

LOOK WHO'S GOING TO COLLEGE

**The Red-hunters are scurrying about the campus
but the students insist upon the right to think.**

By JOSEPH NORTH

I SAT in the Quonset hut among the group of students who had invited me to beer and sandwiches after the meeting. It had shifted into quite a bull session. The students sat about, several on the floor, two on the narrow bed. The nearby college chimes struck one. Something in their brooding faces, something in the mood here evoked memories. I dug around in my mind and then I had it: it reminded me for all the world of the jammed Liberty ship quarters I'd crossed to Europe in during the war and that foggy dawn during the North Atlantic storm when the rumor flew that periscopes had been sighted off starboard.

"Sometimes," said the junior, a veteran of the Bulge, "I pinch myself and ask, Reynolds, what the hell are you doing here? Okay, I say, in two years you'll have your parchment and your A.B. Then what?"

"Yes, what?" echoed the senior, a tall, tousled-headed science student. "What'll be in two years? Will we be singing 'Brother, Can You Spare a Dime'? Or will we be pushing valiantly across the steppes toward the Kremlin?"

"Maybe there won't be a war," a quiet lad in glasses from Utica said. "Maybe Henry Wallace will be President and we'll have peace instead."

"No," said the science student, "he can't be President. Every Hottentot would get a quart of milk and you can't give away our milk supply and be a President."

"Maybe you can on Lend Lease," the other said.

"Come on," the first replied. "Let's get down to business—what's what on

the campus. That's what Joe North here wants to know for his series."

We discussed the issues I outlined in my first article [NM, May 27]—\$65-\$90; peace, depression; academic freedom. Toward the close of the session the quiet lad in spectacles pulled a gray-backed booklet from his pocket. "Listen," he said. "I'm considering transferring to Cornell next fall. Friend of mine sent me this." He held the booklet aloft. "Speech by Dr. Carl Becker, John Stambaugh Professor of History there, it says. They're proud of it and send it to prospective customers. Listen: *'There is no reason for the existence of Cornell, or for any other university, or for maintaining the freedom of learning and teaching which they insist upon, except insofar as they serve to maintain and promote the human and rational values which are so essential to the preservation of democratic society. . . .'*"

"How," he asked, "can I stay away from Cornell after that?"

"Maintain freedom of learning and teaching!" the science student repeated, as in a mock trance.

"Promote human and rational values," the lad from Utica said.

They looked silently at one another. "And Rankin," said the science student.

"And J. Edgar Hoover," the junior replied.

"Maybe," the lad from Utica said, "a lot of people will get together and maybe they'll make a third party and maybe elect Wallace President."

"Amen," said the host, rising. "And now it's three A.M." They rose and filed out of the hut. A slim moon had come out from behind the rain-clouds

and they went home for a few hours' sleep before nine o'clock class.

NOTHING in university life will surprise me after my journeyings to Queens College and to Wayne University, in Detroit—nothing, not even if I encountered Torquemada crossing the campus smoking a briar pipe. No, not after experiencing State Senator Matthew Callahan of Lansing, Michigan, and Councilman Hugh Quinn of Flushing, L. I., top-priority favorites of the Hearst chain which, almost daily, pictures Joe College and Joe Stalin interchangeably.

I had, fatuously enough, always thought of the Sun King and the Mitsubishi when I came across the phrase "thought police"; somehow that concept belonged to pre-war Tokyo and not to a college at the end of the Eighth Avenue Subway. Thought police? The very words don't sound American, no, not until you encounter Senator Callahan and Councilman Quinn and their prototypes moving in on the colleges like red-eyed wolves around a campfire in the Klondike. What I found was a design to finish off the right to think, the rights to free inquiry and free discussion which most of us fondly accept as the American Birthright. It imperils not only the student body: it reaches up to the instructor, the professor, to the president of the university himself. Nobody is immune, nothing is sacred.

It so chanced I spoke at Queens the day after the faculty voted to bar the American Youth for Democracy from the campus. And I quickly learned that while the American Youth for Democracy is the scapegoat, campus democracy is the objective. On my way to the meeting I passed a newsstand in Flushing and noticed the screaming headline in the Long Island Star Journal: "COLLEGE FACULTY OUSTS AYD BY 58-42 VOTE." The story was played in type generally reserved, as newspapermen put it, for the Second Coming.

NOR was it much different when I got to Michigan. There the press beat a tom-tom of warfare against those college students in industrial Detroit and from the upstate rural areas to whom academic freedom seems almost as tangible as a Ford coupe or a Guernsey heifer. I came to Michigan shortly after State Senator Callahan's special investigating committee demanded that Dr. David Henry, president of Wayne, cancel the AYD

charter. If the recommendations were ignored, Senator Callahan said the committee would ask the state attorney general to invoke the criminal syndicalism act. If that wouldn't throw the requisite fear into prexy's heart, Callahan also recommended that state aid be denied the university "while anti-American groups function on the campus." Dr. Henry had had the temerity to testify that the school's investigation disclosed no "anti-American" violation of campus law by the AYD. After all, the direst evidence even the Hearst press could conjure up against the student organization appeared in its March 13th issue when its reporter wrote from Lansing, beneath the appropriate eight-column, maroon-colored streamer on Page One: "Vincent Neering, Michigan State Police corporal who studied Red activities at the Detroit school, identified records from the university files including a calendar of AYD events during 1946. The calendar boasted of such events as:

"Huge-interracial dance. . . . Anti-Franco meetings at Wayne and the University of Michigan. . . . Discrimination-busting activities at the Boesky Restaurant. . . . Giant picketlines in front of the Barlum Hotel."

"We have found no evidence of subversive activities on its [the AYD's] part," Dr. Henry had dared to inform Senator Callahan. Furthermore, he had quoted a letter from the Department of Justice dated March 24, 1947,

which declared: "The department does not have evidence in its possession to prove that the program of AYD is subversive." This bit of inexpedient honesty must have jolted J. Edgar Hoover to his gummy soles, for shortly afterward Mr. Hoover righted matters with a letter indicating that all sorts of terrible, but secret, information was in his hands — too serious to merit light-hearted public revelation—that the AYD was subver-r-r-sive. Note this, and note it well: there has been no *specific* charge, no proofs of nefarious deeds by AYD — only the word of J. Edgar Hoover that *he knows*. And with that, Wayne's faculty wilted.

So, AYD is now banned from the campus at Wayne and Senator Callahan is a happy lawmaker. He has slain the dragon on the green and received the warm handclasp of GM's Governor Sigler, the Michigan clotheshorse in pince-nez, whose slap-happy Red-baiting occasionally gets out of hand—as on the recent occasion when he dubbed Detroit's police commissioner a Communist dupe, startling the latter gentleman out of his blue-serge and leaving him sputtering vehement denials.

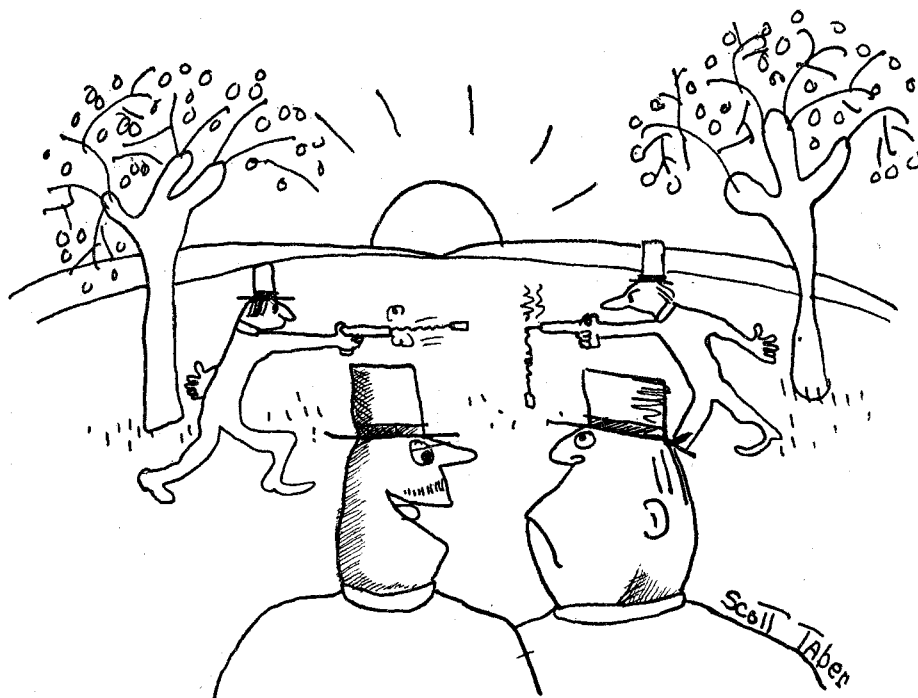
IT MIGHT be of some profit to examine the mentality that is sparking the drive on campus freedom. Senator Callahan is a highly respected solon at Lansing these days, is known to be a good friend of the

estimable Rev. Charles E. Coughlin. His quality can be gauged from this brief picture, sketched by James Zarichny, one of the six Michigan State College students now on indefinite disciplinary probation for participating in AYD activities, on or off campus. They had distributed some leaflets backing a State Fair Employment Practices Act, proof positive that their every waking thought must be directed from the Kremlin.

"On the blustery evening of March 26," the student related, "I unexpectedly had a face-to-face encounter with State Senator Callahan, head of the Michigan Little Dies Committee. I had gone to the capitol building intending to be a listener at the committee's hearings. Instead I became a witness in an informal sort of way."

Inquiring of the guard for the room where the hearing was to be held, he was referred to "that gentleman over there," who happened to be the Senator himself. "When I asked Senator Callahan where the hearings were to be held, he demanded I tell him my name and address. I told him. Then he asked if I were associated with the AYD at Michigan State College." The student replied that he had been. "What," the Senator then asked, "is your national descent?" The student said he was Ukrainian. "Polish or Jewish?" the Senator asked. "Polish," Zarichny replied. "What are your religious beliefs?" the Senator continued. The student said he "had been brought up a Catholic."

The Senator then inquired into the reasons that induced Zarichny to join the AYD. "I told him I had joined because it was a progressive group fighting against racial discrimination and supporting the rights of labor." Callahan then asked if he supported the AYD position opposing the Franco regime in Spain. "I told him I had." The Senator wanted to know why. "One good reason," Zarichny replied, "is that the Franco government has destroyed all trade unions and working men are without any rights." Then the student turned the tables. "What," he asked the Senator, "is your opinion of the FEPC bill up before the State Senate?" The lawmaker turned silent. His colleague Senator Colin Smith, who was with him, intervened: "I feel," he said, "the bill would take away the rights of businessmen to hire whom they want to and that it would be an infringement upon liberty." By this time Senator Callahan had found



"Just one of those bipartisan affairs."

his tongue and asked the question he felt would be the *coup de grace*: what was the student's military record?

"I told him that I had been three years in North Africa, then in the India-Burma theater, and finally on Okinawa."

"As I prepared to leave," Zarichny relates, "Senator Callahan told me he did not believe what I had been telling him. Senator Smith chimed in to say, 'He hasn't said anything.'"

There was one parting shot from Callahan: "You're Jewish and you won't admit it," he summed up.

THAT'S Senator Callahan, who is deeply interested in education, although I doubt if his interest is deeper than that of Councilman Hugh Quinn, of Flushing. The day the Queens faculty voted on the AYD Quinn demanded entry into the closed session of the faculty. Dr. Klapper had gently remonstrated with the councilman: the faculty believed it had the right to a closed session. But Mr. Quinn would not be denied. (After all, isn't he on the Appropriations Committee of the City Council, and isn't Queens a city college?) He continued to bluster until the faculty invited him in to make a speech. He shouted that he didn't want to make a speech, he wanted to observe who would vote Yea and who Nay. The faculty firmly rejected this invasion of their privacy. In the course of this wrangle, the councilman blusteringly pointed his finger at Dr. Klapper: "You people," he shouted, "are doing a dangerous thing here and if you, Dr. Klapper, haven't the courage to stand on your own feet, I say you shouldn't be president of the college."

Now, it cannot be said that Dr. Klapper distinguished himself in his original stand for academic freedom. The *Long Island Star Journal* described him as "plainly pleased" at the defeat of the AYD. But that was not enough, far from it. If you have read the daily press recently, you undoubtedly know that Dr. Klapper has been asked to resign by Democratic leader James A. Roe unless he reveals the names of the forty-two teachers who voted "Nay" to expelling AYD from the campus. To Dr. Klapper's credit he has refused, and some eighty-five faculty members have signed a statement expressing utmost indignation at these developments. Dean Harold Lenz joined the signers. "Certain cardinal principles of democratic life," they said,

"are in danger of being swept away in a mounting wave of fear and hysteria." They said the Queens scene reflected significant regional and national trends and that American colleges "must resist this danger." The statement then elaborated their principles and beliefs: that both faculty and students have the right of assembly and the right to express their views "within the limitations of law and intellectual integrity, a right shared by minorities and majorities alike." They believed that teachers "have the obligation to discover, promulgate and disseminate the truth," and that "restrictive measures against expression and organization" are, in time of peace, "an attack on the basic liberties of the American tradition."

And, finally, they pledged themselves to fight for the maintenance and extension of democratic liberties.

Nor was this all. The ire of the students themselves had been aroused. The college elections for the new student council on May 23 resulted in a thumping victory for the Campus Coalition Party, which defended the rights of American Youth for Democracy; it won twenty of the twenty-eight seats. In addition the Coalition Party gained six of the seven alternates to the council. Four candidates of the victorious party ran as AYD members: two were elected as alternates. To top it all, more than seventy percent of the whole student body went to the polls: only twenty-five percent had voted previously.

In other words, the students roared "No" to the kit and caboodle of the Hearstlings ambitious to institute Thought Police on the Queens campus. And their voice carried from one end of the country to the other. A few days after the election, the faculty at Har-

vard granted a charter to the AYD there.

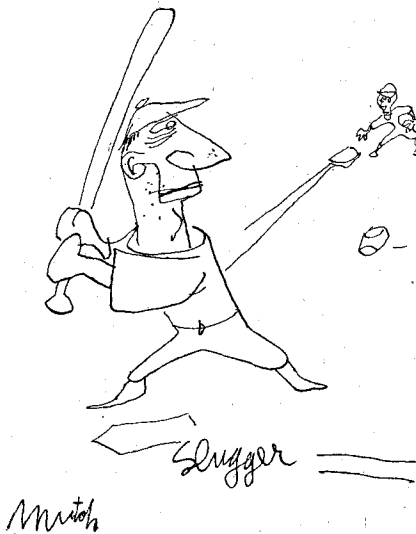
In other words, nothing, in this eternal battle for democracy, succeeds like the counterattack. As our contemporary, the *Daily Worker*, puts it, "If you don't run, they can't chase you."

These significant actions merit heartiest support by all honest individuals on and off campus. And I must say, from my observations, that support of the campus citizens by the public generally is dangerously inadequate. I haven't heard labor's voice roaring protest.

We cannot expect the college professors and students to carry the burden by themselves. The faculty is in a pincer: on one side the subtle, strong pressure from the big business representatives on their Boards of Trustees, and on the other the crass, violent pressures from the un-Americans in Congress and in the press. The mighty voice of the people must be heard in their behalf.

And heard soon. The fires that began with the effort to burn AYD from the campus have spread widely: the flames are lapping at faculties, other student bodies, and all individuals whose crimes add up to espousal of the New Deal. Glance at the calendar of repression: the proposed Austin-Mahoney Bill to outlaw discrimination in New York State's educational program was described as a Communist pattern by the Catholic hierarchy even though the leading Jewish organization, the American Jewish Congress, and many other lay groups stood four-square behind it . . . Prof. MacMurray of the University of Wisconsin is refused reappointment because of his New Deal political associations . . . the Buffalo teachers' strike for livable standards is characterized as "a revolt against the government" . . . President Henry of Wayne is threatened with the criminal syndicalist act . . . the liberal superintendent of schools in San Francisco is refused renewal of his contract. Space does not permit a fuller recital; these are enough to show the way the wind is blowing. And at this writing, the gale has not abated. But unlike Mark Twain's weather there are people doing something to alter the political climate on the campus. They are acting and they have a program. They have heart and a vision.

(Mr. North's next article will describe the student fight to defeat repression on the campus and their program for the future.)



WHAT I SAW in TURKEY

**A harem belle who sold her favors to the Nazis
is now the "democratic" darling of you know who.**

By RAMON LAVALLE

Mr. Lavalley, formerly in the Argentine diplomatic service, is a journalist by profession. Forced to leave Japan during the war, he travelled through Manchuria, the Soviet Union and finally Turkey.

AT THE close of a two-months' survey of the Caribbean countries, studying at first hand what President Truman terms "democratic leadership," I was treated on my return to this country to a fresh course in semantics. I was somewhat surprised, but nonetheless eager, to learn the new connotations given to "democracy" in the news accounts of the proposed action to stop the "threat" of Soviet Russia. The application of this new type of semantics in Turkey is worth close consideration.

It took me little time after reaching Ankara in 1943 to be convinced that, by any known standards, local politics were rotten to the core. They were totalitarianism at its worst. Power was held—and it still is—by a clique which, like that of the infamous Polish "colonels," executed the most high-handed policies in complete disregard of all human values. Turkey's rulers wanted to get as much as they could out of the war, to enrich themselves at everyone's expense. There were daily examples of this unpleasant lack of convictions. One day the Nazis scored heavily in Africa and the Turkish press came out with a full blast of slogans supplied by von Papen. The next day the Allies managed to gain a little, and the same papers loudly

praised our side. Their "neutrality" act was so masterfully performed that they were able to invite God and the Devil for dinner, pleasing both with their finesse. Neutrality was good business indeed. They industrialized it to pay high profits. Together with the Argentinians, Swiss and other neutrals, they considered the war a matter of the belly rather than the conscience. It was their own Premier Saracoglu, however, who unwittingly gave the best analysis of the greediness which had overcome them all.

In June, 1943, he delivered a speech that was hailed by the local press as a milestone in national policies. The premier declared that Turkey would fumble no passes, that it was the intention of the government to use the sharpest methods in order to end the war with its treasury full of gold and its warehouses overstocked with commodities. Saracoglu added that such accumulation of wealth and security was the best guarantee of Turkey's sovereignty. Melodramatically he said, "We want to be Turks, we want Turkey for the Turks, and we shall do everything to be a little more Turkish every day." His statement was the climax of an official campaign of plunder that had ravaged the minorities living in European Turkey.

IN DECEMBER, 1942, the Turkish government enacted a new taxation law called "*varlike virgisi*." Under the pretense of a capital levy designed to check war-profiteering, it was actually a gross attempt to squeeze the non-

Moslem minorities. While no Turks were molested, the Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Yugoslavs and Levantines engaged in retail trade were assessed in such a manner that within a few weeks three-fourths of all retail businesses were compelled to close down. As soon as a shop closed its doors, the police ordered an auction. I heard that these public sales were a farce, and decided to investigate. Together with Derek Patmore of the *London News Chronicle*, Arthur Salter of the *London Daily Express*, Roy Melbourne of the American service and other Americans from the OWI, I went around trying to buy some items. We could not. Politely but firmly, the police prevented us from buying a single article. When we raised the point that the sales were supposed to be open to the public, the policemen told us there had been some misunderstanding; the merchandise we wanted to buy, unfortunately, was already sold.

This game was played wherever we went. We observed that during our discussions with the police the auctioneers automatically stopped the bidding, only to start it all over again once we went away. The big idea was to prevent all foreigners from buying stocks in order to open new shops. The government had given instructions that only Turks should be allowed to purchase those goods.

Small retailers whose capital never exceeded 5,000 liras were assessed any sum between 50,000 and 200,000 liras. The teen-aged messengers working at the Londra Hotel where I was staying, whose earnings were about thirty to fifty liras a month, were assessed 500 liras and ordered to pay it within thirty days. Failure to meet the levy meant not only confiscation of whatever property they might have, but also included forced labor in Eastern Anatolia. On my way to Ankara I had seen these luckless ones at Erzurum. They arrived in filthy freight cars, herded like cattle. I saw them being lined up in chain gangs under the surveillance of military guards. They were kept in the open the whole day and, despite a merciless snowstorm, were given no meal but a lukewarm beverage at noon. Later in the evening they were marched down the snowy road toward the concentration camps which had been hastily erected to house them. These "prisoners," whose guilt was inability to pay a levy assessed at no less than ten times their invested capital, were used to clean the snow from