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JANUARY 28, 1952 25 CENTS

FREEMAN

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U.N. Blueprint For Tyranny

Senator John W. Bricker

Editors: John Chamberlain • Henry Hazlitt • Suzanne La Follette

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

the FREEMAN

with which is combined the magazine, PLAIN TALK

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JANUARY 28, 1952

CONTENTS

VOL. 2—NO. 9

Editorials

The Fortnight.....	259
Guide Book for Innocents.....	261
The Business Outlook.....	263
And Now Japan.....	264

UN Blueprint for Tyranny.....	JOHN W. BRICKER	265
This Is What They Said.....		268
The World of Sumner Welles.....	FORREST DAVIS	269
British Bureaucrats Kill Some Cows....	GEORGE WINDER	273
Presidents and the Press.....	A. R. PINCI	276
From Our Readers.....		279

Books

A Reviewer's Notebook.....	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN	281
Rebel, Genius and Crackpot.....	EDWIN CLARK	282
Birth of Moloch...WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN		284
Aussies in Japan.....	HARRY ROSKOLENKO	285
Mature Newhouse.....	EDITH H. WALTON	286
Suleiman in Tapestry.....	FELIX WITTMER	287

Manners, Arts and Morals.....	WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM	278
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Poems

San Michele.....	CLARENCE A. BRODEUR	277
World Figure.....	JOSEPH JOEL KEITH	279
F, Not Walter.....	JOHN ABBOTT CLARK	282

The Freeman is published fortnightly. Publication Office, Orange, Conn. Editorial and General Offices, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Copyrighted in the United States, 1951, by the Freeman Magazine, Inc. John Chamberlain, President; Henry Hazlitt, Vice President; Suzanne La Follette, Secretary; Alfred Kohlberg, Treasurer.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Orange, Conn. Rates: Twenty-five cents the copy; five dollars a year in the United States, nine dollars for two years; six dollars a year elsewhere.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted but if return postage is enclosed they will endeavor to see that manuscripts rejected are promptly returned.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily represent the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

The Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Connecticut

A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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FORREST DAVIS's "Did Marshall Prolong the Pacific War?" (the *Freeman*, November 5 and 19, 1951) revealed the American decisions which delayed Japan's surrender. He was chief *Saturday Evening Post* correspondent in Washington during and after World War II. The author of "How War Came" (with Ernest Lindley) and "Atlantic System," Mr. Davis is now working on a history of U. S. foreign policy.

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EDITH H. WALTON was literary editor of the *Forum*. She is a frequent contributor of book reviews to leading publications, and has reviewed a number of novels for the *Freeman*.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1952

THE FORTNIGHT

Largely because of the peculiar way in which we choose our chief executive, most Americans in thinking of "the next President" have from the beginning been inclined to put persons above issues and principles. The name that has been most often on most tongues in the last five years, when they have talked of the next President, has been that of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. This is not only because he was a popular hero of World War II. It is a tribute to the remarkable impact of his personality itself, to the impression that he gives of "stature," to his tactfulness and dignity, to his capacity to win respect and admiration, to inspire faith and arouse enthusiasm. To Europe he has become a great symbol. And at home, to an extent paralleled by few men in our generation, he has become a national idol.

In announcing his Republican convictions, and his willingness to become a candidate for President should the Republicans "place before me next July a duty that would transcend my present responsibility," we believe that General Eisenhower was actuated more by a sincere sense of duty than by personal ambition. But we also believe that he made his announcement without fully considering its implications. The first of these concerns its effect on his usefulness in his present European command. Every recommendation he now makes and every step he now takes will inevitably be interpreted in terms of domestic politics. His recommendations must be made to a Democratic President, who has already hinted his personal willingness to run against him. Under the new circumstances, will President Truman, or the Democratic majority in Congress that controls appropriations, wish to adopt any recommendation that they think may add new luster to the Eisenhower reputation? Will those Republicans in Congress who favor other candidates wish to do so? Obviously it is now going to be very difficult to get the problems of NATO discussed or acted upon on their merits.

By announcing his availability, moreover, and by permitting his name to be presented in the New Hampshire primaries, General Eisenhower has created a serious dilemma. Either he must now be chosen as a pig in a poke, without the delegates that nominate him or the American people knowing his views on most of our major issues of policy, or he must begin to state those views. But can he state them with propriety as long as he remains in his present military assignment in Europe?

We cite here, only by way of illustration, some of the crucial questions to which General Eisenhower has not yet given explicit answers. Surely those who will be asked to nominate him are entitled to know these answers before they act. Let us begin with foreign policy itself.

General Eisenhower helped to put into effect in Europe a series of incredible military and diplomatic decisions, both before and after the collapse of Germany, that resulted in putting the United States in an inexcusably weak and Communist Russia in an appallingly strong position. To what extent did General Eisenhower share personal responsibility for these decisions? To what extent was he merely a soldier forced to carry out orders?

What is General Eisenhower's attitude toward the defense of Europe today? Does he favor keeping enormous American land forces constantly in Europe? Of what absolute numbers? Or of what proportionate numbers? On what formula, or on what principle, is the extent of our European land army contribution (prior to any Russian attack) to be based?

Does General Eisenhower favor continuing so-called economic aid or so-called arms aid to Europe? How much? On what formula or principle is the extent of that aid to be determined? Are both "economic" and "arms aid" to be continued regardless of what economic or defense policies the European governments follow? Or are they to be made conditional on certain policies? If so, what policies?

Does General Eisenhower favor continuance of

truce negotiations with the Chinese Communists in Korea? If so, what concessions would he make or refuse to make?

Does he favor making use of the Nationalist Chinese forces against the Chinese Communists, or continuing to refuse Chiang Kai-shek's offers of help? Does he favor real support to Chiang's forces?

Does he favor recognition of the Chinese Communists? Or their admission to the United Nations? Does he favor permitting other countries to vote them into the United Nations?

Will he affirm that Formosa must not be allowed to fall into unfriendly hands?

Will he endorse, or is he ready to attack, Secretary Acheson's over-all conduct of American foreign policy since he took office?

Does he endorse, condone, deplore or repudiate the main decisions made by our representatives at Yalta, Teheran and Potsdam?

Will he join Truman and Acheson in denying or belittling the presence of Communists and pro-Communists on government policy-making bodies?

Does he favor continuing "friendly" diplomatic relations with Russia or Russian satellites even if they continue to insult us, hold our citizens or soldiers for ransom, shoot down our planes, and furnish aid, arms and perhaps flyers to those who are shooting our soldiers?

And on domestic issues: Does he favor continuance of the present colossal spending scale, either for defense or non-defense, or both? How much would he cut this spending? Where?

Does he favor a continuing deficit? Still higher taxes? What kind?

Does he favor continuance of the cheap-money and government-bond-support policy, and the inflation resulting from it?

Does he favor continuance of price and wage controls?

What is his attitude toward present labor union power? Is he for or against the main provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, and why?

Is he for or against socialized medicine?

These questions are all of major importance. And they are by no means exhaustive. We do not ask them in any unfriendly spirit, or in any effort to embarrass the General. They are, in fact, questions that any candidate in either party must be called upon to answer.

The Republican Party is extremely fortunate in having as rivals for its nomination a great General and a great Senator. While principles and policies must always be kept uppermost, we hope the supporters of neither of these candidates will permit their advocacy of their own candidate to lead them into personal criticisms of the other that might so deeply divide the party as to threaten another and this time calamitous victory for Trumanism and Achesonism.

As to a third worthy aspirant to the Republican Presidential nomination, Harold Stassen stands for some common-sensical things. The erstwhile boy wonder from Minnesota may no longer be "the serious young political Galahad of 1940" (to use *New York Times* reporter James Reston's words), but he has matured in the process of sloughing off his early "liberal" skittishness. He has discovered the virtues of a sound money system, and he has learned that you don't win victories in foreign policy by handing over crucial flank positions to your enemy. A Presidential aspirant who can come out for the gold standard, even a "modern" gold standard, impresses us as a man of undeniable courage. Though Mr. Reston, writing in the *New York Times* for December 28, 1951, argues by implication that Stassen has become a "reactionary" because he has taken to excoriating Washington "loafers" and "corruptionists" and because he has seen fit to criticize Socialists everywhere, we insist that Stassen has at least earned the right to the description of "forward-looking." The Republican convention could fare farther than the Stassen of 1952 and do worse.

Owing to errors in transmission by teletype, parts of the leading editorial in our last issue, "The U. S. Pays Blackmail" were badly garbled. In particular, the first sentence in column 2 on page 227 omitted important lines. It should have read: "On what other principle or ground can Mr. Truman justify the 100,000 casualties to American boys brought about by his intervention in Korea? On what other principle or ground could Washington justify the Revolutionary War, or Lincoln the Civil War, or Wilson our participation in the first World War, or Franklin D. Roosevelt our participation in the second?" It is a bitterly ironic thing that the Administration that now tells us that it could not afford to risk a few months' imprisonment of four Americans, even for the sake of insisting on the clearest possible principle, is the same Administration that has not hesitated to bring on more than 100,000 American casualties in Korea for the sake of maintaining a far vaguer and more debatable principle and completely confused objectives.

With regard to the situation in Korea, a United Press dispatch dated January 9 from Martinsburg, West Virginia, quotes Lt. Gen. William M. Hoge, until recently commander of the Ninth Corps in Korea, as saying: "We had the Chinese Communist Army completely licked last June and could have gone all the way to the Manchurian border if the order had been given." In view of the high authority of this statement, what are we to say of the six months of futile and humiliating negotiations that our Army leaders have entered into, under the direction of the State Department?

They've taken off the price controls on canned fried worms, which should encourage their production. No doubt the Planners want us all to go out into the garden and eat them.

Guide Book for Innocents

ON DECEMBER 30 Secretary Acheson told the Jewish War Veterans that foreign policy should be kept out of the 1952 campaign. We must always remember, he said,

that we can not find security for ourselves or inspiration to those who are on our side, if we here in America trample our own best traditions by prejudice or by a hysterical distortion of the fight against tyranny.

During the previous week Acheson himself had trampled our own best traditions by a shameful and appeasing payment of blackmail to a Soviet satellite—a timely illustration of the abyss which often yawns between his words and his actions.

It is timely because of other developments in the attempt to silence criticism of the Secretary during the 1952 campaign. One was the publication of a book called "The Pattern of Responsibility," made up of carefully selected excerpts from the Secretary's official words since he took office in January 1949. Acheson's editor and apologist is McGeorge Bundy, a friend and family connection of the Secretary. Mr. Bundy is an eastern Republican; he holds "that the line of action typified by the drive to 'get' Mr. Acheson is not good party policy." In other words, hush-hush on foreign policy.

On the day Acheson spoke, this book was enthusiastically reviewed by Robert E. Sherwood on page 1 of the "Book Review" of the Democratic *New York Times*, and by Walter Millis, editorial writer for the Republican *Herald Tribune*, on page 1 of that paper's "Books." Both Sherwood and Millis quite agreed with Bundy that Acheson's public statements since 1949 prove that "on almost every big issue he has been at once right, energetic and skilful."

Now it happens that a large body of American opinion is convinced that Mr. Acheson has been neither right, nor energetic, nor skilful in the one field of foreign relations that matters, namely: the defense of American interests against communism, both abroad and in his own Department. Like the two gushing reviews of Bundy's book, this opposition cuts across party lines. It has been expressed in the Senate, and by no means always by Republicans; and it has inspired the passage of resolutions calling for Acheson's dismissal by several Legislatures, including those of the Democratic states of Mississippi and Texas. To Bundy this opposition is an irresponsible "hue and cry." To Sherwood it is slander, vilification, character assassination. Millis regards criticisms of Acheson as "dangerous imbecilities."

This way of meeting opposition is well-known to Soviet polemicists; but since America is still a free country it need not overawe Mr. Acheson's critics. They will continue to judge the Secretary's words in the light of his actions—all of his actions since

he first entered the State Department in 1941.

Mr. Bundy, as he states in his preface, makes no attempt in his book to treat the criticism that Acheson, in 1944 and early 1945, "was hopeful of Russian good intentions." (Adolf Berle, former Assistant Secretary of State, put it more bluntly when he told a Congressional Committee that Acheson headed the pro-Soviet group in the Department.) Mr. Bundy does treat this charge in his preface, with the argument that most Americans shared Acheson's hopes and that those who allow their judgment of his present policy to be influenced by his past record appear to be actuated by sinister and partisan motives.

This ignores two all-important facts. The first is that Acheson was no mere propaganda-fed citizen in 1944 and 1945, but won his pro-Soviet fight against Berle in an important policy-making post in the State Department. In that post he had no right to be ignorant of Soviet imperialist plans which, as Alice Widener has twice shown in these pages, had been officially formulated and published as early as the twenties. The second fact is that the victory of the pro-Soviet group headed by Acheson led to the betrayal of our allies in eastern Europe and in China, and brought about that tremendous aggrandizement of Soviet power which led to Acheson's later warnings of national peril, to the Marshall Plan, to NATO, to the bloody and expensive Korean War—in short, to all Acheson's present policy of billions for defense—and \$120,000 for tribute. All this Mr. Bundy demands that we forget; and in doing so justifies the question: Whose motives are sinister and partisan?

For the tragic record of Acheson's contribution to Soviet appeasement has been extensively documented, most recently in the three volumes of the McCarran Committee Hearings, of which Bundy & Co. seem to be ignorant. Take for example the testimony of Eugene H. Dooman, who knows Japan from many years of State Department service in that country and who had been, before Mr. Acheson's ascendancy, Chairman of SWINK, the Far East Subcommittee of the State War and Navy Coordinating Committee. According to this testimony, no sooner did Acheson succeed Under Secretary Grew in August 1945, than he announced the appointment of John Carter Vincent (identified before the Committee as a member of the Communist Party) to be chairman of SWINK. And no sooner had Vincent assumed the chairmanship than a document containing instructions for General MacArthur on occupation policy in Japan was altered to conform to the demands of the Communist Party and Owen Lattimore ("Solution in Asia"). Mr. Dooman also testified that at a meeting of SWINK in the spring of 1945 on the Japanese political system, Acheson, asked by Assistant Secretary John

McCloy of the Treasury Department for his opinion on the matter, said:

"I have discovered that Far Eastern experts are a penny a dozen. . . . And I, myself, do not go along with what we have just heard. I prefer to be guided by experts who think more along my point of view."

From then on [says Dooman] he quoted virtually textually from this "Solution in Asia" by Dr. Lattimore.

On October 7 of that year the pro-Communist *PM* remarked editorially, "Now State Department policy has a better appreciation of what Soviet Russia wants."

All of which seems, at the very least, to dispose of Bundy's (and Sherwood's and Millis's) tributes to the long range of Acheson's vision.

Now let us consider his integrity, which is also the subject of their encomiums. Millis, alone among them, admits that Acheson argued the NATO treaty through the Senate by insisting that it would not involve sending more American troops to Europe. We all know what happened.

Acheson told the Senate committees investigating General MacArthur's dismissal that this government had never considered recognizing Communist China. On October 15, 1951, *Time*, commenting on Philip Jessup's statement to a Senate committee that we had "never considered" recognition, said:

In December, 1949, Secretary of State Dean Acheson told a *Time* correspondent: "What we must do now is shake loose from the Chinese Nationalists. It will be harder to make that necessary break if we go to Formosa." On the same day another high State Department official told the same correspondent: "Acheson has been steadily arguing with Truman to go along on an early recognition of Communist China. Just before Truman left for Key West, Acheson got him to admit the logic of early recognition. The trouble now isn't with Truman but in persuading him to override the pressure from congressional and other groups not to recognize."

During those same hearings Acheson repeatedly told the committees that this government had consistently opposed admitting Communist China to UN membership. Yet six months earlier, on January 13, he had voted for the infamous UN offer of a Korean cease-fire, with its provision that this question, and the fate of our Chinese allies on Formosa, be left to a committee of the United States, the United Kingdom, the USSR and Communist China—with free China excluded—which would have voted at least three to one for the Communists. And ten days later the Senate, unimpressed by Acheson's wisdom and integrity, had resolved 91-0 "that the Communist Chinese Government should not be admitted to membership in the UN."

Acheson told the joint committees that the only alternative to letting Chiang fall would have been to intervene at great expense with American armed forces, and that American opinion would have condemned this. When the attack on South Korea followed our betrayal of Chiang it was Acheson, ac-

cording to Louis Johnson's testimony at the same hearings, who proposed the American intervention which has cost many billions and over 100,000 American casualties. And that same Acheson who was so reluctant to commit American troops in China has steadily refused to permit free Chinese troops to aid American soldiers in Korea.

Bundy selects the case of Philip Jessup for extended treatment in attempting to justify Acheson's record on the issue of Communist infiltration. Again he reckoned without the McCarran Committee, whose record shows, from the files of the IPR, that Jessup's past associations and sympathies have been decidedly pro-Communist. It is enough to cite one episode. On September 1, 1940 the "millionaire Communist," Frederick Vanderbilt Field, announced to Jessup that he wished to resign as Secretary of the American Council of the IPR in order to head the American Peace Mobilization which, according to Attorney General Biddle,

was formed in 1940 under the auspices of the Communist Party and the Young Communist League as a front organization designed to mold American opinion against participation in the war against Germany.

After Chairman Jessup had explained to the executive committee of the Council that Field's decision was final, it was resolved "that a minute be drafted indicating the committee's acceptance of the resignation with great regret." On October 29 Jessup wrote to E. C. Carter:

I don't really think we can use Fred's statement as is, *much as I would be glad to help him with his cause* [our italics].

The man who wrote those words is now representing Acheson in the United Nations without the consent of the Senate, whose Foreign Relations Committee refused, on the basis of the McCarran record, to recommend his confirmation. This is a matter of record, not irresponsible "slander."

Unfortunately for Mr. Bundy, at about the time his book went to the reviewers his hero was forced by the Loyalty Review Board to dismiss John Stewart Service, six times cleared by the State Department's own Board. And Senator McCarthy has released the minutes of a meeting of the Loyalty Review Board in which the Department was far more sharply criticized than most newspapers could bring themselves to report. Which seems to dispose of Acheson's windy words about how clean and how watchful of the public interest the Department is under his administration.

"Wide is the range of words," says Homer. "Words can make this way or that way." The range of Acheson's words is wide indeed, and they have made any way his self-justification required. Bundy's personally conducted tour through the maze of his recent official statements may be reassuring to innocents or inveterate Achesonites. But anyone seeking light on the dark ways of Achesonian foreign policy will find it a deliberately misleading guide.

The Business Outlook

THIS IS the time of year when professionals and laymen take a hand at predicting the state of business during the next six or twelve months. The forecasts made in the holiday meetings of the learned societies and in the conferences of businessmen and economists are marked this time by much greater caution than has been customary in the past. The chances of either collapse or inflation are deprecated. There is talk of preserving a delicate balance between inflation and deflation at least during part of 1952. Some even go so far as to say that the inflationary forces arising out of a huge and expanding government budget will be successfully held in check.

Much of this caution is due to the unexpected behavior of consumers in 1951. Though their incomes increased, they bought less and saved more than they should have, according to the accepted statistical formulae of the relation of personal expenditures to personal incomes. In other words, they asserted their independence by refraining from buying what they did not need and refusing to buy at prices they considered too high. Consequently, stocks of hard goods—television sets, refrigerators, washing machines, automobiles—and of soft goods such as textile products, piled up. Prices dropped, and the retail business was in the doldrums. Even the Christmas trade proved to be disappointing.

It is this new datum which inspires doubts about the new year. By all ordinary methods of reckoning, the boom of 1951 (for that is what it was) ought to be compounded in 1952. The government's military expenditures, currently running at \$800 million a week, should increase in the next twelve months. Total Federal spending for the year will certainly exceed \$60 billion. If what we are being told about the probable budgets of New York State and New York City is at all typical of the country, local and state spending will likewise increase. Disbursements by private business for plant and equipment show no signs of falling much below last year's peak. Despite pockets of unemployment here and there, total employment is at a high level and will likely go higher as munitions production expands. Wages, under the beneficent influence of our stabilization program, will certainly be raised by a substantial amount, and the personal incomes of a large segment of the population will move up with them. Added to all this is the promise, or threat, by Mr. C. E. Wilson that civilian production will in the ensuing months be further and more drastically curtailed.

Under conditions as we used to know them, such a combination of forces would be fraught with danger. But the prognosticators now think that the consumer, flush with current income and past savings, has learned a lesson and so have the merchants and manufacturers who supply his needs. For a while, anyhow, consumers and suppliers will neither overbuy nor overstock. Hence they will act

as a great balance-wheel of an otherwise unrestrained boom, whose benefits we shall enjoy without being afflicted by its ills.

Whether or not these views of the near future are correct, the next months will tell. But this way of looking at things obscures the shaky foundations on which the business activity of this country rests and the political risks which Americans face in the years ahead. For the Federal government is more than ever before the dominant factor in our economic and political life. What it spends is the major determinant of the size of the national income, or the gross national product, or whatever measure is used to describe the magnitude of economic activity. The enormous expansion of industrial capacity since Korea has been largely a response to the requirements of government. The directions in which production moves are fixed by rules and regulations made in Washington.

Sometime, and perhaps sooner rather than later, we shall have reached the saturation point in these facilities, materials, and products. And we shall find ourselves totally unprepared to deal with the major and difficult problems of adjustment which a shift in economic conditions will inevitably require. The truth is that thinking and planning for such likely contingencies are arts that have fallen into disuse during more than a decade of full employment supported mainly by the cost of waging one war and the cost of preparing for another.

A plain consequence of these developments has been the mounting burden of taxation on both business and individuals. The process has gone so far that all agencies of government, Federal and local, are busy looking around for fresh sources of taxes and more effective ways of exploiting them. Even if Federal taxes stay put at their present levels, state and local taxes are likely to be further increased as the pressure for higher salaries of state and municipal employees and the rising prices of materials lift the costs of operating these governments. This means that Americans of all classes are fast losing one of the most precious of their liberties—the right to retain what they earn.

Worse still is the persistent encroachment of government on the rights and authority of industry and business. In peace, as well as in wartime, there is increasing reluctance to abandon established regulations, and an uninterrupted pressure for additional controls. Proposals for State intervention, once advanced, are never thereafter forgotten. Although the Administration constantly asserts its firm belief in free collective bargaining, it seizes every opportunity to inject itself into labor relations and to make the decisions which it is plainly the responsibility of the parties to the bargain to make for themselves. A government replete with the skilled and tireless propaganda of public relations agencies, occupies itself with inspiring and promoting the demand for additional government projects and persuading an indifferent, uninformed, or hostile public of their value.

Any appraisal of business prospects which fails to account for these revolutionary changes in the relation of our government to its citizens will prove a poor guide to those who wish to understand what is happening and to repair the damage being done to their institutions before it is too late. Such persons have before them the example of England where the same public policies have had a longer history and where their consequences are plain for every one to see. It serves little purpose to predict a good year in 1952 when some of the forces making it good are undermining the future prosperity and strength of the nation.

And Now Japan

WITH STALIN'S insolent message to Japan, the curtain has gone up on the inescapable third act of the Asiatic tragedy. Even before the humiliation of Panmunjom is consummated, the United States receives formal notice that the Soviets mean to interpret the American admission of impotence as a come-on for the final and decisive raid in Asia—the penetration of Japan.

Stalin, who is not in the habit of sympathizing with people on any general ground, expressed his sympathies for poor occupied Japan simply because he grasped what tremendous trumps Mr. Dulles's peace treaty had thrown his way. In its issue of October 8, 1951, this paper deplored "our folly in renouncing, in this perilous and obviously short interval of history, America's unexceptionable rights as an occupying power." And we added: "We have no quarrel with any specific provision of the Peace Treaty. We question the very idea of precipitating any peace treaty . . . with Japan at a time when all of Asia is in catastrophic flux, when events and constellations of the next day remain absolutely unforeseeable." To sign that treaty (then being hailed as an epochal achievement by virtually the entire press of the nation, Republicans and Democrats alike, on a binge of "bipartisanship") "is to invite shaky uncertainties, costly indecisions, and the never-ending gamble of Asiatic blackmail."

The dreaded unforeseeable events and constellations are now moving into focus. Mr. Truman's indecent hurry in cutting his Asiatic losses has encouraged Stalin to present his Japanese trumps sooner than even we expected; and those trumps are exceedingly strong. As indicated in the propaganda barrage beamed at Japan right after the Stalin letter (and unpardonably ignored by the American press), a coherent Soviet policy for the conquest of Japan seems to be evolving. Based on a shrewd evaluation of the predicament its newly restored sovereignty has brought upon Japan, this Soviet policy offers what millions of people on the crowded Japanese isles must deem their only chance of prosperity—trade with China. And all Stalin appears to be asking in return is a Japanese government willing to grab that chance.

Americans will underrate the lure of that offer at their own peril. Unlike the generous Mr. Dulles and his sentimental friends of the press, Stalin saw immediately how the restoration of sovereignty puts Japan on the spot: So long as legitimate occupation authorities determined Japan's moves, the Japanese could be made to understand that the world-wide concerns of the occupying powers must supersede any narrowly Japanese interests; but no sovereign Japanese government is likely to resist for very long the pull of an economic orientation toward China which is indeed the chief historic orientation of Japan.

This time, of course, it would be trade with Red China and must result in Japan's *Anschluss* with the Communist Empire of Asia. Yet what alternative can we offer, now that we have so wantonly yielded our indubitable right to direct Japanese policies in the interest of world peace rather than Japanese prosperity? What substitute markets can we propose to a prolific export industry which, for overpopulated Japan, spells the difference between boom and bust?

The present Japanese Government has so far responded most correctly. The Prime Minister counteracted the attractive Red offer with the tart suggestion that trade begin with the repatriation of those hundreds of thousands of Japanese war prisoners whom the Russians are either unable or unwilling to account for. A powerful bit of repartee, but one which will not prove too enduring under the distressing circumstances of an economy which hungers for trade. Stalin, in short, has reached for the noose an inane American "generosity" has provided: Japan is on her way to wind around her own neck the sovereignty Mr. Dulles piously considered her due.

As Dr. Schacht has demonstrated so impressively, a unilateral economic tie-up with a powerful totalitarian country can subdue weaker peripheral nations no less effectively than military conquest. And Stalin has good reason to expect that Japan may be sucked into his orbit without a shot fired—and in a few short years. Once Japan's economy is geared to Chinese specifications, the mechanism can be politically manipulated: a slight threat of business contraction here, a bit of eye-gouging there, and a lassoed Japanese Government could be pushed into turning "Popular Front." Once the Trojan horse is inside the walls, the rest is easy.

It will be especially easy if the current trend of Western submission continues in other sensitive areas of Asia. The French Government, in a scandalously unreported speech of Foreign Minister Schuman's, has just sued for "peace negotiations" with the Communist bandits of Indo-China. The European capitals are jubilant over rumors that a deal is cooking at the Paris Assembly of the UN whereby Stalin will make Mao stop the Korean war in exchange for Red China's admission to the UN. In short, Mr. Acheson's dust is settling fast all over Asia. To bury the Western world?

UN Blueprint for Tyranny

By JOHN W. BRICKER

A majority of UN members, says Senator Bricker, "subordinate the individual to the power of the state," and will accept no universal bill of rights which does not lower American standards of freedom. The UN draft Covenant endangers our own Bill of Rights, and the Senate should reject it.

THE United Nations draft Covenant on Human Rights is moving slowly through the catacombs of international bureaucracy. Its destination is the United States Senate. After its arrival, two-thirds of the Senators present and voting could scuttle the sovereignty and the Constitution of the United States.

Those unfamiliar with the UN's treaty-making ambitions may be tempted to assess the foregoing conclusion as a gross or partisan exaggeration. It is, nevertheless, a sober conclusion of law which has been objectively documented by many leaders of the American bar. The American Bar Association's Committee on Peace and Law continues to dissect the draft Covenant with terrifying clarity. No plea of ignorance can ever excuse the sacrifice of American freedom on the altar of an international bill of rights.

Public opinion has not yet been inflamed by this unprecedented assault on individual liberty. The American people have enjoyed so much freedom for so long that they tend to take it for granted. The United Nations has been depicted in the heavily-financed propaganda of public and private agencies as the only political institution in the history of mankind incapable of malfeasance. The State Department has befogged the issue with its peculiar gift for evasion and misrepresentation. Finally, the provisions of the draft Covenant are so utterly fantastic that it is hard to believe they are seriously proposed.

Apathy, propaganda, deception and incredulity combine to insulate the draft Covenant from much-deserved criticism, particularly in lay circles. In the *Department of State Bulletin*, dated June 25, 1951, this statement appears:

The basic civil and political rights set forth in the draft covenant are well known in American tradition and law. . . .

This is, even for the State Department, an unsurpassed perversion of the truth. The draft Covenant pays lip-service to many of the rights enumerated in the Constitution. These rights, however, are fitted with an escape hatch which enables governments to nullify the apparent restrictions on their power. In addition, the draft Covenant incorporates

civil and political rights which are completely foreign to American law and tradition. They have a distinctly scarlet hue.

For example, Article 1 of the draft Covenant forbids discrimination by parties to the Covenant on the basis of "political or other opinion," "national origin," and "birth or other status." The words, "political or other opinion," are sufficiently broad to include all shades of subversive opinion, including those relating to the forcible overthrow of the government. Legal distinctions between citizenship and alienage, which are a fundamental part of internal security legislation, appear to be prohibited by Article 1.

A treaty supersedes all prior inconsistent legislation. Article 1 would repeal the heart of the McCarran Act and other legislation aimed at curbing subversive activities. Control of subversive activities would be possible only if Congress extended the provisions of such legislation to citizens of unquestioned loyalty.

Reinstatement of the Truman veto of the McCarran Act is probably viewed by promoters of the draft Covenant as merely the frosting on the cake. Article 1 was formulated before Congress forced this weapon against communism upon a reluctant President.

Human Rights by Government Sufferance

Article 1 is simply a logical projection of the basic concept of the draft Covenant. The idea that we are now "peoples of the world" explains the attempt to place every human being under a common bill of rights. When the first seven words of the Constitution ("We the people of the United States") are devitalized, there is no reason to distinguish between citizens and aliens, or to protect any national political philosophy against subversion.

Many of our basic liberties fit the description, "freedom to be let alone." The First Amendment is an excellent example: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . ." Freedom of expression is typical of those rights which are isolated from the power of government on the theory expressed in the Declaration of Independence that they are unalienably bestowed by our Creator. In the draft Covenant, freedom of expression is treated as a right granted by governments, and one which governments should take affirmative action in promoting.

Article 14 (2) of the draft Covenant provides that "everyone shall have the right . . . to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds . . . either orally, in writing or in print . . . or

through any other media of his choice." To enforce this novel "right," a remedy is provided in political and administrative tribunals (Art. 3 (b)) against private groups and persons (Articles 1 (3) and 18 (1)). Earlier drafts of the article provided for freedom of expression "without interference by governmental action." Notwithstanding the omission of this language, the State Department maintains that Article 14 is "generally satisfactory from the point of view of the United States."

Under Article 14 (2) freedom of speech would soon be adulterated beyond recognition by spurious concepts of academic freedom. New York University could be required to rescind its recent action denying the facilities of its campus for lectures by Paul Robeson. Atheists could enforce a right to impart information and ideas at the University of Notre Dame.

By extending freedom of the press beyond the traditional field of non-interference by government, newspapers would soon be transformed into regulated common carriers. This is not a novel suggestion. The prejudices of the Hutchins Commission were capped by a similar recommendation. The CIO has not yet stopped whining in the aftermath of Senator Taft's 1950 success that Ohio newspapers failed to give the penetrating views of its captive candidate fair coverage.

Under Article 14 (2), the *Freeman* could be forced to allocate a "fair share" of its space to the most vocal exponents of socialistic "fair shares," Americans for Democratic Action. On the other hand, consider how political or administrative tribunals would rule on a petition setting forth Senator McCarthy's "right" to present his views on Dean Acheson in the columns of the *Washington Post*.

Paragraph 3 of Article 14 permits the press to be subjected to "penalties, liabilities, and restrictions" to achieve vaguely described objectives. Liberty of the press can not survive censorship and previous restraints on publication. An earlier subcommission draft specifically outlawed peacetime censorship, but this prohibition was eliminated from subsequent drafts of the Covenant. The American representative on the subcommission has written that "this action was supported by officials in Washington," and, "the restoration of this provision by the Human Rights Commission seems unlikely." (See Chafee, "Legal Problems of Freedom of Information," 14 Law and Contemp. Prob. 545, 576).

Article 14 (3) permits "penalties, liabilities, and restrictions," including peacetime censorship, to be imposed by law under these conditions:

... [if] necessary for the protection of national security, public order, safety, health or morals, or of the rights, freedoms or reputations of others.

No dictator could ask for a more effective club over the newspapers of his country. An independent press is inimical to the safety of any dictator. President Truman's recent censorship order proves that "national security" encompasses almost all activi-

ties. Although Congress may limit freedom of the press to protect "national security," an independent judiciary must find such limitations justified by a clear and present danger to the nation's safety. In hundreds of cases, courts have held that some interest of "national security, public order, safety, health or morals" must be subordinated to a policy of maximizing freedom of the press.

Whatever protection is conferred by Article 14 is completely nullified by the joker buried in Article 2 (1). Many of the rights ostensibly guaranteed in the Covenant, including freedom of the press, may be withdrawn during "an emergency officially proclaimed by the authorities." In the light of the Roosevelt-Truman emergencies, additional comment seems superfluous.

Proponents of the Covenant offer solemn assurances that it is invalid as domestic law to whatever extent it contravenes express prohibitions of the Constitution. This argument is demolished in reports of the Committee on Peace and Law of the American Bar Association. Of more general interest is the question why representatives of the United States should seek to ratify restrictions on the liberty of others. The *New York Times*, a lukewarm supporter of the Covenant, has conceded editorially that Article 14 would legalize the action of the Czech Government in the Oatis case.

The Appeasement of Socialism and Communism

Dangerously inept draftsmanship is one of the Covenant's outstanding characteristics. We need not pause to consider whether this is due to Mrs. Roosevelt's lack of legal training or to a conscious effort to appease Socialist and Communist nations. Whatever the reason, the result is the most bizarre document in the annals of American jurisprudence.

Article 5 (3), for example, provides that "no one shall be required to perform forced or compulsory labor." Understandable exceptions are then made for prison labor and universal military training. At the end of the article this exemption appears: "Any work or service which forms part of normal civic obligations." The exemption appears to sanction most of the recorded cases of slave labor from the building of the Pyramids to the construction of Tito's roads.

Part III of the draft Covenant neatly packages the pretensions of Marxian socialism. It resembles the Soviet Constitution far more than the Constitution and laws of the United States. Everyone in the world is accorded the right to "fair wages," "a decent living," "periodic holidays with pay," "adequate housing," "medical service and medical attention," and "benefits of scientific progress and its applications." These are fine aspirations, but they are not "rights" in any true sense of the word. History shows that these aspirations can be fulfilled on a broad scale only within the framework of a free, competitive economy. Article 32 describes these aspirations as "rights provided by the State."

The great majority of the UN member nations

can do little more than redistribute a dismal poverty. The American taxpayer, needless to say, was not forgotten. Parties to the Covenant undertake to take steps "through international cooperation, to the maximum of their available resources. . . ."

Probably few, if any, of our delegates sallied forth to Geneva with any intention to destroy American freedom. Their modest ambition, it appears, was to remake an unhappy world.

What happened? Were representatives of a free people converted by the ideologies they presumably set out to subdue? Why do they habitually return from Geneva and other UN conference sites praising proposed treaties which are totalitarian from beginning to end? In the process of defining the economic and political rights of every human being in the world, a hard truth must have soon become apparent. A majority of the UN member nations subordinate the individual to the power of the state under some form of communism, socialism, or military dictatorship. Unless American standards of freedom are lowered to meet the specifications of the majority, a universal bill of rights is impossible. However, a universal bill of rights is an essential part of world government. The choice was between the Constitution of the United States and hastening the advent of world government.

In "A Modern Law of Nations," Dr. Philip C. Jessup, discussing the unavoidable collision between a universal bill of rights and our own Bill of Rights, said:

The human rights to be defined and protected must be considered not in a vacuum of theory, but in terms of the constitutions and laws and practices of more than seventy states of the world. Not every personal guarantee which is congenial to the constitution of the United States of America is necessarily well adapted to other civilizations (Page 92).

Star Chamber procedure is not "congenial" to our Constitution. Article 10 of the draft Covenant permits denial of the right to a public trial. Article 36 of a proposed UN treaty for the creation of an international criminal court provides: "Trials shall be without a jury." Dr. Jessup extends this consolation:

It may be that jury trials are necessary to the well-being of every tribe in Africa; but they are not utilized in every Western country and it may be that they should not be used. ["A Modern Law of Nations," p. 92].

The Assault on American Sovereignty

Approval of the draft Covenant would destroy the sovereignty of the United States. The primary attribute of our national sovereignty is the ability of the American people to shape their own economic and political destiny. The draft Covenant would transfer control over a wide range of domestic activities to a maze of international authorities. The United States would be represented on supranational councils and commissions. The United States would retain a limited sovereignty compar-

able to that of the sovereign state of Rhode Island.

To insist on the preservation of national sovereignty does not imply a narrow isolationism. In the interest of maintaining international peace and security, restrictions on national sovereignty are customary. All nations have a substantial mutuality of interest in disarmament, the prevention of war, and the control of atomic weapons. Whether these and similar problems are handled in bilateral treaties, regional defense arrangements, or in United Nations treaties, the effect on national sovereignty is essentially the same. The result, assuming compliance with Constitutional processes, is a necessary and proper restriction on the freedom of action of signatory powers.

Rights which the American people enjoy by virtue of their own Constitution are not legitimate subjects of international concern. Nor is there any reason why the social and economic legislation of a free people should conform with international standards. This bartering of the rights of the American people must be stopped.

Only by amending the Constitution is it possible to prevent abuses inherent in the treaty-making power. Pending the adoption of a Constitutional amendment, the Senate should express its disapproval of the draft Covenant by passing Senate Resolution 177, now before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

America Could Be a Liberating Force

We can do much toward advancing the cause of human liberty throughout the world. First, however, we must abandon the idea that human rights can be secured by means of universal or multilateral treaties. Secondly, negotiations must be handled by people who have some understanding of the meaning of American freedom. And thirdly, we must accept the fact that other nations are not going to like us for attempting to improve the lot of their citizens.

The addiction for multilateral agreements is one of the outstanding vices of Administration foreign policy. Dean Acheson appears to recoil in horror at the prospect of taking unilateral action, or of treating one nation more favorably than another in bilateral negotiations. When our negotiators try to ameliorate restrictions on international trade, they invite all nations to a conference. Invariably, the agreement ratifies existing trade restrictions and adds some new ones. In the same way, multilateral negotiations on human rights are bound to result in a base standard of freedom to which the majority of conferees can subscribe. Restrictions on freedom, if approved, are thereby dignified and perpetuated.

We are pumping approximately \$8 billion a year into foreign countries. The wisdom of lavish foreign aid is beyond the scope of this discussion. Nevertheless, \$8 billion can buy a sizable chunk of human liberty if there is a will to do so. Our stratospheric dreamers will be horrified by the suggestion that human rights can be bought. Starry-eyed vision-

aries have always been hopelessly outmatched when pitted against the crude practicality of dictators. For fifty million dollars, however, few governments would decline to make substantial concessions in favor of freedom. Over a period of years, human rights could be advanced significantly without the slightest danger to our own freedom. The fetish of non-interference in the internal affairs of subsidized nations would have to be abandoned.

The draft Covenant proves that its sponsors are unable to distinguish clearly between freedom and tyranny. It is probably just as well, therefore, that dollars are being disbursed today without regard to any human-rights dividend. Much damage could be done by those Washington officials who endorsed Article 14 of the draft Covenant after approving elimination of the prohibition against governmental censorship. It would be dangerous to entrust human rights negotiations to one who believes with Dr. Jessup that jury trials are necessary only to the well-being of African tribes.

Our unparalleled generosity would not win us any world-wide popularity contest. The most powerful nation on earth, whose freedom spotlights the repression of others and whose hated and allegedly decadent capitalism saves its critics from bankruptcy, can hardly expect to be loved. The applause of a hostile and envious gallery of governments is not important. What is important is the moral duty to prevent American dollars from strengthening the forces of tyranny. The injection of a measure of decency into the relationship between the governments and citizens of the nations we subsidize will not enhance our popularity. No American should forget, however, the incalculable amount of human misery fastened on the world by their leaders who, until very recently, yearned to love and be loved by "good old Joe."

In the final analysis, "human rights" are synonymous with the rights and freedoms enjoyed by the American people. Human rights can not be advanced by men who are ashamed of America's traditions, by those who sneer at Americanism and patriotism, or by those who seek to submerge the identity of America in a supra-national one-world organization. In this connection, witness the philosophy of our Ambassador-at-Large:

I, for one, reject absolutely the idea of an "American Century" in which the United States in complacent benevolence will tell the rest of the world and each part of it what is good for it." [Jessup, "The International Problem of Governing Mankind," page 62].

Both for ourselves and people everywhere Philip Jessup's myopic vision must be repudiated. Rejection of the UN draft Covenant on Human Rights will mark a long step in that direction.

There's one thing no nation can ever accuse us of, and that is secret diplomacy. Our foreign dealings are an open book, generally a check book.

WILL ROGERS on the League of Nations

This Is What They Said

IF THE Chinese Communists establish a government in China, I am going to urge the American Government to recognize it. I am optimistic regarding China's future. . . . All the intellectuals in China, the liberals, and the Christians should give full support to the new Communist government and should take part in that government, so as to make the Communist authorities adopt a stable and healthy policy.

J. LEIGHTON STUART, U. S. Ambassador, speech in Shanghai, June 15, 1949, as reported by the French news agency, AFP

. . . unless you here, in the halls of the American Congress—with the support of the American people—concur in the general conclusions reached in the place called Yalta, and give them your active support, the meeting will not have produced lasting results.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, report to Congress on the Crimean Conference, March 1, 1945

The Third Reich will last a thousand years.

ADOLF HITLER, between 1933 and 1945

To Harry Bridges, it was obvious that the Communist Party would not only cooperate wholeheartedly . . . with the maritime workers, but could also give invaluable advice on the conduct . . . of the strike. In addition, the rank and file of the waterfront unions found that the Communist workers were the most militant, the most self-sacrificing, and the most consistent elements in their ranks.

BRUCE MINTON and JOHN STUART, "Men Who Lead Labor," Modern Age Books, 1937

Right the First Time

SECOND NIGHT LEAD TRUMAN

WASHINGTON, DEC. 28 (AP) MILITARY AND MOBILIZATION OFFICIALS SHOWED PRESIDENT TRUMAN TODAY THEIR RECOMMENDATIONS FOR NEXT YEAR'S NATIONAL DEFENSE BUDGET—AND CAME AWAY FROM THE WHITE HOUSE LOOKING A LITTLE GLUM. . . . THE MEETING WAS FOLLOWED BY A PROLONGED MUDDLE AT THE PENTAGON OF DEFENSE SECRETARY ROBERT LOVETT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY WILFRED J. MCNEIL, THE COMPTROLLER, AND OTHER DEPARTMENT EXPERTS.

CORRECTION

WASHINGTON—SECOND NIGHT LEAD TRUMAN, 3RD PGH., BEGINNING: THE MEETING, ETC., MAKE READ X X X WAS FOLLOWED BY A PROLONGED HUDDLE, ETC. (NOT PROLONGED MUDDLE).

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch as sent by teletype

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 World of Sumner Welles

By FORREST DAVIS

ONCE had a surprising and inconclusive colloquy with Sumner Welles regarding John Hay's place in history. It arose during a visit to the Under Secretary's office in that castellated old horror, the State, War and Navy Building, when I ventured to rate Abe Lincoln's one-time private secretary, the subsequent author of the Open Door policy and the Boxer Circular, among our foremost Secretaries of State. I was, I confess, influenced by more than Mr. Hay's diplomatic accomplishments, spectacular as they are. I have long been impressed by Hay's intellectual comradeship, visible to the Washington of an earlier generation in the twin mansions on Lafayette Square, with the searching, disenchanted flower of New England dilettantism, Henry Adams. The Hay-Adams houses, which are now succeeded by a hotel bearing both names, are to me a symbol of the last high noon of our public life before so much that was urbane, witty, responsible and, spare the word, distinguished, vanished from Washington under the Convenanting rigors of Woodrow Wilson, the utilitarianism of the Republican revival of the 1920s and the "liberal"-Socialist levity of the second Roosevelt.

To my astonishment Mr. Welles summarily disputed the rank I had accorded Hay. He dissented, moreover, with greater emphasis than seemed warranted. Yet when I presumed to inquire his reasons, he shifted ground to a discussion of John Quincy Adams. It developed, rather incongruously, that Mr. Welles, a whole-souled internationalist, regarded the gnarled old nationalist Adams, who crossed the aisle to support the purchase of Louisiana, who fathered the Monroe Doctrine and acquired Florida, as the very *beau ideal* of a Secretary of State.

The riddle of Mr. Welles's belittlement of Hay was only solved on a later occasion when he saw fit to recall a telling incident of his childhood. Because the incident affords a key to more than the disparagement of Hay, because, in truth, it largely explains the text and spirit of Mr. Welles's latest work of apologetics, "Seven Decisions That Shaped History" (New York: Harper, \$3), it calls for our consideration. It must first be noted that Mr. Welles stems from the brownstone-fronted *haute bourgeoisie* of nineteenth-century New York, an environment that also produced his great friend and patron, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It is also pertinent that Mr. Welles's mother was a Schermerhorn, a fact which, however inconsequential to present-day New Yorkers, was of moment in those times for three clear and easily grasped reasons.

The Schermerhorn family, dating from the New Amsterdam settlements, owned much of the land upon which rests the Borough of Brooklyn. The

seven beautiful Schermerhorn sisters had been justly celebrated in the press and one among them was, in Sumner's youth, the Mrs. Astor, the handsome and formidable dowager who had, among other blessings, conferred socially acceptable ancestors upon the Astors. It was under the magnificent shadow cast by this aunt that Sumner had his boyhood being.

The Schermerhorn-Astor-Welles connection, suiting its politics to its interest, was, as may be imagined, high protectionist and Republican. There was, however, one apostate. That was Sumner's mother, a lovely lady with musical talents, esthetic tastes and a lively interest in pacifism, the Boers and "the little brown brother" of the Philippines. In the year 1900 Mrs. Welles braved the family's disapproval by actively supporting Mr. Bryan's campaign for the Presidency on the issue of anti-imperialism. Young Sumner (he was eight that fall) ardently seconded his mother's choice.

To the Welleses *mère et fils* the embattled hosts of Tammany, the German-American *Bunds* serving the Kaiser's pro-Boer cause, the Fenians twisting the lion's tail and the pacifists of pulpit and press, advancing in ill-assorted array behind the Great Commoner, represented the Good, the True, the Beautiful. Drawn up against them were John Hay and the conscientious Mr. McKinley, tempering United States policy to the necessities of the Empire in its tussle with the Boers; the kinetic Teddy, Cabot Lodge, the witty and mordant Elihu Root, the infatuated young Beveridge, solid Bill Taft and that somber genius, Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, forever preaching oceanic destiny to the Anglo-Saxon cousinhood. These were to Sumner (still are, as his spontaneous rejection of Hay revealed) wicked men, imperialists bent upon subduing the "lesser breeds without the law," upon pushing Manifest Destiny to the distant shores of Asia and embroiling the rising Republic in the ugly quarrels of kings and empires. "I am still," Mr. Welles noted in relating the incident, "an anti-imperialist." In his book, if proof were needed, he recounts nudging Mr. Roosevelt to prod Winston Churchill in wartime to withdraw from India and abandon Hong Kong.

SO FLEW the banners in 1900 and, while a good bit of the dialectic of that hour jars our more sophisticated, yet even more bewildered, ear, it is plain that the half century belongs to Bryan. The educated have long since outgrown Kipling. We have shrugged off the "white man's burden" on native intellectuals, themselves trembling in the shadow of Moscow. The intelligentsia dismisses the

diplomatic triumphs of Hay, Theodore Roosevelt and Root as petty deeds of the "McKinley era," treating Senator Beveridge's attempt to draw robes of moral purpose around the Anglo-American *imperium* as adolescent bombast. Which it very largely was. Yet Mr. Bryan's equally immature homiletics, fluted from a thousand platforms, his perversion of Sermon-on-the-Mount non-resistance into international policy, his denial of American interest in far lands and his belief that war is the absolute evil waged by bad men in obedience to Original Sin, an evil avertable by innocence and pious verbiage, deeply color the thought of a generation that scorns Mr. Bryan as a Fundamentalist and a prairie Marx. And, although some question his theology—others regarding him as overly simple for even his day—we see with Mr. Welles owning his debt to him and by a survey of the Administration's behavior in foreign affairs, that the influence of Mr. Bryan is not dead, but liveth.

The juxtaposition of Hay and Bryan is of far more import to us than an accidental evocation of Mr. Welles's boyhood decision. While the influence of Bryan is everywhere apparent, there are signs of a rebirth of Hay, who quite recently acquired a powerful spokesman. It was significant that General Douglas MacArthur, testifying before the Senatorial committees, invoked the Far Eastern policies of Hay, the first Roosevelt, Root, Taft and Henry L. Stimson. These were national policies, designed to give the United States a senior position in the Far East for American purposes, and we may be sure their authors never would have surrendered China to Russia. One wonders if the whole MacArthur phenomenon may not reflect a revival of national feeling.

THE WORLD of Sumner Welles, it is equally clear from his book and the complex of foreign policy which he defends, is the world of Bryan. A world, that is to say, of peace as an abstract good, the denial of specific national interest, of dubious semantics, of an overriding yet rhetorical concern for mankind and a faith in verbiage bordering on the magical. If Mr. Welles's book were only, as he frankly avows it to be, a piece of *ex parte* journalism calculated to put the record of Mr. Roosevelt (and Mr. Welles) in better light, it could be left to students of history. It is as a revelation of the mankind *mystique* guiding Mr. Roosevelt, and especially Mr. Welles, and their belief in verbal causality that the book has primary value to us.

The author loses no time in avowing that faith. In his foreword he takes blunt issue with Sir Edward Grey's aphorism that events make diplomacy, not diplomacy events. "The essential fallacy in that generalization," wrote Mr. Welles, "was never better shown up than by President Roosevelt's determination to obtain a functioning United Nations organization before the final victory." It is Mr. Welles's rather startling opinion that the United Nations "has so far prevented a hopelessly divided world." If he means that the war of man-

kind that all dread has not yet broken into hostilities, that much is so. If he means that through the San Francisco charter and the sordid and pusillanimous trafficking at Lake Success the world is less divided than in 1945, that is just plain not so.

I am not saying that an international organization may not some day prove an effective instrument of world order. What I am saying is that the United Nations, hastily improvised by Roosevelt, was foredoomed because it ignored realities present for all to see. The overshadowing reality was that the Russian imperial system, encouraged by the power vacuums growing out of the doctrine of unconditional surrender and strengthened by the concessions of Teheran and Yalta, was on the march. Given Marxist dynamics, the Kremlin's unconcealed ambitions and its contempt for the humane values of the West, how could any mind trained in international relations and versed in the disillusioning history of power have supposed that a congress of states would block Russia's will? The widespread acceptance of the idea in the higher levels of American society bespeaks the paltry character of political thinking among us.

The Kremlin's intentions were no secret when the concessions were made, although Mr. Welles, improbably suggesting that the cooperative Stalin became a prisoner of the Red Army after Teheran, would have us think otherwise. To any objective observer it was apparent in the spring of 1943 that, the Red Army having mastered the Germans at Stalingrad, the Kremlin was launching its war on the West. The most telling clue was the Kremlin's renewed hostility to the free Poles. Mr. Welles did not so read what was happening, as I had reason to know, and in his book he advances the theory that Stalin, loosening his ties with the West after Teheran, only finally slipped them at Potsdam when confronted with the inferior statecraft of Harry S. Truman and Clement Attlee. This is carrying veneration quite far.

The Welles theory of a "radical transformation" in Soviet behavior after Potsdam exculpates Mr. Roosevelt of much of the blame for what has happened to us. That may have been his pious intent. In the service of his theory, the author condemns the Eisenhower failure to march into Berlin and our withdrawal from Prague, deploring in general our post-Potsdam diplomacy and treating James F. Byrnes's endeavors with harsh contempt. Mr. Welles's effort, although insistently pressed, does not come off. The damage was done before Potsdam, as even a casual study of the available material demonstrates.

Mr. Welles perpetuates in his book the harmful illusion, in which Mr. Roosevelt persisted to the end, that Russia is just another nation-state. It was under that illusion that the wartime President gave concessions to Russia. The Russia of 1941, quite as much as the Russia of 1951, was the base of a rampant worldwide conspiracy of conquest, an imperialism with a dynamics more remorseless

than anything in the experience of the West. This fact was wholly unconcealed from any inquirer. Yet, as the author makes evident, the President would not regard Russia as anything but a state in the Western image, to be dealt with in good faith, befriended and bent to the impossible ends of peace. It is the tragedy of Roosevelt and Welles alike that, in acting under that illusion, they were assisting in the disintegration of the great society of the West without even being aware of it. Mr. Welles is still unaware.

OF THE seven decisions of his title, five thresh old straw. Two chapters review controversial questions of the last war, the pre-Pearl Harbor diplomacy and the Vichy policy aimed at preserving the French fleet and a toehold in North Africa, with a view to proving the Administration right. As to the Vichy policy, and I followed it almost day by day as it developed under the skilful direction of Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle, Jr., I never was able to fathom the liberal outcry against it here and in England. There was a discrepancy between the professions and behavior of the liberals that puzzled me then, as it did Mr. Berle, and still mystifies Mr. Welles. Either the liberals wanted to win the war, or they did not. If they did, why quibble over employing our diplomacy without cost in principle at a point where we were weak, the enemy strong?

The omission of Adolf Berle's name from this chapter is noticeable. Others excluded by name from this intensely personal book are Dean Acheson, who is thus spared involvement by name in the China policy; ex-Ambassador William C. Bullitt, who is referred to only by title; and Alger Hiss.

Two of the decisions are of the might-have-been variety. These bear upon Mr. Welles's faith in the efficacy of the word. Had Cordell Hull and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain not, in differing degrees, blocked a Welles proposal for a Roosevelt peace *démarche* on Armistice Day of 1937 could the Nazi drive for power have been stopped short of war? You answer that one. How might the postwar world have fared had Roosevelt, Churchill and Secretary Hull sought territorial and political settlements with the Kremlin during hostilities instead of reserving these matters to a peace conference that has never yet eventuated? Mr. Welles gives inadequate attention to this vast and provocative speculation.

The fifth decision brings to light a dramatic dispute by telephone between Welles and Hull (their feud, ending in Welles's dismissal from the Department of State in the fall of 1943, was protracted and choleric) with the President as third party. Roosevelt and Hull were in Washington, Welles in Rio de Janeiro at a Pan-American conference. The President, siding with Welles, saved the conference, as Mr. Welles sees it, and assured the hemispheric collaboration so useful to the United States during the recent war. As the author recalls this episode, he appears at his best as a diplomatist, suave, con-

ciliatory and with his eye firmly fixed on the principal objective without reference to unattainable detail. We have dealt with the sixth decision out of which came the United Nations.

WITH THE seventh decision, Roosevelt's casual submission to blackmail by Stalin at Yalta, we come to the heart of our current crisis over the Far East. We come also to the perplexing figure of General George C. Marshall. In seeking to excuse the President for surrendering Manchuria, the Kuriles and half Sakhalin to an overweening Russia, without consultation with our loyal ally, China, Mr. Welles rests his case on the lamentable conclusion of the Joint Chiefs, actuated by General Marshall, that we must induce Moscow to join the war against Japan. But he fails to clear Roosevelt in this crucial matter. Marshall's historic error in estimating, against the advice of Admiral William D. Leahy, the OSS and others, that Japan would hold out a year and a half after V-E Day, only to be overcome after a costly infantry invasion, needs one day to be thoroughly investigated. Upon whose intelligence did Marshall rely?

Free of his memorial restraints, Mr. Welles deals scathingly with the Far Eastern disaster produced by Truman, Acheson and Marshall. He finds their policy replete with "amazing anomalies and vagaries." He is frigidly severe with General Marshall for "browbeating" Chiang Kai-shek into accepting Communists into his government (the Chinese Red armies still being afield) at the precise moment when Washington was persuading Premier De Gasperi to expel the Communist ministers from his cabinet at Rome. He scores Marshall for suppressing Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer's report, charges (as does Admiral Leahy in his memoirs) that the Marshall mission violated Roosevelt's China policy, yet nowhere can Mr. Welles bring himself to ask what part treason had in all this. It is as if the Hiss and Remington cases had never been tried. Could it be that the author evaded the issue out of a realization that the principals were men raised to power by Mr. Roosevelt? In ignoring the question of possible treason Mr. Welles vitiates his whole discussion of the Asia problem.

That discussion does bring from him his sole explicit appeal to American interest in the vein of John Hay. "Yet," he asks, "if we were to pursue our own national interests realistically, what was the alternative to backing the Nationalist government?" Apart from that I found no suggestion that this foremost of human societies, his own, had any special interests that Mr. Welles was bound to recognize. Mr. Welles's stately phrases march to the music of mankind. Peace, not triumph over evil or the cogent matter of national survival, is still the only acceptable goal. Despite our dismaying experience, the United Nations is to him "the hope of mankind" and he applauds President Truman for making it the "foundation" of our foreign policy.

In European questions, such as the Schuman Plan and the aborted rearmament of western Germany,

he finds no specific American interest. He opposes the use of Japan to redress the balance in Asia in our favor. He would make Formosa a United Nations base, once the dust settles in Asia, to be administered perhaps by a commission dominated by the Asian-Arab block and Red China. In short, Mr. Welles practices the magnificent detachment so characteristic of our educated opinion toward all the world, denying the life-or-death problems of our time any really American context. I hesitate to say that this is the fruit of intellectual inertia, escapism according to Bryan, a perhaps unconscious tenderness toward the senior Welfare State and just plain feebleness of spirit, yet I fear that it is so.

AS MIGHT further be expected, Mr. Welles cheerfully sounds the knell of our capitalistic economy, writing:

The obvious benefits which people derive from some sort of government control over their national economy, such as those prescribed by the United Nations, must presage, even to the diehards most wedded to the shibboleth of "free enterprise," a lasting departure from the free economic life of the nineteenth century.

The advantages of free economic opportunity must seem unimportant, if not trivial, at Oxon Hill. Mr. Welles accordingly praises Point Four, or imperialism on the collectivist model. When he permits himself a hopeful glance into the future, Mr. Welles celebrates "the individual blessings to be gained through a world order founded upon the repression of aggression, the consecration of individual liberty and of human rights, and the promotion of economic security." Has this *rentier* of good will ever given a thought to the impossibility of preserving individual liberty and human rights once economic security (as in Russia and Nazi Germany) has been assured through the all-encompassing state?

"Finally," he writes, in convincing testimony to his steadfastness in error, "we should make it unmistakably clear that the United States is always willing to negotiate with the Soviet Union whenever her acts match her professions of peaceful intent." To Mr. Welles Russia is still a nation-state of the same order as Britain or Chile, a state momentarily and regrettably intransigent but which at any time may repent its bloody dreams of world ascendancy and the loot of the ancient treasure houses of the West. With the afflatus of the "great design" still upon him, Mr. Welles can not be a trustworthy guide in hard times like these.

We should not perhaps be too exigent with Mr. Welles's unregeneracy, his ambiguities in the service of the dead, his rhetoric in the cause of mankind and the poverty of his thought with reference to the central drama of our time. Professionally he was born out of time. His skill belongs to the age of diplomacy when the chancelleries, not the masses, mattered; when the day's "baskets" could be kept in neat array and destiny overcome by a deft note. When it comes to the politics of survival Mr. Welles is lost, and it was more than the parables of the

greatest of all Chautauqua lecturers which alienated him from *Realpolitik*.

Mr. Welles is the product of a whole disarrayed generation of the educated in America, a generation which, despising Bryan, yet takes its cue from him in the emotionally charged values of peace, nationalism and imperialism. The effects of no Presidential election have persisted more deeply in our national life than those of 1900. Mr. Bryan mobilized the foreign born for the first time along lines of international policy. He taught the magic of pious affirmations. He preached the shamefulness of our might. He offered us the easy way of staying home, minding our own business; a course which many Republicans, oblivious of their own splendid heyday, have followed with a zeal worthy of Mr. Bryan himself. Mr. Bryan placed the world thinking of Americans in a moralistic cast from which it has never broken free.

The credulous, uninstructed generation which nurtured Mr. Welles has long since replaced thought and care about international relationships with slogan thinking. Among the twentieth century despots, the Big Lie is regarded as a prime instrument of mass manipulation. On this side of the Iron Curtain it is the Big Cliché. One example of such stereotyped thinking is the palpable untruth uttered by Maxim Litvinov, "peace is indivisible"; a phrase taken as the base of our world policy. The statesmanship of Hay would have rejected such sophistry as a spring of policy. Hay's time was not the time of world wars. Untroubled by the illusion of mankind, Hay and his compeers were under no nervous compulsion to make sure that all wars were world wars. They had metes and bounds to their policy. They had the easy, comfortable reference to national interest which our policy lacks today and which Russian policy has. It is perhaps that singlemindedness of Russian policy that makes it appear a model of clarity against our own sense of chaos, fear and frustration.

Things We'd Like to Forget

That the President and his cronies are not soon parted.

So-called liberals who look at life through red-tinted glasses.

Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam and Moscow.

Some of the bright sayings of Mr. Truman about the Soviet Union.

Socialized medicine, the Brannan farm plan and other aspects of Administration "belt-tightening."

In short, nearly every reflection of government policy since 1945.

EDMUND J. KIEFF

British Bureaucrats Kill Some Cows

By GEORGE WINDER

CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

DURING the autumn, when Great Britain was still ruled by a Socialist government, the papers gave considerable prominence to the victory of a British Friesian cow named Manningford Faith Jan Graceful, which, at the age of 13 years, three months, showed a recorded production of 267,304 pounds of milk and thereby wrested the championship of the world for the heaviest-milking cow from the American champion Holstein, Ionia Ormesby Queen. The victory was duly recorded in American farm periodicals, and we are told that the United States already has a coming champion which will soon give Faith Jan Graceful a run for her money.

All this would hardly be within the province of the *Freeman* were it not for the fact that behind the British Friesian's victory there lies a story the interest of which spreads far beyond the province of agriculture.

Should there be any American dairy farmer who thinks of visiting Great Britain, with the idea of inspecting the famous herd that bred the British champion, and perhaps buying a young bull to improve his own stock, he is doomed to disappointment. The Manningford herd, which once enjoyed an international fame of which the victory of Faith Jan Graceful was only the crown, no longer exists. And the reason for its non-existence is a tale of bureaucratic planning which should be a warning to all Americans.

Such a herd as that of Manningford is a great achievement. It is far more than the total of the beasts which compose it. It is a living entity, and knowledge of its interrelations and the records of its ancestors is essential to its progress. The service it could perform for mankind can not be estimated. No one willingly breaks up and disperses such a herd. Nor was the Manningford herd willingly dispersed. It was, instead, ignorantly destroyed by that bureaucratic interference and ineptitude which, the British people have learned, is inseparable from the State planning of agriculture.

It adds interest to the story to know that Mr. George Odlum, owner of the Manningford herd—and probably, until he came up against the Planners, England's most successful farmer—was born in America. He obtained a B.Sc. from the College of Agriculture in Michigan, and over fifty years ago owned a farm in that state.

These facts, which may hitherto have been unknown in America, will probably assuage the feelings of the owner of the American ex-champion, Ionia Ormesby Queen. It may be some consolation to him to know that, if the cow which beat him was

English of Dutch descent, the man who bred her was as much an American as himself.

In his comparative youth Mr. Odlum was agricultural adviser to the British South Africa Company and to the Rhodesian Government. He was responsible for the introduction of tobacco-growing into Rhodesia. He has managed a farm in Honduras with 8000 employees, and another in Kenya with 4000. In addition to all this, he has acted as agricultural adviser to no fewer than 35 governments. He is certainly a type the bureaucrat should handle with kid gloves.

IN 1926 this very experienced agriculturist settled at Manningford, in the Vale of Pewsey, in the County of Wiltshire. There, on 900 acres—a large farm for Great Britain—he created the famous Manningford herd. Very soon government officials who wished to impress foreigners with the excellence of British farming were taking distinguished visitors to view his undertaking. It became a show place. His Friesian herd became noted for its milk production. He undertook advanced experiments in breeding which would require years to complete. He had 52 cows which produced over 2000 gallons a year each, and some which produced over 3000 gallons. Being determined to advance the interests of Friesian cattle, he fixed a low uniform price for his bulls, so that the breed should become popular with young farmers.

In the days of free enterprise, Mr. Odlum and his herd flourished exceedingly. Unfortunately, those days ended with the outbreak of war, when the State took over the direction of British agriculture. It has retained that direction to this day.

Mr. Odlum, realizing that the food requirements of Great Britain in time of war necessitate an extensive production of grain, arranged to sow most of his land to wheat. In the interests of his herd, however, he decided that for every two acres under wheat he would place one acre under green fodder, a large percentage of which could be turned into silage. Now that the war hysteria is over, any British farmer would recognize this as a wise plan. It would have provided far more grain than expected from most dairy farms, as well as ensuring the survival of his herd. Unfortunately, the newly-formed Wiltshire Agricultural Committee—perhaps at this time anxious to feel its authority—had other ideas.

The representative whom it sent to interview Mr. Odlum was not, perhaps, a hand-picked bureaucrat. When governments extend their activities into new fields the number of skilled men they require does not necessarily expand also. In this case, it is clear

that we have a very ordinary bureaucrat dictating to a very skilled and experienced farmer, and probably enjoying it. His only comment on the plan Mr. Odlum put before him was, first, that he did not like Friesian cattle; secondly, he did not like silage because he did not think that it was good for cows; and, thirdly, he did not believe in all this talk about clean milk, because it gave people the idea that ordinary milk was not clean. Then, from the plenitude of his power, this representative of the Committee said: "No! You have got to plough up your whole farm, and grow grain. We shall require you, probably, to plough up your bull pens and everything."

THERE was no appeal from this bureaucratic decision. Mr. Odlum had to obey. As the land went under grain, the difficulty of feeding his valuable herd became progressively greater. The Committee was unapproachable. The cattle had to go.

Mr. Odlum had the unpleasant experience of seeing his farm run for him by incompetent men, and his herd and all his breeding experiments destroyed. He objected to many orders he received which he knew to be unwise; but in the end it was shown that, however reluctantly, he had obeyed them all.

Perhaps the unkindest cut of all came when the farm was completely sown to grain and his herd had been dispersed. Another representative of the Committee called—one who had absorbed the Minister of Agriculture's new instructions that milk was to be given the same priority as grain. Seeing the modern cow-sheds empty, each of them with standings for a hundred head, he ordered Mr. Odlum to fill one of them with cows. To do so in anything like a reasonable time, Mr. Odlum would have to go to the open market.

Mr. Odlum kept his temper. All he is reported to have said is: "Why was it necessary to part with my high-class herd, disease-free, and now to be asked to stock with mongrel animals which will all have been in contact with disease?" A day or two later no less a person than Mr. R. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture himself, called and offered Mr. Odlum a price for his farm. He required it for his personal occupation. Mr. Odlum, his patience exhausted, sold out.

Thus was dispersed, by bureaucratic control, the Manningford herd which produced Faith Jan Graceful, and thus was one of England's greatest farmers driven from the land.

Some of the famous herd went to the butchers, so that other potential Faith Jan Gracefuls died without trace. Some went to cowkeepers who kept no records. Fortunately, the young cow that was to be the winner of a world title went into the skilled hands of Rex and Harold Jenkinson, of Mill Farm, Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, who now own her.

But this is only half the story. The transactions between Mr. Odlum and the Wiltshire Agricultural Committee might never have seen the light of day, and the manner in which his herd was dispersed might never have been known, but for the fact that the Committee added to its other injustices by cast-

ing aspersions on Mr. Odlum's capacity as a farmer. This went as far as libel, which was contained in an itinerary for journalists, prepared by the Committee about a year after Mr. Odlum had sold out to Mr. Hudson. It read:

Then to Mr. R. Hudson's farm, of Manningford. This is a typical Wiltshire chalk farm of 900 acres with top downland, back arable, and water meadows and pasture running down to the River Avon. This farm was taken over last summer by Mr. Hudson, and *was in very poor condition*, but is now showing excellent crops. [Italics added]

This was the Committee's great mistake. To say that his farm was in poor condition was too much for Mr. Odlum. To ruin his herd was bad enough, but to blame him for the Committee's mistakes demanded redress. He sued the Chairman of the Committee.

He soon found that he was challenging not only the Committee but a far more formidable opponent—the Ministry of Agriculture, which appointed its own legal representative to conduct the Committee's case. In fact, Mr. Odlum soon found himself fighting the whole bureaucratic system deriving from, and under, the Ministry of Agriculture.

THE RECORDS of this case reveal the tragedy of a man fighting for his land against the sheer ignorance and complacency of a bureaucracy. Not that the men employed by the Wiltshire Agricultural Committee were malicious; they were only unfit to exercise the power over others which the policy of State agricultural planning must necessarily give to ordinary men.

The Minister of Agriculture was determined to prevent the production before the Court of letters regarding Manningford Farm which had passed between the Ministry and the Wiltshire Agricultural Committee. He was particularly anxious not to reveal the grade for agricultural efficiency under which Mr. Odlum's farm had been placed by the first wartime survey. The production of all evidence bearing on his case is the legal right of every litigant, and there are only one or two rare exceptions to this rule. One of them is when a Minister of the Crown makes a declaration on oath that the production of documents by his Ministry is contrary to the public interest. By making use of this exception, the Minister suppressed much evidence which would have been useful to Mr. Odlum.

Mr. Justice Atkinson, of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, who presided at the trial, clearly disapproved this action. Of the Minister's refusal to reveal the grading of Manningford Farm, he said: "The reason for the refusal to tell me how this farm was graded, or the reason which Counsel was instructed to give, is clearly contrary to the truth." A little later he said: "I can not help it if the Minister makes an affidavit of that kind. If fifty Ministers swore on fifty Bibles that it was contrary to the public interest that I should be told how this farm was graded, I should not believe them."

There were, however, two letters, and two only, that the Minister exempted from his general ban. It may be only a coincidence, though a very suspicious one, that on first reading they appear to damn the plaintiff's case. One was a letter complaining about Manningford Farm from a Mr. Hurd, who was described as a chief liaison officer of the Ministry of Agriculture, and the other was the reply thereto, written by Mr. W. T. Price, the Chief Executive Officer of the Wiltshire Agricultural Committee. Here is an extract from this reply:

Dear Hurd: I acknowledge receipt of your letter of July 7th. I have already explained to the Minister the reasons why Manningford was in such a deplorable condition. I think you yourself know the circumstances of this case; that since Mr. Odium lost his wife he has gone to pieces, and his health has been particularly bad during the last twelve months. We did everything possible to try and get things put right but, as you know, Mr. Odium was particularly awkward, and was a complete obstructionist. I think that it is quite definite that, if Mr. Odium had not sold his farm, the Committee would have taken possession by now.

I spent a day on the farm yesterday, and I must say I was agreeably surprised at the improved condition of the farm from what it was last spring, and the crops that are left are looking reasonably well. This is due, in the main, to the efforts of Mr. Booth, who has spent a lot of time on the farm this last summer, and has, in fact, one might say, farmed the place.

Of this letter, Mr. Justice Atkinson said in his judgment:

There is scarcely a statement in this letter—I do not see why I should mince language—which is not an untruth, and a deliberate untruth. It was true that Mr. Odium had lost his wife. It was untrue that he had gone to pieces. Mr. Odium's health has been no worse during the past twelve months than it had been during the last few years. It was untrue that he was "particularly awkward and was a complete obstructionist." It was untrue that the Committee would have taken possession of the farm—and Mr. Price admits that it was untrue to say: "This is due, in the main, to the efforts of Mr. Booth." He could not help but praise the crops, and say they were good, because they were there to be seen, and yet he says that this was due in the main to the efforts of Mr. Booth, who had been once on the farm in March—at any rate, never before March—and had nothing in the wide world to do with the fact that these crops were good.

Later in his judgment, referring to the letter, Mr. Justice Atkinson said:

I think that in 1942 Mr. Price wrote a most disgraceful and malicious letter to the Minister, a letter which he knew quite well was untrue, in the hope of turning the blame from himself and his Committee on to Mr. Odium, and that the libel was published to boost the Minister of Agriculture, and I do not believe for one moment that Mr. Price thought the farm had been in a very poor condition.

Another extract from Mr. Justice Atkinson's judgment still further reflects his opinion of the Committee's Chief Executive Officer, Mr. Price, who had testified as follows: "I wanted to make it

perfectly clear that, as far as we were concerned in Wiltshire, Mr. Hudson was Farmer Hudson; the fact that he was Minister of Agriculture did not matter at all." Mr. Justice Atkinson's comment was:

What sheer humbug that turned out to be! The moment Mr. Hudson got the farm the Catchment Board cleared out the river, lowering the bed of it; the Agriculture Committee themselves cleared out the drains and lowered them; they ploughed the land for him; they did everything they could for Mr. Hudson—and they let him grow as much fodder as he wanted.

Had Mr. Odium lost this case it would have cost him thousands of pounds, for the giving of evidence alone took nine days, and King's Counsel were employed on both sides. But justice prevailed. The final result was that Mr. Odium was completely vindicated, and the machinations of the Committee exposed.

The farmer from Michigan, U. S. A., had beaten the Wiltshire Agricultural Committee. He had beaten the Minister of Agriculture. He had beaten bureaucracy. He had, indeed, beaten the British Socialist State. And then last autumn, five years after his retirement, Manningford Faith Jan Graceful turned up to give the bureaucrats a final kick in the face.

Mr. Odium now lives on a five-acre lot, which is too small an area to come under the jurisdiction of Agricultural Committees. He spends considerable time writing on genetics, and frequently speaks for the British Broadcasting Corporation on agricultural subjects. In the Conservative periodical, the *New English Review*, he is described, in the words of Gray's "Elegy," as

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.

If this modern British Hampden happens to have been born in America, what matter? More power to the country that bred him, and the Michigan Agricultural College which sent him out into the world—a man whom petty tyrants have reason to fear. It is hoped that with the return of a Conservative government in Great Britain the freedom for which Mr. Odium fought will be returned to the farmer in full measure.

Worth Hearing Again

The amateur social doctors are like the amateur physicians—they always begin with the question of remedies, and they go at this without any diagnosis or any knowledge of the anatomy or the physiology of society. They never have any doubt of the efficacy of their remedies. They never take account of any ulterior effects which may be apprehended from the remedy itself. It generally troubles them not a whit that their remedy implies a complete reconstruction of society, or even a reconstitution of human nature. Against all such social quackery the obvious injunction to the quacks is, to mind their own business.

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER, "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other," published 1883

Presidents and the Press

By A. R. PINCI

THE ISSUE of veracity between President and journalist is nothing new. Its basis has been general or specific, serious or ephemeral. During my Washington coverage, which dates back to Theodore Roosevelt, Presidential controversies with various correspondents have frequently arisen, but not in every case has the President been right. With the Truman-Krock controversy about the alleged Democratic Party offer to Eisenhower far from settled—because of pending campaign slants—it is time to bring the relations between President and press into focus.

High officialdom deals with nine-tenths of theory or imagination and one-tenth of fact, whereas the press must deal with nine-tenths of fact, and in expert hands, one-tenth imagination—or hunch. Throughout the recent argument one vital fact has been disregarded—that *Arthur Krock sought to check the information at hand at the only source, but this President Truman declined to let him do.* Journalistic ethics couldn't have been observed more punctiliously. And even with any kind of direct Presidential repudiation the correspondent's duty to his newspaper and public would have remained the same—to pass on the report plus the denial.

Such regrettable events as the Truman-Krock contretemps have old and deep roots. The trouble is traceable to the misnamed White House "press conference." It was ungregarious Woodrow Wilson who devised such a mass conference to "prevent favoritism." Thirty-six years passed between Wilson's termination of the set-up he so foolishly originated and the day when Harry S. Truman told the Washington correspondents that he did not consider their jobs to be "very important."

A "conference" implies free discussion with participants as equals. This is never the case at White House press gatherings. When attendance at these mass phenomena began topping a hundred, it was necessary to choose a bellwether, and to limit the questioning to a dozen or so reporters. Thus the stooge interrogator has been exalted. Each President has implicitly reserved unto himself the "setting of the mood." That is why many a seance has metamorphosed into an act, or even degenerated into burlesque or a Presidential kangaroo court.

After witnessing many such gatherings since their inception in 1913, I can compare the attitudes of the six Presidents toward their newspaper visitors. On the whole Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, FDR and Truman have had little use for either reportorial inquisitors or their employers. At his 200th press meeting Mr. Truman said that, while publishers and editors sometimes annoyed him, he never got annoyed with the correspondents.

That "never" of his lasted for precisely 132 days.

When Truman uttered his unforgettable "SOB," its aim was plural rather than singular (Drew Pearson happened to be the timely target). At some press meetings HST has been angry, acrimonious, resentful—and has even gone so far as to accuse some quizzers of "bad faith"!

In the Senate Mr. Truman had no cause for violent likes and dislikes toward press gallery denizens. But in the Presidency he suddenly came under both microscope and magnifying glass, with some commentators using too much of one or the other. Naturally, no correspondent worth the title could ignore the anomalies personified by Truman the Senator and Truman the President. The latter has been unable—it's an allergy inherent in the job—to see himself in the contrasting images of Senator and President as these confront him in print.

The reporters went gaga at FDR's first press meeting. It seemed so wonderful after a decade of Coolidge taciturnity and Hoover reticence. Warren G. Harding, hailed over-hastily by the reporters as one of themselves because he owned a newspaper, once was so abusive that, had I been present as a working correspondent and not as a White House guest, respect for my profession would have led me to withdraw in protest.

Wilson, who considered himself intellectually above his own major appointees as well as the correspondents, never was natural with his visitors. He told Colonel House (who passed it on to me) that the press meetings had to be superficial because the topics discussed were "too intricate" for heterogeneous reportorial minds. In other words, Wilson complained about what Wilson had wrought!

As for FDR, he could never resist a flair for sadism. When he bestowed a Nazi Iron Cross on John O'Donnell *in absentia*, it was no laughing matter. On that occasion all the reporters ought to have withdrawn without the customary valedictory. And FDR's suggestion of a dunce cap for the correspondent who queried him about the fourth term marked a low in Presidential evasion and derision. Inasmuch as no President has ever denigrated a writer for mushy praise, it is only right for the White House incumbent to take the bitter with the sweet or else end the travesty of the press conference.

WHEN attendance at conferences grew to unwieldy numbers, there came into being the White House Correspondents Association. This enclave savors of a trade union: it theoretically standardizes all members, but it does not prevent the existence of several overlapping castes, as sharply defined as they are ludicrous. There are

journalists who won't mingle with their presumably equal colleagues or assistants: except in news emergencies the major correspondents leave the White House trick to leg men whose beat it is.

Writers naturally vary in ability, background, record and news sources. The ideal news man doesn't wait for news to turn up but forces news on his own. Yet it is essential to distinguish between real news and the occasional front-page "sensation." (An example of the latter was the quiz submitted to Joseph Stalin about three years ago. Stalin's swift and flamboyant reply was trebly suspect, considering how the Kremlin ignores or delays answering official communications. Far from meriting a prize, the stunt was a disservice because it provided Moscow with a gorgeous opportunity to propagandize itself as peace-loving and the United States as a warmongering aggressor.)

The attempted White House regimentation of the journalistic fraternity has been idiotic. By Presidential fiat correspondents are presumed to be alike. But they can not be made alike and they never will be alike. The many are not as good as the few, or the few as good as the topmost. Renown can not be achieved through an artificial equality, or through the eminence of an employer, or a connection with astronomic circulation. How long must the White House keep up the myth of reportorial equality—and the practice of treating all reporters as if they were morons?

The President loses a great deal by the present system. It inhibits his access to those few professionals with the experience, status and ability to meet him on an equal give-and-take basis whenever occasion warrants. For his own good, the President should differentiate among reporters as he does among members of his own administrative coterie. No President has ever received all of his own appointees—only a few principals. The President addresses the Congress, but of its 530 members he seldom hobnobs with more than the same old revolving Capitol Hill score. The President must realize that a correspondent often has advance or exclusive information which he wouldn't care to divulge at any press meeting. Is it conceivable that Arthur Krock could have quizzed HST before a hundred correspondents about the alleged Eisenhower-for-President conversation?

As I first contended in Harding's day, the President of the United States has the right—a right he can not assign even by implication—to see whom he pleases, and to say what he pleases to anybody he pleases. These very rights President Truman has definitely sealed and pronounced before the grouching reporters. It isn't, as claimed by the rank and file, a question of his favoring one correspondent over another—not infrequently, it would be the case of the journalist favoring the Chief Executive!

During every term a time comes when the accomplished reporter recognizes symptomatic developments in the personal and political fortunes of the White House which he wishes to impart to his

readers through direct quotation. Who shall judge the competence of the reporter who presumes to get the ear of the White House tenant? In all callings competence goes by the over-all record.

It isn't true that a President "for his own protection or that of his country" must not be quoted. Wilson and Coolidge were interviewed three times, and Taft twice, I, too, scoring in each case. My exclusives have included Theodore Roosevelt, Harding, Hoover, FDR, Dewey and Willkie. Each recognized that sometimes a need arises that no informal broadcast or press meeting or special message fulfills so well as the exclusive interview in the right periodical at the right moment.

Protection lies not in qualified quotation or the use of the third person but in the assurance that the person interviewed said what he said exactly as reported. The one safeguard is authentication of script or proof—preferably both. Even were the quotations stenographic (an awkward method in an informal duo) the President should read over his remarks as he does any dictated document or letter before he signs it.

Mr. Truman's declaration of independence before the assembled complainants two years ago, following a Krock dispatch, was that *the custom of the non-exclusive interview would prevail but that he would do as he pleased about breaking it*. Which poses this query: Will a request for an interview be subject to secretarial veto without HST knowing about it, or will the President demand the right to screen the request himself? As things now stand such requests will be buried in anteroom files. But assuming Mr. Truman demands the right to judge such requests, will he weigh them upon merit, record, impulse, friendship or politics?

The foregoing is but a sketchy diagnosis of what's wrong. There are inequities and contradictions which need correction, and correction is needed from the President himself—for the sake both of the Presidency and the journalistic profession. The amenities can not stand the strain of a smouldering feud between the President and the press.

San Michele

Dusk falls before the church in Lucca,
And its face
Begins to glow with a soft radiance
In many-colored marble
Of cut and patterned lace;
While the sky peers soft and blue
Through the corner arches and the open rose.
And at the gable's peak Saint Michael,
Graced by fragile trumpeters—
He of Tuscan stature, large of head,
Spreads his great wings in benediction,
Dark and warm
Against the trembling vault of evening.

CLARENCE A. BRODEUR



Manners, Arts and Morals

Notes on the Entertainment Industries

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



THERE IS an interesting new trend in literary revivals—to stage them when the author is still alive but his work already dead. We are, it seems, running out of revivable dead authors, and this at a time when the paying public has just learned to appreciate the tribal thrills connected with the revival rites. So, rather than wait for another Scott Fitzgerald, the trade is giving the treatment to Arthur Miller. He will survive the ordeal, we hope—which is more than can be hoped for his “Death of a Salesman.”

Approaching that opus with a reverence which would have flattered Aeschylus, Hollywood has just filmed it to such critical fanfares as these: “It turns the heart over with a symbolic woe that is indeed too deep for tears” (Otis L. Guernsey in the *New York Herald Tribune*); “. . . whips you about in a whirlpool somewhere close to the center of life” (Bosley Crowther in the *New York Times*). In short, we were prepared for a pretty dismal show, but things turned out even worse than we were led to expect—that whirlpool somewhere close to the center of boredom, and the woe too shallow for words.

THIS department, when it started a few weeks ago, promised to admit its prejudices; and so I hasten to add that Mr. Miller’s *magnum opus* has always been one of them—even when Broadway was for blocks inundated with the tears of an elegant audience smitten by Willy Loman’s daffy ennui with America. There was of course no denying that the sharp Mr. Miller had located a profitably inflamed area of our body politic—the growing self-disgust of a managerial class which has lost nerve and, even before, faith in the first principles of its society. Nor was there any doubt, at least for me, that “Death of a Salesman” was anything but a tragedy. The film version, exceptionally faithful to the play, may yet cure some of those impressionable corporation vice presidents who, when caught amidst the magic group hysteria of a theater audience, thought they were hearing the wings of fate. What they will hear in the drab neighborhood cinema, besides crackling popcorn bags, is assuredly nothing but the receding rumbles of a small earthquake on Union Square.

Because you are so much more lonely in the movies than in the theater (a phenomenon that deserves careful exploration some other time), you remain relatively immune to emotional mass epidemics and find yourself in a rather private *tête-à-tête* with shadows on the screen. Sometimes, particularly when the producers intended such sorcery, this iso-

lation helps immensely in transporting you to the outer space of make-believe. But in other cases, particularly when the producers *want* the insulated movie viewer to take the illusion for the real thing, he notices the sleight of hand with a sharpened keenness. And this is precisely what demolishes “Death of a Salesman” on the screen. Its producer and director (Stanley Kramer and Laslo Benedek) were so awed by Mr. Miller’s reputation as Broadway’s very own Euripides that all they dared do was simply to photograph the play; and by so doing they exposed it as the bore it is. Magnified on the screen, Mr. Miller’s “King Lear” comes down to an urgent plea for improved old-age pension schemes and an even more impassioned warning not to let your admiring son catch you on a tryst with a vulgar Boston blonde.

FREDRIC MARCH plays Willy Loman straight from the drooping shoulder—a perhaps unconsciously but very convincingly revealing interpretation of Miller’s deranged hero. More astute than New York’s intellectual suckers, who will always fall for the woe-on-us school of playwriting, Mr. March noticed, with the dependable instincts of a Hollywood actor, that a screw was loose not so much in our society as in Willy’s head. Faithfully employing all the material Arthur Miller had supplied, Mr. March presents Willy Loman as a clinical, and therefore not tragic, case. Willy literally barks at the moon, plants carrots in concrete and, in general, behaves as no other salesman you have ever seen. He is just as much entitled to our sympathy as any inmate of an insane asylum, and on the same grounds, but on no other. That poor deranged fellow *must* be taken off the road (and should by rights also lose his driver’s license)—a matter, not of atrophied social conscience, but of medical necessity. This death of a salesman who has never really been alive commands our compassion on the least meaningful level. If Willy Loman’s petulant nervous breakdown constitutes a tragedy, Milton Berle wearing falsies can indeed claim to be a humorist.

What I would like to suggest is that Willy Loman, were he not a mental case, could gratefully count his blessings. As his sun is setting, the lucky dog has with him one of the most loyal and most understanding life companions ever seen on or off the stage (movingly played by Miss Mildred Dunnock), two handsome sons (one of whom, in the intelligent performance of Kevin McCarthy, struck me as not entirely worthless), one reliable friend, and the free and clear title to a one-family house in a nice neighborhood. As human life goes,

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or has for the last few thousand years, this is pretty good.

In short, and speaking of woe, Mr. Miller's equipment for writing tragedy is woefully inadequate. The substance of tragedy lies within man, not within society; it is attainable only in the vicinity of greatness, and never in the backwash of such "problems" as our no doubt imperfect pension system for deranged salesmen. But Mr. Miller is merely a fugitive from the era of the "Living Newspaper" and "Agitprop." He is constitutionally unable to grasp that the one tiny germ of tragedy present in his barren story was the mediocre Willy's impudent dissatisfaction with those simple fulfilments of life even he was entitled to—and *got*. But how could this be understood by an author whose philosophy, if any, remains the insolent fallacy that man is born with original virtue and robbed of his birthright to material luxury and personal magnificence by some "social system"?

One of the several differences between Willy Loman and King Lear is that Willy is a tiny speck of animated matter and Lear a sensitive person wrestling fiercely with the merciless forces of time and death. Willy would amount to nothing, and Lear would thrust his great heart against fate, in the most Utopian of all societies. Which is to say that Lear's story is tragic and Willy's banal. On the other hand, Shakespeare has to be satisfied with immortality while Mr. Miller might yet win an Oscar.

World Figure

He journeys with portfolio and purpose,
over the land of hunger, through the state
where quick necessity and infiltration
blend with eternal foes—deceit and hate.

He closes doors behind him. Angry voices
rise from the pounded table, ruined steeple.
In bed he labors still; he sees the hollow
hunger that curses doped and captured people.

The great man turns from others and remembers
boyhood and farmland where his father lives
out gray full years, raising with young green fingers
good earth's own health. He knows the old man gives

what his young father gave: he hears a small cry
out in the night: he hears his father going
into the cold: he sees the lantern carried
across the frozen mile, the swift wrath blowing.

The great man opens eyes and sees through
nighttime.

Touching the documents that lie in damp
hours of dark, remembering another,
the great man rises, and he lights his lamp.

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

From Our Readers

The Case of Mr. Couch

I know that the *Freeman* wants to be accurate and fair, even at the risk of destroying an exciting and sensational piece, and it is for this reason that I write this letter to clear up what I believe are misstatements in the article, "How to Fire a Professor," by Frank Hughes, which appeared in your issue of December 3.

As I understand it, three basic positions have been taken by Mr. Hughes in his article: first, that Mr. Couch was a full professor, with "full professorial status," and that he was dismissed from the University, thereby abrogating his right of tenure; second, that serious questions of academic freedom were involved; and third, that Mr. Couch was "fired" brutally and without due regard for his standing and position.

The first charge in Mr. Hughes's indictment simply does not square with the facts. Mr. Couch did not have full professorial status *or* tenure, *nor were these* so intended by the terms of his contract. The contract specifically provided for the appointment of Mr. Couch as "Director of the University Press with the rank of Professor (no teaching duties), effective October 1, 1945 . . . until further notice." From the terms of the appointment, it can be clearly seen that Mr. Couch was solely an administrative officer. The title "professor" was entirely in the way of a decoration, and the phrase "until further notice" obviously intended that he would not have tenure but, like any other administrative officer, could be removed at the will of the central administration.

This was a clear-cut question of contract. When the University appoints a full professor with tenure, this is specifically provided in his contract. As a matter of fact, the contract with Mr. Couch was carefully negotiated. It originally provided for appointment for only one year, and, on Mr. Couch's objection, was amended to read "until further notice." As I understand it, neither party believed this appointment to be with tenure.

As to Mr. Hughes's second charge—that some question of academic freedom was involved—again the facts do not remotely support this. Mr. Hughes claims that the dispute arose over Mr. Couch's championship of and desire to publish "Americans Betrayed: Politics and the Japanese Evacuation," by Morton M. Grodzins, and that, because the book was in some degree an attack on the New Deal and the Roosevelt policy, Hutchins refused to allow the Press to publish it. Hutchins's objection to publishing the book had nothing to do with its content. It was a straight question of publishing ethics in connection with the University of California. The material for the book was obtained by Mr. Grodzins while he was teaching at that University, and there was a strong feeling that the material was owned by the University of California and could not be

published by the University of Chicago Press without a release from the California Board.

To argue that this was a question of academic freedom is to distort the truth. When the necessary permissions were finally arranged, the book was published by the University of Chicago Press, and its author, far from being a martyr to any political conscience of Hutchins, was appointed editor of the Press *November first of this year* and occupies that position at this time.

It should be further pointed out that, when the book was eventually published, it was not because of any pressure by the University, nor was Grodzins's appointment the result of any such pressure. The book was published in the ordinary course of business, when the title to the material had been cleared with the University of California.

With respect to Mr. Hughes's third charge, I do think that the matter was handled **rather arbitrarily** and peremptorily. Couch was in the difficult position of having really two bosses: the central administration of the University on one hand, and on the other a committee consisting of seven professors who constitute the Board of University Publications and who are in practice a board of directors for the University Press. The administration took matters into its own hands without first consulting the University Board, and it was this action which the Board criticized and not the question of either academic freedom or tenure.

But, if the administration was arbitrary and callous in its dismissal of Couch, the University was more than generous in making financial amends. In any strict interpretation of its contract, I doubt that there would have been a liability beyond pay from October, when Couch was released, to the end of the academic year in June, a matter of some seven or eight months. The University actually paid him eighteen months' salary in severance. It would seem to me that this financial generosity should to some degree have assuaged the moral wounds inflicted by this unhappy incident.

Any examination of all the circumstances attending both Mr. Couch's appointment and his resignation must reveal that this was a straight issue of men who didn't get along. The central administration and Couch simply didn't like each other. Not the remotest question of political or economic differences was involved. Couch's position was solely administrative, and in the world in which we live, if an administrator doesn't please his superiors, dismissal must result even in the rarefied atmosphere of a university.

New York City

ALEX L. HILLMAN

Compulsory Pills

The British doctor referred to in your editorial, "Aspirin at the Gun Point" (*Freeman*, December 31), who sued his patient to compel him to take the doctor's pills, is a flagrant example of intrusion by the State upon human rights. Under our Bill of Rights this can not occur; neither can the children

of Christian Science parents be required to take medical education which includes teaching by high school teachers of disease symptomatology processes and treatment.

Our high school students are taught fully regarding protection of health in the community as well as concerning disease prevention, including the germ theory. We are as strongly opposed to the rights of the majority being interfered with as we are alert to protect our own minority rights. Interference with examination papers or with the study of biology is not included in the 1950 legislation, which reads:

Subject to rules and regulations of the board of regents, a pupil may be excused from such study of health and hygiene as conflicts with the religion of his parents or guardian. Such conflict must be certified by a proper representative of their religion as defined by section two of the religious corporations law.

CLIFFORD C. JOHNSON, Christian Science Committee on Publication for State of New York

Just a moment, please, about your editorial of December 31. Why not Aspirin at the Gun Point? For Britons, that is. If I, a healthy British taxpayer, maybe a doctor, support a public medical service, and a member of the public presents himself for free examination and free pills, am I not injured if he doesn't swallow the pills? He elected to use the free examination and prescription service. May he now choose between state and individual welfare? Of course the state should compel him to swallow the pills. Just wait. It will.

New York City

A. VERE SHAW

The Menace of UN

In the last paragraph of Robin Beach's review of "Our Atomic Heritage" Mr. Beach states that Dr. Grobman believes in establishing "a powerful, controlling United Nations." Is that what we want?

"Nations' rights" should be jealously guarded in the UN as states' rights were formerly guarded here. The mistakes that we have made in America, leading to supersession of states' rights and omnipotent government, should and could be avoided in the UN. If they are not avoided (and it is almost certain that they will not be), then "One World" will metamorphose to a hideous "One Kremlin."

Tampa, Florida

WILLIAM C. DOUGLASS

In Praise of Mr. Schlamm

"Manners, Arts and Morals," the new *Freeman* department written by William S. Schlamm, got off to a beautiful running start in your issue of December 31. Mr. Schlamm's observations on television were set down with penetration and wit, qualities which rarely go together in a writer. As for the surgical job he did on the "erudite" Mr. Brooks Atkinson—well, I can still smell the ether.

Here's hoping the new department will prove to be a permanent one.

New York City

CHARLES YALE HARRISON



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Just the other day in these back columns of the *Freeman* Gerald Warner Brace was arguing that the British novel has for a generation "lost touch with mankind and has indulged itself in ironic complacency and somewhat sterile brain stuff." Mr. Brace is almost one hundred per cent correct in his judgment, but there is at least one English novelist who is an exception to his devastating generalization. The exception is C. P. Snow, author of "The Masters" (Macmillan, \$3.50). Mr. Snow, who has been a Cambridge don, a physicist-director of the English Electric Company, a Civil Service Commissioner, a wartime government servant, and a university executive, has something of the same ability at making intellectual tradition come alive in terms of very modern human beings that Gerald Brace exhibited in "The Garretts Chronicle." If his theory of the novel seems defective when compared with Mr. Brace's own theory, he is still a finished craftsman, a first-rate dramatist, and a man with a lively sense of the incredible variety of human personality.

What Mr. Snow has done in "The Masters" is to take a college election and to show the impact which academic conniving and faction can have on the character of a group of presumably mature and responsible men. As "The Masters" opens, the head of a nameless Cambridge University college lies stricken with inoperable cancer. The Master, Vernon Royce, still has about a year to live, but the fellows of the college split immediately into two bitter factions over the choice of a successor. Academic politics, like any species of office politics, can be just as murderous and time-consuming as a quarrel for the perquisites and the spoil of a presidency or prime ministership, and Mr. Snow makes the most of a bitterly dramatic situation. As he quite conclusively demonstrates, the love of power does strange things to human beings, and there are very few whom it ennobles. No doubt there are some people in the world who want power for genuinely impersonal reasons, but I have met with very few of them, and as the years go by I am more and more impressed with a theory advanced by Alex Comfort and Herbert Read that the craving to hold political office has its roots in pathology far more often than in genuine idealism. Certainly it is pathology that moves Mr. Snow's character, Dr. Paul Jago, to seek the Mastership of the college still presided over by the dying Vernon Royce. As for the impassive Redvers Thomas Arbuthnot Crawford, the scientist who is Paul Jago's rival for the

office, who can say what it is that moves him? Crawford has an objective habit of mind, but things lie buried in his character that Mr. Snow merely hints at. And certainly Crawford is supported by the embittered Nightingale for reasons that belong in a psychiatrist's case notebook even more than they belong in a novel.

Dr. Paul Jago has imagination and sympathetic understanding of human beings, but his basic feeling of insecurity makes it necessary for him to seek the commendation and endorsement of those around him, and it is for this reason that he feels impelled to electioneer for himself. As for his wife, a neurotic woman, she has even more need for outside recognition than her husband. Jago is supported by Arthur Brown, the born political manipulator, because Brown wants a man in office through whom he can achieve his own rather commendable and decent ends. Simply because he is so adept at arranging things Brown creates the illusion over a long period that Jago will be a seven-to-six victor over Crawford when Vernon Royce dies. But the heady flush of almost certain victory brings things out in Jago's character that finally cause the defection of Brown's friend Chrystal. As we take leave of Mr. Snow's little group of dons, the impassive Crawford has just been installed in office. The wounds that are the legacy of ten months of attempted persuasion and counter-persuasion, of hitting below the belt and between the eyes, will throb throughout the college courts and even at high table for a long time. But eventually the dons will close ranks, and the ancient enmities and loyalties will change, yielding place to new. Unlovely though the mechanisms of democratic politics are, they provide a better method of insuring a give-and-take plasticity in human institutions than the more arbitrary ones indulged by totalitarians.

Mr. Snow's novel is an exciting fable for our time. For if democratic politics depend on appeal to the fundamentally pathological in man, it is nevertheless better that the pathological should be indulged rather than suppressed. One of Mr. Snow's characters, the ancient Gay, casts his vote out of a vast frivolity. Another, the venerable Eustace Pilbrow, makes his choice on a complete irrelevancy. Two others, the supple Roy Calvert and the contemplative Lewis Eliot, vote for the more imaginative man because they admire their own considerable virtues of imaginative projection. The waverers waver in their choice because their own characters

are in conflict; others stand fast because of a fear of being thought indecisive. Practically no vote is the result of wholly disinterested thought or conviction. No matter, says Mr. Snow in effect; the important point is that men are better off when they are faced with the consequences of voluntary choice, even though they may lack the ability to bring fundamental intelligence to bear on the act of choice. The only alternative to the admittedly ugly and often silly reality of democratic faction and intrigue is the still uglier and even more idiotic reality of tyrannical force.

Mr. Snow is a born dramatist. His propensity for sticking to the dramatic unities, however, underlines a somewhat glaring defect in his theory of the novel. What "The Masters" is about is an election, and Mr. Snow thinks it incumbent upon him to stick like a limpet to his subject. The consequence of this is that we learn almost nothing about his dons as teachers or as scholars, or as non-political human beings. Moreover, we see nothing of the students—who, after all, are the fundamental *raison d'être* for the college in the first place. In other words, Mr. Snow's preoccupation with the political issue of the election forces him to exclude some three-fourths or five-sixths of human life from his pages. Although there are some sidelights on college money-raising, the real values of the academic life do not emerge until Mr. Snow gets around to an appendix to his novel called "Reflections on the College Past." These pages are rich with atmosphere, and they deal with professors not as politicians, but as scholars and teachers and gentlemen. And the echo of students' feet resounds through the pages of the appendix as it does not resound through the main story.

I have called Mr. Snow's novel a fable for our time. By inadvertence, however, it becomes a double fable. By design it makes out a wonderful case for the politics of democratic choice. By inadvertence it proves that politics should be the least part of a normal human being's range of preoccupation and interest. Men can not be creative, inventive, curious, amusing and loving if they are faced every day with the necessity of thinking about the consequences of political power. It is for that reason that Thomas Jefferson's maxim—"that government is best which governs least"—retains its truth for all time.

F., NOT WALTER

The resurrection of Scott
Brings us a lot
Of what we ain't got—
His Jazz-Age banter,
His graceful canter,
So unlike our dull trot.

JOHN ABBOTT CLARK

REBEL, GENIUS AND CRACKPOT

The Letters of Ezra Pound, 1907-1941, edited by D. D. Paige. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$5.00

Ezra Pound was born a rebel. His reactions were intensified by his coming on the literary scene during a pallid and mushy period. From his early days, he assumed the aspects of a bardic poet, absorbed in social fact, satire, style and a sense of international standards for arts and letters. He wanted contemporary poetry to be something a well-rounded man could enjoy. He spurned the mentors of his youth, the homeopathic sweetness and light of Gilder, Dr. Van Dyke and Hamilton Wright Mabie, "as a generation of literary pimps"; just as later he denounced "the tribe of Gosse" after discovering that Edmund had written—as librarian of the House of Lords—to the editor of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* "not to review or notice 'Ulysses.'" To Pound, Gosse's interference was provoking and quite indecent. For Pound cared passionately for literature, and had toiled long to get Joyce published.

Pound has been enraged at society for nearly forty years. His wrath ultimately provoked him to such irresponsible behavior that he has had to be put away, probably for life. The situation is extraordinary. His native land has been compelled to confine an original poet, a defender and teacher of poets, because his excess of zeal, so necessary to a great poet, has led to his becoming a major crank and unaccountable for his actions. Now that Pound is shut away, the situation is even more awkward, for it is becoming rapidly apparent that his "Cantos" are one of the most original works of the century. Certainly the "Cantos" received uncommon recognition when discriminating and intelligent men of letters awarded the Bollingen Prize for the best poetry to Pound. Under the circumstances of Pound's confinement, most prize jurymen would have overlooked him. These did not.

The "Letters" disclose a complex man: poet, scholar and reformer. In his torment for better poetry Pound once asked Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*: "Honestly, whom do you know [in America] who takes the art of poetry seriously?" In another instance, while unstintingly defending the Imagists, he discovered and helped the quite different talent of Robert Frost. He even predicted the future popularity of Frost, then an unknown. The poet and the crank in Pound dueled against each other over many years. Pound sometimes mentioned the need to shut his mouth and avoid untimely interferences. Unfortunately, he could never discipline his conduct to this good sense.

When T. S. Eliot collapsed in 1922, after having been invalidated in Switzerland, Pound charged to his aid like an old firehorse. He rallied May Sinclair and Richard Aldington, and with them started a fund dubbed *Bel Esprit*, to free Eliot from his bank job and give him leisure for rest and writing.

The prospectus announced that "as there was no coordinated civilization left" to meet an artistic emergency, *Bel Esprit* would collect from thirty "scattered survivors of civilization" a sum of fifty dollars each to liberate Eliot from Lloyd's bank. It was stressed that this wasn't charity, but social responsibility.

The scheme worked well. The trouble is that it drove Pound to economics. He embraced the ideas of Major Douglas's "Social Credit" as a solution for starving poets. This was harmless, but Pound was on his way to an evil destination. He blasted and mocked the evil, the corruption and the incompetence of modern society. He investigated usury and simony. He went so far as to try and define what money is. He considered himself "a banned writer," but much of what he had to say might well have been printed (indeed, considerable of it was) if it had not been for his fishwifely manner and unbuttoned language. Some of his letters are in the fishwife style; others comprise a primer for young poets.

On first meeting Joyce, Pound reported:

Joyce pleasing: after the first shell of cantankerous Irishman, I got the impression that the real man is the author of "Chamber Music," the sensitive. The rest is genius; the registration of realities on temperament, the delicate temperament of the early poems.

Both Joyce and Pound were good haters and highly conscious that modern man is helplessly victimized by circumstances. That was a common bond, but no camaraderie could break Pound's sense of integrity to art. When Joyce sent him some manuscript papers of "Finnegan's Wake," Pound had had enough. Practically calling it jabberwocky, he replied:

I will have another go at it, but up to the present I make nothing of it whatever. Nothing so far as I make out, nothing short of divine vision or a new cure for the clap can possibly be worth all the circumambient peripherization . . . Doubtless there are patient souls, who will wade through anything for the sake of a possible joke . . . having no inkling whether the purpose of the author is to amuse or to instruct . . . in somma.

The friendship continued, however, with nothing to indicate that Pound ever changed his mind.

To John Quinn went a letter that throws an amusing light on Pound's reactions to the eccentric ways of others. Quinn sought information about Maude Gonne, the Irish beauty whom Yeats once loved, and who was involved in the Irish rebellion. She had been detained by the government in Britain. Answering, Pound said:

So far as I can make out, M. G.'s only constructive political idea is that Ireland and the rest of the world should be free to be a large Donegal fair. She now favors a "republic," but she was a Boulangerist in France, and I think they were once royalistic. Have all the Irish a monomania?

Having raised the question of monomania, which later described his own difficulties, he continued to explore the matter. He remarked that M.G. "is

reasonable to a point." Then Pound added: "It is a great pity, with all her charm, that the mind twists everything that goes into it on this particular subject (just like Yeats on his ghosts)." In view of all that has since taken place, Pound's closing comment, that he hoped nobody would be ass enough to let M.G. go back to Ireland, is not without mordant humor.

A sampling of Pound's opinions highlights his characteristic attitudes. He was for both Homer and the *avant garde*. His second-line favorites were the Troubadour poets of Provence. To a friend he wrote: "Yunderstand I know nowt about the tee Yater." He is anti-religious, grossly profane, and yet he devoted much time and a long series of letters full of detailed textual criticism in order to help Laurence Binyon produce a finer translation of the "Divine Comedy," the essence of Catholic poetry. On a gayer note he observed that Binyon was "poisoned in the cradle by the abominable dogbiscuit of Milton's rhetoric."

Possibly Pound is the most learned poet since Jonson—whom he despised—but in all seriousness he could put vilely, incorrectly on paper: "I doubt if any single ethical idea now honored comes from Jewry." When it was smart to be pink he had no use for the Reds, yet he could place undiscerningly at the head of his stationery this meaningless statement of Mussolini: "Liberty is not a right but a duty." He could profoundly cite that "the strength of Picasso is largely in his having chewed through and chewed up a great mass of classicism, which, for example, lesser cubists, flabby cubists, have not." Shortly afterward he could write such idiocy as: "Christianity has become a sort of Prussianism and will have to go."

Certain opinions of Pound incline to arrogance and bigotry. To understand them thoroughly, however, it is necessary to recognize Pound's frame of reference. He was always for the exceptional man, in opposition to the masses. He wanted selectivity, and not institutionalizing. For his touchstone, he used Spinoza's comment, "The intellectual love of a thing consists in the understanding of its perfection." He could be humble, as demonstrated in his correspondence with Santayana. When the latter spoke of Pound's "philosophy," he denied he had achieved a "philosophy," saying: "in another thirty years I may put the bits together, but probably won't." But just the letters to Eliot on "The Waste Land" and those to William Carlos Williams are informative literary history.

What primarily set Pound askew was his lack of the gift of charity. Without it he lurched about without balance or proportion. Still, looking upon Ezra Pound with charity, as St. Paul advised, we may recollect that the contemporaries of Dante found him hard to take and drove him into exile. It may likewise be justly recalled that perceptive and sympathetic understanding of new art forms has never been the forte of a contemporary society.

EDWIN CLARK

BIRTH OF MOLOCH

The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923, by Edward Hallett Carr. *New York: Macmillan. \$5.00*
The New Society, by Edward Hallett Carr. *New York: Macmillan. \$1.60*

Russian history since 1917 is a conspicuous wasteland. There has never been free access to archive materials for independent scholars. For a long period of time no such scholars have been, as a rule, admitted to Russia. The grotesque revisions of official history which were made necessary by the purge trials of the thirties have produced in Russia a type of historiography for which there is no precedent outside the imaginative pages of George Orwell's "1984."

However, there is still a harvest for those with the ability and patience to plough through the vast mass of printed material about the Russian Revolution and the first years of the Soviet regime. The blackout of Soviet historical information has been a cumulative process. The Communist Party Congresses of the civil war years were models of free discussion, compared with those which took place after Stalin had established his personal dictatorship. There has been no Party Congress since 1939.

Edward Hallett Carr, a Briton with a versatile career as diplomat, author, journalist and professor, and a qualified Russian scholar, has now set out to scale the Himalayan historical peak represented by the Russian Revolution. His approach, if one may judge from the first volume which has now appeared in this country, is somewhat peculiar. Personalities are almost ignored and there is no attempt to give the main events of the years 1917-1923 in chronological order.

What one finds in Mr. Carr's work is an analysis of the political ideas of Lenin and his associates, of the structure which developed in Russia as a result of the Bolshevik Revolution and the civil war which followed, with special emphasis on the theory and practice of Soviet self-determination. There is a lucid exposition of the doctrinal disputes of Bolsheviks and Mensheviks under Tsarism, when both these Social Democratic groups were small persecuted groups of intellectuals, with some influence on the more politically active workers.

The author quotes Radek's remark that "Western Europe begins with the Mensheviks." And, although he does not stress this conclusion, there has been a steady elimination of Western humanist influence in Russia ever since the Revolution. The parties that were more touched by Western ideals of liberty, justice and humanity, the Mensheviks and Socialist Revolutionaries, were wiped out by the victory of communism. The Communists who by education and experience were more in contact with the West figured strongly in the purge lists.

The author expounds Lenin's view of the proper role of the state, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. According to Lenin, the state is

nothing but a "machine" or "cudgel" for crushing and beating down hostile classes. Mr. Carr recalls that the Bolsheviks used the phrase, "the autocracy of the people," which to a liberal Western mind seems as fantastically self-contradictory as another of Lenin's formulas, "the democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry." And he observes:

"It followed that the powers conferred on this [Soviet] state by the constitution were in their essence unlimited, undivided and absolute."

Every act of cruelty and tyranny associated with Soviet rule is implicit in this single sentence. One should not, of course, exaggerate the individual's influence on the course of history. But it is interesting to speculate on what might have been if Lenin, whose outstanding personal role in Communist leadership is unmistakable, had reached the conclusion that this "machine" should be provided with brakes instead of being made more powerful.

One of the longest and most fruitful sections of the book deals with the issue of national self-determination. Like the old Russian Empire, the Soviet Union is a multi-national state. Ukrainians and Byelorussians, Georgians and Armenians, Tatars and Bashkirs, Kazakhs and Turcomans are only a few of the many peoples within the Soviet frontiers. With much erudition derived from study of Soviet publications on the subject the author indicates the contradiction between Soviet theory and practice.

In theory all the minor nationalities possess the right of secession. But in practice this right was habitually violated and denied by the simple expedient of regarding the proletariat as the class which should exercise the right of secession, and identifying the proletariat with the local Communists. Undoubtedly the formal recognition of the national existence of the minor peoples (which involved linguistic autonomy and a liberal assignment of jobs to indigenous Communists) helped the Soviet regime win the civil war against the strongly centralist White leaders who were unwilling to make any concessions, even verbal ones, on this point. Mr. Carr is correct in finding in Lenin's shrewd manipulation of this slogan of national self-determination one of the reasons for his success in reuniting the many areas which broke away from Russia in the first chaotic period of the Revolution.

The author cites a typical example of Soviet double-talk on this "right of secession" from one of Stalin's pronouncements in the first years of the Revolution:

Soviet Russia has never looked on the western regions (the Baltic states) as its own possessions . . . Of course this does not preclude—it presupposes—help of every kind from Soviet Russia to our Estonian comrades in their struggle for the liberation of workers' Estonia from the yoke of the bourgeoisie.

Mr. Carr's work is the fruit of solid knowledge and extensive research. It belongs on the shelf of indispensable books for the student of Soviet theory

and revolutionary history. Yet its value is diminished by certain flaws, both of construction and of content.

One might have expected from the author of "The Romantic Exiles," a scholarly yet delightfully human account of Herzen, Ogarev and other nineteenth-century Russian political emigrants, a more penetrating and detailed psychological appraisal of the leaders of the Revolution. There is something bleak, forbidding, austere in this treatment of an immense human drama mainly in terms of the desiccated language of Communist theology.

There is also a tendency not to look too closely behind the labels of Soviet pretensions, to give the Soviet regime the benefit of every doubt, and of some things which are scarcely even doubtful. One senses an attitude, although it is never stated explicitly, that because the Communists won they must have been right.

One may cite two among many examples of this apologetic attitude. The author asserts: "The Bolsheviks were at any rate accepted by the Ukrainian masses as the least of possible evils." But a study of the civil war in the Ukraine raises very grave doubt as to whether the Ukraine (and many other nationality regions) would have become Communist if they had not been invaded and subdued by Russian troops.

The author writes that "the independent bourgeois Transcaucasian republics had no capacity for survival." But suppose the Soviet Government had respected the independence of these republics (Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan) as the United States respects the independence of Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua? Would not "inability to resist overwhelming military force" be a more accurate epitaph for the independent non-Communist Transcaucasian states than "incapacity for survival"?

This tendency of Mr. Carr to look consistently for the bright side of life under communism becomes more understandable when one reads his slim little work, "The New Society." Here he reveals himself as a convinced doctrinaire Statist and collectivist. Borrowing a phrase from de Tocqueville, he derides and disparages almost all the individual liberties of the nineteenth century as "ruins on the shore" of an era that has been left behind. He sees in what was probably the greatest period of orderly and mainly peaceful advancement in human history, the century between the Napoleonic Wars and the first World War, little but the whip of capitalism wielded over an exploited proletariat.

It is a merit of Mr. Carr's thinking that he can discern and frankly state the logical consequences of his own theories. The price of liberty, he tells us, is the restriction of liberty. (How very suggestive of some of Lenin's exercises in dialectics!) And the price of some liberty for all is restriction of the greater liberty of some.

He faces up to the fact that the first installment of socialism in Britain has not been a success, from

the standpoint of productivity. But, with the superficial rationality of the doctrinaire mind, he draws the conclusion that the remedy for the failure of limited socialism is to go in for all-out socialism. Most candid and revealing is his recognition that socialism logically leads to forced labor, i.e. to slavery:

I confess that I am less horror-struck than some people at the prospect, which seems to me unavoidable, of an ultimate power of what is called direction of labor resting in some arm of society, whether in an organ of state or trade unions.

Mr. Carr's "new society" has already been foreshadowed all too vividly in George Orwell's nightmare vision of 1984.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

AUSSIES IN JAPAN

Time of Fallen Blossoms, by Allan S. Clifton.
New York: Knopf. \$3.00

When the Australian Army of Occupation arrived in Kure, to take over the southern tip of Honshu Island from the Americans in the beginning of 1946, they came with a lot of preconceived ideas, not erroneous at the time. They were rightly gathered around Scarlet Beach and the Kokoda Trail during the New Guinea campaigns. Too well the Australians knew the brutal treatment the Diggers had received, the death march at Sandakan in Borneo. With a fine touch of Australian "barbarism," they began to pay it back when the war ended. Allan Clifton, a Japanese-language interpreter, begins his excellent survey of the Australian Army in its early occupation with the memory of this barbarism. When he leaves, some months and a book later, he is a man in love with a people and a place.

To the Japanese, Australia, or "Down Under," was simply called "yonder place," a rather classic expression by now. The Americans had broken the ice, softened the entry into occupational duties, and when the fierce Australians came neither side had reason to be frightened. It was no longer Bloody Buna or Wagga-Wagga, but Iwakuni in winter, with orange trees blossoming along the Inland Sea. It was to be an occupation of a most picturesque land and another culture, of another view and vision, of Kabuki and Noa theaters, of sensuality and democracy. It was to be a land of hungry Japanese and an occupier who was well fed, who traded food for pearls, chocolates for art treasures, PX items for love, in an exchange of "presentos." It was to be a fine show of kindness and decency mingling with the residue of the past, of bad moments and terrible excitements, of exotic flavor amid the daily routine of the occupation.

Eleven months of this gave Allan Clifton all the extremes of sensitivity. Armed with the language, which he had picked up some years before, he had an advantage. It was Donald of Australia, the con-

fidant of Chiang Kai-shek, who said he would never learn Chinese (and he was in China for 40 years!) because that would put him at a disadvantage. The Chinese, he said, might no longer speak freely in his company. But the Japanese spoke freely to Clifton on all subjects. He began well, by making a night-train trip to deliver a letter from a Japanese POW to his wife, a very human little gesture. A conqueror like that, basically a soldier of humanity, could easily take root in Japan. He was to be the go-between, the "nakodo," acting for the Australians and the Japanese on problems of life and love.

It is a witty book, written with Australian tongue-in-cheek mannerisms, augmenting odd situations with puckish glee. Democracy even legislated the Chic Sale sharing of latrines—or so thought the Japanese girls. Everything was quaint, beautiful, when not odd. The girls had to relearn their first lessons in English, giving up the charms of the American "Oh, my aching back," for the Australian "My bloody oath" school of speech. The soldiers' interests, in part, were the fleshpots; so with the officers, if more discreet and difficult. Kure, only twenty miles from Hiroshima of the big-bang, was the bizarre school of the Australian Occupation.

Having experienced the same set of pictorial values, the sight of the massive Imperial naval yards, almost three miles of gutted ways and factories, I appreciate the author's acute descriptions. Here was a plant of war, imported from the world, then copied. The nearby island of Kanawa had a series of huge tunnels, stuffed to bursting with arms. Beautifully built and lined, these tunnels were cool on hot days, especially for the night clubs which emerged. Mr. Clifton, who acted as an interpreter for John Hersey, also examines Hiroshima. The horror he etches should be of great interest to our government, for it is a monument to moral sadism and bad military thinking.

In reevaluating the facts and fictions of his hosts, especially the black market, Clifton develops the fine point of how an illegal economy substitutes for the legal, but deficient one. Repelled by the bargaining of the conquerors, he nevertheless used it as a marginal market aid to help a Japanese girl friend in need. Companionship meant love and sex, a marginal substitute for home, though it was more than home to many. The Australians had few duties: to police the country, to give Japan the legal basis for a new economy, to bring criminals to trial, to destroy Japan's war potential—and to play in a vast party of joy and sorrow. And I have never seen people labor longer and harder than the Japanese, despite their sorrow.

A country and a people was being reborn in another social and political image under the impetus of controls and American ways. The Japanese were learning to be "good types," as the Australians put it. But the conqueror learned, too, in this give and take of politics for presents, in this postwar cooperation of two cultures. Some of the taking has been pretty sad, and Clifton underscores many of

the lacks the occupiers brought along as soldiers of democracy, unprepared for the role, coming as sentries but looking for extras along the way.

As a book on contemporary Japan, or the first blush of the Occupation, it is factual, down to the essence, written with good will and sympathy. It also sets a new tone: MacArthur's name is mentioned but once, not as Pro-Consul, but in the shortened Japanese version—*Ma*.

HARRY ROSKOLENKO

MATURE NEWHOUSE

Many Are Called, by Edward Newhouse. New York: Sloane. \$3.75

Of the forty-two stories in this collection—Mr. Newhouse's third—all but three originally appeared in the *New Yorker*. There, I imagine, most of us read and admired them, but they are so much more impressive now that they have been assembled in one volume that one feels as if one had come to them freshly. "Many Are Called" represents about half the author's output since 1939, and includes, of course, those fine war stories, published in the mid-1940s, which marked a new growth and enrichment of Mr. Newhouse's talent. Before then, one tended to think of him as a typical *New Yorker* writer—skilled, concise, with a keen ear for dialogue, but at times a little brittle, a little shallow. The war, however, in which he served, did something to Mr. Newhouse, and all of his stories since then, no matter what their theme, have been distinguished by a new depth and a new sense of compassion. He is a more adult writer now—and a great deal more moving one—than he was in the prewar days.

It is easy in "Many Are Called" to follow the author's growth, for though the stories are arranged topically and not chronologically, each of them is carefully dated. Whole groups, moreover, belong in toto to Mr. Newhouse's earlier period—witness the hobo tales which are called "En Route"; the two stories whose scene is George's candy and cigar store; and the brief little dramas which take place "At Jake's," a typical Third Avenue bar. These latter stories, in particular, perfectly illustrate the kind of writing that Mr. Newhouse has left behind him. They are clever and sharp-edged; they are in many cases funny; but they are little more than vignettes that leave a fading imprint, except for "Ten Years on a Desert Island." One can not help feeling that there are quite a few writers who could have done just as well—providing they had studied attentively the work of John O'Hara, and had the requisite ear for drunken speech.

With the war stories, however, and with the still more recent tales concerning domestic life and problems, Mr. Newhouse achieves a completely different level, and is always uniquely and brilliantly himself. In his group of Air Force stories, for ex-

ample—which give one the war in North Africa as only John Horne Burns has given it—the emphasis is not on physical combat, on action, although there are several stirring scenes, but on the groping and confused minds of the men who are involved, on their weaknesses and their frequent self-betrayals. There is pity and anguish in these stories, for all their careful reticence, and the same is true of the stories of Washington at war despite the sardonic humor which enlivens them. Whether he is writing of brutality at an officers' training school, or the predicament of wives who have been left alone too long, Mr. Newhouse knows what war is all about, and what subtle and hidden stresses it imposes on its victims.

As for the postwar stories, they are equally sensitive, equally good—particularly when they concern the relationship between parents and their children, and the fierce need of the former to battle for their own. This theme, in different guises, recurs again and again in some of the best tales in the book—"The War for Tony," "Seventy Thousand Dollars," and the almost intolerably tragic final story, "Come Again Another Day." In peace as in war, the author realizes, men are forced frequently to betray themselves and what in their hearts they know is right, and this too is a theme which runs recurrently through these stories and which is handled with compassionate understanding. In sum, "Many Are Chosen" is a really adult book, and except for the earlier tales a very fine one. Almost no one is writing stories as good as Mr. Newhouse's. Let us hope that he continues indefinitely.

EDITH H. WALTON

SULEIMAN IN TAPESTRY

Suleiman the Magnificent: Sultan of the East, by Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday. \$5.00

Harold Lamb has spent a lifetime staging literary pageants of eastern history. He has industriously put together historical narratives of the Golden Horde, the Crusades and the times of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. He has evoked the lives of colorful conquerors, such as Alexander of Macedon, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. His latest tableau dishes up scenes out of the life of the mighty Osmanli, Suleiman the Magnificent, who from 1520 to 1566 ruled over lands of three continents, from the Caspian Sea to Budapest and the northern shores of Africa.

A voracious reader, Harold Lamb has availed himself for the present tome of the basic texts in English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Turkish. He has set himself the task of weaving verbal tapestry out of hundreds of suggestive scenes. Apparently objective, he does not get particularly excited about anything.

Thus it seems equally important that the not so enigmatic Suleiman wears heron feathers in his turban, and that every now and then important

Turks, such as the first vizier, two sons and two sons-in-law of the Sultan, get themselves strangled with a bowstring. We are witnesses to mighty sieges, as those of Rhodes and Malta, and to the savage Mediterranean sea battles of Khair ad-Din, Barbarossa and Dragut. Every now and then we get a glimpse of historic personalities, such as Francis I, Charles V, or some commander of the sea, such as the Genoese Andrea Doria. We are equally well entertained with a few impressionistic sketches of landscape, be it Corfu, Tunis, or the Carpathian Mountains. Silk garments, jewelry, exquisite *objets d'art*, outlandish weapons, scheming women, eunuchs, Moors, Greeks, Syrians, janissaries, diplomats, adventurers, sea-devils, Christian knights and soldiers of many lands add vivid yet conventional dots of color to the vast panorama of an era.

There is no doubt that tens of thousands of readers would not bother to touch a book about history unless it be presented to them in strictly non-intellectual fashion. Harold Lamb, epigonic neo-classicist, serves them well. Literary merchant to our quantitative age, he is careful not to tax the mental capacity of his customers. Successfully he plays the role of the great equalizer. Have a crack at the magnificent Suleiman, ladies and gentlemen, help yourselves to some candy, and then proceed to your dancing lesson or your class in flower arrangement at the adult education center. Perhaps you will dramatize some of these scenes—a little murder, a "wise" conversation, or a victory banquet—at your next charity ball. It would be so very cultured, and your local paper could not fail to praise you as forward-looking citizens.

If he wanted to, Harold Lamb could write quite thought-provoking books. The last twenty or thirty pages—out of some three hundred and fifty—show what he could do. In these casual addenda we learn that the celebrated siege of Vienna, 1529, was hardly a siege at all because Suleiman knew well his limitations; that the supposed Turkish pirates were no more piratical than the sea captains of the West; that the Spanish Armada, 1588, was no larger than the Western fleet which the Turks outwitted at Prevesa.

Had he shown the significance of the rising Renaissance in its opposition to the Turks, Harold Lamb would have given some depth to his eminently unexciting kaleidoscope of pleasantly painted tableaux. Had he felt any passion about anything, he might have risen to some epic height. Yet that might have endangered the prospects of sale, as envisaged by the outstanding personality of most publishing houses—the sales manager.

As it is, you may safely read a passage of Harold Lamb's at the drugstore counter, between two cokes, without any fear of losing the thread of the narrative. That can be picked up anywhere—at the resort hotel, in the subway, or at home when you have a few minutes to spare, awaiting your guests at the cocktail hour.

FELIX WITTMER

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