

WHAT TO CALL YOURSELF

Max Eastman

Are We Saving Stalin's Heirs?

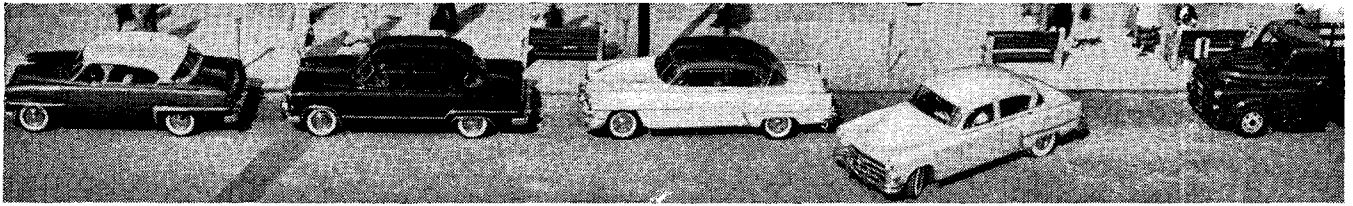
Boris Shub

Economic "Miracle" in Germany

Wilhelm Röpke

Can Taft Be Replaced?

Henry Hazlitt



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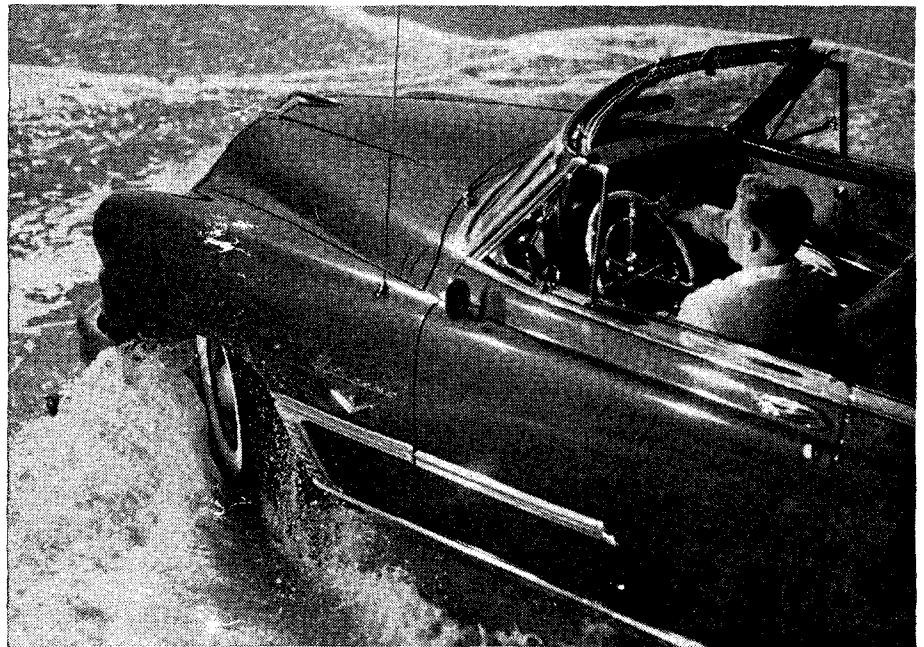
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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editor HENRY HAZLITT
Managing Editor FLORENCE NORTON

Our Contributors

MAX EASTMAN has become especially well known to our readers these past months by his opinions and reminiscences on books, authors, and many other subjects. In this issue he assumes another of his several roles as writer and thinker and has turned political essayist with a discussion of a peculiar and baffling dilemma of our time and language.

WILHELM RÖPKE stands high among his colleagues both as a scholar and a practical economist. In addition to his numerous books and lectures, he has found time in recent years to serve as economic consultant to several governments of Europe and the Middle East.

BORIS SHUB, author of *The Choice* and *Since Stalin*, had considerable first-hand experience fighting the cold war during the Berlin blockade when he was political adviser of RIAS, the West Berlin radio station. He is currently engaged in handling radio broadcasts to the Iron Curtain countries.

LEO WOLMAN is often referred to as a "labor economist" because of his extensive work on and dealings with trade unions in America. At present he is compiling some of the fruits of this career in a book entitled *Half Century of Union Membership*.

DON WHARTON was born and brought up and attended college in North Carolina, the locale of the amazing experiment in penal reform he describes in "Where Prisoners Are Trusted."

JAMES BURNHAM, philosopher, political theorist, and litterateur, is often identified in public appearance or in the minds of different people by the title of one or another of his much discussed books: *The Managerial Revolution*, *The Machiavellians*, *The Struggle for the World*, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, and just this year, *Containment or Liberation*. He has appeared frequently in our pages in recent months, and promises in forthcoming issues to become in fact a "regular" contributor.

Correction

It is with bowed heads that we call attention to the omission of a phrase in Ben Ray Redman's review of *The Conservative Mind* by Russell Kirk in our August 10 issue, which misrepresents Mr. Redman's meaning and scholarship. The error occurs on page 819, right-hand column, second paragraph, line 12, in the phrase beginning "nourished on." This should read: "nourished on Bentham's principle of enlightened self-interest and Rousseau's principle of human benevolence." Our humble apologies to author and readers.

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Put this
Question
before
Congress
NOW!



Why Don't You Stabilize Real Wages by returning to the GOLD COIN STANDARD?

THOSE of us who work for a living—and who doesn't — will be restless and dissatisfied as long as we are paid in dollars of uncertain and fluctuating value. Making plans . . . saying to bring those plans to reality . . . seeing dreams come true — these are essential to human contentment and happiness.

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We must resume without devaluation or delay.

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FROM OUR READERS

Keynesianism Illustrated

As a fair example of "what's going on" in many colleges, one trustee [of the college my son attends] recently reassured me that "they are not supposed to teach Keynesianism at all, merely explain it." However, I have been entertained many times by such classic examples as this:

"It's very simple to stop a depression and return to prosperity—all one has to do is hire the necessary thousands of unemployed, for instance, give them stirrup pumps and place them on the deck of the [nearby] Dumbarton Bridge pumping water up out of the bay from one side, then discharge it on the opposite side back into the bay, just so they are paid every day—what with their high propensity to spend and their low propensity to save. . . ." blah, blah, ad infinitum.

RALPH H. EMERSON

San Francisco, Cal.

Senator Humphrey Objects

A copy of the FREEMAN for June 29 has come to my attention and I have read your column, "The Fortnight." I refer in particular to the paragraph on page 692 concerning the A.D.A. . . . The implications of your comments concerning me are unmistakable . . .

In its issue of May 31 . . . the [Daily] Worker advised the faithful that the A.D.A. has been added to its Hit Parade. . . . It O.K.'d all eight hundred delegates, with two exceptions. These were Senator Humphrey and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. It seems they had not toed the line. . . . Schlesinger still hopes to write speeches for Adlai Stevenson. Humphrey may have to run against Congressman Walter Judd next year in Minnesota. For them Daily Worker approval would be the kiss of death.

The meaning of this would-be subtlety is quite obvious. May I suggest that in your research you examine the records of the Daily Worker and you will see that for years this Communist sheet has attacked and assailed me at every opportunity. I have welcomed this attack because my record in private and public life is one of an effective and vigorous anti-Communist. I don't intend, therefore, that my record be besmirched or falsified by clever journalism and subtle innuendo such as you have indulged in. The time has come to call a halt to this left-hand attack upon a person's character. . . .

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

Washington, D.C.

(Continued on p. 862)

THE Freeman

MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1953

The Fortnight

It is entirely possible that Malenkov's claim that Soviet Russia has "mastered" production of the hydrogen bomb is pure bluff. It is also possible that it is true. In the absence of further knowledge the latter is, on the whole, the wiser assumption for us to make. It gets some negative support from the failure of Washington officials so far to deny explicitly that any scientific signs of a hydrogen bomb explosion in Russia have been detected. It gets some positive support from the case of Klaus Fuchs who, as we have been reminded, confessed to betraying all our major nuclear secrets to the Soviet Union, including those of the hydrogen fusion bomb as well as the atomic fission bomb, in 1944. This is a betrayal that we happened to find out about. But given our own record of carelessness with these secrets, given the number of people here who think it is simply horrid that we should try to keep them secret, given the intense eagerness of the Communists to uncover them, and given the instant indignation of the anti-anti-Communists whenever the slightest question is raised about the loyalty or dependability of anyone over here who has access to such secrets, it seems a reasonable assumption that the Kremlin gets regular reports of our discoveries not many months after we get them ourselves. In any case, it is a safer working hypothesis than its opposite.

"We have won two precious victories," declared President Eisenhower, speaking of Korea in his review over the radio of the first six months of his Administration. "We have shown, in the winning of this truce, that the collective resolve of the free world can and will meet aggression in Asia—or anywhere in the world." He could not have chosen a more unfortunate or a more ironic day to make this claim. The same newspaper in which the text of his speech appeared was filled with evidence of the one-sidedness, in the enemy's favor, of the truce that we had "won," and of the callousness, brutality, and cynical lack of faith of that enemy in abiding even by the terms of that truce.

Under those terms we agreed to return 74,000 enemy prisoners; they agreed to return altogether only 12,763 United Nations prisoners. Even if the exchange had been carried out in good faith from both sides, and war had broken out again, their side would have gained back about six times as many fighting men as ours. But General Mark Clark has openly declared that there may be between 2,000 and 3,000 United States prisoners of war in Communist hands in addition to the 3,313 that they have admitted holding. His suspicions of undeclared prisoners are supported by our own statistics, by the reports coming in from our returned prisoners, and by admissions and threats of the Communists themselves. Our official figures at the time of the truce had reported 2,938 Americans captured and 8,476 missing, a total (not counting the wounded or sick prisoners returned before the truce) of 11,414. But of these the Communists have admitted holding only 3,313 American prisoners, which leaves the fate of 8,101 unaccounted for.

It is unpleasant to speculate on the fate of these men, but it is still more unpleasant to learn the actual fate of at least some of them, as brought back by returned prisoners. More than 2,000 United States prisoners, according to these reports, froze or starved to death in the notorious "Death Valley" of North Korea, where less than half the prisoners (or only about 10 per cent, according to some reports) survived. On top of this have come the Communist threats that they may not return even all of the 12,763 United Nations prisoners that they still admit holding. Some of our returning prisoners report that on August 3—eight days after the truce—the Communists sentenced some American officers to imprisonment for "instigating against the peace." A truce, to be of any value at all, assumes at least *some* good faith on the part of the enemy with which it is made. It is with this enemy that we are now planning to hold a "political conference," presumably to exchange good promises for worthless ones.

During the Presidential campaign last year, there was considerable talk about "disengagement." As

applied to Korea, the argument for disengagement really went back to General Bradley's expressed view that we were fighting the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time. Our trained men and much equipment were bogged down in a stalemate on a secondary front thousands of miles from any point of potential decision. To break away from the enemy in Korea, to disengage in the direct military sense, would mean to recover some of the strategic and tactical flexibility that were lost in the Korean bog. Many seemed to overlook the fact that the most satisfactory and useful form of disengagement is victory. But without reviving the general discussion of the Korean campaign, let us note that physical disengagement did begin in Korea with the withdrawal of the troops from the battle line, and is presumably intended to continue from now on.

It is much too early to be sure how smoothly the military disengagement will proceed during this period prior to and during the ninety-day political conference which is now scheduled. If the State Department and the Pentagon really want to use this time for disengaging, and for recovering strategic flexibility, they might well enlarge the notion somewhat beyond the narrowly military application. It might, for example, be rather a good idea to disengage our military decisions from the fears, confusions, and outright pro-appeasement and anti-American views of other nations that have no notion of standing firmly by our side in battle. It might help to make us really flexible if we disengaged from the political veto power that we grant to fellow U. N. members whose chief contributions to the Korean war were recognition and approval for the government that was killing our sons. We might even go so far as to attempt to disengage the national interest of the United States from the swarm of counter-interests which, in the illusory attempt to win friends by placating everybody, we have allowed to be seriously injured and frustrated.

We publish in this issue an article by Max Eastman on "What to Call Yourself." It is a problem that now troubles all of us who still adhere to a philosophy of individual freedom, of limited government, and of a free market economy. The term "liberal" once described those who believed in these principles, but it has been stolen by our enemies and, as Mr. Eastman so brilliantly explains, by "history." It seems hopeless for us now to take the name back without increasing the confusion. Mr. Eastman suggests the term "scientific liberalism," but concedes that this is not quite appropriate. The FREEMAN finds it unsatisfactory for a reason that Mr. Eastman does not explicitly give: it suggests what F. A. Hayek has called "scientism" or the "scientistic" prejudice, which he defines as "the slavish imitation of the method and language of

Science . . . an attitude which is decidedly unscientific in the true sense of the word, since it involves a mechanical and uncritical application of habits of thought to fields different from those in which they have been formed." Perhaps Mr. Eastman also has this in mind when he talks of the "technical and laboratorial flavor" of the phrase "scientific liberalism."

We wish Max Eastman had given some attention to the term "libertarian," which an increasing number of people have been calling themselves. True, it has defects. It is awkwardly long; but so are its opposites, "authoritarian" and "totalitarian." The vulgar are likely to confuse it with "libertine"; but then, even "liberal" was originally thought to imply licentiousness. In philosophical origin, also, "libertarian" was used to describe the believers in freedom of the will as opposed to the determinists. It was first used in politics, we believe, with a derogatory intent—to describe those liberals who were concerned exclusively with freedom, and not with equality or humanitarianism. But the word is now reasonably free from ambiguity, and is defined in Webster's New World Dictionary as "a person who advocates full civil liberties for the individual." This is not too far from the broader meaning we are looking for.

There are other possibilities: "traditional liberals," "classical liberals," "neo-classic liberals," "neo-liberals," "paleo-liberals" . . . But perhaps the FREEMAN too, after combing the field, will be willing to settle, with Max Eastman, for Wilhelm Röpke's term, "liberal conservative."

The British Food Ministry, the formidable bureaucratic organization which dictates the quantity and quality of the average Briton's food, recently stocked up with a vast quantity of highly undesirable meat known as ewe mutton. And thereby hangs a horrendous tale. So obnoxious was the ewe mutton, some of it twelve months old, that the long-suffering British butchers and their still more long-suffering customers would have none of it, and protested long and loudly against having it stuffed down their throats. But all to no avail. Like a nurse addressing a recalcitrant baby, the Food Ministry sternly admonished the public: "Eat your ewe mutton today, or you will have to eat still more tomorrow."

The moral of this incident would seem to be that British diets and tempers would improve if there were no all-providing Food Ministry and if the responsibility for the country's meat supply were in the hands of private dealers who would exercise more care about buying obnoxious foodstuffs like ewe mutton because they would have no means of forcing them on unwilling consumers.

If They Want Peace

The Soviet peace offensive should stimulate hard and clear thinking as to what the cold war is about. So far this offensive has consisted of calling off temporarily a few of the more flagrant manifestations of aggression, blackmail, and bad manners. The Kremlin has been seeking to extract propaganda capital from ceasing to do things which no civilized state would have done in the first place.

The basic issues of the cold war are not resolved, are not even scratched, if there are official smiles and an occasional bouquet for Mrs. Perle Mesta trudging through Soviet factories and electric power plants, if a few Russian wives are permitted to leave the country with their foreign husbands, if the Soviet government resumes diplomatic relations with Israel, broken off at its own initiative, or assures Turkey that it no longer cherishes predatory designs on Turkish territory. (The Turkish reaction to this assurance, incidentally, was a model of deadpan skeptical indifference.)

What is the basic Soviet threat which has caused the United States to militarize its life and its economy on a scale that would have formerly seemed fantastic? First and foremost, there is the gigantic Soviet empire, larger and more formidable than Genghis Khan's, stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific, from Stettin to Canton, and numbering some 800,000,000 subjects, about one-third of the population of the world. Under any kind of regime such an empire, in terms of manpower and resources, would be a force to be reckoned with.

And this empire is an intolerable threat to the peace, security, and freedom of other nations, because it is despotically ruled and centrally directed by a small group of men in Moscow who, as Communists and as totalitarian rulers, feel a double urge to extend the area under their control by every means of intrigue, subversion, threat of force, and, when the balance of strength seems favorable, by force itself.

What Stalin's heirs are hoping is that during their present period of internal weakness and political insecurity, due to the absence, under their system, of any element of legality or legitimacy in the transition of power after the death of a dictator, they can preserve and consolidate this empire at the price of a few trivial, meaningless, or deceptive concessions. And their peace offensive has already registered some successes.

There was the overeager acceptance of their professions at face value by Winston Churchill. There was the visible slowing down of the movement for effective ground defense of western Europe. There has been the tragic dilemma created for South Korea by the acceptance of an armistice which leaves the country divided, with a huge Chinese army in occupation of the area north of the 38th Parallel.

It is all the more necessary for American public opinion to realize that a prerequisite of any genuine abatement of the cold war tension is the dissolution of the Soviet empire, a monstrous and unnatural creation built up by complete fraud and ruthless force and based on merciless oppression and exploitation of its subject peoples. No real peace, only new appeasement of the Yalta-Potsdam type, can be based on any negotiations which would explicitly or implicitly recognize the Soviet right to any territory beyond the frontiers which the Soviet Union possessed before the outbreak of the Second World War. If the new Soviet rulers genuinely desire peace they have one and only one convincing way of showing this desire.

Let them get out of lands where the Soviet rule is hated and despised, territories where they have not the slightest right to be. Let them get out of Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland; get out of Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Albania; get out of Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia.

It should be made clear that, barring such an evacuation, the United States will go on with the cold war, with full-scale political and psychological warfare, with economic restrictions, with the necessary build-up of armaments. To accept some new delusive Soviet promises after the bitter experience of Yalta, to let ourselves be lulled to sleep while 800,000,000 human beings are regimented against us, is to set the stage for certain disaster when the present zigzag in Soviet foreign policy is over. The Soviet empire must go, if America is to breathe in peace and security again.

German Reunion?

For both sides in the cold war the reunion of Germany holds out the prospect of substantial opportunities and considerable risks. Consider first the American stake in the situation.

It would certainly be a great moral and political victory to rescue 18,000,000 Germans from the exploitation and tyranny of Soviet occupation. The fear that East Germany might be a Trojan horse, preparing the way for successful Communist infiltration of a united Germany, has been vastly diminished by the June uprising.

The totalitarian organization which had been built up in the Soviet zone collapsed before the challenge of this uprising. The *Volkspolizei* ("People's Police") proved completely unreliable. The Communist-sponsored youth and women's organizations were revealed as mere empty shells. The probability is that hatred for Communism and for Russia is stronger today in East Germany than it is in West Germany, except possibly among the expellees in West Germany.

There would be short-range economic difficulties in the event of German reunion. The Soviet zone

has been so pillaged and impoverished that it would be necessary for West Germany to set in motion a small-scale Marshall Plan to make possible an approximation of Eastern living conditions to those of the West. However, when one considers how brilliant and successful has been the West German recovery from a level not much higher than that of the Soviet zone today, there seems no reason to believe that this problem is insoluble. In the long run a reunited Germany would be stronger morally, politically, and economically.

German reunion does involve certain political risks for the West. It is doubtful whether the Adenauer coalition, in its present form, would survive the outcome of an election in which East German votes would be counted. Berlin itself and the large industrial towns of East Germany—Leipzig, Chemnitz, Halle—have always been Social Democratic strongholds. Quite possibly the only feasible government for a united Germany, at least in the beginning, would be a wide coalition, including the Social Democrats, perhaps under the leadership of some moderate pro-Western Social Democrat such as Mayor Ernst Reuter of Berlin, or Mayor Max Brauer of Hamburg. Such a government would probably not be as easy to deal with as Adenauer's.

Looking at the German problem from the Soviet standpoint, there would be two considerations which might induce the Kremlin to relax its stranglehold on the Soviet zone. One is the possibility that this zone is becoming a liability, not an asset, with the rebellious mood of the population, especially the workers, infecting the Soviet troops and putting dangerous thoughts in their minds. The other is a possible Soviet calculation that the government of a united Germany, unlike the West German Government of Konrad Adenauer, would not fall in with the idea of a European army.

From the Soviet standpoint, there are serious offsetting disadvantages in a united Germany. First, this would mean the biggest loss to the Soviet empire since the defection of Tito's Yugoslavia. Second, the embittered East Germans might prove a spearhead, directing German foreign policy along a militant anti-Soviet line. Third, a united Germany of 70,000,000 people would press hard on the artificial and unnatural Oder-Neisse frontier which the Soviet government has decreed as the German-Polish boundary line.

So it may be that the Soviet government, by refusing to consent to free elections in the Soviet zone, will put off the whole issue of reunion indefinitely. In this case it may be hoped that West Germany could be quickly and effectively associated with the military defense plans of the West.

But the United States, Great Britain, and France cannot be maneuvered into the position of seeming to oppose any plausible scheme for German reunion on a basis of free institutions. The risks for the West involved in German reunion are negligible

compared with the certain political debacle which would overtake Western policy in Germany if the Western powers took up a position which would seem to block the accomplishment of a national reunion which almost all Germans regard as both a natural right and something politically inevitable.

Brazil's Trade Debt

Brazil, this country's major Latin American customer, has presented of late a particularly thorny problem in international trade and finance. By last February, Brazilians owed American exporters some \$420,000,000. Then our Export-Import Bank stepped in with a \$300,000,000 loan to provide the dollars needed to pay most of this debt.

The debt was supposed to be paid off by July first. But quite a few Brazilian importers failed to deposit the needed Brazilian currency equivalent quickly enough to enable transfer of dollars to their U.S. creditors. It is also not clear whether Brazil has enough dollars to pay for the more than \$100,000,000 of the debt not covered by the Export-Import loan. By the end of June, commercial debts totaled \$175,000,000.

Brazil's international financial position is tied up with a general economic squeeze at home, with rising prices, and the drop in the price of commodities Brazil used to sell abroad quite profitably. The economic crisis has influenced radical changes in the Rio cabinet; among others, Finance Minister Horacio Lafer was replaced by Oswaldo Aranha. And the Joint Brazil-U.S. Economic Commission, organized in 1948 to plan improvements in the development of Brazil's railroads, electric power system, transportation, agriculture, and shipping, has come to an end. The Commission has had a rocky history, with Brazilians eager for quick results through impressive projects and Americans at times appalled by the utopian character of some local planning.

The Export-Import loan merely postponed the day of reckoning, and added interest to the dollars that must eventually be paid. The real answer to Brazil's dilemma is complex and not a little disagreeable. Brazil has already reduced its dollar imports sharply. During the first six months of 1953, they were nearly 70 per cent below last year's figures. Brazil is buying Argentine wheat, rather than U.S. dollar wheat, but may have to send products to Argentina that might have bought dollars elsewhere. Brazil needs about \$200,000,000 worth of dollar petroleum. If the country were to permit foreign companies to develop Brazilian oil resources, these import needs would be greatly reduced.

Brazil must increase its exports to dollar areas. On both the U.S. and Brazilian sides of the fence, good will and tough realism are needed to straighten things out.

Can Taft Be Replaced?

By HENRY HAZLITT

In the tributes that poured in from all parts of the country on the sudden news of Senator Taft's death, one word seemed to rise spontaneously to everyone's lips, whether he had been political friend or foe: integrity. It was the quality one thought of whenever Taft's name came up. As applied to him, however, the word sums up a wide group of qualities—sincerity, patriotism, loyalty, fairness, forthrightness, a disinterestedness that was almost selfless, and an obsessive sense of public duty.

These moral qualities were so strong in him that they drew attention away from equally remarkable intellectual qualities. It is strange that, when he was alive, so few men called him brilliant—an accolade they bestowed so easily on every New Deal lawyer or bureaucrat who scattered epigrams and wisecracks as he walked his flowery way. The chief reason Taft did not manufacture epigrams and witticisms is not that he was incapable of them, but that he was too much in earnest; he took the nation's political and economic problems too seriously. He was content to leave the wisecracks to the political dilettantes, in office or merely after it. He had, in fact, a characteristic that was anomalous and seemed almost impossible in a politician in a democracy, and under the repeated necessity of getting elected: he was far more concerned with finding the right answer to a problem than with making that answer seem alluring or even palatable to the electorate or the audience immediately before him.

I remember this quality very vividly because of some personal experiences. It was my privilege to appear on several radio and television programs with Senator Taft, and one in particular stands out. It was a Town Meeting of the Air program in 1949. The question under discussion was "How Can We Legislate for General Welfare Without Curbing Personal Liberty?" The defenders of the welfare-state philosophy were Oscar L. Chapman, then Under Secretary of the Interior, and John W. McCormack, then Majority Leader of the House of Representatives. Senator Taft and I were the opponents. The program originated from the Statler Hotel in Washington, and the immediate audience consisted of the U.S. Conference of Mayors. In the question period, which continued after we had gone off the air, someone—presumably a mayor—asked Senator Taft why the cities did not get more grants for relief and other "welfare programs" from the federal government. "I don't see why they should," answered Taft; and he followed this with a well-reasoned and succinct explanation. He could have left it there; but something in him

prompted him to add: "I know the mayors won't agree with me—" There were hisses and boos. Taft seemed surprised and puzzled: "But what I've said is *true*," he protested, as if that were the only question that rational men would consider.

The episode was merely typical of what Taft did again and again throughout his political career. An outstanding case was his amazingly courageous, but rather offhand and parenthetical, criticism of the Nuremberg trials in 1946:

The trial of the vanquished by the victor cannot be impartial, no matter how it is hedged about with the forms of justice. I question whether the hanging of those who, however despicable, were the leaders of the German people will ever discourage the making of aggressive war, for no one makes aggressive war unless he expects to win. About this whole judgment there is a spirit of vengeance, and vengeance is seldom justice.

The verdict of history and of legal philosophy, I am confident, will support Taft's stand on this point. But a shrewd politician, concerned chiefly with his own future, would have followed one of two courses: he would either have remained silent on it at a time when war passions were still running so high (which was certainly the safest course), or he would have made the attack the sole subject of repeated speeches and rejoinders, carefully spelling out his reasons. Taft did neither, because he had not even stopped to think of the effect of these almost casual remarks on his political future. It was the truth as he saw it, and so he said it. When a torrent of abuse descended upon him, and he was called everything from pro-German to a Nazi, he was again, I think, more surprised than resentful.

It had become the fashion among some people in the last few years to belittle or deny Taft's great political courage. Rightists joined Leftists in pointing triumphantly to his "compromises" and "inconsistencies." That he compromised often, and often took a position that was inconsistent with a previous one, is true. But his compromises and inconsistencies were never the result of any petty or ignoble motive. He would change or abandon a position if later argument or the course of events did not sustain it. He would modify a stand for the sake of getting a majority vote for a measure in Congress, or of unifying the Republican Party, or of loyally supporting his successful rival for the Presidency. All these things he did because he believed them to be in the larger interests of the country.

Sometimes he would modify a position because, like a good democrat (with a small "d"), he con-

sidered himself a servant of the people, and believed that a majority of the people were entitled to the final say. This trait was vividly brought home to me in connection with the same radio program I mentioned a while back. On the afternoon before the program Taft asked me to come over to see him in connection with the evening's debate—chiefly, I found, because he wanted to break gently to me the news that his position on the Welfare State was going to be less “uncompromising” than my own.

“You know,” he said, “I spent years fighting these so-called ‘welfare’ measures, and I never got an ounce of public support. So I’ve decided that the American people want these things. And if they want them, they’ll get them; and they’re entitled to get them. Now our problem, it seems to me, is how to build fences and other safeguards around these measures to keep them from spreading and threatening liberties—” And he went on to explain in detail what these “fences” should be.

Taft, in short, made compromises because he believed that through them he could accomplish more good in the long run; but he never made a compromise to serve a purely personal end.

The more one thinks about him and his career, the more difficult one finds it to separate his intellectual from his moral qualities. They were all of a piece; one seems part of the other. He knew more about more political and economic subjects than any other man in Congress. Of the handful of outstanding men in either House in recent years, each, except Taft, has earned his prominence by specialization. The late Arthur Vandenberg concerned himself almost exclusively with foreign affairs, as Harry Byrd has specialized in fiscal policy. But Taft covered the whole field. He considered it both his business and his duty to study at first hand nearly every important bill that came before the Senate. It was this conscientious study that made him unofficially, long before he became so officially, the policy-maker for others.

But it was not only through mastery of detail that Taft made himself the intellectual leader of Congress; it was, much more importantly, by hammering out a considered political philosophy. Through this, in addition to his magnificent courage, he saved Congress from some shortsighted or disastrous decision again and again. The outstanding illustration of this came in 1946, when President Truman, after timidly vacillating in the face of an arrogant nation-wide railroad strike, suddenly appeared before Congress to demand emergency strike legislation which included power for him to draft striking railway workers into the army. The House, elated by action at last, passed this dangerous dictatorial measure by the overwhelming vote of 306 to 13 in less than two hours after Truman had spoken. Nearly everyone assumed that, in this national hysteria, it would pass the Senate in the same way. But Taft stepped in to

block passage on the night the bill was introduced; he made a scathing analysis of it, and the legislation never reached the White House. It is amazing how few Americans remember, if they ever understood, that it was the so-called “liberal” and “progressive” Administration that demanded forced labor, and it was Taft, the “ultra-conservative” and “arch-reactionary,” who really understood the principles of freedom, and almost single-handed forced Congress to abandon the folly on which it had been bent.

Bob Taft stated his philosophy in compact form in October 1951, when he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for President:

I have been deeply concerned that in this campaign the Republicans present an affirmative program based on the principles of government which that party has always supported—a program of progress within the principles of liberty of the individual, of state and local self-government, and of economic freedom, and not based on the New Deal philosophy of constant increase in federal government power and federal government spending.

It is going to be very difficult—one is reluctant to think impossible—to replace Robert A. Taft in our present political life. He was not only “Mr. Republican” but (as many have just begun to realize) “Mr. Congress.” He had thought out carefully what the relationship of the executive and legislative branches in our government ought to be. He believed in party loyalty and compromise for the sake of harmony and national unity, but he never believed that either the individual Congressman or Congress as a whole should be a mere rubber-stamp. As leader of the Opposition he never tolerated mere obstruction, and as leader of the Administration party he never advocated mere subservience. In both positions he felt it his duty to work out a positive program. His recent thoughtful statement on the role of the United Nations—persistently misrepresented as “the go-it-alone speech”—was a typical example.

Taft—as people never tired of pointing out—lacked “personal magnetism.” But in saying this they usually failed to recognize that they were paying unconscious tribute to the astonishing combination of moral and intellectual qualities that enabled him to surmount this shortcoming and to command a kind of admiration and respect almost unique in this generation. Like Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, he missed the Presidency; but like them, he will be remembered longer than some who gained it.

But now he has passed, and his passing leaves a serious vacuum in our political life. We have neglected to treat our Tafts well, and that is why we have had so few of them; we have attached too little value to candor, forthrightness, and integrity, and that is why these qualities have become so rare in our public life; so that a man who has them, to the degree that Taft had them, stands out like a signal fire in the night.

What to Call Yourself

By MAX EASTMAN

The words "Left" and "Right" have interchanged their meanings. "Liberal" is undergoing a similar change. How shall we solve the resulting problem?

Although it seems sad that intelligent creatures can be so childish, I believe that the wish to be called radical and regarded as belonging to "the Left" is a major cause of the treachery to civilization of a great many liberals. It is not concrete goods or values they are defending, but a name, and a status corresponding to it, in the hierarchy of political emotions. They fail to realize, or do not wish to, a fact which Thucydides remarked upon two thousand years ago: that in times of revolutionary upheaval words are forced to change their meanings. In discussing this, and other more bloody violences committed by revolutionists, Thucydides lays the worst blame upon "men who entered the struggle not in a class, but in a party spirit." The remark is peculiarly relevant in our times, for the first and most fundamental violence against language committed by the Marxian revolutionists was to make *class* mean *party*. Marx with his cryptic remark that "philosophers" instead of understanding the world ought to change it, and Lenin with his more lucid assertion that the workers cannot of themselves arrive at a socialist consciousness—it has to be brought to them by "bourgeois intellectuals"—prepared the ground for this operation. The term "working class" was detached from the actual workers and attached to a party of believers in the Marxian theory about what the workers were going to do. This innocent-looking maneuver set the style for such etymological atrocities as calling it "liberation" when the Red Army marches in and arrests, jails, rapes, deports, or shoots 30 per cent of a nation's population, and pinning upon the resulting perfect tyranny the name of "People's Democracy."

These crude tricks of demagogues can with a trifle of ingenuity be seen through. But they are only an artful exaggeration of natural tendencies that are more slow-moving, more subtle, and more dangerous to the life of truth. The word "Left" has, over the last hundred years, gone through a change quite as complete as that suffered by "liberation" and "democracy" between Lenin's arrival at the Finland station and Stalin's extension of power to the Baltic and satellite countries. In its beginnings, in the democratic revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, this word designated the people and groups who stood for the individual and his liberties as against the "constituted authorities." In the French National As-

sembly of 1789, the nobles still commanded enough respect to receive places of honor at the right of the speaker and the radicals naturally drew off as far as possible to the other side. Seats in the center remained for those having temperate views and emotions. In many European parliaments the precedent thus established was continued, and a distinction which had been specific and ceremonial became universal and political. The nobles were soon outside the building, but still on the right. The absolutists of individual freedom, the anarchists, were outside too, but they were the "extreme left."

Mr. Left and Mr. Right

Whatever may have been the individual exceptions, there was little doubt about the meaning of these two terms. In Europe especially their connotations were extensive and very rich. The "man of the Right" was characterized in general by a taste for uniforms, badges, and emblems of hierarchical distinction. The man of the Left liked a plain suit of clothes, and the farther left the plainer and simpler, until you reached the soft collar and cap and loose flowing tie of the bohemian rebel. The man of the Right liked titles and ceremonies; he addressed people with careful regard for the distance between them. He revered personages and looked down on mere human beings. The man of the Left shook hands and said hello to everybody, and why not? The man of the Right was for law and order as good in themselves. The man of the Left was for law primarily as a defense of the rights of the citizen and his liberties. The man of the Right was conventional and inclined to respect accepted opinions. The man of the Left was ready to kick over the conventions, and go in for independent inquiry on any subject. All these traits enriched the connotations of Left and Right, but most of all, and at the bottom of all, the attitude to the constituted authorities, to the state.

"If you want to know whether you belong to the Left or Right," says J. Pera in an engaging essay on this subject, "observe your heart when a man is on trial. . . . When the trial begins the heart of the man of the Right is almost automatically on the side of the Prosecutor. The man of the Left, even if he tries not to, is pretty sure to sympathize with the accused. No matter how guilty he considers him, he will raise a voice in his favor at the

least threat of injustice or the tiniest symptom of illegality. . . . The individual on one side, the state on the other, that is the underlying substance of this contrast.”¹

Now it is clear that not only in their underlying substance but in all their essential implications, these words Left and Right have exactly changed places. A “leftist,” or a Left liberal, is now a man who condones, if he does not advocate, the gigantic overgrowth of the state, and total subjection of the individual, in the Soviet nations. The restoration of epaulettes, salutes, emblems, and attributes of rank, the transformation of “Comrade Stalin” first into “Marshal” and then “Generalissimo”—even the adoption of the goose step in the Red Army—did not disturb his feelings. The reverence for a personage, passing almost into obeisance before a god, was not revolting to him. He accepted, or found excuses for, a system of law which, instead of defending men’s liberties was focused upon suppressing them, and where it failed of that could be replaced by administrative decrees, or mere decisions of the state police. Conventions made rigid; opinions handed down by infallible authorities; value judgments made obligatory in every field of endeavor; a fixed hierarchy of caste and imposed status in civil and industrial as well as military and political life: all these things were meekly swallowed down. In short, every judgment and choice, every trait and mode of behavior, that once had given meaning to the word “Right” is now supported and approved by those whom all agree in calling “Left” or “Leftist.”

Reversed Meanings

This would not matter so much if it were clearly and generally understood. But so much of the original magnetism still inheres in the term “left”—some suggestion, at least, of readiness for idealistic adventure—that to have it pinned on them, many once stout-hearted liberals are now actually willing to kneel down at the feet of the brutalitarian tyrants enthroned in the Kremlin. The thing is intelligible to me because, having been all my life and in every respect a man of the Left, and having experienced no inner change or conversion, I myself find it almost organically painful when someone alludes to my present political opinions as “Rightist” or as representing “the Right.”

This makes the problem what to do about the reversed meaning of these key terms an acute one to me personally, but I also think it is of public importance. There ought to be some etymological device by which a person still bent on defending the free individual against the encroachments of a morbidly proliferating state can outmaneuver this trick that language and history, without any evil intention, have played upon him. Perhaps if we

think out the manner in which the thing came to pass, some such device will occur to us. At any rate I am going to describe, as it appears to me, the process by which in the last hundred-odd years—that is, since the democratic revolution—the word Left has come to mean Right and the word Right, Left.

Freedom vs. Equality

Modern democracy arose and has gone forward under a banner inscribed with two ideals: liberty and equality. They were combined in our Declaration of Independence. They were combined in the fighting slogan of the French Revolution, which became the motto of the French Republic. They are combined in all properly constituted Fourth of July orations. The phrase “free and equal” has been almost as current in America as the word democracy itself.

To our forebears these two words had much the same meaning. Freedom meant electing your own government by popular vote; equality meant that each citizen has one vote. Freedom meant the rule of law; equality meant that all men are equal before the law. Freedom meant that there should be no publicly recognized social barriers; equality meant the same thing. There was no confusion here because life was simple, the earth roomy, and the talk mainly about politics. Incidentally, nobody was, or is, talking about absolutes, of course, but merely about directive ideas.

But when life became complex, crowded, industrialized, and we began to think in terms of economics, an inherent conflict between these two ideas emerged. It is quite obvious that if men are economically free, even in no absolute sense, inequalities will develop among them. And conversely, they cannot be held to economic equality, or anything approaching it, without forcible restraints.

It was the Socialists who brought in the idea of extending democratic ideals to the economic relations of men, and it was Marx who made this idea look practical, and indeed inherent in the natural development of economic relations. He proposed to make equality economic by abolishing the competitive market, and having all wealth produced and distributed by the state. Freedom, he promised, would follow of itself. After a transitional period of dictatorship, the state would, in fact, “wither away.”

With that notion of a “transition” to the withering away of the state he concealed the inescapable head-on conflict between liberty and equality. He concealed the fact that, as between the two, he had chosen equality, not liberty—a classless society, to use his term—and was prepared to let the state do what had to be done to bring it into being. He concealed from the Left, or at least a major part of it, that he was a man of the Right—a Hegelian state-worshipper in his training, and in his in-

¹Études Materialistes, No. XIV, September 1947

instincts, as Bakunin described him, "a bourgeois through and through."

I do not mean to imply that Marx consciously concealed these facts, or that he was hypocritical about the withering away of the state. He believed in his wishful thought system with all the ardor of the typical German metaphysician. Lenin also believed in it. No one can read his pamphlet, *State and Revolution*, published on the eve of the October insurrection, and his program address to the Soviets six months after it, and doubt his sincere faith in the promises of the dialectic universe. But he too was by temperament, except in his social habits, a man of the Right, a zealot of centralized authority and allegiance to it. In the heroic days of the seizure of power he rallied to his banner of transitional dictatorship the Left Social Revolutionaries, and even a few anarchists. But they soon saw what an instrument of regimentation, and what a regimented instrument, his party was. They withdrew and watched with dismay—those of them who were not imprisoned or executed—while he laid the foundations of a party-state which should become more meticulously authoritarian, and more contemptuous of the individual man and his freedoms than any other regime in history.

I am, of course, greatly simplifying a complex ideological development. The thought of the Marxists was that political freedom meant freedom only for the exploiting classes, and their motive was to make all men *equally* free. But while this resolves in abstract logic the conflict between the two ideals, in practical action it resolves nothing, for the base of all freedom as now conceived is economic. It is economic equality—equality in relation to the all-determining enterprise of wealth-production—that is to "set the proletariat and therewith all society free." And this equality, as events have a thousand times proven, cannot be established or maintained without newly devised, widespread, and violent restraints. With all the metaphysical casuistics, dialectic incantations, and earnest economic lucubrations he brought to the support of it, Marx's "society of the free and equal" is a contradiction in terms. In no society to the end of time can men be in the economic sense both equal and free.

The gradual ascent into prominence of this submerged fact is the principal cause, I think, of the automatic change that has taken place in the meaning of such terms as Left and Right. No serious person outside Russia believes any longer in the withering away of the state. But the shift of attention from freedom to equality that was accomplished by that mythical invention, continues to prevail among our extreme democrats. They still wish, in varying degrees, to extend democracy into the field of economic relations, and they still take it for granted that democracy implies freedom as well as equality. No one of them has made a conscious choice between the two directive ideas: freedom from state control, and equality enforced by

a controlling state. But unconsciously they have—partly under the influence of Marxism, partly of a new secular humanitarianism which replaced the churchly religion—plumped without reservation for the latter alternative. They are still to their own thought on "the Left," but their tolerance of centralized authority, of state rule over the will of the individual, exceeds, in many cases, that of the extreme Right in the days when those terms first acquired a political meaning.

This poses a problem for all who prefer freedom to equality as a guiding idea, or who realize that economic freedom is essential to the maintenance of a high level of life. How shall they distinguish themselves in everyday parlance from their opponents on what used to be the Right? The word Left is lost to them completely. In America at least, and I think in all Western countries, "leftism" means, if not tolerance toward Soviet tyranny, at least acquiescence in a steadily increasing state control at home.

The Distortion of "Liberal"

Their natural recourse would be to the term "liberal," which when used historically designates correctly enough the heart of their position, its emphasis on free trade and a free market economy. But in political parlance this good word too is sliding over to the other side. Instead of meaning open-minded toward individual variation and disposed to curb authoritarian interference with it, "liberal," when not modified by a dexterously chosen adjective, now means much the same thing as Left. It most emphatically does not mean on guard against the spread of collectivist ideas and against state interference with a free market economy.

A principal reason for this second change, it seems to me, is the optimism about progress prevailing in the nineteenth century and after. The liberals did not fall for the socialist panacea or bother with the myths of dialectic materialism, but they were confident in a less cerebral way that the world was traveling in their direction. Even so analytical a thinker as John Stuart Mill could remark that "a Liberal is a man who looks forward for his principles of government; a Tory looks backward." So it is not surprising that the average man, or at least the voluble man who moulds language, came to think of liberals as open-minded toward the future rather than committed to any present conception of life. To him, in the general atmosphere of optimism, the word meant "ready and eager to fall in with the march of Progress." Indeed the word liberal was at times abandoned—explicitly by the *New Republic*, I remember—and "progressive" adopted in its place.

But now this blind Victorian giant "Progress" has led us into a tunnel with a black end, and those thoughtfully concerned about liberties have the hard task of turning round and finding the way

back for a new start. That is the simple and sorrowful truth. And meanwhile to the above average talker it still seems "liberal," as well as "progressive," to plunge on into the darkness.

New Words for It

Several attempts have been made to find an adjective capable of rescuing this precious word liberal, and bringing it back toward its old meaning. Wilhelm Röpke describes the position taken in his admirable book, *The Social Crisis of Our Time*, as "liberal conservatism." In another passage he proposes "constructive" or "revisionist" liberalism; in still another, to distinguish his view from the old narrowly economic one, "sociological liberalism." Granville Hicks has deftly employed the phrase "critical liberalism," but this has a literary quality that will hardly do in politics. In a pamphlet just arrived from Paris, M. Berger-Perrin calls himself a "spiritual liberal" (*libéral-spiritualiste*) adopting a position akin to that of the publishers of *Faith and Freedom* in Los Angeles. It is not logical or wise, however, in gathering recruits for an economic and political order that will permit individual variation in all phases of life, to impose an opinion about other than economic and political topics. Other terms employed by M. Berger-Perrin, "realist liberalism," "humanist liberalism," seem to me also, though in lesser degree, to suffer from this defect.

The term "scientific liberalism," which I find myself employing in conversation with certain sorts of people, is perhaps also subject to this criticism. For me it implies a rejection, not only of the collectivist program, but of the pretense of Marxists that their system of wishful metaphysics is "scientific" as opposed to "utopian" socialism—a hoax that deluded four whole generations of radical idealists. It also conveys, or should convey, the notion of a developing hypothesis rather than a fixed and venerated doctrine. And it states what is certainly true, that man's hopes as a social animal rest in the advancing methods and gradually arriving results of science, not in any new doctrinal obsession or panacea gospel that will start another stampede. However, its technical and laboratorial flavor unfits it for the task we have in mind. To many it would seem, even more than *libéralisme spiritualiste*, to suggest a sect rather than a sensible understanding of things.

There are, according to a recent calculation, "some two hundred influential personalities in various countries—economists, sociologists, historians, philosophers of civilization, publicists, and statesmen," who stand for "a renaissance of liberal principles."¹ I have not searched their writings through, but it would appear that no single term or convenient phrase has emerged which would dis-

¹Dr. Muller-Armack in the Bulletin of the University of Kiel 1950, cited by Berger-Perrin in the above-mentioned pamphlet.

tinguish them in popular parlance from Soviet sympathizers or enthusiasts of the New Deal or the British planned economy state. "True Liberalism," a phrase used by Ludwig von Mises, seems to suggest, although it ought not to, something fixed in the past, to be adhered to rather than developed. And "the New Liberalism," while most natural as an abstract noun provides no personal designation. A man cannot very well call himself a New Liberal—especially since he will probably be old, and so will the New Liberalism, before he gets anywhere near his goal.

Our opponents, of course, before that day will have solved the problem by giving us a derogatory name—something perhaps like "Old Fogies"—which we will have only to espouse and beatify, as happened in the case of "Whig" and "Tory." I can easily imagine a time when an up-to-date program of "fogyism"—so easy to pronounce in many languages—will be all the rage among the advanced intellectuals. And I am not sure we might not anticipate this historic process by calling ourselves Fogies right now.

Pending that, I'm afraid it comes down to a choice among offhand ways of rebaptizing the word liberal. Of all those in my collection, Röpke's term "liberal conservative," once applied to the followers of Robert Peel, seems to me the most adroit. The noun is a frank admission that civilization is on the defensive; to be "progressive" in the direction the world is going is to be wrong. The central effort of the free market economists is to conserve what they perceive to be the indispensable frame and instrument of our progress in the past. And yet what they are conserving was associated in its earlier phase with the term liberalism, and its defenders were called liberals. The combination of these two honest words might put up quite a stout resistance, I should think, both to the atrocities of demagogues and the more subtle corruptions practiced upon language by history.

Cat in the Classics

Melissa was a literary
Cat whose curious intellect
And tastes were catholic: they would vary
From pulp to classics. No respect
Could she be taught for manuscript,
Since all was grist for grinding mill
Of claws, as sharpening, they ripped
A poem as quickly as a bill . . .
Her teeth were sharp and quite adept
Beyond a known effective cure:
Melissa, while the household slept,
Tore gaily into literature!

SJANNA SOLUM

Economic "Miracle" in Germany

By WILHELM RÖPKE

The real cause of the astounding recovery of West Germany was the restoration five years ago of a free market economy and the return to sound money.

In the summer of 1948 I had a long and disheartening discussion with an American writer and journalist who, in Europe at least, enjoys a reputation as one of the most prominent leaders of public opinion in the United States. I still remember every detail of our talk—and particularly the despair I felt when we parted.

The future of Germany was our principal topic. The eleventh-hour rescue from collectivism and repressed inflation by the economic and monetary reform of June 20, 1948, had just shown its first spectacular results, and a regular government of West Germany was about to be constituted. My companion took a rather dim view of all this good news. He obviously prided himself on his ability to see through what he believed to be a dangerous illusion. At the same time he was openly hostile to this attempt to make West Germany a going concern without waiting for the Russians. How could we ever hope to make this rump of a country "viable," economically and politically? It could not be done, he said; and therefore some means had to be found to arrive, together with the Russians, at a solution of the problem of Germany as a whole. In other words, the same policy which had so far served the Russians so well and had brought Germany near to total collapse must still be pursued—because West Germany was not "viable."

I am afraid it was difficult for me to remain calm, because I had the suspicion that here bad economics had been made the mere instrument of bad politics, and not the other way around. But with all the patience I could muster I pointed out—as I had already explained in my book, *The Solution of the German Problem* (1947)—that there was no reason whatever why, in spite of the terrific handicaps, West Germany should not be "viable" if only the right economic policies were pursued. It could be viable as a sort of "larger Belgium"—i.e., as a preponderantly industrial country which pays for its imports of foodstuffs and raw materials by exporting industrial commodities and services. The only thing was to restore, after the nightmare of collectivism and repressed inflation, a working economic order which would release and coordinate the productive energies that had been paralyzed and misdirected by one of the worst economic disorders ever inflicted by socialist planning upon an unfortunate country.

This, I said, had been done by the reform, which meant the restoration of a market economy with stable money and an essentially free price mechanism. The notion of West Germany's not being "viable" because she was cut off from her agricultural hinterland of Central and East Germany was a simple economic fallacy. The foodstuffs of eastern Germany had always been paid for by western Germany in the final shape of industrial products. So the only problem was to replace this previous exchange by another one between West Germany and the rest of the world with its agricultural surplus and its desire to buy German industrial commodities for that surplus.

But given this surplus and this desire, and given further the undiminished productive energies of West Germany now resuscitated by a return to economic reason, the problem was certainly not insuperable. So why should we go on running after the Russians, driven by the stupid hope that for Germany as a whole, contradictory economic and political principles could be combined under a common economic, monetary, and political system without opening the way to the Russians right across to the Rhine? To ask this question is not, of course, in any way to deny that division of the country is anything but extremely deplorable and in the end unacceptable, not only for Germany itself but the whole Western world as well.

Increase in West German Production

Today West Germany, with her restored market economy, is celebrating her fifth anniversary as a going concern. What has become of the prophecy that this country and its economic system are not "viable"? Since the reform of 1948, industrial production has increased 192 per cent. It is 56.3 per cent higher than in 1936. In spite of the influx of refugees, which has increased the population some 20 per cent since the war, the social net product per capita has almost reached the 1938 level. According to the Germany Industrial Institute, real wages have risen 52 per cent since 1948. They are 20 per cent higher than before the war. There are 1,700,000 new jobs. The net production of German agriculture has almost doubled since 1947-48, and is even appreciably higher than in the average of the years 1935-38. The currency of the German Federal Republic, the Deutschmark, has,

as the London *Economist* rightly pointed out recently, become so hard that it is not inappropriate to speak of an international "Deutschmark gap" not too dissimilar in nature from the famous "dollar gap." The gashing wounds of the bombed German cities are rapidly healing. The general signs of buoyancy and prosperity strike every visitor; they seem almost unbelievable to anyone who saw the country in its misery, despair, and paralysis before the reform of 1948.

All this is now common knowledge. The success of the German economic policy has become so obvious that to deny it is simply ridiculous. What is less understood is the real reason for the German recovery. Even among the so-called experts outside of Germany there is a tendency, conscious or unconscious, to obscure the decisive point. To some it seems to be simply a "miracle." Others attribute it to German energy and thrift, without, however, troubling to explain why the Germans were indolent under collectivist inflation and got to work immediately after it was over.

Marshall Plan Not Responsible

Equally unsatisfactory is the claim that German recovery is primarily the result of Marshall aid. This not only overlooks the small percentage of the sums involved as compared with the magnitude of the recovery, not least of all in the balance of payments, but it ignores particularly the fact that if Marshall aid has served as a sort of catalyst or blood transfusion, it could do so precisely because, in the case of Germany, the transfusion was combined with the real internal cure of the patient. This internal cure, as the critics of Marshall aid had frequently pointed out, was the only condition under which such aid could be lastingly successful instead of being a mere "operation rathole."

Elsewhere Marshall aid had been so disappointing precisely because this condition had not been insisted upon. Nobody familiar with the ideologies prevailing within the Marshall Plan administration will be surprised to learn that, instead of encouraging Minister of Economics Ludwig Erhard and the other Germans responsible for the economic and monetary reform, the New Dealers and the Old Keynesians in the Allied administration in Germany tried again and again to bring the Germans back to inflationary expansion and collectivist controls. They had learned the New Economics, and thus forgotten the meaning of the price mechanism. They had been brought up in untimely fear of deflation. And so the Germans were able to rid themselves of the repressed inflation of National Socialism only in the teeth of fierce Allied opposition. There was, for example, the famous telephone call of General Lucius Clay to Dr. Erhard on the eve of the reform in June 1948 forbidding him the decontrol of commodity markets (to be told by

Erhard calmly that no power on earth could now stop it). Then there was the stunning ultimatum to the Bonn Cabinet in the summer of 1950 (after the aggression in Korea!) to present a program of bold credit expansion plus eventual repressed inflation, or to accept the blocking of Marshall aid counterpart funds.

Another serious though no less popular misinterpretation of German recovery is to speak of the *monetary* reform as the measure which really did the trick. The malady of the German economy, as that of so many other countries (from which a few, in fact, still suffer) was what we call repressed inflation. This is the poisonous mixture of inflation, driving values up, and collectivist controls pressing them down by police force. It is a combination that destroys the economic order even more thoroughly than inflation alone ("open inflation"). To cure this malady means to stop both inflation and repression. The first was done in Germany by the monetary reform proper, and the second by decontrol and the restoration of free prices and competition.

Monetary reform alone would have been akin to one of the brutal surgical operations by which Socialist or Communist regimes try (as in Czechoslovakia) to reduce the upward pressure of surplus money without relieving the downward pressure of collectivist controls. Monetary reform alone, in Germany no less than in Czechoslovakia today or formerly in Russia, would not have brought about economic order. This was proved at that time in Germany, almost with the precision and conclusiveness of a laboratory experiment, when, both in the Russian and the French zones, monetary reform was not followed by the proper economic reform of decontrol. The result was that economic disorder in the Russian zone was greater than ever, and that after a few days the French zone had to follow the example of the American and British zones if it was not to remain an intolerable enclave of disorder and corruption.

The monetary reform, then, was insufficient. Moreover, strictly speaking, it was not even necessary (though perhaps inevitable under the social and political conditions of Germany) if only it had been possible to stabilize inflation as was done in Italy, under Einaudi, in 1947.

There is, therefore, no escaping the conclusion that the real cause of the astounding recovery of West Germany was the *economic* reform, *i.e.*, the restoration of a competitive market economy and the dismantling of socialism which the responsible men in Germany, first of all Dr. Erhard, had the courage and vision to combine with the monetary reform.

The fallacious theories disposed of above have been advanced and are still used in the West because they serve to dodge the issue. They hide the fact that German experience, first with National Socialism and repressed inflation and then with a

noninflationary market economy, presents the most convincing and irrefutable proof of the immense superiority of the latter over the former that the world has ever seen. No intellectually honest man who has the slightest respect for the truth, whatever his ideological preferences, can allow himself any longer to obscure the facts.

Myths About Socialism

The more outstanding this proof, the more hateful it becomes to all Socialists, planners, and latter-day inflationists. To understand this fully one has to remember the general situation after 1945. One of the main reasons for the advance of socialism for a century had been the myth of its historical necessity. The appeal of this myth to the intellectual laziness of the average man was, of course, bound to multiply if the zero hour of history seemed in fact to have struck. It is difficult to resist the attraction of an idea, however vague, which is not only destined to win on the timetable of history, but actually seems to have won this victory already.

This was what happened at the end of the Second World War. Everywhere in Europe and overseas, socialism—as a curious mixture of planning, socialization, repressed inflation, war economy, welfare state, and post-Keynesianism—was triumphant. This triumph was greatly aided by the further myth that the victory of the Allies over the “fascist” countries was tantamount to the defeat of a group of ultraconservative and “reactionary” powers, standing for “monopoly capitalism,” by a united “anti-fascist” front bound together by a common faith in socialism and progressive ideas. The blindness with which Communist Russia was included in this front was on an equal footing with the unwillingness to see that German National Socialism had been, next to Russia, an almost classical case of a highly developed socialism in its precise technical sense. People who—like F. A. Hayek and, in a minor way, myself—had the deplorable lack of tact to explode this myth, know what it means to challenge popular illusions.

Now we can realize what it meant when, soon after the war, a group of countries emerged whose leaders were bold enough to question the timetable of history and to set the helm on the opposite tack. Switzerland had remained as a sort of a museum piece that one might possibly laugh off. The outlook for the Socialists became somewhat more somber when, in 1946, Belgium followed suit, and by adopting the course of a noninflationary market economy was soon so successful in restoring her balance of payments as to disqualify herself for direct Marshall aid. But did not Belgium “possess” the gold mine of the Congo, which explained this “miracle” to the believing without disturbing their socialist faith? Another challenge was Italy when, in 1947, by the famous credit policy carried through

by Einaudi, she definitely joined this nucleus of liberal countries. But there were so many problems left unsolved in that country that, to the superficial eye, the impression was not as deep as it should have been.

The really shattering blow came from West Germany when, five years ago, Erhard and his associates answered the complete bankruptcy of inflationary collectivism by a resolute return to the market economy and monetary discipline, and when, in addition, they were successful beyond the hopes of the most optimistic. Here was a war-ravaged, conquered, and horribly truncated country, bled white by ten years of repressed inflation, crammed beyond capacity with refugees, and seemingly without a future. Of all countries it was this very one which dared to meet the triumph of the collectivist-inflationary course in Europe with the opposite program of free markets and monetary discipline. And it did this on the basis of clear principles, with undaunted optimism and a successful appeal based on mass welfare and social justice, in the teeth of obstacles which no man without an aggressive sense of his mission and real faith in the forward-looking nature of his doctrine could have mastered. Not only was the success of the West German recovery (measured against the previous misery rather than against the formidable problems still to be solved) dramatic, but it was even increasing at the very time when the failure of Labor socialism in Great Britain (which had replaced, as the promised land of the Socialists of all countries, the now hopelessly compromised case of Soviet Russia) became more and more indisputable.

Propaganda of the False Prophets

That was an intolerable provocation, because it meant the end of the Socialist Myth. The success of this economic counter-revolution was strictly forbidden by every chapter of the new leftist doctrines of economics. It simply could not be allowed to succeed; and thus wrong theories were combined with wishful thinking to produce gloomy prophecies which followed the German economic policy from one triumph to another. When these prophets, with their ever-refuted predictions, became more and more ridiculous, they turned to the strategy of either denying publicity to the success of the restoration of the market economy in Germany, or of belittling it by all sorts of statistical tricks, by gross misrepresentations of facts, or by dwelling on the unsolved problems—exaggerating their importance, unfairly placing the responsibility for them on the market economy.

In fact, a real economic “atrocities propaganda” was launched against the three countries forming the liberal nucleus in Europe—Italy, Belgium, and West Germany—and most of all against the latter, which was foremost in challenging the “leftist”

course of collectivist inflation and in showing Europe the way toward a balanced, orderly, and dynamic economy.

It seemed a well-concerted action in which, I regret to say, even the London *Economist* once took part in a fit of absent-mindedness—to be amended later by a most penetrating and laudatory analysis of the German economic policy. Young economists of the Allied administration severely lectured the Bonn cabinet and the German central bank with memoranda which, mysteriously, were first published and exploited by the German socialist press. Most deplorable of all was the way in which the Economic Commission for Europe used and is still using its authority as a United Nations organization to give the most biased picture of the German economic policy.

One of the favorite topics on which these dismal prophets harped was the fact that the German authorities had declined to solve the problem of the refugees and their unemployment by inflationary pressure and thus apply the prescription of post-Keynesian “full employment” that almost everywhere else had not failed to upset the equilibrium of the national economy. No amount of patient analysis seemed to convince these fanatics that the situation in Germany, as in Italy, was exactly the reverse of what Keynes had had in mind, and that the problem of unemployment in Germany consisted in the inability of a rapidly expanding economy with a steadily increasing number of jobs to keep pace with the unceasing inflow of new refugees. Since, however, unemployment in Germany has now decreased to a wholly unalarming level, the critics have stopped insisting on this point.

Having failed here, the gloomy prophets were indefatigable in finding other points of attack. So they nodded portentously at the end of 1950 when the German authorities, after having given way somewhat to the concentrated pressure for credit expansion, experienced a strain on the German balance of payments that made West Germany the first excessive debtor of the new European Payments Union. Had the day of reckoning not finally come for Germany’s liberal debauchery? The dismal prophets could barely conceal their exultation. The cry went up for new collectivist controls. I myself became an object of mockery because, as an economic adviser to the Bonn government in the summer of 1950, I had preferred to make the prediction that, in the end, Germany might be embarrassed by becoming one of the great creditors of the European Payments Union. Germany’s international financial position has become so strong that she could throw exchange control overboard if she did not prefer (wrongly in my opinion) international action in this field.

It would, of course, be ludicrous to suppose that Germany is out of deep water. Serious problems still await a solution. The misery among the refugees is great, and old pensioners are hard-pressed.

Taxation is crushing, bureaucracy rampant. Investment and capital markets remain a hard core of collectivism. Exchange control still awaits its coup de grace. But each of these problems would be immeasurably worse if the return to the market economy and monetary discipline had not laid the foundation for a prosperous, orderly economy on which the welfare of the masses depends.

And the critics of this policy know it. Its success is so overwhelming as finally to silence all attempts to belittle it. Socialist leaders in Germany no longer make open attacks on the market economy. They are obliged to resort to devious tactics. The most impenitent pay to the Erhard policy the unintentional and ungracious tribute of questioning it by arguments so desperate and demagogic as to be unworthy of mention.

At Stake Today

It would be unwise, however, to believe that nothing can happen to disturb the German “economic miracle.” To the economist there is, to be sure, nothing miraculous about what can be achieved once a free economy is allowed to function. The only miracle in Germany has been that such a regime of reason and discipline has been politically and socially possible in our dark age. The coming elections in West Germany may well bring an end to this if the Socialists, exploiting to the full the difficulties of the Adenauer cabinet in foreign policies (immensely increased by Churchill’s incomprehensible initiative in world politics), could win so many votes as to break up the present coalition and to dislodge Erhard, the masterful pilot of German economic policy.

Such a development would be all the more serious as the tendency in such an event to make rash dealings with the Russians on the reunion of the two parts of Germany might no longer be tempered by a clear realization that no common economic and monetary system is possible between regions that follow such diametrically opposed courses in economic policy as West and East Germany. If in the West even some non-Socialists seem not yet to have learned this lesson of the last eight years, Socialists can hardly be trusted to allow the economic principles of a free society to stand in the way of a policy of compromise with the Communist East.

I have the disquieting feeling that the West, outside of Germany, is still very far from fully realizing what is at stake in Germany, as Moscow does. Does it know that it is there that the ultimate chances for or against a Communist world conquest will fall? And does it clearly grasp the connection between this issue of world politics and the free economic system of West Germany, which so far has outlived all gloomy prophecies but may be beaten on the political battlefield?

If so, then let it act while there is still time.

Are We Saving Stalin's Heirs?

By **BORIS SHUB**

The Soviet dictatorship is on the ropes. Whether it regains its punch depends on what the West does NOW.

Today no responsible Western statesman believes any longer that the Soviet Communist dictatorship is an all-powerful monolith capable of dominating the world. That Communist myth was finally buried on the streets of Berlin on June 17, when unarmed workers stoned Soviet tanks and demanded the resignation of the Kremlin's puppet government in East Germany.

The Berlin uprising did more than end the myth that workers behind the Iron Curtain support the Communist tyrants. It forced the Pieck-Grotewohl-Ulbricht regime to make promises to labor, farmers, and businessmen which cannot be kept without abolishing the dictatorship. It gave the Soviet occupation forces in East Germany an unforgettable lesson on how an aroused people can fight against a police state. The uprising started other chain reactions as well, not the least important of which was the arrest on June 27—by troops of the Moscow Garrison—of the “all-powerful” head of the “all-powerful” M.V.D., Lavrenti Beria. This was the first time in Soviet history that the Communist Party leadership had to turn to the army to settle a family quarrel—a serious confession of weakness at the top.

What new explosions—open and beneath the surface—will occur within the next few months is anybody's guess. In addition to the revolt in East Germany, there have been industrial revolts and peasant disturbances in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. In all the satellite states of Central and East Europe, the Communist stooge governments are promising broad reforms in the hope of riding the gathering storms. Inside the Soviet Union itself echoes of serious internal difficulties find open expression in the broad array of charges against Beria. In the best Stalinist tradition, the present party leadership makes Beria the scapegoat for the regime's admitted headaches at home: the inadequate food supply, trouble on the collective farms, universal resentment against the M.V.D. “bourgeois nationalism” in the western Ukraine and the Caucasus. How many other internal troubles are not being advertised only time will tell. If conditions in the satellite states are a barometer, then the party leadership is admitting only a small part of the story on the home front.

This time, however, the Kremlin's use of a scapegoat is not likely to deceive many people in the Soviet Union. Even the most credulous cannot forget overnight that Beria was one of Stalin's main

lieutenants for fifteen years; that Beria was one of the three star speakers at Stalin's funeral; that it was Beria who presented Malenkov to the Supreme Soviet on March 15 as the new Premier; and that, in turn, Malenkov served up Beria as Deputy Premier. By parading this bona fide Communist leader as a “traitor” and “bourgeois degenerate,” his Kremlin comrades of yesterday make it difficult for normal people in Soviet society to take any of them seriously. And it is inconceivable, under present conditions, that sane elements in the Soviet army command, among the factory managers, and others responsible for keeping the wheels of the country going, are not giving serious thought to the problem of eliminating the entire Stalin gang.

For the moment, the army is stronger than the party machine or the newly decapitated M.V.D. In other words, *the party dictatorship is on the ropes*. However, that dictatorship is also a past master of the fine art of clinching, stalling, and blocking. It can recover—as it has recovered so often in the past—to deal devastating new blows to the Soviet officers' corps (which has always detested the M.V.D. and the party commissars), the technical elite, the disaffected workers and collective farmers, and all others in Russia who long for the establishment of a civilized government. What the present party leaders need is a breathing spell. If they get it they will tighten the screws once more at home, and move ahead to new aggressions abroad.

The West as Referee

Whether the party dictatorship rallies in the months ahead, or whether it goes down for the count, depends largely on what the West does now—not three, six, or nine months from now. To state this obvious fact is to present the dark side of an otherwise hopeful picture. At present the West is not fighting the Kremlin gang. On the contrary, it is acting as a referee between the temporarily dazed dictatorship and its enemies on both sides of the Iron Curtain. A few examples:

In Asia the Korean truce comes at a time, and under terms, which are eminently satisfactory to both Moscow and Peiping. It does not take an economic wizard to realize that the Korean war imposed a severe strain on the economy and backward transportation system of the Soviet Union. The planes, tanks, guns, and other material that the

Kremlin supplied during the past three years to the Communist armies in Korea deprived Russian workers and peasants of pots and pans, housing, food, and clothing. Red China's economic stresses have been even greater. Now these internal pressures have been relieved. The political advantages of the Korean truce are even greater to the Kremlin and Mao. In the months ahead, there will be increasing talk of admitting Red China to the U.N. There will be more trade between the non-Communist world and Mao, particularly by Britain and Japan. The systematic Western and so-called neutralist campaign of vilification against Syngman Rhee will convince a large segment of opinion that this staunch fighter for a united, democratic Korea is a "reactionary" and a "troublemaker."

India already takes the position, according to a *New York Times* dispatch from New Delhi of July 27, that "Communist China can be brought into helpful relationship with the West if only the West extends a helping hand." Moreover, India is giving Red China carte blanche to shift its military pressure to the Southeast Asian front. According to the same *Times* dispatch: "Although it is recognized that China undoubtedly supplies Communist-led Vietminh with the sinews of war, the long conflict in Indo-China is regarded by predominant opinion here as essentially a civil affair and a fight for liberation from French colonial rule." What more can Mao ask of India?

The pressure to take the pressure off Red China is not confined to India and other "neutrals" by any means. The chief exponent of admitting Mao to the United Nations is Britain, America's sole ally with a bombing and naval force-in-being that can deter Soviet armed aggression. At present, Britain's main effort seems to be to deter effective American action against Communism anywhere in the world. The extent to which British (and probably French) pressure was instrumental in preventing America from giving prompt aid to the East German workers during the June uprising is one of those diplomatic secrets into which the American public is not supposed to pry.

Lost Opportunity in Berlin

The fact remains, however, that Mayor Ernst Reuter of Berlin, one of the few Western leaders with an inside knowledge of Communism's weaknesses, was convinced that there was a ripe revolutionary situation in East Germany on June 16-17, when mass demonstrations of workers in East Berlin and other cities called for the resignation of the Pieck-Grotewohl-Ulbricht government and demanded free elections. The prompt entry of Western troops and West Berlin police into East Berlin—before the arrival of Soviet tanks—would likely have completed the downfall of the tottering German Communist government. This quick police action—which the brave populace of East Berlin

had every moral and political right to expect—would have dealt a shattering blow to Kremlin prestige throughout the world. It would have had immediate revolutionary repercussions in the satellite countries and in the ranks of the Soviet occupation forces.

The stale answer which advocates of static containment give to such a Western police action to restore law and order is that it might precipitate "the very war we seek to avoid." This argument may carry weight with paralyzed bureaucrats and ivory-tower soldiers of "psychological warfare" in Washington and London. Every veteran of the Berlin war against Soviet terror and every adult analyst of Kremlin conduct knows that it is nonsense. On the night of June 16-17 the Kremlin leaders were less prepared to start World War Three than in 1948 when America launched the airlift. In mid-June 1953, the internal power struggle between Beria and other party leaders was going full blast and was being fought out in the party-M.V.D. machine both in Russia and the satellites. All this was known to the world. Mayor Reuter was in possession of no secrets that Eisenhower and Churchill did not know. What remains a secret to the American public is how the Western decision was reached to permit the unarmed German workers to go down with banners flying, while the West stood by with platonic sympathy and admiration. And let there be no mistake about it: the Western decision *not* to act was the turning point.

There is no use crying over spilled blood—the blood of the South Koreans and Americans who for three years fought freedom's battle in Asia and were denied victory by a fear-ridden Western policy, the blood of the Berlin workers who fought Soviet tanks with bare hands while waiting for the Western allies across the street who did not come. We can only hope that America has learned the lesson of Korea and East Germany. We can only pray that if the flag of liberation is raised by Czech or Polish workers tomorrow, or if the East Germans again rise, the men responsible for implementing the Eisenhower policy of liberation will find the courage to carry out that policy, promptly and decisively.

For the moment, however, it is well to focus our attention on what now appears to be the vital section of the global struggle between freedom and Communist tyranny. Having carried off the Korean truce deal, the Soviet strategists are now shifting to high gear on the political battlefield. The coming U.N. Political Conference on Korea is only one small segment of this front. At the same time, the present party leadership in Moscow, acting through all its agencies and transmission belts abroad, will press energetically for a meeting of the Big Three—Eisenhower, Malenkov (or another Moscow party leader if Malenkov should suffer Beria's fate), and Churchill. If not the Big Three, then the Big Four (throw a sop to France). Or

the jackpot: the Big Five—Eisenhower, Malenkov, Churchill, the current French Premier, and Mao.

The agitation in favor of such a Big Power conference is already filling the entire Western press. The only serious opponent at present of such a new version of Munich, Teheran, Potsdam, and Yalta is the United States. So far the Eisenhower Administration has resisted western European promptings to get together with Stalin's heir or heirs. But increasingly the United States is cast in the role of a truculent, sulking saboteur of this brave new attempt to win "peace in our time" by doing business with tyrants and aggressors. And obviously this campaign to force America's hand will be stepped up by every conceivable means in the months ahead.

Moscow Wants Another Munich

What is most remarkable about this phenomenon is that not a single western European statesman seems troubled by the simple fact that the *official Communist line*, direct from *Pravda* and Radio Moscow, has been plugging the Big Power meeting since the day Stalin died. Nor has the enthusiasm for such a super-Munich died down as a result of the German revolt or the purge of Beria. The faint-in-heart used to argue that such a get-together was necessary for our safety—they said the Kremlin gangsters were so incredibly powerful and solidly united that we had to learn to live in the same world with them. Unabashed by clear proof that (a) the masses in East Europe don't support the Communist dictators, and (b) the dictators are cutting each other's throats, western European politicians and journalists now argue that the shaken position of the Kremlin dictators makes this the right time to do business with them.

How much common sense does it take to realize that an Eisenhower-Malenkov-Churchill meeting is exactly what the Communist Party dictatorship needs to consolidate its position, acquire the stamp of legitimacy, and deal a crushing psychological blow to all of its opponents, present and potential? It doesn't take much historical research to recall that during the revolt of the Kronstadt sailors against the Communist regime in March 1921 Lloyd George helped save Lenin by concluding the Anglo-Soviet trade pact. When this fact was pointed out to him, the British Premier said he was prepared to trade with cannibals. If Kronstadt is too remote for the memories of our Western statesmen, they might recollect that just before the meeting of the Munich Big Four (Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler, and Mussolini), responsible and patriotic German generals were ready to depose Hitler. Munich convinced these men that the West was paralyzed and that the German people would not support them against Hitler.

There is no reason to suppose that Soviet generals like Zhukov—who have a very clear picture of

the technological might of the United States and a very warm love of their country—are less intelligent than the German generals who plotted against Hitler just before the Munich Big Four meeting. Zhukov knows that American atomic-hydrogen power can wipe Russia's cities off the map. What he doesn't know is whether America and the West have any constructive offer to make to him and to all other people in Russia who can end the present party tyranny.

Russians We Can Do Business With

Marshal Zhukov and thousands like him in the Soviet army are still waiting to hear from President Eisenhower. Thus far, the only positive note from the West since Stalin's death was the President's universally acclaimed speech of April 16. Implicit in that speech, but not spelled out plainly, is the President's recognition that the United States would have no difficulty in dealing with a responsible, civilized Russian government—a government anxious to establish good trade relations with America, to lift the Iron Curtain barriers on the free flow of goods and ideas.

Since April 16, however, nothing has come from the Eisenhower Administration to indicate that the United States can lead the West to a real peace with a new, non-terrorist Russian government. Furthermore, the whole American press has begun to parrot the line, carefully planted abroad by the Soviet party leadership, that unless the West meets with the reasonable Mr. Malenkov, the military are likely to take over and establish an aggressive Bonapartist dictatorship in Russia. The insidious notion that the West had better settle with Malenkov fast lest a Red Napoleon step in was first suggested in the West by Isaac Deutscher in his book *Russia What Next?* It has been repeated since a number of times by the London *Economist*. Now it is steadily finding its way into anti-Communist American papers which don't suspect the source. And they certainly don't remember that this is old stuff.

If they bother looking into it, they will discover that in his climb to power, Stalin used the Red Napoleon line for home consumption against Trotsky immediately after Lenin's death. Stalin used it once more against Marshal Tukhachevsky when he saw World War Two coming. Now the West hears the same tune and walks into the same trap. Napoleons went out with Hiroshima, as both Eisenhower and Zhukov know. This specter was raised up in Moscow party headquarters to frighten Britain and America into sitting down with the old Stalin gang.

A meeting between Eisenhower, Churchill, and Malenkov (or any other leader of the party gang) is the surest way to extricate the Kremlin dictatorship from its present severe crisis. The alternative is equally clear. The United States is pledged to

give full and open support to all peoples struggling for liberation from Communist tyranny. At the same time, America should make it perfectly plain to all Russians that this country is prepared at all times to sit down at a conference table with the representatives of a responsible, civilized Russian government. That means a government without Stalin's pupils and heirs. Such a government

can come into being when the men strong enough at present to take the lead in organizing it become convinced that America is a reliable ally against all tyrants and aggressors. If men like Zhukov cannot be convinced of this, they may be driven irrevocably into the arms of the party dictatorship. Today Zhukov still prefers President Eisenhower to Georgi Malenkov.

Union Peace Means Monopoly

By LEO WOLMAN

The proposed merger of the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. would stifle competition and lead to a powerful monopoly, in the opinion of a leading economist.

There is more to the efforts of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. to join forces and combine into a single federation of labor than is commonly attributed to that undertaking. In the country's press, merger of competing unions, on either a retail or wholesale scale, is considered a constructive achievement of the first order, which somehow or other will turn out to be a major contribution to the public welfare. Eliminating union competition will, it is held, at the least reduce or stop jurisdictional strikes and will enable union labor, freed from the burdens of internal dissension and strife, to become the sober and responsible organizations which they always aspired to be.

Although many years of conversation and negotiation have failed to produce a formal agreement as to the terms of unification, natural forces within the labor movement have already gone a long distance toward accomplishing the same results. The most spectacular evidence of this development is found in the growth of several of the leading affiliates of the A.F.L.—notably the Teamsters, Machinists, and Electrical Workers. Over the years these national unions have quietly and efficiently extended their claims over wider and wider areas of industry and in the process have either absorbed or displaced competing organizations.

An almost perfect example of this method of unifying union activities exists in the history of the Teamsters' union. For a long time the Teamsters have been pushing their jurisdictional claims back to the industries whose products the members of this union transport. The recent arrangement between locals of the C.I.O. Brewery Workers, which seceded from their parent organization and joined the Teamsters, is a case in point, as is the rumored intention of the Teamsters to unionize clerks in department and other stores.

Anticipating a general agreement between the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., constituent unions of both

of these federations have made their own pacts in order to protect their separate and joint interests. Thus the Machinists of the A.F.L. and United Automobile Workers of the C.I.O., in addition to continuing a four-year-old agreement not to raid each other's ranks, have recently gone still farther by undertaking to cooperate in their policies toward employers to the point of conducting joint negotiations with an employer "whenever such a course promises to bring the best possible results for the membership of both unions." Analogous arrangements have been talked of between the two national unions of packing house employees, the one A.F.L. and the other C.I.O.

In the oil industry, where employees are organized into C.I.O., A.F.L., and a variety of independent unions, the C.I.O. Oil Workers union has taken the initiative in persuading this variegated group of unions to present a common front to the employers of this industry. These efforts proved so successful that the C.I.O. union managed, in 1952, to confront the industry with a uniform set of labor demands, including a demand for industry-wide bargaining. Failure to reach agreement with the employers resulted in a nation-wide strike of oil workers, in which all types of unions participated. This combination of unions might have succeeded in establishing the formal machinery for national bargaining, with the sanction of the federal government, had it not been for the disrepute into which the Wage Stabilization Board fell because of the way it mishandled the steel strike. The oil unions, however, consider their failure of 1952 only a temporary setback and they are vigorously pursuing the goal of uniform policy and action.

Whether or not the leaders of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. succeed in reaching satisfactory peace terms, the movement to combine the activities of hitherto competing unions has already in practice made

great headway. This is only natural. For it is the underlying theory of trade unionism that the more thoroughly unions manage to organize all of the labor of a competitive industry, the easier it is for them to achieve their economic objectives.

The fact is, of course, that in the thinking of organized labor all competition affecting wages and labor standards of any kind, is "unfair" competition. This formulation has a familiar ring. It was the accepted principle of the NRA. It is in essence the theory of the cartel. And it is the argument always advanced by those businesses which oppose the policy of our anti-trust and anti-monopoly statutes, local and federal.

Double Standard on Monopoly

In the United States, however, this view of the evils of competition has never won public support. Except for occasional and brief aberrations, this country has for more than sixty years adhered to anti-monopoly policies. Even those who have caviled at the methods of administering our anti-trust policies have rarely challenged the policies themselves. So far as American business is concerned, a company which undertakes to limit competition, in any of the many ways in which this can be done, faces serious hazards in the law. A firm which proposes in its own interest to merge with another must convince the Federal Trade Commission or the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice that what it proposes to do is not aimed at a reduction of competition. It is, of course, true that not all anti-competitive designs and practices can be promptly and unmistakably identified. But the purposes of our law and public policy are as clear as such things can possibly be.

It is thus one of the striking anomalies of our public policy that one of the most powerful of economic combinations—the organized labor movement—is free from the inhibitions and restrictions to which business combinations are obviously subject. The distinction we make in law and policy is not due to observable differences in the economic consequences of the activities of labor as against business combinations. A case could, indeed, be made for the proposition that established labor organizations wield greater monopoly power than their counterparts in business. Directly and indirectly, a strong union is in the position to determine wages and related items which, taken together, are the largest single element of the cost of doing business. Given the benefits of compulsory union membership, governmental assistance in the waging of strikes, and complete freedom in the conduct of their internal affairs, not to speak of other advantages they today derive from the law, powerful unions, like the Teamsters, or the Auto Workers, or the Steel Workers, are more firmly entrenched and harder to displace than the common run of business combinations.

In the light of these observations, it ought to be clear that the terms of peace between the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. and the "cooperative" arrangements which the Machinists and Auto Workers, or the Teamsters and Brewery Workers, or the various and sundry oil workers unions have entered into are not simple, private deals which, since their professed aim is to reduce industrial strife, deserve public encouragement and acclaim. For, though they may reduce the number of jurisdictional strikes, their effects are much more complex and critical than that.

They are another and an extraordinarily effective means of expanding and fortifying an already highly centralized aggregation of economic power. If the leading national unions of this country are allowed, free from any public regulation, to pursue their objectives of merger, unification, and allocation of territory and industry they will shortly be not only too powerful to control but the power they have achieved will force employers into similar combinations of business. In time we will have created in the United States the joint monopolies of business and organized labor which have played, and still play, so influential a role in the industrial history of England.

Certainly there is nothing in the British experience that should persuade us to repeat their errors. What the A.F.L., the C.I.O., and many of their constituent unions are now doing to improve and strengthen their position are not private acts which the public authorities can afford to view with equanimity. They are matters which directly and critically affect the public interest. Instead of applauding the peace movement of union labor, Congress and the Executive ought to expose the whole business to careful and detailed investigation.

WORTH HEARING AGAIN

It is not by the intermeddling of the omniscient and omnipotent State, but by the prudence and energy of the people, that England has hitherto been carried forward in civilization; and it is to the same prudence and the same energy that we now look with comfort and good hope. Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the State. Let the Government do this: the People will assuredly do the rest.

THOMAS MACAULAY, *Essay on Southey's Colloquies*

Where Prisoners Are Trusted

By DON WHARTON

First offenders are given a second chance at Camp Butner, where a highly successful new program of rehabilitation keeps them in touch with society.

One Sunday last April I paid a visit to Camp Butner, in North Carolina, fifteen miles from Durham. Butner is a prison camp in a state which works prisoners under armed guard on the highways and which not many years ago worked them in chain gangs.

To Butner come first offenders, boys and men sixteen to twenty-five, convicted of felonies that range from theft and assault to armed robbery and murder. Normally there are about one hundred of these first offenders at Butner, but on the Sunday I arrived the place was all but deserted. There was only one prisoner in the camp, a sick man in the infirmary. All the others were over in Durham—at church.

Butner is a "minimum security" prison. It has no walls, bars, guards, guns, or watchtowers. There isn't even a fence around it. The prisoners live in gleaming white-boarded one-story buildings on a ten-acre summit looking off over the rolling Piedmont hills.

But "minimum security" isn't what makes Butner unique. Other prisons have that. What's new here is that Butner combines "minimum security" for adult felons with what can be called "minimum isolation" from the outside world. For years penologists have observed the difficulty of teaching men to get along *with* society while isolating those very men *from* society. This prison without walls is also a prison without isolation from society.

That Sunday afternoon, when they came back from church the prisoners met with two dozen students from the University of North Carolina—first in the mess hall, then out on the grounds. Monday night they were entertaining a group from a church near Duke University. Tuesday night they would go to a movie at a nearby town called Creedmoor. The following Saturday they would climb into buses and drive off to see a professional baseball game.

How one man, husky, 44-year-old James Waite, of Texas, brought this unorthodox prison into being is one of the most hopeful stories of postwar penology. In 1949 a cheap labor force was desired for the farms and shops attached to the state's mental hospital at Butner. The legislature authorized a first-offenders camp and Waite was named to head it up. It was assumed that he would set up a camp on typical stockade lines and work the devil out of all prisoners put in his charge. Not

Jim Waite. He had operated a boys' summer camp down on the Carolina coast and he had helped some tough customers make good. During the war he served in the Coast Guard; after it he became a probation counselor in Raleigh.

Realizing the legislature had written no hard and fast rules about operating Butner, Waite sought out both a sociologist and an expert on criminology, did much listening, began laying plans of his own.

Jim Waite's Program

On September 21, 1949, he picked up three prisoners, drove them to Butner, and opened house in a single barracks building on an abandoned army post. He called it the Butner Youth Center. One of the youths had been convicted of second-degree murder, one of armed robbery, one of highway robbery. He put them to work cleaning a barracks building and getting in some beds. The next day, Thursday, he left them scrubbing floors, unguarded, the gates and doors open, while he set off on a 275-mile auto trip to pick up two more prisoners.

When Waite returned that night his first three boys—he refuses to call them prisoners—were still there. Friday the five worked all day, scrubbing and painting. Then Saturday morning Jim Waite turned to them and casually made one of the most startling statements ever heard in a prison: "Let's all go to a football game." The prisoners thought he had gone crazy. They glanced around at one another. Then their jaws hardened at what they feared was a cruel joke. But three hours later they were all piling into Waite's car and driving off to see Duke play George Washington University.

By the next Saturday Waite had ten prisoners, an assistant, and no football tickets. "There's a good movie over in Durham," he said. So the twelve got into two cars, drove over, parked near the Center Theater, and walked in. When they couldn't find twelve seats together Waite told them to break up into pairs, sit anywhere they wanted, and meet him outside after the show.

On the third Saturday Waite had thirty men, including ones convicted of auto stealing, armed robbery, breaking and entering, manslaughter, and assault with intent to kill. He hauled them all to another football game. Later that fall the Wake Forest-North Carolina game was a sellout, with the

whole state scrambling for tickets. But Waite got the entire Butner crowd in on special passes given him by the athletic director at the University of North Carolina.

Now the gesture has become a tradition. The Durham professional baseball team lets all Butner in to one home game a week. In the summer Waite takes them to drive-in theaters. Last winter he hauled them all to a roller-skating rink in Henderson. Once a church in Oxford entertained them at a picnic. Last year the Durham Y.M.C.A. had everybody over, twenty-five at a time, for games and dancing. They have frequently gone to Chapel Hill for Sunday suppers, walks around the campus with Carolina students, visits to the planetarium. Waite has organized baseball and basketball teams at Butner, which play home and away games with company, town, and high school teams. Last winter his boxing team played Central Prison in Raleigh, but Waite wouldn't let his players eat "in the walls"—instead took them to a good downtown restaurant. One spring afternoon during baseball practice he gathered up seventeen nonplayers, got a truck, and took them fishing. Each July he sees that everybody has a week off—half the center goes one week, half the next, on a camping trip to Lightning Lake. They put up tents, eat on picnic tables, swim, fish, play ball, and gig for frogs. These trips serve as incentives for good work and behavior.

Waite has also developed a visiting day unmatched in any American prison. One Sunday a month relatives come to Butner, meet their boy, put him in their car and drive off with him. They can pick him up at eight in the morning, keep him until five that afternoon, take him anywhere within the limits of the sprawling 30,000-acre army reservation, have a picnic dinner with him in the deep woods or down on the lake six miles from the barracks—anywhere they choose. Wives visit husbands, and occasionally a girl visits her boy friend though she must be chaperoned by his parents.

"Alumni" Return

Sundays also bring back the "alumni"—one of the surest signs that Butner is succeeding. Some Sundays more than a dozen are back visiting. One who served time for robbery comes frequently to encourage the others. Many who have married since leaving bring their wives to see the place. One who was in a gang that ranged over the state robbing stores and filling stations now returns to put on special shows for the prisoners. Some have brought steaks to broil for unvisited boys. One ex-Butner man living in a nearby town frequently comes over, gets a couple of the boys, takes them home for Sunday dinner. Another drove all the way from Ohio to show Butner to his wife and invited Waite to spend a month with them in their Lake Erie cottage.

No one is sentenced to Butner. Waite selects

prisoners from Central Prison and road camps, first offenders who have achieved "honor grade" status—which means that they are currently not in trouble with wardens. At first Waite did all the selecting himself, now he's aided by an educator, psychologist, and chaplain. But he still has the final word.

One prison expert says that had Waite been trying to make a record he could have picked, screened, and rescreened to get only the most promising candidates. Jim Waite doesn't work that way. He picks prisoners most in need of help, often ones the newspapers have labeled "desperate criminals." Most come from broken homes, have backgrounds marked by poverty, sordidness, or criminality, weak fathers, rarely any schooling beyond the eighth grade. Three out of the last dozen couldn't read or write. The average age is around eighteen. A few are from outside North Carolina—mainly servicemen who committed crimes in the state.

Some conception of the material Waite works with may be suggested by the following exactly quoted statement of an ex-Butner man: "He learns boys that never wrote none before—learns 'em how to write." Waite takes no prisoner unless he asks to come, none with less than six more months to serve. He keeps them until they complete their sentences or get a parole.

Learning a Trade

On entering everyone begins with work on the general farm. When a prisoner makes good there he is moved to a job on which a trade can be learned: for example, plumbing, electrical wiring, water treatment, refrigeration, carpentry, dairy farming, chicken farming, or pig raising. A few stick to general farming—they're going back to a farm and want to learn all they can.

Butner men say most all of the prisoners arrive filled with bitterness, resentment, and dreams of revenge. They've been caught in a crime, plunked into a harsh road camp, abused, overworked, constantly humiliated—for instance they are not allowed to sing while working or talk while eating. In short, they were being brutally ripened for a life of crime. One told me he was determined soon as his time was served to return to robbery: "I'd made up my mind I was going to be a millionaire or a dead man." Waite's fair-play treatment changed him. He learned refrigeration at Butner, landed a job with a large air-conditioning firm, became a valuable mechanic, with four pay raises in two years.

In city after city men holding down good jobs have told me how Butner opened a new world to them. There was one lanky mountaineer who had been forced to leave school at thirteen to help his bootlegging father. He had run wild for years, finally was caught breaking into a store, sentenced,

then toughened for a long year in a road camp. Butner brought him his first chance to meet decent people and learn a trade. When I located him he was laying a water line for a new housing development, with twelve men working under him.

In another city I went to see a young man who emerged from Butner eighteen months before. He now has a private office, a secretary, a trusted position as advertising manager of a firm operating over several states. What first woke him up was the journey with Waite from a road camp to Butner. It was night, the station wagon was loaded with eight prisoners who for months had been watched every minute, locked in every night, thrown into solitary confinement for infraction of rules. And here was this man Waite treating them as equals, talking and joking with them, even stopping at a roadside restaurant and saying, "Come on boys—let's go in and get some coffee and doughnuts." Waite makes one such stop every time he brings a new man to Butner. He doesn't think of it as a rehabilitation technique but as the natural, human way to act.

Community Service

Waite not only brings his men in contact with the outside world, but he encourages them to help others. They are continually visiting hospitals in Durham and surrounding towns to donate blood. They man and maintain an air-raid spotting station, help the local fire department fight forest fires on the reservation, recently joined in painting a nearby church and Sunday school building. All on their own time.

When Butner began, some hardened prison people predicted it wouldn't last thirty days. It was sneered at, called "Waite's playland," "Kid University," and a "children's country club." But before it was half a year old Dr. Austin MacCormick, the nation's leading prison authority, was called in by North Carolina to survey the state's prison system. He reported that the Butner experiment was a success and called it "the one bright spot in the entire prison system."

Waite began getting invitations to talk before Rotary, Kiwanis, and other civic groups. After telling the Butner story a few times he decided "the boys" could do it better. So he began taking five or six of them along. One by one they stand up and relate how they got into trouble and how Butner is giving "a chance for us that never had a chance." Sometimes a boy's five-minute talk puts a whole club into tears. Usually the main question the businessmen ask is "How can we help?" The answer is: jobs for released men.

Waite's flying squadrons have talked to clubs in all the state's cities and dozens of its towns. Nearly fifty have set up committees to help released men get jobs. Many have broadened their interest to include paroled men from other prisons. Butner's

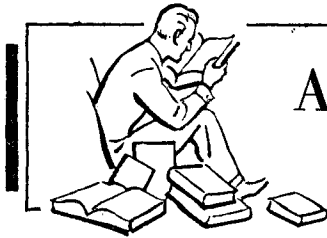
success has made it a sharp weapon used in North Carolina's battle to reorganize and modernize its entire prison system. Also, more Butners are on the way. Early this year a similar youth center was established near Raleigh, for Negroes. Then the 1953 legislature passed a bill permitting the creation of several more youth centers.

Many a North Carolina businessman who formerly wouldn't dream of hiring a man out of prison today not only hires them but tries to persuade other businessmen to do the same. One executive, after hearing a Butner flying squadron, drove there one Sunday with his wife, took along a picnic basket, shared it with a quiet Alabama boy whom nobody had ever visited. The couple came back several Sundays, arranged for the boy to spend Christmas in their home; when he was released they helped him get a job in a manufacturing plant. There two years now, the boy has earned one promotion, married, started a family and made the down payment on a home. The afternoon I saw him he was buying seed to plant a vegetable garden.

Waite has had his failures too—of course. Out of 247 men who have been released ten have gotten back into trouble with the law. But this percentage is relatively small. "Exceptionally good," says Robert J. Wright of the American Prison Association. "If they can keep that up it will be almost miraculous."

Out of 340 men entering Butner fifty-one have run away—slightly more than one a month. This includes thirty who returned voluntarily, some the very night they ran, many the next day. One boy was only a mile from the barracks when he stopped, turned around, raced to Waite's home, came up panting, tears streaming down his face, calling "I just can't let you down." The center has operated for periods as long as eight months without a single prisoner running. No one has ever run on a visiting Sunday or while on a trip. For a while Waite took some of them back. But now, for the good of the camp as a whole, he takes back no one who has run away.

Most people would say that his runaways represent failures. Don't be too sure of that. Early this year Waite was returning two runaways to a road camp to be reduced to "C" grade prisoners, given striped uniforms, put in shackles. On the way his station wagon was sideswiped by a huge cab-and-trailer outfit. The station wagon was wrecked, Waite's left knee was fractured, three of his ribs were broken. As always he was unarmed. He was helpless there in the night with his two prisoners, one a convicted car thief, the other a convicted robber. Incurribles some people would call them. But instead of making their escape the two stood there on the highway, directing traffic until help came. Then they said goodbye to Jim Waite, and, in the hands of the police, went on their way to serve out their sentences.



A Too Sentimental Journey

By JAMES BURNHAM

For Eleanor Roosevelt there are three classes of human beings: important persons with office, title, or money, toward whom she is usually gracious and sometimes obsequious; the majority of benighted mankind, which she is implacably determined, as she puts it, to "help"; and people with clear ideas, whom, unless they have the tact to hide this immodest possession, she dislikes and fears. Those of the third class whom she met on her trip to Asia kept politely to stereotypes. She was able to complete her flower-strewn march unpricked by the thorns of reason. (*India and the Awakening East*, 237 pp., Harper and Brothers, \$3.00.)

Remembering all the confident advice that she has given us about the meeting of East and West, it is rather surprising that this 1952 visit was Mrs. Roosevelt's first direct acquaintance with Asia. As it turns out, the voyage was unnecessary. She already knew what she would find. Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Indonesia could only confirm once more the vision that burst upon her long ago: that all the world's a social service project, and Eleanor Roosevelt a supervisor in it.

And what a delicious branch of the project the East provides! She sees Asia as one vast slum, swarming with millions and millions of hungry, ignorant, stupid, diseased slum dwellers. There they are, waiting for the Rooseveltian analogues of the mink-coated ladies bearing Christmas baskets in limousines: World Health Organization, UNESCO, Point Four, and Ford Foundation. There are a few rowdies among them—Communists they are called nowadays—but just put some food in their tummies and wash behind their ears, and before you know it they will be winning their Merit Badges.

Like all her writings, the contents and prose of this book avoid excessive demands on her readers. In crossing "from the Arab lands into Israel," she has "in one striking way a curious experience": the population, she finds, is "predominantly Jewish." "The weight of the past," she cautiously observes, "lies on all these Arab lands." And it is indeed a mighty past: "for literally hundreds of centuries the Arab world has been misruled by wave after wave of conquerors." It took Mrs. Roosevelt less than a week to carry recorded history some tens of thousands of years back of the modest sixty or seventy century limit that previous research has reached.

It should not be imagined, however, that her

rhetoric is devoid of art. Frequently in this book, for example, she uses that device which has had so much to do with the steady success of her column. Mrs. Roosevelt understands precisely how to combine the appeal of "we're all just home girls together" with a tickled sense of snobbism. Thus, in her Asian adventures, she arrives in a town too late to put on her "party dress," she has trouble fitting a shampoo into her schedule, she delays proceedings while she reads the forwarded letters from her "men folk," and on the way back she cannot linger in California because she has to get to Hyde Park to fix up the house before an expected guest arrives. Just like you and me, that is, with the tiny difference that the party is a formal state reception given in her honor by the heads of government, the proceedings a University convocation to confer a special degree, and the house guest, Queen Juliana.

It would be foolish to deny the undoubted fact that Mrs. Roosevelt is a world figure. Of this, her triumphal march through the Near and Middle East, the subject of this book, is itself sufficient demonstration. She is a major symbol of what is called "the emancipation of women," which, for good and ill, is so prominent a feature of our century. But it is the astounding volume of her energy discharge that, I think, is the real explanation of her having become a historical phenomenon. The picture of this formidable woman, in her late sixties, with her big, unmistakable frame and her hair rather wildly awry, striding through the grain fields of Pakistan—as I remember it so vividly from the newsreels—defies normal adjectives.

This furious energy, to which a gigantic ego frantically clings ("My Day," the column's title; *my face* in the center of the scores of photographs which this volume reproduces), is like a great tank with a drunken driver, loose in the crowded streets of a city. It is the onrush of *sentiment*, unguided and unrestrained by intelligence, reason, or principle. Over whatever subject, problem, plan, or issue Mrs. Roosevelt touches, she spreads a squidlike ink of directionless feeling. All distinctions are blurred, all analysis fouled, and in that murk clear thought is forever impossible.

"The very fact of [Pakistan's] religious coloration inevitably limits and complicates its relations with its own citizens as well as with other nations. Nevertheless, the principles of Islam seem to me admirable ones for any government to follow."

To mindless sentiment, the flat contradiction between these two sentences, as well as the extraordinary implications of the second (President Eisenhower had better study up on his Koran), are of no moment. They are linked by a vague but strongly intuited similarity of feeling. She tells us about "Mr. Sudhir Ghosh, whose enthusiasm inspires one with confidence"! What is a rational being to make of such a phrase? *Enthusiasm* inspires one "with confidence"? By the record, Hitler was the most enthusiastic man of our time, and Father Coughlin, Mao, Huey Long, and Lenin are not far behind. So therefore? But the phrase is of course not rational, nor the expression of reason.

But Mrs. Roosevelt at any rate has "good intentions"? The answer here demands a certain precision. Man is not the final judge of the secrets of the human heart. As for "the good," however, that is an affair of right reason as well as of sentiment. The glutton and the adulterer may have "meant well," but, as Dante shows us, a defect not simply of passion but also of judgment has turned them aside from the good.

Mrs. Roosevelt, with whatever motives, has helped to bring great evils to her fellow-citizens and even to mankind. She has defended villains, and libeled sincere and honest men. And regularly, as once more in this silly book, she has smothered needed truths in her sentimental cloud.

In less complex times, or on the lesser scale of a neighborhood settlement house, Eleanor Roosevelt might have been a permissible luxury, even a minor blessing. She is driven, alas, to project her ego into the great world of the harried present, which she so signally fails to comprehend. What would be the result, I wonder, if our Mrs. Roosevelts now and then suspended their crowded programs in order to read and ponder such a book as Stephen King-Hall's *The Communist Conspiracy* (239 pp., The Macmillan Company, \$3.00)?

Whatever the queries that have arisen over some weekly issues of Mr. King-Hall's *National Newsletter*, he has succeeded in putting together one of the ablest general accounts of the nature, intentions, and methods of Communism. His tone is cool, and every step is documented with apt quotations from the Communist authorities.

About the basic principles, objectives, and strategy of the Communist enterprise there is little new to tell. Mr. King-Hall's present version is clear, adequate, and convincing. He writes not from uncontrolled sentiment, but from a reasoned grasp of the world view and the plan of our enemy. And he knows the key truth that seems to be so difficult for democratic and liberal leaders to realize: that our enemy is in the most profound sense serious, that he proposes to go through to the end.

The most novel and valuable sections of *The Communist Conspiracy* discuss fellow-traveling and the postwar political campaigns by which the Com-

munist have manipulated non-Communist opinion. Mr. King-Hall catalogues the myths of the Communist ideological arsenal: The World Revolution; The Anti-Fascist Myth; The Heroic Soviet Myth; The Peace Myth; The Paradise Myth. He shows how these myths, "linked with certain general principles of 'progressiveness,'" enable the Communist conspirators to penetrate the minds of liberals, pacifists, reformers, and the naively religious, and to use them for their own unchanging ends.

Most cogent is his analysis of the new Communist form of warfare which is called "the struggle for peace," now become, by a Kremlin directive, "the pivot of the entire activity of the Communist parties and democratic organizations." Mr. King-Hall shows how its aims "are to maintain peace upon Soviet terms, to aid and strengthen Soviet policy, justify Communist aggression, and weaken the resistance of the non-Communist world to the aggressive aspects of that policy." He displays the disguises of the peace movement, and proves the truth that seems too painful for the liberal mind to admit once and for all: that we must either support the "peace movement" *together with the extension of the Soviet system over the entire earth*, or reject it in every circumstance as the betrayal of our world.

Frederick A. Praeger, by publishing the documents of the 19th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, provides us with further indispensable data by which to estimate our opponents. (*Current Soviet Policies*, edited and with an introduction by Leo Gruliov, 268 pp., \$6.00.) They are not supermen. The Congress voted elaborate organizational changes in the structure of the party and the Soviet governmental apparatus. Many of these have not lasted out a year, but have collapsed in the confusions that have followed Stalin's death.

Nevertheless, what these articles, reports, and speeches prove, once we have penetrated the dialectical language, is how well the trained Communists know what they are doing and where they want to go. Their plans are based upon an analysis of the real forces at work in the real world. It is noteworthy that, whatever their organizational and personal troubles since Stalin's death, their world policy continues to develop along the main lines that were stated nearly a year ago at the 19th Congress.

Stalin's remarkable discussion of "economic problems" takes as its systematic starting point the splitting of the world market by the Soviet successes in the final stages of the Second World War. Looked at economically, the problem of the revolution is to undermine and to narrow progressively the capitalist section of the world market. The bitter fact is that our opponents guide their actions by reason and principle, however distorted in content and aim. They will not be defeated by ignorance and sentimentality.

The Difference Is Qualitative

Nine Stories, by J. D. Salinger. 302 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$3.00

The Enormous Radio and Other Stories, by John Cheever. 237 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$3.50

The difference between a writer with a vision, a perspective, and involuntary insight which uses his talent to discover itself, and a writer who just tells stories, no matter how well, is qualitative. They cannot be compared; and the latter always loses. For whether he is Dante or Al Capp, it is by his vision that a writer is finally judged and remembered.

Both Mr. Cheever and Mr. Salinger write engaging short stories. They are both professional craftsmen; the *New Yorker* loves them equally. The manners and backgrounds, the sounds and gestures in their stories are accurately observed. Moreover, they are reported in clear, lively language. Yet Mr. Salinger has a vision, a deep compelling one which selects and orders everything he writes, and gives it a memorable unity; whereas Mr. Cheever just writes. He could be said, I suppose, to be moved by the Manhattan scene, and the effect of its anonymity and acceleration upon the nervous systems of young married couples. But this is something he merely *knows* about, and sympathizes with; not something which his very act of writing is a struggle to become aware of. Hence he is never really aroused. He could, and does, write equally well about other things. His gifts are not, in spite of himself, committed. They have no restricted duties, no secret to reveal.

Mr. Salinger's stories have. As readers of his novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, will know, he maintains an acquaintance with adults, but his heart belongs to their offspring. And his vision has not only to do with children, but with the contrast between their inadvertent ease and innocence, and the clumsy self-consciousness of their elders. In most of his stories, observed either objectively or from the innocent eyes of a child, the adults come off badly. They are tired, baffled, deluded, sterile, corrupt. They have only enough self-knowledge to make them unsure of themselves. Without any, the children shine.

But in his best story, "For Esme—With Love and Squalor," Mr. Salinger foregoes this black-and-white contrast, and writes from the point of view of the suffering adult. Again the basic relationship is the same—a war-shattered soldier and an invincibly confident child. But instead of merely setting off the former's weakness against the latter's strength, he widens the focus, and explores the soldier's grateful awareness and understanding of the difference between them. If there is any salvation for the adult, it lies in greater and greater self-knowledge. He can never become a child again,

but he can acknowledge this. In doing so, he becomes graceful in a way that only an adult can. Mr. Salinger's soldier is graceful, and every bit as moving as Esme (who, incidentally, is the most charming and gallantly affected teen-ager I've ever encountered). And I suspect it is here, in the adult's consciousness of, rather than his blindness to everything he must be in relation to the child, that the heart of Mr. Salinger's vision, as well as his future as a creative writer, are waiting. ROBERT PHELPS

Black Is Beautiful

Simple Takes a Wife, by Langston Hughes. 240 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$1.95

Mephistopheles led Faust first through "the Little World" of love and the private heart, and then through "the Great World" of politics, culture, and the escape of man into the exterior which is social life. In Langston Hughes' projection of Simple, the order is fortunately reversed. In this latest of his books we traverse not the world of politics (where Hughes made his worst mistakes, which he has admirably admitted and rejected in recent weeks), but that private world of the heart which is most fruitful for the artist and for the individual—in whom alone the world really *lives*. Here Simple takes a wife.

The result is a book that has guts and gusto. I know of no modern character more tanged and shrewd and racy and wise; more subtle in simplicity, more serious in laughter; more richly fun-splashed about the decorum of marriage, more headlong or healthy in his hilarity about, and his devotion to women. Simple knows why the weaker sex is so strong—for he knows why the stronger sex is so weak.

"I like to drop ashes on the floor sometimes," says Simple, "so I would want Joyce to be home in the daytime only to cook, because if I had a Million Dollars, I would be home all the time myself. I would not go out to work nowhere—I would just rest and get my strength back after all these years I been working. I could not rest with no woman around the house all day, not even Joyce. A woman is all the time saying, 'Do this' and 'Do that.' And 'Ain't you got the grass cut yet?'"

"I would say, 'No, I ain't baby. Let it go till next week.'"

"Then, if she's like the rest of the women, she would say, 'You don't take no pride in anything. I have to do everything.' And she would go out and cut it just to spite me."

Langston Hughes' style is like arterial blood. He is no "intellectual"—that fog in search of a wind. He finds a word for things; he is one of God's born artists. "Walter," he has Simple say, "were a slick hustler with a Buick car and no morals."

The book has little plot, no great drama. It is,

by design and victory, a contemplative savoring of the gaudy spectacle of life by a grown Huckleberry Finn, so fascinated by characters, experiences, loves, that he could live a million years; it has the zest and zip of a single sip of champagne. Here in Simple is a man and philosopher whom we would love to meet in some heavenly tavern, cheek by jowl with Montaigne and Rabelais, and pause to pass with him our happy eternity.

Here is a book to make us thank God that so many of our fellow Americans have darker skin and warmer blood. As Mr. Simple says: "The night is black, which has a moon and a million stars, and is beautiful. . . . What is wrong with black?"

E. MERRILL ROOT

Home-Town Boy Makes Good

Where Main Street Meets the River, by Hodding Carter. 339 pp. New York: Rinehart & Company. \$4.00

If Hodding Carter had been a cave man he would have made scratches on the wall. He is a natural writer, and now that the business of being a Southern liberal and spokesman for the New South is in a slump, he writes of home and mother.

This easy-reading autobiography of an essentially first-rate human being covers enough places, people, and events to be worth an index which it unhappily hasn't got. But what is most engaging about it is the picture of a man who loves his wife and sons, his home town of Greenville, Mississippi, his newspaper there—the *Delta Democrat-Times*—and his vacation home in Maine.

As you read the book you think of William Allen White. A successful newspaperman and maker of friends, Mr. Carter has traveled far. He has been a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, a Guggenheim Fellow, a Middle East editor of *Yank* and *Stars and Stripes* during the war, a short-time member of the editorial staff of that pink confusion of Ralph Ingersoll's, *PM*. He was a regular against Huey Long in Louisiana and The Man Bilbo in Mississippi. In 1946 a Pulitzer Prize awarded to him for editorials on tolerance, written from his summer home in Maine, multiplied the friendly attention coming his way. Since then he has lectured in forty-four states, had several books and many magazine articles published, and been accepted in liberal, scholastic, and literary circles as the Southerner of light and leading he certainly is.

All of this is in his book. But, whether he intended it so or not, what strikes you more is the home-town man and his talented, indomitable wife Betty, struggling during the depression with benefit of much education but little cash in hand to start a newspaper at Hammond, La.; later with Will Percy and David Cohn fighting to launch and

keep going a larger newspaper at Greenville, Mississippi (shining now as the *Delta Democrat-Times*); the friends they made, the enemies they fought, the community life they led, the financial troubles, local prejudices, advertising scrapes and stunts, newspaper scoops and antics, the campaigns for this and that (including one where they called attention to the slowness of the Illinois Central's one train a day into Greenville by having it seem to be outraced by mules).

Dutifully, as a Southern liberal, Mr. Carter takes his stand for decency, tolerance, and fair play between the races, for fair employment without a federal law, against lynching (there is only about one a year now), for justice at the polls and in the courts. But he manages, as not many liberals North or South are doing, to speak out—even though sketchily—on the question of integration of the blood which the improved position of the Negro is posing in the South and the nation. On that issue liberals generally have one of three different attitudes, depending on their honesty or where they live. The first is that it won't come. Another is that it will be a good thing. A third is that the less said the better. Hodding Carter gives the matter only a page, but imperils his liberal rating by what he writes: "The ultimate issue . . . is essentially sexual in nature and cannot be ridiculed away or legislated out of existence I share this insistence upon sexual separateness, for I can see no good coming out of blood fusion for the white and Negro people of the United States." He does not go into the current matter of whether abolition of segregation in the public schools of the South would be a factor towards this "integration" but contents himself with a pooh-pooh on lesser matters: "I cannot believe that the racial amalgam will be effected any the sooner if lynching is made a federal offense or Negroes are allowed to use the Greenville public library or are allowed to sit next to white people in public conveyances and in public places. Miscegenation doesn't take place in movie theaters or buses or libraries. . . ."

When Mr. Carter evinces more zest for an account of his ten-year-old son's first duck hunt with him than for the "else unfelt oppressions of [Southern] mankind" and humanity at large, I do not deem him a "tired liberal," even though the liberal race in the South is run enough to be forcing some new questions not so classifiable. I believe he is simply being one of us—the human race in a moment of immensities. Saturated with speed, size, space, and high explosion we tend to come home. We do so not in escape or in failure to appreciate the challenge of new worlds, but rather in a sense of the individual man (and his wife and sons and newspaper and home town) as the unit of society, the object of science, and the stuff of the universe. The true dimensions are at home and the questions and answers are there, too.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

Briefer Mention

The Challenge to American Foreign Policy, by John J. McCloy. 81 pp. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.00

This little book is made from the text of the three Godkin Lectures which were delivered last winter by the former High Commissioner for Germany. In the first, Mr. McCloy, starting with the now almost routine quotation from de Tocqueville on the destined future of Russia and America, lists "The Problems We Face." In the remaining two, he draws on his experience as Assistant Secretary of War (1941-47), President of the World Bank (1947-49), and High Commissioner (1949-52), to advance certain proposals designed to improve the making and execution of foreign policy.

For the most part, these proposals concern organization, training, and intra-governmental "liaison." Many of them seem sensible. Mr. McCloy speaks with particular cogency on the problems of military-civilian relations, which he came to know so intimately during the war. Unfortunately, he does not seem to have grasped the fact that organization is subordinate to policy. The most elegant organizational chart ever devised will never make up for an incorrect basic policy. The trouble with Alger Hiss and even with Charles Bohlen is not poor training. In those few paragraphs where he touches on issues of policy, Mr. McCloy is content with conventional and rather empty phrases.

There is not much use arguing about the machinery for our plant unless we agree on what product we want to manufacture.

Sidney Hillman, Statesman of American Labor, by Matthew Josephson. 701 pp. New York: Doubleday and Company. \$5.00

The story of the impoverished, ambitious immigrant who makes his fame and fortune is part of the essential fact and legend of America. Ours has indeed been the land of human opportunity. For three centuries hardy youths have come here to build steel mills, railroads, turbines, and automobiles, and have ended with their millions and their names proudly flaunted from the portals of colleges, hospitals, and libraries.

This is also the story of Sidney Hillman, second son of a poor Lithuanian grain merchant, who at the age of twenty arrived in New York after a childhood that combined rabbinical study with a jailing for revolutionary activity. Hillman made his fame and fortune all right, but in a manner that measures our distance from the nineteenth century. He became the intricate, subtle, fiercely shrewd, and infinitely persistent organizer of the immigrant clothing workers of the big cities, and of labor's place in the political sun.

Even Matthew Josephson's pedestrian style can-

not drain all interest from this account of Hillman and his Amalgamated Clothing Workers. For the general reader it is especially valuable for tracing Hillman's key role in the New Deal and the Roosevelt machine.

Caution is to be observed. This is an "official" biography, with little attempt at objectivity. On the whole question of Hillman's ambivalent relations with the Communists, Matthew Josephson, whose own past is so studded with pro-Communist mileposts, must be thoroughly mistrusted.

The Mountain, by Henri Troyat. 122 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$2.50

As the publishers point out on the jacket this little book is in many ways reminiscent of *The Old Man and the Sea*. It too is the story of man against nature—of a simple, pure-hearted old peasant in contest with the mountains he knows more intimately than he knows himself. It is told briefly and without meandering. The episode concerns two brothers who live together in a tiny remote village high up in the French Swiss Alps. Isaiah, the older, is humble and good. Marcellin, much younger, is ambitious and evil. The third character is the mountain itself, which some years before had cast Isaiah down and left him stunted and bruised, on whose snowy silent peak there now lies a crashed airplane and its dead or dying passengers. Isaiah loves his brother with an all-giving love so complete that against his own certain convictions of right and wrong he is persuaded to defy the mountain's verdict and undertake to guide him to the wreck in search of the gold the plane is reputed to have been carrying and the jewels and money of the victims. Henri Troyat has written of that climb with dramatic suspense and a rare poetry of language. The superb translation by Constantine Fitz Gibbon from the original French merits special commendation.

The Bridges at Toko-Ri, by James A. Michener. 147 pp. New York: Random House. \$2.50

"Now the sky was empty and the helicopter stood burned out in the rice field and in the ditch there was no one beside him. Harry Brubaker, a twenty-nine-year-old lawyer from Denver, Colorado, was alone in a spot he had never intended to defend in a war he had not understood. . . This was the war he had been handed by his nation and in the noon-day sun he had only one thought: he was desperately in love with his wife and kids and he wanted to see them one more time." Behind that poignant moment is a tense narrative movingly told of the valor, the fears, the glory, and too often the tragedy of the thousands of young men who for three years flew jet planes against the Communists in the war in Korea. In view of its lamentable end, their heroism and their sacrifice as conveyed by Mr. Michener seem particularly saddening.

Morality and "The Moon"

"The surest way of producing a best-seller," a New York literary agent recently advised one of his clients, "is to get your book banned in Boston." The same dictum apparently holds true in the movie industry. For although it was forbidden by the Breen office, condemned by the Legion of Decency, and denounced by Cardinal Spellman, *The Moon is Blue* has broken box-office records from coast to coast.

According to United Artists, who distribute the picture, "The Moon" is outselling such formidable products as *Moulin Rouge*, *High Noon*, and *The African Queen*. Wherever "The Moon" has appeared, it has chalked up a 100 per cent holdover record; in film-lingo, this means that the movie has been retained by all individual theaters beyond the time originally scheduled for its presentations.

This success—besides making movie history—is somewhat flabbergasting. For "The Moon" is not a major epic, not even a super-production. It does not have a cast of thousands, was not produced by Cecil B. De Mille, has no technicolor and, worst of all, it is entirely uni-dimensional. Yet this unpretentious little *comédie de mœurs* with a cast of five that includes only one full-fledged star, a few unimpressive sets, and the usual string of sophisticated small talk, has suddenly found itself in the upper brackets. How did this come about?

"The Moon" first rose over Broadway as a play written by F. Hugh Herbert, known for his dexterity with drawing-room comedies. After a successful New York run it was rewritten for the films by Herbert and produced by Otto Preminger, a Hollywood independent.

The story of the play and the movie is simple, and similar to many other situation comedies we have seen. It involves a typical New York girl played by Maggie McNamara, who meets a typical New York fellow portrayed by William Holden. He takes her home for dinner. In the elevator they encounter Miss Patti O'Neill, a pretty blonde who lives upstairs and wants to marry Mr. Holden. But he does not like her and when Miss McNamara asks: "Was she your mistress?" Mr. Holden, somewhat shocked at the thought, issues a stern denial. The rest of the film bears him out in this denial. The third *dramatis persona* is David Niven, portraying Miss O'Neill's father. He does a thoroughly delightful, competent job as a *vieux roué* who makes half-hearted overtures to Miss McNamara.

The immutable innocence of that young lady, however, soon breaks him down, and he proposes in a very proper manner. The lines of demarcation are clearly drawn at the outset of the picture. Miss

McNamara and Mr. Holden are Good. They strongly believe in romantic love which leads to a happy marriage. They are firmly opposed to all other forms of love—except perhaps love for dumb animals. Miss O'Neill and Mr. Niven, on the other hand, are cast as villains. Miss O'Neill engages in the unladylike sport of pursuing a man, and Mr. Niven frequently gets tight and tosses off lines loaded with cynicism. As might be expected the villains are frustrated at the end of the picture, while the hero and the heroine fade out in a fond embrace, whispering sweet words about marriage and children.

With such a plot, "The Moon" might have fared like any other picture of its kind, finishing a mildly lucrative career co-billed with a Western at your neighborhood theater. But fate intervened, in the person of the masters of our morality. The first lucky break came when Joseph Breen of the Motion Picture Producers Association turned thumbs down on "The Moon." Formed in the 30's when Hollywood producers were getting a bit reckless with shots of scantily clad jungle-queens and overamorous sheiks, M.P.A. administers the movie Production Code, which, among other things, regulates the amount of female skin that may be exhibited on the screen. The Code also forbids any scene showing "an embrace indicative of a warmup or prelude to further relationship." But the local M.P.A. spokesman could not tell us which particular taboo "The Moon" had violated. In an effort to find out for themselves, however, thousands of people began beating their path to theaters showing the forbidden picture. Then came the second break. In a pastoral letter read at Sunday mass, Cardinal Spellman excoriated "The Moon." The picture, according to the Cardinal "violated standards of morality and decency" and presented a "serious potential influence for evil, especially endangering our youth, tempting them to entertain ideas of behavior conflicting with moral law, and inciting to juvenile delinquency." This viewpoint was confirmed by Father Little, director of the Legion of Decency. Although the Legion's theater group had passed "The Moon" as a play, the Legion's movie group had gone along with the Cardinal in condemning the picture. Like the Breen office, the Legion could not give us any specific instance in which "The Moon" might have erred.

Faced with denunciations in such strong terms as "serious influence for evil" and "inciting to juvenile delinquency," the movie public now really went for "The Moon." In a spirit of healthy curiosity and with a desire to see evil so that they may, presumably, recognize and avoid it in the future, moviegoers broke all records to get a glimpse of what they now called "The Forbidden Moon." Some of them went away disappointed, most of them were amused, and others, including this reviewer, remained highly mystified. SERGE FLIEGERS

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FROM OUR READERS

(Continued from p. 832)

Chambers and Chamberlin

On the scale of quality, I think that William Henry Chamberlin's article "The Great Confrontation" [July 13] is in a class with Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*. And I mean that as very high praise because I think Chambers' work is the finest thing ever written about Communism.

Baltimore, Md.

JOHN J. IAGO

The Book Reviews

... In my opinion you give far too much space to reviews of books of minor import—often even, according to the reviewer, of no great merit or interest. Some of them are not even vicious enough to be blacklisted and certainly not good enough to deserve much attention. ... After all, does the FREEMAN aim to be a paper of literary criticism and, even if it does, do you not make a mistake in giving too much space to some books and not mentioning others? I doubt if there are many of your readers that care for such a long dissertation on Sherwood Anderson [July 27]. ...

Albany, N. Y.

GILBERT M. TUCKER

The Treaty Power

Patrick H. Ford's criticism [June 29] of Garet Garrett's article "Nullification by Treaty" says: "If we fear that two-thirds of the senators might abridge our freedom or divest us of our sovereignty by ratifying a treaty, why not also fear that a majority of Congress may do the same?"

Mr. Ford should take the trouble to read the Constitution and argue from facts. Article II, Section II, Clause 2 says: "He [The President] shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senate present concur."

Some time ago a treaty was ratified when only two senators were present. ...

Ada, Ohio

C. H. FREEMAN

Mr. Sax's 'Phone

Apropos the delightful piece by Mr. Serge Fliegers on the saxophone [August 10], I should like to pass on, for your readers' amusement, a definition of that instrument that I heard many years ago:

"The saxophone is an ill wind that nobody blows good."

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

Havre De Grace, Md.

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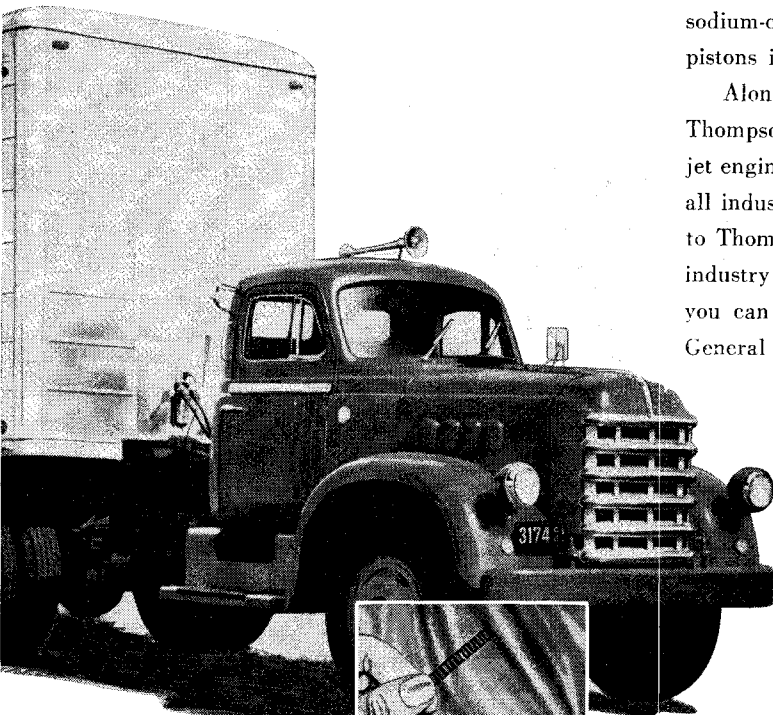
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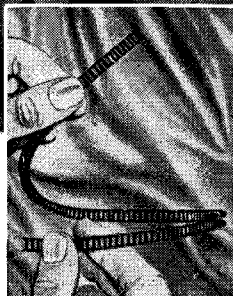
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