

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WANTED: EFFECTIVE POWERS

I AGREE MOST heartily with N.C.'s "Wanted: Two Billion Angry Men" (SR Feb 1). I hope we may hear more from him about the horror and uselessness of nuclear tests and of the unlimited, unthinking national sovereignties which continue them. Certainly the United Nations should be made into a "body with the effective powers of world law."

EDNA P. LEGG.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PLAGUE OF ATOMISM

I CAME ACROSS another stimulating thought along N.C.'s lines in Albert Einstein's "Out of My Later Years." He said, in part, that were the world threatened by an epidemic of bubonic plague we would bring experts together. After they had reached the right ways and means of combatting it, we would get busy and control it. There would be no thought of national lines. Nor would we handle the matter in such a way that our nation would be spared, "whereas the next one would be decimated." Wouldn't it be great if we could think of this threat of "atomism" as a plague rather than a political and military problem?

WALLACE KIRKLAND.

Oak Park, Ill.

HUMAN UNITY

PERHAPS WE ARE on the verge of discovering other worlds for purposes beyond the mere desires of human inquisitiveness. Meanwhile, our best hope is to build up the United Nations—our one hope of world unity.

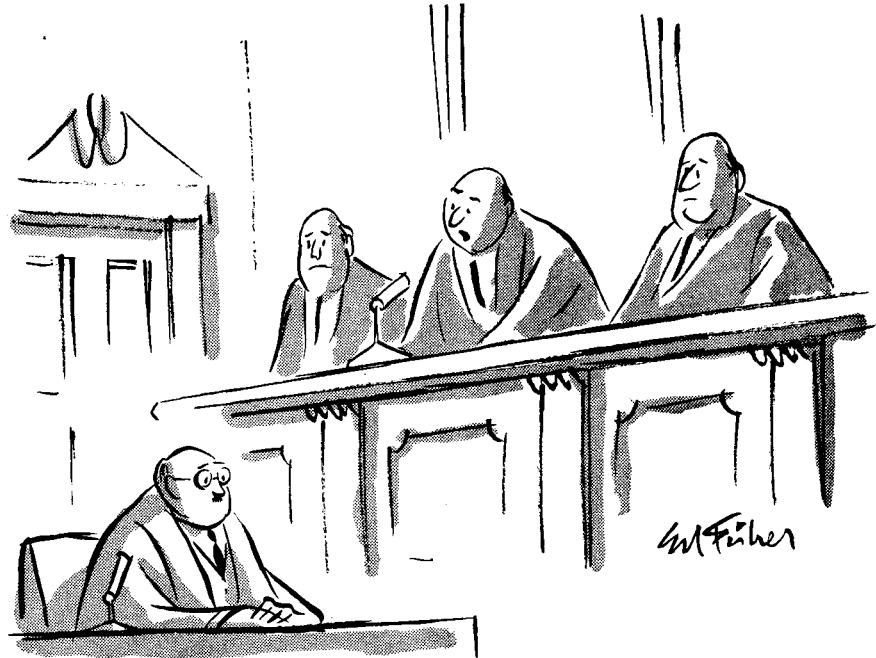
DOROTHY GILPIN ALLEN.

Winchester, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because of the large number of requests, SR has arranged for reprints of the editorial "Wanted: Two Billion Angry Men" at the following rates: 10¢ each for fewer copies than ten; 3¢ each, from ten to 100; \$2.50 per 100; \$20 per 1,000 (postage included). Please send orders to Circulation Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

STRANDED FULBRIGHTER

I WAS FINISHING a year of studying Greek literature in Germany on a Fulbright Scholarship when the opportunity came to make a cheap trip to Moscow for the World Youth Festival. Being naturally curious, I jumped at the chance to see something of Russia. When the invitation was issued to visit China, I was equally glad to accept; I did not feel that any responsible citizen could afford to miss an opportunity of learning something about how one-quarter of the world's population is living. I thought that my trip was entirely consistent with



"You mean to say you were his analyst for five years and never knew he was paying you out of union funds?"

the Fulbright program's aim of promoting international understanding. Certainly I learned far more about the world and its problems from six weeks in China than I did from one year in Europe.

When I returned to Europe to continue my studies, however, I learned that my return passage to the United States, guaranteed me under the provisions of the Fulbright grant, had been blocked by the Department of State since the beginning of the China trip. Repeated questioning of the Fulbright Commission in Germany and the American Embassy in Vienna brought to light the fact that the State Department would not make a decision as to whether or not to honor my return passage until after a decision has been reached on the status of my passport, to be determined in a hearing at some future date. How the Passport Office got mixed up in the Fulbright Commission's business, perhaps only Dulles knows. Meanwhile, it looks like State Department bureaucracy has left me stranded in Europe indefinitely.

FREDERIC D. GRAB.

Vienna, Austria.

CONGENIAL LEARNING

"THERE IS something congenial and comforting about sitting to learn . . ." says "New Worlds in Education" (SR Feb. 15). How true. Those words conjure up a picture of the schoolroom of the future where the seats will be comfortable seats, upholstered seats, seats that tilt back for congenial learning. At the front of every classroom there will be a tele-

vision screen. The messy blackboard with its dusty chalk-tray will be gone, just as the little round hole for the ink bottle has gone from the desks of today's pupils. On the desks of the future there will not even be a groove for the ball-point pen. In its place there will be a set of buttons and a pair of earphones. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, and congenial. There seems no doubt at all but that society as a whole will be much happier. Reading is such work.

E. G. HUNTINGTON.

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

TEASING TEAZLE

IN DISCUSSING the introduction to Stanislaus Joyce's book "My Brother's Keeper: James Joyce's Early Years," by Richard Ellman (SR Feb. 8), David Daiches states: "Surely anyone literate enough to be interested in James Joyce does not need to be told that Sir Peter Teazle is a character in 'The School for Scandal'." Well, Mr. Daiches, we here in America need to be told many things that are taken for granted elsewhere. Being able to read and write English, I consider myself literate enough to be interested not only in James Joyce but in a whole range of subjects from the Dead Sea Scrolls to all the various Sputniks and Explorers, but I would not have been able to identify Sir Peter Teazle. I venture to add that in more than one library in America there lurks a literate Joyce reader who couldn't identify Sir Peter. I'm with you, Mr. Ellman.

MARGE MYERS.

Los Angeles, Calif.



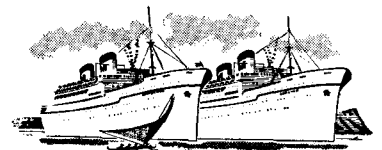
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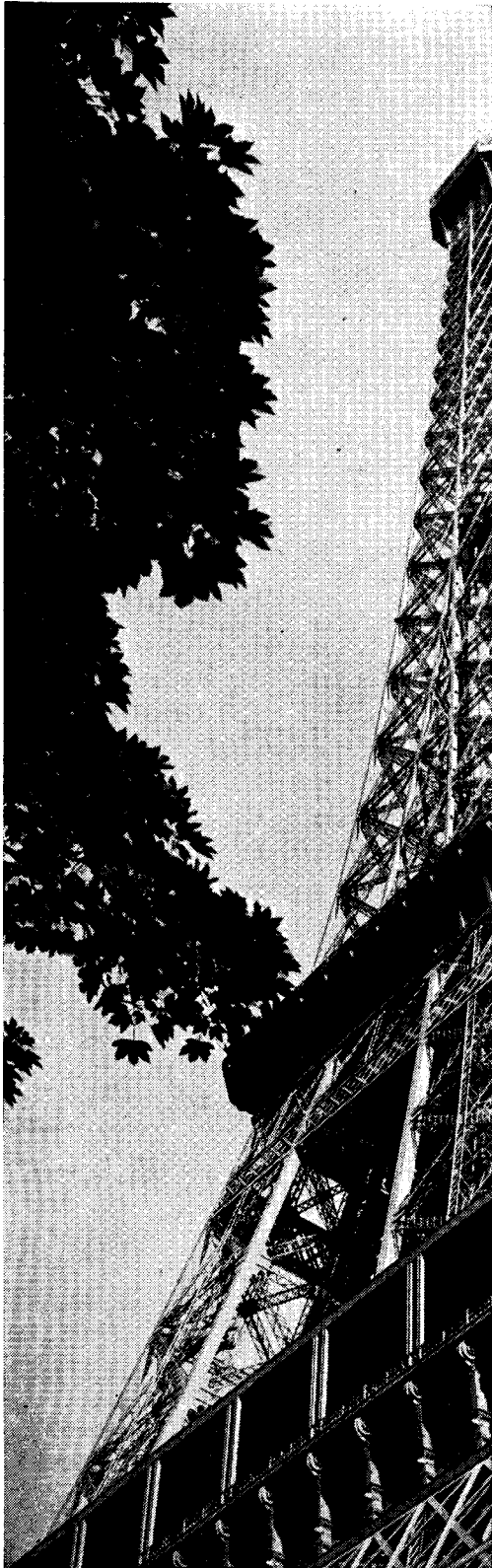
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SPRING AND THE TRAVELER



IT WAS the edge of spring and the ice was turning at last to water in the lakes of Yosemite. In Phoenix and St. Pete the air was full of hustle and liniment. The big liners swung out of the Caribbean and geared for the summer shuttle to Southampton and Le Havre. There were jonquils in the windows, faraway folders on the corner of many a desk and, in many an American mind, faraway thoughts began to creep like a slow blush into the conscious corners of the brain.

For the stirring soul at springtime SR offers an album of ideas—thoughts on the phenomenon of Lourdes marking its first hundred years; some explorations off the main Italian roads; on-the-scene reports by SR's own writers on tourism-and-the-Wirtschaftswunder in Germany, and the excitement that is bubbling in the Pacific. There is a festival calendar listing the places where bassoons will echo in the dells this summer. And lest anyone be entertaining a notion about staying in the roost and worrying over the recession, its existence and its effect on summer journeys is examined, and all but rejected. Lilacs are just around the corner, and it is no season for the lachrymose.

—H. S.

—H. S.