THE Freeman

DECEMBER 29, 1952 25¢

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Willard M. Fox

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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly For Individualists

Editors JOHN CHAMBERLAIN FORREST DAVIS

Managing Editor SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Contents

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Cover Cartoon by CHARLES LOCKE

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Our Contributors

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, former Moscow correspondent and a frequent contributor to the *Freeman*, recently returned from Europe with data on the Kremlin's "new look" policies. . . . WILLARD M. FOX is Director of Market Research at Remington Rand, Inc. and has written a couple of books in his field. . . . RENE KUHN is now on the foreign news desk of a weekly magazine. *Freeman* readers will remember her correspondence from Britain, including interviews with Aneurin Bevan and Herbert Morrison.

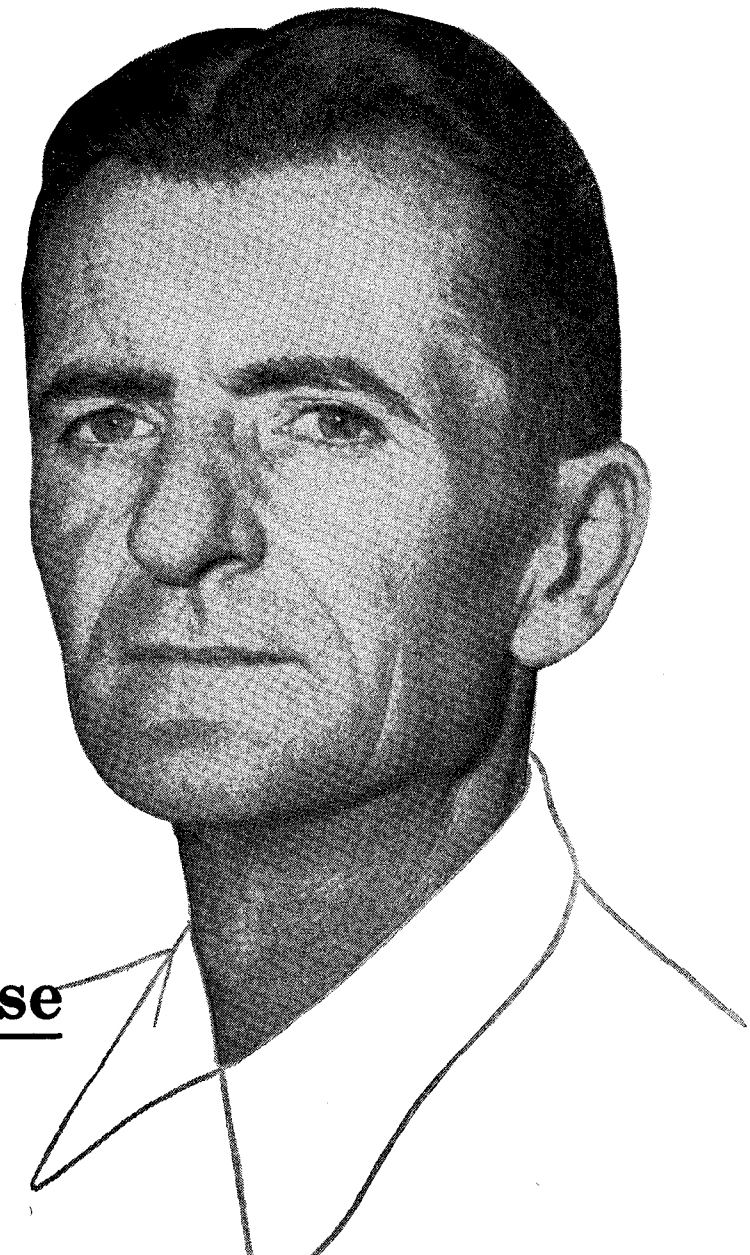
RALPH DE TOLEDANO, an associate editor of *Newsweek*, is author of the recent book, "Spies, Dupes and Diplomats," from which the *Freeman* ran a preview article, "Moscow Plotted Pearl Harbor." (June 2, 1952). . . . ALICE WIDENER'S *Freeman* series on the UN was featured on two television programs this month. Mrs. Widener is no stranger to the air waves. As Alice Berezowsky she had her own successful radio program, "Women of the World." Another article in her series will appear in an early issue. . . . JOSEPH S. ROUCEK, who contributes his first book review to the *Freeman*, is a professor of sociology at the University of Bridgeport, and co-editor of the well-known book on national minorities, "One America."

Among Ourselves

The tired mailman who is the patron Yuletide saint of *Freeman* editors has been delivering seasonal cheer in the form of appreciative letters—and checks—from subscribers. Here are some of the comments that have enhanced the traditional glow of the season for us.

A Seattle housewife writes: "Louis Bromfield's 'liberals' have such a stranglehold on my finances that I have been tardy in renewing my subscription to your excellent magazine," but adds that our articles provide a "long-needed tonic for nerves mangled by twenty years of the New Deal." A professor in a New England college renews his subscription with "It is money well spent!" An Army Corporal sends twenty dollars—"and a list of good people in whose hands the *Freeman* will be an aid and weapon."

Heart-warming news comes also from the university front. A student majoring in sociology at Kansas State College who is enthusiastic about our articles, writes us that he was introduced to the *Freeman* by a retired manufacturer who is an equally enthusiastic subscriber. Another college scout reports that the copies of the *Freeman* on a fraternity-house table in Ohio are getting dog-eared from frequent perusal. And from Villanova comes this high praise: "The *Freeman* is excellent in all departments and maintains a standard of literacy which is well-nigh astounding. Every issue seems to contain at least one or two articles which are not only good, but really outstanding, the kind that most publications of your type come up with not oftener than every six months or so."



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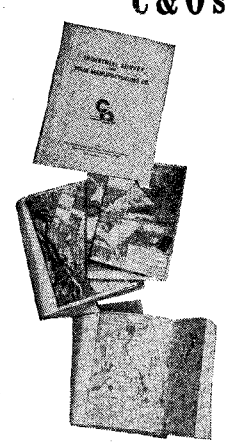

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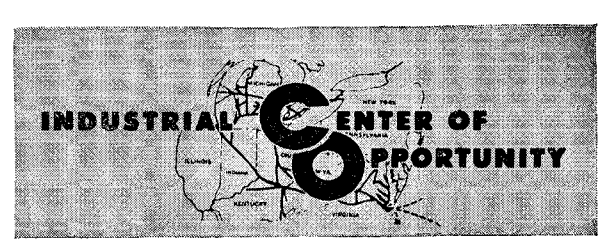

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THE
Freeman

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1952

The Fortnight

The McLiberal press, to whom General MacArthur ranks as a whipping boy with Senator Taft, missed quite a scoop in its handling of the General's speech to the NAM. The *New York Times*, for example, printed the story on page 14—quoting the General's declaration that "there is a clear and definite solution to the Korean conflict"—ignored it editorially, and left it to General Eisenhower, four days later, to discover that such a pronouncement, coming from the man who defeated Japan and commanded brilliantly in Korea until his summary dismissal, was important news. And only after Truman's display of what one commentator wittily called "sour grapes of wrath" did the *Times* discover that the General had "lost stature" by making his pronouncement in a speech to the NAM.

The General has been criticized in other quarters, both official and unofficial, for having failed to impart his plan to the Pentagon or the President instead of the NAM. Possibly so; but what earthly indication has either the high brass or the President given MacArthur since March 1951 that any plan of his could have the slightest interest for them? Moreover, MacArthur obviously did not expect his speech to be interpreted as intimating that he had suddenly invented an entirely new Korean solution. Undoubtedly he has been closely following developments in Korea; undoubtedly also he has been modifying in their light the plan which he outlined to a joint committee of Congress after his return. This is evident in another sentence from his NAM speech: "The solution then available of success is not entirely applicable." Quite properly he did not state just how he would modify his plan. But our guess is that it still calls for victory, and that the President and the Joint Chiefs would have rejected it once more for that very reason.

Despite our bottomless dislike for Joe Stalin, we have always given him credit for a certain amount of canniness. We had always assumed, for example, that he knew enough not to play with fire. But now that his Czechoslovak Communist Party has officially and openly ranged itself on the side of anti-Semitism, Stalin has enlisted himself among the world's most idiotic pyromaniacs. Communist anti-Semitism may win some converts to Marxism, or at least to cooperation with Soviet imperialism, in the Moslem countries; but no one can align himself with racist injustice and come out of it alive in the long run. Hitler, Streicher, Göring, Göbbels and, finally, Mussolini, tried it; they are all dead. And the shadow of the Grim Reaper now looms over the walls of the Kremlin.

The new head of the CIO, Walter Reuther, is labor's liveliest spokesman. He is also a man of many ideas. During the war he had ideas about raising and salvaging the *Normandie*, about utilizing automobile factories for the mass production of planes, and about redistributing incomes over $25,000 per annum in order to equalize sacrifice in behalf of the war effort. Now, a man of ideas is always a force, and it is this particular fact of nature that makes us very concerned for the future of American labor. Mr. Reuther's ideas on technology may be good or bad, but his ideas about social and economic organization are, in our estimation, dangerous because they stem from a philosophy going back to his childhood. That philosophy, to put it briefly, is the philosophy of the old-time German socialism—the socialism that glorifies the State by looking upon it as the natural partner of labor. The old-time German Social Democrats were humane men, but they were not clear thinkers about the nature of the political animal under centralized rule and bureaucratic organization. Walter Reuther impresses us as being just as humane as his forebears, but also—and this is the misfortune —he impresses us as being just as cloudy.

Paul Robeson, we learn, is sending out a circular letter appealing for help in getting his songs distributed on records; from which we gather that this once popular singer has found that being a Communist propagandist does not pay. This sales effort is a private enterprise and perfectly legal. It allows the citizen to choose whether or not he will contribute to Mr. Robeson's support. What disturbs us is a letter from a friend recently back from Vienna, who reports inquiries from acquaintances there whether Paul Robeson is a very popular artist in America, because his songs are so fre-

quently featured on "Voice of America" programs. Does the promotion of this anti-American singer *have* to be official, and paid for willy nilly by the American people against whom he has declared open war?

The British have gone all-out to capture the bicycle market in the United States. They have done this by manufacturing a bike that is considerably lighter than its American counterpart. The British sports model is 28 pounds, their heavy roadster is 36. American bikes run as high as 45 or 50 pounds. (Figures from the *Wall Street Journal.*) So popular are the British bikes that American manufacturers are clamoring for a tariff to "even up" the competition. We can think of a better and easier way of meeting the problem: let the American companies manufacture a lighter bike.

Before the dust settles (to quote a departing Secretary of State) on the global interpretation of the Republican landslide, we would like to note for future reference the consensus of the leftist British intelligentsia, as represented by the *New Statesman and Nation*: "The flood-gates are open . . . The election of Eisenhower . . . is a triumph for the witch-hunters, for the American Legion and the FBI, for McCarthy and McCarran. . . . The American people had the choice clearly before them, and they have chosen. But they should try to understand why their decision will embarrass their relations with the outside world." Which relations, we feared for a moment while perusing Mr. Kingsley Martin's excitable journal, were about to be broken off. But in the nick of time we recalled that British Socialists were never so narrow-minded as to reject dollar aid from witch-hunters.

Speaking of witch-hunting, it will interest the American Calibans who have just elected that ogre, Eisenhower, that their civilized and mellow British cousins are seriously contemplating a reform of their penal code. Before the House of Commons is a strongly supported resolution which demands the mandatory sentence of flogging for certain violations of the law. Few other issues are at the moment so seriously debated in the British popular and highbrow press as the reintroduction of the cat in jurisprudence. Being the rough type, and far less refined, Americans are still satisfied with more conventional punishment for criminals, such as public exposure through alert Senators. And even if this backwardness of theirs were, in Mr. Kingsley Martin's words, to "embarrass their relations with the outside world," Americans would resign themselves to the disapproval of McLiberal civilization abroad rather than legalize the whip.

Anent the slightly insane performance of the European press during our election campaign, so frequently deplored in the *Freeman,* we are glad to amplify a voice raised in the British *Time and Tide.* "The bad reporting and biased interpretations of Eisenhower's speeches by our more responsible journals," we are pleased to read, "constitute one of the most scandalous episodes of the kind in recent times." Furthermore, "some people on this side of the Atlantic . . . shared the dismay and resentment felt by so many Americans at the general conduct of the British press in this matter." Our friends abroad who feel that way should, however, control their remorse. There is really no reason for exaggerated contrition in Europe when Mr. Alistair Cooke, a chief muddier of the Atlantic waters, has just been rewarded by the Ford Foundation with the assignment of teaching Americans honorable manners on TV's "Omnibus."

The popular British journalist, D. W. Brogan, has just been tapped by Harvard to teach American Government. Just as we were about to congratulate his students, we recalled a recent statement of his which seems relevant. Discussing the ballot prospects of the Progressive Party, Mr. Brogan pontificated last October:

> The Grand Old Man of the American Negroes, Dr. W. L. B. DuBois, argues, with his accustomed skill and passion *and no very marked twisting of history,* that by voting the Progressive ticket *and only* so can the American Negro force the American politicians to take him seriously [our italics].

Now that the Harvard appointment has forced us to take Professor Brogan seriously, we are by no means certain that this statement augurs well for his teaching the history of American government with "no marked twisting," though we readily grant that it proves "his accustomed skill and passion." Particularly passion.

Elegant journalistic comment is so rare nowadays that we are always anxious to share our happiness with our readers whenever we encounter a sparkling gem. Here is one we found in the London *Economist's* discussion of the recent ordeals of the United Nations Organization:

> A Negro formerly employed by UNO made his way to the executive offices and reported that "voices" had told him he was the new Secretary-General. "Voices" may well be needed to find a successor to Mr. Lie, but while startled clerks were admitting this, the *exalté* took an elevator to the marble foyer on the ground floor and, anticipating investment in his new office, started to disrobe. The following morning he awoke in the psychiatric ward at Bellevue Hospital, announcing that he had changed his mind and did not wish to be Secretary-General. Thus far no other candidate has been so open in his desires, or so quickly disillusioned.

Delighted with our British colleagues' sensitive coverage of UNO events, we shall keep them posted on developments in Bellevue's psychiatric ward.

Charles M. White, head of Republic Steel, is urging a realignment of political parties. We check on that. Conservative Republicans have just four years in which to team permanently with Jeffersonian Democrats. After 1956 will be too late.

The Durkin Aftermath

Senator Taft's explosive reaction to the appointment of Martin P. Durkin, an AFL man and Stevenson Democrat, to be Secretary of Labor has been very satisfactorily explained by the *New York Times's* Arthur Krock. It seems that Taft was merely giving calculated warning to Eisenhower that he had better beware lest Fair Deal thinking (to which some of the Dewey faction among Republicans are sometimes prone) become a disruptive element in the new Administration. Taft, according to Mr. Krock's informants, clarified his stand in *l'affaire Durkin* to a group of friends in Cincinnati. His objection to the Durkin appointment does not mean that he is threatening to go off the reservation; it simply means that the Taftites in Congress are going to insist that Eisenhower live up to the promises implied in his statement of campaign principles.

So far, so good. But there is another aspect of the cabinet appointments to which Eisenhower should pay more than summary attention. No doubt every single one of Ike's chosen aides is a good man from the standpoint of efficiency, courage, integrity and common sense. The next cabinet will indubitably have all the virtues of a good military general staff—good liaison, good research, good advice, and prompt execution of policy. But politics, as Eisenhower needs more and more to be told, is not simply a matter of thought and action; it is also a matter of psychology and of symbolism. The trouble with Ike's cabinet is that it was not projected with the symbolic factors of politics in mind.

George Sokolsky has pointed out that New York and Michigan have been given a preponderance of offices in the Eisenhower entourage. Dulles and Brownell are New Yorkers; Wilson and Summerfield are Michiganders. The Far West has done well in the cabinet, too—as witness the choice of McKay of Oregon for Interior and Ezra Benson of Utah for Agriculture. But the South, which contributed signally to the Eisenhower victory, got nothing beyond Oveta Culp Hobby's appointment to a minor post. As for the northern urban Catholic vote, which was decisive in certain populous areas, it seems to have been carelessly ignored, if not in fact studiously slighted.

This brings us to the heart of the Republican dilemma. From 1933 to 1948 the Republicans were faced with a five-fold Democratic coalition, for the Roosevelt-Truman party drew its hybrid strength from the northern city machines (supported by a large Catholic element), the old-line Dixie Democrats, the parity-hungry farmers of the plains and the Far West, the labor unions and the planning-minded intellectuals. This coalition was always an uneasy one, and in the recent election the Republicans cracked it by emphasizing the Communist and "creeping socialist" issues to the point where the Dixie Democrats and the northern Catholics jumped over the line and voted against Stevenson. Anyone with the political brains of a Jim Farley could have told Eisenhower that the South and the northern Catholics should immediately have been rewarded and exalted by proper manipulation of the symbols of representation. In proposing Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia for the Treasury post, Bob Taft offered a most satisfactory way of rewarding the southern conservatives. And in suggesting Clarence Manion, former Dean of the Notre Dame Law School, for the Labor portfolio, Taft showed that he was quite aware of the northern Catholic contribution to victory. For Manion is a Catholic, and he used to be a Democrat.

The Eisenhowerites might stress the fact that Durkin, their choice for Secretary of Labor, is a Catholic himself. But this is meaningless in the context of events. For, though he is of the Catholic faith, Mr. Durkin does not symbolize the northern Catholic dissatisfactions of 1952. He stuck to Stevenson when many of his co-religionists were bolting the Democratic candidate because he seemed "soft" on the Communist infiltration issue. And he stuck to the official labor-boss program when many of the rank-and-file laborites, both Catholic and Protestant, were voting their preference for Taft-Hartley restraints on Big Union bureaucracies.

In the *Freeman's* opinion, it is not too late for the Republicans to repair the damage done by Ike's failure to consider the symbols of politics as well as the efficiencies of politics. Our esteemed contemporary, *Human Events,* has suggested a way to pull the southern conservatives into a permanent alignment with the conservatives of the North: let the Dixie Democrats who are of the Byrd-Byrnes-Shivers persuasion have equal place in the organization and hierarchy of the next Congress. And let the northern Catholics be recognized by offering them full consultation and participation in a program to eradicate the last vestiges of Communist infiltration in Washington, in the schools and foundations, and in the labor movement itself.

Study in Slow Motion

The mills of the International Monetary Fund grind with exceeding sloth. In the summer of 1948 Elizabeth Bentley named Frank V. Coe, its powerful $20,000-a-year secretary since its formation in 1946, to the Un-American Activities Committee as having aided a Soviet spy ring. Coe appeared before the committee and denied the charge. In 1951 the State Department refused Coe a passport as a poor security risk. Last August Ivar Rooth of Sweden, Manager of the Fund, tried to get this decision reviewed. The Senate Judiciary Committee, in its report on the Institute of Pacific Relations, declared that Coe had "collaborated with agents of the Soviet Intelligence apparatus as shown by sworn testimony." And by Coe's own admission Secretary of the Treasury Snyder, before the recent election, asked Mr. Rooth to fire him.

It was only after Coe, who was formerly a high Treasury Department official, had monotonously invoked the Fifth Amendment throughout questioning by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on December 1, that the Fund at last relieved him of his post. Since then, other members of its staff have proved equally recalcitrant witnesses. If Mr. Coe's case is any criterion, it will take atomic force to dislodge them from their jobs.

The conclusion is inescapable that the International Monetary Fund does not "care a single dam" whether or not its American employees are enemies of their country; and that it fired Mr. Coe at last only through fear of American public opinion and the U. S. Congress. For it was exposed as a safe asylum for American subversives almost five years ago. We quote from the February 1948 issue of *Plain Talk,* edited by that able journalist and implacable foe of communism, Isaac Don Levine:

> Communists and fellow-travelers have found a new refuge, the international organizations which are not subject to any form of "loyalty check." Many employees who left the Federal government just ahead of investigation are now drawing Uncle Sam's money on a so-called international payroll—tax free. The best-known hideout in Washington is the International Bank and Monetary Fund. Many of the members of the old American League for Peace and Democracy are working here, as are some of the more leftish of the former UNRRA staff.

Five years is a long time for an agency heavily dependent on American funds to have granted asylum to disloyal Americans. Let the McLiberals who would belittle their opportunities for mischief ponder two of the questions Mr. Coe refused to answer: 1) whether he had had anything to do with planning the disastrous postwar fiscal policy for occupied Germany; 2) whether he had had anything to do with the equally disastrous fiscal policy of this country toward China. Enough said.

Snafu in Germany

Our English contributor, Mr. F. A. Voigt, writes us quoting from two letters he has lately received from Germany, both from friends for whose reliability as observers and interpreters of the German scene he can give positive assurance. (Mr. Voigt was for some years the *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent.) We quote these letters, first because they indicate an irresponsibility (to use no harsher word) on the part of the American army in Germany which threatens disaster to this country; secondly, because they make the reports from Germany in the American press read like the work of amateurs. Here is the first:

> The American army maintains its secret leagues [*Geheimbünde*] with much money and with plenty of weapons. All true and trusty SS-men who have prepared their list of Social Democrats who are to be murdered. Near Boxheim, in Hessen, the Hessian police unearthed one of these secret leagues. . . . As the Social Democrats are not so keen on war, the ruffians [*Landsknechte*] of the SA and SS are being set up again as the best allies of the American generals. . . . The result is deep bitterness on the part of the people, especially the working people, against the United States. Rather than see the Nazis prevail once again (with American assistance) the working people will decide in favor of Moscow. This American policy is destroying our democracy (you know how weak it is in any case). Once it has been destroyed, what will be left to separate our State from Moscow? The SS-gangs? These ruffians, maintained by the Americans today, will go over to the Russians at the first signal. . . .

Mr. Voigt points out that Germany *could* be the most pro-American country in Europe, but that if our army continues to subsidize secret leagues of Nazi murderers, it will ruin everything for the West, not only in Germany but in all Europe. Russians, of course, are also financing former SS and SA men, not only in their own zone but in the West, where their hope of getting a foothold is based on these Hitlerian remnants rather than on the Communists. With both Stalin and the U. S. Army in league with the former terrorist masters of the German people, this second quotation of Mr. Voigt's is a logical pendant to the first:

> Instead of asking, "How can we Germans help to avert a war?" we ask, "How can we avoid taking part in the defense of western Europe?"

We Americans have no one but our own government to blame for the cynicism of the Bonn government in its fixed policy of getting as much out of this country as it can, without *quid pro quo.* With our army encouraging those forces in Germany which thousands of American soldiers died to defeat, and with our political officialdom facing both east and west, as Freda Utley described it in our last issue, how can we expect the German people to trust or respect American policy or even to understand what it is? We, ourselves, do not understand it—and that probably goes for Foggy Bottom as well as for rank and file Americans whose newspapers do not even inform them of the multiform betrayal of their interests by officials acting in their name.

President-elect Eisenhower has looked over the ghastly mess his Administration will inherit from Truman and Acheson in Korea. He could do worse than find the time to look into the mess he will take over in Germany.

The Other France

Charles Maurras died in an eclipse as fantastic as the turbulence which his seething furor has been spreading through France and, indeed, all of Europe for fifty years. There is, with the one exception of Bolshevism, not a single convulsion of the European mind which has not received its impetus and intellectual explosiveness from that towering genius of hatred. He was the intellectualizer, if not the inventor, of racism, anti-Semitism, Fascism, Nazism; and he imbued each of

these perversions of the modern mind with such intellectual glamor and so much literary wit that the Academy, the exclusive hall-of-fame of the Third Republic he despised, made him one of its forty "immortals." For more than fifty of his 87 years on earth he was the luminous scourge of libertarianism and optimistic democracy. And he died in loneliness.

But did he? Has his kind of France died with Charles Maurras? Each time the rationalist Anglo-Saxon world repeats the mistake of identifying the whole of France with the mercurial pragmatism of her political professionals, it seems to be in for a rude awakening.

Perhaps no other nation of the West is so fatally divided against itself as France. Nor are the fifty years of trouble connected with Maurras and his *Action Française* a mere reflection of his personal fierceness. In historical truth, Charles Maurras is at least as representative of one France as, say, Edouard Herriot is of the other. And what separates the two Frances, apparently beyond reconciliation, is the one event for which an eternally grateful America celebrates *la grande nation*—the French Revolution.

American statecraft has for more than a hundred years stubbornly refused to grasp what one must know in order to comprehend France: that France has never ceased to revolt against the French Revolution. The rest of the Western world has absorbed the tremendous shock-wave of 1789, but it is still shaking France—an unending irritation of the French body politic, a live and burning issue for each succeeding generation.

The Napoleons, Louis Philippes, Boulangers, Clemenceaus, Pétains, Dreyfus Affairs, Cagoulard Affairs and Laval Affairs come and go; but the point is, they keep coming. This articulate and choleric nation has for a hundred and fifty years refused to accept the findings of its own Revolution as a final judgment of history. Decade after decade another protest is filed in France against the rationalism, the modernism, the progressivism of 1789—sometimes merely a quixotic literary manifesto, sometimes a furious outbreak of passion, but always the significant expression of the fact that a very substantial faction of the French people consider their country a nation displaced in history. France has been since 1789 the country of the permanent counter-revolution. And Charles Maurras was merely the latest, though perhaps the most talented, rationalizer of an unabating national frenzy evoked by an historic experience which France refuses to digest.

To the casual observer, and even more to the optimistically biased Anglo-Saxon statesman, France is the bright epitome of the modern mind. But in the ancient closet of the French national family an extremely live skeleton keeps rattling with unequaled fury and a peculiar venom. And not before American statecraft comprehends that fact will our European policy attain what it has been lacking for generations—realism.

In the Libraries

We know of a small-town Connecticut public library that receives gifts of "historical interest" from a certain Dr. Emily M. Pierson of Cromwell, Connecticut. The gifts consist of books such as Anna Louise Strong's "I Saw the New Poland." The *Freeman* does not speculate on Dr. Pierson's motives as a benefactress of culture; it merely records the obvious fact that Anna Louise Strong finds little to criticize in satellite Poland.

The *Freeman* does not speculate, either, on the fate of the *Freeman* in certain libraries that presumably are supposed to offer "objective" guidance to periodical literature. It is content to print a copy of a letter written by a friend to John M. Cory, Director of the New York Library:

> Dear Mr. Cory:
>
> There's a bit of cloak and dagger business at the Cathedral Branch of the New York Public Library which has long puzzled me and which may very well interest you. The good ladies at Cathedral, and for all I know other good ladies at other library branches, are playing a game which suggests the name, "Hide-the-*Freeman*." It's really loads of fun when you get the hang of it.
>
> Here is how the game is played. The librarians cram the periodical rack with all the popular publications and the not so popular ones. And, of course, the *Nation* and other publications of similar editorial inclinations are always there to tempt time-killing perusers.
>
> But where is the *Freeman*? Well, here is where the card-carrying library user must prove his mettle. That's the game. A bit of sleuthing solves the mystery. The polite lady says, "the *Freeman*? Oh, the *Freeman*. Yes, we have it." A key turns slowly in a lock. A drawer opens. And, lo, the *Freeman*!
>
> And why is the *Freeman* so carefully hidden from prying eyes? The nice lady behind the desk says, "Oh, we never put the *Freeman* out on the rack." Why? "People steal it." Further questioning brings out the fact that no one ever steals the *Nation* or *Life* or even the *Saturday Review*. Just the *Freeman*. A remarkable situation.
>
> What does it all mean? Do the light-fingered favor the *Freeman* over, let us say, *Seventeen?* Should the Library post a couple of Pinkertons in each of its branches to keep an eye on New York's bookish thieves? Or, nasty thought, is this some devilishly clever plot to suppress libertarian literature?
>
> I leave the solution of the mystery, and of the problem of how to give free men easy access to the *Freeman*, in your hands. I merely suggest that some way be found to make the *Freeman* available to all, and not merely to the persistent who seek it out in locked library drawers and bolted library closets.

Comment on this letter is superfluous. But we can not resist saying that we feel it a compliment no matter what the motives behind the "Hide-the-*Freeman*" game. Either the *Freeman* is so good that people can not refrain from taking it home with them, a pardonable form of kleptomania, or it is so formidable and persuasive in its arguments that the McLiberals are mortally afraid of having it lying around in the open.

An Editor's Notebook

By FORREST DAVIS

The vast compound of sound, sight, emotion and salesmanship known as the Christmas season nears its annual apogee with radio and television endlessly assailing the nation's ears with "Silent Night, Holy Night" and "O, Little Town of Bethlehem." Who would say it nay, yet who dares chide the late George Bernard Shaw for his celebrated and caustic comment, "Cheer up, it will soon be over"? Since its early stern repression by Puritan America as a piece of Popish exuberance, Christmas has gradually assumed the chief place among American festivals. Each year the department store displays of light and color grow more impressive, each year the civic demonstrations in plaza, esplanade and city square become more garishly splendid.

The churchmen who condemn the commercialization of Christmas are, to me, a bit shortsighted if not downright churlish. Underneath the vulgarity of the Christmas lights there does shine through the fact of immense historical significance that on a certain night in the village of Bethlehem a Redeemer was born to lay down his life for the sins of the world. Even the least sensitive Christmas shopper can scarcely escape the spiritual undertone of bells and carols.

The Christian West, giving ground as it has during the last year to the advances of materialism and romanticism summarized under the name of Bolshevik imperialism, needs look to its symbols. It should be no small comfort that the crêche and the cross still dominate our December scene in contrast to the hammer and sickle that push with steady brutality upon the nerves of all belonging to the new barbarism of the East. Other and more secular consolations occur to us.

We may be comforted at this Yule season that a certain strong spirit of independence still moves us. I refer to the admonitory presentment of the New York County runaway Grand Jury (the Grand Jury being one of the last unimpaired citadels of Anglo-Saxon freedom) with regard to the infiltration of the United Nations by the enemy in our midst. It is a matter of personal satisfaction to us at the *Freeman* that Mrs. Alice Widener's uncompromisingly factual reporting of the Communist nibbling at the UN edifice can still be brought before the public without let or hindrance by censor or other government authority. We must admit likewise to a perhaps unworthy joy that our free and tractable society still contains a large component of frivolity. Our public can be swept for days with a childish pleasure in the intimate details of how a GI of Danish extraction can be successfully mutated by the wonders of medical science into a shapely and not unenticing lass. So also we take it in our indifferent stride when our Chief Magistrate, with some justification to be sure, "blows his top" with abandon and verbal brutality against a couple of the distinguished five-star generals of World War II for what may turn out to be a benevolent conspiracy to undo his blunders in Korea.

Quo Vadis?

(Inspired by the UN murals)

This thing described as Modern Art
Is, like as not, a counterpart
Of a general obsession
That progress lies in retrogression.

ADELAIDE HERING

In accordance with our promise to report from time to time respecting the status of Earl Jowitt of Stevenage's attempt to palliate the crimes of Alger Hiss, I am now able to divulge upon the best of second-hand authority—word issuing almost, if not quite, from the noble horse's mouth—that he is indeed concluding the book in question, to be issued in England either in March or July. A letter just arrived from one of our excellent English contributors brings as an enclosure from his Lordship's secretary the information that "the book is a critical analysis of the case," adding that "Lord Jowitt does not, of course, express any opinion as to the guilt or the innocence of Alger Hiss."

We turn from that disclosure to a review by the recent Lord Chancellor of Whittaker Chambers's book, "Witness," in the *Record* of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York for evidence concerning his Lordship's bias toward this matter. Lord Jowitt's review dwells in detail upon the disturbing nature of Chambers's early years, the derangement of his family life and his own sensitive and deracinated reaction to his domestic environment. Basing his judgment upon Chambers's own tortured confession and a number of discrepancies in his testimony from first to last, Lord Jowitt comes to the conclusion that the witness "is plainly a neurotic."

I read the Jowitt review with care. I find in it a drastic, if polished, attempt to blacken the chief witness against Alger Hiss. Jowitt steers clear of the question of guilt or innocence. He sidesteps the trials themselves, pleading that Chambers gives them only scant attention in his book; a conclusion which I did not reach with reference to "Witness." What is clear from the review published in the organ of one of the great legal societies of the metropolis is that Lord Jowitt began, or has pursued, his study of the Hiss case with a large and perhaps vindictive presumption against Chambers; that he attempted in this review and will no doubt do the same in his book, to impugn Chambers, not Hiss, to the end that the unambiguous verdict of a New York County petit jury concerning the evil behavior of Hiss may be cast in doubt.

The New Look in Soviet Policy

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Stalin, says a well-known expert on Soviet Russia, thinks he can complete his world conquest without risking war; but if we learn from our past errors we can steal his signals for the rest of the game.

A slogan of desperation, invented by Leon Trotsky thirty-five years ago, has become Joseph Stalin's formula for achieving his grand design of ultimate world conquest. The slogan is "No war, no peace."

Trotsky, as Commissar for Foreign Affairs, represented the Soviet Republic in separate peace negotiations with Germany and its allies at Brest-Litovsk in January and February 1918. Pressed to the wall by ultimative German demands for large cessions of prewar Russian territory, Trotsky decided to play his only trump card: a gamble on the outbreak of revolution in central Europe. He ended a melodramatic speech with the following oratorical gesture:

> We withdraw from the war, but we are obliged to refuse to sign the peace treaty. . . . Refusing to sign an annexationist treaty, Russia, on its side, declares the state of war with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria as ended.

The gamble failed. There was no outbreak of revolution in Germany or Austria. The German troops obeyed the order to march. At Lenin's insistence the Soviet government signed a harsher treaty than the one Trotsky had rejected.

Now, ironically enough, Stalin under very different circumstances, is modeling his foreign policy along the lines of Trotsky's formula. He is not thinking in terms of all-out war with the United States, partly because he has no assurance of winning, partly because he hopes to win without the risk and sacrifice of war.

Stalin's career stamps him as a man of infinite cunning and patience and very considerable caution, especially in foreign affairs. He likes to gather the fruits of conquest only when they are fully ripe. One suspects that, if he should ever write uninhibited memoirs, he would take greatest pride and satisfaction not in the military victories of Moscow and Stalingrad but in the diplomatic sleight-of-hand which preceded his pact with Hitler and his few days of token war with Japan.

The deal with Hitler, followed by the German smashing of Polish resistance, gave Stalin more than twenty million new serfs and a commanding position in eastern Europe, almost without firing a shot. His successful blackmail of the failing Roosevelt at Yalta gave him all the objectives for which Tsarist foreign ministers had schemed in the Far East and laid the groundwork for a Communist China, again almost without any military sacrifice.

Stalin's Talk with Nenni

Several recent developments point to the same pattern of Soviet foreign policy at the present time. There was the interview which Stalin granted last summer to the Italian pro-Communist Socialist leader, Pietro Nenni. Substantial chunks of this talk were publicized, almost certainly with Stalin's approval, by Nenni in conversations with the Italian Ambassador in Moscow and with Richard Crossman, editor of the left-wing British Laborite weekly, the *New Statesman*.

Most of Stalin's replies to questions by inquiring reporters are quite worthless from any news standpoint. They amount to little more than general approval of the ideas of peace and "co-existence." The talk with Nenni was something else again. For Stalin seems to have accepted for an indefinite time the present partition of Germany. And he gave a very plausible clue to his expectations in a statement relayed to the Western world via Crossman after the latter's conversation with Nenni:

> Stalin and his colleagues are ready to face ten or fifteen years of cold war in the confident anticipation that the Eastern bloc will stand the economic strain better than the Western world. And since they feel this confidence they do not feel in the least inclined to make any concessions for the sake of an early peace settlement.

Nenni also carried away the impression that Stalin is not much disturbed by the character and pace of American rearmament. The Soviet dictator, as he showed during the late war, believes in the conventional Russian land strategy of huge armies, equipped with vast masses of tanks and artillery. He does not believe in the possibility of reaching a military decision by means of aviation, atomic bombing or any "pushbutton" weapon.

Stalin's publicized talk might be dismissed as a feint or a blind if it did not fit in pretty well with the trend of recent Soviet action. The Berlin blockade was not pushed to the extremity of shooting down American transport planes. The sig-

nal for the invasion of Korea was given, in all probability, because of an assumption that there would be no American intervention; an assumption warranted by such almost incredible blunders as the withdrawal of American troops before any adequate South Korean defense had been created, the withholding of modern weapons from the South Koreans and the speech by Dean Acheson writing off Korea (and Formosa) as objects of American military concern.

Many threats and harsh words have been exchanged between Moscow and Belgrade since Tito's defection in 1948. But there has been no overt attempt to "purge" the rebel by military force, even through the satellite states which border on Yugoslavia.

The expressed willingness of the Adenauer government to enter into a Western defense system (not yet, to be sure, confirmed by the Bundestag) has not led to any drastic Soviet action. There has been some intensification of the harassment of exposed West Berlin, but nothing has been done that would involve a serious risk of war and there has been no significant recent build-up of Soviet armed forces in Germany. The numbers and military preparedness of American and British troops in Germany have been stepped up to a degree where a large-scale Soviet attack could scarcely be attempted without some such preliminary build-up.

The French Communist Party, on orders from Moscow, has recently disciplined two of its more ardent spirits, André Marty and Charles Tillon. This may be considered another signal that a non-adventurous, "sleeper" attitude is being prescribed for what is probably the best Soviet fifth column in western Europe.

A Revealing Article

Finally, there is the interesting evidence provided by the long article which Stalin published in the theoretical magazine, *Bolshevik*, on the eve of the recent Nineteenth Communist Party Congress. In this article Stalin offered a substitute for the familiar Moscow propaganda record of capitalist wolves preparing to pounce on the "peace-loving" Soviet Union. He declared that there is more prospect of wars between capitalist nations than of an attack on the USSR. He gave two reasons for this view. First, a war with the Soviet Union is more dangerous than a war between individual capitalist nations, because, according to Stalin, it "must pose the very question of the existence of capitalism." Second, the capitalist nations know that the Soviet Union itself will not attack.

At the same time Stalin restated the Leninist dogma that conflicts of interest between the capitalists who are assumed to control all non-Communist states will inevitably lead to wars. These conflicts, in his interpretation, must become intensified because the world market of capitalism has been greatly contracting as a result of the two world wars. The Soviet Union fell out of this market after the first war, and after the second the "people's democracies" of eastern Europe "fell away from the capitalist system." Hence, Stalin argues, there will be an intensified competition for the high profits of capitalism among the surviving capitalist nations. He paints an alluring prospect of his enemies destroying one another:

> Capitalist England and, in her footsteps, capitalist France in the end will be forced to tear themselves out from the embrace of the United States and enter into conflict with them in order to secure themselves an independent situation and, of course, high profits. . . .
>
> One asks what guaranty is there that Germany and Japan will not rise again on their feet, that they will not attempt to break out from American slavery and live their independent life? I think that there are no such guaranties. But from this it follows that the inevitability of wars between capitalist countries remains in force.

The wish is obviously a very strong stimulus to Stalin's thought. Given the present world distribution of political, military and economic strength, a war between America and Britain, France, Germany or Japan seems fantastic. It may also be noted that the whole theory of war as a product of capitalist rivalry for high profits bears not the slightest relation to historical reality.

The two great wars of the twentieth century have had political, not economic roots. It is safe to say that if "capitalists" had had any effective voice, neither of them would ever have started. On the eve of the second World War the countries which had most completely discarded the free economy, Nazi Germany, militarized Japan, the Soviet Union, were the most heavily armed. The most "capitalistic" of the great powers at that time, the United States, Great Britain and France, were the least prepared militarily.

Questionable, to put it mildly, is Stalin's assumption that American subsidies to ex-allies and ex-enemies alike, running into tens of billions of dollars, represent enslavement, while systematic Soviet pillaging of the satellite states and the occupied zones of Germany and Austria is just good clean proletarian fraternal aid. What is more important, however, than the logical and ethical loopholes in his argument is the light which it casts on his past and future policies. As I pointed out in an earlier article in the *Freeman*, one of the most formidable Communist secret weapons is political jujitsu, letting their enemies throw themselves by means of internal contradictions and disagreements.

Our Diplomatic Blunders

On the eve of the second World War Stalin used every resource, every trick to canalize Hitler's drive away from the East and against the West and Japanese expansion away from Siberia and toward the Philippines and the countries of southeast Asia. The signature of his pact with Hitler, which seemed to assure no Soviet participation in the war and big, cheap territorial spoils, was the finest hour of his Machiavellian diplomacy. He looked forward to a long war of mutual exhaustion between Germany and the West. At the end the Soviet Union would reap the revolutionary harvest without having committed or exhausted its own strength.

Had the leaders of the Western powers been as realistic and cunning as Stalin they could, in all probability, have made the war a Kilkenny-cats fight of the totalitarian dictatorships. But the United States and Great Britain twice saved

Stalin's bacon for him. First, they drew Hitler's fire to the West rather than the East. Then after Stalin had been drawn into the war, Roosevelt and Churchill followed the dreary and disgraceful policy of appeasing him, recognizing the spoils he had obtained from his deal with Hitler and giving him the green light for further vast expansion, both in eastern Europe and in China.

We can not escape the disastrous consequences of past diplomatic blunders. But we can learn from them. From Stalin's tortuous policy before the second World War, and from the clues which point to a new look in Soviet foreign policy, we can steal his signals for the next half of the game.

There is not likely to be any specific Soviet peace proposal calculated to create a favorable impression on anyone but the Dean of Canterbury. But there will probably also be no challenge so uncompromising as to force on us a plain, fight-or-surrender choice.

What is the effective American response to this challenge? First of all, there should be an end to the suicidal passivity of which Secretary of State Dean Acheson has been the symbol and the main exponent, which has crippled our policy vis-à-vis the Soviet Communist threat. Two recent examples may be cited to show how this fatalistic passivity has injured our cause in the cold war.

The Soviet government recently saw fit to insult and expel our Ambassador, George F. Kennan. It happens that the Soviet Ambassador to this country, Georgi Zarubin, has been followed from post to post by an unsavory aroma of espionage. The Canadian spy ring was uncovered when he was in Ottawa. The Klaus Fuchs, Burgess and MacLean and William Marshall cases broke while he was stationed in London. Within twenty-four hours of the declaration that Kennan was *persona non grata* in Moscow the State Department should have taken corresponding action in regard to Zarubin, to the accompaniment of a statement recalling every salient detail of espionage carried on under the cloak of Soviet diplomatic immunity. Nothing of the kind was done. The Soviet government can bask in the satisfaction of having inflicted a public insult on the United States without experiencing any reprisal.

Wasted Opportunities

Much more serious has been this passivity in the Korean war. Although the Chinese Communists have done everything in their power to inflict maximum injury on our forces, we have proceeded on the assumption that Communist China is untouchable, that we must fight the Chinese Reds not where they are most vulnerable, but where they want us to fight them, in Korea.

It is hard to calculate the opportunities that have been missed on the mainland of China during these last two years. Sober, responsible British publications like the *Economist,* the *Manchester Guardian,* even the left-wing *New Statesman,* cite figures from Chinese sources showing that one of the greatest terrorist massacres of all time has been going on in Red China. Could not this slaughter have been a two-way affair if there had been some adroit gun-running and parachuting of arms from Formosa?

Turning to Europe, there is something fantastic in the spectacle of French and Germans bargaining with America about the terms on which they will defend themselves. We should make it clear that if the French overturn their own applecart, the European army, we shall negotiate with the Bonn government for a straight American-German alliance, looking to the creation of a German national army. And if this idea proves impracticable, we should intimate regretfully but firmly that we can not indefinitely assume the impossible military task of defending the western part of the European continent without wholehearted, effective European cooperation.

We should turn a permanently deaf ear to the sappy counsellors who insist that the only effective way to combat communism is to scatter our national substance among the "underprivileged" areas of the world, preferably by way of the United Nations. Our subsidies, military and economic, should be closely

No War, No Peace

A Foreign Policy Memorandum Stalin Might Write

(William Henry Chamberlin, author of the accompanying article, presents this memorandum as one that we can "plausibly imagine Stalin preparing for his own guidance and that of his successor.")

NO WAR. Why should the USSR take the risk of precipitating a big war, which is certain to be protracted and costly, when there is a good chance that our enemies will do most of our work for us? We must remember that war has its dangers for us, as well as for our capitalist enemies. Almost a million Soviet citizens fought against us with the Germans during the last war. Large-scale war is the one thing that could loosen the iron grip which our scientific combination of unlimited terror and propaganda has fastened on the peoples under our control.

A surer, if longer, method of reaching our objectives is to wait patiently, building up our heavy industries and military power, exhausting our enemies by little wars waged by proxy, and taking every advantage of the difference between our totalitarianism and the tolerance and feeble liberalism of the Western countries, which we can use to destroy them.

NO PEACE. These considerations do not mean that we should or could make peace with the capitalist powers, except on the basis of their unconditional surrender. Peace would be disadvantageous in many ways. It would rob us of our principal excuse for maintaining dictatorship and the Iron Curtain. It would expose our people to the danger of comparing the sacrifice and privation which will probably exist under our system until the great day of transition to communism, with the false glamor of comfort which capitalism creates, even for the proletariat.

NO WAR, NO PEACE. There is our best assurance of ultimate victory, first on a European and Asiatic, then on a world scale.

tied in with political and military agreements for the struggle against communism. We should never again place ourselves in the humiliating position of begging foreign countries to accept our largess. And we should not require certificates of democracy from our associates in the struggle against communism. It is conceivable that some of the most effective fighters against communism would not pass such tests.

While we should not exaggerate the likelihood of an internal collapse behind the Iron Curtain as a result of psychological warfare, broadcasting and other means of reaching the peoples of these countries should be stepped up and made realistic through the closest possible contact with their condition and grievances.

Although Stalin's forecast of wars between non-Communist countries is not to be taken very seriously, there are conflicts of economic interest which must be squarely faced. Our best contribution to their solution will be to stand unswervingly for the international application of the principles of a free and truly liberal economy. This would include the scrapping by the United States of a protectionist attitude which makes no economic sense for a country with large normal export surpluses.

No Deals with Moscow

There should be clear recognition that only a "No Deal" policy offers any prospect of success in our relations with the Kremlin. The sooner it is realized by friends and enemies and also by the waverers and wobblers that our policy is firmly set along the lines indicated by Eisenhower in his American Legion speech, the better it will be for our prospect of success in the cold war.

If we discard once for all the genteel Achesonian futility in the handling of foreign affairs, this prospect is not so dark as is sometimes represented. For the weaknesses on the other side of the Iron Curtain are no less real for being enveloped in silence and secrecy. Three of these can not be exorcised by any amount of Marxist-Leninist mumbo-jumbo.

First, the movement of fugitives and refugees in Europe and in Asia is always and overwhelmingly away from, not toward, Communist-ruled areas. Second, there is and can be no assurance of an orderly, peaceful transfer of power under the Soviet system, because it is quite devoid of any element of legitimacy or legality. Third, the self-imposed Soviet cultural isolation must always mean relative backwardness in technology.

It is a pretty safe assumption that by the time the cumbersome Soviet state-directed economy has absorbed the latest industrial secret which some Soviet spy ring has stolen, the United States will have passed on to something better.

The New Logic

By BEN RAY REDMAN

As someone has remarked—We live in a changing world. Euclid's geometry has been knocked from its pride of place by the geometries of Lobatschewsky and Riemann. The mechanical universe of Newton has dissolved, or exploded, into a universe of electrical charges. Spinach is no longer held in the esteem that it was a generation ago. But most interesting, perhaps, and certainly most pertinent to man's present predicament, are the remarkable changes that have recently taken place in the fundamental discipline of logic.

Aristotle, of course, has long since been surperseded, but it has not yet been generally realized that symbolic logic—only yesterday the pride of our mathematicians—has now been pushed into a dusty corner. The new logic that has taken over is called Infra-Red Logic by some of its practitioners, and Owl-and-Pussy-Cat Logic by others. The Germans call it *Krankheitslogik*. The Spanish have a name for it that is best left to some bold Hemingway to record.

In this new logic there are no syllogisms; there are only sillygems, or, as the French call them *maldemermots*. I have been unable to arrive at an exact translation of this last term, but I assume it must have something to do with seasickness. Quoting from a textbook of the new logic that has recently come to my hand, I should like to pass on to *Freeman* readers two sillygems that are, the authors of the textbook assure us, neo-classic models of their kind. The first runs as follows.

1) The United Nations is engaged in a "police action" against North Korea and the "volunteers" of Red China. 2) The USSR is a permanent member of the Security Council of the United Nations, which is engaged in a "police action" against North Korea and the "volunteers" of Red China. 3) The USSR, speaking on behalf of North Korea and Red China, dictates terms to the United Nations and informs the UN that unless these terms, insisted on by North Korea and Red China, are accepted by the UN, there can be no armistice in Korea. Therefore: Point Four Nations will derive from Hudson River Valley snow-water nourishment in excess of the 17 ergs of emotional energy generated by the practice of wearing a small Dali painting over the right breast.

And the second sillygem is like unto the first. 1) Nationalist China is one of the five permanent members of the Security Council of the United Nations. 2) Great Britain, another permanent member of the Security Council, does not recognize the Nationalist government as the legitimate government of China, but recognizes the red regime of Mao. 3) The United States of America, another permanent member of the Security Council, and one that does recognize Nationalist China, employs the U. S. Seventh Fleet, not only to protect the Nationalists on Formosa from invasion from the Chinese mainland, but also to prevent the Nationalists—permanent members of the Security Council, and therefore by definition a sovereign power—from making any move to recover any part of the homeland from which they have been ousted by Communist aggressors. Therefore: The obstetrical significance of Rabindrinath Tagore must not take precedence of the Los Angeles Public Housing controversy during any conversation at any cocktail party held under the auspices of the State Department of the United States of America.

More sillygems on request. But not on request to me. I'm tired.

Our Rotting Dollars

By WILLARD M. FOX

An expert in economic analysis shows how our dollar has lost nearly half its buying power since 1940, and offers a suggestion for halting this decline.

You can put a $10,000 price tag on a mongrel puppy. If you will take a couple of alley kittens in trade at $5000 each, we can do business. Then each of us can mark our prices up as the animals grow. Before long, we can keep busy trading $25,000 or $30,000 cats for $50,000 or $60,000 dogs. If we trade often, we can enjoy a lot of activity and show some tremendous profits; but we shall end up with nothing but cats and dogs. It is an absurd notion, for all we should be doing is making our dollars worth less on each trade.

Less rapidly, that is precisely what we have been doing in this country for the past nineteen years. According to government statistics which you can find in such official publications as "The Survey of Current Business," gross national product (roughly the money value of all goods and services) rose from $101.4 billion in 1940 to $279.8 billion in 1950. Disposable personal income, which is supposed to be the amount people have to spend after paying their tax and non-tax obligations, shot up from $75.7 billion to $204.5 billion in the same period. In both cases, the apparent increase is more than 10 per cent a year compounded annually. That increase is more than four times the current rate of interest paid by New York savings banks.

Taken at face value, these figures mean that we are two and three-quarters times as well off as we were in 1940. They mean that the man who took home $50 a week in 1940 takes home $135 today. Some do, but many do not. There are reasons. In the first place, the population has grown. There are 19,000,000 more people to feed and clothe and shelter. There are 15,000,000 more people in the employed working force. More people are dividing up the dollars and what they buy. We all know that we are not all eating two or three times as much meat, living in two or three times as many houses, and driving two or three times as many cars as in 1940.

The 1940 figures are given in Roosevelt rubber dollars. The 1950 figures are in Truman token dollars. The Bureau of Labor Statistics says that it took $24.13 in July 1951 to buy what $10.50 would buy in food stores in July 1939. True, this period is a year longer than that used above, but those extra twelve months do not account for all the change. The sad fact is that the dollar has rotted away. It has lost nearly half its buying power. The $18.75 you paid for a Series E bond in 1940 could buy more than the $25 you got back in 1950.

A Statistical Fallacy

To measure the changing buying power of the dollar, statisticians use a dodge they call the "constant dollar." They change the dollar of each year into dollars having the purchasing power of a fixed year such as 1939. When this is done, we find that the gross national product in 1940 was $100 billion and in 1950 it was $153 billion. Measured in 1939 dollars, disposable personal income rose 50 per cent from 1940 to 1950 and not the apparent 170 per cent the rotting dollar indicates.

Population went up 14 per cent. Disposable personal income went up 50 per cent. Instead of being two and three-quarters times as well off in 1950 as in 1940, as the New Dealers and Fair Dealers want you to believe, we are perhaps 30 per cent ahead. In short, at least four-fifths of the "great gains we have made," according to Fair Deal spokesmen, are simply the result of the rotting of the dollar we earn, spend, or save.

When we lend our money, we subconsciously expect to get back dollars about as good as those we lend. Every time we put money into a savings bank, buy a bond, or pay a life insurance premium, we are lending. For patriotic or philanthropic reasons, people will sometimes lend money when they know in advance they will lose some or all of it. Ordinarily, though, we expect to get back more in combined interest and principal than we lend.

Government Costs Skyrocket

Things do not work that way in the United States. The most powerful borrower is the biggest tax collector—the Federal government. It increased its take in current dollars from $5.264 billion to $46.539 billion from 1940 to 1950. This is an astronomical 884 per cent. The rate of growth is an amazing 24.35 per cent compounded annually. In 1939 dollars, the Federal government's "disposable income" from net receipts has gone up *six and a half times as fast* as the disposable personal income of all its citizens combined!

On top of this its debt skyrocketed from $43 billion in 1940 to $257.4 billion in 1950—a six-fold increase. It is a continuing obligation of every taxpayer who must help carry the interest on it. "We owe it to ourselves" is at best a half-truth. All of us owe it to those of us who hold government bonds and notes.

Sure, I know we fought a war and got ourselves into a "police action" in Korea, financed Lend-Lease, operated the Marshall Plan and ECA, picked up most of the tab for the UN, and got ourselves into a lot more globaloney that will plague us and cost us vast sums for years to come. I also know that we, through our government employees, spent some of these taxed and borrowed dollars to publish books to prove that the long-extinct sabre-tooth tiger was not a tiger at all, and to tell people how to take care of typewriters (a service which the typewriter manufacturers render free).

The reasons the government spends so much, taxes so much and borrows so much, may be good, indifferent and bad. The main consideration is that to do these things

it will require in 1952 about one-quarter of the estimated gross national product. The entire working population will work at least three months for the Federal government. The government gets money either from taxes or from borrowing money that must be paid back with interest. These payments can come only from future taxes on future production or from further rotting of the dollar.

There is a time-worn gag that there are liars, damned liars and statisticians; but the fact is there are statisticians and statisticians. As one, I shall go along with a remark attributed to former President Hoover: "I was taught young the potency of truth, that it would prevail. The raw material of truth is facts. Statistics are not mental exercises; they are the first step to right decisions, to enlightened action, to progress itself."

The statistics I have quoted are all taken from or derived from government sources. They may be dull. Yet they are worth pondering. They show that our dollars are rotting. The process is not stopped. It is a danger to every person who expects some day to depend upon Social Security, pensions, annuities, interest payments, or any other form of fixed income. If the rotting process goes on, the dollar income that today looks large enough to provide for living in retirement will turn out to be a cruel pittance.

Toward Sound Fiscal Policies

Our dollars do not have to rot away. We do not have to let the 53 cent dollar of 1952 become the 10 or 15 cent dollar of 1965 or some other future year. When enough people understand what is being done to them, they can compel a return to sound policy that will preserve the worth and stop the rotting of the dollar. The majority of the people will never master the details of central banking policies that control the value of our dollars. Hence, they must be given a simple means of seeing what goes on and of measuring the value of the managed currency that they are obliged to use.

There is a very simple and direct way in which this could be done. It has precedent in American history. Congress could make it possible quickly. It could permit the stock or commodity exchanges to deal in gold as they now deal in stocks and bonds, in wheat, rubber, hides, cocoa and many other things. Then each day the American people could know what their dollars were worth. More important, they could buy and tuck away in strong-boxes gold bars or gold coins. The consequences would be far-reaching and the effects could make themselves felt rather quickly. Gold put in safe deposit boxes is sterile. It can not be used as a reserve against currency. Therefore it has a leverage effect against the creation of check money. Fewer dollars mean that each is worth more and not less, so that interest rates eventually would rise and the ability of government to borrow cheaply would diminish. Eventually at some point the dollar would come into equilibrium with gold, as people sold gold for dollars and dollars for gold.

Then, eventually, we should be able to maintain sound fiscal policies and safeguard them by a return to a freely convertible currency such as we had from the resumption of specie payment in 1879 to 1933; but, of course, that dollar would not value gold at its old price of $20.67 per ounce or even at its nominal present value of $35 per ounce. When we have a freely convertible currency, we shall still have price changes, but we shall not be on the one-way road we are now traveling toward a completely rotted dollar.

Ballade for Bureaucrats

(Written in Hope)

Double your diesels, ye B & O!
Pennsy, assemble your fastest trains—
Fleeing from Washington here we go,
Exodus frantic of Social Brains.
Back to the towns and the hills and the plains,
Hunting for holes in this fateful hour;
The Deals of the Dems are down the drains—
Nigh is the shadow of Eisenhower.

Munching the peas in the public pod,
Chewing the corn off the budget cob,
Planning and playing at being God,
Hopping the bureaus from job to job,
How could we guess the dumb voting mob
Would wisen and turn all our sweet to sour?
Adlai and Harry, with you we sob—
Nigh is the shadow of Eisenhower.

Ditch the mink for the cheaper styles;
Remember the names that you *must* forget;
Pack up your freezer and weed your files;
A Senate committee may get you yet!
Change your name and your social set;
Grow a moustache as you sit and cower—
Isn't amnesia the safest bet?
Nigh is the shadow of Eisenhower.

L'Envoi

Gentlemen, let us depart with speed;
Done is our saga of pelf and power.
One-way tickets are all we need!
Nigh is the shadow of Eisenhower.

DON KNOWLTON

The UN's Pink Sisters

By ALICE WIDENER

Six months after the outbreak of the Korean War, our State Department issued an official bulletin asserting that in order to complete the picture of American participation in the United Nations,

> . . . it is necessary to go outside the organizational walls and to recognize the overriding importance of this participation to the individual. Membership in the United Nations and its sister organizations is meaningful only to the extent it constructively affects the lives and futures of individuals.

Here in the United States, two of the UN's important sister organizations are the American Association for the United Nations and the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization). Working hand in glove with the State Department, these two ambitious groups carry on nation-wide activities in support of the UN and of their own cultural and social objectives. Unfortunately, each of the intellectual sisters appears to have some Red cells in the brain. As a result, they threaten to affect destructively the lives and futures of Americans.

The U. S. National Commission for UNESCO was established by an Act of the 79th Congress under Public Law 565. According to an official pamphlet:

> . . . the Commission consists of 100 American citizens, 60 of whom are nominated by national voluntary organizations interested in educational, scientific and cultural matters. Of the remaining 40 members, 15 are representatives of the educational, scientific and cultural interests of state and local governments, 15 are chosen at large, and not more than 10 can be officers or employees of the United States Government.

In July 1952 the State Department, in response to a query from a staff member of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, denied any connection, official or unofficial, with the third national conference

In previous articles the author has dealt with UN employment policy; with Communist infiltration among American UN employees; with the influence of Hiss and other Marxists on the UN's formation and direction; with the selection, to head the UN economic welfare program, of a man whose UN division has employed American Communists. Here she exposes some of the personnel and propaganda of the UN's American sister organizations.

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of the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO at Hunter College, New York City, January 27-31, 1952. Yet the delegates to the conference received their accreditations in franked envelopes bearing in the upper left-hand corner the return address: "U. S. National Commission for UNESCO, Department of State, Washington 25, D. C.," followed by the words: "Official Business."

Peiping Was "Wonderful"

The subject of the conference was "The Citizen and the United Nations." The public relations director was David Apter. One of his principal assistants was Mrs. Robert Doyle (Ann Ford Doyle) who acted as associate public relations director and press liaison officer and who, prior to the conference, was accorded the privilege of a temporary office at the United States Mission to the United Nations at 2 Park Avenue, New York City. There Mrs. Doyle told this writer that she had only recently returned from Peiping, which she described as a wonderful place where she had had a wonderful time.

It would be extremely interesting to know how Mrs. Doyle was able to get into the capital of Red China while that country was at war with the United Nations, and why she went there. It would be even more interesting to know how an American could find enjoyment in Peiping while its Red government was carrying out mass executions against fellow countrymen and shooting down Americans in Korea.

There were other remarkable aspects of the Hunter College Conference. For example, in room 1001 the program under discussion was "Advancing Human Rights." The chairman was Clark Eichelberger, who is also Chairman of the Commission to Study the Organization of the Peace, and is Director of the American Association for the United Nations. According to the *New York World Telegram*, July 11, 1949, former Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson wrote a letter dated August 4, 1948 to Alger Hiss saying: "You and Clark Eichelberger started the organization for the Marshall Plan which was certainly 180 degrees from the 'party line.'"

History hasn't yet clearly revealed whether the Marshall Plan was or was not to the right of the Communist Party line. Certainly the plan was based on the false theory that in any country communism is embraced by masses of people instead of imposed on them by a handful of Red conspirators. History has clearly shown, however, that the Marshall Plan was 180 degrees to the left of the Truman Doctrine which proclaimed our country's right to send *effective military aid* as well as economic assistance to Greece and Turkey when they were in peril of immediate Communist conquest.

Mr. Eichelberger is of course entitled to his own ideas about the advancement of human rights. But his ideas sometimes appear to be at strange variance with those held by a majority of Americans. Thus in 1939 he was a member of the National Advisory Board of the American Youth Congress, which former U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle declared on September 24, 1942, ". . . was originated in 1934 and has been controlled by Communists and manipulated by them to influence the thought of American youth." In 1947 Mr. Eichelberger was a sponsor of the Independent Citizens Commit-

tee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. This organization was cited in 1948 and 1949 as "a Communist front" by both the California and the House committees on un-American activities.

Who Is "Lynching" Whom?

While Mr. Eichelberger acted as chairman of the U. S. Commission on UNESCO's program on human rights, a principal member on the panel of so-called experts was Roger Baldwin, longtime Chairman of the National Committee, American Civil Liberties Union. The long list of Mr. Baldwin's affiliations with subversive organizations seems to show plainly that he has difficulty in distinguishing the difference between what advances and what retards human rights. On January 24, 1946, for example, Mr. Baldwin was a sponsor of a public banquet tendered to Communist "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor. Several years earlier he signed "A Call for Support to the National Students League." This organization was described by the House Committee on un-American Activities as having "led and organized the revolutionary movement among the students of high schools, colleges and universities. From the beginning it was clearly revolutionary in its program and actions."

In December 1933, Mr. Baldwin was listed along with Communist Party leaders William Z. Foster and Jack Stachel on the National Committee of the American Friends of the Soviet Union. And along with Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, U. S. A., Mr. Baldwin was a member of the National Bureau of the Communist-dominated American League Against War and Fascism. In addition, he belonged to the advisory council of the Communist-dominated Book Union on whose editorial board sat Alexander Trachtenberg, the Communist publisher who has been indicted under the Smith Act, and is now on trial at the U. S. Court House in New York City.

It seems, though, that when unpleasant facts about prominent American left-wingers and sympathizers with communism are brought to light, many so-called liberal intellectuals raise a cry about "intimidation by pressure groups" and "interfering with freedom of speech and the right to hold dissenting opinions." These "liberals" remained mute when their Communist friends made outrageous smear charges of "fascist reactionary" and "warmonger" against such eminent Americans as former President Herbert Hoover and our next Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. And today these same "liberals" are ready and willing to impugn the motives and ethics of those who openly criticize various activities of such organizations as the U. S. Commission for UNESCO and the American Association for the United Nations.

On October 3, 1952, the *New York Times* reported from Washington that at a meeting of 93 members of the U. S. Commission for UNESCO, Howland Sargeant, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, had denounced "the action in Los Angeles where a pamphlet 'The E in UNESCO' was withdrawn from the Los Angeles public school system." To strengthen his attack, Mr. Sargeant quoted from an editorial by Carroll Binder of the *Minneapolis Tribune* to the effect that this country has "happily nearly abandoned the habit of lynching human beings" but that "We are still pursuing the practice of lynching ideas and institutions."

This statement is, of course, as evil a slander of the American people as any made by Vishinsky. We Americans are deeply ashamed of crimes committed in our country; but to say that our nation ever lynched human beings as a *habit* is slanderously untrue.

Dr. Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress, advised U. S. Commission members to adopt a policy of "standing up and answering the know-nothing, vicious attacks." He continued his own attacks on Americans as follows:

> We should study the problems of other nations and re-examine our own practices with regard to freedom of communication, free flow of persons, the declaration of human rights, and the work we are doing on the Covenant of Human Rights. *These principles are far from the reality of American life. . . .*" [Italics added.]

Realistic Americans don't pretend that life in this country is perfect. But if it be true that "these prin-

Freedom vs. Slavery

(Mrs. Widener has submitted with her article the following quotation from a great American, which expresses her own political beliefs better than any other she has found, and which offers, in her opinion, the final commentary on the position of those who appear willing to compromise on the issue of freedom versus slavery.)

All they ask, we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask, they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy.

Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition as being right; but thinking it wrong, as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view and against our own? In view of our moral, social and political responsibilities, can we do this?

If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. . . . Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government nor of dungeons to ourselves.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Address at Cooper Union, New York City, during the Presidential campaign of 1860

ciples are far from the reality of American life," why have so many millions of foreigners sought to become U. S. citizens?

At the invitation of the State Department, this writer attended the 1952 conference of the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO and found that the disparaging opinions of our country expressed by Messrs. Sargeant, Binder and Evans were echoed by several American leaders of the Work Group Meetings held in the Hunter College classrooms. Vilification of the United States was heard also during a group discussion of women volunteers at the headquarters of the American Association for the United Nations in 1951.

Cold Civil War

One of the most astonishing aspects of this cold war which some Americans are waging appears in the *People's Section Bulletin* published nine times each year by the American Association for the United Nations (known as the AAUN). Each issue contains a Question of the Month concerning major political events and problems. Answers are polled from subscribers belonging to local AAUN groups throughout the nation.

In October 1951 the main question was "What should be the role of the United States at the Sixth General Assembly [of the UN]?" This was divided into four parts of which the last was: "Should the U. S. modify its position toward Communist China if hostilities in Korea cease?"

More than a full page of the January 1952 issue was devoted to "Answers to October Questionnaire," under which appeared:

> The October People's Section elicited more replies than any other of the questions of the month to date. . . . We feel this growing response to be most encouraging and are sure that members everywhere will share our enthusiasm over it. . . .
>
> 4. As always when the subject of Communist China arises, answers were definite and covered all shades of opinion. The East took the only positive stand against modifying our position toward the Red Chinese government, by the small margin of 47 per cent against to 43 per cent for. An IBM [International Business Machines] discussion group of 100 people in Endicott, New York, representing the 47 per cent against, stated definitely: "No premium on Communist China's aggression should be placed by giving her recognition."
>
> The Midwest, on the other hand, voted 81 per cent in favor of modifying our position. The South agreed, with 68 per cent in favor. The West was split almost in half over the issue.

Total results, according to the AAUN's editors, showed that 79 per cent of the Americans polled on Part 4 of the October Question were in favor of United States recognition of Red China, and 62 per cent were in favor of admission of Red China into the United Nations.

Concerning this so-called impartial poll of American public opinion there seems to be only one suitable comment: "Fathers and mothers, wives, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends of our American troops fighting in Korea, please take note."

Campaign of "Education"

The American Association for the United Nations is making the most of its well-financed propaganda opportunities. There are 42 titles on its 1952 Publications List. Many of these are designed for a nationwide educational program and bear such names as "Student Kit," "Teachers' Kit," and "UN in the Schools." In addition, the American Association for the United Nations frequently cooperates with other organizations under a kind of interlocking directorate. Thus Clark Eichelberger—in his dual capacity as member of the Commission to Study the Peace and as Director of the AAUN—sponsored a document, "Security Under the United Nations," which contained a plea for peace through world opinion based largely on the premise:

> The disarmament resolution adopted by the UN General Assembly last December *upon the initiative of Russia* was the starting point of a new chapter in the history of the United Nations. [Italics added].

Five years have passed since the issuance of this misleading statement. It is evident now, as it was in 1947, that the Soviet policy of disarmament hasn't varied a whit from what it was in 1919 when Lenin declared: "Disarmament is not an international program of revolutionary international socialism."

Anti-Anti-Communism

At a Second Annual Conference called by the American Association for the United Nations in Chicago, February 17-19, 1952, the handpicked delegates of 85 national organizations (acting as individuals under the auspices of the AAUN) issued a statement of policy which reads in part:

> The right to dissent is the birthright of every American. We deplore those growing apprehensions which have promoted both measures and attacks aimed at dissident opinion. There is increasing evidence of the paralyzing effect of these measures and attacks upon American representatives in the conduct of our foreign relations. . . . The safety of our country can be more imperiled than assured if measures directed against an alleged conspiracy take on the attributes of a police state.

Compare any issue of the *Daily Worker*! The group attacked provisions of measures wisely designed to protect United States security from possible espionage conducted at the UN, and then declared: "We deplore these measures, as we do the unwarranted fears which prompt them. . . ."

How warranted are American fears concerning the Communist conspiracy in our midst was shown on December 2, 1952, when a Federal Grand Jury in New York City handed down its presentment declaring that the State Department had cleared "disloyal Americans" for service in the UN and in several of its specialized international agencies. The second paragraph of the legal document states in part:

> Whereas, as it approaches the termination of its eighteen months period of service, this jury must as a duty to the people of the United States advise the court that startling evidence has disclosed infiltration into the United Nations of an overwhelmingly large group of disloyal United States citizens, many of whom are closely associated with the international Communist movement. This group numbers scores of

individuals, most of whom have long records of Federal employment, and at the same time have been connected with persons and organizations subversive to this country.

The Constitution in Danger

There seems to be an even graver danger to our country than the activities described above. This peril is the possible vitiation and overriding of the U. S. Constitution and Bill of Rights through an interpretation of what the American Association for the United Nations calls the "supremacy clause" of our Constitution. Briefly stated, this interpretation is that international treaties signed by the United States —such as the treaty establishing the United Nations Charter—are the supreme law of our land. Today the American Association for the United Nations officially declares:

> The human rights obligations of the United Nations Charter should be implemented. . . . The United States Constitution declares that treaties are the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitutions or law of the states to the contrary notwithstanding. . . . We believe that United States membership in the United Nations increases the importance of this Constitutional principle. We therefore oppose the effort to amend the Constitution in such a way as to eliminate the value and effectiveness of the supremacy clause.

Many prominent, responsible members of the American Bar Association and of the Associated Press have denounced several provisions in the UN's Universal Declaration on Human Rights, especially those articles concerning freedom of the press and freedom of religion. These critics believe that our American freedoms are better defined and guaranteed in our own Constitution and Bill of Rights. Our State Department declared in 1951, "The basic civil and political rights set forth in the [United Nations] draft covenant are well known in American tradition and law. . . ."

But as Senator John W. Bricker pointed out (the *Freeman*, January 28, 1952): "This [statement] is, even for the State Department, an unsurpassed perversion of the truth. . . . The draft Covenant incorporates . . . rights which are completely foreign to American law and tradition. They have a distinctly scarlet hue."

It isn't surprising that some United Nations officials, including Americans, have lost their sense of perspective regarding life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Taking a Nietzschean beyond-good-and-evil attitude, they declare they are "international civil servants" who are supra-national and above taking sides between the Communists and anti-Communists. Unfortunately, those two important sisters of the UN, the American Association for the United Nations and the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO, also appear to stand with their feet firmly planted in mid-air on the issue of freedom versus slavery.

Foreign Trends

The Eisenhower Blues

The NATO countries, with a somewhat neurotic tardiness, are awakening to the fact that the Truman Administration is about to be liquidated. And the shock is tremendous. For it slowly sinks in, at least in Europe, that the election of Eisenhower, whatever his own preference might be, reflects America's growing desire to reduce European commitments.

The Europeans, in other words, are going through the shattering experience of seeing their fervent prayers fulfilled; and now that the violently resented "American interference in European affairs" seems bound to recede, the European self-pity only grows shriller. For in his remorseful attitude towards America, the European matches the man in the story who had two complaints about the food in his boarding house: "For one, nobody could swallow it—it's positively poisonous. Secondly, the portions are so small!"

As it is usually France who sneezes whenever Europe catches a cold, the panic is particularly overt in Paris. No longer can the Pinay Ministry expect to have its every succeeding deficit underwritten by another U. S. grant. Which means that the Pinay cabinet (and, for that matter, any other "third-force" French government) is now without a program. But it also means that the "neutralist" opposition, too, is stymied: the Frenchman, an avid customer of anti-American propaganda only so long as the dollars keep safely rolling in, begins to realize that the "neutralist" joke is now out of place. The American upheaval, in short, has hit both the NATO governments and their anti-NATO oppositions. And these universal blues are menacingly accentuated by cumulative portents of a general European recession.

But nowhere in Europe is the gloom quite so thick as in the bars and restaurants where the innumerable American MSA employees habitually congregate. When Harold Stassen, the agency's newly appointed boss, goes into the field, he will need all his buoyancy to perk up the morale of the immense staff. And even Mr. Stassen's considerable resources of serenity may not suffice. For, contrary to the people at home, the MSA armies of officeholders abroad have not the slightest doubt that the agency has been criminally overstaffed. Knowing, as they do, that the job could be done—and much more effectively—by one-fourth of the personnel, all these thousands of rather leisurely MSA workers feel worse than bearish about their future. Their fear of being marked for an early return to the drabness of white-collar existence back home is contagious.

All in all, the European gloom over the fall of Truman and Acheson has reached such depths that from here on the situation can only improve. The new Administration will of course take care of Europe's rock-bottom needs for United States aid, and once the Europeans have grasped this American sense of obligation, they may soon recover even their appetite for precious "neutralism." And their interim blues may have salutary effects—particularly if a reformed (and beneficently reduced)

State Department crew abroad were at last to learn the fundamentals of effective propaganda.

The Saar Miracle

That the German people of the Saar territory voted, for all practical purposes, against a return to the Reich must have been a mighty surprise to the faithful readers of the U. S. metropolitan press. Unlike the *Freeman's* audience, the public of the *New York Times, et al.* has been conditioned to assume that the Germans are more than ever possessed by nationalist cravings; and that their attitude is determined by nothing so much as racial emotionalism.

The perfectly rational (and more than prudent) vote of the Saarlanders, or their overwhelming majority at any rate, proves beyond doubt what the *Freeman* has been constantly submitting: that German nationalist "idealism" has genuinely evaporated; that the Germans are now, if anything, exaggerated pragmatists who vote their most selfish and most materialist interests; and that a constructive U. S. policy must be free of obsession with Germany's allegedly reawakening madness.

So powerful has been the influence of misinformation in the recent past that even the Vatican guessed wrong. Evidently to comply with what was thought to be an irresistible trend, the Catholic Church encouraged the Saarlanders to vote pro-Reich. Fortunately they did not, and the Church can now be expected to return to its authentically European policy — a policy that pushes the Germans toward the West rather than caters to the sentimental chimera of German "unity" at any price.

Franco Reaps

While the United States sidesteps direct arrangements with Spain, to appease the noisy leftist opposition in Europe, one European power after another makes bilateral deals with Franco. The French government, which depends for its life on Socialist support, has just signed in Paris a contract with Generalissimo Franco which might make Spain one of France's two or three most important trade areas; and Marshal Juin has enthusiastically endorsed an outright French alliance with Spain. Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, the new German ambassador to Madrid, has signed a Spanish-German trade pact under which Germany will be exchanging machinery for strategic Spanish ores, such as wolfram, to the tune of about $100 million a year. And seven European governments which share with the United States the international administration of Tangier have just invited Spain (which was demonstratively excluded from the Tangier Treaty of 1945) to resume an important position in this strategic zone. But each time the United States so much as talks with Franco, European public opinion is whipped into a frenzy over "American sympathies for fascism."

Not So Mild a Dream

Many a contemporary musician, though he may dislike Communist "excesses," retains dreamy notions of communism's alleged sympathies for "pure" art. Not that I have the slightest hope of impressing such dreamers (for their afflictions are emotional and strangely incurable), but here is how *Uj Zenei Szemle*, Red Hungary's official music review, directs the Budapest Music Academy to teach composition: "The pupil must always be able to put into words the sentiments he wants to express in his music, and to name the source of these sentiments. It is the professor's duty to point out to the pupil whether or not these sentiments and ideas are correct."

Now if a Neanderthal type of commercial publisher were ever to express such a vulgar miscomprehension of musical content, modern composers might feel like running in furious distress to the nearest recruiting office of the Communist Party. But when the fatuity richochets, amplified many times over, from the walls of Communist music academies, a deplorable number of modern composers seem to lose their sense of hearing. CANDIDE

This Is What They Said

Circumstantial evidence, paid informers and perjury charges are the historical trinity of political prosecutions and witch hunts. Witness the cruel harassment of Owen Lattimore, the never-ending prosecution of Harry Bridges, and the successive indictments of William Remington.

LEONARD B. BOUDIN, the *Nation*, December 6, 1952

Some workers in Soviet institutions do not understand the great heights to which the Soviet state has raised them. PRAVDA, September 3, 1947

A young European wrote me a letter the other day in which he said he had been in this country only a short time, but he felt if we could change from a purely competitive economy to a cooperative one we might find among Europeans a different attitude and a greater willingness to work with us . . . and it may be that there is something in the young European's criticism.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, syndicated column, September 6, 1952

If the West comes out with a proclamation incorporating all vital human religions, the Socialist religion included, and with a binding plan or constitution pledging unmistakably respect to and observance of the just interests of all nations, the Russian nation being quite conspicuously present in the first row where she belongs, then the Russian people, no matter what short-lived segregation might be contrived by any Iron Curtain, will grow restive under any propaganda indoctrinating them with the notion of a capitalist conspiracy.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS and ten others, "Preliminary Draft of a World Constitution," 1948

And There They Are

Cooperation with Russia in strengthening China will make it easier to cooperate with Russia in many other ways. . . . We must in postwar United Nations policy planning bring the Russians all the way down to Colonial Asia.

OWEN LATTIMORE, "Solution in Asia," 1945

Children, says the writer, are fine as people, but intolerable as quiz kids; it is unfair to let them sound off publicly on subjects beyond their grasp.

Our Juvenile Pundits

By RENE KUHN

Let me begin by putting myself on record. I like children. I have had a long, successful record of dealing with children of all ages—professionally, in summer camps and personally, as a sitter for friends. I have great respect for their dignity, intelligence and individual integrity.

But I like children as children. I do not like them as miniature adults, aliens to the weird and wonderful world of childhood; strangers to fantasy and the fine stuff of imagination, the golden days where nothing has any reality beyond the concentration of the moment. I do not like them as refugees from the world of childhood where time has no meaning; where the frosting of pollen on a moth's wing, the sudden silver thrust of a fish through water or any number of small miracles may engage their attention for hours.

I do not like children as high-domed, self-styled experts on foreign affairs, tax programs, civil rights or psychology. I do not like them as arbiters of manners or free-wheeling, breezy advisers on parent-child relations. I am heartily sick of "youth forums," "children's conferences," and all the like pretentious, pontifical gatherings where earnest adults stoop condescendingly to inquire the opinions of children on affairs they can know nothing about in any meaningful way and should know nothing about as children. In a word, I am tired of being lectured by uneducated, inexperienced extroverts, aged four to seventeen.

Surely one of the most potent contributing factors to the present complexity of living is the babel of voices everywhere. They exhort, plead, preach, demand. To my mind, it does nothing to dispel the fog of confusion and uncertainty which envelops us to have added to that babel the pipe of childish trebles. It may be that out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom, but only, I am convinced, accidentally. Much more often, it is nonsense or just plain parroting.

The Urge to Show Off

There is, latent or overt in every child and adolescent, a powerful urge to show off, to get himself singled out as the star of whatever gathering he happens to be in. It is natural, understandable and, within limits, even amusing. But when it is overindulged by fatuous or helpless adults, that exhibitionistic urge becomes a major social nuisance. Producers, program sponsors, educators, child psychologists and the like—people who would in all probability be the first to fight any revision of the legislation forbidding child labor—are well in the vanguard, beating the drums for a slightly different, but equally repugnant type of exploitation.

Standard fare on today's radio is the panel of small Einsteins solving intricate problems of physics in their heads, quoting early Babylonian poetry and engaging in assorted feats of mental legerdemain. The audience for this type of program would seem to be composed almost entirely of the children's relatives, to judge from their ecstatic responses to each fresh display of childish erudition. A genius is always an object of interest to those not so lavishly equipped with gray matter, but I wonder what the lives of these prodigies must be like, when week after week they are called upon to perform for millions, singled out for extravagant attention, and still further set apart from their less brilliant playmates. What honest purpose is served in parading their mental gigantism before a curious public? Can that be called "entertainment"? Not to me.

I would be willing to concede, however, that this kind of program is less distasteful than one other where a handpicked group of eager young exhibitionists sit as a self-constituted jury to ponder the problems which their partners-in-precocity, writing in to the radio station, ask them to solve. Generally, these "problems" have to do with matters of parental discipline, brother-sister rivalry, etc., *ad nauseam*. Children do have problems—and very special ones which, in their perspective, seem enormously important and difficult of solution. But generations of children in the past have managed to find their own solutions or adjustments to these problems and somehow struggle through to being reasonably sane and unneurotic adults.

Outwitting Parental Authority

Consider the situation now, however. Junior has a penchant for lighting matches and has set a number of small fires about the house. His mother takes a dim view of arson as a hobby, and suitable disciplinary measures are instituted to persuade Junior that another hobby, like stamp collecting, would be more socially acceptable. That should be the end of it. But is it? Junior takes to brooding on the injustice of his mother's attitude, and presently writes a letter airing his grievances to the small fry's court of appeals. One evening he has the exquisite pleasure of hearing five little smart alecks agree publicly that his right of self-expression is being abridged, and suggest methods by which he can evade parental rule.

For the sake of illustration, I have used an exaggerated case. However, the principle remains the same. What becomes of parental authority when such a device for outwitting it exists?

A case in point appeared in the newspapers when the Associated Press Wirefoto Service carried a picture of Miss Suzanne Coats, age 11, of Jackson, Michigan, who beamed obligingly for the photographer, holding a letter addressed to her by President Truman. This letter was in reply to one the child

had written to Mr. Truman, "apologizing for her father, Edward R. Coats, being a Republican. She promised [the President] to be a Democrat when she is 21."

I should consider it just as appalling were little Miss Coats apologizing to a Republican President for her father's being a Democrat. Her unseemly chagrin and her burning desire to efface it, I lay directly to the prevailing attitude, fostered by radio, television and indirectly by the press, that children and adults are mental equals and that in judging their comparative opinions, experience, and knowledge and deeper understanding do not count.

Misinformation Does Not Please

On this score, the worst offenders are the "youth forum" programs where teen-agers are presented with some issue of national or international importance and asked to give their opinions or solutions. The topic for discussion on one such program I heard was the ambiguous question, "What is the stake of youth in today's world?" Early in the program, one teen-ager gave it as his opinion that the world's problems could be reduced to the disappearing point by the simple expedient of enlarging considerably the exchange of students among countries of the world. To bring many more foreign students to this country, he felt, to expose them to the American way of life, to encourage American students "to understand their [the foreigners'] problems," was the single key which would unlock all our difficulties.

The visiting adult serving on the panel was Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, the distinguished foreign affairs columnist of the *New York Times*. When the young pundit had concluded she asked mildly if he was aware of the fact that three of six members of the 1951 Chinese Communist delegation to the United Nations had, in fact, been educated in this country. These three, she pointed out, had used the platform of the UN for savage and vicious attacks on the United States. Not at all discomfited, the teen-age expert admitted that he had not known that, but he continued to advance his theory as a reasonable argument.

After a string of equally misinformed opinions had been trotted out proudly by the students, Mrs. McCormick inquired how they had arrived at these judgments which they held so tenaciously. A question from the floor was introduced. Did the students read a daily newspaper regularly? Well, no, they didn't always have time to get around to it. Did they read a Sunday newspaper regularly, or a weekly news magazine? No again, on both scores. Self-exiled from our principal sources of information, these students were nevertheless invited to display their ignorance in a public forum.

One youngster ventured the thought that perhaps the foreign students who had come to this country in the past had received from

our tabloid newspapers misinformation which had built prejudice. "Other countries," she noted blithely, "don't have tabloids." Again Mrs. McCormick was forced to step in to correct her, pointing out that the newspaper-reading public of Great Britain and France are addicted to a variety of tabloids of the most lurid and sensational kind. Well, she hadn't known that, the teen-ager confessed.

Just before I switched off this program in utter despair, I learned that the topic for next week, to be discussed by *junior high school* pupils was to be, "Can a community prevent delinquency?"

I should like to offer it as one woman's opinion that far more good could be done were the children to be given, instead of valuable radio or television time, an opportunity to learn the fundamentals of the problem by *doing* instead of by *talking*. Instead of windy debate and ill-informed pontificating that achieves nothing, let the children draw up their own program for combating delinquency. Let them form clubs, build playgrounds, raise funds through their own efforts and acquire a practical lesson in citizenship as they go.

All of this studious attention to the opinions of children on weighty issues might perhaps be justified if there were any evidence of fresh, original thinking in their approach. But there is not. Indeed, one of the most depressing aspects of this whole preoccupation is to discover, in listening to them, that these children think in stereotypes. They are mouthing the cliché answers that they think are expected of them, while adults sit beaming and nodding encouragement.

It has been claimed that such "youth forum" programs encourage youngsters to interest themselves in national and international affairs, spur them to making and keeping themselves well-informed. I doubt that. A well-informed person becomes so largely as a result of wide reading, wide study and respectful contact with more experienced minds. By their own admission, the participants in one such program almost never read a newspaper.

The argument has also been raised that were we to banish these juvenile "authorities" from the airwaves, we would be thwarting their instinct for self-expression. I disagree. Every high school has its debating club, its classes with discussion groups, its own newspaper and, as a rule, magazine, and an infinite variety of outlets for the adolescent with an irresistible urge to spout authoritatively. Here are the proper forums for youth.

Furthermore, these programs have been initiated and engineered not by the children themselves, but by adults who are exploiting youth's natural know-it-all attitude and calling it entertainment or even public service.

It is time we put the children back in the nursery and the playground and classroom.

A Wartime Testament

By RALPH DE TOLEDANO

In the early spring of 1944, cold winds still whipped across Pine Camp. The winter snows of upstate New York had barely disappeared from the bleak parade ground and from company streets pitted by tank treads. In our section of the half-deserted post, barracks which had echoed to the boisterous American shouts of the 45th Infantry, or of the 2nd and 3rd Armored, now restrained the quieter excitement of Italians—men captured in Africa and Sicily who were being trained by us as auxiliary QM troops to relieve GIs for service in Europe and the CBI.

In that chill spring, I did my day's work in the Intelligence Office. I wrote the daily news bulletin and turned it over for translation to an Italian lieutenant whose family had published the music of Giuseppe Verdi; I wrote and edited the bilingual post weekly; I poked into the lives of former prisoners whose rejection of fascism was still in doubt.

After Retreat and chow, I joined the other men who piled into rattling taxis and sped to Watertown—to drink, to see old movies, and to watch the V-girls go by. And like these men, I waited for the day to come when my name, rank and serial number would turn up on a shipping list. It was not combat we feared, but the process of being tossed into a manpower pool in a repple-depple—and from there to company, platoon, squad, where all personal loyalties had already been assigned and where we would face war uncoached and unbefriended.

The anxiety in me was deepened. At home, my wife was having a child, and I knew that I might be shipped out before the child was born—before I could see its face and hear its cry. That I might fight and that I might die had been a fact of daily existence from the moment I put on the uniform; that I might die before I had seen the proof of my immortality—this was another matter.

For nine or ten nights of that Pine Camp spring, I sought to circumvent this possibility. I might have prayed, but instead I wrote letters. Sitting on the edge of my bunk, a writing pad on my knees, I beat a path of communication to a child unborn, of sex undetermined. As in all such undertakings, of course, the path was not to my child but to my own soul. They were not good letters; they were full of tag ends and sudden silences; but they have spoken to me ever since.

"There are many things I should like you to know," the cramped handwriting of the first letter says, "things which I may not be able to tell you till you have moved out of childhood—or perhaps never. You are one of a cheated, precious generation, born of people whose love has been tempered by war and hovering death. For your father is a soldier. . . .

"There is a dirty, bitter job to be done by men not trained to war or military discipline. It is a job worth doing only because it must be done. That is why I am away from you . . . why you may not have me about as reassurance against the dark, uncertain world which closes in on the young and sensitive.

"So I must give you more than a fleeting picture of me. . . . I must let you know what I feel and believe. All I can give you is words. . . . But my life has been bound up in words, and beyond those abiding loves which are my private endowment, words and their bright, poignant significance have been a passion to me."

So I wrote, and in the following evenings, when the loud bustle had turned to an easier drone, I filled the pages.

"What I would most like to pass on to you now is a deep sense of obligation as a way of life. *Noblesse oblige*—nobility compels—they say. But it is the sense of obligation, not to a vague humanity but to the individuals who make up our lives, which is paramount. The will to do right can be broken; the obligation can not. If the good is a matter of choice, it loses its authority. It must be an obligation which can not be ignored. We are *obliged* to the people we love, to the ideas we cherish, to the God we worship. We are *obliged* to ourselves, and to the honor within us."

With a kind of penitence, I wrote: "They told us that it was foolhardy to have a child in wartime. They told us that it was a demonstration of faith in victory and security. Never believe these things. You were conceived because two people can wait only so long before having children if love exists between them—and because there was a war and I was a soldier who might never return. For myself, too, it was pride in what I come from that made me want to perpetuate this heritage in you, richened by what your mother brings. And I wanted you because no man dies alone whose blood still breathes the living air. And though I am not afraid of death, I do not want to die alone."

Floundering in mortality, I wrote: "Wind and rain pass over earth, washing away its substance. But the core of man's conscience is hard and stubborn; sometimes it survives." And again:

"I think I started to grow up when I ceased to be afraid of saying things that had to be said merely because they sounded like platitudes. When I was in school, it was considered shameful to speak of honor and dignity, of love of man and love of God. We were all historical materialists and anti-idealists. Man was selfish and economic; when the proper strings were manipulated, the puppet danced.

"We posed as cynics till we became cynics, and the boredom was profound. For historical materialism did not give us what God had given our elders. It left us without motivation and without grace. It is only now that I am learning that without God, man has no dignity; and without dignity he is an animal. I am learning that without God, man has no purpose; and without purpose, he is a useless mechanism.

"Perhaps negation will again be

fashionable when you are in school. Perhaps the small craft scooped out from the tree of our new hopes will not weather the tempest of this war. Perhaps decency will not survive and a new set of half-truths and expediencies will arise to confuse you and me. Then we will live again in evil.

"But I think that something will remain, at least some remnant for us to use in reconstructing the whole. At great price, the war has forced some of us to revaluate our ideas, to reforge our ideals, to purify our faith. It has pressed upon me a shining understanding of the dignity of life in freedom, the impossibility of life without dignity. And from this has grown a morality of spirit too intransigent to perish easily. Even before you are born, you are pledged to it. And you will come to the struggle with clean hands."

I knew then, as I know now, that we were the expendables. "This war of vengeance and reprisal for a world self-betrayed will not dirty you as it will dirty me. Wars may be necessary, but they are never justified. We will pay for it with more than our lives, our fortunes, our suffering, our loss of self-respect. Whether we go through mud and death, or pass the war behind desks, we are all marked men. We shall never be the same.

"The tragedy of war is not that men die in great numbers, but that men must kill; not that men must obey commands like automatons, but that they must give them without conscience—and with this the living tissue of human dignity atrophies. It is not a shame to obey, except when obedience is the product of fear and compulsion. To die is common; to kill is horrible. And the men who have lived with that horror, no matter how remotely, can never order their lives in balance and tranquility. . . .

"As a student, I was a pacifist. War was something unreal and impersonal at which we scolded. But Spain came, like a hand at the throat, and in those years of bitterness and anger, we all knew that before the decade had ended heaven and earth would shake. So pacifism was sand in our mouths and we had nothing. Political faith, moral faith —both of these were gone, and in their place was a gnawing blankness worse than fear."

In the innocence and exaltation of the times, I could write: "Only one horror is greater than the horror of war: slavery of the soul. Freedom is not a luxury, not a right but an obligation. It is not something that decent men can take or leave alone. Freedom can live only when it is an imperative which moves men to action and high anger at its violation. It is the keystone in the arch of our world. It must live deeply in the heart and in the mind, jealously guarded from any encroachment. There can be no compromise with freedom, as there can be no compromise with breathing.

"If our lives are consecrated, it is to that principle. That is why I am glad you are an American—not because Americans are superior to other people, but because the history and tradition of America is one of continual and troublesome preoccupation with freedom, of a sense of obligation to freedom."

My last letter, written in early April, reflected a doubt that I had floundered. "I have tried to be rational and detached in telling you that by holding to a tradition of obligation, by believing that one's acts are not random but build or destroy on a continuous pattern, we move toward a seasoned and better world. The course of history shifts and God takes notice.

"I have tried to say that only in the emotion of knowing what we believe, in the comradeship of purpose, can we begin to find the basis of personal peace and personal justice. But in writing of these things, I have been moved too often by the thought of you and the thought of myself; the thought of the man and woman who bore me and raised me; the woman who will bear you; the thought that perhaps she will raise you alone.

"I have tried to tell you things that are just beginning to grow in my mind, and in this groping I have left out much that is important, too. I have not written to you of music and my love of cities, of the feeling for form which disciplines our love of beauty and liberates it. I have not written to you of the small tenderness for little things. I have not written of laughter and of silence, of friendship and courage.

"I have not written to you of evil or the bitter frustration at witnessing its triumph, of light in the morning and darkness at night. I have not written to you of the sweetness of woman—you will be a son, I am sure of it—of the goodness of swimming and running.

"These are things you will find out for yourself, and in finding them you will grow and learn, you will reach and pass me. I have written more than less at random, but close to the core of my beliefs. My thinking has not been clear or direct. I have written merely to give you a taste of me as I am today—and for myself, to feel with a surging mixture of joy and melancholy that I am near you, within sight and sound of you, my son. Whether I have written stupidly or profoundly does not really matter before this fact.

"This is a time of anguish and turmoil for the world and for us. God speed us through it till we

Madrigal Not to Be Reprinted

("I, too, have tried to be modern."
W. B. Yeats, 1935)

When your mood is joy
Give out with a shout, bully-boy:
Riotous, pink as a child from sleep,
Eyes burning Saxon-blue
Let the rabble share with you
And babble, and applaud it.
Laughter needs audit.

But if (it might be tomorrow)
You are despair,
Then secret keep; quiet creep
Into your sorrow.
There you live alone,
Breech and bone and marrow.
Retire, retreat, repair,
Immurable in your lair.

Defeat no company will bear,
No consort, hide nor hair,
Sorrow wants no one there,
Not anyone, anywhere.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

have found quiet and a warm sun together."

I did not die. I did not go into combat. I saw my son shortly after he was born—and before my name, rank and serial number had turned up on a shipping list. And we have never found quiet and a warm sun together. There is war again—or its Korean dress rehearsal. And the world is in exile from itself once more. It weeps by Babylonian waters.

I have two sons now who will grow up and wear uniforms; and perhaps they will fight, where I did not. I may show them the letters, as a token of my lost innocence. Perhaps they will know then that, by the grace of God, evil is eternal even as good is eternal, that it is man's fate to choose eternally between them.

The hope of that cold spring has vanished. The victory of American arms which we could see on the horizon has been destroyed by a conspiracy of weak men and evil purpose. The future is in sordid hands. My sons will inherit it. All I can tell them is that man lives and man dies —but the fight for freedom goes on forever.

The Winning Side

By JOHN A. LUKACS

Psychological warfare, although used by Egyptians and Greeks with some success in the pre-Pentagon age, was acclaimed by Washington in World War II as an invention of genius ranking with the importance of nuclear fission. Forthwith offices were established, projects presented, agencies erected in this first phase of the psychological warfare vogue. Yet the results were not quite encouraging: while on one hand the collective soul of the German nation was industriously psychoanalyzed and the Germans' split-consciousness zealously explained, it seems that not much was done about all this, as the Germans continued fighting until forced to surrender unconditionally.

The second phase of psychological warfare projects erupted with the Marshall Plan in 1947. Communism, thriving allegedly on nothing but very empty stomachs, was said to require that material aid be coordinated with psychological warfare. Forthwith the Voice of America broadcast impressive statistics about the number of dishwashing machines in rural Tennessee; the volume of material aid to hungry Europe was unrelentingly reiterated on paper and in the air. Yet again the results were curious. Some very desolate and hungry areas of the Continent, for example Greece and West Berlin, showed surprisingly staunch resistance to communism while in other, better fed and better subsidized regions the number of Communists did not appreciably dwindle. Nor did the Indian Communists fall into black depths of despair upon the news that American wheat ships were steaming for Bombay.

We are in the third phase of the psychological experiments now. It is finally realized that to counter the Soviets' appeal, we have to adopt a spiritual and not a materialistic approach, and broadcast to the world the Western message of the Christian concept of man. This is indeed a hard task. Amidst its complexities, flabby liberalism may easily be confused with sincere humility of the spirit. We may slash our political garments, bow deep and pay profuse verbal homage to the allegedly so much more spiritual Nehrus, but does this work? All our radioed seminars on comparative political religions did not seem to go very deep with the rioting mob in Cairo which happily sacked the American information center there; the echoes of the British brigade of fusiliers standing fast in Suez achieved far more in the long run. Neither did Justice William O. Douglas's humble discussion of legal briefs with Kurd tribesmen seem to instil sweet reason into Premier Mossadegh's dervishlike head; hands were squeezed but not a drop of oil flowed.

It seems that the basic factor in psychological warfare is hardly realized: the fact that people like to be on the winning side.

This statement may seem rash, iconoclastic and cynical. But it was certainly borne out by the experiences of the last war. We hear very much of Russian deserters now; ambitious magazine writers even suggest that half of the Soviet Army and virtually the whole Ukraine was about to desert to the German side and that had it not been for better Psychological Warfare, Hitler might have won the Russian War.

Now, it is true that there was a substantial number of Russian and especially Ukrainian deserters—but in 1941 and 1942, *when the Germans were winning*. Their number dwindled to nothing after the tide turned at Stalingrad. Indeed, by 1943-44 the Ukraine was one of the most partisan-infested regions in the East, where many people wished to get back into the Russians' good graces since the Russians were coming back—*they were winning*. In 1941 whole Croat regiments of the Royal Yugoslav Army deserted wholesale to the Germans; in 1944 the same Croats deserted to Tito. The Slovak War Minister, who proclaimed himself a Fascist in 1939 when the Germans marched into Prague, was suddenly discovered in 1944 to have gone over to the advancing Russians. Neither did the West European resistance movements really get going until 1943 when it was evident that the Allies were winning the war.

There are but few exceptions to this rule. They certainly did not occur in Asia. To quote but one example, the Siamese attacked Indo-China a few weeks after France had collapsed in 1940; they declared war on Britain when the Japanese were sweeping down on Singapore; they began to conspire against the Japanese when MacArthur was back in the Philippines. And when in 1948-49 Chinese generals deserted to the Communists by the dozen, one could but laugh bitterly at the assertion that their desertion came when the civic consciences of these worthy soldiers were suddenly rent in painful conflict as they became aware, in a flash, of the vices of the Chiang Kai-shek regime. Their reasoning was far more simple. *The Communists were winning.*

Merely to tell people that we are winning is, however, not enough. We have to convince them; we have to impress them with our power—and this is the key to psychological warfare. But can we do it unless we ourselves are convinced first?

Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Revival of the Unfittest

At the start of the season I noticed, with dread, some "first signs of Broadway's revivalist urges" (see issue of December 1, 1952). But I was certainly not prepared to see Mr. John van Druten in the evangelic choir. An experienced arranger of bedroom furniture, he can think of more ways of getting a girl into what is called trouble than the house poets of the *Bal Tabarin,* and he uses four-letter words with the sort of unperturbed nerve that New York's naive critics dependably take for sophistication. With such talents, he could not fail to garner the top dramatic honors in 1951 and, owning a commodity as elastic as the *double-entendre,* he ought to have been assured of immortality for at least another season. But no, he had to go and wrestle with the ultimate.

This year's play he titled, somewhat overvaluing his intellectual assets, "I've Got Sixpence." Its dramatic material is thriftily confined to the Meaning of Love, ditto of Life, ditto of Faith, Hope and Charity, also the Need for God, the Spiritual Inferno of ex-Communists, the Wisdom of the Church, the Strength of Innocence, the Power of Prayer, and the Pity of It All. Also (evidently because, when a Broadway wit like Mr. van Druten sees the light, it somehow remains red) he threw in a few hotel-room trysts, a pregnant half-virgin, a modicum of strip-tease, a few choice bits of filthy language and, of course, a whiff of abortion.

The incident signifies, I am afraid, a cultural menace of the first order —the entertainment boys muscling in on redemption. Just as the bootleggers swarmed into the labor unions when there no longer was money in bathtub gin, the purveyors of pseudo-elegant smut, now that it is going out of fashion, are moving into the soul-searching business.

The trend is discernible in all side-alleys of our national amusement park. Book reviewers, who only yesterday shoved Mr. Paul Blanshard into the Hall of Fame, now wrap their wares in references to St. Thomas Aquinas; Milton Berle bows, between two dirty jokes, to Bishop Sheen; Hollywood script writers change trains from Missions to Moscow for pilgrimages to Fatima; some of our more suggestive ballet dancers get a few devotional steps into the act; and, to glance at more secular areas, several veteran New Deal columnists begin to write about the forthcoming Republican Administration as if they had never accused Herbert Hoover of cannibalism. In its unembarrassed ease, as sheer acrobatics, that universal switch invites admiration. "If this here civilization," the entertainment boys seem to be saying with an extraordinary self-confidence, "needed us to fall into the cesspool, how could it ever hope to get out again without our knowing guidance?"

What I mean to say in particular is that Mr. van Druten should kindly keep the hell out of heaven—an advice, I hasten to add, by no means offered in defense of the Faith; for who am I to judge even a Broadway playwright's personal chances for salvation? But while the devil quoting Scriptures should be left to the Lord's ordained servants, a perfume manufacturer who suddenly bottles incense falls under the jurisdiction of the ordinary market police. To quarrel with Mr. van Druten's absurd theology would be hilariously irrelevant. What needs lashing is his absurd taste.

So far as I could make out, Broadway's undisputed king of *double-entendre* this time desires to say that a bit of sacramental blessing could not possibly harm and might conceivably enhance the familiar pleasures of sex. It does not really matter where the ointment comes from. The only important thing is to get the fillip—and brother, do you need one!

I left the Ethel Barrymore Theater very puzzled—not so much by the play as by the New York critics who, though they occasionally disagree with Mr. van Druten's messages, unanimously testify to his sophisticated taste. Now there is a moment in "I've Got Sixpence" when he does something the lowest sideshow barker would recoil from doing. To get the standard strip required for a genuine van Druten play into "I've Got Sixpence," he lets a girl, who has just cried her eyes out over being with child, take off her clothes and show her lingerie. It is this sort of unspeakable taste which would make me choose damnation if Mr. van Druten were the world's only peddler of redemption.

(A Select Committee of the House of Representatives which investigated the 1941 massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, reported on July 2, 1952, that it was beyond question the work of Stalin's NKVD.)

Katyn Forest

Here Poland withered in this lovely glade:
The father and the son in fullest flower,
Uprooted by the cunning hand of Cain—
Not in a drunken but a chosen hour.
The manhood of a nation, tied and slain,
Fell as the dumb ox to the mallet's blow;
Stacked like fresh corded wood in one vast grave—
To ask is but to answer: God does know!
Tired Stalin, do you seek a slumber soft,
Holding your mother's hand in some dear dream?
Or do you hear, on dark streets of the night,
The chill crescendo of the dying scream?
Come now to judgment, Stalin—soon your bell!
With Poland standing by as Sentinel.

HIRAM LYDAY SLOANAKER

A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"All of Dreiser broods. Only the nerves of Lewis leap." In this capsule contrast, written long before Sinclair Lewis had become a Nobel Prize winner, Waldo Frank may have overstated a canny perception. But the truth is that Sinclair Lewis had so much nervous energy in him that it tore the rest of his body to pieces. The nervous energy surges and gambols and cavorts through the letters he wrote to his publishers, the Messrs. Alfred Harcourt and Donald Brace, from 1919 to 1930, and it brought out a good deal of responsive energy in return. Harrison Smith, who worked for the firm of Harcourt, Brace during the high-tide years of Lewis's burgeoning reputation, has collected the Lewis-Harcourt correspondence of a significant decade in a book called "From Main Street to Stockholm: Letters of Sinclair Lewis 1919-1930" (Harcourt, Brace, $5). The letters have no special importance beyond what they tell about the linked business of editing, publishing, advertising and publicity, but the strange thing about them is that they leap and quiver with eager personality even when they deal with office trivia. They give us Sinclair Lewis, the business man—incidentally a far more resourceful entrepreneur than either George F. Babbitt or Dodsworth.

Make no mistake about it, Sinclair Lewis knew how to market his talents. He knew when to grasp, and when to let go. He knew when to forego royalties for the sake of advertising, and he knew when to accept—and when to turn down—prizes. He knew when to give Alfred Harcourt his head, and when to advise on his own advertising and publicity. Sinclair Lewis may have made his reputation as an above-the-battle satirist of American business practices. But he knew those practices from the inside out, and he was always an eager president of the Boosters Club for Red Lewis.

The letters have an intrinsic interest for students of the Lewis personality and the Lewis legend. But they also have an extrinsic interest of purport for the year 1952. The firm of Harcourt, Brace and Howe (as it was in the beginning) was founded in a postwar period. Alfred Harcourt and Sinclair Lewis, two small-town men who had worked for big old-line publishers in New York City during the World War I decade, were bursting with dreams in 1919. Lewis's dream was to quit the world of editing and facile commercial short-story writing and to do a realistic novel about the small-town Middle West. Alfred Harcourt's dream was to publish and market an entirely new kind of book.

In 1919 Lewis said to Harcourt: "Let's go out to your house and start making plans." Nebulous enough at first, the plans jelled into one of the most fruitful collaborations in publishing history. Lewis not only provided "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith" and "Dodsworth" for the Harcourt, Brace list; he also served the firm as talent scout and literary adviser. He brought good names into the firm, he put some money into it, and he invariably had good ideas about dealing with editors, newspaper people and critics.

Harcourt, on his own, had a talent for perceiving and riding trends. He helped create the vogue for the new biography when he published Lytton Strachey. He fanned the flames of historical "revisionism" when he brought out John Maynard Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace." He published the books of the London Bloomsbury group—and so stimulated the taste for *avant garde* material in a society that was eager for experiment. Some of the movements fostered by the Harcourt, Brace publishing practices petered out into sterility in the thirties. But the firm of Harcourt, Brace was always on the solid side; it had little tolerance for anything save the *crême de la crême,* even in its occasional search for the nihilists among geniuses.

Now, what does all this mean in 1952? Reader, look about you! Do you see any vigorous young publishers today? Do you see any vigorous new authors crowding the lists of new publishers? In one of his 1920 letters about the prospects for "Main Street" Lewis wrote to Harcourt: "So! Off for 100,000! Alf, we've got 'em all by the ears! Harcourt, Boni, Knopf, Huebsch will dominate the publishing world and me—oh hell, I'll go home and read a book about real estate as preparation for 'Fitch' by the author of 'Main Street.' First printing: 50,000." Well, Harcourt, Boni, Knopf and Huebsch (reincarnated as Viking) did rise to dominate the publishing world, and "Fitch," as "Babbitt," did have a huge and successful first printing. But where are the new Harcourts, Bonis, Knopfs and Huebsches of 1952?

You may say there are no new literary movements these days for publishers to exploit. You may say that the high-cost economics of modern printing and marketing inevitably penalize the new firm. You may say that the rewards for authorship have

disappeared. You may say that the passive appeal of television and radio and the comics has killed the appetite for reading, which demands a willingness to move the eye from left to right for a period of hours until a book is finished. I say that none of these things can keep a good book—or a good, far-sighted publisher—down.

What does keep the literary market of the moment narcotized is the deadhead character of 1952 literary institutions. Let's take the fate of a good modern historical "revisionist" book for example and compare it with the fate of a comparable book of the early twenties. Let the firm of Harcourt, Brace serve as the guinea pig for each decade. In the early twenties Harcourt, Brace went to town with Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace." In 1952 the same firm published a selection of papers from Major Jordan's Diaries, a book which let a beam of bright light into some of the more nefarious dealings of the Russians during World War II. The difference between the twenties and the fifties is measured precisely by the difference in the market welcome for Keynes and Major Jordan. Where the former got off to a winging start, the latter could hardly penetrate the fog.

Why? Because our literary institutions of today are permeated by smugness and dry rot. In the twenties the *New York Times* did not believe in the historical revisionism of the Fay-Barnes school. But when a Sidney Fay wrote a significant book in those distant days, the *Times* book section of Donald Adams had the journalistic acumen and decency to spot it on the front page. In 1952 the young firm of Henry Regnery is trying to make a market for books that are critical of the foreign policy that has allowed the Russians to bestride the world from Berlin to the Formosa Strait. A Freda Utley, publishing with Regnery, manages to achieve a limited success with a book called "The China Story." But Regnery has to make a market by reliance on word-of-mouth advertising and reviews in such clandestine sheets as Frank Hanighen's *Human Events* and the *Freeman*. The same is true for the firm of the Devin-Adair Company when it publishes a good book called "One is a Crowd," by Frank Chodorov.

One of these days a wind is going to start blowing. It will blow down the moribund institutions of New York literary life. It will create a new journalism. It will restore the vogue for good writing in the colleges. It will give an informed critic of the foreign policy ideas of the late Harry Hopkins just as much space as it now gives to a Robert Sherwood when he defends Mr. Hopkins. It will make white space available to those who question the gods of the Left. And, in restoring the hegemony of the tolerant and skeptical mind, it will inspire poets and fiction writers to write for intelligent readers.

Do you doubt it? I will make this prediction. Within a year or so the *Freeman*, or a magazine very much like it, will have a dynamic reputation on college campuses. Then watch the great winds of change start to blow.

Chodorov: Complete Individualist

One Is a Crowd, by Frank Chodorov. New York: Devin-Adair. $2.75

Frank Chodorov has filled his book with juicy parables. He shows up the do-gooders; this needs doing, but books doing it abound on our side already. What makes this book extraordinary is: Chodorov proposes specific remedies.

He sweeps away the public relations men who repeat, as if by rote: "We have no easy answers. There is no one solution. There are no fixed absolute rules. There are only devices. There are no panaceas." Chodorov comes right out and says: "Gentlemen, I offer a solution." He does, too.

You may have a son or daughter who goes to school and has therefore been exposed to hardly anything except socialism. The kid knows it's an absolute sin to believe in anything absolute except the absolute tenets of social interdependence. Try giving the little darling a copy of this book and underline the chapters called "The Tale of Two Students" and "Let's Teach Communism."

If you are on our side, you should buy twenty extra copies of "One Is a Crowd" and mail them, via some private postal conveyance (see chapter 16, "The Myth Of The Post Office"), to people you argue with. This done, you should sit down with a copy yourself and see whether you are a passer-on of good ideas merely, or an absorber.

If you are a true believer, after you have read the chapter called "Conscious Schizophrenia," you will start reforming yourself.

Chodorov would be willing to stand or fall, I believe, on the issue of public education. You, personally, may see that public education is a part of socialism. But most people don't. You may have the imagination to see that private education not only would be run better than public education, it would provide education in an abundance not now existing, as private progress has provided everything else we need and demand. But most people regard this as a revolutionary idea. Get them to read chapter 13, "A Way of Divorcement." If, after reading this, they still don't condemn the public education idea and still refuse to champion private education, they can not call themselves individualists. Let's take a look at Chodorov's wonderfully persuasive prose, as a kind of introduction to his ideas on public education.

> . . . an Adam Smith Club would be an evidence of a dissident voice on the campus and it would be looked upon with disfavor by the vested collectivists and campus conformists. All the better. Any explicit or implicit opposition to the Club would convince the membership that they had got hold of an important truth. It is a known fact that the learning

one acquires outside the lecture hall sticks closer to the ribs, especially if that learning is officially declared off limits.

Freedom Newspapers, Inc., owned by Mr. R. C. Hoiles of Santa Ana, Calif., has been preaching that public education violates the commandment that says "Thou shalt not steal." Public education robs one man in order to send another man's children to school. Hoiles is one of the few absolutely consistent practicing advocates of laissez-faire capitalism alive. (He is the only well-known capitalist who joins with Ayn Rand, the novelist, and Isabel Paterson, the political economist, in condemning public education. Let's conspire to make "One Is a Crowd" a "significant" seller so that Frank Chodorov can be added to their lonely, seditious number, as the only well-known essayist and editor publicly to profess such radical sentiments. Then there'll be four true-fixed northern stars.)

Chodorov blasts public education because it teaches the secular religion of Statism. Being a state-owned institution it can not do otherwise. The cure is to introduce competition into the school business, sell all public schools to private owners so that education can function as a part of capitalism. It will then teach them capitalism. It takes a daring imagination to follow Chodorov down this road. Few of us have the courage to be extremists in consistency.

Chodorov's arguments will be feebly contested by some self-alleged individualists who say: "We hate all socialism but the worst part, public education; we can't be against public schools because public schools are a part of our honored American tradition." Some such sticky logic was published in a *Freeman* editorial. The "honored American tradition" argument applies equally well to the Post Office or any other government-owned business which has celebrated its centennial.

Chodorov is at his best when using the collectivists' own arguments against them. Take the argument that capitalism was abused during the nineteenth century, and therefore we need politics to reform the abuses of capitalism. Mr. Chodorov considers this in a chapter sweetly called "In Defense of Thieves":

> There is a widespread superstition that politics can in some way, and without any expenditure of effort on our part, feed, clothe, house and enrich all of us. It is this superstition that spawns all reform movements. Yet the incontrovertible fact of history is that politics is purely an expense, a drain on the market place, and can not be anything else. When we add up the results of all the reforms that have come to fruition in this country, we see that the bottom figure comes to one-third of all "you and I" produce. It would be impossible for accountants to prove it, but casual observation suggests that the combined thievery of all the Morgans, Stanfords, Fisks, *et al*, which includes the bribes they paid to politicians, never came to fifty billions per annum. What price reform!

Throw that at the individualists who concede abuses of capitalism under laissez-faire. "In Defense of Thieves" will make converts to the philosophy of the gaudy days: regardless of how corrupt they were, they nonetheless put the accent on production. Today's corruption accents parasitism, which is why today's corruption is worse than that of any other period.

To my mind, Chodorov's most original contribution to formal thought comes in a chapter entitled "How a Jew Came to God." (Don't let reference to formal thought scare anybody away; this short book is easy as pie to read.) In "How a Jew Came to God" Chodorov performs a feat which atheistic individualists, such as Mencken, have deemed impossible. He furnishes grounds for a flirting alliance (though not a love affair) between atheism and religion. He does this with the best flourish of his thought-pricking collection: "Religion is merely faith in the possibility of an explanatory pattern of constancies."

This definition eliminates the necessity for organized religion. It creates the possibility of a working truce between profoundly religious individualists such as William Buckley and hopelessly damned atheists such as myself. If Buckley and I can agree to accept Chodorov's definition of religion, we can get together on morality and politics. We can bow before the fact that all individualists are deeply religious whether they believe in Buckley's God or in man's ego-as-the-fountainhead, as Ayn Rand teaches. Accepting this, we can get on to the more immediately interesting business of morality, politics, education.

All individualistic politics is based on the idea of natural rights. If Chodorov thinks faith is required to believe in natural rights, we should applaud him for his advocacy of natural rights regardless of how he arrived there. If we agreed all the time, we wouldn't be individualists.

That magpie editor, John Chamberlain, who collects all shades of ostensible individualism, from fence-sitters to whole-hoggers, told me I could take two paragraphs to prove natural rights without recourse to faith. I'm too verbose to convince anybody of anything in two paragraphs. I'd rather praise Chodorov, not bury him under hair-splitting disputations. The tragedy for the reader of this book is the tragedy of a starving man who has been famished for years. He suddenly receives a tidbit that takes him two swallows to consume. It whets his appetite—and leaves him hungrier than he was. That's me, reading "One Is a Crowd." Not that the experience won't leave you satisfied; but it'll make you holler for more. The tragedy of Mr. Chodorov is: he's *not* a crowd. The knowledge that he can't be replaced inspires me to Spenglerian gloom. But two hour tidbit though it be, in this small book lie all the quick arguments you need when dealing with collectivist partners, children or selves.

The quality of greatness in "One Is a Crowd" is seen so seldom it must touch off a number of grateful and effusive paeans from people on our side. Ivan Bierly, who is with the Foundation for Economic Education, wrote me: "I think . . . [One Is a Crowd] is . . .the best critique of thinking in this area of ideas that I've seen for a long time."

That it is. But what makes it good? I think it's because Chodorov not only *thinks*, he *writes* brilliant ideas in fluent, punch-packed prose. Enough of this love-making; unwrap a copy for yourself.

THADDEUS ASHBY

Report for Ike

The Revolution Was, by Garet Garrett. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton. 50¢
Ex America, by Garet Garrett. Caxton. 75¢
Rise of Empire, by Garet Garrett. Caxton. 75¢

In the above-listed trilogy, named in sequence, Garet Garrett performs an autopsy on the late American Republic and shows us all just what happened. Discarding the usual medical jargon, he describes in clear English how the patient died and how we all assisted, wittingly or unwittingly, in the murder. Because, make no mistake about it, it *was* murder.

It was not a sudden death, but then, the skilful poisoner doesn't do things that way. The arsenic was administered one dose at a time, so cleverly, so palatably, that neither the patient nor his loved ones realized what was going on. Indeed, most of Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces thought their favorite relative was getting better all the time. To be fair about it, the assassins may have thought so, too. The whole thing is reminiscent of the old vaudeville joke—wasn't it Lew Fields who used to tell it?—about the man who called on his sick uncle for weeks and found him improving all the time. Then one day he called and found his uncle dead. "Died of improvements," was the official explanation.

Not being a vaudevillian, Mr. Garrett doesn't treat the subject lightly. For all his objectivity, you can see he loved the patient. But neither does he scream at the wanton death—it is almost as though the report had been made by the prophet Jeremiah in collaboration with a staid certified public accountant, and the whole thing had been edited by Albert J. Nock. But there remains under the formal figures of the accountant, the sound of the prophet's thunder. This is inevitable, because Mr. Garrett did some prophesying himself before the events came to pass. I recall, with some chagrin, that I voted for FDR in 1936—the *only* time, I hasten to add—but was almost dissuaded from doing so because of an article by Mr. Garrett in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He scared me—but, alas, not enough. I was being lulled by the fireside chats of the Great Charmer. Only the canny folk of Maine and Vermont didn't fall under the spell, it will be remembered.

But too many of us—and I voted for Ike—are under the impression that everything has changed since Election Day. We have a new medicine man and we expect him to raise the dead. Maybe he can, but he won't be able to pass the miracle unless he knows the patient's case-history. Here it is, Ike, and pray study it well. If it were to convince you and you should decide to lead the way back to freedom no matter what the cost—and freedom's cost is always a heavy one in toil and sweat and tears—the miracle might still happen. That would really be a Great Crusade, and one we'd be proud to enlist in.

MORRIE RYSKIND

The Realism of Spain

The Literature of the Spanish People, by Gerald Brenan. New York: Cambridge. $7.50

This is a fine book. Not only is it an excellent survey of Spanish literature but it is literature itself in its own right and in the best sense of the word.

Mr. Brenan brings to his task not only industry and enthusiasm, which are the basic requirements for this kind of study, but also his own special gifts coming out of his own experience. As readers of "The Spanish Labyrinth" will know without being told, he has a real knowledge of the people of Spain, a knowledge illuminated by sympathy and understanding of their problems and, what is rare in your Hispanophile, unclouded by sentimental prejudice.

He loves Spain—and because they are hers he accepts her faults without overlooking them. He is well read in other literatures too, and abreast of contemporary trends in criticism so that he can select for emphasis the figures that seem most significant to the twentieth century. Parenthetically we may remark that such figures are also the major ones in the Spanish gallery, for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which produced so many giants in Spain as to merit the designation of "the Golden Age" are very close in spirit to our own tense and uneasy times, a kinship clearly revealed in such features as the current cult for the metaphysical poets, the reaffirmation of Counter-Reformation attitudes, the lively interest in the baroque. Lastly, Mr. Brenan has the most precious gift of all: he writes well. His exposition is clear and convincing, and his style manages to convey as well something of the excitement he feels; this, I think, because he is aware through all the technical business of classifying, analyzing and comparing, that literature is first of all a reflection of humanity, and he never forgets the man while studying the writer.

His arrangement is conventional enough. He follows chronology closely and in the main accepts the general lines of criticism that have been accepted since the nineteenth century laid down the rules for this kind of game. His book has seventeen chapters, beginning with "The Roman and Visigothic Periods" and ending with "The Twentieth Century," thus covering the major figures from the gifted author of the Cid to (but not including) the generation of García Lorca. In general, too, Mr. Brenan follows the traditional pattern of emphasis on certain figures, but here there is some difference in degree. He is even more cavalier in his treatment of the eighteenth century than most critics have been, he gives very scant space to the minor dramatists that surround Lope and Calderón, and he discounts a number of nineteenth-century figures that up to a few years ago were regarded as significant. He is too scant in his treatment of the romantics, and a little blind to the gifts of Valera and the charm of Palacio Valdés. But on the whole his emphasis is sound. It certainly reflects the contemporary attitudes, and it leaves him free to write at some length on such important writers as Calderón (a superb chapter that leaves one wondering why our new critics have not taken up Calderón as they have Donne), Cervantes, Góngora and Galdós. In his treatment of all these major figures he is skilful in creating a convincing synthesis of sources, motives, techniques, and most of all person-

alities. His study of Góngora, to cite merely one example, is very illuminating and gives us a good deal more than we could dare hope to find in the usual panoramic treatment of this nature. Here as elsewhere Brenan reveals another skill essential to the historian of letters, the ability to pick out just the right kind of quotation to make his point.

Finally it should be said that although the treatment of individual authors is so good that some chapters could be detached from the book and live a life of their own, yet throughout the work certain unifying elements are never lost sight of; the essential realism of Spanish letters, their healthy reliance on the spontaneous expression of the people, from which derives a kind of intransigent nationalism which, paradoxically, when it does break through, gives Spanish literature a stamp of deep universality. (Save it be Hamlet, there is probably no character outside of folklore more universal than Quixote or Sancho, or for that matter Don Juan—all of whom are immutably Spanish.)

For the professional Mr. Brenan adds a good bibliography with helpful comments. For professional and amateur alike his book is to be highly recommended.

THOMAS G. BERGIN

Satellite Europe

Conquest by Terror, by Leland Stowe. New York: Random. $3.50

This story of satellite Europe is quite exciting. To Leland Stowe goes the credit of having prepared the best journalistic account of what Soviet Russia has been doing in central-eastern Europe. While the book gives the surface impression that its material is quite novel or unavailable in other publications, the fact remains that Stowe has digested what has been printed, and seasoned this knowledge with information coming from the numerous refugees now living in the United States, the reports of the Mid-European Studies Center, the National Committee for a Free Europe, and Radio Free Europe.

Stowe concentrates on the Soviet use of what the sociologist calls the process of "acculturation." He shows how the social, economic, religious, political and military potentials of the Iron Curtain states are transformed into valuable weapons for the Kremlin. Especially helpful are the sections dealing with the utilization of the new terror to accomplish Russia's new ventures in imperialism. The book would have gained quite a lot by including more documentation and the maps which *Life* used when publishing one of Stowe's chapters. The academically-minded reader might object to Stowe's continuous breathless exhortations against the continuing menace of Soviet expansion; but even those who believe that "it can not happen here" will admit that Stowe has written a good popular over-all survey of the transformation of satellite Europe into a Politburo's Charlie McCarthy.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

Saga of Copper

A History of Phelps Dodge, by Robert Glass Cleland. New York: Knopf. $4.00

Copper was always an important substance. It has much the longest history among metals, for it was probably the first to be mined. Our ancestors became acquainted with truly durable goods when the copper men, the miners and the smiths, got into production ages ago. They made weapons, hardware and jewelry out of it. Copper smelts at a low heat. It is soft enough to work cold. It looks good, too; when freshly shined the color is rosy pink. When exposed to the weather it turns many shades of brown and green, but only on the surface. It never really rusts underneath. The addition of a bit of zinc hardens copper into brass and the combination with tin makes bronze, an alloy that is springy as well as hard, somewhat like steel.

This beautiful substance which so bedazzled the imagination of ancient man lost ground as the technology of iron and steel developed. By the middle of the last century it had been superseded in nearly all its essential uses. It was merely competitive with zinc, tin and lead so far as non-corrosive qualities were concerned. Copper was still essential to the sheathing of wooden ships otherwise subject to destructive attacks by marine worms in tropical seas. Bronze was still important as a casting alloy in the manufacture of ordnance, church bells and other big objects. However, Alfred Krupp was already experimenting with steel cannon and the first iron ships had been launched in England.

Fifty years later the copper picture changed completely. The Age of Electricity arrived on wires that had to be made of copper. Nothing else would do, it had to be copper; no copper, no electricity. About a decade afterward another miraculous birth occurred. The Automobile Epoch blew in with an appetite for oil the like of which no man had reckoned on. Here were two basic industries, then, suddenly subject to a most terrific pressure of demand. Part of the story of how they reacted to it can be found in this sober history of one of the largest copper mining companies in the business.

When the founder of Phelps Dodge, Anson G. Phelps, set up shop for himself (as a saddle and trunk maker) about 1800, the world's output of copper was on the order of two thousand tons a year. By 1913, the year before the first World War, production had multiplied five hundred times—and the Age of Electricity was still growing. Of course there were turns of fortune in between, and it required a steady hand to negotiate them. Because the uses of copper were so much more limited than those of steel the market could be easily saturated, or on the other hand the available supply could be bought in by speculators attempting to kite the price; copper also had a peculiar affinity for war and the demand for it soared whenever there was real shooting. Afterward the stocks of surplus copper provoked the opposite kind of crisis and caused the demand on primary producers to dwindle.

Steady hands were exactly what Phelps and the later partners in the firm had. They were Presbyterians of the old school, Calvinists who labored day and night to deserve what the Lord God would give them in any case. They contemplated eternity so much that they habitually took the long view even in their earthly affairs. The first of them began as a

craftsman; he shipped his wares to plantation owners in South Carolina, and before long he was shipping their cotton for them to New England, then to Old England. From that point he branched out into many things, including the ownership of a coastal fleet. Although he handled "a variety of general merchandise that included nearly everything from beeswax, pottery, and timothy seed to carpets, moleskins, feathers and spittoons"—his warehouse in New York appears to have been a sort of Butler Brothers of the time—he had a tendency to concentrate on staples, to the detriment of the dry goods and notions side of his importing business.

He stocked English tinplate, sheet iron, iron wire, copper and zinc by the shipload, supplying these metals to the brass and copper factories in Connecticut. Acquaintance with his customers made him decide to go into their line of business too, and before long he had founded the town of Ansonia, Connecticut; he imported English craftsmen as well as English brass to get the two factories in it off to a good start. That, then, was the Phelps pattern: to be diligent in business, with special attention to upright dealing in staples such as skilful and conscientious workmen, basic commodities like copper and iron and zinc, and basic services such as transportation.

The later partners, named Phelps, Jr., Dodge, Stokes, James, Douglas and McLean went into lumber and railroading and coal mining. Their first Western mining venture was an effort to produce tin in California, and it was a complete failure. Their second venture of that kind was in Arizona copper and, one is tempted to say, because there actually was copper in Arizona the Phelps Dodge group rapidly developed one of the largest mining organizations in the United States. Characteristically, the operation started with the hiring of a first-class expert named James Douglas to inspect some copper properties that had been offered to Phelps Dodge as security for a loan. This remarkable man who had been trained for the Presbyterian ministry and quit it with the assertion that "My faith in Christ was stronger but my faith in denominational Christianity was so weak that I could not sign the Confession of Faith and therefore I was never ordained," together with Dr. Louis D. Ricketts, known in the business as "the best mining engineer in the world," contributed to Phelps Dodge the technical competence that the firm's financial probity deserved.

As an operator of mines Phelps Dodge succeeded where even the Guggenheims failed. While it is true that the most important innovation of the industry, open-pit mining, was developed by another firm, it is also true that when Phelps Dodge came into a property that could be worked by that method they brought it to an even higher state of effectiveness. On the whole they displayed as constant a bias toward technological efficiency as Rockefeller and his partners did toward administrative efficiency. Yet they never came nearly as close to dominating copper as the Standard Oil crowd did petroleum products, although modern research profoundly changed the nature of the oil business several times over.

ASHER BRYNES

Brief Mention

Midcentury Journey, by William L. Shirer. New York: Farrar, Straus and Young. $3.50

Marching behind a fanfare of quotations from Shakespeare to Harold Laski, Mr. Shirer reports on the changes of the last twenty-five years in Europe. The solemn approach indicates that Mr. Shirer wishes to write history rather than journalism. But the qualities that made him a good journalist do not sustain him as an historian. The result is a misty Europe, close to tears.

As for Mr. Shirer's America, he finds it a land in which the liberals are too scared to speak or write. The muffler is on the students in college. Tsk, tsk. No wonder the young people are scared when people like Shirer go around telling them to tremble in their good American shoes. How can young students be expected to know about all the fine plums that fall to the Shirers of this world? How can they be expected to know how fashionable it is to be a "liberal" in our big advertising agencies? How can they be expected to know that the names missing from the good spots are those of anti-Communists and that the sinecures go to the "liberals"?

But Mr. Shirer ought to know. What's happened to this good reporter? H. W.

The Folks at Home, by Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.00

Miss Halsey is much wrought up. "American Business Society," she says, is suffering from tension. One presumes that the rest of the world is not suffering from tension. One reason why "American Business Society" is so tense is that it is faced with a choice between going up in flames in Asia and giving in gracefully to the Welfare State. Another reason is competition, that horrid bogey man.

Miss Halsey says she has worked briefly at several jobs, and she confesses that she doesn't really know the subject on which she has written this book. I myself have spent twenty-five years in the most competitive branch of business, advertising, and from my own knowledge of things American business is not competitive enough. It's been scared mauve by Bureaucratic Society. Miss Halsey has made an earnest try, but she has done an amateurish job. H. W.

The Law of Larion, by Peter Freuchen. New York: McGraw-Hill. $3.75

Larion was the last great Indian chief in the Yukon, and this is a novel about him. About the middle of the 1800s the United States and Russia were struggling for control of Alaska. The struggle ended—at least for a century—when we bought the region from Russia. In that struggle the Indians and the Eskimos were caught in the middle. The Eskimos gave in, the Indians fought. This is no Fenimore Cooper book, but a harsh cruel tale of a man who knew nothing but fighting. Freuchen knows the Arctic, and his detailed data is vivid and real. The story is bloody but absorbing. It has none of the pompous fakery of most historical novels. H. W.

Letters

Partisanship for Good

The *Freeman* is one of the best magazines in America and not unlike the Bible it, too, is partisan. Partisan to the good things of life.

It makes no pretense at being neutral. Anyhow, there is no such thing as neutrality. One may be mute of tongue but never of heart. Neutrality is a screen behind which weaklings often hide.

Congratulations on the really remarkable job your publication is doing to preserve the things that are worthwhile in life.

GEORGE E. STRINGFELLOW
West Orange, N. J.

The Nancy Fellers Case

The Freeman *office is still being flooded with letters on Nancy Jane Fellers's "God and Woman at Vassar" (November 3) and on the criticisms by the* Vassar Chronicle *and Prof. Lockwood, and Miss Fellers's reply (December 1). Herewith we print a few of these letters which we believe are representative.* THE EDITORS

Compared to Nancy Fellers's scholarly account of her ordeal at Vassar, Prof. Lockwood's "denial" and the *Vassar Chronicle's* version of the incident seemed to me disturbingly immature. Noting that they accuse Nancy of intellectual incompetence, a persecution complex and a closed mind, while the *Freeman* for defending her is charged with having "done a disservice to the cause of education in a democracy" . . . it surely is not the fault of your subscribers if they get the impression that the Vassar McLiberals have resorted to throwing mud-pies around in lieu of accepted forms of argument.

New York City MRS. OSWALD HERING

Nancy Fellers's English and orderly thought is quite the equal of Prof. Lockwood's and rates a Grade A. Prof. E. Merrill Root is one of the few faculty members with the courage to speak out about the reign of terror carried on in our colleges by intrenched left-wingers. . . .

Camden, Me. JASON WESTERFIELD

As a recent graduate of Vassar, I feel obligated to make some attempt at correcting the impression given by Miss Fellers's article. I was raised in . . . a Republican family, and after spending four years at Vassar as an Economics major and having taken Miss Lockwood's course in Contemporary Press, I remain a Republican in my political convictions. I know that I am a better one as a result of the instruction given me at Vassar. The major aim of education, the Vassar community feels, should be to enable the educated person to function and live in a constantly changing world on a basis of a sound philosophy of life which she has developed, examined and found good. . . .

MRS. PAUL W. MC CREIGHT
Huntington, W. Va.

As the mother of a Vassar graduate, I am rejoicing in your articles on Nancy Fellers. Vassar is the very citadel of eggheadery among women's institutions. . . .

Rumson, N. J. MRS. HENRY D. STRACK

I was a student at Vassar; I majored in English and took my senior seminar work under Prof. Lockwood . . . who had a dreadfully irritating habit of picking flaws in what I thought were rather cogently organized pieces of work. I had some very bitter arguments with her and at the end of my senior year, she still so doubted my professional competence (or my ability to develop any) that she refused to endorse me for admission to Columbia.

I apparently had the same sort of trouble Miss Fellers did—but with one important difference. Miss Lockwood used to complain, in effect, that I was parroting left-wing arguments, that I had not clearly thought through my premises, and that I was stating assumptions as facts. . . . Perhaps her main trouble is merely that she attempts to puncture prejudice and correct loose thinking and stereotyped writing, whatever the thesis of the individual student may be.

Washington, D. C. NONA B. BROWN

It appeared to me that the reply of the *Vassar Chronicle* self-stamped itself insincere by dragging in the parrotcry, "McCarthyism." The words of the *Chronicle*, "He [Senator McCarthy] would absolve the people of the United States . . . from any share in the mistakes this country made in China or in Germany. Instead, he blames a vast conspiracy of outsiders, although he has so far failed to give us any evidence of this conspiracy," made me want to find out just what Senator McCarthy *did* say.

So I read his "The Marshall Story" and "McCarthyism." I can find no such statement, or even insinuation, as that attributed to him. Nearly all his charges or criticisms are against American citizens and supported by somewhat formidable material. . . .

As the *Vassar Chronicle* reproached Miss Fellers for using "terms which she has not defined" and "generalizations," could you ask its editor to justify the statement quoted above?

Montreal, Can. L. REED

May I offer my consolation to the editors of the *Freeman* whose audacity in publishing various viewpoints has earned them the charge of "irresponsible reactionism" from the *Vassar Chronicle*. The *Chronicle* editors take issue with Nancy Fellers's viewpoint on the UN Declaration of Human Rights. Apparently they have no consideration for the opinions of the governing body of the American Bar Association which condemned the Covenant of Human Rights in 1950 as a direct threat to the American way of life. It again condemned the Covenant and its revision in 1951. It is reported very skeptical of the newer revision which, according to Charles Malik of Lebanon, Chairman of the Human Rights Commission, has been conditioned by "the increasing impact of Marx and the amazing persistence of the Soviet representatives in harping on their views." . . .

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT BAURES

Call Them "Gulliberals"

I have noticed in the *Freeman* in recent issues reference to Socialists, Communists and other brands of Statists under the name of "McLiberal." Well, that's good, but not quite correct. The original "Liberal" wanted a small, limited government and a maximum of individual liberty. The modern usurper of the name stands for increasing the already giant government, and still less individual liberty.

Irene Kuhn, in the *American Legion Magazine*, called these people "gulliberals." Any one who would give up any portion of his liberty to the State is indeed gullible. And those Statists that are spending vast sums on government projects are indeed liberal with other people's money. So why not call modern Statists "gulliberals"?

Oak Park, Ill. HAROLD N. SIMPSON

"Showing up Intolerance"

Congratulations on having obtained the Bromfield article ["Triumph of the Egghead," December 1]. It is magnificent: the best treatment of the genus pinko I have ever read.

And congratulations on the fine job the *Freeman* has been doing in showing up the intolerance that has been and is being practiced in the colleges, calculated to make a student—or a professor who believes in our system of free enterprise, for that matter—feel like a pariah. . . .

Naples, N. Y. ROSCOE PEACOCK

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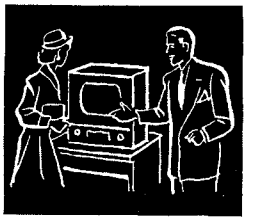

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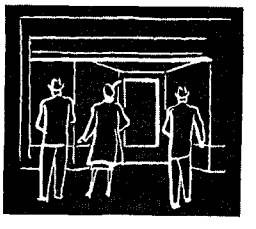

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Save letter postage and money order fees. Salespeople will help you shop from all latest catalogs.

5. AT THE CATALOG SALES DEPARTMENT

Place catalog orders with helpful salespeople at Sears retail stores . . . by phone or in person.

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