

... all the problems and frictions and misunderstandings will shrink in significance, and this program will move full speed ahead.

We in Washington would like nothing better than to see the mantle of leadership of the Alliance that now seems to rest on our shoulders transferred to the shoulders of those to whom this role properly belongs—the leaders of Latin America—in government or out—statesmen, intellectuals, businessmen, labor leaders, professional people, student leaders—men and women, willing to seize the opportunity which the Charter of Punta del Este offers *them*.

Meanwhile, we here in the United States, aside from providing financial aid, can do a number of things to help this process along.

We must not lose ourselves in debates and recriminations over secondary issues; we must guard against self-righteous-

ness in judging our Latin American friends; we should now and then re-read our own history in order to gain a better understanding of the current history of Latin America; and, most important, we must keep our eye firmly riveted to the goal of freedom, independence and responsibility as the yardstick of success in Latin America. As Brazilian Ambassador Roberto Campos puts it so aptly in a recent speech: "As a great democracy, trained in the techniques of persuasion and not of oppression, the United States is better equipped to understand and accept the pluralism of new societies, than its Soviet rival. It should find it better to work with a concert of allies than with a choir of satellites."

In this field the United States has a lead over the Soviet Union with which neither Mr. Khrushchev nor any of his successors can ever hope to catch up. If we exploit this advantage to the fullest we shall have a real chance to help move this Alliance of equal partners forward and to make it a success.

## "The Return Of The Square"

### HOW SHALL WE FIGHT FOR PERSONAL INDEPENDENCE?

By CHARLES H. BROWER, *President, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., New York*

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**B**ACK IN THE days before the phrase "Going to His Eternal Rest" meant getting a job with the government, Mark Twain arrived in a small town where he was scheduled to make a talk. Noticing that his lecture was poorly billed, he stepped into a store and said:

"Good evening, friend—any entertainment here tonight to help a stranger while away his evening?"

The storekeeper straightened up, wiped his hand and said: "I expect there's going to be a lecture. I've been selling eggs all day."

There have been quite a few changes made since that day. Although the price of eggs may prohibit their use as indoor guided missiles, we have become so well-to-do as a nation that we have a guilt complex about it. Conformity is sweeping the country. And while more and more people want to get seats in the grandstand, fewer and fewer want to sweat it out down on the field. More and more youngsters who come in looking for jobs are asking, "What can you do for me?" rather than, "What can I do for you?" They want to discuss the extras they're going to get rather than the extras they're going to give. They want to know how cool it is going to be in summer. And how warm in winter. And how safe at all times of the year. And when they go to work, they hasten to hide their light in the security of a committee, where there is safety in numbers. The progress may be slow and the glory may be small, but the work is steady. Their eyes are on the clock rather than on the calendar. The Coffee Break is more important than the Big Break.

And more and more girls are more interested in filing their nails than in filing what needs to be filed. The other day I overheard two girls in an elevator (*not* a BBDO elevator, needless to say), and one said to the other, "Heavens, no, *don't* learn shorthand. If you can't take dictation, you won't have to stay after 5."

We have always had our share of free-loaders in this country. And, as Channing Pollock once said, every generation produces its squad of moderns who march with peashooters against Gibraltar. But only in the past quarter century, it

seems to me, has non-involvement become an accepted way of life. For when we were poor, we *had* to sweat it out. We couldn't afford detachment from the life and fate of our country. And one of the great dangers of affluence is that it permits such detachment.

I'm going to talk quite a bit about a six-letter word today. Why six letters? Because modern literature has snapped up all the four and five-letter words as its own. The only time a novelist uses a long word, these days, is when he adds an "i-n-g." So I am going to start on six-letter words.

The word is "square"—S..Q..U..A..R..E.

Back in Mark Twain's day, it was one of the finest words in our language, among the top ten on any lexicographer's hit parade. You gave a man a square deal if you were honest. And you gave him a square meal when he was hungry. You stood foursquare for the right, as you saw it, and square against everything else. When you got out of debt, you were square with the world. And that was when you could look your fellow man square in the eye.

Then a lot of strange characters got hold of this honest, wholesome word, bent it all out of shape and gave it back to our children. Convicts gave it the first twist. To them a Square was an inmate who would not conform to the convict code. From the prisons it was flashed across the country on the marijuana circuit of the bopsters and hipsters. Now everyone knows what a Square is. He is the man who never learned to get away with it. A Joe who volunteers when he doesn't have to. A guy who gets his kicks from trying to do something better than anyone else can. A boob who gets so lost in his work that he has to be reminded to go home. A guy who doesn't have to stop at a bar on his way to the train at night because he's all fired up and full of juice *already*. A character who doesn't have to spend his evenings puttering in a basement workshop and his weekends scraping the bottom of a boat because he's putting all that elbow grease and steam into doing a satisfying job on the job he's getting *paid* to do. A fellow who laughs with his belly instead of his upper lip. A slob who still gets all choked up when the band

plays "America the Beautiful." A square, and strickly from Squaresville.

His tribe isn't thriving too well in the current climate. He doesn't fit too neatly into the current group of angle players, corner cutters, sharpshooters and goof-offs. He doesn't believe in opening all the packages before Christmas. He doesn't want to fly now and pay later. He's burdened down with old-fashioned ideas of honesty, loyalty, courage and thrift. And he may already be on his way to extinction.

He and all the rest of us are living in a country today that is quite different from the one that we were taught to love. Parents have successfully defended in court their children's right to ignore the flag salute. Faculties and student bodies have found it distasteful to publicly take an oath of loyalty to their country. And the United States Military Academy has found it necessary to place a sign beside its parade grounds at West Point reminding spectators that it is customary for men to remove their hats at the passing of the banner that was once unashamedly referred to as "Old Glory."

The force of government is now directed more fully toward the security of the weak than the encouragement of the strong. In business, it is said the way to survive is to emulate the turtle—grow a hard shell and never stick your neck out, just as the young man in the army was taught by his fellows to keep his mouth shut, his bowels open and never volunteer.

We have come quite a way since Theodore Roosevelt told us: "Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows no victory or defeat."

What has happened to us, I think, is that we have changed from an exporting country to an importing country.

I do not mean that we have let the world drain all of our gold away, although that is bad enough. I do not mean any imbalance of trade, as threatening as that may be. I mean that we have been importing instead of exporting ideas.

The United States of America was once the greatest exporter of ideas the world had ever known. We created and sold abroad the idea of individual dignity, responsibility and freedom. We created and sold the idea of government of the people, by the people and for the people—an idea that is still being bought today. We exported the idea of freedom of worship . . . the idea of an unfettered press . . . the idea that those who are taxed should be represented . . .

It is hard to find a basic idea that America has exported since you and I were young. We have, I think, bought in the bazaars of Asia Minor the idea that an honest man is either a fool or a liar. From our most mortal enemy we have bought the idea of a strong government for weak people. We have bought abroad the ideas of "Let Jack do it," of "What's in it for me?" and the gesture of the neatly shrugged shoulder.

But, most of all, we have been gullible patrons of the export firm of Sigmund Freud, who has sold us the idea that all men are born feeble, that we should abandon our ancient disciplines as too stark for the poor souls that we are, and to seek out salvation through group support. Freud's discovery that man was not adjusted to his world, and could never be truly adjusted, justified the lazy cynic and condemned the square. For if you can't win, what is the use of trying? And here was the first great authority who said you cannot win.

The other day, I am told by a friend, his young son came home from his progressive school proudly exhibiting a book that he had won for excellence in Natural History.

"However did you do that?" the delighted father asked.

"The teacher," answered the son, "asked how many legs an ostrich has, and I said *three!*"

"But an ostrich has only two legs," the father protested.

"I know," said the boy, "but I came closest. All the other kids said four."

This may be funny. But it is not so funny that our colleges are loaded today with youngsters who are hardly prepared for high school—kids who cannot do simple arithmetic and who cannot spell simple words. This, too, was an import—the idea that the dull discipline of the three R's was disturbing to little Johnny's ego. So we got real scientific and went to work on the Poor Little Kid and his Id, with the result that today hardly any school that really is a school is without a class in remedial reading. It would save considerable money if the class were held in the very highest level of our teachers' colleges and were called "Remedial Thinking." For surely we ought by now to know as much as chickens, ducks and monkeys know—there is no learning without discipline.

Our museums today are exhibiting on their walls paintings by people who never learned to paint. It used to be a sort of joke that you could not tell which was the top and which was the bottom.

But recently a museum did hang a bit of modern art upside down. It was days before it was discovered, and I still do not know how they knew.

Non-books are being thrown together and sold by non-writers who never bothered to learn how to write. And murky poems are being ground out by scraggly poets who sing them to their friends because they are unreadable. Here, for example, is a deathless line that was obviously written in San Francisco: "O man, thee is onion-constructed in hot gabardine."

LIFE magazine describes our beatnik geniuses as "fruit flies . . . some of the hairiest, scrawniest and most discontented specimens of all time, who not only refuse to sample the seeping juices of American plenty and American advance but scrape their feelers in discordant scorn of any and all who do."

Some of their output is worse than trash; some of it goes beyond making fun of Mom and Dad and Marriage and Automatic Dishwashers and Suburbia. Here are a few lines from a shocking poem about the Crucifixion:

He was a kind of carpenter  
from a square-type place like Galilee  
Who said the cat who really laid it on us  
all was his Dad.

There is more, but I wouldn't even read it to you.

Always tearing down these days. Never building up. Always knocking. Belittling. Down-grading. A sneer rather than a grin. A mocking laugh rather than a belly laugh. Poking fun at other people rather than at ourselves.

And what, by the way, ever happened to laughter? Once we were a laughing nation. We laughed easily and deeply. The corn may have been as high as an elephant's eye—but we laughed, and it was good for us. We laughed at Lincoln, and Mark Twain, and Artemus Ward, and Mr. Dooley, and Petroleum V. Nasby. And later we laughed at the gentle humor of such columnists as Don Marquis, F.P.A., and Hi Phillips. We laughed at Will Rogers, because he made us laugh at ourselves. Remember the sly, dry way he spun that rope and spun those yarns and got off those wonderful quips of his about life in general and politics in particular? We laughed at Robert Benchley. Remember when a magazine sent him on an assignment to Venice and he wired back, "Streets full of water. Please advise."?

Today I think there is one true comic on the stage and one real humorist writing a column. I am talking about Bob Hope and Art Buchwald. Others are cynical, sly and bitter. We laugh when we are told that everyone but squares knows

that Mr. A or Mr. B is funny, but we don't know why we are laughing.

We refer to our humor as sick, sick, sick and it is, is, is. Mother used to get cards on Mother's Day, expressing in some way the fact that she was loved and wanted. Now if she is lucky she gets a card that shows Whistler's mother flat on her back and a caption that says, "You're not the only one who's off her rocker." Otherwise she may get a card that says "Want to lose 15 ugly pounds? . . . Then cut off your head."

Mort Sahl, to me, represents the cackling of despair. And even Bob Newhart, clean and clean-cut and buttoned-down as he is, cannot resist the temptation to give a hot foot now and then to our national idols.

I claim we *need* those idols. And I am *not* going to be amused by a skit in which Lincoln's publicity man tells him to "write it on envelopes, Abe" or "Why don't you take it easy tonight, Abe and take in a show?"

Laughter today is stored in Hollywood in cans, just as the gold was once stored at Fort Knox. It is taken out as needed and pasted onto TV films. And the laugh track tips us off to when things are funny.

But I want to laugh when I am amused. And I want to decide what I think is funny. And this, I suppose, will mark me as a square. And if it does, I will be in pretty good company. For this country was discovered, put together, fought for and saved by squares. It is easy to prove that Nathan Hale, Patrick Henry, Paul Revere, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and almost anyone else you care to include among our national heroes were squares—by simply thinking what they might have said had they not been squares.

Nathan Hale: Me spy on those British! Are you trying to be funny? Do you know what they do with the spies they catch? I'll give you a newflash, chum. They HANG them.

Paul Revere: What do you mean—me ride through every Middlesex village and town? And in the middle of the night yet. Why pick on me? Am I the only man in Boston with a horse?

Patrick Henry: Sure, I'm for liberty. First, last and always. But we've got to be a little realistic. We're a pretty small outfit. If we start pushing the British around *someone* is going to get hurt.

George Washington: Gentlemen, I am honored. But I do wish you would try someone else. Let's say General Gates. I'm just getting things organized at Mount Vernon. Also you might say I had already served my time. Against the French you know.

Benjamin Franklin: What we really need as Ambassador to France is a young man. I'm 70 years old! It's time a new generation took over.

It is perhaps a significant fact that what such men actually did say has been quietly sneaked out of our schoolbooks. *This Week Magazine* made a survey recently of school history books issued before 1920, compared with those issued since. Nathan Hale said, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country" in 11 of the old texts and in only one of the new texts.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death" in 12 out of 14 earlier texts and in only two of 45 recent ones.

But John Paul Jones set the record. He said, "I have not yet begun to fight" in nine of the old books and in none of the new ones.

Maybe cutting down a cherry tree is a square thing to do . . . and maybe throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock

is a waste of money rather than a test of strength . . . and maybe nobody stands up in boats anymore (especially in mid-winter) . . . but there are lessons to be learned in all of them, and schoolbooks are for learning.

Maybe these aggressive and nationalistic statements went the way of contact games, which have been largely abandoned on our school grounds. Maybe the educators thought our children would be more interested in Peter Rabbit, who goes hipperty-hop. Maybe the Russians are a lot smarter than we think.

Or maybe it is just because these fellows, and all of *their* fellows, and all of their ideas, are square!

When Dwight D. Eisenhower was President he appointed a Committee on National Goals to decide where we were all going. Perhaps a first step should be a commission on National Heritage to make sure that some of us at least remember where we have been.

Arnold Toynbee, the historian, says that of 21 notable civilizations, 19 perished not from external conquest but from the evaporation of belief within.

Today, our country still has a choice. I believe it has already begun to make that choice. I believe it is going back to its old beliefs in such things as ideas, pride, patriotism, loyalty, devotion and even hard work.

We are great believers in statistics in this country—and while the things that really count can never be measured even by the most advanced computers—sheer head-counting seems to indicate that people are beginning to struggle for better things.

Twenty years ago, half of us belonged to churches. Today 64% of us do. It is perfectly possible that the churches are full and the people are empty—but the statistics are on our side.

Sales of classical records have jumped 78% in the last three years. Advertising, perhaps, but the statistics are on our side.

Millions of people are visiting museums, millions more than a decade ago.

We spent over a billion dollars on books last year, and people are taking 670 million volumes out of our public libraries each year.

There are 50% more symphony orchestras than there were 10 years ago. And expenditures on all cultural activities have increased 70% in the past 10 years—to a total of more than 3 billion dollars.

You might point out to me that 3 billion dollars spent for culture, stacked up against 50 billion spent for war still isn't much. But you will have to admit that there is definite movement. And in the right direction too.

Since the turn of the century, the percentage of our population that has graduated from high school is up ten times. And the percentage that has gone to college is up seven times. And the percentage in higher education who are in there trying to get higher marks is encouragingly higher than it used to be. Yes, there *are* indications that the day when it's smart to be smart is finally at hand.

But the greatest thing that has happened, of course, is that our nation has a whole new set of heroes. Named Glenn and Grissom and Shepard. Named Carpenter, Cooper and Schirra. Named Crews and Bock and Twinting; Smith, Sorlie and McIntosh; named Knolle and Hoover. The towns they came from have nice small names; Sparta, Boulder, East Derry, Mitchell, Shawnee, Brownwood.

These lads apparently lived too far from the big city and grew up to be squares. For who but a square would volunteer his life for his country's good.

They are not even ashamed of their feelings.

John Glenn says he gets a funny feeling down inside when

he sees the flag go by. Imagine that.

He's proud of his small town, proud of his small college. Proud that he belonged to the Boy Scouts and the YMCA.

I hope that some of him rubs off onto the next generation.

For the forces of conformity are still strong. Too many of us are still sitting it out instead of sweating it out. Too many of us haven't got the guts to stand up straight and dare to be square. Because the opposite of square is round, and being round is so much simpler. Responsibilities and problems roll off nice and easy. And we can just roll down the path, without any bumps, being careful to stay in the middle, because that's where the most comfortable ruts are.

Too many of us know the short cuts, and too few know or care where the path leads. Too few of us dare to *leave* the path, because the path is always the easy way, the way most people go. But there is no path to the future, no path to greatness, no path to progress. No path to outer space or to inner satisfaction.

How shall we fight for personal independence? How shall we avoid the group poop, the vortex of mediocrity, the great nothing of cynical sophistication and bored non-participation?

May I suggest that we all join the S.O.S.? The S.O.S.—the Society of Squares. It doesn't even exist but it could. Not a left-wing organization. Not a right-wing organization. Just an organization with wings!

We might have to go underground for awhile to avoid being trampled to death by the coast-to-coast rat-packs of cynical saboteurs and the canned wit commandoes whose devotion is to destruction.

But we would come out.

We might even have a secret handshake consisting mainly of grabbing the other guy's hand as though you meant it and looking him in the eye.

We would be for participation and against sitting life out . . . for simplicity and against sophistication . . . for laughter and against sniggering . . . for America and against her enemies . . . for the direct and against the devious . . . for the honest way against the easy short cut . . . for a well-done job and against the goof-off . . . for education and against the pretense of learning . . . for building and against tearing down . . . for the boys and girls who excell and against the international bedroom athletes . . .

We have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that our problem is not new.

When Benjamin Franklin was told that the war for independence was over, he said, "Say rather the war of the revolution is over—the war for independence has yet to be fought." And today—179 years later—the war for independence has still to be fought.

## Aid To Dependent Children

### CONTROLLING PROGRAM COSTS?

By ROGER A. FREEMAN, *Senior Staff Member, The Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace, Stanford University, California*

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**A**FTER ENJOYING a relatively inconspicuous and even obscure existence for quite a few years, welfare has of late again become the involuntary and somewhat unhappy recipient of much public attention. Newspapers ranging geographically from the San Diego Union and the Los Angeles Times to the Buffalo Evening News and the Long Island Newsday published article series, most major magazines ran one or several reports under disquieting captions and legislative and research bodies are shedding both light and heat on facts and policy issues.

Those of us who have maintained an active interest in the subject for some years still remember the days when the battle over public welfare was mostly a tug of war over old-age pensions—who should get them, how much and under what conditions. Those questions haven't all been settled yet but they no longer cause so many blood pressures to rise. Nowadays, if headlines blare forth on public welfare, they aim at Aid to Dependent Children nine times out of ten. By about the same ratio the stories are likely to be somewhat less than flattering to the program. This seems to express the beliefs and feelings of broad sections of the American public. No doubt: ADC, as it operates today, is under attack.

#### WHY PICK ON ADC?

Looking back a quarter of a century, to the birth of the social security program, the turn of events comes as a surprise. During the congressional debate of the bill in 1935, one of the most extensive debates ever, only a few casual references were made to ADC, all of them complimentary. ADC was

viewed as a continuation, with federal funds added, of the widows' pension or mothers' aid programs which had been adopted by all but two states over the preceding 25 years. One might then as well have criticized home or motherhood as ADC. It was just that noncontroversial.

Why has ADC fallen from public grace? Does it cost too much money? Has the American public changed its attitude on helping needy children? Or has the nature of the program changed?

The principle on which ADC was established is as widely accepted today as it ever was. That it has helped large numbers of fatherless children to grow up under more nearly normal conditions is universally recognized. But opinions differ on whether the program has, particularly in the last few years, contributed to the attack on certain serious social problems or contributed to the problems. The leadership of the social work profession feels that public aid does not go far enough in relieving human misery and that, by and large, there is little wrong with ADC that could not be cured by easing restrictions and enlarging appropriations for financial aid and staff. Lay opinion is far less united and, on the whole, far less favorable.

Some explain the waves of criticism which have engulfed ADC as a taxpayers' revolt: local citizens are turning their wrath over ever-rising taxes on a program whose skyrocketing costs they deem responsible for their heavier burdens.

The record lends little weight to this line of reasoning: ADC expenditures grew only slightly faster than child population and living costs during the 1950's—from \$600 million

