an alien, ineligible by our laws to American citizenship, said to me:

I don't worry. I believe in Uncle Sam. I leave it to Uncle Sam. I look Jap. Can't hep. I Japanese-born. All my brothers U. S.-born. I can't apply citizenship. I lots better than lots citizens. I do the duty. I never do wrong. I pay the tax. Our people sacrifice now. I don't want more sacrifice. They say "Your Jap orchard, you take care." Everything they still take care till last minute of evacuate.

Our people they don't know what comes but they gonna do right. Jap people don't talk much. Outside people don't understand much. Now is too late to talk; too late.

As background, here is a statement the Florin chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League made on May 16:

Fortunately, the busy strawberry season has helped us keep our heads. . . . Even now as the evacuation day approaches, we find busy workers picking ripe red berries for strawberry shortcakes to be enjoyed in hundreds of American homes.

Quietly they are packing away their precious possessions they have accumulated in the twenty to fifty years they have been in this beautiful community. In a businesslike manner, their ranches and their properties are being put in order and turned over to trustworthy hands. Mothers are busily sewing and packing clothing for their families. At night, after a hard day out in the strawberry patches or in the green grape vineyards, the entire family is busy crating necessities, and packing suitcases and trunks. . . .

There is nothing to fear or dread. We are in good hands, the army of the U. S. Let us, with high hope, prepare ourselves for this new adventure and with courage meet this Evacuation.

II.

An American-born merchant of San Francisco, graduate of the state university, wrote this letter on April 10 to his business connections:

Since September 1902—almost forty years ago—ever since we opened our door . . . we have enjoyed a mutually pleasant and profitable business relationship. Now the terrible flames of war, scorching all the earth, has finally reached us . . . and, as you are all aware, we must evacuate from the coastal areas inland. Thus we must of necessity close our door.

We want you to know that we go as adventurers to the future that awaits us. We leave with the thought that since all must sacrifice in times of war, this is our sacrifice and our bit toward the defense of our country. . . .

Our last thought to you: Thank you sincerely for all the help and service you have given us through the years gone by. May the human ties of our spirit of friendship transcend the chaos of war till better days come upon us. May God bless you till we meet again.

III.

With evacuation already an old story for most, the Tanforan Totalizer, organ of the assembly center at Tanforan race track near San Francisco, declared editorially:

To some, both here and on the outside, our observance of America's Independence Day in this center will undoubtedly seem to partake of the nature of a paradox. The surface irony of our situation is apparent enough. But to let the mind dwell on this single facet of the matter would not only be fruitless; it would be prejudicial to all our hopes of returning eventually to the main stream of American life as useful citizens.

The ideals which germinated in the birth of this nation as a free people are as valid today as they ever were. They still form the one bastion of man's hope for a better world, unburdened of the weight of fascist tyranny. If we allow the

apparent anomaly of our particular circumstances to tarnish our faith in the tenets of the democratic creed, we are divorcing ourselves from the current of humanity's highest aspirations.

In our observance of July fourth, then, let us not speculate idly and fruitlessly on the special constraints and hardships—and in many cases the seeming injustices—which the fortunes of the present war have laid on us. Rather, let us turn our thoughts to the future, both of this country and of our place in it. It is our task to grow to a fuller faith in what democracy can and will mean to all men. To stop growing in this faith would be to abandon our most cogent claim to the right of sharing in the final fruits of a truly emancipated world.

From Voluntary to Planned Migration

IT WAS ON FEBRUARY 19, SOME TEN WEEKS AFTER THE Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, that the Secretary of War was given authority to prescribe military areas from which "any or all persons may be excluded, and with respect to which, the right of any person to enter, remain in, or leave shall be subject to whatever restrictions" the Secretary or his designated military commanders might impose. In due course the western half, approximately, of Washington, Oregon, and California, and the southern half of Arizona were designated as Military Area No. I, and an adjacent area as No. II.

At first, persons of Japanese ancestry were encouraged to migrate voluntarily to other states in order, so stated the head of the Wartime Civil Control Civilian Staff, "to lessen the drain on the military and civilian resources involved in an immediate forced movement." Many difficulties faced those who made hurried attempts to uproot and transplant themselves. One was the hostility of inland communities to what they supposed to be an influx of people so dangerous to our national security as to require their removal from strategic military areas. The Tolan Committee reports: "The statement was repeated again and again, by communities outside the military areas: 'We don't want these people in our state. If they are not good enough for California, they are not good enough for us.'"

Nonetheless, about 6,000 had moved themselves in this fashion by March 29, when the military commander prohibited further voluntary migration by the Japanese.

In the meantime, steps had been taken toward planned and supervised migration. On March 23 migration began to Manzanar, in an isolated desert valley of eastern California selected as the army's initial center for evacuees. One thousand Japanese from Los Angeles volunteered to initiate the movement by way of example. The next day the military commander proclaimed curfew regulations for all American-born and alien Japanese, alien Italians, and alien Germans. Previous restrictions limiting travel to five miles from home remained in effect.

Evacuation of the Japanese, district by district, proceeded rapidly thereafter until Military Area No. I was cleared in early June. Intention to evacuate Military Area No. II was separately announced, and this was practically cleared by early August. Today the only Oriental faces on our western streets are Chinese, Filipino, or occasionally Korean or Hindustani.

The basis of the far-reaching decision to evacuate persons of Japanese ancestry was explained by the army officer in charge. Speaking before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco in late May, he said, in part:

Now, if you and I had settled in Japan, raised our families there, and if our children and grandchildren were raised there, it is most improbable that during a war between Japan and the United States, if we were not interned, that we would commit any overt acts of sabotage acting individually. Doubtless, in the main, and irrespective of our inner emotions, you and I would be law-abiding.

But when the final test of loyalty came—if United States forces were engaged in launching an attack on Japan—I believe it is extremely doubtful whether we could withstand the ties of race and the affinity for the land of our forebears, and stand with the Japanese against United States forces. To withstand such pressure seems too much to expect of any national group, almost wholly unassimilated, which has preserved in large measure to itself, its customs and traditions—a group characterized by strong filial piety.

It is doubtless true that many persons of Japanese ancestry are loyal to the United States. It is also true that many are not loyal. We know this. . . . The contingency that under raid or invasion conditions there might be widespread action in concert—well-regulated, well-disciplined, and controlled—a fifth column, is a real one.

Earlier, in terminating voluntary migration, the same officer had offered the additional explanation that they were “frozen” in their places to “insure an orderly evacuation and to protect the Japanese.”

The army acted with dispatch and courtesy. The physical inconveniences and even hardships, the financial losses, and the keen mental anguish suffered by the evacuees resulted more from the basic decision to evacuate than from lack of skill in its execution. A corps of specially trained teams from civilian agencies aided the Japanese at civil control stations.

The Japanese American Citizens League gave a full measure of cooperation which set a standard for all Japanese. “If, in the judgment of military and federal authorities,” said Mike Masaoka of the League, “evacuation of Japanese residents from the West Coast is a primary step toward assuring the safety of the nation, we will have no hesitation in complying with the necessities implicit in that judgment.”

The Clash Over Public Policy

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL DEFENSE MIGRATION, of which Congressman John H. Tolan of California is chairman, began to hold hearings on the West Coast two days after the Executive Order which gave power to the Secretary of War. The testimony revealed almost complete disagreement among civilian witnesses of Caucasian ancestry over the appropriate disposition of those of Japanese ancestry.

The basic premise of all groups who advocated complete and total evacuation of all Japanese on the West Coast was that it was a military necessity because of the inability of the federal and state officials to distinguish loyalties among Japanese-American citizens and aliens. In the words of the committee, they . . .

. . . felt that no constitutional right or humanitarian consideration nor any consideration of the effect on agricultural production on the West Coast should prevent the complete evacuation of the Japanese from the area. It was their belief that evacuation was necessary for the protection of the Japanese themselves. They expressed in every hearing the fear of vigilante action unless complete evacuation were forthcoming. As a group they did not believe that the nation could afford to take chances with the Japanese population.

Persons of Japanese Ancestry

These are divided into two great groups:

Nearly 63 percent of persons of Japanese ancestry in continental United States, or almost 80,000, were born in this country, and consequently are American citizens. In the Pacific States and Arizona nearly 72,000, about the same proportion, were such.

Naturally every passing year brings more deaths among the first generation and births among the third, and so raises this percentage of citizens which already approaches two thirds.

* * *

The remaining 37 percent, about 47,000 in the United States in 1940, and about 46,000 in the Pacific States according to the Alien Registration, were Japanese aliens born in Japan. Among the Japanese these are known as *Issei*, or first generation. About 29,000 were males, 17,000 females. Their age groupings reflect immigration restrictions imposed long ago. Thus 35 percent of the alien Japanese of the West Coast were fifty-five years of age or over; 65 percent were forty-five years of age or over; 94 percent were thirty-five or over. Two thirds of these aliens had last arrived in this country before 1925, or more than seventeen years ago.

* * *

Contrary to a widespread belief, more than half of all persons of Japanese ancestry in continental United States have lived in urban communities. In the Pacific Coast states in 1940, only 45 percent of all gainfully employed persons of Japanese ancestry were engaged in agriculture. There were about 23 percent in trade, 17 percent in personal service, and 4 percent in manufacturing.

* * *

To round out these statistical estimates in terms of space and time, a further comparison can be made. The 1940 census showed that one quarter of all persons of Japanese ancestry in the Pacific Coast states and Arizona were under fifteen years of age. Of the aliens, less than one percent were under fifteen. Of the American-born, 39 percent were under fifteen—or almost two out of every five were minors below that age.

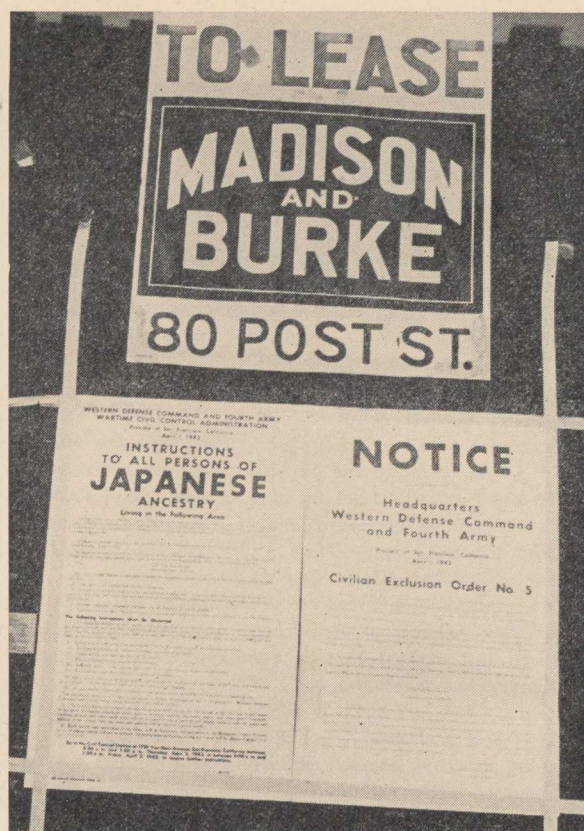
Witnesses who opposed wholesale evacuation of the Japanese were . . .

. . . generally agreed that subversive activities should be handled by the FBI, that the FBI is fully competent to handle sabotage and the espionage problems on the West Coast; that the great majority of Japanese citizens and aliens are loyal; that their loyalty can be ascertained; and that loyal Japanese are assisting the FBI in ferreting out disloyal aliens.

In general, these witnesses challenged every point made by those persons who favored complete evacuation. Both groups agreed only that the military must do whatever is necessary to prevent sabotage. They disagreed on every other point.

The details of this disagreement are not presented here. Seriously interested readers will write their congressman for a copy of the Tolan Committee report on *Evacuation of Enemy Aliens*. That report gives views of its witnesses and facts of its own collection in vivid detail.

Once evacuation was decided upon by the military, all groups, whatever their original reluctance, acquiesced. Serious legal questions of constitutionality remain, but these seem set for determination by the courts after long and mature consideration of (Continued on page 378)



Prologue: the evacuation order, the vacant store

The Japanese Exodus —from Coastal Homes to the Hinterland



Health protection begins early



Japanese evacuees arrive by train near the Manzanar relocation center in east-central California



Photographs by Dorothea Lange and Frances Stewart for War Relocation Authority
 Japanese farmers help make relocation centers self-sustaining. Loading a potato planter at Tula Lake, Calif.



Two American-born Japanese in their quarters at Manzanar



Recreation has an important place at the relocation centers

a few test cases, not in quick actions likely to produce an immediate upset of the program with respect to the Japanese, whatever the ultimate outcome.

With our huge alien population of many nationalities in mind, the Tolan Committee has already recommended both review of the original Executive Order issued to meet the special West Coast situation, and consideration of means for "allaying public anxiety about, and discrimination against, those now classified as enemy aliens." In pointing out that "the time has passed for retrospective considerations as to whether decisions then taken were dictated by necessity," the committee reasserted its original position that to "generalize the current treatment of the Japanese to apply to all Axis aliens and their immediate families . . . is out of the question if we intend to win this war."

It is not so much with the past, then, as with the future that the American public will do well to concern itself. Not so much with the Japanese aliens as with those who are American citizens. The aliens, in a sense, are prisoners of war. Clearly, as such, they cannot now harm the nation by sabotage. Adherence to the standard set by General MacArthur when he took Japanese prisoners at Bataan will not only assure humane treatment but will deny to Japan any excuse to do less well by Americans who have fallen into its hands: "They are being treated," he said, "with the respect and consideration which their gallantry so well merits."

What of the American-Born?

THE AMERICAN CITIZENS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY PRESENT quite another problem. It is very complex, and it touches the very fiber of American life.

Among them are unquestionably those whose greater loyalties are to Japan. Whether their numbers increase or decrease will depend partly upon how we make our next decisions. The Tokyo radio today has its Lord Haw Haws born in the United States, and there are counterparts in the Black Dragon and other Japanese nationalistic societies of the American-born Kunze, fuehrer of the German-American Bund. Dangerous persons of this type already had been taken, not to evacuation centers, but to the internment camps in Montana, North Dakota, or elsewhere, that are especially provided for dangerous enemies of all nationalities. There they undergo examination and release or internment as hearing boards may decree.

There are also the *Kibei*, those American-born Japanese who were sent to Japan for schooling. Their loyalties undoubtedly are divided, and as a group they have turned more toward Japan than those of the American-born, American-educated *Nissei*.

Certainly security must be maintained. It must be maintained within and without, during the war and during the peace that follows, and with a thought to the peace and to wars that may follow that—until men can break these ceaseless alternations of history. *It is in this full-scale perspective that determination of our future policy toward the American-born citizens of Japanese ancestry appears in its complexity and in its national and international settings.*

Straws in the Legislative Wind

MEANWHILE, PROPOSALS ARE LAID BEFORE THE AMERICAN people almost daily, formally and informally, by the

known and by the unknown. Read, for example, the news and safety-valve columns of newspapers. Such as

I say send the Japanese back to Tokyo.

We should make sure before we take the Germans or Japs in our country as citizens whether born here or not. The Japs especially should lose this most treasured possession. How many American-born Japs have we that are in sympathy with their parents' homeland? How can we know for sure that they are telling the truth if they pledge their allegiance to this country.

A California congressman introduces a resolution, H.J. 305, amending the Constitution so as to deny citizenship by birth in the United States to persons either of whose parents is ineligible to citizenship "because of race."

A trade journal noted in June that:

The vegetable industry of the West has been seriously concerned for the past three or four weeks over the rumor that these Japanese were to be placed upon a self-supporting basis as soon as possible and that it was the intention of the War Relocation Board to place these Japanese, or more especially those with an agricultural background, in a position to grow vegetables to be sold and marketed in competition with those grown by Americans.

A Tennessee Senator introduces a bill, S. 2293, to permit detention of persons of Japanese ancestry wherever they may be and for the duration. The Senate Immigration Committee, in reporting this bill favorably, urged that citizens of Japanese ancestry be disfranchised—by reversal of a Supreme Court decision forty-four years old. The bill drew opposition on the floor of the Senate, an Idaho Senator observing that: "In the beet fields our farmers are extremely short of labor. Many of the Japanese race have come there and are helping to solve an extremely critical problem." He requested time to ascertain "whether at this time the passage of such drastic legislation would make those Japanese so angry that they would stop work." A Utah Senator remarked:

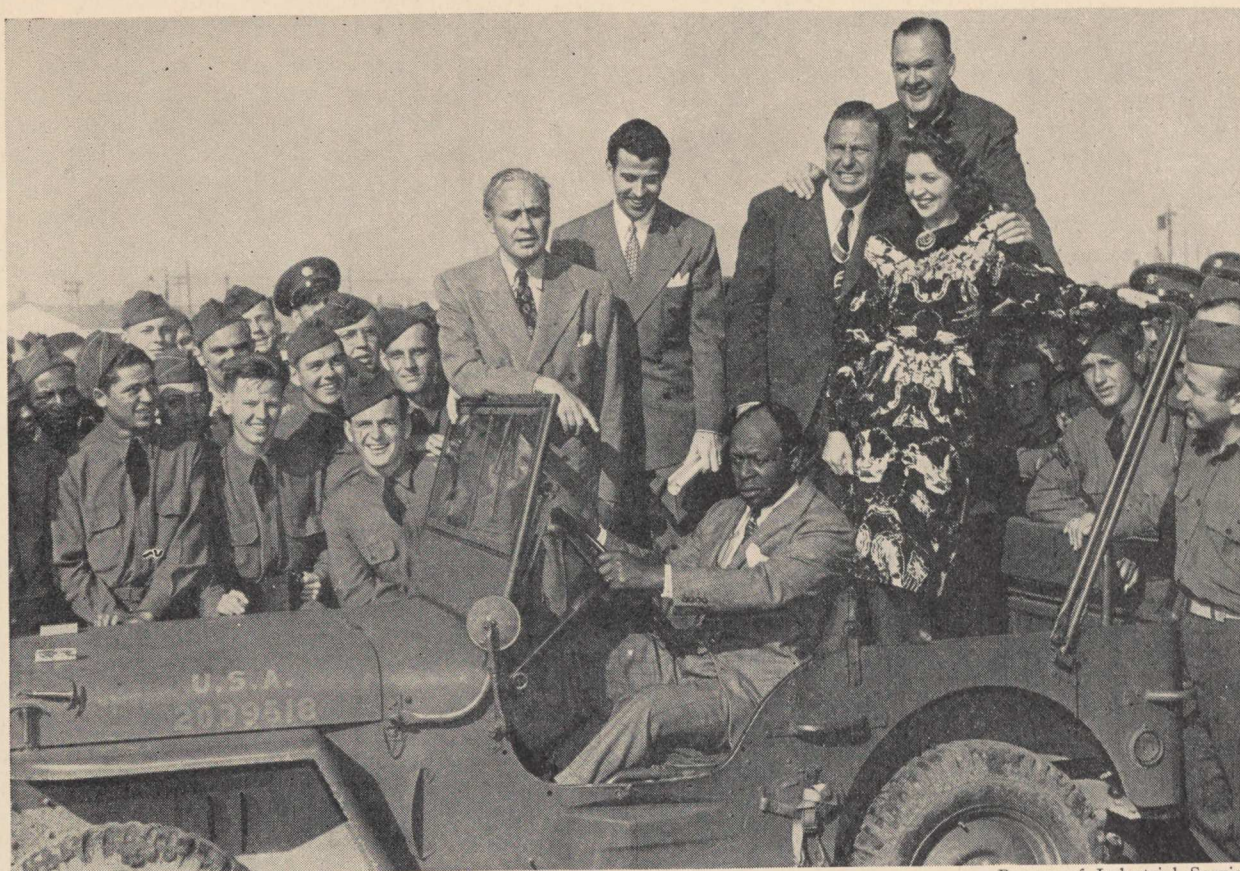
If we can wink at the Constitution in the case of the citizen of Japanese descent, then the next step, of course, is to move out and begin putting in concentration camps citizens of German descent, and every other citizen of foreign descent in the United States who may have come or whose parents or ancestors may have come from some nation with which we are today at war.

The contention was put forward that Japanese law makes "every male citizen regardless of where born or when he departed from Japan" a Japanese citizen "subject to the Emperor of Japan until he has served his time in the Japanese army or navy." Senator Robert Taft dismissed this contention. Undoubtedly, he said, this was . . .

. . . the position taken by the Japanese; it is also the position taken by the Germans; and it is also the position which was taken by the English in the War of 1812. . . . We absolutely deny that the Japanese have any right to say that a man who is a citizen of the United States is a citizen of their country.

The Issues Get Into the Courts

LATE IN JUNE A SUIT OF MORE THAN ORDINARY INTEREST was brought before federal court in San Francisco. As attorney for the secretary of the Native Sons of the Golden West, U. S. Webb (former attorney general of California) argued that American citizens of Japanese ancestry should be stricken from the voters rolls of San Francisco. Webb argued, accord- (Continued on page 396)



Bureau of Industrial Service

Rochester and the rest of the Jack Benny troupe take over an army jeep at one of their many camp performances

Rochester, Skippy Smith, and Co.

by HAROLD KEEN

How Jack Benny's famous partner—over the radio he's the very quintessence of ancient servitors—turns up in San Diego as the epitome of free enterprise in the business of beating the Axis. And how he had joined forces with an aerial daredevil and spot-landing expert in *"the spirit of all-out production that knows no color line."*

MANY HAVE BEEN THE RECEPTIONS FOR VISITING CELEBRITIES at the palm-tree fringed railroad terminal in San Diego. None has been more extraordinary than that of March 26, 1942, which is as good a date as any on which to hang this story. For half an hour before the streamliner pulled in from Los Angeles, a heterogeneous array of semi-military groups formed and re-formed ranks. Dignitaries from various walks of life moved about in restless anticipation.

Bustling among them was a nervous, slender young Negro. This was Howard (Skippy) Smith, exhibition parachutist, parachute inspector, and more lately founder of one of the nation's unique war industries.

It was he who had managed to contrive a stage setting that would have done credit to Octavus Roy Cohen. A contingent of Negro State Guardsmen was pacing up and down. A squad of white paratroopers of the Women's Ambulance and Transport Corps stood stiffly at attention

in full jumping regalia. The vice-mayor, the chairman of the county Democratic central committee (representing Governor Olson), and the county leader of the American Federation of Labor were on hand.

When the train came in, there was no difficulty in identifying whom the motley delegation had assembled to honor. Cigar at a jaunty angle, hat lifted in undisguised pleasure at the grandiose welcome, the newcomer exclaimed in gravel-throated phrases known from coast to coast:

"Oh! oh! Ain't this somethin'!"

The Negro troops formed a guard of honor. The white paratroopers rallied about him. The vice-mayor, the governor's representative, and the representative of organized labor enthusiastically pumped his arm. And while curious bystanders gaped at this extraordinary manifestation of interracial goodwill in what has become a great defense center, Eddie Anderson—known to millions of radio and

movie fans simply as "Rochester"—proceeded with police escort to the workshop of the Pacific Parachute Company.

To you and to me and to those millions, Rochester is Jack Benny's sprightly liegeman. Now he was divested of his customary humble cloak of manservant and stood in a new aura. He was, forsooth, the Boss—the man who had come to the rescue of a free enterprise that had almost died stillborn; of a wartime venture which today symbolizes the shattering of racial barriers by more than lip service.

"Rochester," Capitalist

THE WHIR OF POWER MACHINES STOPPED AS EDDIE ANDERSON entered the factory. It was jammed with well-wishers, white and colored, for he had come to witness the dedication of an addition to America's arsenal for democracy.

It was his first visit to the plant he was financing. He looked down the long row of sewing machines, at the inspection, cutting, and trimming tables, where clouds of silk were taking canopy shape. As Skippy Smith had told him, white girls, many of them of Mexican descent, and Negro girls were working side by side. On the wall was President Roosevelt's Executive Order 8802: "*... there shall be no discrimination in the employment of workers in defense industries ... because of race, creed, color or national origin ...*" When the speeches were ended the week old factory had been dedicated to the spirit of all-out production that knows no color line. Rochester himself distributed the first pay checks. The valet to a comedian was in the business of beating the Axis.



Skippy (left) and his partner, Mack "Skip" Gravelle, who was killed in 1939 when his parachute failed to open

Enter the Pacific Parachute Company

MORE THAN THAT, THE CONCERN HE HAS FINANCED CRACKS the notion that whites and Negroes can work in the same plant only if they are segregated. When Skippy Smith was scurrying around desperately in search of money to launch the Pacific Parachute Co., he turned down all suggestions that because this was to be the first Negro-managed and Negro-financed aviation plant in the country, it ought to have 100 percent Negro personnel.

San Diego, like many another war production area, has plenty of Negroes who have been unable to get jobs above the level of maintenance or janitorial work. Why not provide economic opportunities for them? But Smith stuck to his line: "If a girl is recommended to us as a good worker by the United States Employment Service or the National Youth Administration, I'll hire her, whether she's Negro or white, and whether she comes of



Skippy Smith as an inspector with the Standard Parachute Corp.

American or Mexican parents." When Rochester heard the proposition in this light, he endorsed it with the cash that Skippy Smith needed. As a result, Pacific Parachute Co. today has an almost equal number of white and colored girls working side by side.

Skippy Smith, Entrepreneur

HOW THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED IS THE STORY OF A YOUNG Negro's all-consuming ambition to blaze a new path, the story also of how he was encouraged and supported by a backer who had won national fame as, of all things, an obsequious radio jester.

Howard Smith, twenty-eight, is son of a former instructor at Tuskegee Institute. He came to California four



Skippy demonstrates the pilot 'chute to Rochester at the dedication of the Pacific Parachute Co.

years ago with 98 cents in his pocket. Behind him, in his native Birmingham, Ala., he had left a record as at once an agile professional baseball player and a conscientious carpenter's helper in the American Cast Iron and Pipe Co.

True, the opportunity for a college education was within his reach, but he felt that, like Booker T. Washington, he could reach his objective without higher education. As he figured it, if he worked hard enough he could without college training become the president of a company or even the principal of a school.

Interested in aviation, young Smith turned to southern California as the place for him. His first job in Los Angeles was as a laborer in the city engineering department. Later he cleaned Pullman cars, washed autos, performed all sorts of odd tasks. He scraped together funds for a few hours' flight instruction, but before he soloed, he became attracted to an aviation by-product—parachutes.

Howard Smith pawned part of his meager wardrobe; borrowed \$85; made a deposit on a \$285 'chute and proceeded to learn how to use it. Leaping from airplanes became his profession, once he discovered that as the only Negro parachute jumper in exhibition meets he could draw from \$75 to \$250. He barnstormed as an acrobatic jumper, his repertoire consisting of delayed 'chute openings, breakaway jumps from one canopy to another, and spectacular free falls. As a spot-landing expert he is un-

surpassed, claiming victory in every one of the sixty-five such leaps he has made. Altogether, Skippy Smith has jumped for cash 154 times.

Two years ago this August he was in San Diego helping promote a parachute show for a Hollywood aerial troupe. Some of his acquaintances suggested that he strike the Standard Parachute Corporation for a position. This company was at the time shifting into high gear as one of the country's leading 'chute factories. The show over, he returned to Los Angeles and forgot all about the application he had made. A month later the concern offered him a job as 'chute packer and drop tester at a suburban airport.

Now Negro power machine operators had attempted to get work at this plant without success. But Smith's qualifications made him a natural for a specialized job, one that would not require his mingling with white employes in the factory. He became the first and only Negro worker in the production organization, and as an accomplished parachutist, held the professional respect of his fellow workers. Looking back, George M. Russell, Standard's assistant superintendent who then was foreman of the drop-test crew, puts it this way:

We were having a hard time getting enough packers in those days, when every 'chute, instead of only a representative number, had to be drop-tested and packed.

Skippy was a well-known parachutist, and when Colonel Fauntleroy (C. E. Fauntleroy, president of Standard) asked me if I would have any objection to a colored packer, I took a vote among my six-man crew. Everyone agreed to work with him.

He was one of our finest employees.

How Skippy Turned the Tables

THE TIME CAME WHEN THE DROP-TEST CREW WAS RELIEVED of its arduous duties of checking performance on all canopies and Skippy was moved inside the Standard plant as an assistant inspector. This was itself a daring move. Defense production in San Diego had led to the migration of thousands of families from Oklahoma, Texas, and neighboring states. Standard had a goodly proportion of women power machine operators in whom southern prejudices were deeply rooted. They were upset when the management thus put a Negro under the same roof. Racial feeling flared up briefly, and was countered by Smith in characteristic fashion.

When he learned that several of the women had made known their resentment, he merely said: "I can take care of that. Let me do it my own way." Meanwhile, the plant superintendent and engineer had become anxious at the brewing discontent and they took him to the office of Standard's president. It had been fears of just such incidents that had led Colonel Fauntleroy to avoid general employment of Negroes in his factory. But he heartily approved of Skippy Smith, and forthwith he offered to meet the situation by the most direct method he knew—by firing the complainants. Again Smith asked permission to stop the trouble himself.

His first step was to ask Johnny Mumma, the superintendent, to provide him with a book on parachutes written by his father, J. V. Mumma. His next was to go to every one of the 400 girls in the factory, asking them for their autographs and for any sentiments they wished to express. As he told me the story, later, he wouldn't let anyone tell him which of the girls had had it in for him: "At any rate, no one refused to sign my book, and many of them wrote nice things. From that time on, everyone was my friend. They'd come to me more than ever before, asking how to do a certain piece of work, and for advice on one thing or another."

That was the way he "took care of it" in his own way. How well he succeeded was demonstrated, when the time came, by the desire of his fellow employees to see Skippy make good in his new factory. Once that was opened, experienced operators from the Standard plant kept dropping in at Pacific Parachute Co. to give pointers to the comparative novices there. When Smith made known his plans to launch out on his own, offers of financial assistance, modest though they were, poured in on him from his former white colleagues at Standard.

A Sky High Prospectus

THE IDEA OF OPERATING A PARACHUTE COMPANY OF HIS OWN was one which grew in Smith's mind. He had little money himself and he realized that only by some spectacular method of demonstrating his integrity could he get backing. Naturally enough, he thought of a parachute circus; and he proceeded to interest fellow 'chute enthusiasts at Standard in organizing one. Office space to promote the venture was provided at Standard itself; then an honorary

citizens' committee was set up, with the president of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce as chairman, and the local newspaper editors among the members. Once he was thus assured of civic support and publicity, Skippy sent word to all his former jumping pals in the Los Angeles area.

They responded to a man. Late last October, the circus, with Smith as one of the star performers, was staged on Kearny Mesa. This was a financial success. That is, its debts were fully paid; all performers received their promised compensation, and Colonel Fauntleroy retrieved every cent he had advanced. Smith reserved nothing for himself. The jumpers shared all the net profits.

So far as Colonel Fauntleroy was concerned, Howard Smith was more than ever a man to be trusted and it was not long before Skippy gave him the chance to put his faith to work on a broader scale. In addition to full-size parachutes, Standard made small 18-inch pilot canopies, which bloom above the main 'chutes and speed their opening action. Standard's facilities were hard-pressed. Why wouldn't it help the company to let out manufacturing of the pilot 'chutes on a sub-contract basis?

To go back a bit: for some time, Negro civic groups had been attempting to convince Colonel Fauntleroy he ought to employ colored operators. Many of these had already completed NYA preemployment training but could not land jobs. He had taken Smith himself on as a specialist but hesitated to embark on such a mass experiment at Standard. Now he saw in Smith an ideal instrument both to get more pilot canopies and to throw open work opportunities for Negroes. Thus Smith's ambition to head his own outfit and Colonel Fauntleroy's receptiveness to the plan set the stage for action. It was Eddie Anderson who supplied the third and crucial factor.

Money to Make the Mare Go

"I HAVE ALL THE MONEY I NEED FOR MACHINERY," SMITH told Colonel Fauntleroy cocksurely. He had exactly \$250 in the bank, a small fraction of what was required. Three thousand dollars would only begin to meet his financial requirements. Nonetheless, Colonel Fauntleroy gave Smith a contract for several thousand pilot 'chutes, and arranged for a priority for him to obtain power machines.

Thereafter began a fantastic and unorthodox hunt for money to make the mare go. Smith got in touch with San Diego Negroes likely to have spare change. The United States now was at war, and they were a bit jittery. "They told me it was too late for the Negroes to plunge into a war industry," he recalls, "but I kept saying that now was the time, if ever, for us to get started."

In desperation, Smith went to Los Angeles; but not before he had taken long shots by leasing a building with a down payment of \$100 (which left his bankroll at \$150) and by drawing a check for \$915.20 as part payment for machinery. His trip to Los Angeles took him back to his haunts on Central Avenue, the Harlem of that West Coast city. It was here several years earlier that he had met Rochester when the comedian occupied a modest home in the days before he hit the entertainment jackpot. Smith turned up at the office of Dr. D. A. Hawkins, Rochester's family physician, and through him made an appointment with his patient. "All I had then was a business on paper—a contract from Standard Parachute and the priority for the ma- (Continued on page 395)

Where the Three R's Spell Opportunity

by EARL MAZO and GEORGE CHAPLIN

This is the story of Wil Lou Gray and of how she is helping wipe out the patient phrase of southern illiterates: "Readin' an' writin' ain't for some folks, and we is some."

DOWN IN SOUTH CAROLINA THEY CALL IT THE "OP SCHOOL." It has no credits, no examinations, no degrees, no endowments. It is in session only one month each summer. And yet the Opportunity School, founded twenty years ago by an energetic southern school ma'am, has become a great force for progress among people who never had the education we are apt to take for granted as the birthright of every American child.

Slowly, steadily, against terrific odds, this school teacher has worked to wipe out a phrase often heard in her own state as it is all through the South: "Readin' an' writin' ain't for some folks, and we is some." Her name is Wil Lou Gray, and today she is South Carolina's supervisor of adult education. But titles mean nothing to Miss Gray. To her the important thing is that men and women have been able to catch up with their schooling in the "Op School," and in the night schools and the harvest-lay-by classes that are part of the same resourceful campaign against the cruel handicap of illiteracy. Today, hundreds of South Carolinians, once illiterates, are in the armed forces, are working as skilled craftsmen in plane and textile factories and in shipyards, as typists and stenographers in government offices, as hospital nurses, as merchant seamen, as community leaders.

In 1910, South Carolina's illiteracy rate for those over twenty-one was appallingly high—29.6 percent. By 1920, it had been trimmed to 23 percent, by 1930 to 18.6. The 1940 census indicates an illiteracy rate for those over twenty-five of only 7.9 percent. The most illiterate state in 1930, South Carolina now has climbed above Louisiana, New Mexico, Arizona, perhaps others. This almost phenomenal reduction adds up to thousands of people. It also adds up to Wil Lou Gray.

As for her, she lets past gains stand on their own and emphasizes the job ahead. Her proof: more than 13,000 South Carolinians—11,000 Negroes, 2,000 whites—have been rejected by the draft for lack of education. In Tennessee in four months 6,400 were turned down. Over the nation 142,000 of the first two million appearing before draft boards "flunked" on similar grounds.

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* demands action, citing figures to show that one in every five Virginia registrants, otherwise qualified, is rejected for educational limitation. In Atlanta, *The Constitution* points out that a man or woman who cannot read safety notices cannot hold a job in the new aircraft plant there, and "is a handicap, instead of an asset, to his nation at war."

The South is mindful of the problem. But it needs more money and it needs more people with Wil Lou Gray's vision and common sense and stick-to-it-iveness.

While all the state has been Miss Gray's classroom for more than twenty years and her educational inventions—

pilgrimages, summer teaching campaigns, and the rest—have taught thousands of young and old to read and write, the pride of her labors is the annual Opportunity School at Clemson College.

"Book-larnin'" Won't Hurt

THIS YEAR THE OLDEST STUDENT WAS A WOMAN OF SIXTY-nine and the youngest was eleven-months-old Claudia, who came with her widowed mother and immediately was made the model in the home nursing course. In all classes, the central theme this war summer was "The War Effort and Permanent Peace."

A former pupil, now in the army, was given a four-weeks furlough to continue his education. He had been to school only seven months in his life, two of the seven at the "Op School," but on a test he now ranked seventh grade. A forty-four-year-old woman who for years helped support an invalid husband had had only three years of schooling. On the bus over she confided in a friendly stranger that at the Opportunity School you studied what you liked. The stranger was so intrigued she came too. Both had been out of school for more than thirty years. Both made honors.

A nineteen-year-old boy who had left school to work when he was twelve came in 1939. In 1940 he returned and brought his sister. That fall he joined the marines, but last summer he managed a week's leave and was back at the school at his own expense. There were 264 others—some years there are more than 300—from the mills and the farms and the towns. They attend class according to educational level, aptitudes, and interests. This year (1942) eighty-seven were former students. It is these coming back, for five to ten summers, who have stretched instruction from the R's to high school courses.

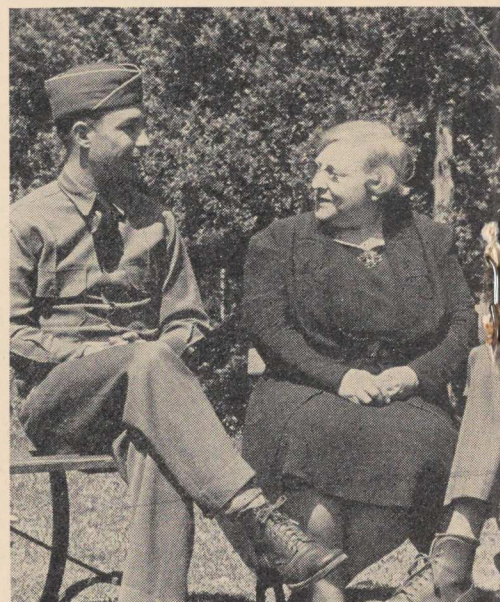
When Harry Lee came several summers ago he figured, like most of his fellow moonshiners, that a little "book larnin'" wouldn't hurt—although his father and grandfather had made whiskey all their lives, and who was he to flout tradition? The atmosphere of the place got him, though, and he came back the next year and the next, carrying books in the crook of an arm more accustomed to toting a shotgun. Today Harry is a flying cadet, heading for a commission in the Army Air Corps.

A county school trustee, one of the more successful farmers of his community, who first attended night school twenty years ago, went home after his first session at Clemson and said, "I didn't know there were so many good people in South Carolina." He's been coming back every year, and was the first to enroll for the 1942 term.

Typical of the classes this past summer was one on the sixth grade level with twenty- (Continued on page 386)



"It makes you feel good to know you can write your name"



Miss Wil Lou Gray and two of her former

At the "Op Schools"



Courtesy of the South Carolina Department of Education

There are libraries to help "get on with the learning"



Courtesy of the South Carolina Department of Education

Reading—for those who have had no chance to learn



mer students



"Informal teaching is pegged to life." Forestry, erosion, nature study show the practical application of science

one pupils from fourteen to fifty years old which had as its theme, "People Who Dared To Improve Our World." A young girl reported on Franklin D. Roosevelt; a soldier studied Clara Barton; and an old man looked into the life of Booker T. Washington. Lincoln, Jefferson, Edison, Horace Mann, Susan B. Anthony were studied. The reports were made into a scrapbook with original illustrations by class artists. Before the month ended, the students decided that good men and women in all fields are necessary to a better national life.

Informal teaching at the Opportunity School is pegged to life, from toothpaste to bedding, from the use of trash containers to social introductions, from behavior at public gatherings to listening intelligently to music, from racial prejudice to religious tolerance, from rugged individualism to cooperative living, from self-satisfaction to salutary discontent.

The pupils have their formal schooling in the college classrooms; they live in the dormitories—every tenth room is a teacher's—and make up their own beds, sweep, clean windows, and do their laundry. Occasionally a man shies at "womenfolks' work," but he usually comes around. "I'll be ruined, though, ma'am, if the old lady finds out."

A couple of years ago the students built a demonstration home to show what could be done for \$1,500. During the winter it was rented to a Clemson professor and the income used for improvements. The boys made tables and beds, the girls upholstered second-hand furniture, made rugs, curtains, quilts, and linens. The furnishing cost was \$251.48. Many who helped build the house were inspired to buy homes. Some "reckoned" they'd never have \$1,500, so with \$489.95, saved bit by bit in the dining hall through the years, another cottage was put up to serve as a model dwelling and home economics laboratory, to be rented to help raise scholarship funds to enable alumni and alumnae to come back to Clemson.

"I'll Just Make My Mark"

IT'S ALL A FAR CRY FROM THAT DAY THIRTY YEARS AGO WHEN Miss Gray, a pert little school teacher, stood watching farmers and mill workers as they shuffled into the general store to sign the Democratic Club roll. Election time was coming in South Carolina and the Laurens County voters were qualifying. An overalled six-footer edged over to the roll-keeper. "I can't write my name," he said. "Reckon I'll jest make my mark." The teacher heard him and another and yet another. That night she wangled the roll, sharpened a pencil and began counting. Hours later she sat staring at her figures. Four thousand, five hundred and twenty-five had registered; six hundred and eight—13 percent—had made their marks.

"Lord," she breathed, "this is shameful! We've got to do something about it."

The fight always has been up-mountain. She has worked with pennies and suffered yearly rebuffs from the politicians, but her faith is as sure as the Monday back in 1914 when she began her first Laurens County night school. For the experiment she selected Young's township ("It had the most illiterates"), gathered thirteen teachers about her, and began to peddle the idea.

"I had been told by nearly everyone that uneducated men would be insulted when approached upon the subject of making up lost opportunity. The first man I spoke with could neither read nor write, and in response to my question he said, 'I would give half of what I ex-

pect to make this year to learn.' So anxious was he to assist that he agreed to take a number of us to school in a wagon."

The first night twenty-one people gathered in the frame schoolhouse despite a heavy rain. They were shown stereopticon pictures of Yellowstone Park and then the proposed night study was outlined. The pupils had only one suggestion: "Let's cut out the ten minute intermission [between classes] and get on with the learning." Six more schools were started, 137 men and women enrolled and classes met three nights a week from 7 to 9 o'clock for a month. Of the beginners, all learned to read a little and to write their names. Some were able at the end of the month to write letters and do primary arithmetic. In twelve nights.

The idea caught and soon night schools spread, stumbling along on a pittance, but arousing hope. At the importuning of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, South Carolina set up an illiteracy commission, named Miss Gray executive secretary and director and provided a fund of \$25,000.

The commission helped nurture a state division of adult education, and the battle against darkness lengthened its lines. In 1921 the Opportunity School was born, up at Tamasee, a D.A.R. institute in the shadow of the Blue Ridge.

Miss Gray came, armed with faith, three teachers, \$100 and a barrel of flour donated by her brother. Alongside trudged twenty men and fourteen girls and women, aged sixteen to thirty-five, from drab cotton mill villages and eroded farms. Many were illiterate, a few had attended elementary school, but all had responded to an "ad" for "those over fourteen, who in youth did not have a chance to learn to read, write and figure, but who long for an opportunity to study."

That first August they sweated over the three R's, over spelling, health habits, citizenship, good manners, domestic science, arts and crafts. The results prompted a similar vacation school at Lander College in Greenwood the next summer. Eighty-nine girls and women showed up. The youngest was fourteen, the oldest fifty-three, and their average schooling was three years. The school's bulletin puffed its infant chest to clarify the opening of "a new epoch in our educational history."

Twelve months later girls and women again were boarding at Lander; an affiliated school for men opened at Erskine College in Due West, twenty-two miles away. In 1931, the schools combined and set up permanently at Clemson Agricultural College, founded by fire-eating Ben Tillman on John C. Calhoun's old homestead.

Where There's a Will . . .

THEY COME IN OLD CARS, IN TRUCKS, ON THE TRAIN, IN THE limousines of patriotic benefactors, in wagons and buggies. They are brought by parents, by sons and daughters, by husbands or wives, by friends, by employers, by mill authorities, by county education superintendents, by teachers and social workers.

The entrance requirements are a good mind, a desire to learn—and \$22 for room, board, medical care, supplies, books, movies, swimming, and other recreation. The fee is small because the pupils do most of the work, learning all the while, but it is high enough in this poverty-ridden state to bar eager thousands. Many come on scholarships. Some save (*Continued on page 398*)

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Power

by ORDWAY TEAD

Must democracy choose between "power so centralized as to be a threat to freedom, and power so diffused as to be a threat to performance?" This is the urgent question here posed and answered by an educator.

MY TITLE, "LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF POWER" IS deliberately chosen to suggest that the pursuit of power is as natural and as desirable as the more familiar "pursuit of happiness." But this pursuit creates problems, especially within a democracy; and it creates even graver problems where power is being pursued by those opposed to democratic effort and anxious to destroy it.

It is my purpose to consider such questions as these: how do we reconcile the normal pursuit of power by individuals with its pursuit by others? How do we deal with what seems to be excesses in the pursuit of power? Are there specific personal or institutional conditions which give rise to excesses or abnormalities in the display of power by some individuals? If there is a pathology of power, how may we recognize it and work to correct it?

Further, how in our many activities do we keep the exercise of power in proper bounds and in proper relation to the pursuit of life and liberty? Is there any way to reconcile the necessary exercise of power by administrators with the rightful demands for life and liberty on the part of those in subordinate positions?

For unless we know how to identify the pathology of power and how to channel power expressions into democratic ways, the charge that democracy is an inadequate expression of organized living might become valid.

The fact is that already we are faced with the opposed views here at home of those who fear centralized power, even to the degree necessary for effective common action; and on the other hand, those who fear that democracy must inevitably fail because of its seeming ineffectiveness in the conduct of organized affairs.

But is there not some middle road between these two extremes of attitude? Do we have to choose between power so centralized as to be a threat to freedom and power so diffused as to be a threat to performance?

Wholesome and Unwholesome Use of Power

I AM ASSUMING THAT UP TO A REASONABLE POINT SOMETHING which has been called "ego maximization"—a satisfying sense of individual worthwhileness, of registering in action with others, of being known to amount to something in human dealings—that all this is natural and desirable. But in business, in government, in the church, in education, in the family, we find, in fact, that some people in positions of power love the exercise of power for its own exhilarating sense. We find that they often assume more power than they are competent to exercise, that they do not want to have their judgments reviewed or criticized; that once in the seats of power they are reluctant to step down. Moreover, there is the familiar tendency to become

more and more insensitive to the claims and the conditions of those who must comply. A certain aloofness creeps in. And finally, many of those in positions of power are able to convince themselves that they are indispensable, that the organization could not get on without them.

It needs only a statement of these familiar difficulties to know that the status and the attitude of those in power may easily become opposed to the attitudes which a democratic society is designed to support.

It is a fascinating field of research, only the outlines of which I can suggest, to inquire why certain individuals get this way. Some responsible psychological analysis concludes that this condition frequently has its roots in frustrations, resistances, tensions, and conflicts created by dominating parents, nurses, or teachers in the first years of life. That some of the manifestations I have just described are in adult years compensatory for infantile repressions may well be true.

Certainly it is true that the stigmata of pathological power expressions are unmistakable. In some cases there is a desire to inflict pain upon others, the familiar sadistic aberration; or, in other cases, to inflict pain in subtle ways upon oneself. There is the so-called "scapegoat mechanism," the too ready willingness to attribute present difficulties to influences which may be real but which have only an accidental connection with the problems to be met. Again, there is the demand that "when I open my lips, let no dog bark." The desire to impose the purposes to be served and the methods chosen, is, I take it, what Shakespeare was talking about. Last in this extraordinary bag of tricks, is the ability to create the illusion of participation—the belief, or at least the boast of the powerful, that they have the willing cooperation of those who obey their orders even when duress or mass hypnosis get the results. Where most or all of these manifestations are present, power is being expressed pathologically.

If this characterization brings to mind one or two obvious examples overseas, may I remind you that the problem within our own nation is one of degree, and not of kind, as between the European dictators and some highly placed leaders in business, government, or education over here.

However, European dictators do have their important, if limited, warning lesson for us. We are members of a large, complicated, and heterogeneous national society. It is only realistic to admit that we have in our midst especially in what we speak of as private organizations those who have, in many cases, more than the average will-to-power. Our developing industrial corporate life has placed in its top ranks some of America's most vigorous power-

wielders. The power which they are able to exercise over the lives and welfare of their fellow citizens has become enormous. This has brought great social benefits but it also has created grave social difficulties. The problem of power in American life includes the problem of making sure that countervailing influences work in the public interest, to keep in proper subordination the will-to-power of corporate administrators.

If we are to make any pretense of fulfilling democratic aspiration in this country, it is essential to establish and to invoke at the federal level, a body of power exercised by individuals which is greater than the power of those lesser states which we call "industrial corporations." This federal body of power, of course, creates its own problems of bureaucracy, inertia, and arbitrariness which cannot be ignored.

Many will accept in principle the need for strong public authority who resent the extension in power and range of federal activities during the past decade preceding the present emergency.

It is a familiar truth that our federal system is ingeniously designed to set up checks and balances upon the exercise of power by public officials. A further check upon power centralization is presumably in the operation of the two party system. But practical demands upon government have brought into operation federal administrative commissions and federal corporations in which the traditional divisions of powers and checks and balances no longer operate in the old-fashioned way.

Few probably would wish to see all these agencies abolished. Yet the creation of new administrative bodies with such broad powers raises the question whether present tendencies do not, in fact, run counter to our democratic protestations.

Further, let us remind ourselves that the present administration is in office for an unprecedented third term, while in the totalitarian countries, any notion of an opposition party is completely if hypocritically repudiated. Nevertheless, the idea is widely current in the world that to try to run public affairs under the divided and critical influence of a two party system is an ineffective way to get such business done.

It is worth noting that no one has ever seriously proposed that business corporations be run on a two party system. The government system of checks and balances would be felt by practical business administrators and by experts in the principles of business administration to be a completely archaic and haywire way to proceed.

All this, then, is the warning of European totalitarian experience. It bids us beware, on the one hand, of too much power at the top level of government; and on the other, of power insufficiently centralized to meet the typical administrative problem at the federal level.

A Functional Government

IT IS NOT IRRELEVANT IN ANY STUDY OF THE WILL-TO-POWER to ask whether it is not possible and desirable to have an operating government which would be more nearly what I shall call a functional government, while retaining the wisest features of checks and balances.

A sound industrial corporation is an example of what I mean by a functional government. Of course, even at their best, contemporary industrial corporations have not solved all the problems of administration. For example,

they have not learned how to channel and curb the overweening will-to-power of their own executive hierarchy. But there are in many corporations clear (if socially inadequate) criteria of what constitutes good performance; there are well defined areas of functional responsibility; there is clean-cut differentiation between what we call advisory staff activities and operating line activities. The personal function is recognized, with more or less sensitive attention to methods of dealing with employees and of facilitating the application of their energies to the purpose at hand. But there remains in industry democracy's problem of using for social ends the technically capable and effective power holders.

In government, on the other hand, the problem is to make sure that power is closely related to function, to expert skill and to explicit responsibility for good performance. In the one case—business—we have thus far given power its head in blind worship of something spoken of as free enterprise and the result is, for all except the top dogs, neither freedom nor enterprise.

In the other case—government—we have created agencies so hydra-headed and so divided in responsibility that it is always a grave question whether any particular assignment will be competently finished on time and on the terms required.

IF I HAD SPACE, IT WOULD GIVE ME SATISFACTION TO OUTLINE in some detail a functional public corporation which combines in terms of proper power subordination and proper power expression, the purpose and the performance of a valuable public service. My example is the administrative set-up including the organized relationships with employees in the Tennessee Valley Authority. It is significant that in the conduct of such a government corporation there is little of checks and balances, or of the two party system, save only in the selection of the three members of the top directing body. Rather the TVA administrators have an outright grant of power. Within that grant they have chosen as a matter of public policy to do two important things: first, organize the corporate activity along tested and accepted lines of functional responsibility; and, second, organize their dealings with the large body of employees on a basis of explicit, continuing collective conference and agreement about all operating methods and personnel policies.

From such an instance as the TVA, I believe we may draw important clues for the answer to certain aspects of the problem of curbing the will-to-power. On these terms, I believe that the power of the administrator can be kept in some sort of defensible restraint.

In TVA there is a clear distinction between policy making and policy enforcing. Policy enforcement, execution, oversight, supervision, inspection are, however, a unitary responsibility. While, as in TVA, members of an organization may object to the detailed methods of carrying out the enforcement, and may, on occasion, ask for review or charge that methods of enforcement are arbitrary or wilful, the act of executive oversight itself is an act of individuals and not of committees, of responsible agents and not of balloting groups. Again, administration which safely channels power requires careful definition of individual tasks, of authority and responsibility all the way up and down the line. The administrator properly invokes what Mary Follett has called (*Continued on page 394*)

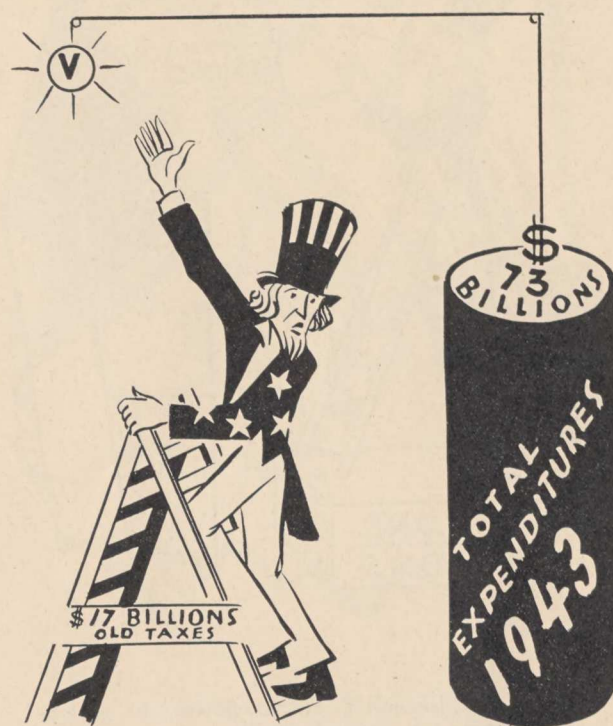
Inflation Lurks in the Budget

ECONOMIC CARTOON

by OTTO H. EHRLICH



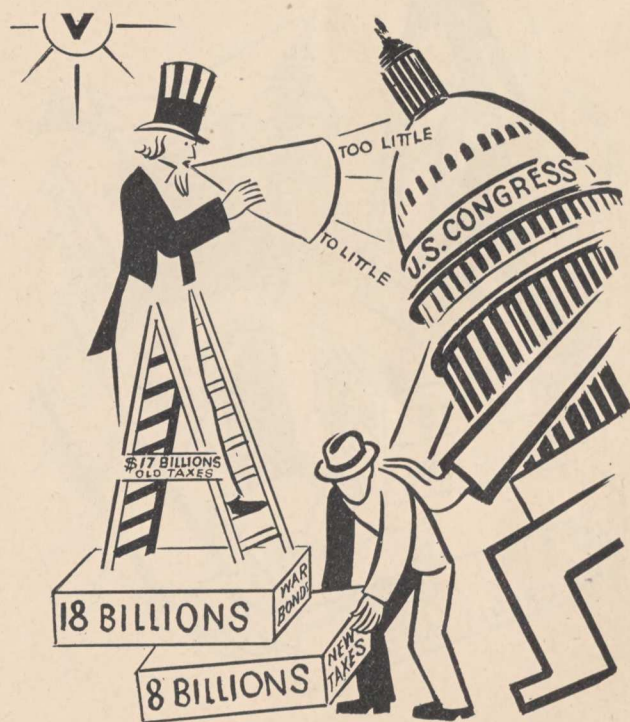
1. In the budget for the fiscal year, 1943, which began on July 1, available government revenues amounted to only \$17 billion.



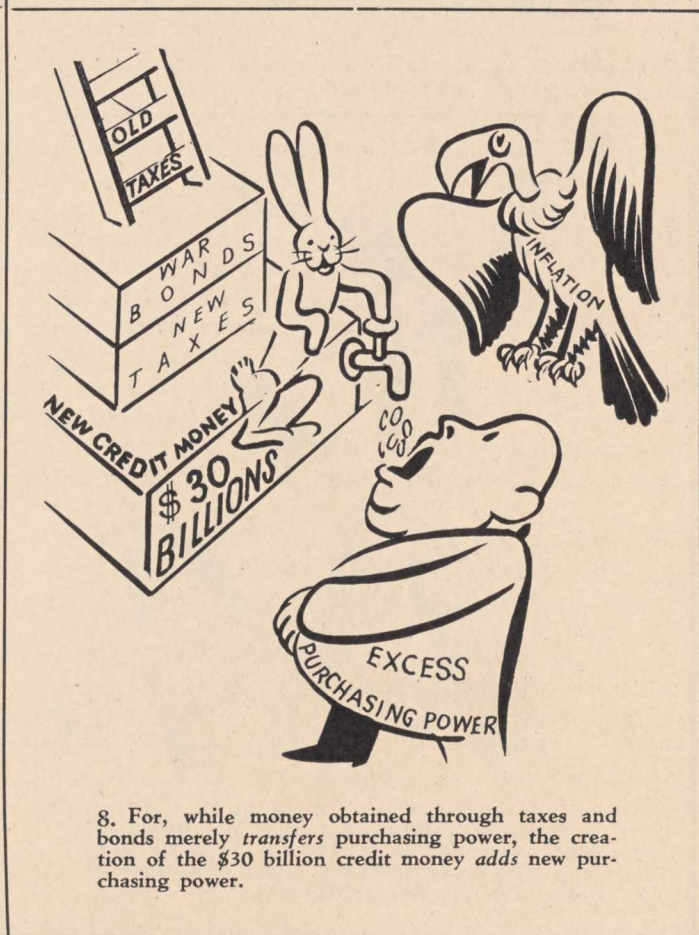
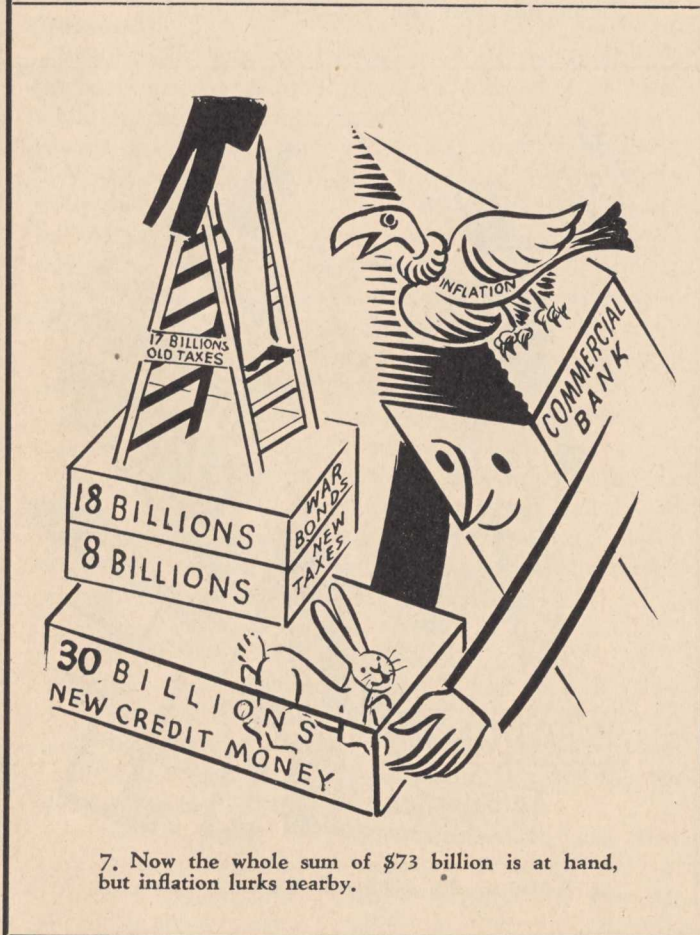
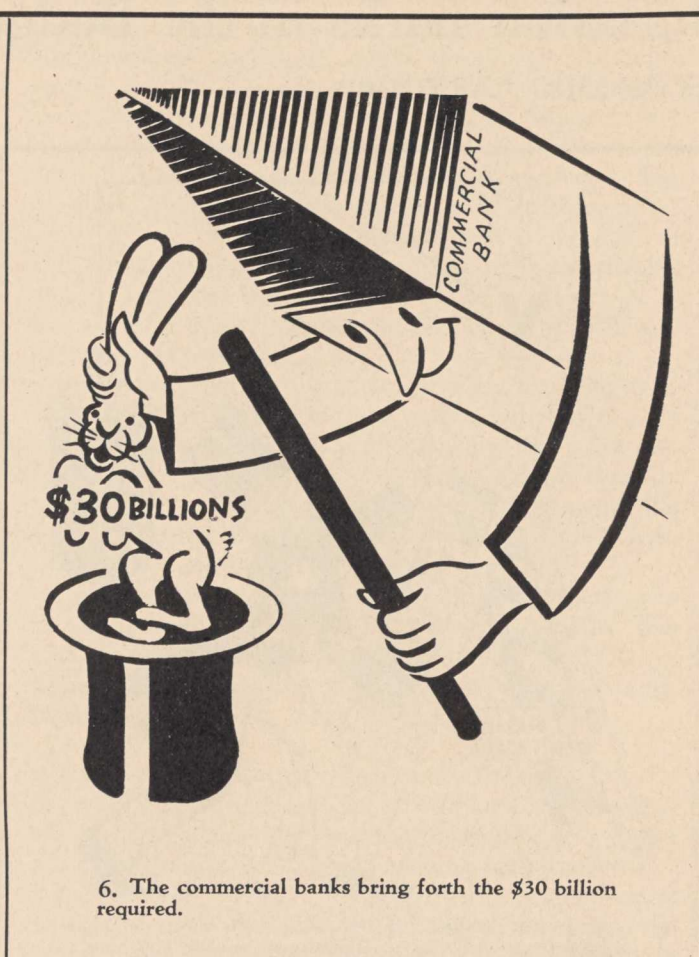
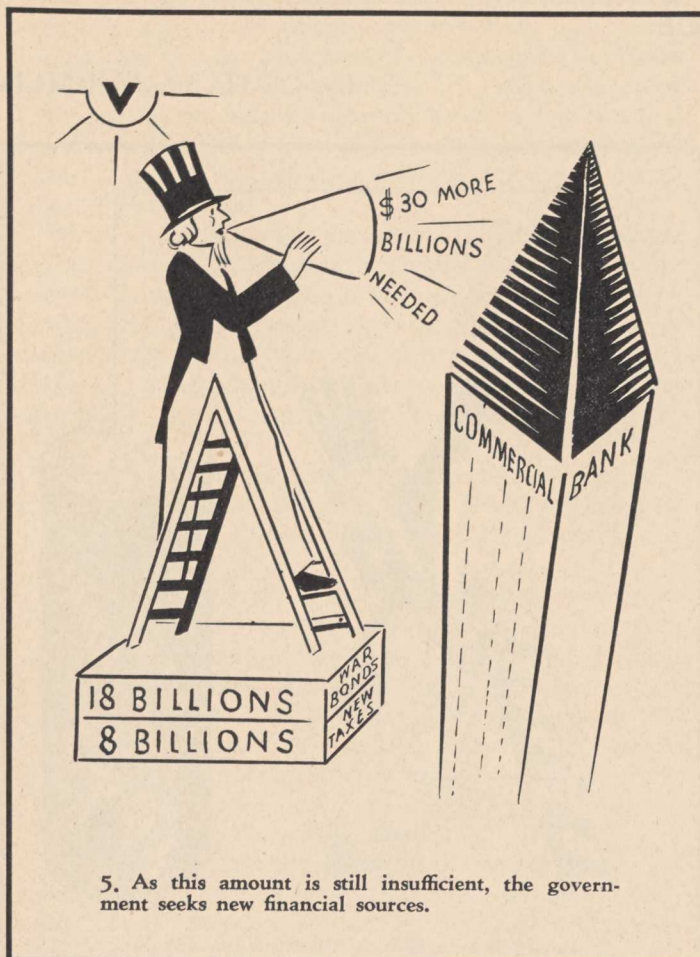
2. But total expenditures will rise from \$31 billion in the fiscal year 1942 to \$73 billion in 1943.

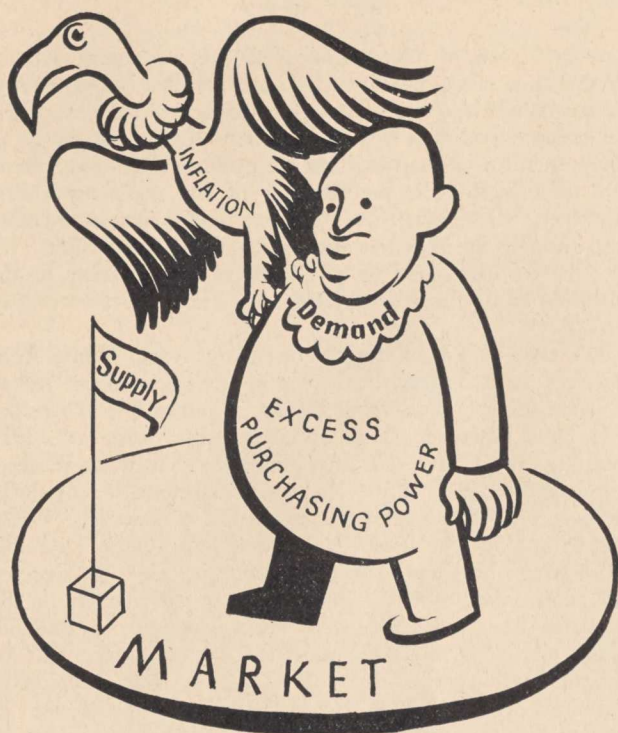


3. To cover this deficit, the public has pledged \$12 billion additional in war savings bonds, with an extra \$6 billion from savings banks, insurance companies, and other financial agencies.

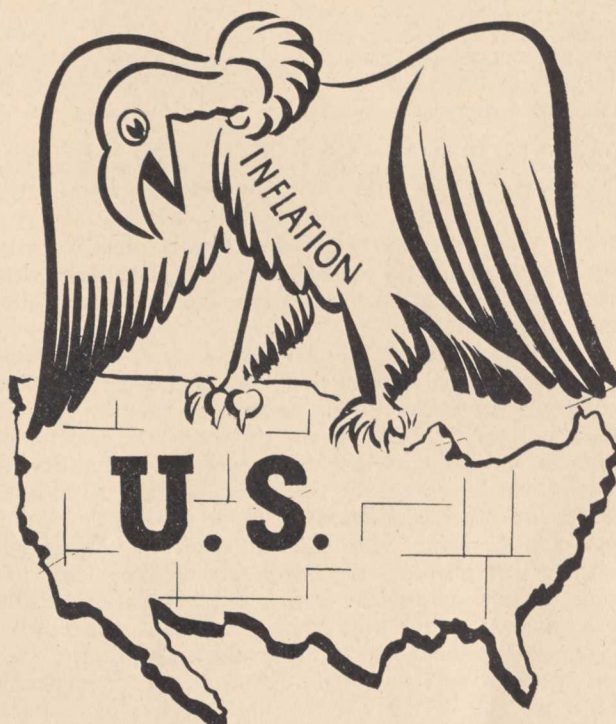


4. Added to this will be \$8 billion in new taxes.





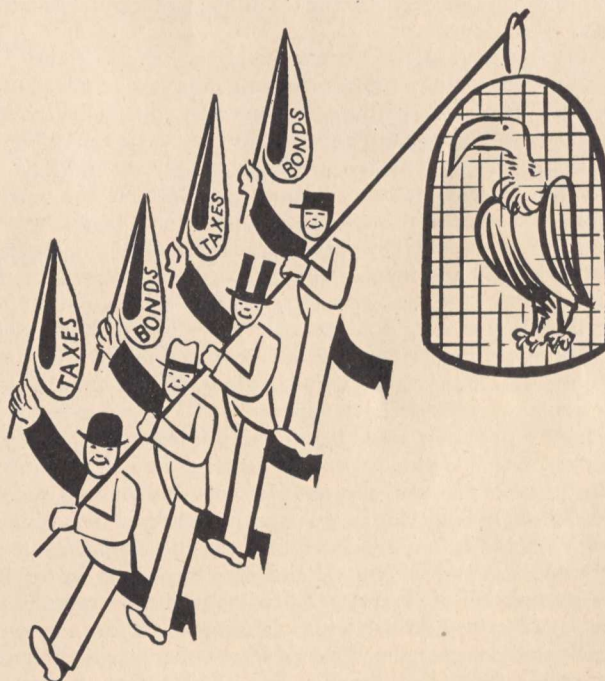
9. If this excess purchasing power were to appear on the market, it would create such a discrepancy between demand and supply that prices would shoot up—



10.—and this is INFLATION.



11. However, inflation can be brought down by new taxes and bond purchases.



12. This triumph will minimize the danger of runaway inflation that lurks in the budget deficit.

LETTERS AND LIFE

The World Tomorrow and Today

NORTH AMERICA: THE WHEEL OF THE FUTURE, by Hawthorne Daniel. Scribner's. 300 pp. Price \$2.75.

THE INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER, by Whitney Hart Shepardson, Claremont Colleges. 64 pp. Price \$1.75.

TIME RUNS OUT, by Henry J. Taylor. Doubleday, Doran. 333 pp. Price \$3.

TOWARD INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION, by Howard Robinson, Harvey Alden Wooster, Max Lerner, George Fielding Eliot, Jacob Viner, Quincy Wright, William Ernest Hocking, Oscar Jaszi. Harper. 217 pp. Price \$2.

Postpaid by Survey Associates, Inc.

THE AUTHORS OF THESE FOUR BOOKS DISCUSS PROBLEMS THAT have resulted from and contributed to this global war, viewing them from the American angle and that of a future world community.

In "North America: Wheel of the Future," Mr. Daniel takes the industrial revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as the turning point in the progress of civilization and briefly highlights the effect of its impact on the economic and political development of the Great Powers, showing that because of the geographic position, racial background and political traditions of Great Britain, the United States and Germany, very different conditions emerged in each nation. He stresses the importance of recognizing that the oceans now connect the eastern and western worlds, that the continents, not the seas, create the divisions. He analyzes the economic potentialities of the continents in the two great areas of the Atlantic and Pacific and arrives at the conclusion that at the end of the war the North American continent will be the dominant power in the future world. Without minimizing the devastation and poverty, the loss of man power and the magnitude of the tasks ahead, Mr. Daniel takes the optimistic view, foreseeing a world of opportunity for all on the basis of mutual cooperation. The British Empire as a whole will be stronger than it is today, he states, though it will "be based economically on Canada." As to Germany, he is convinced that when she chose militarism and dragged Europe, Great Britain and the United States into war, she lost forever her chance to be the great economic center of Europe.

"The Interests of the United States as a World Power" is a little volume far too slender in content to cover adequately the past, present and future of American foreign policy. As this book comprises three lectures given at the Claremont Colleges, perhaps it is fair to judge it only as an effort to interpret for the average student and layman the salient points of our historical policies, our immediate problems and our future tasks. This it does. The danger of our immediate situation is not minimized. Mr. Shepardson's analysis of the part we have played as a world power both before and after the first World War touches only some of the high spots. His formulae for post-war treaties seem an over-simplification of complex and ever-vexatious questions. When he says that the matter of boundaries is simple—that "they can be fixed precisely where they stood before this aggression began—that is to say, before Germany overran Austria," he will find many who question the possibility or wisdom of attempting such a solution. "To help clarify the post-war task of the United States," he says, we should follow the developments of a European conference "closely and sympathetically by means of a commission of observers, but without direct responsibility for its outcome, thus freeing us somewhat for our own parallel problems in the Western Hemisphere, as well as for our responsibilities in the Far East, whether of war or of peace. Surely European reconstruction, if it is to be authentic and lasting, must originate in Europe itself. Direct American participation from the outset in the formulation of a European program might arouse false hopes concerning the na-

ture and degree of financial assistance we can render. On the other hand, it might stir up false fears that we intend to dictate political policy." Many Americans feel that the world has become so united that our country must no longer be an observer but a participant, that we must commit ourselves to full responsibility in the solution of the problems ahead. However, Mr. Shepardson's lectures are thought-provoking even though one may not agree with all his conclusions. We need to be stimulated to give serious consideration to the problems of the new world that must rise from the ashes of the old.

The title of a book written in lighter vein, "Time Runs Out," explains its thesis. It is the highly personalized record of an amazing flight all over Europe begun as late as October 1941 by a newspaper man and economist, who since 1923 seems never to have had any illusions about what the economic pyrotechnics of the leaders of Germany would do to the people of that country and the world outside. Mr. Taylor was willing to take long chances that he might not be able to go where he wanted or leave if he got there; he received full cooperation of the highest government officials in the countries he visited. He went from England to Finland, whose plight "between the devil and the deep blue sea" he recounts with sympathetic understanding; from London to Germany, where he was "the last American in and out" of the country; through France to Spain and Portugal where he listened to Hitler declare war on the United States; then to Africa, Brazil and back home. It is a vivid, thrilling story, though since it is not too well coordinated he weakens his presentation of the need to strike now on all fronts at the same time. For him, Egypt is the core of the battlefield—who loses Egypt loses the war. He breaks down the argument that time is on our side and calls for action now. None of the implications of this war escape him and no one can fail to be impressed both by his story and his conclusions.

In the book called "Toward International Organization," nine experts of first rank discuss the movement toward international organization from all angles (historic, economic, political, military, judicial, cultural and religious) in a most illuminating way.

Each of these books offers a real contribution to the thinking of the American who wants to understand why we are where we are today and what we must do to prevent a recurrence of the tragedy the world is now enduring.

New York

CHARLOTTE BURNETT MAHON

Beneath Japanese Surfaces

YEAR OF THE WILD BOAR—AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN JAPAN, by Helen Mears. Lippincott. 346 pp. Price \$2.75, postpaid by Survey Associates, Inc.

THERE ARE MANY EXAMPLES OF NATIONS THAT HAVE FOR SHORT periods accepted some mirage of glory as a substitute for material satisfactions. The Japanese people alone, in our time, have remained for more than a generation under such a spell, and this despite an ardent desire to become powerful through the adoption of modern instruments. Miss Mears tells us how and why this happened, and this without ever getting far away from what she herself has seen and heard.

Recent books on personal experiences in Japan have mainly been of two kinds: those wholly under the influence of that country's cultural propaganda, and those which with a gay recklessness exaggerate every little fact that tends to throw ridicule on its aspirations to modernity. As a personal narrative, the present book does not altogether avoid a duplication of observations already recorded by others. But the author has set herself a far more serious task, and this is the story of its highly original and successful pursuit.

How does it come that the Japanese have kept intact almost the whole of their medieval beliefs, customs, habits, and value judgments and yet play the part of a modern nation? One answer is that their everyday life is a succession of dramatizations and not of direct experience of situations. Without the all-pervading make-believe, the actual poverty of the vast majority would be intolerable. A few examples must suffice. The typical banquet is a feast for the eyes and a feast of assorted literary memories; hunger is satisfied with large bowls of rice at the end. Elaborate social forms are made necessary by overcrowding and lack of privacy. The cult of flower arrangement derives from rarity of flowers. The glorification of the family, associated with deification of the dynasty, compensates for a lack of personal freedom unique among nominally free peoples. The internal policy of the government, since the Restoration, three quarters of a century ago, has been to fortify the State by subjecting the People to an illusion.

This all too brief summary cannot do justice to the sympathetic objectivity with which the author has pursued her study through all the ramifications of a complex subject. Having for several years served on *The Survey Graphic* editorial staff, she is skilled in the techniques of social interpretation; but the determination of her quest and the charm of her style are all her own.

I should like to recommend this book especially to those who believe that, while making an end to Japan's military expansionism, the United Nations should, after victory, strengthen rather than weaken the position of the emperor as the unifying symbol of the people. In the light of Miss Mears' evidence this may be a dangerous policy if the aim is that of gradually assimilating the aspirations of the Japanese people with those of the democracies.

New York

BRUNO LASKER

Labor's Job

THE DYNAMICS OF INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, by Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Ruttenberg. Harper. 358 pp. Price \$3, postpaid by Survey Associates, Inc.

THERE USED TO BE A PRETTY WELL ESTABLISHED TRADITION THAT you couldn't organize steel. Ten years ago there were not over six thousand union members in the whole industry. Steel executives used to say that the men didn't want to join a union (and that they preferred the twelve-hour day). Andrew Carnegie and H. C. Frick smashed the steel union in 1892. The elder Morgan wrote finis to its activities in 1909. Eugene Grace of Bethlehem and Judge Gary of Big Steel kept it in its place. But the union idea was hard to kill. Last May in Cleveland delegates from over 1,600 locals, representing 660,000 steel workers voted to establish themselves as the United Steel Workers of America. Today, Bethlehem is bargaining with the union, and in a series of elections conducted by the National Labor Relations Board, the employees in every plant of the U. S. Steel Corporation have voted for the United Steel Workers or its predecessor, the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, as their representative in collective bargaining. (In Duquesne where a couple of decades ago the mayor said Jesus Christ couldn't hold a union meeting, the vote was 4,312 to 151 for the union.)

So the horrendous thing is here—and what impends for Steel? Anyone who wants to know should read this book by Clinton Golden and Harold Ruttenberg, two leading actors in this astounding drama. The book isn't about the steel union, exactly. It is more about unions, in general, what they are for, why they sometimes fail, and what the authors think unions can do to make America a better place. But most of the illustrative material comes out of the authors' experience in the steel industry, and since they have been pretty important figures in the former SWOC, and will continue to be important in the new union, their views as expressed here may give something of a line on what unionism in steel is going to be like.

If I were to reveal the fact that this book is in its entirety a discussion of thirty-seven "principles of union-management relations" which are listed in a prefatory statement, you might gather that these two practical labor men have gone on an academic debauch. But that would be a mistaken notion. Chapter I starts off with principle number one: "Workers organize into unions not alone for economic motives but also for equally compelling psychological and social ones, so that they can participate in making the decisions that vitally affect them in their work and community life." Then follow an account of the experiences of Al Risko, who joined the union to get back the community respect that he had lost; of Bert Edwards, who told Al that a union was valuable because, "We'll get something you can't put into words or take home right away in your pay envelope, but by the Lord in Heaven we'll know we got it"; and of John Rider who was ready to fight for a union in a shop where the boss was generous and kind because he made the workers "feel subservient when they wanted to be proud."

Each principle is illustrated by specific situations encountered by the authors in their five years experience with the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. The result is one of the most informing and thought-provoking of books that has yet been written in the field of labor relations. Nowhere else is the case of the union demand for seniority rights made so clear. If there exists anywhere else so reasoned an argument for the union shop I have missed it. Yet the most impressive and stirring feature of the whole book is its bid in behalf of the workers for a chance to help make industry more productive. Labor, according to these writers, wants to work with management toward greater efficiency, lower costs, and increased production, and they argue that there must be such cooperation if these ends are to be attained. "Managements' assumption of sole responsibility for productive efficiency," the writers say, "actually prevents the attainment of maximum output." The examples given of successful cooperation between unions and management, though all too few, are convincing. Sometimes it doesn't work because the executives refuse to believe that the union can help with a "management" problem. Sometimes because the union leaders refuse to cooperate. "Such a lack of vision on the part of the national union leaders," say the authors, "may prove the undoing of their union."

The sum of it is that these men, writing out of their experience as union leaders, believe that the job of organized labor is to get justice for its members, and then to lend a hand in helping to solve the problems of consumer and owner as well. It may be that the steel executives could safely risk a bet on a leadership like that.

This book, written in good humor and with pithy wisdom, is required reading for practically everybody.

New York School of Social Work

JOHN A. FITCH

Strides in Cooperation

THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS, by Joshua K. Bolles. Harper. 170 pp. Price \$2.

PROBLEMS OF COOPERATION, by James Peter Warbasse. Cooperative League of the U.S.A. 212 pp. Price \$1.

CONSUMER COOPERATIVE LEADERSHIP, compiled and published by Edward A. Filene Good Will Fund, Inc. 173 pp. Price \$1.25.

Postpaid by Survey Associates, Inc.

THESE THREE BOOKS ARE RATHER INDICATIVE OF THE PRESENT status of the cooperative movement in the United States. One, by a practical journalist, Joshua Bolles, is the latest survey of the movement, its extent, growth and progress. The other two come from within the movement and are among the first attempts at real self-criticism and evaluation. As such, these two books are invaluable aids to the cooperator's library, just as the Bolles' book is the current guide book to cooperatives in the nation.

As the journalist who made the first outside factual survey of consumer cooperatives in the United States, this reviewer finds the book by Mr. Bolles singularly illuminating. Much

has happened to the movement in the past few years and these happenings are set down in clarity and precision. He delineates the march of the people's business that has expanded into real business. The oil wholesales have grown up; have become refiners and owners of factories, pipe lines and oil wells. From mere dealers in fertilizer, seed and feed the farmers of the middle west have moved on to actual ownership of mills and factories. It is a heartening and encouraging story and well told.

In "Problems of Cooperation," Mr. Warbasse has tried to show why some cooperatives fail and how to avoid such failures. Approaching the subject as a physician does a case, he has diagnosed the ills and prescribed remedies. He indicates that the man who looks upon the few failures of cooperatives—small in comparison to the percentage of profit business failures—and attempts to evaluate the movement by the failures is being most inconsistent. We do not, Dr. Warbasse points out, down the human race because a few of them succumb to mortal ills. Here is a long over-due book—a book that every real cooperator should study.

"Consumer Cooperative Leadership," compiled and published by the Edward A. Filene Good Will Fund, Inc., is the work of many hands. It, too, is an invaluable addition to the cooperator's library. The title seems slightly misleading. While the book does deal with problems of leadership, it devotes more space to the business, financial and organizational problems of all types of cooperatives. This volume is a text and guide book on cooperation.

New York.

BERTRAM B. FOWLER

LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF POWER

(Continued from page 388)

"the law of the situation" using full factual knowledge as the basis for decisions. Such power is functional and situational; it is not personal except in the sense that it is exercised by a person.

The use of the expert, or of the staff consultant, is another facet of the problem of administrative power. I mean here the technical expert, not the authority on administration. The danger of this specialist's overreaching himself is a by-way which it would be fascinating to explore. Rather, I wish to stress, again as a safeguard in the exercise of power, the soundness of the doctrine that "the expert should be on tap and not on top." His is not the task of final decision. He supplies what are presumably sound data, and if he is competent, his advice should command acceptance. But the key to the expert's influence is the persuasiveness of his facts, not the arbitrariness of his authority.

The method of arriving at satisfactory terms of employment in such an agency as the TVA calls attention to a final point—the need for a periodic vote of confidence in the administration. We are familiar with this notion in political government. There it has become one of the major techniques for curbing the power lusts of elected officers. But we have no comparable mechanism in the conduct of industrial government. To allege that the annual meeting of the stockholders of an average corporation amounts to an annual vote of confidence in the executives betrays complete innocence as to the workings of corporate management. In those companies having collective agreements with organized labor, there is a partial review of certain policies at the stipulated intervals when the agreements are renewed. But the process of conference in the TVA is more continuous and more inclusive than is true in the usual collective agreement.

I realize that what I have said about the exercise of personal power in administrative areas has raised more problems than it has settled. The fact that in this country we have not

solved many of these problems indicates only that we have dodged the difficulties presented by the lust for power in the organized phases of democratic life. By this failure we have, I believe, laid ourselves open to the criticism (however hypocritical the motives) of the dictators.

Before going on to positive aspects of this analysis, let us glance at situations in which the power seeker opposes those communities trying to resolve their difficulties by non-violent means.

The Resort to Force

TODAY THE WORLD'S STAGE IS FILLED WITH THE BITTER DRAMA of one power seeker who is striving by every means to override democratic societies such as ours. The ultimate appeal of such a power seeker is the resort to violence. Irrespective of the reasons for the totalitarian lust for power, those nations which stand in its way must either subject themselves to the power of the dictators or resort to arms to defeat and destroy it. To many there is no third alternative; yet the problem is not fully stated or understood without taking account of those—more numerous than in the first World War—who say that no good can ever come out of resort to violence, that he who takes to the sword must perish by the sword. There is a sincere minority with a strong religious conviction who hold that nobody's inner attitude or basic motive is changed by the use of violence; that forceful resistance even to such mad dogs as Hitler leads only to our catching the contagion of his madness. In this view, the remedial method is one of non-resistance in which the desire for a loving relationship with the offender is the controlling factor.

Even in the extremities of war, this sincere conviction should not be lightly pushed aside. Yet we must ask this minority whether, in all honesty, the exercise of force and the resort to arms do not in fact bring about vast changes in human relationships which may be highly salutary. For example, the American Revolution which severed our tie to the power lusts of England; the Civil War which preserved the Union and defeated the power lusts of slaveholders, *did* transform human relationships. These changes led on to what to the best of our human insight would seem to be more satisfactory stages in the developing American scene. This is, of course, one of those unprovable historical judgments. But it seems reasonable to maintain that those drastic shifts in the exercise of power constituted on the whole a beneficent change. I agree that those two resorts to arms did not immediately change inner attitudes; I agree that violence may have results which no man can foresee and lead to the release of fear, hatred, and vindictiveness, which are clearly evil.

It is in regard to the influence of these unleashed powers of darkness that the pacifist war on war is most significant. But to most of us, the resolution of this dilemma lies not in capitulation to the evil emotions which Hitler arouses, but in the resolute and dispassionate destruction of the forces and powers he employs. Once that is effected, the next step is a peaceful ordering of world affairs which cannot take place under controlling motives of fear, hatred, and vindictiveness. It is difficult, and some will say impossible, to expect peoples the world around to change overnight from hate to love. Yet are not the pacifists correct when they say that only out of friendly motives and attitudes can come a peace which will not be an invitation to yet another World War?

How to Keep the Peace

THE PRESCRIPTION FOR THE EXERCISE OF POWER IN WORLD AFFAIRS in our generation becomes, in short, the identical prescription suggested for the conduct of internal affairs. That prescription can be simply stated, however baffling its application to the practical policies of the peace table, and to American post-war reconstruction. The prescription is for procedures of conference among associates in a common enter-

prise, which enable the powerful to exercise their power in collaboration with other people and not in domination over them. We keep the peace only as we establish collective dealing on a basis of as nearly equal negotiative power as can be achieved.

The very heart of this corrective has to do with "moralizing" the exercise of the power of those men of tough stomachs and tough minds who must, in the nature of things, help shape human affairs. In trying to resolve any of these momentous issues, I find it impossible to progress without an appeal to moral loyalties.

Sound procedures, adroitly devised, are one half the solution of the vast problem of power. But inescapably, the other half of the solution is to enlist and sustain good will, along with good method.

At its base and core, the power problem is a problem of education and equally a problem of religion. The educational responsibility may be stated readily, in general terms. Democratic education must be seen afresh as the task of cultivating the capacity to use power wisely, to know when power is being used dangerously, and to help individuals enlarge their vision of the areas over which personal power, socially motivated, has to be exercised.

The role of religion, stripped of its theological and ecclesiastical confusions and trappings, is to secure that response from all of us which we are not only able but are, indeed, yearning to make. This response is an aroused desire to put into action all that education has taught us about the exercise of power, its rightfulness, its wholesomeness, and its potentialities for the public weal.

This means that democracy must use its great educational forces to clarify to its people the rightful role of power in the world, while at the same time the purified forces of religion enlist the ardent support of the personal powers of us all for a moralized expression of our common power. Then, and only then, will democracy show its integral and profound superiority over any other form of human association which human beings can devise.

ROCHESTER, SKIPPY SMITH AND CO.

(Continued from page 382)

chinery," Smith says, "but that was good enough for Rochester."

There was little or no discussion of salary or financial return. Eddie Anderson loves planes. Intrigued with the idea of financing a war industry, he put a large sum at the disposal of Skippy Smith, whom he had admired as an intrepid aerial daredevil. From the first it was understood that no racial discrimination was to be shown in favor of Negroes.

Several days had elapsed since Smith had written the check for machinery, backed by money yet to be obtained. But now it wasn't much of a job to get this matter straightened out with the bankers in vindication of his faith in himself and his idea. Some of them were in the audience when Rochester came to San Diego to dedicate the Pacific Parachute Co. last March.

The Parachute Makers

FOR HIMSELF, SKIPPY SMITH HAD SCRUBBED FLOORS, CLEANED walls, and built partitions in almost frantic haste to prepare the shop for production. Then he called on the National Youth Administration to supply girls from among its sewing classes. "I never counted how many whites and how many Negroes were sent over. All along I was determined from the first to have a mixed group."

To the NYA, the Pacific Parachute Co. came as a god-send. There were Negro girls and Mexican girls who had

been on the project for months without prospect of placement in private industry. Thus Mrs. Gweneth Lowe Bowdan is nineteen and colored. A highschool graduate, she had applied for work in a war plant where her NYA training could have been put to advantage. They told her they were waiting for more equipment, and would let her know when it came. She never heard from them. It was this sort of subtle practice that made it difficult to pin outright racial discrimination on a management. Nonetheless it effectively blocked Negro employment.

Virtually all the NYA girls had gone through the tenth grade. In their work on the project, they had practiced on parachute silk for four hours; spent another four hours producing clothing or uniforms for the county welfare and Red Cross. "Racial antagonism simply doesn't enter the minds of these youngsters," in the words of Katherine Uroff, project supervisor.

Learning to work together, white and colored, at the NYA, the step to the Pacific Parachute Co. proved a relatively simple one for them. There their forelady is Oleaver Greer, a Negro. "We're too busy," she says, "trying to increase our production to worry about race problems." Most of the girls are beginners. As a spur to performance there is a chart showing the rate of weekly production of pilot 'chutes in the shop of the primary contractor, Standard Parachute Corporation. Boards also have been set up for the day and night shifts, showing averages for each machine.

An unconscious form of racial rivalry also plays a part in the improvement of their work. The white girls of American descent are on their mettle not to let Mexican or Negro girls excel them. But that is only half of the picture. When a nearby cafe refused to serve one of the Negro girls, a group of white co-workers volunteered to accompany her back into the establishment for a showdown.

Their employer, himself, had gone into the place for lunch one day with an army inspector. The proprietor refused to serve him to the disgust of his companion.

"Let's not make an issue of it," Skippy urged. "He'll find out after awhile that there's no harm serving a Negro, and then he'll be our friend for life. If we forced it on him, he'd be as bitter as ever, in his heart. You can't fight fire with fire in this sort of thing."

That just about summarizes the philosophy which governs the conduct of the Pacific Parachute Co.

Manager Smith draws no fixed salary—he simply takes what he needs (usually less than \$25 a week) for the frugal requirements of himself and his little daughter. Nor does Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, as the financial angel, expect a set return. "As long as he's sure his money is being properly used, he's satisfied," Smith explains.

Rochester is a busy man—occupied with rehearsals, out-of-town trips for the radio show, USO and military camp performances. These in addition to his motion picture roles. But as the man who holds the purse strings on the Pacific Parachute Co., he finds time for the numerous conferences (many by long distance telephone) necessary in an enterprise that already has spread into the entire second floor of its building and is ripe for further expansion to the third story. When he is too busy, Mrs. Anderson comes to San Diego for sessions with Skippy.

Race Relations in War Plants

QUITE ASIDE FROM THE RACIAL TOLERANCE ARGUMENT, Rochester's company is being used by preemployment training officials in California as an example of the practicability of hiring both Negroes and whites in war production jobs. As things stand, some aircraft plants and shipyards in California have been hiring Negroes for other than maintenance or similar menial tasks. An expressed non-discrimination policy has been sought at Vultee by the United Automobile Workers (CIO). Consolidated Aircraft Corporation and other con-

ROCHESTER, SKIPPY SMITH AND CO.

(Continued from page 395)

cerns employ Negroes, but primarily as janitors, maids, messengers, and in certain clerical, mailing, and shipping jobs. Douglas Aircraft last December began hiring Negroes in production jobs after Donald Douglas himself was appealed to by William Mahue, Los Angeles county NYA area supervisor. Mahue's argument was that since the government is spending money to train youths, the companies have a responsibility in the all-out production effort to use available skills.

Employers have been quick to deny that they practice discrimination, and that is something difficult to prove. Negroes are interviewed and their applications taken with the utmost courtesy. "We'll let you know," says the interviewer, but the applicant all too rarely hears anything further.

Despite President Roosevelt's Executive Order prohibiting racial discrimination in war industry employment, some powerful labor unions holding contracts with war plants restrict their own membership to the Caucasian race, thereby

placing another obstacle in the path of qualified Negro mechanics.

Because of the difficulties thus faced on either hand by Negroes in obtaining employment, some vocational schools have in turn been reluctant to accept them for training. Thus, a vicious circle exists in spite of an increasingly acute labor supply problem. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Fay Allen, only Negro on the Board of Education, has helped break down discrimination. Government subsidies to local vocational training projects also have aided in cracking it.

Skippy Smith's own experience in the Standard factory, and the subsequent successful mixed labor policy at Pacific Parachute, demonstrate that anticipated difficulties are to some degree imaginary. One of the white workers at Pacific Parachute put it aptly: "As far as we young people are concerned, it doesn't bother us whether we're working with white or colored folks. It seems that it's just the older ones and the employers who are worried."

OUR STAKES IN THE JAPANESE EXODUS

(Continued from page 378)

ing to *The San Francisco Chronicle*, that our naturalization laws and the Fourteenth Amendment were meant to "limit citizenship to the white race except for the American Negro," and that they "exclude the Chinese, the Japanese, Hindus, Hottentots and the islanders of the Pacific." Some years ago he presented a similar argument to another court, applying it to Mexicans of Indian blood. One of the documents presented to the Tolson Committee by a Joint Immigration Committee (of which Mr. Webb is a prominent member) carried the statement that "Another grave mistake was the granting of citizenship to the Negroes after the Civil War." Clearly in the light of American history, the proposal he advocated before the federal court has far-reaching implications—embracing our enemies, our allies, and neutrals alike.

On the one hand, statistics published by the National Bureau of Economic Research show that since 1650 the white race has increased tremendously in numbers as we expanded over the face of the earth. Three hundred years ago people of European stock made up 22 percent of the world's population. In the present era they have come to make up about 35 percent.

On the other hand, lowered birthrates have levelled off the increase in northern and western Europe, North America, and Australia. In 1940 the United States census reported for the first time that our net reproduction rate was somewhat less than sufficient to maintain our numbers.

In this perspective we may wish to resolve our attitudes towards other races and peoples with thoughts not only of our allies of today, but with some long thoughts, also, for our grandchildren and their potential allies if, and when, war should strike them.

Federal court in San Francisco rejected the suit of the Native Sons; but this may be appealed and resolutions of similar temper are still pending before Congress. In the safety-valve column at the time a correspondent wrote:

"Some of our local politicians who have endorsed this dangerous proposal should read again the Declaration of Independence and ponder the statement that 'all men are created free and equal.' To modify that noble phrase by saying it does not apply to American-born children of Japanese ancestry would dishearten our Negro soldiers, our

Filipino and Chinese allies, and the millions of British India, whose support we so desperately need.

"Let us win our battles in the field rather than look for easy victories over our neighbors' children."

The Chronicle's own comment was carried in a front page editorial:

"It is true, as Mr. Webb says, that the Declaration, and the Constitution for that matter, was written by white men. It is not true that it was exclusively 'for' white men. These charters are for human, not race principles, and to suggest otherwise now is to furnish excuse for unjustified accusation that America is not true to its principles."

The Issue in Our Colleges

LEADING EDUCATORS OF THE WEST COAST WERE DEEPLY DISTURBED at the dislocation of the collegiate education of loyal Japanese-American citizens. They have put forward a program which, as outlined by President Robert G. Sproul of the University of California, involves a cost "including scholarship funds, special teaching staff and administrators" of "a million dollars a year or more." To quote President Sproul:

"It will be a million dollars spent as insurance on the future welfare of the American nation, and there will be substantial savings in the release of funds appropriated for the support of evacuation centers. . . .

"We cannot safely neglect the morale and the loyalty of the future leaders of the American-born Japanese minority in this country, either on practical political grounds, or on humanitarian grounds. Respect and love for democracy cannot be inculcated by depriving citizens of their rights and privileges without compensation, regardless of abstract or concrete justifications which may exist in the public mind."

To this statement, Presidents Wilbur of Stanford and Holland of Washington State gave hearty support.

Recently the press reported objection by a California congressman to the release of Japanese-American students to continue their university education in non-military areas. One ground, he urged, was that every member of Congress has in his district "thousands of young men whose education was being interfered with. These young men were going into the army." This ignores whether loyal evacuees are outside

the army because they choose to be, and forgets the women.*

To quote Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Leland Stanford University and formerly Secretary of the Interior:

"Every effort should be made to avoid mistakes in this important action of our government. It has been impossible for me to answer the many questions put to me by these students as to *why*. Everything that they have learned from babyhood up in this country is negated by their present experience.

"It seems to me important for us to visualize the situation that will develop at the end of the war if these young American citizens, with their great capacity for leadership, have been confined in camps, have had their education interfered with, and have had the disillusionment that must inevitably come to them."

Are we sure that our course is not of a sort to encourage young people of Japanese ancestry who are now in camps to place little value on their American citizenship? It would be natural that in these centers under guard they would find no ready answer for the taunt, "If you're American citizens why don't you walk past the sentry?" Yet if we wish to increase loyalty to America rather than to strain it, we must give their American citizenship all value possible under the circumstances.

Education, hitherto open to Japanese without restriction of race, is a logical point at which to infuse this value, hearten the loyal, and mitigate the anxieties of parents wherever born, whose personal hopes and ties naturally center increasingly in their children. Congress, under attacks by its members such as have been cited, seems reluctant at present to support the educators' plan. Efforts to transfer loyal evacuee citizens to colleges outside the military areas go forward slowly with such impetus as a devoted but private committee under the American Friends Service can give.

The Long Look Ahead

MOST AMERICANS WILL REALIZE THAT IN ITS BASIC ELEMENTS the problem of Orientals in our midst is not new. Long-time *Survey* readers may remember mellow passages under the title "Behind Our Masks," by the distinguished sociologist, Robert E. Park of the University of Chicago, who some years ago directed an illuminating appraisal of race relations on the Pacific coast. In *Survey Graphic* for May 1926, he wrote:

"It is probably true of the Oriental, as of other immigrant peoples, that in the process of Americanization, only superficial traits are modified—but most of the racial traits that determine race relations are superficial . . .

"Whenever representatives of different races meet and discover in one another—beneath the differences of race—sentiments, tastes, interests, and human qualities generally that they can understand and respect, racial barriers are undermined and eventually broken down. Personal relations and personal friendships are the great moral solvents. Under their influence all distinctions of class, of caste, and even of race, are dissolved into the general flux which we sometimes call democracy.

"It was a minor statesman who said: 'What is the Constitution between friends?' As the embodiment of a moral doctrine, this question, with its implications, is subject to grave qualifications, but as a statement of psychological fact it has to be reckoned with. What, between friends, are any of our conventions, moral codes, and political doctrines and institutions? It is personal friendships that corrupt politics. Not only politics, but all our formal and conventional relations are undermined by those elemental loyalties that have their roots in personal attachments.

"There is no way of preserving existing social barriers,

* Every day brings further incidents. Thus the *San Francisco Chronicle* of July 25, reported that the attorney general of California had filed application in the federal court to intervene in the citizenship suit of Mitsuye Eudo, twenty-two year-old American-born Japanese girl, now in the assembly center at Newell, Modoc County. (A suit to disprove Lieutenant General Dewitt's authority to intern herself and thousands of other American-born Japanese.)



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha

"Banishes" Tattle-Tale Gray"

except by preserving the existing animosities that buttress them."

This surely is a statement to be recalled and pondered as we look ahead.

Probably the best guide for the long look is the report of the Tolan Committee. Of the evacuation itself it says, "The decision of the military must be final in this regard." With regard to next steps the Tolan report continues:

"It is, therefore, with a sense of looking forward that these problems must be considered. Emergency measures must not be permitted to alter permanently those fundamental principles upon which this nation was built.

"The fact that in a time of emergency this country is unable to distinguish between the loyalties of many thousands of its citizens, and others domiciled here, whatever their race or nationality, calls into question the adequacy of our whole outlook upon the assimilation of foreign groups. To many citizens of alien parentage in this country it has come as a profound shock that almost overnight thousands of persons have discovered that their citizenship no longer stands between them and the treatment accorded to any enemy alien within our borders in time of war.

"The realization that this nation is at war must form the cornerstone of all our national policies in connection with the treatment of aliens and citizens alike. This realization of conflict must likewise carry with it an enlightened understanding and a thorough appreciation of the aims and purposes of that conflict.

"This realization, in turn, must motivate the operations of the War Relocation Authority, created by Executive Order of the President to administer the resettlement of persons evacuated from prohibited military zones. The majority of the evacuees to date are American citizens against whom no charge of individual guilt has been lodged. A constructive performance, therefore, on the part of the War Relocation Authority, will go far toward fashioning the whole pattern of our policy on racial and minority groups now and in the post-war world."

This task, the responsibility of the Authority in cooperation with the army—and the broader task of which it is a part, and which concerns our whole front as a democracy in ordering our relations with diverse peoples at home and abroad—calls for nothing less than the best that our statesmen can give.

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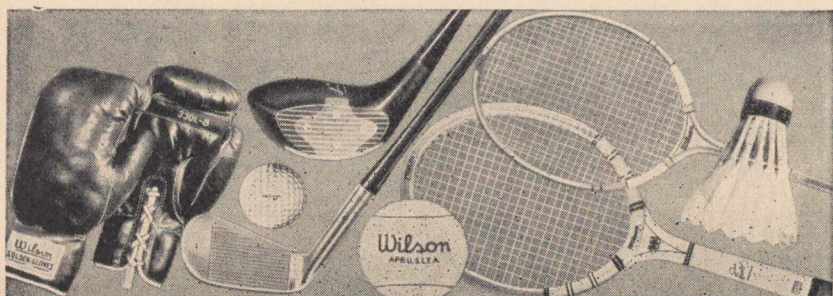
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IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



(Continued from page 386)

pennies year-round to make possible the month of schooling. At Clemson several men came on part of their veteran's bonus. An old woman, a Gold Star mother, bartered chickens for her keep.

Much help has come from the outside—from the American Legion Auxiliary, the State Federation of Women's Clubs, churches, textile executives. A mill president one year gave thirty-two scholarships. In the days before the mills started selling their villages, several waived house rent and light and water costs to any family head who attended; if there were youngsters, a \$5 gift was tossed in. For those short on clothing—every year some come with their entire wardrobe on their backs—the occasional gifts of shoes and overalls and cotton dresses are like manna.

But there is always the bleak figure of \$268, South Carolina's average annual cash income (the nation's: \$536). It means blackout for thousands of minds. The politicians know, but have two answers: the state is too poor to educate those the schools missed; anyway, it's too late, they're too old to learn.

What of those who can't afford the \$22 or the time to come to Opportunity School? They are finding help in the night classes that Wil Lou Gray has strung from the mountains of Oconee to the beaches of Beaufort.

In one community, after adult school came, arrests dropped 75 percent within a year. In another, people "screened doors and windows, built sanitary toilets, and set out fruit trees and shrubbery." A teacher in Barnwell County reported: "I have a class made up of one family, eleven children and parents, none of whom could read or write at the beginning of the year. Now they read, write, and work simple arithmetic." Mrs. Susie James prayed that God would send someone to teach her to read the Bible. The next year an adult class was formed. She not only learned to read, but to write letters to two of her children who were in an orphanage. Another woman confided in Miss Gray that now she knew which way was right side up on her initialed wedding pillows.

All southern states maintain a dual school system, and all do better by white youth than by Negro boys and girls in the quantity and quality of education they provide. Thus South Carolina spends eight times as much for the schooling of a white child as for a Negro child. This is one factor in the illiteracy situation, with figures running so much higher for colored than for white South Carolinians. The night schools reveal hunger for education and the capacity to learn among underprivileged adults of both groups.

One Negro man walked twelve miles a day, three days a week to attend classes. Nathan Owings, ninety-six, found the book work difficult, but he did his bit by fixing the screens and stove flues. In one school there was a Negro mother, sixty-four, her six daughters-in-law, twenty-one to thirty-five, and three sons-in-law. All were absolute beginners. The teacher of a Negro class asked, one stormy night, how the pupils managed to get to school without lanterns. "We falls down and gits up and travels on," was the reply.

Since 1919 the adult education program in South Carolina has reached 246,000 men and women. To foot the annual bill Miss Gray has averaged \$2.72 per pupil, some years more, some years less. The past ten years have been the most difficult of all—7 cents per illiterate per year. In 1935 the state appropriated for her department just enough to cover Miss Gray's salary. She immediately diverted it all to teachers' salaries and went payless for months.

FERA and later WPA helped shoulder the burden and Miss Gray reciprocated by going into the CCC camps and, of late, to Fort Jackson, the huge army center just outside Columbia. The need was there. In one class of CCC youths, fewer than 10 percent knew the meaning of Thanksgiving, only 12 percent knew who Hitler was, and but 5 percent

had heard of Armistice Day. One year, 51 percent of those enrolled in CCC classes had not completed the fourth grade.

At Fort Jackson, Miss Gray's program is for "functional illiterates," that is, those who are not technically illiterate, but whose ability to read and write is so limited that it has little practical value. After six weeks most of the enrolled soldiers were able to write their first letters home—for Mother's Day. One said: "I had to work day in and day out as far back as I can remember. There wasn't time for school." Another said, "We moved so much I didn't seem to be able to get along." A third: "I wasn't fixed to go to school."

South Carolina's adult program gradually is taking the form of county continuation schools, a vast advance over the isolated classes in one-room schools and tenant cabins, and, in at least one case, at the end of a field where farmers dropped their plowlines at sundown to toil over the three R's.

Last year fifteen county continuation schools were set up, with 3,308 pupils and 191 teachers. At the Parker and Olympia schools follow-up classes were organized. Two Olympia men who had worked in the mill since childhood and had raised families before coming "under Miss Wil Lou's influence" earned state high school diplomas and wrote to the University of South Carolina for a catalogue.

"Miss Wil Lou"

WHEN WIL LOU GRAY WAS FOUR YEARS OLD, HER PRINCIPAL joy was swinging on the front gate and speaking to all who passed, white and colored. "Chile, it ain't ladylike," her nurse remonstrated, but the child wasn't interested in being ladylike, she wanted to see folks and talk with them. The trait has persisted.

Her mother died when she was nine and she was brought up by her father, a well-to-do farmer-merchant-lawyer. From local schools, she went to Columbia College, a Methodist institution in the state capital, then returned to Laurens to teach. One injustice of the educational system was brought sharply home to her the first day in the classroom. A youngster ejected by her predecessor "because he was trifling and wouldn't learn" was, she found, almost totally deaf.

Later Miss Gray earned her Master's degree in political science at Columbia University. Back in Laurens she resumed teaching and surprised herself by winning a \$30 grant made by the state that year for books, and one of the ten \$100 prizes offered the school showing the most progress in a year.

After serving on the faculty of Martha Washington college in Virginia and more graduate work at Columbia she went to Maryland as rural school supervisor, then came home—this time to stay.

Miss Gray's pet hate is intolerance. "Every human being, white or colored, rural or urban, ought to have an opportunity to develop to his or her maximum ability." That's the core of her philosophy.

Sometimes friends remind Miss Gray that her salary is still only \$2,700 a year and in fairness to herself she shouldn't help finance so many students—through college, in marriage, or even to visit soldier husbands. Her pupils return her devotion in full. Brides write her about their new homes. Men in the service insist that she be on hand to see them receive honors or promotions. And there was the aged woman who confided that her late husband, an Opportunity School alumnus, had been too shy throughout their fifty years of married life to tell her of his affection; but after his death she found a scrap of paper in the family Bible, on which he had written, "I love my wife."

The University of South Carolina recently awarded Wil Lou Gray the Sullivan trophy "because of her love for her fellow man and her unselfish service to mankind." She accepted with some hesitation, explained that nothing could have been accomplished without the help of so many loyal students, teachers, and friends, and went back to work.

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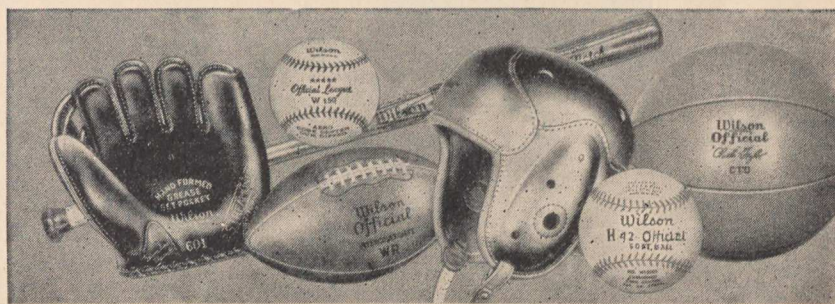
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