

Eggheads Through History

John T. Flynn

British Lion into Ostrich

Freda Utley

Articles and Book Reviews by Eugene Lyons, James Burnham,
Henry Hazlitt, Max Eastman, Samuel B. Pettengill,
Asher Brynes, Henry C. Wolfe, Serge Fliegers



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THE Freeman

*A Fortnightly
For
Individualists*

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Our Contributors

JOHN T. FLYNN has been one of the staunchest and most consistent opponents in the country to the "planned state" philosophy of the New and Fair Deals so loved by today's "liberal" intellectuals, known also as "eggheads." In a disquisition (p. 407) meant not to condemn but to inform, Mr. Flynn points out on the basis of past experience and present reality what is likely to be the fate of this self-appointed elite if their dreams are fully realized. It is perhaps redundant to remind FREEMAN readers that Mr. Flynn is a noted journalist, lecturer, radio commentator, author of more than a score of books on business and politics.

In his account (p. 410) of the unique Technical Assistance Program carried out under the aegis of the Economic Cooperation Administration, ASHER BRYNES is writing from firsthand information. As a consultant to the E.C.A., he worked on this program intended to show foreign labor and management what makes American industry tick. Mr. Brynes has contributed to *Fortune* and a number of other national magazines.

As we go to press the morning's *New York Times* quotes the distinguished British historian, D. W. Brogan, as saying: "The issue of 'McCarthyism' is one of the most powerful wedges being driven between the British and American peoples." In her second report from England (p. 413) FREDA UTLEY describes the state of mind of the British public favoring this latest Communist maneuver.

Recently a group of American housewives went to São Paulo to find out for themselves what had really happened to the Brazilian coffee crop. ARTHUR R. PASTORE, JR.'s timely story on that city gives a colorful description of the fabulous city they visited—a city that might well be called the wonder of the Western world. Mr. Pastore, world-wide traveler, linguist, journalist, has just returned from his third trip to South America.

We put the question to LEO DUDIN, analyst of Soviet affairs, "Is Malenkov really boss?" His answer (p. 419), based on a careful study of news direct from Moscow, clarifies the much-disputed subject of who is ruling Soviet Russia today. Mr. Dudin was an assistant professor at Kiev University when World War Two broke out, escaped later to Germany, came to the United States in 1951.

Correction

We regret a typographical error that slipped into Freda Utley's "England After Austerity" (February 22 issue). Page 375, column 1, paragraph 3, line 12: "reduced to sixpence" should read "reduced *by* sixpence." As is evident, this small word makes a world of difference.

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FROM OUR READERS

The Bricker Amendment

I have been reviewing in my mind the more or less unanimity of the deans of law schools in being opposed to the Bricker Amendment. I wonder if these men are mostly United World Federalists. Here is a quotation from Dean Erwin N. Griswold of Harvard:

. . . I feel that it is a mistake to attempt to guard against the result of electing some future unwise President and unwise Senate by a constitutional limitation restricting their powers. The national safeguards against mistakes in foreign policy should remain where they were placed in 1789. The faith of our fathers in this area may well serve us as a sound example.

I regard this as so much twaddle. The fact of the matter is that with the present wording in the Constitution, a United Nations treaty is superior to the Constitution and to all laws that may have been enacted or may be enacted, even though the treaty governs internal affairs of the United States.

Notwithstanding this wide-open door to fundamental changes in the law of our land, Dean Griswold wants us to depend upon electing a wise President and wise Senators to safeguard our country. We have just had an example of a wise Senate in the vote for a foreign treaty whereby our military men are thrown upon the tender mercies of foreign courts if they commit a domestic offense abroad. . .

Davenport, Iowa JOSEPH S. KIMMEL

A few weeks ago I read that Bertrand Russell, in a report on the prevailing conditions in the United States, had told his English readers that "nobody ventures to pass a political opinion without looking behind the door. If by some misfortune you were to quote with approval some remark by Jefferson you would probably find yourself behind bars."

In my letter to Senator Ives regarding the Bricker Amendment, I included the following quotation from Jefferson: "In questions of power, let no more be said of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution." Since the time of my letter I could not count the number of times this quotation has appeared in print, and up to now, I have heard no report of imprisonment for quoting it with approval. For a learned man, it seems to me that Bertrand Russell knows very little.

New York City LAWRENCE D. FORSYTH
(Continued on p. 430)

THE Freeman

MONDAY, MARCH 8, 1954

The Fortnight

However Secretary of State Dulles tries to explain it away, the forthcoming Geneva conference represents to the American people an unexpected defeat. We trusted the President and Mr. Dulles when they piously proclaimed the United States would never recognize Red China or consent to its admission to any meeting at which it would have equal partnership with representatives of the democratic Allies. American public opinion supported this position overwhelmingly. We have been let down. As explained in detail in our lead editorial ("An Oriental Munich?", page 403), our government has actually consented to a de facto recognition of Red China and an "equal partnership" conference under the pretense that this was a point gained at Berlin.

Was this maneuver an accident? Some days before Mr. Dulles went to Berlin, his friend and law partner, Arthur H. Dean, our chief delegate to Panmunjom, announced to the press that it was high time we reappraised our Far Eastern policy and took a more realistic position toward the present incumbents in China. The State Department promptly denied such an intention, but Mr. Dean was respectfully retained in his post. He had, it appears, merely let the cat out of the bag too soon.

It is the same old Molotov. On this point there could be no semblance of doubt after the proceedings at Berlin. The Soviet Foreign Minister's manner may have become less truculent. But the Soviet ice-cap shows no sign of thawing. Molotov's absolute veto on the reunion of Germany in freedom and his grotesque proposal for European "security," which would reduce all the free states of Europe to the status of "people's democracies," topped off by the refusal to accept a joint evacuation of Austria, all point in the same direction. As Leo Dudin has shown elsewhere in this issue (p. 419), Malenkov's Russia, like Stalin's Russia, is not a possible partner in reasonable negotiations. The rearming of West Germany within the framework of an American-European grand

alliance takes on a new urgency. The Soviets can never be talked out of the Soviet zone in Germany. They could conceivably be forced out, if the waves of a new June 17 revolt rise high enough.

There was one incidental feature of the Berlin conference that, we believe, must stick in the craw of most Americans. Let us put aside the basic question whether the conference itself, as an attempted political negotiation, was justified. We think it was not, but even if it was we don't see why it therefore follows that our diplomats must at once enter into amiable social relations with the Russians. We did not enjoy those stories and pictures of Secretary Dulles and his aides at a reception in the Soviet Embassy, applauding at a Soviet concert, drinking and shaking hands with the Soviet representatives.

We as a nation have said—officially—that the present Soviet regime is guilty of crimes beyond any that have ever been committed. We have documented some millions of its murders, enslavements, tortures, and brutalities. We state that it aims to destroy our government and our way of life. Do we mean these things? There are times when we must deal officially with Soviet officials. Let us do so coldly, calmly, correctly. Let us leave it at that. There is no compulsion to eat, or drink, or laugh with them.

Few people realize how some fundamental and far-reaching changes are being made in interpreting the Taft-Hartley Act by members of the National Labor Relations Board appointed by President Eisenhower. For one thing, they are making a determined effort to divest the board of its authority over business that is obviously small and local and that should be permitted to carry on its labor relations under the local and state law. On January 25, for example, the board refused to take jurisdiction over a laundry and dry-cleaning company in Big Springs, Texas. In this case it was urged that the board should assume jurisdiction because the company held contracts to do the laundry of an Air Force base in Big Springs. Quite properly the majority of the board was not moved by this argument.

However, Abe Murdock, a holdover New Deal member of the board, behaved as if this decision put the nation's defense program in jeopardy. "I am unwilling," he wrote, "to take the position that laundry service for hospitals of the armed services is an unimportant or unsubstantial aspect of the national defense or to speculate as to the extent to which this hospital might be able to get a timely substitute." This time, luckily, Mr. Murdock failed to have his way. But it must be remembered that it is members of administrative boards, like the N.L.R.B., who, regardless of the wishes of Congress, make the law of the land.

The forced resignation of Clarence Manion as chairman of the Commission on Inter-Governmental Relations because of his support of the Bricker Amendment is discouraging to the future participation of free and free-minded citizens in government. Mr. Manion is no fly-by-night or opportunistic politician seeking advancement through government appointment. For twenty-seven years he was professor of constitutional law at the University of Notre Dame and for eleven years dean of its law school. He has a sound basis for believing, as he stated in his letter of resignation, that "a constitutional amendment is necessary to put the same limitations upon the treaty power that now apply to every other power of our state and federal governments." Some of his colleagues disagree with him, as do also the President and his adviser, Sherman Adams, who requested the resignation. This is not, however, a convincing reason for casting off an able public servant who is well equipped by experience to handle the job to which he was assigned.

The Kazakhs (not to be confused with Russian Cossacks) are a nomadic pastoral people, living in Soviet Central Asia, in Soviet-controlled Outer Mongolia, and in Chinese Turkestan. Recently many thousands of them, fleeing from Communist attempts to regiment their simple tribal life and destroy their Moslem faith, have engaged in one of the great heroic and tragic treks of history. They crossed the fierce mountains and icy plateaus of Tibet, the great majority, including almost all the women and children, perishing on the way. The survivors (1,700 out of 17,000 in the first wave of fugitives in 1941, 350 of 18,000 who set out in 1949-1951) made their way into northern India and have been hospitably received and resettled near Adana, in Turkey.

Their story is told in a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian* by M. Philips Price, a Labor member of Parliament, with a knowledge of and interest in the Moslem peoples of Russia which dates back to the Revolution. It is interesting and instructive to compare Mr. Price's account, obtained directly from the survivors, with the glib assurance of Mr.

Owen Lattimore (*Solution in Asia*, pp. 138, 139) that for the Kazakhs of Chinese Turkestan "the Soviet Union stands for strategic security, economic prosperity, technological progress, miraculous medicine, free education, equality of opportunity and democracy." It would seem that someone is giving a false impression of the true feelings of the Kazakhs; and there is no reason to question the integrity of Mr. Price.

One of the major dissatisfactions of Republicans with the Eisenhower Administration has been the failure to remove Truman holdovers. Indignation was intensified recently by the appointment of a New Deal Democrat to the important and sensitive post of U.S. representative on the United Nations Administrative Tribunal. The appointee is Jacob M. Lashly of St. Louis, a long-time Democrat, former law partner of Clark Clifford (under the Truman Administration a member of the Presidential staff), an active party man who worked hard in the 1952 elections to defeat Eisenhower and the Republican candidates in Missouri.

Lawrence Fertig, New York businessman and columnist on economics and political affairs, a Republican and Eisenhower supporter, was apparently scheduled to receive this post. At the last minute he was shunted aside in favor of the Democratic appointee. Why? It seems that Lashly is a friend of John Foster Dulles, and was once encouraged to believe he might be named to the place on the Supreme Court actually filled by Earl Warren. To allay his disappointment, Mr. Dulles is said to have pressed strongly for his appointment to the U.N. post.

An indignant Missourian Republican, Glenn Weber, who led his delegation in the nomination of Eisenhower in 1952, resigned from the party in protest and announced that henceforth he would support the Democrats in his state. That may be carrying things a little too far. On the other hand, perhaps he figures he can really get farther with his new affiliation.

A national news service feeding material to about 250 labor newspapers with ten to fifteen million readers had to close shop February 16 because its budget could not support union demands. The service was the Labor Press Association, run by the A.F.L., C.I.O., and various independent union people. Faced with rising production costs and an inflexible \$70,000 a year budget, the L.P.A. decided to try to get along with a smaller staff. Oh no, said the C.I.O. Newspaper Guild, you can't discharge employees except for just and sufficient cause. But if we don't cut down, the L.P.A. reasoned, we'll go broke and the entire staff will be out of work. Labor apparently plays no favorites, even in the family.

An Oriental Munich?

Deadlock or capitulation has always been the alternative in discussion with representatives of the Kremlin, or of the Kremlin's junior Chinese satellite. The Berlin Conference ended in both. There was a complete deadlock on the European problems that were supposed to have been the reason for the conference. Because of Mr. Molotov's intransigence nothing approaching an agreement was reached on the important questions of German unity and a conclusion of the Austrian treaty. There was, on the other hand, capitulation to the Soviet proposal for a full-dress conference between the Western powers and Red China.

It was clear almost from the beginning that the Soviet Union had not the slightest intention of coming to terms on Germany, Austria, or European security. The West was firmly committed to a position on these subjects that Mr. Molotov never made any effort to approach. The Soviet Union agreed to and attended the Berlin Conference for exactly one purpose—to obtain a place for Red China as an equal participant in a future conference of nations. It succeeded.

The first item on the agenda at Berlin, proposed by Molotov at the opening session of the conference was:

Measures for reducing tension in international relations and the convening of a meeting of ministers for foreign affairs of France, Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, and the Chinese People's Republic.

In spite of Mr. Dulles' insistence before the conference that the United States would not agree to a five-power meeting with Communist China, he and the other Western powers accepted this preparatory item presumably for time-saving purposes.

During subsequent secret sessions this issue was discussed in connection with M. Bidault's desire to find some means of ending the war in Indo-China. The upshot of it all is that a conference will be held in Geneva on April 26 which will include representatives of Communist China. Although both the settlement of a Korean treaty and peace in Indo-China will be the subjects of the meeting, it is only the latter on which any action is expected. The French are more than eager to end the conflict in Indo-China. They can do so only if Peiping ceases helping Ho Chi Minh and his Communist forces.

The problem of what should and can be done to prevent Communism from sweeping Indo-China is one of the hardest that confronts the Western powers today. If Indo-China falls, the danger to Thailand, Burma, and Malaya will be greatly enhanced, as a glance at the map shows. And if all of southeast Asia should fall, several disastrous consequences would follow. Rich reserves of such

valuable raw materials as tin and rubber would be lost to the free world and added to the Soviet stockpile. Japan's problem of carrying on essential trade with the mainland of Asia without surrendering to Communist political demands would be much aggravated. India would become still more appeasement-minded.

The importance of holding Indo-China is beyond dispute. But how is it to be held? The French are becoming increasingly weary of carrying the burden of a protracted thankless no-decision guerrilla war. Native anti-Communist forces are being formed; but this process is not as swift or smooth as might be hoped. American public opinion would oppose our direct military participation, although lavish aid is being sent to the French and anti-Communist Indo-Chinese.

One harsh fact should be faced. The "negotiated peace" so wistfully desired in Paris is an illusion. Even the unsatisfactory Korean solution—partition of the country—is impracticable in Indo-China, where there is no equivalent of the 38th Parallel, and the front is all over the country. It is easy to imagine how a settlement based on accepting the Communist leader, Ho Chi Minh, in a "coalition" government would end. The only feasible alternatives in Indo-China are decisive military victory or loss of a valuable key position to the Soviet-Chinese Communist empire.

There is a danger that in a desire to be as accommodating as possible to the French point of view on Indo-China, we might succumb to the illusion that there would be some healing virtue in recognizing Red China or admitting it to the United Nations. It is a curious coincidence that early in January, when Roscoe Drummond was reporting in the *New York Herald Tribune* the existence in the State Department of sentiment for considering such a course, the Bevanite *New Statesman* in London published an article to the same effect. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that where there is smoke from two independent sources there may be fire. In view of this it is imperative for us to dig in firmly on the line of ten good reasons why we should neither recognize Communist China diplomatically nor countenance its admission to the U.N.

1. Either of these steps would be a stunning blow to our anti-Communist friends in Asia and a stimulus to Communist expansion.

2. Red China is an unrepentant and partially successful aggressor in Korea.

3. The Chinese Communist regime is keeping alive the war in Indo-China and stirring up as much trouble as possible throughout Asia.

4. This regime has made a practice of insulting

and maltreating American diplomats and other American citizens within its power.

5. The torture and maltreatment of U.N. war prisoners by the Red Chinese and North Koreans was a major international scandal.

6. The Red Chinese government shows no signs of abating its terrific Hate America propaganda, including lying charges of germ warfare.

7. This Chinese government has engaged in huge extortion rackets against foreign business firms still stuck in China, and against Chinese abroad.

8. Anything that enhanced the international prestige of Red China would expose the large Chinese communities in southeast Asia to Communist pressure, infiltration, and coercion.

9. The unfortunate British experiment in recognizing Red China has proved a pitiful fiasco, morally, politically, and commercially.

10. Among other unsavory activities, the Communist gang in control of China has gone in for illegal narcotics trade and for piracy against Japanese and other foreign vessels.

Instead of such a positive policy we have signed up for a round table conference (the round table is a tacit concession to Mr. Molotov). This means that delegates of Communist China will sit down as equal participants with the representatives of other nations, as was Mr. Molotov's intention from the start. At the best such a conference can only be a repetition of the lost weeks at Berlin. At the worst it can touch off a Far Eastern Munich.

The Strike-Vote Issue

It ought to be clear to all who have studied the Wagner and Taft-Hartley Acts, or who have operated under them, that the essential amendments to these statutes should aim to curb the excessive power today possessed by the common run of American labor unions. These powers were gifts thoughtlessly and recklessly conferred upon unions by agencies of the federal government, legislative and executive. In assessing the blame for this condition, nothing is to be gained by searching for unknown culprits. Mistakes in policy—and they were serious and far-reaching mistakes—were made by all of the responsible branches of the government—the President, Congress, various and sundry administrative boards, and, in lesser measure, the federal courts.

The Taft-Hartley Act was the first, though inadequate, attempt to deal with the unlimited powers of private organizations. It sought to protect some of the rights of individual employees which were being swiftly destroyed by unions that acted as if they were beyond the law. It undertook to restore to employers a few of the rights they had lost since 1935. It made feeble beginnings in defining and safeguarding the public

interest, an objective that had for twelve years been entirely overlooked and disregarded.

Now the President has put before Congress a new set of proposed changes in the law. Most of these had best be forgotten, the sooner the better. For their purpose is not to improve the law, or to eradicate well-known evils, but to grant concessions to political labor leaders who have been clamoring for them since 1947 when the Wagner Act was replaced by Taft-Hartley.

One of the President's proposals deals with a critical issue, the authority national unions exercise over the lives and fortunes of their members. It is at this point that effective reform in our labor relations, if it is to be made at all, must be applied.

President Eisenhower has approached a central labor problem with insight and common sense. He wrote to Congress:

In the employer-employee relationship there is nothing which so vitally affects the individual employee as the loss of his pay when he is on strike. In such an important decision he should have an opportunity to express his free choice by secret ballot held under government auspices.

Not surprisingly, it was this proposal which drew upon the President the full wrath of labor leaders and their defenders. It was promptly condemned as unwarranted interference with "free and democratic collective bargaining." It was received also with manifest coolness, if not hostility, by the leading newspapers of the country as if the power to call thousands of men and women on strike and to keep them out a month or two months was a purely private matter.

There is ample evidence to show that many of the great strikes with which this country has been afflicted since 1945 were arbitrarily called and deliberately prolonged by the political machines that manage our unions. There is no record of consultation on these matters with the ranks of employees, let alone bona fide secret ballots taken to gauge the wishes of the people who are to strike. This was the case in a succession of coal strikes, and in the steel strikes of 1950 and 1952.

On the railroads it is the common assumption that strikes are authorized by secret votes. Hardly anyone knows that the railroad unions write their own strike ballots, that each voter writes on his ballot his name, address, and place of work, and that the union itself counts these "secret" ballots. The whole business is conducted without any public scrutiny, supervision, or interest.

This recommendation of the President's merits the most careful consideration by Congress. There are, of course, risks in the adoption of this expedient. But it is hard to see these risks are as great as the risks which workingmen and the public now face from the arbitrary and uncontrolled acts of the political machines of organized labor.

Party Strife Is Healthy

There seems to be something both selective and synthetic in the anguished outcries of certain New Deal columnists about "excessive partisanship" in Republican speeches. The persons who profess to be shocked by occasional references to Democratic responsibility for the Alger Hisses and the Harry Dexter Whites were not, as a rule, disturbed when Franklin D. Roosevelt damned American businessmen as economic royalists, libeled Colonel Lindbergh as a copperhead, or tried to discredit the Republicans as the party of depression. Nothing, perhaps, is funnier than the spectacle of Harry S. Truman, against a background of "give 'em hell" and "pour it on" speeches full of the purest corn of demagogy, solemnly professing a sense of shock at Republican "demagogy."

Rough stuff is the oldest tradition of American party politics. The first President was the first victim. Washington was not one who could dish it out; yet he had to take it. Now that the Republican Party, for the first time in twenty years, has access to all the dirt in the files and is doing to Truman what the Roosevelt Democrats, with gleeful savagery, did to Hoover, the Democratic Party seems unable to take it. Its screams of righteous indignation are a poor defense and no reply at all. Indeed, they serve only to give the adversary's invective wider circulation. When Senator William E. Jenner suggests that Truman sent American forces to Korea not to win a war but to lose it, and sabotaged victory when the American forces were about to seize it in spite of him, the best thing the Democratic Party could do would be to let it alone. The people are fair in their afterthoughts and hate hitting below the belt. They do not expect a President to be infallible and are charitable toward errors of judgment.

Theodore Roosevelt once complained to his friend Lincoln Steffens that he felt his popularity to be slipping. Steffens, a very wise old cynic, said: "Then commit the worst political blunder you can think of. The more outrageously you are denounced, the more people will rush to your defense."

The Democrats seem to have served the Eisenhower Administration with a kind of ultimatum, to the effect that unless the Republican tongue is purged of its venom they will break the harmony of bipartisanship as to matters of policy wherein the Eisenhower program differs not too much from the Truman program, especially foreign policy. It is a powerful threat because the Republican margin in Congress is too small to put over the Eisenhower program without some support from the Democratic Party.

But so what? We have never been able to find anything sacred in the bipartisan principle—and

less and less since the State Department has announced the doctrine that there is no real difference between foreign and domestic policy. There was something to be said for bipartisanship when foreign policy began and ended at the water's edge and affected domestic policy hardly at all. It is different now. For one thing bipartisanship may easily lead to something like one-party government. Secondly, it involves the Administration in concessions, appeasements, and stultifications. Thirdly, when many policies of the two parties tend to merge, as they have been doing for twenty years, bipartisanship is a device for depriving people of the right to vote on many crucial matters, such as sound money, the Welfare State, labor monopoly, subsidies to agriculture, and, most of all, matters of foreign policy touching peace and war.

Political party strife is healthy. It releases our adrenalin fluids. To discount its verbal excesses and forget them is one of our fine folkways.

Bookkeeping and Butter

During the last week of January the Commodity Credit Corporation, which lends federal money to the farmer and buys his surplus crops, appeared before Congress as an arrogant bankrupt. The farmers had been making a run on its 7,509 lending offices. Its capital was impaired, its borrowing power was exhausted and its pockets would be empty in a few hours. Unless Congress threw \$741,000,000 into its till immediately, it would have to close up shop. A bill was already pending to increase its borrowing power from \$6,750,000,000 to \$8,500,000,000. But a bill has to be debated and takes time, whereas it wanted the money at once. How could Congress do that? By passing a joint resolution to wipe out \$741,000,000 of the Commodity Credit Corporation's I.O.U.'s held in the vaults of the U.S. Treasury. Then it could borrow more money and be in cash again.

The House had already passed the resolution and then adjourned for a long week end, which meant the Senate could not amend it. It came before the Senate on Friday, under an emergency rule, and had to be passed that day, just as it was, in order to reach the President on Saturday. Suppose it wasn't. What terrible thing would happen? Well in that case, said the head of the Commodity Credit Corporation, he would have to send telegrams to 3,000 county agents saying, "No more loans. We are busted." Imagine what that would do. It might cause a panic in agricultural prices. It might ruin the whole farm program. Senator John J. Williams (R. Del.) said: "Then he had better begin to write the telegrams right away and find out for sure what will happen, because I am not going to vote for this resolution."

The resolution, which required unanimous consent, went over until Monday. No telegrams were sent; nothing happened.

The debate was resumed on Monday and turned largely on the Commodity Credit Corporation's bookkeeping. How did it know it was busted? How had it arrived at the figure of \$741,000,000 to represent the impairment of its capital? Its apologists explained that the law required it to charge its capital with the losses on a six-billion-dollar inventory of surplus agricultural commodities, owned and in storage or under loan, some of it spoiling. But were these losses actual or prospective? Nobody could say for sure.

Take butter. The Commodity Credit Corporation had more than 200,000,000 pounds of butter for which it had paid 67 cents a pound to support the price. All it knew for sure was that its butter was worth less than it had cost. During the year it had been able to dispose of some butter. Adding up all of these receipts and dividing that sum by the number of pounds disposed of, it arrived at an average of 38 cents, and that, it said, was the average market price for butter. The difference between 67 cents and 38 cents applied to more than 200,000,000 pounds of butter was \$71,000,000, a loss it charged to its capital account to prove it was bankrupt. Note that the 67 cents it paid for butter was an artificial price, upheld by the government's buying to remove the surplus from the market, and at the same time what it called the average market price of 38 cents was absurd and imaginary, bearing no possible relation to what the butter would bring if it had to be sold.

Senator Williams wanted to know how, for purposes of bookkeeping, the Commodity Credit Corporation could say 38 cents was the average market value of butter, when, first, there was no free and open market on which that guess could be tested, and second, the only butter market extant was the one controlled by the Commodity Credit Corporation itself, where everybody was obliged to pay 67 cents?

The only result of the debate was that the Commodity Credit Corporation's demand was shaved. Instead of \$741,000,000 it got only \$681,000,000—that being the amount of its notes which the Treasury was directed to tear up and throw in the wastebasket, and this a makeshift only until Congress could pass the bill increasing its borrowing power to \$8,500,000,000.

Meanwhile, under the umbrella, enormous quantities of grain continue to be imported from Canada, which obliges the Commodity Credit Corporation to lend American farmers more on their surplus grain; meanwhile Mexican labor continues to be imported to enable farmers in the Southwest to increase their production, and meanwhile the American consumer will continue to fume—and pay.

The Planning Mentality

In his Economic Report to Congress the President said: "The arsenal of weapons at the disposal of government for maintaining economic stability is formidable." He promises that he will not hesitate to use any or all of them, and if he needs still more power he will ask Congress to confer it. But stability alone is not enough, because "The American people will not be long content with employment opportunities that are merely stable, or with a stationary standard of living." Therefore a stabilized economy must expand. Then he says this:

The key to governmental planning for economic growth is, of course, the federal budget. Generally speaking, it sums up every activity undertaken by the government for the people and every payment by the people to the government.

Ponder the assumptions that are implicit in these few words. The first is that it is the function of government to plan the growth of the economy. How it grew to be what it is—the most dynamic economy that ever existed in the world—without the aid of government planning, no planner seems to know. The second assumption is that private enterprise alone cannot do it. The government must intervene with its powerful weapons. The third assumption is that vision, judgment, and wisdom are the divine attributes of government.

Fifteen years ago the New Deal planners, with a broken Recovery Program on their hands and unable to believe that they could have been wrong, arrived at the idea that they had been defeated by one astonishing and hitherto undiscovered fact—namely, that the American economy could not expand any more. It was mature. It would be static thereafter and unable to provide people with adequate buying power. This was proved by charts, diagrams, and false reasoning. The conclusion was that deficit spending had to be from that time on a permanent policy of government, else the people would fall into great poverty. They would never again have natural income enough to buy all that they were able to produce. President Roosevelt adopted that thesis.

The tremendous expansion that has taken place since then was not planned. Necessity obliged it. But the planning mentality is tough. Failure does not touch it. It will do better next time if only it has more power.

The point of these remarks is to call attention to the fact that the idea of a planned economy continues to stalk its prey through the tall bipartisan grass. The prey, now sore and limping, is the free economy in which the regulating principle is not intervention by government but the free market.

Eggheads Through History

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Planners of a model society administered by an intellectual elite forget that the techniques of acquiring and wielding power inevitably pass from the philosophers to practical politicians.

Something over a year ago Mr. Louis Bromfield, in the *FREEMAN* ("The Triumph of the Egghead," December 1, 1952) defined the word egghead. It was designed to describe a character who pretends to the title of philosopher—a sort of professional intellectual—dedicated to the theory that the eggheads are the appointees of Destiny who will bring something known in the trade as "security" to a creature known as the "common man" in return for which all they ask is that he deliver his soul to the management of a government operated by the eggheads. The society of the eggheads embraces Communists, Socialists, rudimentary Fascists along with a numerous following of certain publishers and their wives, rich men's sons and daughters, and even some corporate vice presidents. Several of our convinced left-wing philosophers, in the early thirties, discovered a magic brand name for their product—the Planned Society.

The central idea in this revolutionary method was that the business of planning and managing the model society belongs not to politicians or businessmen but to the intellectuals—or, if you will, the philosophers—who alone are capable of planning and directing the flow of human energies which compose the economic society. Designed to provide abundance for the masses rather than luxuries for the few, this new dialectic omits the repulsive jargon of the Communist, stimulates the vanity of the intellectual elite, and is calculated to arouse the appetites of the masses. It is Socialism or Communism under a new brand label, plus the insidious appeal to the vanity of the Heavy Thinkers on the campus, in the labor unions, in the Colony Club and similar roosting places for deep-thinking ladies, as well as in the lower echelons of bank and corporate directorates. It is to these tall-browed heavy thinkers that the name of eggheads has been given. I do not pretend to know why, but it seems almost incredibly appropriate. It seems to distill the essences out of several other words such as double-dome, crackpot, do-gooder, and pinko. It describes, as Mr. Bromfield observed, the intellectual lacking in common sense, a doctrinaire contemptuous of experience, a fuzzy-minded, starry-eyed dreamer.

The explosive element in this philosophy is in the two words which describe it—the Planned Society or Economic Planning. After all, what

healthy mind can object to social planning? And, after all, who are capable of understanding the aspirations of the people better than the Thinkers, the scholars, the philosophers?

It Began with Plato

What is little known is that throughout history this notion of the Planned Society has been considered to be a department of philosophy and its practical administration the function of the philosopher. As far as I know the earliest—certainly the most famous—of these planning evangelists was Plato who, in his *Republic*, sketched his perfect society. There would be no private wealth, but all would be rich, since all would have an equal "allotment" of leisure, merrymaking, visiting, drinking wine, and begetting children—but all in moderation, particularly the last. There would be three groups—the Workers who would produce, the Warriors who would defend the city, and the Philosophers—to be called Guardians—who would "bear rule."

Each citizen would be assigned to his proper category by the Guardians. No inhabitant would share in government until he was 35 or 40, and after 50 the more intelligent would be chosen as Guardians. These, the ruling eggheads, would occupy their time in philosophical studies. The artisans would have no share in government because they could never become philosophers or eggheads. The producer and merchant and warrior are hopeless in the field of statesmanship—"Until philosophers are kings, or kings and princes have the spirit of philosophy, cities will never cease from ill." (Plato: *The Republic*.)

Perhaps the most famous of these mythical heavens is the happy island community of Sir Thomas More, to which he gave the name of Utopia, which has continued in use to describe these enclosed social heavens. More was a scholar and a dreamer who, after his break with Henry VIII, went to the Tower and then to the headsman with perfect composure. During the imprisonment preceding his beheading he described the perfect society discovered by a mythical navigator called Raphael Hythloday. The people divided their time between agriculture and industry, the whole product going to a common warehouse. There was no

gold, no hoarding, no covetousness. The dirty work was done by slaves convicted of transgressing the law. Every thirty families chose a magistrate; each ten magistrates chose an over-magistrate who served for life and who chose a philosopher-prince who also ruled for life.

Not long after More, another philosopher, Francis Bacon, created another earthly paradise ruled by another philosopher-king. He conjured out of the mystic seas his own island—New Atlantis. Here the center of authority was Solomon's House, a laboratory where twelve chosen students pursued the search for truth and made up the aristocracy.

About the same time Campanella, an Italian monk, brought from the deep his fabled island, the City of the Sun. Here the people were poor because they possessed nothing and rich because they wanted for nothing. The state was supreme and deposited in the hands of "an aristocracy of learning." In the City of the Sun, incidentally, Campanella discovered progressive education centuries before John Dewey. The city had seven great walls on which were presented pictorially the seven regions of knowledge, from which the children would inhale education painlessly while they played.

Masterpieces of Credulity

The last half of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth produced the most extraordinary eruption of authentic eggheads in history. The age of reason and of the machine was dawning. The old order was crumbling, but the philosopher with his enclosed heaven would persist. There was, for instance, Étienne Cabet, who discovered a new Utopia called Icaria. This was a heavenly democracy divided into a hundred provinces arranged around a capitol situated in the very center. All streets and blocks were arranged on a mathematical pattern. All industry and agriculture was state-owned. All the people, regardless of sex, dressed alike. Education was compulsory and all must work to the age of sixty-five. The people chose their state officers, but only from among the certified technicians; those selected constituted a Dictatorship of the Technicians, who possessed, among other powers, absolute censorship of literature.

Impatient to establish his heaven on earth and balked in France, Cabet took his blueprints to Texas, of all places, from which he was driven by yellow fever to Illinois. There he set up an ideal community of over a thousand members. But his Icarians began to behave like human beings. They argued and quarreled among themselves, and the paradise dissolved.

It taxes belief to witness these masterpieces of credulity launched by men of great intelligence. Take Henri de Saint Simon, for instance, born in 1760. After a bizarre career, which included losing

one fortune, amassing another, he settled down as a qualified philosopher and wrote three volumes on the Industrial System and Christianity. He concluded, of course, that the new order must be designed by the scientists, run by the industrialists. It would guarantee jobs and security for all. This idea immediately attracted a whole rabble of professors, writers, poets, lawyers, some engineers, and a number of politicians. St. Simon finally drifted out of the movement, and the leadership fell to Enfantin, who committed it to free love, thereby disrupting it altogether.

Rule by Philosophers

These erratic intellectual adventurers were not fools. Many were men of large intelligence. But there is a little screw somewhere near the center of the intellect which holds all its functions together in harmony, so that a man may dream, yet dream within reason. When that little screw gets loose, the imagination, the reason, and the sense of order and proportion begin revolving in contrary and eccentric orbits with amazing results.

Associated with St. Simon was a far greater intellect—that strange recluse who might well be installed as the patron saint of the eggheads: Auguste Comte. He is the perfect example of the mental philosopher who presumes to reorder the world of men and work of which he knows nothing. His method was to retire into complete seclusion, avoid newspapers and economic matter, and devote himself to reading religious and political works. Thus withdrawn from the play of economic, political, and human forces, he prepared a blueprint for the reconstruction of society.

Comte sought a substitute for God, and created Humanity as a vague deity to be worshipped. Then he tried to duplicate the images, sacrifices, and ceremonial devotional forms of religion—even prayers. There would be a hierarchy with its officialdom, priesthood, and an elaborate series of feast-days to excite the devotion of the faithful. Running through it all, however, was the concept that the rule of the people belongs to the philosophers, who would form a sort of priesthood in this new church. Here was eggheadism in its perfected form.

The most dramatic episode in this series of weird adventures occurred in our own country under the name of Fourierism. Charles Fourier was a French traveling salesman who made the comforting discovery that the earth was passing out of its infancy. He had a plan to insure 70,000 glorious years for mankind, when lions would be used as draft animals and whales would draw vessels through the ocean. He proposed to organize society into phalanxes, small agricultural communities each with less than two thousand inhabitants. Workers would dine in a central hall on meals prepared in a great kitchen by expert cooks. Every inhabitant would produce

enough from his eighteenth to his twenty-eighth birthday to support him in leisure for the rest of his life. Each community would be headed by a Unarch, and all the phalanxes would be united under an Omniarch.

Early American Eggheads

Curious as this movement was, even more curious was what happened to it when it crossed the ocean to America. Here it enlisted the passionate support of many of the most famous writers, thinkers, journalists, and teachers of the day. Its most noted convert was Horace Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*, a candidate against U. S. Grant in the 1872 Presidential elections. Greeley was brought into Fourierism by Albert Brisbane, an able journalist who was engaged by Greeley to expound its philosophy in the *Tribune*. Another convert was Paul Godwin, associate of the *New York Evening Post*. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, also enlisted for this new edition of paradise. But the real center of the movement was the Transcendentalist Club of Boston, the rendezvous then of America's intellectual world. There Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Ellery Channing, George Ripley, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others breathed their collective souls into the movement. George Ripley, literary critic and encyclopedist, who was also a Unitarian minister, bought a 200-acre tract not far from Boston where the first phalanx was organized under the auspices of the famous Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education. The central building was nearing completion when it was burned to the ground. With it the great dream perished.

This was the first authentic roost of the first great collection of eggheads in America. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote to Carlyle in England: "We are a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform—not a reading man but has a draft of a new community in his pocket." It was the same in England. Social conditions in England indeed cried aloud for reform. And there were serious, practical men busy with that task. But there was the same giddy flock of eggheads, too, flying through the rosy cloudlands of transcendental economics.

The root idea at the bottom of this long history of reckless social blueprinting from Plato to Henry Wallace and the Americans for Democratic Action is that social planning is the peculiar mission of the poet, the essayist, the novelist, the professor, and the technician. I do not by any means infer that all intellectuals are eggheads. I merely suggest that eggheadism is an occupational disease of the intellectual, to which the shallow or the frustrated or the unsuccessful or the angry or vengeful intellectual, particularly if he has a passion for hatred or notoriety, is exposed. I would also suggest that members of these crafts, if they are disposed

to be sensitive to the problem of social reconstruction, are apt to offer a peculiarly hospitable incubation to these giddy ideas. In these later years eggheadism has run like a scourge through our colleges and our journals of opinion. The younger the thinker, the bolder his philosophy. This bursting egotism of the young intellectual who feels his diploma confers upon him authority to seize the world by the scruff of the neck and shake it into good behavior may be seen in this chant of the youthful Rexford Tugwell, just emerging from the Columbia campus:

I am strong.
I am big and well-made.
I am sick of a nation's stench.
I am sick of propertied czars.
I have dreamed my great dream of their passing.
I have gathered my tools and my charts.
My plans are finished and practical.
I shall roll up my sleeves—make America over.

Here is the egghead literally on fire—true inheritor of the "book and the torch" of Plato and Bacon and Campanella, of St. Simon and Comte, and above all of that molehill of poets and musicians and novelists and philosophers and journalists and teachers who fluttered around the pale but beautiful candlelight of Brook Farm.

The modern eggheads are the natural inheritors of the divine right of revolution and social reconstruction. But with this immense difference. They no longer talk of Brook Farms and Icarias and small enclosed village communes. Long ago Karl Marx saw the end of that nonsense. Universal suffrage and the machine changed the nature of the struggle. The philosophers now talk of throwing down the boundaries of nations and subjecting not a village, but a world to their planning. What was once called Communism applied to a village republic has become Socialism erected over a vast nation. But they do not call it Socialism. It is now being peddled under a new brand name—the Planned Economy.

But the great objective is the same. Beginning with the nation, the population will enjoy the vote but under arrangements such that the power of those who control the state will be so great it cannot be successfully challenged. But our bold and hopeful eggheads make one decisive mistake. They suppose *they* will control the state. It may be the peculiar *forte* of the philosophers to dream, but when the dream has been realized and the state has been invested with these vast and compulsive powers, it will be not only the governor but the employer of all, with a power over men's bodies and minds too great to be resisted. At this point the management of the state will come into the hands not of the professors and their fellow intellectuals, but of the practical politicians who understand the techniques of acquiring and retaining and managing power. Then, I suggest, most of the eggheads will be in jail or in flight to Canada or Mexico.

Can Productivity Be Exported?

By ASHER BRYNES

Since 1948 five thousand European representatives of labor and management have sought the secret of our industrial success. Here is what they learned.

Why does the United States produce more goods than any other country in the world? What is the secret of American production? Can this secret be communicated to other nations? These questions were answered recently in a unique and somewhat roundabout way. In the summer of 1948 a side project of the Marshall Plan was launched under the name of "Technical Assistance Program." An infinitesimally small sum was allotted to it—only about one twentieth of one per cent of the total lent or given away in Europe or Asia in the past six years. The idea was to show European industries on all levels how to produce more goods for themselves. Firsthand acquaintance with American production would, it was hoped, allay their fears that the adoption of our production techniques would lead to unemployment, "cut-throat competition," bankruptcy. The plan, as organized under the aegis of the Economic Cooperation Administration, called for study visits to this country of representative foreign groups of businessmen, management, engineers, workers. The dollar costs involved in these trips would be met out of Marshall Plan funds.

Early the following year the first "productivity teams" began to arrive in the United States. At the outset they were mostly labor teams. It was generally agreed that first of all European workers must see that American production methods do not drive wage-earners to exhaustion and intermittent idleness. After briefings in New York by regional representatives of the A.F.L. and C.I.O., these first labor teams went on tours of the country. They visited union locals in the East and Middle West; they looked into a few mass-production factories; and they examined the much-publicized Tennessee Valley Authority. Finally, they wound up in Washington to attend lectures by the Labor Division of the E.C.A., to visit the Department of Labor, and to discuss American unemployment insurance and social security systems.

The European trade unionists came away, generally speaking, with the knowledge that American wage-earners did in fact own automobiles and drove to work in them every day. They saw also that in the factories everyone seemed to be known by his first name, and this was even more impressive than the automobiles. They asked for figures on paychecks and divided them into hours of work and priced the result, to determine real

costs against the dollar cost of typical commodities in this country; and they did the same thing, in the same way, for their own countries. They discovered that industrial workers in the United States earn from two to five times the purchasing power of European workers.

Work Pace Studied

All the European trade unionists were eager to know whether the brisk movements of American workers did not tire them out. The answer was that in mass-production factories the work pace was always set by agreement between the management and the labor union. What they saw, it had to be pointed out to them, was the result of a technique of doing things with both hands that had been developed by American production engineers. Such methods of putting as many as possible of a worker's motions to effective use, together with the breakdown of operations into steps so simple that workers could achieve an extraordinary degree of deftness, accounted for American labor's ability to produce at remarkable speeds with little strain.

The total effect of these methods was forcibly summarized by an American labor union official who lectured a French productivity team on its way through Washington, D. C. "I have always been a Socialist, and I still am," he was reported as saying. "That is my ideal; but I am a realist. The capitalistic system as it is applied in the United States brings the workers advantages superior to those enjoyed by the workers of any other country. So long as this continues, I do not see why we should want to change our system."

After this first phase, industry and specialist teams began to arrive. They came in groups of between eight and fourteen people, businessmen, engineers, accountants, and rank-and-file workers. Each man had been nominated by his particular trade association, professional society, or union; together they represented management, technicians, and labor of a particular industry. They were supposed to travel together and inspect the American firms which produced the same goods as their industry. It was expected that if all members of an industry team agreed that some machine, process, procedure, or layout they found in the United States was an improvement over the way

things were done in their factories at home, they would readily consent among themselves to adopt these improvements in their own industry.

These productivity teams covered a fairly large section of economic activity in this country. The British alone sent out over sixty teams, composed of nine hundred experts, who explored such fields as iron and steel, heavy chemicals, management accounting, and materials handling. The only important aspects they did not investigate were such financial services as the flotation, distribution, and trading of various securities; the organization of investment trusts or funds, and the insurance industry and banking services. The last was an important omission because, generally speaking, European banks do not support business activity as vigorously as in the United States; business loans are harder to get, and interest rates are about twice as high, particularly on the Continent.

With their U.S. government guides, secretaries, and press agents, with film for their cameras and per diem dollars to pay for transportation, hotel accommodations, and other expenses, they inspected about two thousand American plants and places of business. Altogether, well over five thousand members of productivity teams of all nations—British, French, Italian, Norwegian, Dutch, and so on—toured this country.

The value of the time contributed by American citizens was also substantial. Many of the team inspections were all-day affairs which required the participation of senior management personnel and caused serious interruption of the very production that was under study. The enlightenment, often followed by the entertainment of these visiting delegations, was in fact a free-enterprise offering, in addition to the payment of taxes which defrayed the cost of the larger show.

British Observers Were Surprised

Now nearly all of the team reports have been published in a babel of languages, and again the English have come up first with a full-blown summary of what they saw. Under the catchy title of *We Too Can Prosper*¹ Graham Hutton, formerly of the editorial staff of the London *Economist*, and subsequently a commercial attaché of the British consulate in Chicago, has compiled an official super-report for the British Productivity Council. In this handy volume the complication of technological detail which made up the bulk of the original reports had to be filtered out, of course, but the general observations upon the American social and economic background—the environment of production, so to speak—have actually been expanded and clarified in many points. Apparently nothing of importance escaped the notice of the teams. They clearly saw what we do to turn out

mountains of goods. However, they did not evaluate what they saw. They did not *rate* the various factors of production as we do.

The difference is a question of priorities rather than of point by point understanding. But the key to all effective action turns on the right answer to the problem of priorities. The teams noticed, quite rightly, that American industry does not have any revolutionary ideas or devices for boosting production. They saw many improved models of machines whose prototypes are already used everywhere in Europe, many refinements of manufacturing procedure and product design, and much ingenious gadgetry such as hand tools and work holders of simple form and construction. Considered separately these were small matters. The more important fact was that they added up. They never were utilized separately, because Americans, labor and management together, *co-ordinated* all the machines, all the stages of the productive process, to achieve an uninterrupted flow of production. The miracle was how much came out at the end of the production line, not in any step along the way. They discovered it to be two to three times the output per worker in the British industry, and as much as five times the output of similar workers in continental Europe. When they went back along American assembly lines to re-check they were surprised again. Nobody seemed to be laboring under any great strain.

This mystery was prophetically analyzed a century and a quarter ago when Charles Babbage, a Cambridge University professor with a practical turn of mind, published a remarkable book on the use of machinery in manufacturing operations in 1832. The abstract of it, given by Mr. Hutton, sums up the principles of scientific management today:

Machine-manufactures economize in human effort and time. . . But machines must have long runs of production in order to be economical. All consumers' wants should therefore become standardized and simplified. Manufacture by machines can then be on such a scale that units of the end-product become very cheap. The machines themselves should become standardized for the same reason. Those countries with the biggest reserve of machinery will then have the highest standards of living, the least human toil, the greatest material rewards, and the greatest material power.

It is significant that this unknown pioneer of the study of productivity, writing at the commencement of the industrial boom that made England "the greatest material power" through the middle years of the past century—roughly, from 1830 to 1880—looked at the question precisely as American businessmen do. He was distribution-minded. Customers should be induced, he said, to ask for what machines can make. He thought that the cheapness and abundance of machine-made products would be sufficient to accomplish this; and in his time he was right. Price advantage alone was enough. Today our methods are more thorough-

¹*We Too Can Prosper*, by Graham Hutton. 248 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.75

going and complex, but the priority is the same.

In the United States the effort to achieve higher productivity begins with a study of the consumer, with a program of marketing research to find out what he wants and how much of it he is likely to buy if it is more effectively advertised and distributed, as well as more effectively produced, that is, offered at a better price. Once these facts are known, capital to finance the design and procurement of specialized production machines can be raised, stocks of the necessary raw materials purchased, extra workers hired and, finally, the goods produced at a cost which, as the initial research showed, enables the producer to make a sale. It is indeed instructive that the word "productivity" is rarely used in America by managers on the job; when their shirtsleeves are rolled up they talk endlessly about "cutting costs" or "pricing a product out of (or into) a market."

Europe's Restricted Approach

Production planning in Europe today begins more often in the government department that regulates the factory, or in the line management of the factory alone, not with customers, people, buyers in the domestic market. As a consequence production, which in America is the byproduct of a successful alignment of costs and prices to fit the pocketbooks of consumers in a free market, has come to mean something else abroad. In closed, restricted, or controlled markets the idea—since it normally depends on finding more customers—is also restricted and cut down to the size of a neat, small problem; how to squeeze more goods out of a given production facility with a fixed number of men and machines without disturbing anything, or changing as little as possible, in or outside the factory.

The chances of achieving substantial gains by such a restricted approach are, of course, considerably reduced. Sometimes it seems to impatient Americans that "progressive" European managements are playing technocratic games instead of coming down to earth and trying simply to cut costs in order to reach more customers.

We have already pointed to some of the reasons. Wherever any part of the market is regulated the habits of consumers are, so to speak, frozen. In such cases there is no sense trying to induce them to buy more; they cannot do so. In other areas of the market where consumers are apparently free, the supply of workers, capital, or raw materials may be slowed down or blocked by the general lack of housing facilities, by trade customs, or the concerted action of trade groups. In countries that have had a great deal of unemployment since the end of the last war, such as Italy, it is also impossible for workers to move in search of jobs. Rigid rents and housing controls have frozen out the construction of new homes, with the

result that the workers themselves are frozen in unemployment if the factories in a particular locality happen to shut down.

There have been sensational gains in productivity here and there throughout Europe and in South-east Asia, but the picture is spotty and the statistics are misleading. On the political side it happens to be a fact that more people in Italy and about as many in France are now voting for Communist candidates as six years ago, before the Productivity Program began. England, with the most showy record of production gains, is slowly losing ground in the export markets of the world. German industry, on the other hand, is on the upswing. The Belgians, too, have been doing so well since the end of the war as to be a continual embarrassment to the rest of Europe. Germany and Belgium happen to be the countries that have adopted liberal economic policies. If there is any lesson in this, it is that restrictive practices and greater production programs do not mix, and that a liberal economy is the essential condition for the success of such efforts.

Another factor is the situation in Europe, where comprehensive social security systems of every type developed early and have now grown to such magnitude that a man's take from the state may be greater than his average earnings for doing useful work. In France, for example, the father of a family of five collects about \$100 monthly, an amount that is more than his wages but which, in addition to his wages, still does not add up to an adequate income. It is such a pension rather than his job and his earnings that have come to be every man's inalienable right. In other words, it is the job that has been transformed into a privilege, as it was in the early days of the Industrial Revolution when most people were peasants, living miserably, and began to drift slowly off their farms, and out of the poorhouses, to earn a little extra cash in the new factories.

Sales-mindedness, which is the public side of American management's cost-consciousness, has been well expressed by Alexander R. Heron,² a vice president of one of our major corporations. "If we as private management are allowed to continue to operate the American economy, we will provide more and more jobs. We will provide them by selling more goods and services. . . . We accept the task of selling the services of every worker on every payroll."

When European governments allow European management enough elbow-room to work toward an industrial policy of that kind, workers as well as customers will begin to look less and less to the state for pensions and price controls. Then everybody will be able to consider the problem of pricing goods into the hands of more and more people. That is the essence of productivity.

²*No Sale, No Job*, by Alexander R. Heron. 207 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers, \$3.00

Lion into Ostrich

By FREDA UTLEY

What lies behind England's refusal to face the facts of the Soviet menace? What is at the root of British anti-Americanism? Miss Utley gives a keen analysis.

London

At night the lions which guard Nelson's column can be dimly seen through the lighted fountains which play again in Trafalgar Square. But today the ostrich rather than the lion should be Britain's symbol. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that nowhere in the Western world do so many know so little about so much as the British people. But, to judge from the majority of their newspapers as well as from conversation with both the "intelligentsia" and the "common man," no other people is more determined to bury its head in the sand and ignore the grim realities of its own and the world's situation. It is not that, as in France, there is a general disposition to buy peace at any price. In a showdown the British lion would come out of hiding and fight beside us. It is rather that the English today insist on pretending there is no real danger, provided only the wild Americans can be taught discretion and diplomacy, and restrained from launching a crusade to liberate people under the Soviet yoke.

When I asked a Treasury official why there is increasing anti-American sentiment in England now that American aid has enabled the British to get back on their feet, he replied: "There was gratitude up to some two years ago, but now there is the fear that America wants to mount a white charger and lead a crusade against the Soviets." He went on to say that Dulles' speeches about "liberation" had frightened the British.

There is a similar striking contrast between the British attitude toward "McCarthyism" and toward any and every Senate committee investigation of subversion in the United States, and their quick and uncompromising reaction toward any immediate Communist threat against their own imperial interests. For example, Sir Winston Churchill had no hesitation in suspending the constitutional liberties of British Guiana last fall, in order to "be in good time" to suppress "Communist intrigue menacing the normal freedom of a community." But exposures of Communist infiltration in U.S. government agencies by the McCarthy and Jenner committees are mocked at in England and represented as signs of American reactionary or "fascist" tendencies.

In general, the British press and public resolutely refuse to recognize the existence of a world-wide conspiracy directed by the Kremlin. They have

persuaded themselves that the Communist menace is a figment of Senator McCarthy's imagination, or a device he has thought up to enable him to lead a "fascist" movement. It is as if they had generally accepted the argument of the Left which runs as follows: "Hitler won power by stressing the Communist danger. Therefore anyone else who wants to suppress Communism at home must be aiming to become a dictator."

Dearth of World News

The present British tendency to refuse to face the facts is fostered by the diet of mental pap fed to the public by most of the newspapers. The excuse usually made for the dearth of news on world events in all but a few newspapers is the small size of the papers, long starved of newsprint, and the consequent reliance of the public on the British Broadcasting Company for foreign news. But the radio, whenever I listened to it, seemed to give more time to the weather than to world events. Most of the papers devote an excessively large proportion of their limited space to every item of news about the royal family, however insignificant, to crime and sport, and to accounts of the romances, trials, and tribulations of the deserving poor and undeserving rich. This phenomenon, I was told by a journalist, is the consequence of the huge success of the tabloid *Daily Mirror*, which has achieved a circulation of more than five million by giving the public cheesecake, tripe, and soap opera.

It would be unfair not to note that the *News Chronicle* and *Daily Herald*, as well as the *Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, and *Daily Telegraph*, have been giving good coverage to the Berlin conference. But it would seem that the best and most reliable British foreign correspondents are kept under wraps except on such special occasions as the conference. And their stories receive far less prominence than trials at the Old Bailey.

What is most disquieting is the failure of most British newspapers to give their readers any information about Communist atrocities and crimes, as contrasted with their frequent folksy stories about "the Russians." For instance, when on January 9 a U.S. Senate committee announced that about two thirds of our prisoners of war in Korea may have been murdered, constituting "one of

the most heinous and barbaric episodes of recorded history," most British newspapers failed to mention the report. Even the London *Observer* gave it only a few lines at the bottom of a column, headed "U.N. Plans for Releasing Prisoners." Similarly, when several thousand German prisoners of war returned home after nine years of slave labor in Russia, the British press as a whole had no word of condemnation for the Soviets.

To compare Communist with Nazi atrocities just isn't done in England today. So, instead of giving prominence to the torture and murder of U.S. prisoners, or reporting the terrible experiences of German prisoners—both soldiers and civilians—returning from Soviet camps, the British press, right, left, and center, was busy last December and January extolling the skill and sportmanship of the Russian contestants in the International Chess Tournament at Hastings.

Under the headline, "Oh, Mr. McCarthy, what nice lads these Russkis are," *Daily Herald* correspondent Maurice Fagence wrote on December 31, 1953:

It's a good job Senator McCarthy didn't visit the International Chess Congress here today. He would have written Britain off as a Russian satellite. The fraternizing between all of us, from the Mayor down, with the Soviet chess champions. . . was downright scandalous—or so McCarthy would have thought. . . . My hand is sore from Russian handshakes. . . . Townsfolk, seeing the Soviet players wandering from shop to shop, think they have been lied to for 35 years about Russian aloofness. A new approach? A dropping of old suspicions? I don't know. But these Russians are as hail-fellow-well-met as Bill Smith when he goes to Calais.

It would have been fine if the chess tournament had been used to show the British public that "the Russians" are nice people in spite of their tyrannical government. But this is not at all the way in which the event was presented. The quotation above from the paper which is supposedly the organ of the Labor Party was the most outstanding example of the manner in which the virtues of the Russian people are used to bolster up the Soviet terror which oppresses them. But the Conservative press was not far behind in its pernicious identification of "the Russians" with their rulers. For instance, the *Sunday Times* had an article by Edward Crankshaw (who is also a favored British writer on Russia in the *New York Times*), in which he not only praised the "admirable bearing and unfailing sportmanship" of the Russian contestants, but also said that the tournament was "the happiest display of international amity."

The British public is constantly being taught to identify Communism with "the Russians," and to believe that if "the Russians" are friendly, this means that the Soviet government need not be feared. The Albert Hall is plastered with announcements about the visits of Russian singers, dancers, and entertainers. Items such as the permission

recently given to the Russians to listen to jazz or dance Western dances are heralded as portents of liberty and amity with the Western world. All in all, the British people are being lulled into the belief that everything would be all right if only the Americans could be restrained from provoking "the Russians."

I found an explanation for the ostrich attitude in a conversation I had with an Irishman who works for a London tabloid. He said to me: "The British people have contracted out of world affairs. They are interested only in themselves, and want nothing but security." This phenomenon is not merely the result of war weariness. "It stems," he said, "mainly from the fact that the British, having been relegated to second place in the Western world, feel that they no longer control their own destinies, much less those of other peoples. Consciously or unconsciously resenting the fact that America is now the leading power in the Western world, they lend an eager ear to anti-American propaganda, while refusing to recognize the Soviet menace—since to do so would mean giving up their hopes for a quiet life."

An American friend of mine living in England expressed an even more pessimistic view. "The majority of the British people," she said, "want economic security above all and would take it even if the price were concentration camps and the rest of the apparatus of 'national socialism.' What they do not realize is that, once deprived of liberty, economic security becomes merely slavery."

A Familiar Fallacy

Without accepting the validity of this statement, one cannot fail in England to realize how far reaching is the influence of Marxist, or economic determinist, thought. Whether or not it is true that a whole generation of British intellectuals has been corrupted by such journals as the *New Statesman and Nation*, it is a fact that the British today have no real understanding of the Soviet menace because they believe that Communist power and influence, everywhere in the world, can be destroyed simply by improving the economic condition of the people.

This fallacy is, of course, also accepted by many Americans. But it is in Britain that its political consequences are most clearly apparent, because the public has been kept in ignorance—both by the press and the books which get published—of the evidence that Western blindness to the Communist danger has led to the Soviet conquest of eastern Europe and China. No books, and practically no articles, giving the true record concerning American and British postwar China policy have been published in England.

One of the few British scholars who has tried to enlighten the public is G. F. Hudson, a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, who is also an editor

of the *Economist*. Unfortunately, his articles on China are published only in magazines of small circulation. In one of them, published in *Encounter*, he wrote:

Habits of mind formed in happier days when ideology could generally be left out of account in international politics are not easily discarded, and there is a pull to revert to them whenever some break in the clouds gives the smallest opportunity for belief that the weather is clearing. Since the death of Stalin, in Britain at any rate there has been a strong tendency to forget about the experience of the Cold War, to repudiate any suggestion of "anti-Communism" in world affairs, and to assume that in dealing with Communist Russia—and still more in dealing with Communist China—it is really only with limited and separate national interests that we have to reckon. It would, of course, be very agreeable if this were so. . .

Hudson's voice is only a very small one in the desert of British ignorance of the record. I do not profess to know how great is the responsibility of the Foreign Office, or other British government departments, for the misinformation or lack of information given to the public. American journalists in London have told me that nowhere in the world is there a more effective censorship than in England, although it is exercised so subtly that the people imagine they have a free press. Journalists or editors who publish facts which the government deems it better that the public should not know, run into trouble. Newspapers, such as the Beaverbrook publications, which dare to defy the Foreign Office's unacknowledged censorship, are more "isolationist" or blind than the government, as witness the *Daily Express* and *Evening Standard*, which represent Germany as a greater menace than Soviet Russia.

The British lion may be merely sleeping, or recovering from the effects of the austerity diet he was fed for so long. Outside London, in country places, one meets people who speak with a different voice than the London press, and who do not even know that it is fashionable to be anti-American. And in Berlin, Eden has been voicing the same views as Dulles and showing no disposition to appease the Kremlin. But—and here is the rub—at this very moment when it is essential that the Western powers show a united front, "the largest group of British businessmen to visit Russia since the war" is busy "exploring the possibilities of expanding Anglo-Soviet trade."

Will the formerly intelligent British appreciation of political realities prevail over the desire to win prosperity and peace "in our time" by providing the Soviet colossus with the means to consolidate and extend its power? Or will England sacrifice her own vital interests and those of the whole Western world in her endeavor, in Churchill's words, to "maintain fifty million people in this small island at a level superior to that of average European standards"?

Brazil's Boom Town

By ARTHUR R. PASTORE, JR.

With soaring coffee prices being investigated by Congress, and housewives boycotting the little brown beans, America's attention has turned to the source of supply. Whether a short crop, or speculation, or both will be found to have boosted prices, a look at São Paulo, Brazil, where coffee is king, will show the world's fastest growing city, its prosperity based largely on the increasing demand for the aromatic brew.

"Chicago—with palm trees," is the way one American businessman described this skyscraper city, perched high in the mountains above Santos, the world's biggest coffee port. Seventy per cent of Brazil's coffee crop comes out of São Paulo State, of which the city is an integral part. From the miles of plantations around the city comes some of Brazil's richest agricultural output—cotton, rice, corn, etc. But the richest plum of all is the product of the more than a million coffee trees to be found in the state.

Coffee is, of course, serious business there. In Santos' Coffee Exchange the tasters sample the blends with all the care of an expert French wine-taster. And what the brokers do in that cathedral-like building has a real effect on how much you'll pay for your next pound of coffee at the supermarket.

Everything about São Paulo is fantastic. The municipal library is twenty-two stories high. The main street runs for ten miles. The Viaduto da Cha cuts across the city in three levels of traffic. The elevators in the Estado do São Paulo bank building run faster than those in New York's Empire State building.

Year-Long Festivities

It's hard to believe that a city so modern is celebrating its four-hundredth anniversary in 1954. But just ten minutes from the downtown business section Exposition buildings have been built on a scale to emulate New York's World's Fair of 1939. There is a Palace of Nations and a Palace of Industry and Commerce, as well as a Palace of Agriculture, to say nothing of a planetarium and a theater seating 3,000 people. A year-long program of festivities will include music, ballet, and art expositions, and international congresses for writers, philosophers, scientists, surgeons, economists, and lawyers. The celebration is large-scale and all-inclusive. Paulistas just don't do things in a small way.

Today São Paulo is the third largest city in South America and ranks as the twentieth in population in the world. Its increasing expansion in population and building construction makes it

even bigger than any city in the United States except New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

All these rapid-fire statistics the average Paulista will reel off at you with calculating-machine efficiency, for the residents of São Paulo have a real Chamber-of-Commerce pride in their amazing city, which they claim—and with facts and figures to back it up—is the world's fastest growing city, anywhere, any place, and under any circumstances. To add weight to the argument, they point out that the population has been more than doubling every ten years. Back in 1910, São Paulo had a mere 314,000. By 1920, it had jumped to 550,000—and was still considered a small town next to big-time Rio. But in 1950, the population figures had leaped to 2,200,000. Today, it is close to 3,000,000.

If that doesn't convince you, the Paulistas will gladly throw another barrage of figures at you. The State of São Paulo, with the city as an integral part, contributes 50 per cent of Brazil's total exports, as well as 50 per cent of the national income, 48 per cent of the country's banking business, 49 per cent of the total electric power consumption, and 50 per cent of the nation's textile production. In addition to all this, São Paulo's booming industries make everything from automobiles to penicillin and toys.

You Almost See It Grow

It's easy to see how São Paulo has become the industrial hub of South America. More than 40,000 plants and factories in the city keep industrial wheels constantly moving. São Paulo State represents the greatest concentration of industrial might in all Latin America today. Like the population, industry has increased to such a point that it's hard to keep up with new records and figures. In the last ten-year period São Paulo produced more than half of all Brazil's manufactures. Ten years ago, it was only a third.

Part of the answer lies in the wonderful climate. The Paulista looks scornfully down upon his cousin in Rio who believes that *manha*, or tomorrow, he'll get around to filling that order, but why worry about business today when it's much better to sip his tiny cup of strong, black coffee as he contemplates taking the afternoon off for a dip at Copacabana Beach. Rio is hot, and not blessed with the humidity-free climate of São Paulo.

The Paulista has no time for a two-hour nap after lunch as does the Carioca in Rio, nor does he sip his coffee in a sidewalk café. He gulps it at a stand-up bar, as he gets ready to hop a plane for Rio—like a New York commuter rushing for his morning train. Business is the key-word in São Paulo. Probably that explains why books on business, accounting, and finance are outselling novels in São Paulo's bookstands today.

And buildings! Most Paulistas will admit that the city's imposing, New York-like skyline was

on the architects' drafting boards only yesterday, but today it's a reality. A new building goes up in São Paulo every twenty-four minutes around the clock! The standing Paulista joke to a tourist is "Please don't take a picture of our city, because it will change while your camera shutter is clicking."

Much of São Paulo is like the United States. The office buildings and hurrying crowds could be transplanted to New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles. Next to the signs in Portuguese, you'll see many familiar U.S. trade names. And Coca-Cola is fast outselling even coffee in the stand-up bars around the city.

It's no wonder American capital is attracted to São Paulo, where 91 per cent of Brazil's foreign trade is concentrated and the booming export market is located. Most of all, American business favors São Paulo because the city has an unmistakable drive and pace. American firms know the Paulista can produce and will keep on producing as long there's a market for any product. Years ago São Paulo had to figure a way to get water power up over the mountains which were nearly 3,000 feet high. They did it by reversing rivers, and their industry profited. Then they had to build a modern route over the same mountains to Santos to get their exports out to a world market—they did that, too, by tunneling through the mountains and carving out a two-way express highway over which more than 150,000 buses, trucks, and cars pass each month. At the Congohas Airport a plane either lands or takes off every three minutes. One air route which links São Paulo and Rio is now classed second only to the New York-Washington air service in volume of passenger traffic.

But Paulistas have an eye for beauty, too. They may have acres of modern architecture, but the streets, like most Brazilian cities, are still a blaze of mosaic-work in artistic patterns. And their swank residential areas are graced with terraced, landscaped parks overflowing with tropical flowers and clipped hedges in formal designs. They have not neglected the cultural side, either. Paulistas point with pride to their Teatro Municipale where international ballets perform and grand operas are sung by stars fresh from New York's Met, Paris' Opera Comique, Vienna's Staatsoper, Milan's La Scala, and Buenos Aires' Teatro Colon.

Paulistas are a polyglot people. The city's rapid growth in recent years has been largely due to wave after wave of European immigration. You can hear many languages spoken—French, German, English, Italian. In fact, the newsboys hawking their varied stock of magazines and publications will offer you all the selection of a Paris kiosk.

Like everything else in São Paulo, the American colony is growing. About 2,000 American families are now stationed in the city, and the number keeps increasing almost daily. Some of the "old

hands" have been there twenty years or more and are practically Paulistas in spirit. The American Chamber of Commerce is one of the busiest places in town, as more and more Yankee dollars flow into São Paulo's industrial melting pot.

It's no wonder capital is attracted to the world's fastest growing city. For topping all the other amazing things about this boom town is the fact that São Paulo is perhaps the only Latin American city—or for that matter the only place in the world—that has never suffered a major depression. And that's quite a record, when you consider that São Paulo is four-hundred years young.

Rusi Chose Freedom

By CONSTANTINE MICHAELS

This country spends vast amounts to combat Communism. Congressional committees investigate all phases of anti-American activity, and receive headlines, plaudits, and appropriations. It is hugely ironical that while such investigations are going on, Americans are compelled to join and pay dues to organizations that have been declared subversive by the government itself.

It took a newcomer to the United States to challenge an incongruous dictum and refuse to join a Communist-led organization—the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers Union (U.E.) in the plant where he worked. He is without a job now, and nothing can be done about it. Nothing, that is, unless the case of Rusi Nasar becomes a national issue. It is worth fighting for.

Rusi Nasar, only two years in this country, is an engineer by profession. He received his education under the Soviet regime. Nevertheless, he despises it. The Communists boast of having eliminated illiteracy in his native Turkestan, in the central Asiatic part of Russia. Nasar feels no gratitude for that. "My people," he says, "would be much happier if they had remained illiterate. Who wants to be literate in order to be compelled to read all the Communist lies? I'd rather be a shepherd than a Soviet engineer."

During the war he served as a commissioned officer in the Red Army. At the end of 1941 he was taken prisoner by the Germans. After Germany's capitulation he refused to return to the Soviet Union, staying in a Displaced Persons' camp in Germany until 1951, when he was finally granted permission to enter the United States. Here he worked on and off in various places until, in October 1953, he was employed by the Electronic Transformer Company in New York City.

According to union regulations at the plant, within four weeks a new employee has to join the union officially recognized as the bargaining unit. Despite his short time in this country, Nasar is

well aware of what's going on here. He reads the papers, and he knows that the U.E. is on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. He also knows that some of the union's officers, questioned by congressional committees, have refused on constitutional grounds of self-incrimination to answer questions about membership in the Communist Party and espionage activities.

Nasar decided not to join the U.E. He wanted, he said, to find out more about the union before becoming a dues-paying member. The shop steward, naturally, did not like this. He is a Russian, born in China and now a citizen of Brazil. The plant, especially its night shift (in which Nasar worked), employs a number of Displaced Persons, fugitives from behind the Iron Curtain. The shop steward, it is reported, taunts them constantly for having exchanged their wonderful countries for the imperialistic, warmongering United States. He never explained why he continues to live here.

Nasar's stalling tactics were effective for about two months. He kept asking the steward all kinds of questions about the U.E., and received the most fantastic replies. Apparently, any answer was considered good enough for a "greenhorn."

"Is the union a member of the C.I.O. or A.F.L.?" Nasar asked.

"The U.E.," the steward answered, "is an independent union. We used to belong to the C.I.O. but got out of it because the C.I.O. has become a government-dominated union. We wanted to be independent of government pressure." The steward carefully concealed the fact that the U.E. had been expelled from the C.I.O. in 1949 for pro-Communist leanings.

Nasar was finally presented with an ultimatum: join the U.E. or quit your job. The management wanted him to stay. He was an intelligent and conscientious worker; in the short time he had been employed at the plant he had been promoted. But he had to join the union.

This he refused to do. "I cannot," he declared, "join any Communist-dominated union—even with the intent of opposing the Communists from inside the union. I am not going to pay a single cent of my wages to support an organization that owes allegiance to Communism. I have fought Communism and Communists all my life. After the war I refused to return to my homeland, thus jeopardizing those of my family who were still there. I did not come to the United States to contribute to Communist causes. If Americans want to do it, that is their business. If I wanted to support Communist organizations, I would have returned to the Soviet Union. Here I will not do it."

The management of the company sympathized with Nasar. But there was nothing they could do. The U.E. has a contract with the plant, Nasar had to join up, or else. . .

He preferred the "or else. . ."

Lesson in Neutrality

By R. G. WALDECK

Swiss neutrality has a patron saint. He is Nikolaus von Flüe, farmer, councillor, and judge, who in 1467 retired to a ravine where he lived, according to legend, for twenty years, partaking of neither food nor drink. In my hotel room in Zürich there were two pictures of "Brother Klaus." One depicted him bidding a tearful farewell to his wife and ten children, the other, counseling a group of visitors: "Oh, my dear friends, don't get mixed up in foreign quarrels."

It is this pearl of Klausian wisdom that has guided the Swiss ever since. Nor is there any doubt that it has served them well. In a turbulent continent, Switzerland has remained peaceful and contented within her frontiers. One doesn't talk about Switzerland. Which is exactly what the Swiss want.

The Swiss take a dim view of any political move that deviates ever so slightly from Brother Klaus's sage precepts. One such move was the decision of the Bundesrat on June 13, 1953, to participate in the execution of the Korean truce. In a way the Korean job was particularly suited to the Swiss. After all, to assist in the orderly transition from war to peace is a proper task for neutral nations. But in this case the Swiss were put in an extremely equivocal position. Their genuine and traditional neutrality was thrown into the pot with the so-called neutrality of Czechoslovakia and Poland.

The way the story was told me by a member of the Swiss Bundesrat, it would seem that Berne, from the start, complied only reluctantly with the proposal of the U. N. Command to furnish, along with Sweden, a delegation to the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission. However, determined to prove to the world that neutrality does not exclude activity in the interest of peace, Switzerland sent its men off to Korea. Soon it became clear that they had landed in the thick of what Brother Klaus referred to as "foreign quarrels." The insistence of the Swiss delegation on the principles of the Geneva Convention, according to which prisoners could not be forced to listen to "explanations" against their will, enraged the Communists. By November the Berne Bundesrat found itself the recipient of angry notes from the Polish, Chinese, and Czechoslovakian governments denouncing the Swiss for abetting "anti-Communist terror" in the prisoner-of-war camps and for "sabotaging the armistice." Radio Peking let go with particularly offensive attacks.

The Swiss people were shocked. Claiming no part in the drama of international politics, they didn't see why they should be cast as villain in a performance which at best was not to their liking.

Public opinion was all for recalling the Swiss delegation from Korea and writing a prompt finis to a mission that had failed. But the government thought otherwise. Switzerland, Foreign Minister Max Petitpierre explained to his irate compatriots ought not to capitulate to minor difficulties when it was a matter both of serving the peace and of justifying its existence as a neutral in a divided world. The very fact that the Swiss delegates never compromised on the moral principles laid down by the Geneva Convention and opposed any encroachment on them by either side attested to their "unlimited" and "perpetual" neutrality, and set an example to other civilized nations. For the United States, Great Britain, and Sweden had finally felt compelled to join Switzerland in its out-and-out rejection of violence.

Dr. Petitpierre made no bones of the fact that the main reason Switzerland had let itself in for the Korean adventure was to show Washington how useful neutrals still are in the international scheme of things. This opportunity was the more welcome as the memory of the early postwar years, when U. S. diplomacy had proclaimed its distaste for neutrality, still rankled.

"You know," a member of the Swiss Bundesrat said to me, "Herr Lauchlin Currie was sent over to tell us that neutrality was tantamount to treason." He paused for a moment. "Herr Currie," he went on lightly, "seemed to have been quite a friend of Herr Harry Dexter White. And Herr White—I hear there are people in the States who believe he was a Soviet spy." A long pause. "I wonder sometimes why Herr Currie was so hard on our neutrality. Was it because it might benefit the German economy at a time when Herr White and his friends still dreamed of turning Germany into a pasture?" A sigh. "It would be interesting to know just what in all this was Russian inspiration and what was plain American shortsightedness. . . ."

However, this was all over and done with. The Korean move achieved its goal inasmuch as the United States, for the first time since the war, recognized the importance of having neutrals. A memorandum from Washington, praising Switzerland's readiness to do its nonpartisan best in arbitrating international differences, gratified Berne and partly calmed public opinion with regard to the deviation from Brother Klaus' strict doctrine.

Some observers believe that Swiss foreign policy is bound to evolve toward participation in various international agencies. I see no sign of any such evolution. On the contrary, though the Swiss do not doubt the high aspirations of the U. N., the E. D. C., and NATO, they seem to feel that they can do better on their own.

The Daily Worker is now celebrating its thirtieth anniversary. We wish its editors many happy returns—to Moscow.

ARGUS

The Kremlin's Old "New Look"

By LEO DUDIN

In spite of wishful thinking in the West about the "new" Moscow line, facts indicate that the Kremlin has not altered its pattern of purges and aggression.

The Berlin conference has forced the Western world to occupy itself once more with the big question: What are the real aims of Malenkov and his regime?

In the year that has elapsed since Stalin's death a veritable avalanche of sensational news items has come from Moscow. A new distribution of commanding posts in the Kremlin, with a simultaneous rearrangement of all the highest organs of the state and party apparatus, immediately followed the announcement of Stalin's death. In less than two weeks came the big news that Malenkov had surrendered the all-important position of the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party to a relatively unknown man, Nikita S. Khrushchev, thus seemingly stripping himself of a decisive instrument in the struggle for the position of dictator. The official emphasis since then has been on "collective leadership." Stalin's name has appeared less and less frequently in the Soviet press. At the same time there is an increasing tendency to replace Stalin by Lenin, proclaiming Lenin as the "moral father" of the new regime.

A purge of the purgers has begun. In April the former boss of the dreaded M.G.B., Ignatiev, and his deputy Ryumin were stripped of all honors, pronounced "enemies of the people," and then disappeared. In July their fate was shared by Lavrenti P. Beria himself. A number of high-ranking M.V.D. officials throughout the country were removed and vanished into oblivion. In December this whole process culminated in the "trial" of Beria and six of his closest henchmen.

At the same time the new bosses were apparently trying to gain the sympathy of the various strata of the Soviet population. Marshal Zhukov was taken from his forced retirement and raised to the highest possible post in the army. A sweeping amnesty for minor offenders was promised; the arrest and torture of the "Kremlin doctors" was branded unjust and illegal; and official anti-Semitism was halted.

In September a new policy of "butter as well as guns" was proclaimed. The population was promised an abundance of food and consumers' goods in the not too distant future. Construction of some of Stalin's "pyramids of Communism" was interrupted, and the forced labor switched elsewhere. A huge new department store, called G.U.M., was

opened on Red Square opposite the Lenin-Stalin tomb. On New Year's Day the gates of the Kremlin were thrown open to children, and a masquerade for some selected Moscow youth was arranged in an historic Kremlin hall.

In its foreign policy the new regime brought about an armistice in Korea while extending the war in Indo-China. It promised a better life to East Germans, but repressed with tanks their revolt last June. It intensified the "peace offensive" of the old Stalin type and suspended the "Hate America" campaign for a short time, only to renew it. It had talks with Tito, made a kind of ill-fated peace with Israel, blocked all the ways to settle the controversial issues in Europe and Asia, and spared no effort in sowing discord among the Western allies.

In order to show their friendliness to the Western world the leaders invited some new "vodka visitors" to the Soviet Union, opened certain areas of the U.S.S.R. to foreign diplomats, and even permitted some foreigners to marry Soviet girls. Soviet musicians and singers were sent to Italy and Switzerland, and the French were promised a visit from the ballet of the Bolshoi Theater.

Stalin's True Disciples

The swift succession of such news items tended to create an impression of some radical change in the Kremlin's policy. But do any of them alter those few basic elements which really determine the possible courses of Soviet policy?

The first and probably most important of these basic elements is the composition of the new ruling group in the Kremlin. Even after the execution of Beria it remained very similar to the old Politburo. Additions were made from among those men who under Stalin stood just one rung below the top of the Soviet hierarchical ladder.

Almost all of the present rulers are over fifty. They were elevated by Stalin from the rank and file of the party cadres some twenty or even thirty years ago because of their personal qualities: the ability to work very hard, energy, ruthlessness, devotion to Stalin and his cause. It is safe to assume that they accepted Stalin's theories and were quite willing to go along with him in his practical actions. The road to power of every one of them was cemented with blood.

And yet some Western eggheads believe that after the death of their leader these men ceased to be what they had been all their lives.

Has their mentality changed? Mr. Molotov gave a rather clear-cut answer to this question in his Berlin diatribes. Anyone can arrive at the same conclusion if he reads carefully the recent speeches by Malenkov, Khrushchev, and other leaders of the Kremlin group.

Take, for example, a recent report the new theoretician of world Communism, P. N. Pospelov, made at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Lenin. Malenkov and other Soviet leaders were present and heartily applauded the speaker. Dispatches of Western correspondents in Moscow stressed only the report's conciliatory tone toward America and its several quotations from Lenin about the possibility of "peaceful coexistence" with the capitalist countries. But somehow these correspondents failed to mention the central theme, also documented with quotations from Lenin: the capitalist world is doomed; history leads to the ultimate victory of Communism; this victory is to be achieved by means of revolution; the capitalist system must be destroyed by force, and bourgeois society annihilated. This theme was repeated hundreds of times by all the Moscow and provincial newspapers, while Pospelov's "peaceful" overtures received merely lip-service. And the editors of these newspapers ought to know what is important to the Kremlin.

Revolution and destruction are the working theory; "peaceful coexistence" was a smoke screen to enable Molotov to develop his tactical maneuvers in Berlin. Does this differ from the familiar Stalin pattern?

The next crucial issue is that of correlation between the state and the party. Communists all over the world will cease to be Communists only when and if they put the interests of their respective countries and states before the interests of the Communist Party. We know how this issue was handled by Lenin and Stalin. The Communist Party is the leading and directing force of human society (or of the nation); the State is merely an instrument to implement the policy as laid down by the party. In his first public speech a year ago as the new head of the Soviet government Malenkov repeated this basic Communist rule. His regime has kept hammering away at this theme in all the organs of propaganda ever since.

How about the apparatus at their disposal which has to translate their theories into practical action? Most Western observers agree that there are three basic pillars supporting the Soviet dictatorial rule: the party, the secret police (M.V.D.), and the army. Recently, in connection with the Beria trial, publications of the West were virtually flooded with theories and conjectures about some drastic change in their relative importance. The

most popular of these theories was the one that the Soviet Army, as represented by such war heroes as Marshals Zhukov, Konev, and Vasilevsky, was rapidly gaining power, while the role of the M.V.D. was just as rapidly dwindling. Every bit of information that tended to support this theory was carefully picked up and repeated over and over again.

A close analysis of all available Soviet sources does not reveal, however, any serious facts in support of this theory. The role of the Soviet Army remains practically the same as it was under Stalin. None of the army leaders was permitted to join the ruling group: they still have to take their orders from the Kremlin. Lately none of them has received any special award or been otherwise publicly honored. The only exception was that of Marshal Konev, who was granted the dubious honor of presiding over the Special Collegium of the Supreme Court during the trial of Beria and his henchmen. In the past such honors have proved the first step on the road to the firing squad.

M.V.D. Troops Stronger than Army

Many wishful thinkers in the West have spoken of the ostensibly decisive support given by the army to Malenkov in his struggle against Beria. The reasoning of those who supported this theory was very simple: Beria had his M.V.D. troops, therefore Malenkov could get his support from the army only. This theory might appear sound to all those who are inclined to see the events in Moscow in the same light as, for example, those in Nicaragua. Two little facts, however, are overlooked. The first is that the battle between Malenkov and Beria was fought and won behind the Kremlin walls with no outside forces involved.

The second is that in time of peace the Soviet Army is no match for the M.V.D. troops. As long as there is no major war the army has rifles, guns, machine-guns, tanks, and airplanes, but it has no shells, bombs, or cartridges, and only a limited supply of gasoline. All these things are in the hands of special M.V.D. detachments. Whenever a commanding officer of any army unit needs shells or cartridges for training or other purposes, he must submit an application to his local M.V.D. representative. He also has to account for used ones and return the remainder as soon as the training is over. The whole trick is very simple, but the result is that in time of peace the army has no more real power than any other group of Soviet citizens. This system helped Stalin to maintain his rule, and there are no signs that Malenkov has changed it one iota.

But suppose Malenkov had had some way of equipping the army in order to use it against Beria. In this case he would have had to rely primarily upon the troops of the Moscow military

district. And after his victory he would naturally have rewarded those officers who had helped him. Nothing of the kind occurred. The commanding general of Moscow military district, Artemiev, the commandant of the city of Moscow, Sinilov, and the commandant of the Kremlin, Spiridonov, were all dismissed some time between July and September 1953. If all these facts are collated, the conclusion will be that the role of the Soviet army remains about the same as it was under Stalin.

How about the M.V.D.? No one could deny that the liquidation of Beria and a subsequent purge of his lieutenants throughout the country had to bring about some major changes in the methods and set-up of the Soviet secret policy. But does this necessarily mean weakening the role of the whole institution? Under Stalin, N.K.V.D. heads Yagoda and Yezhov, with scores of their assistants and thousands of minor officials, were liquidated as "enemies of the people." The secret police became even more powerful.

One strange thing must be pointed out with regard to the writings of those Western observers who believe in the decline of the M.V.D. role: they involuntarily follow the line of Soviet propaganda. Everyone who happened to read the editorials in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* dealing with the case of Beria could see that the purpose was to create an impression that the party and the government had decided to decrease the power of the M.V.D. and to prevent any excesses in the use of it. Is it safe to take the word of *Pravda* at face value?

It seems much more sound to support judgments with some undisputed facts. Beria was executed, but the man appointed head of the M.V.D.—Sergei Kruglov—served for many years as Beria's first deputy and was known even among the Chekists for his exemplary ruthlessness. *Pravda* and all other Soviet newspapers accused Beria of every conceivable crime, but at the same time these papers referred to the bulk of the M.V.D. officials as "honest workers of state security" whose practical duties were in line with the interests of the Communist Party and the Soviet government. In the weeks that followed the execution of Beria, not a single additional public attack was made on the M.V.D. personnel; no decree was approved which aimed at diminishing the power of the M.V.D. Moreover, the signs are mounting that the work of purging the purgers has been practically completed by this time, and that the "new M.V.D." under Kruglov, with the help of some other branches of the terror machine, have been assigned to a sweeping purge of the party apparatus. Who comes next?

The picture is clear-cut. The old "Stalin team" is still in the Kremlin; their system of power is built in accordance with Stalinist rule; their method of operation is the purge at home and aggression abroad.

The "Any" in Espionage

By SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL

Downright ignorance of the scope of our espionage laws seems to have been an important reason, heretofore unnoticed, for President Truman's handling of the Harry Dexter White case and others of like character. On September 2, 1948, when Mr. Truman was a candidate for re-election as President, he made the remarkable statement that "during the war the spies were not Communists. Russia was our ally, and the spies were Germans and Japanese."

This statement, repeated two months later, is perhaps more revealing of the President's psychology and motivation than anything that has appeared. More important, however, is the fact that many illegal activities at that time by American citizens, in office or out, are still condoned, if not excused, by large numbers of people on the ground that the Russians and Americans were "in it together." This Presidential point of view provided a sort of moral cloak for espionage.

The espionage laws on our statute books since 1917 make it a penal offense for anyone not authorized to do so to "transmit to any foreign government . . . information relating to the national defense. . ." Note the word "any." It makes no difference whether the foreign government and the United States are at peace, or whether it is our ally in war. Only the punishment varies—imprisonment for not more than twenty years in peace time; in war time, death or thirty years.

Hence any American citizen who transmitted secret information to Russia when it was our ally became a spy, Mr. Truman notwithstanding.

The wisdom of the law's application to "any foreign government" cannot be doubted in the light of recent history. Russia is now our cold war foe. The secret of the atomic bomb, for example, if transmitted to Russia when our ally, can be used against us in the event of outright war.

All authority to transmit national defense secrets must flow directly from the President, as Commander in Chief, to the person transmitting. The fact that a person may hold high civilian office, as did Harry Dexter White, gives him no right to transmit such information unless he is authorized through a direct chain of command from the President. If not, he has no more right to transmit than a private citizen, and is guilty of espionage.

The patriotism of Harry Truman is not in question; his knowledge of the espionage laws it was his constitutional duty to enforce may well be questioned. It would appear that when White was appointed, the Administration was still drunk on its own pro-Soviet propaganda. Party loyalty, and a desire to sweep the bad news under the bed, did the rest.

A Second Look

By EUGENE LYONS

At Idlewild airport recently about thirty palpitant reporters, photographers, radio and television people crowded around a group of American youngsters just back from a distant and presumably spine-tingling journey. The travelers were questioned jointly and singly; some were signed up forthwith to write their adventures for publication in the newspapers; the snapshots they had taken on the trip were flashed on TV screens and bought up for publication in magazines. I was myself conscripted to help interview two of the vikings for a New York radio station.

What remote and exciting places had these bold voyagers reached and explored to rate such unusual attention? Deepest Tibet perhaps, or Amazonian jungles, or some sunken Atlantis?

Nothing of the sort. The boys and one girl, editors of college papers, had spent three weeks, portal to portal, in an uneventful and strictly guided tour of the Soviet Union, seeing the sights and talking to selected citizens through well-trained interpreters. Equivalent visits had been made by other campus journalists a couple of months before and by grown-up small-town editors shortly after the demise of Stalin. And each of the homecoming parties had been similarly greeted, plied with solemn questions to which they gave solemn answers, televised and syndicated, before being blotted out and forgotten.

It is extraordinary, surely, that in the thirty-seventh year of the Kremlin dictatorship a humdrum trip to its domains still makes news—more so, indeed, than in its earlier and less shrouded years. This fact seems to me more interesting and revealing than any of the naive “impressions” brought home by the wayfarers. It is a fact saturated with pathos, for it means that a great nation and a great people have been so tragically cut off from the body of mankind that a few returning tourists become objects of overflowing curiosity.

The aura of wonder that surrounds such tourists emanates from the stubborn myth that Soviet Russia, no matter how often it may be explored and reported, remains mystery, enigma, and riddle. Actually, of course, no other nation or society has been as extensively and on the whole accurately described, analyzed, and annotated as the U.S.S.R. Every publishing season adds a spate of new books to an already massive literature on the subject. Books by diplomats and correspondents, economists and social theorists; above all, books by fugitives from Communism who carry the marks of Communist abominations on their minds and souls as

tokens of authenticity. Besides, the essentials about the Soviet land and the mentality of its masters have been spelled out in action and policy, year after year.

Yet the fable that nobody knows nothin' about the Soviet realities persists. Why?

First, I think, it is because pro-Kremlin propaganda has been so successful in breeding confusions; in burying even the most palpable and documented truths—such as slave labor or the bankruptcy of collectivized farming or the obvious hostility of the people to the regime—in mountains of double-talk.

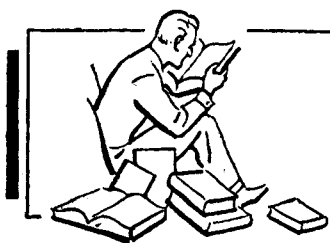
Second, because so many people in the non-Soviet world have a psychological stake in shielding their illusions on all things Soviet. The curious notion that no reports on those things, however expert and convincing, really penetrate the mystery enables them to linger a bit longer among their fading hopes and enthusiasms for the “great experiment.”

Again and again some journalist, emerging from his Soviet assignment, makes a sensation with his inside, close-up revelations. A year or two later his successor in Moscow comes out and makes roughly the same revelations in roughly the same words—and once more it is a sensation, as if his predecessor hadn't existed. Communist Russia is the one America that is endlessly rediscovered.

The marvel of it all is that the millions of Americans panting for a glimpse of the Soviet truth through the eyes of teen-age tourists resist the temptation of reading first-rate books on the subject. They want the information fresh, fragrant, and, above all, trivial. And they ignore the richest source of uncensored information open to them in the hundreds of thousands of self-exiled Soviet men and women not only willing but eager to tell all they know.

The two youngsters whom I interviewed were clean-cut, bright, evidently a few notches above the average college man. Yet they had swallowed some transparent lies and allowed themselves to be gulled by a few of the more mildewed propaganda lines. It seems that Soviet college men, they assured me, were honestly unaware of the existence of concentration camps! They can hardly be blamed—more mature Americans (Willkie, Joe Davies, etc.) have been taken in despite longer sojourns.

Somehow the spectacle of a vast and powerful empire engaged in the business of cheating a handful of young people—of leading blindfolded foreigners among gagged Russians—is sad and distressing. So is the thought that the three-week tourists, at least while the spell of their pilgrimage lasts, will be licensed to talk nonsense about the Soviets in the press and on the air. The myth that the U.S.S.R. is forever *terra incognita*—a myth useful only to the Kremlin and its entourage—will be with us for a long time to come.



Jefferson and La Follette

By MAX EASTMAN

To me what makes John Dos Passos a big thing is not his invention of a new form in fiction, the panorama novel as I call it. That was, indeed, and remains an historic achievement, but it is not the thing I think of when his genius comes to mind. I think first of the intense poetry and drama, the vivid imaginative realism of his style, and second of his high, fine-edged, and incorruptible intelligence. Incorruptible, I mean, not only by commercial considerations, but by the ego-impulse, by established prestige, pride in his own past, the approbation of his admirers. Dos Passos is one of the few imaginative writers who banked their whole careers on the validity of the revolutionary socialist theory, and when the theory was disastrously shown up by the course of events, had the clarity of mind to see it, and the courage to say it, and say it without fuzzy qualifications or self-excusing parentheses. This has no doubt cost him a lot among his contemporaries, but in the long light of history it will shine like a halo around his head.

I make these remarks because Dos Passos' latest book (*The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson*, 442 pp., Doubleday and Company, \$5.00) is both an evidence and a fruition of this trait in his character. He has done a great service to the cause of freedom by turning his mind and his imaginative talents to this new task. He revives the head and heart of Thomas Jefferson in the same way in which he makes people live in his novels—by painting in broad strokes after story of those, both in England and America, whose thoughts influenced him and whose lives impinged upon his. It is a panorama biography. I cannot pretend it is as vivid or exciting as the best of his novels. The subject matter, perhaps, is too far from his own experience. But he gives us a real Jefferson, and the privilege of living in his world with him.

It is interesting to reflect that only fifteen years ago Samuel B. Pettengill wrote a book called *Jefferson, The Forgotten Man*, trying to persuade Americans to see and remember the man's wisdom and the great part he played in laying the foundations of their freedom. Today he is being remembered in volume after volume. As the star of Karl Marx declines with the failure of his "dialectic" revolution, it is not unlikely that a whole generation of disillusioned proletarian writers may find solace in reviving Jefferson's

keen libertarian idealism and good sense, unmixed and untrammelled with German metaphysics.

Dos Passos makes Jefferson far too real and too naturally at home in the world to indulge in the overwrought lucubrations about thought-up problems that are imputed to him in Robert Penn Warren's pain-filled and harrowing poem, *Brother to Dragons* (230 pp., Random House, \$3.50). It happens that two boys who were the sons of Jefferson's sister killed a Negro slave for a crazy reason—no better reason than that for which the Chicago youths, Leopold and Loeb, murdered little Bobby Franks not so long ago. Warren is intrigued by crimes of violence, and he naturally delights especially in one which occurred on the night of the first in a series of great earthquakes which shook "the whole valley of the Mississippi, from the Missouri to the Gulf," and which is, or can be, connected in no matter what remote way with a man whom all America looks to with reverence. That's all right; it makes good melodrama, and crimes of violence are an ancient and honorable subject of poetry. But I find it impossible to imagine a man of Jefferson's extrovert temper and realistic good sense making a great moral and metaphysical to-do about this monstrousness in a "vessel of my blood." Indeed a line of talk more unlike anything Jefferson ever said than that imputed to his ghost in this poem would be hard to invent.

However, that is not an ultimate criticism. The insane murder committed by his nephew is, I take it, only a symbol for the general collapse of Jefferson's ideal hopes for mankind. They are called "lies" in this poem, and their motive is declared to be personal vanity, not serious concern for human welfare. I find it a resolutely cynical poem, the poem of one for whom the main problem of life is how to be gloomy when all goes well. The author certainly solves that problem if not any other, and he solves it with passages of very powerful poetry as well as some carelessly versified prose.

His prejudicious vision is revealed in the preface, where he quotes the famous epitaph Jefferson wrote for himself, and which is carved on his monument at Monticello: "Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

Warren attributes to "some ultimate vanity" Jefferson's failure to mention here that he had been President of the United States. What astonishing blindness! Jefferson's epitaph is one of the finest and most delicately ironical gems in our history. "Beware of governments!" is what it says. "Don't kowtow to high officials! If I happened to become one, forgive me. And remember I did something toward the real task—to make men free and give them the opportunity to grow."

About the same time with Dos Passos' Jefferson, there arrived in my hands the life of Senator La Follette written by his wife and daughter. (*Robert M. La Follette: June 14, 1855-June 18, 1925; Chapters I-XXVI by Belle Case La Follette and Chapters XXVII-LXXII by Fola La Follette. 1,305 pp., The Macmillan Company, two volumes, \$15.00.*) Here, as in Dos Passos' book, the ambience plays a strong part in the story, for the authors have made much of news reports and editorial comments—a little too much, perhaps—about the Senator's activities. The story is briskly and well told, however—told in far better English than is usual in biographies written by "the family."

Well, it was a wonderful family!

Strangely enough, I found myself more at home with the head and heart of Thomas Jefferson than of Bob La Follette, and I wonder if I can explain why. In Jefferson's head and heart the focus of both thought and feeling, politically speaking, was the concept of human freedom. In Bob La Follette's the focus was social justice. I do not mean that Bob—it is not I, but his wife and daughter who have chosen to dignify the nickname—was indifferent to the freedom side of the "free and equal" slogan. He felt that in fighting the trusts and the "special interests" he was defending a free America. And I think to a certain extent he was. Plutocracy was a real menace in those days. The fight against special privilege or "Big Business" or "Wall Street," or whatever bad name we chose for it, was a fight for freedom. Bob characterized it in prophesying its success. "Providence willing, I believe I shall last long enough to see the nation freed from its economic slavery and the government returned to the people."

He didn't last long enough to see it, but it happened. The enemy of those days was licked, and for those primarily concerned about freedom the danger now lies in the overgrowth of the government itself. That is why Thomas Jefferson seems nearer to our hearts today than Bob La Follette and the muckrakers, social reformers, settlement house workers, do-gooders, the "social justice element," who followed in his train.

Bob had one fault which impeded him seriously, and some thought almost cost him the presidency. He had the gift of gab, and he loved to hear himself talk. On one occasion he had to be lifted up bodily and carried off the platform while the

train to his next engagement was held up waiting for him. Again and again he writes home about talking two to three-and-a-half hours, and how even after that the audience remained in their seats and insisted on his continuing. But he never says *how many* of the audience remained. Some of them, I feel quite sure, had to go home and bed down the horses or nurse the baby. But lost in the miraculous flow of words out of his mouth, he was in no state for a statistical approach to this problem. A wise orator stops talking before *anybody* stops listening. Nothing he says after the first forty minutes or an hour has any effect anyway.

I met Bob only once, and that was in Moscow where he was visiting in a friendly spirit a regime that I was ardently, although with theoretical reservations, defending. Our meeting was cordial as an Old Home Week, although I was distinctly conscious of the fact that he did not share my belief in the revolutionary class struggle, and he, I presume, did not enjoy having anybody stand to the left of him. Most radical idealists, who were in leash to current common sense and political affiliations, used to have that feeling about the Socialists. But we had both opposed Wilson's entrance into the First World War; we had that in common. Today we should still agree about that, and in other respects I should be to the "right" of him.

His image in my mind fits well with the glowing portrait his wife and daughter have painted of him. He had great human warmth and an attitude of humble fellowship with those who shook his hand, and yet there was something leonine in his aspect and bearing. I do not refer so much to the flowing mane and majestic faraway gaze, as to the firm line of the lion's mouth, if you ever noticed it.

Nothing could daunt Bob La Follette's courage or shake his determination. The story of his opposition to the declaration of war, and after that his demand that Wilson formulate our war aims and that we adjust taxes to income, his insistence that we continue to be rational when the whole country was passing through a phase of hysterical madness—a "witch hunt" such as this generation is unable even to imagine—make one of the noblest pages in our political history. He was a great Senator, and his Golgotha, his proud and indomitable bearing under well-nigh universal contempt, vituperation and deliberate cruel humiliation in the press, pulpit, platform, on the stage, in the street cars, is the very portrait of a hero. Its conclusion in his subsequent rise to glory and very near to the Presidency—the abject apologies to him, or to his heirs, of prominent politicians and journalists who had vilified him—could not be improved on if the tale had been made up by Tolstoy or Victor Hugo to point an everlasting moral.

A Yankee in Nehru's Court

Ambassador's Report, by Chester Bowles. 415 pp.
New York: Harper and Brothers. \$4.00

I am one whose spirit does not rejoice in the shrines of Eleanor Rooseveltism, and I therefore approached this book by so active a priest in that muddy faith with low expectations. I am compelled, and indeed happy, to record that as a book *Ambassador's Report* is much better than I had thought possible. Where Mr. Bowles sticks to his own observations and experience, his book is sometimes silly, but often fresh and illuminating. He manages to communicate something of the feel of life in New Delhi. He was a determined traveler; and he describes with zest his visits to villages and technical projects as well as to official functions. The chapter on his travels to Nepal is good and unusual reading.

There is still more on the plus side. Informative chapters discuss India's "democratic five year plan," the 1952 election, local community development, and the problem of land reform. The "background" treatment of general Indian and British imperial history is superficial, but there is an able historical and analytic account of Indian Communism. The intellectual level of this last is so much above most of the rest of the book as to suggest that it may come largely from another hand. I wondered, in fact, whether I did not detect in it the style and the mind of Henri Sokolove, the labor attaché of the New Delhi Embassy staff. Even if the research here and elsewhere is not Bowles' own, he must be given credit for the use to which it has been put in assembling this book.

A good deal of fun has been made of Bowles' attempt to "democratize" diplomatic life: his children attending the public school; the whole family bicycling through New Delhi; the formal invitation to Indian employees; the violation of caste lines; the "mingling with the common people." Sometimes this behavior does seem to have been tasteless, or too much mixed with "public relations" and advertising techniques. Sometimes the Bowleses seem to have been too self-righteously progressive and humanity-loving about it. But on the whole there is something to be said for it. After all, we *are* a revolutionary and democratic nation. It has been our historic mission to break with the class-ridden, stratified schemes of older cultures and to build a free, fluid, and flexible society. It is proper that this should be (though it seldom is) expressed in the manners of our diplomats.

The failure of this book—as of Chester Bowles' mission—lies in the fields of ideas and policy. Whenever he turns to questions of policy, he becomes vague, platitudinous, irresolute. He is full of good will toward India—and all the rest of the world, for that matter—but his good will is not attached to any clear conception of what to do

and where to go. (This globalist well-wishing, incidentally, is quite a reversal of his buried, if not forgotten, Great Heresy of 1940, when he stood in the front rank of America First.)

At the axiomatic level, one would normally assume that the function of an ambassador is to express and further the interests of the nation that he represents. Under the addling influence of globalistic welfarism, even this simple truth becomes hazy. The problem becomes the search to understand the other fellow's point of view, the hope that he will "succeed," the effort to aid him without any strings attached and without expecting anything in return. There was a time when such an approach to foreign policy and diplomacy would have been thought immoral. It might still be wondered what right a government has to distribute abroad the goods of its citizens without demanding a reasonable value in exchange.

In judging the performance of his mission to India, Chester Bowles and his admirers have confused personal with political success. Many Indian leaders and much of the articulate Indian public thought that he was fine, and were glad to have him around. Why should they not? He flattered them, "learned" from them, "interpreted" their views for the edification of the State Department and the American public, and urged Americans not to criticize, counter, or interfere with anything that the Indians might choose to do. Apart from the purely factual material, this present book is not a balanced study of India today, but a brief for the Indian position in domestic and especially world affairs. No hired press agent could have done a slicker selling job on Nehru, that brilliant, devious, self-righteously double-dealing spellbinder, torn by his fused envy and hatred of the West. Mr. Bowles dresses up for the American public every form of excuse devised by the ingenious Hindu minds for their Soviet-serving policy of neutralism and "not choosing sides." One might most relevantly ask: just whom do these globalist ambassadors think they are hired to represent? Mr. Bowles seems to have spent half of his time with Nehru apologizing for Americans who *have* chosen sides and who think that in foreign affairs the friendship and aid of America should be devoted in the first instance to those nations and peoples who are prepared to choose the same side.

Meanwhile, during the two years of his Indian duty, as Mr. Bowles' personal stock advanced, the political relations between India and the United States sank steadily to new lows. Mr. Bowles ordered the Information Service to eliminate all sharp anti-Communist propaganda because it upset his Indian friends. The United States was rewarded by more direct and almost contemptuous attacks by Indian spokesmen in the United Nations. Mr. Bowles staggered every firm Indian anti-Communist by granting a first exclusive interview to *Blitz*,

the most prominent pro-Communist magazine. The United States was rewarded by Indian sabotage of policy in Korea.

While Mr. Bowles got his cheers and headlines from Madras to Lucknow, his predecessor, Loy Henderson, sat in Teheran without benefit of the claque of New-Deal-bred columnists. There, working steadily in the sole interest of the nation that he represents, Ambassador Henderson, unsung and unanointed, reversed in favor of the free world a situation that nearly all political doctors had declared hopeless and lost.

JAMES BURNHAM

Europe's Rotten Politics

Prelude to World War II, by Gaetano Salvemini.
519 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company.
\$7.50

An historian who has taught at the University of Florence and lectured at Harvard, the octogenarian Professor Gaetano Salvemini is famed not only for his erudition but also for his strong views on world affairs. When Mussolini came to power, Dr. Salvemini left his native land to live in Britain, France, and finally the United States. Now that Italy is a republic, he has returned to the University of Florence.

His *Prelude to World War II* has a rather misleading title, inasmuch as the book deals mainly with events prior to 1937, and there is hardly anything about Danzig, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, and other regions which played major roles in the prelude to the tragedy that opened on September 1, 1939. It is rather difficult to decide just what the author set out to do when he wrote this volume, unless he was trying to portray in European politics a rottenness almost past belief. There are many villains in Professor Salvemini's story, very few heroes.

Needless to say, Mussolini comes off badly in the play-by-play account of events which led up to the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. The slapstick Caesar, whom Dr. Salvemini calls "half madman, half criminal," is shown as a shabby opportunist who, nevertheless, had the brass and cunning to bluff and outwit the British, the French, and the League of Nations. The League is depicted as rife with cowardice, chicanery, and stupidity.

Along with the Duce the principal villains are the British leaders, especially in the Foreign Office. Not only Sir Samuel Hoare but also Baldwin, Simon, Eden, and Austin and Neville Chamberlain are portrayed as betrayers of Europe's peace, men ready to clasp the hands of Hitler and Mussolini. The author makes the point that it was not only Tory but also Labor policy to undermine France vis-à-vis Germany, thus hobbling the only nation in Europe that could have moved effectively against Hitler in the early years of the Nazi regime. Lord

Hardinge, he charges, "hoped the British Prime Minister could tell his king what Sir Robert Walpole had once told Queen Caroline: 'Madame, there were thirty thousand men killed in Europe this year, and not a single Englishman.'"

In Dr. Salvemini's eyes the most heinous British crime was the purported Machiavellian plot to turn Hitler away from the West in order to vent the Nazi fury on the Soviet Union. There is little in this volume which might indicate that Stalin, too, was doing some plotting. Here is the way the author explains the Kremlin's policies:

From 1933 to 1936 Stalin had hoped to avoid war in Russia by avoiding it in Europe. From 1936 on he could no longer hope to avoid war in Europe. He sought only to prevent it in Eastern Europe, by diverting it westward.

And so the peace-loving Stalin made his pact with Hitler, with never, of course, a thought of territorial loot or the hope that the Western nations would destroy themselves. Not everybody will agree with that view.

Dr. Salvemini sticks to his thesis of British hypocrisy and treachery. "Had Hitler left Britain alone," he maintains, "all British 'mistakes' would have been mistakes no longer, and perhaps Churchill himself today would admire the wisdom of his Tory friends."

It hardly need be said that this is an angry book. It is, however, a carefully documented volume into which an enormous amount of work has gone. There is wit, entertaining description, and at times brilliant logic and exposition. The treatment suffers, it seems to me, from excessive personal feeling and lack of balance. There is no doubt that Professor Salvemini knows Italy, France, and Britain infinitely better than he does the Soviet Union.

HENRY C. WOLFE

Bloomsbury Politician

Principia Politica, by Leonard Woolf. 319 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.00

No one should be scared away from this pleasant book by the title, which suggests that Mr. Woolf has managed to produce something like Newton's *Principia*, or the *Principia Mathematica* of Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead. He has not, nor does he even so much as try. Instead, he has written a rather disarming autobiography of a man who incessantly talked about politics for almost fifty years. "I was born in the year 1880, when Victoria was Queen and Mr. Gladstone Prime Minister. I am, therefore, 72 years old," he begins. After a short spell of service as a member of the British imperial bureaucracy in Ceylon he returned to England and with his wife, Virginia Woolf, founded the Hogarth Press and became one of the luminaries of Bloomsbury, London's Greenwich

Village. Another member of Mr. Woolf's group was John Maynard Keynes, who gave him that exaggerated title because, said Keynes, the work "was really a study of the fundamental principles of political thought and action." Mr. Woolf treasures this example of Keynesian inflation along with his other memories of the past through the first half of the book. In the second half he argues gracefully that dictatorships do not really belong in the modern world. They are throwbacks to an earlier stage of man's political history. The only way they can survive in our time is by isolating and terrorizing their own people, and by threatening the free nations with war. In the end there will be war, a third world war. Whether there will be still other dictatorships to tackle after that, Mr. Woolf does not say. ASHER BRYNES

Dusk Over America?

Autumn of Liberty, by Paul Harvey. 192 pp. New York: Hanover House. \$2.00

Is Liberty's torch flickering in the United States? Are Americans being numbed into accepting the easy virtue of the welfare state and hoping wistfully that the Communist menace will please go away? These are the questions that Paul Harvey, A.B.C. news commentator and author of *Remember These Things*, asks in this volume.

Mr. Harvey holds that freedom stems from vigilance, strength from morality, political honesty from constitutional integrity, and abundance from hard work and honest sweat. He has no truck with the speciousness of "containment," "Yalu sanctuaries," and "collective security." He believes that liberty is as sacred as life itself. And he puts his trust not only in talking tough with Soviet Russia but in acting tough as well.

There is something of Walt Whitman and Patrick Henry in Mr. Harvey. Listen to this:

The sirens three of this century are Communism, fascism. . .and the one in the middle with the benign smile on her innocent-appearing face, Socialism. . .

The subversive Pythagoreans have been burned at the stake or sent to the salt mines by the very politicians they had championed. . .because when they overthrew existing authority, being themselves unscrupulous and evil, they had nothing to substitute for the old tyranny. . .but a new anarchy.

Paul Harvey knows his history well. He knows that what rotted Rome can rot the United States as well, that the Sixteenth Amendment on the income tax tore a gaping hole in our federalism, that the Seventeenth Amendment sanctioning direct election of senators tore another under the guise of "democracy." He criticizes, in turn, intellectual fakery, the pyramiding of executive authority, paper currency, the U.N., government handouts whether foreign or domestic. "America," he warns, "is almost ripe for a Hitler."

Autumn of Liberty is a timely book. It is also a personal book. In it you will meet Paul Harvey, a man, an American, a champion of liberty. You will find his questions stimulating and important. WILLIAM H. PETERSON

Liberal's Progress

The Death of Kings, by Charles Wertenbaker. 478 pp. New York: Random House. \$3.95

One of the better known characters in contemporary American fiction is the bright young man who has sold his services, but not his soul, to a powerful and unprincipled news magazine. Despising its "ideology," which he can never adequately define, and terrorized by its power, whose source he cannot trace, he is nevertheless unwilling to relinquish his handpainted neckties or Sutton Place flat. Comes the final conflict between individual conscience and the overriding bureaucratic will, and our journalistic libertine turns saint, triumphantly bearing his half-finished novel out of Rockefeller Center as he makes his way to honest poverty on a *Nation*-type weekly.

A charter member of the penitent and petulant *Time* alumni, Charles Wertenbaker, once again follows the course of the guilt-ridden huckster searching for integrity. What distinguishes *The Death of Kings*, however, from most of its literary antecedents, is the author's overweening nostalgia for the golden era of the 30's and the Popular Front, when the air was rich with revolutionary promise and "the American dream, once too big to be contained between the oceans, had not been turned into a nightmare by the fearful, who argued about who had lost China while the rest of the world was being lost." (To read the Sunday book supplements or the *Saturday Review*, it would seem as though most critics were beset by a similar nostalgia; one, hailing its "brilliance" and "objectivity," expended himself in gleeful effort to identify the characters and dredge up the specific events which furnish the plot.)

The Death of Kings is a kind of liberal's progress, from the innocent years when "good men dared to trust each other" to the "political ice age" ushered in, roughly, with Alger Hiss's wistful dissertation on the habits of the prothonotary warbler. Mr. Wertenbaker lays open the underbelly of *Beacon* — an ungainly cross-breed of *Time* and *Life*—and performs a conscientious, if vindictive

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exploratory. Here is Berkeley, the middle-aged intellectual, "seeking to understand his time, to participate in the bringing about of a better time and to love and be loved by a good woman." Here too is Freeman, the once ardent poet of the prolet-cult who has mortgaged himself to *Beacon*; Abel, the brassy, chauvinistic foreign correspondent, gloriously declaring his love for the "little people" as he is blown to bits by a mortar shell; Elgin, the veteran of the Abe Lincoln Brigade, yearning for another Spain; Chatham, resigned for the sake of his sons to ten more years in his glass cubicle; and, finally, *Beacon's* beetle-browed master, Louis Baron, who turns from the pursuit of an ideal to the pursuit of heresy.

In this fictional potpourri, Mr. Wertenbaker seeks to blend Lord Acton's famous aphorism on power with a Stalinoid's *apologia pro vita sua*. Thus, if his tired liberals bemoan the news from Russia, they are comforted by the knowledge that "revolutions were seldom tender"; if they regret the Communist victory in China, they point knowingly to the Generalissimo's betrayal of her peasants; if one of their number has turned traitor, it is only because he belongs to the generation

that "gave its heart to social revolution." They cling, with a passion that has no base in circumstance or objective reality, to the image of an America lost to fear and reaction, persecuting the virtuous, the innocent and unorthodox. Like Eric Hoffer's *True Believer*, they see the present as something tainted, unclean, a mean way-station on the road to Utopia; they shove it off the stage of history, speaking and thinking only in terms of "generations" and "waves of the future."

Armed with this vision, it is no wonder that Mr. Wertenbaker cannot bear to believe Hiss guilty. In a thinly disguised re-creation of the Hiss Case, we see the amoral, vaguely homosexual monster Angus Griswold piecing together a skillful pattern of lies and truths to destroy defiant, square-jawed Elgin, who, to protect his wife, sacrifices himself upon the altar of reaction. And finally, as though to leave no possible doubt regarding the fate of the liberal in America, the penultimate scene has Berkeley uncoupling his destiny from Baron and *Beacon*; as he steps from Baron's elevator for the last time, Angus Griswold, sinister as the Prince of Darkness, enters to usurp his place.

WALLACE MARKFIELD

The Free Man's Library

By HENRY HAZLITT

The Theory of Economic Policy in English Classical Political Economy, by Lionel Robbins. 217 pp. 1952. New York: St. Martin's Press. \$3.00

Professor Robbins here presents in broad outline the theory of economic policy held by the leading English classical economists—notably Hume, Adam Smith, Bentham, Malthus, Ricardo, Senior, Torrens, McCulloch, and the two Mills. It is the author's conviction that this theory has been gravely misrepresented in contemporary discussion, on the one hand by presenting the classical economists as being callous to or neglectful of humane considerations, such as the problems of unemployment and poverty, on the other hand as carrying the doctrine of laissez faire further than they actually did. Dr. Robbins is an authoritative but gracious guide. His book is written with lucidity and charm, out of a rich and accurate scholarship.

The Ethics of Redistribution, by Bertrand de Jouvenel. 91 pp. 1951. New York: Cambridge University Press. \$1.75

Deliberately putting aside the argument that current government efforts to redistribute incomes reduce or destroy incentives, Mr. de Jouvenel

seeks to deal with the subject purely on ethical grounds. Would total equalization of incomes, he asks, even if it did not reduce production, be good or desirable? Or does justice demand individual rewards proportionate to the value of individual services? In an acute and original discussion, Mr. de Jouvenel shows not only how disappointing (in Great Britain, for example) the results of a further redistribution of incomes would be, but how redistribution has turned out to mean in effect "far less a redistribution of free income from the richer to the poorer, as we imagined, than a redistribution of power from the individual to the State."

The Passing of Parliament, by G. W. Keeton, 208 pp. 1952. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. \$4.50

G. W. Keeton is dean of the Faculty of Laws at University College, London. During the past seventy years, he points out, the British Parliament, though still nominally supreme, has conferred on government departments and bureaus increasingly wide powers of law-making. Party discipline has intensified, so that a government may rely upon a firm majority in the House of Commons to give legal force to almost any measure it proposes. It is Professor Keeton's thesis that, in consequence of these developments, the sovereignty of Parliament is in danger of becoming a fiction. This scholarly and cogent book is a worthy and necessary successor to *The New Despotism*, written by Lord Hewart more than twenty years ago.

THEATER

Americans Abroad

By SERGE FLIEGERS

Ever since Mark Twain achieved a smashing success with his *Innocents Abroad*, the theme of Americans in foreign lands has been richly exploited by our authors and dramatists. Unfortunately, in the course of history, the gay picture of an American tourist starting on his foreign trip for pleasure or profit has been replaced by the grim vista of American soldiers embarking for faraway battlefields.

The most celebrated chronicler of this new type of dreadful "tourism," of course, was Ernest Hemingway, whose *Farewell to Arms* (about an American in war-torn Italy) was published shortly after World War One, then produced as a play, and later made into a movie. We do not intend, at this point in his career, to place Alfred Hayes beside Hemingway, yet there is a general analogy insofar as Hayes' recent book, *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, (about a G.I. in Rome) has just been presented as a play and, with some variations in story and locale, made into a successful movie by Anatole Litvak.

Both Hayes, who wrote the book and the play, and Irwin Shaw, who adapted it for the screen, have abandoned Hemingway's formula of treating Americans abroad—especially American soldiers—as gun-toting, wine-swiggling creatures of doom, death, and destruction. As typified by Hayes, the new attitude is one of deeper understanding.

Hayes' play, which opened at the "Circle in the Square," an off-Broadway center-stage theater, closely follows his book and concerns a G.I. who is living with a basically honest, hungry, and lonely Italian girl in a pension on Rome's Via Flaminia. In return for his solicitude and coffee and cigarettes, our G.I. gets a lot of anti-American propaganda of the "Yankee, Go Home" type from his mixed-up girl friend. His patience and affection are about to overcome her unreasoning resentment when tragedy strikes. A raid on the house forces the girl to register as a prostitute, and in an access of shame and grief, she runs toward the river. The G.I. runs after her and—we hope—catches her in time. Leo Penn's intelligently restrained acting is superb, as is José Quintero's multiple-action staging, and Alfred Hayes' fast and crackling dialogue. However, the value of this play is mainly in the new view it takes of our soldiers abroad.

Whether consciously or unconsciously, Hayes has done an efficient job of wiping away the old anti-American propaganda cliché of the swaggering, gum-chewing U.S. soldier who comes as a

conqueror, and leaves with a duffle-bag crammed full of trophies. Hayes' G.I. is humble and warm-hearted. Like many thousands of his buddies, he is terribly homesick, and wants to re-create abroad the atmosphere of a clean home, a steady girl friend or a wife—symbols that represent for him intensely his personal concept of America. He is naively unprepared for the anti-American slogans his girl throws at him. He cannot work up a sense of guilt because his "materialist civilization" produces better cigarettes, dehydrated soups, and U. S. Steel. He sees nothing wrong in acquiring a steady girl friend, and he does not feel like a conqueror, either politically or romantically.

This crass contrast between the G.I. and his girl, caught in the empty clichés of Yankee-baiting, is perfectly maintained in *Act of Love*, a United Artists release starring Kirk Douglas and Dany Robin. Although he shifted the scene from Rome to Paris, director-producer Anatole Litvak was able to maintain the delicate feeling of innocence about the soldier of the Via Flaminia. He goes even farther, for his magnificent treatment of the prostitutes' jail in Paris brings into sharp relief the cynical duality of European morals. Despite the unorthodox beginning of their romance, the soldier is willing to marry his girl. But French officials condemn her to the legalized status of a prostitute. Mr. Litvak, keenly aware of the Communist-nurtured anti-American sentiment throughout Europe, makes his point with purpose but without detriment to the dramatic quality of his picture.

He comes up, however, against a domestic problem. In order to conform with the rigid prescriptions of the Movie Production Code (see the FREEMAN, February 22), he has to give his picture an unnecessarily bitter ending. The Code rules that a girl even unjustly classified as a prostitute must come to a bad end, and so the picture makes it painfully clear that she drowns in the river. "I would have liked to do it differently," Mr. Litvak told us sadly, "but there were the censorship difficulties. . ."

Not mentioned by Mr. Litvak is another Code restriction that impinged upon the story of the picture. Hayes' book made it clear that the villains of his story were the local police and the magistrate. But according to the Code, neither foreign governments nor groups should be shown in a disadvantageous light. Thus the onus for wrecking the romance between the soldier and the girl was shifted from European bureaucrats to the U.S. Army, and it is an uncomprehending Colonel who ships the G.I. to another area and precipitates the tragedy. This, of course, does nothing for the movie nor for the prestige of our army. But while successfully tilting at the false image of our soldiers abroad, Mr. Litvak cannot be expected to engage the windmill of censorship.

WHAT IS THE MAJORITY VIEWPOINT?

The public obtains a minority viewpoint of American business, because most of our nation's business is small and not very articulate. *Is Small Business Doomed?* (by J. Gordon Roberts) gives you a viewpoint unusual because it is typical. For a copy of this booklet, send 25c to Emarines Book Store, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Please mention this publication when ordering.

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FROM OUR READERS

(Continued from p. 400)

Strikes in Public Utilities

Last fall a strike on the Key Railroad, the only public means of communication between San Francisco and the East-Bay cities of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and a dozen more, was settled after a tie-up of seventy-seven days. The one-way fare was increased from thirty-five cents to fifty cents for a distance of seven miles. For the greater part of the century . . . the fare was ten cents.

You recently had a strike in New York when the labor unions denied babies and hospitals the right to obtain milk. The East Coast cities had a shipping strike on their hands.

Does authority rest with the state legislature or with the labor unions? If authority is vested with the state, then it is time the state legislature enacted a law making it mandatory for labor unions to obtain sanction from the legislature before calling a strike on any public utility.

Menlo Park, Cal.

E. A. STENT

"The Most Stimulating"

Of all that I read, the FREEMAN is the most stimulating and the most distinguished. . . It has courageously assailed every form of tyranny over the mind of man. . .

Henry, Ill.

MILES DUNNINGTON

Dr. Klein's Record

As former associate of Dr. Julius Klein in the U.S. Department of Commerce, I was delighted to read Stanley High's article "Peru's Economic Comeback" (January 25) and to learn of the great contribution the able Dr. Klein had made to that country. It was not surprising to me, of course, knowing of his fertile brain and world-wide experience in his chosen field.

A little correction of his record, however, is in order. Mr. High reports that Dr. Klein had "served as chief of the Latin-American Division of the U.S. Department of Commerce during the Hoover Administration." He was chief of that Division long before Mr. Hoover became President. We were together in that Division under President Wilson's Administration. When Mr. Hoover became Secretary of Commerce, Dr. Klein became the Director of the U.S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of which the Latin-American Division was one unit. When Mr. Hoover became President, he wisely chose Dr. Klein as Assistant Secretary of Commerce. . . .

New York City J. ANTHONY MARCUS

Science in Industry

Your February 22 editorial "Profit-Seeking Science," in which you hail a valuable atomic discovery in the R.C.A. Laboratories as an inspiring answer to the "campus liberal theory" that scientific progress is incompatible with the profit motive, leaves me somewhat confused. . . . I am at a loss to understand why . . . a discovery by a salaried scientist working for a corporation seems to you more "profit-seeking" than a discovery by a salaried professor working for a board of trustees, or a salaried civil servant working in a government laboratory. Possibly you are not aware that under the traditional law of the United States a scientist cannot patent the discovery of natural phenomena, and hence cannot make a profit on what our founding fathers, perhaps mistakenly, considered to be the property of mankind. But this is the law, and it was not invented by "campus liberals."

However, it may be that I do you an injustice, and . . . you merely wish to assign a part of the credit due the scientists' discovery to the profit-seeking motives of the corporation under whose aegis they worked. But this is a dangerous argument. By exactly the same logic you would be obliged to assign the credit for Pavlov's discoveries to the Soviet government, the credit for Bohr's discoveries to Danish socialism, and the credit for Galileo's work to the Papal Inquisition. No telling where this would end! . . .

New York City

DAVID EASTON

It's about time someone pointed out that recent scientific discoveries very useful to mankind have been made in the research laboratories of American industry. Your editorial "Profit-Seeking Science" might have mentioned that some of our most dedicated and selfless scientists are working for profit-seeking corporations because they thus have every advantage in equipment to aid their search, and because they realize that business competition and industrial know-how will give the results of their discoveries to the world quickly and economically.

Chicago, Ill.

ELIZABETH MILLS

A Wire from Pro-America

CONGRATULATIONS ON SPLENDID EDITORIAL "PREACHERS OF HATE" [February 22]. IT WAS READ ALOUD THIS MORNING AT PRO-AMERICA'S REGULAR MEETING ALONG WITH THE PROFOUND AND DIRECT STATEMENT DEPLORING ANTI-SEMITISM AND RACISM FROM SENATOR JOE MCCARTHY AND DAN SMOOTH OF FACTS FORUM, ROBERT STRIPLING, AND BELLA DODD.

Dallas, Tex.

MRS. TOM SHAW
First Vice President

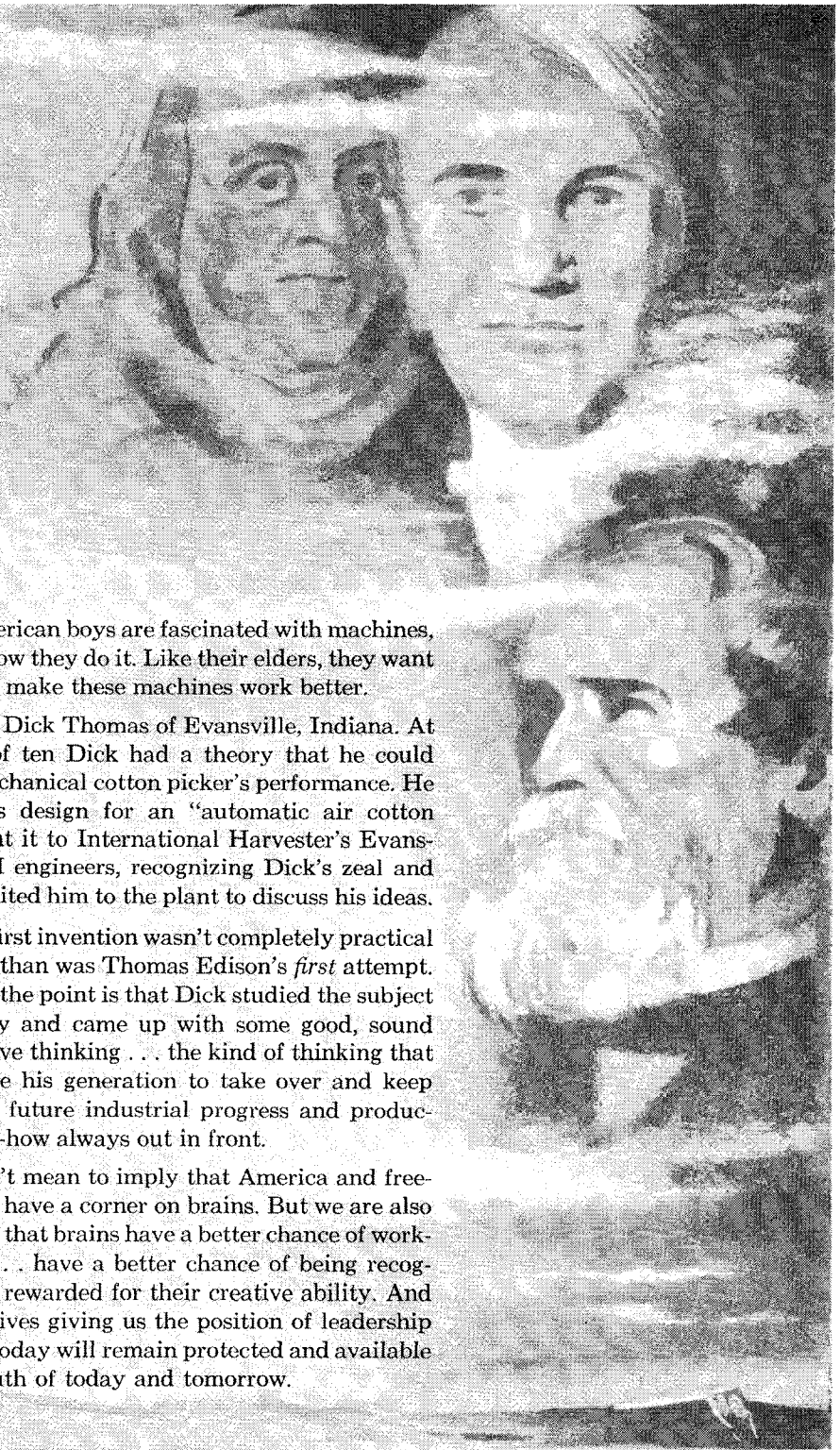
Thinking starts early in America

Millions of American boys are fascinated with machines, what they do, how they do it. Like their elders, they want to know how to make these machines work better.

Such a lad is Dick Thomas of Evansville, Indiana. At the early age of ten Dick had a theory that he could improve the mechanical cotton picker's performance. He worked out his design for an "automatic air cotton picker" and sent it to International Harvester's Evansville Works. IH engineers, recognizing Dick's zeal and enthusiasm, invited him to the plant to discuss his ideas.

Dick's first invention wasn't completely practical any more than was Thomas Edison's *first* attempt. *However*, the point is that Dick studied the subject thoroughly and came up with some good, sound constructive thinking . . . the kind of thinking that will enable his generation to take over and keep America's future industrial progress and production know-how always out in front.

We don't mean to imply that America and free-enterprise have a corner on brains. But we are also convinced that brains have a better chance of working here . . . have a better chance of being recognized and rewarded for their creative ability. And the incentives giving us the position of leadership we enjoy today will remain protected and available to our youth of today and tomorrow.



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to meet America's changing needs.**

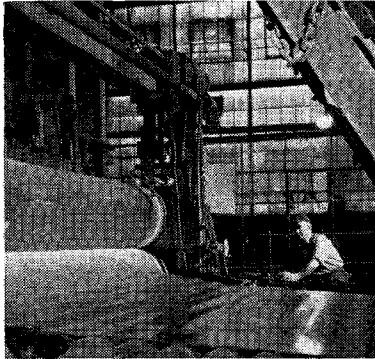
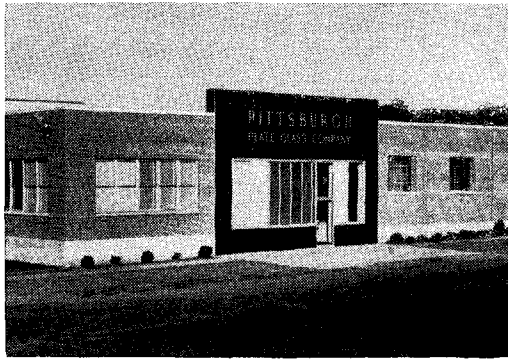
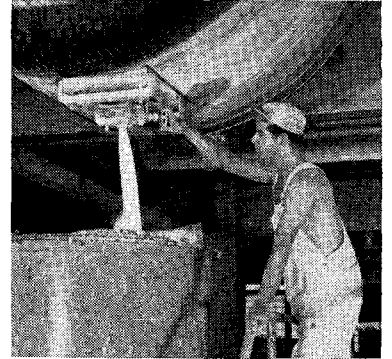


Plate Glass, shown emerging from a melting tank, was the first product made by "Pittsburgh Plate." "Pittsburgh" today operates 4 plate glass plants, 3 window glass plants, 2 insulating window plants, a Fiber Glass plant, and a Pittco Metal plant.

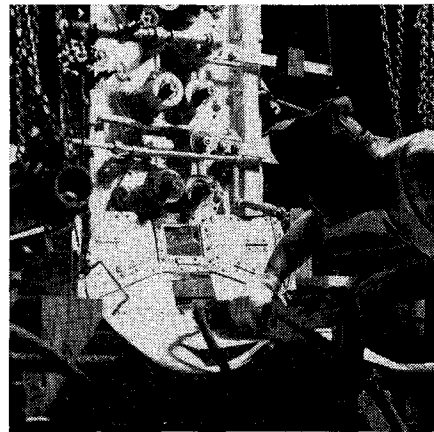
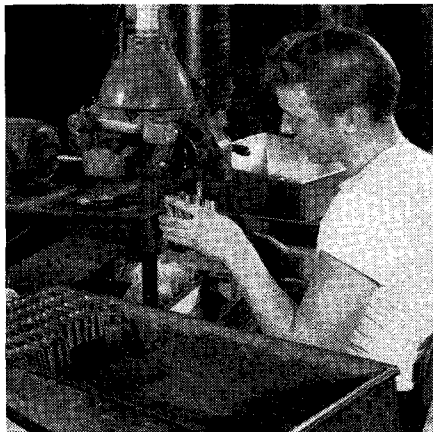


The Merchandising Division was established by "Pittsburgh" in 1896. Today there are approximately 200 merchandising branches located advantageously throughout the nation ready to serve the needs of local consumers both efficiently and economically.



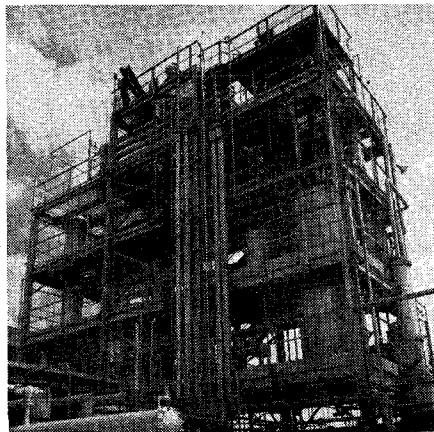
"Pittsburgh" started paint production to provide customers with high-quality paints. Today the Company operates 14 paint plants located from coast-to-coast.

Brushes—all types of them—are produced in "Pittsburgh's" 4 brush plants. From its original line of paint brushes, "Pittsburgh" expanded into production of motor-driven industrial brushes.



"Pennvernon" is the trade name for "Pittsburgh's" famous window glass. This premier glass is produced with a special process which was developed by "Pittsburgh's" extensive research program.

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