

Memo of the Month

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE

REGION IV — ATLANTA

Memorandum

TO : Administrative Services Staff

DATE: January 29, 1975

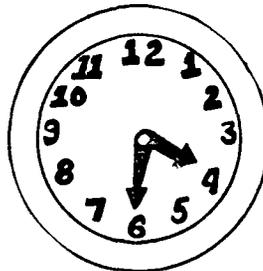
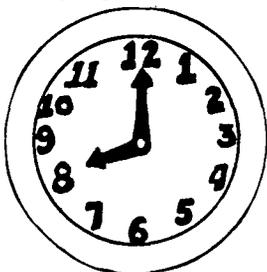
FROM : Charles B. Long, Jr. *(Handwritten signature)*
Regional Administrative Services Officer

REFER TO:

SUBJECT: Office Hours

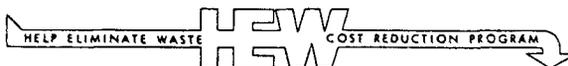
There are some members of the staff who do not observe work-day hours. We open for business at 8:00 a.m. and close at 4:30 p.m.

In other words, you should leave home early enough each morning so that you will be in the office when the little hand is on the eight and the big hand is on the twelve. (See drawing.) You should not leave the office until the little hand is on the four and the big hand on the six. (Also see drawing.) There are no exceptions to this. When there is an occasional need to leave a few minutes early, Mr. Meador or I will be glad to let you go.



Now, the matter of breaks and lunch periods. There is a 15 minute break period, morning and afternoon, and a 30 minute lunch period. We prefer not to assign break and lunch periods; however, if it's necessary, we will.

You may take this home with you, if you like. It may help in figuring out the time you should leave each morning - or you may just want to get out your crayons and color the clocks.



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The Gold in the Garbage: What the Left Can Learn From Ayn Rand

by James Fallows

The first time I read *Atlas Shrugged* was in the summer of 1963, a year before the Goldwater campaign. I was in my early teens at the time, about to begin high school, and very much wrapped up in the right-wing political movements which were then so strong in the part of Southern California where I lived. I quickly got my hands on the major scriptures of the Goldwater crusade, which included Goldwater's own *Conscience of a Conservative*, the Birch Society's *Blue Book*, Phyllis Schlafly's *A Choice Not an Echo*, and the works of Ayn Rand.

I was dutiful enough about memorizing Schlafly and the *Blue Book*, but my heart was always with Ayn Rand. The rest of the books might be campaign propaganda, but this, I knew, was philosophy. *The Fountainhead*, *We the Living* and most of all *Atlas Shrugged*—these three novels articulated a view of life, men, and morals which completely captivated my political imagination. As I read them, I felt that Ayn Rand was enabling me to make sense of what I

had observed myself, as well as opening up new dimensions I had not begun to consider.

The unique appeal of *Atlas Shrugged* was that it mirrored the world that I saw; although this is not a comparison I would have made at the time, it provided me with the same shock of recognition the early Bolsheviks must have felt on first reading Marx. The book's most fervent plea was that each man should be permitted to succeed, to rise as high as his abilities would take him, without anyone else getting in the way. Those who failed or were defeated should not be permitted to shift the blame to anyone but themselves. Their frustration or need, by itself, did not constitute a claim for "charity" from their abler brothers.

The important thing about this philosophy, and the small town setting in which I discovered it, was that daily life held few reminders of what I would later consider the heartlessness and arrogance of Ayn Rand. If you were ever to believe that each man started with an equal chance in life, you would believe it in a town like Redlands, California. The encrusta-

James Fallows is an editor of The Washington Monthly.