

Fill Asia With Wolf Ladejinskys

WOLF LADEJINSKY was born in Russia 55 years ago. He came to the U. S. in 1922 and became an American citizen in 1928. He worked for the Amtorg Trading Corp., a Soviet corporation during 1931. From 1932 to 1950 he worked for the U. S. Department of Agriculture. His field was foreign agricultural economics. In late 1945 the Defense Department asked that he be attached to the staff of Gen. Douglas MacArthur in Tokyo. There he was instrumental in instituting Japan's new agricultural program, which Gen. Douglas MacArthur said did more than any other occupation measure to cut the ground from under Japanese Communists.

In 1948 the State Department asked for Ladejinsky and he worked on land reform programs in China, India and Formosa. Working with Chinese Nationalist leaders he was instrumental in reducing farm rents from 70 to 37 1/2 per cent of the crop on Formosa. In the fall of 1950 he returned to Tokyo, as agricultural attaché.

Mr. Ladejinsky's work has been warmly praised by Gen. MacArthur, who was following letters of appreciation to the attaché on his contribution to democracy and stability in Japan and whose Far East Command headquarters awarded a Certificate of Achievement to Ladejinsky. Last week he was termed "the most effective fellow I have known in the whole Foreign Agricultural Service," by Republican Rep. Walter Judd of Minnesota, a former medical missionary in the Far East. U. S. Ambassador to Japan John Allison and other U. S. officials in Tokyo are warm in their praise of Ladejinsky as a loyal and efficient worker and as the leading U. S. expert on Asian land reforms, the program that offers so much to the people of Asia (he never was lucky enough to have a Homestead Act there), and to the U. S., because of its effectiveness in combating communism.

But the Agriculture Department has decided it doesn't want Ladejinsky on its payroll. He's too much of a "security risk."

Our Motto Is Talk And Let Talk

NO WAVE of a philologist's wand will bring spastic surges into rich and effervescent prose the whole world can understand. But since the 17th century, man has toyed with the idea of performing this impossible legerdemain by inventing more than 200 international languages. They range from the bubbly effervescence of Dr. Zamenhof's Esperanto to the staid officialdom of Johann Martin Schleyer's Volapuk.

But manufacturing any completely satisfactory linguistic cure-all is as hopeless as trying to devise a magic formula for global peace. It makes mass communication so complicated in the people within the boundaries of one community have difficulty understanding one another in this fast-moving age. What is the stumbling block? Why slang. This strangely personal folk language has become so specialized that one generation of Americans has suddenly discovered that it cannot communicate with another unless both resort to Basic English.

"Have you got eyes to cut up to my pad and catch some sides," a modern youth may ask his companion.

"Crazy, man," the other will undoubtedly reply. "I dig that the most!"

All this may sound like another abortive attempt at an international lingo but it is actually Coolspak, the 1954 code of what street corner sociologists call the "beat generation." It is the new, new generation's doubtful contribution to common English usage.

In the eccentric—but determinedly modern—conversation of one youth to another is merely asking another if he would like to stop by his home to listen to some phonograph records. The other's reply is one of enthusiastic assent.

If Coolspak is surrealistic and bizarre, it is probably more ridiculous than the gibberish of today's young wince. Elders who scoff at it today would wince

he has relatives in Russia. (He visited them in 1939, hasn't corresponded with them for seven years.)

He once, said an Agriculture Dept. spokesman, belonged to two Communist fronts. (Ladejinsky says he didn't.)

Too, there was that brief employment by Amtorg, 23 years ago.

The Department concedes that Ladejinsky left Russia, shortly after the revolution because of his professed dislike for communism. It concedes that he was speaking out about the danger of communism long before most Americans. (Rep. Judd has called attention to articles by Ladejinsky critical of communism appearing as early as 1934 in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, COUNTRY GENTLEMAN and SATURDAY REVIEW. And for years Ladejinsky has been condemned by the Communist press. This could be done, as Keyes Beech of the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS cabled from Japan: "Ladejinsky's name was synonymous with land reforms and anti-communism from New Delhi to Tokyo.")

State Department officials, irked by the Agriculture Dept.'s action, say they will keep Ladejinsky working for them. The attaché has met the extreme loyalty standards laid out by State Department Security Officer Scott McLeod. Thus there is the disarming spectacle of a man being acceptable on security grounds to one department, but unacceptable to another department which is not so sensitive.

But the most deplorable result of the Ladejinsky affair is this: The administration is finally coming around to the position that economic and technical aid are Asia's big need. Land reform is the key to that whole problem. And now suddenly the man who, more than anyone else, had helped Asians get their own land, or a better rental system, the man who symbolizes the most effective U. S. policy in Asia, is a "security risk" despite his fine record which refutes the charge.

When will America come to its senses and send as many Wolf Ladejinskys as it can find to the villages of Asia, there to help and win the respect of people who otherwise turn to the Communists?

Western Impact Disastrous

SAIGON, Indochina
MOST of this reporter's recent visit to the independent state which the Vietminh still occupy in southern Indochina was passed in a condition of rather gentle house arrest.

"We had come—my guide and I—in the belief that the visit was fully authorized by the Committee of the South, which is the ruling Vietminh organ in southern Indochina. But the authorization promised in a way that paralleled the novels of Andre Malraux, turned out to be a parody too. I had no right to be there and so, having got there, I was politely but firmly confined to a pail but on a canal bank in the straggling village of Vinh Phom.

If I had not been reasonably lucky, I should certainly have seen more hard-core Communists than I had any desire to see. In the end I was treated as a merely embarrassing visitor, to be rapidly got rid of, with false promises which would not publicize the intrusion of an American into Vietminh territory. So the hard core was hidden from me.

WESTERN RARE
On the other hand, the people of Viet Nam are traditionally hospitable. Furthermore as the second civilian westerner to penetrate this region in nine years—this first was Max Cles, a French-lesbian paperman—I was such an object of curiosity that the simple people would come up to stroke the hair on my arms and burst into noisy incredulous laughter. The western viewpoint interested the Vietminh "cadres" just as much as western hairlines attracted the peasants, so I had many lack visitors in my partial confinement.

There was one main question I wanted answered in my many hours of conversation with this Vietminh personalities as my guide, my chief spokesman, Pham Thi, leader of the "peace loving" socialist party and secretary of "The Front of National Union," and the man who gave me my wanderer visa, Dr. Vinh, chief of the Civil Affairs bureau and secretary-treasurer of this southern Vietminh state. I asked them what they thought of the Communist dog.

"Starting from nothing, working always in the advantage of modern France," was the answer.

"Speech is civilization itself," wrote Thomas Mann. "The word, even the most contradictory, preserves contact—it is silence that isolates."

IT'S SIMPLY TERRIFIC

SOME of the things we are doing to the English language are fascinating. Take "terrific," for example.

The dictionary says the word means "terrible, appalling, calling forth great fear or dread." But, that just shows you how far behind times the dictionary is. A toothpaste ad appearing in the public prints the other day made the claim that dentists say the product is "terrific." Does that mean that dentists are calling the toothpaste terrible and appalling? Oh, no. It means, according to the manufacturer, they're saying it's appalling, but you can bet that's not the idea the manufacturer is trying to get across.

The other night on television a master of ceremonies introduced a pretty young woman as "one of the most terrific actresses to come out of Hollywood in years." Whereupon she smiled and happily in grateful appreciation for the praise she knew that terrific meant overflowing with talent, and that the dictionary didn't know what it was talking about.

The trouble with messing with the meaning of terrific is that the people who do it sometimes slip up and lapse into using the word in the old-fashioned way as the woman whom we heard say, "You should have seen that movie. It was simply terrific." But I could have enjoyed it more if I hadn't had such a terrific headache.

Yes, what some folks have done to terrific is terrific, and we don't mean wonderful.

Calendars for the next five years are now available, indicating that someone has faith in the immediate future—MATTON (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

A Britisher apologized for slapping a lady, explaining he thought she was his wife. Always the gentleman, a Britisher was the organ's teatime. TIMES.

'Where's The Exchange Department, Jack?'



Why Reds Got Indochina

By JOSEPH ALSOP

SAIGON, Indochina
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Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
REPORT has been received by the State Department suggesting that the Soviet doctors or diplomats in New York City, Ambassador Andrei Vishinsky may have deliberately let the old Soviet warhorse die.

The report is based partly on the assumption that it was better to let die in the United States rather than in Russia where his death would have caused enormous rumors of a purge.

It is also based on the fact that Vishinsky was a known carrier, was 70 years old, and was worn out from his U.N. work. And a similar patient, suffering a heart attack, would have been rushed to a hospital, Vishinsky wasn't.

He was kept on Soviet premises and without the advantage of modern American medical attention, considered the best in the world.

Incidentally, Vishinsky had mellowed a bit and was getting along much better with American and British delegates than in the old days. U. S. diplomats tell of one instance where Vishinsky unwittingly introduced an embarrassing French-British argument.

Premier Mendes-France was sitting in the U.N. delegates' lounge with British delegate, Anthony Nutting. They were arguing heatedly, when Vishinsky came ambuling up to them. Anxious not to let the Russian overhear an allied quarrel, Nutting steered Mendes-France to an isolated corner and resumed the argument. Some other French diplomats gathered round.

About this time who should turn up again, but the old warhorse. He pulled up a chair and joined the circle, obviously unaware that he was interrupting a British-French policy debate.

He was not alone. He was surrounded by a group of French and British, even Vishinsky squirmed a bit and excused himself.

Perhaps Vishinsky Got Too Mellow

WASHINGTON
A flexible farm support program was under attack in the Senate. Spessard Holland of Florida was one of the few strong Democratic supporters. The junior senator from Georgia, J. B. Smathers, was also a flexible price man, as was Rep. Albert Herlong of Florida. The latter was the only Democratic member of the House of Representatives to support Benson's flexible price bill.

Benson Buys Oranges

Secretary of Agriculture Benson recently announced that his department would start buying concentrated orange-juice for the school lunch program. This announcement caused some speculation as to just why the kiddies were to get orange juice for the first time in history.

Most obvious conclusion was that this was an effort to support the price of oranges, which dropped from \$3.02 per box in September to \$1.32 in November. However, in November of 1953, oranges sold for an even lower price, \$1.24; and the 1947-48 average for November was \$1.23.

Therefore some politicians figured there was another motive.

When Benson was secretary of agriculture, he was secretary of the National Council of Farm Cooperatives—one of the biggest members of which is Sunbelt. So some politicians thought he might be buying orange juice to help his old friends in the co-op circle. Actually, however, Sunbelt members of which is Sunbelt, would not benefit too much from government purchases of frozen orange juice. Most of the California orange crop has been marketed since the end of the orange juice is made in Florida. Also, Benson has not helped other co-op friends, such as the dairy farmers when they needed help worse than the orange growers.

But the following may be the clue to Benson's help for Florida oranges.

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New Farm Bureau Leader Acceptable To Southerners

By CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY

WASHINGTON
HAVING picked a Democrat to succeed its Republican as its president, America's largest farm organization is training its sights on the 8th Congress and some substantial legislative goals for 1955.

Major objective of the American Farm Bureau Federation post research at projected in 1955.

The Federation's new legislative program, which was discussed at the group's annual convention Dec. 12-16, calls for a more liberal foreign trade policy and stepped-up marketing research at projected in 1955.

RECORD MEMBERSHIP
As the leading advocate of flexible price supports, the Farm Bureau was credited with a major lobbying victory this year when Congress passed a flexible support program. With a peak membership of 1,600,000 farm families in all 48 states, the group will have a strong voice in the upcoming debate over trade policy.

Key Federation spokesman was the new president, Charles B. Shuman, 47-year-old Illinois grain farmer. Shuman takes over from Albert B. Kline, who resigned for health reasons a year ago. Shuman is a member of the Farm Bureau head.

Shuman, who previously headed the Illinois New Chief Agricultural Association, is described as middle-aged, in contrast to the hard-hitting, aggressive Kline. The new president is a flexible supporter man, but has maintained good relations with the AFBF Southern wing, which tends to favor high, rigid price supports. As a Democrat, Shuman may not enjoy Kline's easy access to the White House. But he will be in a good position to help the Federation's case before a Congress controlled by Democrats.

By accenting internal harmony, Shuman is expected to enhance the group's already powerful lobbying position. During the flexible support battle, the AFBF made effective use of such techniques as large-scale letter-writing campaigns and special lunches with key congressional leaders.

According to one Federation official, "our real strength is in the fact that our members write their own program, believe 100 per cent in it, and are democratic in carrying out their business in Farm Bureau legislative activity."

It Was Either Him Or The Melody With Papa Celestin

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK
PAPA CELESTIN is dead. And it would need Louis Armstrong to write a good obit for the man, who died five days ago. Papa was a fine horn. He blew a cornet, and he played the New Orleans theme song, which is called "In a Sentimental Mood." He would play soft and slow and sad when they marched brother in the cemetery, but on the way home they had had enough of sadness and the return of a funeral march became a jam session.

No disrespect to the departed brother was intended. The feeling was that hell, man, we done had our respect by walking this far, so let us romp on home. There is practically nobody left who could play like Papa Celestin. He was a youngster in the group. Some of the contemporary members of which is Sunbelt, inherited some skills from the old bands, but when and how it started is almost forgotten, and much of the music that Papa Celestin was one of the very last. He blew loud on that horn, and, although it was "rock" music, what the old man was playing was actually a hymn.

BAWDY HOUSE ORIGINS
He was a fine old gentleman, Papa Celestin, and he had seen all of the birth and growth of jazz music, from the time he and Jelly Roll Morton and the rest of the early boys played in the then-unclassified art form in the colored sportin' houses of a real-wonderful wicked city.

The sportin' life went on in the colored sportin' houses of its accompaniment the way they felt at the time. Today it has

Quote, Unquote

A city maid got a job on a farm. One bitter winter night, her mistress advised her to take a flat iron to bed. Next morning the mistress asked how she made out with the flatiron. "Okay, I guess," said the maid. "I got it pretty near warm by daylight." CARLISB (N. M.) Current-Argus.

The Assistant President

A New Hampshire businessman was berating his fellow-stater, "Assistant President" Sherman Adams, during a recent visit to the White House. Styles Bridge of New Hampshire, "That you Adams burms me up," he complained to Bridges' office staff. "Ever since you came to this office job, he thinks he's too big and important to talk to old friends like me. He's really gone high-hat. I've tried to see him several times, but he acts like I'm an insurance salesman.

"I'll show you what I mean," continued the New Hampshireer. Whereupon he grabbed Adams by the neck of his office and asked to speak to him. His face was flushed with irritation, but turned to a friendly smile when he heard that of Adams, suddenly came over the line.

"Why, hello, Bill," said the White House man. "I didn't know you were in town. Come on over for lunch."