

January 1. Awake at 6:00 a.m. thinking about specific instances of adversity and then got to reflecting on the nature of adversity. I found it to be a force for good and concluded it could be likened to a physical force. Two things can happen: (1) it can run over and destroy you, or (2) you can get strong enough to hurdle it. There is no lemon out of which lemonade cannot be made. There are few adversities one cannot rise above if one will but look upon adversity as the manufacturer of strength. Shangra-la, for example, a land of milk and honey, a place minus obstacles, is hell in its most finished form. There all men would lose their strength. On reflection it becomes obvious that no one of us rises to heights beyond what our obstacles and adversities demand. Some of us they destroy. Others, the ones nature selects to preserve mankind, gain their existence and their only importance from these adverse forces. Bring them on, you who would be detractors. They make us!

JB and I went to St. Andrews but the place was closed. The union arrangement insists on this closing of the place. Why not carry the silly idea to its logical conclusion and close throughout the year on all holidays and on all Saturdays and Sundays? We went to FEE or, as JB says, "the mill" and did a mite of work.

At 5:00 p.m. we went to the Hustons and watched the Rose Bowl game on TV and saw Stanford not made strong but routed to the point of collapse by her adversary.

I did a chicken chop suey for dinner. To bed at 10:30.

January 2. FEE had a cash position gain of \$17,454 for December. We purchased today \$80,000 in short-term paper, which will earn around \$1,900 a year.

Hutch flew in from Detroit and Leo Wolman and I had dinner with him at the Carlton House. An evening of good food, drink and serious talk. Home at 11:45.

January 3. A good work day -- from 9:00 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. Decided on holding a winter, spring, and fall discussion session here at FEE and prepared invitational letter for the first session, February 15.

There follows the first draft of a Preface to our new book, "Essays on Liberty":

Man is a social being. Man is an individual being. Man's fortunes, even his existence, depends on the progress of others. Yet, man's fortunes, even his existence, depends on himself. He is in some respects tied to others, but he must in most respects be freed from others.

Defining this relationship between man and his fellow men, discovering precisely where man should act socially and where he should act individually, has been a challenge to the best thinking of the ages. And the answers, if they have been found, are not well enough known in our times.

Today, all over the world -- in America as elsewhere -- the social side of man is being emphasized to the exclusion of man's individual side. Nothing on this earth but understanding and the clear explanation of such understanding can erase this twentieth century catastrophe.

The friends and staff of The Foundation for Economic Education have, for the past six years, devoted much time and effort to various aspects of this problem. And we readily admit that we also have not discovered all the answers and explanations with certainty. So the search must go on.

This book is merely a progress report. These short essays-- the results of some of our research in the various areas of human relationships -- are here collected in the hope that they will at least help to identify the nature and difficulty of the problem we face -- a problem that must be solved if man is to advance, in the direction of his own potentialities.

Leonard Read  
of the Foundation Staff

January 4. JB got my breakfast. He is a scrambled egg genius. Drove to New York and spent an hour with Mr. E. S. Whitman, publicity director of United Fruit. He had inquired as to how much would it cost to put 5,000 United Fruit employees on FEE mailing list, the material sent to the home of each and the payment for the program done anonymously. I talked him out of this quickly and suggested that UF should send samples of our work to everyone and offer to put anyone on the mailing list who wanted to be on. He thought this to be sound and liked the letter I had suggested for transmitting this information. Decision rests higher up. I thought Mr. Whitman an energetic and intelligent person.

Spent lunch and two hours with Bill Turner of U. S. Steel. He wanted me to suggest criteria he could use in deciding on contributions. U. S. Steel spends millions in this way and without rhyme or reason, at least as their situation was revealed to me. My criteria were very tough, but Turner appeared to think them valid. It's enough to make one almost sick to see the way useless outfits milk the big dough from such a corporation. Turner is a smart gent and I predict he will make progress with an extremely difficult assignment.

What a nice filet of sole Ag cooked for dinner!

January 5. Awake <sup>mad</sup> with a feeling I might have another attack of diverticulosis in the making but choose to think it may be something else. Went to office and then curled 12 ends. Got whupped. Belly hurt seemed to go away so I cooked a chili con carne for dinner and Ag and I played gin rummy with the Hustons until 1:00 a.m. The ccc: Saute 1 lb. of round ground in olive oil to a white -- that is, just enough so no red remains. Lightly saute about the same amount of chopped onion with 1 finely chopped clove garlic added. Put the sauted meat, onions, garlic in a deep dish ( I used iron kettle), add 2 cans Campbell's tomato soup, 1 can water, 1 can oven-baked kidney beans, 1 tsp. paprika,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. thyme,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. sweet basil, 1 tbs. salt, 2 tsp. chile powder, bring to boil, cover pot, and let barely simmer for 1 hour. Wonderful!

January 6. Belly worse but decided to curl anyway. Got ~~wh~~ whupped again and by the time I had played 12 ends I was ready for home and bed. Ag had a lovely dinner which I et but should not have. At 12:30 a.m. got up and took an auromycin.

January 7. Belly very sore. Took another antibiotic. Went to office. JB drove me into New York for a luncheon with Gustave Simons of Simons, Shur & Straus, tax attorneys. He took me to Brussels, a lovely French restaurant, very swank. I had to content myself with consomme, oysters, ice cream and coffee. Simons appears to be interested in FEE and asked many questions. His own hobby is incentive taxation, quite a proper subject for one in his business to work on, but it misses the real issue -- big government. I want to see more of this gent. He is plenty smart. Home and directly to bed after taking a third capsule of the stuff -- 3:00 p.m.

Jasper Crane phoned me from Wilmington about The Freeman; his donation to FEE, claiming he had made none in 1951 and we claim he did; and about his conference this coming Friday with Donner and DuBrul of General Motors on behalf of FEE.

January 8. At 3:30 a.m. belly was worse. Got up and took another auro-mycin. At 8:00 diagnosed case as unfit to go to work, instead called Dr. Raymond. Turned JB in <sup>in</sup> courier, making two trips to Foundation. Returned with briefcase full of letters to sign, mail to answer, and dictaphone. Have been talking and talking to dicta all day. Dr. Raymond came in early afternoon and confirmed my diagnosis -- namely, diverticulitis. In case, dear journal, you don't know what diverticulitis is, it is an inflammation of the diverticuli. I have nine of the damn things. A diverticulum is a small, bulb-like thing, breakdown of the sigmoid intestine, about the size of a pencil eraser, having an opening sufficient to admit a tomato seed and anything else smaller. On occasion something gets admitted and can't get out, and inflammation sets in, no different medically than an inflamed appendix. With the latter you can snap it out, with the former you have to sit it out -- or rather lay it out; it isn't good to take out the intestines. Doc gave me 300,000 units of penecillin and said for me to stay put, eat bland foods, and drink practically no liquor. For dinner I had roast beef run through a grinder, "schmerecase," toast, a baked potato, rice pudding and coffee. I stuck to Doc's orders and had only one drink but it was a fair-

sized one.

January 9. The penicillin appears to have its effect. Belly soreness appearing to rapidly disappear. Have done nothing all day except to do a lot of reading, some dictating, signing of letters, giving Jim courier instructions, staying in bed, sleeping, eating, but no ambition. I should add, being waited on all day long by JB and Ag. When I say "no ambition" I mean I have not had as much as a 10-cent thought. It's the hard, persistent use of the faculties that produces such things -- not non-use which lying in bed assures.

Harper sent a sealed note by my courier which, should I have any ego shortage later on, I think I ought to record:

Dear Leonard:

If among your many troubles and burdens there are any that you think any of us are qualified to carry, don't hesitate to specify. I don't know how to be any more specific, and I can well imagine that some of them may not be subject to delegation -- your diverticulum, for instance. Take care of yourself first, because that is of first importance, and any shortcut on that might be a short time gain for yourself and for liberty of mankind.

Baldy

Russell Clinchy called on me during the evening. I thought it was very nice of him.

January 10. Back at the office, feeling all right except for the wooziness that follows a few days in bed. Thank goodness for the Dictaphone. It served to keep me entertained and to keep my desk in order.

Malcolm Duncan, architect, called -- the one recommended by Douglas Orr -- and we engaged him to do the house for the President of FEE. He strikes both Bierly and me as sound, competent, cooperative, and honest. Our charge to him was: "Let's get going as fast as possible." This he promised to do.

To bed early, reading Zimmerman's "World Resources and Industries," a monumental treatise. Zimmerman, I should say, qualifies as a New Dealer with baskets of statistics and a cup of judgment. Which merely means I don't agree with him.



January 11. Routine at office. Got started again at writing on my manuscript and worked on it until 10:00 p.m., after which I went over to the Hustons and joined Bob in seeing a fight TVed from the Garden.

JB and I went to Lawrence Hospital with the station wagon and brought Mother home. She has been there well over four months.

January 12. Office until noon. Stopped by St. Andrews to take a short look at the Bonspeil. Cooked both sweetbreads and brains for dinner. Worked on mss. until 11:00 p.m.

January 13. Worked on mss. nearly all day.

January 14. Another diverticulum went on the rampage. Dr. Raymond came at 9:30 a.m. and administered penicillin. It's a low grade infection, but nonetheless has to be watched. Spent the whole day in bed -- the type of respite I don't care for.

Jim Ingebretsen's plane didn't like the weather at Chicago and so flew nonstop from Los Angeles to New York, landing at La Guardia at 6:00 a.m. He was here to spend an hour with me just before noon.

Leo Wolman phoned to tell me all about his experiences in Los Angeles, and particularly about the lovely dinner Bill Mullendore gave him at the California Club. The total money received at FEE today wasn't too much -- a little less than \$2,000 -- but there were nearly 75 donations received, very nearly a record for one day.

The dictaphone came to my rescue, permitting me to keep up with my work and to amuse myself.

Poor little Aggie, what a hell of a hospital she has on her hands! I made the remark this morning that the unluckiest one in the Read family is the one who can stand on his feet the longest.

Ed Opitz and Jim Ingebretsen had me on tonight at the Gramatan Hotel to lead the discussion at their clergyman seminar. Of course I had to cancel this out. Baldy took my place.

Ed Lipscomb wired from Memphis today requesting 5,000 additional copies of his piece -- that is 20,000 in all, for him a nice account.

January 15. In bed again all day. I, as well as Doc Raymond, had expected that I could keep a lunch date in New York with Charley Delafield of Con. Edison, but the thing played hell all night and I had to have another penicillin during the forenoon. However, I spent half an hour on the phone with Delafield and that helped some. He wants my notions how his and four other companies can keep the government from developing hydro-electric power on the St. Lawrence. These companies are prepared to do it themselves.

Docs Curtiss and Harper called to see me. Jim Inx phoned. Did a lot of dictating. Am on a liquid diet.

January 16. Thing hurt all night but got up and went to office on account Mr. Gidney of Gulf Oil was paying us a visit and he is the gent in Gulf Oil who says we do or do not continue to get \$10,000 per annum. It was an enjoyable experience. He was at FEE for 3 hours, and much impressed with my associates and also with our workshop. He said at the coffee table that we should not be worrying about money, and that industry should not keep us on an "annual edge" (my term) but that industry should pick out the few worth supporting and give assurances of at least 3 years at a time. He showed me Gulf's budget for 1952 and we were in it for our ten grand. Colonel Gidney thinks much of FEE. He came primarily to gain new support for his favorable convictions. I believe we supplied what he wanted.

The mail was very favorable today, highlights being Harry Langenberg's letter to Hayek, Hughston McBain's appreciative letter and his speech in which he drew on "Penalty of Surrender," and a letter from Louise Miller on the Pacific Tel. & Tel. project and its progress.

Worked till 4:00 p.m. Felt better.

January 17. Routine at office, and a very full day. Wrote note to go with "The Individual In Society" by Mises. Phoned McBain and advised he publish his management speech, and talked about a luncheon session in Chicago with him, John McCaffery and others. Harold Wright phoned wanting my help on LA C of C's Annual Banquet speaker. I suggested Dean Russell. Phoned Ben Moreell about our get-together next week. JB is a cook. He did a fine meat loaf for dinner. To bed early.

January 18. Contemplating freedom of speech, it will be difficult to express our kind of thoughts when most members of all audiences are living on the government. There are those who say that there is no hope for freedom until the people stew in their own juice. Probably it would be better to say that there will be hope when the bureaucrats find there is no juice left to stir in.

Congressman Gwinn writes to thank me for "The First Leftist" and my note which accompanied it. But, "I note your optimism. How can you be optimistic with the Constitution lost?" I replied, in effect, "In the same sense that some folks had optimism before the Constitution existed."

In writing to Dean Roscoe Pound thanking him for his \$5 donation, for which he apologized because of its smallness, I told him of my first speech in Puyallup, Washington, 23 years ago. Following the speech which had been well received (it was a lot of spit-chewing delivered with spirit) a Mr. Montgomery asked me to his office. He was the publisher of the local weekly, an elderly gent, famed throughout the country as a poet and sage. He said, "Young man, that was a good

speech. But you made two mistakes." "What were they," I asked, delighted that the number was that small. "You mispronounced two words," said he. "The word is tex'til not tex'tile' (he was nuts, either one is right) and there is no such word as irregardless. It is irrespective or regardless. My point is this: I was the only one present among the 175 who noticed these. But, remember, young man, it will always be those who can see your errors who will be important to you." I ended my note to Dean Pound by saying that the moral of this good advice was that one should seek the approval of their superiors and that was why I regarded his donation and his favorable comment so highly.

Phoned Bill Press in Washington. The new Journal of ACCE will be out in two weeks bearing my article, among others -- one I want to send to some folks. On the phone with Indianapolis and Chicago setting up dates.

Mildred Carpenter of Spiritual Mobilization spent several hours here. A brilliant gal with an inquiring mind for our philosophy and highly capable of understanding it.

JB and I cooked the dinner while the much over-tired Ag rested. Got in an hour or two on my mss.

January 19. Spent half hour at office. Our rink was to curl Ardsley #4 but the clunks didn't show up. A win by default! We had fun in a scrub match. Spent an hour with our architect, Malcolm Duncan, and worked on mss. balance of afternoon. Charlie and Mrs. Belmer picked us up and we went to St. Andrews to watch the mixed matches. Charley and I skipped for 3 ends.

January 20. JB has a muscle spasm in the back and is off balance much like a Jenny in a side-slip. Had a fine 12-ender match this morning. I played lead, Seibert #2, Dudley #3, Ericsson skip. Any rink would have had trouble against us. My curling was the best I have done. JB took some flash bulb pictures of the match with the Stereo Realist.

Ag cooked a leg of lamb for dinner. Before going to oven, I sliced 2 cloves of garlic in a mortar with 3 tbs. olive oil and 1 tsp. salt, crushed the garlic into the oil, strained same, sucked it into a needle syringe, and pumped it into the lamb. This gives a thoroughly even garlic flavor and is a real nicety if one is willing to take the trouble. For dessert I quartered two bananas, rolled them in a mixture of powdered sugar and cinnamon, then in flour, then again in the mixture. These were lightly sauted in 2 tbs. butter. For the last touch I added 2 ozs. of kirsch, brandy, and high proof rum mixed with 1 tsp. of brown sugar. Touch a match and present at table aflaming.

Worked on mss. until 11:00 p.m.

January 21. To office for 1½ hours and then to New York for Annual Meeting, Board of Directors of the Freeman. While the journal is far from what it ought to be, I cannot see how it is as good as it is considering the manner in which the staff is disorganized. No one is boss. Authority and responsibility make no sense. Hazlitt, at least, appreciates this situation. The Freeman is close to great success or sudden failure. Chairman Leo Wolman was authorized to pick himself a committee from the Board to rectify the difficulties.. Brother! Red Miller came from Detroit for the meeting and we lunched together. He and I have much in common and I always like to check some of my inner notions with him. Red is brilliant, frank, and honest. I profited much from our talk. Routine at office until 5:30, home, dinner, and worked on mss. until 9:30 p.m.

January 22. Had luncheon in New York with Charlie Delafield and Gus Low, vice presidents of Consolidated Edison. Some discussion of their immediate problem, how to keep the government from developing Niagara power when they and four other private companies want to do it. But mostly a discussion of the broader problems on which we in FEE are working.

Weather turned into snow, rain, and very low ceiling, thus making our proposed dinner date with Admiral Moreell impossible. He couldn't fly in as planned. An AA Convair tried it!

January 23. Received \$10,000 from Republic Steel, Charlie White keeping his word about financing FEE although wanting to resign as a Trustee. Also \$1,000 from National Steel. Ernie Weir gave us \$5,000 in '47-48-49. Then I wouldn't sponsor "The Road Ahead" as he wanted, and had it not been for Hutch he would have cut us off entirely. So he compromised and gave us \$2,500 in '50 and '51. The one grand today looks like he intends to have his way if it takes 3 years to do it. These and others, hundreds of small donations, assure January of being a plus month.

On account of Clinchy being ill the lunch with Bush, V.P. of Brown Bros. Harriman & Co. was called off. I got rid of my other New York engagement by doing half an hour on the phone with Simons. He feigned wanting to help FEE. Really, he wants to use us, or so it looks to me now.

Office work fairly light so worked most of day on mss., writing the Foreword.

January 24. Prof. Raymond Rodgers, School of Commerce, N.Y.U. called. He wants FEE to send the book, "Ten Thousand Commandments" by Harold Fleming to 12,000 teachers. Said FEE was the one that could do it with acceptability; that he could get the money to finance the project. (It would have to be \$15 - 20,000). Poirot and Mises have read the book. They think it is good.



A Mr. Azzling -- public relations, head office, Borden & Co., spent two hours with me during the afternoon. We are feeling each other out on a possible FEE connection. He stacks up very well at first glance. We badly need someone like he appears to be -- promotion of our publications in employee education, rewrites for industrial journals and the like. We'll see. Very busy all day with office minutiae.

With both Ag and Mother in bed, JB and I cooked dinner. We had shrimps and deep sea scallops. The green shrimp: Remove all of shell but tail. Strip out the black line. Put in a marinade of 1 part olive oil, 1 part soy sauce, and 1 part sherry for 1 hour. Arrange on skewers and broil on each side for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  minutes. The scallops: Rinse to remove all sand. Roll in fine crumbs (seasoned with salt & pepper), dunk in a whipped egg and roll in crumbs again. Deep fry in  $360^{\circ}$  fat for 2 minutes. The tartar sauce: Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of mayonnaise,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. prepared mustard, a bit of finely chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. chervil,  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. tarragon, a dozen capers finely chopped and 1 tsp. finely chopped dill pickle (juice squeezed out of capers and pickles).

January 25. For two years Fran Letchfield has been trying to get me to meet with his friend, Erle Daveler, engineer, on a dozen boards, and executive of several corporations. It came off this noon at the University Club. About 67, and a wonderful person, I wish Fran's advice had been taken when given. He readily understands our approach to a philosophy to which he is agreeable. Good for FEE will come out of this.

Alfred Sloan writes that he would finance our publication of the John Jewkes piece and it is now in progress. I wrote him another letter saying that I did not want the FEE renewal considered by his Board until I had a chance to talk to him or to someone he might designate.

One gent wrote me from Toronto asking to be removed from our mailing list, saying he had no time to read other than his technical material. I replied that I sincerely hoped such reading would remain pertinent, that the societal arrangements wouldn't come unglued at the seams in the meantime. He won't know what I mean. Indications are coming in from college students that our material helps them win against the affirmative resolution of the National Intercollegiate Debate Topic: "Resolved, that the Federal Government should adopt a Permanent program of price and wage controls."

January 26. To FEE for an hour's work and then a fine curling match at St. Andrews. I had 20 near-perfect rocks out of 24, and our rink won -- Buddy Arndt skip. Lunched at the Club and back to FEE. A Mr. McCandless drove George Hodgkin to Irvington and we had an hour or two there. George joined us in the excellent pheasant dinner put on by Naomi and Jack Mulcahy. The bird is stuffed with crumbled toast that has been heavily buttered, diced onion mixed in. The stuffing is

only for moisture purposes and is not to be et. Strips of bacon are pinned across the breast. The bird is wrapped in aluminum foil and put into a moderate oven for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. The foil is removed for the last half hour for browning. The cooking time is too long methinks. I would favor  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours and a higher heat for 20 minutes of browning. Put George on the midnight train for New York. Stopped in at the Huston's for coffee and didn't get to bed until 2:00 a.m.

January 27. JB and I prepared breakfast and served mother and Ag in bed. We took off for curling and JB got in a match, curling excellently. It wasn't much fun on account of the outside air being 43, and very humid. We had great difficulty delivering a rock with enough force to get it past the hog line and the ice was dangerously slippery -- one gent taking a horrible spill.

January 28. A busy day. Dean Russell read my mss. over the weekend and thought it had possibilities. Jim Inx phoned from Los Angeles and wanted Dean to take off three weeks to do speeches and lead discussions in a series of clergy seminars to be held in the South. Elliott Robbins, formerly of Sylvania Electric and now in charge of employee relations, National Board of Fire Underwriters, called. I thought I got him quite interested in our theories.

Accepted a date for February 14 at Culver Military Academy and phoned Fort Wayne and fixed a dinner engagement for the same day. Dean drove me to La Guardia for my 4:45 p.m. flight to Indianapolis. It was snowing hard, visibility  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and ceiling 150 feet. Some 4-fanned jobs taking off, no other activity. The departure board said 5:00 p.m., but while I was getting my ticket it was changed to 7:00 p.m. I gave up at that point and had the TWA gal phone the railroad. All sold out except for an upper on a late train. I phoned Bernie Peyton's office. He was in Florida, so his secretary went to work for me and produced a lower on the early train, the "Spirit of St. Louis." Influence. The club car was filled with people who had to stay up all night. Got acquainted and had dinner with a Jas. Martin, chief research engineer of Republic Aircraft. By the time we were through the soup I was deep in my subject. If he wasn't interested he was awfully polite. We sat at table until 10:30 p.m. To my lower.

January 29. The sleeper I was on broke its heating pipes and the whole train went very cold. Made us an hour late into Indianapolis. Spent about two hours at breakfast on train with Wallace Schubert, a lawyer in Washington with Burton Wheeler's office. Nice appearing and thinks he is on our side. Went to Bill Book's office and he and I took off for our date with Pierre Goodrich. Mission: to get him as a Trustee for FEE. P.G. is a wealthy man, lawyer, and scholar. He has a remarkable library and reads the books in it. He appears to me as a brilliant man and, up to this point, he and I seem to share views. We should have done our business in one hour, instead we took two hours and left it unfinished. He loves to talk on side subjects and he knows a lot about many. I think maybe he'll say "yes."

Had lunch at Columbia Club with Joe Lilly, III and G. Harold Duling, both of Lilly Endowment, Inc. I began by telling them I should never ask them for any money and they said "That's refreshing," and warmed up immediately. I told them everything I could about FEE in 1½ hours. Once on the street, Joe said, "If you ever get a project which we might finance, let us know." I highlighted the College-Business Exchange program and they thought that sounded fine. I'll be doing some writing on that. I liked these fellows immensely.

Back to Book's office. What a friend he is! Made phone calls to FEE, Brad Trenham in Los Angeles, and Congressman Howard Buffett in Washington. Off on EAL DC-3 at 4:25 p.m. for Chicago. Weather very cold with ceiling unlimited. Flight routine. Went to Marshall Field suite at Conrad Hilton Hotel, had dinner in room and a good night's sleep.

January 30. Doc Curtiss came in on early train and joined me in suite. Sam Pettengill came for breakfast with us. Sam made a long series of excuses at Charlie as to why Pure Oil probably wouldn't respond favorably to his "request for financial support." I explained to Sam that Charlie's letter was not for financial support but inquiring about their joining in the College-Business Exchange Program. This embarrassed Sam to the point where he tried to make amends and later asked, "Well, what about financial support?" From there on he was all help on a matter we never have suggested to him or to Pure Oil. Moral: Read what's in letter or don't talk of their content to the ones who writ 'em.

Went to Marshall Fields and spent half an hour with Hughston's new assistant, Lee Carstens, briefing him on our work. Hughston had a lunch for me: John McCaffrey, President of International Harvester, Joe Fields, son of Stanley Field, Lee, and his Vice President in charge of Personnel Relations, Lawrence B. Sizer. It appeared to be a good session to me, lasting till 2:15.

Called on Charles Langer, head of the Walton School of Commerce. I would guess him to be in his 80's. He buys a lot of FEE's publications for his students (accounting), and in the reception room had a supply of Harper's "Liberty" and my "Lies" piece. The old boy is insistent that we do a piece on the gold standard and can't quite understand why we cannot just dash it off.

Back at MF's at 4:30. Left with Hughston for his home and stopped at the Saddle & Cycle Club to meet his friend, Chesser Campbell, the only V.P. of the Chicago Herald Tribune. Hughston says he will probably succeed Colonel McCormick as head man. Campbell is a fine person and I must get to know him better. At Hughston's home we picked up Margaret and drove to the North Shore Hotel in Evanston for a big dinner of the Chicago Curling Club, this being the eve of their Bonspeil. Hughston was chairman. No speeches but some skits by the curlers which were well done and funny. Hughston's chauffeur, John, called with the Humber for me at 10 and drove me back to Chicago. Doc was up and we talked shop until 1:30 a.m.

January 31. Went to MF's again, seeing Hughston, Jim Palmer, Jerry Sivage, and Sizer. A birthday party is being given for Hughston on February 9, his 50th, and there will be 50 guests. He knows of the party, but not of some of the fun that is planned, particularly of a special edition of the Tribune headlining McBain for President. I am asked to write a piece, and to gag it.

Went to Chicago<sup>Chic</sup> for lunch with my good friend, Don McLenna. We talked on until nearly 3. Went back to hotel, took leave of Doc and to airport for 5:00 p.m. -- AA #18 to N.Y. Nice dinner on plane. Balance of trip spent in writing the gag article for the Trib. Actually, I have gagged me more than Hughston. I hope my reputation is well enough established to make the following plain as satire. If it is funny it is also nauseating to sound like most Republican businessmen.

To the Editor:

These millions who are booming McBain for President had best pause for sober reflection. I wish to raise the question -- Is this department store magnate a genuine devotee of the American Way of Life?

Where, for instance, does he stand on the Marshall Plan and Point Four Program, these great humanitarian programs of national charity aimed at stopping communism? I can tell you. He opposes them.

Does he believe in financing England in order that their socialism may serve as a buffer between Russian communism and American free enterprise? He does not.

And, speaking of free enterprise, would he support the MVA, CVA and other great federal hydro-electric projects that would bring business and new industries to their respective valleys? This man stands against such progress.

What about compulsory social security -- insurance for those who would starve if left to their own devices? McBain, I fear, would scuttle the whole kaboodle.

Don't forget, enthusiasts! McBain is a Scotsman at heart and by descent. He is proud of his heritage and, if observed among friends, will be found wearing Scotch get-ups, vests, jackets, scarfs and ties. I even suspect he wears kilts when before his own mirror. Reflect on what this means. The Scotch are frugal. I can see him now sitting at the presidential desk, wearing a Glen Gary bonnet, Scotch smirk on his face, and with one stroke of a borrowed penny pen, wiping out all subsidies, all support prices, all wage and price controls. I can see him calling home every soldier in uniform. In short, this man might reduce the federal budget to \$2billion! What purchasing power would be left? What about all of the federal workers who would lose their jobs?



McBain is not a strong man. He would leave us without a national director of our personal affairs. He would argue that I can look out for myself, find my own job. He would say that the market should determine the wage for my hire and the price for my goods.

Consider his age. He is at the half century mark, clearly a geriatrics case.

And, when presidents are considered, thought must also be given to the kind of a person that will be the first lady of our glorious land. Mrs. McBain, and I mean not to do her injury, would never be found on United Nations' committees. We couldn't count on her to lead the way in international covenants of human rights. Indeed, should the public ever succeed in spying on her activities they probably would find her cooking or curling. No, no, no! This lady is neither an Eleanor nor an Evita.

We who stand four-square for free enterprise and the American Way of Life must look for a man who believes in the philosophy of the New Deal but who will have a Republican finesse in its administration, for one who will give us its promises fulfilled without its consequent pains, for the man who can control our activities but leave us free as persons.

McBain doesn't know how to do these things. He's only a merchant and his political experience doesn't go beyond the Winnetka village council. And now to the White House? How utterly absurd! He doesn't promote them that fast in Marshall Fields.

McBain won't do!

Leonard E. Read

Not a bump or a cloud. Arrived on schedule and was met by JB.

February 1. Routine at office and lots of it. Big expenses for January -- over \$26,000. But we had nearly 500 donations, only one large one, and ended the month about \$5,000 to the good. Bill Mullendore in N.Y. We talked on phone but no chance to see each other -- he off for L.A. on train.

February 2. An hour at office and to St. Andrews for curling. Had a fine match, Thorndike skip. Lost 15 - 13. My curling rather good.

Ag and I left for N.Y. to have dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Larry Fertig. They have a beautiful apartment, 19 stories up at 2 Sutton Place. Ten men and 8 wives present. The others: Frances and Henry Hazlitt, Mr. & Mrs. L. Mises, Mr. & Mrs. Philip Courtney (Coty), Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Mathews (leading authority on commie activities), Mr. & Mrs. Max Eastman (former sociolist and now seniro editor of Reader's Digest), Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Lyone (another senior editor of RD), Albert Schwartz (producer of musicals -- "Tree Grows In Brooklyn, etc.), and Alfred Kohlberg. Delightful dinner. Imagine "small talk" in a group like this! But there was some of it -- more, I think, to show they could keep from being serious. They got serious until nearly 1:00 a.m. Eastman wants some information for a mss. and is coming to FEE soon. Mrs. Eastman