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# FREEMAN

TWO SECTIONS • SECTION ONE

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## *Planned Economy — A Case History*

TOWNER PHELAN

## *Help Chiang Did Not Get*

COLONEL LUCIAN B. MOODY

## *Higgledy-Piggledy Bertrand Russell*

HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER

Editors: John Chamberlain • Henry Hazlitt • Suzanne La Follette

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# the FREEMAN

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Editors, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN      HENRY HAZLITT  
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JULY 16, 1951

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NOTE: Padraic Colum's article on Ridgley Torrence, announced for this issue, will appear in the next.

# the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 16, 1951

## THE FORTNIGHT

The outcome of the Korean cease-fire negotiations may be better than we dare to hope, but our government's opening moves have not been reassuring. For example, when the Communists put off the date of the meeting to between July 10 and July 15, we could have replied that we were willing to accept this if they offered nothing better; but we could have pointed out that this delay would cause needless loss of life on both sides, and that during it we would of course continue all-out war against them. By such a reply we could have placed full responsibility on the Communist leaders for any further bloodshed, guarded our troops best against any possible trap, and improved the bargaining position of our negotiators. Instead, according to the *New York Times*: "General Matthew B. Ridgway has been instructed to keep United Nations military activity to a minimum between now and the start of the talks." Why?

Far be it from us to deplore the idea that there might be a cessation of slaughter in Korea. But on what terms are the diplomats willing to purchase peace? If all that a year of bitter fighting in Asia is to produce is the *status quo ante* division of Korea along the 38th Parallel, can it be truthfully said that "aggression" has been punished? Obviously not, for such a "peace" would advertise to the whole world that any aggressor can count on escaping a penalty for his aggression merely by putting in a convenient stop-loss order at the UN bucket shop.

The consequences of a return to the *status quo ante* in Korea, we fear, would be cumulatively disastrous. One: it would permit Mao Tse-tung to slip off a hook that has got him threshing about in shallow water for fair. Two: it would mean *de facto*—and ultimate *de jure*—recognition that the Communists have a right to rule in North Korea forever. Three: it would lead to a diplomatic-propagandistic free-for-all that in all probability would end with Red China seated in the United

Nations and Formosa bargained away to the Communists. Four: it would increase Communist pressure on the whole tier of South Asiatic nations and the Philippine Islands.

The worst consequences, however, would not appear in Asia but in Europe, where the Germans, observing our weakness for Yalta-inspired divisions, would be put on notice that East and West Germany are to be permanently sundered. Moreover, if the 38th Parallel is to be blessed in Korea, what hope can the Germans take that the Stettin-Niesse Line is ever to be voided as the western frontier of Communist Poland? Reflecting on the apparent meaning of our Korean policy, what German would be encouraged to enlist in an Eisenhower army for the defense of the West? We are just asking.

So we are going to have price control for another month—and perhaps indefinitely. In the debate leading up to the month's extension, many Congressmen opposed this or that particular inequity or bit of nonsense in the application of price-fixing, or tried to get special exemptions, but hardly any opposed price-fixing in principle, or had the clear-sightedness and courage to point out that, as a "protection" against inflation, price-fixing is a simple fraud.

It was precisely because its gestures in the direction of sanity were feeble and inconsistent that Congress's action became an apparently easy target for Administration propagandists. If price-fixing is sound in principle, then there is no good case for prohibiting price rollbacks. The prohibition against rollbacks means that Congress does not trust the price-fixers to be "fair"; but if they can not be trusted to fix a "fair" rollback, how can they consistently be trusted to fix prices at all?

The effect of the anti-rollback provision in the Defense Production Act extension, we are told, was to "wipe out" \$2 billion of "savings" that the consumers would otherwise have made. If saving money



for consumers is as easy as all that, why not keep rolling prices back and back by government fiat? Why not, in fact, force producers and sellers to give their goods away for nothing?

Evidently there is a mysterious catch somewhere, and we herewith undertake to point out what it is. The same \$2 billion—or any other amount—that consumers allegedly “save” when prices are held down or rolled back by government edict, is *lost* by sellers and producers. There is no “saving” to the “country” on net balance; but merely a forced redistribution of income. But producers will not go on producing goods at a loss, or at a lower profit than they could make by producing other goods. In short, it is no protection to consumers to pass edicts that discourage, disrupt and unbalance production.

In addition to the positive harm that price-fixing always does, it diverts attention from the real cause of inflation—which is the government creation of more money and bank credit. It is certainly as disheartening as any other aspect of the current debate over so-called “anti-inflation” legislation that up to the moment of writing there has been not a single serious effort in Congress to include even as part of this legislation restrictions on the Federal Reserve System which would prevent it from continuing the policies of the last dozen years that have steadily raised the price level by monetizing the public debt. The one thing that really needs to be done against inflation, in other words, is the one thing to which neither the Administration nor Congress is giving the slightest serious attention.

International blackmail is an art in which economically backward people may be quite forward. In his note to the government of Iran, urging it to settle amicably with the British, President Truman said: “I am sure your Excellency is aware of the possible explosive consequences, and I am sure you know how anxious I am that as a result of these differences no steps will be taken which will cause a difference between Iran and the free world.” The effect of this upon the Persians’ ego was to inflame it. They had underestimated themselves. Instead of a hand grenade to lob at the British, they had in their hands the fuse to a bomb that might blow up the free world. And where was the pocket of the free world? Not in Great Britain. In the United States.

The answer to President Truman was suavely threatening. “The Iran people have so far withstood all kinds of strong and revolutionary propaganda without causing any anxiety in the world.” A few days later the question you might have expected began to appear in the news. How much would the United States give, on account of the free world, to keep the Persians from going Red? The government of Iran told the American Ambassador that it would be pleased to receive \$25,000,000 from the United States Export-Import

Bank, and the *New York Times* printed the following from its correspondent in Teheran:

Disruption of the oil industry is bound to bring in its wake widespread unemployment, inflation, hunger, social unrest and other concomitant ills. All of which the Communist Tudeh party is only too eager to exploit. And Western hopes of creating a position of relative strength and stability in this strategically important area bordering on the Soviet Union will have been dashed.

The perfect pattern for any backward people who happen to sit in a strategic place with a fuse in their hands.

Gone are the days when a government could protect by force the investments of its citizens in foreign countries, as for example, to seize the debtor country’s customs house and divide the receipts. The British government did not dare to use force in Persia. That the Persians well knew. The foreign government may make a contract with private capital to develop its resources, but if it becomes dissatisfied with the bargain it may exercise its sovereign power to break it, and there is nothing that can be done about it. Such being the state of facts, what becomes of Mr. Truman’s celebrated Point Four? The idea was that the government should take the initiative, prepare all of the political circumstances, and then pilot private capital into the backward countries, both for their good and the good of mankind. But if the backward country becomes wilful what can the American government do? Nothing.

You would think the Persians might have thought of the damage they were doing to Point Four, since they have been receiving benefits from it and expect to receive more. Yet it may be that they see us directly, and not in a mirror as we see ourselves. They know that Mexico seized American oil properties, and although that did hurt her income from oil because she was never able to manage the industry properly for herself, still it did not cut her off from the good will of the American purse. They probably believe that sooner than give up Point Four the American government will go all the way and guarantee the investments of its citizens in undeveloped countries. They may be right.

A waggish friend sends us a roll of toilet paper from Socialist Britain, asking us to note that “Government Property” is stamped in blue ink above the perforation on each separate sheet. Just to satisfy our curiosity, we’d like to know how many man-hours of labor per week goes into the stamping of all the toilet tissue used by the bureaucracy of the world’s most famous Empire? Enough to put the British coal mines into paying condition? Enough to solve the Persian oil crisis? Or is it just enough to provide the make-work necessary to win the next election for Prime Minister Clement Attlee and his place-hungry men?



# Acheson to the Rescue

**C**RITICISM of State Department personnel and policies has come to be known as McCarthyism and MacArthurism. These epithets derive from the names of two American pro-fascists, one of whom sat out the Great Patriotic War (one of many Russian inventions) in a bomber in the South Pacific. The other ran it out from Bataan to Australia and then all the way back to Manila and Tokyo. These pro-fascist records compare unfavorably, of course, with those of their critics who fought valiantly on the Washington cocktail front and are therefore entitled to use the names of these Pacific slackers as smear-words.

In any case the State Department, having cooked up a little war all its own in Korea, is carrying on to its own utter satisfaction without either McCarthyism or MacArthurism. While some of its decisions—such as forbidding American forces to bomb the enemy and preventing the Chinese Nationalist and guerrilla forces from opening a second front—have produced what the Navy calls “nasty” words from some of the 250,000 Americans in Korea, its greatest success has passed unnoticed.

Last November, after the Chinese Reds intervened in Korea, General MacArthur decided that the time had come to accept the Nationalist troops offered by Chiang Kai-shek—entirely overlooking the fact that State Department protocol required the color line to be drawn when it came to deciding who should be allowed to die on our side.

He decided that if he were going to use the Chinese Nationalists they had better have arms and ammunition. So he ordered the diversion in November of about 10,000 tons of the supplies flowing to him from San Francisco, and 20,000 tons in December. This quantity actually went to Formosa.

In December, word of these diversions reached the Pentagon, and the State Department was promptly informed. Never one to be backward in telling the rest of the government how to run its affairs, Secretary Acheson insisted that the shipments should be regularized. Negotiations were begun in mid-December, and by February 9, 1951, an agreement was signed. Meantime, pending the agreement, shipments were suspended. The Chinese were informed that State Department plans called for \$50,000,000 of military supplies from January 1 to June 30, 1951, and \$150,000,000 each year for the following two years.

After the agreement was signed, however, the State Department concluded that these figures had not been scientifically arrived at, and that new studies and recommendations would therefore have to be made by a military mission, which finally arrived in Formosa in April.

When this mission made its report in June, it was rejected because the larger part of the light

arms recommended are not in process of manufacture. The Defense Department had meanwhile decided that no more arms would be needed for Formosa and that the 60,000 Nationalists MacArthur asked for were unnecessary. Furthermore, \$6,250,000,000 of arms were to be supplied to our fighting allies in Europe, Iran, South America and Indo-China. This meant that nothing could be promised the Chinese until 1953, by which time, the State Department assured the Defense Department, Stalin would again be cooperative, having realized the strength of General Eisenhower's blueprints.

In the meantime, General MacArthur had been retired, and nobody seemed to care anyway, except the 2000 officers and men assigned to General Chase's advisory group on Formosa. If they feel frustrated, they may complain to one another. Who cares about 2000 Americans, anyway?

So protocol reigns supreme, and General Marshall quite correctly testified before the Russell Committee that the Nationalist troops are inadequately armed. If this doesn't neatly dispose of McCarthyism and MacArthurism the situation must be truly hopeless.

## C For Counterfeit

**A** DECENT respect for the symbols of government makes it impossible to characterize properly a message from the President of the United States to the people on the terrors of inflation, in which the cause of inflation is never mentioned. It could ruin us and enable Stalin to take the world, if “it got away from us,” he says: yet he treats it as something that just somehow happened, like an act of Providence abetted by the National Association of Manufacturers and all “the selfish interests.”

The facts about inflation are desperately simple.

Prices rise for only one reason—ever: because there is more money than goods. There may be either a scarcity of goods or a plethora of money. In this case there is no scarcity of goods; the cause of inflation is the fantastic increase in the supply of that irredeemable paper currency which we take to be money. We are obliged to take it to be money because there is no other kind. A New Deal law says there shall be no other kind and that to make bargains or contracts in any substitute for it is unlawful. But it is not money, save only in the sense that a counterfeit bill is money if you spend it without getting caught.

The only way to stop inflation is to stop the printing of irredeemable paper money.

Who prints it? The government prints it.

Who invented it? The government invented it.

With what intent did the government invent it? With intent to cause inflation for political ends. It was a device to convert its own debt into money. That gave it free billions to play with.

How does the government convert its own debt into money? That also is simple. It works so:

The government sells bonds. A bond is its IOU. How will the bond be paid when it comes due? In irredeemable paper money. How is that irredeemable paper money secured? By government bonds.

Thus an IOU on one shape of paper is secured by an IOU on another shape of paper—as if, on going to the bank to borrow money on your promissory note, you were asked by the banker, “What security can you give me for the payment of this note when it comes due?” and you should answer, “Another promissory note. Give me the money on this one and put the other in your safe.” If the banker said, “OK. Here’s the money,” he would be on his way either to bankruptcy or to jail—unless the borrower at his window happens to be the United States Government. That makes it legal.

The government alone is responsible for inflation. The danger is not, as Mr. Truman says, that inflation will “get away from us,” but that it will get away from government.

One of two things is true: either the President is ignorant of the facts, or he pretends not to know them. To tell us, as he does, that inflation can be stopped by a law forbidding prices to go up, is to tell us a false thing. The utmost we could do with such a law would be to postpone the consequences for a little while, with the certainty that later they would be all the worse for having been temporarily suppressed.

Suppose price controls did work for a time, so well that every housewife came home from market with money in her purse, having been able to satisfy her wants at the lower prices fixed by the government. What would she do with the money? There it would be, a potential inflationary force—the problem, the cause of inflation, being that the amount of irredeemable paper money in people’s hands has been increasing faster than the supply of goods.

So long as this process continues, controlling prices by law—even though it works briefly—is like holding down the safety valve while the pressure goes on rising in the boiler. “I can’t do the whole job by myself,” says the President. “It is up to all of us,” he adds. So let us all swing our weight on the safety-valve rope and all blow up together.

The New Deal financed its revolution by inflation, designedly, and failed to bring about recovery. What saved its recovery program was a defense program, also largely financed by inflation, intentionally; then World War II, heavily financed by inflation, of course, as all wars now are.

Since World War II every grand policy conceived by the government, domestic or foreign,

has been inflationary. And now, coming to a much costlier defense program, and notwithstanding a terrific rise in taxes, we are facing for the next year a deficit of the order of fifteen billions. With that fiscal calamity in view, you might think the government would be cutting its non-military expenditures to the quick. Not so. Its expenditures for non-military purposes are at this moment the highest ever known.

How shall one explain the President’s high disregard for statistical demonstrations by Senator Byrd and others that the government’s non-defense spending might be cut eight or nine billions with no crippling effects? The answer must be that it has a secret faith. Ectoplasmic money has never failed it yet. When the billions are needed they can be called out of the void, from utter nothingness. That it believes. That has been its experience. Which means, no matter what the President may say to the contrary, that the government is counting on inflation still.

Whatever inflation may do to others, it does not impoverish government, for two reasons: First, as government prints the paper money, so it spends it first, before its effect on prices has been felt. Secondly, there is a long way to go before the cost of engraving a paper dollar will exceed what it will buy in the market place; and before that may come a regime that will reduce money to the status of a ration card.

## **Your Government’s Tarnished Word**

ONE-THIRD of the adult population now living can not remember the time when the American citizen’s normal reaction was this: “If the government says it’s so, it is.” You might denounce the government for any other reason, but neither the integrity of its word nor the good faith of its promises was ever debated.

Now the intelligent citizen is so cynical that when he reads in his morning paper that the Speaker of the House or the Secretary of Defense, on leaving the White House, has said the situation is worse than anybody can imagine, he looks to see what bill happens to be pending in Congress. It may be the Universal Military Training Bill, and if that is it he says: “So it is time to scare me.” And nobody is scandalized when the *Wall Street Journal* prints this from its Washington Bureau:

Scare tactics rehash old reports to get fresh backing for Truman’s plans. The government does not expect Russian forces to fight in Korea. Re-armament schedules assume Russia isn’t ready for World War III. But officials here want to keep the people primed for a big military build-up, foreign aid, UMT and controls.

Whether the correspondent’s deduction is true or not in a particular case is not the point. The point



is that now everybody takes it to be a matter of governing technique that news will be slanted, handled and timed in a manner to move people in their emotions, even to influence their everyday behavior. It is as if somebody in government should say: "There is too much scare buying. We have gone a little too far. Let's ease it up." Then for a few days the news is that there will be plenty of civilian goods. In a little while somebody says: "We've gone too far. People are complacent. We'd better stir them up." And suddenly the news is worse.

If you could draw on a chart two lines, one to represent this change in the way people think and feel about government and the other to represent the rise of the Welfare State, you would be struck by the fact that they move together. Such is the malice of events called irony. Paternalism in government has a kind of moral disability. If you are going to decide what is good for people, instead of letting them decide that for themselves, then you must treat them as children. You can not be entirely frank with them, for if you are they may frustrate your good intentions and defeat their own welfare. Besides, there are situations, you are sure, when people can not be trusted with the truth.

Until 1933 ours was the only government in the world that had never broken a promise to pay or repudiated the word engraved upon its money and its bonds—not since the beginning, when one of the first acts of the United States, with no treasury and no revenue, was to undertake to redeem at face value all the forlorn debt paper issued during the War of Independence to raise money.

When the wreck of that tradition came before the Supreme Court in the "gold cases" a majority of the judges said there was nothing to do about an act of immorality committed by the sovereign power of government; but the minority said this was "repudiation and spoliation of citizens by their sovereign. . . . The loss of reputation for fair dealing will bring us unending humiliation. . . . The impending legal and moral chaos is appalling."

This occurred in the nighttime of the Great Depression. The government's intentions were beneficent. Its idea was to relieve debtors and raise prices. And the people cried out acclaim of a government that would lead them the short way out of a frightful depression. The flesh of expediency had overcome the spirit of good faith. The justification was that the flesh was in terrible pain. All the moral implications were swept under the rug. But when people have applauded their government for breaking its word to ease them out of an economic crisis, how honestly may they expect it to behave in a political crisis? They were to find that out.

In view of the inner history already revealed, it is not strange that millions of people now believe President Roosevelt "lied" the country into World War II. That is bad enough. Yet worse for public morals is the fact that many believe this who ardently defend him for having done it. They say: "It was necessary. There was no other way to save the country."

In 1941 Roosevelt himself wrote: "There can be no question that in 1939 the people of the United States were determined to remain neutral in fact and in deed." That was the problem he had to solve. In the 1940 campaign he had said: "I am fighting to keep our people out of foreign wars." And again: "As your great Secretary of State said last night, 'Outstanding is the wholly unwarranted and utterly vicious charge that the President is leading us into war.'"

Immediately after Mr. Roosevelt's third election in 1940 came lend-lease. A few weeks later Mr. Hopkins, as the President's personal representative, was in London telling Mr. Churchill for sure that the United States would see England through; and on April 3, 1941, Admiral Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, was writing to all fleet commanders: "The question as to our entry into the war seems to be *when* and not *whether*."

By any previous interpretation of international law, it was an act of war for a government to give arms and munitions to a belligerent nation. Therefore, lend-lease was an act of war; yet to the people and to Congress it was represented as the supreme "measure short of war."

The government's own afterthought on lend-lease may be found in a public document entitled "International Transactions of the United States":

With the passage of the Lend-Lease Act on March 11, 1941, the United States openly allied the welfare of the United States with that of the United Kingdom and other countries fighting the Axis.

Of this alliance Robert E. Sherwood, in "Roosevelt and Hopkins," said: "If the isolationists had known the full extent of it, their demands for the impeachment of President Roosevelt would have been much louder." But Mr. Sherwood is among the eulogists.

After lend-lease the United States Navy actively protected the flow of lend-lease goods to England. To convoy the shipments would be so obviously an act of war that the word *convoy* was taboo and the fact was for a long time denied. All the United States Navy was doing was to *patrol* the Atlantic.

The trouble was that Hitler would not attack. And what Mr. Roosevelt needed to release him from his anti-war pledges was an attack. Came October 1941, and still no attack. Robert E. Sherwood quotes Harry Hopkins as having said of Mr. Roosevelt's dilemma at that time: "He had said everything 'short of war' that could be said. He had no more tricks left. The hat from which he had pulled so many rabbits was empty."

Then suddenly the problem was solved. The nature of it was defined by Henry L. Stimson in his diary, November 25, 1941, as the problem of how to "maneuver" the Japanese "into the position of firing the first shot."

After Pearl Harbor the people were united. It would seem to have been no longer necessary to beguile them. Yet never could they be sure they had the truth. The worst single shock was Yalta. At the



Yalta Conference, secretly, our ally China was sold out to Stalin. By that act of betrayal the history of the modern world was altered, and we may be dealing with the consequences for a hundred years.

When Mr. Roosevelt returned from Yalta he addressed a joint session of Congress and said: "Quite naturally, this conference concerned itself with the political problems of Europe—and not the Pacific war." For military reasons it may have been unwise at that time to tell how Stalin had been bribed to enter the war against Japan; but would not silence have served? Why the positive denial of a truth about the Pacific war that was bound to come out when Stalin claimed his loot? The stupidity of it leaves but one plausible answer. Manipulation of the truth had become a habit of government.

In the recent Great Debate on foreign policy, involving the power of the President to dispatch troops to Europe, the painful theme was distrust of the Executive.

When in 1949 the Senate ratified the North Atlantic Treaty, it did so upon positive assurances from both the State Department and the President, first, that nothing would be done to implement the treaty without the approval of Congress, and, second, that the treaty in no way obligated this country to contribute troops. The State Department, speaking for the President, said: "Any future military assistance programs involving Atlantic Pact countries will be prepared and submitted to the Congress." And about troops, when the Secretary of State appeared before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, the following exchange occurred:

SENATOR HICKENLOOPER: Are we going to be expected to send substantial numbers of troops over there as a more or less permanent contribution to the development of these countries' capacity to resist?

MR. ACHESON: The answer to that question, Senator, is a clear and absolute no.

Then suddenly the President announced that he was going to send a substantial number of troops to become a part of Europe's defense army and that he had the power to do so without the approval of Congress. That is what set off the Great Debate. There are two matters here. One is the broken word; the other is the question of troops at all. When Mr. Acheson was confronted by the Senate with his own statement about sending troops to Europe under the North Atlantic Treaty—"The answer to that question, Senator, is a clear and absolute no"—his defense was to say that he must have misunderstood the question.

Where there is no trust, secrecy is a gnawing worm. The worm in this instance was the Brussels secret. In December, 1950, Mr. Acheson sat with the North Atlantic Treaty Council in Brussels. On returning he reported that the structure of the international army, how it should be composed, of what troops, and where the troops should come from, had all been determined. This was called the

Brussels Agreement. The Senate wanted to know what was in it. Did it call for four American divisions only—the number the President was going to send immediately? But the State Department refused to divulge the agreement.

The Senate then asked General Eisenhower about it. He said: "I am not dodging the question. I know nothing about it." Why not? It was his army.

So the Great Debate closed with a resolution saying it was the sense of the Senate that although it approved of sending four divisions, already on their way, no more should be sent without the approval of Congress—and the Brussels Agreement was still a secret. Neither the people nor the Senate could be trusted to know our commitments.

It seems to have become psychopathologically impossible for the State Department to make a simple, unequivocal statement about foreign policy. What it says today will be reinterpreted and explained tomorrow. A few weeks ago Dean Rusk, its chief publicity officer, made a formal speech which was understood both here and abroad to mean that American policy in the Far East had hardened toward Red China and changed oppositely toward Formosa and the Nationalists. At a press conference the next day the Secretary of State said there had been no change of policy and that he was unable to find in the Rusk speech anything to suggest that idea. Simply, the world was wrong.

A few days later Mr. Acheson, appearing as a witness before the Senate Committee sitting in the MacArthur case, protested against making public a top-secret policy information paper issued by the State Department in 1949 about Formosa, on the ground that it purposely misrepresented American policy, and he was led from there to admit calmly that the Voice of America was used, when necessary, to disseminate false propaganda.

In the course of that same hearing he offered a second and entirely new apology for the Yalta agreement that sold our Chinese ally out to Stalin. The first official apology was that Stalin had to be bribed to enter the war against Japan. Now Mr. Acheson says that was not the reason at all. The Yalta agreement was simply a matter of yielding to the inevitable, because Stalin had already made up his mind to move in and take what he wanted, and there was no way to stop him. Which version is true? And why was it necessary to reprocess the first one?

At the last annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors the committee on freedom of information made the following report:

We editors have been assuming that no one would dispute this premise: That when the people rule, they have a right to know all their government does. This committee finds appalling evidence that the guiding credo in Washington is just the opposite; that it is dangerous and unwise to let information about the government leak out in any unprocessed form.

In the beginning was truth, and at the end will be truth. It is the interim we live in.

# The Help Chiang Did Not Get

By LUCIAN B. MOODY

*Administration apologists insist that Chiang's troops never lost a battle for want of American equipment; but Admiral Badger told the joint Senate committees that long delay followed by delivery of useless supplies brought about the final break in Nationalist morale. Colonel Moody, cited in the hearings as an outstanding authority on military aid to China, shows how that aid was sabotaged by Washington.*

IN AUGUST 1949 the State Department released the White Paper, "United States Relations with China." The theme of its 1054 pages is Mr. Acheson's:

Nothing that this country did or could have done within the reasonable limits of its capabilities could have changed that result [Communist success]; nothing that was left undone by this country has contributed to it.

No diplomatic precedent can be found for such a bitter and unwarranted attack on a friendly government.

This writer is convinced that the major cause of Communist success in China was the United States government's sabotage of the Nationalist military effort. Other causes to which we contributed were loss of morale, and inflation. Of \$75 billion to foreign governments between 1940 and 1949, \$420 million, a fraction of one per cent, was earmarked to stabilize the Chinese currency. Considering the great effect of this and the negligible size of the Chinese budget compared with ours, a little more should have worked wonders. Remember that the Army was the major cause of Chinese deficits, and that 25 Chinese "Bings" cost no more than one GI.

Concerning military aid we need not speculate. Patient search can uncover the facts.

## The Trail of Sabotage

In 1944 the United States Production Mission was established in Chungking. My first knowledge of this was a request in the spring of 1945 to join the Mission forthwith, to determine why Chinese arsenals were operating on only one shift; also to look at the raw material stocks in India intended for China. I innocently assumed that there were merely some technical difficulties which a person with a knowledge of munitions might help straighten out. An inkling of something more serious came at the Army's Burma-India Headquarters in New Delhi, where concern was expressed about the condition of the stocks in India.

Shortly thereafter I inspected these stocks. The

bulk of them were in Assam, the jump-off point for planes flying over the "Hump." The obvious neglect was deplorable. Later I found that there had been vigorous—but fruitless—complaints about the condition by others en route to join the Mission. The supplies were under control of the Foreign Economic Administration, although their custody had been turned over to the Army, which was making commendable efforts to get them identified and cared for. I could detect no interest in them on the part of senior FEA officials. Even then I assumed this to be mere inefficiency; but soon after arriving in China I became convinced that sabotage was the answer.

The picture began to take form. To make six pounds of finished munitions, the Chinese arsenals required about one pound of raw material from the stocks in India. FEA took every conceivable action to block or delay the shipment of this essential pound from India, quite likely taking its cue from Embassy officials. (This was the period during which Ambassador Hurley complained bitterly of the pro-Communist sympathies of the Embassy personnel.) So the arsenals were working only one shift and turning out about 40 per cent of capacity.

## China—Lend-Lease Stepchild

The Chinese soldier construes military aid as something with which to fight, especially infantry weapons and ammunition, and this is precisely where we let him down. Washington propaganda says we armed the Nationalists, who in turn armed the Communists by losing the munitions. Some background may help.

From 1932 to 1937 Chinese arsenals were expanded, European arms were purchased, and materials stockpiled. Germany furnished an advisory group of the highest caliber, who did masterly military and technical jobs. After hostilities started arsenal equipment was moved far up the Yangtze with incredible labor to the mountains of Szechwan. Prior to its invasion by Hitler Russia furnished substantial quantities of useful munitions.

Certain United States officials opposed Chinese lend-lease from the start, one of the arguments being that the Generalissimo might squirrel away the munitions for later use against the Communists instead of using them to fight the Japanese. Our peak armament project was the "39 Division Program," which would have equipped about 375,000 divisional combat troops. It was not completed in machine guns, mortars, replacement weapons and spare parts, and was especially short in ammunition. It obviously did not first equip 3,000,000 Na-



tionalists and later as many Communists. China fought largely with what she made herself, and no nation ever did so well with so little, possibly excepting the blockaded and non-industrial American Confederacy.

Treasury lend-lease reports give the total value of Ordnance, which includes the indispensable fighting equipment, charged to China as \$271 million. Had the Chinese actually received all that was charged, and had it all been applied to the 39 Division Program, the Program would still have been well short of the approximately \$404 million required to complete it properly. This financial deficiency agrees with the known factual deficiency. The total Ordnance was 1/166 of total lend-lease to all countries.

Was this the best we could have done for an ally who, General Wedemeyer says, "elected to remain steadfast with her allies" and pinned down "approximately one million Japanese," who would otherwise "have been released for employment against American forces in the Pacific?"

A tabulation has been made from source data of every divisional weapon and round of ammunition supplied from V-J Day to the Aid Act of 1948, nothing under which reached China in time to be of use. Shortly after V-J Day there were turned over weapons and ammunition then in China, and there was one small shipment from India. Later the Marines turned over some ammunition, and in 1948 some surplus ammunition was sold from the Pacific islands. The most valuable ammunition aid was the sale as surplus in the summer of 1947 of 130,000,000 rounds of Chinese-type rifle ammunition, made for lend-lease, but never shipped. Approval of this sale was delayed for one year after the Chinese request to purchase.

Without perspective, this sounds like a lot of ammunition, and the State Department has frequently so presented it. Armies all figure on a long-term requirement of about three rounds per rifle per day and 70 rounds per machine gun. At the time the Nationalists had in service approximately 700,000 Chinese rifles and 66,000 Chinese machine guns. This ammunition at normal rates of expenditure was therefore sufficient for exactly 18 days. The Chinese at the time were trying to buy one billion rounds with their own funds, but could not on account of the embargo.

The major item of weapons turned over was 108,000 rifles, which about completed the 39 Division Program for this weapon. However, as late as the spring of 1948 I saw warehouses full of these rifles which had never been issued to troops on account of insufficient ammunition. There were 38,000 carbines, which could be used only for rear area guards, as there was little ammunition. There were relatively smaller numbers of other weapons. The total value of all these weapons at full cost price was \$7,060,000, or about enough in terms of dollars to equip seven divisions.

The total divisional ammunition turned over during the entire period at full cost value was about

\$36,318,000, of which about \$22,611,000 was that of the V-J turnover, and \$13,707,000 subsequent turnovers. Some of the latter was officially unserviceable. At normal long-range rates of supply, the total ammunition turned over during the three-and-one-half year period would have supplied 39 divisions for the number of days indicated:

Type of Ammunition	Total Rounds Supplied	Days of Supply for 39 Divisions
Caliber .30 Rifle and Machine Gun	65,005,000	31
Chinese Rifle and Machine Gun	161,095,000	32 <sup>1</sup>
37 mm Gun	1,489,975	190
75 mm Howitzer	1,047,000	90
Mortar	2,626,000	47
Grenades, Mines, Rockets and Signals	1,478,000	111

<sup>1</sup> For Chinese arms as of December 31, 1947.

### How to Disarm an Ally

It is impossible to answer item by item the thousands of pages of propaganda alleging that China was given extensive military aid after V-J Day. Its mere mass is fairly good evidence of its dubious character. Sometimes it descends to the ridiculous, as when 1200 firecrackers are solemnly listed as military aid in the White Paper.

Actually, after V-J Day shipments from India were suspended with the utmost haste. In May there were in India destined for China about 153,000 tons of finished ammunition and 6000 tons of powder and explosives worth about \$150 million. Little reached China between May and V-J Day and only about 2000 tons thereafter. The rest was dumped in the ocean or otherwise disposed of. The stocks included more than 500 million Chinese rifle cartridges and the materials for making another 600 million in Chinese arsenals.

Would China be Communist today had this ammunition reached its destination? Chinese standard weapons were generally of German design and their ammunition interchangeable with German. It was an obvious step to ship to China captured German equipment and ammunition. One small shipment started, and then the project was cancelled on orders from Washington.

Was this prohibition of the cheap and easy rearming of the Nationalists a help to China? Just how does it fit in with the allegations at the time that we were in such desperate straits that we had to bribe Russia to come into the war with concessions at China's expense?

The same policy was followed with regard to shipments from Japan. Not even machinery to replace wornout arsenal equipment was sent to China. The Yalta Agreement permitted the Russians to seize the vast Japanese reserves in Manchuria for the Communists, as well as to strip the machinery from the great Mukden arsenal. Yet, of the mountains of ammunition and equipment on Pacific islands, nothing was sold China which, in the



forthright words of President Truman, "could be used in fighting a civil war"—except a limited quantity of ammunition.

The President commented on post V-J lend-lease:

From V-J Day to the end of February [1946], shortly after General Marshall's arrival, the total was approximately \$600,000,000—mostly in transportation costs. Thereafter, the program was reduced to the fulfillment of outstanding commitments, much of which was later suspended.

The hope of the Nationalists that the Japanese surrender would provide useful combat materiel was disappointed, largely on account of the Russians' getting the reserve supplies and of the deterioration permitted by the Japanese before other materiel could be taken over. The only real use of Japanese materiel I ever saw was the reboring of a considerable number of rifles and machine guns to take Chinese ammunition. Efforts to buy small arms ammunition commercially in the United States with Chinese money in 1946 proved futile on account of the embargo. Great Britain followed suit, and no other country was in a position to sell substantial quantities.

In the spring of 1948 the sale of U. S. surplus ammunition in the Pacific was authorized at such attractive prices that items of little probable combat value were a good buy, if only for the scrap steel and explosive. But, in general, really useful items were non-existent or were not declared surplus. Ten thousand tons shipped from Hawaii to China included precisely 52,500 rifle cartridges, weighing less than three tons—just enough to fill the cartridge belts of one battalion.

An estimate based on extensive study and including all Chinese arsenal production is that the total supply of ammunition available to the Nationalist Army from every source for the three and one-half years from V-J Day to the end of 1948 was sufficient for only six months at normal rates of expenditure. During the year of decision, 1948, there was less than enough to fill the cartridge belts and combat carts of the troops.

Is it any wonder that there was a Nationalist defeat? Could any general from Napoleon to MacArthur have beaten anybody with only the ammunition in his soldiers' belts, and none to replace it?

### The Chinese Understood

Even at that, the Chinese Red government has officially reported its killed and wounded from July 1, 1946 to June 30, 1949, as 1,233,600, or one-third more than all the Americans the Germans and Japanese killed and wounded during World War II. If we believe what the White Paper says about the Nationalists, all those Communists must have committed suicide or wounded themselves.

The one seemingly convincing contravention by the State Department of the facts outlined above is a statement attributed to General Barr, Chief of the Military Advisory Group in China in 1948, that "the Nationalist armies did not lose a single

battle during the crucial year 1948 through lack of arms and ammunition." If General Barr made such a statement, it is completely refuted by his own recommendation in May 1948 that more than 100,000 rifles and 250,000,000 rounds of ammunition be provided under the China Aid Act of 1948 as an immediate *emergency* requirement.

General Wedemeyer's suppressed report of September 19, 1947 stated:

Outside aid in the form of munitions (most urgently ammunition), and technical assistance are essential before any plan of operations can be taken with a reasonable prospect of success.

Ambassador Stuart on July 1, 1947 reported "insufficient small arms and ammunition to arm all combatant troops now in the field." In October of that year former Ambassador Bullitt, after visiting troops in Manchuria, reported in *Life* that the morale of the troops was high, but that they "were out on a very long limb" because they lacked ammunition for their American weapons.

The American Production Mission knew of the urgent need. High Chinese authority kept Generals Marshall and Wedemeyer informed, although the latter could do nothing as long as the embargo was in effect.

Did not the State Department know just what it was doing when it placed the 1946 embargo on the shipment of munitions? In any event, the Chinese so clearly understood what must be the ultimate result of State Department policy that they made the 1947 plans for withdrawal to Formosa while Nationalist troops were still supreme in the field.

### Which China?

Action under the China Aid Act of 1948 was so handled that nothing furnished was of any use in stemming the Communist attack. However, the history of the Act is interesting as a final chapter of a long continued story. Over State Department opposition, Congress on April 3, 1948, authorized \$125,000,000 for military aid to China, assuming that this would provide as many weapons and rounds of ammunition as \$100 million had for Greece and Turkey. Evidently plans were laid very quickly to supply the minimum with the longest possible delay; for even before the Act was passed, friendly United States officers in China warned the Chinese not to pin any hopes on it.

The Chinese simply could not believe that the expressed intent of Congress would be thwarted, and worked up their list of needs in minute detail before the Act was passed. Presidential implementation was required to place the Act in effect, and on April 5 the Chinese Ambassador requested such implementation. It was not until August 2, exactly four months after passage, that the Army—the only immediate source of arms and ammunition—was authorized to consider Chinese requisitions on its stocks. This belated authorization was coupled with a State Department priority, placing some thirty other countries ahead of China at the sur-

plus bargain counter. So the Army had to tell China that instead of paying the surplus price of 10 per cent of war cost, she must pay the full high 1948 price of new munitions—that is, the “replacement cost.”

One dollar's worth of U. S. aid had bought about 220 rifle cartridges for Turkey; for China it bought only twelve. Even the limited amounts possible at this high price would have helped had they but been shipped promptly. But not a single weapon or round of ammunition had been shipped by October, when the matter became an issue in the Presidential campaign. The President directed expedition. The first ship sailed November 9 and reached Shanghai November 29—too late. Another sailed December 1, and a third a little later. These ships were delayed en route by United States order, and

did not reach Formosa until January 4, 1949. The circumstances of the delay have never been publicized, but at the time the suspicion was that State Department Leftists were trying to have all aid shipments cancelled with the hope of facilitating the Communist capture of Formosa.

State Department Publication 3984, released October 1950, contains an unmitigated falsehood:

Any delays in the shipment of military supplies purchased by the Chinese Nationalists with the 125 million dollar grant provided by the Act arose from the failure of the Chinese Government to make its needs promptly known.

Is it possible that when Mr. Acheson said that everything had been done and nothing left undone to help China, he meant the Chinese Communists rather than the Chinese National Government?

## A Field For Americanization

By BLAKE CLARK

*It is becoming a commonplace that the future of Western civilization will be decided in Asia, among whose peoples the Communists conduct unremitting psychological warfare against the United States. Mr. Clark, who knows and has written about the Orient, shows how our discriminative immigration and naturalization laws aid this propaganda.*

SADAO MUNEMORI was a hero of World War II. A grateful nation bestowed the Congressional Medal of Honor upon him posthumously for his supreme courage in wiping out two machine-gun nests and throwing himself on an exploding hand grenade to save his fellow soldiers. The U. S. Army transport, the *Pvt. Sadao Munemori*, which brought his regiment home from war-devastated Europe, bears his name today. Yet his widowed mother, Mrs. Nawa Munemori, is denied citizenship by the country for which her son sacrificed his life.

Mrs. Munemori symbolizes the plight of victims of our outmoded immigration and naturalization laws, which discriminate against worthy people purely on the basis of their race. These antiquated statutes, unjust to thousands of aliens here and abroad, give the Communists in the Far East a powerful anti-American propaganda weapon, and damage our relations with the peoples of Asia.

The situation of some 85,000 aliens here demonstrates the unfairness of the position we have taken. About 80,000 are Japanese; some 5000 are Koreans and Polynesians, with a sprinkling of other nationalities. These residents legally entered this country before 1924. The Immigration Act of that year permitted them to remain here but continued to deny them the rights of naturalization that were granted Europeans.

*The sole consideration affecting our treatment of these longtime settlers is their race.*

On a recent trip around the world, I heard repercussions of this shortsighted race prejudice at every step. In Bangkok, a newspaperman whose job it was to analyze the Communist press in the Far East said that its editors constantly told their readers that we despise Orientals and consider them racially inferior.

One of Thailand's leading political figures, who is deeply sensitive to the insult, said, “We allow a quota for your people. Why don't you do the same for us?” An American official in Rangoon declared that the Burmese ask regularly if the status of our “outcast law” has been changed. They particularly resent the discrimination, since the Chinese on one side of them and the Indians on the other, are admitted. “The Communists,” said a Korean, “accuse America of fighting a colonial war here. If you extend us a quota, it will help show you mean it when you say we deserve equal democratic rights.” In Japan, the chief news over Radio Tokyo for days dealt with the hearings in the House of Representatives on a bill to abolish this racial clause. General MacArthur cabled congratulations to Congressman Francis E. Walter for helping sponsor this legislation.

When Mr. Earl G. Harrison resigned as the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization in 1944, he emphasized the unpalatable fact that the United States and Nazi Germany were the only two major nations that used race as a test for naturalization. Now, *we alone* maintain this discrimination.

Sir Peter Buck, for example, author and former professor of anthropology at Yale University, is one of the world's outstanding scientists. Yet, despite his many distinguished achievements, for



which England was proud to knight him, he is refused the privilege of U. S. citizenship because he is the son of an Irish father and Maori mother. The Maoris are a branch of Polynesians, rich in the culture of their own highly developed civilization, but "ethnically undesirable" in the United States. The fact that he is half-Maori—and that alone—bars Sir Peter from U. S. citizenship.

Before his recent appointment as Korean Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Y. C. Yang was a prominent Honolulu physician and had practiced in an American community for half a lifetime. He was educated in the United States, is married to an American, and the father of an American daughter. Dr. Yang would have welcomed American citizenship long ago had it been possible.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked on December 7, 1941, Dr. Yang responded immediately to an emergency appeal for medical volunteers to treat the wounded. He worked indefatigably to save the lives of many American seamen. He then volunteered in the Hawaiian National Guard. After being commissioned a captain and serving two weeks, he was notified that his services could no longer be accepted. As a Korean, he was classified as an enemy alien. Had he been of German extraction he would have become a citizen decades before, and the question of his integrity would never have arisen. He could not serve his chosen country *only because of his race.*

Ironically, the largest group of Asiatics affected, the Japanese, probably have contributed more to America than any other. Their sons formed the famous 442d Regimental Combat Team, which probably received more decorations—and suffered more casualties—than any unit of similar size in the entire U. S. Army. Yet these parents, some of whom sent several sons to war, can not become citizens.

The abuses against those of Japanese origin are compounded in California where many of them live. There the state law forbids an alien ineligible for citizenship to own a farm. Men who have turned acres of desert waste into green, producing fields, are permitted to cultivate the land only as hired hands.

The law makes it a crime for a Japanese alien to "enjoy, use, occupy, be or remain on the land, or have a beneficial interest in the land, its crops or proceeds." Temporarily in abeyance pending court decision on a case, this prejudiced law has been so strictly enforced in some counties that families can not live together. Ex-private Kazuo Hiyama, of Fowler, California, *born* to the privilege of citizenship himself, can not legally permit his alien mother to pass her old age with him on his farm.

California filed a suit to seize the property of Mrs. Roy K. Hirata, born an American citizen and mother of three citizen children, because her alien husband had helped her cultivate her farm and lived on it. To avoid reversion of the land to the state, the father of her children had to leave their

home and watch hired strangers gather the crops he had planted.

Akira Iwamura was eager to get home after two years with Army Intelligence in the Pacific. His father had bought 60 acres of good Fresno grape land in his citizen son's name in 1938 and had been taking care of it for him. Akira looked forward to settling down and improving his vineyard. California welcomed him home from war service with a demand to forfeit his land!

According to California law, if an alien parent can be shown to have any beneficial interest whatever in the land—even though he is operating it for his children—the property becomes forfeit to the state. Akira's lawyer, despairing of breaking the legal bar, advised him to settle out of court, through the office of the State Attorney General. There, in exchange for "quieting the title," Akira had to pay \$29,625, half the assessed value of the land, to buy back his own acres. In January 1947, in the Fresno area alone, Japanese were forced to pay \$70,000 for property they *already owned.*

Some of these farmers had made important agricultural contributions to their communities. George Shima developed the technique which transformed the swampy, malaria-ridden islands in the Stockton River into some of the finest potato country in the world. Admiringly called "the Potato King," he can not realize his dream of becoming a full-fledged citizen, though hundreds of Italian and Mexican laborers in the potato fields have that privilege.

California is not alone in making the racially ineligible alien run a stiff obstacle course for his livelihood. Nowhere from the Pacific to the Atlantic can he be a lawyer or certified public accountant. Despite shortages in important professions, 26 states prohibit his making a living as a dentist; 25 as a physician; 18 as a teacher. Various others bar him from work as a real estate or insurance agent, pharmacist or civil servant. Some 500 laws passed by various states restrict certain occupations to citizens. An Englishman or Swede is not usually hurt by anti-alien laws, because Europeans may as a rule accept a job after filing first papers. But the racially ineligible has no legal right to take out first papers. In some states he can not even accept an old-age pension, although money toward it may have been withheld from his wages.

Some of our racial discrimination is unpleasantly like that of the Nazis. Clause 1, Section 303 of the Nationality Act of 1940 admits as qualified, "white persons," South Americans, Africans and Filipinos. Clause 3 opens the doors to Chinese and Indians. Clause 4 includes "those persons who possess, either singly or in combination, as much as *one-half blood* of those classes, Chinese and Indian, and *some additional blood* of one of the classes specified in Clause 1." In other words, a passport showing that you are a citizen of the acceptable nation is not enough. You must also have acceptable "blood."

A young British woman came to the U. S. Consulate in Tokyo and asked for a visa to come here



with her fiancé, an American civilian. Her father was English, her mother Japanese. Born and reared in England, she had probably a better command of the language and of our Western heritage than many Americans. But, despite her British passport, she had only 50 per cent British "blood," and so was barred from entering the United States for permanent residence.

The Immigration Act of 1924 was passed to prevent an anticipated horde of foreigners from flooding our shores and depressing our wage scales. Legislators had worked out a system which was equitable as far as the nations of the Old World were concerned. It was agreed that America could readily assimilate 150,000 immigrants a year, or about one-sixth of one per cent of the inhabitants reported in the 1920 census. Therefore, a quota based on this same percentage of the number of residents it had contributed to our population was assigned to each national group.

Thus, for example, since the number of inhabitants in the United States who were derived from Great Britain and Northern Ireland was 39,216,333, their quota became 65,721, which is approximately one-sixth of one per cent of 39,216,333. Germany's quota became 25,957, Italy's 5802, Sweden's 3314, Greece's 307, and so on.

But, with the exception of Persia and parts of Afghanistan and Russia, Oriental nations received no quota at all. Instead, they were specifically named, described as constituting the "Asiatic barred zone," and told to keep out. According to former Ambassador Joseph C. Grew it was perhaps the worst mistake we ever made in our relations with the Orient.

In Japan this gross insult discredited the Liberal Party, because it was friendly to America, and placed a potent weapon in the hands of our enemy, the militarists. They used it first to bludgeon their way to power in their own country, then to promote "Asia for the Asiatics" throughout the Far East.

The folly of asking aid from the Chinese while barring them as racially inferior became so obvious during the war that in 1943 we exempted them from the excluded groups. Later the bans against India and the Philippines were lifted. It is now time to wipe our record clean of the remaining blots, which mar our relations with potential friends and allies.

Correcting the abuses caused by the antiquated statute would not result in a large flow of foreigners into the United States. Japan's quota would be a mere 185. The share of most of the other Asiatic areas would be 100 each. If every group now excluded were to obtain and use a full quota each year, their total would not equal one per cent of the 150,000 yearly immigrants.

In actual practice, the number of arrivals would be even fewer. Probably only a small percentage of the quota from Thailand and Burma would be used. Qualifications such as literacy, health, and ability to earn a living would keep the number of immi-

grants from some other countries low. An expert on immigration estimates that in all we could expect less than a thousand newcomers, a comparatively infinitesimal number.

Public opinion polls show that the great majority of Americans, including Californians, do not want to see any person denied citizenship because of his race. A bill to this effect, supported by church and civic groups and by our Departments of Justice and State, has three times passed the House by unanimous vote only to be stopped in Senate committee. Dr. Walter Judd, well-known authority on the Far East and one of the bill's sponsors, is convinced that if it could be brought to the floor for a vote, the majority of Senators would agree with the majority of other Americans. Announcing to the world that we have wiped discrimination off the books as well as out of our hearts, declares Dr. Judd, would be worth more to us in the Orient than a dozen divisions.

In Asia we face a well-organized minority attempting to unite the East against us. The people of the Orient are trying to assess the depth of our friendship and sincerity. We can show them we stand back of our national pledge of "liberty and justice for all" by extending a welcoming hand to worthy persons and by providing them equality under our naturalization and immigration laws.

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## New Deal Gettysburg Address

ONE-HALF score and eight years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new deal conceived in desperation and dedicated to the proposition that men shall become secure by government subsidy.

Now we are engaged in a great inflation, testing whether men so enriched and secure can endure prosperity. We are met in the name of science. We have come to dedicate the government as the final resting place for all profits and economic authority. It is altogether necessary that we do this, for capitalists, clever and sly, have prospered far beyond their capacity to produce.

But in a larger sense we can not estimate, we can not calculate, we can not confiscate these profits. Nimble minds, accountants and lawyers, have juggled figures far beyond our power to add or subtract. Our descendants will little note nor long remember what we meant here, but they will never forget what we did here. It is rather for us, enlightened by our social conscience, to dedicate our every effort to the promotion of bigger government; to indoctrinate the leaders of tomorrow, that from these embryonic minds shall proceed the vilification of individual choice and responsibility; to give to social security increased devotion; and here highly to resolve that this government of the common man, by the bureaucrats, for the perpetuation of a Fair Deal shall not perish by the elective franchise.

KARL E. BRANDT

# Biddle Defeats Biddle

By BURTON RASCOE

**F**RANCIS BIDDLE, former Attorney General, is the first man in history, as far as I have been able to discover, who has ever carried on an agitation to have the United States Supreme Court declare him to have been not only frequently and flagrantly guilty of illegal acts and criminal malfeasance in office but also of "arbitrary and capricious" statements of a libelous, slanderous and defamatory nature.

As National Chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, Mr. Biddle has been, for the past several months, singularly and conscientiously devoted to the task of bringing Former Attorney General Biddle before the bar of justice and before the court of public opinion as an incompetent and frivolous creature who used his high office to brand various organizations as "Communist fronts" and "subversive," thus covering them with contumely without giving them a chance to meet the charges in open court and without giving the members of these organizations an opportunity to clear their names of the slander he had slung upon them, if slander it was.

It is an earnest of Mr. Biddle's valiant and industrious efforts to convict and defame himself that the United States Supreme Court, in a recent five-to-three decision, upheld Francis Biddle's charges of his own misconduct in office while he was Attorney General. Our highest tribunal declared that Biddle had "arbitrarily and capriciously" listed the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the International Workers Order and the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship as "subversive," without proof of his charges having been sustained in a Federal court.

John Dewey and his Special Committee for Cultural Freedom, in their published reports of their investigations of un-American activities, must share with Mr. Biddle the terrible onus of "illegal" acts; for Professor Dewey's reports, along with and sustaining those of the former Attorney General, have been broadcast far and wide and are embodied in volume after volume of official Federal publications and repeated in various state legislative inquiry reports.

How to blot out these records and bring Mr. Biddle to book for perpetrating them is now the question. The statement of Francis Biddle (Attorney General 1941-1945) that the International Workers Order is "one of the strongest Communist organizations" appears not only in the *Congressional Record* of September 24, 1942, but in the separate report of the official fact-finding committee inquiry for that year. It also appears 28 times

in just *one* volume of the California Legislature's five-volume report on un-American activities in California, and in 126 places in other state and Federal publications that I have examined.

Among the gentlemen libeled, according to the Supreme Court, by Francis Biddle and John Dewey are: Ben Gold, Vito Marcantonio, Lee Pressman, John Abt, Nathan Witt, Max Bedacht, Max Lowenthal, John P. Davis, Joseph B. Brodsky, Abraham Isserman, George Seldes, John Howard Lawson, William Wiener, R. Saltzman, Sam Perozner, Joseph Foster, Paul Duchon, Petrus Deseu, D. Kasuschnik, Winko Ujoich, Ring Lardner, Jr., Peter Shipka, J. H. Federman, Jesse Smith, S. Davidson, Mike Quinn, Rubin Salzman, Emanuel Levin, Anthony Gerlach, and the Misses Sadie Doran, Juanita Johnson and Elvira Mingroni.

By that same *Record* of September 24, 1942, Attorney General Biddle (according to his own arguments of late) did illegally, arbitrarily and capriciously so misconduct himself in high office as to cast aspersions upon the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee and what he claimed to be offshoots, or renamed subsidiaries, of "Communist fronts." He said they were organizations which "seek to create public sentiment on behalf of a foreign policy adapted in the interest of the Soviet Union." He also so abused his high office, according to the U. S. Supreme Court, as to assert that the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee was engaged in providing transportation and support for "international Communist agents like Gerhart Eisler."

If Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr's new committee to rescue and provide security and a haven in this country for 2000 writers, scientists and professionals behind the iron curtain, or just this side of it, will only use some of the \$500,000 recently donated to them by the Ford Foundation, it ought to be relatively easy to bring the maligned Gerhart Eisler back to America in style and triumph, and enable him to institute the proper legal proceedings against Francis Biddle for having maligned his character and "arbitrarily and capriciously" booted him out of the country. Dr. Niebuhr, like Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, was active in condemning the persecution of Gerhart and his brother, Hanns.

I have before me an official government document giving all the organizations, their affiliates, officers and sponsors, which Francis Biddle as Attorney General doubtless also "arbitrarily and capriciously" designated as "fronts" organized or controlled by Communists, and "subversive."

I think the following ladies and gentlemen so cruelly slandered by Mr. Biddle should call him



very thoroughly to account; for he has unequivocally called some of them "Communists," and has accused the others of associating with Communists or sponsoring Communist-directed doings:

Frederick Vanderbilt Field, Corliss Lamont, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Philip J. Jaffe, Lee Pressman, John Abt, Nathan Witt, Ben Gold, Julius Rosenberg, Herbert Biberman, Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, George Marshall, Langston Hughes, Norman Corwin, Howard Fast, Albert Maltz, John Howard Lawson, Sam Ornitz, Roger Baldwin, Harry Bridges, Morris L. Ernst, Dr. Gene Weltfish, Holland D. Roberts, Carey McWilliams, H. K.

Sorrell, Paul Robeson, Dore Schary, C. B. Baldwin, Mike Gold, Aaron Copland, Virginia Gardner, Emmet Lavery, Alvah Bessie, Isidor Schneider, Benjamin J. Davis, Gilbert Green, Robert G. Thompson, Eugene Dennis, Jacob Stachel, John Gates, Henry Winston, John B. Williamson, Irving Potash, Carl Winter, Gus Hall, and dear, dear Dorothy Parker.

These are only a few whom Francis Biddle has, according to his own arguments and the Supreme Court's ukase, illegally condemned and vilified. Maybe they can arrange for the deportation of Francis Biddle.

## To A Friend in Europe

By BOGDAN RADITSA

**I** KNEW that the storm aroused by General MacArthur's dismissal would puzzle you and fill you with doubts about America—a country you do not hate but do not trust, either. That is why I must answer at once, while the controversy is still raging.

I am elated as I have rarely been since 1946. What I see these days in America is the best kind of lesson in democracy. I am only unhappy that the American press which you follow in Europe has not given you—or Stalin—a real insight into this awakening of the American people.

You western Europeans, thanks to the American decision to resist communism, have so far escaped invasion; and so you think you can doodle with destiny, weigh America against Russia, find them equally materialistic, and lull yourselves with the idea of surviving the threat by a compromise with communism. We exiles, on the other hand, having seen the brutal reality of a distorted myth, where words have lost their meaning and man is reduced to nothingness, can not doodle any longer. Yet we, too, all too often look at America with that old, incorrigible superiority of the European who can not understand that the crisis of our age lies in our having lost what the Americans still retain: faith in freedom and in the principle that power serves the man and not the other way around.

Never did I feel this so keenly as now, and never have I so wished that I could become a middle-brow American. Please do not misunderstand me: the middle-brow American of '51 is neither the imperialist nor the scared compromiser and appeaser. What Hitler did not teach him, Stalin has; he now knows how to distinguish freedom from tyranny, and no dialectics is going to fool him.

Looking at that middle-brow American in these days of trial, in his community where he is at ease with himself and his neighbors, one feels that he values the importance of his democratic achievements much more than we realize. And the achieve-

ments of the great American revolutionary idea are constantly growing. What other people in history, having such moral and material power, has willingly renounced imperialist adventures? As one Frenchman said to me: "It is so inconceivable that I can not possibly believe that the Americans do not hide some imperialist trick behind their present policy!" Very often I think that if the Americans should end by becoming imperialists it will be the fault of Stalin and the Europeans; it will be against the American will.

To illustrate, I know a young man who may be called to go and defend Europe tomorrow. He is ready. But he is equally positive in his conviction that he and his friends must return home as soon as the job is done. Would a Frenchman or a Britisher, a German or a Russian at the height of his country's strength have thought and acted so? Both European reactionaries and Communists must feel a little crazy when they encounter this singular but absolutely genuine aspect of the American spirit.

Have you ever met in Europe a man not only ready but eager to share his wealth with others? I've met many American businessmen who returned from Europe horrified by the attitude of French and Italian millionaires. For the European capitalist, as much as for the Communist, the masses are expendable. There is little difference there between the two classes competing for power. American free enterprise, on the other hand, tends to create a truly classless society. You will never find here the mutual stiffness between ruler and ruled that you find in our countries or in Communist-dominated lands where the new rulers, having reversed the positions, have adopted in greatly aggravated form the attitude of the old bosses.

If we do not understand that essential difference between America and Europe, we shall be constantly confused about this country. One American may tell us that America is interested in spreading capitalism all over the world; another that it



should promote socialism. But the vast majority of Americans are interested only in preserving the basic principles of human freedom.

You will tell me, and rightly, that this is not the opinion of many American intellectuals. It would be inconceivable that Benda's *trahison des clercs* should not have some effect even here. American liberalism is going through a deep crisis. Liberal intellectuals are confused; they forget the principles on which their country was founded. Some of them are tired of the American way of life; others despise Americanism.

Their goal is to be objective; and in trying to attain it they may miss the essential truth. They like to think that the October Revolution was a great progressive historical movement. They are utterly confused by the problems of economics and political democracy. They do not realize that the Communists deprive man of economic freedom in order to enslave him politically. Some of those who are dealing with the problems of the captive states of Asia or Eastern Europe are all too ready to assume that the Communist seizure of power in those countries, and the Soviet colonial exploitation of their peoples, was historically imperative. Although they have been forced to recognize that communism is imperialism on a starvation diet, they gladly support Tito as the man who will accomplish the socialist revolution where Stalin did not. They divide the Communist world in two: nationalist communism and imperialist communism. Although unwilling to collaborate with Franco, Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, they are proud to give a hand to Tito.

But all this never enters the head of the average American. To him communism is communism, an organized idea which must be fought with another organized idea whose result he sees every day in his own community. This man is tired of compromise and wants a solution.

I have talked with shoeshiners, taxi-drivers, dock-workers, students, housewives, shopkeepers, janitors; average Americans who usually distrust generals and dislike military designs and war. All these people have been awakened by MacArthur and united against Stalin.

You must not interpret this enthusiasm for a general as a weakening of the civilian power before the military. There is little of Barrès' nationalism in MacArthur. In his speeches basically he expresses the American idea. Communism is a threat to free men everywhere, wherever there are Communists. Revolution is brewing in many parts of the world. Due to the decadent Western leaning toward resignation, neutrality and appeasement, this revolutionary spirit, in Asia and Eastern Europe, has been left in the hands of the Communists, although we ourselves, as part of the free world, should have been its leaders and sponsors.

To hear such an idea expressed by a general instead of a professional intellectual is certainly surprising. MacArthur is no Gamelin; he is the kind

of man Stalin and the Communists are most afraid of; they know that in a war of ideas they can always outsmart the confused "liberal."

You in Europe are making the same mistake as some of the American intellectuals; you do not see that the dismissal of MacArthur has awakened and united all the Americans on the main issue: the challenge to their existence as a free people. While some of the "liberals" are ready and willing to temporize, Americans at large are deeply convinced that their only chance of survival is to show Stalin they are not afraid even of war, if war is his ultimate choice.

This is why millions of people thronged into the streets to welcome MacArthur. This is what has come of his return to his native soil. Stalin has lost the decisive play: divide the Americans. (I really can not understand why it has not been seen by the American newspapermen—for instance Mr. Reston of the *New York Times*, who instead of writing a memorandum to Stalin about the changes that have occurred in the USA, addressed it to MacArthur!)

Nobody can stop this process of unity in resolution of the American people. I urge you to follow it closely. It is time that you really understood the difference between Coca Cola and Soviet "materialism," as the people behind the iron curtain have done. The time has come when we must admit that only the common sense of the American people can bring us out of the abyss, and when we must support them and do nothing to discourage them.

They are teaching us a lesson these days, and I think we should trust them.

## Korea

### Attack

There is no emotion here, no feeling.  
Only the strained, tight-cheeked look  
Of wonderment, tired questioning "Why?"  
Retiring deeper into the foxholes of the mind  
Seeking refuge from the dull shell-burst of  
thought.

Footsteps move in place of thought  
The cut of gun-sling is the only reality now  
With the next bend in the road the last one  
Or the next mud-filled paddy-field . . . the end.

### Radioman

The dust rolls down the windshield  
in little drops like rain,  
filters through the sweating mask.  
The recon car crackles morse  
intermittent spurts whistles and whines.  
The mark of the dust-guard is a red-ridged  
welt along the cheek,  
a scar cheekbone high  
on the mudmask face.

CAPTAIN R. D. CONNOLLY

# Planned Economy — A Case History

By TOWNER PHELAN

*Do American taxpayers want to "rescue" a few Arizona farms at a cost four times the value of all the farm lands and buildings in the state? Since the Freeman published Oliver Carlson's articles, "Arizona Reclamation Muddle" and "Reclamation For What?" the bill to authorize the Central Arizona Irrigation Project has passed the Senate. A distinguished economist here discusses this threatened raid on the national Treasury as a typical fantasy of the economic planners.*

THE BASIC idea underlying a planned economy is faith in the superman. It is a conviction that the individual is incapable of managing his own affairs and that "supermen" in Washington, London, or Moscow are qualified to plan and direct the lives and activities of all the people.

The best way to show how economic planning works is to examine a specific case history such as the Central Arizona Irrigation Project. This project has been recommended by the Reclamation Bureau and the Department of the Interior, and a bill (S.75) to authorize it has recently passed the United States Senate. This is a project to divert water from the Colorado River to provide irrigation for farm land in central Arizona. To do this, water must first be raised to a height of nearly 1000 feet by pumping and then transported some 300 miles to central Arizona by canals and pipelines. Demand for this project arises because more land is being irrigated in central Arizona than the present water supply can support. As a result, underground water supplies are being depleted by excessive pumping, and the Bureau of Reclamation estimates that 152,500 acres of land now being farmed will revert to desert wasteland unless more water is provided.

The Central Arizona Irrigation Project is a rescue project to prevent this land from going back to desert. It also will provide sufficient water to irrigate 73,500 additional acres. Thus its whole purpose is to provide water for 226,000 acres of land of which only 152,500 are now being farmed.<sup>1</sup>

From the standpoint of costs in relation to expected benefits, possibly nothing more fantastic than the Central Arizona Project has ever been proposed. It is combined with the Bridge Canyon Power Project because the proposed dam on the Colorado River will be used both for irrigation and for the generation of power.

Based upon Senate bill S.75, the estimated construction cost of the entire project is \$708 mil-

lion. Of this amount, \$415 million is allocated to the irrigation project; the balance to power, municipal water supply, flood control, and wild life conservation.<sup>2</sup>

What the final cost will be no one can tell, but past history indicates it will far exceed current estimates. The \$708 million estimate of construction costs for the entire project was based on July 1, 1947 prices. Meantime, costs have risen greatly. Quite aside from the rise in construction costs, history shows that in most cases the initial cost estimate of a government project is very low, later estimates much higher, and the final cost higher still. The Hoover Commission gives many examples such as the Hungry Horse Project in Montana. It was originally estimated to cost \$6.3 million but actually cost \$93.5 million.<sup>3</sup>

## Bureaucratic Empire Builders

Leslie A. Miller, Chairman, National Resources Committee, Hoover Commission, and former Governor of Wyoming, says of the cost estimates of both the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Corps of Engineers:

*In their indecent zeal to extend their empire, both agencies are guilty of underestimating—apparently deliberately—the cost of the projects they propose to build. This underestimating has the effect of bamboozling Congress.<sup>4</sup>*

Even if we assume that the final construction cost of the Central Arizona Project will be no more than the estimate of \$708 million, the total cost to the taxpayer will be nearly three times that figure. On May 11, 1950, the House Committee on Public Lands passed a resolution asking for certain information on this Project from Interior Secretary Chapman and the Bureau of the Budget. Among the questions asked was: "How much interest on the national debt occasioned by the project will be borne by the nation's taxpayers, assuming a 75-year repayment period and a reasonable construction period?" Secretary Chapman and the Budget Bureau replied that the net interest to be borne by the nation's taxpayers that would be occasioned by the proposed Arizona project would amount to a total of \$2,075,729,000.<sup>5</sup> This estimate was based upon S.75 (the Senate bill authorizing the project) an estimated construction cost of \$708,780,000, an interest rate of 2.5 per cent on Federal obligations, an eight-year construction period, and a 75-year financing period. In other words, the true cost to the taxpayer will not be

<sup>2</sup> Reply of Department of Interior and Bureau of Budget Regarding Central Arizona Project, June 28, 1950, p. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Hoover Commission Report, p. 266.

<sup>4</sup> "The Battle That Squanders Billions," May 14, 1949, p. 4.

<sup>5</sup> Reply of Dept. of Inter. and Bureau of Budget, op. cit., p. 9.

<sup>1</sup> Central Arizona Project, 81st Congress, House Document No. 136, Mar. 22, 1949, p. 70f.

merely the construction costs, but a figure 2.9 times as great.

As previously noted, \$415,000,000 of the estimated construction costs is allocated to irrigation. But if we assume that the estimate of Secretary Chapman and the Budget Bureau is correct, the total interest cost to the taxpayer of the irrigation portion of the project will amount to \$1,203,000,000. This is more than four times the total value of all farm lands and buildings in the State of Arizona which were listed by the United States Agricultural Census for 1945 at a total value of \$288,000,000.<sup>6</sup>

#### —and 420 Farmers

What are we getting for this huge sum? The acreage now under irrigation which the project will prevent from reverting to desert wasteland amounts to 152,500 acres. But the project will also permit irrigation of 73,500 additional acres of land, making a total of 226,000 acres to be benefited. If we divide the \$415,000,000 construction cost and the \$1,203,000,000 interest cost by 226,000, the construction cost for each acre benefited amounts to \$1,836 per acre and the interest cost to the taxpayers amounts to \$5,323 per acre.

Who would get the benefit? I quote from the official report and findings on the Central Arizona Project:

The project area contains an estimated 6,000 farms. . . . An estimated 7 per cent of the farms are 500 acres or larger in total acreage and contain an estimated 55 per cent of the irrigated land.<sup>7</sup>

Seven per cent of 6000 is 420. Thus, 55 per cent of costs allocated to irrigation will be spent for the benefit of 420 farmers. This is an average expenditure of \$543,000 per farm for construction cost. But the total interest cost to the taxpayer will amount to \$1,575,000 for each of these 420 large landowners.

What if the cost of the project turns out to be double or triple its estimated cost, as the past performance of the Bureau of Reclamation in grossly underestimating costs strongly suggests that it will be? Then the cost of the project to the taxpayer could be eight to twelve times the value of all farm lands and buildings in Arizona. This would cost the nation's taxpayers from three to nearly five million dollars for each of the 420 farmers who will reap the major share of the benefits.

According to *Barron's Weekly*, the Bureau of Reclamation had five power projects under construction in 1935-39, the estimated costs of which were approximately \$300 million. By 1950, the estimated costs of these projects had multiplied five times and amounted to \$1546 million. Eight additional projects started in 1940-44 were originally estimated to cost \$184 million, and this figure has now jumped to \$468 million.<sup>8</sup> In view of this record, the final cost of the Central Arizona Project is

likely to be at least two or three times present estimates. This would double or triple interest cost to the nation's taxpayers, now estimated to be \$5323 for each of the 226,000 acres benefited. Nonetheless, the Interior Department's report on the Central Arizona Project has the brazen effrontery to assert that "the benefits exceed the cost by 50 to 60 per cent."<sup>9</sup> The report of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, equally unrealistic, describes it as "urgently necessary."<sup>10</sup>

#### Dissenting Opinions

Perhaps the only reason that this fantastic project has not already been authorized by Congress is the opposition of California and Nevada who fear that diversion of water from the Colorado River for irrigation purposes will deprive them of water they need. For this reason, President Truman and the Budget Bureau originally opposed the project but have since modified their position. I quote Budget Director Pace:

. . . in spite of the announced position of opposition contained in my letter of February 4, the President would reconsider his position if the Congress, by affirmative action, should settle the water-rights controversy.<sup>11</sup>

The Central Arizona Project is too strong for the stomach of even such an ardent left-wing advocate of Welfare Statism as Secretary of Agriculture Brannan. Secretary Brannan criticized the "phony" estimates by which the Bureau of Reclamation sought to prove that the Central Arizona Irrigation Project is economically justified. He also said:

So far as we can determine, once the new water supply became available there could be a repetition of the unfortunate overexpansion that gave rise to the present problems of the central Arizona area.<sup>12</sup>

The minority report of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs quotes the Department of Agriculture as stating:

The contemplated reservoirs will be rendered useless by sediment within a comparatively few years if nothing is done to reduce erosion. It seems clear from the foregoing that the proposed central Arizona project must be supported by projects and activities not contemplated in the report; in particular, by upper basin reservoirs and a program of land treatment.<sup>13</sup>

Why did the report not include the upper basin reservoirs, etc., without which the project "will be rendered useless by sediment within a comparatively few years"? Was it to minimize the estimated cost and thereby "bamboozle" Congress and defraud the taxpayer with "phony" figures and false estimates? the minority report also states:

All departmental reports except that of Interior are highly critical of economic and engineering features of the project . . . Furthermore, there is

<sup>9</sup> Central Arizona Project, "Letter of Transmittal," op. cit., p. iii.  
<sup>10</sup> Bridge Canyon Project, 81st Congress, Senate Report No. 832, August 3, 1949, p. 3.

<sup>11</sup> Central Arizona Project, op. cit., p. 7.

<sup>12</sup> Ibid., p. 103f.

<sup>13</sup> Bridge Canyon Project, op. cit., p. 31

<sup>6</sup> Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1949, p. 618.

<sup>7</sup> Central Arizona Project, op. cit., p. 142.

<sup>8</sup> Barron's, April 24, 1950, p. 26.



no assurance that there will exist the *extremely important element* of a substantial quantity of Colorado River water available for diversion to central Arizona . . .<sup>14</sup>

Although the project would impose an interest burden of at least two billion dollars on the taxpayer—mainly for the benefit of 420 farmers—“there is no assurance” there is water sufficient to give Arizona farmers the relief promised. The minority report of the Senate committee says:

The central Arizona project can only have a water supply for the new use which is proposed by taking it from some other project.<sup>15</sup>

Thus it is proposed to saddle the American taxpayer with an interest burden of at least two billion dollars for a project that may not even be feasible. Two billion dollars is almost half the total expenditures of the Federal government in the last fiscal year before Roosevelt. If the actual cost of the project proves to be several times the estimated cost, as appears probable from past underestimates of the Bureau of Reclamation, then the interest cost to the American taxpayer could exceed the total expenditures of the Federal government in any peacetime year prior to Roosevelt.

### A Dangerous Precedent

The Central Arizona Project sets a dangerous precedent. Government *power* projects heretofore have been set up on the assumption that the interest cost will be recovered in the sales price of power. In irrigation projects, the interest costs are borne by the taxpayer. In the Central Arizona Project, however, *the interest recovered in the sales price of power will be used to subsidize the irrigation feature of the project.* Thus the taxpayer must bear the interest burden not only on the irrigation part of the project *but also on the power part of the project.* If this principle is applied to other government power projects, it will enormously increase their cost. The Tax Foundation says that if the Columbia River Basin program is treated in the same manner, interest cost to the taxpayer would amount to \$4.5 billion.<sup>16</sup>

How serious this “interest component” may ultimately be, may be realized if one assumes that the Arizona project treatment of interest will be applied to other government projects. Lt. Gen. Raymond A. Wheeler, recently retired Chief of Engineers, has made an analysis of what various Federal agencies (Engineers, Reclamation, Department of Agriculture, and Federal Power Commission) had spent and were planning to spend on water-resources development.<sup>17</sup> The figures are:

Works already completed.....	\$ 4,779,700,000
Projects under construction.....	4,593,000,000
Projects definitely planned.....	18,980,900,000
Projects planned for the long-range future.....	29,152,600,000
Total.....	\$57,506,200,000

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 19, 32.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 27.

<sup>16</sup> *Washington Report*, March 20, 1951.

<sup>17</sup> “The Battle That Squanders Billions,” p. 9.

These figures are for construction costs alone. If the Central Arizona Project is taken as a criterion, the interest cost to the taxpayer would triple these cost figures. Then if the estimates prove to be much lower than actual costs there will be a further huge expansion in costs. Therefore, (1) if these projects are carried out, (2) if the taxpayer must bear the interest costs, and (3) if the actual construction costs exceed estimates to the extent that past history suggests, then these projects could cost the nation's taxpayers as much as 500 billion dollars. Such is the stratospheric financial vista that opens up as we contemplate merely one segment of planned economy and its corollary of Welfare State spending.

Planned economy as an abstract idea has an irresistible appeal to the academic mind. It enables the planners to ignore completely hard realities and human nature in order to prepare a dream-world blueprint for Utopia. But these Utopian blueprints can never work in practice because they never come to grips with actualities. They are a form of daydreaming which permit the planner to live in the unreal world of his imagination.

The Central Arizona Project is merely one of many examples of how economic planning really works. It illustrates many of the basic weaknesses that make a planned economy unworkable. Perhaps the greatest of these weaknesses is that governmental planning *always* is political planning. If the State does the planning, it necessarily is guided primarily by *political* considerations—not economic ones. Arizona has a population of only 749,587—less than half the population of the St. Louis metropolitan area—but has two United States senators.

The second basic weakness of a planned economy is that it does not have to meet the *test of the market*. In a market economy, manpower and resources are used to produce those things that the people want *most* as determined by their buying or non-buying. A planned economy diverts manpower and resources from producing what consumers will buy to producing things they would never buy. Does anyone believe that the 420 farmers who will get 55 per cent of the benefits from the Central Arizona Project would pay \$1,575,000 each for irrigation? Does anyone believe that the crops produced by these 420 farmers would sell in the market for a price that would provide \$1,575,000 per farm for irrigation?

### Who, Having Eyes, See Not

The third great weakness of a planned economy is that planners can not plan. The evidence is overwhelming. For example, after V-J Day, OPA economists predicted that unemployment might reach ten million by June of 1946. The War Mobilization and Reconversion Office predicted eight million unemployed by the spring of 1946. These false predictions were responsible for Mr. Truman's 1945 program of increasing wages while holding

the line on prices—a blunder which was largely responsible for our postwar spiral of inflation.

What the economic planners said in the 1930s seems utterly ridiculous today. Professors Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard, Glenn E. McLaughlin and Ralph J. Watkins of Pittsburgh University, and other economists testified before the Temporary National Economic Committee in 1939 to the effect that the United States had become a mature economy, that its period of growth was over, that we had an enormous overcapacity in industry that we could never use. The TNEC said that our steel industry was overbuilt and advised scrapping plants. It is ironical that today planners bitterly condemn the steel industry for not having expanded enough and advocate that the government enter the steel business.

Examples of the failure of economic planning are almost endless. They include farm price supports and acreage limitations; price controls; Mrs. Roosevelt's Arthurdale, West Virginia, housing-job plan for miners which cost \$5,000,000 and was later abandoned and sold for \$50,000,<sup>18</sup> the Lustron prefabricated housing fiasco and the malodorous RFC deals.

### Who, Having Teeth, Chew Not

In Great Britain, economic planning has provided *free dentures* but almost *no meat* for them to chew. It caused the disastrous 1947 shutdown of industry due to a coal shortage. It is responsible for many fantastic schemes on which the taxpayers' money was wasted. For example, according to a Reuter's news dispatch, the British government has given up a scheme to provide England with eggs from a state-run chicken ranch in Africa. The news dispatch says:

It has so far cost British taxpayers \$2,300,000 and has produced almost no eggs . . . The collapse of the scheme—one of the biggest colonial development schemes launched by the government—follows four months after the East African peanuts scheme was abandoned last January. That failure led to \$1000,000,000 being written off.<sup>19</sup>

Planned economy never works because its basic assumption is that a few experts can sit in an ivory tower and measure and weigh all the multiple forces that affect our economy and make wise decisions for its over-all control. In actual practice, economic planning is the worst kind of *power politics*. The London *Economist* has long been an advocate of economic planning but it has had ruefully to admit that: "*Planning as practiced by the present Government is now clearly bankrupt.*"<sup>20</sup>

It is folly to believe that men in Washington, London, or Moscow, vested with a little temporary authority, suddenly become supermen, endowed with superhuman intelligence and with the ability to control the lives of all the people better than the people can do it themselves.

<sup>18</sup> St. Louis Post-Dispatch, March 21, 1951, p. 8B.

<sup>19</sup> St. Louis Globe-Democrat, May 10, 1951, p. 1A.

<sup>20</sup> Economist (London), August 16, 1947, p. 266.

## This Is What They Said

THE function of Labor Governments in the future will rather be to secure the socialization of industry after industry under a management which can broadly be relied upon to go on with its work. And having done one good deed the Minister can let the people put in charge carry on with the work thus done whilst he immediately sets about the other good deeds of socialization which await his attention.

HERBERT MORRISON, "Socialization and Transport," 1933

No, it is hardly likely that Russia will have the time or the inclination for aggression.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. "Germany Is Our Problem," 1945

In the new Russian prisons [the prisoners] are paid full union wages for their work; there are no guards or walls or bars; the discipline is organized entirely by the prisoners themselves. The prisoners are also allowed freely to visit their friends in other towns. The lengths of the terms to be served are determined by the prisoners' committee, on the basis of the fitness of the given prisoners to assume their places in society.

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER. "Toward Soviet America," 1932

It is a difficult and troublesome matter for the average person to have to determine for himself the price of a commodity; hence the desirability of fixed prices.

GOODMAN and MOORE, "Economics in Every Day Life"

### Which End of the Horse Is Which?

I hear almost every day someone say that the real interest of the United States is to stop the spread of communism. Nothing seems to me to put the cart before the horse more completely than that.

DEAN ACHESON, speech to National Press Club, Washington, D. C., January 12, 1950

The further course of events in Southeast Asia, in the Philippines, in Korea and in Japan as well as China proper are of great importance to the security of the United States. Our policy is and must be devoted to doing everything within our power to prevent the further spread of communism.

DEAN ACHESON, *New York Times*, June 3, 1950

The Freeman invites contributions to this column, and will pay \$2 for each quotation published. If an item is sent in by more than one person, the one from whom it is first received will be paid. To facilitate verification, the sender should give the title of the periodical or book from which the item is taken, with the exact date if the source is a periodical and the publication year and page number if it is a book. Quotations should be brief. They can not be returned or acknowledged.

THE EDITORS



# The Higgledy-Piggledy Nature of Bertrand Russell

By HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER

**A**WARD of the 1950 Nobel prize in literature to Bertrand Russell rang a bell in my own biography. I first met Russell (then the Hon. Bertrand A.) in 1927 through the pages of Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy." This may sound like a remote encounter, but the circumstances gave it high voltage. I was then an eager, innocent youth traveling as it were from a far country, with every faculty bent forward, to meet our century. As I was stepping across the threshold Russell was the first graybeard loon to clap his hand upon me.

That February I had matriculated at an institution of higher education as a special student. Having been interested chiefly in the poetry and belles-lettres of the mid-nineteenth century and earlier, I had not up to that time read a book written since the first World War, nor had I any inkling of the new raw climate which had moved in on the heels of that cataclysm to mark the beginning of the twentieth century. I enrolled in a course in modern philosophy which used Durant's fabulously popular book as one of the texts, and there I first learned of Bertrand Russell and several other fellows.

Why that introduction developed beyond a nodding acquaintance with his name I do not remember. But something soon brought me to sample his writings, and the following year I was moved to dip into my slender funds to purchase "Skeptical Essays," fresh from the press. Russell's beautifully terse style, his clinical precision and light touch, his limpid stream of witticisms, his delightfully surprising assortment of illustrations and references, his reputation in liberal circles as one of the prodigious intellects of the day—all these combined to capture my adoration. For a time he became the chief luminary in my universe.

I was led to read, in whole or in part, his previously published "Mysticism and Logic," "Our Knowledge of the External World," "Why Men Fight," and "Problems of Philosophy"; and I would read such writings of the future as "The Conquest of Happiness" and "The Scientific Outlook." But it was from "Skeptical Essays" that I drank the longest and deepest, and received the heaviest influence. The author would probably rate this as one of his pot-boilers, since it was a collection of occasional pieces; but I am of the opinion that it represents him at his best, and implies the major part of his thought.

Durant presented Russell as a wan, ethereal, withdrawn mathematician and logician who had experienced a second birth during the "Great Madness" of the world war, and come forth as a reformer, "a man of infinite courage and a passionate lover of humanity." This clothed him in very respectable garments, the proper fit of which I had no reason to question. But I later came to think it would have been more accurate to call him a nihilist instead of a reformer; and his passionate love of humanity was curiously veiled in cynicism and a vast contempt for most of his fellow-men, the Chinese being excepted.

It is true that Russell's cynicism toward the common run of human affairs contained no sharper bite than the New Testament's view of "the world." In his essay on "The Need for Political Skepticism" he laid down these two propositions: 1) "A party which is to obtain power in a democracy must make an appeal to which a majority of the nation responds." 2) "An appeal which is widely successful, within the existing democracy, can hardly fail to be harmful." The grounds for this second proposition were later explained as follows:

An honest politician will not be tolerated in a democracy unless he is very stupid, like the late Duke of Devonshire; because only a very stupid man can honestly share the prejudices of more than half the nation. Therefore any man who is both able and public-spirited must be a hypocrite if he is to succeed in politics: but the hypocrisy will in time destroy his public spirit.

One does not get the full weight of this unless he understands that Russell meant by "prejudices" practically any and all human beliefs.

This low degree of expectation is shared, as I have intimated, by the New Testament of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, which anticipates nothing but dismal works from this world's "children of disobedience." But whereas the New Testament contains this disenchantment within a message of heartening "prejudices"—faith, hope and redemption—Russell did not. His solution was to make men such doubters that they would be spiritually incapable of attempting any sustained and hearty social action:

A well-intentioned person who believes in any strong political movement is merely helping to prolong that organized strife which is destroying our civilization.

Speaking psycho-analytically, it may be laid



down that any "great ideal" which people mention with awe is really an excuse for inflicting pain on their enemies.

Russell was afraid of faith, of unreserved commitments, of strong convictions. He believed strongly that most of man's inhumanity to man has been done because men have believed too much and been too sure of themselves. His redeeming mission therefore was to show that we have hardly any grounds for believing anything.

In his introductory chapter he presented his formula of salvation by carboic acid in three simple statements: 1) "When experts are agreed, the opposite opinion can not be held to be certain." 2) "When they are not agreed, no opinion can be regarded as certain by a non-expert." 3) "When they all hold that no sufficient grounds for a positive opinion exist, the ordinary man would do well to suspend his judgment." If it be objected that those propositions leave a man hog-tied in a state of suspended judgment, since experts agree on almost nothing of vital concern to his life, Russell would have answered, "The better to save you from harm, my child." His purpose as a reformer was precisely to produce this sterile condition.

It was his basic contention that we really know almost nothing, can not expect to know much more; and that logic has hitherto been used as a pimp to our wishes, day dreams, prejudices, hatreds, fears, envies. Philosophy must leave off making statements about the universe, or attempting to answer any of the perennial questions that assail the human soul. For it must recognize itself as "essentially one with science"; "All knowledge is scientific knowledge, to be ascertained and proved by the methods of science." That cuts out our fooling around with spiritual matters.

As for logic, it was formerly the art of drawing inferences, but must "now become the art of abstaining from inferences, since it has appeared that the inferences we naturally feel inclined to make are hardly ever valid. I conclude, therefore, that logic ought to be taught in schools with a view to teaching people not to reason. For if they reason, they will almost certainly reason wrongly."

The only results obtainable from philosophy, Russell admitted, were a few small nuggets of scientifically demonstrable fact, "with no mystic significance and no cosmic importance." Nor did he see any prospect of putting even these little pieces together into a pattern, for he could find no proof of pattern in the "higgledy-piggledy nature of the world." This is why Russell is catalogued in philosophy as a "logical atomist"—the method of logical analysis he considers valid can find only isolated "atoms" of knowledge.

Russell set up a merry crowing over this handful of pebbles gathered by the rigorous labors of the "new philosophy" because he saw it destroying man's arrogant dogmatism, shaking his dangerous certainty, freeing him from the tyranny of tradi-

tional and customary beliefs, paralyzing the lunatic in him.

Unfortunately, he never got hold of Hitler and several other fellows for his pupils. But he got hold of me. I had no scales in which to weigh this message. It touched upon one of my livest problems, namely—How can we ascertain truth? Moreover, it was plain to be seen that much of Russell's commentary on the foibles of the human mind was amply documented by history. And, like Mr. Cabell's Jurgen, he was a "monstrous clever fellow" whose wit and brilliance were dazzling.

Russell was heavily to blame for turning me into an intellectual, which meant that I would have to reach the obvious truths and great commonplaces of life by a circuitous route through the brambles, and come upon them as tremendous discoveries. I would, for instance, have to think through the limitations of science and discover the necessity of faith, thus arriving at a position from which the non-intellectuals have never departed.

Russell's panacea was much like cutting out people's tongues to prevent them from saying bad and silly things, and he was nominating himself as the expert who should be allowed to wield the snippers. Indeed, there is a huge joke at the bottom of his philosophy, to wit: He never meant a single axiom of it for himself. It was all hurled at other people—to prevent *them* from having opinions. While solemnly preaching the gospel of suspended judgment to the human race, he himself was romping over every province furiously turning the crank of an opinion mill, grinding out judgments on politics, physics, economics, ethics, education, marriage, metaphysics, psychology, religion and what-not.

Nevertheless, I was downright pleased to hear of his being awarded a Nobel Prize, and I got a chuckle out of its being for *literature*. Russell arrived at an original and revolutionary theory of logic through his study of mathematics, and that theory is perhaps the single consistency of his thinking through the years. He has done exploring in the twilight zone where science and philosophy meet each other in mathematics. This has commanded the respectful attention of specialists, and I shall have to leave it to them to say, "Ah!" The Nobel committee were not honoring Russell the philosopher, but Russell the gay, fearless, learned and irrepressible occupant of an inverted cracker-barrel. His wisecracks have had a touch of genius in them. He is our leading satirist. With the exception of Bernard Shaw, whom he far exceeds in subtlety, he is the only wit of our generation who promises to arouse mirth and anger in the twenty-first century.

Russell has spent the night with a greater variety of opinions than was ever embraced and abandoned by any other philosopher. Nearing the age of seventy-nine, he is still capable of springing surprises. You could have knocked me over with the most frazzled *non sequitur* when he said in a recent

lecture at Columbia University—and I quote: “The root of the matter is a very simple and old-fashioned thing, a thing so simple that I am almost ashamed to mention it, for fear of the derisive smile with which wise cynics will greet my words. The thing I mean—please forgive me for mentioning it—is love, Christian love, or compassion.”

This hesitancy about mentioning the “root of the matter” is a most significant comment on our age. Russell may yet make the grade of the immortals—by way of apology.

## From Our Readers

### The Shrinking Dollar Sign

As one who has already lost much of his savings through government-sponsored inflation, I am naturally interested in President Truman's statement that “If [*sic*] inflation . . . wrecks our savings . . . it would be the easiest victory the Kremlin could hope for.” As an economist who is interested also in the question of what a government bond binds a government to do, I offer the following modest suggestion with respect to “savings” bonds.

Since painful experience proves that the “dollars” which the government is “bound” to pay mean indefinitely shrinking dollars, let the government make a corresponding change in the dollar sign. The sign once consisted of a U superimposed on an S. Later the bottom of the U was clipped off, so that the sign became \$. Now, in the interest of both simplicity and integrity, why not eliminate everything but the S, thus highlighting the fact that in return for \$18.75, present vintage, our government binds itself to pay in ten years S25, that is, 25 Somethings.

Hanover, New Hampshire

BRUCE KNIGHT

### Mr. Seldes Objects

In reviewing “The Great Audience” (the *Freeman*, June 18) Harry Feldman lists as an error my statement that “no industry in the United States has been so indifferent to the steady falling away of its customers as the movies have been”—the error being that “the Hollywood producers are not indifferent to this problem. . . .” The fact is that over a period of years they were indifferent and I tell why—because their operations as owners of theaters made money for them. Mr. Feldman's sleight-of-hand with tenses is slick. . . .

Granting me the constitutional right to express my views, Mr. Feldman exercises his constitutional, but ethically dubious, right to misrepresent them. He has accomplished the unique feat of discussing this book without mentioning “The Seven Lively Arts” which is rather pleasing, but by doing so he has, in an essential point, managed to change an apology for my own defects into a bit of tasteless boasting. Since I had written a book about popular

entertainment in terms of aesthetics, and now find it inadequate, I admitted my mistake in the first paragraph of the book and proposed to rectify it by discussing the same subject “in terms of social effect.” Mr. Feldman says I am presenting this idea as though I “were discovering a new theory of the universe.” I presented it as something I neglected twenty-five years ago.

He also presumes to know what I think of the book (“a profound critique of our tastes and standards . . . of our entire civilization”) and objects to “the aura of respect with which this book has been surrounded” and to Edmund Wilson's “pronouncing it a ‘definitive’ work.” Such a book, he indicates, could only be written by “a man with the profound insight of a Toynbee, a Sorokin or a Veblen.”

But what I think of my book is specifically stated. After noting what has been done in the field by statesmen and psychiatrists and political scientists, I say, “they do not bring the whole question of our use of the popular arts to the average intelligent man.” And then, without the “elegance and ease and wit” ascribed to me by Mr. Feldman, but as clearly as I can write, I say that I have tried to bring “the separate problems . . . into focus” so that “even if the right answers can not be found . . . the right questions . . . will be asked. . . .”

E. M. Forster once said that Aristotle was a great critic because he asked the right questions. I consider myself a reasonably good critic if I can persuade people that questions exist, that they must find the right questions, and then proceed to the right answers. . . .

Wellfleet, Massachusetts

GILBERT SELDES

### For Free Medicine

“More Medicine For Less” by Oliver Carlson [the *Freeman*, June 18] shows what was done in Los Angeles without government intervention.

An observer in Great Britain said of the British system: “The workman pays his own share outright; he pays his employer's share through increased prices of commodities and he pays the government's share through taxes. Such is free socialized medicine.”

We don't want socialized medicine here.

Brooklyn, New York

HOWARD W. TONER

### Each Day in Every Way . . .

The *Freeman* grows better with every issue. Somehow it always has the information I want and certainly do not find elsewhere. More power to your able editorial minds and hands!

Wilton, Connecticut

FLORENCE E. LEMMON

After the Paris editions of the *New York Herald-Tribune* and *Times*, reading the *Freeman* is as bracing as a breath of mountain air. I pass on my copies to others who are as hungry as I am for an unbiased account of what is happening.

Nancy, France

HUBERT OSBORNE





# A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Some of our best erstwhile Communists and ex-fellow-travelers are getting exercised about something they choose to call "private censorship" by the Right. On the basis of one or two articles such as Irene Kuhn's *American Legion Monthly* piece titled "Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism," they are alleging unfair "suppression" of "liberal" thought. That's a laugh fit for the gods. Here, for two decades, the Left has exercised its own terrific social pressure on authors, magazines and publishing houses, achieving in some instances a virtual monopoly of the printed word. But now that the Commies, the ex-fellow-travelers and the totalitarian liberals are getting a little competition for the first time in years, they are squealing like a bunch of stuck pigs. Out of fear that the book-buying and magazine-reading customer may be in process of changing his mind about things, which is his privilege in a free society, the Lefties are trying to make it appear that the public owes all of their boys a living in perpetuity. If the National Association of Manufacturers ever tried to get away with anything as blatantly raw as that, the Department of Justice would be after it with prosecutions and cease-and-desist orders all over the place.

The fact that the Lefties are finally getting a little competition in the literary market place must be pleasing to Alice-Leone Moats, author of "A Violent Innocence" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3.50). For Miss Moats has had her own experience with the totalitarian liberals. As a war correspondent back in 1940 and 1941 she insisted upon looking at Soviet Russia with sober eyes. Her "Blind Date With Mars" was forthwith given the business by the Lefties—and Moatsie, as she is called by those who know her well, soon discovered herself on a number of tacit blacklists. She was accused of being "too frank," of "rocking the boat," etcetera. A good sport about it, she didn't squeal or try to organize meetings at the Town Hall Club to protest about "private censorship by the Left." Instead, she kept on writing.

Her latest book, "A Violent Innocence," is about her childhood in revolutionary Mexico. It is a higgledy-piggledy book about a seemingly higgledy-piggledy upbringing. Nevertheless, there is a certain artfulness about it, just as there was logic behind the strange theory of education entertained by Moatsie's extremely positive and capable mother. The idea of Moats *mère* was that her offspring

should be taught to speak and read five languages fluently by the time she was ten. One consequence of this was a heterogeneous grounding in many traditions and literatures; another was an education in the curious ways of human nature exhibited by as fantastic a bunch of private tutors as were ever assembled under one roof. At one point in Alice-Leone's zigzag linguistic progress her French teacher was killed by her German teacher. This didn't help with conjugations, but it did serve to give young Moatsie a precocious insight into human passions.

Meanwhile, violence swirled about the young language student from 1911 on to 1920 in the Mexico that was undergoing its famous revolution. Moatsie remembers wading in blood through the streets of Vera Cruz when Woodrow Wilson's Marines were taking over. She was being escorted to a refugee ship by an American colonel, and she recalls asking him: "Would you mind walking on the other side of the street? My shoes are getting so dirty with this blood." After such experiences, Alice-Leone found a New Hampshire summer camp and two years at the Brearley School in New York City to be rather tame interludes.

There is no particular sequence or "story line" to the rambling anecdotes of "A Violent Innocence." The Mexican revolution thunders offstage while the young Alice-Leone is dressing up in her mother's clothes, or it spurts with staccato gunfire while a little girl is driving a pony cart through the streets of a battered capital. The child's-eye view of a great historical episode may lack something in clarity, but there is a mocking and insistent realism about it, nonetheless. At the age of eight Alice-Leone was already a better judge of character than Woodrow Wilson was as President of the United States. At least she saw through Madero, the posturing ninny who thought it was his own eloquence, and not the vast pressure from *mestizo* and Indian Mexico, that was ridding the country of the aged dictator, Porfirio Diaz. She also saw Pancho Villa for what he was, a cruel and lusty lecher who cared about as much for the common man as he did for a cockroach. Carranza, the bearded money-grabber whom Woodrow Wilson backed against the Indian Huerta, wasn't much better than Villa. As for Huerta, the man who was toppled by Woodrow Wilson's schoolmasterly interference on behalf of Madero's and Carranza's "idealism," he drank like a fish and his relationships with women were not on a high moral



plane. But, as Miss Moats puts it, he had dignity, great personal courage, military ability and a love of his country. Washington had no reason to prefer Carranza to Huerta; indeed, Miss Moats thinks Woodrow Wilson got just what was coming to him when Carranza proceeded to turn pro-German on him after 1915.

Aside from Huerta, the only revolutionist who seems to have had any good qualities at all was Zapata, the champion of the agrarians. He was as bloodthirsty as the rest, and his soldiers did as much damage to life and limb during their periodic occupations of Mexico City as did the soldiers of Villa or Carranza or Obregon. But at least there was a certain consistency about him. He was murdered by the Carranzistas in as dirty a piece of doubledealing as the Western Hemisphere has ever seen. The trickery went this way: a certain Carranzista, Colonel Guajardo, went to Zapata with a story of being willing to change his colors. When Zapata demanded proof of sincerity, Guajardo and his troops obliged by taking a Carranzista garrison and brutally executing all the prisoners. This convinced Zapata that Guajardo was an honest man. The victory over the Carranzista garrison was to be celebrated at a great dinner. Zapata arrived at the banquet hall with his escort of ten, and was greeted by an honor march sounded by Guajardo's bugles. As Zapata passed through the gates the order to present arms was given. The men raised their rifles, aimed at Zapata, and fired. Zapata fell, riddled with hundreds of bullets.

This was the "idealism" of a great revolution in action. Small wonder that Alice-Leone Moats went to Russia in 1941 with no illusions about revolutionary dictatorships.

Miss Moats seems to have survived the violent surroundings of her Mexico City childhood with few complexes or feelings of insecurity. She may not have had the benefits of an orderly upbringing in an orderly community, but she did have the support and love of a remarkable mother and a wise and friendly father. While not exactly a Clarence Day character, Mr. Moats is a man among men, one of those natively self-confident Americans of an older generation who act on the MacArthur principle that the only security in this world is a dynamic pursuit of opportunity. Alice-Leone doesn't tell us much in detail about her father's lumber business, but we do get enough of the flavor of his operations to prove a point: anyone can do anything as long as he really has the desire and the will to plunge in and do it.

The over-all moral of "A Violent Innocence" is that revolutions conducted in the name of the "masses," or the "common man," or the "people," are fated to miscarry. Indeed, thinking over the past few centuries, there has been only one revolution that didn't go off the rails, and that is the

American Revolution of 1776, which was conducted, not in the name of the "masses," but in the cause of the "inalienable rights" of the individual who was seeking to fetter the power of the State. It is the unlimited State that remains the prime enemy of humanity, and it matters little whether this sort of State is run by a Porfirio Diaz, a Madero, a Carranza—or even a Caspar Milquetoast. The only real good a State can do is to get off the people's backs; the only real good a parliament can do in our age is to repeal the laws of its predecessors. As for a slogan to nail at the individualist masthead these days, let it be Frank Knight's: "Save society from the saviors!"

## EX-COMMUNIST CASE HISTORY

This Deception, by Hede Massing. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.50

The bald outline of Hede Massing's life is outrageously melodramatic. She was the first wife of Gerhart Eisler. She was a disciple and friend of the Ignace Reiss who was assassinated by fellow-Communists for his defection and of the Richard Sorge who was caught and executed by the Japanese. These three men indoctrinated her and trained her as a Soviet spy. A courier for the underground apparatus, she made about twenty trips carrying microfilm to Europe and money—"Moscow gold"—to America. She knew Alger Hiss and Lawrence Duggan and Noel Field in a Party context. After almost a year in Russia as virtual prisoner of the NKVD, she escaped with her life and her freedom from the underground.

Clear of her old Communist faith, she told her story to a United States official and thought to spend the rest of her days cultivating a Bucks County garden and forgetting her sins. But she was called as a government witness against Hiss and proved to be the only one, besides Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, who was able—or willing—to tell the jury that Hiss had been a Communist. For this she earned six dollars and a full measure of gruesome headlines and opprobrious misinterpretation.

Her autobiography, unadulterated by ghost or editor, has the informality, the warmth and the unselfconsciousness of conversation between old friends. Because of its unusual quality of communication, the book transcends defects of organization, gaps in information, contortions of reasoning. It moves on two levels at once: statement of fact and re-creation of atmosphere. And, paradoxically, where the cockeyed emotional climate of the bad old days persists in Mrs. Massing's interpretations there lie the highest significance and the deepest pathos of her story.

Hede Massing was a Communist spy. Even in these days of revelation that is a rather startling admission. But she never joined the Communist Party. She was a Communist by identification—a fellow-traveler. She used to terrible advantage the

various "lines" which were spoon-fed to her during her years of subservience. But during all that time, which included marriages to three highly intellectualized Communists, she remained a political *demi-vierge*. To this day it is hard for her to reconstruct the step-by-step corruption of decent instinct by which she was guided into the underground. And even today, in certain of her comments, you can taste the dregs of the Communist opiate.

Mrs. Massing feels that Richard Sorge has not been done justice. "True, he was a spy," she says. "But he believed in what he did and he was a remarkable man, both proud and modest." This same mingling of idealist motive and criminal act sent Alger Hiss to prison. Mrs. Massing neither concedes that he too must have "believed in what he did," nor does she find his acts qualified by such belief. Rather she describes him as "brazen" and "a shrewd operator." Indeed, though she speaks of Sorge, Reiss and other apparatus comrades with unqualified affection and respect, she takes Whitaker Chambers rather lengthily to task for reporting the affection he had felt for his one-time friend.

Mrs. Massing is not fully rid of the effects of having accepted communism as a way of life. It is sad to note how, from time to time, she still operates under the old reflex and throws up a smoke screen of subjective emotion to obscure a frightful reality. But smoke is volatile. Through the maverick clouds she can not discern the careful distinction Chambers made. Testifying "with remorse and pity," since Hiss had been a cherished friend, Chambers stated that a man "of great simplicity and gentleness and sweetness of character" nevertheless "represents the concealed enemy."

But Mrs. Massing should not be discredited or rejected. She does invaluable service by any revelation she makes, whether deliberate or unconscious. She is not among the sorry gang of anti-anti-Communists or non-Communists or those semi-regenerate ex-Communists who claim the sanctuary of "ex" while refusing to pay the price of admission. She has paid, to the limit of her power, her debt to humanity for her part in the Soviet conspiracy. Since communism is a disease of the soul, all she needs now is time and the right climate in which to repair its ravages fully. The question is whether the political atmosphere will allow her either.

The Popular Front could never have succeeded had liberals not been eager to accept its false premise of the superiority of Red over Brown fascism. There may be a parallel in their objective when they employ the same kind of doublethink to choose today between "good" and "bad" anti-communism. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for one, approves of Mrs. Massing because "the compassion and understanding which fill the book give it a peculiar sense of authenticity." This is opposed by him to the presumably spurious "Louis Budenz [who] have managed to bring the whole enterprise of ex-Communism into dangerous discredit." Mr. Budenz and

"the whole enterprise" may be in discredit with Mr. Schlesinger, but not with Mrs. Massing, nor, as he might discover if he troubled to move out of his Harvard-ADA foxhole, with the rest of the country.

Those words "compassion" and "understanding" now belong in the same category with "liberal" and "idealism," a category of terms so distorted by overextension that they have lost all integrity. In his brilliant summation for the government in the second Hiss trial, Thomas F. Murphy said, "The presumption of innocence is a cloak for the innocent, but it was not made by Omar the Tentmaker [and] it is not a shield for the guilty." This precisely is what certain elements have tried to do in the case of every Communist spy smoked out from his burrow in government office. The presumption of innocence, pieced out by idealism here, patched with compassion there, has been burst by Hiss and by Remington.<sup>1</sup> Still there are people who snatch up the threadbare tatters, refusing to admit that the despised "neurotic" ex-Communists, who speak through the bitter taste of rue, are wrapped in the close-knit garment of truth.

From Bernard De Voto and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who say they can not see why any ex-Communist should be believed, to Lewis Gannett, who shrinks from "the common ex-Communist's neuroses" (whatever that means) but approves of "humanitarian glow," "high adventure" and "romantic fire" in the movement, runs a moral myopia which they share with the Hisses or Remingtons or Duggans they have variously defended. Moral judgment on a personal level does not come easily. "Judge not that ye be not judged" is not a warning to refrain from judgment but a challenge to take up the double burden. But, to accept the challenge, a man must be able to look straight into his own soul, he must be able to assimilate inward and outward judgment without convulsion.

This assimilation can not be done without a vital catalyst. Hiss and Remington, crying innocence and destroying everything within range, demonstrate their lack of it. The confessed, convicted and imprisoned atomic spies, Harry Gold and Klaus Fuchs, do have it. Both Fuchs and Gold had to be tracked down and taken into custody. There is no extenuation asked or offered for their crimes. Nobody has written paeans in praise of Fuchs's bone structure. Harry Gold had no opportunity to strut heroically around a courtroom predicting ultimate vindication. But both, faced with the truth of their deeds, were sentient. Each, having been taken by the scruff and subjected to the indignities of capture, could display an element of grace. They could say "*mea culpa*." When the final appraisal is made, it will be shown that they have earned compassion.

Witnesses like Mrs. Massing are invaluable in the task of making that appraisal. Through the

1. Is it merely coincidence that the cloak has not been offered to spies named Gold or Greenglass?



best of motives she served evil. Her own account of what she did, how she did it, and perhaps most important, what it did to her, is expert testimony. But as expert testimony it must be severely limited in its application. "This Deception" is a living emotional case history of the course of the Communist virus, sub-species A. Although high-level names are mentioned they are important only in a peripheral sense. This is a story of communism not as world politics, but as personal belief. And in spite of any effort by the "liberal" special-pleaders to distort it to their own ends, it remains a total rejection of communism, then and now.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

## MOOREHEAD'S "BEL PAESE"

*The Villa Diana, by Alan Moorehead. New York: Scribner's. \$2.50*

Much of the appeal in this delightful series of Italian sketches lies in the impression that the author thoroughly enjoyed writing them. One would be tempted to think that Mr. Moorehead had simply let his eye roam freely over the "bel paese" and written down whatever his heart dictated within. And probably that is true enough as far as it goes. But Mr. Moorehead is a journalist no less by instinct than by profession, and if we look at the sketches individually we shall see that their substance could not have been better chosen to give the reader just the picture of Italy that he is looking for in this year of dubious grace, 1951.

Everyone with any interest at all in Italy will want to know what postwar Rome is like. He will find it in the chapter entitled "Bongs, roars, shrieks and sighs." Venice is a city of perennial attraction for Anglo-Saxons, and the chapter on Venice is complete with all the romanticism we like to find in studies of that ancient town, plus a somewhat original treatment of the mood it creates. A more immediate object of interest in view of recent deplorable events is Cassino—and, sure enough, we have a quizzical sketch of that monument to the efficiency of modern war. Again, one may turn to a book on contemporary Italy to learn what the political complexion of the country is, or, more selfishly, to learn how tourists fare nowadays in a land where *turismo* has been as much a tradition as a business. And Mr. Moorehead again obliges. His comments on the political situation are casual and almost off-hand but they are there to find—and particularly in the chapter on Portofino there is an excellent illustration of the potential strength of communism, containing a moral for all who wish to learn it. The tour-minded will be cheered by the description of preparations made for their kind in this same Portofino chapter, reassured by the lively pages describing the Palio that the ancient and picturesque customs are still very much alive, and perhaps titillated by the evocation of the mores of Sicily as set forth in the article on Giuliano.

Most of these sketches have appeared in the *New*

*Yorker*, and they all have the flavor we have come to associate with articles published in that weekly, a mixture of somewhat self-conscious urbanity and sophisticated sentimentality. Along with this professional coloring, not necessarily unpleasant in itself, Mr. Moorehead has certain traits of his own, an eye for picturesque detail and, I think, the integrity of the good journalist. It is odd to reflect, as one turns these pages, that only a few years ago Mr. Moorehead, as a loyal member of Wavell's entourage, was chasing Italians into Libya or, as circumstances might dictate, being chased by Italians back into Egypt. He seems to bear no grudges. It should be added, however, that although he is always sympathetic to his subject he yet remains an Anglo-Saxon onlooker, and it might be that an Italian reader would find his approach faintly patronizing. In some details there is a lack of perspective; one might think from Mr. Moorehead's comments, for example, that Rome started growing only in 1945, whereas the problems of overcrowding have been chronic at least since 1870.

The illustrations by Osbert Lancaster are admirable and harmonize beautifully with the winning tone of the book.

THOMAS G. BERGIN

## CHAPLIN, MAN AND MYTH

*Charlie Chaplin, by Theodore Huff. New York: Henry Schuman. \$4.50*

"Motion picture histories published here and abroad," according to Theodore Huff, the author of "Charlie Chaplin," "are invariably rehashes of previous works. Misconceptions and mistakes are repeated and multiplied." His own book, however, forms a notable exception. It is distinguished by a remarkable objectivity and painstaking investigation of the facts relating to the career of this comedian who has probably made more people laugh than any other figure in history. Here for the first time is presented the true story of Chaplin—a portrait quite different from the publicity issued by his studios or disseminated by various left-wing critics who read into his films an element of radicalism and "social significance" which Mr. Huff quotes the comedian himself as denying.

The portrait begins with a tragedy—Chaplin's childhood. His drunken and shiftless father, his mother's chronic ill health, their constant quarrelling and gradual drifting apart, the father's death, the mother's mental collapse and removal to a sanitarium, and the boy's subsequent life as an orphan in a London slum—all of these left upon Charlie Chaplin's mind a mark which not even the most glittering success could efface. Early in life, however, Chaplin made his debut as an actor. He was a comic from the start: a childish jig and a song rendered in a squeaking, babyish voice caused a music-hall audience to shower the five-year-old waif with coins. He became one of the most successful child actors in the history of the London



stage, and this brought him relief from poverty and a measure of prosperity. But it did not erase the psychological effect of his upbringing.

His experience as a child actor ultimately enabled him to break into the movies, in which, of course, he achieved phenomenal success. But tragedy and unhappiness continued to stalk his private life. His marriages to Mildred Harris, Lita Grey and Paul-ette Goddard ended in failure. His first son was born deformed and died in three days. He had a fist fight with Louis B. Mayer and suffered a nervous breakdown. After his recovery his name was linked romantically with a succession of women, including Pola Negri, Marion Davies, and Sari Maritza. He went to Europe and traveled around the world. He met Einstein, Lloyd George, Churchill, Gandhi, and Shaw; and Joan Barry named him as defendant in a paternity suit. Konrad Bercovici sued him for plagiarism in connection with the film, "The Great Dictator," and Chaplin settled the case out of court by paying 95 thousand dollars.

In depicting Chaplin's private life, Mr. Huff scrupulously refrains from exaggeration or caricature. He does not stress the bizarre or sensational, and he does not attempt to dramatize. His single literary device is a studied understatement. His style otherwise lacks distinction, but this curiously serves to increase the impression of truthfulness which the narrative creates. The portrait which finally emerges from Mr. Huff's assemblage of facts is that of a pathetic and almost complete failure as a man. This has led certain critics to complain that Mr. Huff does not present the "true" Chaplin, by which they mean, of course, the "great" Chaplin; but the true Chaplin, unfortunately, is only occasionally the great Chaplin. Mr. Huff presents his subject with deadly accuracy. He does not hesitate to expose Chaplin's ignorance and conceit, his hollow pretense at being an "intellectual" (the quotation marks are Mr. Huff's), his love of posing as a "liberal," and his activities as a "parlor pink."

Chaplin's art, of course, is another matter. For even the most hostile critic will grant him his touch of genius. His humor, his pathos, and his pantomime seduced the world. The figure of the little tramp with the slight moustache, the twirling cane, the torn shoes and the shuffling gait has been accepted almost everywhere as a symbol of humanity. It is possible to regard such works as "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," "The Kid," "The Gold Rush," "City Lights," and "A Woman of Paris" as masterpieces of motion picture art.

Mr. Huff analyzes every film in which Chaplin has appeared or directed. He presents for the first time a catalogue of all the Chaplin films with their casts and credit titles. He traces the origin of Chaplin's style and his influence upon other directors and comedians. Mr. Huff has been called "the arbiter supreme on all film facts"; he is undoubtedly the outstanding American authority on the history of motion pictures. Serious film students will find his book invaluable.

HARRY FELDMAN

## AMERICAN GENIUS

Stephen Crane, by John Berryman. New York: Sloane. \$3.75

Dreiser always said that we ought to pardon everybody but the hypocrite. Now there may be some unacknowledged mischief in this American Letters Series' "Stephen Crane." I should say that several nimble hands have worked on this volume, since the dust jacket is not a loud trumpet for its author but for the four bashful people who are directing the series. I used to think God alone was ubiquitous but Mark Van Doren is also everywhere—and is it gratuitous to suggest that he appears in some places from which the Lord has fled?

Mark Van Doren wrote the Hawthorne volume for this series. To add that he made no contribution at all to the knowledge of Nathaniel Hawthorne is to canker unsuspecting readers who have already purchased the book. I had heard that the Stephen Crane study was a big universal "scandal" biography. But the scandal consists of the fact that Stephen Crane met his wife in a house of ill-fame in New Orleans, which is something that almost every writing fellow in the country has known for years. Why did I have to read over 300 pages to get what is encompassed in a single chapter in Ford Madox Ford's "Portraits From Life?" Ford's words on Crane are worth much more than this gaudy biography because they have about them the strong scent of English countryside—and, more important, the restorative and tonic flavor of human affections. Mr. Berryman makes five trifling and irrelevant references to Ford. He calls him Hueffer, which seems to me misleadingly surreptitious because this book was made, not for writers, but for innocent readers.

When a young man like Mr. Berryman gives only niggling credit to Ford, I refuse to trust him. Some churlish people around New York claim that Ford was not reliable. But when Crane's reputation was almost defunct it was Ford who revived it by saying that his genius was more essentially American than anyone else's.

Mr. Berryman is unchivalrous to a writing senior. This makes him quite unlike Stephen Crane, who believed in civility even though the sharp, rude gunfire phrases in "The Blue Hotel" proclaim him to have been the rough frontiersman in many ways. There was such a delicate subtlety in Crane's homage to older authors that he completely won Henry James and Joseph Conrad. Mr. Berryman is no disciple of Crane in this matter of homage; he presents as brand new facts some things that are not essentially different from the facts in Ford's books, "Return to Yesterday" and "Portraits From Life."

Crane was a New Jersey man, the son of an impecunious and plodding minister; his boyhood, covered in about 150 pages of nickelodeon nostalgia, gives meager clues either to his nature or later work, which are what matters. Before he was

twenty he wrote "Maggie," which he published himself. It is not a notable novel—and I say this in anticipation of the college textbook genius who will inevitably give it to students as a masterpiece.

The sallow and emaciated Crane was the object of a great deal of clumsy and prurient newspaper gossip. Since he was always writing about Wyoming saloon towns, Nevada mining gulches, or just plain Texas, his books gave ammunition to backbiters—and to New York patrolmen whose bullying Crane had reported to the police commissioner, Teddy Roosevelt. Crane's marriage to a mistress of a New Orleans brothel did not help to abate villainous talk. Crane was not an alcoholic, nor was he debauched, but he was a latent consumptive. When he went to England some pseudo-friend rented him a dank medieval castle. The low spot where the moat had been was as malignant for a cough as a tarn in Poe's tales.

Close by in a neighboring town was Henry James, who was then reaching the height of his own powers, and who sent five unpublished manuscripts to Crane. It was a very gallant act and a most discerning one, for Crane was the most intermittent of readers. James, in many ways the most finical old maid of American letters, was a remarkable guesser. It took a novelist, who is a writing animal, to understand Crane, who had the head of a mettlesome horse that loves his master. Crane regarded anybody who cared for writing—James, Conrad, Ford—as his master. This does not mean that he was a humble ninny; as a matter of fact, Ford said Crane was always chastising him.

Crane had the self-reliant aura of the frontier about him; he was Colorado, New Mexico, the mesquite, the Sierra Madre. With that pistol intelligence of his he took a fast sight on Mark Twain and said he could not stand 400 pages of humor. He called Tolstoy's "War and Peace" "Peace and War," summing it up cleverly when he said it went on and on like Texas. Crane admired Tolstoy, but he had a poor regard for Zola, one of whose books may have been the reason for his writing "The Red Badge of Courage." Despite the acclaim "The Red Badge of Courage" has received, I think it is too preachy. It is far below the level of "The Blue Hotel," "The Open Boat," "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," or "The Five White Mice." Crane was hardly thirty when he died, and not a thinker. Our novel is best when it is a simple celebration of American territory. Death Valley is what makes Frank Norris; a Nevada ravine is memorable in Crane.

To return to the writers for the American Letters Series: They fail because they are not American geographers. Why is it that academic epitaph pens are always chosen to write about our best authors, Melville, Whitman, Crane, Dreiser, Anderson, Poe—men who had little or no "formal" education? What claim have arid academic glooms on Robinson, Melville or Poe? Why don't the editors of the American Letters Series call on people like

William Carlos Williams, author of that marvelous book, "In the American Grain," or Josephine Herbst, the novelist who has agile understanding of American literature, or Louis Zukofsky, rare poet and Henry Adams scholar?

Were Stephen Crane alive today he would not be asked to write for the American Letters Series. Yet what honest, vigorous words this "uneducated" author had! He had the genius of animal energy and enthusiasm—the genius you will find in such "bad" writers as Dreiser and Anderson, but never in the trade academics who know all about syntax and nothing whatsoever about the informing spirit.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

## WISER THAN SOLOMON

Goethe and the Modern Age, edited by Arnold Bergstraesser. Chicago: Regnery. \$5.00

A layman finds himself a cat in a strange garret, as he pages through 25 contributions that make up this medley. He recalls a similar cooperative enterprise of 1909, which celebrated the Darwin centenary and the fiftieth birthday of "The Origin of Species." There were pickings for an interested layman in that volume, "Darwin and Modern Science," but also a number of let-downs where, as it seemed, the essayists rather lost sight of Darwin, as their gaze wandered in the direction of their own pet predispositions and technical jargons.

That situation finds an echo in this Goethe symposium. Several of the contributors use Goethe as a kind of peg upon which to hang their own ideas about various matters, especially their world-philosophies; several others are so allusive in their display of their own national literatures, with dim illumination as to Goethe's influence upon them, that the non-professional reader can follow only afar off; one contributor elaborates, with unconvincing examples, the contention that great poetry can be readily translated.

Much of this variation is inevitable, with a roster of essayists composed (to judge by their names, most of which a layman has not heard of before) of nine Germans, two Italians, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Scandinavian, a Netherlander, a Hindu, and six Anglo-Saxons.

There is a good deal of talk about Goethe's "philosophy," a topic that seems somewhat overweighted, in view of Goethe's own impatience with speculation: in his query about "why ramble over into the infinite when the good lies so near," and in his revision (see "Faust," I) of the text: "In the Beginning was the Word."

I say to thee: a chap who speculates  
Is like a beast on a sterile heath,  
Ill-spirit-led in circles, round and round,  
While on all sides lies pasture fair and green.

If "philosophy" were a synonym for "wisdom," as it is not, one could welcome any extension of collections on the order of Goethe's wisdom. For Goethe was long on wisdom. This reviewer recalls



an incident of youthful days: the report of a contemporary that, on his mention of an epigrammatic saying of Goethe's, an eminent and widely read clergyman commented about as follows: "I don't remember running into that before. It is a piece of sheer wisdom. It must be Goethe's. He was the wisest of men." "Wiser than Solomon?" rejoined the youth. "Oh, yes; far wiser."

Goethe, starting with a strong inculcation of orthodoxy, had worked out—out of his own reflections on experience—a private revulsion against deduction from once-trusted major premises that his keen realism had found shaky: premises in which preselected conclusions had been artfully packed, like the contents of the prestidigitator's plug hat. He had learned, in the case of a syllogism, the soundness of the warning: "First dig out the major premise and take a good look at it." He was wary of all "isms" and "ideologies." He did not confuse personal agency with impersonal cause. Nor did he try to storm the Unknowable.

He was "as curious as a white-tailed deer." He eagerly observed human experience, objectively; collected and verified instances, even staged experience by experiment; compared his cases, and drew inferences that scientists accepted or respectfully rejected. He is mentioned by Darwin, in the "Origin," as a forerunner of the evolution theory.

He thus acquired a turn of mind and an adeptness in handling evidence that secured him, along all lines, the kind of knowledge that begets insight.

Furthermore, being a world-poet, a peer of Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare, he clothed much of his wisdom not in any dull and drab garb, but in an unsurpassed artistic mantle.

It is with his wisdom that he has served the ages, including the passing one, now lauded or execrated as "modern." His feet were always firmly on the ground of experience. He knew his history. He knew that recurrences would come; that ancient and discarded follies would be resurrected as new and original, by young men who dream dreams and old men who see visions. His prophecies were not divinations but forecasts. A trio of samples:

Original, be off in all thy pomp!  
How mortally would insight sicken thee!  
For who can think thoughts stupid or thoughts  
wise,  
That men of old have not already thought?

"Faust," II

Quoth someone. "Of no school am I!  
No master lives whom I swear by;  
And I am far beyond the turn  
Where from the dead I aught can learn."  
That means, when once exposed to light:  
"I am a fool in my own right."

"Den Originalen"

He knew, from experience, such dark days as  
now ominously foreshadow the future of mankind:

O, happy he who still can hope  
Upwards to burst from out this error-sea!  
What one knows not, just that he could employ;  
Of what he knows can not avail himself.

"Faust," I

A. G. KELLER

## MUTINY IN A TYPHOON

The Caine Mutiny, by Herman Wouk. New York: Doubleday. \$3.95

"The Caine Mutiny," now a best-seller, may not be a surpassing literary achievement, but it is a thoughtful, inventive and really provocative story of the American Navy at the end of World War II. It contains a good deal of easy humor, exciting drama and a crew of diverse and interesting characters who are assigned to the battle-scarred, reconverted destroyer-minesweeper, the *U. S. S. Caine*, under the command of the martinet Captain Queeg.

One of the main attractions of the novel, as stated in a note, is that the author has refrained from spangling his narrative with unnecessary obscenities. For this alone, Herman Wouk deserves a special award. He has relegated the billingsgate to its proper place (to punctuate the monotony) and "the traces that remain are necessary where occurring." It is a relief and a pleasure to be able to read about the excitement, the tedium, the camaraderie, the hatred, and all that goes into war, and to be led to these observations by way of the imagination.

Wouk merits further tribute by writing a war story that permits the characters themselves to occupy the place of honor between himself and the reader. Nowhere is he in evidence on the staff of the *Caine* except that he displays an authoritative working knowledge of the disciplined routine on a DMS. He manages to convey this knowledge without falling into the cataloguing of a documentary.

Starting with a romance and the more humorous and chaotic beginnings of a wartime career in the Navy, the story takes on a more serious tone as Willie Keith, the protagonist, learns the ropes and becomes a worthy member of the USN with just enough shortcomings and doubts to make him universal. The least important and least effective portion of the book is the recounting of Willie's romance with a "nice-girl" night club singer from the wrong side of the tracks. There are evident in Wouk's delineations some of the prominent characteristics of Billy Budd, the foretopman, Lord Jim and Captain Bligh, that sadistic monarch of the narrative sea—but with much less incisive characterization. Wouk recruits a group of men—each a product of a different environment—whose admixture results in the mutiny in the midst of a typhoon. He has surrounded his select crew with brisk, clear and concise descriptions of a DMS's battles, its convoy duties and its entries into the various waters of the Pacific dotted with suspiciously inviting atolls. Wouk wastes no time in elaborate detail.

The result is a long, but clipped and neatly woven, story of an unusual mutiny brought about by a band of men bound by Navy Regulations and "the small expanse of the *Caine*."

HELEN ZAMPIELLO



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