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FREEMAN

The Malady of Progressivism

Wilhelm Roepke

What Happened in Pasadena?

Oliver Carlson

We're Stronger Than We Know

Joseph Zack

Editors: John Chamberlain • Henry Hazlitt • Suzanne La Follette

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JULY 30, 1951

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 30, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

As we go to press, Kaesong has been made an open city and American reporters have been moving into the demilitarized area. It took a show of firmness to get them there. General Ridgway obviously has the right idea about dealing with the Reds; he stands on his dignity. We are all for this attitude. The only thing that puzzles us is why General MacArthur didn't get President Truman's backing last winter when he behaved precisely as Ridgway has behaved. Maybe the solution to the puzzle is that Truman just didn't want to give MacArthur the glory of proving that the way to deal with communism is to stand up to it without hesitancy or fear.

Some years ago the government of Iran, of its own free will and without any evidence of coercion, made a long-term contract with Britain's Anglo-Iranian Oil Company that still has many years to run. A few months ago the Iranian government became dissatisfied with the terms of this contract, repudiated it, and seized the properties of the company. This included not only underground oil rights which the government had already sold for a consideration, but the refinery and other investments in equipment, estimated to have a total value of about $840,000,000. In the bad old days of the nineteenth century Britain would have sent in troops to protect the lives and property of its citizens, but this is now universally condemned as "imperialism." So the British government, after much vacillation, did the currently approved thing, and put its case before the International Court of Justice at the Hague. It got a provisional verdict in favor of the pre-seizure status quo. Whereupon Iran's spokesmen denounced the Court, and flouted its decision.

Here is a loss to the Atlantic Pact Nations of the world's largest refinery and of a vital source of crude oil. Worse, it now seems highly probable that, in one way or another, these oil resources will fall into Stalin's control within a year. Now the part that our own government played in this huge easy victory for Stalin is very instructive. It intervened, not to offer its unequivocal support to the British government's position, but to urge soft measures and appeasement. And after the irresponsible Mossadegh had insultingly rejected the Hague Court decision, President Truman sent him a remarkable message. It said: "you know of our sympathetic interest in this country in Iran's desire to control its natural resources. From this point of view we were happy to see that the British government has on its part accepted the principle of nationalization."

Mr. Truman, in brief, told an irresponsible foreign government that the American people sympathize with the violation of contracts, with the seizure of private property, and with the socialization of the oil industry. He said, in an official message, that the American people were happy to see the *principle* of nationalization accepted. He said, in other words, that the American people sympathize with the central principle of socialism. In their names he repudiated private enterprise. Mr. Truman was not satisfied with mere words. Through the Export-Import Bank he offered the Iranian government $25,000,000 of the American taxpayers' money to reward its thefts and to finance its socialist planning. If we want to know why time is not on our side in the struggle with Russia and with socialist-communist ideology, we need merely look at this sample record.

Now that William N. Oatis has confessed in Prague that he had been conscientiously collecting accurate news for the Associated Press, only one other puzzle remains unsolved: What good is a U. S. passport? Until recently, possession of such a document used to spread holy terror among European cops. But it has now been proved repeatedly that the U. S. Secretary of State, whose signature validates every American passport, has either no power or no intention to protect an American citizen on legitimate business abroad. If it wishes to protect its correspondents the Associated Press should make sure that reporters assigned for duty in insolent countries

carry passports of either Monaco or Luxemburg —two small but really sovereign states whose governments, unlike ours, have enough guts to go to bat for their citizens. The Duchess of Luxemburg, an upright lady, would respond to the flagrant mistreatment of a Luxemburgian correspondent in Prague with immediate reprisals against two, or better three, Czechoslovakian "diplomats" in Luxemburg. But then, she of course can afford to turn her back.

When the Office of Price Stabilization says that unless the Administration's price control law is passed prices will rise 7 per cent, it is guessing, and everybody knows it. When the Economic Stabilization Administration says that if the bill is not passed every family's cost of living will rise one dollar a day, it is guessing, and everybody knows it. And when Mr. Eric Johnston says, "We do not want an economic Pearl Harbor," he is absurd. Why must the propaganda for price control be so stupid?

Seventy-eight members of the House signed a petition to call the Townsend Plan bill out of the limbo where the Ways and Means Committee had it locked up. Representative Angel made the speech. He said:

> The plan is a self-financing, non-contributory retirement system under which beneficiaries will receive annuities as a matter of right without reference to charity or prior contributions. It is nation-wide and covers all citizens sixty years of age or over. Annuities will be paid currently out of currently raised revenues.

Who will be taxed? All these under sixty. So the young will support the old, as they always have, only now it shall be done under compulsion. A government bureau will take it from the children and give it to their fathers and mothers—and the bureau for its own livelihood will shave the old folks' dollar.

General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, suggests in the July *Esquire* that American fathers are guilty of overprotecting their sons. He advises the fathers to take a lesson from the birds and shove their young out of the nest so that they will learn to fly by themselves. This impresses us as excellent advice. But it comes with little grace from the man who is in charge of taking boys from Poppa Parent only to put them under the compulsory control of Poppa State. We have yet to hear of a bird shoving its young from a small family nest into a bigger nest covered by the protective wing of a Universal Bird Training Law. When a young robin goes out into the world he is on his own. There is no robin drill sergeant to see to it that the fledgling does what he is told on a diet of Government Issue worms. . . . If we must have Selective Service, let us take it as a compulsion that is a lesser evil when compared with possible Soviet enslavement. It only confuses the vocabulary—and hence our powers of thought —to have it implied that a compulsory draft of the young is something that encourages self-reliant free choice.

The news columns of the *New York Times*, we regret to say, have in recent months been more and more openly departing from the fine objectivity that once distinguished them. The daily news stories on the MacArthur hearings, for example (apart from the columns and columns of full text through which only the hardiest reader could breast his way) were in their selection, emphasis and presentation consistently loaded against MacArthur and in favor of Acheson. And here is an example from a "news" story by James Reston beginning on page 1 of the issue of July 2:

> The ranking Republican member of the committee, Senator Wiley of Wisconsin, said he thought "that the Administration ought to be wiser in these [Korean cease-fire] negotiations than it was at Yalta and Teheran."

This is straight news. But Mr. Reston continues:

> Mr. Wiley did not propose, however, that the United States should reject the cease-fire proposals and go on fighting until General Ridgway was standing on the banks of the Yalu.

This is not by the wildest stretch of the definition news, but a gratuitous and sarcastic editorial appendage by Mr. Reston. Its purpose is apparently to suggest that such a proposal by Senator Wiley would have been the only possible alternative to another Yalta or Teheran. If Mr. Reston is now going to tell us all the things that Mr. Wiley does not propose, and all the things that each of more than two hundred other Republicans in Congress does not propose, he can fill the *Times* with them every day.

The American Heritage Foundation makes this the Year of Rededication to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, with a national program that includes public service advertising sponsored by the National Advertising Council, the slogan to be, "Now—Freedom Needs You." This is the same worthy organization that recently executed the Freedom Train idea. Our feeling is that if such measures are necessary it may be already too late. In the days of the Little Red School House and McGuffey's Readers a Freedom Train would have been incomprehensible. What is the matter with American education that now freedom has to be sold to the people by slogans, advertising and ballyhoo?

One who wants to know what has happened to education might begin by reading the Report of the President's Commission on Higher Education —Vol. I, entitled "Establishing the Goals." On page 20 you may read: "There is urgent need for a program of education for world citizenship."

There is nothing in the Declaration of Independence or Constitution about world citizenship. On page 102 you may read. "The task of the colleges is to make the transition from a curriculum centered almost exclusively on the American-West tradition to one that embodies the intellectual experiences of the whole of mankind." So it was wrong to center American education on the American tradition; wrong even to center it on the American-West tradition, whatever you may suppose that to be. By implication there must be something like a tradition of the whole of mankind, and American education must be centered upon that. Who then will teach the supreme importance of the American tradition? That becomes the task of private citizens because our progressive educators think its importance is relative only.

Theodore Meyer Greene, professor of philosophy at Yale, tells a Senate committee that he is "appalled at the lack of teaching in the first rate colleges of this country on communism," and at the "growing suspicion of anyone who, as a loyal and intelligent citizen, has taken the trouble to learn something about communism." That kind of talk now is in the wind. Will Dr. Greene please mention a course on political science anywhere that does not include the Marxian thesis? Will he name one of the many professors who, he says, try to hide the fact that they have ever read Marx? What book on communism has ever been forbidden in this country? Lenin? Stalin? You can buy them anywhere across the book counter, even though they teach the technique of revolution and advocate the overthrow of the American form of government by force.

The current literature of communism—pamphlets, magazines and newspapers—is freely exposed on the newsstands. Many conservative publications have reprinted the Communist Manifesto for the information of their readers. The defense of the eleven Communists convicted of conspiracy, theory and all, was spread in the daily press. Never since the word was printed has a society ever been so tolerant of an alien doctrine. Dr. Greene may retort that he said the American ideology was better than the Communist ideology. So he did. Let that be pinned up. Americans died in Korea for an ideology comparatively better than that of the Communists.

Dr. Greene might also note that at the University of San Francisco a course in communism will be compulsory hereafter for upper division students. Besides reading and hearing lectures, students will be required to submit reports and term papers on direct studies of Communist activities in the real world of San Francisco. There is even a library of Marxian literature. What is the matter with the University of San Francisco? Nothing. That is why it is not afraid to do it.

Miss Margaret Truman is safely back home, and this ought to bring relief to all of us. While she was sightseeing in Europe, enraptured editorials have been written here in praise of the fact that she seemed to be behaving herself. But why, pray, should anybody have expected otherwise? That the quite natural road performance of Mr. Truman's daughter merited such attention of audibly astonished editorialists is weirdly characteristic of the political and moral climate under the incumbent Administration: When nothing really awkward takes place, that's tremendous news nowadays. If, say, Mr. Truman had dispatched the Marines in revenge for some unkind Dutch press comment on his daughter, no one here would have been particularly surprised. But nothing happened and so the bells of thanksgiving keep ringing all over our apprehensive country.

The sudden death of Francis Adams Truslow at the age of 45, on his way to begin his duties as head of the United States-Brazil Joint Commission for Economic Development, is a great loss to the nation. "Frank" Truslow had extraordinary gifts and great integrity; he could have filled with honor and distinction the highest political office that this nation has to offer. The actual assignments which were given to him, either in private or in public affairs, were minor in comparison with his talents. That our higher political offices today are occupied mainly by nonentities does not mean that men of talent do not exist to fill these offices; it is a sign, rather, that we do not make proper use of greatly gifted individuals in our public life. Francis Truslow was one of these.

The Mises Seminar

The seminar on social problems conducted by Dr. Ludwig von Mises at the Faculty Club of New York University under the auspices of the *Freeman* was extremely well attended by eager and enthusiastic students. The seminar ran from June 25 through July 6 inclusive, and included the following participants:

Reverend Armand-Jean Baldwin, Bettina Bien, Julian Gerard Buckley, Oliver Carlson, Helen Cartier, Zack R. Cecil, John J. Devoe, S. Feinstone, H. Bernard Goldstein, Percy Greaves, Andrew W. Green, Thomas E. Harney, M. Adolph Heikkila, Hoyne Howe, O. B. Johassen, Vigdor W. Kavaler, Robert S. Kendall, George Koether, Sheridan A. Logan, Mildred J. Loomis, Georgette McCoy, Duane L. Patterson, Reverend Norman S. Ream, Richard S. Rimanoczy, J. Ray Risser, A. Franklin Ross, John T. Tetley, Robert van Cleave, James L. Wick, James F. Wilson, Alvin Wingfield and Leland B. Yeager.

These participants came from all parts of the country. In the group were writers, editors, teachers, college professors, businessmen, librarians, farmers, attorneys and editors.

Dream *vs.* Nightmare

DEAN ACHESON may be this and he may be that, but of one thing we are certain: he is a man who indefatigably pursues a dream. The dream is that of a legalist, one who thinks that the essence of true peace can be achieved once the Russians commit themselves to a permanent division of the world on paper.

In the Achesonian dream the world of the future can be brought to a point of static balance. The Atlantic Pact will guarantee western Europe, a Pacific Pact will guarantee the islands of the Pacific and the southern tier of the Asian continent. Power will guarantee the two pacts, but it will be a power committed to an eternal defense, not to any threat of offense. The Russians, impressed by this power, will stay on their side of a set of lines —the line from Stettin to Vienna, the line between Hungary and Tito-land, the line at the Caucasus, the line across mid-Korea, the line down the China coast (with maybe Formosa bargained to Mao Tse-tung as an earnest of our static commitments.) The UN, its prestige vastly enhanced, will act as the conservator of the dream. Russia itself will become part of the conserving constabulary.

As dreams go, this dream is a happy one, for it offers a vision of peace, of rest, of surcease from anxiety, to a Western world that has listened to too many alarums and gone off on too many excursions into hot and cold war. Many people whose minds are ordinarily nimble share the dream. Barbara Ward, the sprightly British girl who writes such mellifluous words on political economy, believes in the dream; so, to a lesser extent, does our own Walter Lippmann.

Well, why don't we believe in it, too? Dreams of permanent peace are nice, and nobody wants to think that wars must come and that young men must be killed fighting over distant weed patches that happen to have strategic or symbolic significance. Nobody in his right mind wants to see atomic bombs leveling our cities and poisoning our streams. We are as natively pacifist as anybody, and we hate the regimentation connected with draft acts and war controls far more than most people we know. But unfortunately for our own dreams of a peaceful interlude in the near future, we have been conditioned by our experience. And that experience includes a fairly thorough study of Marxist literature, which is a literature not of dreams, but of a continuing nightmare.

The one thing that Marxism does not admit to be a possibility is the idea of a world divided by lines and nailed down by promises committed to paper. Dip into *any* considered work by Marx, by Lenin, by Stalin, and what do you find? A withering scorn of bourgeois "legalism." A contempt for the very idea of a static balance. "Morality," to a Marxist, is anything that advances the Marxist cause, whether it be arson, murder, rape, theft—or soft-soap and charity. "Peace," to a Marxist, is merely the continuation of war by other means. The whole essence of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism is the idea that the war against the bourgeoisie must go on. Truces may be accepted, treaties may be written,—but to Marxists they are agreements made to be broken. When the favorable moment comes the truce will end, the treaty will be denounced. The war can not possibly end for any committed Marxist until the last bourgeois has surrendered or died.

Since we believe that the Marxian nightmare will continue to make a mockery of the Achesonian dream, we can not take hope that a "peace" in Korea will be worth very much. Of course we share the desire to see the killing of Americans stopped; "accordion war" with no strategic objective makes little sense to us. At one point during the Korean War we hoped that the Chinese civil war might be reactivated, with Chiang Kai-shek turning the tide against Mao Tse-tung. With the Communists skedaddling in China proper, Korea's integrity could have been assured. But that chance was dissipated by the political shenanigans that led to the "neutralizing" of Formosa, the decision not to use Chiang's troops, and the final recall of MacArthur. The Korean tide was not taken at the flood, and the waters have now ebbed out. With the possibility of winning a dynamic victory in the Far East gone, truce at the 38th Parallel is far more to be desired than a continuation of random and aimless slaughter.

But that does not mean that we want to see a peace treaty signed with Mao. With our knowledge that the Marxian nightmare will continue to confound the Achesonian dream, we hope that no attempt to trade good promises for worthless ones will be indulged in by the negotiators in behalf of the UN.

Our idea of a good truce with the North Koreans, the Russians and the "volunteer" Red Chinese is this: let us agree to stop the fighting, and then stop there. Let it be an armed truce, with no nonsense about treaties with people who won't keep treaties. Let us make no promises to withdraw our troops from southern Korea. Let us make no promises regarding Formosa or Chiang Kai-shek or the seating of Red China in the UN. Then, for just so long as the "truce" with the "North Koreans" exists, let us go about the business of making Formosa and Japan strong, of building up a countervailing force off the coast of Red China. Strength in Formosa and Japan will do far more to keep peace in the Far East than a whole dictionary of words poured out on paper.

For An Economic Equivalent of War

IT HAPPENED several times that signs of a truce in Korea caused prices to fall on the Stock Exchange; and not only that, tremors of uneasiness from the same cause were noted in the world of business. The day after the Asiatic Communists had agreed to a meeting in the field, the *Wall Street Journal* interviewed a wide cross-section of industrialists and merchants and found them all inclining to the opinion that there would be a sag in business and a softening of prices for commodities and manufactured goods—if the shooting stopped.

Why? Because they would expect a reaction from the Korean war boom, and perhaps a little deflation, notwithstanding positive assurances from the government that the great defense program would go on just the same.

These are little alarms. If and when the Korean war ends there may be some postwar adjustments, as the economists say; here and there some small bubbles may burst, but nothing serious so long as the state of the world is not otherwise altered and the cold war goes on.

But imagine a terrific thing. Suppose that in some startling and unexpected way peace should suddenly appear in the world as a new way of life, so that everybody stopped making armaments and cosmic bombs, and demobilized. How should we behave then? If the anxieties of intelligent bankers, speculators, industrialists and merchants may rise at the thought of a truce in Korea, what might they expect from a cessation of war?

For twelve years, with but one short interval, the insatiable customers have been War and Defense, imperiously commanding all the surplus goods of the world; commanding also an expansion of productive capacity beyond anything that had been probable in time of peace. For twelve years this country has not known a condition of peace. The statisticians of the National Industrial Conference Board find that 85,500,000 of us were either unborn or under twenty-one in the year 1939. Thus, more than half the population is devoid of any adult experience with a world at peace. All that time we have been:

1. At war, and at the same time sustaining our allies with lend-lease goods, or,
2. Sharing our wealth with the victims of war, as by the Marshall Plan, which was inflationary, or,
3. Preparing ourselves for World War III and at the same time buying and arming allies for Armageddon, which is extremely inflationary.

And so, in fact, one war boom has been continuous for twelve years.

If and when peace comes, the war boom will end. What shall we do then with our surplus goods—immediately? What shall we do with our greatly expanded industrial capacity—immediately? And with the men and women released from the armed services, where they are consumers only, as they return to the productive works of peace?

William James thought that to break mankind's long habit of bellicosity it might be necessary first to find the moral equivalent of war. Might we not do well to be thinking of the economic equivalent of war? So far as we know, the only idea the planners have is that in lieu of the government's military expenditures of $60 billion or more a year there might be a continuous Marshall Plan of global immensity. That perhaps could be made inflationary enough to sustain the war boom for a while, or until it might occur to our native common sense that we can not stay forever rich by giving away our wealth.

Was the Conspiracy Proved?

SINCE the United States Supreme Court upheld the conviction of the eleven Communists there has been a spate of noble words from tenants of the Ivory Towers, and none more eloquent than those uttered by Julian P. Boyd, Princeton librarian and editor of the Jefferson Papers, at the 175th anniversary of the Virginia Declaration of Rights. "Of what consequence is a bill of rights," he asks, "if it does not extend equally to those whom we hate and whose ideas we abhor? What does freedom mean if it does not include the right to argue against freedom?"

The Supreme Court's decision, he says, in effect disfranchises the Communist Party; and he commends Mr. Justice Douglas for having said, in his dissenting opinion:

> The First Amendment makes confidence in the common sense of our people and the maturity of their judgment the great postulate of our democracy. Its philosophy is that violence is rarely, if ever, stopped by denying civil liberties to those advocating resort to force.

But this is confusion. The case against the eleven Communists was not that they advocated communism nor that they entertained and propagated ideas that to most Americans may be abhorrent. The case was that they had engaged themselves in an alien and treasonable political conspiracy. The only quarrel you can have with the Supreme Court is on that one point. Was the conspiracy proved? What Mr. Justice Holmes called "freedom for the thoughts we hate" was not involved at all. If the decision does disfranchise the Communist Party, that can be only because the Communist Party first disfranchised itself. Will either Mr. Boyd or Mr. Justice Douglas hold that men who have secretly renounced their American citizenship by swearing allegiance to a hostile foreign power may set up in this country a political

party that shall enjoy our Constitutional civil liberties?

If that is possible, government is absurd. Any American is free to be a Communist. An American Communist Party we should be obliged to tolerate, and it might even be good for us. But there is no such thing as an *American* Communist Party. There is a Communist Party in the United States, and its loyalty is to the Kremlin. And will Mr. Justice Douglas please tell us how the people's common sense and maturity of judgment could have saved them from an Alger Hiss?

Impish Professors

PROFESSORS of course will be professors, but sometimes it's really hard to cope with their peculiar sense of humor. A case in point is the latest (May) issue of the *Annals* of the Academy of Political and Social Science, a learned journal not exactly renowned for its hilarity. Just so, we'd like our readers to participate in the slightly weird fun we had in perusing the organ of the respectable Academy, whose Vice President, Herbert Hoover, may be interested to know just what has been going on.

Though their optimism is presumably guarded, the editors of the *Annals* must deem it at least possible that some members of the Academy not only receive but also read the publication whose volumes, as the journal solemnly claims in every issue, constitute "important reference works on the topics with which they deal." And there is certainly no room for doubt that the country's teachers of what passes for Political and Social Science consider the *Annals* a prime source of authoritative and not overly subversive information. Since no college teacher could possibly read all the books published in his field of learned concern, the *Annals's* extensive Book Department (69 pages in the current issue) is quite likely our most powerful builder of scholastic reputations. At any rate, Professor David McCord Wright will soon find out what has been done to *his* reputation.

Dr. Wright was foolhardy enough to produce a book, "Capitalism" (McGraw-Hill: $3.25), which actually finds merits in America's economic system. The *Annals* ("all articles published are written at the invitation of the editors") dutifully reviewed the opus (on page 191). And guess who was invited to give a judicious opinion, as befits the *Annals*, on Professor Wright's presentation of our country's economic philosophy? Professor Paul M. Sweezy.

Now Dr. Sweezy is one of those rare collectivist professors in America who have retained the basic decency to declare their creed *openly*. He has never disguised his propagandizing, never denied his political affiliation. He is, in his own way, not precisely a scholar but a gentleman. Yet there is, of course, always the possibility that the editors of the *Annals* simply don't know that Dr. Sweezy is a proclaimed defender of communism. But the supposition of innocence won't hold, for the very same issue of the *Annals* carries (on page 164) a review of "Democracy in a World of Tension: A Symposium" which reports "the communistic propaganda of Paul Sweezy, who concludes an energetic defense of communism as the only true democracy with the prediction that all the obstacles to truth interposed by capitalism will eventually be overcome."

Thus the *Annals* chooses to inform its own editors (who presumably read their own journal) that the man they had chosen to discuss the merits of a book on capitalism was a collectivist. And it is entirely to the credit of Mr. Sweezy that he, once more abiding by his openly professed creed, greeted Mr. Wright's book with vituperation. His judgment—as unequivocal and apodictic as a *Daily Worker* editorial—may be all the *Annals's* readers will ever know about Mr. Wright's book, unless they go and see for themselves: The editorial policy of the *Annals* allocates just one review per book, and that's that.

Amazed by such puckish reviewing in a learned journal, we went through the entire Book Department of 69 pages and found, among 84 book reviews, *not one other case* in which a declared enemy of the position taken by the author had been invited to advise America's teachers of Social and Political Science on the usefulness of the product. Worse than that: there is among the 83 sympathetically reviewed books one authored by Paul M. Sweezy himself. Its reviewer, Professor Boris Erich Nelson, gives it (on pages 173 and 174) the sort of benevolent, slightly patronizing, mellow-pedestrian nod one has come to expect in Book Departments of learned journals. ("To be welcomed . . . an unusual tribute . . .")

What does it all prove? Contrary to the learned *Annals* (where one can find many a spiteful reference to Senator McCarthy and "McCarthyism"), we do not contend that people with whom we happen to disagree are Satan's sinister sons. In fact, it is our considered opinion that the editors of the *Annals* are just about as much Communists, or fellow-travelers, as they are editors. Their affliction can be understood not in terms of Social and Political Science, but rather in those of psychiatry and, perhaps, theology. Bare of any binding faith, harrassed by what Professor Freud has diagnosed as the self-destructive urges of our civilization, some illustrious educators of ours will hardly ever pass up an opportunity to be taken for a ride. Desperately bent on proving that they know how to defend their intellectual independence, they insist primarily on freedom to make fools of themselves.

We, of course, might shrug our shoulders with a "Well, it's *their* funeral." But it happens to be ours, too: The professors who edit the *Annals* teach the teachers who are teaching our children.

What Really Happened in Pasadena?

By OLIVER CARLSON

The following report was already in the Freeman *office when the National Education Association, at its annual convention, cited the ousting of Pasadena's Superintendent of Schools as a horrible example of a campaign to destroy America's public schools. The charge, climaxing a nation-wide campaign against the citizens of Pasadena, gives Mr. Carlson's article a special timely interest.*

HOW DOES it happen that a small, dull book about the ousting of a school superintendent in a medium-sized American city becomes a best seller and rates top-feature, full-page reviews in the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* book sections? Is it really true — as the publishers and the author would have us believe — that "The story is one of national significance because it illustrates with frightful clarity how a local crisis in public education can be used by outside forces to further their dangerous ends; to destroy the independence of the American public school system"?

If these words are true, then all good Americans should read and ponder David Hulburd's "This Happened in Pasadena" (Macmillan, $2.50). For surely no single institution is as close to the hearts of the American people as its public schools. If what happened in Pasadena was, as Hulburd implies, merely the opening gun of a nation-wide all-out attack on our school system, then readers of the *Freeman* should get all the facts to help thwart such action elsewhere. John Chamberlain wrote me, "Take the book and the arguments pro and con and go and check the whole story against what you discover to be true in the Pasadena educational situation. Then do me a temperate article-type review."

A Community Mobilized

Here is my report, based upon scores of personal interviews and dozens of phone calls plus a careful reading of a two-foot stack of newspaper clippings, magazine articles, books, pamphlets, leaflets, mimeographed and printed campaign material, letters, reports and memoranda. In addition, I have lived within a thirty-minute drive from the heart of Pasadena for fifteen years. I am personally acquainted with a great many Pasadena residents. I have participated in dozens of educational and civic meetings there; and have lectured in many of its schools and churches and in its library.

1. I found *no one* even remotely connected with the Pasadena school controversy who was not a staunch defender of our system of free public schools. I did, however, find wide differences of opinion as to *how* those schools should be run and *what subjects* should be emphasized.

2. The School Development Council (the organization which spearheaded the campaign against Superintendent of Schools Willard E. Goslin) was a bona-fide, grass-roots community organization of Pasadena citizens. Almost all the members were parents whose children were attending, or had attended, the city's public schools. It had not been initiated or assisted by outside persons or groups.

3. It had no tie-in, either open or covert, with other local, regional or national organizations seeking to influence educational policy.

4. Its membership and its meetings were open to all. Membership included both men and women, Republicans and Democrats. It included active members of labor unions, clerks, housewives, doctors, dentists, lawyers, engineers, educators, owners of small businesses. Not a single member came from the really big business interests or from the ultra-wealthy retired people of Pasadena. It included Protestants, Catholics, Jews — both native and foreign born. In brief, it represented a very heterogeneous grouping united for the moment on a single issue: they didn't like the way in which Superintendent Goslin was conducting the affairs of their public schools. They didn't like his arrogance. They didn't like his greed for power. And many of them didn't like the so-called "progressive" curriculum which he was developing.

5. The School Development Council never had any paid organizers, speakers or writers. For a short time it employed a woman secretary. Its work was done by volunteers. In spite of the stories of vast sums of money which it was supposed to have available, it raised and spent a total of only $2000.

6. The resounding defeat (22,210 to 10,032) administered to Superintendent Goslin's request for increased school taxes in the election of June 1950 has been made the basis of widely circulated stories that this was "a vote against the children of Pasadena." But the leaders of the SDC unanimously insisted that the only effective recourse left to the Pasadena voters against the continued consolidation of power in the hands of Superintendent Goslin was to hit him at the financial level.

"We knew," said Frank Wells, who had been president of the SDC at the time, "and so did almost everyone else in Pasadena, that a repudiation of the proposed school tax would be at the same time a repudiation of Goslin and his program. The fact that we got a turnout of voters four times as great as the number who normally voted in school elections, and that we carried every precinct but

one in the entire city indicates how strongly the people felt about the issue."

Again, in June of this year the Pasadena School Administration (now minus Goslin and many of his key assistants) proposed an increased property tax to meet growing school costs. Here was to be the test — whether the opposition was right in branding the SDC as a group that put low taxes before good schools.

Not a single SDC leader opposed the new tax proposal. All supported it. The measure, which gives a $400 yearly salary increase to every teacher, carried by a majority of five to two.

7. The most serious — and most highly publicized — charge made against the leaders of the School Development Council was that they were either the dupes or stooges of one Allen A. Zoll and his National Council for American Education. Zoll, who operates out of New York, had an unsavory record as a supporter of Gerald L. K. Smith. The chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee had branded him "a very strong anti-Semite," and his organization had been listed by Attorney General Tom Clark as "fascist and subversive."

What are the facts?

No leader or active member in the SDC was or is a follower of Allen Zoll or a member or supporter of his organization. Neither Allen Zoll nor any of his spokesmen has ever appeared before or spoken at any meeting sponsored by the SDC.

Only one piece of Zoll literature — a small pamphlet titled "Progressive Education Increases Juvenile Delinquency" was ever distributed. This was at the close of one public meeting, held May 22, 1950. When the SDC leaders learned of Zoll's background and activities they refused to permit any more of his pamphlets to be given out, even though they insisted there was nothing wrong with the one which had been distributed.

28,000 Independents

In the hearings on the Pasadena situation conducted by the State Senate Committee on Education in November 1950, Dr. W. Ernest Brower (the newly elected president of the SDC) was questioned about this matter. Here is his testimony:

> Q. (By Mr. Englebright) Doctor, there have been certain accusations made during the tax rate increase election toward your group from Dr. Simpson, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the National Education Association, and members, or citizens of the city of Pasadena, in respect to certain materials which you used during that election. I am referring specifically to certain pamphlets published by a man by the name of Zoll for an organization, the National Council of American Education. A. That is correct.
>
> Q. Did the School Development Council use those materials in the election? A. We did.
>
> Q. Did you use those pamphlets under the direction of this National Council of American Education? A. We ran across the pamphlet, we read the content, we agreed thoroughly with the contents of the pamphlet, and we felt it would be proper literature for us to use at our meetings, and I think we still think so. In so far as the content is concerned, we have nothing to find wrong with it.
>
> Q. (By Chairman Dilworth) Did you only use the one pamphlet? A. Just the one pamphlet.
>
> Q. I have a pamphlet, "Progressive Education Increases Delinquency." . . . A. That is the pamphlet.
>
> Q. (By Mr. Engelbright) Doctor, you state you obtained this pamphlet — you didn't tell me how you first obtained this pamphlet which you have used? A. One of our members obtained a copy of the pamphlet. She showed it to Mr. Williams (a member of the School Development Council, not Senator J. Williams, a member of this committee), to myself, we read it, and agreed it was the proper type of literature for us to use.
>
> Q. Did you know anything of the organization which — A. Nothing whatsoever. We simply went on the basis of the content.
>
> Q. As far as Mr. Zoll was concerned, he was simply someone who was publishing pamphlets in the educational line? A. That is correct.
>
> Q. Doctor, let me ask you this question: Did you have any intention at the time you used this pamphlet in evidence, produced by Mr. Zoll, to further the aims of any organization of which he was a member? A. None whatsoever. . . .

Robert A. Skaife, Field Secretary for the National Education Association Defense Commission, conducted a personal investigation of the Pasadena situation. In a confidential letter to Superintendent Goslin (June 26, 1950), he declared:

> Visits to newspaper and realty men convince me that the Zoll materials were but a small factor in the 22,000 "No" votes cast in the election. In this connection I might add that Mr. Wells, when I criticized the use of Zoll materials in the campaign, admitted that he had used them but knew nothing about Zoll and his organization. The material appeared to be useful to his purpose and so he circulated it. The *Star-News* editor, speaking off the record, estimated that 28,000 of the 32,000 votes cast were uninfluenced by the Zoll materials.

It is strange how many otherwise open-minded citizens have been stampeded into labeling as anti-Semitic or pro-Fascist the thousands of Pasadena citizens who were supporting the SDC. Many of these same critics, however, denounce as "character assassins" those who call attention to persons who have actively participated in or given their names to well-known Communist front organizations.

The Communist Party of California was definitely interested in the Pasadena School controversy. The *People's World* reported at length on the situation and was as vigorous in its denunciation of the SDC leaders as it was openly favorable to the Goslin administration. The local chapter of the Independent Progressive Party (a Communist front) and every other pro-Communist group in the Pasadena area waged a relentless battle against the SDC. Many of the most outspoken left-wing supporters of Jimmy Roosevelt and Helen Gahagan Douglas were also in the Goslin camp. Superintendent Goslin himself had put in as publicity

spokesman for the school administration a young man, George Gerbner, who finally admitted under direct examination that he had been editor of *Progressive Citizens,* a paper published by the Progressive Citizens of America during 1947-48.

Pro-Communist Ties Examined

Q. Mr. Gerbner, were you ever editor of the Progressive Citizens of America publication? A. Well, I have worked on a great number of publications in my capacity as a free lance newspaperman, while I can't recall all of them, I believe I did work upon my return from overseas on some such newspaper.

Q. Was that the Southern California Progressive Citizens? A. I believe so.

Q. Progressive Citizens of America? And you were editor of that publication at that time, were you not? A. I don't know what my official title was. I was engaged in gathering material and in printing and publishing a great number of publications while I was trying to secure employment in the newspaper field or in teaching.

Q. I hand you a copy of *Progressive Citizens,* published by the Progressive Citizens of America, Volume 1, No. 8, dated October, 1947. On page 4A is the chapter officers, and it lists the various vice chairmen of the organization, and as editor a Mr. George Gerbner. . . . Is that you, Mr. Gerbner? A. Yes, I believe so.

Q. And you have the title of "Editor" in that publication.

Q. (By Senator Williams) You were the editor of this Southern California *Progressive Citizens* paper during 1947. Tell me, now, as an editor did you receive compensation for that? A. No, I didn't.

Q. You mean that you just worked at it for nothing; is that right? A. That is correct.

Q. Was that during the time you were in school studying to be a teacher or you were just out of the Army, or what? A. I was just back from overseas. . . .

Q. Now, when Mr. Englebright, the counsel here, asked you about your different work you didn't say you were the editor of this *Progressive Citizens* until he finally pried that fact out of you; is that right? You just couldn't remember? A. I never said I was not editor of the *Progressive Citizens.*

Q. You didn't list that in your activities in the press? A. I have worked on and edited, in some capacity, a great number of throw-away sheets, advertising sheets, literature of different types, and I did — I wasn't asked to mention all of them. I don't believe I could list all of them. I just mentioned general facts.

Q. Tell me, now, . . . there are other contributors to this . . . *Progressive Citizens?* I notice quite a number of names here (indicating). Have any of these people that you know of been classified as being associated with subversive groups by any investigating committee that you know of? A. I don't know who those people are you are referring to.

Q. Here is a man by the name of John Howard Lawson, for instance. Do you know if he has ever been listed as connected with any subversive group? A. I have heard — read some newspaper reports about it. I have no personal knowledge of it.

Q. Here is a man by the name of Lester Cole (indicating). Do you know if he has ever been listed as with any one connected with any subversive groups? A. I believe I have read some press reports about his activities, and that is all I know about him.

Q. Let's take the name of Gordon Kahn. Do you know anything about him? Has he been listed? A. I am afraid I never heard of him.

Q. How about a man by the name of Howard Koch? A. I believe he is a motion picture writer and director, and that is all I know about him.

Q. Well, he seems to be one of the vice presidents—a vice chairman, apparently, of the Southern California Progressive Citizens chapter officers, but you never met the man; is that right? A. No I haven't, that is correct.

Q. (By Mr. Englebright) . . . do you believe it is the duty of a teacher to investigate the organizations to which he belongs? By that I mean do you believe the teacher has a duty to know the type of organizations to which he belongs or which he joins? A. I was not a teacher at that time. I believe every American citizen has the right and the duty to know the nature of an organization to which he belongs.

Q. Mr. Gerbner, were you conscious of the fact that the Progressive Citizens of America had been cited by the Senate Investigating Committee on Un-American Activities as subversive in 1947, 1948, and 1949? A. No, I was not.

The Committee declared in its report:

> Mr. Gerbner also had appeared as a speaker on November 11, 1949, under the sponsorship of the Pasadena Nonpartisan Committee for Peace. Among others on the panel was Don Wheeldon, a reporter for the *Daily People's World,* a communist newspaper in California. . . . The Pasadena Nonpartisan Committee for Peace took part in a demonstration of the Southern California Peace Council on the twenty-seventh of January, 1951, at the city hall in Los Angeles. . . . The Southern California Peace Council supports the Stockholm Peace Appeal organization — the world wide communist front organization which was set up to counter . . . the Marshall Plan in Europe.

The Los Angeles chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, well-known for the pro-Communist bias of many of its leading members, also attacked the SDC. The same is true of Milton Senn, who heads the Southern California unit of the Anti-Defamation League. Rabbi Max Merritt and other leaders of the American-Jewish League Against Communism, I may add, have met with continuous opposition from Mr. Senn and his organization.

The first national blast against the SDC was written by Carey McWilliams who has been fronting for West Coast pro-Communists for the past fifteen years.

The Will of the People

Of course, large numbers — in fact the overwhelming majority — of people supporting Goslin were good American citizens who were as much opposed to communism and fascism as were members of the SDC.

In June of this year Pasadena voters elected two new members to their Board of Education. One of them, Dr. Ray E. Unteriner, Professor of Eco-

nomics at the California Institute of Technology, is an educator of strength and wisdom. Passions which ran so high for the past two years are dying down. The citizens of Pasadena are discovering that their areas of disagreement are very small indeed. All of them want to be proud of their city and its schools. All of them resent the unfair, one-sided publicity given to their local school battle.

In conclusion, I believe this controversy has had two effects of national importance — one favorable and one unfavorable. On the unfavorable side is the fact that Allen Zoll and his organization have reaped nation-wide publicity and been given credit for a victory which was not of their making.

On the favorable side, the Pasadena experience has shown that school administrators can not ride roughshod over the people of a community or force them to accept an educational program in which they do not believe. Local control of education will continue if citizens use their power to enforce it. The professional educators and administrators have been taught that they must heed the will of the people. At the same time thousands of Pasadena citizens have learned a great deal about educational theory and practice.

Mr. Hulburd's book is a slanted book which by its insinuations has harmed rather than helped the cause of public education in America.

We're Stronger Than We Know

By **JOSEPH ZACK**

THE THIRD world war is now on; it has begun in Asia. Stalin has a temporary advantage over us. Our appeasement of the last fifteen years has contributed substantially to the building of his empire. After the war, while we demobilized completely, Stalin kept his war factories going and only partly demobilized his manpower. All World War II equipment that Russia produced, seized or received through Lend-Lease has been utilized, while we scrapped or sold large quantities of ours. With the aid of technicians captured from Germany and other European countries, Soviet war industry has concentrated on improved types of armament, while many of our own new weapons have remained in the blueprint stage.

Stalin's fifth-column operations have provided him with a superior intelligence service, delayed the rebirth of fighting morale in Europe, confused our own thinking, and increased the danger of treason and collaboration with the enemy. To this may be added the superiority which totalitarian types of government generally have in secrecy, mobility, surprise maneuvers and psychological warfare.

But Russia's present advantage is short-lived, for several reasons. Her industrial capacity is less than one-third of ours, not counting that of the other free nations. By unshackling Japan and stimulating other countries within our direct sphere, we can outpace any possible growth of Soviet factory power. Our capacity for manpower expansion under forced draft is also enormous.

Within a maximum of three years our all-out mobilization program can have complete superiority in total fire power on land, and overwhelming superiority in the air, *provided* we do not let Stalin take Europe intact and thus add its productive power to his own.

If we put our war machine together quickly, we are not likely to leave Stalin undisturbed in the possession of Europe—as was the case with Hitler from 1939 to 1942—even for one day, without blasting his communications, war industries and other vital resources. Stalin's realization of this fact probably accounts for the near absence of Soviet air power over Korea and his delay (to increase his air force) in attacking Europe and the Near East.

In spite of our squandering of war equipment, the United States and Britain together now have much more armament on hand than in 1943. In actual warfare, we can replace smashed war material much faster than the Soviets can. It is Russia which is likely to suffer from attrition of war equipment once our production gets going.

Stalin Lacks Trained Manpower

Much has been said about Stalin's superiority in manpower. The tremendous propaganda build-up that the Soviets have received in the last fifteen years should be suspect. This propaganda has always depreciated our own strength, while exaggerating that of Russia. If skill, armament power and morale are figured, Stalin's whole empire of 800 millions may not be worth as much militarily as were 80 million Germans in World War II—except for the military value of available raw materials, large expanse of terrain, and masses inured to suffering. How many men can Russia's dwarfish industry arm and maintain on the firing line once its accumulated reserve supplies are exhausted? How many *armored* divisions can it sustain?

Russia is known to be short on technicians, engineers and other highly skilled personnel. Can it replace such men fast enough under the conditions of accelerated attrition prevalent in modern war? What about the rapid destruction of complex industrial equipment? Where will Russia get replacements once the West is completely shut off? Indus-

trially, China can not be compared even with the third-rate powers of Europe.

Listening to the claque of pro-Soviet propagandists, appeasers and their dupes, one would think we were faced with an overwhelming foe, when it is more likely that the enemy's actual strength is about half the aggregate strength of the Axis in World War II.

Mere numbers in modern warfare are like bows and arrows against machine guns. Stalin would be likely to find that out within two years after the outbreak of general hostilities, even if many of his numbers had not gone over to our side by that time.

The Korean War indicates that Stalin has exhausted his "easy pickings" in Europe and Asia. Now he must make his conquests the hard way. It is entirely characteristic of him and his cohorts that aggression should be started in a part of the world most convenient to them, by the indirect method of pushing satellites forward. This method has all the advantages of caution, of keeping the world guessing, of concentrating on a secondary but favorable terrain, and of using the Asiatic masses whose illusions about the benefits of communism are yet fresh.

Korea—and Iran

The conquest of Korea was planned as a preliminary to the conquest of Japan and Alaska. Stalin's probing in force to realize that plan by taking Korea appears to have failed for the present, hence Malik's request for a cease-fire, which amounts to a request for an opportunity to gain time for a new disposition of forces.

The fact is that Stalin's empire has, by using the methods of unconventional warfare, been extending its effective frontiers in Europe and Asia ever since the cease-fire of World War II. To expect anything different after a cease-fire in Korea would be naive. On the contrary, the Kremlin may be expected to make even bolder moves, since it has engaged us in a major war only to find our leadership confused, hesitant and incapable of taking advantage of our victories.

While our eyes are focused on Korea, which will remain part of the active front in Asia in spite of any "cease-fire," the most ingenious methods of unconventional warfare yet seen anywhere are being tried on the Iranian front. This front is not only more risky and sensitive than Korea, but more important from the viewpoint of preparation for World War III.

The Soviet empire could not sustain a global war with only the oil produced by its Baku and subsidiary fields. Stalin *must* have Iranian oil to take the risk. He needs it for his expanding industry and especially for his air force. That is the pivot to the understanding of the Iranian oil situation. Stalin's objective is to create a paralysis so western Europe can not use this oil, and to steal it from under our noses in the name of Iranian nationalism without *direct* military intervention. Let us see how appeasement or containment will work in this instance.

When an international situation reaches the military phase—in the form of either conventional or unconventional warfare, as the present situation has—the specialists in warfare should take over and the diplomats should be their adjutants, instead of vice versa. The Kremlin has been operating on that basis for a long while. If we did the same, it would help us to gain time.

The fewer illusions we have about gaining time through diplomacy, the better for us. The role of Soviet diplomacy in the UN is to delay our mobilization by using the weak and wavering nations and by sowing illusions about peace. And that is also the role of the worldwide fifth column and its Stockholm "peace" appeal.

Fifth Columns

Stalin's fifth column would give him a cut-in on the West's manpower. He is known to have large armies of paratroopers, trained to invade the enemy's territory from the air and operate in conjunction with his fifth column. Such a pattern of warfare could not only increase enormously the danger of treason and sabotage, but, once Red troops were in possession of a territory, it would speed the utilization of that area.

In any war with the Soviet empire the fifth column should be eliminated. By that I do not mean a mere registration of fifth columnists, but their elimination as an enemy force, by procedures similar to those used for prisoners of war.

In this matter of a fifth column, however, things are far from one-sided. Another war will bring many more defections to our side than to Stalin's. The very civil war fostered by Bolshevism to smite its enemies may turn against its organizers. The internal situation in the iron curtain countries is known to be far from satisfactory to their dictators. While little is known about the strength of the internal forces of resistance—except about those in China—the demoralization inside Russia is colossal, judging by the millions in slave labor camps and the steady stream of escapees from behind the iron curtain.

In fact, it is not mere fifth columns that threaten Stalin and Mao, but the latent and partly active opposition of the majority of their peoples. Air power, which is our master weapon, would make it possible to activate this opposition through methods not known to the old school of conspirative organization in which Stalin grew up. Where the enemy's population prays for deliverance, our air forces could do "island hopping" right inside the enemy's territory.

Moral ascendancy, too, is on the side of the democracies. Bolshevism has long since defaulted on all its advertised promises—land to the peasants, factories for the workers, security of the individual against the police state, freedom of speech and

worship. All the liberties the progressive elements in Europe and Asia have been fighting for through many generations have been snuffed out in communism's deadly embrace. By rededicating ourselves to the fight for these freedoms, we can win the masses of the population inside the countries of the Soviet empire.

Mr. Hoover's Proposals

For all the above reasons I believe that Mr. Herbert Hoover, in his speech of December 20, 1950, overappraised the enemy's long-range strength. A man of Mr. Hoover's stature can not possibly speak without saying things of substance. Of course I agree with his criticism of our appeasement policy of the last fifteen years, a policy which has contributed to the building of Stalin's empire and brought about a new war before the embers of the old have died.

To call Mr. Hoover's proposals "isolationism" is absurd. In fact, I am not aware that he ever was an isolationist. His proposals are global; they call for supporting the nations of western Europe if they are themselves capable of self-assistance now that with our help their economic strength has been restored. They call for an alliance with Britain and Japan if such an alliance can be validated by a sensible give-and-take based on mutual interests. They call for a military strengthening of the American community of nations, with the U. S. as the armed super-core of it all.

Where I disagree with Mr. Hoover is on his estimate of the balance of forces. He proposes certain steps in global strategy because of what he considers weaknesses on our side in the face of the areas of strength on the side of the enemy.

Because of the ready strength of the enemy, I did not expect an easy victory in Korea. Considering our unpreparedness, we have given a better account of ourselves than I dared to hope. We "dared" in Korea on the basis of our spiritual strength, not on the basis of our arms—a tribute to our national health in spite of our long blundering with appeasement of communism at home and abroad.

Europe is morally weak, to be sure. But one must consider the tremendous destruction wrought there by the two wars, and the deep searing effect of Communist subversion, in comparison with which its effects in America are negligible. Why, instead of asking Europe, do we not ask ourselves, who have suffered so much less from the wars: How many divisions have we? Is our own disillusionment with appeasement not rather recent?

The consequences of following Mr. Hoover's program could be not only the abandonment of the mainland of Asia and Europe, but also of the Near East and India, as well as Africa, if Stalin cared to take it. It is unlikely that island strongholds near the mainland, like England and Japan, could long survive such a situation. With so much of the world in the hands of the Kremlin, we would not have to wait long for Doomsday.

Worth Hearing Again

The Millionaire Socialist

THE modern world, with all its varieties has, I think, produced no more curious figure than that of the millionaire Socialist. . . We have a type of mentality in the Socialist millionaire which reconciles the most violent denunciation of capitalist exploitation of the proletariat with the fullest enjoyment of its fruits.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, February 9, 1951

An Oasis of Sanity

THE STABILIZERS in Washington are muttering darkly in the direction of the government of Canada. The immediate cause of their displeasure is that Canadian mills have raised the price of newsprint and the Canadian government seems disposed not to interfere.

However, there are people in Washington who have been unhappy for some time about the Canadian policy, which is against trying to control prices. The Canadians say they once tried controls and they did not work. So they prefer to try to stem inflation by balancing their budget and restricting credit.

There are dark hints that unless the Canadians run their country according to the Washington idea they may pay for their recalcitrance. There is talk of cutting off supplies and canceling defense contracts. In fact there are periods when one might wonder whether it is the Canadians or Russians who cause troubles in the world.

Obviously if the Canadians want to gain friends and influence people in Washington they must change their tactics. . . .

The Canadians could mismanage themselves into a famine. They could blame the United States and intimate to the rest of the world that the United States was no better than Communist Russia, if as good. Then Congress would vote them a big gift.

Or the Canadians might persuade about one third of their people to vote the Communist ticket. That also would cause great perturbation in Washington and there would be a gift to the Canadians.

If the Canadians want to be treated real well, then let them honey up to Stalin briefly; let them shoot some citizens of the United States and throw them into jail. Next they must break with Stalin. After that they can get practically anything they want in this country.

The Canadians apparently want to stand on their own two feet and they have the unique notion that the more critical the time, the greater need for caution and sanity. . . .

It is complained, finally, that the Canadians are not "planning." We suggest they are planning. They are planning to keep an oasis of sanity on the North American continent.

Wall Street Journal, June 19, 1951

The Malady of Progressivism

By **WILHELM ROEPKE**

Wilhelm Roepke, an economist of international reputation, here presents a penetrating analysis of the philosophy that underlies the self-styled "progressivism" of our time.

MODERN liberals have to tackle a threefold task. First, they have to develop their own program as the answer to the challenging problems of our time. Second, they have to refute, by rational analysis, the arguments of opposite ideas and programs. Third, they must try to find out the reasons, motives and urges which drive men into those opposite camps. This third task is different from the second in so far as "the heart has its reasons which reason does not know."

Given the largely rationalist origin of liberalism, the liberal is perhaps particularly inclined to overrate the possibility of narrowing the difference of opinions on "political" issues by rational discussion; to ascribe to his opponents entirely or preponderantly intellectual errors; and to underrate the importance of reasons which are not strictly "rational," of motives and urges which belong to the realm of emotions, passions, creeds or psychological mechanisms of the subconscious mind.

It is this realm which is meant when we speak of the "ideological" roots of political movements. There is no disputing the urgency of exploring this rather obscure field with the mental instruments at our disposal. In doing so, we would do well to remember that the term "intelligence" is much too clumsy and undifferentiated to cover the various capacities of the human mind and to do justice to the manifold levels on which we use it. Otherwise, we are unable to understand the schizophrenia of highly "intelligent" intellectuals who entertain the most puerile notions on political questions and, more by naiveté than by evil design, become recruits of "democratic" or totalitarian socialism (communism).

We must try to realize the difference between *"l'esprit géométrique"* and *"l'esprit fin"* or between what Bergson calls *"sens"* (through which we learn about things) and *"bon sens"* (which concerns our relations with persons), which Bergson also identifies with *"sens social."* We can not disagree with him when he writes:

> We can not help observing that a man may be a first-rate mathematician, or an expert physicist, or a subtle psychologist, as far as self-analysis goes, and yet completely misunderstand the actions of other men, miscalculate his own and perpetually fail to adapt himself to his surroundings; be, in a word, lacking in common sense. ("The Two Sources of Morality and Religion").

We have only to consider the alarming case of Dr. Fuchs (who, we must assume, is only one among thousands and thousands) in order to appreciate the full significance of another statement of Bergson: "There is no limit to the extent of error, or of horror, to which logic may lead, when it is applied to matters not pertaining to pure intelligence."

The True Liberal

To explore the "progressive" ideologies is not only essential for a better understanding of collectivists and for more promising tactics of the liberals in their struggle with their collectivist adversaries. It is also important for a more precise definition of what the true liberal stands for. For it is an unquestionable fact that in a certain sense we can speak of a "progressive" mentality which not only Socialists and Communists have in common, but which makes its influence felt far beyond the borderline which separates the Socialists from the liberal world. It is a leftism which reaches far into the ranks of liberals (even if understood in the European and not in the American sense), a sort of "modernism," "radicalism" and "Jacobinism" which many "liberals"—i.e. those not sufficiently inspired by the writings of Benjamin Constant, Jacob Burckhardt, Lord Acton, Burke, de Tocqueville, or Gaetano Mosca—find it very difficult to suppress within themselves and which makes disquietingly fluid the transition from liberalism to socialism and then from socialism to communism. It typifies the kind of "radical" who is always more eager to draw the line against a "reactionary" Catholic or Protestant than against the Socialists.

Without this *potential "people's front"* (which becomes actual whenever the Communist Caliphate sees fit) the advance of Soviet Russia would not have been possible. The policy of appeasement toward Moscow is different from that toward the Third Reich, in that it is much less tactical and based much more on indefatigably benevolent patience and optimism than on fear or mere miscalculation. That was so until very recently, and the fact that the West is still officially boycotting "reactionary" Spain while making rash overtures toward Tito and even Mao Tse-tung becomes all the more significant because there is much more genuine liberty in Spain than in Yugoslavia or Communist China.

To analyze this "progressivism" is very difficult for various reasons, but particularly because different persons may reach their conclusions in quite

different fields. It is possible to hold highly "progressive" views on this matter and genuinely liberal or conservative views on others. This complicating fact should be kept in mind in all discussions of this problem.

The tendency in the past toward a certain solidarity of all "leftist" groups was not unnatural and certainly not incomprehensible as long as they sought mere "co-belligerence" against the common foe of the moment, like the partnership between the Western Allies and Soviet Russia in their fight against Hitler. So far it has essentially the same significance as the present "co-belligerence" of all non-Communist groups against the common foe of today. But it is hardly disputable that the partnership of the leftist groups had a much deeper meaning than that of a co-belligerence imposed by accidental circumstances.

The Roots of Progressivism

Progressivism is deeply rooted in fundamental changes in the entire philosophical outlook of those most representative of our time, and some of these changes are shared by "liberals." The decisive secularization of the modern mind, with its dulling and final extinction of the religious sense, the loss of ultimate and transcendently fixed norms, values and beliefs, "nihilism" in the sense of the destruction of the notion of truth, absolute values and the super-material sense of life and the world—these and similar developments have two consequences. By dissolving the sense of the absolute and of the objectively given, they disarm men in relation to all revolutionary ideologies; but, at the same time, they create a vacuum which will be filled by new beliefs. Thus they make room for the passions of socialism and communism which, at closer inspection, reveal themselves as pseudo-religions, with their theology, their sweeping élan, their all-comprising claims, their arrogant sense of the "select," their intolerance, their heresy hunts, their total direction of all aspects of life and society, and their readiness to have a prompt answer to each of them.

Because of this character of progressive ideologies as "secularized creeds" it is extremely difficult to attack them successfully on the purely intellectual level. They are forces which release the passions as much as they deform mental discernment. They become an obsession which may lead to real delirium that closes the mind to obvious facts and cogent conclusions. Under such circumstances, there is little hope of convincing the addicts of collectivism by rational arguments. As they have seen the light by "conversion," their sobering must take the form of a reconversion, which is a slow and complex psychological process.

The process of secularization with its vacuums of horror and the appearance of pseudo-religions (which are not genuine because they imply the passionate denial of any transcendent force, and the self-deification of man) makes politics the real center of all thoughts and activities and the universal point of reference. The dislodging of religion means the complete "politicalization" of existence. The self-deification of man takes the form of the deification of the society, which now becomes the real idol of men. Here is *one* of the origins of that mentality which may be found among many liberals and is one of the greatest curses of our times; the *social obsession* which makes men unable to judge anyone or anything without reference to society. It is this social obsession which, by exaggerating a respectable feeling to the point of absurdity, deprives people of all pleasures because they are haunted by the idea that some people are unable to eat oysters or whipped cream and to live in comfortable houses. It casts suspicion on any activity which, like the study of Sanskrit, has no immediate "social" value. By the way, it is a noteworthy fact that, through a significant arbitrariness, this obsessive sense of social solidarity usually pertains only to co-nationals; which is one more proof of the fact that collectivist ideas are powerful forces for what may be called the nationalization of man.

In order to understand "progressives," we may interpret their passionate devotion to the "cause" also as an act of exasperation on the part of men who, having lost all other possibility of giving sense to life, plunge into mere "action," "social consciousness," or "engagement" (Sartre). It is also in such terms that modern Marxism, Freudism or Existentialism can be understood as hotbeds or manifestations of leftism.

The Search for "Emancipation"

From extreme positivism and secularization it is only one step to another conspicuous trait of progressivism: the tendency toward total emancipation from everything which seems to fetter the absolute "autonomy" of man. The ideal is to cut all roots, to "liberate" man from all bonds or outside forces which seem intolerable to the new God, the Man-God. Even the power of gravity is in his way, as some revealing tendencies in Soviet architecture indicate. To this corresponds the ideal of the complete "nomadization" of life, the emancipation from nature and the worship of technology, the cult of proletarianization, the revolt against the "accidents" and "whims" of nature and society (which, of course, only leads to submitting oneself to the whims of tyrants and the "accidents" of governmental offices).

Here is one of the main origins of the aversion of the "progressive" against the "unplanned" economy, as Hayek has shown in his "Individualism and Economic Order." The most humiliating facts for Man-God are, of course, the subconscious part of his self, his own decrepitude in sickness and infirmity, and his final dissolution in death. As for the subconscious, Freud has found the remedy by rationalizing it through psychoanalysis. As for sickness, modern medicine is called to help; but there remains the most inconvenient fact of death.

Here the progressive answer is to embalm the Fuehrer (Lenin in Moscow) and to reduce all other individuals to mere cells of the social body whose death does not matter because the only thing which matters is the eternal life of that social body itself.

The emancipation from everything absolute means the relativization of everything (on which subject Karl Mannheim's "Ideology and Utopia" is most revealing) and the realm of the Arbitrary, the Discretionary and the "*Beliebigen.*" There is a tendency toward the complete latitudinarianism where every thought is possible, every sort of art is admissible, every kind of morality is conceivable, and everything and anything might happen.

This tendency is connected with another one: emancipation from the past. If every bond is intolerable the bonds of history, of tradition, of experience, must be cut above all. History must be either forgotten or so deformed that its use becomes absolutely arbitrary. Progressives tend to call history "bunk" and to forget that the presence of the past is one of the most indispensable conditions of human sanity. To cut this bond which connects men with the past is one of the most terrible crimes which can be committed; and it is one of the profound ideas of Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" (Orwell was still a "progressive" in many respects until his death) to make us see the consequences of this crime in his nightmarish Utopia.[1]

But this is very much in line with a marked tendency of "progressive" thinkers, to whom the past does not count, but only the future. Coupled with the characteristic optimism of progressives, we then have the cult of the Future and the Modern (in Reval a street has been recently christened "The Street of the Future") and the highly characteristic belief in the possibility of making an entirely fresh start at any time, regardless of all historical experience. Discontinuity, arbitrariness, futurism, optimism, utopianism, and the belief in and the crusade for a New Jerusalem; these are the marks which betray the progressive radical. Here is also *one* of the roots of his educational Jacobinism which opposes the traditional humanist education as something "unmodern" and "reactionary" (the other roots being positivist worship of the natural sciences and social resentment against a system of education which can never be within the reach of all).

Fallacies of Equalitarianism

The most manifest common denominator of all "progressive" ideologies, from liberal radicalism to communism, is *equalitarianism* coupled with the *Cult of the Common Man.* Here is the point where it is perhaps most difficult even for the liberal—and especially for the generous-minded—to find the line which divides a balanced reformism from boundless radicalism. It seems all the more necessary to analyze the problem of equality dispassionately and carefully.

According to the conservative view, equalitarianism and the Cult of the Common Man are only an attempt to rationalize *social resentment* by the theory that any social and economic eminence is "unearned" (especially that which is beyond the reach of the advocate of this theory), and that any effort to claim the opposite is an apologetic "ideology." There can be no doubt that the part played by "social resentment" is enormous; here is the most convenient bridge leading from Jacobinism to communism. But the term "social resentment" itself is highly unsatisfactory, since its use implies a certain disparagement that may not be justified. In fact, it is a sentiment which may have quite different motives—envy, jealousy, grievance at failure, covetousness or generosity, charity, sense of justice—though one can never overlook the highly dubious nature of a love for the "disinherited" which takes the form of hatred of the "privileged."

Even if equalitarianism is reduced to the more moderate claim for "equality of opportunity" it is much less plausible and much more dangerous than it sounds. That equality, even in this seemingly milder form, is compatible with the essence of liberalism, i.e. freedom, is very doubtful. First, it seems illusory to believe that equality of opportunity is possible without complete economic equality, i.e. a radical leveling of income and property, since all people could not have an equal start in life unless all enjoyed the same advantages as children of the well-to-do: a cultured environment and influential friends.

Much more fundamental is the objection that even the advocates of equality of opportunity seem to start from a mistaken social philosophy. Equalitarianism presupposes that sort of "individualism" which thinks only in terms of *individual* shares without being able to conceive the complex and subtle pattern of real society where inequality is connected with functions serving all, including the "underprivileged." As a conservative said recently: "By taking their 'nobility' from the 'nobles' we can not 'ennoble' the 'people' but merely annihilate a large part of the 'nobleness' present in the 'people' themselves."[2]

Though there is no denying the danger of grossly misusing this philosophy, of exploiting it for every sort of social cynicism and for defending untenable positions of privilege and protection, it contains a kernel of profound and much neglected truth.

The "individualistic" philosophy is also objectionable in so far as it regards the individual as the unit for the policy of equalization, instead of the group to which he belongs. While the philosophy is "atomistic" on the one hand, it is "collectivist" on the other, because it overlooks or dislikes (with the hatred of the Jacobinists for all "*corps intermédiares*" and every trace of federalism) all the groups between the individual and the centralized government, whether "natural" groups like the family, or geographical, professional or

[1] cf. also Simone Weil, "*Enracinement,*" (Paris, 1949)

[2] A. Kolnai in the *Thomist,* July 1949, p. 295

spiritual groups. All these groups cease to have a life of their own and to serve as necessary counterweights against the monistic State once they are deprived of their "privileges" and "liberties."

That is why federalism is not possible in an equalitarian society where it becomes apparent that political decentralization is insufficient to bring about the nice balance which distinguishes the federal from the centralized state. The strongest, the most indispensable and the most natural of these groups is the *family*, whose true meaning would be denied by that drastic curtailment of the right of inheritance which equality of opportunity (among individuals) involves. It is hard to see how one can be a liberal without recognizing the right of property, but it is no less difficult to understand how it is possible to maintain the meaning of property without the right of assigning it to the members of the family and thereby the possibility of making it the mainstay of the *"famille-souches"* (F. Le Play).

The Craving for Uniformity

The question must also be raised whether the reasoning of the advocates of equality of opportunity does not involve a serious mistake in logic. In reply to attacks on property in material productive wealth as the source of inequality, it must be pointed out that there is no substantial difference between this sort of property and the "property" of a man in his own inherent qualities. Neither is there an essential difference between being careful in choosing one's parents because they are rich and doing so because they have the right genes to give to their children. Equality of opportunity, as defended by reasons of distributive justice, would demand a compensation for the one advantage as well as for the other. "There is no visible reason why anyone is more or less entitled to the earnings of inherited personal capacities than to those of inherited personal capacities in any other form," wrote F. H. Knight in "Freedom and Reform." To go too far in this matter of inheritance is particularly dangerous because it threatens to destroy the sense of time, continuity and tradition by which man is rooted more than by any other element.

Equalitarianism as based on atomistic individualism, even if it aims only at an equality of opportunity, seems to lead inevitably to the concept of a constant centralized effort by the government, i.e. to a totalitarian functionalization of society. It fails to weigh, against a possible and visible gain in arithmetical individual equality, the invisible loss of things which are pre-statal, praeter-statal or super-statal and the loss of the counterweights of the omnipotent State. The idea of "placing" each individual according to his "merits" and "talents" involves a Welfare State which will differ from the totalitarian state in name only. Hence the craving for uniformity: a centralized, coercive and uniform state education, "one world," and "world government," the model of which is invariably and inevitably the centralized national state. Hence also an intolerance toward those who diverge from the abstract "common man" not only vertically because they have a higher social position, but also horizontally because they differ somehow on the same social level.

Because of all this, "progressive" equalitarianism means less the revolutionary act of changing the distribution of property by a single sweep than a constant machinery of reshuffling and rearranging by a permanent bureaucracy. The French Revolution left behind a France of peasant owners while, during the whole nineteenth century, on this basis there was in France no further wholesale redistribution of property by the state. What is new is really equalitarianism in this sense of the government unceasingly reshuffling and rearranging the distribution of income and property. It is an equalitarianism which believes in organization, regimentation, canalization and social machinery while strongly disapproving of everything organic, spontaneous, natural, differentiated, articulate.

This equalitarian individualism supposes all men so essentially identical (on the pattern of the "common man") that the omnipotent and monistic state can be thought of as the representative of the general will. It is here that individualism—the "false" kind, according to Hayek—is most directly and most visibly passing into collectivism with its totalitarian concept of "liberty" as the unbridled freedom of the state to which the individual enslaves himself.

"Freedom From Want"

It is unlikely that the true liberal will be caught by such glib phrases as the "Freedom from Want" by which the essence of liberty is surrendered to collectivism. It is too obvious that though it uses the same word, the phrase means something quite different from and largely alien to "freedom," i.e. security, comfort, equality, bread and circuses. The liberal must be on his guard, however, against the more subtle temptations of equalitarianism, and while seeking to diminish the causes of social injustice and to alleviate its consequences, he would do well to reflect how far liberal democracy presupposes, not on grounds of mere expediency but on principle, the institutions of property, inheritance, family, the right to give one's children the best available education, and the civic rights of groups which are just as much liberties and privileges (e.g., the privilege of villagers in the Swiss Rheinwald to forbid the construction of a water dam which would have driven them from their homes).

The anti-Communist Jacobin, progressive and leveler must surely be aware of the fact that there is not much in his doctrine which is in diametrical opposition to the *theory* of communism. If this is disquieting to him, he has become accustomed to finding comfort in the idea that the *practice* of

communism completely belies its theory. If the Communists assert the opposite, he tends to deprecate this as mere humbug. If the Communists claim to have realized "real" democracy (which, in their illiteracy, they call "people's democracy") the Western Jacobin finds this laughable. If the Communists call their economic and social system "socialist" the Social Democrats of the West find this so compromising that they hasten to declare that it is not "real" socialism or "real" planning, just as they found it necessary to call the socialism and planning of the Third Reich an unworthy swindle. If the Communists assure us that the Communist state is the equalitarian state of the "common man," most of us grow indignant at this intolerable piece of hypocrisy which seems in such crying contradiction to the real facts of a new elite living in luxury and a ruthless terror over the masses.

In all these respects, however, we must realize that the Western progressive is in a much less comfortable position than he thinks. Surely, Communist "democracy" is hateful, but this is not to say that it may not be the ultimate consequence of an ideal of democracy not far from that of the Jacobins and all their spiritual heirs. If we find this "democracy" a bad joke, it is because we think less of "democracy" than of "eleutherocracy," i.e. the reign of personal liberty. If we are tempted to dispose of the inconvenient model of Russian socialism and planning as "wrong" varieties or simple impostures, we shall do well to reflect whether they do not show the ultimate consequences of a wrong ideal common to Socialists and Communists alike.

And, finally, if the Russian claim to equalitarianism seems farcical, we shall do well to consider two things. The first is that communism certainly *is* a regime based on the masses and their social resentments; that, while creating new and most repulsive privileges, it *is* driven by that hatred of the "privileged" which is the core of the Cult of the Common Man, and that it *is* uprooting and leveling, whereas the new privileges it creates are, to say the least, precarious, transitory, and at the mercy of the centralized omnipotent government. The second point is that the very deficiency and hatefulness of this paradise of the common man is only another proof of the ultimate consequences of a wrong ideal which, at least in its germ, is common to all progressives.

As long as this progressive ideal is so powerful in the world, even the eventual downfall of Soviet Russia would not deliver us from the mortal danger of our civilization.

A new Soviet opera called "From the Depths of the Heart" was condemned by the Kremlin chiefly because the Soviet people portrayed in it, according to Pravda, *"are deprived of life." This, as everyone knows, is the exclusive prerogative of the government.*

ARGUS

This Is What They Said

WE HAVE no news of communism being established in Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria, though feudalism in those lands is being rapidly destroyed by drastic action, which I can hardly regret.

RAYMOND SWING, letter to the *Atlantic*, Aug., 1945

The President [Roosevelt] will go just as far to the left as we push him.

HAROLD RUGG, now Professor Emeritus, Teachers College, quoted in the *Cleveland Press*, March 2, 1934

It is of importance whether a Coolidge or a Roosevelt occupies the White House. . . . One man may be obsessed with an obstinate faith in an outmoded economic or social ideology while another is a crusader for the good life by increasing the social services of the government.

PROFS. WILFRED E. BINKLEY and MALCOLM C. MOOS, "A Grammar of American Politics — The National Government."

The Soviet Union strictly adheres to a policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries.

JOHN GATES at the National Convention of the Communist Party, U.S.A., December 1950

But what can not, I think, be asserted is that in these affairs the ulterior purpose of the Soviet Union, Great Britain or France is its own aggrandizement rather than its own security through a lasting peace.

WALTER LIPPMANN, syndicated column of February 13, 1945

I hope it will be my privilege in the future to attend many meetings sponsored, not only by Communists, doctors, lawyers, but also by Republicans.

JAMES ROOSEVELT, reported in the *Los Angeles Herald*, November 26, 1945

Russian culture is beyond the intellectual comprehension of western Europe.

ILYA EHRENBOURG, at the "World Congress of Intellectuals," Wroclaw, August 1948

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 Poems of Ridgley Torrence

By PADRAIC COLUM

RIDGLEY Torrence's poems are the rare creations of a rare spirit, and, though one of their characteristics is clearness, one has to re-read until one is familiar with them. This poet had a world of his own, and a reader had to create some exaltation in himself before he could enter that world.

What could not be completed in this is completed in a world over against it. Even to the most discerning of the sons of Adam that world is inaccessible. But glimpses of it come to awakened men, sounds and sights from it come into their world, enhancing it. It was the enhanced world that Ridgley Torrence spoke about in his poems. The sense that this enhancement can be lost to men through their violence and cruelty makes his poems more dramatic than if they had come out of simple humanitarianism. That the world is the day-by-day world, all its enhancement shed, makes that early poem of his, "Three O'Clock," strangely dramatic. It is three o'clock in the morning when the world is at its dull end or its dull beginning:

> On high the candour of a clock
> Portions the dark with solemn sound.
> The banners of the steam unfold
> Upon the towers to meet the day;
> The lights go out in red and gold
> But time goes out in gray.

Ridgley Torrence always looks toward a world from which comes the enhancement of this world. In that noble poem "Light" he broods on "the light at light's heart, the unfading, the light without shadow," and he comes to know that the broken lights of this world have first to be accepted:

> With rays on footholds gaining to summits more proud,
> And won more surely than under a sky without cloud.

The earth on which the nettle grew with the vine was the place for Adam's race, and by ardor and understanding he would bring nobility out of earth's growth:

> Deep then, in my broken earth
> I'll bring other seed to birth,
> Out of it I'll seize and shape
> Life the vine and love the grape.

The apples tasted by the young poet and found bitter as he stood in the city square could not be recovered, but he has his vision:

> . . . at the street's end there how it deepened at last
> Into garden fed by song and stream,
> So his vision had brought one thing from the waves he had passed
> For his eyes held fast to the fire-like seed of his gleam
> He had brought that back for the fruit of a better dream.

As I read Ridgley Torrence's poems again I am impressed by their fullness and find I have to move slowly into them. They are poems that create a mood in the reader. We have poets who aim at exciting us about dreadful wrongs in the world or about possibilities of making the world nearer the heart's desire. Ridgley Torrence does an incomparably harder thing: he incites us; he creates a mood in which we know that certain things are so inhuman, so dishonorable, that we have to turn away from them, or there are things which belong so much to the spirit that we have to engage in a struggle to maintain them. The mood is created slowly, fully. On one side take such a poem as that on the opening of the hunting season—a beautiful poem—"Threnody." It begins with a verse that places the reader in a universe in which man is no more privileged than the birds and beasts:

> In the middle of August when the southwest wind
> Blows after sunset from the upper air
> And through the dusk, Antares towards the west
> Leads down the smouldering Scorpion to his lair.
> After the longer days have crossed the sky
> And left new sadness on the evening shores,
> When the loud pageant of the year's high noon . . .

Gravely the poet shows us that what leads us to destroy the birds and beasts is a pre-human urge:

> Hates, cruelties still following from the trees
> To which we clung with hearts too dark for love,
> Shames we have had all time to rid us of,
> Outworn enslavements, blood-thirst never slaked,
> Recalled, revived, and waked,
> Unmeaning quarrels, and the clutch and thrust
> Of snarling greeds from our old home, the dust.

AGAINST the destructiveness that is in "Threnody," there is "Sea Dream" which creates in us a mood in which we can entertain the thought of liberation from all that is backward in humanity. The poet notes the findings of biochemistry that the blood of man is close in composition to the primal ocean, and he can sing of the long journey "through the lands that lie in men" until:

> Those hidden seas increase;
> And lit with dawn from the eternal spaces
> Break on the mind with surges soft as fleece;
> Fill it in silence from a tidal fountain,
> Until the coming day shall gleam
> When the wells of hate are sealed,
> Buried in the shining mountain
> On the day of the heart's overflowing
> When the earth is washed and healed,
> And the lovers with the dream,
> From ocean and to ocean going,
> Shall lift at last into the living peace.

Although he never spoke about that thing which is so tiresome when spoken about—a dedication—Ridgley Torrence knew that a poet has a task that demands a spiritual energy that is next to the saint's. A sensitive spirit, by his wit, his friendliness, his good humor, he was removed from the complaints that the sensitive often make. In his poetry there is a quality that should be remarked, a dramatic quality that gives tension to his lyricism.

He was gifted as a dramatist. He wrote plays that the theater, alas, had little use for, plays about Negro life. An article could and should be written about his work in the field of Negro life: his interest in the Negro people did not come altogether from indignation or a protest against injustice: something in the soul of the black people appealed to him—a pensiveness, a sense of displacement, and so his poem about a lynching, "The Bird and the Tree," has what is beyond humanitarianism—a sense of identification. What we look for in the work of many poets of today, and look for in vain, is in Ridgley Torrence's poetry, vision and wisdom.

Old-Fashioned Radicals

By **HARRY SERWER**

I NEVER did figure out how I got messed up with such a gang of characters. Here they were, smack in the middle of the Catskills, back in 1910, when the hills were kosher and really oozed borscht.

And where were these characters? In a non-kosher boarding house, run by that no-good renegade Mrs. Silberblatt who turned to Christian Science just because the headaches were driving her crazy. That's an excuse? She not only featured bacon and eggs for breakfast, but, to drive the Almighty into a frenzy, she also served the hindquarters of beef for dinner—fried in the butter churned from its own milk yet!

And here were the characters, riding the surrey into town on the Holy Day, passing the strictly orthodox Mrs. Goldstein and leering at her. No wonder Mrs. Goldstein spat and warned: "God will strike you dead one day."

Four of these ten characters were of devout Jewish families. Two were reformed German Jews from Yorkville; but that didn't count: a reformed German Jew was like a goy in those days — only worster. These six proudly identified themselves as "intelligentsia" and publicly decried the "archaic" Mosaic Law.

They shopped and carried money on the Sabbath. They ate leavened bread on Passover. They served meat in dairy dishes. And Martin even put great gobs of sour cream on the brustdeckel.

These characters did not play tennis, did not play baseball, and rarely went swimming. Instead, they rocked on the porch and jabbered away about such serious matters as the destruction of religion by Darwin. They jabbered about Prince Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Meyer London, the bloodsuckers and murderers of Wall Street, Eugene V. Debs (you never omitted the "V"), and that super-Kronos of the exploited workingman, Karl Marx. There was nothing militant about Marx or his followers. Oh, no, he was just a benign, lead-kindly-light prophet to the initiated. But what was he to the laboring hordes to whom he had ostensibly dedicated his life? Just a Russian blend cigarette with a pre-Parliament tip.

You name your favorite pie in the sky and the characters would slice it up by the hour. That is why the problems of the world were such a push-over: what they didn't know about all matters social, political and esthetic you could shove in your right eye.

Lemme tell you how smart they were. In 1908 William Howard Taft ran for President. He made a speech in Cooper Union, and one lug upped and asked: "What should a man do who wants to work and can't get a job?" Since we were painfully pulling out of the 1907 depression, Mr. Taft quite honestly answered, "I don't know." Just for that the characters never forgave him.

Louise sneered, "And such a dope became President! Had we elected Eugene V. Debs instead, everything would now be hunky-dory."

They discussed literature as one pours milk out of a twenty-gallon can. They "knew" all the significant, currently popular books. As a matter of fact, the whole gang of characters was just getting over a case of hives called "The House of Bondage." It was strictly out of the cracker barrel, but they called it daring and socially significant, though it was a jerker on white slavery, deliberately angled to seduce dollars into the book till — and it did. To Louise it was the greatest thing since chastity belts. She said, "It will bring about woman suffrage, as Uncle Tom's Cabin brought about emancipation. It will inaugurate the single standard, and then decency and honesty will reign supreme in America."

HOWEVER, there was another dame in the group —a trained nurse originally out of the New England sticks. Inhibition was not in her glossary. Nobody in her gang suspected that Margaret Murphy needed very little nudging in the impenetrable gloom of a moonless night. Indeed, her favorite but highly secretive comeback was, "You seduced me into it." For my chips, she had more brains

than the other nine characters combined. But that ain't the way *they* heard it; for they often referred to her as the dumb *shickseh*. The other nice thing I learned from Margaret was to enjoy Henry James; and stop snickering — have you any idea what was crammed down our collective craw in 1910?

Then there was the theater — that was an open book to the characters; especially to Martin, who taught English literature in high school. He was supposed to saturate the gangling gumps with Shakespeare and the Restoration dramatists. But what does he do on his nights off? He makes like a long-hair violinist sneaking off to a jam session. He sidles in on all the big Broadway hits. And how does Martin feel about Shakespeare? "Anybody who compares him with Shaw is a moron." I'm not kiddin' yer, Buster: in them days most of the "intelligentsia" held that opinion. It was *le dernier cri;* and for a good reason: Shaw was a Socialist crying his heart out for the common man, while Shakespeare was a no-good renegade who had actually felt sorry for royalty. Obviously these characters played GBS for straight, place and show.

And what odds do you think Bookie Shaw was making on himself? Ten, six, and two he'd have Shakespeare walking the plank backwards. And to prove that he goosed the Bard into the rain barrel he wrote that B. O. gusher, "Caesar and Cleopatra." It still goes big —especially with the Hollywood elite seeking victuals 'twixt pix. As for me — a dumb cluck of nineteen — I concluded that if Shaw was in Shakespeare's league then Edgar Guest had swallowed Dante, and Aristotle was a bum pitcher's batting average.

Now, I want you to know that I told all this to Martin. He musta bin astonished, for he sayeth not. But Louise? She throws the manifesto at me — like as if I was a crum bum. Too bad I had not yet run across "The Devil's Dictionary," for she was at that moment "A gift of the gods entailing virtue without humility." What she said to me you should never say to your dog.

MARTIN had come up on the train with Louise. They arrived before the Fourth, and were sticking around until Labor Day. They could: Martin had a ten-week vacation with pay; while Louise was a collector for a well-known charity, and this sojourn was strictly business. Margaret, however, had knocked off a hospital case of six weeks straight, including Sundays, and she was sore because the stint brought no tip. She said she came up for a month "to let off steam."

Then there was Sergei, of whom more anon. He was a dentist who took a summer-long vacation on the installment plan: he came up Thursday nights and left Monday mornings.

I couldn't figure the Martin-Louise combination. They exuded less sex between them than a clothespin. I once talked to Margaret about it in the impenetrable gloom of an extra-inky night.

"I know Martin for years," she said, "and his whole family — even his sister the witch. The house was lifted out of Mother Goose: Martin hasn't yet been told the facts of his own life."

"What about Louise? Doesn't she go for him?"

"With what?" she asked. Margaret shivered closer in the gloom. "I once asked her about Martin and she said he did not stir her. Incidentally, I also asked him about her and he said it was a beautiful friendship because it was platonic."

Platonic was a great cover-all in 1910.

"Do you think anybody could stir her?" I asked.

"No, she just ain't woman."

It was strange conversation, in 1910, coming from a "nice" woman. But Margaret was Margaret. However, Louise's "strict upbringing" was no barrier to discussions on sex. Louise did it in a "nice" way and only about art — especially literature. The four-letter words were treated to polysyllabic transitions. Incidentally, all the characters discussed sex in polysyllabics, even when the dames were not around; the men never once used a four-letter word as an interjection in my presence. But those were the days when "nuts" was a shocking word . . . as horrible as "spit."

THESE characters were strictly playing house. Their palaver was for puberty — including the perennial Martin and Louise. It might have been for me also, had I not mavericked my childhood into a slugfest. When you keep running away from home as soon as the cops bring you back, and work sixteen hours a day in the scullery of a tramp steamer before you hit seventeen — you learn fast. And one of the first things you learn is not to believe in state or private cornucopias; for the best they give you is a sliver of what they slice off your own hide.

My Old Man he comes up to the country one week end. He gets an earful of the characters' palaver and he says, "They're kids playing grocery store with fake money." He passes Martin off as "the decaying head of a celery stalk." As for Sergei, my Old Man posilutely thinks he is fascinatin.' He calls Sergei the "lost *Luftmensch*"; perhaps because Sergei keeps harping upon the coming ambiguous "Revolutzee." Indeed, my Old Man hollers he heard all that Revolutzee stuff in Russia as a child and that most of it came from "well-meaning idiots like that shrimp," and he is pointing at Martin.

Sergei claimed that when he went home to visit his mother in Odessa he fought in the aborted revolution of 1905. His face took on a beatific glow as he exclaimed: "My old classmates were behind the barricades, and that's where I belonged!" I couldn't picture it. His lean and hungry look libeled the generous portions of pot roast and chicken he stowed away at the table.

He cocked his head as he talked or listened, and it made me think of a crow in a field with one furtive eye on the farmer. Even his long, angular and slightly turned-in nose reminded me of a crow's

beak. Smallpox had pitted his face and cruelly condemned his eyes to different planes; and they were so close together that you could have speared both eyeballs with a single jab of a slightly angled salad fork. Moreover, Louise didn't like Sergei because he had fox ears, and that meant that he was not to be trusted because he had no lobes; and all people without lobes couldn't be honest if they tried. No, I couldn't imagine Sergei with any weapon deadlier than a dentist's probe.

In the impenetrable gloom Margaret once broke the mood with a burlesque of Sergei exhorting on the coming Revolution. She cruelly mimicked his rolling Russian R's and the nasal yam, with such rubbish as, "When the R-R-R-Revolutzee comes, even the poor-r-r will wear chest protectors."

And yet, despite his strange make-up and his politico-evangelism, there was something sweet and soft about Sergei. He humbly admitted that he had hated to give up his Greek-Catholic Church — that it had been the pivot of his family for many generations. He loved the country because it was mystical, he said; that is why he loved the smell of harvest, and the manure in the fields, and even the little field mice. No, Sergei definitely was not ugly. Your tremors at the sight or sound of him ceased after the initial horror of his very being receded from your consciousness. Sometimes, as I listened to his circuitous talk circuitously routed to me, I would say that there was even something beautiful about Sergei. I once asked Margaret if she also saw him that way.

"Are you kidding? Let me ask you: would you marry a lady with a face like a nightmare just because she could do beautiful embroidery? Even his wife Gruscha doesn't like him, because if she did they would now have a houseful of kids."

"What makes you think Sergei would like that?"

"Because he loves kids. Why do you think he buys them ice cream sandwiches?"

It was so. He looked at them, when they passed, as a leashed dog looks at his departing master. I thought I would take it up with Sergei — perhaps because I was too young to be anything but fresh.

Sergei looked at me obliquely. Like a blue heron in the marsh when it hears an alien noise. His eyes welled. "I always wanted children . . . all my life."

"Is your wife barren?" I asked.

"No — and I'm not sterile; because she has had four abortions."

"Then why?"

"Because Gruscha and I had made a pact before marriage that we would not have any children until the Revolutzee."

THOSE were the pioneers—the loins which produced our commissars of tomorrow. Odd and unbelievable, you might say, that they have inherited the earth and made it a slaughterhouse. But don't let your naiveté get you down; if you believed that the Martins, the Louises and the Sergeis couldn't hurt a fly, you were merely following an historical pattern. The early Christians were very meek and they talked like Sergei; but less than a century after they were being thrown to the lions they had Constantine in *hoc signo*. Incidentally, who could have been nicer or more intelligent — or what possessed more integrity — than the authors who wrote "Malleus Maleficarum" (alternately called "The Witches' Hammer" and "Inquisitor's Manual"), which became "the handbook from which they [the Inquisitors] plied their tortured victims with questions and were able to extract such confessions as they desired; by a strange perversion these admissions, wrung from their victims by rack or thumb-screw, were described as voluntary."

The quote is from Enc. Brit. 11th Edition — and incidentally doesn't that sound like the purge trials in Russia? And speaking of the Bolsheviks, during the twenties the liberals told us that butter wouldn't melt in Lenin's mouth. Lenin liked to pet kittens. He liked to listen to Beethoven.

And don't forget that Himmler was a school teacher also.

From Our Readers

Our Foreign Policy: Needless Blunders

The Great Debate and the MacArthur inquiry have taken both a backward and a forward look — as is proper. President Truman points to successes — terminating the Berlin blockade, thwarting Communist control of Greece, upsetting the Soviet timetable, etc. Successes of a kind these have been. But would the international situation have descended to this perilous condition requiring these costly and bloody countermeasures if the Administration had pursued, from mid-World War II to, say, 1947, different policies and acted upon information and analysis which was *then* available?

It is not fair to judge government officials in terms of hindsight. Yet there were many people who knew what Russia's postwar plans were and tried to do something about them.

Before the war's end was in sight, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States hired a Russian expert to advise it on Soviet Union foreign policy. Shortly thereafter he brought to my desk the names of about ten people who, he said, would take over Austria when the Soviet Army moved into that country. I said, "What do you mean, take over — who are these people — where are they?"

He said they were Austrian Communists then living and working in Moscow. He even identified each individual in terms of the specific task he would perform back in Austria: transportation, communication and propaganda, fuel and mining, police, etc.

But more significant, he informed me that there was in Moscow a similar committee for every Euro-

pean continental country, for the Middle East, and Asiatic countries. He even had the names of the Korean Communists being prepared in Moscow for their jobs in postwar Korea.

He read Russian. He had no secret sources of information. He did some reading between the lines, to be sure, and he put two and two together. But all these names appeared frequently in Soviet publications in a manner which was unmistakable. He did not have the slightest doubt about what was in preparation for postwar Europe and Asia.

I became sufficiently concerned to take up this matter with the Chamber management. As a result I requested him to explore the meanings of his conclusions with the White House and the State Department. He did. But his conclusions were not in accord with high Administration policy. I discussed the matter with numerous radio and newspaper men. It was difficult to find any one in Washington who would lend any significance to these disclosures. It was just too contrary to the American party line.

It is the business of statesmen to know the plans of allies, enemies and potential enemies — to look ahead and to evaluate alternatives and take account of all eventualities. The abandon with which our information was brushed aside leaves no doubt that our leaders during the war were insensitive to the eventualities and oblivious to problems which were largely of their making.

The unsettled international situation, Korea, the division of Europe into east-west zones, the loss of China to communism can all be charged heavily to the egregious miscalculation on our part of USSR foreign policy. The "successes" about which Truman now boasts are the mere "finger in the dike" made necessary by the blunders of the past.

There is still no evidence that the Administration has learned the hard fact that in international relations there are no friendships; there are only interests. If, as a result of the Great Debate and the MacArthur inquiry we develop a little more sophistication and maturity about matters international, the ordeal will not have been in vain.

Washington, D. C. EMERSON P. SCHMIDT
Director, Economic Research Department
Chamber of Commerce of the United States

Major Long Replies

The military facts and logic presented in my article in your issue of March 26, "The B-36 Is A Tanker" can, of course, be opposed by other military facts and logic; but not effectively answered, in my opinion. The "answer" thereto in your issue of May 21 entitled "The B-36 Can Get Through" [by Lt. Col. George E. Akerson] — which came to my attention only recently — is wholly inadequate in this regard, as any competent, impartial judge will agree, I feel sure, after comparison of the articles.

That "answer" offers only a few military points. For instance, it assumes that my article suggests a Russian radar-patrol over the Arctic region by planes which would fly out from the Russian coast, circle a small area, then return to point of departure. Any such patrol would of course swing in an arc from easternmost Russia to westernmost Russia as terminal points — back and forth — and operate on an "in depth" basis across the Polar region and the area southward toward and over Russia's northern territory. No competent critic could misunderstand my meaning on this point.

An equally unsound and deceptive point in that "answer" is the assertion that the defending Russian fighters would be able to make only a one-shot pass at their B-36 bomber targets; so, as it says, the fighter's "first pass must be good." Yet my article made it clear that the fighter, armed not with guns but with dozens of deadly rockets (already in existence) equipped with "homing" devices and proximity fuses and far outranging the bomber's guns, would simply coast along at approximately the bomber's speed but beyond its gun-range, and shoot the deadly rockets into the bomber at the fighter-pilot's pleasure until the kill was made. This factor dooms the B-36 or any other big bomber flying such long-range unescorted missions under the conditions involved.

Colonel Akerson erroneously claims that the report of the Weapons System Evaluation Board, issued in 1950, has a bearing on the issue I raised. This issue is the effectiveness of fighters equipped *with rockets* (of the type above mentioned) against *gun*-equipped bombers on unescorted missions; whereas that Board was evaluating *gun*-equipped fighters against *gun*-equipped bombers — their relative firepower effectiveness *with guns*.

Colonel Akerson's only additional military point, about the working of radar, is equally inadequate. There is an effective military answer thereto, but space does not permit it to be given in detail.

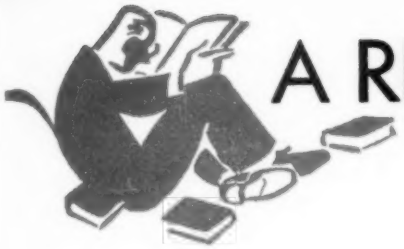
To hide the inadequacy of his "answer," the author indulges in derogatory statements regarding me and my views: even going so far as to impute to me, by insinuation, certain associations which he presents in an unfavorable light: for instance, "the anonymous document of the discredited Mr. Worth and the propaganda pamphlet, 'The Strategic Bombing Myth,' circulated some time ago by persons unknown." This is not only without any factual basis or even inquiry as to my views (which are widely known to be to the contrary of his insinuations) and associations, but in typical "smear" style. To find such material in the *Freeman* is as surprising as it is distressing.

Chicago, Illinois HAMILTON A. LONG

Acheson *Did* Attend Harvard

I commiserate with Harvard grad Wayland M. Minot, who complains about my "adding Secretary Acheson's name to the Harvard pink coterie." Acheson proceeded from Yale to Harvard, where he received his LL.B. in 1918. Like Alger Hiss, he was one of Felix Frankfurter's fair-haired boys.

Montclair, New Jersey FELIX WITTMER



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The United States is a great peace-loving democracy. So we tell the world—and the statement is true, up to a point. But once we are inextricably pledged to war, with all our passions and interests aroused, we love peace far less than we love success.

Consider, if you don't believe this to be true, the evidence offered by Mr. Earl Schenck Miers's "The General Who Marched to Hell" (Knopf, $4.50.) This is the story of General William Tecumseh Sherman's march through Georgia to the sea in 1864, the feat which cut the Confederacy in two and deprived Lee at Richmond of a supporting hinterland. The evidence is of men engaged on both sides to the limit of their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. Sherman piled blow upon blow; when his opponents refused to surrender on the field of battle he turned his anger against the civilian economy that supported those opponents. The Confederate leaders—Sam Hood, "Old Joe" Johnston—gave as good as they got, but after Sherman had destroyed the machine shops and arsenals of Atlanta and Columbia, S. C., the Confederacy had to quit because it had run out of gas

Mr. Miers's method of writing the history of the red-bearded "Cump" Sherman's exploit is to draw upon contemporary or near-contemporary documents—diaries, letters, memoirs written as near to the moment as possible. The result is an extraordinarily fresh sort of narrative-mosaic; the events come through to the reader in astonishingly vivid paraphrase, with the emotional tension of actual participation hanging over practically every paragraph. We know what it is like to be ten-year-old Carrie Berry when Yankee shells are falling on Atlanta and Sherman is announcing that little Carrie's home town will soon be a "used-up community." We feel the choking distress of Dolly Lunt on her Georgia plantation as the Yankee midwestern farm boys in dirty blue shoot down her eighteen fat turkeys as "if they were Rebels themselves." We do a quick burn with Sherman when a Confederate mine, planted under a road, rips the flesh from the leg of a handsome Union officer. We feel the hatred and the rancor of William Gilmore Simms, the poet, over the Yankee sack of the liquor supply in Columbia and the resultant incendiary jag which burns most of the South Carolina capital to the ground. We know the exultation of the Illinois and Indiana eighteen-year-old veterans as they wrap the ripped-up lengths of Confederate railroad track around trees and telegraph poles after heating them red-hot in the center by laying them across fires of burning cross-ties. But most vividly of all we feel the hardening process that goes on inside the mind and character of Sherman himself.

A peaceful person who objected to the "blind and crazy" men on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line who were bringing on the war by their politics of intransigent "inevitability," Sherman had no stomach for fighting. He loved the South, loved his job of running a military college in Louisiana; and his best friends included Braxton Bragg and P.G.T. Beauregard, who were shortly to be arrayed against him. His days as a young officer had been spent at Fort Moultrie in South Carolina, where he developed a liking for the "horse-racing, picnicking, boating, fishing, swimming, and God knows what not" that made up the "highly aristocratic and fashionable" social life of the place. But this love of the South could not compete against his early origins. Like most Ohio-born Americans of his day and generation, Sherman carried the idea of the Federal union, "one and inseparable," close to his heart. Before Sumter he cautioned a Southern friend: "You are bound to fail" because the "North can make a steam-engine, locomotive or railway car" where the South could hardly manufacture "a pair of shoes." The prophecy proved accurate, but Sherman, as a Union general on the Kentucky front in late 1861, was not yet hardened to the point of being prophecy's unrelenting instrument.

The hardening process was gradual with Sherman, and it didn't begin to set in until he had found a leader in whom he could trust. In Kentucky he lived in an agony of fear lest the Confederates break through to Louisville. Because of his jitters he was actually called insane in Murat Halstead's Cincinnati *Commercial*. But then the "nervous-sanguine" Sherman met Grant.

The two men had what it took to make a team. Each of them had been a failure in civil life, each of them had his black moments of fear and indecision. But faced with a crisis that involved something much larger than themselves, the two "failures" found a way of nerving each other to the sticking point. Sherman kept the supplies moving up to the slouching Grant in the operations against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. He argued

Grant into staying with the army after the bloody shambles of Shiloh. When the howling against Grant's "drunkenness" was at its height, Sherman stuck by his friend; they were "crazy birds of a feather flocking together." And then came the fall of Vicksburg, which opened the Mississippi to the Union and vindicated Grant.

The vindication of Grant meant *carte blanche* for Sherman in the great project that was even then burgeoning in the minds of the two friends. According to the Grant-Sherman plan, the idea was to break the South by swinging a flying column through Georgia and up the Atlantic coast while the Army of the Potomac dealt massive hammer-blows at Lee in Virginia. Sherman began his march to the sea in a mood that grew more and more implacable. He was tired of a conflict which he thought was dragging itself out to unnecessary lengths. In his "iron mood" he insisted that the civil population be removed from Atlanta; then he methodically burned Atlanta's foundries and machine-shops. The iron mood grew as his "bummers" swung southward toward Savannah. When the Confederate forces mined the roads, Sherman replied by marching Southern prisoners out in front of his own armies as a safety measure. When Georgia planters listened to Jefferson Davis on the advisability of scorching the earth in the path of Sherman's advance, Sherman redoubled his own depredations. By the time the Union forces had reached Columbia, S. C., in January of 1865, both Sherman and his army were in a mood for no trifling. The union soldiers burned Columbia out of sheer anger that South Carolina, the originator of the rebellion, could still be persisting in a war that had long since been lost.

Mr. Miers does not draw any moral from his story. But the upshot of it all is plain to see: modern war (and the Civil War was the first modern war) turns upon supply. Sherman and Grant won their war not by superior battle tactics, but by cutting the Confederate armies off from their sources of replenishment. First came the opening of the Mississippi, which separated the two parts of the Confederacy. Then came the destruction of Atlanta, the manufacturing and rail center. Then came the capture of Mobile and Savannah, the ports. After all this the Confederate armies simply "died on the vine."

The modern application of Mr. Miers's words, as fitted to the world scene, is a rebuke to the Truman Administration's view of the Far Eastern situation. For neither in China nor in Korea can the Communists function at the end of an adequate supply line. The Gobi Desert and the insufficiency of the Trans-Siberian railroad stand between Mao Tse-tung and final success, *provided that the United States makes the decision to supply a countering force in East Asia by sea. . . .* In Europe, on the other hand, the Russians can always win by following a policy of retreat into their own heartland, where their enemies can not function at the end of an adequate line of supply.

In our fight with communism we are losing because we haven't the wit to digest the lessons of our own past. We haven't yet found our modern Grant, our modern Sherman. Truman could be a Lincoln if he would, but he is still dallying with his McClellans. When is he going to wake up?

RED ANIMAL FAIR

Communist Zoo: A Collection of 50 Animal Pictures, With Appropriate Captions, by Hans Muller. *New York: Swen Publications. $1.00*

As late as January 1951, Swen Publications issued its clever and effective "Illustrated History of Sino-Russian Relations," a series of cartoons with Chinese and English commentary, in Hongkong. Since then Lyle Munson has moved his well-known Oriental establishment to New York City. The present photo book is Munson's first publication this side of the Pacific. It promises to become a minor classic in its field. Even the tiredest sort of businessman will want to own a few copies—one for the family, the others to give away to his friends and customers.

Here are some of the photos, with their captions. A harmless poodle: "Whatever can the Secret Police want to see me about?" Two shaggy dogs, their drooping hair totally covering their eyes: "The two delegates to the Warsaw Peace Congress expressed satisfaction with what they had seen." A skunk: "Spent several years of study in Moscow before returning to his native land."

A drowsy, fat hog: "Under communism we are all equal, only some of us are more equal than others." A heap of cleaned-out oyster shells: "Industrial development of satellite areas under the Soviets." Snakes passing through a hole in the wall: "Now remember, comrades, we come as peaceful students of American culture." A half dozen parrots: "Communist editors waiting for the party line from Tass." Dumb ox with ring through nose: "Leading statesman of a People's Democratic Republic, recently decorated by Stalin."

Plucked turkey: "Let me tell you how Latvia feels about Russia!" Innocent rabbit: "Newly appointed Moscow University Professor of the Inexact Sciences and Authority on Heredity." Tough, overfed hippo: "Marshal Hippalov admonished the people of Czechoslovakia to tighten their belts . . ."

Meek rabbit with lecherous fox: "The Rumanian Prime Minister poses with Soviet Minister Reynardovich after signing the Mutual Assistance Pact." Tree ruined by caterpillars: "All Party members in Albania turned out to help with the harvest." The last picture portrays a perfectly nice jackass: "Oh, I don't believe the Soviet Union intends to enslave the world."

We take off our hat to Mr. Muller for his captions and state with modest objectivity: "Touché!"

Give it to your secretary, the janitor, and your friends among the "proletariat." If you are a doctor or lawyer, have a copy or two in the waiting room. It isn't weighty fare, but it's wholesome entertainment. And it ought to do some good.

FELIX WITTMER

THE ART OF COOKERY

The Presidential Cook Book, by Henrietta Nesbitt. *New York: Doubleday. $2.75*

The Busy Woman's Cook Book, by Ann Williams-Heller. *New York: Stephen Daye Press. $2.95*

The Buffet Cook Book, by Ruth Langland Holberg. *New York: Crowell. $3.00*

The Burger Book, by Louis P. De Gouy. *New York: Greenberg. $2.00*

Sauces, French and Famous, by Louis Diat. *New York: Rinehart. $2.50*

Although only two of these five cook books make any real contribution to the art of cookery, yet the fact that there are five does prove something. It proves, for one thing, that Americans are becoming increasingly food conscious.

"The Presidential Cook Book" by Henrietta Nesbitt (author also of "White House Diary") is simply the low-down on twelve years of feeding the Roosevelts and their guests. The Roosevelts were no problem, for their taste in food was on the primitive side—corned beef hash, chipped beef and poached eggs—but catering to guests was a more complicated affair. Ration points had to be hoarded to give Churchill his roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; there had to be fish for Princess Juliana because she didn't care for meat, stuffed egg plant for the vegetable-loving Soong, and boned capon for the King and Queen of England.

Mrs. Nesbitt's recipes are uninspired but she has salted and peppered them with comments which give an amusing and often an unintentionally accurate light on the character of the members of the royal household. For instance, she had little sympathy for the "ulcerites" (diplomatically, she stresses the plural!) who ordered fancy foods which disagreed with them, scorning the plain fare the Roosevelts preferred. Elliott has such a passion for maple syrup that one of his wives (Mrs. Nesbitt forgets which one!) wrote asking her where she could procure his favorite brand. As for Eleanor, one bowl of soup and she was off again, recharged with energy. FDR didn't like sage, so the stuffing which went into the Presidential turkeys was seasoned with marjoram; and one of his favorite dishes was fish chowder, which had to be made according to his mother's recipe. He was also very fond of kippers, and Mrs. Nesbitt wrapped them in paper while cooking them so they wouldn't "smell up" the White House. Here is a tip for apartment dwellers.

In "The Busy Woman's Cook Book" Ann Williams-Heller winds you up, and thirty minutes later the meal is on the table. Guests make no difference. The tempo is the same. A breathless business enlivened by slogans accelerated by exclamation points (No Toil to Broil!) Miss Williams-Heller not only specializes in "jiffies" but takes the curse off by adding touches she coyly calls "oomphy," for she is a headlong garnisher. Open a can of peaches (the can opener is her stanchest ally), then out with the nuts (chop! chop!) or a macaroon (crumble! crumble!), and even jelly can be cubed if you're fast enough. Cranberries are one of her favorite dodges to give "zip and zest" (words like these are used in pairs) to what otherwise would be just food. She combines cranberry juice with tomato juice for a cocktail, cooks liver in it, and teams it with mayonnaise as a dressing for cabbage and chopped raisins. The crowner is a concoction which can be whipped up from Minute Rice, cranberry juice and molasses (time, 18 minutes). Miss Williams-Heller's book bristles with charts. There are seasoning guides, market guides, calorie charts, timetables for cooking vegetables, defrosting fruits, and deep-fat frying. Very exhausting. I'm sure the average busy woman would prefer more time and less "oomph," more relaxation as she putters about broiling her chop and less "zip and zest." Certainly less cranberries.

Ruth L. Holberg, the author of "The Buffet Cook Book," has lived for many years on Cape Ann and is famous for her parties. With no help in the kitchen she entertains large groups of people and enjoys it herself, for she has learned the art of planning. Her book is a source for easy, economical and original entertaining for maidless households. Many of the meals can be eaten without a fork and most of them can be prepared early in the day or even the day before. And she serves real food. A sample menu features Russian meat balls, new potatoes, string beans, salad and banana pecan ice cream. Her desserts are on the rich side. One can put on weight just reading her recipes. Her masterpiece is "Tipsy Cake," made by slicing a sponge cake crosswise, putting it together with four kinds of jam, soaking it with sherry, then dousing it with custard sauce and chilling it. Even she admits that a little of this goes a long way. She, too, is cranberry conscious. Beating chopped cranberries into Hubbard squash is one that even her confrère, Ann Williams-Heller, hasn't thought of.

In "The Burger Book" Louis P. De Gouy glorifies the lowly hamburger in 82 recipes, most of them original, many of them culled from all quarters of the globe, Haiti included. The late Mr. De Gouy was the author of the excellent and comprehensive "Gold Cook Book" and the less successful but no less comprehensive "Bread Tray." He starts off with advice about the use of herbs and spices. A scant fourth teaspoon of dry herbs for every four servings seasons food best, and remember, he cautions, that dried herbs are four times as strong

as fresh ones. Use them, he says, as a clever woman uses makeup, so skillfully blended that they are not obvious.

He gives one recipe which will enable the budgeteer to serve six people with three-fourths of a pound of ground meat, and another recipe for stuffed whole cabbage which is a real creation. His book is interlarded with odd bits of information. For instance, it was the Chinese and not the Germans who originated sauerkraut. It dates back to the building of the Great Wall when laborers ate it to combat deficiency diseases due to a rice diet.

By far the most valuable book in this quintet is Louis Diat's "Sauces, French and Famous." Mr. Diat has been a Ritz chef for fifty years and is also a contributor to *Gourmet* magazine. He not only gives minute instructions for making basic sauces but gives recipes for those dishes which are best complemented by them, including a recipe for the famous vichyssoise of which he is the creator. When the Ritz-Carlton opened its roof garden he added to his menus many new dishes especially appropriate for summer dining in hot New York. Searching for a "different" soup he recalled the potato-leek *potage* served in his home in France and how his mother solved the problem of her children's resistance to hot soup in summer by adding rich cold milk to it. Diat took this simple idea and refined it for his sophisticated clientele by straining it several times, adding cream in place of milk and sprinkling chopped chives over it. The name honors the housewives of Vichy, the famous watering place near his boyhood home.

His range of sauces is wide—from Bechamel, a simple white sauce, to Poivrade, a sauce for game. His major aim, he says, is to clarify and simplify the making of all the important French sauces and he does just that. He maintains that any one who *likes* to cook can become an expert *saucier* by using good ingredients, seasoning with discretion and taking pains. For example, a French cook would not put cheese into a cream sauce simply because cheese has tang. He would tailor his sauce to the dish it is supposed to enhance.

French sauces are not thick. A French brown sauce would never have the pasty consistency one sees in so many American gravies. The fact is, a French meat gravy isn't thickened at all. Nor does Diat despise substitutes. If wine isn't available, water with a little lemon juice added can be used, and for brown sauce boullion cubes dissolved in water can pinch hit for stock. One of the secrets of a good sauce is butter. The French consider butter in a different light than Americans do. Instead of spreading it on their bread they put it in the sauce, then mop up every drop of it.

For the amateur cook this little book is invaluable. It simplifies something which needed to be simplified—namely, the idea that French sauces are complicated and that one must be under a chef's hat to qualify as a successful *saucier*.

ALIX DU POY

POLITICIANS MAKE WAR

Design for War, by Frederic R. Sanborn. *New York: Devin-Adair. $5.00*

Do the gods of history make the wars that mortals wage? Are wars the result of forces over which men have no control?

While the philosophers ponder this momentous question, we who are equipped with nothing more than common sense are compelled to go by concrete evidence; we are debarred by our limitations from a comprehension of mystic causality. And more and more the concrete evidence supports the conclusion that war is the particular concern of politicians, that it is an integral part of their business, and that we who are preoccupied with the prosaic job of making a living are pushed, enticed, cajoled and sidled into war by these demi-gods.

Take the story of World War II—or at least the story of our entry into it. The documentation of that bit of history will not be completed until the passions aroused by the conflict are interred with all who took part in it; including their sons' sons. Only when no living person shall have an interest in withholding evidence shall all of it be released, and then we can approach objective truth. In the meantime, the best that can be done is to piece together such evidence as has escaped the net of officialdom and try to make a meaningful pattern of it; as the war recedes into the distance, these leakages increase. Curiously, much of the evidence coming out is "confessional" in character; whether from nostalgia, self-glorification or an unconscious need for absolution, participants in the plot give out with diaries, autobiographies and reminiscences, and unwittingly reveal what they frequently try to hide. The cross-checking of these bits of evidence with the available official documents builds up a case that can only be reinforced by what comes to light later. We are justified in concluding that the United States was sidled into war by one man, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Frederic R. Sanborn, a practicing lawyer and a teacher of the law, put his special talents to the published facts and comes forward with what amounts to an indictment, some 600 pages long. Whether by design or because his training inclined him to that method, his book, "Design for War," suggests a witness-stand examination. He makes Mr. Roosevelt tell his own story by introducing copious quotations from his speeches, statements to the press, published correspondence and official documents. Much of the evidence is taken from memoirs published by the late President's friends and co-workers. The author avoids sources of information that are obviously anti-Roosevelt or tainted with an "isolationist" bias. He sticks to what Mr. Roosevelt said and what everybody agrees he did, and brings in what Hull said or what Churchill wrote only as clarifying background.

Roughly half the book is given to quotations, the

author confining himself to comments on the events or personages referred to in the quotations. At first, the reader is annoyed by this meticulous method, but as the examination progresses and the story unfolds, the technique is accepted and the reading becomes most absorbing. Long before the end of the book, long before the evidence is fully compounded, the reader arrives at the judgment of the author in the opening sentence:

> A grave danger to America has become apparent in recent years. The danger is that nowadays there are few, if any, checks and balances upon the conduct of foreign affairs by the President, so that the Nation may be unwittingly and unwillingly involved in a great and terrible war. In modern American practice the President may and sometimes does conduct our foreign affairs personally and single-handed. He takes only such counsel as he may wish to take from such counsellors as he may incline to consult.

History serves no purpose if it does not help us evaluate the present. The fact that our entry into World War II can be traced to caprice or arbitrary judgment suggests that our present international predicament is likewise the result of one man's doing. Just as we got into Korea because Mr. Roosevelt apparently so willed it at Yalta, so we are at war in that country by virtue of Mr. Truman's own decision. He may have consulted Mr. Acheson, and perhaps General Marshall, but it is a certainty that those who presumably bespeak the will of the people had no say in the matter. Mr. Roosevelt at least went through the form of consulting Congress after he had put us into war; Mr. Truman did not pay even lip-service to that formality.

Exoneration of Mr. Truman takes the form of shifting responsibility for the Korean War on the politicians of the USSR. But that is only a left-handed admission that politicians make war; neither Russians nor Americans have a thing to say about it. Why do politicians make war? The answer to that question will probably be found only when it is conceded that politics induces a psychology indigenous to the occupation, just as the practice of crime produces the criminal mind. Until and unless the problem is approached from that angle, the best we can do is to go by the record; and from this we must conclude that the prime business of politics is to acquire, maintain and increase power over the people, and that as war is most conducive to that purpose the political mind can not look upon war as ordinary people do. As a person, Mr. Truman does not want war; as a politician he is conditioned to its acceptance. This is true of the Soviet politician, and it was true of Mr. Roosevelt.

Granted that the passion for power—or the special privilege of compelling people to do what they would not do of their own free will— is the driving force of all political action, what methods does the politician use to lead people into war? Without going into the technical field of applied psychology, we can describe these methods with one word—deception. Page after page of Mr. Sanborn's book is devoted to contrasting Mr. Roosevelt's public statements with his secret acts. While making moves that could lead only to war, he was profusely protesting his most peaceful intentions; and when secrecy was obviously impossible, he stressed the need of these martial maneuvers in the cause of peace. That he deliberately "lied us into war" is well-proven in "Design for War." From 1937, when his interest began to veer from domestic to international affairs, right up to Pearl Harbor, Mr. Roosevelt's preoccupation was with calculated deception. When war finally came, his innocence in the matter was firmly established in the public mind. Undoubtedly the German and Japanese politicians likewise cleansed their souls of war.

The question at this moment is, what is Mr. Truman doing, in secret, to sidle us into World War III? He does not seem to be as good at deception as his predecessor, but we can take it for granted that the latter's "design for war" is being employed. We can not afford to think otherwise. Long after we have buried our dead we shall learn of the diplomatic maneuvering now going on, of how we were pushed into a course leading directly to war, of deceptions and counter-deceptions; but the knowledge will not bring back the dead.

If "Design for War" does nothing else than to warn us that we must not trust Mr. Truman, that no politician is trustworthy, that our safety lies in always doubting his every word and presuming that he has no good purpose in mind, it will do a public service. The industrious author is to be complimented.

FRANK CHODOROV

A VITAL CONSERVATISM

American Conservatives: The Political Thought of Francis Lieber and John W. Burgess, by Bernard E. Brown. *New York: Columbia. $2.75*

While American liberal and radical traditions have been much explored, there has been little scholarly inquiry and almost no popular exploitation of American conservatism. Today's liberals have "tradition" behind them; the conservative stands forth as a faceless demon without a past. Moreover, the past that is conjured up for him (remember Parrington's rough handling of those figures in the American past who did not share his agrarian democratic convictions) is best forgotten. The conservative was the Tory who sided with King George during the American Revolution; the conspiratorial bondholder who sabotaged the Articles of Confederation and put over the Constitutional Convention; the Federalist who voted for the Alien and Sedition Acts and at Hartford came pretty close to treason; Whig gentlemen in broadcloth whose faces turned purple at the mention of Andrew Jackson's name; those

who wanted peace, not war, in 1860. Between the Civil War and the turn of the century, the stereotype of the conservative is further embellished in so far as he stands forth as a robber baron, strikebreaker, and imperialist who, having plundered America, is about to extend the scope of his operations into undeveloped areas.

That there is a vitalist tradition in American conservatism has been overlooked by those who would portray American conservatism at its worst —or credit it with motives that it did not in fact possess. That is why the present book on the political philosophy of Lieber and Burgess, conservative thinkers who attempted to synthesize German political philosophy with American politics, is more pertinent than the usual run-of-the-mill historical monograph.

Neither Lieber nor Burgess is a key figure in the American conservative tradition. As original thinkers, they were of lesser stature than old John Adams and his great-grandson Brooks, who was a contemporary of Burgess. Nor are they as important as Burgess's student, Theodore Roosevelt, and the latter's friend, Henry Cabot Lodge, who grappled in the realm of everyday affairs with many of the problems which were of theoretical concern to the academicians Lieber and Burgess.

Lieber borrowed the bulk of his political ideology from Kant; Burgess took his from Hegel. Much of what they wrote, Lieber in the middle of the nineteenth century and Burgess toward the end of it, sounds opinionated and doctrinaire. Particularly pernicious is the racism that enters into Burgess's writings. But they come to life for our own generation in so far as both were concerned with the problem of the preservation of liberty in a democracy, in the America that they knew and believed in.

Both deeply distrusted the masses as guarantors of freedom, and Lieber, although a 'forty-eighter and a German liberal, placed his liberalism at the service of men like Justice Story, Chancellor Kent and Nicholas Biddle while severely criticizing Jeffersonians, Jacksonians and trade unionists who, he believed, were too close to the spirit of the French Revolution to nurture freedom's tender flower. Burgess, in his writings, attempted to surround freedom with legal barriers that would make it impregnable to interference by either the government or the masses. He thought that the American Constitution with the guarantees it offered the individual—guarantees which were protected by the Supreme Court—was a substantial bulwark against any inroads that might be made against personal rights.

Woodrow Wilson, to whom the ideologists of the New Deal are deeply indebted, attacked Burgess for fitting political facts into preconceived juristic formulas. Politics, said Wilson, should be studied not from the point of view of Hegelian abstractions but as ". . . a process of circumstances and of interacting impulses, a thing growing with thought and habit and social development." To some extent Wilson's criticisms were justified. But now that political instrumentalism has had its day and the state has penetrated deep into areas from which Burgess would have arbitrarily excluded it, the fact remains that the Welfare State, child of the pragmatic approach to politics, which Wilson stressed, has complicated rather than helped solve the problem of the reconciliation of government and liberty, which was Burgess's main concern.

As a study, Dr. Brown's book is not without its weaknesses. While there are points of agreement in the backgrounds and theories of Lieber and Burgess, the two men do not mesh sufficiently to warrant their treatment within the covers of a single volume. Moreover, Dr. Brown has elected to see Lieber and Burgess in narrow compass rather than in the broad perspective of their relationship to the over-all pattern of American thinking. However, the book is an important source for the conservative synthesis that American scholarship will some day produce.

EDWARD N. SAVETH

A MERRIE BRITAIN

Festival, by J. B. Priestley. *New York: Harper. $3.95*

Over the past decade the English writer, J. B. Priestley, has contributed a whole shelf of novels, essays and plays. His latest book is a forecast of English life, before and during the current Festival of Britain. It is as fresh as a June day, tinctured with wit and humor. As Priestley beholds the British scene, the people aren't bowed down by fear of crisis. They have thawed out in various fashions and once again are enjoying themselves after the rigor of the war years. Though austerity may reign in Downing Street, this novel, a sort of latter-day companion of "The Good Companions," is alive with the comic spirit.

In addition to authoring books and plays, Priestley has been a Member of Parliament and a popular speaker for the BBC. Obviously the man is a superb organizer of time and energy. Nothing is stinted in "Festival," for Priestley levies on all his experience, cramming his novel with fetching and assorted characters. He is thoroughly aware of the "new criticism," of the latest literary by-word, but he chooses to write in the traditional form of the English novel, with nothing hackneyed about the result. He knows about the *avant garde* demand for "intensity" and "essence"; he even pokes fun at the more obscure poetic practices now befogging beautiful letters. But he is primarily concerned with human beings and with telling a rollicking, lusty story. In fact, Priestley can be downright jolly, a practically unheard-of thing in this day of the crying towel. Even the outright stinkers in his novel—and there is quite a variety of them, from all walks of life—have vestiges of the human touch.

"Festival" is full of fun and bubbling with life. This type of novel perplexes the refined and tenuous critics. While they enjoy it, they nevertheless doubt that this modern Dickensianism can be art.

The setting of "Festival" is the city of Farbridge, a sound but dreary industrial city in the Midlands of Britain, where the ruling class has been too long in power. Naturally, the town fathers rejected the idea of a Festival: it was no time to spend money on music, drama, cultural lectures. But at the last gasp a trio of strangers join some of the livelier spirits and help reverse the decision. It isn't an easy task; it takes some doing. The reversal begins when Horace Tribe, an old naval man out of a job, looks at Farbridge and sees that it needs cheering up as much as he himself needs a job.

As a catalyst, Commodore Tribe cuts a dashing figure. He is one of the gayest rogues since Colonel Sellers. He may be something of a rolling stone, but he enjoys life much more than is customary in Farbridge. His two young associates, strangers like himself, who are also determined to cheer up Farbridge, are almost as footloose as the Commodore. One of them, Theodore Jenks, is on his first visit to England from his home in Malaya; the other, pretty Laura Casey, has been fired from her job because she caught the city's MP in a scandal.

The story involves an enormous number of people, and ranges through the present social strata of Britain, from the gentry down to a dramatic star on his uppers. As a picture of postwar years, it reports the English as changing, adventuring—and standing pat. It richly suggests that there is a new aspect to the old phrase, "carrying on." Inevitably such a circus of events and characters takes some traffic direction, which is provided by a moving narrative, with the addition of some highly diverting applications of drama. Priestley's broad canvas of life embraces the antics and folklore of municipal politics, the bunk of an art theater group, the ways of literary coteries, radio programs, orchestra leaders, hotel keepers, country gentry, cranks and manifold eccentrics, and businessmen.

At high summer, drama, music, lectures, dancing, pageantry and fireworks all bless Farbridge. Love blooms. It is a toss-up whether the flighty Madge (wife of the MP), or Laura, or the disappearing Grace, or flashing Phillippa, is the most attractive lover. The satire kids everybody and everything; it obviously has no class angle, and perhaps the stuffiest of the stuffed shirts is an oldtime labor leader. Apparently the inns and bars haven't entirely abandoned good food and drink, for the festival makers consume plenty, with relish.

If you care to drench yourself in a week of carnival, "Festival" is your book. It ends with a gorgeous account of a grand ball that outdoes the ball before Waterloo. This riotous novel should find a corner in the many mansions of literature. It has a universal appeal. EDWIN CLARK

EARTH OF WALES

Boy With a Trumpet, by Rhys Davies. *New York: Doubleday. $3.00*

Less well known in this country than many of his contemporaries—H. E. Bates, for example, or L. A. G. Strong—Rhys Davies, for years, has been rivaling or outmatching them as one of England's finest short-story writers. His talent is a highly individual one—rich, earthy, sensuous—and why it has been virtually unrecognized in America is as mysterious to me as it is to the editor of this collection, Bucklin Moon. In "Boy With a Trumpet," which should rectify this error, Mr. Moon has culled what he considers some of Mr. Davies's better tales, drawing a score of stories from six earlier volumes, only one of which was published over here. He has deliberately endeavored, moreover, as he says, to make his selections representative—to include not only those Welsh stories which are Mr. Davies's trademark, but his non-regional stories as well. This probably accounts for the omission of a tale such as "Blodwen," one of Mr. Davies's best

It has often been said of Rhys Davies, as Mr. Moon admits, that he owes a debt to D. H. Lawrence. This strikes me, I must admit, as a somewhat dubious thesis—originating, perhaps, in the fact that the two men were friends. It is true that Mr. Davies, like Lawrence, was born in a coal-mining district and writes frequently of coal miners; it is true that the vein of poetry in his stories is of a roughly similar kind. Here, however, the resemblance ends sharply. Rhys Davies is a more healthy-minded writer than Lawrence was, less complex, less tortured, and he has a robust, pawky humor, a sense of sheer fun, of which Lawrence was wholly incapable. Although he deals in the macabre quite often, and certainly has great sensitiveness, his basic outlook on life is sane, earthy, vigorous and cleansing.

As for the stories themselves, it is the Welsh tales, I imagine, with their rich humor and pathos, which will strike the popular fancy. From the superbly comic "Mourning for Ianto" to the delightful "Dilemma of Catherine Fuchsias" and the admirable "Two Friends," these stories have character, flavor, and are written with an authority which some of the non-regional entries lack. (I was not impressed, for example, by the morbid title story, which seems to me pretentious and a failure.) When he is writing of the Welsh people Mr. Davies rarely falters. He knows their ways, their temperament, the rhythms of their speech—which at all times he recreates brilliantly. Half a dozen of these Welsh stories are small masterpieces. They are fresh; they are pungent; they are written with unforced lyricism; and for the most part they are wonderfully amusing. Mr. Davies has his faults—his preoccupation with death seems at times excessive—but he is a writer of real distinction and great creative power, as this excellent collection amply proves. EDITH H. WALTON