

THE ATTACK ON PLAINFIELD

Distributed By
PLAINFIELD COMMITTEE TO
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE
P. O. Box 2701 Plainfield, N. J. 07060

REPORT!

THE NEW JERSEY BRAINWASH

■ "WHAT this country needs is a good ten-cent brainwash." You can almost *hear* them thinking it, at every level from your neighborhood "social change agent" to McGeorge Bundy's doubtless palatial offices at the Ford Foundation.

I was recently invited to Plainfield, New Jersey, to have a quick look at one of these Leftist brainwashing efforts in the sudden rush of "sensitivity training" being offered, thrust at, and even forced upon the citizenry there from several directions at once. Some four or five hundred people from churches in the Plainfield area were, in fact, voluntarily attending a four-week introductory course in "sensitivity training" — and paying for the privilege of being helped to feel like worms. The techniques are simple but interesting. The subjects simply sit about and attack one another at the most vulnerable psychological level. It's an accusation and confession session similar to those used on our troops in Red Chinese prison camps during the Korean War. The object is to magnify guilt, to sensitize the participants to their own culpability for all of the evils of the world — long a favorite pastime of our "Liberals."

Meanwhile, the administrative personnel of the Board of Education in

the Plainfield area were proudly announcing that *they* had knocked off work and gone off for a four-day brainwash in "sensitivity," and that the minute funds were available they were going to offer this marvellous opportunity to all teachers.

A number of Plainfield high school students had been lured off to sensitivity sessions at "weekend retreats" at church camps, with very mixed results; one eleventh-grade girl, apparently unable either to take it or fight it, spent ten hours just crying.

Meanwhile, actual conditions in many of the Plainfield schools progress on the racial front from friction to disorder to violence to intermittent terrorism! After a good brainwash, school administrators can't even bring themselves to prevent a platoon of out-of-town Black Panthers from invading the school, "inspecting" it, calling an "all-black" assembly, emitting their usual array of threats and obscenities, presenting a list of demands, and departing when they are finished, and not before. This happened last October, in Plainfield.

To cap the climax (or perhaps we haven't seen anything yet), a course of "sensitivity training" for the local police force has just been initiated. There is a real story behind this one! But, before we get to that, let's take a look at how this guff is peddled and sample a slice of it.

The "behavioral scientists" who are determined to manipulate the American people into enslaving themselves voluntarily have not been so awfully

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clever and original as the uninformed might imagine. Their pitch is as old as Pavlov. Rank-and-file Americans are not saints, of course, but they are relatively guileless, and thus helpless in the face of any pitch with a little "English" on it. That quiet majority of middle-class, tax-paying, law-abiding, well-intentioned small-town and suburban folk are *the* target population. And they are not tough nuts to crack.

In Plainfield, about five hundred of them were getting the treatment, and thinking it must be Good because, after all, "the Churches" were sponsoring it. It was hardly that simple. As usual, a small group of "Liberal" activists at the local level, aided by "Liberal" activists who have encysted themselves in the hierarchies of church bureaucracies, planned the whole thing. But let's take a look, anyway.

The format of all four meetings had been essentially the same. The entire group of several hundred people would listen, for about an hour, to a featured speaker plus two "reactors" who commented or elaborated upon the main theme. After that, the audience was divided into thirty or forty "discussion groups," under the direction of one or two "group leaders." It was a standard "sensitivity" introduction right out of the Red Chinese prison camps.

The "message" was essentially the same, although the featured speaker at the final evening meeting, the one which I attended, seemed hardly the man for a wrap-up job. From handouts and newspaper clippings, I knew that previous speakers had been a good deal

more lively and full of ideas for revolution, or at least what these Leftists call "massive social change," than David Ludlow. Mr. Ludlow was more a walking, breathing example of what the full course of brainwashing can do to you. With all due respect to the cleverness of the organizers, one may hope that he inspired few to follow in his footsteps.

Nonetheless, poor Ludlow belabored the usual "message." Race relations in the United States are dangerously bad and getting worse. (Agreed.) It is the fault of *you* out there, you "good church people," because way down deep you are all "white racists." (Disagreed.) If you don't shape up and do what we tell you, well, remember the riots we had here in July of 1967. It could get much worse. You must do as we suggest, for the good of your soul, or if that isn't enough, then to save your hide. Repent, and our packaged brand of salvation is available. All you have to do is to sign up for any three of the ten pressure-groups we are organizing, to demand more this, that, and the other thing for those truly saintly people we have been oppressing since the Year One.

Brother Ludlow is a distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman, an architect by profession, although he told me that he now goes around, nearly full-time, doing *this* instead. He spoke in a soft, weak voice, obviously borne down by such a burden of the White Man's Guilt that he fairly groveled.

He described to the audience a recent incident in his life. The poor worm said he had gone to a Negro neighborhood, and what happened there got him all choked up inside. The people had *spoken to him*, a white man! "I felt as honored as if I had been received at Court," he actually said. "The honor was that black people would talk to me at all. I felt as if I had been received by the King and Queen."

Hardly anybody gagged.

Although Mr. Ludlow rarely sank below that level, he matched it a few times, as he fawned over the Madonna-like qualities of the "welfare mothers," and even spared a verbal tear or two for their various and sundry consorts. (He said later that he had not really meant to call them "welfare fathers.") There they are, I kept thinking, cast into the streets, condemned to a life of footloose irresponsibility, "seeking their manhood" in new places every night, after a long hard day of snapping balls around a pool table. It was Mr. Ludlow's fancy that they hated every minute of it, and that somehow he, me, and thee had done this awful thing to them, and we must try in every way to make it up to them.

Someone who had been in an earlier group with Ludlow recalled that he was never at a loss for a brainwashed thought. One woman had been trying to work up a suitable head of Guilt, and said vaguely that she regretted living in a white neighborhood. Whereupon some intractable soul suggested

that good housing was going begging in certain very "integrated" neighborhoods not far away. At which point Ludlow stated that it was the *duty* of the whole community to sense and respond to the lady's "need" by bringing the integration to her.

At any rate, the meeting was about to dissolve into "groups" when a clutch of "black militants" grabbed the mike and announced a Black Caucus. Who could say no to that — or anything at all which came from a "black militant"?

As the blacks caucused, we un-blacks moved along to the parochial-school classrooms set aside for us. I joined Group Sixteen. We sat in a circle, perhaps fifteen whites, and waited for our Leader, Mr. Ronald Vander Schaaf of the poverty program, to lead us on. (He trains "aides" in Trenton. An "aide" is somebody off the street who is virtually unemployable unless accompanied by a large subsidy.)

Mr. Vander Schaaf got us off to a slow start, and from my own point of view things looked desperately dull. Then, about ten minutes after we sat down, a real live "black militant" barged in and suggested that we hear the Word from the Black Caucus. Vander Schaaf made a feeble effort to retain nominal control of his group by asking us whether we wanted to listen to Herman Jasper.

An elderly Irishman in a plaid shirt exhibited the proper attitude by stating, "I think that what the Black Caucus has to say is much more

important than anything any one of us could say."

Vander Schaaf melted. "*Carte blanche*, Herman," he whined. Herman didn't understand French, and regarded that as a white-racist remark.

Herman Jasper had found a suitable flock of passive white sheep, and began doing almost what nature demands, slashing among us with bared fangs. We all sat quietly for a good half-hour, while Herman pretended that what he had to say had been hammered out by the Black Caucus in the ten minutes or less it had met. He was, of course, merely using the passive black sheep as well. The Black Caucus had decided nothing, but revolutionaries like Herman wanted us white sheep to believe that he spoke for all those nice, church-going black sheep who had obeyed his summons to a special meeting.

Herman carried on entertainingly. Meeting no resistance, he became more and more offensive, arrogant, and threatening. In the end, he handed around a pad and pencil and demanded that we sign up to enlist in his "Listening Force." Our duty to Herman would be to tell him what's going on in Whiteyville, what he could get away with, what support he could count on, and so forth. Vander Schaaf squirmed a bit, because he hadn't yet handed around the list of ten "authorized" pressure-group activities as part of the "sensitivity process" — but who could resist a black revolutionary?

There were about three names,

addresses, and phone numbers on the pad when it came to me. I passed it on without comment, while Herman glared at me from behind his dark glasses. (I had on my own dark glasses.) He decided to make an example of me.

"You!" he snapped, pointing at me, "Don't you want to work with us?"

I said no.

"Why don't you want to work with us?"

I should have apologized for my white-racist attitude and begged for another chance to sign up, but instead I said what I hoped a few other people might be thinking. I said, "I don't want to be *used* by you."

Well, that put Herman into low orbit! One insult came hot on the heels of another as he stood over me, beard and brillo-pad Afro hairdo aquiver with rage. He finished with a breathless, colorful finale: "People like you are *irrelevant*!" he roared, employing one of his favorite words. "We gonna *kill* you! We gonna *cut off* you *head*!"

Herman, you charmer, you have just *made* my evening.

"You understand what I'm *saying*?"

"I understand you perfectly Herman," I said. I only hoped a few more people in that "sensitivity" group understood him half as well.

On that note, the session tended to fall apart. Uneasy whites found excuses to sidle toward the door. Vander Schaaf desperately handed out his little sign-up sheets, but never even had a chance to collect them before

the flock dispersed. It was hard to tell whether he was more miffed at me or Herman. Herman, meanwhile, had come to understand me a bit better, and we enjoyed a fun-type verbal fencing-match afterwards, while our "leader" stood by glumly and listened to Herman tell him that I was the only one around there with anything to say! *That* must have smarted some!

In professional circles, Herman's wild-man act is considered a bit raw for introductory and/or voluntary "sensitivity" sessions, but it is well-thought-of otherwise. There are "behavioral scientists" who actually employ people like Herman to do this, as part of their more concentrated brainwash of captive "sensitivity" groups. In California, where parole officers are subjected to this sort of thing, Black Panthers, dope addicts, and sex perverts have been brought in to criticize officers for their "straight" attitudes.

One corps of Lefties pulling off such stunts is called Scientific Resources, Inc., situated just down the pike from Plainfield, in Union, New Jersey. The *Plainfield Courier-News* carried a long article about S.R.I., as it is locally known, in its issue of February 28, 1968. In order to "combat racial strife," it said, S.R.I. uses a "tested and proven" brainwashing technique on local police forces. Above the report, a headline reads, "Psychologist Suggests Chaos Plan As Means Of Combatting City Riots." Then, we learn:

As a key part of programs devised for training in police-

community relations, SRI has been going out of its way to find some of the most antagonistic Negroes in ghetto areas of cities where training programs are to be operated . . .

"A typical SRI program has its start with specially-trained SRI community workers — most of them Negro — combing local streets with a two-fold aim. They assess the mood of the community . . . In addition, they look for Negro militants — 'the real firebrand hotheads' — and retain them at daily fees to work with local SRI programs. . . . SRI Vice President Fred Streit is quoted as follows:

"For the first two or three days it's sheer chaos, with Black Power militants and white police officers being brought face to face and spurred into arguments . . . It's an effective way to break down what psychologists call the 'cardboard people' image . . . These sessions turn into brutally frank encounters. To a casual observer at this stage, the program must look like a big flop. Hostilities have to be brought to the surface and worked out. It's the most critical stage of the program. It may sound simple, but it could be a short-fused bomb. Unless you know what you're doing, the whole thing could blow up in your face. It has to be properly planned and properly channeled."

The first police force chosen for "the treatment" was that of Grand Rapids, Michigan, sometime in 1967. The S.R.I. "behavioral scientists" apparently liked the results — and doubtless enjoyed the fireworks as well — and they have been peddling this psychological attack on police around the nation ever since. The latest victims scheduled to receive S.R.I.'s psychological ministrations are the Plainfield police. They have already been required to fill out questionnaires designed to reveal their white-racist attitudes, so that they can be "treated."

Having had a small dose of Herman myself, it was not difficult to imagine how I would feel, personally, if I were required to listen to him do his thing at me for "two or three days." I would feel even worse if I knew Herman as well as the police of Plainfield do — Herman is, after all, hardly a "card-board image" to them. He started life, it is said, as a petty police informer, finking on his friends for ten dollars a head, until he ran out of friends. He is a chronic wife-beater and intermittent narcotics offender, who now has it more or less "made" in the black-militant business.

Part of the S.R.I. program is a "no-uniforms policy" for the police. The psychological purpose is to strip the men of the status of their uniforms, and of any sense of representing something larger than themselves. This might seem to "equalize" both parties, but there is lots more to it than that. It can never be forgotten

by those engaged in these "confrontations" that types like Herman are getting paid handsome daily fees to yell and scream at the police, while the police are being forced to submit to it by Leftist politicians who have bought this horror show.

It is the police, and not the militants, who are expected to change their attitudes and become more "sensitive." A Plainfield psychiatrist was fairly open about what "sensitivity training" is supposed to accomplish. "It is intended," he stated bluntly, "to destroy self-image and self-confidence, break down ego-defenses, and instill a feeling of unworthiness."

That painted a good likeness of our Mr. David Ludlow. But, one wonders if the people of Plainfield — or anywhere else, for that matter — want a police force in that condition?

Well, some people would find a police force in that condition much more amenable to their purposes. Herman could get away with a lot more, for one thing. But the purpose, all appearances to the contrary, is only incidentally to make life even easier for the likes of Herman. The larger purpose is to weaken and eliminate all possible sources of resistance to "planned social change" to be imposed *from the top*. The "black militants" themselves are merely tools in this process; they are protected and encouraged by powerfully-situated members of the Liberal Establishment. Like diabolical playwrights, these Establishment people *create* situations and "confrontations," and quietly help

along the riots we have been having.

The whole game is to stage "social dramas" and then convince the gullible, well-intentioned, middle-class majority that *they* created this mess, and that *they* must repent, grovel, and seek collective salvation by imposing socialism upon themselves.

How can I make such an "irresponsible" statement? Let's take a deeper look at what led up to the creation imposition of S.R.I.'s novel "police-community relations training program" for the hapless Plainfield police.

For this it is necessary to go back to the 1967 riot season. Newark and Detroit, remember? But who remembers, or ever even knew, what was going on in little Plainfield, New Jersey, at the same time?

Police generally agree that Plainfield's first, tentative disorders were started by local talent — a bit of hooliganism and window-smashing, late Friday, July 14, 1967, which was followed by the discovery of a group of "youths" engaged in clumsy, unconstructed efforts to make Molotov cocktails.

On Saturday, however, several carloads of hard-core types came in from Newark, and things livened up on Saturday night. By Sunday evening, the rioting had been fomented into a respectable crisis, and two rather special things happened. First, a mob caught and brutally stomped to death a Plainfield police officer, Patrolman John V. Gleason Jr. Gleason was simply engulfed and battered to a pulp with items as diverse as his own

nightstick (which was completely splintered on him) and a supermarket shopping cart! At the recent trial of twelve persons charged with this atrocity, the judge refused to allow photos of his body to be introduced as evidence, calling them "too gruesome."

A short time later, that Sunday, a local factory manufacturing Army-type .30 caliber carbines was "hit," burglarized of at least forty-six weapons, and these weapons were immediately distributed to pre-selected and pre-trained "youths" and teenagers in the Negro area of town. Police identified in action at least six organized units, consisting of four or five persons each, engaged in mass firing on selected targets. Children were detailed to identify those in passing autos as to race, and if they yelled "*Whitey!*" a fusillade of gunfire would speed the luckless on their way.

More serious than this apparently harassing fire (nobody was killed) was the determined siege of a firehouse, which was thoroughly riddled by two squads of perhaps eight or ten persons, all armed with carbines and plenty of ammunition. The firemen were completely unarmed, and could do nothing but duck as the bullets smashed every window, damaged their equipment, and ricocheted around the inside of the building until spent. There was no attempt to storm the building and wipe out the firemen, however; they were apparently just having fun. Elsewhere, firemen out on call were attacked, stoned, shot at, and fire-

bombed; equipment was damaged, and hoses slashed to ribbons.

Understandably enough, Plainfield's mayor was ready to call on the National Guard for help. The Guard came — but, alas, state authority came with it. State authority turned out to be New Jersey's Commissioner of Community Affairs Paul Ylvisaker. He is an interesting fellow with very "progressive" views.

Paul Ylvisaker is strictly an Establishment functionary. A Harvard product, he was a professor of political science at Swarthmore College before going to work for Joseph Clark, then Mayor of Philadelphia, and soon thereafter a noted "Liberal" Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania. After a stint as Clark's man Friday, Ylvisaker became a Ford Foundation official, and worked for the Foundation for twelve years, becoming its Director of Public Affairs. While with the Ford Foundation, Ylvisaker did World Ruling-Class things like traveling to Japan with a United Nations mission, to help supposedly needy and incompetent Japanese to reorganize their cities along Ford Foundation lines! The Japanese are not really in need of Paul Ylvisaker's services, but they apparently had to accept them anyway.

Just as the people of New Jersey are discovering how *they* must accept them!

Ylvisaker was parachuted onto the public early in 1967, when Governor Richard Hughes reorganized his executive branch and created his Depart-

ment of Community Affairs. An interesting array of powers are concentrated in this department; included among them are control of state welfare systems, federal "poverty" and related projects, and state relations with local governments — including a kind of stranglehold on local financing. Ylvisaker was named Commissioner of Community Affairs. In this capacity, and with a vague and debatable claim to speak for Governor Hughes (a top State Police officer and New Jersey's Attorney General Arthur Sills were also on the scene, with more discernible claims to legal authority), Ylvisaker simply took over all law-enforcement procedures.

So, what did this Establishment mandarin do, in his big moment as Dictator of Plainfield? *Mama mia!*

The police had: 1) a very serious riot to quell, 2) an assortment of miscreants, large and small, to book and lock up, 3) a mob of cop-killers to hunt down, and 4) about forty-six Army carbines to recover from those using them to attack public buildings and motorists.

Ylvisaker's first brilliant move was to "recognize" as a "community leader" one Linny Cathcart, a Plainfield Negro who was almost unknown in his home town, but who had been active with the paramilitary Black Muslims in New York City and Newark. Linny had come around to Ylvisaker with a list of "demands" and an impressively arrogant air; without hesitation and against a lot of local advice and protest, Ylvisaker had

decided to deal with this upstart radical.

Linny wanted the police to release everyone who had been arrested, and to stay out of his turf, as it were; he demanded that all law-enforcement personnel — local and state police, and National Guardsmen — stay out of an area in which some fourteen thousand citizens lived. The bulk of these people were not rioters, nor were they all Negroes, but Linny insisted that they be left to the tender mercies of his kind.

In exchange, he said he would see what he could do about getting the carbines returned.

Ylvisaker thereupon agreed to almost everything. Local protests held down the number of arrestees "released on their own recognizance" to twelve — twelve charged with the least serious offenses — but these people were publicly delivered to Plainfield's Black Muslim as evidence of a state cabinet official's "good faith." A "truce" was declared for thirty-six hours, during which law-enforcement officers were, indeed, *forbidden to enter a substantial portion of their city.*

At the end of the thirty-six hours, Linny indicated that he hadn't been able to do anything about the carbines.

In effect, Commissioner Ylvisaker had simply granted organized revolutionaries a day and a half in which to use, and then conceal, their stolen weapons.

There seemed to be no way of

staving off police pressure for a search. Plainfield police intelligence had long since drawn up a list of fourteen likely places to search. But Linny Cathcart and Paul Ylvisaker, working hand-in-hand, had one or two more obstructionists' tricks available before time ran out. Linny, speaking for "the community," of course, said that the local police were not liked, and therefore should not be permitted to accompany the National Guard search parties. Since the Guardsmen couldn't even find their way without local "guides," Ylvisaker decided that Linny should choose some of *his* people to guide the search parties!

Meanwhile, Guard officers, mindful of the amount of lead which had been flying, had wheeled up some armored personnel carriers, and were about to send the Guardsmen into the riot area with some armor around them for protection. That, of course, was absolutely unthinkable to our "Liberal" Mr. Ylvisaker. He fairly lay down in the street to stop them. He called them "tanks" and declared that, by Governor Hughes, such provocative contraptions would not darken the streets of the "ghetto." Apparently the lively possibility of a few Guardsmen being shot carried absolutely no weight with him!

So they eventually went in, and nothing much happened except that the "search" was a complete farce, botch, and failure. All sorts of *innocent* people had their homes turned upside down, which hardly helped matters, of course.

The Review of the NEWS

From the rank of captain on down, the local Plainfield police were on the verge of mutiny as a result of Ylvisaker's incredible mishandling of affairs. Fully seventy-five percent of the force threatened to resign *en masse*, then and there, unless Ylvisaker left town. Plainfield's distraught mayor got through to Governor Hughes with this message, and soon thereafter New Jersey's intrepid Commissioner of Community Affairs took his talents elsewhere.

Should the events described seem too incredible, details can be found in two published sources. Senator John McClellan's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations held Hearings, late in 1967, on that year's round of riots; "Part 4" covers the Plainfield episode. The other source is a thick paperback, *The Road to Anarchy: Findings of the Riot Study Commission of the New Jersey State Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, Inc.* It is dedicated to Patrolman Gleason and Newark Detective Fred Toto, both killed during the riots, of whom it was said, "They were human sacrifices, offered up on the altar of the philosophy that says, 'don't get anybody mad, don't hurt anybody's feelings, and for Heaven's sake, don't expect anybody to obey the law.'"

Obviously, you see, the police are "insensitive," if they feel that way! They need "sensitivity training" disguised as a program to improve "police-community relations."

More than that, Commissioner of Community Affairs Paul Ylvisaker is

not likely to have forgotten or forgiven how little the Plainfield police appreciated his assistance that summer. And Paul Ylvisaker knows how to arrange a nice course of brainwashing for people who don't think right. That's just what he is doing!

It isn't always easy to swim up the money pipelines and find out who is really paying for something like the "police-community relations program" in Plainfield. "Local demand," except from the usual Leftist groups and whatever committee of innocents the church activists have succeeded in enlisting at affairs such as I described, is non-existent. The police don't like it a bit, the mayor is uncomfortable about it, but under pressure, and most citizens who are aware of what's going on are against it. *But none of that matters!* Or, at least, hasn't so far.

Scientific Resources, Inc., has been retained to inflict its strange program on the police in Plainfield. It was a bit like pulling teeth, but I finally extracted that S.R.I. is being paid by something called "S.U.A.C." This S.U.A.C. was also pretty hard to find. It is more properly called the States' Urban Action Center. Although headquartered in Washington, D.C., it does not happen to be an arm of the federal government. It is a subsidiary organism of an "umbrella" organization called "Urban America." The whole thing is yet another tentacle of the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and Standard Oil of New Jersey. All three, but primarily the Ford Foundation, were named as "S.U.A.C.'s"

sources of income by a Mr. Johnson, who happened to be in the office when I tracked down the phone number and called them.

I inquired particularly about their Plainfield operation. Yes, they were reacting to a request from Governor Hughes (doubtless made through his office) for "help" in handling the Plainfield problem. Yes, they were working closely with "Paul" on this matter. They had immediately engaged Scientific Resources, Inc. as "consultants" and, lo, it was decided that the "help" which Plainfield needed most was S.R.I.'s handy little brainwash designed specifically for "insensitive" police officers!

Mr. Johnson and his office-partner, Sam Penza, happened to be all of "S.U.A.C." at that time, although there were really supposed to be five of them engaged in dispensing "help" to needy states. Governor Nelson Rockefeller himself had suggested an organization of this type in August of 1967, and the foundations had had it in action by October. Mr. Johnson brings to his position a B.A. in history, a year at the socialist London School of Economics, and his present law studies at George Washington University. Although he did not elaborate upon Mr. Penza's background, he did admit that, "we're all kind of neophytes in the urban field." These admitted neophytes, earning while they learn, have *sixteen* "projects" under way in eight states plus Washington, D.C.

Mr. Johnson had trouble explaining

exactly what they do. "We're 'people-oriented,'" he said. "We like something that sounds like it's going to be an 'action program,' rather than just another study. We're trying to carve out a unique role for ourselves." He knew almost as many "in" phrases and magic words as Herman.

What Johnson and Penza seem to do, really, is make calls, push buttons, and open valves for the flow of money from one foundation front to another, or to clients like Scientific Resources, Inc. That's one reason why S.U.A.C. can move so fast, as Mr. Johnson was proud to point out: within a week, money is flowing and people are activated by these "neophyte" urban trouble-shooters who "know" just what the victim city needs. A couple of phone calls, in and out, and *pouf!* "Help" is on the way.

Those lucky people of Plainfield! And those *extra* lucky police officers!

It's just another example of how our governing class, the Liberal Establishment, operates. They are the people-managers. They think "representative government" is obsolete. And, they are absolutely certain that their brainwashing techniques will work on police officers or anybody else. Maybe it's time we let them know they're wrong. Maybe it's time for the people of Plainfield — and all our Plainfields — to support their local police and send the "social programmers" back to school for a little more "sensitizing" in what used to be called common sense.

— SUSAN L. M. HUCK ■ ■