

The Freedom School, Inc.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
BOX 165
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

April 17, 1963

APR 18 1963

Mr. Wm. J. Grede
Box 443
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Bill:

I hope you will take a moment to read the newest issue of Time magazine under "Press." (April 19 issue.)

R. C. Hoiles, Freedom Newspapers, Freedom School, Rampart College and Bob LeFevre all come in for a fair share of abuse.

One must search diligently in this story to find a single statement which is true. The major thesis seems to criticize us because we are making money. Also, because R. C. Hoiles is the "donor" who is going to endow Rampart College. Alas, neither of these claims is true. There are other misstatements yet these two alone may do us damage.

I wanted you to know about the article.

Cordially,


Robert LeFevre
President

RL/d

EDITORS

Catch a Falling Star

In the last 96 years, the Washington Star has had but three editors—two by the name of Noyes, who happened to own a piece of the paper, and Benjamin McKelway, who sneaked in from the outside as a Noyes protégé. Last week the Star got a new editor, and his name was no surprise: Newbold Noyes Jr., 44.

All in the Family. Ever since Crosby S. Noyes, George W. Adams and Samuel Kauffmann bought the paper in 1867, its executive offices have been crammed with their relatives. Of the Star's eleven directors, ten are descendants of the three men, and when they met to elect "Newby" Noyes editor, they also chose two Kauffmanns as vice presidents, a third as secretary, and a fellow named Crosby Boyd, whose mother was a Noyes, as president. Office wags crack that in another couple of generations, the Star will need no outside help at all. But the Star needs all the help it can get.

Once known as "the old lady of Washington" for its thorough but stodgy local coverage, the Star's title now reflects more scorn than affection. For years it was the biggest and richest paper in the capital, but it began slipping soon after the Post merged with the Times-Herald in 1954, now is a poor second, with 258,167 circulation to the Post's 408,701. A decade ago, the afternoon Star was sixth among U.S. dailies in advertising linage; at last count it had slipped to 12th.

"There'll be no abrupt change in our outlook," said Noyes at the spacious desk that cautious, pipe-smoking Ben McKelway used to occupy, but some major tinkering is already under way. Noyes is looking for skilled interpretive writers to back up Political Writer Mary McGrory and Pentagon Reporter Richard Fryklund (TIME, April 12). With only one foreign correspondent—Newbold Noyes's Paris-



EDITOR NOYES IN STAR CITY ROOM
The right name.

based brother Crosby—the Star cannot hope to match the 14 foreign correspondents who write for the Post, but the new editor plans to develop a team of "regional specialists." To match the Post's editorial-page line-up, Noyes is looking for fresh columnists. He has already bought the Manchester Guardian's Max Freedman away from the Post.

Lie a Little. Noyes, who came to the Star in 1941 via St. Paul's and Yale, was practically born into the job. His great-grandfather and great-uncle were Star editors, and Grandfather Frank Noyes was president from 1909 to 1948. After starting out rewriting handouts and covering the police beat, he became a Star war correspondent in Italy and Southern France during World War II. Back home, he began climbing the executive ladder. For the last six years he served as executive editor.

With the Post set solidly on top in Washington, Noyes might do well to keep in mind the ditty that a Star promotion manager once wrote, to the tune of *Live a Little*:

*You've got to lie a little, boast a little,
You've got to make like the Post a little.*

PUBLISHERS

Making Money by Making Enemies

Almost anywhere in the U.S., the prospect of a new \$5,000,000 college would bring nothing but cheers. Not in Colorado Springs, Colo. Last week businessmen in the pine-covered foothills of the Rockies were bitterly divided over the proposed construction of an institution to be called Rampart College. The school, complained one director of the Chamber of Commerce, would be about as welcome in Colorado Springs as "a skunk at a family picnic."

The reason for the ruckus is the donor: Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, 84, a crusty, rasp-voiced publisher from Santa Ana, Calif., who plans to use Rampart College to promote the same "libertarian" philosophy with which he force feeds the 252,712 buyers of his five-state chain of Freedom Newspapers.* Hoiles's foes say he is to the right of Herod; he is, they say, an anarchist who carries laissez-faire economics to its illogical extreme.

Red-Blooded Socialism. Hoiles, reports one Texas merchant after a long diet of the local Hoiles paper, is "against every damned thing on earth." In his papers, he has attacked Herbert Hoover and the National Association of Manufacturers as too left-wing, called all taxes "the theft of wages," argued that fire departments, public libraries, highways, and even the

* California: Santa Ana Register; Marysville-Yuba City Appeal-Democrat. Colorado: Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph. New Mexico: Clovis News-Journal. Ohio: Bucyrus Telegraph-Forum; Lima News. Texas: Brownsville Herald; Harlingen Valley Star; McAllen Valley Monitor; Odessa American; Pampa News.



JACK BIRNS—GRAPHIC HOUSE

PUBLISHER HOILES (IN 1948)

A right thinker.

armed forces ought to be maintained strictly by voluntary contributions. His most splenetic outbursts are reserved for the public school system. When teachers try to argue with him, he snaps, "How can an inmate of a house of prostitution discuss chastity?"

Not surprisingly, Hoiles makes enemies wherever he goes. Shortly after he bought the McAllen Monitor in 1951, businessmen launched a four-month boycott that halved the paper's circulation to 8,000; in twelve years the Monitor (known locally as the McAllen Monster) has recovered only 6,000 of the loss. Colorado Springs Mayor William C. Henderson, 46, bars Hoiles's Gazette Telegraph from his home and office, once suggested taking "concerted action to remove this cancer from the community."

Despite such attitudes, Hoiles manages to turn a hefty profit; estimates of his wealth run as high as \$35 million. Though he bleeds editorially for workingmen whose very bread "is snatched from their mouths by the tax collectors," his employees make so little themselves that they scarcely have to worry about taxes. He pays some printers \$58 for a 40-hour week (v. \$149 for 35 hours in Manhattan), rarely tops \$100 for seasoned editors. With monopolies in all but two of his eleven towns, he has most advertisers over a barrel.

Hoiles's papers "don't seem too bad," said one ex-staffer, "just so long as you don't read the editorials." Their layout is usually clean, if undistinguished, and they play most stories straight. Stories concerning the old man's pet hates—municipal bond issues, school board elections, federal spending programs—are given top prominence. Reflecting his stern morals, some of the papers make a point of listing all people who are involved in divorce suits—even when their names are not at all newsworthy. Traffic violators are also invariably identified, and when Hoiles himself was nailed for speeding in the Rio Grande Valley, his papers front-paged the story. In any case, the formula seems

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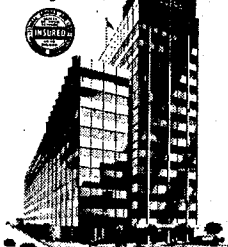
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April 10, 1963.

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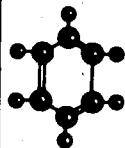


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to pay: his papers are first in circulation even where there is competition.

According to Hoiles, Nursing dollars is a lesson Publisher Hoiles learned early. He squirreled away his first two months' pay as a teen-aged Ohio farm hand, and bought a \$13 gold watch that he still carries. After graduating from Mount Union (Ohio) Methodist College, he went to work for the Alliance Review as a \$2-a-week printer's assistant; after 17 years he was manager with an annual salary of \$10,000. He bought the Bucyrus Telegraph Forum in 1935, soon was able to ante up \$750,000 for the Santa Ana Register, where he still has a shabby headquarters suite. Only six weeks ago he went after three Texas dailies, but Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby's Houston Post outbid him by \$750,000 (TIME, March 1).

Alongside his scattershot editorials, he prints just about any columnist who sees things according to Hoiles. Through the years he has given space to such professional anti-Semites as Gerald L. K. Smith, the late Upton Close and Joseph P. Kamp—and to one David Baxter, who often rails against the evils of "Romanism."

Libertarian Arts. To guard against backsliders on the staff of any of his papers, Hoiles periodically sends his top men off to his "Freedom School" in Colorado Springs for a reindoctrination course at the hands of a battery of right-thinking instructors. Founded with Hoiles's cash in 1956, the Freedom School is run by a glib, grey-haired ex-real estate agent and radio announcer named Robert LeFevre, who also edits the Colorado Springs paper. Long associated with far-right causes, LeFevre was the moving force in an odd-ball outfit called the Falcon Lair Foundation that was spawned in the late 1940s and proposed to avert World War III by three prayer sessions a day—one at 7:30 a.m., one at noon and one at 7 p.m.

Next month LeFevre and the Freedom School will play host to a batch of businessmen at a two-week session to examine how "the company whose top executives are positively oriented to profits and are thoroughly grounded in free market principles can weather the socialist storms besetting our economy." Itself quite positively oriented to profits, the school charges \$350 a head, plus \$175 for wives. Under LeFevre's guidance, besieged Ram-part College promises more of the same, but stretched out in a sort of four-year libertarian arts program.

The fuss stirred up over the college bothers Raymond Cyrus Hoiles not one bit. He seems almost to enjoy it. Once he estimated that he has been consistently out of step with at least 95% of his readers. And this unpopularity does not perturb him either; he realizes that a journalist's job is not to make friends but to influence people. "Beware the newspaper reporter whom everybody loves," said an editorial in his Odessa American, "and the editor who is buried with public honors . . . who goes to his grave with a line of mourners from here to the Gulf of Mexico." For Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, that prospect is a remote one indeed.

for a bogey and dropped back into the pack. Gary Player led Nicklaus briefly; but he bogeyed the last two holes, and that was all for him.

There was still one more challenger. To his fellow pros, Anthony David Lema, 29, was "Champagne Tony"—a playboy type who drove golf balls out of hotel windows, bought bubble water for sportswriters, and once had to be dragged out of a bar to compete in a tournament play-off (which he won). But now Champagne Tony was talking about getting married and settling down. And it wasn't all talk: he was rolling in birdie putts. Trailing Nicklaus by two strokes, Lema cut the gap to one with a 25-footer on the last hole that gave him a 72-hole total of 287, one under par. Then he hid out in the clubhouse to see what the pressure would do to Nicklaus.

"Those Last Three Feet." Needing a par four to win, Nicklaus belted his drive 270 yds. down the left side of the 18th fairway. The ball came to rest on muddy turf. Stroke one. A master of the rule book as well as the course, Nicklaus summoned an official, claimed "casual water"* and demanded a free lift to dry ground. He got it—his fifth free lift of the round. But when he dropped the ball over his shoulder, it fell back into the mud. Nicklaus pulled out a No. 6 iron, and cut deep into the turf. The ball landed on the fat part of the green, 30 ft. from the pin. Stroke two. The huge gallery tensed as Nicklaus marched onto the 18th green. "Keep it very, very quiet," pleaded a marshal. "Please don't anyone say anything." Jack rapped the ball, grimaced unhappily when it rolled 3 ft. past. Stroke three. He circled the cup three times, lining up the putt from every conceivable angle. "Those three feet looked like 86 to me," he said later. "I just hit it, closed my eyes, and waited for the sound." Plunk!

With a happy whoop, Nicklaus whipped off his white golf cap and sailed it high into the air. "It just proves that my winning the Open last year was no fluke," said Nicklaus, whose \$20,000 winner's check made him pro golf's No. 1 money-maker for the year (see box). "My aim is to win more tournaments than anybody who ever lived." Sighed ex-Champion Palmer: "Just think—Jack has ten more years to go before he's as old as I am today."

HORSE RACING

The Psychiatrist

Other jockeys call Steve Brooks, 41, "the psychiatrist," and swear that he talks to his horses. If he does—and Brooks does not deny it—he speaks the right language. Last week, at Florida's Gulfstream Park, he rode Johnsal, a three-year-old colt, to victory in a \$3,000, six-furlong sprint. For Johnsal, it was win No. 1 in a year of try-

* Any temporary accumulation of water that is not an ordinary hazard. In borderline cases, the common test is to stamp hard on the ground. If the footprint fills with water, the ball can be moved without penalty.



RUNNER-UP LEMA
Birdies for champagne.

ing. For Brooks, it was win No. 4,000, in 25 years of succeeding. Only Johnny Longden, Eddie Arcaro, Willie Shoemaker and Britain's Sir Gordon Richards have won more races.

Brooks won the 1949 Kentucky Derby on Ponder, was aboard Citation when the long-tailed Triple Crown champion won the 1951 Hollywood Gold Cup to become racing's first millionaire horse. But Brooks is best known for his knack with "problem horses" that other jockeys have written off. Shrewd, observant and enormously strong (his biceps are almost as big around as his thighs), he is an expert with the whip, once whaled a horse 50 times to win a race that lasted just 1 min. 8½ sec. Another time, at his wife's suggestion, he climbed aboard a doleful 50-1 shot, finished second, forcing everyone to ask "How come?" Said he: "I just noticed when he was warming up that he ran with his head down. He couldn't see where he was going, so all I did was lift his head up. I should have won." Total purses won by Brooks' horses: about \$16 million.



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