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Boran, Bon. Walt - The Story of Chief Joseph (pt 3)

O.O. Howard Collection

SPIRES OF THE SPIRIT—MOVING STAIRS

(By Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, Chaplain of the U.S. Senate)

One of the most fascinating inventions of the modern day is what we call an escalator, or a moving stairway. It does away with all effort on the part of the one who desires to be lifted to higher levels. It takes all transit responsibility from the individual. It outdoes the elevator in eliminating all thought with regard to locomotion. Alone you step on—alone you step off. The whole contraption of continuous motion is a marvel of convenience.

But life itself is not a moving stairway. If it is thought of in those terms it will do terrible things to people by robbing them of a sturdy independence and of a personal initiative which develops latent powers and character.

It is the moving stairway idea which a keen observer of modern trends was deploring when he recently declared: "The raging passion of half our people is to build barns and bigger barns, or corporations and bigger corporations. And the raging passion of the other half of our people is to get more and more wages for less and less work." The motto of the middle 20th century, with too many people, is not "Make me," but "Give me." The process now going on where the social system is considered as but a moving stairway is one of leveling down instead of leveling up. It tends to the glorification of mediocrity. If, through the removal of incentive, fortunes cease to be made legitimately as a result of toil and ability, then the power which makes the stairway move for those who need to be carried will be drastically diminished. The goose which lays the golden egg cannot be strangled to death with the cord of taxation and the basket be filled with golden eggs.

The voice which from the famous City Temple pulpit in London—that of Dr. Leslie Weatherhead—probably reaches more people than that of any other churchman. Watching the moving stairway policies of the welfare state, he makes this significant statement: "What is so often forgotten is that if you give amenities endlessly to people who are at heart grabbing and selfish you will bring the life of the community to chaos. In this very serious hour human motives are being poisoned with a drug that is seeping away the moral grandeur and stamina of the whole land. We might label the drug thus: How can I do less and gain more?" This is the philosophy of the moving stairs.

Personal responsibility is the central theme of Christianity and it stems out of the root conception and revelation of the dignity of the individual person. Any system of politics which seeks to provide substitutes for this personal accountability is arresting instead of stimulating the spiritual growth of mankind. The acid test of all so-called welfare legislation is, What will be its final effect on individual capacity and development?

In this tragic and confused world, with so many physical needs crying out for relief, individualism seems to be breaking down and collectivism is in the ascendancy. A keen student of the trends and tendencies of our times has uttered a word which needs to be shouted from the housetops on both sides of the so-called Iron Curtain. It is this: "We are tempted to think of collectivism as new and progressive. But it is one of the oldest things in the world. That's where human society started. Primitive tribal life was absolutely collective; the individual was nothing. There was massed control by custom and taboo; no individual rights, no individual conscience, no individual religion." Yes, to be sure, that is exactly where humanity started. The crowning glory of all the centuries has been the emergence of the individual, his intellect, his conscience, his will, his freedom to choose and to create.

In regimented totalitarian regimes we see collectivism gone mad. Individuals are told to forget about their personal importance and to realize that each person is but a cog in a machine. Theirs not to reason why; theirs not to make reply, but only to obey and conform. They are told, just step on the moving stairs and you will be taken care of. But in a true democracy the individual is encouraged to be himself, to climb stairs in his own strength, to stand on his own feet, to use his own brain. That, of course, makes the individual the crucial factor in any situation.

The quality of our socialism is determined by our individualism. What a man is determines what he has to give. Our contribution grows out of our cultivation. That is why any system which takes away from a man the lure of accomplishment by the exercise of his own prowess and power is tampering with something very precious—his self-respect.

The symbol of all that has made our American democracy great, and mighty enough now, in this desperate day, to save the whole world from the horror of regimented communism, is not the moving stairs upon which people ride, but the stairway of opportunity up which people climb.

Birmingham Observes 80th Birthday of Helen Keller

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. GEORGE HUDDLESTON, JR.

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 31, 1960

Mr. HUDDLESTON. Mr. Speaker, on the 27th of this month, one of the greatest ladies of America and one of the most admirable persons of our times will celebrate her 80th birthday. She is Helen Keller, beloved daughter of the State of Alabama and inspiring friend of all those who have suffered unfortunate physical handicaps.

Because the story of the life of Helen Keller is so well known throughout the world and, certainly, here in the Congress, I need not recount at length biographical details about her. Suffice it to mention that when, as a tiny child in Tuscumbia, Ala., she suffered an attack of scarlet fever so serious that she lost her sight, hearing, and power of speech, it was feared that a full life had been lost to the world. But from that point where there was such little hope, there has emerged the figure of a woman so remarkable as to have earned the endearment and respect of the peoples everywhere.

Faith and perserverance, it seems to me, are the greatest forces behind Helen Keller's astounding accomplishments. These characteristics were no doubt inspired in Miss Keller as a little girl by that faith of her father who searched unceasingly for some medical indication that his child could be helped and finally received such encouragement from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, and from that perserverance of her first teacher, Anne M. Sullivan Macy, who devoted much of her life to a task which, almost unbeliveably, was rewarded with rich success. Surely, it was faith and perservance that made it possible, for example, for Helen Keller to graduate from Radcliffe College in the usual 4 years' time.

I have taken special note of these two character traits which Helen Keller possesses to an admirable degree, because I believe that in them lies the most meaningful message of this marvelous life for all of us, whether our handicaps be serious or only small, permanent throughout our lives or only fleeting annoyances. America, and our age, are grateful for this indication of the way toward greatness.

Mr. Speaker, I think it is natural that we Alabamians are especially proud of Helen Keller. That we are indeed proud of her and love her is being demonstrated at the present time in my district of Birmingham where a celebration in her honor is being held from June 5 through June 26. Chairman of this birthday observance program is Mrs. Gordon Hardenbergh, who is also, incidentally, president of the Alabama Federation of the Blind, and cochairman is Dr. John E. Bryan, executive director of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce.

I am delighted that citizens and officials of our community are helping to again remind the world by this celebration of the meaning of the Helen Keller story. I join with them, and with all Americans, in extending to Miss Keller, this month, an expression of warm appreciation for her inspiring deeds and example in living and in wishing her many happy birthdays to come.

A Well-Deserved Tribute for Les Arends of Illinois

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. HAROLD R. COLLIER

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 6, 1960

Mr. COLLIER. Mr. Speaker, I take pride, as I am sure all of my Republican colleagues do, in the tremendous tribute that was paid to our minority whip by his fellow townsmen and GOP leaders throughout the State of Illinois recently. In the same vein of pride, I place in the RECORD the following editorial in connection with Les Arends Day which appeared in the Peoria Journal Star on Tuesday, May 24, it concisely sums up the feelings of Representative ARENDS' constituents and colleagues:

Melvin, Ill., is throwing a "day" Friday for one of its sons, LES ARENDS, and Vice President NIXON is going to be on hand.

Which goes to show how much not only the 17th Congressional District but the Nation as a whole thinks of this silver-haired, fast-walking legislator.

About all we can say is, the Congressman deserves his day.

Representative AREND has been a good Representative. And he's got a lot of friends. These two accomplishments are not always compatible.

Representative AREND has been Republican whip in the House of Representatives since 1944. The length of time itself is impressive. But even more significant is the fact that he has weathered power struggles between factions. JOE MARTIN came and went as party leader in the House, but LES AREND is still around as whip. They like him in Washington.

The Melvin farmer and banker serves a tremendous district. It runs from central Illinois to the Indiana line, and takes in Woodford, Livingston, McLean, Ford, Iroquois, Kankakee, and Vermillion Counties. And he's been serving it ever since the 74th Congress. He's in his 13th consecutive term.

So Representative AREND is certainly a veteran with experience to draw on. It's a role which balances nicely against that of another good downstate Representative, the 18th District's ROBERT MICHEL. By comparison, Representative MICHEL is a youngster in terms of service, but there's virtue in such a fresh viewpoint, too.

Together, they share—and serve—a common goal: Doing a job in Washington for the people they're elected to represent.

The Story of Chief Joseph: From Where the Sun Now Stands—Part III

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. WALT HORAN
OF WASHINGTON
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, May 27, 1960

Mr. HORAN. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my own remarks in the Appendix of the RECORD, I wish to present the third article of the story of Chief Joseph, one of the most famous Indian chiefs of this country.

This story was authored by Bruce A. Wilson, editor of the Omak Chronicle in Omak, Wash., located in the Fifth Congressional District of Washington which I have the honor of representing. The additional articles of this story will follow in the next few days.

The third article follows:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1877

Noon: A blistering sun bakes the parched rye grass on a bench above the Clearwater. Drenched with sweat, Howard's command like a sluggish serpent coils away from pointed ravines jutting up from the Clearwater's canyon, edging back to the crest whenever it can.

A horseman leaves the slowly moving column to approach a barren point overlooking the defile. He is Lt. R. H. Fletcher, one of Howard's aides. Dully he reins up to survey the hazy blue mountains across the canyon and the twisting green river below. Incredibly, Fletcher finds himself staring at a handful of braves racing ponies along the river bank. The lieutenant jerks his horse around and hammers back to Howard. "The Indians are down there, sir. I'm sure it's the Nez Perce. Plenty of ponies grazing."

Howard shouts orders. A howitzer and two gatling guns wheel into position and start banging into the river bottom. The Indians disappear upstream. Howard's force, snapped out of its lethargy, reverses its march. The vanguard already has passed 2 miles beyond the likely location of the Indian village.

Below, confusion sweeps through the Nez Perce camp. An immediate attack is expected. Some of the braves start driving cattle and ponies down the canyon. Two parties of about 60 each move north and south of camp. Twenty-four warriors follow one of the chiefs, Toohoolhoolzote, across the river and up the embankment. Their splendid ponies swiftly carry them to the summit. Determined to slow Howard's advance, they dismount and open fire from behind rocks.

Howard is a capable soldier. He commanded Sherman's right wing on the march to the sea. But like many men faced with the unknown, he becomes overly cautious. The troops are halted, deployed in a twisting semicircle 2 miles long. Encouraged by Howard's inaction, more Indians scrambled up the slope. However, the most amazing aspect of the battle already has occcurred: no more than 25 Nez Perces have forced 500 soldiers into a defensive position.

A cluster of mounted warriors erupts from the head of a canyon. Firing and yelling, they close in on Howard's pack train at the rear of his column. Two packers and several loaded mules go down. But a troop of cavalry arrives just in time. The Nez Perces wheel back, having come within 50 yards of 7 mules carrying most of Howard's ammunition.

The battle settles down virtually to trench warfare, the soldiers digging with trowel bayonets, the Nez Perces piling up rocks. Who were these red-skinned demons that would hold a fixed position like a Confederate regiment? Elderly Howwallits (Mean Man), his creased face bleeding from chipped rocks thrown by bullets. Hugely-built Toohoolhoolzote, the boom of his muzzle-loader splashing blood across a dismounted cavalryman's face. Yellow Wolf: "I looked for an officer. I fired. He did not get up." A warrior rides the length of the battle line, within easy range of the whites, to earn himself a brave name. Just as he turns down the slope, a bullet slams through his shoulder. He washes the wound in the river and returns to fight: Kipkip Owyeen (Wounded Breast), a brave name. The wiry Lelooskin, sharpshooting from behind a boulder less than 50 yards from Howard's line, until finally he is killed.

Swarms of bullets hum through the air, most of them harmlessly. Firing slightly uphill, the Nez Perces tend to sight too high. The soldiers have seldom been issued ammunition for practice (two rounds a month, according to one report). Their marksmanship is incredibly poor. Smoke like a forest fire drifts across the battlefield. Slipping behind rocks and scrub pines, the Indians gradually force in Howard's flanks until his line forms almost a complete circle. In the center are 300 mules and horses and a stack of saddles sheltering the general's command post.

At dusk the firing slackens. Many Nez Perces return to the village. Two or three squaws are wailing over their dead. Occasionally shrill war cries burst from exultant warriors. The dull drumming of medicine men rises and falls. These sounds are heard by the soldiers. Their mouths are caked with dust. The Indians hold the only spring.

In the gray dawn of the second day, General Howard is determined to bring the source of water within his lines. A howitzer shells the area and Rodney's company charges. Nez Perce sharpshooters attempt a stand. Overwhelmed, they break and run. Soon coffee is boiling. Spirits pick up. The firing grows more intense, but without the continual roar of yesterday. The Indian lines are much thinner. Many warriors have stayed in camp. They disapprove of attacking soldiers in entrenchments, especially when the village seems momentarily safe. Some braves sit before their tepees, smoking. This disgusts others. Arguments rattle about. For the Nez Perce strength lies in the individual abilities of their fighting men; they lack the cohesion of a disciplined army. Just as membership in a peaceful band is entirely voluntary, so in war no one can be ordered to do anything. Leaders are followed only when their plans seem good. Many Indians begin breaking camp. Directing this is Joseph. He had fought on the line yesterday, as he fought at White Bird Canyon. But his main task is to safeguard the women and children. He knows the end of resistance in this battle is near.

On the bluff above, a distant stream of dust signals the approach of a supply train from Lapwai. Captain Miller's artillerymen, used as infantry, break through the Indian encirclement to escort the train. Returning, the gunners suddenly wheel toward the scanty line on Nez Perces still besieging the troops. A few defend their positions desperately. But Rodney's company crashes into their flank. All down the line, whites spring forward. Warriors leave their rockpiles to scramble downhill. The body of Nez Perces already has abandoned the camp below to move out of sight up a flanking ravine.

Howard finds food still cooking as he occupies what is left of the village. Deciding against an immediate pursuit, he counts his losses: 13 killed, 27 wounded. The Indian casualties, despite the clouds of bullets: 4 dead, 6 wounded. The Nez Perces have fought 4-to-1 odds to a standstill until they lost their incentive.

A few days later (now with plenty of scouts left behind to keep an eye on Howard) the Nez Perce chiefs and leading warriors held a council in their camp at Weippe. With the war a month old, they still had developed no plan to bring it to a successful conclusion. Their strategy was limited to escaping capture. It seemed evident Howard was continuing his pursuit. Some course of action had to be agreed upon.

Several chiefs felt the Nez Perces should double back into the Snake River country. Joseph went further. Beyond everything else, he hoped to return to his beautiful Wallowas. He suggested it might be worthwhile talking peace with a general who had accomplished nothing during a hard, costly campaign. More aggressive leaders refused to listen. Looking Glass and others proposed crossing the Lolo trail (from Idaho to Montana) into buffalo country. The Crows would greet them as allies, it was alleged. Some speakers suggested joining Sitting Bull in Canada. Few had the slightest conception they were fighting the U.S. Government. They believed their enemy was Howard. Once they passed outside his department into Montana, they could live in peace.

This thought carried the day. Trail leadership was assumed by Looking Glass, who had spoken most loudly of joining his brothers, the Crows. Joseph was bitterly disappointed. The decision meant abandoning his home forever.

The Battle of the Clearwater had lightened Howard's burdens. He had occupied the Indian camp and in his reports easily painted the indecisive struggle as a substantial victory. This interpretation quieted rumors he was about to be relieved of his command. Moreover, it seemed to him the Nez Perces had no choice but to head for Montana. So the long-suffering Idaho settlements now could relax. Howard left his field base at Kamiah to head off the Indian retreat. But soon a scout reported the hostiles already had disappeared into the rocky wilderness of the Bitterroots.

Maj. Edwin L. Mason was dispatched with a small force to follow the Indians for two marches, to make sure they were taking the Lolo trail. Mason accomplished his mission in one march by stumbling into an ambush sprung by the Nez Perce rearguard. Howard

returned to Kamiah to await reinforcements. They were preceded by stinging reprimands concerning the delay in his pursuit.

But the engrossed commander at least had pressed into service the single weapon his enemies knew nothing about, and one which eventually would contribute much to their downfall. Singing telegraph wires, strung across the vast western plains, carried a message to Chicago for relay to Col. John Gibbon at Helena, Mont.: "All reports seem to indicate the hostile Indians have escaped by the Lolo trail. * * * If you simply keep them back until I can close in, their destruction or surrender will be sure."

While Howard reluctantly prepared to follow them, about 700 Nez Perces with more than a thousand head of loose ponies were struggling across a mountain trail which was not a trail at all, but merely a route Indians had used occasionally because it was a little less rigorous than any other way across the Bitteroots. Thickets of lodgepole were choked with jumbled windfalls. Ponies were dragged over boulders, whipped through stinging underbrush, forced up staggering grades, and left behind with broken legs. Squaws kept the refugees alive by digging bitteroots and camas. They found a shoulder-high shrubbery growing in marshland which boiled into excellent tea. Braves hunted deer and elk when they could. Some nights rain fell in torrents. Next morning the ponies slithered in glistening mud.

After 12 days of this painful toil the Nez Perces reached the mouth of a canyon opening into Montana to find a crude log barricade thrown across their way. Uneasily occupying the "fort" were 35 regulars and about 100 volunteers under Capt. Charles C. Rawn. Stationed at Missoula, he had been ordered to impede the hostiles' progress until Howard caught up from behind or Gibbon could arrive from Helena. (But Howard was 3 days from even starting over the Lolo trail while Gibbon was just leaving for Fort Missoula.)

The Nez Perces were surprised; the only army they knew of was Howard's, far behind. They decided to parley. Rawn said the great white father wanted them to lay down their arms. Looking Glass replied nonsense, but if the garrison would refrain from attacking, the Nez Perces would harm no settlers as they passed through the Bitterroot valley. This sounded excellent to the volunteers, who began deserting in droves. Reduced to a handful of troops, Rawns was left wondering what kind of report he might write as the hostiles, with a few flankers whooping and shooting, nonchalantly bypassed the barricade.

Most of the Nez Perces were convinced that, with Howard left behind and peace made with the settlers, their fighting days were ended. In fact, they were now joined by six tepees of Bitterroot Valley Nez Perces under Lean Elk (known as Poker Joe for his devotion to cardplaying) entirely on the assumption that the war was over. So another council was held. White Bird, Toohoolhoolzote, and others proposed turning north through Flathead country to get closer to Canada—just in case. Looking Glass insisted on a southeasterly route toward Wyoming and the Crows. His oratory won again. Joseph took no part in the debate. He was unfamiliar with the country in either direction, and still wanted to return to Idaho.

So the colorful procession of Nez Perces turned away from Canada instead of toward it and moved leisurely up the Bitterroot Valley, buying supplies and trading stock with the relieved settlers. Early in August the Indians crossed the Continental Divide and camped in the Big Hole Basin for a few days to replenish their inventory of tepee poles before striking into treeless plains to visit the Crows. Increasingly nervous, some of the warriors were criticizing Looking Glass for his slow pace, 10 or 11 miles a day, and the lack of scouting. "Death may now be following on our trail," orated Lone Bird. But he may as well have talked to the winds.

Colonel Gibbon, the hero of South Mountain in the Civil War, was wasting no time. He had assembled 150 troopers, including Rawn's frustrated detachment, and 30 or 35 volunteers who were promised whatever Indian horses they could capture. With his infantry riding in supply wagons when the roads permitted, Gibbon swirled down the Bitterroot and into the mountains at twice the Nez Perce pace.

A small advance party located the unsuspecting Big Hole camp in a grassy clearing fringed by jackpine. The electrifying word was rushed back to Gibbon, already past the summit. He left his wagons and howitzer, issued 1 day's rations and 90 rounds of ammunition, and hurried forward over a bad trail. At sundown the men stopped for a few hours' rest. About 10 p.m., under a star-filled sky, they started down again.

Another pause, very close to the camp. The troops could hear baying dogs and the cry of a fretful child. A cold dawn revealed the silent silhouettes of nearly a hundred tepees. Occasionally a squaw would emerge briefly to throw fuel on a fire. Grazing nearby were four or five hundred ponies, untended. Gibbon sensed a quick, crushing victory over the vaunted Nez Perces.

Within 500 feet of the camp, just across the meandering Big Hole river, he deployed his forces to sweep through the entire length of the village, driving the hostiles away from their ponies and into the plain beyond. Behind scattered pines and clumps of willows bordering the river, the white men crouched, their rifles ready, waiting for just a little more light.

Legion Auxiliary Awards Prizes on Freedom Essays by Students

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. H. CARL ANDERSEN

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 6, 1960

Mr. ANDERSEN of Minnesota. Mr. Speaker, the American Legion Auxiliary is one of our great patriotic organizations which contributes daily to the appreciation of Americanism and does as much as any group to my knowledge to advance good citizenship.

The auxiliary unit in Redwood Falls, Minn., does a magnificent job with the young people of that area and I was happy to receive from Mrs. S. F. Ceplecha, chairman of the Americanism Commission, copies of the winning essays written by two local students.

"Our Growing Field of Freedom" was the theme this year, and under leave to extend my remarks in the Appendix I am including a clipping from the Redwood Gazette which printed in their entirety the prize-winning essays of Marian Wohnoutka of North Redwood, Minn., and Mark TerSteeg of Redwood Falls, Minn.

LEGION AUXILIARY AWARDS PRIZES ON FREEDOM ESSAYS BY STUDENTS

Winners in an essay contest sponsored by Redwood Falls American Legion auxiliary were announced today.

Writing about "Our Growing Field of Freedom," Mark TerSteeg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul TerSteeg, was first place winner, and Marion Wohnoutka, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wohnoutka of North Redwood, was runnerup.

Their papers, published below, will be entered in district competition. They will receive cash awards of $10 and $5, and a book, "The Key To Peace" by Dean Manion, from the auxiliary.

The contest involved 103 junior students in English classes taught by Roy Dobie and Mrs. Gordon Valle.

(By Marion Wohnoutka)

We of America are so used to our freedoms that we take them for granted, like the air we breath. It is difficult for us to realize that these freedoms are the result of many centuries of trial and endeavor. The political and personal freedoms we cherish today were never won easily and often only after long bitter struggles.

Under the earliest form of government the people had no freedom because they were under absolute rule. Slowly, however, leaders in the fight for freedom appeared and devised documents which gave the people a little more freedom. People in many countries revolted against their rulers and set up their own government because they wanted to possess more liberty. In the United States this was accomplished by the Revolutionary War and the people received "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," under the Declaration of Independence. This declaration is perhaps one of the greatest documents in history.

Although we are correct in saying that we have freedom, we do not possess absolute freedom—we do not have complete freedom of the press, full freedom of speech, or invariable rights of assembly. In order for a country to enjoy freedom, there must be a certain amount of restraint on each person's part. If every person practiced complete freedom and did anything he wanted there soon would be little freedom and no one would enjoy this. One thing that we must remember is that freedom involves other people. In order for each person to receive his share of freedom, he must also give his share.

Freedom of religion is perhaps one of our most important freedoms. It was in order to obtain this freedom that many people emigrated from Europe to the United States. This freedom gives the right to each person to worship according to his own belief. This means that a person could worship God or any gods or no god, in whatever way he considered to be right. However, to a degree, we cannot have complete freedom of religion. For example some religions may lead people to do things which the state considers undesirable and dangerous. In these cases, the state probably will take action to see that these things are not done.

Freedom of speech is another important freedom. It is the right of each person to say what he thinks. But, like the other freedoms, it is not an absolute right. It is limited in a number of ways. For example, no one can use language that offends the public sense of decency, or words that would be a danger to the country. Another restriction would be that a person could not say anything harmful about another person, just because he sincerely believes it to be true. The person would have to have proof to back up his accusation.

Freedom of the press is one freedom which brings forth many problems. The press has a great effect on the public mind. If misused it can mislead and confuse the people. But if the press were under control of the Government, they would probably only want things to be printed which would be suitable to their policies. So at the present time there is no method that would fully protect the right of the people to clear, accurate information.

These freedoms of religion, speech, and the press are perhaps the most important to

us. However, there are also many more freedoms that greatly affect our lives. Some of these are: the right to vote, the right to have a trial by jury, the right to choose our own vocation, the right to own property, and the right to belong to unions.

We should be proud to be Americans because we have more rights and liberties than most other people in the world. But we must use them wisely and unselfishly. For unless they are used properly, they cease to be freedoms. The responsibility rests on the shoulders of every citizen of a free country to see that they are honored and protected.

Today one of the worst enemies of freedom is communism, which must be combated in order to defend our liberties. The struggle to attain freedom is hard but it is even harder to retain it. Every citizen now and for generations to come has the responsibility to see that the ideal of freedom works more fully, more completely, and more consistently from generation to generation.

(By Mark TerSteeg)

In this world of growing freedom, America has served as the prime example of the freedom that is the desire of every man. Our example has been a searchlight showing the path away from the yokes of oppression that hold so many people in bondage. It is the job of America and its people to lead all the world's people to complete freedom and democracy. Freedom is America's trademark. From the days of America's first settlement to the present time America's traditions have been based on freedom and democracy, a unique, and wonderful heritage, one that we must protect with the fiber of our souls if we are to stay a really free people.

However, it has become a subject of increasing fear that after all these years of liberty our freedom is in grave danger of its very existence. These fears have been based on a number of very different problems. The military forces of the communistic bloc are constantly aimed at the United States with a variety of superweapons such as thermonuclear bombs and the aircraft and rockets to carry them to the heart of America. Russia is also attacking America from within with spies and saboteurs and propagandists and agent provacateurs. There is also the danger of criminals and corrupt politicians from within. But the greatest danger to American freedom is from the American people themselves.

The easiest way for a nation like ours to lose its freedom is from the developing attitude of American people to censure people who harbor opinions different from the majority's. To compound this problem is the growing conformity of Americans; a trend which can be stopped with sound philosophy. The convictions of Americans has been based on freedom and competition, but now attitudes toward these have been frozen into one mold. The belief is growing that in a democracy everyone should be equal in everything; in intelligence, wealth, and ability—an obvious falsehood. This belief is an emotional one and no amount of logic can disperse it. It is based on the natural desire to be accepted by other people and is only an overdevelopment of it.

It is my fervent belief, however, that this condition, like so many aberrations before it, must fall to determined men. The very fact that this problem of "hyperdemocracy" has been noticed is a sign that many people have not fallen into this trap of unthinking conformity. In such a culture of conformity, a few men will be driven to use their inherent freedom of thought, the only freedom that all men have and the only inalienable right. These men will form a breakdown in the pattern of conformity just as now conformity is breaking down individualism. We shall have, I hope soon, a renaissance of the competitive spirit and individualism that so characterized colonial times, and even beyond these to the greatest heights in all history.

In the future I foresee the greatest freedom of all, the real freedom of thought. A rebellion from conformity would clear away the cobwebs of the mind that have developed from the beginning, and give man a real view and understanding of the people he lives with and the universe he lives in. While this renaissance will not be a panacea or a Utopia, it should bring a new era that would surpass all the ages of the past.

It is the duty of every American, in fact, every man in the world to fight off this onslaught of conformity, to become the thinkers of a new age, the Socrates, Platos, Newtons, and Eisteins that will free the world. We must make real freedom the wave of the future.

What Is the Leadership Role of the Personnel Officer?

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. EDWARD H. REES
OF KANSAS
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, May 27, 1960

Mr. REES of Kansas. Mr. Speaker, under unanimous-consent agreement, I am including herewith an interesting and important address delivered by the Honorable Roger W. Jones, Chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, at the annual conference of the Society for Personnel Administration on June 3, 1960.

I am sure Members of the House will want to read Mr. Jones' statement:

WHAT IS THE LEADERSHIP ROLE OF THE PERSONNEL OFFICER?

(Address by Chairman Roger W. Jones, U.S. Civil Service Commission, at the annual conference of the Society for Personnel Administration, Statler-Hilton Hotel, Washington, D.C., on June 3, 1960)

One sultry morning in the summer of 1940 I was sitting in the office of William H. McReynolds. You will remember that he was the first formally designated adviser on personnel management to the President. It was unusual for Mr. McReynolds to be out of sorts, but this day he was—in his own gentle, almost sad way. He summed up his complaint this way. "I guess," he said, "that Noah was the first personnel officer. He had to choose two of every kind for a limited number of vacancies. Everyone except the Lord and the chosen were dissatisfied, and things haven't changed one bit since." I am sure that all of you have felt a similar discouragement at times.

Today, I am going out on a limb and suggest that things aren't really so bad, and that the personnel officer in Government has a continuing opportunity to play a useful leadership role. He is not limited to selecting appointees from civil service registers. Mr. McReynolds to the contrary notwithstanding, how many of you remember just how recent an arrival on the scene the modern personnel office to the Federal Government really is? On June 4, 1938, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued Executive Order 7916, which required each department and agency to establish a division of personnel supervision and management, headed by a director of personnel. Of course, for years there had been personnel offices of sorts and personnel officers with a variety of duties, but not in the mold of those which rapidly developed after the Executive order was issued.

Unfortunately, the momentum of the early days was somewhat lost when World War II broke around our heads. All of its frantic necessities for cutting corners, delaying long-term improvements, and "making do," involved personnel programs and offices as well as the rest of the Federal structure. Once the war was over, however, it became possible to settle down into the development of working relationships between personnel officers and the central personnel agencies (the President's Adviser on Personnel Management and the Civil Service Commission) on the one hand, and between the personnel staff and line program managers on the other hand. There were organizational shifts and developments of greater or lesser moment, but the direction of the effort was clear. It had become national policy to foster and encourage more latitude, more discretion, and more power of decision in personnel matters, first in the agency itself and secondly in the personnel officer and his staff.

The personnel system was increasingly decentralized as time went on. There was hesitation and handwringing, but the agencies did accept the challenge. The personnel officer emerged with status and stature, which was increased as the agency heads redelegated appropriate authority to their personnel officers and, at the same time, strengthened their directives and their expectation that personnel officers would serve as respected staff advisers to program executives up and down the line. The final step in firm establishment of the relationship role of the personnel officer as we now see it came with the substitution of inspection of personnel activities after the fact. This was in lieu of the old, aggravatingly rigid and cumbersome system of requiring prior approval of the Civil Service Commission for personnel actions even of the most trivial kind.

It is important for the personnel officer to understand how much authority in personnel matters the agency has, as well as what his own responsibilities are. Without this understanding it is doubtful whether he or his agency can make maximum use of the flexibility which now exists in our personnel management system. Recognition of responsibility often opens the door to bolder and more imaginative action. That is what I ask on the part of all personnel officers who are concerned with our Federal merit system.

I could make a long and detailed description of all kinds of things which I think the personnel officers should do to advance their leadership role. That, however, would be an imposition on your good nature and on time reserved for other matters. I shall limit myself to a partial catalog consisting of seven suggestions for demonstration of as much leadership by personnel people as their individual capabilities permit them to exercise. It makes little difference in what order these seven points are mentioned. I advocate no priorities among them. Move in whenever opportunity offers or you can make it.

1. Personnel officers should take an active and personal role in recruitment. More than this, they should also do everything in their power to convince both political officers and senior career officers to participate in the recruiting process. I find it anomalous to see on every side increasing evidence of the importance which senoir officers of our industrial and business firms attach to their personal participation in recruiting, particularly in our colleges, but to see little evidence of a similar feeling on the part of policy officers of Federal organizations. True, they are glad to participate in interviews of candidates brought to them, and they make