

THE *Freeman*

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25¢

Americans on Their Own

John Chamberlain

Articles by

William Faulkner

Louis Bromfield

Alice Widener

**Raymond Moley
and
Raymond Moley, Jr.**



"The railroads are a great machine which combines a vast variety of apparatus, devices and processes to turn manpower and fuel into ton-miles of freight service and passenger-miles of travel." Some of the ways in which new developments are combined with tested fundamentals on the 225,000-mile "proving ground" of American railroads, and some of the advances in actual results, are outlined in this article by one who is in a position to see the whole picture.

THE ADVANCING RAILS

By WILLIAM T. FARICY

President, Association of American Railroads

Nineteen twenty-one is a benchmark year in American transportation. It was the first full year after Congress and the country turned from the government operation of railroads of the World War I period and returned the railroads to private management. It marked the beginning of tremendous and dramatic changes in transportation, not the least of which have come about in railroading itself.

Back in 1921 government expenditures on building inland waterways were just in their beginning. Since then, the government has spent on such projects three times as much as had been spent in all the preceding century, with resulting changes in the transportation picture.

Back in 1921 the pneumatic truck tire was just coming into use and the business of intercity commercial transportation by motor vehicle was in its infancy. Since then, the total number of motor vehicles has been multiplied five times and the proportion of trucks to total motor vehicles has gone up half again as much as it was then. The resulting changes in the pattern of transportation are visible on every street and highway.

Back in 1921 commercial flying of air mail had just been inaugurated and general commercial transportation by air was still to be born. In the years since then, planes have multiplied in number and grown in size, cities have built more and larger airports to accommodate more and larger planes, the Federal Government has assisted in airport building and has provided and operates special airways with navigation and control features. A new industry of commercial air transportation has been created.

Transportation of crude petroleum by pipeline was well established before 1921 but since then the network of lines has been greatly extended and whole new networks of lines have come into being to carry refined petroleum products and natural gas in vast volume and over long distances.

The Growth of the Service

Beneath the earth, then, as well as on the earth, on the water and in the air, the past thirty years have seen changes in transportation plant and methods so profound and so dramatic that in the minds of many they have overshadowed the parallel advances made in

the older method of transport by rail. To some, they may have seemed to forecast even the ultimate eclipse of the rails.

But with all the changes, the railroads have not only stayed in business but have gone ahead to render more service and better service to agriculture, to industry and to the defense of the nation. In 1921 the railroads performed freight service equivalent to moving 2,900 tons of freight one mile for every man, woman and child in the United States. By the peak prewar year of 1929, that amount of railroad service had grown to 3,700 ton-miles per capita. But in 1951, the railroads moved 4,200 ton-miles per capita and, during the peak years of the second World War, they had been called upon to move more than 5,500 ton-miles per year for each one of us in the country.

The people of this country continue to need railroads, and to need them more and more—especially in time of war, rearmament and national emergency. Then what have the railroads done to keep abreast of these needs?

The measure of what railroads have done is not to be found in any mere

catalogue of new devices adopted and new methods put into effect. I could list here more new and important advances in plant and methods than space permits or a reader's patience would tolerate. But the railroad is not a mere aggregation of devices and apparatus. The railroad, rightly viewed, is a machine, and the railroads as a whole are a great machine, which combines a vast variety of apparatus, devices and processes to turn manpower and fuel into ton-miles of freight service and passenger-miles of travel. The real measure of the advance of the railroads is to be found, therefore, in the way in which new developments and tested fundamentals are combined to produce transportation service with maximum economy and minimum expenditure of manpower, fuel and materials.

So, as a measure of the real advance of the railroads in the past three decades, let's take a look at how these elements were combined and used in 1921 and, thirty years later, in 1951.

Holding Down the Cost

The working time of employees for which railroads paid \$1.00 in 1921 cost them \$2.81 in 1951. For fuel, materials and supplies which cost \$1.00 in 1921, the railroads paid in 1951 an average of \$2.20. Taxes which took 5 cents out of each dollar of revenue in 1921, took 11½ cents in 1951. Wages, fuel, supplies and taxes make up at least 90 per cent of the cost of operating railroads, and every one of these items has more than doubled since 1921. Yet the ton-miles of freight service for which shippers paid in 1921 an average of \$1.00 cost them in 1951 only \$1.05, while the passenger-miles for which you paid \$1.00 in 1921 actually cost you only 81 cents in 1951.

Of course it would not have been possible to move 1951 traffic with the railroad plant of 1921, but if it could have been done, the cost to the railroads of doing the work with that plant, but with wages, prices and taxes

at present levels, would have been nearly three times what it cost to do the job with the improved plant of today. Necessarily, under such conditions freight rates and passenger fares would have had to be very much higher than they are now.

Efficiency: 1951 or 1921

The story back of this tremendous advance in efficiency and economy is one of research and invention, of investment in improved plant and equipment, of application of the new and better methods of operation which improved plant and equipment made possible.

Note that I do not say enlarged plant for in miles of track and in number of locomotives and cars the plant of 1921 was larger than that of the present day. But in capacity and efficiency the 1951 railroad is so greatly different from that of thirty years ago as to warrant the statement that we have railroads which in essentials are new.

Let us turn our thoughts back to the railroads of 1921 for a moment. There were 2,600,000 freight cars on the rails in that year. The output of freight service was 310 billion ton-miles. Of course 1921 was a year of business recession but even at the peak of the boom of the 1920's, when the railroad plant was working at capacity, a similar number of freight cars turned out only 450 billion ton-miles. Last year, with half a million fewer cars than were in use in the 1920's, the railroads produced 647 billion ton-miles of transportation—getting 80 per cent more service out of the average freight car than in the prewar peak of 1929.

Back in 1921 the railroads had 65,000 locomotives, of which all but 364 were steam power. The diesel locomotive was yet to be thought of. Since 1921 we first saw the development of the modern high-horsepower, high-speed, high-efficiency steam loco-

motive and then the introduction and rapid adoption of the diesel electric locomotive. So rapid has been this adoption that today 65 per cent of all freight service, more than 70 per cent of all passenger service and more than 75 per cent of all yard service is rendered by diesel electric locomotives. And 97 per cent of the diesel electric locomotives which are performing this service have been bought since 1940. More than 82 per cent have been bought since the end of World War II, and more than 38 per cent just in the two years, 1950 and 1951.

Right now we are seeing the beginnings of what may be a still further development in the use of turbine locomotives of at least three different types—steam turbines, oil-burning gas turbines and coal-burning gas turbines. In no field of transportation is there greater or more rapid change than in the motive power of American railroads.

And who can say that we may not have atomic powered locomotives some day? They are not yet in sight, but for four years now the Association of American Railroads has had a competent mechanical engineer duly accredited to the Atomic Energy Commission. One of his assignments is to observe, insofar as security regulations permit observation, the workings of the Commission staff to the end that whenever atomic power becomes practically usable for locomotion, the railroads will be ready to apply it.

As was said before, there were no diesel electric locomotives on American railroads in 1921. Neither were there any air-conditioned passenger cars, nor streamlined trains. Today virtually every passenger car in regular through service is air-conditioned and streamlined trains have become so prevalent that on main lines of principal passenger-carrying railroads they are now the rule rather than the exception.

Electronic Railroading

In 1921 there were only the rudimentary beginnings of automatic train control, and the marvel of centralized traffic control was still in the future. Now, on hundreds of stretches of railroads, switches are thrown and signals are set over districts of as much as 200 or 300 miles by one man seated before an illuminated map on which moving trains automatically show their position. In 1921 there were no coded track circuits which now transmit information in such detail and completeness that it might be said the signals do everything but talk. And even talking has been added in the postwar years as the equipment has become available, through the use of communication between moving trains and fixed stations, now widely adopted on at least fifty railroads.

In 1921 there were no push-button yards where electronics and compressed air, cooperating with gravity, enable one hump switch engine and a few men to do the work which in flat switching yards would have required the services of a fleet of engines and a much greater number of men.

The recorded and measured advance in actual results made possible by these and hundreds of other changes on the railroads will stand comparison with those of any segment of American industry. They are not the record of an industry which is static or asleep—or even the record of an industry which has just been awakened. They are the product of unremitting research, invention, ingenuity and investment. They are the achievement of an industry alert to present opportunities and alive to future possibilities.

The Basic Principles

Fundamental features of this railroad industry were arrived at long ago. There is the track, a surface unique upon the face of the earth which makes it possible for units of locomotive power to pull whole trains of cars.

There is the principle of the train made up of separately and individually loaded cars combined into a mass unit for movement. There is the principle of standardization and interchangeability which permits the cars of any railroad to be operated in the trains and on the tracks of any other—and by so doing makes possible the truly continental character of American commerce.

These fundamentals which have shaped the growth and development of rails remain unchanged. Vast changes have occurred in the manner in which these fundamentals are applied to the job of transportation. One reason why they have so largely escaped general notice is that changes in railroading are necessarily in the line of evolutionary development rather than revolutionary departure.

Take, for example, the steel rail which is at the very foundation of our commerce. To the naked eye the only change observable in the past thirty years has been an increase of about 20 per cent in average weight. But this increase in weight is the smallest part of the change. As a result of protracted research carried on jointly by the railroads and the steel companies, the advances of metallurgy, manufacture and design have been such that rail laid today is only one-fourth as much subject to breakage as the rail of thirty years ago and will give 50 per cent more service life. The number of rail joints has been reduced since 1921 by lengthening the rail from 33 to 39 feet, a length which is soon to be doubled when the rolling of 78 foot rail begins. In many instances, rails are welded together end to end in long stretches of continuous or jointless rail.

What is true of rail is true in greater or less degree of every other element in the structure of the tracks. The average life of crossties has been more than doubled, for example, and the search for improved protection against decay and mechanical wear continues

with some thirty different kinds of ties and methods of treatment being subjected to service tests.

The Biggest Proving Ground

One of the curious misconceptions about railroads is the belief that the industry has no proving ground to try out new ways of doing things. The railroads have the biggest proving ground in the world, and the only one big enough for their purposes, in their 225,000 miles of line. Sections of this trackage do not have to be set aside as "railroad proving grounds" because any and all of it is available to try out under test conditions new ways of construction, new types of equipment, new methods of operation, or any new idea or combination of ideas which offers enough promise in the laboratory to warrant testing in service.

At any given time many miles of railroad are so used under test conditions as carefully controlled as if the track were permanently set aside and devoted exclusively to these purposes. These tests may be short stretches of some particular track material or method of construction. Or they may be stretches of a hundred miles of line on which the performance of new types of freight car trucks, to take only one example, is tried out under operating conditions in test trains containing instrument cars which are really rolling laboratories.

Perhaps as good an example as any of how these things are tried out on the railroads is the story of the development in recent years of better freight car air brakes. The first testing was done with sets of air brakes of new types arranged on test racks in the laboratory at Purdue University to simulate the workings on a train of 100 cars. The type of brake which performed best on the test rack was installed in a special train in which the number of cars had been increased to 150. This train, which contained a number of instrument cars to record

performance, was operated on mountain railroads in Oregon and California. After this test, the brakes were returned to the laboratory to work out defects which had developed in the field. Then they were re-installed in a 150 car train and once more subjected to road tests, this time in Pennsylvania, before the new air brake was declared ready for general use. The cost to the railroads and the air brake companies for the entire test was in the neighborhood of ten million dollars—and now the whole process is being repeated in laboratory and train tests of still another brake—this latest one designed to handle trains more smoothly by varying the braking pressure according to the loaded or light weight of the cars.

This combination of laboratory research and field testing on the proving ground of our railroad tracks is essential in the further advancement of the industry. Much, though not all, of the laboratory work is done in the Central Research Laboratory of the Association of American Railroads located on the campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. No sooner was this large laboratory opened in 1950 than the rapidly growing research program of the Association of American Railroads began to outgrow it, and today we are going ahead with an additional building for enlarged mechanical research. A major project in this field, being pursued not only at the AAR laboratory but also by the Armour Research Institute of Chicago and the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, looks toward improvement in the design, metallurgy, lubrication and performance of axle bearings of freight cars in our constant war on that enemy of railroad performance, the hot box.

Important as are axle bearings, they are, however, but one detail of freight cars—and freight cars are but one part of the whole great machine of the railroads. To measure the advancement of the enterprise as a whole, it is necessary to look at operations as a whole.

There is no one measurement which reflects the results of all the changes and advances but the one which comes nearest to doing so is the hourly transportation output of the average freight train—a figure which reflects not only train loads but train speeds. So great has been the increase in both these factors that the average freight train of 1951 turned out almost three times as many ton-miles of transportation service per hour as the average train of 1921; almost twice as much as the train of 1931; and nearly 50 per cent more than the train of 1941.

The Needs of Tomorrow

Who, thirty years ago, could have foreseen the advances which have been made in railroading? And who today can say what the advance will be in the decades ahead?

Certain it is that never has there been greater zeal and activity in pushing out the frontiers of knowledge than there is today. And certain it is that much of the new knowledge to be gained can be, and will be, applied to railroads and railroading. Certain it is that the gains to be achieved will benefit not merely railroads but all of us in an America whose production, whose very life, depends on steel rails.

Just as the transportation needs of 1951 could not have been met by the railroad plant of 1921, so the needs of 1981, or for that matter the needs of 1961, cannot be met to the full with the plant, equipment and methods of 1951. To meet ever-growing needs with ever-better service, rendered at decreasing costs, there must be unremitting research and invention. But the most devoted and ingenious research is not enough by itself, unless somewhere there is someone willing to invest the money it takes to put the results of research to work. And that willingness to invest—so essential to the life of any business in a free-enterprise economy—depends upon earnings, or the prospect of earnings.

Railroad earnings have not been sufficient in these postwar years to warrant investment on the scale which is required. And yet during those same years the railroads have invested an average of more than a billion dollars a year in better tracks and terminals, better shops and signals, better cars and engines, better everything.

This tremendous program of improvement has been, on the part of the railroads, an act of faith—faith that the public and the government will come to recognize the railroads for the highly competitive industry they are rather than the monopoly they are supposed once to have been; faith that railroad management will be granted greater latitude to adjust rates, fares and services to changing and flexible conditions; faith that railroads will be recognized and treated as a business, created by private investment, subject to the same economic necessities as any other business, and entitled to the same chance to operate on a business basis, without the added pressures of unnecessarily rigid restrictions or of government-aided competition.

We have it on Scriptural authority that faith will move mountains—but I suppose this to mean that the actual moving job has to be done with the tools which someone has the faith to provide. The people who have invested in railroads have provided for America a great machine for moving mountains of goods and products—a machine which in World War II moved more than 90 per cent of all war freight, and which today, and on any other average day, moved more than ten ton-miles for every man, woman and child in the United States. On faith, a tremendous job has been done, striking advances have been made. And if that faith shall prove to have been justified, jobs bigger than we have yet seen will be done, and advances even more striking will be made as America moves forward to her great destiny.

THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editors JOHN CHAMBERLAIN FORREST DAVIS
Managing Editor SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

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Our Contributors

WILLIAM FAULKNER ("The Duty to be Free") was the third American to receive the Nobel Prize in literature. This was in 1949 and came after many years of novel writing, beginning with "The Marble Faun" in 1924, during which he finally won to front-rank position in American literature. For years a controversial figure among the critics, Faulkner in this issue of the *Freeman* attests his faith in the principles which, in his opinion and ours, brought the United States to eminence and power. . . . The writing team of RAYMOND MOLEY and RAYMOND MOLEY, JR., makes its debut in this issue with a detailed study of how the American election campaign was misrepresented in the British press. Mr. Moley, Sr., is, of course, the widely known contributing editor of *Newsweek* and Professor of Public Law at Columbia. His son served as a Navy lieutenant under Admiral Joy in the Korean negotiations and is now employed on the *Columbus Dispatch*.

Both FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., and NORBERT MUHLEN have enjoyed exceptional opportunities to understand the German scene. Mr. Sondern was foreign editor of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate and is now a roving editor of the *Reader's Digest*. He reported the operations of the American Military Government in Germany. Mr. Muhlen, a Ph.D. from the University of Munich, came to the United States in 1940. He has revisited Germany since the war and his new book, "Germany Comes Back," will be published soon by Regnery.

The book review section includes reviews by William Henry Chamberlin; David Stolberg, son of the late and beloved Ben Stolberg; Miss Roberta Yerkes, associate editor of the Yale University Press and, as the youngest contributor, Stephen Brynes, age fourteen. Master Brynes attends the Hightstown, N. J., High School and reports that he would like to do more reviews because "it is the easiest job I have ever done for anyone."

Among Ourselves

The cover cartoon for this issue, as well as the illustrations, are by André Charlet, who was for fifteen years a political cartoonist for leading Parisian magazines, including *Gringoire*. Mr. Charlet is becoming an American citizen. . . . In submitting his brief article for this issue, Louis Bromfield wrote from his famous Malabar Farm in Ohio a note with this welcome observation: "The *Freeman* gets better and better."

We are privileged to publish a kind word concerning the *Freeman's* influence from the Rev. James Harry Price, Rector of St. James the Less in Scarsdale, N. Y., who wrote:

The influence of the *Freeman* in helping to bring about the salvation of the American people is important. The moral challenge to the intellectuals has led many more than your immediate readers to bring themselves into conformity with natural law and to act like moral beings and like men, rather than puppets of the state. Keep up the good work, and God bless you.

THE Freeman

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1953

The Fortnight

When the history of the 83rd Congress is written, some will say of it that nothing became it more than the way it was born. And indeed we shamelessly confess to an old-fashioned sentimental pride in the dignity, the humor and the superb manners which Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin displayed in changing the guard. Reading their elegant yet spicy remarks at the organizing session of the new House, we caught ourselves whistling "Yankee Doodle" as well as "Dixie" with a tremolo which any certified Internationalist would have correctly diagnosed as produced by that dangerous and obsolete emotion—unadulterated American patriotism.

Harry Truman seems to be irked over the six medals that were awarded to Senator Joe McCarthy at the year's turn for "heroism and extraordinary achievement" during his 1943-44 aerial combat missions in the Pacific. In the good old days a mighty ruler of 150 million subjects could have halted any such nonsense merely by invoking a Bill of Attainder against the likes of Joe. Too bad our ex-King Harry happened to be born out of his time.

Sensitive Americans, who are inclined to see (and resent) their country as an unprecedented nation of illiterate Calibans, might be interested to learn that a correspondent of the London *Spectator* "who has had cause to spend some weeks in [English] South Coast hotels, and watched the reading habits of some sixty people, saw not one book and not many of the more serious newspapers." All we can say is that we fully endorse the comment the *Spectator's* editor added to this report: "You may think this a bad thing or a good thing; I simply give facts as they are given to me."

The Associated Press, without whose attention a few sparrows can fall from the roofs of the world, reported recently that a Soviet publishing house has distributed 20,000,000 copies of Stalin's latest hit, "The Economic Problems of Socialism in the Soviet Union," and 10,000,000 copies of his

"Speech to the Nineteenth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party." We are filing this bit of intelligence against the day (and the day will come!) when *Harper's* or the *Saturday Review* or the *Atlantic Monthly* incorporates these staggering statistics in a periodic evaluation of the enviably high state of literacy in the Soviet Union. That a single Soviet author enjoys a circulation of 30,000,000 copies in a single month must pique Mr. Spillane whose several horrors, available in two-bit pocket book editions, have sold here only 11,000,000 copies over a period of several years. A backward country, this America, when it comes to books — and let us always be fair and objective enough to admit it, fellow intellectuals!

The Soviet zone Supreme Court has ruled that East German women divorced from their husbands must earn their own living henceforth and, instead of receiving alimony, "work for the fulfillment of the economic plan." This we learn from a newspaper clipping a friend of ours sent with the written comment, "the first good news from behind the Iron Curtain." The reason we don't believe a word our correspondent says is that 1) he is a hopeless admirer of femininity, and 2) he would rather pay alimony to women he has never seen than let them work to fulfill any "economic plan."

Our old friend Dick Neuberger, Oregon journalist who has been hymning the virtues of public power projects for years, has made an eye-opening discovery. Visiting the British Columbia town of Kitimat, site of the Aluminum Company of Canada's great new power project, he has learned that private enterprise can reverse whole watersheds and create an artificial waterfall whose "head," or drop of water, is 2500 feet. (The head of Grand Coulee is only 350 feet, and the water at Niagara drops a mere 165 feet.)

Writing the astounding story of the Kitimat project for the January *Harper's*, Mr. Neuberger tells how the Aluminum Company of Canada is damming an eastward-flowing river draining a series of lakes in British Columbia, thus reversing its current. A tunnel through a mountain will carry the water to the tremendous 2500-foot drop over the lip of a fjord into the Pacific. A hydroelectric

plant built into a mountainside (making it safe from Soviet bombers) will generate enough electricity to produce ingots of raw aluminum at a power cost of 1 cent a pound—the cheapest rate on the North American continent. Excess power will go to pulp mills, the idea being that ships bearing bauxite to Kitimat need something for a return cargo to the Caribbean. The whole story, as Mr. Neuberger tells it, is just as stirring as his previous stories on Bonneville and Grand Coulee. Only this time the hero is not big government but big industry. We congratulate Dick Neuberger on his ability to report the story of Kitimat without political blinders, and we hope that Stuart Chase, that other enthusiast for public power projects, will follow the Neuberger trail into the Canadian Northwest.

A Slight Case of Treason

The British government appears to view treason as lightly as Dr. Alan Nunn May, the first Soviet atomic spy to be convicted and punished. It not only released Dr. May after he had served six years and eight months of a ten-year sentence, but it took extraordinary steps to prevent his being “hounded by the press,” as a Home Office spokesman considerately put it. An elaborate mock release was staged to mislead waiting reporters and photographers while Stalin’s collaborator was spirited away from jail to a secret haven.

It did not remain secret long. Within hours Dr. May revealed both his whereabouts and his state of mind in a public statement not only denying that his wartime espionage was treason but declaring that he thought he had acted rightly and believed many others thought so too. He even intimated that by helping Soviet Russia to place the free world in mortal danger he had somehow furthered the “development of the peaceful uses of atomic energy” in Great Britain.

Outside the Truman-Acheson Administration we order these things differently in the United States. Alger Hiss, like Dr. May a well behaved prisoner—and like Dr. May an unrepentant spy—was denied parole; and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg have thus far met a firm negative response to every appeal for court action to save them from the death sentence pronounced by Judge Irving R. Kaufman. Indeed, only three days after Dr. May’s statement Judge Kaufman, in the face of world-wide Communist and “liberal” pressure, denied them judicial clemency in a decision which dealt unanswerably with the moral aspects of the soft attitude which thousands of well-intentioned sentimentalists take toward treason. He said:

... They turned over information to Russia concerning the most deadly weapon known to man, thereby exposing millions of their countrymen to danger or death. . . .

The fact that the acts of the defendants were not

characterized as treason . . . does not reduce the enormity of the offence. . . .

But the Rosenbergs contend that Russia was our ally in 1944 and 1945 and hence this court in imposing sentence was using hindsight. To accept this contention is to approve the theory that this is not a government of responsible civil and military leaders, charged with the duty of determining what military secrets are to be given to a foreign power, but that the decision rests with any individual who might be disgruntled with the determination made by our leaders on matters affecting our security. . . .

This court has no doubt but that if the Rosenbergs were ever to attain their freedom, they would continue in their deep-seated devotion and allegiance to Soviet Russia, a devotion which has caused them to choose martyrdom and to keep their lips sealed.

What assurance, one wonders, did the British authorities have that Dr. May, who believes he was right in pitting his judgment on official secrets against that of his government, would not also continue to serve his Soviet masters after his release? According to the Home Office, he is once more a British citizen in good standing, who can not even be refused a passport if he applies for it. In other words, he is free to come and go as he pleases—on secret Soviet business if he pleases. Which raises the question: Can a crime be said to have been expiated so long as the criminal does not even admit that it *was* a crime? And can an unrepentant criminal be trusted not to repeat his crime if opportunity offers? The clemency shown Dr. May by the British government must inevitably encourage other Soviet spies to believe that in Great Britain at least they may look for indulgent treatment of the crime of treason, no matter how seriously it may endanger the British nation—and with it the whole free world.

Wanted, Some Reporters

Nieman Reports is a magazine published by the Nieman Alumni Council of Harvard University’s Nieman Fellows. Inasmuch as *Nieman Reports* is devoted to the problems of journalism and written largely by journalists, many of whom have had a year at Harvard on a Nieman grant, we follow the lucubrations of this organ of opinion with a fascinated eye. It has its undoubted virtues when it is small-l liberal, but its defects are hugely and transcendently McLiberal. This means that it is generous in its concern for a free press but extraordinarily narrow in its notion of what a free press should be free to do.

In the January, 1953 issue of *Nieman Reports*, for example, we have Zechariah Chafee, Jr., noted defender of free speech, taking off on the subject of the report issued five years ago by the Robert M. Hutchins Commission on the Freedom of the Press. Chafee was himself a member of that commission, and he thinks its report still has relevance to the practices of contemporary journalism. With

the ideas expressed in the five-year-old report, "A Free and Responsible Press," we are not concerned here. What we are concerned with is Professor Chafee's almost total blindness to the main problem of modern journalism—which is the vast and overwhelming problem of how to get the modern reporter up off his fundament and out into the world to look for the linkages of fact that go to make up the real news in contradistinction to news of the canned or hand-out variety.

We grew up in a generation of good reporters—and when we say good we imply no judgment on the degree of "liberalism" or "conservatism" involved in their findings. We grew up in a newspaper world that included the *New York Times's* Alva Johnston (a rock-ribbed Tory) and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch's* Paul Anderson (a flaming radical). The point about these men is that they wanted to know not only everything in general, but everything in particular about the things that were mysteries to their competitors. They wanted beats, exclusives and exposures, and went out to get them.

We may romanticize the giants of a bygone day, but we don't think so. For the giants haven't died, they have simply taken their special talents out of an increasingly supine daily journalism into different and more hospitable fields. When you encounter a news beat today you will in all probability find it coming out of the mouth of a radio commentator, or from the typewriter of an off-beat magazine contributor or pamphleteer. A generation ago these men would have been found in newspaper city rooms or in the out-of-town bureaus of the bigger papers. Today they must make a more precarious living. There are, of course, columnists like George Sokolsky, Pegler, Arthur Krock, David Lawrence and the Alsops who mix superior reporting with their commentary, whether right, center or left, but we are speaking here of reporters as such, not those who editorialize as well as dig up facts.

Since we are spending some 60 billions a year to defend ourselves against the ramifications of the Soviet conspiracy, it should be granted readily that the Communist menace is the generator of the biggest American news problem of the day. But who has been the watch-dog on the ruses of the Soviet apparatus? Who first exposed the *Amerasia* case, or the "agrarian reformer" pretensions of Comrade Mao Tse-tung? Who first got hold of the big news that the Christian Democratic, not the Socialist, parties of Europe would be the strongest bars to the spread of communism after the war? Who first broke the news that the Communists had used the Institute of Pacific Relations as a cover-shop for spying and influence purposes? Who informed us about Katyn, about the provisions of Yalta, and about the real impact of the Marshall Mission to China? Who uncovered the Communist manipulation of "peace" societies and of book publishers? And, to go back a bit, who first solved the mystery of Pearl Harbor, that story of a virtually invited attack that got us into a two-front war for the tri-

umph of communism instead of a one-front war for Nazism's defeat by Western liberalism, small-1?

A good inquiry into the problems of "a free and responsible press" might turn up an enlightening series of answers to these questions and others like them. We haven't the resources that went into the making of the Hutchins investigation, but we can make a stab right here at some tentative answers. Purely from memory we should say that the ins and outs of Mao Tse-tung's "agrarian reformer" racket were first exposed by magazine writers like Freda Utley, by publicists like Alfred Kohlberg, and by editors like Isaac Don Levine of *Plain Talk*, not by the men and women of the daily press. The truth about Katyn and Yalta was not, so far as we are aware, first told by daily journalists but in books by Arthur Bliss Lane, Ex-Premier Mikolajczyk and so on (and we can honor the Hearst press here for syndicating Mikolajczyk). The truth about the impotence of European "Third Force" parties and the rising efficacy of the Christian Democratic and Catholic Center parties was first announced, we believe, not in the daily headlines but by our own contributor William S. Schlamm in the pages of *Fortune*. As for the Communist infiltration of such things as the IPR, the UN agencies and the book-publishing industry, the news stories about these were broken by such people as Irene Kuhn in the *American Legion Magazine*, by Victor Lasky in a variety of magazines, by our own Alice Widener, and by numerous contributors to the *New Leader*, *Plain Talk* and *Human Events*. Finally, to come to the Pearl Harbor story, the first facts about that were vouchsafed to us in a pamphlet by John T. Flynn. Has Louis Lyons, the shepherd of the Nieman Fellows, ever asked Mr. Flynn to give a talk to his flock on the art of establishing the evidence for a news beat on a great mystery of State?

No doubt the people who get out *Nieman Reports* will argue that we are treading on very controversial ground when we associate the truth about China with Freda Utley, or the truth about Pearl Harbor with John Flynn. They will probably say that the "charges" of such people have not been "proved." Well, Teapot Dome and other big stories of the twenties weren't "proved" either until Owen Roberts and Attorney General Harlan Stone swung into action for the government. But this didn't stop such papers as the old *New York World* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of Paul Anderson's day from turning up facts that led to some mighty uncomfortable questions. The business of the reporter is not necessarily to "prove" something in the absolute legal definition of the term. It is to assemble the facts that make for the most likely hypotheses. If we were invariably to wait on a judge and jury and courtroom operatives for our information we would never understand our world in time to save it.

Our own standard of what constitutes free and responsible journalism will not, we fear, commend itself to the Nieman Fellow hierarchy or to Professor Chafee. The McLiberal, in contrast to the liberal, is more concerned with protecting his pic-

ture of the world than in discovering what goes on. He is more concerned with being a Right-Thinker, 1953 mode, than in being an inquisitive dog with a long nose. But the inquisitive dogs will come from somewhere, for the world is going to have its news.

Puzzle for Marxists

M. S. Handler, in an unusually intelligent dispatch to the *New York Times*, calls "the resurrection of dynamic industrial capitalism in western Germany" a "puzzle for Marxists." Mr. Handler submits that "this situation is hard to reconcile with the dogmatic [Marxist] idea that modern capitalism is in the process of leaving the stage of history and that the advent of socialism is inevitable with or without wars."

The prodigious facts of the German recovery, strangely neglected in the American press, are impressively summarized in Mr. Handler's able report. In 1952 western Germany's gross national income reached the thirty-billion-dollar mark—the world's highest national income (on a per-capita basis) if one properly discards the unique and altogether incomparable case of the U. S. (The German building industry, in fact, has outstripped that of the U. S. in pace, cost and quality.) At the same time, western Germany has approached full employment, retained (alone among Western nations) relative price stability throughout 1952 and achieved retail sales considerably above prewar levels. In short, the spectacular growth of the national product has been immediately translated into rising standards of living.

All this happened, Mr. Handler notes, "without the benefit of five-year plans or any visible form of central planning." And any Marxist or Keynesian who would try to explain the magnificent revival of West German capitalism with U. S. pump-priming would be falsifying the patent facts: U. S. aid amounted to less than 6 per cent of the new capital invested in German recovery—which is incomparably less than the U. S. subsidy to any other European participant in Marshall Plan aid. More than 94 per cent of the creative German investments were industrial and commercial profits plowed back into a gratefully responding economy. The German investment rate in 1952 reached more than 22 per cent of the year's national income—compared with about 3 per cent in Great Britain (not to speak of France).

But Mr. Handler, though commendably alert in noticing the Marxist embarrassment, has himself not quite grasped the momentous meaning of the German "puzzle." The miracle, he thinks, was wrought by the Germans' "vast degree of technical knowledge, organizing ability, research, a disciplined labor force, social tranquility, coal, iron and a will to power." All this, to be sure, contributed. But none of these formidable resources is uniquely German; and not even their most auspicious combi-

nation could have created the singular German phenomenon.

Its true, its only satisfactory explanation is, perhaps significantly, not even mentioned in the *Times's* quizzical survey of triumphant German capitalism: western Germany was the only nation in the world which after the war *deliberately* returned to the unfettered principles of a free market economy! The resurrection of German capitalism was an act of will, of courage, of faith in liberal economics—an act that can be directly traced to the boldness of Dr. Ludwig Ehrhard, Chancellor Adenauer's Minister of Economic Affairs.

Professor Ehrhard is one of the few disciples of the neo-liberal school of economics who, in our lifetime, have had a chance to test their convictions in a determining position of power. And the point is that Dr. Ehrhard *used* his chance. Being the rare man with the courage of his convictions, he rejected the Keynesian counsels of the British and American Military Governors and threw the doors open to virtually unregulated private competition, rewarding risk investment and the free-swinging mechanisms of price and profits. He bet Germany's assets, dissipated by twelve years of Nazi statism and war regimentation, on the validity of his liberal economic beliefs. And he won.

There is of course, amidst this wonder, no wonder at all that this man who sowed the seeds of unprecedented German prosperity reaped for himself only a furious ingratitude and, ultimately, a studied global anonymity. For so entrenched in our world is the Marxist and Keynesian perversion that the one man who, when chance lifted him into a position of power, proved the Planners spectacularly wrong, must not receive recognition for his historic deed. But somehow we have a happy feeling that this conspiracy of silence won't work. The prodigal Western world seems on its way back to the paternal house of freedom, and the light of indisputable fact is bound to penetrate the great journalistic blackout.

Change

So the people voted for change. From what to what? That was never precisely understood. Just change. It was time for change.

Now to make some operative sense of it we are obliged to suppose that what people thought they wanted was change from a controlled economy toward a free economy, or, specifically, less intervention by government in the transactions of everyday life, such as renting a place to live in, filling a basket at the grocery store or putting the bulge in the pay envelope.

In that case the perfect foretoken would be an immediate decree by the new Administration abolishing wage and price controls, not waiting for the law to run out on April 30. The effect would be two-fold. First, we should know the slant of the Ad-

ministration's mind, and what more to expect; secondly, we should discover whether or not the people really want change and if they can take it. The sooner we find that out the better.

In the economic world there is no such thing as painless change. One man's gain may be another's loss, or for one there may be both gain and loss; and again, what hurts today may be good for tomorrow. This is true even when change is from the free play of natural forces. Much more is it true when the change is from restraint toward freedom—that is, from controlled to free prices. No matter how false the previous condition may have been, many interests will have become selfishly ramified in its artificial patterns. Moreover, habits of competition will have been weakened. Change then will be surgical and the patient may have to learn again how to walk alone.

Suppose now that as a first step wage and price controls are abolished by Executive decree. Free prices do not stand still. One of two things will happen. They will either rise or fall.

If they rise will people say, "See, you Adam Smith economists, how wrong you were," and clamor to have the ceilings back; or will they have the fortitude to pay the prices and await the natural consequences, which will be increased production of the things the higher prices are calling for?

But what if prices fall, as they may well do, since symptoms of weakness in the wholesale price structure have been present for several months? What if they fall steeply, which is possible owing to the greatly underestimated increase in the country's productive capacity—so steeply as to suggest the onset of deflation, depression and unemployment? How would people take that?

We think that instead of taking it grimly they would go back to Mr. Eisenhower's Peoria speech, last October 2, where, on the dread subject of depression, he said: "It is our pledge that the full powers of government and every national resource will be devoted to seeing that it shall never happen again in America."

That is New Deal doctrine, with only this difference—that the aim now would be to stabilize at the top the greatest and perhaps the most dangerous inflationary boom that was ever known, whereas the New Deal was trying to lift the country out of a slough, and failed, and had to let it fall back. It took World War II to end a depression which the New Deal only prolonged.

In view of the fact that no government has ever yet been able to save a country from depression, the hold this doctrine has upon popular thinking must be counted one of the mass delusions of our time. Even so, it has to be reckoned with. Here is *Life* magazine devoting one entire issue to the theme that we can never smash up again, because, for one thing, the government now is too intelligent and too powerful to let it happen.

Certainly we may expect that if at any time in the next four years the dream of a self-accelerating perpetual boom should run into waking trouble not

only people but business, too, would demand that the government intervene to restore it, and free enterprise and free competition be damned. And if the government did intervene again, necessarily on a greater scale than ever before, we might as well say to ourselves, "Here is where we came in." The rest would be requiem.

The attitude of business is somewhat like that of the Small Business Committee of the House. It has just made a report in favor of a cautious approach to the decontrol of wages and prices, because it thinks prices are not likely to rise—but even a cautious approach should be safeguarded by giving the President power to impose a "limited price freeze" in case of emergency. The waters of free competition are wild and cold.

And all of this is about the first step only. We have gone so far from a free economy that we have almost forgotten what it was. Some indirect controls are so deeply entrenched as now to be thought of as permanent.

One is the sacred system of benefits and guarantees for agriculture. The government uses public funds to maintain prices that shall be profitable to the farmer, and for this the consumer of food is taxed twice—once at the grocery store where he pays the upheld price and again on his income tax return where he provides the funds the government uses to keep food dear.

How many people are aware that the Secretary of Agriculture is directed by a special law to keep sugar always a little scarce in order to hold up the price? He does this by limiting the amount of sugar that may be imported. Last year he set the limit 400,000 tons short of the country's estimated consumption, saying this "negative allowance" was necessary as a price stimulus in aid of the domestic sugar industry. You may be sure the sugar industry is not wailing for free competition.

We could go on. When and if direct controls of wages and prices are abolished we might still fill several pages of the *Freeman* with a list of other controls—over capital, credit, materials, buying and selling, foreign trade, economic adventure, even the size of the hole in a Swiss cheese.

The questions we raise belong not to pessimism but to political reality. How much change do the people want? How much will they take if it hurts? What price is business willing to pay for a return to free prices and free markets, supposing that free enterprise is not in fact already a legend? Nobody knows. And it behooves an Administration that has been elected on a slogan of change to find out.

Our pessimism consists only in this—that we suppose the answers will demonstrate the pain and pleasure principle that now dominates social and economic thinking, and ignore the moral contained in Edna Lonigan's phrase that you can not control prices without controlling people. It is not the price of a pound of butter. It is your freedom to charge what you like, pay what you like and do what you will with your own.

GARET GARRETT



An Editor's Notebook

By FORREST DAVIS

Mr. Truman's State of the Union speech was a rather superior forensic effort, bearing little or no relation to the retiring President's political style. It manifested anew the myopia which has inflicted this and the preceding Roosevelt Administration concerning the true nature of the Soviet world empire and its program of conquest. Mr. Truman's warning to Stalin not to launch an atomic war was rather moving on the surface. It was, however, unrealistic. The Soviet Union is proceeding through hundreds of thousands of skilfully instructed agents in every country on earth to undermine existing systems and orders, to shake people's faith in their institutional past, and to weaken the warlike resolve and the self-confidence of all peoples everywhere outside the Soviet order. The true menace of Soviet imperialism lies in the subversion which it spreads in the United States. There is more than a possibility that the Soviet Union may win the cold war to the extent that the West may become so enfeebled that it will lack the nerve to resist Soviet military might. That is our danger.

Mr. Truman bears the responsibility, with the leading men of his Administration, for having failed to detect this danger and act against it, except in the most overt and ineffective manner, i.e., the prosecution of official Communist Party leaders in our courts. The outgoing Administration has sheltered, defended and apologized for Soviet agents of high and low degree within its own ranks. We are underwhelmed by Mr. Truman's references to "corrosive fear" in relationship to the campaign by a Congressional committee and a grand jury against Soviet agents in the government and in the United Nations. Mr. Truman said "we must take our stand on the Bill of Rights. The inquisition and star chamber have no place in a free society."

Those are clichés worthy of the Mc-Liberal editorial writers of the great left-inclined newspapers of the Atlantic seaboard. This is anti-anti-communism at its darkest.

As the President spoke, heads continued to roll methodically at the United Nations. On that same day the case of David H. Weintraub was before the American people. The same newspapers that carried the address recorded the resignation of David Zablodowsky. Mr. Weintraub has been the director of the enormously important Division of Economic Stability and Development at the United Nations. This is the agency that, under David Owen, has been charged with planning the expenditure of United Nations (principally American) funds in the so-called backward regions. Under the scrutiny of the McCarran sub-committee and a grand jury meeting in New York City, Weintraub's division has been disclosed to be a nest of suspect persons, a number of whom have been dismissed or forced to resign. The Weintraub case is as yet inconclusive. He has not been revealed as a Communist and a potential Soviet agent. But in the news dispatches reporting his resignation, it was said that the FBI had received 43 adverse reports on him between the years 1945 and 1952.

Zablodowsky's case is equally depressing. As has been noted in the press, he has acknowledged a former connection with a Soviet espionage ring; and according to Whittaker Chambers, this ring devoted itself to procuring false American passports for Soviet agents. The tale of potential treason to the United States is by no means told. We may expect, under the impetus of a new Administration which has no stake in shielding subversives, that more and more will be revealed. Yet Mr. Truman obviously was referring to the time-honored work of Congress-

sional committees and grand juries as inquisitions and star chambers.

During the first six years of the New Deal, its able young men used senatorial investigations to blacken various institutions and practices associated with conservatism, capitalism and Republicanism. Wall Street, the munitions industry and other interests were laid under heavy siege in these inquiries. The technique paid off in establishing a climate of opinion among the people unfavorable to capitalism and conservative principles. Many of the persons injured or embarrassed by these investigations protested with vigor, using somewhat the same language that Mr. Truman employed. The self-styled liberals of the time, however, defended the discrediting of our traditional free enterprise system. It has been only recently that the shoe of Congressional inquiries has pinched the leftist liberals with whom Mr. Truman associated himself, as he has so often before, in his final speech to the Congress.

We are reminded of an occasion too little noted by the human male, namely, the report of certain biologists at the session last fall of the British Royal Institute, to the effect that parthenogenesis was now within the range of possibility for the cow. Already we had been told that it was possible among the rabbits. The plain implication of this news, both rabbit and cow being mammals of a rather high order, has obviously escaped the serious attention it deserves among the men folk. Actually, it portends the doom of the human male. If self-conception can be made practicable among female rabbits and cows, what, given the omniscience and selfless sufficiency of science, is to prevent it from being applied with the human female?

Never in the history of the animal kingdom on this earth has so startling, pregnant and alarming a situation heaved into view. This is, mark you, the first time that half of a species has faced oblivion. Although it is unlikely that man will disappear before this generation has passed from the scene, the dim and distant prospect of his extinction fills us, as a male, with awe and dread.

UN Takes Santa for a Ride

By ALICE WIDENER

How the United States was reduced to a minority of one in the UN's Economic Committee on a matter of grave significance to this country is told by Mrs. Widener in another of her widely quoted articles on the UN.

On December 30, 1952, the *New York Times* headlined: "UN is Attaining its Economic Aims," and continued: "United Nations program to spur industrial development in the underdeveloped countries reached full operation in 1952 and will be accelerated in 1953."

Americans were not told, however, that for 1953 the United States will put up more than 60 per cent of the money for this United Nations program but will have no voice at all in how a major part of it is carried out.

This startling fact was made plain on December 11, 1952 at a meeting of the UN General Assembly's Economic and Financial Committee, where a vote was taken on the adoption of a drastic proposal reaffirming rights of Member States to nationalize wealth and resources without mentioning the protection of the rights of investors. This proposal was, of course, characteristic of the kind of left-wing ethics that emphasizes rights without responsibilities and seems to declare that property rights are not desirable human rights. Moreover, it seems likely to thwart western Europe's and Great Britain's desire for "trade, not aid" by calling for aid rather than trade.

In the balloting, the United States cast a lone vote on behalf of free enterprise and the basic ethics of established international law. The actual count was 31 votes for the proposal, 19 abstentions, and one vote against. Thus the United States suffered a total defeat.

A Managed Maneuver

The tricky parliamentary maneuvering was summarized thus by a prominent foreign newspaper correspondent who followed the discussions closely:

The Economic and Financial Committee's Communist Chairman Nosek

of Czechoslovakia outwitted members of the committee to such an extent that amendments to the proposal submitted by the United States were first adopted one by one, then rejected as a whole, and a situation was created which led the United States to be in a minority of one in the United Nations, a situation that has never to my knowledge happened before.

At UN Headquarters, *New York Times* correspondent Will Lissner analyzed this major disaster in United States foreign relations as follows:

The General Assembly's Economic and Financial Committee today approved a proposal pushed by Bolivia and Iran intended to promote the nationalization of resource industries in less developed countries. The majority prevented the United States and other defenders of the rights of private investors from expressing their views, and rejected any reference to such rights.

The measure, which would seek to bar even diplomatic representation on behalf of nations with financial interests in companies abroad undergoing nationalization, was supported by 31 countries, and opposed only by the United States. Nineteen countries, including Britain and the Commonwealth bloc abstained, many because the proposal would conflict with their constitutions. Thus the opposition, in effect, included the abstainers.

The main paragraphs of the UN nationalization proposal — drafted by Uruguay and Bolivia with a few soothing but almost meaningless words added by India—appear to have been designed to persuade the UN General Assembly to support and to validate as a procedure for other nations the nationalization of Iranian oil and Bolivian tin without compensation to foreign and native investors. These paragraphs state that a plenary session of the General Assembly should adopt the resolution that the international body:

1. Recommends all Member States, in exercise of their right freely to use and exploit their national wealth and resources wherever deemed desirable by them for their own progress and economic development, to have due regard, consistently with their sovereignty, to the need for maintaining the flow of capital in conditions of security, mutual confidence and economic cooperation between nations.

2. Recommends further all Member States to refrain from acts, direct or indirect, designed to impede the exercise of the sovereignty of any State over its natural resources.

The U.S. Learned the Hard Way

In vain the United States sought the adoption of three amendments of which the main tenet was:

Countries deciding to develop their natural wealth and resources should refrain from taking action contrary to the applicable principles of international law and practice and to the provisions of international agreements, against the rights or interests of nationals of other Member States in the enterprise, skills, capital, arts or technology which they have supplied.

With the rejection of this amendment by the UN Economic and Financial Committee, two weeks before Christmas 1952, the United States learned the hard way that it doesn't pay dividends in international respect or good will for our country to play Santa Claus to half the world.

Mr. Lissner reported:

The Closure vote [which arbitrarily shut off fair debate on the issue at the Committee meeting] demonstrated that the United States had far fewer friends on whom it could rely in a diplomatic pinch than its delegation had been led to think. . . .

Moreover, the outcome [the 31 to one vote] raised fundamental doubts about many aspects of the foreign economic policy of the United States. . . .

The wide implication of the vote, according to Mr. Lissner, was that it represented a clear-cut diplomatic victory for the Soviet bloc which had been dinning into the ears of the less developed countries the line that they are mere "raw materials appendages" of the industrialized capitalist powers.

The truth of his interpretation was well illustrated by the conduct of the Soviet Union member of the Economic and Financial Committee. At most meetings held during sessions of the UN General Assembly, members of the Soviet bloc made long-winded speeches full of the wildest possible exaggeration. But at the meeting on the morning of December 10, 1952, during the crucial debate on the nationalization proposal, Mr. Arkadyev of the USSR took the floor to utter a single sentence: "My delegation will support the revised draft resolution."

Mr. Robert Byfield, New York Stock Exchange representative to the United Nations, later described Mr. Arkadyev's eight words as "the world's greatest understatement."

Actually there was no need for the Soviet Union delegate or any other Communist to expatiate on his support for the destruction of capitalism in the less developed countries, which Joseph Stalin describes as "the backward nations." All Communist economists are thoroughly familiar with Stalin's plan for the establishment of a single world economic system under Kremlin domination and know how to propagandize it successfully. Moreover, they are especially adept at inducing "liberals" and left-wing dupes to advocate the plan.

Stalin's Basic Economic Aim

Whether through incompetence, lack of information, or intention, the American members of the General Assembly's Economic and Financial Committee appear to have failed to make a shrewd and hard fight for free enterprise. Their victory would have depended largely on their ability to present clearly to the non-Communist committee members precisely what is the basic Communist economic aim as set forth in Stalin's master work, the unexpurgated edition of his book "Marxism and the National and Colonial Question."

Mr. Isador Lubin, representative of the United States, should have quoted to the Committee the following statements written by Stalin in 1921:

The national and colonial questions are inseparable from the question of the emancipation from the power of capital; . . .

If Europe and America may be called the front, the scene of the main engagements between socialism and imperialism (the highest form of capitalism), the non-sovereign nations and the colonies, with their raw materials, fuel, food and vast store of human material, should be regarded as the rear, the reserves. . . .

In order to win a war one must not only triumph at the front but also revolutionize the enemy's rear, his reserves.

A new element has been introduced into the national question—the element of real and not merely juridical equalization of nations—helping and encouraging the backward nations to raise themselves to the cultural and economic level of the more advanced nations. Unless real and prolonged aid to the backward nationalities . . . is forthcoming, it will be impossible to bring . . . the various nations and peoples within a single world economic system that is so essential for the final triumph of socialism.

. . . in the post-war period, when the problems of the restoration of the productive forces destroyed by the war assume prime importance, military alliances must be supplemented by economic alliances.

There are occasions when the right of self-determination conflicts with the right of the proletariat to consolidate its power. In such cases—this must be said bluntly—the former must give way to the latter. This must therefore not be forgotten when handing out all sorts of promises to the nationals, when bowing and scraping before the representatives of the nationalities. . . .

Then Stalin summed up in his realistic, objective way: "Two things are possible: either we succeed in stirring up and revolutionizing the far imperialist rear and thereby hasten the fall of capitalism, or we muff it; . . ."

The Kremlin certainly did not "muff it" at the seventh session of the UN General Assembly in 1952. And to students of the Communist literature, the arguments presented on behalf of the Economic and Financial Committee's nationalization proposal had a familiar ring.

According to the UN's official summary record of the Committee de-

bate (A/C.2/Sr.231) Mr. Cusano of Uruguay, the country which originally introduced the proposal, said that "As to the substance of the question raised in his draft resolution, nationalization was, no doubt, an old principle of state socialism [*vide* Stalin, 1921]; however, it was timeliness rather than age that gave principles their value."

Our Defeat Causes Concern

The Kremlin's success was assured at a plenary session of the General Assembly on Sunday night, December 21, when the Assembly adopted the Bolivian-Uruguayan nationalization resolution, as amended by India, by a vote of 36 to 4 with 20 abstentions. The Soviet bloc voted unanimously for the resolution. Against it were only the United Kingdom, South Africa, New Zealand and the United States.

Belatedly, U. S. representative Lubin made the forceful statement:

In our opinion, this resolution will be interpreted by private investors everywhere in the world that they had better think twice before they place their capital in underdeveloped countries. The fear that this resolution has already stirred up is evident.

This fear had been expressed by prominent Americans after our country suffered the earlier defeat of December 11. On December 16 the New York Stock Exchange issued a press release in which its President, Mr. Keith Funston, denounced the nationalization resolution which he said would have unfortunate and lasting effects on the free flow of capital from this country.

On December 17 the U. S. Chamber of Commerce sent a telegram of protest to Secretary of State Acheson and to Ambassador Austin. It viewed with grave concern the adoption of a resolution by the United Nations which

. . . clearly implies the right of a country to nationalize its natural resources without corresponding provision being made for prompt, adequate and effective compensation to foreign investors affected by such action.

The entire situation concerning the UN's nationalization resolution has been ably reviewed in a forth-

coming article by Mr. Robert Byfield, financial editor of the *Manufacturer's Record*:

The events . . . were made possible by or are the end-products of not any single or isolated act or mistake, but rather of a long series of actions and policy failures on the part of a number of countries including our own. . . .

Briefly, an obvious cause was the steady pounding of Soviet propaganda, in and out of the UN and its committees and special agencies, including the Economic and Social Council. Another was the failure of the delegates from the underdeveloped countries to understand the workings and structure of modern American capitalism combined with our failure to explain it to them.

The nationalization policy of the British Labor Party offered an example to the whole world of a means of extinguishing private enterprise.

Finally, both American foreign policy and American business must share a portion of the blame. The former has failed to support properly the rights of those Americans who risked their capital abroad. . . . And business itself, as well as most of the great business associations, either because of fear or frustration or lack of facts, has not adequately and firmly pressed its case.

Some of these mistakes can be cured or reversed. Much damage has, however, been irreparable, including that to the prestige and position of the United Nations itself in United States business and taxpaying circles. . . .

Evolution or Revolution

As a principal means of cure, the new Administration in Washington must define for the world the main point at issue in the cold war. This point lies in the Kremlin's distinction of the difference between peaceful reform and revolutionary change.

Both Lenin and Stalin said: "We must liquidate the peaceful reformists as enemies of the revolution."

It is a fact that the freedom-loving peoples of the world are *peaceful reformists* dedicated to social improvement through evolutionary means. But the Kremlin oligarchy are revolutionaries seeking the overthrow of existing world society for the purpose of its domination and "integration with the home and hearth of the world revolution, the USSR."

Stalin declared: "The international policy of the USSR is a *peace*

policy based on the interests of the ruling class in Soviet Russia." It is the basic tenet of the Kremlin that international peace and prosperity can be achieved only after the destruction of capitalism and the establishment of a world dictatorship of the proletariat under the single will of the Soviet dictator.

Communists regard all peaceful reformists as enemies because any measure of peaceful evolutionary progress strengthens a society they wish to destroy. To bring about this destruction, they pretend during any advantageous period to support all projects of peaceful reform in order to penetrate the ranks of the reformists and to disrupt them.

Therefore the choice before the developed and underdeveloped nations of the world is: 1) Either they devote themselves to evolutionary progress through peaceful reformist capitalism; or 2) they submit themselves to revolutionary national destruction through dictatorial com-

This Is What They Said

To Valery I. Mezhlauk, chairman of the State Planning Commission of the USSR, the authors wish to make special acknowledgement. From the outset, Mr. Mezhlauk has offered and procured every facility needed. His advice and assistance in selecting the field of research and in acquiring masses of data have been invaluable.

SUSAN M. KINGSBURY and MILDRED FAIRCHILD, preface to "Factory, Family and Woman in the Soviet Union," 1935

I think New York City voters in electing him [William O'Dwyer] will give themselves a "good deal" and help in the fight for control by the people as against control by certain powerful groups.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, syndicated column, August 10, 1945

Psychologically, the very fact that I was innocent made the whole nightmare more paralyzing. The charges against me built up a circumstantial picture of a man who might have existed. I was not that man, but those were the charges I had to refute. If I am not careful, I might

fall into a trap. People might think I was trying to defend myself against real charges.

OWEN LATTIMORE, "Ordeal by Slander," 1950

The *New York Times* of July 8 [1951] had a dilly in its foreign news section: "The Third International was Lenin's Comintern, and the Fourth was the counter-revolutionary Trotskyite group." Only seasoned Stalinites steeped in party-line argot ever refer to the Trotskyites as "counter-revolutionary."

AMERICAN LEGION TRENDS AND DEVELOPMENTS, September 1951

Demagoguery?

There is no substitute for personal conversation with the commander in the field who knows the problems there from first-hand experience. He has information at his fingertips which can be of help to all of us in deciding upon the right policies in these critical times.

HARRY S. TRUMAN after his Wake Island meeting with Gen. MacArthur, October 17, 1950

The celebrated American novelist and Nobel Prize winner of Oxford, Mississippi, presents a ringing testimonial to the sturdy virtue of responsibility.

The Duty to be Free

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

Years ago our fathers founded this nation on the premise of the rights of man. As they expressed it, "the inalienable right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In those days they knew what those words meant, not only the ones who expressed them, but the ones who heard and believed and accepted and subscribed to them. Because until that time, men did not always have those rights. At least, until that time, no nation had ever been founded on the idea that those rights were possible, let alone inalienable. So not only the ones who said the words, but the ones who merely heard them, knew what they meant. Which was this: "Life and liberty in which to pursue happiness. Life free and secure from oppression and tyranny, in which all men would have the liberty to pursue happiness." And both of them knew what they meant by "pursue." They did not mean just to chase happiness, but to work for it. And they both knew what they meant by "happiness" too: not just pleasure, idleness, but peace, dignity, independence and self-respect; that man's inalienable right was the peace and freedom in which, by his own efforts and sweat, he could gain dignity and independence, owing nothing to any man.

We knew what the words meant then, because we didn't have these things. And, since we didn't have them, we knew their worth. We knew that they were worth suffering and enduring and, if necessary, even dying to gain and preserve. We were willing to accept even the risk of death for them, since even if we lost them ourselves in relinquishing life to preserve them, we would still be able to bequeath them intact and inalienable to our children.

Which is exactly what we did, in

those old days. We left our homes, the land and graves of our fathers and all familiar things. We voluntarily gave up, turned our backs on, a security which we already had and which we could have continued to have, as long as we were willing to pay the price for it, which price was our freedom—of liberty of thought and independence of action and the right of responsibility. That is, by remaining in the old world, we could have been not only secure, but even free of the need to be responsible. Instead, we chose the freedom, the liberty, the independence and the inalienable right to responsibility. Almost without charts, in frail wooden ships with nothing but sails and our desire and will to be free to move them, we crossed an ocean which did not even match the charts we did have; we conquered a wilderness in order to establish a place, not to be secure in because we did not want that, we had just repudiated that, just crossed three thousand miles of dark and unknown sea to get away from that; but a place to be free in, to be independent in, to be responsible in.

And we did it. Even while we were still battling the wilderness with one hand, with the other we fended and beat off the power which would have followed us even into the wilderness we had conquered, to compel and hold us to the old way. But we did it. We founded a land, and founded in it not just our right to be free and independent and responsible, but the inalienable duty of man to be free and independent and responsible.

What I am talking about is responsibility. Not just the right but the duty of man to be responsible, the necessity of man to be responsible if he wishes to remain free;

not just responsible to and for his fellow man, but to himself; the duty of a man, the individual, each individual, every individual, to be responsible for the consequences of his own acts, to pay his own score, owing nothing to any man.

We knew it once, had it once. Because why? Because we wanted it above all else, we fought for it, endured, suffered, died when necessary, but gained it, established it, to endure for us and then to be bequeathed to our children.

Only, something happened to us. The children inherited. A new generation came along, a new era, a new age, a new century. The times were easier; the life and future of our nation as a nation no longer hung in balance; another generation, and we no longer had enemies, not because we were strong in our youth and vigor, but because the old tired rest of earth recognized that here was a nation founded on the principle of individual man's responsibility as individual man.

But we still remembered responsibility, even though, with easier times, we didn't need to keep the responsibility quite so active, or at least not so constantly so. Besides, it was not only our heritage, it was too recent yet for us to forget it, the graves were still green of them who had bequeathed it to us, and even of them who had died in order that it might be bequeathed. So we still remembered it, even if a good deal of the remembering was just lip-service.

Then more generations; we covered at last the whole face of the western earth; the whole sky of the western hemisphere was one loud American affirmation, one vast Yes; we were the whole world's golden envy; never had the amazed sun itself seen such a land of opportunity, in which all a man needed were two legs to move to a new place on, and two hands to grasp and hold with, in order to amass to himself enough material substance to last him the rest of his days and, who knew? even something over for his and his wife's children. And still he paid lip-service to the old words "freedom" and "liberty" and "independence"; the sky still rang and ululated with the thunderous affirmation, the golden Yes. Because the words in the old

premise were still true, for the reason that he still believed they were true. Because he did not realize yet that when he said "security," he meant security for *himself*, for the rest of *his* days, with perhaps a little over for *his* children; not for the children and the children's children of all men who believed in liberty and freedom and independence, as the old fathers in the old strong, dangerous times had meant it.

Because somewhere, at some moment, something had happened to him, to us, to all the descendants of the old tough, durable, uncompromising men, so that now, in 1952, when we talk of security, we don't even mean for the rest of our own lives, let alone that of our and our wife's children, but only for so long as we ourselves can hold our individual place on a public relief roll or at a bureaucratic or political or any other organization's gravy-trough. Because somewhere, at some point, we had lost or forgot or voluntarily rid ourselves of that one other thing, lacking which, freedom and liberty and independence can not even exist.

That thing is the responsibility, not only the desire and the will to be responsible, but the remembrance from the old fathers of the need to be responsible. Either we lost it, forgot it, or we deliberately discarded it. Either we decided that freedom was not worth the responsibility of being free, or we forgot that, to be free, a man must assume and maintain and defend his right to be responsible for his freedom. Maybe we were even robbed of responsibility, since for years now the very air itself—radio, newspapers, pamphlets, tracts, the voices of politicians—has been loud with talk about the rights of man—not the duties and obligations and responsibilities of man, but only the "rights" of man; so loud and so constant that apparently we have come to accept the sounds at their own evaluation, and to believe too that man has nothing else but rights: not the right to independence and freedom in which to work and endure in his own sweat in order to earn for himself what the old ancestors meant by happiness and the pursuit of it, but only the chance to swap his freedom and independence for the privilege of being free

of the responsibilities of independence; the right not to earn, but to be given, until at last, by simple compound usage, we have made respectable and even elevated to a national system, that which the old tough fathers would have scorned and condemned: charity.

In any case, we no longer have responsibility. And if we were robbed of it by such as this which now seems to have taken over responsibility, it was because we were vulnerable to that kind of ravishment; if we simply lost or forgot responsibility, then we too are to be scorned. But if we deliberately discarded it, then we have condemned ourselves, because I believe that in time, maybe not too long a time, we will discover that, as was said about one of Napoleon's acts, what we have committed is worse than a crime: it was a mistake.

Two hundred years ago, the Irish statesman, John Curran, said, "God hath vouchsafed man liberty only on condition of eternal vigilance; which condition if he break it, servitude is the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt." That was only two hundred years ago.

Our own old New England and Virginia and Carolina fathers knew that three hundred years ago, which was why they came here and founded this country. And I decline to believe that we, their descendants, have really forgotten it. I prefer to believe rather that it is because the enemy of our freedom now has changed his shirt, his coat, his face. He no longer threatens us from

across an international boundary, let alone across an ocean. He faces us now from beneath the eagle-perched domes of our capitals and from behind the alphabetical splatters on the doors of welfare and other bureaus of economic or industrial regimentation, dressed not in martial brass but in the habiliments of what the enemy himself has taught us to call peace and progress, a civilization and plenty where we never before had it as good, let alone better. His artillery is a debased and disrespectful currency which has emasculated the initiative for independence by robbing initiative of the only mutual scale it knew to measure independence by.

The economists and sociologists say that the reason for this condition is, too many people. I don't know about that, myself, since in my opinion I am even a worse sociologist and economist than a farmer. But even if I were a sociologist or economist, I would decline to believe this. Because to believe this, that man's crime against his freedom is that there are too many of him, is to believe that man's suffering on the face of the earth is threatened, not by his environment, but by himself: that he can not hope to cope with his environment and its evils, because he can not even cope with his own mass. Which is exactly what those who misuse and betray the mass of him for their own aggrandizement and power and tenure of office, believe: that man is incapable of responsibility and freedom, of fidelity and endurance and courage, that he not only can not choose good from evil, he can not even distinguish it, let alone practice the choice. And to believe that, you have already written off the hope of man, as they who have reft him of his inalienable right to be responsible have done, and you might as well quit now and let man stew on in peace in his own recordless and oblivious juice, to his deserved and ungrieved doom.

I, for one, decline to believe this. I decline to believe that the only true heirs of Boone and Franklin and George and Booker T. Washington and Lincoln and Jefferson and Adams and John Henry and John Bunyan and Johnny Appleseed and



Lee and Crockett and Hale and Helen Keller, are the ones denying and protesting in the newspaper headlines over mink coats and oil tankers and Federal indictments for corruption in public office. I believe that the true heirs of the old tough, durable fathers are still capable of responsibility and self-respect, if only they can remember them again. What we need is not fewer people, but more room between them, where those who would stand on their own feet, could, and those who won't, might have to. Then the welfare, the relief, the compensation, instead of being nationally sponsored cash prizes for idleness and ineptitude, could go where the old independent uncompromising fathers themselves would have intended it and blessed it.

Foreign Trends

If Ike Met Joe...

For the second time in a row, Europe's neutralists had the tough luck of seeing their dreams almost fulfilled. First, in sweeping the Republican candidate into the White House, the American voters seemed to agree with the European neutralists that the U. S. ought to reduce its participation in European affairs; and the neutralists immediately caught the blues (see "Foreign Trends," December 29). Second, so long as Eisenhower has not explicitly rejected Stalin's underhanded invitation to a *tête-à-tête*, there seems to be a chance that the neutralist clamor for a "Soviet-American dialogue" will be satisfied; and the neutralists are choking with dread.

For, if the price of fulfillment is dismay in most human affairs, it is bound to resemble annihilation in the cheap little game called neutralism. And Europe's neutralists know it. They have never been so dumb as to forget the totally parasitic nature of their business: to prosper at all, European neutralism presupposes an acute East-West tension and its corollary, precautionary U. S. entrenchments in Europe. Reduce either, or both, and there would be little future left in the pursuit of neutralism.

Consequently, its stock has hit a new low in recent weeks, at least on the operational level of European politics. The neutralist emotions in the Parisian cafés may even have been recharged by Stalin's barefaced "plea for reasonable diplomacy," but the professionals are approaching panic. When word came of Stalin's quasi-invitation to Ike, their automatic reflex was to curse the mere idea of direct Soviet-American conversations. "Bilateral arrangements," you see, are the proper exercise of sovereignty only when a European government makes a deal

they would be doing in a comparable situation) expect President Eisenhower to take advantage of the Kremlin's recent switch and scare a few of the philandering European governments into line.

Britain's Trade with the Enemy

"Since April," recently mused the London *Economist*, "three separate organizations have been set up in London to foster trade with China and other Communist countries, and an impressive number of British businessmen have visited East Berlin to talk with the Chinese mission there. . . . Recent press reports about British trade deals with China have helped to create a belief that great things are happening, or about to happen, in that direction. Rosy forecasts have been made of huge new markets for British exporters—particularly if the United Nations embargo on shipment of strategic goods to China is eased."

The London *Economist*, much to its visible regret, is forced to report that this British trade with the enemy is by far less lucrative than had been generally expected. "Nor," it reassures its readers, "has it [this disappointment] been due to lack of initiative at the British end." The trouble is that the Chinese Reds, more dedicated to the cause of the Communist Empire than the British to that of the free world, prefer machinery and heavy equipment to the frilly consumer goods Britain would like to get rid of in depressed markets. And as Britain can sell the kind of merchandise Mao desires much more profitably elsewhere, business with Red China is not so good.

"There would be a stronger case," concludes Britain's leading business journal, "for meeting such demands [for strategic machinery] if China were still an important source of raw materials. But the third depressing element in the picture is that China is no longer such a source." Britain, in other words, may consent to supply only moderate quantities of strategic goods to a government at war with the United Nations, unless and until a way is found to make trading with the enemy a trifle more rewarding.

CANDIDE



"Keep Going!"

with the Reds against American advice—when, for example, Britain entertains friendly relations with Communist China. But let so much as a vague possibility arise that America, too, might take a walk on her own, and the same British government waxes lyrical over Allies being honor-bound to coordinate their policies, never to go it alone, and that sort of thing.

Of course, Churchill has hurried over to get into the act. Eisenhower could tell him that the U. S. government feels perfectly free to engage in any kind of bilateral policy so long as Great Britain feels free to recognize the Mao gang over U. S. protests. And this is precisely what those European politicians who have discovered the extortionist promises in neutralism are now so hysterically afraid of. None of them is stupid enough to anticipate a real Soviet-American rapprochement. But most of them (knowing too well what

British Reporters and U. S. Politics

By RAYMOND MOLEY
and RAYMOND MOLEY, JR.

What the British people learned about our election campaign through their newspapers' American correspondents was biased and far from factual, the authors' survey reveals.

The reporting of the recent Presidential campaign by correspondents in America for important members of the British press left so much to be desired that it has been the source of regretful comment not only by Americans who cherish friendly relations between the two nations, but by some British editors and publishers. Their regret is because prejudiced and incompetent reporting impairs international relations and is a reflection on the professional competence of the press itself. It can be clearly demonstrated that the British editors and proprietors far from the scene were badly served by some of the correspondents whom they have chosen to serve their public.

We are not concerned in this article with the Socialist press which has been hostile to the United States for a long time. We are concerned with responsible journals which have long been respected on both sides of the Atlantic. Specifically we are dealing here with the *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Economist*. Casual items in the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* have caught our eye, but space limits us to the three first mentioned. It ought to be said in fairness that our examination of the American reports in the *Daily Telegraph* revealed admirable journalism, both fair and accurate.

Our general indictment is that in much of the American correspondence of the *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Economist* during the campaign and the aftermath there was error in factual information, miscalculation of American sentiment and opinion, and partiality. There were sins of omission, too, which can be ascribed to the narrow physical orbit to which these correspondents limited themselves. They could have written most of their reports within a mile of the National Press Club or of Times Square.

It ought to be noted further that, with certain exceptions, the examples which we offer are not from editorials. Editorials were presumably written in England by staff members who were mostly compelled to depend upon the correspondents in America.

On October 20 the *Times* published this:

Last night . . . the Republicans had a pleasant surprise for the Democrats. They provided Mr. Herbert Hoover with half an hour on the radio to prove that the depression was really an invention of the New Dealers . . . If any but the faithful were listening last night, they must have wondered if the Republicans have learnt anything in the past 20 years.

The second sentence is false. The Hoover text proves that. The third sentence is a piece of plain, biased characterization.

After the election, the *Times* decided to make the best of Eisenhower but at the same time to retain all its prejudices against his party. On November 10 "Our Own Correspondent" in Washington said:

General Eisenhower . . . owes his election to nobody—except those who helped him win the nomination at Chicago—and many senators and representatives owe their election entirely to him.

This rules out the half of the Republican Party which supported Taft. Texas, Tennessee and Florida were carried by Democrats for Eisenhower.

Mr. Cooke's Prophecies

The *Manchester Guardian* coverage was largely the reporting of Alistair Cooke, who in addition to his distinction as "Chief Correspondent in the United States" for that paper is "Commentator on American Affairs for the BBC."

Recognition in the United States has more recently been accorded by the Ford Foundation, which has made him MC for the important "Omnibus" TV program.

On June 19, this appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* under the Cooke byline: "Taft's men, defying one of the few ethical customs discernible in the raw struggle of a convention, have managed to get two Taftites as keynote speaker and temporary chairman." What ethical custom he means is not clear to us.

On July 10 this appeared: "It is a question whether any sizable Republican vote can be corralled from the wounded remnants of the two snarling camps inside the party." This is not only a strange metaphorical mélange, but a distortion of the realities of American politics.

On September 4 Cooke was moved to prophecy:

Eisenhower is going to have a hard time topping 200 votes. My own guess just now, for whatever its idle worth, would be that Stevenson would wind up with something like 309 votes.

All the clichés commonly used by the Taft-haters in our own press in Washington were accepted uncritically by Cooke. He asserted that Eisenhower really needed the Midwest Taft vote. But despite this acknowledged need, he belabored Eisenhower for making peace with Taft. It was a "humiliation" but a necessity. Hence, he reported that "the Deweys and Lodges and Saltonstalls . . . are sulking over Taft's swift return to power." Anyone who witnessed Dewey's incredible activity in New York might wonder at Cooke's conception of "sulking."

We now turn to Cooke's BBC broadcasts after the election. Election night was "a dance of death," an "orgy." He decided on November 7 that America just wasn't good

enough to appreciate Mr. Stevenson.

Europe stirred at the sight of an unknown man, out of Illinois, who brought a gallantry of bearing and a careful eloquence to his campaign—both of which are possibly more familiar in Europe than here. For these reasons, I think, he looked like your man.

The *Economist* Blasts Republicans

The *Economist* is a very old, respected and influential weekly. It publishes American news and comment in a section entitled "American Survey," which it explains in a note:

"American Survey" is prepared partly in the United States, partly in London. Those items which are written in the United States carry an indication to that effect; all others are the work of the editorial staff in London.

There is usually a page or two datelined "Washington." Occasionally there is another piece from some local correspondent, with a byline such as this: "From a Correspondent in Ohio." Then there are short "notes," which appear to be mostly written in London by the staff. In the examples of campaign and election notes that follow we are quoting their correspondents in America, except where otherwise noted.

For a long time, notably in the year of party skirmishing that preceded the Republican Convention in July, the *Economist's* Washington correspondent portrayed Senator Taft as the arch-enemy of progress in both international and domestic affairs. This slant extended to all Republican members of Congress except a few from the East and Northeast who are commonly classified as most friendly to international cooperation. Hence, it was quite natural to set the tone of campaign reporting in this way on July 19:

The real difficulty about a Republican Administration, however, is that it is almost certain to be saddled with a Republican Congress in which the backward-looking elements of the party greatly outnumber those who secured the nomination of General Eisenhower.

We are not questioning the propriety or desirability of the *Economist's* editorializing, providing its facts are correct. But it is relevant to offer the editorial slant of the *Economist* as the campaign began,

since the same authority presumably determines the policy of editorials and also hires and controls American correspondents.

On August 2 an editorial said, with some astonishment, that out of "the clumsy chaos of the nominating conventions, meeting almost within the stockyards," there came two "admirable" teams. But somehow the heart of the *Economist* veered to Stevenson because "he is uncommitted to any section." This refers to geography, apparently, not to economic interest. It takes no account of the influence of the CIO in the Convention. Also, "if he is elected, his administration will not be machine-made."

On August 30 the American letter uttered a loud blast at Republican senators. Regretfully it said: "General Eisenhower has spent the weeks since the Convention appeasing the Republican Old Guard instead of wooing the independent votes—with, it seems, not too much success."

This observation was one hundred per cent wrong, because at approximately that moment Eisenhower had succeeded in closing the Republican ranks, and those senators to whom the *Economist* refers as the Old Guard were prepared for a vigorous campaign for the whole ticket.

The bitterness of the *Economist's* reporter was well indicated by a passage asserting that Eisenhower could not promise to clean house because "the dirt in General Eisenhower's house, will have been brought in by the voters of the die-hard Republican states." The "dirt" according to the aforementioned predictions, would be Senators McCarthy, Bricker, Martin, Alexander Smith and others. This is a slur of which no responsible journalist in the United States, writing for an American publication, could conceivably be guilty.

On September 30 the American letter found all the Eisenhower fat in the fire. "The General capitulates," it said, echoing the Truman-Stevenson characterization of the Eisenhower-Taft meeting.

As the campaign moved through October, the bias of the American letter became more and more pronounced. Eisenhower's promises about Korea and other matters were warped into complete conformity

with the interpretations made by Truman and Stevenson. In effect, Eisenhower was represented as a military novice who promised to end the war at once, who wanted to start revolutions at once in countries behind the Iron Curtain, and a demagogue who played fast and loose with the hopes of Americans by promising a useless trip to Korea if elected.

On October 11 this appeared in the Washington letter:

And so long as the greater part of the American Press goes on industriously pretending that the President and not the General is responsible for the present undignified brawl most of the people may remain in ignorance of the fact that, as the President said, General Eisenhower has "betrayed his principles."

Note the word "fact." It cropped up again in the issue of October 18: "It is this aspect of his [Eisenhower's] campaign that accounts for the fact that the reporters who have been traveling with the General . . . are now almost 'solid for Adlai Stevenson'." This assertion, borrowed from Joseph Alsop, was refuted by a subsequent poll of the reporters themselves.

The "Wisconsin Incident"

A much more serious question of fact involved a story that went the rounds and was apparently taken for granted in a lead editorial in that same issue. It said:

Part of his [Eisenhower's] appeal was that he would be a President, perhaps lacking in expert knowledge of the facts in many departments of public policy, but solid as a rock on all matters of principle. How does that square with the Wisconsin incident, when he endorsed Senator McCarthy and removed from his speech the intended words of tribute to General Marshall, the Senator's victim?

Plain common sense should have induced the writer of the editorial to doubt that story, for surely General Eisenhower would have chosen some place other than Wisconsin to eulogize General Marshall, particularly since he had decided to endorse Senator McCarthy. But we have the word of Eisenhower himself, and that word is in excellent standing.

On November 1 the American letter launched into prophecy: "It can be assumed . . . that the Republican revolt in the South will not be powerful enough to lose him [Stevenson] any Southern or near Southern states."

It may be a slip of the typewriter that the revolt is called Republican, but the assumption that "no Southern or near Southern state" was in the balance was just plain bad reporting, as can be proved by the authors' survey at that time of "Southern and near Southern" political reporters. After extensive telephone calls we put Virginia down for Eisenhower and Texas, Florida and Tennessee as doubtful. The same telephones and reporters were there for British correspondents, if they had chosen to use them.

Post-Election Alibis

After the election we come, not to the risks of prophecy, but to ascertainable facts and the interpretation of facts. But wishful thinking still prevails. This appears in the Washington letter: "It will not be easy for them [Republican professionals] to ignore the central truth that General Eisenhower owes his election very largely to liberals and other non-isolationists." But how can this square with the assumption that all such had deserted the General long before election?

By November 28 Alistair Cooke had recovered sufficiently to do some soul searching. In a broadcast that day for the BBC he took note of the fact that "several respectable American commentators" and magazines had charged that British correspondents:

. . . let their emotions overwhelm their observation, that they therefore gave a prejudiced picture of the . . . campaign, that they fell in a body at the feet of Governor Stevenson, that instead of reporting his chances they were practically advocating his election: and that the British public had therefore been misled about the trend of the times in America.

To this charge Mr. Cooke pleaded guilty but in so doing sought to drag along as accomplices "a big majority of American reporters." This is simply not true, even if we assume, as Mr. Cooke apparently does, that all

American reporters are Washington or New York correspondents. For only a bare majority in *Newsweek's* poll of 50 Washington correspondents believed that Stevenson would win. But our experience over the years has shown that the most reliable judges of political trends in this country are not the Washington correspondents at all, but the best political reporters on the local scenes working for the best papers in the country. We could name fifty whose judgment was certainly not warped by the Washington or New York slant and whose opinions of the trend in the recent campaign were amazingly accurate. The opinions of these men were measurably transmitted to their editors and were in large part responsible for the accuracy of the editors' poll taken by Mr. David Lawrence.

But Mr. Cooke offered some useful hints in his explanation of the reasons why the British correspondents were so wrong. He said that Stevenson "satisfied the hankering of Europeans in America for a man who is what they call 'civilized.' All this is admirable, except this hankering. Because it pretends to be a pure attraction towards whatever is literate and superior." And it manifests itself in being attracted by people in America "who are imitations of the real thing he feels comfortable with at home." These Europeans, continued Mr. Cooke, tend to "fall back upon the nearest American equivalent of a European type." This, he said, "leads to some disastrous misconceptions." But "there are just as many civilized Americans as there are of any other nation."

Fate

Job had ulcers,

So have I.

We lament,

We shiver,

We cry.

Job emerged from the painful battle

With hundreds of acres,

And thousands of cattle.

Never will Fate be that kind

To me. Never.

When I've paid for the aching

I'll be poorer than ever.

SUSAN F. BURBANK

While Mr. Cooke covered suitably in his broadcast the reasons why so many British correspondents, and, it must be added, some American writers for the press, fell in love with the manners and words of Governor Stevenson, he did not seem to comprehend the more serious charges that could be made against them; charges having to do with professional competence, not affinity for fine ways and choice language. Far more serious is the general charge that some of those correspondents upon whom a great responsibility fell in the late campaign, manifested a serious lack of understanding of the public opinion of great sections of the nation. They were content to accept the clichés of a small group which has traditionally emphasized European affairs to the neglect of many other concerns of Americans. They also manifested deficiencies in knowledge of American party philosophy and practice.

Part of a Pattern

It should also be noted that the deficiencies we have pointed out are not merely the mistakes involved in the hurried reporting of an exciting campaign. They are part and parcel of a broad pattern. The slant of these reporters was present long before this campaign and this year. It is still present. It will continue to becloud the international atmosphere until it is corrected.

Specifically, in this campaign they failed to appreciate the reasons why Eisenhower labored so hard to unify his party. This was dismissed as merely an insincere effort to get all the votes possible. It also had to do with the necessity of having, after election, a party sufficiently coherent to carry on the responsibility of governing. We recommend a careful reading of Lord Morley's great *Life of Gladstone*, which describes in infinite detail the labors and compromises which a Prime Minister found necessary to successful statesmanship. Commended also is Morley's great essay "On Compromise." In Britain, as well as America, the art of politics is "assimilation, not elimination."

The so-called "appeasement" of certain senators who have been in disagreement with their Eastern

brethren was not solely expediency, although expediency also has its place in politics. It was a recognition that the voters of the states are entitled to have representatives of their own choice. This was most violently asserted in 1938 when President Roosevelt sought to purge the Senate. The recognition, moreover, of the claims of Senator Taft to a part in the making of policy, was a proper appraisal of his eminence in the party. We think it can be assumed that General Eisenhower did not enter the ordeal of politics at the age of sixty-two merely to reform the Republican Party. We can take his word that he did so to reform the government of the United States with the cooperation of the Republican Party.

Why Not See All America?

We can anticipate that correspondents who have been subjected to the foregoing criticism will have two answers that deserve consideration here. One is that some of them did travel widely with the candidates. However, we can say with some experience to justify us that there is almost no place, other than the vicinity of a Presidential candidate, where a reporter is so isolated from the trends of opinion that determine an election. Travel for a political reporter means not only miles covered but contacts with the right people.

Another answer with which we can have some sympathy is that the American news bureaus of these journals are largely one-man affairs. There is austerity in the British newspaper business which we can all understand. The reporters who sent the dispatches quoted in this article had to report many things other than politics.

One important corrective is suggested by a practice of the *Economist* itself. It uses in its American reporting occasionally—all too occasionally—dispatches from its correspondents in places other than Washington, such as Ohio, California and Wisconsin. During the campaign these were immeasurably better than the correspondence from Washington. This practice could be expanded and, better still, the Washington reporters for these papers

might well learn to depend more upon local people and less upon their friends among the American correspondents. The use of the telephone, mail and occasional trips would certainly not overstrain the limited budgets of these papers. Such adventitious aids might even make it possible for the present correspondents to do an adequate job.

An officer in the Naval Intelligence of the United States, in commenting on the inadequacy of Brit-

ish reporting of our election, made this pertinent comment:

This is the more surprising since the British have the best official intelligence service in the world. Men in this service, both military and diplomatic, are known everywhere for their capacity to find the facts and to weigh them wisely. They are a very level-headed group.

There is no good reason why British journalism in America should not meet this test.

Democrats' Dilemma

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

There is something pitiful and even grotesque in the spectacle of two recently repudiated Democratic candidates for President attempting a campaign to reorganize and revitalize the Democratic Party. I say *two* candidates because President Truman, even more than Governor Stevenson, was a candidate in the recent debacle. Not only was Mr. Truman and everything concerned with his Administration repudiated by the nation. The vote reflects the fact that both were repudiated by their own party as well. Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than the results in the state of Ohio, which General Eisenhower carried by about 380,000 while Governor Lausche, a Democrat, won in the same election by 430,000. The vote was simply a statement of the fact that the people of the state, including perhaps close to a million Democrats, wanted no part of Truman or Stevenson or the foreign policy which both represented, but that they would at the same time vote straight down the line for a Democrat such as Governor Lausche.

The Southern states spoke for themselves. How much repudiation does a man have to have in order to be convinced that neither the people nor his party wants him as a leader? What kind of leadership, if any, can come out of such a situation? What elements within the Democratic Party support either Truman or Stevenson or have any faith in them? Offhand one could

say that Stevenson has his small army of "eggheads" who have no place else to go, and a few labor leaders who give him unenthusiastic support and who seem perpetually unable to deliver what they refer to as "the labor vote." Mr. Truman has the support of the more dubious and corrupt elements of the Democratic Party because he has done well in protecting them, and of some of the "eggheads" (who in their hearts hold him in contempt) and a fringe of reds and pinks who have managed to operate under cover while he was President. Mr. Truman makes big talk about the influence he plans to exert in the Democratic Party and the nation generally after January 20, but the chances are that he will quickly become the most thoroughly forgotten President in our history, unless he is called to testify in the various scandals which stand to be investigated and in which he is, even at long range, involved.

A Labor Party's Chances

At Chicago Walter Reuther and a peculiar element of the younger Democrats devoured by ambition, attempted to kidnap the Democratic Party and turn it into a labor party. Not only did they fail calamitously, but a good many of them were defeated in their own campaigns for re-election. This is an element which is still active and will become even more so with Reuther as president of the CIO. It may be that eventually

they will be able to kidnap a few remnants of a shattered party, but the bulk of the sturdy traditional Democrats (which is the majority of the party in the north as well as the south) will simply walk out leaving them to stew in their own juice. A good many of them did walk out during the recent election.

Certainly such strong and powerful Democrats as Russell and George of Georgia, Byrd of Virginia, Shivers of Texas, Byrnes of South Carolina and the eternally and wildly popular Governor of Ohio, Lausche, would not go along with such a labor party. They would not go along for two reasons: 1) a moral revulsion against any party dominated by the special interests of a minority; 2) because if they did go along, their power with the bulk of the voters both inside and outside their own party in their areas would dwindle and vanish. Above all, the Democratic Party needs the strong, wise, experienced and *honest* aid of such a tough and real Democrat as Jim Farley.

The truth is that the Democratic Party is suffering from the tactics and policies established long ago by Franklin D. Roosevelt who, in times of despair, set up a program of being all things to all people, of cultivating every minority group and promising each one of them the moon, while setting class against class and encouraging the infiltration of Marxian ideas and Communists within government.

Such a political structure is always a shaky and precarious one. It would have fallen apart at the seams, as it did in November, long before but for the grim fact of war and for the artificially contrived crises which for too long a time deceived the people. Under a less skilful though no less unscrupulous operator, the whole structure came tumbling down eventually into pieces and that is where it is today. Stevenson referred to the "two-headed" Republican Party. Actually the Democratic Party has more heads than Cerberus who (for the benefit of the average college graduate) was the many-headed dog guarding the entrance to the Underworld. (Indeed a neat parallel.)

It is clear that virtually nobody followed Mr. Truman in the recent

elections, and a man without followers can scarcely be called a leader. Governor Stevenson clearly demonstrated that he has not the qualities of a leader. Essentially, a leader must be enthusiastic about a cause and inspire men. It is clear that the good Governor, a witty, polished gentleman with a good literary style in his speeches, failed to inspire anyone. If he had been a leader, he would have openly repudiated Mr. Truman's vulgar whistle-stop campaign and said, "Mr. Truman is not speaking for me. I am making my own policy and my own campaign!" If he had done so, he would probably have won two or three million more votes.

A Hesitant Hamlet

Governor Stevenson, indeed, has turned out to be our first American political Hamlet. You may remember that the tragedy of Hamlet is essentially that of a man who could not make up his mind about anything and had so broad-minded an attitude concerning everything that he ended up ready for the madhouse. In a way Hamlet was the perfect example of an "egghead." The writer was the first to utter the belief that Governor Stevenson's hesitancy over becoming a candidate arose from his reluctance to have Truman's label placed upon him. It now turns out that this was giving Mr. Stevenson credit for more political astuteness than he revealed later on in the campaign. He simply couldn't make up his mind. Period! The prospect of having Hamlet as President in time

of such crisis now appears each day more appalling.

So where does the Democratic Party go from here? The strongest potential leadership lies with the Southern Democrats and with men like Governor Lausche and Jim Farley. They have popular support, immense political experience, and they are not hampered by the support of pinks or eggheads or corruptionists. Next in strength comes the ability and vitality of Reuther and his radicals and scalawag friends like F.D.R. Jr. and Mennen Williams; but if this group came into leadership hundreds of thousands, possibly even a couple of million Democrats, would simply leave the party, probably for good. Reuther and his friends can not bring one new recruit into the party to make up for this loss. They have already recruited to the maximum of their potential strength if they can not create a labor party of their own.

Meanwhile the corrupt city machines which contributed so much support to Roosevelt and Truman have lost their strength and are disorganized, and the present and coming wholesale grand jury investigations into their corruption will not help them. Otherwise there are still a dozen minority groups by now somewhat disillusioned and even disgusted at the failure of the Truman Democrats to deliver on their promises. There were rumors about the Democratic Party being splintered in 1948. By comparison with the present situation, the party of 1948 was a whole, perfectly working machine.

Refresher Course

Mighty in pomp the People's Commissar
Passed arrogant still between the gates of death
(Though, confidentially, he felt a jar
To find he still could breathe without his breath).
His hammer and sickle upon Heaven's gate
Beat out a blatant summons: "Comrades, I
Have come to purge the Angels, liquidate
God, the last Big Shot!" Quietly, by-and-by,
Saint Peter came . . . then shook his mitered head,
Saying, "Tut, tut! I thought the Party Line
Brushed Heaven aside and proved that God is dead:
A Deviationist, I must opine!
Go, comrade, go—refresh your dialectic
In regions where the climate is more hectic."

E. MERRILL ROOT

Comrade Lindemann's Conscience

By **FREDERIC SONDERN, JR.**
and **NORBERT MUHLEN**

From Berlin comes this dramatic story of a benevolent hoax by means of which a People's Prosecutor with a conscience, Herr Lindemann, freed five innocent men from Soviet prisons.

The West Berlin radio interrupted its regular program one day last July to make a startling announcement. Five prominent political prisoners of the Communists had escaped from the heavily-guarded and supposedly escape-proof East German prisons of Zwickau and Waldheim, and made their way to the safety of Berlin's western sector. As details began coming over the air, it became clear that they had not broken out—they had been released by the Communist prison authorities, who had been hoaxed by forged release orders and telephone calls from a spurious State's Attorney.

As West Germany laughed, the Red satraps and their Soviet masters in East Berlin raged. The State Security Service and the People's Police dropped all other business to find the authors of the escape plot. Sixty ranking police and judicial officials were summarily discharged, many of them arrested. The Communist press and radio screamed that dastardly American agents had been at work.

Actually, the daring skulduggery had been devised by a young German named Hasso Lindemann and two of his friends. Hasso, a bookish, 23-year-old law student, had been rocketed to a position of Communist power by circumstances not unusual in East Germany. In 1949 the Communist authorities of Leipzig had discharged almost all of the experienced judges and prosecutors in the district as "politically unreliable." A milkman, an organ grinder, and a 21-year-old girl became Leipzig's People's Prosecutors. They had power of life and death over their fellow-citizens, but they had no knowledge of legal procedure and needed someone who commanded at least the forms and language of the law to advise them. Lindemann, who had worked for some time in the Minis-

try of Justice as a clerk seemed "politically activist" and obedient. He was appointed assistant to the State's Attorney.

At first, Comrade Lindemann more than lived up to the expectations of his superiors. He was a shrewd investigator and wrote brilliant briefs in impeccable Communist legal style. His record was soon impressive. A number of prominent industrialists whose cases he investigated had their properties expropriated and were sent to prison for long terms. A dozen young agitators regarded as dangerous by the Communist leaders were sent to jail after Lindemann had made the cases against them. Comrade Lindemann, wisely modest and retiring, let the People's Prosecutors take the credit for these triumphs, and as a result was popular with his chiefs. He was well fed and housed, relatively well paid, and had a promising career ahead of him.

The Comrade's Eyes Open

But Hasso Lindemann had a conscience. He had been a convinced and faithful Communist but as the terrible parade of Red injustice and cruelty—the trumped-up charges, faked evidence and brutal sentences against innocent people—crossed his desk he began to rebel. "All the Communist philosophy in the world," as he puts it, "could not excuse for me the monstrous things I was doing. Somehow I had to devise a way of setting these people free."

One afternoon, when almost all of the personnel of the State's Attorney's staff were at their weekly Party "indoctrination meeting," Lindemann saw his chance. From his chief's desk he took a number of form letters used to order the release of prisoners. By evening he had fled to the Western Sector of

Berlin with the documents hidden in his clothing. "The State's Attorney's forms, the clothes on my back, and a few Marks were all I had." Lindemann blinked through his spectacles as he said it. "I had left everything else behind—job, future, everything. But I felt much, much better."

There were five cases in particular that Hasso Lindemann decided to rectify at once. Seventy-year-old Karl Mende had committed no crime whatever, even under Communist law—the government of the "Democratic German Republic" had simply wanted his prosperous glass factories. He had been convicted of "industrial sabotage" and sentenced to six years at hard labor; his factories had been expropriated. Arthur Bergel, a prominent woolen manufacturer, was the victim of a similar conviction; his "offense" had been to pay his 1700 workers a higher wage than the government allowed. Horst Schnabel, a high school boy of 17, had been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, to be followed by transportation to the uranium mines, for possessing a book banned by the Communist authorities. Jurgen Poppitz and Ekkehard Schumann, 20-year-old students, had received four-year terms for firing rockets which showered the center of Leipzig with anti-Communist leaflets.

Lindemann had participated in the prosecution of all these cases. "And I was determined to get these men their freedom," he says quietly, as he tells the story.

The obstacles in Hasso's way seemed insuperable. He had few friends in Berlin. As a former Communist of importance he was suspect to the various organizations that help refugees from the East. Even after he had convinced the two principal anti-Communist committees that he was sincere, they considered

his plan a mad escapade doomed to failure.

Other blows fell. A new State's Attorney, whose signature Lindemann did not know, was appointed for Leipzig. One of the new incumbent's first rules was that no release order was to be obeyed unless the prison director to whom it was addressed first checked its validity by a personal phone call to the State's Attorney or his immediate subordinate.

It took Lindemann three months to obtain, from a friend in Leipzig, a document signed by Chief State's Attorney Adam, more time to practice a flawless forgery of the signature. He had to make sure of the exact technique and timing of the telephonic verification. Gradually, all this information was gathered by friends of Lindemann in Leipzig and passed on to him by a complicated system of couriers and deftly worded, seemingly innocent letters.

Perilous Assignment

Finally, the months of painstaking preparation came to an end. One of Lindemann's aides, Hans Schmidt, was put in charge of the first operation. Hasso had wanted to perform it himself, but his friends had persuaded him that his face was too well known to People's Police and State Security Service men.

With forged release orders for Mende and Bergel in his briefcase, Schmidt began the dangerous journey from West Berlin to Leipzig, deep in the Communist zone, and to the particular postbox in that city from which such communications from the State's Attorney's office were always mailed. Twice on the way he almost met disaster.

The first episode occurred when two police officers suddenly appeared in his compartment and ordered him to open his briefcase for inspection. Such spot checks are routine in East Germany. Hans obeyed, his heart in his mouth. The policemen saw the envelopes stamped "Chief State's Attorney's Office." "You are a courier of the *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt*," one of them barked. "Of course," said Hans in the same tone of voice. "We are sorry to have disturbed you, sir." Heels clicked, salutes were exchanged and, without asking for his

papers, the officers walked away.

At the postbox Hans had his other bad moment. Two People's Police were watching the box, on guard against the mailing of clandestine leaflets. But again the envelope stamped "Chief State's Attorney's Office" commanded immediate obedience, and one of the *Volkspolizei* even politely held up the box-flap as Hans dropped the letters in.

That night neither Schmidt in Leipzig nor Lindemann in Berlin slept a wink. The release orders should reach the warden of Zwickau Penitentiary in the morning. If the warden should telephone the State's Attorney's Office before the plotters could act, the game would be up.



Schmidt braced himself and telephoned Zwickau. "This is *Oberstaatsanwalt* Adam," he roared in the loud staccato which high German officials usually use with their subordinates. "Give me the Director at once." Since the German bureaucratic caste system under the Communists is as strict as it ever was, Hans calculated that the voice of an exalted Chief State's Attorney would not be too familiar to a warden. He was right. The Director answered with great deference.

"Have you received the release orders for Mende and Bergel?" snapped Hans.

"No, *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt*. But I will attend to them personally the moment they arrive."

"See that you do," Hans barked. "No return call to my office is nec-

essary to verify these orders. Is that clear?"

"Of course, *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt*. I will not disturb you. I have been deeply honored by your personal call."

When Hans hung up he was sweating from every pore. The most dangerous part of the operation, however, still lay ahead. Mende and Bergel would think that their release was legal and would doubtless go home to Leipzig. There they would soon be re-arrested. They had to be warned as they left the prison to flee at once to West Berlin. Hans went to Zwickau to wait for them.

At the Prison Gates

Watching Zwickau Penitentiary is a hazardous task. It is the grim old castle of Osterstein, and from towers on its battlements guards look out not only over the prison itself but over the broad avenue that girdles it. Anyone who appears to be loitering nearby is immediately reported to the People's Police detail that patrols the periphery. But Hans found a café from which he could watch the institution's main gate. He sat and drank beer—and more beer.

Hours went by and the gates did not open. Hans pretended to be intoxicated and explained at great length to the café-keeper that he was trying to drown his domestic troubles. A People's Policeman examined his papers, fortunately rather carelessly. Finally Hans decided something must have gone wrong. The forgeries had probably been detected, and the State Security Service was doubtless even now on his trail. Dejectedly he started back toward Berlin to report to Lindemann that their months of work had ended in failure.

Actually, the release orders had merely been slow in reaching the penitentiary. And when they arrived, the prison director, still awed by his personal conversation with the *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt*, proved as good as his word.

Both Mende and Bergel were amazed and then apprehensive when guards, suddenly smiling and affable, appeared at their cells with freshly-pressed civilian suits. Each suspected that he was being readied

for execution. They were even more surprised when they were led into the presence of the warden and the prison's dreaded Political Commissar and greeted cordially. Would the gentlemen please be seated? Would they care to smoke? They were offered the first cigarettes they had seen in months.

"Is this a cruel joke?" asked the elderly Herr Mende.

The Commissar raised his hands in protest. "A joke? Certainly not! The highest authorities in our state have decided to forgive your crimes. This is a democratic country and you have been given the opportunity to start anew. We are releasing you." And—provided with not only valid identification papers and railroad tickets, but money and a satisfying ration of food for the journey home—the two men stumbled out through the prison gate in a daze.

Luck Was with Them

Their freedom might not have lasted long except for Lindemann's thorough planning plus a miracle of luck. Besides Hans Schmidt, Lindemann had dispatched another friend—Kurt Braun—to Leipzig and Zwickau, so that if Schmidt was picked up by the police Braun might be able to guide Mende and Bergel to Berlin. Braun waited in the neighborhood of the prison for almost 48 hours. How he avoided discovery and detention by the police, he doesn't know himself. How he lived through two days without sleep and with three apples for food, he can't imagine either. He didn't dare go into a restaurant for fear of a police check-up.

Almost collapsing from fatigue and hunger, Braun also finally gave up and boarded a street car for the railroad station. Just as the trolley rumbled away, he took one more look at the prison gate. It had opened and two gaunt men whose clothes hung loosely from their shoulders were coming out. Risking his neck, he jumped from the speeding car. For several blocks he walked behind the two men to make sure they were the right ones—Zwickau changes people's appearances. Finally, with a quick look behind to see whether he was being followed, he sidled up and pressed a slip of paper into Herr

Mende's hand. "Follow these directions," he said quietly. "Get to West Berlin. Your families are there."

Fear and suspicion were plain on the men's faces. This might be a police trap. "Please, please," Kurt urged desperately, "do as I say. Lindemann sends his regards and is waiting in Berlin also." With that, he vanished around the corner, leaving the two staring mutely after him.

The next morning Herr Mende and Herr Bergel were safely in West Berlin. Still hardly able to believe their luck, they had found their families and had come to thank Lindemann. "It was a strange interview—between the former convicts and their former prosecutor," Lindemann reminisces happily. "But it was a very satisfactory one, particularly for me." He refused, however, to join in any sort of celebration; he had three more prisoners to free—Schnabel, Poppitz and Schumann. One was in Zwickau Penitentiary, the others in Waldheim Prison.

The honest liberal of today is one who thinks with his heart instead of his head.

HELEN WOODWARD

Schmidt was ready to start for Leipzig with the next batch of release orders, when catastrophe struck. News of the "escape" of Mende and Bergel had leaked somehow, and the West German press and radio blared it out. Lindemann was beside himself with anger and disappointment. "It would have worked once more," he mourned to his fellow plotters. Suddenly he stopped pacing the floor. "And it will work once more. Today is Saturday and it's a hot summer week-end. Hans and Kurt—you go to Leipzig at once."

Lindemann's calculations, so cryptically stated, were based on his intimate knowledge of Communist government habits. They turned out to be exactly correct. Saturday in the German Democratic Republic is "political education day"—a sacrosanct Party institution which paralyzes all government business. The chiefs of the various departments intone endless speeches to their staffs, and these meetings may not be disturbed. Immediately afterward, all police and

judicial chiefs would leave for their country retreats where they could not be reached until their return to the city around 11 o'clock Monday morning. Lindemann was sure that his plan had more than an even chance.

Eisler's Fury

This time there were no slip-ups. The release orders arrived at Zwickau and Waldheim without delay. Schmidt repeated his first memorable telephone call to the two wardens. On Monday afternoon three bewildered boys, after paternal lectures by their respective Political Commissars, found themselves outside the gates of their prisons and on the way to Berlin in the care of Schmidt and Braun. But it had been a close shave. Just five minutes after the Zwickau gate had closed, a big car roared up to the prison. *Herr Oberstaatsanwalt* Adam himself, flanked by ranking police officers, stormed into the institution.

During the evening hours the pandemonium in East Germany grew steadily. The escape of Mende and Bergel had been discovered late on Saturday by radio monitors. Propaganda Minister Eisler, an unusually hard worker, happened to be at his desk early Monday morning and was informed first. Roaring with rage, he strode up and down his office where a battery of secretaries frantically tried to contact his colleagues. But no responsible police official was reached until Monday noon. The redoubtable Minister of State Security, Wilhelm Zaisser, fumed in Berlin. The entire State Security service and People's Police were unleashed in the biggest manhunt that even East Germany has ever seen. Trains were searched, automobiles stopped, innocent pedestrians dragged off to police stations through the length and breadth of the country. They were just too late, however.

In a comfortable restaurant in West Berlin Lindemann, his helpers and his ex-victims were celebrating. The spare, usually shy young man raised his glass. "We shall have to use other methods in the future," he said. "But I think we can do it again." The East German authorities seem to think so too.



Arts and Entertainments



By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

TV Wasteland

Mr. George S. Kaufman had the last word, as usual, and is back in TV. None of his notoriously wicked repartee has ever been so devastating as the joke the industry played on itself when CBS took Mr. Kaufman off the air for suggesting (rather tritely) that the commercial exploitation of Christmas carols was getting tiresome.

For a critic who does not like to shoot at sitting ducks, that affair was doubly embarrassing. One, there could be no intellectual merit, and very little esthetic pleasure, in spanking a group of flustered businessmen who had already stooped to self-flagellation. Two, in adding my feeble voice to the deafening chorus of about 160 million other Americans who were groaning over the imbecile act of cowardice, I could easily have been mistaken for an admirer of Mr. Kaufman's TV efforts which, on the contrary, I find normally an insult to my taste as well as his good literary name.

So, when CBS had fought off the attack of dementia praecox and returned Mr. Kaufman to his position as a TV stooge for Mr. Fadiman's gooey humor on "This Is Show Business," I felt relieved: there was no longer any need to defend an intelligent man against an industry which is clearly beyond the reach of intellectual argument. But now that everybody is back to normal inanity, we might consider what makes the mighty TV industry behave in the pathetic way it behaves.

The reputable businessmen who govern TV are perhaps no more, but they are certainly no less, intelligent than their colleagues who so satisfactorily manage most other branches of American industry. What lures these TV executives with such disturbing regularity into disreputable traps which the same men, if administering any other form of profitable enterprise, would instinctively know how to avoid? It

is, of course, that same ol' devil who can make any businessman stumble any time—the balance sheet.

The fundamental reason for TV's outlandish clumsiness is the industry's outlandish financial structure: they are giving to the consumer, *for free*, the most expensive and most wastefully manufactured commodity of the age; which means that TV's captains are the only merchandisers in the world whose total revenue comes from the producer. Compared to that sort of wonderland, Alice's was a cinch of rationality. All considered, TV's managers are doing amazingly well.

But the trouble is, of course, that all *is* seldom considered by us. TV critics (this one included) measure the industry with the outdated yardsticks of a civilization which saw in the paying consumer the supreme judge of the product. And no matter how much that consumer-judge occasionally distressed a sensitive outsider, the rules determining cultural approval were universally known and universally accepted. But completely new rules are emerging in this era of TV, and they are not even known to the experts. Nobody, to be sure, has slyly thought up these rules; in fact, most TV people would reject, and some would not even understand, what I am talking about. Yet the abstruse economics of their industry must result in a total upheaval of consumer-producer relations as we have known them in the markets of culture.

The crux of the matter is the insane costs of a spectacularly perishable product. There are TV shows that cost \$100,000 a throw—and it is literally a throw into limbo. Piles of money, thousands of man-hours and (strange as it may sound) several brains are used up in something that will flicker for a moment across the screen—and never be seen again.

The movie industry, too, was determined by freakishly monumental economics; and twenty years ago or

so, sensible critics had to adjust their standards to the inexorable fact that this son of Pegasus would prance to the clang of giant adding machines. But what ultimately kept the movies within the traditional realm of art appreciation was the normal market behavior of the product: it might have cost four million dollars to gather two hours flimsy entertainment, but the result was a tangible something that had to be marketed over and over again—a product, therefore, that lived and died on public response.

The TV show, because it is as ephemeral as it is costly, lives on nothing but the response of the paying advertiser. For the convenient cliché that public approval is what the sponsor is buying, and that therefore the public remains the ultimate judge of the show, strikes me as a pathetic self-deceit. So long as the public does not back up its judgment with cash (its only credential for criticism), the public will have no vote. Besides, the non-paying consumer is not only an ineffective but also a corrupt judge: if it does not cost him anything, he will even look at Milton Berle; and so the producer can never gauge Mr. Berle's true market value. All the paying sponsor can really go by is his own judgment. Which means, his own taste.

What I want to say in the aftermath of the Kaufman affair is that I find it irrelevant, if not stupid, to hold against the TV managers their obedient compliance with the sponsors' every whim. This is precisely what they must do, on material as well as moral grounds, so long as the industry retains its fantastic structure. And after two years of suffering TV, and a year of brooding over routes of escape, I can see only one alternative: a TV industry which sells entertainment to the public for bona fide cash, rather than sell indifferent gratis viewers to overcharged advertisers.

Until another technological revolution creates a TV industry which lives on the honest quarters a consumer puts into his TV slot-machine at home, CBS is economically and, indeed, morally obliged to fire Mr. Kaufman whenever Lucky Strike tells it to.



Americans on Their Own

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

There is a thing called the National Production Authority that sits in Washington, D. C. Part of the NPA's duties is to ration materials and allocate production to the motor manufacturers of Detroit. The NPA freezes the automobile market in proportion to what it has been in past years, allocating a certain fixed percentage to Ford, to Chrysler, to General Motors, to Henry Kaiser and so on. It issues tickets for metal purchases. Sometimes the tickets for copper don't match up with the tickets for steel or aluminum; sometimes there is more steel available at the mills for cars than there are tickets with which to command its uses. The net result of all this is an extremely inefficient cartelization of the automobile industry: no one individual company has the freedom to compete with other companies for a bigger percentage of the market, and no one company is forced by competitive circumstances to cut costs, or to improve the sales department, or to lower prices. The odd thing about it is that the cartelization is forced by the very same government that pays its minions to enforce the Sherman Anti-trust Act. It is all done in the name of a "police action" that is not, of course, a war. But it does not noticeably enable us either to fight or to win the police action. Motor men have told George Koether, the transportation editor of *Look*, that NPA could be scrapped tomorrow without the loss of a single tank or gun for Korea. In other words, we could fight the police action just as efficiently and still permit competition in automobiles to become the norm in Detroit.

During the past fortnight I have been reading and feasting my eyes on a book called "*Popular Mechanics' Picture History of American Transportation*," edited by Edward L. Throm (Simon and Schuster, \$5). The National Production Authority does not figure in its lavish pages. Nobody told Donald McKay how many clipper ships he might design for the China trade. Nobody set any limits to the amount of time and energy J. Frank Duryea and his brother Charles might divert from their bicycle and toolmaking businesses to tinker with a horseless carriage in Springfield, Mass., back in 1893. (That was a depression year, incidentally, and "planning" was even then the Marxist prescription for ridding the world of depressions.) No NPA was there to freeze the proportions of the automobile market in 1903, the year in which a monkey-wrench mechanic named Henry Ford borrowed \$28,000 from thirteen different men to start the Ford Motor Company. (If there had been an NPA

around in those days, how could the Ford Motor Company ever have cut itself a slice of the automobile business that was to produce and market 15,000,000 Model T's before the last "tin lizzie" rolled off the line on May 26, 1927?)

The government did, of course, figure somewhat in the development of transportation in America. It helped with tax-supported roads. It made rights of way available to the railroads. It offered mail contracts to aviation lines and subsidies to ship companies. But this type of government aid was, so to speak, open-ended: it set no limits to the enterpriser who fared forth to invent, to improve, to change or to market wheeled or flying vehicles. Always, during the development of the United States into a continent-wide free trade area, the questing individual, trying to improve his own mobility, or his own profit margin, put the lash to the back of government. The development of the macadam highway came *after*, not before, the experimentation of such motor men as Ransom E. Olds and Roy Chapin and Henry Ford and the Messrs. Harley and Davidson of motorcycle fame. The interest of the armed forces in the idea of a war plane came *after*, not before, the Wright brothers had flown their first piano-wire crate at Kitty Hawk. And the railroads were manifestly the product of restless, profit-hungry men whose "selfishness" enabled the population of Kansas City to jump from 3000 in 1870 to 37,000 in 1890. In that same span of time Denver leaped from 5000 to 107,000, and Omaha went from 16,000 to 140,000—a curious by-product of railroad competition that has never been equalled in the "public be pleased" epoch of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Anybody with merely one good eye and half a cerebellum should be able to deduce from "*Popular Mechanics' Picture History of American Transportation*" that if NPA "planning" had been the dominant idea in America from the beginning, the Conestoga wagons would never have rolled through the Alleghenies, the flatboatmen would never have taken bacon and hams down the Mississippi to New Orleans, Mark Twain would never have been a river pilot, George Westinghouse would never have invented the airbrake, the Wright brothers would never have had the free loan of Judge Huffman's Ohio pasture in which to fiddle with gliding problems, and Henry Ford would never have escaped from the farm or the Detroit Electric Company to become a motor racing fiend. To project the point

about Ford back into a century of American time, if a free lance gun-maker named Eli Whitney had not been around in New Haven, Conn., to compete with government-owned arsenals in 1800, the very idea of mass production of standardized parts would hardly have come into being. As told in "The World of Eli Whitney," by Jeannette Mirsky and Allen Nevins (Macmillan, \$5.75), the lineage of mass production of interchangeable parts goes this way: Eli Whitney devised it, the Colt arms people picked it up from Whitney, and a man named Henry M. Leland, who had worked for Colt, took the basic notions of mass precision-machine work over from the gun industry to the Cadillac Motor Company. In 1906 Leland transported three Cadillacs to London, disassembled them, scrambled their parts, and then constructed three new automobiles. Henry Ford became Leland's "most distinguished disciple." And all of this happened in this precise way because the Yankee mechanic Eli Whitney had not been subjected in 1800 to any National Production Authority's bureaucratic ideas about allocating materials or energy to the then-existing gun industry.

There is still another implied moral to the story told in "Popular Mechanics' Picture History of American Transportation." This moral jumps out at the reader from page 171, where it is said that the "autobat," or the "autopher," or the "self-motor" (early names for the automobile), was supported in the earliest years by "wealthy sportsmen" and by "monkey-wrench engineers who made their own cars." In other words, a few rich people and a few uncoerced people are needed to bring a new industry into being and through its formative stages. If there aren't some people around with a surplusage of income to "waste," there is little likelihood of experimentation in new and "unnecessary" fields. And if certain bold individuals aren't free to "waste" their time in fooling with non-planned gadgets and devices, nothing new would survive the "get a horse" derision which always greets the "crackpot" or the madman who would disturb the status quo.

The Last Rebellion

Strange Empire: A Narrative of the Northwest, by Joseph Kinsey Howard. New York: Morrow. \$6.00

Among the obituaries that appeared when Joseph Kinsey Howard died in Montana in August 1951, at the age of forty-five, some came close to elegy. "Joe Howard was our conscience," A. B. Guthrie mourned. "For tens of thousands he was 'Mr. Montana,'" said the *Minneapolis Star*. "A great loss to the budding literature of the Northwest," added the *New York Times* and repeated its regret week by week. In a foreword to "Strange Empire," Howard's last book, which he had all but finished before he died, Bernard DeVoto writes that Joseph Howard "came closer to being the spokesman of the West than any other writer has ever been."

It is almost surprising that "Strange Empire" should not show discrepancies between the legendary being that Howard has tended to become and his achievement. But the book proves the praises no misfit. Howard's sympathy for the underdog and courage to crusade, his feeling for the West, his gift as a writer all work successfully here, along with qualities as a researcher and historian that seem to have reached full growth.

The choice of subject was an original and a bold one, for Louis Riel, who tried and failed to build the "strange empire," was an obscure French-Indian "halfbreed" or Métis, born in 1844 in Rupert's Land in

Canada, a man with a mind more or less clouded at times, who led two small-scale rebellions against the Canadian government in 1869-70 and 1885 and ended on the gallows. Howard was immersed in the theme over a long period. He wrote his publishers in 1943, when he was getting the manuscript of his first book, "Montana, High, Wide, and Handsome," ready for the printer:

The questions about Louis Riel and his Métis "nation" amused me because that's my next book and the one I've been wanting to write and have been gathering material for for several years. But it's too long a story to put in this book parenthetically; I don't know just how we'll work it. Louis Riel led the last rebellion on this continent against modern mechanized civilization and his 120-150 breeds did stand off a Canadian army for four days after licking the Mounties and Canadian troops in four previous battles. He was a religious mystic, trained for the priesthood, and one of the most fascinating characters I ever heard of—about an eighth or sixteenth Indian blood. For a while, after fleeing Canada when he staged his first rebellion in 1870, he taught school at a mission 25 miles from here [Great Falls, Mont.]. Veterans of his campaign are still living—that's the 1885 campaign, of course—in this vicinity. He was licked by an American engineer of Jim Hill who pushed through the C.P.R. railroad before anybody believed it could be done; and by the Gatling gun—the first use of a machine gun on this continent. It was handled (the gun) incidentally by a glorified Connecticut salesman named Lieutenant Howard. U. S. army, and no kin of mine, I hope. Principal cause of the two wars was the Canadians' insistence on surveying the breeds' lands rectangularly, American style, instead of on water fronts, French style: the breeds were right, as we found out in drought years.

Louis Riel is an odd hero: an unsure youth who gave audience in black frock coat and trousers, silk cravat and moccasins, and dreamed Messianic dreams that his followers but partially understood. He gave his people a faith and leadership, yet held them back from fighting when they had well begun and when nothing was to be gained by restraint. He chose hanging in preference to being judged insane; and certainty about his mental state was not achieved even by Howard.

But the scope of the volume is

Lest You Forget

SOME RECENT BOOKS
FOR LIBERTARIANS

Brain-Washing in Red China, by Edward Hunter (Vanguard)

One Is a Crowd, by Frank Chodorov (Devin-Adair)

The American Twenties, by John K. Hutchens (Lippincott)

The Enemy Within, by Father Raymond de Jaegher and Irene Kuhn (Doubleday)

Planning for Freedom, by Ludwig von Mises (Libertarian Press)

much wider than Riel's capacities would indicate (it probably grew to be so to Howard's dismay, but certainly to the reader's benefit). The period was one of simultaneous expansion of Canada and the United States: hopeful United States citizens dreamed of encircling Canada on the northwest and plotted from Washington to Winnipeg to effect it; while a prime minister in Ottawa demonstrated, in his mishandling of Canada's western peoples, how little one man could manage to learn from the American Revolution. Spies and bandits, traders and refugees, Indians and buffalo crossed and recrossed the border, mingling inextricably the history of the two nations. Riel's people, the Métis, those trappers, traders, and guides of mixed French-Indian blood who were as at home in the plains and woods as the Indians, bridged the gulf between the races, making the march of civilization west easier for the white race but often reaping their reward like the Indians in broken promises and ignored needs.

The Métis asked from the Canadian government the right to elect under Riel they fought twice for keep their existing land claims—and these, and lost. By what Howard calls "a triumph of organization" for Indians, two Cree chiefs and their bands fought with them in the second rebellion. By contrast, only eight years before that, a striking demonstration had been made of the results of tactful handling of a people by a government: the Blackfoot Indians, reassured by their experience with its representatives, the Northwest Mounted Police, had gathered in 1877 to sign a treaty with Canada. Crowfoot, chief of the South Blackfoot, spoke, among others: "The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter. . . . I am satisfied. I will sign the treaty." Part of what the literature of the Northwest has lost in Howard's death is the fine book he might have written wholly about the Indians, out of his appreciation of their way of life and point of view.

The portraits of the plotters, statesmen, soldiers, priests who move in and out of this history are skilful. The narrative is packed with

relevant detail, yet moves swiftly. From the whole carefully wrought work, it is probably the sketches of Métis and Indian life that will be gathered into the anthologies in years to come: the accounts of the semi-annual buffalo hunts; of the ravages of whisky and smallpox among the Indians; of the wagon trains of the fur traders, with their ungreased wheels, screeching down the Red River trails; of the "red coats" being routed at the battle of Duck Lake, both as the documents tell it and as a lad who was fourteen at the time remembered it fifty years later. The book is historical writing of the first order.

ROBERTA W. YERKES

Four Novels

Lament for Four Virgins, by Lael Tucker. New York: Random. \$3.50

Autumn Thunder, by Robert Wilder. New York: Putnam. \$3.50

The Disguises of Love, by Robie Macauley. New York: Random. \$3.00

Time's Corner, by Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Random. \$3.50

Although there is no very obvious link among these four novels, they are all of them in a sense studies in frustration—stories of people who have somehow been bogged down, and who have fallen into traps largely of their own making. Curiously, however, the pervading atmosphere is not one of gloom. Only in "The Disguises of Love" does the iron bite deep and the trail lead inexorably to the wastelands. This is not to say, necessarily, that Mr. Macauley's novel is the best of the four, but merely that he faces up to reality a little more stringently, permitting no avenues of escape. If one is not too exacting, the other three books could be said to have happy endings. In "The Disguises of Love" the denouement is uncompromisingly bleak, and the taste it leaves behind is bitter. The trap remains closed in Mr. Macauley's novel. In the others the victims wriggle at least partially free.

Most engaging of this group of books, and certainly the most amusing, is Lael Tucker's "Lament for Four Virgins." Here the scene

is Andalusia, a sizable Georgia town, and the four virgins in question—who do not remain virgins long—are daughters of the town's leading families. When one first meets them, at twenty, they are gay, fresh, ardent, seemingly full of promise, and they are all four in love with the personable local minister, who eventually flees their pursuit. That this had a disastrous effect upon them the author seems to hint, though the thesis would be difficult to prove. At any rate, they suffer over the years a sad sea change, and when one takes leave of them at forty their glory has tarnished, and they have fallen short of their promise, and their hopes. Blame their environment, or blame the young minister. The net results, in any event, are in very truth lamentable.

Miss Tucker, in telling this story, displays a neat gift for irony, and pictures most divertingly the didoes of her virgins as they dance and drink their way through the prohibition era. She does particularly well, too, by her portrait of Andalusia, with its insidious social pressures and its somewhat stifling Southern code. Essentially, though, and for all its bright wit and the inventiveness of its plot, "Lament for Four Virgins" is not the book it might have been, largely because the fate that Miss Tucker imposes on her characters seems entirely too capricious and arbitrary. What was it, really, that turned Hope into a drunkard? Would Ellen Terra, in actual fact, have suffered for her wantonness? Would Angela not have fought for her love? To these questions the answers are less than satisfactory.

"Autumn Thunder," Robert Wilder's latest, is the story of an ex-football star who feeds on memories of past glories and is unable to drag himself away from the scene of his former triumphs. Virtually a Southern hill-billy, Larry Summers receives a scholarship to his state university, and thereafter is handsomely subsidized for two glamorous years, during which he makes All-American. Poor marks and an early marriage cut short his career, and he lapses into a dead-end job as manager of a local college restaurant, where he can still maintain

contact with a world that soon forgets him. As he approaches middle age, his life has fallen into a dusty and drab routine, and he is emotionally retarded because of his obsession with the past. It takes a series of melodramatic events at last to set him free, and return him to his native mountains where he should have been all along.

As it happens, this is the first book I have read by the prolific Mr. Wilder, and I can now see why he is apparently so popular. Mr. Wilder is a smooth, glib writer with a real gift for narrative, discerning enough not to offend one's intelligence but without sufficient depth to be disturbing. Were he less facile, "Autumn Thunder" might easily have been a moving novel. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilder has chosen to gimmick up his plot with the more torrid forms of sex, in the person of a lush, licentious siren by the name of Doreen who is married to a wealthy patron of Larry's. Doreen's all too frequent appearances in the story do much to destroy its integrity and credibility, and to distract attention—quite unnecessarily—from what is basically a good central theme.

Like "Autumn Thunder," "The Disguises of Love" has for its setting a university town, but there all resemblances end. A much more subtle novel than Mr. Wilder's, this is the story of a professor of psychology in a small midwestern college who falls in love with one of his own students as a means of escape from an increasingly stale and profitless marriage. Dull, pedantic, limited, Howard Graeme is so roused by his middle-aged passion that he is eventually prepared to burn all his bridges for the sake of the blandly ruthless and enigmatic Frances. Meanwhile, knowledge of the affair gradually penetrates both to the professor's tedious wife, Helen, and to his sardonic, gifted sixteen-year-old son, who goes to enormous pains to disguise his actual brilliance as a twisted means of rebellion against his parents. Of the three Graemes—from whose widely differing viewpoints the story is told—Gordon is the only one who could be called fully sentient, and who is capable, despite his youth, of detachment.

Obviously, there is nothing par-

ticularly fresh about Mr. Macauley's plot, which is our old friend, the triangle. What is unconventional in his book, what is arresting, what is good, is his handling of the intricate, interweaving reactions of Howard, Helen and Gordon, which depart so frequently from familiar, expected patterns. Thus, though she outwardly plays with appropriate gallantry the role of the wronged wife, in her heart Helen welcomes the martyrdom imposed upon her, since the sympathy it evokes in university circles helps to further her social ambitions. All this is shrewd stuff, and much else besides, yet one tends to feel, in the end, that the book is over-intellectualized—that the author has strained too hard to avoid the obvious. Irony has been overworked, I think, in "The Disguises of Love," and Mr. Macauley's attitude towards his characters is so coldly clinical that he makes it impossible for one to share their emotions.

"The Left Hand is the Dreamer" was one of the most interesting novels to appear in recent years, and seemed to be the product of a mature and exciting talent. Since then, however, Nancy Wilson Ross has written nothing comparable, and her latest novel, "Time's Corner," is definitely substandard. The scene of this bizarre tale is an Anglican House of Retreat, where the heroine, Louise Frazier, seeks temporary refuge following an unhappy affair with a married man. Instead of finding wholeness and peace, however, among the gentle sisters, Louise is precipitated into the midst of violent melodrama, and is nearly destroyed in the process. When a young, doped girl is saddled upon the sisters by two unsavory gangsters, Louise is drawn into contact with the doctor who attends her—himself half-mad and an addict. Sensing a likely collaborator, the doctor persuades Louise to join him in his experiments with drugs—thus offering her mysterious but deadly delights which almost prove permanently fatal to her.

As one might expect—for Miss Ross is a writer who is preoccupied with meanings—there are symbolic overtones to this tale, parables are implied, and the author has obviously attempted to grapple with the

problem of good and evil as it exists in our ever-darkening modern world. All her subtleties, however, add up to very little, and the touches of Gothic horror which pervade the latter sections of her book are curiously overwrought and inept. "Time's Corner" is not a total loss, for the earlier scenes at the Retreat are immensely entertaining, and one is conscious of a fastidious wit at play throughout the story. I think it is fair to say, nonetheless, that the book as a whole is fumbling and pretentious, and that at times it skirts hysteria very narrowly.

EDITH H. WALTON

Voorhees on Korea

Korean Tales, by Lt. Col. Melvin B. Voorhees, USA. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$3.00

Here is the story of EUSAK—the Eighth United States Army in Korea. It is the story of magnificence, of death, and of the way of life for soldier and civilian in war. It is told with the warmth and understanding that can only be generated within a sensitive observer who has had the misfortune to live that way of life.

"Korean Tales" has received its highest recommendation from the Pentagon. The author, who cast twenty years of newspaper editing aside to serve his country in Europe during World War II and in Korea, is to be court-martialed, ostensibly because he refused to submit his book to military scrutiny and approval.

"Tales" is a collection of seven short stories, based upon incidents, people and situations Voorhees encountered, and thirteen brief reports on such diverse subjects as the three archaic tanks which saved the Pusan Perimeter, EUSAK's three commanders, and war correspondents.

Voorhees' great flair is fiction. His first chapter, dealing with the personal how and military why of an infantryman's death, and subsequent descriptions of the agonizing plight of a devastated, heroic Korea, will score a bull's-eye in any reader's heart. My one complaint is the author's failure to polish several of those chapters dealing with pure his-

tory. As a reporter of fact Voorhees is guilty of too common a habit: he overwrites, and fails in the tedious job of rewriting.

Nevertheless, it is easy to agree with an enraptured Orville Prescott of the *New York Times*. Voorhees should turn to the novel. His narrative style is superb.

DAVID STOLBERG

Schuman's Schisms

The Commonwealth of Man, by Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Knopf. \$5.00

Professor Schuman's latest book is written in the angry accents of a man who doesn't know what he wants and won't be happy until he gets it. He is almost obsessed with the idea that America is mad, especially when some blow is struck against Soviet aggression or Communist internal subversion. On page 229 he raises the question whether the American reaction to the Russian challenge was "a possible evidence of mass insanity." He is still more positive on page 275, when he refers to "the mad America of the midcentury." On page 248 he remarks that "the American madness was *sui generis*," and says that "the American mood of the 1950s and the policies in which it found expression were . . . the product of an elemental and widespread irrationality, born of deep psychic insecurities."

Elsewhere he views with alarm "Congressional hearings, witch hunting [can a pseudo-liberal college professor write a book or even an article without using that hackneyed and empty phrase?], political idiocy, public hysteria and utter confusion." And he conforms to the familiar pattern of hysterical anti-hysterics when he accuses "Elizabeth Bentley, Louis Budenz, Whittaker Chambers *et al.*" of "sweepingly accusing all and sundry unpopular figures of having been Communists." Now of the many individuals named with much supporting detail as members of and sources of information for Communist spy rings by Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, exactly two, Alger Hiss and William Remington, filed libel suits. These two suits backfired, to say the least.

The great majority of the persons named took the line of refusing to say whether they had ever been in Grand Central Station, "for fear of possible self-incrimination."

Much of the violent language, directed unfortunately against the wrong targets, may well be attributable to a schism in the author's own mind. For Professor Schuman has hitched his wagon to a quite unattainable star.

He is convinced that only world government can save the world from its present plight and he goes so far as to state that this is "within the realm of the humanly possible." Yet he occasionally succumbs to realistic doubts. After describing the sectarian feuds among the advocates of world government he observes:

When those dedicated to the unity of the world show themselves incapable of overcoming disunity and suspicion among themselves, others may perhaps be forgiven for concluding that the brotherhood of man is a fantasy. . . . It is quite possible that nothing may come of these efforts [toward world government] save high hopes, much verbiage and final failure.

There are two much more fundamental reasons why world government is not a conceivable achievement within any future near enough to be worth reckoning with. First, it is quite unthinkable that the rulers of the one-third of the population of the globe now under Communist rule would ever accept the derogation of sovereignty involved in even limited world government. Second, the sadly misnamed "United Nations" is rent with other fissions besides the permanent schism between the Communist and non-Communist blocs. One need only consider the moral of the close votes on issues involving colonial administration, or the warning of the recent vote for nationalization without compensation, when honesty got just one vote, that of the United States. Nor have any of the ingenious proponents of a world government complete with a world constitution ever got around the insuperable obstacles posed by terrific disparities in education and standards of living and conflicting conceptions of what is right and desirable in politics and economics.

The principal merits of the book are the recording of the various or-

ganizations and programs of the world government movement and the acute demolition of the "collective security" fallacy. The late Professor Borchard once described this as "perpetual war for perpetual peace," and Professor Schuman fills out this epigram with a number of convincing arguments.

However, while the author is prepared to concede many barbarous aspects of the Soviet state and also a fundamental incapacity to compromise on the part of the Soviet rulers, he inconsistently berates America for refusal to compromise and beats his breast over the armaments race without ever suggesting a feasible alternative. It never seems to occur to Professor Schuman that reasonableness is a two-way street and that the conciliatory diplomacy of the eighteenth century would be wasted and misapplied in dealing with tyrants who are out for world conquest through a mixture of force and subversion.

Not long ago our ace flier in Korea, Colonel Frank Gabreski, remarked: "The Commies are spreading all over the world and we are there to keep the Commies from dominating the entire world."

This is a clearer statement of the supreme political fact of our age than anything in Professor Schuman's 500 pages of tormented reflection on the state of the world. And because he does understand what is at stake one suspects that the aviator, risking his life to smash enemy targets in Korea, may have enjoyed more peace of mind and soul than the professor can feel in his quiet study.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Brief Mention

The Great Days of Piracy in the West Indies, by George Woodbury. New York: Norton. \$3.00

Piracy was a way to make a living, says Mr. Woodbury. Many sailors were out of work after the War of the Spanish Succession, which was fought in this hemisphere too, came to an end in 1713. Some unemployed seamen in the Caribbean area discovered that they could ambush merchant ships loaded with the treasure of the New World. The place was so

full of poorly mapped islands from which they could venture out in small boats and to which they could return securely with the loot they had pirated with gusto. Mr. Woodbury quotes from first-hand accounts by the pirates themselves. He enjoys himself so much that he forgets that he started out to write a book proving that pirates were the frontiersmen of the Spanish Main. He becomes beguiled with female pirates, a subject of practically no importance.

STEPHEN BRYNES

Second Harvest

Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, 1606-1646, edited by William T. Davis. New York: Barnes and Noble. \$4.50

Of Plymouth Plantation, 1620-1646, by William Bradford. Edited and introduced by Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: Knopf. \$6.00

Here are two editions of the "History of Plymouth Plantation" by Governor William Bradford. It is no easy choice to make between them. The Knopf book is handsome, but the Barnes and Noble volume is likely to fetch certain American readers because it is done in the old Pilgrim spelling.

Much of the Plymouth chronicle and gospel is foul, dun weather. As one reads of the marvelous desolations of the Plymouth settlers, half of whom perished the first winter, one can not put out of his mind the word, plantation. The Puritans from Leyden, clad in loathsome clothes, and setting out with little butter, and no soles to mend their shoes, arrived not in Canaan but, as one writer has said, in a "new-found Golgotha." The settlers did not know how to sow English peas and wheat in the new sands, or how to catch eels or to plant maize. They had chosen the mean tidewater flats of Massachusetts as their seat; the soil was unfruitful and pitiless, and the wintry pines and dunes were of a nature to diminish the soul. The Plymouth settlers suffered even greater hardships than the companions of Aeneas who ate their wooden trenchers when they were hungry. Edward Winslow brought over the

The Man on the Assembly Line, by Charles R. Walker and Robert H. Guest. Cambridge: Harvard. \$3.25

This is a "scientific inquiry" into the feelings and preferences of the man on the assembly line. It contains diagrams, photographs, summaries and index. A painstaking job which shows that a majority of the workers like to talk on the job, think a lot about money, object to monotony and like their unions. All this is undoubtedly true, but might have been uncovered with less expensive hullabaloo.

HELEN WOODWARD

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

first three heifers and a bull, but the Cape Cod and Plymouth country is not good dairy country.

Besides hunger and exposure and the Cape Cod winds, the most sorrowful fever of the Pilgrims was loneliness. A few years before the settlers had come, Captain John Smith had gone in a boat around the coast of Boston Bay, and had been amazed at the comeliness of the savages and the plenitude of corn, mulberries, grapes; but in so short a space of time had the entire race of Algonquin Indians died of the 1616-17 pestilence that "their souls and bones" were found in many places "lying still above ground."

The sight of a shallop coming from the old world was a windfall from God to the lonely, stricken figures in the American wilderness. Often enough the captains were sharking traders who gave little for the beaver skins and clapboard of the Plymouth people; while the crews were knaves from the alleys of London. However, the colonists, weak from "short commons," were compelled to go with these rogues to Maine or to windy, sour Cape Cod seeking fish and a few hogsheads of beans and corn. The vessels foundered in the "dangerous shoulds and roaring breakers," and on one occasion Bradford and Standish had to return on foot for fifty miles through the wild, biting snows until they arrived at the miserable huts of the settlement. The Plymouth community was just and orderly, but starvation was such an affliction that they furtively ate the green stalks or

stole, "though many were well whipt for a few ears of corn, yet hunger made others to venture."

There was trouble, too, with the savage Narragansetts, who sent them new arrows encased in rattlesnake skin—a sign that they were ready for war. Some tribes had mutilated and enslaved mariners and explorers. Captain John Dermer, who went each season to the Maine fishing stations, had been duped and mortally wounded by Indians, and two vessels of French traders had been done away with. Though the Reverend Cotton Mather observed eighty years later the "woods were almost cleared of these pernicious creatures, to make room for a better growth," the savages received sufficient indignities from marauders who came to the American New Canaan for purposes that would be given more credit in a Liverpool alehouse than in a Puritan pew.

Much of the strength of Massachusetts lies in the annals of the Indian natives, with which Bradford's gospel and Captain John Smith's documents are filled. What is still extant in New England are the residual Indian names—for example, Patuxet, which means Plymouth, or the Squanton headlands. Squanto, the tutelary deity of Quincy, was the Indian friend of the Plymouth settlers. He showed them how to plant maize in the miserable Cape Cod soil, teaching them to set fish with the seed in the ground; he also told them of the beaver skins, and when the famished Pilgrims knew not where to look for manna, Squanto gave them fat eels.

These marvelous chronicles are dear memorials to our sick and corrupt modern commonwealth, and American poets are commencing to turn to them for a truer regard for honesty and vision than present-day experience furnishes. Besides Bradford's history, there is the vigorous "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," by the nineteenth-century annalist Charles Francis Adams, who made rich use of the records which William Bradford and John Winthrop have bequeathed to us. We must go to primeval American archives for myths to equal in truth and bravery the old account of Jason's expedition to Colchis for the golden fleece.

Letters

The Book Reviews

By no means are your admirable book reviews the least of the services you perform. . . . This section of the *Freeman* is the most valuable part of your splendid magazine. The rigid censorship in force by most of your competitors and by leading metropolitan journals of the kind of books you are reviewing is now brilliantly breached by the *Freeman*.

Washington, D. C. EUGENE C. POMEROY

Are Grand Juries Free?

Once in a blue moon a Grand Jury stands upon an ancient and honorable tradition and its duly established legal powers, defying the assumed authority of a District Attorney or the Court, and acts under its prerogatives. The New York County Grand Jury which recently did so is generally alluded to as a runaway Grand Jury." Forrest Davis [December 29] so characterized this Grand Jury and added parenthetically "The Grand Jury being one of the last unimpaired citadels of Anglo-Saxon freedom."

As a matter of fact, the Grand Jury

has gradually degenerated into a creature of the District Attorney's office, and meekly accepts his recommendations. Let a Grand Juror bring a case of wrongdoing before the Jury, which is his plain duty, and just watch the "D.A." discourage the presentation, or bring the charged individual before the Jury to defend himself. Let the Jury demand subpoenas to investigate a situation from the District Attorney or the Court. Maybe they will issue—and maybe they won't. Please don't tell us that the Grand Jury is an unimpaired citadel of Anglo-Saxon freedom, because it just ain't so.

New York City LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

"Liberalism" on the Campus

Unless you have been lonely in the world of ideas and have vainly sought for agreement with clerical and academic leaders and editors you wished to trust, you can not know the satisfaction of finding the *Freeman*. For two years you have been printing opinions I desired to read. I'm sure you must be rejoicing over some of the straws I see in the wind: *Time's* slow conviction, "there is an alarming gap . . ." David Lawrence's gradual awakening to real liberalism.

Now I want particularly to commend your efforts to shed light on problems in education. As a mother of seven college graduates, I can testify there is urgent need that the truth be known. There is an atmosphere or pattern on many a campus that has been deliberately built on the premise that science has destroyed the foundation of our former culture (meaning faith in the Bible) and we must build a new culture. In many colleges academic freedom does not exist for the student who questions this premise. That student will be embarrassed, or worse.

EULA A. BAUGHMAN
Grand Junction, Colo.

I was interested in the statistics in one of your editorials showing the high percentage of the Yale faculty who had voted for Stevenson. It so happens that I have just read an editorial in *Barron's* to the effect that the lack of contributions and endowments to college funds can be traced in part to the excess of so-called "liberals" in the faculties. It might be interesting to print the results of similar polls taken at other college faculties.

Burlingame, Cal. GEOFFREY CURTIS

. . . I have read so much of professors' unbelief in this land of ours I had begun to think a professor who would stand up for the right regardless of its unpopularity, was either afraid to be heard or becoming extinct. Now the *Freeman* has happily changed my mind on this point. Just to recall a couple of recent articles by professors, I wish to mention the brave article by E. Merrill Root [October 20] and the very honest article by Harley L. Lutz [December 29].

GEORGE W. MACAULEY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Indexes Each Issue

Yours is the best magazine for the cause of freedom. . . . I file and index each issue so that I can more effectively combat the arguments of those who fall for the Communist and anti-anti-Communist lines.

Ann Arbor, Mich. ROBERT W. SAMZ

Isaiah's Prophecy

There is nothing new about the Mc-Liberals and the Gulliberals; there have always been crooks who tried to hide behind the mantle of liberalism.

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Chicago, Ill. CHAUNCEY MC CORMICK

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Rugged Individualism — or Merely Rugged?

The President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation (described by its chairman as a group of "rugged individualists") recommends, among other things:

1. Prepaid medical service, including hospitalization and drugs for everybody (i.e., compulsory health insurance) to be financed in part by the states and the Federal government.
2. Creation of a Federal Health Commission.
3. Federal grants for medical education, research, local health services, hospital construction, etc. The initial *estimated* cost of all this in Federal funds alone is \$1,750,000,000 a year.

In other words, the Commission proposes a long step toward nationalized medicine. You will find the answers, based on a careful study of similar schemes abroad, in

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2. Bureaucratic red tape which reduces efficiency and greatly increases administrative costs.
3. Overextension of curative medicine, preventing outlay for preventive medicine.
4. Skyrocketing costs—in England they have trebled in four years, to more than 10 per cent of the national budget, exclusive of payroll deductions.

The conclusion? That at the end of the road marked "National Health Scheme" stands the barrack doctor of the Police State.

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A Practical Testimony to the Vitality of

THE *Freeman*

The editors of the *Freeman* report with gratitude and satisfaction that their friends, the readers of this magazine, evidenced their approval of it in December by purchasing 2500 Christmas gift subscriptions.

This represents almost 14 per cent of the previous mail circulation. We are assured by experts in the publishing trade that this response is phenomenal and perhaps unprecedented.

Last year comparable gift subscriptions were fewer than five hundred.

Our Christmas gift subscription appeal was confined to four full-page advertisements in this magazine. There was no outside promotion and no special solicitation. We wish to thank each of our readers who gave the *Freeman* for Christmas.

We are likewise happy to report that as the *Freeman* enters 1953 its circulation stands at the highest figure in its brief history.

THE EDITORS