

ities seem to believe that a high standard of honor prevails.

Any program devoted to the welfare of children is heavily charged with emotion. Neighbors who believe that family-allowance checks are being invested in wine, women, and song are sure to call the nearest Mounted Police detachment. Canadian courts are particularly stern when confronting parents who have squandered the children's allotment on their own pleasure.

In Edmonton, the oil-rich provincial capital of Alberta, my wife and I saw an attractive young woman selecting a handbag in a department store. She paid for it by check. We were at a nearby counter. Suddenly we noticed a little cluster of salesgirls looking furtively at the woman. One went to a telephone. In the time that it took to cash the check, a female representative had arrived from the local family-allowance office.

The shopper had paid for the new purse with a monthly family-allowance check. She finally explained that the check had arrived late that month and that she had used her own money for the special foods and clothing she customarily bought for the three children that she had at home.

AT AKLAVIK, on the Arctic Ocean, the government permitted the family allowances of an entire Eskimo tribe to be invested in a motorboat. With slow-moving skin kayaks, the Eskimos could track down few animals. The children needed meat. With a speedy motor launch, many more seals and walruses and polar bears could be slain. This would improve the diet of the children and clothe them in warm furs. The extraordinary request went all the way to Ottawa, but the Eskimo tribe was allowed to buy its motorboat for the express purpose of improving the standard of living of the children.

One of the most compelling arguments for the adoption of family allowances in Canada was the claim in the Marsh Report that "one-fifth of all Canadians who work for a living are supporting more than four-fifths of all the country's children under the age of sixteen." This has given credence

to the further claim that, by helping to ameliorate poverty in childhood, the family-allowance program may lessen ill health, financial failure and other reasons for dependency on the public at the other end of life's journey.

Sponsorship of family allowances has served the Liberal Party faithfully on many election days. Liberal orators have never let the nation forget that George Drew, leader of the Conservatives, referred to the first family allowances proposal as an "iniquitous bill." All family-allowance appropriations now pass the House of Commons unanimously.

Family allowances in Canada are wholly a project of the national government. Benefits are identical in every sovereignty. Ottawa sets the standards, enforces the regulations, and foots the bill. No oratorical obeisance is paid to "provincial rights." Canadians familiar with the family allowances program told us that a sliding scale, such as the U.S. old-age assistance grant of \$70 in Colorado and \$27 in South Carolina, would never be tolerated.

"If that discrepancy prevailed in family allowances," a bespectacled M.P. from a British Columbia sea-coast riding told me, "we probably would have a steady migration into the province with the most generous benefits for its children. We

look upon our children as citizens of the nation, rather than as citizens of particular compartments within the nation."

What About Our Children?

In the United States, Senator Murray has told his colleagues that the "question of family allowances must be met in the re-examination of our entire Social Security program." If Canada's exact pattern were followed, family allowances would cost the U.S. Treasury approximately \$3,880 million annually. But they would seem a highly effective pump-primer if the present downturn gets worse. The bulk of family-allowance checks would be poured at once into the business stream. Emotionally the program would have great appeal because children are involved. A great majority of the country's families would benefit from such a program, because of the bumper crop of war babies born to young couples during the past decade.

"Family allowances" may be a familiar phrase in the United States by the time Congress becomes serious about taking another look at the entire problem of Social Security here.

Perhaps it will then seem politically, economically and socially wise to be as concerned about welfare in infancy as in old age.

The People Vs. McCarthy

MARYA MANNES

A LOT of people in a lot of places have hated Joe McCarthy for a long time. They have hated him not for what he was doing to them, for these are neither Communists nor fellow travelers, but for what he was doing to their country.

Some of them—the braver, the more articulate, with means of expression at hand—have made their detestation known, often at risk to themselves and their futures. Editors, statesmen, politicians, labor

leaders, commentators, civic leaders, writers, ministers, have fought McCarthy and his influence for years with reason and argument, being motivated by nothing less than that devotion to country which the Senator claims exclusively.

But aside from these, the millions who loathed and feared the junior Senator from Wisconsin for like reasons did little—could do little, they thought—but talk angrily among themselves. A few, in a few

places, circulated petitions; a number sent letters and telegrams to the White House and Congress asserting their support of the Administration against its major wrecker. But by and large, Americans Against McCarthy could not have been called a mass movement.

Historic Telecast

Then one night—March 9, 1954—that greatest of all mass media, television, became, in the hands of a brave man, a sort of catalyst. On it, millions sitting in their living rooms saw McCarthy in the acts of his own deceit and heard these words of Edward R. Murrow:

"This is not the time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent, or for those who approve. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. As a nation we have come into our full inheritance at a tender age. We proclaim ourselves, as indeed we are, the defenders of freedom, what's left of it, but we cannot defend freedom abroad by deserting it at home. The actions of the junior Senator from Wisconsin have caused alarm and dismay amongst our allies abroad and given considerable comfort to our enemies, and whose fault is that? Not really his; he didn't create this situation of fear, he merely exploited it and rather successfully. Cassius was right: 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves.'"

You have read what happened. CBS was inundated by calls, telegrams, and letters. Up to March 26 about 22,000 letters had been received and sorted, of which all but approximately 2,500 were pro-Murrow. The first days after the broadcast the response from the New York area was 10-1 in Murrow's favor. People said, "Well, of course—the Eastern Seaboard . . .," meaning the supposedly intellectual, internationalist Easterners—traditional enemies of the Senator. But when the letters came from the Midwest and Far West, the proportion shifted only one point, remaining at 9-1 in Murrow's favor except for California, where the balance was 8-3. Texas, oddly enough, was the source of comparatively little mail;

what there was of it was largely pro-Murrow. Wisconsin was predominantly against the Senator.

Cry of Gratitude

Of a hundred pro-Murrow letters I saw, the great majority were well expressed, neatly written or typewritten, and signed. Most of the writers thanked Murrow with an almost audible cry of gratitude for having the courage to tell the country what they themselves had long felt about the danger presented by the Senator. Of the hundred anti-Murrow letters I examined, the majority were scrawled and abusive. A great many were unsigned—terms like "A Real American" or "Patriot" often substituted for names. These letters described Murrow in such familiar terms as a "Bleeding heart Pinko," a "Pet of the *Daily Worker*," a "goody-goody doublecrosser," a "dupe of the Kremlin," a "Jewish bootlicker and a lying traitor," and a "first-class skunk."

"No one familiar with the story of this country," Murrow had said, "can deny that Congressional committees are useful. It is necessary to investigate before legislating, but the line between investigating and persecuting is a very fine one and the junior Senator from Wisconsin has stepped over it repeatedly."

The week after this first broadcast, Murrow devoted his "See It Now" to a graphic illustration of this trespass: the hearing of Annie Lee Moss, the Army employee accused by McCarthy of being a Communist who had access to "TOP SECRET material" in a code room. As the hearing progressed and it became increasingly evident that Annie Lee Moss might be nothing of the sort, and that what "evidence" there was was so far unsubstantiated, the Senator excused himself and left, turning the hearing over to Senator Mundt and the irate reactions of Democratic Senators Symington and McClellan to what they clearly considered a highly irregular process.

A second wave of letters to CBS followed this broadcast—again 9-1 in Murrow's favor. This time there were letters from people who said they had thought the first McCarthy "See It Now" an unfair and biased attack, but who realized after

seeing with their own eyes the "shocking" procedure against Annie Lee Moss that the Senator had, in fact, convicted himself. To use the verb in several letters, the sight of this elderly, soft-spoken "nobody" (who could hardly read English, let alone code) subjected to the charges of unseen witnesses "sickened" them. The temperature was rising steadily.

'We Believe . . .'

But even a broadcast like Murrow's could not have generated this heat if the pulses of thousands of ordinary people were not already beating fast. Now ordinary citizens—men and women without "names"—are marching against McCarthy.

In the village of Bridgehampton—a small potato-farming community near the tip of Long Island—a country lawyer named Bryan Hamlin and his tennis partner, a public-relations executive named Edward Chase, had hatched out a plan in the locker room of their club. "Neither of us," wrote Chase, "is in politics or with any pressure groups or has any special axes to grind: except we found we shared a mutual hatred for McCarthyism and a fear for what it is doing to America and how it is hurting us in the crucial fight against our greatest enemy, Communism." So together last summer they wrote a petition addressed to President Eisenhower and Members of Congress, containing—among its eight paragraphs—these:

"While we recognize the peculiarly dangerous nature of the communist threat, employing, as it does, a diversity of 'fifth column' techniques, and the consequent need for investigations, nevertheless, we believe that the methods of investigation by some Congressional Committees, notably Senator McCarthy's, jeopardize not only the rights of the individual, but also the welfare of free society." They went on to take issue with those who abuse the Fifth Amendment with the sole aim of defeating the lawful purpose of a committee, and ended their petition with the following recommendation:

"We therefore urge you to express your views and to use your influence and authority to the ends that Congressional investigations shall be governed by recognized legal principles and procedure; and that ade-

quate safeguards, to protect the individual investigated, be established; that Congressional investigators who jeopardize the rights of individuals be replaced, and that such other steps as are necessary be taken to arrest that development which is a danger to our freedom of mind and spirit, is so contrary to our American ideals and traditions, and so similar to that which we have condemned and fought, and continue to condemn and fight in others. Our moral leadership in world affairs may also depend on such action and our best defense against Communism is to make democracy work in this Country."

Several thousand of these were printed, and a blank sheet was attached to each for signatures. To Bryan Hamlin went the expense and task of distributing them. For the reassurance of those who did not know him, he appended a brief outline of his background and activities. These included service as a Red Cross ambulance driver and pursuit pilot in the First World War ("credited with one plane"), as a member of the National Guard for seven years, as pilot and officer in the Second World War, former Scout Commissioner and District Chairman of the Boy Scouts of America, member of the American Legion, the Williams Club, and the Bridgehampton Golf Club, former director of the Suffolk County Bar Association, and now editor in chief of the Suffolk County Bar Bulletin.

"Last summer and early fall," said Chase, "people of both parties were timid and hesitant about signing petitions. They didn't like McCarthy but were afraid to commit themselves in writing. But after the Army-Cohn-McCarthy row, we had no trouble—people signed in droves." Up to now they have five to six thousand names from over a dozen states. Enormous response has come from the campuses all over the country, largely as the result of a tiny ad placed by Hamlin and Chase in the New York Times "Review of the Week" section one Sunday.

"This thing is gathering impetus every day," said Chase on a note of pleased surprise, "and what's more it's not on a political level—just as many Republicans as Democrats have signed. It's on a moral and

ethical level. You should see some of the letters!" Among them was this, chosen as typical of the ordinary "nameless" people who have responded:

"Nocturnal feedings of the new baby have an advantage I've just come to realize. They let me think in the extraordinary stillness of the hour. My thoughts are of Senator McCarthy and how to stop him."



And then this young mother presented four useful suggestions toward this end.

IN Sauk City, Wisconsin, the editor of the region's weekly has launched a movement to return Senator McCarthy to private life. The Sauk City Star proposed a petition campaign to force the Wisconsin Republican to stand for a recall election. Within twenty-four hours, only five hundred of the 4,000 petitions originally printed were left. A recall election would require 400,000 signatures—one-quarter of the total vote for governor in 1952 in Wisconsin, and each signer must be a qualified Wisconsin voter. Although there appear to be a good many legal problems about this recall movement, Editor Leroy Gore intends to continue, if only as a pro-

test. "I was one of Joe's supporters in the last campaign and I want to rectify that mistake."

So, apparently, do a goodly proportion of the 125,000 who have already signed.

IN New Canaan, Connecticut, Mrs. James G. Rogers, Jr. is circulating a petition to Vice-President Richard M. Nixon which includes these statements:

"We protest the conduct of Senator Joseph McCarthy in impugning the integrity and competence of responsible officials of the United States Government, and in subjecting to humiliation and abuse loyal officers of the United States Army."

The petition requests that constant scrutiny be made of the funds allocated to Senator McCarthy's subcommittee and of the "charges of tax evasion, perjury, deceit and fraud which already stand on Joseph McCarthy's personal record in Wisconsin and in Washington."

"We believe that Joseph McCarthy is unfit to serve as a member of the highest legislative body of the United States Government. . ."

The petition is making the rounds in at least eighteen states, and seems, according to friends of Mrs. Rogers, to be "snowballing." "We are getting two Republican signatures for every Democratic one," they add.

SIXTEEN may not be old enough to vote, but it is old enough to volunteer in the army against McCarthy. In New York City, a senior at Horace Mann High School started his own assault on the Senator before Murrow's broadcast and without awareness of other petitions. He is Paul Goodman, president of the student body. Goodman got the idea after seeing a number of McCarthy Committee hearings on television. "I thought we ought to do something. It's no use just sitting around saying, 'Isn't this guy terrible, how can they let him get away with it,' etc., so I had two kinds of postcards made up addressed to the President—one for Republicans—these cards read in bold type: MR. PRESIDENT: WE PUT YOU IN, DON'T LET MCCARTHY PUT YOU OUT—"the other for Democrats and independents"—MR. PRESIDENT: STOP MCCARTHY BEFORE MCCARTHY STOPS YOU!

Each card has space below for the signer's name and address. Goodman paid for the first printing himself—\$26 for a thousand cards—and after they went, in a few days, friends and parents paid for more. "They're going fine," he said. "We've got rid of 1,500 already, and we're printing more. We think maybe they'll give the President encouragement."

It is doubtful whether the device of printed cards is the best method for influencing the President or anyone else. But the initiative which set them into motion is one of a number of signs that the young are neither apathetic nor unaware of the danger which McCarthyism presents to what will shortly be their United States.

IN THE LAST few months, many new groups have joined the citizens' army. In Baltimore, for instance, six young housewives in the Ruxton-Riderwood section have already received 10,875 requests for their form letter of protest against McCarthy's tactics; a Westport, Connecticut, committee largely composed of Republicans is working nights to organize an anti-McCarthy rally; another group in Westchester County is planning action; students at Bloomington, Indiana, have printed leaflets stating their willingness to believe Benton's charges against McCarthy and widely circulated them.

In New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Newark, and a score of other places, groups of citizens are dedicating themselves to bringing the Senator to trial on those charges to which—by the mere fact of dropping his suit against Benton—they believe he tacitly admits having no defense.

These groups are having little difficulty in raising funds for taking ads in the newspapers; it is the newspapers themselves that make the difficulties. In Washington a group of reputable citizens spearheaded by Gerhard van Arkel, a private lawyer formerly with the National Labor Relations Board, raised the \$10,000 overnight needed to buy full pages in *Post and Times Herald* and the *Star*, both of which refused to print the ad for reasons varying from fear of libel to the understandable reluctance to become bivouacs for

partisan passions, since they would then have to accept full-page ads from McCarthy adherents.

It is probably premature to think that these petitions, these groups, and these ads will mark the end of

McCarthy's influence. But with each one, reaction against it gathers momentum. Many of us haven't the courage to stand up unless another stands up first. And so we wait, outraged, indignant, and impotent, until the brave speak up.

The Man Who Shut Down The Port of New York

SANFORD GOTTlieb

DURING the month of March, produce rotted in the holds of freighters moored along New York's sprawling waterfront, shipping was diverted to other ports, "goon" squads of the International Longshoremen's Association clashed with AFL dockers in search of work, and the jobs of thousands in industries depending upon foreign trade were threatened.

The sources of the difficulty ran very deep, but the dock tie-up began when one man was fired on Moore-McCormack's Pier 32. In the life-or-death struggle between the mobster-dominated ILA and the new AFL union of the same name, what single docker possessed such importance as to set off the chain reaction that virtually closed down the Port of New York? He was forty-seven-year-old William Francis McMahon, the elected shop steward on Pier 32 and one of the first longshoremen to swing over to the AFL group when it was established last September. That heresy made McMahon a special target of the ILA henchmen, who were determined to wipe out his considerable influence among the dockers.

On the morning of February 25 a group of second-echelon ILA bosses, "all the big brass except Captain Bradley and 'Packy' Connolly themselves," as McMahon put it, arrived at Pier 32 for a huddle with Moore-McCormack officials. The relationship between the ILA and the employers is such that two hours later the shipping company's assistant chief of operations emerged and told McMahon: "I'll have to

let you go," adding somewhat apologetically, "You can stay on the payroll until five o'clock tonight."

"I don't need your generosity," McMahon snapped back, and with a few appropriate interjections walked away, forced off the pier for the third time in five months. He was back the following morning, carrying an AFL picket sign.

Truck drivers in the AFL Teamsters Union refused to cross McMahon's picket line. ILA leaders in turn ordered a boycott of the trucks. At those ILA-controlled piers where longshoremen refused to load or unload the AFL trucks, the truck drivers set up their own picket lines. The flow of merchandise to and from New York wharves was paralyzed as the ILA prepared to fight for its very survival on the waterfront.

AT THIS POINT the National Labor Relations Board entered the picture with an injunction to stop the ILA from boycotting the AFL trucks. Threatened from without by state and Federal restrictions and from within by the AFL's organizing inroads among the dock workers, the ILA bosses became desperate. The older union's "hard core," centered in the celebrated "Pistol Local" on Manhattan's Upper West Side, surreptitiously spread the order to strike.

The leaders claimed to have asked the men to work but professed to have no control over rank-and-file "anger" at the NLRB decision. ILA pickets used fists, stones, and knives to drive AFL members off