

## As LBJ's Daddy Told Him

Lyndon Johnson loves to talk about loving the people. Down in San Antonio before Easter, he talked about how he used to follow his Daddy around "barefoot . . . in the hot sand . . . squeezing the dirt up between my toes" and how his Daddy told him, "Son, if you are to speak for people, you must know them, and if you are to represent people, you must love them." Mr. Johnson seemed bathed in self-approval, as if in warm molasses. We would have found the words more touching if he had spared a moment earlier in the week for the homeless Mississippi Negroes who camped for four days at Lafayette square across from the White House, hoping for some response to the telegram for help they had sent him. Their visit was an event. For the first time in our history, black sharecroppers from Mississippi, forced off the land by mechanization and crop control, had gone all the way to Washington to dramatize their plight. Their appearance was a tribute to the poverty program. For all its shortcomings, it had created enough

hope to make these people feel such an effort was worthwhile. They felt, for the first time in their lives, as if they were citizens, too, who could come up and see the President.

We believe that a Lincoln or a Roosevelt would have found some way to greet them, sent out hot coffee, or even of an evening walked over and asked them why they came and how they were doing. Lyndon Johnson likes to talk of being just folks. To have walked over and talked with them would have really been in that Populist tradition Johnson likes to claim for his own. "We may be back," a spokesman for the Negroes said as they left, "because our faith in America has only been toughened, not tarnished." Johnson lost an opportunity. For once he might have been the real thing. We wonder whether he thought about it as he was riding the range over his ranch during the Easter week-end as he loves to do, in his big white Continental, just a simple chrome-plated 8-cylinder cowpuncher at heart, body custom made.

## The Corruption of Scholarship by Our Well-Heeled Intelligence Establishment

State and Pentagon replies to members of Congress asking more information on the Vietcong have been referring them to George A. Carver, Jr.'s, "The Faceless Viet Cong" in *Foreign Affairs* for April. They do not explain, however, that Carver is a CIA man. There were protests to *Foreign Affairs* last year for failing to disclose Carver's CIA connections when it published an earlier article of his, "The Real Revolution in South Vietnam" (April, 1965). Chalmers M. Roberts in the *Washington Post* March 18 said Carver "is currently an officer of the Central Intelligence Agency" *Foreign Affairs* editors decline to confirm or deny this. They identified him both times as "student of political theory and Asian affairs, with degrees from Yale and Oxford; former officer in the U.S. aid mission in Saigon; author of 'Aesthetics and the Problem of Meaning.'" Ex-CIA Chief Allen W. Dulles is on the advisory board of *Foreign Affairs*. The article might more honestly have been billed "The Faceless Viet Cong, by a CIA Man in False Face." Such failures to disclose pollute scholarship. There is no way of knowing whether a scholar is his own man, or spokesman for the secret police. The process may have gone further than most of us suspect.

### Our James Bonds at Work

"Shortly after World War II, while recruiting writers for the new Russian language section of the Voice of America, I tried to engage an old Russian socialist well known for his intimate knowledge of and violent opposition to Stalin's Communism. The FBI and State Department security agents, however, refused him clearance. 'We found socialist literature in his desk,' they said. 'It was even written in Russian!'"

—Charles W. Thayer, a veteran of the U.S. Foreign Service, reviewing "The Case of Richard Sorge" in the *Washington Post*, April 12.

*Ramparts* for April discloses how Michigan State served as a cover for a \$25 million, 6-year operation, in support of Vietnam's late dictator, Diem. Harry Howe Ransom in *The New Republic* (Dec. 11 "Containing the CIA") revealed that the Center for International Studies at MIT "was at its founding financed in part" by the CIA. Scholarship, too, ought to have its conflict-of-interest ethics. But how to get young men to resist the lush pastures the CIA can make available for the kind of scholarship it wants?

## What the Booming Business in Napalm Means Here—And What It Means There

"The Air Force's napalm-B program is rapidly beginning to shape up as a big outlet for polystyrene. Last week United Technological Center (Sunnyvale, Calif.) was awarded an Air Force contract to supply 100 million pounds of the new napalm, which contains 50% polystyrene.

"This is the Air Force's third procurement in the secrecy shrouded program in the past 18 months . . . and by far its largest. U.S. production of straight polystyrene hovered around 60 million pounds per month in 1965. Dow Chemical has just raised the price of the monomer one cent. ["In the defense world the laws of economics," the reader who sent us this item commented, "like the laws of reason and of humanity, seem suspended—when quantity increases, price goes up!"] . . . The Air Force has clamped a tight security lid on the napalm-B program, chiefly because of fear of picketing by antiwar demonstrators. Such demonstrations already have been staged at United Technology."

—Chemical and Engineering News, weekly organ of the American Chemical Society, March 14.

"There were sometimes two in a bed; now and then, three. They were peasants of all ages, badly battered. Abdominal wounds were numerous, inflicted by bullets, shell-bursts or bombs, grenades or mines. 'Half inflicted by the Vietcong, half by the Vietnamese or the Americans,' a Vietnamese hospital doctor told me. 'Those you see here are those who were able to come. For every one who can reach a town, there are 10 who die in the village or the fields or wherever they are struck. This is true above all of the badly burned.'

"There were several of the 'napalmed.' An old man, whose torso and arms disappeared under heavy bandages. A young girl with her face frightfully swollen and bespattered with burns. A little chap, 12 years perhaps, who was finishing his convalescence in a wheel-chair: at the end of his legs, there were only some sort of fearful reddish stumps, all that remained of his poor feet destroyed by napalm."

—Robert Guillian, describing a visit to a hospital in Central Vietnam, *Le Monde*, March 12.