THE
Freeman

SEPTEMBER 8, 1952 25¢

Our British Critics
Colm Brogan

Germany Won't Fight
F. A. Voigt

Gullible's Travel

THE DARK CAN KILL YOU

WHO IS the real villain in America's terrible tragedy of traffic deaths — a tragedy that featured its millionth victim last year?

Reckless youth? Lax laws? Drunken driving? Speeding?

There is some evidence that darkness — just plain darkness — is more to blame than any of these. In a Connecticut area, for instance, where 182 pedestrians were killed at night in two years, *179 were killed on poorly lighted streets.*

Cities across the country have already been doing something about it — lighting their killer corners, illuminating their death-trap streets.

What happened?

Salt Lake City cut night deaths 92% in one area; Grand Rapids 78%; Bridgeport 93%; Houston 80%; Los Angeles 91%.

Hartford relit 10 miles of poorly lighted streets and dropped the ratio of night deaths to day deaths from 9 to 1, to 0.2 to 1.

Detroit attacked a dangerous area with better lighting and reduced the ratio from 7 to 1, to 1.6 to 1.

In Syracuse one test area showed 28 less accidents in three months.

The savings in property and man hours more than paid for the lighting costs. It is estimated that good street lighting could save the nation $1,450,000,000 a year — and the savings in human happiness are incalculable!

"When will they do this night-lighting job on a big scale, and not in just a few wide-awake towns?" asks the man who drives a car.

That old taxpayers' devil — cost — has been the big hurdle, as local municipal officials can tell you.

Realizing this, General Electric has thrown research and engineering talent against that problem — and has made some encouraging discoveries in lamp and light-fixture efficiency.

Take the case of Kansas City. In cooperation with their local power and light company, they decided to fight traffic deaths with light. Now they have before-and-after cost figures.

Read this one slowly. Their annual lighting bill was $640,000 in 1940. Now, with four times the light, the bill is $615,000. And the night-to-day death ratio dropped from 9 to 1, to less than 2 to 1.

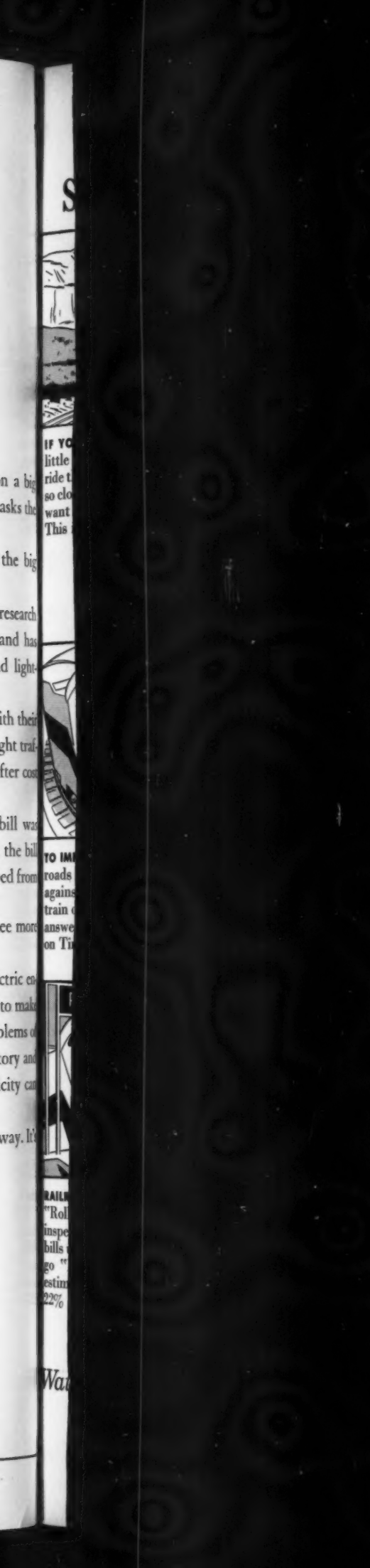
When that news gets around properly, you'll see more action in American cities.

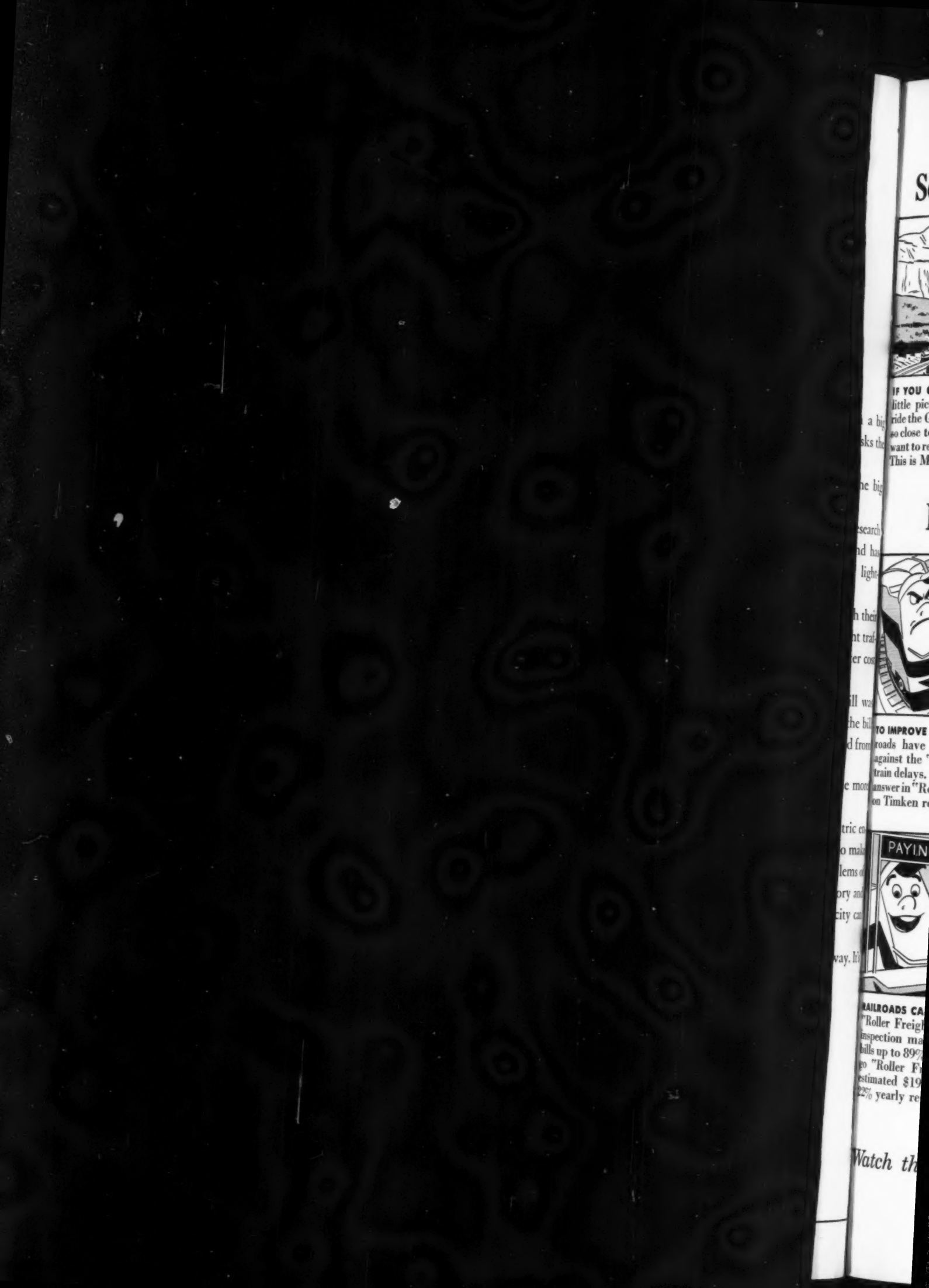
It isn't only in street lighting that General Electric engineers put their heads together with city officials to make things better for taxpayers. It's happening in problems of water shortage, waste disposal, traffic control, factory and home modernization, and in all the ways electricity can add to productivity.

It's hard to write a definition of the American way. It's easy to find examples.

You can put your confidence in—

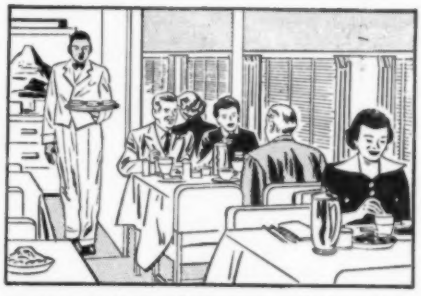
GENERAL ELECTRIC





See the grandeur of the West from a train to match!

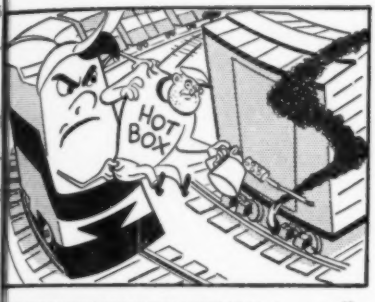
IF YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH at this little picture, think what it's like to ride the Great Northern's Western Star so close to mountains like this that you want to reach out and make a snowball. This is Marias Pass in the Rockies.



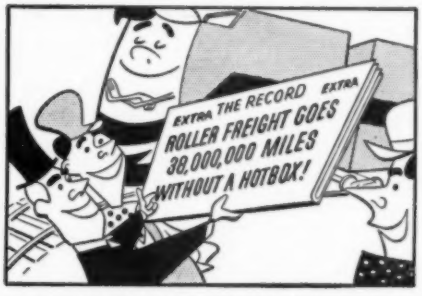
EVEN WHEN YOU leave your window, the sightseeing goes on. Northwest scenes from the train's Chicago to Seattle-Portland route decorate its interior. Dining car walls picture native wildflowers from Glacier National Park.

COWBOY AND INDIAN paintings bring the old Wild West to life in the observation lounge. But the ride is strictly modern, with Timken® roller bearings to speed you smoothly, as they smoothed the way for the streamliner age.

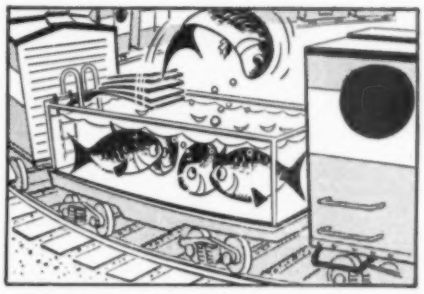
Now look at the next great step in railroading!



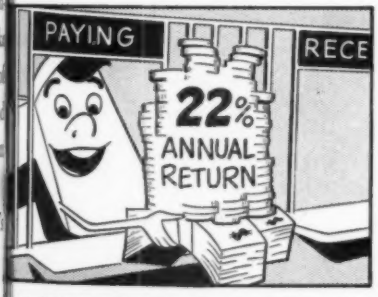
TO IMPROVE FREIGHT SERVICE, too, railroads have waged a ceaseless fight against the "hot box"—main cause of train delays. Today they're finding the answer in "Roller Freight"—freight cars on Timken roller bearings.



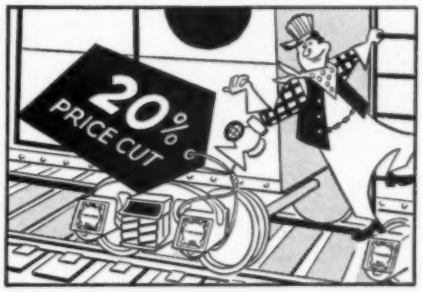
THE "HOT BOX" PROBLEM is licked when Timken roller bearings replace friction bearings. "Roller Freight" on one railroad has gone 38,000,000 car-miles without a "hot box". Friction freight averages only 212,000 car-miles.



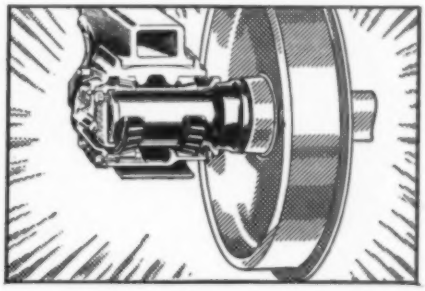
BECAUSE "ROLLER FREIGHT" gets goods to the consumer faster and fresher, it can be the railroads' big attraction for tomorrow's freight business. For one road it has upped livestock hauling business 30%.



RAILROADS CAN MAKE big savings with "Roller Freight". It reduces terminal inspection man-hours 90%, cuts lube bills up to 89%. And when all railroads go "Roller Freight", they'll save an estimated $190 million a year, net a 22% yearly return on the investment.



COMPLETE ASSEMBLIES of cartridge journal box and Timken bearings for freight cars cost 20% less than applications of six years ago. Applications available for converting existing cars. Other products of the Timken Company: alloy steel and tubing, removable rock bits.



NOT JUST A BALL ○ NOT JUST A ROLLER ▭
THE TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER ▭ BEARING
TAKES RADIAL ◐ AND THRUST ⊣◐⊢ LOADS
OR ANY COMBINATION ⊣◐

Watch the railroads Go . . . on **TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller Bearings*

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Letters

The Civil War in Russia

Your issue of August 11 is splen
I can't resist the impulse to tell you
You have no reason to apologize
the emphasis on one subject—comm
ism and its implications for Amer
—because it is the one subject th
affects and colors all living and thi
ing on our planet today.

I am especially grateful for the pe
trating article by Igor Bogolepov, "
West Betrays the Russians," which
aptly seconded from different ang
by the Voigt and W. H. Chamber
pieces. It is gratifying to find a k
minded Russian fugitive on the ba
of his intimate knowledge confirm
the views a few of us Americans h
been trying desperately to convey
our country for years.

The propaganda notion that the R
sian people accepted the Bolshevik p
meekly and have been enduring it
erantly, even enthusiastically, is a
and a libel. Both the Italians and
Germans knuckled under to facism a
Nazism respectively more quickly a
lived under them with less resista
than the Russians with respect
Bolshevism. In Russia the world
been watching, without comprehendi
a permanent civil war, overt and n
tary in the first few years, covert
even more bloody thereafter: a c
war between the regime and its s
jects.

Sentient foreigners who lived un
the Soviets for any length of time
to choose, sooner or later, betw
loyalty to the usurpers in the Kre
and loyalty to the primary victims of
usurpation, the Russian peoples. T
realized that sympathy for the tyra
let alone fervid support of the Dur
or Hindus or Louis Fischer type, w
a species of treason to the pe
among whom they lived.

Now the world as a whole faces t
critical choice. It can not strive fo
modus vivendi or a permanent cont
ment of the Soviet dictatorship w
out betraying the Russian popula
and, in the process, all humankind.
the evasion of that choice, by lum
together regime and subjects in a
against "Russia" and "the Russi
is suicidal blindness.

I trust that the *Freeman* will
with these aspects of the proble
issue after issue. No one el
America is doing it effectively.

New York City EUGENE L

(Continued on page 853)

THE Freeman

A Fortnightly For Individualists

Editors JOHN CHAMBERLAIN FORREST DAVIS
HENRY HAZLITT*

Managing Editor SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Business Manager KURT M. LASSEN

*on leave

Contents

VOL. 2, NO. 25 SEPTEMBER 8, 1952

Cover cartoon by CHARLES LOCKE

THE FREEMAN is published every other week. Publication Office, Orange, Conn. Editorial and General Offices, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. John Chamberlain, President; Henry Hazlitt, Vice President; Forrest Davis, Secretary; Alex L. Hillman, Treasurer; Suzanne La Follette, Assistant 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.

Printed in U.S.A., by Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Connecticut

Our Contributors

F. A. VOIGT passed five weeks in western Germany gathering material for "The Germans Won't Fight" and a subsequent *Freeman* article. He writes: "I spent evening after evening, sometimes far into the dawn, cross-examining and being cross-examined and trying to get at the root of the matter. As I have many old friends, both inside and outside the German official world, it was often possible to speak and be spoken to with probing and even ruthless inquisition." Mr. Voigt, a distinguished British journalist, visited with students, some of them from the Soviet zone; he saw a number of films produced in Soviet Germany, was "horrified" by their "crude mendacity," and, "as I now realize for the first time, their *contempt* for the people." . . .

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY ("The Conservative Plight") is, of course, the famous daily newspaper columnist and prophet of historic Americanism. He is likewise, to refresh your memory, the author of two *Freeman* supplements, dealing with the betrayal of Free China and the dismissal of General MacArthur. . . . MORRIE RYSKIND ("For Joe McCarthy") and BEN RAY REDMAN ("The Long Peace") are notable and familiar *Freeman* contributors.

This issue, as will be noted, pays specific attention to some of the problems of western Europe. Hence COLM BROGAN'S "Our British Critics," GLENN E. HOOVER'S "Learning From the Danes" and ANTHONY TRAWICK BOUSCAREN'S "France's Red West Point." Mr. Brogan, editor of the British periodical *Individualism*, is a seasoned student of Anglo-American relations. Dr. Hoover is professor of sociology at Mills College in California and an authority on Denmark. Dr. Bouscaren is associate professor of political science, University of California. . . .

E. MERRILL ROOT, author of the distinguished piece of political verse, "Consider the Lilies," is a professor of English at Earlham College in Indiana. . . . EDWARD J. HEFFRON, ("Accurate Prophet") has contributed to the *Commonweal* and *America*, among other magazines.

Among Ourselves

The cover cartoon is by that eminent American painter and lithographer, Charles Locke; a native of Cincinnati, a pupil and assistant to Joseph Pennell, and an instructor in lithography at the Art Students League, New York City, from 1922 to 1936. Mr. Locke's works are in a number of American museums.

You will note a new department, "Foreign Trends" (p. 843), bylined somewhat cryptically "Candide." The editor whose pseudonym this is has wide European experience. We hope that this department will present, issue by issue, trends and developments abroad, political, economic and cultural, which may have escaped the notice of the daily press and the news weeklies and which will add to the information we all need to pass competent judgment these days on the world scene.

Case history
no. 37

The Case of the Industrial Site that Moved!

the answer to another actual plant location problem

Plant executives and engineers of a large industry recently made "on-the-spot" surveys of half-a-dozen potential plant sites, many miles apart. And they did it in a matter of minutes . . . without ever leaving their offices!

These widely scattered industrial sites were literally "moved" to the desks of these men in startling three-dimensional clarity. So effective was this method that engineers were actually able to estimate grading and clearing requirements in addition to obtaining valuable information on topography, road and railroad locations and other facts vital to proper site selection.

This unique and time-saving "site movement" was made possible by detailed stereoptical air survey maps prepared by C & O's Industrial Development Department.

C & O's "Pin Point" surveys are strictly confidential

Finding the right spot for your new plant can be a costly, time-consuming job for you and your organization. Let our experts in this field make the task easy by preparing a special PIN-POINT survey to meet your requirements. For further information write Chesapeake & Ohio, Industrial Development Department, Terminal Tower Cleveland 1, Ohio.

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

SERVING
Virginia,
West Virginia,
Kentucky,
Ohio,
Indiana,
Michigan,
Southern Ontario

THE
Freeman

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1952

The Fortnight

The line that goes out from the White House is, "You never had it so good." The theme song of the Democratic Convention was "Don't let them take it away." But the voter will be considerably hornswoggled if he takes these linked sentiments at face value. The lugubrious truth of the matter is that they are already taking it away—and the "they" in question are the very Democratic Party policy makers who have been boasting of their largesse. Bit by bit evidence accumulates to show that the unsound prosperity of the past few years is being leached out of the economy.

Item One: the government report that the average American family, trying desperately to keep pace with the high price of groceries, is going into the red by a total of $400 a year. *Item Two:* the report that people have stopped purchasing automobiles, even in the face of a new car shortage that would ordinarily provoke a ponderable amount of scare buying. *Item Three:* the report that the rate of individual saving is down. *Item Four:* the fact that real estate is not moving at the high prices that are being asked. *Item Five:* the increasing evidence that people are deserting the old-line department stores for the new cut-rate emporia that exist in lofts and on side streets, plus the growing patronage that is being accorded super-markets that deal in everything from bananas to lipsticks and from coffee to umbrellas.

These items don't seem to be reflected in the optimistic statistics about our "rising" income and our increasing "gross national product." But when the average family's growing share of that "gross national product" tends to be measured by $400 of debt in the course of a year, it is time to discount the propaganda of "you never had it so good."

It was to be expected that the Soviet and satellite representatives would use the Eighteenth International Red Cross Conference at Toronto as a forum for a carefully planned propaganda offensive against the United States. That is routine Communist practice. They fulfilled such expectations in overflowing measure, as the press duly informed us. The press was reticent, however, about a fact for which we are indebted to a friend who attended the conference, and whom we quote:

> As usual, the U. S. Department of State occupied its now familiar position of trying to win while running away. For the first time in the history of the International Red Cross conferences, the United States government was represented by a delegation of non-voting "observers." This strategy was decided upon in advance of the Conference, following consultation with the British, it being thought that this tactic would prevent a head-on collision between the Russians and Americans which might break up the Conference. The practical result of this strategy was to leave the United States voiceless in the face of Communist charges, giving the Reds a clear-cut propaganda victory.

So it isn't only in Korea that the great American Republic is afraid to fight. Or did the State Department *want* to give the Reds a propaganda victory? Appeasement, evidently, knows no limits.

Senator Sparkman, Democratic candidate for Vice President, has come out against admitting Communist China to the United Nations so long as the government of Mao Tse-tung endures or so long as the Peiping government is dominated by an outside power. Senator Sparkman also speaks well of Chiang Kai-shek, "a man of great sincerity." The editors of the *Freeman* applaud the sentiments of the Senator, pausing herewith to welcome him into the ranks of the China Lobby. We hope he enjoys spending his share of that good Formosa gold.

In common with David Lawrence, who seems to be the *New York Herald Tribune's* lone defender of the conservative faith now that the genial and humane Mark Sullivan has gone, the *Freeman* is dubious about the promised efficiency of Ike Eisenhower's "middle way" campaign propaganda. It is our experience that "middle way," used in the thirties to describe the economy of Sweden, has become a semantically empty term. If you approach politics and economics with a "middle way" bias, it means concretely that you are willing to halve the difference with the radicals and collectivists. But the radicals and the collectivists have no "middle way" bias of their own; in practice they are never willing to halve the difference be-

tween where we stand now and the goals posited by "reactionaries" who wish to go back to the free market.

In a time of potent Keynesian and Socialist pressures and propagandas, the "middle way" is in a state of constant drift toward the collectivist left. We very much fear that Ike Eisenhower has failed to reckon with the psychological mechanisms by which the leftists control the position of the "middle." They do this by a process of always demanding twice as much as they are willing to settle for on a short-term basis. When a conservative tries this trick in the other, or rightist, direction, he is promptly labeled a "dinosaur"—and this, as everyone knows, throws him out of court with the wistful dreamers of the "middle way" temper of thinking.

The discordant mirth you hear offstage arises from certain of the *Freeman's* daily contemporaries who have been traducing the reliability of our Washington grapevine. It is true that the grapevine delivered an inconclusive conjecture in our issue of July 28 regarding whom the Democrats would nominate at Chicago. In enumerating the candidates ticked off by Mr. Truman, the grapevine neglected to say that Harry liked Alben. Such was indeed the case and the President, as all know, only swung aboard the Stevenson bandwagon at the eleventh hour. The grapevine was, we regret to say, in an antic mood. Otherwise how explain the final and, we feel, derisive sentence "Who but Harry?" Meanwhile, the grapevine's maintenance crew having been alerted, we must accept the *New York Post's* characterization of it as a "sour grapevine" and we can not quarrel with the *Milwaukee Journal's* unfortunate editorial heading, "Crystal Ball Slightly Tarnished."

The *Freeman* felicitates the *American Mercury* upon assuring its survival through the intervention of Mr. Russell Maguire, who is variously described in the press as a Greenwich, Conn., manufacturer, Texas oil man and capitalist. Mr. Maguire's fortune is put at a hundred million, which probably makes him the richest magazine publisher in the United States. In these days when so much money earned by grandfathers and dispersed by grandsons has gone into leftist causes and periodicals, it is refreshing to find a multimillionaire willing to assume the financial responsibility for a magazine which has, since its foundation by Henry L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan in the 1920s, upheld the traditional values of this great society. Mr. William Bradford Huie, the *Mercury's* editor, is to remain at the editorial helm.

In our August 11 issue we noted that the Democratic Party platform is a pork barrel proposition for just about everybody. Farmers and would-be farmers, workers, veterans, small businessmen, the old, the young, the ill, the disabled, the blind, home-owners and would-be home owners—all of these are invited to stick their snouts into the public trough and gobble up what they will.

We noted at the time that only two groups seemed to be excluded from the giveaway program —big business and the taxpayers. But on further reflection, it seems to us that the Democratic platform must be regarded as a document that consigns authors and editors to the category of class enemy. There is nothing in the platform about payments for words not written, or for articles not published. Nothing about parity for prose, or about paragraph allotment, and no promise of equalization fees to put three-cents-a-word *Nation* or *New Republic* writers into the consumption bracket of a favored contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

In short, the writer gets no consideration whatever from the Party of Humanity. This will not stop our intellectuals from drifting *en masse* to the polls to vote for the New-*cum*-Fair Deal that deals them out. Speaking for the generality, the answer to that old question, "Have Writers Brains?," must still, short of a miracle, be a loud and echoing "No!"

In the course of commenting on Paul Hoffman's testimony for the defense in Senator McCarthy's libel suit aainst Senator Benton, the *New York Herald Tribune* let slip a peculiarly revealing phrase. "The dividends this nation has reaped from the Marshall plan," said the *Herald Tribune*, "should be clearly apparent *even in the darkest reaches of Wisconsin.*" (Italics ours.) Well, there you have it: in speaking of Wisconsin the *Herald Tribune*, which arrogates to itself the right to think officially for the Republican Party, uses the very tone and language that nineteenth-century editorial writers habitually reserved for the Belgian Congo. It matters not to the *Tribune* that the Republican Party was itself born at Ripon in "darkest Wisconsin." To the *Tribune*, the inhabitants of one of the cleanest and most beautiful states in the union are palpably a bunch of sweaty midwestern hinds, deficient alike in information, character and judgment. If the whole State of Wisconsin, from Milwaukee to Superior, doesn't rise in its wrath against this slander pronounced by an eastern pundit, then we miss our guess about the Wisconsiners we think we know.

The learned James Wechsler proves in the *New York Post* what erudition can do for a sagging newspaper. While lesser students of the humanities remain bogged down by the complex problems of egalitarianism, Mr. Wechsler has clarified everything with the publication of a letter from Harry, Joe, Nick and Moe, all of Red Hook, who collectively complained about police interference with Coney Island strip-tease shows. "Please fight for the

return of burlesque in New York," Harry, Joe, Nick and Moe implored the understanding editor. "If it's good enough for the rich in fancy night spots, it should be available to the poor, too." From his early exposure to Marx and other heavy thinkers Mr. Wechsler has obviously emerged with a rare knack of presenting the gray theories of egalitarianism in breezy terms of life: what Bentham really meant to say was that the greatest number of people ought to see the largest areas of skin.

Far be it from us to spoil the fun the country's less inhibited papers are having with the New York vice raids, but we are afraid the story will remain inconclusive. A clean-up, as we should have learned by now, is something that starts on the front page and ends, of suffocation, in the morgue. True, the lady stars of the current drive are more photogenic than the heroes of, say, last spring's Justice Department scandal. But, though no experts on male pulchritude, we have always admired the good looks of J. Howard McGrath and James P. McGranery and hated to see their pictures disappear from the newspapers that fast. We sincerely hope to see them return, soon and often. Fascinating as stories about oleomargarine heirs may be, we also like stories about milking the taxpayer and buttering up the Administration. The country's press should be less fickle and not forget handsome Washingtonians the moment a few pretty girls turn scarlet in New York.

A correspondent who suffered through the televised antics of the late party conventions in July, contributes an admirable suggestion to the various proposals for streamlining those quadrennial spectacles:

> If deity *must* be patronized, I suggest that instead of writing noted ecclesiastics to intone lengthy invocations, the chairman should recite this brief prayer before hastening to the more important phases of the carnival: "Lord God of Hosts, please forgive us, if Thou canst, for presuming to address Thee from such a place and under such circumstances. Amen."

Isn't John Foster Dulles being a little bit previous? In all other volumes of "Who's Who in America" since he was tapped, including Vol. 27, 1950-1951, he has always given his address as, "Office: 18 Wall St., New York, N. Y." In Vol. 28, 1952-1953, just out, he has changed this to read, "Office: Dept. of State, Washington."

It was *after taxes* that the average American family spent $400 over its income last year This is the key to the enigma of a prosperity that is knee-deep in the red. And it is sheer murder to the New Deal theory of taxation. The Keynesians assert that the government's fiscal power must be used as a prophylaxis against inflation: just siphon money from the taxpayer's pocket and he won't be able to drive prices up by competing for scarce produce. A $400 annual debt per American family is a measure of that fallacy. The taxpayer, of course, gets robbed coming and going—first by government confiscation of a part of his income, and then in the market where he must pay prices inflated by taxation. By the Labor Department's statistical estimate, the American people spent about 14 billion dollars more than they earned the same year. This is about one-sixth of the present Federal tax load —and an amazingly accurate corroboration of Senator Taft's demand that Federal taxes be cut by 15 per cent, for a starter.

Eisenhower and Taft

In a recent issue (July 14) we called attention to the emergence of "an important school of European thought which would prefer a so-called 'nationalist' to a so-called 'internationalist' American Administration." We took notice that there is in Europe a "new toughening of mental fiber and a growing comprehension that the roads to a truly isolationist hell are paved with 'internationalist' intentions."

Paradoxically, Senator Taft's defeat in Chicago seems to have stimulated such a reorientation in Europe. A goodly part of continental public opinion had been so effectively misinformed about the alleged Europophobia of midwestern Republicanism that Taft's candidacy was for a while impairing Europe's eyesight. But now that the somewhat synthetic jitters are over, the responsible continental press is trying to make sense again. And because Swiss editors are traditionally more judicious and less hysterical than their highstrung colleagues in the neighboring larger nations, Zurich's well-informed *Die Weltwoche* comes up with a particularly keen revaluation of NATO affairs—and Bob Taft.

"The Lisbon conference," contends that paper, "looks more and more like a regular flop. . . . Eisenhower's successor [in NATO] must remain satisfied with sketching some more plans and haggling some more about contributions to the NATO Army. No European NATO power is seriously working at setting up effective military forces, and it looks increasingly as if all that can be expected for the next few months were, at best, some more conferences from which some more speeches rather than actions would issue.

"This development," concludes *Die Weltwoche*, "bears out the sober Senator Taft . . . whose ideas [on European defense] at least have the advantage of clarity and logic. Unfortunately, the events of recent months have proved Taft, the dry and cool analyst, right in almost every respect. This vindication by facts is bound to make the loser of

Chicago so strong in American politics that future decisions will be widely determined by him. That Taft, again and again, found the courage to tell the truth, even when it was unpleasant, makes him, in spite of his alleged isolationism, a better and more dependable friend of Europe and the West than Eisenhower, whose convenient optimism has been defied by the facts, could ever have been."

We believe that General Eisenhower will show his disillusioned and perhaps over-gloomy continental critics how great his capacity is to learn from his disappointing NATO experience. We believe further that he will navigate with support and advice from "sober and cool" Senator Taft; and in his efforts at Denver toward designing a truly Republican foreign policy, he will be helped to some degree by a budding European appreciation of Taft's constructive intentions and sound judgment.

The General will by no means harm his cause and the country's cause by pursuing his announced intention of inviting the Senator into his inner councils. Only those who take a narrow, superficial and prejudiced view (a view more appropriate to the pre-convention struggle than to the formulation of a great party's election program) will quarrel with our belief that Eisenhower and Taft have a common objective respecting America's international destiny in the years immediately ahead. That way, in any case, lies victory.

Absolving MacArthur

The brainy men Governor Stevenson has surrounded himself with seem to come up with disappointingly trite counsel: run scared, they advise their candidate, and, as is only appropriate when running, shout "stop thief!" In particular, the strategy for repulsing the Republican attack on the Truman-Acheson sell-out of Asia is to be the assertion that General MacArthur's Far East Command never, at least not before 1951, disagreed with the Administration's Asiatic policies.

The main trouble with this assertion is its complete untruth. For instance, a recent supplementary issue of the *Congressional Record* contains a hitherto secret report of Brigadier-General P. A. Peabody, intelligence chief to General MacArthur, submitted to Washington a month before V-J Day. The report culminated in these considered findings of the Far-East Command: that the Soviets were angling for full domination of Korea and were preparing actions which would make a showdown with the U. S. unavoidable; that "contrary to widely advertised reports" the Chinese Communists were "sponsored and guided" by Moscow; that the U. S. must under all circumstances insist on keeping North China out of Communist hands, on securing a free and independent Korea, and on the return of Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores to Nationalist China.

This clairvoyant document was immediately buried in the Pentagon so that Truman and Acheson could proceed with the butchery of Asia. But now that the Peabody report, thanks to the alert Senator Cain, has moved into the public domain, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. will have a tough time trying to make MacArthur an accessory before the fact.

America Was Freedom

If anyone dreams that Americans are still a free people in this year A. D. 1952, let him ponder the story of Frank Turner, a farmer living near McAlester, Oklahoma.

On August 5 a Federal judge fined Mr. Turner $309.10. Involved in the case were 36 bushels of peanuts grown by Mr. Turner as feed for his own pigs, and the contention of a Washington alphabet outfit, the Production Marketing Administration (PMA), that its regulations have the force of Federal law. Mr. Turner, it seems, failed to do the homework expected by the administrative lawmakers. Since he was not marketing his peanuts, and since he was not a participant in PMA's peanut control program, it did not occur to him to inform that agency that he was growing some pig feed. What was worse, he dared to flout a Federal agency by ignoring its demand for a report on the disposal of his 36 bushels of peanuts.

Today Mr. Turner is a poorer but wiser man, and the lawmaking power of Federal agencies has been judicially confirmed at his expense—5.4 cents per pound on the "normal yield" of the "excess acreage" he harvested.

We remember learning with horror back in the thirties that no German farmer was permitted to sell even one egg to a neighbor; all eggs must be sent to a central agency in Berlin for national distribution—a process which took at least six weeks and guaranteed that no German would ever buy a fresh egg. But that, after all, was under Hitler, and what else could be expected of a totalitarian bureaucracy? In England we were told in 1948 that no Briton might kill his own pig or chicken for his own table without bureaucratic permission. But that, after all, was under socialism, which was stabilizing austerity by interfering with production. Of course such things couldn't happen here.

Now we know that they can. We advise our readers to move carefully in the handling of their personal affairs, lest some one of the swarming Federal agencies accuse them of violating its jurisdiction and its laws, and land them in the hoosegow. To paraphrase the old childhood admonition, "The bureaucrats'll get you if you don't watch out."

Calling Mr. Crowther

The London *Economist,* an acquired American habit, strains its fine reputation for veracity with an increasingly McLiberal bias in reporting the American political scene. Up to a point, we are perfectly willing to allow for the strange phenomenon that British correspondents, even those who work for the ultra-Tory Lord Beaverbrook, seem to catch the anti-anti-Communist fever on stepping off the boat. But when the *Economist* reviews, in the quiet and concentration of the London office, the *British* edition of Owen Lattimore's "Ordeal by Slander" (issue of July 26), Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, its editor, can not possibly plead the occupational myopia of traveling newspapermen. He must accept responsibility for this incredible statement:

> It is also an unfortunate fact that nobody who is tried in the United States . . . on any charge which suggests, however remotely, disloyalty can expect at this moment to have a fair trial.

We are mailing this issue of the *Freeman* to Mr. Crowther with an urgent request to elaborate on his "fact." Whom does he have in mind? Hiss? Coplon? The Communist leaders sentenced by Judge Medina? Remington? The Rosenbergs? Gold? Until Mr. Crowther names, in reply, at least *one* person who, charged with disloyalty, has received in Mr. Crowther's documented opinion an unfair trial in the U. S., we may have to distrust even the *Economist's* famous statistical tables.

Postscript to Fuchs

A few months ago, the *Saturday Evening Post* serialized Alan Moorehead's gripping tale of the Klaus Fuchs affair which was subsequently incorporated into a widely read book, "The Traitors." The innumerable readers Mr. Moorehead has collected with such generous and authoritative support are entitled to know that no less a writer, and knowing explorer of treason, than Rebecca West is now raising grave objections against his credentials and intents.

The British edition of "The Traitors" was published only a few weeks ago, whereupon Miss West publicly accused its author of manipulating the facts on orders from the Atomic Energy Division of the Ministry of Supply, the British counterpart to our Atomic Energy Commission. According to Miss West, it was to shield the Atomic Energy Division that the book had "an air of special preparation about it, like a birthday cake." The author's purpose, alleges Miss West, was to relieve the Division of its unmitigated responsibility for the scandalous and fatal leaks and, even worse, to minimize the guilt of Fuchs as well as some other British atomic scientists. "Had this book been written for the express purpose of alienating the American Atomic Energy authorities," contends Miss West, "it need not have been differently worded."

Odd business, on all counts. If our excellent colleagues, the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post,* do not mind free but unwarranted advice, some of their readers, including ourselves, would greatly appreciate their looking into this disturbing postscript.

Of Cats and Men

Back in 1949 the Illinois Legislature, responding to the pressure of the Audubon societies, passed a bill that went by the name of "An Act to Provide Protection to Insectivorous Birds by Restraining Cats." Adlai Stevenson, the Governor, vetoed the bill.

In so doing, Governor Stevenson stood on the high ground of principle. Freedom was at stake. "It is in the nature of cats to do a certain amount of unescorted roaming," said Adlai, presumably in deference to the Natural Law philosophy of the Founding Fathers. "Consider the owner's dilemma," he continued. "To escort a cat abroad on a leash is against the nature of the cat, and to permit it to venture forth for exercise unattended into a night of new dangers is against the nature of the owner. Moreover, cats perform useful service, particularly in rural areas, in combating rodents—work they necessarily perform alone and without regard for property lines. . . . The problem of cat versus bird is as old as time. If we attempt to resolve it by legislation who knows but what we may be called upon to take sides as well in the age-old problem of dog versus cat . . . or even bird versus worm. In my opinion, the State of Illinois and its local governing bodies already have enough to do without trying to control feline delinquency."

As an ailurophile (cat lover to you) we applaud Adlai Stevenson's deep concern for the cat. Cats are nice animals. In the words of Walt Whitman, they do not fret and whine about their condition. They are cleanly and fastidious. The cat has self-respect: he will like you if you like him, but he will not fawn upon you or beg for your affection. The cat will live in your house and take your milk, but it is tacitly understood that the milk is payment for rodent control. Nobody owns a cat, and it is not in the nature of the beast to be a pensioner.

If it were only a matter of cats, we would undoubtedly vote for Adlai come the autumn. Ike Eisenhower has never shown any public affection for cats, and if the General were suddenly to pose for his picture with a Siamese on his lap and an Angora rubbing up against his shins it might seem insincere. But even though we prefer Adlai

to Ike on the subject of cats, we can not guarantee that our sentiments will cause us to desert the G.O.P. at the polls.

If Stevenson really wants to woo our vote, he must prove to us that he cares just as deeply for the human tribe as he does for the tribe of felines. Even more than the cat, the good human animal resents being put on a leash. There are indeed human beings who like to submit to license taxes and collars, but these particular people have always impressed us as being more like dogs than like cats. They will allow themselves to be kicked about and chained to the doghouse just so long as their next meal is forthcoming. They are not capable of walking alone.

What we want from Stevenson is a forthright statement that he is against licensing for human beings. We want him to tell us that it is in the nature of the human being to do a certain amount of unescorted roaming. We want him to cut loose from those lovers of dog philosophy in the ADA. And if Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., his researcher, tries to tell him that human beings don't need as much freedom as cats, let him inform Arthur that in the Age of Jackson, when the Democratic Party was an up-and-coming organization, people in America were free as cats to go anywhere.

Come on Adlai, strike a real blow for freedom. All you have to do is to react properly to that old imperative, "Love my cat, love me."

For Joe McCarthy

(With a Bow to Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzy")

By MORRIE RYSKIND

We've known a lot of anti-Commie guys,
An' most of 'em knew how to take a punch;
They could face the Kremlin smears, the Lib'ral lies—
But McCarthy was the gamest of the bunch.
Now in that scrap he had with Lattimore,
They counted nine on Joe, but never ten;
He got up bloodied—but he thrives on gore—
An' Owen's never been the same again.

So here's *to* you, Joe McCarthy, you're a swell A-mer-i-can;
You're a terror to the traitors, an' a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' with it all our thanks
For exposin' of the Commies that have snuck into our ranks.

He charged the State Department with its crimes,
An' made a lot of Decent People mad:
So the *Tribune* an' the *Nation* an' the *Times*
Kept sockin' him with everything they had.
They said his etiquette was somethin' awful:
It wasn't nice to call a spade a spade,
An' takin' pokes at pansies was unlawful—
Oh, bless him for the enemies he's made!

So keep sluggin', Joe McCarthy, though the gentry may insist
That the way to get at Commies is to slap 'em on the wrist.
They say that you go overboard. Perhaps you do—we've found
You must go overboard at times to reach the underground.

When Joe speaks out, he irritates the highbrows:
They say he hasn't got the proper touch;
And *Time* and *Life* and *Fortune* lift their eyebrows
(An' *Pravda* doesn't like it overmuch).
The *Compass* blasts at him with hymns of hate;
The *New Republic* breaks into a sweat;
But Joe keeps loadin' up an' shootin' straight—
An' wham!—another pinko's in his net!

So here's *to* you, Joe McCarthy, an' the notches on your gun;
You've done a lot—God bless you!—but there's more that must be done.
An' if the stink you raise ain't sweet, as we've heard Lib'rals tell,
You can not rid your ground of skunks without a nasty smell.

He rushes at the Commies when they drive,
An' before they know, he's hackin' at their head:
He's six Kilkenny cats when he's alive
An' he's generally shammin' when he's dead.
He's a daisy, he's a ducky, he's a lamb!
An' he's out to give the Stalinites their hidings—
He's the only thing that doesn't give a damn
For the Achesons, the Bentons an' the Tydings!

So here's *to* you, Joe McCarthy, you're a swell A-mer-i-can;
You're a terror to the traitors an' a first-class fightin' man;
(So they called him fuzzy. *Wuz* he? Not for any dough of mine!)
You big slam-bangin' bruiser—for you broke the Commie line!

Our British Critics

By COLM BROGAN

The rising tide of anti-Americanism in Europe is affecting even the British, our firmest allies. Here a British journalist analyzes the incipient frictions which might become serious in a crisis.

London

Among the necessary factors of successful Western defense, not the least important is mutual confidence and comradeship among the Allied nations. This fact is well understood by the Communists who are striving to create mutual mistrust and hostility, but it would be foolish to dismiss all signs of anti-Americanism as the results of a malignant Communist propaganda. Propaganda needs something to work on; and in the countries which have known occupation and defeat, there is the deadly fear of yet another war, with all the horrifying prospects that fear evokes, not least the chance of nuclear liberation.

That fear is not nearly so strong in Britain, nor is the British Communist Party more than a malevolent fraction. Yet anti-Americanism is here. It is not a major problem, but it certainly is a minor nuisance and might possibly develop into something more. Anti-Americanism has many sources, and not all of them are political.

The British *Daily Worker* and other Communist publications are so virulently anti-American that they largely defeat their own purpose. Compelled by party discipline to support the wildest propaganda extravagances, the *Daily Worker* is forced into tedious repetition of such nonsense as the germ warfare charge. The competent journalists of the *Worker* must regret this necessity, for they know that few will believe them, and those who disbelieve them on one accusation are likely to disbelieve them on others less obviously preposterous. Every unfortunate incident in which a GI is implicated, preferably with a girl, is headlined in the *Worker* with the purpose of suggesting that the "occupying" soldiery is loose, insolent and licentious. Along with the smear, there is also a sneer campaign. No opportunity is lost to show up the debasement of American culture and to demonstrate that a deliquescent capitalism can produce nothing but an expression of vulgarity or despair.

However, the Communist campaign has little or no effect outside the party fold. It is American popular songs, not Russian, that the unregenerate Britons sing, American movies and dancing fashions that they fancy. It is American dress fashions that British women, and some of the men, imitate, while they remain sublimely ignorant of any Russian fashions there may be. Coca-Cola, not *kvass*, is making some alteration in the national drinking habits. Against the massive weight of the American influence, the *Worker's* shrill voice cries in vain.

Much more important is the hardly less shrill voice of the Bevanites. The leading spokesmen of this growing cult frequently take time off to explain that they are not anti-American, but they could hardly deny that they gladly adopt the role of the exceedingly candid friend. Americans, they claim, lack the experience, maturity and steadiness to make safe and beneficial use of the overwhelming power they now command. They are deplorably indifferent to the manifest beauties of a Socialist economy, and in their international trading and investment they are short-sighted and selfish.

Americans may be surprised to hear that they are also imperialistic and supporters of every reactionary and effete ruling clique in the world. It must be admitted that many steadfast friends of the United States regard these accusations with amusement not devoid of malice. In the past, they have listened to so many American lectures on British imperialism and colonial exploitation that they feel a certain *Schadenfreude* when they see the self-righteous kick aimed at the other fellow's pants.

The Bevanite interpretation of American character and policy has assumed the dimensions and quality of a myth. General MacArthur is pictured as a warmongering megalomaniac commanding an immense hysterical support, who may yet plunge the whole world into a third and final cataclysm. Further to the left are the forthright views of men like Figgins, secretary of the large railway workers union, who roundly declares that America is the aggressor in Korea and elsewhere and will provoke a universal war within months if not deterred by sagacious statesmen like Mr. Figgins.

Figgins is so near to the Communist line that he provokes the same skepticism. Not so the Bevanites who loudly fear that America will not force a war but will blunder into one. A large number of British Socialists have developed an interpretation of the Korean war which is well within the realm of myth: the North Koreans launched the attack, yet the Chinese would not have entered the war, and would have accepted a truce even after they had entered, if it had not been for MacArthurism; only the timely visit of Attlee to Washington restrained the Pentagon from carrying the war into China.

It does not come easy for a hundred-per-cent Bevanite to praise Attlee, but most Bevanites are not one hundred per cent. British Socialists differ strongly from the Communists in their interpretation of party discipline, but not so strongly in their interpretation of party loyalty. Many would welcome a victory of the Bevan ideas, but none would welcome a victory won at the cost of a party split.

The Socialists Like Mao's Revolution

On one point the Bevanites and the Attleeites agree. Both sides think Mao should be recognized by all governments and admitted to the United Nations. We are anxious, said Bevan, to negotiate with the Chinese, "when they are ready." Two British envoys have between them spent more than two years in Peking without having their existence recognized; evidently Mao is not a man who gets ready in a rush. The fact that Mao flagrantly denies and derides the official moral basis for UN membership does not weigh with the Socialists; nor does the fact that they are proposing membership for a State actually at war with the UN.

The attitude is, of course, justified on the score of "realism." The Chinese revolution, the Socialists assert, is an accomplished fact, and it is only realistic to accept that fact. But the same attitude is by no means adopted toward Franco's Spain where the revolution has been an accomplished fact for so many years longer. With regard to Spain the high moral line is taken. It is argued that the UN would be weakened by the admission of a power which throws strikers in jail and denies the right of free speech. It is then somewhat difficult to see how the UN can be strengthened by the admission of a power which has burned lepers alive and which considers public beatings and executions a suitable form of popular blood sport. The reason for the inconsistency is obvious. Our Socialists want the Chinese revolution recognized because they like it, and they want the Spanish revolution overturned because they dislike it. Not that they approve of the obscenities of Chinese tyranny; but, deep in their hearts, they can not bear to have enemies to the left.

Criticism of American obduracy in refusing to recognize Mao is muted because of resentful recognition that Britain's economy is too fragile to permit the luxury of openly quarreling with the only rich and solvent partner in the international firm. But America's wealth is itself a source of hidden and perhaps unconscious resentment. According to the Socialist law and prophets, the jungle chaos of American trade and industry must produce one shattering crisis after another, with a rapidly descending spiral of living standards. Contrariwise, the planned and enlightened system must produce a quiet but steady and evenly spread improvement.

In fact, by some malignant perversity, precisely the opposite has happened. It is the natives of the Planned State who are feeding lean on a diet of recurring crises and the natives of the jungle economy who are enjoying a tropically flourishing prosperity. The glaring facts have not, of course, prevented our Socialists from lecturing the U. S. A. on the disastrous folly of pursuing outdated Victorian principles, but even the Socialists are not surprised to find the Americans listening with a languid ear.

Ideological irritation is supplemented by a good deal of natural human jealousy. Nothing is harder for any nation than recognition of the fact that its stature and influence have diminished in the world as its means diminished. Intellectually, the British recognize at least partly the lamentable reduction in their international status, but their attitude is still conditioned by their lost greatness. The word of wise counsel or salutary reprimand still springs readily to British lips, but into the British mind there soon comes the rankling suspicion that nobody cares very much any more. This inspires a mood of frustration and the mood inspires a strong impulse to kick out at somebody.

Not that there is a majority opinion within the Socialist Party in favor of breaking up the Anglo-American alliance. Far from it. Nor is there any wide disposition to believe that the United States is as dangerous as Russia, if not more so. These are minority heresies, and some of the orthodox spokesmen have dealt with them faithfully and well. For example, Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., spends quite a lot of time drubbing the "obsolete absurdities" of ideological anti-Americanism. But whereas American goodwill is generally taken for granted, there is a fairly widespread lack of confidence in American judgment and steadiness. And down in the subconscious there is the inevitable resentment.

Passing of a Mission

That resentment is not confined to the Socialist Party. Mutterings about American materialism and bombast can be heard in the most exclusive clubs, coming from men who would literally choose to die rather than live under communism. This is not so surprising as it might appear at first glance. After all, the British imperial mission meant more to the men of the far right than to anybody else. Many of them served the Empire and its inhabitants of all colors with dedicated selflessness, and they take a natural pride in their immense achievements. The more philosophical recognize that an era has closed. Others who find their occupation gone look with a rather unkindly eye on the newcomer holding down the job. They refuse, with some emphasis, to believe that "Time's noblest offspring is the last."

There is also some vexation in the fighting services. This is not at all the result of personal friction, because British and American fighting men get on uncommonly well together. But there is an uncomfortable feeling that too many of the

top posts go to Americans. "The Case of the American Admiral" may sound like a Sherlock Holmes story, but it did stir up a good deal of feeling, for the British are touchy about the sea. They also tend to regard all such appointments as a straight deal between Britain and America, while the Americans are more acutely conscious that there are many partners in the alliance to be satisfied. The fact that the Turks wanted an American commander in the Mediterranean was decisive for the Americans and the Turks, but not for the British, who think that in that particular stretch of water anything you can do they can do better.

In short, there is a fairly small minority opinion that regards American policy as a deliberate threat to peace, or so reckless and unstable as to be a threat to peace without deliberation. A much larger number of people criticize some aspects of American policy while still conceding that the alliance is a life-and-death necessity. They think Britain should have a stronger voice in joint counsels, and they are very far from being used to the position of second-in-command. All this adds up to something much less than threat to the alliance, but if there should come a sharp and dangerous divergence of views on some vital issue, this political friction might become serious indeed.

Friction on other planes would then also become important. Many people in Britain have a vague feeling that by "standing alone" after the fall of France they earned a special position in the world and special favor, apparently for the rest of time. They also feel that Fate has been malignantly unfair to them. By some curious process of logic they have worked it out that their own poverty is the result of the British war effort, while American wealth is the product of the American war effort. Americans are thought to have been sinfully lucky.

American "luck" is rubbed home pretty heavily wherever American troops are situated. The American boys draw the girls, partly because of novelty, partly because of the glamour of the movies, and partly because of the money they have to spend. The courtesy of the American approach to women takes a heavy trick. The British workingman who sees his best girl on the arm of a GI is naturally far from pleased to discover that he is only the girl's second-best boy.

Hurt feelings of this kind are not more than might have been expected. Indeed, it is no flattery to say that the American troops are their own best ambassadors. For the most part they bear themselves as meekly as King Duncan himself, and are often to be seen standing about looking rather lonely and shy. When Communist speakers talk of the GIs "strutting" the streets of Britain like conquerors, they betray that blind stupidity which so often defeats their propaganda. There is no "strutting," but many friendly observers think there is too much slouching, and are tempted to draw wrong conclusions.

It is a fact that a large proportion of the British people remains unconvinced of the quality of the American fighting man. Among all those who had contact with the American Navy there is nothing but the deepest and most outspoken admiration, and the staggering logistical feats of the American war effort could scarcely escape notice. But American airmen are suspected of reckless and irresponsible bombing, and the American soldier is thought to be capable of a brilliant and rapid advance, but to lack the fiber and endurance for a long and heavy slogging match.

Sources of Mistrust

In view of the record, this skepticism calls for examination. After Iwo Jima and Okinawa Americans might well think that their soldiers had not only demonstrated courage, which is not denied, but also the staying power which is doubted. Nevertheless sage heads are still shaken in English pubs where old soldiers foregather.

One reason for the skepticism may well be the unsoldierly impression made by the first American troops to land in Britain. It was unfortunate that the first view of American troops that our people got was a view of young men who had hardly got used to the feel of their uniforms. In any event, the American style in walking and even in standing is far different from the British, and sturdy Britons take it for granted that their own is the one correct and manly style. Another unfortunate first impression was made at the battle of the Kasserine Pass, where American troops had their first taste of actual fighting against the most battle-hardened troops in the world. No later performances, however outstanding, entirely obliterated the memory of that first defeat. Patton's dash across half Europe was heavily publicized in the British press and freely admired, but the British ranker still maintained that it was possible only because he and his kind had broken the teeth of the *Wehrmacht* at Caen.

But the skepticism was there before a shot was fired in the war, and for that the movies are partly responsible. To hundreds of millions, America is known almost exclusively through the movies. They sit enraptured in the darkness of the cinema and watch the brilliant image of the American Way of Life glittering on the screen. But the visual impact is not entirely flattering. "I'd love to visit America, but I don't think I'd like to live there." This is the most frequent of British comments, and it suggests that the most accurate picture of a material background may yet breed a good deal of misunderstanding of the quality of the life it supports.

In Britain, particularly among the working class, there is a traditional belief that youngsters will turn soft if life is made too easy for them, and there is a thorough conviction that life is too easy for the American boy and girl. This heightens the

suspicion that the young GI who finds himself in a fox-hole is facing reality for the first time, and that his plush-lined upbringing has left him ill-prepared for the ordeal. This suspicion is heightened yet again by the admirable candor of the American military authorities who talk freely of "combat-fatigue" and nervous collapse, and by the candor of American war correspondents who do not hesitate to assert that American soldiers are scared out of their wits from time to time. It is seldom indeed that any British leader or correspondent will talk with the frankness that comes naturally to their American counterparts.

In the years between the wars a number of American films came to Britain, showing life in the American Forces with a distinctly musical-comedy flavor. These also induced the British public not to take the American fighting machine very seriously. Nobody quite believed that the American Navy would sail into action with dazzling chorines sitting on the guns, but there was a vague impression that the American Navy was a good-time Navy and therefore not well equipped for bad times.

Genuine ill-feeling was created by an Errol Flynn movie on the Burma campaign. Even during the war, the Fourteenth (Burma) Army called itself "the forgotten army," for its unspectacular but prolonged and nearly unendurable struggle was poorly publicized even in Britain. After the war, the anger of its veterans knew no bounds when the screens of the free world showed that it was Mr. Flynn who had beaten the Jap and the jungle. More than one cinema was set on fire by infuriated British troops.

Nor is international understanding much helped by movies which feature thug cops, race riots and corruption on a royal scale. Such open confessions may be good for the soul, but they are not so good for international prestige. They are highly agreeable to those who like to think that for all the surface glitter of American life, there is a great darkness beneath. The British are by no means a noisy and boastful race, but in a quiet way they are very pleased with themselves. Self-esteem is a valuable quality, but there is nothing to be said for a propaganda medium which nourishes British self-esteem at the expense of American reputation.

It would be easy to exaggerate these points, but they are not unimportant. Americans are personally well-liked, and the vital importance of their support is understood by a large majority in Britain. Indeed, it could be said that cooperation has been at least as smooth as could have been hoped. But the loving trust that should be found in a completely united family is neither universal nor complete. There is nothing much to worry about for the moment, but if any strong disagreement should light a match of discord, it is well to remember that there is a certain amount of tinder lying about. It would also be well to remove as much of it as can be readily disposed of.

France's Red West Point

By ANTHONY TRAWICK BOUSCAREN

France, allegedly the pivotal area for NATO operations, may be the weakest sector of the Free European front. Few people realize the extent to which the Soviet fifth column in France is organized for military action, sabotage and subversion.

In France, communism is a power. Scores of known Communist generals, colonels and other high-ranking officers are on the payroll of the Army. There are one hundred Communist cells in the fashionable Sixteenth District of Paris alone, surrounding the new NATO council headquarters which face the Eiffel Tower and the European staff-training college in the Invalides.

A Red "West Point" is located within ten minutes drive from Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe. It is in the suburb of Viroflay: a handsome chateau surrounded by walls, thick hedges and barbed wire. Standing in well-laid-out grounds and gardens, the chateau is a part of the French Communist Party's real-estate empire which also includes several banks and a steamship line.

The Communist academy turns out militant leaders and officers for both hot and cold warfare with the NATO powers. It trains experts in psychological warfare, directors for fellow-traveling organizations, party administrators and trade union leaders, and technicians for secret operations by radio, underground printing press and sabotage. The director is Victor Michaud, member of the French Politburo and one of the Moscow representatives in the French National Assembly. He also directs the principal doctrinaire journal of the French Communists, *Cahiers du Communisme*.

The aspiring Communist militant leader goes to Viroflay to be reeducated in French history and economics from the point of view of the Kremlin. He takes courses of three to six weeks duration, depending on the service to which he is assigned. Those intended for the central military section of the Politburo are instructed also in the geopolitics of NATO and the SHAPE defense areas, recruiting and training militants, tactics in strikes and riots, strategy against "dollar diplomacy," and the principles of world revolution, camouflaged under the name "the fight for peace and democracy."

Before enrollment in the Viroflay "West Point," each candidate is required to pass a strict medical examination, and to answer 97 biographical questions. He must report on the political opinions of his father, mother, brothers, sisters, his girl friend and her family, and denounce any and all who are anti-Communist. If his answers are satisfactory he is lodged and fed at the chateau, worked hard day and night, and allowed out only on Sundays. When he is graduated, he is a completely changed man—the fully qualified revolutionary agent.

Germany Won't Fight

By F. A. VOIGT

A recent visit to Germany has convinced a former British correspondent there that in case of war the Germans will not fight—even for Germany.

According to the agreements signed on May 28 and awaiting ratification, the German Federal Republic will become a sovereign state and a member of the Atlantic Coalition. The Federal Republic comprises about two-thirds of the territory specified as German within the frontiers fixed by the powers assembled at Potsdam in 1945—or nearly two-thirds in population and fully two-thirds in area and in production. The remaining third within the same territory is known as the German Democratic Republic and has been converted into a Russian dependency. It resembles the satellite states, like Poland and Hungary, but is sovereign neither *de jure* nor *de facto*, whereas they are sovereign *de jure* but not *de facto*.

Beyond the rivers Oder and Neisse, which form the eastern frontier of the Democratic Republic, certain territories, formerly part of the German Reich, have been incorporated *de facto* but not *de jure* in the Polish Republic by the decision of the powers assembled at Potsdam.

The Federal Republic is, therefore, less than two-thirds of the German Reich which emerged from the first World War. Today and, as far as we can see, for years to come, perhaps permanently, Germany—in terms of practical politics and effective law—is the Federal Republic.

The German Treaty confirms the division of the former Reich and, therefore, the division of Europe. This, and this only, is the reason why the Treaty was opposed by Dr. Schumacher. It is also opposed by a far stronger body of German public opinion than appears on the surface because it is, rightly or wrongly, regarded as committing Germany to active participation in the conflict that divides the world.

Most Germans expect that their divided country will be reunited. But when they are asked how the reunion is to come about, they are at a loss for a clear answer. They speak vaguely of "negotiation" or of a "general settlement." In this respect, they speak as others do. The words "negotiation" and "general settlement," or words to the same effect, have been used often enough on both sides of the Atlantic and seem to comprise all there is to know about the ultimate aims of the Atlantic powers with regard to the hypothetical peace which, so they appear to believe, will some time or other resolve the conflict between themselves and the Communist Coalition. Mr. Eden recently declared that "we must negotiate from strength," but he did not say what we are to negotiate about or what kind of settlement he, or anyone else, has in mind. And as we are constantly assured that we shall use our "strength" only to defend ourselves if we are attacked, we are left to wonder how it could be for any purpose other than the perpetuation of the *status quo*.

What interest could Russia have in a general settlement when the perpetuation of the *status quo* and, therefore, of the general unsettlement, offers her and the Chinese Republic unprecedented opportunities of conquest? Why, in particular, should she surrender the great prize awarded to her at Potsdam, those German territories which are, to her, of such immense strategic, political and economic value? If it is suggested that she might surrender her gain for some "concessions," we are compelled to ask: "What concessions?" They would have to be immense before Russia would even consider them.

What they are is, in fact, clear: Either the Atlantic powers must abandon the Federal Republic or the Federal Republic must abandon the Atlantic powers. In that case, Germany will be reunited under Communist domination and Russia will be the master of Europe.

From the German point of view, the Democratic Republic is a vast irridenta. There are Germans who, whether through realism or despondency or both, regard this irridenta as lost for ever. One of them, an observer of great experience and critical judgment, said to the writer: "It grieves me bitterly, but that is gone!"

Vision of a Fiery Apocalypse

A European war, ending in Soviet defeat, would probably bring about the reunion of Germany. But the Germans will, nevertheless, do all in their power to avert a war. If they have no choice other than that between Communist domination and war, they will choose the former, although they know far better than we do what it means. The Federal Republic is about to join the Atlantic Coalition, with extreme reluctance, to escape both evils.

The Germans see a future European war as a fiery apocalypse that will utterly destroy and consume them and their towns and villages. The two mightiest armies and aerial armadas ever known will meet on and above German soil and, destroying

one another, will destroy all that is beneath and around. This may be too imaginatively fearful a view, but we have to reckon with it, for it dominates German policy and may have consequences that will transform the balance of power and decide the fate of nations in furthest Asia.

It is idle to tell the Germans that peace will come in the end and that what they have rebuilt since the second World War, they can rebuild after the third. They are not convinced that peace *will* come in the end, and affirm that under Communist domination they will at least have their lives, homes and work, even if their liberties and their national independence are extinguished.

The Germans will, in the event of war, have one supreme wish—that the Russian advance be so rapid that the apocalypse be unleashed far away westward from the confines of Germany. They expect an Anglo-American advance, if at all, only in the later stages of the war—an advance that will complete the destruction of what little, if anything, is left to be destroyed. But even if the Russian advance is as rapid as the Germans will wish it to be, the Atlantic Powers will have to destroy the Rhenish and Westphalian industries and lines of communication. In the event of war, the Germans expect annihilation from friend and foe alike. And the very magnitude of the effort they have made to achieve their prodigious recovery since the second World War, has convinced them that they can never do the like again. They regard this effort as something superhuman that can be done not more than once.

There are some who imagine that the Germans would be prepared to fight for Europe, or for the "European idea." This "idea" has a certain vogue, which Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and numerous politicians and publicists have helped to spread in the belief that it has some relevance to some recognizable reality. The reality, however, remains undisclosed. The existing Council of Europe, as well as chimerical projects for European Federation and a European Parliament, seem to the writer nothing more than concessions to a false and exceedingly dangerous principle—the principle of diffusion. It is for every nation arrayed against a formidable and implacable enemy to rely on its own individual strength, to rally its own material and moral resources, and, instead of attempting to achieve an impossible unity through diffusion, to *combine* with others exposed to the same menace and to achieve a maximum concentration.

It is evident even now—and not only in the Council of Europe which, after all, is not a very serious affair, but in far weightier discussions of far wider scope—that simplicity is sacrificed to complexity, concentration to diffusion. Even the Schuman Plan which, when seen from afar, seems so practical, is proving to be so complicated and so unrelated to the realities of industrial organization that those entrusted with its management are at a loss to know what to do with it and what useful purpose it could serve.

German soldiers can be expected to do their duty in the projected European Army about which so many experienced observers are exceedingly critical, for in this army, if formed as planned, concentration will again have been sacrificed to diffusion.

What the Germans Want

In the opinion of the writer the Germans will not, in any extremity, fight as a nation—as the English will fight as a nation if there is no alternative to war except national downfall and the dissolution of the Commonwealth. If Germany is invaded, there will be no civilian "resisters" but only "collaborators." And what is true of Germany is equally true of France, although French units may fight with no less courage and skill than German units.

We must not, however, infer that the Germans are pacifists. Pacifism has the outward appearance of a quiescent and altruistic emotion, but the moment it passes from quiescence to action it becomes a dangerous revolutionary force animated by doctrines that belong to the Jacobin heritage of Europe. According to this doctrine, of which President Wilson was the greatest exponent, the balance of power must be replaced by a universal egalitarian system, national wars are prohibited, only universal wars are allowed (if "peace is indivisible," war, too, is indivisible). Universal peace is preserved only by the permanent threat of universal war.

The Germans pay a conventional and very deceptive deference to projects of a pacifist nature, as to all projects sponsored by the Atlantic powers, however chimerical they may be. But the Germans are not interested in universal peace, for they have grown as skeptical of pacifist as of militarist, and of international as of national doctrines or ideologies. They were alarmed when the Korean war broke out because they believed it might be the signal for a general war. But they care little if all the Far East goes up in flame as long as the war does not come to the West.

They do not believe in wars for civilization, wars for freedom, wars for democracy, wars to end wars. A legion of German soldiers could be won to fight in any cause, but the Germans as a nation will not fight for any of these things. They will not even fight for Germany.

To preserve against annihilation what has been saved from destruction, that genial Western land which, if there is no European war, can be so sure of a felicitous future—*this* is what the Germans want with a concentrated singleness of purpose that makes every other consideration appear unimportant or irrelevant by comparison:

"Who thinks of victories? To survive is all!"[1]

[1] Reiner Maria Rilke, "Requiem for Count Kalckreuth."

The Conservative Plight

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

It is often said, these days, that the nominations of General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson have brought to an end the Roosevelt-Truman Era. They have, in addition, left the largest part of the American people, Republican and Democratic conservatives, in an uncertainty of affiliation and choice. In the Republican Convention, the conservatives overwhelmingly favored Taft; in the Democratic Convention, Russell. They got neither and now must choose between Eisenhower and Stevenson or vote for the vegetarian.

Conservatives will either stay away from the polls, as they have done in the last three elections, or they will vote for General Eisenhower without much enthusiasm because they know too little of his ideas and principles. If, during the campaign, he can establish a political personality, it will be easier for them. They can not accept a second-hand account of his cerebration, nor is it good enough that the Vice-Presidential candidate, Richard M. Nixon, is an aggressive anti-Communist. Nobody votes for a Vice President.

If the conservatives stay away from the polls, Adlai Stevenson will be elected, which, so far as we now know, would be a total defeat for conservative Americans. They know less about Stevenson than they do about Eisenhower. The fact that he was in the AAA in the 1933-34 period, when Alger Hiss and the Harold Ware group were there, opens the door to considerable doubt and investigation. The fact that he served the State Department and as a member of the American delegation to the United Nations during the period when George Marshall and Dean Acheson prevailed leaves one to wonder. Yet his acceptance speech contained spiritual qualities which please the conservative mind and which have thus far not appeared in the addresses of Eisenhower, whose sentiments seem to be as mundane as his language is pedestrian.

Outmaneuvered in both conventions, the conservatives wonder what their role is to be. They can not accept with enthusiasm the participation in government, possibly in the State Department, of Thomas E. Dewey, Paul Hoffman, Averell Harriman or Chester Bowles. Dean Acheson would be preferable from the standpoint that he, at any rate, is a craftsman in the field of international relations, while the best that can be said for these four is that they would willingly pursue any task that gives them added opportunity for public position.

Nor is it possible to accept the clandestine leadership of General Lucius Clay, Winthrop Aldrich or Henry Ford II any more than that of Walter Reuther, Phil Murray or Jack Kroll. One side represents the power of organized capital in the tradition of Mark Hanna; the other side, the power of organized labor in the tradition of a European proletariat.

Conservatives are never opportunists. They live in a world of ideas based upon the traditions of their race. They do not regard an election as a football game with a cheer for the winner, whoever he may be. They have not cheered the winner of elections since 1932, nor do they believe that it has done this country any good that Roosevelt and Truman were the winners. To them, an election is a sacred duty to fulfill the inspiration of the Declaration of Independence that a people is entitled to a government of its choice.

The three phases of our electoral system—the primary, the convention, the general election—are not athletic or beauty contests; they are the fulfillment of the right of choice, to be approached thoughtfully and conscientiously, with due regard for the welfare of the country. Less than that is the reduction of individual responsibility to mass action, which is repugnant to the American concept of politics.

In the Republican Convention, Tom Dewey assumed a leadership to which he was not entitled by his position. He had twice been defeated by the American people. He could not have been nominated for President himself. By skilful manipulation he managed to defeat Senator Taft, whom he dislikes because upon Taft fell the mantle of leadership which Dewey craved. In this personal quarrel, Eisenhower was a pawn. He had not himself participated in it, but he took no steps to limit the raucous activities of the Dewey organization. The result is that while Eisenhower is not being blamed, he still carries the barnacles of Deweyism into his campaign. If there is a vestige of Dewey influence in the Eisenhower organization, conservatives will shun it.

Some of the practical politicians ask, "Where can they go? They are Republicans! They are accustomed to vote the Republican ticket!"

The answer, of course, is that they do not need to go anywhere. They can stay at home. They can play golf. They can watch television. There is no compulsion in this country to vote. There can not be. To vote or not to vote must be a matter of personal decision and responsibility. Wendell Willkie and Dewey, twice, were defeated because while many Republicans voted for state and local officials, they refused to vote for a candidate for President. The ballot is secret. Nobody knows how one votes, but the facts show up in the figures.

On the other hand, it will be difficult for the conservatives to accept Adlai Stevenson by default. His appointment of Wilson W. Wyatt as campaign manager does not encourage one to believe that he is quite the middle-of-the-roader that he pretends to be. The middle-of-the-road is always a doubtful description unless one knows precisely where the two terminal points are. The middle could be very

left or very right, depending upon where the ends are. Conservatives fear Stevenson as they distrust Dewey. It may mean a 5,000,000 vote difference in this election.

At this early stage Eisenhower might still win the conservatives, but it would be at the cost of the forces that got him nominated. He may feel secure enough to do without the conservatives as some Liberal-Laborites feel that the Democrats can do without the Solid South. Such statistical optimists will discover in November that July prognostications wear thin when the citizens actually go to the polls or stay away from them.

If this sketch reaches no conclusions, it fairly mirrors the conservative's mind at this moment. He is, of the moment, open-minded. He will watch the candidates, what they say, whom they prefer on their staffs. With Averell Harriman almost sure that he will be Stevenson's Secretary of State, both Republican and Democratic conservatives have one reason for preferring Eisenhower. They could take much, but not Harriman.

The Economics of Freedom

Taxes and Floods

By LEO WOLMAN

The theory of our Federal government is that if anything goes wrong anywhere—in Russia, Korea, Iran, on the Missouri River—the fault lies with the failure of Congress to appropriate enough money to deal with such contingencies and the reluctance of American taxpayers to agree to more taxes. When, not so long ago, President Truman made a personal survey of the flooded areas of the Kansas River basin, he knew right off what the trouble was—insufficient funds, past, present and future, for the Corps of Engineers.

Mr. Truman is no engineer or authority on rainfall, floods, flood control and the like. But there are plenty of authorities around and they have been giving these problems close and careful attention. Their findings are available and they are, to say the least, interesting. The latest report, July 2, 1952, comes curiously enough out of Congress, from the Subcommittee on Army Civil Functions. This is what it says:

> The Corps of Engineers have spent a quarter of a billion dollars [. . . . as of June 30, 1951] on channel stabilization and navigation improvements on the lower Missouri River, a distance of 762 miles from the mouth of the river at St. Louis upstream to Sioux City, Iowa. To date these expenditures have not produced navigation to any appreciable extent, and it appears that the Corps' work has actually increased floods on the river, year after year.

So this is what the planning of an established government agency, which is constantly before Congress for more funds, has produced. Expenditures are large and increasing, there is little navigation, and floods grow worse.

The evil created by this kind of behavior of public agencies is not the money that has already been wasted, great as that is. It is the lengths to which public agencies, in the prevailing climate of government, are prepared to go in order to justify their projects and appropriations. In this respect the Corps of Engineers is probably no worse than scores of other agencies, many of which have now got so big and complicated that audit and control of their operations must appear to Congress a physical impossibility. This most certainly is the case with military expenditures where to all other influences of waste are added the factors of urgency and impatience; also with the multifarious types of foreign aid we have been distributing these many years over the face of the globe where subtle influences of personal judgment, political predilection, and sheer ignorance will determine what officials are prepared to recommend as the minimum essential appropriation. Failing these sums, the world, and the United States with it, will go to the dogs.

The value of this report of a committee of Congress is in its revelation of what a perfectly good government department will do to prove its case. For example, in evaluating some of the potential benefits of the Missouri River project, the government depended on a comprehensive study by a group of specialists, the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors. But the government engineers, deeming the specialists' report to be too conservative, promptly revised the figures arbitrarily and presumably without additional inquiry. So, where the specialists estimated annual tonnage on the Missouri of 4,000,000 in the year 2010, the government revised the figures to 5,000,000 tons in 1980. This is foresight with a vengeance. It is also a perfect illustration of make-work policies and the dissipation of every citizen's hard-earned income.

Consider the Lilies

For these new People's States, I now propose
Gravely a new and needed Commissar:
His duty to stain red each yellow rose
And loop a sickle round each wayward star.
His to suppress all wildflowers that grow
At beauty's whim, random and helterskelter—
Blossomed choke-cherries' drifts of sunny snow,
Or dogtooth violets (May's blue foolish welter).
His to bring death to goldenrod; uproot
Anemone and aster; and destroy
Brown ox-eyed daisies (barren of all fruit)—
The resolute arch-enemy of joy.
Last, comrades, his to liquidate the throng
Of birds that weary earth with idle song.

E. MERRILL ROOT

Learning from the Danes

By GLENN E. HOOVER

The Danes, says a traveling American professor, could give other countries some valuable lessons in democracy. But they are having a struggle for economic freedom in a protectionist Europe.

Copenhagen

In proportion to its size, Denmark attracts more foreigners interested in social institutions than does any other country in the world. For decades visitors from every continent have come here to study the remarkable development of its farmers' cooperatives, its social services and its Folk High Schools. Nearly every American visitor who can write has reported on one or more of these topics. However, there are certain features of Danish political development that, in my judgment, deserve more consideration than they have yet received.

Denmark holds such a high place among the democratic nations of the world that we seldom recall how short a time it has been governed by its people. Although a Constitution was introduced in 1849, it was not until 1901 that the King's Ministers were made responsible to the popularly elected lower house of Parliament. Even yet there are anomalous restrictions on the suffrage. The members of the upper house are chosen by voters at least 35 years old, and members of the lower house by voters at least 25 years old. These age requirements would have been lowered long ago but for the fact that the Constitution provides that amendments can be adopted only if approved by 45 per cent of all who are *eligible* to vote. As a result of this awkward provision, every voter who stays at home is counted as against all proposed amendments. The major parties are now attempting to agree on an amendment that will bring the minimum voting age more nearly into line with that of other democratic countries.

In both Britain and the United States the belief is widely held that democratic governments can function properly only on the basis of a two-party system. This notion is not supported by the history of Denmark, or of several other small democratic states. At no time since Ministers were made responsible to the Danish Parliament, has any one party had a majority of seats in that body. The various "governments" have all been created and supported by a coalition of two or more parties, and although the "fall" of a government sometimes leads to a dissolution of Parliament, the efficiency of the state is not impaired, nor are national policies less stable here than in Britain and the United States.

The multiplicity of parties in Denmark is undoubtedly favored by its system of proportional representation. If any group here can agree on a program and secure 10 per cent of the popular vote for its candidates, it will obtain approximately 10 per cent of the seats in the lower house. The formation of new parties is not discouraged by the fear of supporters that they will be "throwing their votes away" unless their party wins a plurality of seats. The Danish system of proportional representation is somewhat too complicated to be described here, but that each party is assured representation in proportion to its popular vote is evident from the results of the 1950 election, as shown below:

PARTY	SEATS	POPULAR VOTE	VOTES PER ELECTED MEMBER
Social Democrats	59	813,512	13,788
Conservatives	27	365,370	13,532
Moderate Liberals	32	438,114	13,692
Radical Liberals	12	144,206	13,985
Justice Party (Henry Georgist)	12	168,499	14,041
Communists	7	94,468	13,495

Under the Danish system if a party gains or loses 10 per cent of its popular vote it will gain or lose 10 per cent of its seats in Parliament, but it will not gain or lose 20 per cent, 30 per cent or more, as it might under the system prevailing in Britain and the United States.

Rise of the Justice Party

The rapid growth of the Justice Party is a major development in recent Danish history. This party ("league" is a more exact translation of its name) was organized in 1919 at a meeting sponsored by the Henry George Union. It first took part in parliamentary elections in 1924. It advocates the social appropriation of "the values which arise through the growth of the community and are not due to the efforts of any person." In addition it stands for free trade and opposes socialism or any other bureaucratic control of the economy. Although still small, it is growing more rapidly than any other party in Denmark. Its popular vote rose from 38,459 in 1945 to 94,570 in 1947 and 168,499 in 1950. In 1945 it elected three members, in 1947, six and in 1950, twelve. As there are only 151 members in the lower house (including two representatives from the Faroe Islands), and the three

major parties are rather evenly divided, the twelve representatives of the Justice Party are able to exert considerable influence in the determination of governmental policies.

Its growth is significant because it is not just another pressure group organized to advance the economic interests of its members: nor is it a transitory union of those now called "the underprivileged." Its leader, Dr. Viggo Starcke, is a recognized scholar who gave up a successful career as physician and head of a sanatorium so that he might devote his full time to advancing the program of his party. He explains how this program has been influenced by the writings of Adam Smith, Cobden and Henry George. He reads and speaks English well. With his cosmopolitan culture he is a conspicuous example of the "scholar in politics"—a species more common in Europe than in the U. S. A. Dr. Starcke is not only a free trader but a libertarian who believes that "Bureaucracy is the very pestilence." The striking success of his party may indicate that in Europe the tides of collectivism and state control are beginning to ebb.

No Lawyers' Monopoly

Lawyers have long dominated the U. S. Congress and the legislatures of the several states. Political historians believe that only in France under the Third Republic have lawyers filled so many legislative posts. In Denmark lawyers play a more modest role. In a book entitled "Contemporary Danish Politicians," issued by the Danish Council in 1949, there are short biographies of 45 leading members of Parliament in recent years. In this list lawyers, teachers and civil servants were tied with seven each, followed by six farmers, four businessmen and four journalists. A young Dane joins a party, gradually earns the confidence of its leaders and is tried out in various positions in his party or in his municipal government. He does not become a candidate for Parliament merely because he belongs to a profession which affords him free time, or because he can finance a campaign.

Some Danes suspect that parties play too great a role in their political life, but party responsibility has its advantages. The ignoramus, the clown and the irresponsible demagogue will find it difficult to secure an endorsement from any political party in Denmark, and without that endorsement his chances of entering the Parliament are nil. The Danish system also enables non-lawyers to compete with lawyers in political life, and to some observers this is in pleasing contrast to the situation that prevails in both France and the United States.

The attention of political parties here is centered on Denmark's economic problems, and these are in substance the same as those of the other European countries. Practically all of them are attempting to maintain arbitrary rates of exchange for their currencies, and to this end they drastically restrict their imports. In Denmark, where import duties are relatively low, this is done by requiring a license for the importation of the major commodities. The government planners in all European countries have the same obsession. They fear that if restrictions were removed their own country would be flooded by goods from abroad. However, since one country's imports are another country's exports, it is obviously impossible for all countries to buy more than they sell. To plan against impossible disasters is really carrying the art too far.

The Evil of Protectionism

With imports subject to governmental control, every producer, or would-be producer, seeks to prevent the importation of the product in which he is interested. This is the "new look" in which the old devil of protectionism is masquerading in Europe, and the evil which he works, particularly in a small country like Denmark, is appalling. Denmark is a low-cost producer of dairy products, hogs, beef and eggs, but it can not sell them to its neighbor, Germany, because the high-cost German farmers, chiefly Bavarian, must be protected. Germany is a low-cost producer of machines, tools, chemicals and metal products of all types, but its sales in Denmark are restricted because the Danes are short of German marks, since they can not sell their farm products in Germany.

The economies of the European states are thus caught in a vicious circle which is the result of governmental intervention. These economies must somehow be set free if they are ever to produce to the limit of their capacities, and this must be done before they can make a serious contribution to their own rearmament. With their economies hobbled, the burden of rearmament might push their standard of living so low that the danger of communism from within would be greater than that of communism from without.

The struggle for economic freedom in Europe, as illustrated by the rise of the Justice Party in Denmark, may well be determined by the actions of our own government. For some years our officials and distinguished private citizens have urged the European countries to remove their restrictions on international trade, and to increase their exports, particularly to the U. S. A. But when the Danes finally succeeded in increasing their export of blue cheese to the American market, our Congress, in the name of national defense, promptly lowered the boom! These petty restrictions in the imports from a small ally such as Denmark lower our prestige in every country in Europe. We may cling to our protectionist follies, or we may make of the non-Communist world an economically strong, free-trading area, but we can not do both. If we as a government should "choose freedom," we could rely on the traditional free-trade inclinations of the Danish people.

Foreign Trends

Conquest by Telephone?

By CANDIDE

European "neutralism" is no longer the confused sentiment of frustrated lone wolves but emerges, in Britain as well as on the continent, as the only political force in clear ascendancy. While most traditional loyalties have atrophied, "neutralism" seems to be the sole European program capable of forming aggressive new alignments.

Originally the petulant emotionalism of politically displaced intellectuals (represented by the sophisticated Parisian newspaper, *Le Monde*), this new European creed began to conquer what, aside from communism, remains the best organized political movement in western Europe—social democracy. No longer at home with an orthodox Marxism which has proved the proper and nutritious dish for the competing Communists, Europe's Social Democrats were craving a *Weltanschauung* they could make distinctly their own. They seem to have found it in "neutralism"—that abstruse declaration of independence from both Soviet Russia and America: Europe's two strongest Socialist parties, British Labor and German Social Democracy, are now staking their political fortunes on a hunch that Europe's two decisive nations, Britain and Germany, will wish to sever their ties with NATO.

American public opinion, skilfully misinformed by adherents of "bipartisan" internationalism, takes a general European delight with NATO for an axiom, and NATO's progress for a fact. Both assumptions are blatantly incorrect. New York's metropolitan press notwithstanding, the European Army has not marched one step beyond the SHAPE Chart and even begins to fall apart on paper. And far from being delighted with the NATO concept, Europe demonstrates for the first time since 1947 an aggressive opposition to the very idea of Collective Security.

Aneurin Bevan, who has an excellent chance to bounce the Attlee-Morrison team at Labor's national conference in September, centers his campaign on a disarmament program tantamount to complete British withdrawal from NATO. And entirely unnoticed by the American press, Berlin's gallant Mayor Reuter has just been forced by his own party to rescind his credo of resistance. In fact, while the American electorate is being sold on the fundamental soundness of U. S. foreign policy, the stage is being set in Germany for the greatest Soviet victory since the fall of China.

The anti-Reuter faction in Berlin's Social Democratic Party, led by one Franz Neumann who always acted on orders from the party's national *Fuehrer*, Dr. Schumacher (whose death is announced as these lines go to press), has consistently accused Mayor Reuter of betraying socialism by aligning himself with America. This Neumann faction rallied 45 per cent of Berlin's last Party Conference behind a platform which demanded Reuter's resignation. He could save his job only with a pathetic "confession," almost Soviet style, that he had "overdone" his advocacy of the Schuman Plan and NATO. Another portent of the Social Democrats' chosen course may be a recent statement of Pastor Niemoeller who, openly applauded by Dr. Schumacher, announced that the Germans, if their country is to survive biologically, must in any future war march with the Soviet Union.

Most European observers agree that British Labor and German Social Democracy are likely to win the next parliamentary elections in their respective countries. A forthcoming Labor government in London and a Socialist government in Bonn would assure the Kremlin that western Europe, for all practical purposes of world strategy, has been forced.

Gromyko's surprise appointment as Soviet Ambassador to Britain gave impressive evidence how Stalin appreciates his chance. At about the same time he ordered his satellite government in eastern Germany and the Communist Party in western Germany to start courting the Social Democrats —a romance which, in spite of all the lethal experiences East Germany's Socialists have had in marrying the Communists, apparently makes beautiful progress: the core of Neumann's rally against Reuter was the *Marxistische Arbeitsgemeinshaft* (Marxist Study Group) whose program is "the re-establishment of Socialist-Communist cooperation."

The upsurge of "neutralism" all over Europe and its veritable triumph within the Social Democratic camp may explain the enigmatic switch of Soviet tactics which has so finally befuddled the Pentagon strategists: why did Stalin fail to thrust forward into Europe, at the height of our Korean calamity, though we had frankly admitted that we would be unable to protect Europe militarily before 1954, if then? The answer, borne out by the crucial developments within the strongest party of Britain and the strongest party of western Germany, is that Moscow's appraisal of European fiber has always been more realistic than ours. While the U. S., for orientation, was listening to European banquet oratory, the Soviets were organizing Europe's political cynicism and Europe's visceral dread of armed conflict into a popular movement of surrender. An abundant harvest will start at the Labor Party Conference and culminate, shortly thereafter, in Bonn when the party of the dead Schumacher takes over from the dying Adenauer.

Red Luftwaffe

While NATO politicians discuss how Bonn Germany could forever be kept disarmed in the air, Herr Ulbricht's East German government lures all Ger-

man aviation experts into the Soviet zone. Western Germany was left with, conservatively, 1500 first-rate aviation engineers, none of whom has had one day of employment since 1945. Thus, few of them can resist the standard offer extended to them so lavishly from the East—about 5000 marks ($2000) a month and free living quarters. A majority of the skilful men who, under Hitler, had built the continent's most advanced air force, have already moved east. And NATO experts concede, though only off the record, that Soviet Germany's revived aviation industry is about to outproduce the combined capacity of all continental NATO powers.

Stakhanovism and Arson

One Laszlo Zsoldos, reports Hungary's Communist press, was found guilty of "making bricks out of unsuitable materials" and sentenced to five years in jail. This bit of news, fascinating to penologists in the orbit of barbaric capitalism, sheds perhaps some light on the nature of mysterious factory fires which the Hungarian Communist press has been recently reporting with even greater alarm. In the course of a few weeks, such fires have partly destroyed the Budapest Machine Tool Factory, the November Seventh Power Station, the Ikarus Vehicle Factory, the Peti Nitrogen Factory and the Wolfner Leather Factory. Under communism, it seems, matches improve labor morale.

Who's Unbalanced?

When American tourists read the British press, nothing exasperates them more than those ubiquitous allusions to American "lack of balance," "hysteria," "neuroticism" and, in general, the American's alleged affinity for mental disorders. Americans will therefore be interested, though decidedly not pleased, to learn of alarming *official* figures which have never been published in the U. S.: one-third of all Britons who consult England's socialized doctors are suffering entirely or mainly from psychological disabilities; as many working days are lost through minor mental maladies as through the common cold; and the more serious mental disorders or mental deficiencies fill nearly half of Great Britain's hospital beds.

Red Progress in Japan

Kyuichi Tokuda, General Secretary of Japan's Communist Party, has published a progress report on the occasion of the party's thirtieth anniversary. Perhaps even more disturbing than his claim that the party, in 1945 down to fewer than one thousand members, has "now a membership of several hundred thousands," is an item he presents with "special satisfaction": "three representatives of Japanese capitalist circles" who attended the Moscow Economic Conference have been appointed to speak for the Japanese government at the "preparatory peace conference" with Red China.

The Long Peace

By BEN RAY REDMAN

Not long ago, while I was taking a vacation from the daily news by browsing in the Library of the Future, I found myself in the section devoted to Books That Will Never Be Written—in many ways, I have always thought, the most fascinating of books. My eye was caught by a fat little volume, "A Short History of Modern Europe," by Jonathan Smith, with the date 1977 on its title-page. I picked it up merely to glance at it, but it was some time before I put it down again, for I happened to open its pages to a chapter headed "The Long Peace," and the first sentence that I read was this: "It may be said without fear of contradiction or exaggeration that the long period of peace that Europe and the world have enjoyed since 1917 was made possible by the wisdom of one man—Woodrow Wilson." After that I could only read on, with mounting interest.

"One of the decisive moments in world history," wrote Jonathan Smith, "was the instant, on March 1, 1917, when President Wilson faced a joint session of Congress to explain why he was determined to keep the United States out of the Great War, and thereby justify the slogan that had helped to assure his reelection. With sound historical sense and clear logic he examined the origins of the disastrous conflict, explained the stage that it had reached, charted its probable course and demonstrated that the entry of the United States into the war would be an act of national and international folly.

"He admitted frankly that he was under tremendous pressure to commit the power of the United States to the Allied side—under pressure from British and French statesmen, from American financiers with foreign loans at stake, and from millions of Americans who sincerely believed that the Central Powers had been guilty of planned aggression. 'But,' said the President, 'these combined pressures must be resisted.' Despite the belief of many sincere idealists, the United States was under no moral compulsion to espouse the Allied cause. History would show that the great powers had blundered into war, that none of them had really wanted it, that the guilt of mistaken action was shared among them all.

"It was argued, the President continued, that only the United States could save the Allies from defeat. This was doubtless true, for it seemed impossible that Britain could much longer sustain the enormous shipping losses that the German undersea campaign was inflicting upon her. The record of the past two months was appalling. But had the Congress considered, had the Allies themselves considered the final price that would have to be paid for American intervention? The Presi-

dent believed they had not. And then he came to his peroration, with its immortal words.

"'For generations,' he said, 'the United States was too weak to meddle in the interminable quarrels of Europe. But now the United States is too strong. Were we to throw our power with all our vast resources into the European scales, we would forever destroy the shifting balance that has so long been precariously maintained. We ourselves would become a European nation in the sense that we could not thereafter turn back from the road on which we had wilfully set our feet. The results of such an action are now incalculable, but we may be sure that by it the New World could bring only disaster to the Old. Dynasties long established would be cast down, revolutionary forces would be unleashed, and war would follow war, with ever increasing fury, as the nations of Europe sought to establish a new balance that would accommodate the mighty force that had come crashing upon them. This is a prospect that I can contemplate only with horror. This is a destiny toward which, under God, I can not lead the people of the United States.'"

Having read so far, I began to turn the pages quickly to find out what had happened.

Britain, I discovered, collapsed on July 5, 1917, and at the same time France, Russia, and the other Allied powers sued for peace. The terms were severe, but not fatal to the vanquished. Britain had to pay heavily in colonial territory as well as in financial reparations. So did France and Italy. But Germany's first move in the case of Russia was to send forces to put down and destroy the Bolsheviks who were threatening to overthrow the Kerensky regime, and her second move was to establish, under the Czardom of the former Arch-Duke Michael, the genuine constitutional monarchy that still endured. The Kaiser had no taste for revolutions. But it soon became apparent that, while he wanted a strong, unified Russia, he was quite willing to assist in the transformation of the Austro-Hungarian Empire into a federation of semi-autonomous, self-respecting states.

Flipping over the pages with increasing haste, as I knew my time was running short, I was barely able to scan the several fates of Turkey, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Serbia; to realize that after his victory of 1917 the former German War Lord had put aside his shining armor with the determination to be known to posterity as the Great Architect of Peace; and to note the prominent and prosperous role played by the United States in the rehabilitation of war-torn Europe. Finally I turned to the index, looking for the names of Mussolini and Hitler and Stalin. The first rated a single entry, referring to his death at the age of eighty-six, after a long but unsuccessful career as an intransigent Socialist. The other names were not there.

This Is What They Said

I accuse the present [Hoover] administration of being the greatest spending administration . . . in all our history. One which has piled Bureau on Bureau, Commission on Commission. Bureaus and bureaucrats have been retained at the expense of the taxpayers.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, address in Sioux City, Iowa, September 1932

. . . the defenses of the United States, as of today, are, in the opinion of the President of the United States, of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and of myself, sufficient unto the needs of the hour. . . . I renew my pledge . . . first to tend alertly and fully to the defenses of America; and second, though it takes my dying breath, we are going to whittle out this wastage, this fat, this throwing away of the taxpayer's money, so that the defense of America will be obtained with simon-pure dollars. In doing that, I serve my country, I serve my conscience, and no man, save the President, is going to stop that work and he won't because it has his approval.

LOUIS JOHNSON, address to the Conference of the U. S. District Attorneys, March 3, 1950

Now I happen to know Owen Lattimore personally, and I only wish this country had more patriots like him.

DREW PEARSON, broadcast of March 26, 1950

The impression I brought back from the Crimea and from all my other contacts is that Marshal Stalin and the other Soviet leaders wish to live in honorable friendship and democracy with the Western democracies. I also feel that no government stands more to its obligations than the Russian Soviet Government.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, reporting on the Yalta Conference to the House of Commons, February 27, 1945

Sunny Size-up

The Russians have demonstrated their friendly attitude toward China by their willingness to refrain from intervening in China's internal affairs.

HENRY A. WALLACE, "Our Job in China," Institute of Pacific Relations, 1944

It begins to look, for the time being at any rate, that my size-up as made in 1944 was incorrect.

HENRY A. WALLACE, testifying before the McCarran Committee, October 17, 1951

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

Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

It still seems unbelievable to me, but it happened: I find myself in agreement with Mr. Arthur Miller —and on the subject of contemporary playwrights to boot! There is many a strange sign in the firmament, but none stranger.

Messrs. Atkinson and Thurber, as my readers will recall, went out and hit themselves with the flattest bladder ever swung in a literary circus; namely, the contention that Broadway's unspeakable collapse was due to Joe McCarthy's scaring the wits out of our playwrights. This was a kind of alibi no mystery writer could hope to get away with in the least discriminating pulp magazine. But the level of our metropolitan intellectual life being what it is, I was afraid the Atkinson-Thurber law of dramatic thermodynamics (thermodynamics: the movements of hot air) would be unanimously adopted by Broadway. I was wrong. Arthur Miller himself, Broadway's current Euripides, has just helped the two theoreticians to a neat catharsis or, anyway, sent them to the cleaners.

Mr. Miller, nobody's fool except perhaps his own, sensed correctly that the Atkinson-Thurber theorem, if unopposed by the profession, can ruin it. For the public is either smart enough to grasp that playwrights who can be scared into sterility have nothing to say in the first place; or it is dumb enough to accept the Atkinson-Thurber law, thereby proving itself much too illiterate even for Broadway. In either case—curtain. So Mr. Miller, who is genuinely dedicated to the idea of using the stage as a pulpit of revolution, decided to let everybody in on the trade secret: "Our theater has struck a seemingly endless low by any standard," he confessed in the *Times*, because our playwrights "really have no point of view."

Lest he wound the feelings of his McLiberal host, Mr. Miller did not deny outright that "the knuckleheadedness of McCarthyism" may have something to do with the blight. "But," he exclaimed in pain, "is that all? Can an artist be paralyzed except he be somewhat willing?"

"Willing" is not the word. The kind of artist Messrs. Atkinson and Thurber are trying to spring from ignominy is *raring* to sell his convictions for a buck. I offer the following in evidence.

A week before it published Mr. Miller's exposé, the *Times* carried a bit of theater news so obscene that no family paper of true restraint should have considered it fit to print. It concerned revisions that a play, originally called "The Unclean," was currently undergoing. Now called "The Betrayal," it is being readied for Broadway.

The play, written by Robert O'Byrne and Edward Gilmore about two years ago, exploits the Hiss-Chambers case. It was clearly hostile to Chambers, whom the original title labeled as charitably as New York's intelligentsia felt about him in 1949. It is now being rewritten for a changed climate. The "unclean" of yesterday, you see, is today's celebrated writer of a best-seller.

As I happen to admire Chambers, and was proud of his friendship at a time when Messrs. O'Byrne and Gilmore hit on the elegant original title of their play, I ought to be pleased that they have come up with a second thought. But I am not. When I read the *Times* story, I experienced a physical revulsion against the cultural depravity it reflects:

> As a result of revisions in the script during the last two weeks, the character representing Mr. Chambers has been built up and the role will be the leading one in the play. . . . Since the part of Hiss [no Mr., you will notice] no longer is a leading one in the drama, Mr. Heidt [the producer] has abandoned his intention of getting Joseph Cotten to play it.

This is the dead give-away. Cotten's stock-in-trade is the portrayal of sterling American characters, of eighteen-carat pure, noble, innocent and indestructible young Americans. When they decided to star Cotten in the role of Mr. Hiss, the playwrights and their producer had to be awfully sure what their play meant. They were. Until lately, that is. Until Chambers's notoriety turned into fame. Until they decided to make a few minor changes. Such as switching Chambers from heavy to hero and Hiss from hero to traitor. Such as switching the accent from the uncleanness of the one to the crime of the other, simply to make sure that the audience gets the artists' message.

For they are *artists*, don't you see. The muses have kissed them, if only where one carries the checkbook, and Apollo has blessed them with sensibilities and conscience and a point of view. Their hearts are burning with compassionate understanding of man's fate and their fingers from fast rewriting. "Because Mr. Heidt is convinced that the Hiss case will be an important issue during the Presidential campaign, he now would like to start practice sessions the end of September and present the play here by October 15—before election," the *Times* informed us.

Also, "Mr. Heidt [was his name, before he changed that of the play, Dr. Jekyll?] is going to submit a copy of the script to Senator Richard Nixon of California, the Republican candidate for Vice President, for his approval of sequences involving testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities," reported, without a blush, the organ of Mr. Atkinson whose heart is bleeding for an American theater that is being violated by Congressional insolence and censorship. Mr. Nixon, I hope, will tear up the script and ask how contemptible the Broadway intelligentsia can get.

A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The occupational badge of the modern American college professor is a veiled, oblique irony: the breed in general no longer cultivates the explicit commentary of a Copeland, the enthusiasm of a Phelps, the *ex cathedra* tones of a William Graham Sumner. This latter-day habit of speech and mind is half superior, half defensive; the accent is that of a caste which feels it must cope with the world of money, politics and power without sacrificing the theory—or maybe one should say the illusion—that it is responsible only to canons established by itself. The irony is significant of a tension that arises in part from an uneasy conscience, for it is certainly arguable that nobody in this world can be responsible to himself alone when somebody else is kicking up the endowment and paying the bills. But from whatever source the tension rises, it is a subject for drama; and good dramatic art is what Gerald Warner Brace has made of it in his novel of life in a New England college community, "The Spire" (Norton, $3.50).

Like all good novelists, Mr. Brace uses the questions of philosophy as keys to character, not as mere opportunity for ideological harangue. Since "The Spire" is primarily a story of how a rather self-contained Vermonter, Henry Gaunt, picks up his life again after his first wife dies in the midst of presenting him with a son, it has a broadly universal appeal and reference. But Henry Gaunt happens to be an English professor; he happens to have an appointment to the faculty of the western Massachusetts hill town college of Wyndham, and he happens to become dean in the course of his year at Wyndham. Mr. Brace builds his story out of the particulars of life in a college community in the Bill Buckley era, and these particulars twist and shape the course of Henry Gaunt's love affair with Liz Houghton in a way that is peculiar to the local circumstances of Wyndham.

So sure is Mr. Brace's technique that one can scarcely unravel the various strands that go to make up his story. A thorough understanding of several worlds is present in "The Spire," and the several worlds overlap and intermingle with all the heterogeneity of life in the real world. Mr. Brace, a New Englander ever since his early transplanting from New York State, knows his Yankees, with their habits of conveying much in little speech. He knows the ways of a decadent Puritanism, too. It was a decadent Puritanism that caused old Mrs. Dudley, the self-elected arbiter of morals in Wyndham, to pursue Liz Houghton when that generous, ardent girl involved herself in a love affair that resulted in an illegitimate child. Liz was clapped into an institution for a period, and it has left its mark on her. All this happened long before Henry Gaunt came to Wyndham; in the meanwhile Liz has struggled back to become secretary to David Gidney, the college president. But Mrs. Dudley, who remembers that Liz's father, old George Houghton, was fired from the mathematics faculty because of hysterical complaints that he had pawed some children, has sworn that no Houghton has a claim to complete rehabilitation in the college community.

The irony of this is all the more pronounced by virtue of the fact that Mrs. Dudley's most illustrious ancestor, Thomas Gale, happens to have been a somewhat disreputable poet, a Gothic cross between Emily Dickinson and Herman Melville. Thomas Gale would have appreciated Liz Houghton, a gallant child who wears her rue with a difference, as William Lyon Phelps once said of Hester Prynne. After the early repulse to her emotional generosity Liz has clenched her jaws and dug in for a lifetime seige. She has willed herself to accept responsibility for her eccentric father, who has shut himself up in his room to make an interminable series of experiments with clocks; and for her brother, a brilliant young man who holds himself in tight repression. (Liz's sister has left the nest, and is important to the story only as a *deus ex machina* property that is necessary to a final twist of the plot.) With her family on her hands Liz has shut out all ideas of marriage and children; she will carry through her self-imposed tragedy to the end.

Henry Gaunt, however, perceives Liz's true inwardness; he knows even before he becomes dean that she is to be the second Mrs. Gaunt. This means that Henry must buck the entire community of Wyndham. Marriage with a latter-day Hester Prynne is no absolute bar to academic preferment in the modern world, but it is a substantial hurdle in the community of Wyndham.

The love affair of Henry Gaunt and Liz Houghton takes a full academic year to mature. It comes to its fruition amid a somewhat muted fight between President Gidney and his trustees over the resig-

nation of Dean Markham and the "retirement" of a "dear old dodo" (Gidney's characterization) from the economics department. Meanwhile there are several other conflicts going on—for example, the conflict in the English department that is expressed by the surly response of Greg Flanders, the pretentious Kafka-cum-Freud esthete, when it is suggested that an authority on Dickens, Dumas and O. Henry be added to the Wyndham faculty. Because of contention over the curriculum and the type of professor deemed modern by President Gidney, Henry Gaunt's desire to marry Liz is more bothersome than it might have been in, say, 1934 or 1944. Gidney, who is subconsciously jealous of Gaunt, doesn't want to take on any more fights at the moment, so Henry and Liz depart at the end of the academic year.

The Buckley-provoked quarrel over who is to be responsible for the orientation of a curriculum is what makes "The Spire" a contemporary document. Judged solely by what appears in the novel, it would be difficult to know just where Gerald Brace, who teaches English at Boston University, stands on the Buckley issue. As a dramatist he uses it to differentiate and motivate some of his characters, and that is all. Mr. Brace's dedication—"to my colleagues, who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss a brother's fight to freedom"—would lead one to believe that the author is anti-Buckley, but when one reflects upon the savage irony that underlies Mr. Brace's treatment of Greg Flanders one is not so sure: certainly the alumni and the trustees have as much right to a voice on matters of the curriculum as have the likes of Greg Flanders. Gidney himself as much as tells Henry Gaunt that everybody connected with Wyndham must be considered when decisions of policy are being made, which is a fair way of putting it.

But just as Jane Austen's novels succeed with only the barest references to the circumambient Napoleonic wars, so Mr. Brace's "The Spire" succeeds with only an oblique commentary on the rights or wrongs of Buckleyism. Mr. Brace's social opinions do not dictate the course of the drama that finally forces Liz Houghton out of her wilfully imposed role of sacrificial lamb. There is a world beyond Wyndham, and Henry Gaunt and Liz choose finally to dare it as husband and wife. Their story is tricky and brilliant as Mr. Brace works it out. And the flavor of Mr. Brace's by-play is unmistakeable: Mr. Brace knows how to describe a New England village, with its chalk-white houses, or the menacing November sky over a Vermont hill farm, or the curt, quiet beauty of an unused country church. Mr. Brace knows northern New England life in all its phases and localities. He is a first-rate regionalist who happens to be a first-rate novelist, and one hopes his book will have the success it deserves.

Accurate Prophet

The Cry Is Peace, by Louis F. Budenz. Chicago: Regnery. $3.75

Ten, fifteen years ago the William Henry Chamberlins, the Max Eastmans, the Eugene Lyonses, the Benjamin Gitlows, were indulgently dismissed as well-intentioned prophets whose visions consisted mainly of Communists under beds. If they had then said that by 1952 their alarms and apprehensions would be supported by innumerable case histories such as those of Budenz, Chambers, Bentley, Massing, Barmine, Kasenkina, Philbrick, Kornfeder, Calomiris, Cvetic, on one side of the ledger, and of Hiss, White, Marzani, Remington, Lee, Wadleigh, Gold, Sobell, the Rosenbergs, Coplon, Pressman, Abt, Witt, Jaffe, Fuchs, May, Pontecorvo, and a hundred more on the other, I wonder how their laughing deprecators would have responded. With total, unqualified incredulity, no doubt. Pressed for an answer, just in case, these scoffers would almost certainly have said the prospect was too ridiculous for serious consideration, but naturally if anyone *could* prove all of *that*, why *of course* they'd admit the gravamen of the charge, but let's talk about something rational for a change.

Well, here we are in 1952 and said cases and hundreds more are history and what does a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times* say about Louis Budenz's new book in the *Times's* Sunday Book Review? Why, simply this: ". . . as managing editor of the *Daily Worker*, he [Budenz] was so enmeshed in the Communist conspiracy that even now he seems able to view the world only through his old conspiratorial glasses."

The old adage needs revision. "A prophet hath *dis*honor in his own country" would better fit today's Liberal hysteria over "professional informers." But Budenz, Chambers, *et al.*, will not be deterred. As dedicated souls who have had a glimpse into the abyss of hell they will say what they have seen and let the cynics and skeptics be damned.

In "The Cry Is Peace" Mr. Budenz carefully dissects our mishandling of the catastrophic Communist menace and traces it rightly to our optimistic disbelief that such horrors could really exist in this "advanced" day and age. This incredulity arises in part from our belief in automatic progress, in part "from the rather widespread acceptance of the philosophy of pragmatism." Even the anti-Communists are infected with the pragmatic blight! Only recently David Lawrence wrote: "We are really not against communism merely as a philosophy! We're against Communist imperialism" (*U. S. News and World Report*, July 4, 1952, p. 49).

"The Cry Is Peace" is a sobering challenge to this kind of thinking. Among the most interesting sections, for this reviewer, is the masterly summation of the evidence against Owen Lattimore and

the Institute of Pacific Relations recently uncovered by the McCarran Committee.

The author's answer to the grave charges made against him by the overwrought Joseph Alsop is entirely convincing. Mr. Budenz had testified that "in discussions in the Politburo . . . it was pointed out that Mr. Wallace was . . . under good influences from the Communist viewpoint, that . . . John Carter Vincent . . . [was] described as being in line with the Communist viewpoint, seeing eye to eye with it . . ." (*McCarran*, pp. 625-626). How, then, to explain Vincent's approval of the replacement of General Stilwell in China by General Wedemeyer, and his silence in the face of Mr. Wallace's earlier proposal of the name of General Chennault? Observing that General Stilwell had been vigorously pro-Communist, Generals Chennault and Wedemeyer equally anti-Communist, Mr. Alsop denounced Mr. Budenz's testimony on John Carter Vincent, saying "the weight of contrary evidence is such as to make this undoubtedly unsupported allegation inherently incredible" (*McCarran*, 1404).

What this pat case overlooks is that, according to the testimony of Mr. Alsop and his co-plaintiff, Mr. Wallace, General Stilwell's recall was, at the time of the Kunming Conference, inevitable (see Alsop's testimony at *McCarran*, 1413-1416 and Mr. Wallace's at 1362-1363, in that order); that according to Mr. Alsop's testimony there wasn't the slightest chance that the Pentagon would allow General Chennault to replace General Stilwell (*McCarran*, 1445-1448); and that according to the testimony of Dr. William McGovern of Northwestern University, during the war a member of the Joint Intelligence Staff assigned to the Joint Strategic Survey Committee specializing in Far Eastern affairs, and a personal friend of General Wedemeyer's, the General at that time had not yet expressed his views on either communism or China and it was erroneously thought that he "would go along with the Communists because, with the Joint Chiefs, he thought we should not invade the Balkans or interfere with the Russian campaign in eastern Europe" (*McCarran*, 1024).

This last point, like the others, was already in the record when Mr. Alsop made his charges, and had been borne out by articles in the *Daily Worker* immediately following General Wedemeyer's replacement of General Stilwell, also previously introduced into the record (*McCarran*, 1094, 1376, 1442).

Yet on an obviously jerry-built basis Mr. Alsop wrote to Senator McCarran that Mr. Budenz was a "liar" under oath (*McCarran*, 1486). This is the kind of thing that Mr. Alsop and his friends, with injured air, purport to find in Senator McCarthy's utterances and which they indignantly characterize as "smearing" and "McCarthyism." Moreover, none of the excuses and extenuations available to Senator McCarthy can be claimed by Mr. Alsop. As Professor Lindsay Rogers pointed out two years ago, Anglo-Saxon legislatures, by "insisting on their right to compel disclosures by Executive departments and citizens . . . have been less craven and have proved more vigorous protectors of the public weal" than any other legislatures. "It is the legislature," he said, "which in Woodrow Wilson's phrase, must demand the examination of 'corners suspected to be dirty' even though to draw the public eye it must 'magnify and intensify the scandal'" (*New York Herald Tribune*, March 29-31, 1950).

To get back to Mr. Budenz's book: read it!

EDWARD J. HEFFRON

Divine Dissatisfaction?

Dance to the Piper, by Agnes de Mille. Boston: Little, Brown (Atlantic). $3.50

For those of us who have seen Agnes de Mille's solo or "partnered" dance recitals given long before she became known on Broadway as choreographer, her autobiography "Dance to the Piper" reads like a projection of character portraits and comedy skits similar to those Miss de Mille presented on the concert stage. As a performer, Agnes de Mille made her effects mainly by means of stylized and humorous pantomime, elaborately designed historical costumes and a simple scenario behind each number. During the course of a program, one saw a sixteenth-century lady and gentleman dancing a Branle with amorous maneuvers; a ballet dancer panting in exertion at an imaginary lesson; a Tyrolean couple on a picnic mixing coquetry with gastronomics; and, to top it all, an American "Civil War" in which Miss de Mille cavorted with a rifle in front of the Stars and Stripes.

The dancer's flair for pantomimic portraiture has been neatly transferred to the written word. The people who have passed in her life, or rather, the people whom the author has passed in their lives, are described theatrically, in full costume, with pirouettes, high kicks and an uncanny rendering of personal mannerisms and historical detail. Take the description of Serge Denham, "boss of the *Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo*":

> He had been a banker, he told me, but he looked like an old-world diplomat, slender, suave and silky. He tiptoed through large circumventions and maneuverings with pussy-cat elegance and, while never losing track of the grave involvements, bent to all the little attentions with all the zest of the courtier. . . . His long aristocratic hands lay serene on the desk or fluttered in delicate accentuation, his dark eyes gazed deep, his dead white unwrinkled brow bent in gentle courtesy toward you just as though behind that bland forehead were not a wheel within a wheel within a wheel. . . . His business exploits were a kind of saraband, and he wore protocol and prerogative like gold lace.

But is it the real person? We who do not know Denham must take Miss de Mille's word for this full-length drawing of "The Russian" so closely kin to a cartoon.

Indeed, the frequent repetition of the phrase "those Russians" with its unpleasant and, may we say, undemocratic implications towards fellow American citizens—though Russian-born—shows ingratitude and not very savory humor on the part of our choreographer who has made her name in the theater because of their generous attitude in allowing her to do exactly what she wanted in her first main balletic essay, "Rodeo," produced under the auspices of the same Mr. Denham. To quote the author herself: "It was Denham, and Denham only, who gave me my real chance."

There are portraits of famous motion picture directors, actors and actresses of the stage and screen, prima ballerinas, English choreographers who have become as famous as our author, and touching descriptions of the personnel of a *corps de ballet*. There is self-portraiture too, with good-humored wit. It all makes for lively entertainment, which would have quite harmless effects if Miss de Mille hadn't let the "Piper" lead her into the pitfalls of bragadoccio exaggeration, as we shall later see. Just as Miss de Mille's concert appearances never struck the gold of either pure dance or pure drama or even approximated a synthesis of the two on a high artistic level (which, I believe, is what she aimed to do), but remained a kind of humorous charade with the performer's heart neatly corseted under her velvets and brocades, so does "Dance to the Piper" fail to dive beneath its own glossy surface. We have here a writing which is almost journalistic —a kind of reportage suitable for a bored public which feeds on "names" or society news—to be applauded for its colorful revealing passages describing backstage life and to be hissed for its belittling of the greatest dancer of our century, Anna Pavlova.

According to Miss de Mille,

> . . . [Pavlova's] technique was limited [is one limited if one can fly?]; her arabesques were not as pure or classically correct as Markova's . . . her jumps and batterie were paltry [bouquets from one dancer to another], her turns not to be compared in strength and number with the strenuous durability of Baronova or Toumanova.

The late André Levinson, the foremost dance critic of our century, having had the misfortune to have witnessed only Nijinsky, Fokine himself, Tamara Karsavina, Trefilova, Nemtchinova, Spessivtzeva, the young Massine and Lifar, wrote in 1929: "To proclaim Pavlova better than the others is to compare her with the others. . . . We have among us the greatest dancer of all time . . ." Apropos her "impure" arabesques: "No experience in the realm of poetic dance can be compared to Pavlova's arabesque on points." And as for her "paltry" jumps: "Pavlova's gymnastic elevation achieves the mystic height of the liturgy." Whom should we believe?

As for Miss de Mille's criticism of Pavlova's scenery, "designed by second-rate artists," it was no worse than some of the décor we see nowadays in the productions of ballet companies and the Broadway theater itself. Pavlova's company, "inferior to all the standards we insist on today," nevertheless had in its ranks such first-rate classic and dramatic dancers as Mordkin, Novikoff, Uday Shan-Kar (the exceptional Indian dancer), Volinin and the admirable technician, Hilda Butsova. And would Pavlova ever, with "her bad taste," have done shocking sexy ballets like "Undertow," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "The Cage" or "Carmen"? Or would she have worn those giddy feather headdresses, those stagey crowns of pearls and rhinestones, or those glittering pendant earrings with which our contemporary ballerinas adorn themselves irrespective of their costume's period style?

Almost two-thirds of Miss de Mille's book are concerned with her efforts to establish herself as a solo dancer of original compositions. Here this reviewer, as a former concert dancer herself, must confirm Miss de Mille's statements as to the constant state of exhaustion, the rehearsing without end, the performing without income, and, if I may humbly add, the gratification of independent creative work. But not all of us had parents who could support our endeavors with the same financial aid or spirit of sacrifice that Miss de Mille's mother showed in sewing her costumes and housing her year after year. Many of my comrades were obliged to support themselves entirely, and often their parents too, by toiling in offices during the day, serving as models for painters and sculptors, or teaching classes in settlement houses in the Bronx, Brooklyn or New Jersey, returning for rehearsals with but a pittance for their hard work. Like Agnes de Mille, those of us who had courage and unshakable love for the dance are still dancing, directing or teaching, as, for instance, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, José Limon, Eleanor King, Anna Sokolow, etc.—and not bragging about it.

There will be many who will sigh with relief when they read about how the tide turned and Agnes de Mille made her successful debut as choreographer in 1942 with "Rodeo." The story of the ballet's rehearsals and its exciting première is the best the book has to offer, to my mind. Here we have truth and creative imagination working happily together at last. From "Rodeo" Agnes de Mille moved right into the Broadway musical show, namely: "Oklahoma!" Those readers who have suffered with their heroine as she leapt or climbed laboriously over each financial obstacle, supporting herself for limited periods at best with freakish jobs in the commercial films

or theater, can now rejoice. To me, this "arrival," accompanied as it is by vivid descriptions of première panic (still lurid in my own memory) and a virtual pandemonium of composer's, director's and manager's fears for the success of their monetary investment, seems a sad destination for our dancer after years of dedication to the search for individual creative expression.

The very honesty of Agnes de Mille's reports on the commercial institutions she became associated with is an indictment of them. Wittingly or unwittingly she raises the curtain on the backstage kitchen where the concoction of a successful show is achieved by holding a book of corny recipes in one hand while, with the other, one mixes three cups of catchy tunes, two cups of clever dancing, one tablespoon of vulgarity, and a pinch of "arty" references to American, Irish or Oriental folk lore or what-have-you. The frothy batter is baked in an oven of temperamental temperature (out-of-town tryouts with plenty of bickerings) and when ready, is served with a saucy sauce (half-undressed show-girls).

Yet there is every sign that Miss de Mille's marriage to present-day Broadway is likely to be a lasting and devoted one, giving birth to many happy imitations, especially as the Broadway managerial crew is smart enough to exploit to the hilt the choreographer's present commercial value. Why, then, in the midst of this fanfare of personal achievement, does the author end her book on a note of dissatisfaction?

"But then there is no satisfaction?" she asks Martha Graham.

"No satisfaction whatever at any time," replied the foremost modern dancer of our day, "There is only a queer divine dissatisfaction. . . ."

Methinks Miss Graham means the creative artist's quest—quite unrelated to personal fame—for self-fulfillment within self-imposed form.

ERNESTINE STODELLE

Choice and Omission

Principles and Problems of International Politics, by Hans J. Morgenthau and Kenneth W. Thompson. New York: Knopf. $5.00

This volume is not a systematic treatise, such as "Contemporary International Politics" by Sharp and Kirk; it is a selection of 66 writings and speeches by personalities of the last two centuries, with pronounced emphasis on contemporary authors. The editors have presented us with vital material and have protected us well from the tediousness of the ordinary textbook. While their own commentaries are restrained, the political opinions of the editors, through choice and omission, reveal themselves. As two selections represent Professor Morgenthau, and none Mr. Thompson, and as the latter is not even mentioned in the index, it would seem that the former's pragmatic philosophy has prevailed. On the subject of Russia, Morgenthau believes the Soviets are superior to the United States in geographic, demographic and military aspects, while we have the advantage in national character, industrial capacity and quality of diplomacy. In resources, he thinks, we are about equal. Which of the two nations excels in national morale, he avowedly does not know.

Dr. Morgenthau advocates a negotiated peace with the Soviet Union. From the vast outpouring of Winston Churchill's speeches and writings, he cleverly selects exactly those passages which suit this policy. There is no explanatory remark to point out how often Churchill has changed his mind and contradicted himself. The unsuspecting reader, especially if he is young and inexperienced, might thus be induced to follow the Morgenthau line under the impression that it is Churchill's own.

FELIX WITTMER

Pleasantly Catty

The Groves of Academe, by Mary McCarthy. New York: Harcourt, Brace. $3.50

This is a fantasia about the professional liberal, president of a progressive college, confronted in nightmare fashion by a fired instructor who obstinately insists that he is a member of the Communist Party (he isn't) and that he is being persecuted therefor. The only reason such a preposterous gimmick can carry weight is the strange and foggy atmosphere that has enveloped the liberal intellectual world in the last few years. This "witch hunt" in double reverse could serve as an astringent debunking agent if it were taken with something less than the solemn seriousness of the publisher's blurb.

With mannered skill Miss McCarthy has acidly drawn the college president, the dismissed instructor, and a half-dozen other progressive teachers; the manners, morals and rationale of a progressive college; and the modern poets, who arrive for a poetry conference at which the dénouement of the book occurs.

The author's talent is a very special one. It is always capable of giving pleasure, and "The Groves of Academe" is no exception. But it would seem advisable that she restrict herself to the medium where her ability shows itself at its best, the short sketch or story. In "The Oasis," that pleasantly catty farce about the *Partisan Review* clique fleeing the atomic bomb in the seclusion of an utopian community, she stretched her net a little too wide. This book suffers even more from the effort at a sustained plot. There are times when there is just too much of it. But still it's fun—good spiteful fun.

FRANK MEYER

Second Harvest

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, etc., by Izaak Walton
The Life of George Crabbe, by his son
The Analects of Confucius, translated by W. E. Soothill
Childhood, Boyhood and Youth, by Leo Tolstoy
Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin
Autobiography of Edward Gibbon
Essays, by Ralph Waldo Emerson
Selected Passages of Plato
Lives of the English Poets, by Samuel Johnson. New York: Oxford. $1.25 each
Democracy in America, by Alexis de Tocqueville. New York: Oxford. $2.00

There are so many reasons for keeping young people out of college today that presently parents will have to return to the home university, the family library. Good house books, by which I mean Plutarch, Thoreau, Thucydides, Strabo and Izaak Walton, are little or no risk; contemporary college education, on the other hand, is what Ben Jonson would call hellebore, a bane or potion that produces idiocy. There are some good, rare and trustworthy books which are reprinted by the Oxford University Press, Everyman's Library and the Loeb Classica. These volumes are far better for the exercise of character than the teaching in our universities. The new classics are a saturnalia in ennui; the old classics are moral teachers. Emerson once said that it is not possible to educate every lunkhead in these states, and Erasmus asserted that wherever there is popular education there is no higher learning. We are ailing from too much literacy and from too many universities whose aim is simian homogeneity.

These ten marvelous Oxford volumes give us true learning. For example, the life of George Crabbe, the English devotional poet, written by his son, is a work of humble, filial love. Though glutted with miseries, the lives of authors make sweet epitaphs. We read with the greatest quiet and benefit of the early afflictions of George Crabbe. Crabbe became an apprentice surgeon, for which he was so ill-suited that he passed many nights in quaking fits dreading that he might have to operate upon a patient. His flight to London was an adventure in penury and despair. With three pounds in his pocket, the youthful poet hoped for fame. By the time he was ready for the debtor's prison, George Crabbe had vainly solicited bread and patronage of various lords. Then, utterly despondent, he sent a piercing entreaty to the generous and cultivated Edmund Burke, who, without postponement, read the young man's verse, gave him lodging under his roof, and secured him publication and the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds and the grand pasha of literature, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Here, too, in the World's Classics is that good angler, Izaak Walton, whose small biographies on Donne, Wotton, Hooker, George Herbert and others are as useful as Samuel Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets." Every page of Walton's reinforces friendship and enlarges the affections. The good, grave Izaak is a learned bumpkin; his words are appropriately rural.

I would rather mourn with George Herbert than be intellectual with Ezra Pound. There is more comfort in Herbert's last words, cited by Walton, than in all Pound's Cantos, for they make us brothers: "My dear Friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery."

In Walton's life of Donne, he writes, "It hath been observed by wise and considering men that Wealth hath seldom been the Portion, and never the Mark to discover good People." We have witnessed the failure of wealth to produce virtue, but those who deeply care to see the Republic reinvigorated might look into Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." Tocqueville wrote that America was a primeval Adam's garden of first fruits, minerals, rivers, livestock. But our Eden is gone, along with potatoes at Puritan prices.

To continue with our house education, let us read the Analects, or conversations, of Confucius. Any one who seriously reads the three masters—Izaak Walton, Tocqueville and Confucius—has already more knowledge and wisdom than the average American Ph.D. Says the Analects: "Only the virtuous are competent to love or to hate men," and "He who heard the truth in the morning might die content in the evening." "The man of honor," says Confucius, "thinks of his character, the inferior man of his position."

Let us go from Confucius to the Autobiography of the great Edward Gibbon, whose "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is likely to be our own horoscope. It might be worth mentioning here that a graduate student in American history is permitted to write his doctorate dissertation without ever having read Gibbon, Livy or Polybius. But dissertations have little to do with culture. By the time our home university student has completed Leo Tolstoy's "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth" and perused Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," he will have acquired more erudition than can be had in most graduate school regimens.

William Morris, the disciple and friend of Ruskin, believed that when women had the wheaten sheaves of a titian madonna we would have Utopia. One would not have to add much to this. Perhaps a good loaf of bread and ten or a dozen Oxford volumes, including Johnson, the life of George Crabbe, Plato, Homer and "The Clouds" of Aristophanes, all of which are to be found in the World's Classics Series.

Letters

(Continued from page 824)

The Woman's Angle

Please let me congratulate you on a truly fine magazine. Thank you for your article on Consumers Union. Would it be possible for you to list publications that have leftist and Communist sponsorship? As the mother of two small children I am especially interested in your articles concerning education and would appreciate seeing more of them.

Seattle, Wash. MRS. J. J. PFEIFFER

Don't let me miss one issue! The *Freeman* is the finest magazine of its kind published. I've written to many friends urging them to try six issues; I know they will become full subscribers. My copies have been lent widely (even sent 'em to Vermont and Chicago). But I demand return, for I constantly refer to articles.

As soon as I can I want to subscribe for two years—also I want it in our new library. The South, slowly awakening, needs just what you are giving us so ably. . . .

Roanoke, Va. MRS. L. M. HART

Mr. Schlamm on Thurber

I can not sufficiently express my surprise and disappointment at the allusions to Senator McCarthy which Mr. Schlamm found necessary to include in his Thurber review [July 28]. . . . Surely the cause of true liberty and the fight against subversion can hardly be advanced by such reckless descriptions of McCarthy's "research by shotgun" (of which Mr. Schlamm gives no example). Won't the "liberals" have a grand time with that one? . . .

I know Mr. Schlamm meant well and perhaps he meant us to take his article in a more light-hearted vein. But we have had to take so much from *Time*, *Life*, the *New York Times*, *New Yorker*, etc. about "McCarthyism" that we have somewhat lost our sense of humor as regards McCarthy.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ANNE C. RIORDAN

Mr. Schlamm's acid prose is the most delightful I am reading nowadays. His look into Mr. Brooks Atkinson left me suffused for an hour. His even better look into James Thurber did no less.

I hope his readers are somehow insured against any possible suspension of his *Freeman* page.

Hagerman, Idaho VARDIS FISHER

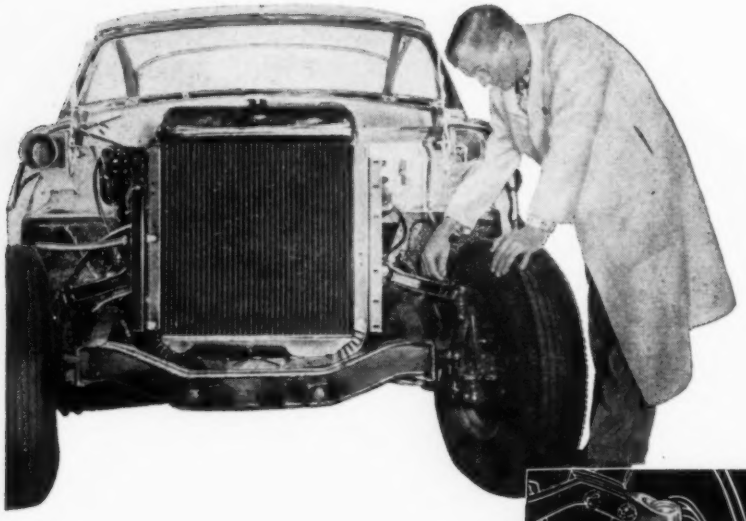
Remember Shimmy?

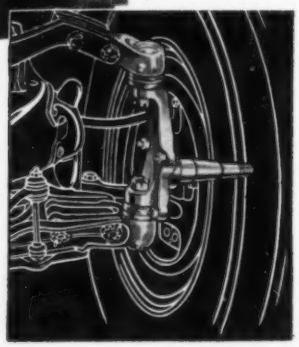
SHIMMY HAD TO GO before mile-a-minute speed on rough highways was possible.

Front wheel suspensions, tie rods and other steering parts had to be engineered and precision-made to guarantee safety as well as long, dependable vehicle life. Thompson engineers have worked closely with the automotive industry for 35 years to perfect the steering of automobiles, trucks, buses and tractors.

Other Thompson engineers work on aircraft parts . . . others on electronic problems . . . others on light metal castings. All in all, the entire Thompson organization —research, engineering, production, sales and service—is ready, fully staffed and completely equipped to help *all* industry.

If you have a new part that you can't make—even if others have said it couldn't be made—bring it to Thompson. Over 20,000 people in eleven modern factories are ready to prove to you—*you can count on Thompson*. True yesterday. True today. True tomorrow. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17.





The new ball joint front wheel suspension, developed by Thompson Products and Ford Motor Company engineers, made its first public appearance as standard equipment on all 1952 Lincoln car models. It is the most advanced improvement in front end suspension in 20 years.

You can count on Thompson Products