

THE *Freeman*

JANUARY 12, 1953

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THE *Freeman*

A Fortnightly

For

Individualists

Editors JOHN CHAMBERLAIN FORREST DAVIS

Managing Editor SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

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

Our Contributors

DR. MEDFORD EVANS ("Are Soviet A-Bombs Made in the U. S. A?") writes from a relatively close association with his subject. Until he resigned last March, Dr. Evans, a Yale Ph. D., had put in eight years in personnel and organizational work with the Atomic Energy Commission, ending that stint as chief of training. Dr. Evans has taught at southern colleges and has had editorial experience on the *Sewanee Review*. FRIEDRICH AUGUST VON HAYEK is, of course, the world-famous economist, author of the classic "Road to Serfdom" and familiar to *Freeman* readers because of his contributions. . . . J. DONALD ADAMS is the former editor of the *New York Times* Book Review (1925-'43) and now the conductor of that review's engaging column, "Speaking of Books."

MRS. PATRICIA BUCKLEY BOZELL is a 1948 graduate of Vassar College and the sister of William F. Buckley, Jr., author of "God and Man at Yale." . . . GEN. HENRY J. REILLY is highly qualified, as a former general officer, a war correspondent and a military expert, to pass upon the subject posed in the book he reviews. In World War I, as he notes, he commanded a brigade of the 42nd Division alongside MacArthur's brigade.

Among Ourselves

The end of a successful year for the *Freeman* brought us several messages of encouragement, including the following from Mr. L. R. Clausen, chairman of the Board of the J. I. Case Company at Racine, Wis. Mr. Clausen said in part:

I am writing to commend the work that has been done by the *Freeman* since it was established. It has filled a vacuum in the publishing field. . . . It, therefore, is highly important, it seems to me, that the *Freeman* be continued in exactly the same form as in the past, that the same policies shall continue as in the past; that it shall try in a determined and aggressive manner to enlighten the vast millions of Americans who have not yet awakened to the realities of the situation. A mere vote for Eisenhower does not indicate that there has been any real awakening; it was merely against something which the people resented, but it does not indicate an understanding of what is really happening to the United States of America as a nation.

Christmas gift subscriptions have rolled in unprecedented tide upon the circulation department. Among the letters forwarding them we pick at random one from Mr. R. E. Pate of Denver, who regretted that he "could not send several hundred names (subscriptions) as there are thousands who need this kind of mental medication roaming the streets of Denver." From the West Coast a lady writes that she reads the *Freeman* "with unbelieving eyes. It's magnificent." And from Massena, N. Y., a gentleman reports "your fortnightly is a fine publication from cover to cover. In fact, I examine both ends closely to see how well American industry is using the advertising space to support good American philosophy and thought."

Letters

Praise from Senator O'Connor

I am writing to express my interest, as well as my approval, of the inclusion by the *Freeman* of articles relating to infiltration of international organizations by subversives. Particularly do I have reference to the articles signed by Alice Widener, which give every evidence of an intelligent approach to this perplexing problem and of clarity and sound judgment in presenting it.

In regard to this very important subject matter, I trust that the *Freeman* may find it possible to continue presenting the facts to the attention of the reading public.

Washington, D. C. HERBERT R. O'CONNOR

Sister Kenny's Theory

Re your comment about Sister Kenny [The Fortnight, December 15]: she advocated one method of physiotherapy for acute polio. It had been used for years and it was helpful; it still is one of our aids.

Sister Kenny waged her campaign for popularity on a different front. As she sat at the bedside of her patients she devised a hypothetical course of events throughout the course of active polio; she devised a theoretical pathology based upon her philosophy. Her theory was completely incorrect and, by scientific means, has repeatedly been proved to be incorrect. She ignored the scientific proofs and went to the people as a martyr. (Incidentally, it is quite irrelevant whether her philosophy was correct or incorrect.)

She had the press and still has the *Freeman* (out of its field). Bob Zuppke used to tell his Illinois football squads; "If I bawl one of you out it's because I see good in you." With best wishes from your ardent booster and subscriber,

LAWRENCE T. BROWN, M. D.
Denver, Colo.

Mr. Cooke Explains

May I briefly set Mr. Forrest Davis straight on a serious misapprehension he seems to be under in his first "Editor's Notebook," [December 15] and which may mislead your readers? Commenting on the intention of Lord Jowitt, a former Lord Chancellor, to write a book on the Hiss case, he writes this remarkable sentence: "It is unlikely that any new evidence has been furnished him by Alistair Cooke or any of the others who have been implicated in

the matter of procuring Jowitt's interest." I can't speak for the "others," whoever they may be. But I should simply like to state that I do not know Lord Jowitt or any of his friends, nor have I ever had any communication with him on any subject whatsoever.

On another matter, you rightly scolded me for the sweeping misstatement that when a new American Administration comes to power, there is "nothing to stop the dismissal of a government department staff from top to bottom." The excellent Professor Spann of Manchester University challenged me on that one in a letter to the *Guardian* and I confessed that he had caught me with my Civil Service statistics down. At the same time, I still think that any new Administration has too much power to demote, and to transfer to politically innocuous assignments, valuable men just below the policy-making level. I believe there is a Republican bill in the hopper which would assure more continuity of expert knowledge, for incoming policy chiefs to tap, by creating something like the British permanent under-secretaryships. It seems to me to be a good idea. It has nothing to do with the partisan sympathy towards the New Deal which you attribute to me, or to any concern for "Mr. Cooke's nervous cronies in the State Department." I have no cronies in the State Department, New Deal, nervous, or otherwise.

New York City ALISTAIR COOKE

The Income Tax Increase

Harley L. Lutz, in "How the Income Tax Destroys You," [December 15], refers to the middle class "that is in greatest danger from the oppressive rates of income tax."

In 1940 a married man with two children and a net income of \$5000 paid, after exemptions, about \$40 Federal income tax. For 1952 the tax will be nearly \$600 for a man similarly situated. Did someone say: "You never had it so good. Don't let them take it away?"

Brooklyn, N. Y. HOWARD W. TONER

On College Faculties

You are to be congratulated on the publication of that most admirable article of Louis Bromfield, "The Triumph of the Egghead" [December 15]. . . . His definition of the egghead is superb. I enjoyed particularly the statement, "so given to examining all sides of a question that he becomes thoroughly added while remaining always in the same spot."

I have been frequently asked by my friends outside of purely academic circles why so many of the inmates of our universities (not all "bush league") are of the egghead variety. My reply has been to the effect that they have been so completely surrounded by their cloistered atmosphere that idealism rather than realism guides their thinking. The real mob is overlooked in their survey of the "theoretical mob." . . .

B. J. SPENCE, Professor Emeritus
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

Great Library Mystery Deepens

["In the Libraries," an editorial in our last issue, quoted a letter which a friend of the *Freeman* had written to Mr. John M. Cory of the New York Public Library, complaining that the *Freeman* was kept in a locked drawer at the Library's Cathedral Branch. Mr. Cory has replied to our friend as follows, and sent a copy of his letter to us.

THE EDITORS]

Thank you for your letter of December 9, complaining about the apparent unavailability of the *Freeman* at the Cathedral Branch. I have inquired into the matter and should like to report to you as follows:

You ask that some way be found to make the *Freeman* available to all. It is precisely to accomplish this end that copies of this periodical are kept in the drawer since it is definitely a fact that the *Freeman* is stolen when it is put on the open rack, consequently depriving regular readers of the *Freeman* and defeating the purpose which you wish us to achieve. Experience has led us to believe that we can provide the best service in connection with this particular periodical if the *Freeman* is kept easily available on request, but not placed on the open rack.

I may say that we deeply resent your implication that this solution of a difficult problem is in any way a "devilishly clever plot to suppress libertarian literature." The New York Public Library is very proud to present material on all sides of any question and we resist every effort to exclude materials or to restrict their availability. I do not endeavor to understand why the *Freeman* disappears from the open rack but since it does I believe that you and other readers of it will be best served under the present arrangement.

JOHN MACKENZIE CORY
Chief of Circulation Department
The New York Public Library
New York City

THE *Freeman*

MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1953

The Fortnight

The newspapers, as the old year ran out, were filled with tidings of woe. A Marine was killed in New York City after he had tossed two grenades in a bar and injured fourteen people. The full story of the Katyn murders of 1940 had finally been unfolded before a Congressional committee. Details about theft, murder and mayhem on the New York waterfront were piling up. The death statistics connected with the Korean police action continued to mount. Just to reassure ourselves that 1953 will not necessarily be dominated by the devil, we went back to Mr. Dooley. Said Dooley to Hennessy during one of his wise disquisitions on the habits of newspapers: "They've got to print what's diff'rent. Whenever they begin to put headlines on happiness, contint, varehoo, an' charity, I'll know things is goin' as wrong with this country as I think they ar're ivry national campaign." That made us feel considerably better. As mehital, Don Marquis's cat, said to archy the cockroach, there's life in the old girl (in this case, our free and tractable society) yet.

The tax experts have estimated that when the Truman Administration goes out of office the Federal government will be five and a half billion dollars deeper in debt than it was in 1945. Thus, aside from taxes, Harry Truman's brand of government cost a little less than a billion a year. Posterity, which will be presented with the bill, may very well be inclined to murmur something about taxation without representation. The only trouble is that King Harry, unlike King George the Third, will be dead and beyond reach of the John Hancock and Samuel Adamses of 1976.

A spirit of amelioration seems to be abroad in the land. George Meany, new president of the American Federation of Labor, says his organization is willing to settle for less than repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. Senator Welker of Idaho says the Republican Party is willing to "correct" the Taft-Hartley Act. It is commonly understood in Washington that Senator Taft will not oppose the confirmation of the AFL's Martin P. Durkin as

Secretary of Labor. Taft himself is for certain changes in his own labor legislation. All of this points to a fair and equitable working relationship between the AFL and the incoming Eisenhower Administration. Now if only the CIO will fall into line, we may have an Era of Good Feeling, or at least a fairly durable honeymoon, between management, labor and government. Here's hoping that Walter Reuther, new head of the CIO, will see things George Meany's way.

In the great port of New York, as every newspaper reader must know by this time, there is plenty of corruption and crime along the waterfront. Yet West Coast ship operators say that it costs less to clear goods at the dockside in New York than it does in San Francisco. On the West Coast the left-wing longshoreman's unions run an "ideological racket" and "don't care whether school keeps or not." In other words, capitalist corruption costs less than Communist and left-wing "purity." This, while it is no excuse for capitalist corruption, would seem to prove that Communist ideology is a far worse form of corruption in itself. We have always known in our bones that the Communist way of doing business was a waste of human energy, and we are glad to see that the comparative arithmetic of New York and San Francisco shipping firms proves it out in dollars and cents for everyone to see.

Can any one imagine the "internationalist" vituperations that would have come down on us if we had ever dared propose for Britain that "the real current incomes of all classes, except the poorest, will have to be temporarily reduced"? Yet, this is (verbatim) the medicine prescribed for ailing Britain by none other than G. D. H. Cole, the Webbs' unchallenged heir to economic omniscience in the British Labor Party. He now contends that the English people has been living continuously beyond its means; that this has really nothing to do with recent rearmament expenditures; that "the ground lost can be regained and a new advance begun only after there has been a large increase in productivity."

Which is exactly what the *Freeman* for so long has been trying to say *in re* American aid to

Europe. The pleasure of finding Mr. Cole in agreement with the *Freeman* is unexpected and all the more genuine for that. And he can even explain why it took him so long to spell out the prescription: his country, Mr. Cole says, "is facing a dilemma which every politician is bound to find disagreeable because no way out is possible without telling the electorate what it does not want to know."

As the new year opens we deem it important for our readers to note that 28 states have already ratified the proposal to limit the individual's income tax to 25 per cent of his income. Only four more state legislature majority votes are needed to bring the number to the required two-thirds which would change the present income tax law. Since some of the state legislatures are voting on the ratification proposition this month, the income tax law *could* be altered almost before the Eisenhower Administration comes into power. That would really mean a new era in government, in taxation, in Federal spending—and in the opportunities for individual investment in productive enterprise. We have our fingers crossed, but we are hoping.

According to a recent British survey, high inheritance taxes are killing off small, family-owned businesses but have little effect on big corporations whose shares are owned by the general public. In other words, socialism and Statism are isms that help the big grow bigger. Hilaire Belloc told us this years ago when he predicted that trends in Britain, far from working to the advantage of the small or middle condition of man, were pushing things toward the evil consummation of the Servile State. Now that the Certified Public Accountants of 1953 have finally caught up with Mr. Belloc, you might think there would be a movement in the Western world toward lowering inheritance taxes. But there is no such movement, the reason being that it is always safe to soak the dead, even when the living pay for it twice over by the loss of small businesses and the concomitant growth of big monopolies.

General Ridgway is to be commended for his public protest against the NATO Foreign Ministers' decision to cut Europe's defense appropriations in two. And the time may soon come for the forthright U. S. General to resign from his exalted job in Europe. For one of the two parties seems caught in a fatal misjudgment—either Ridgway or the Foreign Ministers. If, as the General maintains, these new cutbacks violate NATO's minimum defense precautions, then the Ministers (egged on, we are sorry to note, by Churchill) are simply playing Russian roulette. If, however, they are right in contending that the Soviet threat is no longer real enough to justify a cumbersome European economy of preparedness, then America has surely no business to choke Europe (and herself) with superfluous military aid. In either case, the incoming Administration and Congress had

better lose no time in reviewing the NATO impasse. If the Soviet menace is indeed no longer relevant, this country ought to be told, too. If Churchill and his Continental colleagues are wrong, cynically wrong, *they* ought to be told—and in unmistakable terms.

There is plenty of unmined coal in Britain and in Continental Europe. Moreover, the British and the Dutch between them own more than 45 per cent of the oil-producing capacity of the world outside of the Continental United States. Yet Britain and Continental Europe keep paying out good hard-earned (or easy-borrowed) dollars for American fuel. It makes no sense, as any housekeeper of super-moronic intelligence should be able to tell the exalted statesmen of the European world. One of the first things the Eisenhower Administration must do is to force the Europeans to use a little common sense about the utilization of their own fuel resources in order to make themselves independent of American taxpayers' dollar aid.

The "World Peace Congress" in Vienna (see the editorial "The Shooting Peace" in this issue) has not perceptibly enhanced the progress of mankind, but it has noticeably improved the balance sheets of several capitalist transport companies. British air lines alone booked more than \$20,000 worth of passages from South America—and of course only a tiny fraction of the 1500 "delegates" came from there. Travel and living expenses of the entire cast have been conservatively estimated at a million dollars; the total expenditure of the shindig near two million. The tunes played left no doubt who was so generously paying the piper.

The munificent impresarios also made sure that no guest jarred the event by quoting what Comrade Wilhelm Pieck, the President of the East German satellite republic, had said only a short while ago: "There are just wars which must be supported by the proletariat." He specified the Red attack on Korea as "a just war of liberation." Naturally, the Dean of Canterbury and Pastor Niemoeller were much too appreciative of all the hospitality to take this as the text for their sermons in Vienna.

Deplorably rare are the opportunities to spread good news about official France—and when finally such an opportunity arrives, our metropolitan press falls down on the job. The American public, for instance, is not aware that General Juin, Marshal of France and prospective Commander-in-Chief of the European Army, has expressed his belief in "a strong Germany next to a strong France." Speaking to the German people through the *Rheinische Merkur*, the Marshal argued: "A strong Germany next to a weak France is an unacceptable proposition. A weak Germany next to a strong France would be an invitation to the Russians to advance to the Rhine and the Scheldt. If America helps us to become strong, we can wel-

come the strengthening of Germany." This makes eminently good sense and, coming from the first soldier of France, should encourage all American friends of a revitalized Europe. Yet its anti-German emotionalism prevented New York's passionately pro-European press from comprehending the cheerful news.

The Bishops of French Equatorial Africa have reported to the Paris government a wrinkle of the Welfare State which had heretofore escaped critical appreciation. French social security allowances are being extended to African government workers who are polygamists—and, say the Bishops, some are able to draw allowances for as many as thirty children. This, the Bishops submit, may be too much both for public finances and for public morality. For a moment we thought we had better suppress this bit of intelligence lest we put some ideas in New Deal heads, but we recalled our professional ethics in time.

The New York *Times*, through its Washington correspondent James Reston, fell for the latest Moscow high level peace conference hoax—and then caught itself by expressing editorial skepticism about the uses of a talk with Stalin. We live and learn.

Man, the Unpredictable

The economic prophets are still predicting a recession along toward the end of 1953 or early in 1954 if a Korean truce brings a halt to outsize spending for the military. And this time (contrary to their behavior in 1945) the business economists are joining in with government and academic theoreticians in the rush to welter in gloom.

Far be it from us to quarrel with such an impressive prophetic consensus. But with all humility we wish to call to our readers' attention some figures that might lead to a counter prediction. We refer to the statistics bearing on the contemporary distribution of income in the United States. The truth is that individual American incomes are not only larger than they were a generation ago; they are also much more evenly distributed over the broad ranges of the population. Back in 1929 virtually 80 per cent of American families received incomes giving them 1951 purchasing values of \$4000 or less a year. Twenty per cent of the families ranged from the \$4-5000 category (in 1951 money values) up to the millionaire brackets. Today 35 per cent of the families are in the \$4-5000-and-up brackets. What this means is that effective demand for many things that used to be considered luxuries is apt to be just as steady as the old-time demand for bread and shirts. And a population that is continuously ready to put most of its income into a wide variety of goods and services is hardly one to cause a sudden deep depression.

There is, of course, the theory that a cessation or a cut-back in military spending must inevitably produce a capital goods depression. But after a military spree there is a hunger for things requiring a different type of capital goods investment than that called forth by the production of ships and guns and big bombers. How do our more gloomy economists know what their fellow citizens will want when they are allowed to keep and spend the money they are now delivering to Uncle Sam for military purposes?

The fact of the matter would seem to be that no man knoweth his own creative desires even three weeks hence, let alone one year hence. And where no individual is in a position to know the full nature of his own future choices, the economic prognosticators must work at least partly in the dark. Economics is not a trustworthy predictive science because it deals with a beast that is unique in nature in being a whimsical self-starter. Indeed, the human animal is so whimsical that his future choices can not even be charted in the form of reasonably accurate statistical aggregates. For example, could any economist in 1900 have predicted the rush to buy motor cars during the next half-century? Can any economist in 1953 predict the future of the electronics industry? We ask this not as Pollyanna might ask it, but in the spirit of editors who glory in the fact that man is not bound to any wheel, whether economic, political or whatever. The point about man is that he is free. Even free to confound the prophets.

The Shooting Peace

There have been complaints lately that the term "cold war" is no longer adequate to describe the eerie international situation: the noun is too strong but the adjective patently too feeble.

Always glad to accommodate purists, we propose to rename the mess "shooting peace"—a term that seems to offer a twofold advantage. One, it accounts for the weekly casualty lists. Two, it identifies the nature of the insolent Communist propaganda which has reached a high point of frenzy with the recent World Peace Congress in Vienna.

That this concerted promotion of "shooting peace" is based on a contempt for human intelligence which would have appalled a Phineas T. Barnum has, unfortunately, but little effect on its chances. Barnum grossly underrated the pace at which suckers are born; and above all, he did not pay enough attention to the congenital stupidity of the intelligentsia which the promoters of the "shooting peace" (considerably more realistic comment than those tyros who used to sell the Brooklyn Bridge to mere illiterates) recruit ever more successfully.

We refuse to participate in the short-sighted smugness of the reputable international press which made the World Peace Congress in Vienna

appear a flop. On the contrary, we confess to being deeply disturbed by the type of recently recruited partisans exhibited at the "shooting peace" affair in Vienna.

That this World Peace Congress was supported by numerous clergymen no less anemic theologically than intellectually, was no surprise—though it is our distressing duty to take notice that their number is greater than even we had thought. Nor are we unduly alarmed by the appearance of Jean-Paul Sartre, the Beau Brummel of intellectual France, as headliner in Vienna: Monsieur Sartre, the idol of many a highbrow professor on American college campuses, has of course always been a fraud. But we have found among the sponsors of the Vienna Congress, for the first time, names of men whose quality commands far more serious attention. Henri Matisse, for example.

Matisse, who, unlike Pablo Picasso, has always refused to invest his immense artistic reputation in political causes, is dignity and valor personified. There was never in him or his work one ounce of that Bohemian phoniness that has turned so many contemporary artists into deserters from civilization. Calmly maturing into singular mastery, Matisse has lately been crowning a life of magnificent achievement with luminous art in the service of a God to whom the old painter returned with serene honesty. But at the end of a glorious life—surely one of the most inspiring life stories in contemporary memory—Henri Matisse endorses a murderous fraud.

Some may want to explain this shocking misadventure of a truly great man by the cleverness the Kremlin's con-men customarily apply to the adolescent and the senile. But we would reject such a soothing explanation. Nor can we console ourselves with a reference to the notorious naiveté of artists; we have too much respect for such rare and proven greatness as that of Henri Matisse. And rather than be satisfied with reflections on the foe's devilish acumen, we prefer to look at the frightening deficiencies on our own side. For only they can really account for the alarming progress of the dissolution of the West.

A major deficiency, it seems to us, is what amounts to a strange and complete breakdown of communication on our side. No matter how much money is spent on our governmental and semi-governmental propaganda ventures, we blatantly fail to bring, not merely our side of the story, but the elementary facts to the attention of people who, like Matisse, are indisputably men of good will with a desire for truth.

Let us offer here an authoritative Bolshevik statement on the nature of the Communist "peace" strategy:

Examples of the concealment of predatory aims behind noble principles are offered by the idea of disarmament and pacifist propaganda in the broad sense of the word for one's own purpose. From time immemorial the idea of disarmament has been one of the most favored forms of dissimulation of the true

motives and plans of those governments which have been seized by a sudden "love of peace."

This is taken from "History of Diplomacy," by Dr. E. V. Tarle, member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, bearer of the Order of Lenin, winner of the Stalin Prize in 1943. And no more factual or more illuminating information on the fraudulent Communist "shooting peace" offensive could be found.

Imagine what the Soviet propaganda would have accomplished, had such a gem of self-identification been displayed on our side! There would be no shepherd on the steppes of Asia unaware of this devastating self-revelation of Western imperialism. Yet it is a safe bet that Comrade Tarle's irrefutable exposure of the Soviets' "shooting peace" was never brought before Henri Matisse's lucid eyes. And so, because the great old man is as desirous of peace as is the Lord whom he now celebrates, he put his immortal name on a larcenous document.

We do not pretend that all the world's woes could be cured if only our paid propagandists recovered the power of speech. But there can be no doubt, it seems to us, that some of the most distressing Communist victories of this "shooting peace" must be charged to an altogether incredible paralysis of Western communications systems. And the Eisenhower Administration has hardly a graver responsibility than that of finding for the "Voice of America" men of enough quality to make themselves heard by a Henri Matisse.

More Light

The indictment of Owen Lattimore by a Federal Grand Jury in Washington, D. C., for perjury seems to us (as did the similar process in the case of Alger Hiss) a narrowing of the issue. In prohibition times, with the mobs entrenched in local governments, the Federal government improvised the device of laying the murderous thugs by the heel through income tax violations. That was, no doubt, a necessary detour. So it has been with the departing Administration sheltering suspected Soviet agents from the inquisitorial darts of Congressional committees. In this situation it has been the grand jury that has been the last resort of the public and yet the measures open to a grand jury do not fit the crime.

What the country needs and richly deserves is a comprehensive airing of the supposed treason amongst officials, bureaucrats and advisers of the outgoing Administration. Such an airing can best come from Congressional investigations and not, as the Alsop brothers have proposed, by means of an American counterpart of the Royal Commission. Other lands, other manners, and with us the Congressional inquiry has for generations guarded the country's interests against Executive abuses, exposing evildoers and evil alike.

Given an Administration, such as we shall have

within a few days, intent upon rooting out enemy subversion, why should not the whole history of treasonable official connections with foreign governments be related? The Executive branch need only cooperate with Congressional investigators, instead of hampering them as did Truman, to bring much into the light of day.

The Washington Grand Jury, incidentally, did a prompt and effective job in this matter. We hear that the 23 grand jurors unanimously voted all seven counts of the Lattimore indictment, that they cut short the presentation of testimony by serving notice on the assistant attorneys general attending them that they had heard enough. It may interest those who hold that only white Anglo-Saxons are interested in opposing treason, proven or putative, that seven of the jury were Negroes and five of the Jewish faith.

Trading with the Enemy

Before the spectacle of Czechoslovak Bolshevism devouring its children gives way in the public mind to the next Soviet horror, we should like to call attention to an extraordinary situation. Czechoslovakia, it will be remembered, is still holding the American newspaperman, William F. Oatis, in jail. And as a Soviet satellite it is among those governments which the Administration is ostensibly seeking to prevent from enjoying Western trade and accumulating American dollars.

Yet that same government, an enemy of the American people and of Western civilization, is openly doing business in the United States. It is selling Czech goods in Czechoslovakia for American dollars paid in this country.

We have before us a circular put out by the Darex Trading Co. Ltd., "a corporation of Czechoslovakia having stores located only in Czechoslovakia." Its U. S. representative is John Fisher, 465 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Darex advertises itself as "the perfect gift service" and assures prospective buyers that they will

. . . save time and worry with the dispatching of a parcel. You will economize on transport and you will simultaneously avoid the risk of loss. As a result of eliminating the long sea journey, our gift service is one of the quickest and safest in the world. . . . If you leave the choice of a gift to the person who is to receive it, he is enabled to select freely from our comprehensive stocks, such articles as he needs. . . .

Seven pages are devoted to a list of these "comprehensive stocks." And comprehensive is the word. Here are the main headings:

Textiles; Leather Goods; Cut Glassware; Electrical Appliances (including wireless sets); Sewing Machines; Prams; Bicycles; Motorcycles; Motor Cars (up to \$2000); Optical Apparatus; Firearms (and ammunition); Foodstuffs; Liqueurs and Distillates; Cigarettes; Miscellaneous (jewels, watches, typewriters, fishing tackle, etc.); Building Ma-

terials. Prices for wood and roofing materials, floor covering, iron rails, etc., will be quoted on request.

Some of the items which this Czech corporation offers to deliver in Czechoslovakia for American dollars strike us as peculiar. What individual in that country where all industry is nationalized, could—or would be permitted—to make use of iron rails? Who but a Communist commissar would be allowed to accept an American-donated Skoda car? Who, outside the army or the police, would be permitted to receive a gift of arms and ammunition? Who, not in favor with the government, would be permitted to receive a wireless set, a camera, a typewriter?

How much business Darex does in these curious items we do not know. We do not know how many generous friends the Czech Communist government and its favored hangers-on have in this country. What this circular makes clear, however, is that if there are such people, there is nothing to prevent them from supplying the Czech government with large gifts of American dollars with which to "buy" goods which it already owns.

We do know, however, that many Americans with needy friends and relatives in Czechoslovakia are patronizing Darex. And we know why. The circular says: "Gifts to Czechoslovakia are delivered duty free." That is the lever with which Darex pries dollars out of these unfortunates. For they have learned that when they send packages from this country the duties demanded from the recipients are prohibitive; and if they are not paid the goods are confiscated.

The duties levied fluctuate with the black market value of the Czech *kron*. Officially the exchange rate is *k*49 to the dollar; on the black market it is from 700 to a thousand. We have a friend whose relatives in Czechoslovakia were forced to pay *k*1000 (\$1.00) duty on a can of Crisco which cost \$1.20, *k*800 (\$.80) on an 87-cent pound of coffee, and *k*7500 (\$7.50) on four yards of cotton goods bought in this country for \$3.50. To most Czechoslovaks such duties are prohibitive; the American donors, therefore, are obliged to choose between enriching Czech Communist bureaucrats with confiscated American goods while their friends and relatives continue in need, and enriching the Czech Communist government with coveted American dollars. For the benefit of those who would answer that the amounts thus garnered must be negligible, we would point out that no Communist government has ever been distinguished by charity, and that if the trade were not highly profitable Darex would not be in business.

Why is it in business, anyhow, save to collect American dollars which may eventually come back to this country as payment for strategic materials used to kill Americans in Korea? Darex should be sent packing; and we suspect that if it were, American relief packages sent to Czechoslovakia would soon be received there once more duty free, just as they were formerly.



An Editor's Notebook

By FORREST DAVIS

The New Year season is one for matching promise with performance. One sets a watch on one's neighbor's New Year's resolutions to note how long, if at all, they persevere. In the spirit of the season let us therefore, brethren, compare the promise of the new internationalism, carrying all before it these days in the schools, colleges, the pulpit and journalism, with its performance. To simplify matters let us say that the chief instrument of the new internationalism is the United Nations, which, in its outward being, towers over the East River in New York City like a vast and lonely glass tombstone. The spirit of the new internationalism, as all know, is one-worldism in its varied manifestations: a perception that the jig is up with the old, bad nationalism of earlier times and an unspecific faith that the earth's dwellers of all hues and cultures can be peaceably united under one benevolent hegemony.

Mr. Wendell Willkie, of meteoric political memory, was the first prophet of one-worldism to capture a wide audience. But he was by no means the chief or the sole evangel of the doctrine, a doctrine that in a religious guise goes back into antiquity in the belief that all souls are kindred under God and which first took rudimentary political form in the League of Nations. The present-day one-worlders go, of course, far beyond Woodrow Wilson; they will settle for nothing short of a world state and they are as thick in polite intellectual circles as were hedge priests in Elizabeth's Ireland. Their organizations flourish like the green bay tree, covering the land with propaganda leaflets.

The field is definitely theirs among the educated against the nationalists, and nationalism has become a hissing and a byword only less revolting to sensitive ears than isolationism.

Yet what has the new internationalism accomplished since its form-

alization just a generation ago in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles? What is the state of world comity, commerce, travel and amenity now as compared to, say, 1913, the year before the war that led to the Versailles treaty? Instead of the Concert of Europe, an increasingly civilized code of warfare, a steady rise in humanitarianism and the usefulness of international law we have, as 1953 opens, two vast non-European imperial systems reeling toward war.

In 1913 the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, despised of the liberals, sat on their thrones. Parliamentary systems through much of Europe were ineffectual and limited. Yet in those benighted days an American, or any other citizen of the divided world, might travel without passport or visa into any country in the world except only the Tsar's Russia and the Turkish Empire. The scholar, the tourist, the student, the salesman could make his way freely, with the exceptions noted, anywhere and remain as long as his money or his desire lasted. There was an all but complete exchange of scientific knowledge and the fruits of learning across frontiers.

The same was true only to a lesser degree of the exchange of goods. Tariffs there were, but embargoes were rare, commerce was in the hands of firms and corporations and the old colonial monopolies were wasting away.

To us the passport is an old story. What is new since the rise of totalitarian and welfare states in Europe and Asia is the strict limitation on the movements of nationals not only beyond their borders but within. The whole Soviet world knows the internal passport system of the Tsars. But not only are Soviet subjects confined within their borders, so also are the British, who were only yesterday the most traveled and the freest of all peoples. Nowadays trade

is conducted among governmental monopolies, the governments form giant cartels, commerce is parceled by allotment and goods bartered while currency is fiat and difficult to exchange on world markets.

Little of this, naturally, is due to the spirit of one-worldism. It is the product of immeasurable and indefinable forces which we know as history and which have transformed the retrospectively gentle and amenable world of 1913 into the reactionary international situation confronting us today.

This department's lance is not tilted at the new internationalists for producing this reaction but for failing to understand it; for failing to see that the old, fragmented world of empires, kingdoms and republics trending toward a kinder and more civilized plane of being was a far better place in which to live as a citizen of the world than what we have today or what they have in view. The world about us is divided into two spheres of influence, the American and the Russian. The new internationalists wish to see it united into one sphere of influence without pain or conflict. That they are extremely unlikely to see. Nor would it necessarily be good. The reverse is far more probable. The one world of the new internationalists might well bring upon us greater horrors than we now observe in the restriction of the movements of persons, goods and services from place to place.

Especially would this be so if the world's writs were to run from Moscow, not Washington. A fair proportion of the new internationalists, intent on their image of a peaceable earth, seem to care little how their goal is to be achieved. Many prefer Soviet hegemony to American.

The difference is almost exactly the difference between 1913 and 1952. The United States is the last of the great powers to retain the liberties of movement that were so commonplace in the earlier year. It is the Soviet Union, perpetuating, as it does, so many of the Tsardom's wicked institutions, that sets the tone and spirit of our times. Without the pressure of Moscow's megalomania the West might gradually right itself.

The U. S. Had No Secrets

It is becoming clear that during the war Soviet spies had easy access to our most vital military and industrial secrets; partly through mysterious elements in Washington, partly through incredibly lax security regulations. The two articles that follow bear on different aspects of this espionage.

The Great Falls-Washington Axis

By RICHARD L. STOKES

An arrival of moment, on March 11, 1944, was that of a voyager from Moscow who was escorted to Great Falls by a Russian lieutenant colonel and a major. Instead of his usual brief nod and handshake, Col. Anatoli N. Kotikov, Soviet resident at the Montana airbase, welcomed the newcomer with the low bows reserved for very important people. He was introduced to Major George Racey Jordan, Lend-Lease expeditor at Great Falls, as Vlas A. Klensten, delegate of "the great Jakov Ashberg, financial hero of the Soviet Union."

Klensten had an appointment, for a specific day and hour, with a "high American statesman." He could make it only by air, and priorities were demanded. Plane travel at the time was heavy. Jordan answered that to determine whether the request was justified he would have to know the name of the man Klensten was to see.

The agent wriggled desperately to avoid telling. His mission, he pleaded, was "most confidential." Jordan tried to help. Thinking that Klensten's errand was probably fiscal, he asked whether the statesman in question was Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury. The Russian was scornful. "No, no," he replied, "much above Morgenthau!" Then he whispered: "Very big boss—great social change—coming soon in America!"

Jordan finally held that Klensten must either give the name or go by railroad. After appealing to Kotikov, he choked out the words: "Herbert H. Lehman." The former Governor

of New York was then director general of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. (Senator Lehman has notified this writer that he does not recall ever having met anyone by the name of Klensten. It is possible that the alleged errand to him was a side issue or, more likely, a sheer Soviet fabrication.)

Jordan telephoned Seattle for a reservation on a commercial airliner passing through Helena the next morning, and persuaded Lt. Col. William Boaz to fly Klensten in an Army bomber to the Montana capital. As the airport's maintenance officer, Col. Boaz was a busy man. He objected to making the flight until assured that Klensten was on a "secret mission" to Mr. Lehman.

In his calendar-book, with daily entries covering the first nine months of 1944, Jordan wrote two items about the incident. They may be taken as conclusive. The chance that he invented them on the spot, eight years ago, without discernible motive, is infinitesimal. For March 11 he wrote: "Vlas A. Klensten has date with Herbert Lehman. Is in a hurry—needs priority." His entry for the next day ran: "Col. Boaz flew Klensten to Helena to catch liner."

Col. Kotikov liked to talk about men of power in the Moscow hierarchy. He confided to Jordan some curious allegations about "Ashberg." The latter, he declared, was connected with a Swiss bank prior to the Bolshevist revolution, and acted as European agent for various New York financiers. Kotikov bragged

further that "Ashberg" collected \$20 million in gold from Wall Street to back the Communist uprising against Kerensky's republic, and rode with Lenin in the sealed boxcar used by the German High Command to smuggle that arch-conspirator into Russia.

Behind the German Money Swindle

Klensten's name popped up again during a farewell visit which Jordan paid on June 13, 1944, to Kotikov and other friends. The Colonel spoke of a "money plane" that crashed in Siberia and was to be replaced. The U. S. Treasury, he said, was shipping plates and currency ingredients to Russia, so that it could print duplicates of military marks which Washington was preparing for the German occupation. [See "The Quarter-Billion Occupation Mark Swindle," the *Freeman*, November 17.]

Since Jordan was incredulous, Kotikov produced the manifests for five plane-loads of currency components that had journeyed through Great Falls. Jordan's clearest recollection is of a sheet bearing a list of several colors of ink. As he waved the thick sheaf of papers, Kotikov again and again, as a matter of course, alluded to the M-mark transaction as "the Klensten deal." Suddenly he remembered. "Why," exclaimed he, "you yourself, three months ago, cleared Klensten from Great Falls!" With such evidence at hand, is it not more than possible that the secret "brains" behind the German money conspiracy were those of Vlas A. Klensten?

Like the atom bomb, radar was forbidden to the Russians. Needless to say, they got both. "But I can testify," says Jordan, "that on a certain day in September 1943, all that stood at Gore Field between Moscow and radar was the simple loyalty of

a non-com mechanic whose name I never learned."

The Major was followed to his desk that morning by a young corporal in overalls, who reported that four C-47s, loaded to the roof, had come in during the night. The Major was surprised and annoyed. The transports never arrived in groups but always one by one, at random. Usually they were empty, and were loaded from the warehouse. These, being already jammed, were useless to the pipeline. He thought irritably of his backlog of freight.

Radar in Lend-Lease Planes

But that was not the problem troubling the Corporal. In each of the four planes, he said, was an installation which he believed to be radar. "What is radar?" demanded Jordan, who had never heard the noun. The Corporal answered that he had just come from an air-base in England, where he was taught that radar was the most secret thing in the Army. He wondered whether the Major knew that planes going to Russia had this forbidden device. Jordan asked him to spell the word and wrote out "R-a-d-a-r."

He took the Corporal to Captain (later Major) John C. Starkie, assistant maintenance officer, and the three boarded one of the transports. Jordan remembers vaguely a box-like affair with tubes, electric wire and a plate of ground glass. It was unfamiliar to Starkie. After inquiry he identified the instrument as "navigational radar," classified as unavailable to the Soviet Union.

Jordan had a guard thrown round the planes and telephoned to his superior at Wright Field, Lt. Col. Charles H. Gitzinger, chief of the Russian Unit, United Nations Branch, Army Air Forces. "But that's impossible!" Gitzinger exclaimed. "Radar is much too secret to get in the Russian pipeline." Jordan assured him that four C-47s, all with radar, were standing at that moment under his window.

Gitzinger demanded their serial numbers and held the wire while Jordan looked them up on arrival slips in another office. When they were read, the Colonel protested that there were no planes with such numbers on the Soviet schedule. "Well,"

The Scoffers Retracted

Major Jordan's 1949 testimony that he had removed radar from Lend-Lease craft bound for Moscow was laughed to scorn. One critic, Edward R. Murrow, ended his broadcast of December 6 with an ironical flourish. "Incidentally," he scoffed, "there were no C-47s equipped with radar at that time!" Mr. Murrow made a retraction after Col. Paige authorized Fulton Lewis to quote the following statement: "It is correct that radar was not standard equipment on C-47 transport planes at the time referred to. It is true, however, that radar was being installed, experimentally, on a considerable number of C-47s at that time, and some of them undoubtedly got into the Russian pipeline."

Jordan answered, "they are sitting right out here and they won't do us any good either. They are loaded so heavily you couldn't squeeze in another pound." That seemed to mystify the Dayton officer more than ever, and he advised Jordan to get in touch with Washington.

Jordan called Col. H. Ray Paige, chief of the Air Staff's International Section, who said there must be a mistake. The Russians had been trying for months to get radar, and had always been refused. But he ordered the planes held for further instructions. After a while Col. Gitzinger telephoned that a number of C-47s had been drafted from the Oklahoma City pool for a "special shipment." He concluded: "I want you to rip that radar out personally, with your own hands, and call me the instant you've done so! Then have the equipment flown back to Oklahoma City under guard." Capt. Starkie and a crew of mechanics helped Jordan remove the apparatus.

Col. Gitzinger said there was a fifth plane loose somewhere about, and warned the Major to look out for it. Jordan recalls watching the skies for the missing craft, which never turned up. It proved later that the extra C-47 was in charge of Major General Alexander I. Belayev, former chief of the Red Army Air Force and retiring chairman of the Soviet Purchasing Commission. With a cargo for which he successfully claimed diplomatic immunity, the General bypassed Great Falls by following a beeline to Alaska through

Milwaukee and Edmonton. Presumably there was a radar in his plane, as in the four C-47s of the same group which Jordan examined. If so, he got away with it. State Department records show that Gen. Belayev left the United States on September 26, 1943.

According to testimony of Victor A. Kravchenko, author of "I Chose Freedom" and once an economic attaché of the Purchasing Commission, Gen. Belayev was chosen for the honor of escorting to Russia the "cream of Super Lend-Lease," consisting of two tons of data on American aircraft production, past, present and future. It is Jordan's conviction that the four C-47s passing through Great Falls carried about eight tons of Super Lend-Lease, which was protected likewise by "diplomatic immunity."

Soon afterward the Major received and forwarded to Moscow a bundle weighing 1000 pounds and bearing the tag "Belayev plane." It was learned that in his anxiety to reach Moscow—or to evade inspection—the General ordered his crew to lighten the C-47 at the Washington airport by stripping it of all non-essential weight. In the bundle were life rafts, snowshoes, first aid kits, spare radio parts, winter clothing and even a cover wrenched from a toilet seat.

Was It Accidental?

In view of the fearful triumphs of Soviet espionage in the United States, there is ground for asking if radar got into the Russian pipeline by accident or design. The following evidence may throw light on the problem:

In December 1942, while Jordan was still in Newark, radar receiving equipment was taken from Lend-Lease pursuit planes, medium bombers and cargo craft at Great Falls. During September 1943, also at Great Falls, Maj. Jordan aided in tearing navigational radar devices from four C-47 transport planes. By avoiding Great Falls a fifth plane of the same group is believed to have escaped with radar to Moscow.

In the spring of 1944 Maj. Bernard Green of Army Intelligence, security officer at the Washington Airport, detected radar instruments

in a Moscow-bound C-47. He ripped them out by order of the field commander, Col. Frank H. Collins.

During 1944 Capt. Lloyd Chestley, radar officer of a U. S. airbase near Gluntoe, Ireland, gave information to a Soviet general who was accompanied by an American officer and had "authorization" to inspect secret equipment.

The cruiser Milwaukee had radar apparatus aboard when it was lent-leased to Russia in April, 1944.

At its Miami training center, the U. S. Navy taught Soviet officers to operate radar equipment on Lend-Lease submarine chasers. Later in the same year the War Department trained a dozen officers in radar at its Signal Corps Center, Fort Monmouth, N. J. They were instructed in three types—for aiming artillery, identifying aircraft and tracing low-flying planes and bombs.

The Norden Bombsight "Blunder"

Four months after Jordan's encounter with radar, a quantity consignment of another secret device actually got as far as Montana, on the way to Russia, before it was intercepted. This was the Norden bombsight, which ranked prior to the atom bomb as the greatest of American military inventions. Like the bomb and radar, it was barred to the Russians, and was consequently an object of feverish espionage.

This incident caused a furor unequalled in Jordan's experience at Great Falls. For days the air was filled with messages to and from Gen. Arnold's headquarters in the Pentagon, the ATC center at Gravelly Point, Wright Field and the B-25 staging post in Kansas City. For the first and last time, Col. Paige asked the airbase commander, Colonel Russell L. Meredith, to set up a check on Jordan's execution of orders. To the Norden "blunder" are devoted nine entries in his 1944 date-book.

On January 28, the diary shows, Lt. Allen S. Aldridge, liaison officer at Wright Field, telephoned Jordan and asked whether he had been getting any B-25s. These were Mitchell medium bombers. Aldridge was told that a few were settling down at that moment. "Then they're beginning to come," he answered, "and I

have something distressing to report."

It was all very mysterious, he said, and no one had the faintest idea how it occurred. No less than 38 Mitchell bombers for the Alsib pipeline had left Kansas City with the wrong bombsight—the Norden M-9 instead of the D-8. The M-9, for medium bombers, stood next below the Norden Flying Fortress instrument. It was protocol for the Russians to have only the D-8, which was not a Norden and was much further down the scale.

The matter was so serious, Aldridge declared, that all B-25s reaching Great Falls would have to be grounded. He asked whether the Russians could be kept from finding out why. Jordan said he would do his best, but it was doubtful. There was fear that if they caught on, Col. Kotikov would telephone the White House for permission to keep the bombsights. Of course he learned everything, if he did not know it beforehand. But for once he kept quiet.

Kansas City flew out five Norden installation specialists, who removed the Norden M-9s and replaced them with D-8s. Not until February 28, a month later, was the last of the M-25s released. A final diary entry, on March 7, recorded that bombsights still on Jordan's hands were being returned under guard to Kansas City.

Nearly six years later a renowned American scientist, Dr. Harold C. Urey, told the Atlantic Union Committee that Maj. Jordan should have been courtmartialed if he removed

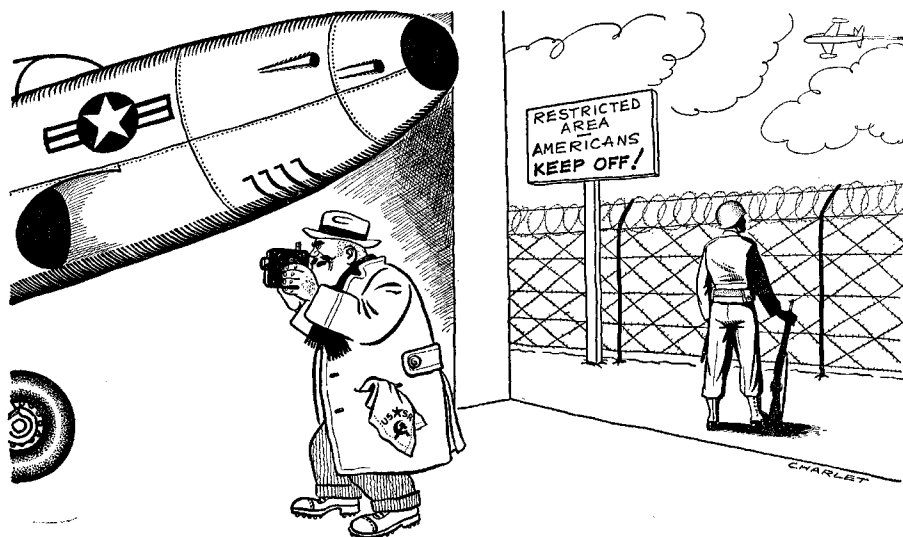
anything from planes bound for Russia. Dr. Urey, who won the Nobel chemistry prize in 1934 for the discovery of heavy hydrogen, sat in the innermost circle of the Manhattan Project.

"The only things I ever took from planes going to Russia," answers Jordan, "were radar and Norden bombsights. In each case I acted on express orders from military superiors. I should have deserved courtmartial if I had disobeyed."

An entry for April 5 refers to a new gadget designed, as Jordan recalls it, for stepping up engine performance. The time was two months before D-Day. The contrivance was being distributed among air squadrons forming along the Atlantic coast for the Normandy invasion. Gen. Arnold thought so well of the novelty that he issued a technical order with red margins, signifying that military planes without it must be grounded.

Among those stopped were Airacobras flying through Great Falls to Russia. By telephoning the supply base at Wright Field, Jordan learned that drawings for the device had just come in, and deliveries could not be expected for some weeks. Pursuit planes piled up—100 and then 150. Col. Kotikov hit the roof. He stormed at the expediter to let the craft go through without the missing parts. Then the Russian brought out his invariable formula in every emergency. He would call Harry Hopkins.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes, a few days later," says Jordan, "when an Army transport descended



with enough of the appliances to equip all the grounded Airacobras, with many to spare. The pilot, who wore a Captain's bars, goggled at me and howled: 'Are you the so-and-so that's had me chasing from Labrador to Florida, cannibalizing Eisenhower's planes?'

Colonel Shumovsky's Films

Through a Soviet engineer and photographer, in the spring of 1944, Jordan was shocked to discover that Russian agents were being allowed to take motion pictures inside war factories from which Americans were excluded by ramparts of electrified wire and patrols of armed sentries. He was Col. Stanislav Shumovsky of the Soviet Purchasing Commission. His activity in this country had begun with an assignment, camera and all, at Wright Field, where new types of military planes were tested. Then he was suffered to act as observer of American industry in general. In his private "Who's Who" of Russians in this country, Maj. Jordan made an entry: "Shumovsky, Col. Stanislav, took thousands of rolls of film back."

The tall and imposing Russian dismounted from a C-47 "Skytrain" and was greeted with deference by Col. Kotikov, who presented Jordan. But when the American started to board the transport, both moved to halt him. The visitor explained that the cargo was "most special, with diplomatic immunity." Jordan answered that it could not proceed without examination.

"From his wallet," the Major recounts, "Col. Shumovsky took a letter. I do not remember the signature, but it was from the Lend-Lease Section of the War Department. It gave him permission to visit any and all war plants for purposes of inspection. He was sorry, but I would have to accept this paper as his authority for refusing to let anyone enter the plane. I told him that so far as my duty was concerned the letter had no jurisdiction."

Returning to his office, Jordan gave orders that the transport was not to be serviced and gassed. After luncheon Shumovsky suggested a compromise. "I'll tell you what's on the plane," he offered. Jordan said he would have to see for himself.

The engineer consulted Col. Kotikov and sent word that he would "permit" Jordan to inspect the cargo.

The cabin was packed, on either side of a narrow aisle, with row after row of slender tubes as high as a man's armpits. The tops were sealed with Scotch tape, and attached to each was the typewritten name of a factory. Two that stuck in Jordan's memory were the E. M. Bliss Co. of Detroit and the Black & Decker Manufacturing Co., Towson, Maryland. The former makes dies and rolling mill equipment, and the latter portable electric tools, accessories and motors.

Having cut the tape on one canister, the Major drew out a long roll of motion picture film. It showed drop forges stamping out automobile fenders. Perhaps a dozen containers were opened. The story in each was the same—cinema records, with numerous close-ups, of intricate machinery. The general subject appeared to be heavy industry, with emphasis on machine tools, aircraft and motor vehicles.

"These thousands of celluloid rolls," Jordan observes, "must have been invaluable to Stalin's crusade for multiplying the war potential of Soviet industry. Col. Shumovsky's

one transport carried a tremendous volume of this country's true secret weapon—its production know-how. In 1944 it hadn't crossed my mind that communism was tricking America into serving as a future arsenal against itself. So I released the plane, fancying that the idea was to lessen our own burden by aiding Russia to manufacture some of its military equipment."

Listed in the 1944 diary as arriving at Great Falls on May 22, bound for Washington, were seven Russian officers ranging from lieutenants to major generals. Jordan got up at 3:30 A. M., met them with staff cars and took them to breakfast at the Officers' Club, of which he was president. They departed at 6 o'clock.

"To ordinary eyes," he comments, "the seven names stand all alike in capitals of black ink. For myself one flashes in golden letters. It is that of Major General Paul E. Berezin, a Russian unique among hundreds I met. Over a cup of coffee at 5 A. M., when resistance is low, he conceded handsomely that Bell Airacobras might have played some small part in the Stalingrad victory. That was the only praise I ever heard, from Soviet lips, of the vast American effort in Russia's behalf."

Are Soviet A-Bombs Russian?

By MEDFORD EVANS

It is possible that U-235 and plutonium, the "nuclear components" of the atomic bomb, have been systematically diverted from Oak Ridge, Hanford and Los Alamos in sufficient quantities to charge perhaps twenty atomic bombs. This material, together with a complement of "non-nuclear components," may be stored here in the United States, waiting the signal for clandestine assembly in a Chicago warehouse or a New York apartment building, the resulting ready-for-detonation A-bombs to be used in whatever manner the conspirators may regard as most "truly revolutionary."

Those test bombs exploded in Russia two or three years ago may have been manufactured—except for final assembly—in the United States. In

support of this theory are two considerations: 1) the improbability that the Russians were capable of independent bomb-manufacture as early as September 1949 (when President Truman announced an atomic explosion had taken place in Russia); and 2) the practicability at that time of smuggling out of the United States fissionable material and other essential components of the atomic bomb.

Expert testimony on the state of Russian technology after World War II raises a doubt that the Russian A-bombs were homemade.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, eminent research director, who visited Russia in June 1945, told a Senate Committee in December of that year he was "convinced they are not carrying

through a Manhattan Project" (war-time code name for the American atomic bomb project). He based his opinion on conversations with Kapitza, Joffe and other Russian scientists, and on the evident rate of progress on a cyclotron which he saw under construction.

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, war-time director of the atomic bomb laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico, told the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy in June 1949, ". . . my understanding of the situation in Russia is that even when the basic facts are known, they have, and I think we have cause to be grateful, some difficulty in making practical application of them."

Fuchs Was Astonished

Dr. Klaus Fuchs, leading convicted atomic spy, "explained," according to the *Saturday Evening Post* for June 7, 1952, "that it was impossible for him to do more than tell the Russians the principle on which the bomb was made. It was up to the Russians to produce their own industrial equipment, and he had been astonished when they had made and detonated a bomb so quickly."

Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, former Ambassador to Russia, and now head of the Central Intelligence Agency, told former Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, according to the latter's "Diaries":

The Russians can not possibly have the industrial competence to produce the atomic bomb now, and it will be five or even ten years before they could count on manufacture of it in quantity. They may well now have the 'notebook' know-how, but not the industrial complex to translate that abstract knowledge into concrete weapons.

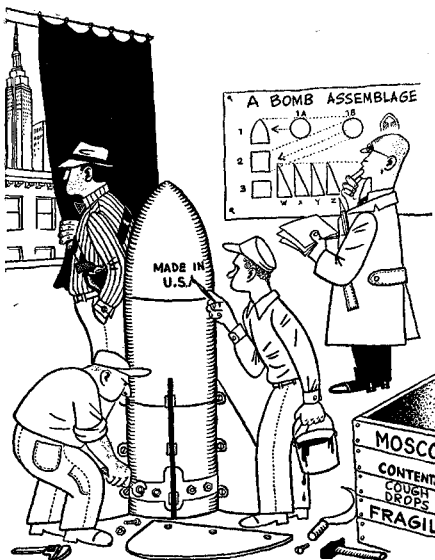
The entry is dated September 24, 1948, just one year before President Truman's announcement of the Russian explosion. It appears today that Gen. Smith was certainly right about the notebook know-how (thanks to Dr. Fuchs and others): he may very well have also been right about the industrial complex, or lack of it.

Gen. George C. Marshall, while Secretary of State, reported at a Cabinet luncheon April 28, 1947 on the latest Moscow conference, the

gist being, according to the "Forrestal Diaries":

Two underlying motifs ran through all the conversations with the Russians—first, money, and second, reparations out of Germany, i.e., in terms of production. . . . The Russians have found that the taking of physical assets does not get them the result they want in terms of goods. Even taking of management personnel with the plants does not suffice because the trained labor is not available in Russia.

If the Russians concluded in the case of non-atomic production that theoretical know-how, the industrial equipment itself, and even management personnel were not enough—that for lack of trained labor they required the finished product, they may have come to a similar conclusion in regard to atomic production.



What were their chances of doing anything about it?

Dr. Manson Benedict, chief designer of the U-235 plant at Oak Ridge, has stated, "One guess is that from one to five bombs per year could be produced from non-accountable material if one sought to divert material improperly."

Dr. Sanford Simons, young atomic scientist, took plutonium away from Los Alamos, New Mexico, as a souvenir. Four years later the FBI arrested him in Denver, Colorado. A deliberate Communist agent could easily have headed the other way and gone into Mexico with the stuff. That is a regular "underground" route to Russia.

Admiral John E. Gingrich, while

Director of Security for the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, told Secretary Forrestal in February 1948 he was disturbed by "the lack of proper security and surveillance measures for atomic materials."

As late as July 1950 the laboratory at Los Alamos was reported in an official but unclassified paper as *beginning* to install the procedures for accounting for the fissionable materials that charge the atomic bomb—the procedures authorized and directed by "Bulletin GM-95," issued by AEC Washington headquarters in July 1948. This report from Los Alamos was made five years after the first American test explosion, and about a year after the first Russian explosion of which we have information.

Considering facts and informed opinions like these, it is easier to imagine Communists stealing bomb parts from American plants and relaying them to Russia than it is to imagine the Russians going through the whole industrial process themselves.

Soviets Had Bomb Before British

Only recently it was announced that the British had exploded their first bomb in a test off the Australian coast. All the scientists known to have given technological secrets to the Russians were British. But the galaxy of British scientists as a whole was far greater than Fuchs, May and Pontecorvo. Hence even with the maximum allowance for the value of the knowledge transmitted by these three, the British resources of knowledge remain far greater than the known Russian resources. Indeed the British tradition in the physical sciences and their ingenious practical application is unrivaled. From Newton to Lord Chervell, from the steam engine to radar, from the spinning jenny to the jet airliner, the island home of the industrial revolution has produced or attracted a fabulous gallery of scientific and technical geniuses, including in the nuclear field Thomson, Rutherford, Chadwick and Cockroft. As for raw materials, the British are in the same boat with us, which is to say, considering the arrangements for reaching the Belgian Congo, we are both

better off than the Russians are known to be.

How then is it to be easily credited that the Russians beat the British by three years in the race to manufacture an atomic bomb independently of the United States? It appears significant that the Russian atomic energy project is in charge of Lavrenti Beria, chief of the Soviet secret police, doubtless an expert in the art of smuggling as well as spying.

Once the basic concept is grasped, however, no one imagines the Communist pipeline delivering all, or most, of the diverted material to Russia. After all, the targets are here, and the bomb parts are here. The simple and logical thing to do is to assemble the bomb parts in the targets. It would be ridiculous to smuggle bomb components out of the United States and then either smuggle them back in again, or try to deliver assembled bombs by expensive aircraft against some kind of defense. No. A demonstration or so for the high command in Soviet territory—then, enthusiastic participation in the great program to enlarge the U. S. atomic project!

Spies Still Hidden

Are Russian agents still at large in the United States? In April 1951 Judge (then U. S. attorney) Irving Saypol, who prosecuted Julius and Ethel Rosenberg for atomic espionage, said, "We have gotten now sufficient information so that we are embarking on a series of prosecutions to stamp out this crime." We are now at the beginning of 1953. Who has been prosecuted since April 1951? Are the persons Judge Saypol had in mind still at large?

Dr. Fuchs; David Greenglass, the Los Alamos machinist who through Julius Rosenberg gave the Russians a schematic drawing of the implosion bomb; and Dr. Allan Nunn May, the British scientist who gave the Russians a sample of American-made fissionable material; all indicated the existence of still hidden characters in the drama. And, indeed, it would be naive to think that all the actors have been disclosed, or that the plot has yet reached its denouement.

We may be grateful that our own

Of my own personal knowledge I know that beginning early in 1942 Russian civilian and military agents were in our country in huge numbers. They were free to move about without restraint or check and, in order to visit our arsenals, depots, factories and proving grounds, they had only to make known their desires. Their authorized visits to military establishments numbered in the thousands.

MAJ. GEN. FOLLETTE BRADLEY, USAF (Ret.), the *New York Times*, August 31, 1951

Central Intelligence Agency is not, as Gen. Bedell Smith has assured us, so naive. The CIA assumes that the CIA is infiltrated by Communists. The CIA, presumably, also assumes the atomic energy project is so infiltrated. Certainly there are persons, not uninformed, who assume it. The consequences of that

This Is What They Said

... Delete from the Mutual Security Act objectionable conditions required from nations receiving assistance.

AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION, Foreign Policy Statement, *ADA World*, June 1952

The Chinese Communists and their leader, Mao Tse-tung, happen to have renounced years ago now, any intention of establishing communism in China in the near future.

EDGAR SNOW, the *Nation*, February 17, 1945

The charge against Owen Lattimore hardly deserves serious consideration.

PROF. NATHANIEL PEPPER of Columbia University, the *New Republic*, August 4, 1952

I commend this report of the evaluating committee [on school library books] and endorse specifically their thoughtful conclusion that the fictionalized biography, "Citizen Tom Paine" by Howard Fast, meets our prescribed criteria in such a fashion as to warrant its continued inclusion in the library of the Scarsdale High School.

ARCHIBALD B. SHAW, Superintendent of Schools, Scarsdale, N. Y., April 3, 1950

very plausible assumption, however, appear not to have been thoroughly examined. At any rate they have not been discussed in public even by those who have been most articulate in their concern for the freest possible public discussion of the problems relating to atomic energy.

Nothing yet undisclosed, of course, nor any latent inference, could be more fantastic than what is plain for all to see: that the United States has chosen to stake its national security upon the military value of the atomic bomb, while at the same time it continues its efforts through international negotiation to outlaw the atomic bomb. The entire situation with regard to atomic energy can hardly be explained except by supposing that the American atomic energy project itself is the field of decision in the current phase of the world conflict of power and principle.

I think the Crimea Conference [Yalta] was a successful effort by the three leading nations to find a common ground for peace. It spells—and it ought to spell—the end of the system of unilateral action, exclusive alliances, and spheres of influence, and balances of power, and all the other expedients which have been tried for centuries and have always failed.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, address to Congress, March 1, 1945

I have been in Soviet Asia where a number of slave labor camps are supposed to be. I didn't happen to see them. This doesn't prove much, although I doubt if all the evidence of extensive slave labor could be hidden from a trip like ours.

HENRY A. WALLACE, "Toward the Peace," 1948

The Freeman invites contributions to this column, and will pay \$2 for each quotation published. If an item is sent in by more than one person, the one from whom it is first received will be paid. To facilitate verification, the sender should give the title of the periodical or book from which the item is taken, with the exact date if the source is a periodical and the publication year and page number if it is a book. Quotations should be brief. They can not be returned or acknowledged.

THE EDITORS

A Vassar alumna, who was graduated with honors in 1948, cites her own experience and that of others in vindication of Nancy Jane Fellers.

Liberal Education at Vassar

By PATRICIA B. BOZELL

Back in 1948 a Vassar student put the question to her English professor: "Are you judging me on my work or on my ideas?"

"On your ideas," was the answer. The professor duly returned to the student the report containing her ideas—by throwing it in her face.

The student was Micheline Peon, already a graduate of the Sorbonne. Her "ideas," disapproval of Henry Wallace's candidacy for the Presidency and emphatic support of those who called attention to the Communist sponsorship of the Progressive Party. And the professor? The professor was Helen Drusilla Lockwood, whose treatment of Nancy Jane Fellers [the *Freeman*, November 3 and December 1] was dramatically symptomatic of Vassar's attempt to implant in her students the "liberal" orthodoxy.

The *Vassar Chronicle*, apparently, would have liked to end the controversy touched off in the *Freeman* by concluding: a) Miss Fellers is of subnormal intelligence, and a paranoiac to boot; and b) Vassar is blameless—under the banner of a "liberal education," she "frees the mind to examine values and ideals and to choose among them." But this won't settle the matter for Vassar students and alumnae who have pondered the impact of a Vassar education, and have observed (sometimes with enthusiastic approval) a studied policy of purging students of traditional values, and sending them on their way imbued with views better attuned to the new orthodoxy.

Mary McCarthy, author of "The Groves of Academe" and a Vassar graduate, actually won the case for Nancy Fellers a year and a half before the *Freeman* printed "God and Woman at Vassar." In a piece on Vassar for *Holiday* (May 1951), Miss McCarthy gloated:

The effect of this [Vassar's] training is to make the Vassar student, by the time she has reached her junior year, look back upon her freshman self with pity and amazement. When you talk to her about life in college, you will find that she sees it as a series of before and after snapshots: "When I came to Vassar, I thought like Mother and Daddy . . . I was conservative in my politics." . . . With few exceptions the trend is from the conservative to the liberal from the orthodox to the heterodox.

Whether it be a Nancy Fellers grimly relating her personal experiences or a Mary McCarthy chortling contentedly at the discomfiture of "pretty blue-eyed Republican girls" in the throes of a Vassar education, the verdict seems to be the same. Vassar *does* urge on her students the liberal orthodoxy.

Mother Vassar's Children

My own experiences at Vassar (I was graduated in 1948) help to explain the way in which an institution dedicated to the "free mind," by encouraging a cavalier disparagement of traditional values ends up promoting the collectivist, materialist ideology so fashionable in intellectual circles today.

First, perhaps, I should confess a prejudice of my own. The *Chronicle*, in its reply to Miss Fellers, remarked that her belief in "God, Human Dignity, and the United States of America" was "of course . . . very commendable, but in every human ideal there is room for growth." If a basic assumption underlies my piece, it is that I doubt that there is in fact "room for growth" in the sense of "room for improvement" of these values. There is certainly room for deeper understanding; but the question is whether the editors of the *Chronicle* and many of Vassar's

faculty don't identify "room for growth" with "room for advancement" or "room for change."

At any rate, let us see how Mother Vassar helps her children "grow."

Miss Peon's encounter with Miss Lockwood indicates that Miss Fellers's experience is not isolated. In the spring of 1948, for a class assignment, Miss Peon elected to write up a local debate on whether or not Henry Wallace should be elected President of the United States. At this debate two Yale students who opposed Wallace, confronted two editors of Vassar's other undergraduate newspaper, the *Miscellany News*, which had urged his candidacy. One of the Vassar debaters, it is interesting to note, was a daughter of Mr. Charles Taft, Miss Cynthia Taft, who I assume entered Vassar a libertarian. In the course of the debate, she broke into tears at the chastisement her favorite candidate was receiving.

At a subsequent class meeting Miss Peon arrived early to discuss her paper with Miss Lockwood. The paper, a straight news report on the debate, had remarked on the inadequacy of the pro-Wallace presentation and had also made note of Miss Taft's breakdown. Miss Lockwood accused Miss Peon of resorting to yellow journalism. She added excitedly that Miss Peon had "been had," and suggested she might do better to return to France. It was at this point that Miss Peon asked flatly, "Miss Lockwood, are you judging me on my work or on my ideas?" The students who had filed into the room looked on as Miss Lockwood threw the paper in Miss Peon's face.

Another student, Miss Elsie Norman, has told me that Miss Lockwood devoted a great deal of time in class to a discussion of this debate, directing most of her remarks to personal attacks on the Yale debaters. Miss Norman was all the more appalled to learn on independent investigation that Miss Lockwood *had not even attended the debate!* Summarizing her experiences with Miss Lockwood, Miss Norman has written, "She gives both sides of the question in order to seduce confidence in her objectivity, but weights the liberal viewpoint so effectively that the average student

concludes that that is the only intelligent point of view." Other students, whose names I've been asked not to divulge, have substantiated the general atmosphere of intemperate dogmatism on the part of Miss Lockwood and jittery submissiveness from her students.

Vassar's value orientation is not always so blatant, but in one way or another it manages to pervade campus life.

"Mature" Votes for Wallace

The debate between the editors of the *Miscellany News* and the two Yale students grew out of the paper's hearty endorsement of Wallace's candidacy and the program of the Progressive Citizens of America. The "*Misc*" editorial of February 18, 1948, which brought on the Yale challenge said, in part:

The policy of the present Administration (in large measure supported by both parties) of supporting the utmost reaction in an effort to combat communism (in Greece, China and Korea, for example) has been one of the major factors in creating international frictions which may well lead to war if left to continue unabated.

No mention appeared of the auspices under which the third party was formed, or of the widely dawning fact that it was nothing more nor less than an instrument of Soviet foreign policy.

Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, President of Vassar, did the unusual thing by submitting to the editors of the "*Misc*" a warm letter of commendation which read in part:

I want to commend the members of the editorial board for the issue of the *Miscellany News* in which you presented the two editorials concerning Mr. Wallace's candidacy for President.

[The other editorial was a mild dissenting opinion on Wallace based largely on his personal instability and a reluctance to abandon "an already established party," with never a word mentioning his party's Communist sponsorship.] It is extremely gratifying to me when a group of young people demonstrate *the mature judgment that was evident in this issue . . .* [emphasis added].

The same issue of the "*Misc*" reported the findings of a student-

faculty poll on Presidential preferences. Eight hundred and sixty-two students (from a student body of 1336), and 55 faculty members (from a staff of 175) replied. On the basis of the poll, the student body was 58 per cent Republican, and about 9 per cent pro-Wallace—that is to say, several times as "liberal" as the national vote a few months later, which gave Wallace less than 2.5 per cent. The faculty, however, whose duty it is to encourage the "mature judgment" and "hard thinking" Miss Blanding endorses, voted 27 per cent for Wallace. Even more noteworthy, 49 per cent of the faculty recorded approval of Wallace's foreign program, even



though some preferred other candidates.

The fervent backing of Henry Wallace by the editors of the student newspaper was consistent with their editorial judgment on a number of matters. On March 17, 1948, an editorial, "Czech Crisis," had this to say on the Communist coup:

. . . This was no sudden grab for power by a group of fanatics out for their own gain personally. The new leaders are trying to meet a challenge in basic economic reorganization which we can not judge by our own experience. . . .

What is the impact of these events upon the delicate balance of international power? To Russia, which is lagging far behind the United States in immediate eco-

nomie strength, a friendly Czechoslovakia must seem an added security from attack. . . . When will we realize that a great deal of socialism is essential to the restoration of a devastated Europe suffering from lack of capital?

A year later, February 16, 1949, commenting on the "New China," a new set of editors wrote,

The peace terms as set down by Mao Tse-tung reveal the vitality of a new political and economic force and must not be misunderstood through fear of Soviet expansion. The eight conditions for peace talks show that the Communists are more concerned with a thorough domestic housecleaning and with an end to coddling of American interests than with a quick peace.

Meanwhile the *Vassar Chronicle*, which was founded only a few years ago and encouraged by alumnae baffled and shocked by the strident radicalism of the "*Misc*," rhapsodized on the beauty of spring. The *Chronicle* editors refused to announce the Yale-"*Misc*" debate, or even to accept a paid ad for that purpose. After the debate, fear of being called "biased" by a "segment of the campus" prevented their mentioning the anti-Wallace arguments. Not even a straight news story reporting the campus furor was considered to be the "liberal" thing to do. (These attitudes were confided to me by members of the *Chronicle* board, of which I had been a member.)

This faint-heartedness on the part of the "opposition" newspaper did not just happen. One of the favorite shibboleths in modern educational patter is that "all sides of a question must be considered." Although conservatism is acknowledged as a "point of view" (even in the best of circles), to present it in a newspaper, for example, is to state only "one side of the question." It's a different story when the radical hits, and hits hard, the conservative or libertarian position. Paradoxically, that is called "reaching a conclusion from an objective appraisal of the issues." And this topsy-turvy notion is fostered and fed in the classrooms. By the time the student attains the eminence of a *Chronicle* editorship she is sufficiently schooled to feel no qualms in reporting a lecture by Anna Louise Strong. But calling at-

tention to a debate discussing Wallace's Communist sponsorship indicates "bias." Are we to conclude that conservative values offend the campus and that McLiberalism does not? Or just what?

The ideological atmosphere at Vassar may perhaps be more easily understood in the light of an episode in 1949, when I was a one-year graduate. Late in January I read to my dismay that Miss Blanding was listed as sponsor of the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace, to be held on May 25 at the Waldorf Hotel. From its inception the conference had been denounced in every quarter for what it was—"a sounding board for Communist propaganda," as the State Department put it. On February 2 I wrote a letter to the *Chronicle* emphasizing the nature of the conference and remarking that Miss Blanding's sponsorship compelled one of two conclusions: either she was anxious to further Communist propaganda, or she was too naive, too misinformed, or perhaps too unintelligent to fulfill her responsibilities as the president of a college.

The letter was finally printed—seven weeks later. In the interim I had to make two trips to Vassar. The first was to "talk over" the situation with the editors of the *Chronicle*, who, after unsuccessfully urging me to withdraw the letter, informed me that it would appear only after I had talked with Miss Blanding.

The Teacher Taught

The second interview was with Miss Blanding. I gave her a 28-page memorandum I had drafted on the background and history of the principals of the Conference, and also the steps leading up to its organization—demonstrating that the show was to be a Communist extravaganza. I shall dwell on the interview in rather more detail than would seem warranted, as I know of no better way to capture the anomalous situation of a college president having to be instructed in one of the primary issues of the day by a graduate of just one year before. Here are extracts from a memorandum I scribbled hastily the day after the interview on March 14:

Miss Blanding's rationalizations for sponsoring this rally ranged from platitudes about "liberalism" and "peace" through "trying to stop the Communists by learning their methods." The following points were made by the two of us:

Miss B: How can the CSWP [the sponsoring group for the Waldorf Conference] be called a Communist front when the government hasn't cited it as such?

Answer: This is a brand new organization, and as you know, the Attorney General is always months behind. Individuals must use their own judgment concerning its true affiliations and purposes. The report I drew up . . . quotes the House Committee on Un-American Activities' definition of a front, and goes on to show how the World Conference fits each point to the letter.

Miss B: Believes in promoting intercultural discussion and that's all this conference is doing. Believes world peace can be attained only if ideas are exchanged, etc.

Answer: The "exchange" of cultural and scientific ideas is traditional Communist double-talk for Communist propaganda.

Miss B: Feels that a way of understanding and of fighting the tactics and ideas of "leftists" is to be "in" on conferences so as to see what they're getting at (a direct contradiction to her first contention that the Conference was not a Communist front).

Answer: The party line is pretty well known by now and the support Miss B. is giving it by letting her name be used as a sponsor and a speaker is too high a price to pay. Besides, it's palpable nonsense to say one must sponsor a group in order to find out what goes on in it.

Miss B: Replied that she is acting as a private individual.

Answer: That may be so, but as President she carries the weight of Vassar College behind her whether she likes it or not, and alumnae and students might think an organization is perfectly respectable if they see her name on its letterhead.

Miss B: . . . As for my letter, it showed my sincerity but was emotionally unstable. [Move over, Nancy Fellers!] Remarked that she could have done a better job of putting across my point. . . . Said near the end she had proved herself not naive about all this and that she *did* know what she was doing.

When my letter appeared five days later, I was informed by an editor that Miss Blanding had given the

Chronicle "permission" to print it. (In their answer to Nancy Fellers the *Chronicle* editors wrote: "There has never been any attempt at censorship of an editorial policy by the college, and this paper would resist vigorously if there ever were such an attempt.") In the same issue was the announcement that Miss Blanding was withdrawing her sponsorship of the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace. Miss Blanding's statement explained that she now doubted that

. . . those who attend this Conference or who appear on its program will represent a sufficiently broad point of view. . . . I have come reluctantly to that conclusion since I am aware that by so doing I will give comfort or even aid to that small but increasing group of Americans who appear to be willing to abandon our tradition of democracy, freedom of ideas, their expression and their interchange. . . . While withdrawing from the conference I urge all citizens to hold fast to their belief in the democratic process and to recognize that the fear of freedom is a danger which is insidiously creeping into our national life.

Not a word deploring the nature of the Waldorf Conference itself. Not a hint that by resigning she was herself affirming the democratic process.

Nancy Fellers was not the first to note that traditional beliefs are relentlessly undermined at Vassar, that protestations of "academic freedom" are only camouflage for systematic attempts to implant a new set of values. In the field of religion, for example, Dr. James Pike, former Poughkeepsie clergyman and now Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (New York City), has written:

The main-line Christian faith [is] the only view toward life not receiving an adequate hearing at Vassar College. . . . [It is] my conviction that at the college "the dice are loaded" against the common Christian faith held by all the principal churches.

Of course I am not suggesting that all Vassar teachers play at this game. There are many notable exceptions. I would only indicate the net impact of a Vassar education. As Mary McCarthy exulted, a Freshman arrives,

with the hope of being made over, redirected. . . . The daughter of a conservative lawyer, doctor, banker or businessman will have chosen Vassar in all probability with the idea of transcending her background. And if she herself is not conscious of such plans for herself, her teachers have them for her.

Here is a precious testimonial to our educators and to their interpretation of "academic freedom." For all their caterwaulings about "letting a student make up his own mind" our colleges *do* promote an orthodoxy, and one to their liking.

Now, by what legerdemain do the professors obtain the right to implant seeds of their own choice?

Foreign Trends

Europe Discounts the UN

If lack of faith in the prospects, even the plausibility, of the UN be a hallmark of isolationism, Europe seems universally struck by that political counterpart of leprosy. Any American whom a sentimental metropolitan press has conditioned for unquestioning reverence toward the UN would have felt exposed to stark blasphemy had he, in recent weeks, heard Europeans talk of that organization. It sounded positively like a post mortem, though not exactly like a lament. At the moment, the Europeans seem to have little doubt that the UN is dead—a general, if perhaps hasty, assumption which leaves them much less shocked than, say, the busy rumors of forthcoming cuts in American doles to Europe.

The articulate and politically relevant circles (which alone, of course, can be meant by that sweeping generality, "the Europeans") tended to take Mr. Trygve Lie's resignation as Secretary General for the official announcement of the UN's decease. "Does that mean that the United Nations as an effective force in the world is doomed?" asked, for example, the impeccably prudent London *Spectator*; and answered its rhetorical question, as behooves a well-mannered British journal of opinion, with a politely conditional "It may have to be admitted in the end." The point is that no one in Europe

And why do they look upon criticism of their estate as a minor blasphemy? It was never, in our country, an unworthy act to reproach autocrats. Not until recently. Nor was it unacceptable for individuals to support that in which they believed—no matter on whose domain they trespassed. Until recently. But modern educators, as they go about their business of shaping student attitudes, have been able to make of themselves a unique, inviolable sect. As for the common laymen with no especial privilege—just bury them with ridicule for their refusal to accept passively an ideology which is inimical to a free people.

would take exception to what, in the chilled British climate of public debate, was tantamount to a complete dismissal of UN's life expectancy.

In all fairness to the Europeans, they have never gone for the irrational adoration of the UN, so fashionable (and arrogantly intolerant) in this country. Few Europeans have ever called the UN "the last best hope of mankind," or pronounced man "obsolete" unless he accepted the gospel according to Lie. For Europeans, the UN was from the start nothing more than an interesting second try at a League of Nations—certainly not the kind of redeeming sunrise the high-strung school of American UN propagandists made it out to be. And a success of that second try would have rather astonished Europeans who, contrary to some romantic Americans, were not at all surprised by the pitiable debacle of the original League: it is against the European grain, not to speak of European experience, to expect the preservation of peace from moralistic schemes rather than the amassment of persuasive force.

For the moment, at any rate, the consensus among informed Europeans seems to be that the UN must be written off for all practical purposes of international action—and that not much will be lost by doing so. Again contrary to starry-eyed

American editorial writers, politically trained Europeans fail to notice any mystic element in a conglomeration of hired politicians who, one and all, must obey binding orders from their respective capitals. Consequently, the apparent petrification of the UN is accepted in Europe as a perfectly natural corollary of the dominant fact of our era—the irreconcilable conflict between the Soviet Empire and the United States.

There is only one note of genuine regret in the European post mortems, and this note will be even more offensive to American ears than Europe's unsentimental dismissal of the UN. For the last few years (and the readers of the "internationalist" U. S. press have been kept carefully uninformed about this fact), the European chancelleries have appreciated the UN as an instrument to contain, not the Soviets, but the U. S. The governments of the Old World, and of Asia no less, have learned to employ the UN against what they call "American rashness"—that is, the American inclination to translate ideas into action. Notoriously adept at balancing acts, the Foreign Offices of the Old World took all possible advantage of a preposterously fictitious set-up in which Luxembourg, say, swung as much voting power as the U. S. The Soviet Union, of course, did not give a hoot about such funny pretensions. But Achesonian America remained for several critical years impressed by the UN's surrealistic mathematics, and even paid the bill for Europe's diplomatic lark. Now that the UN seems more or less demolished, at least in Europe's current estimation, knowing Europeans honestly lament the end of the free ride.

And from here on they expect the revival of old-fashioned alliances. Off the record, European statesmen leave no doubt that this change will, if anything, tie their countries more firmly to the U. S. than any fictitious world organization. But there is at the moment some moving nostalgia in European Foreign Offices for the bountiful opportunities of the formalized UN minuet. Yet the ball seems to be over and Europeans, always realists, are getting ready for sober business. CANDIDE

The Right to Be Conservative

By J. DONALD ADAMS

The independence of spirit which was our strength, says a distinguished critic, has been supplanted by the weakness of conformity with prevailing opinion.

In the gray granite city of Aberdeen there is carved in stone over a door of Marischal College this motto from the founder of that ancient seat of learning:

THEY SAYE
QUHAT SAYE THEY?
LET THEM SAYE!

It is a good maxim—for education, for life; and one which we Americans more than any other people, perhaps, stand in need to profit by. For much too long a time we have been beset by fear of what “they” will or might say. The state slaves of the totalitarian countries also live in fear of what “they” will say, but “they” in their case means very definitely the party leaders who rule their lives and thoughts. In our case “they” is a shadowy bogeyman, or, more concretely, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who may look down their noses at us from next door.

This unhappy attitude has not always been true of us. In large measure this country was settled and developed by men who held passionate beliefs and convictions which other men in places of *outer* authority said they must not hold; those who came here chose to act in obedience to an *inner* authority.

That was their strength. But the strength has dwindled, in spite of fresh infiltrations of the same spirit. I am thinking of such emigrations as that which accompanied the German revolution of 1848, and, of course, the smaller number who in recent years have been able to turn their backs on any of those reactionaries who now threaten the future of the free world. The strength has dwindled in spite of our increased awareness of those factors in temperament and character which have contributed to the making of what we think of as the American way of life.

In this world of fears in which we

live, none has been stronger among Americans than the fear of being thought conservative, and it is that fear with which I wish to deal. I am not writing a plea for conservatism as the only proper mental attitude, which would be silly; but a plea for the *right* to be conservative, and to be so without a sense of embarrassment or of the need for apology. There is among us, and particularly among those whom we describe as “intellectuals,” a very real sense of shame at being thought conservative by other intellectuals, and a definite imagined need to apologize for any attitude not shared in common with the intellectual herd. And there are no more timid sheep than are to be found in that flock.

The String and the Bow

Let us remember that there are two kinds of conservatism: one real and constructive, the other false and footling. The true conservatism, the kind which can serve a constructive function, has its roots in inner conviction, in intellectual and moral honesty and integrity. The false conservatism has no roots; it floats on the current which follows the easiest way. It is the product of cowardice, not of courage. With that kind of conservatism we need have no patience, and we should ignore it or sweep it aside, as the occasion demands, wherever and whenever it is encountered.

Our most pressing task in this country is to build and maintain an intelligent and fearless conservatism. It is a task which must be carried on conjointly with those created by the present world emergency, lest in the process of struggling with these latter, we lose the capacity and the power to perform the first. It is my belief that we can not build this form of conservatism while we are hamstrung by a sense

of fear and shame at being thought conservative. While we remain thus hobbled we are not fully, in spite of the casual way in which we use the word, *free* men.

We need to keep always in our minds the knowledge that there is a polarity which runs through all things that are alive: sleeping and waking, hunger and fulness, defeat and victory—with death itself at the opposite pole from life. That is why the totalitarian state is dead at birth; it is built about one pole only. The principle of life is absent at its core. The conservative and the radical attitude are as the two ends of a cross-cut saw, or like the string and the bow; without them both, the wood can not be cut, nor the arrow sped to its mark. Only by interaction between the two principles does man ever effect what we call progress; the radical impulse, unchecked, ends in anarchy; the conservative, in stultification. Some natures incline to the one, some to the other; both are necessary factors in the vital conduct of life and society, and there is thus no need for one or the other to apologize for being what it is.

Keeping up with the Joneses

There is of course no more striking manifestation of the fear of being thought conservative than in the history of American public opinion concerning the Soviet Union. The record of shifting winds in that matter constitutes one of the tragi-comic episodes in our history. The amount of misinformation and downright falsehood which we as a people swallowed during the heyday of the Moscow propagandists and fellow-travelers made a perfect illustration of the American intellectual's tendency to run with the pack. To remain skeptical or to assert one's conviction became increasingly difficult for

those who liked to think of themselves as liberals.

Similarly, our intellectuals failed to make an adequate stand against the mounting domestic abuses of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. Because they sympathized with the New Deal's social objectives—so far as these were made clear to the country—they shut their eyes to the methods by which these objectives were being sought. They allowed the concept of social conscience to overshadow and even to obscure the underlying and fundamental concept of personal conscience without which no social objective is worth a tinker's dam. They could not stand on a platform and quietly remark, they could not appear in print with the declaration, "Let them say!"

The weakness of which I speak has by no means been confined to our political attitudes. Fear of what the other fellow will think invades even the manner of our speech and makes us slovenly in our diction because we don't want to be thought of as putting on the dog. Fear of the same kind has played a part in the crumbling of good manners.

And nowhere, outside the field of politics, has this fear proclaimed itself more loudly than in our literary criticism and in the opinions about books passed about at cocktail and dinner parties. Lest we appear to be hopelessly conservative and outmoded in our tastes and appreciations, we have subscribed eagerly, in print and in conversation, to some of the most pretentious nonsense and some of the most blatant stupidity that has found its way between book covers.

Why has this weakness overtaken us? There is more than one answer, I am sure. There are two or three which seem to me to have a rather deep basis in fact. One is that ingrained love of novelty and change which has made us, of our own volition, the most restless nation on earth. It was not merely the desire for fatter lands which pushed the pioneers ever farther westward; it was also the lure of new horizons. The lands were fattest in the prairie earth, but still the wagons moved westward.

Conservatism feeds on long-enduring attachment to place; where gen-

eration after generation tills the same soil, looks out upon the same fields, journeys to the same market towns—there you have the bred-in-the-bone conservative, the respecter of tradition, the bulwark of the established order, whether landed aristocrat or peasant. This attachment to place, this long-established identification with one small locality has been but a very thin thread in the pattern of American life, and that very fact has made us eager for and even unduly receptive to change merely for the sake of change.

The Defects of Our Virtues

Now, you may say, this much is obvious; but why does it follow that we have become so fearful of our neighbors' opinion whenever the question of change arises? Is it not perhaps the result of the conditions under which our migratory pioneer life was lived? Neighbors were important—extremely important. It was necessary, to a degree unknown to peoples who have lived together in a long-settled land, that the American pioneers should stick together. They needed, at times desperately, one another's strength and assistance, and out of that need and the meeting of it emerged some of the finest traits of the American character; but from it there also stemmed a certain weakness. Out of it came the genuine warmth of Western hospitality and the quick response to the needs of those in distress whether at home or abroad, which have made the records of the

American Red Cross and the Society of Friends among the proudest pages in our history. But out of it also came a growing inability to be self-sufficient and self-sustaining in spirit.

This is paradoxical, if you like, for in one respect the pioneer life bred self-sufficiency and self-reliance to a high degree. But it is a truism that every strength carries within it the seed of its own weakness; and if the pioneer drew courage and strength from cooperative effort and cooperative defense, he also drew weakness from overbalanced regard for the attitudes and opinions of his neighbors.

Another factor which has worked to undermine our self-reliance (shades of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman!) has been the lack, except when our involvement in war provided it, of an adequate substitute for the rigors and endurances of the pioneer life. All primitive peoples know the value of some sort of ordeal in building character in their young men, and they have always imposed it ruthlessly upon their youth. The American Indian boy, entering the sweat lodge and suffering his fast that he may see the vision which is to guide him through life; the young Samoan, bearing the acute pain of tattooing as practiced among his people, in order that he may be recognized henceforth as a man, were in this way given growth and the strength to stand on their own feet. In our own life since the Civil War, the equivalent of such ordeals as a part of the ordinary

In Bryce Canyon

Vermilion vistas smite the traveler here!
Domes, minarets and spires, row on row,
Temples too gaudy for devotion glow
In pink and coral shades the sun holds dear,
Gleaming as though in some lost glacial year
This region was a cavern, and the ice
Through alchemy unknown outside of Bryce
Ripped off the crust and let the gold appear.
What gold it scatters on the parting sun!
The pinnacles are spaced and toned like strings
Of some celestial harp; bright colors run
Like notes along the canyon—offerings
That yield the eye a silent overture
Sweeter than mortal hearing could endure.

WILBERT SNOW

course of life, have for too many of our youth been lamentably lacking. William James saw the need more than a generation ago in that finely perceptive paper of his called "The Moral Equivalent for War."

There have been still other factors. For reasons best known to the psychologists we have, I believe, been more slowly maturing as individuals than have other peoples of comparable qualities. The overlong adolescence of the American man has been a favorite topic of foreign critics of American behavior—and in the main, a justly chosen one. The question is one to which I can give but passing mention here; suffice it to point merely to the immaturity which has marked the work of our men novelists, as has been evident in the fiction of the past forty years.

Nor must we forget, in our consideration of the sort of fears I have been discussing, the obvious effects of those new agencies destructive of independent thinking and action: the radio, television, the syndicated column—the whole paraphernalia of appeal to the eye or ear, with its encouragement of the passive reaction, its lesser demand upon the powers of reflective judgment. Whatever their virtues, these agencies have helped enormously to foster herd thinking and herd reactions; and naturally, the simpler and more easily understood they are, the more immediate and effective is their influence upon the young and undeveloped mind and character. It is unfortunate that small-town papers with a voice and opinions of their own have grown so few in number. It is unfortunate that children and adolescents derive their ideas of what constitutes normally intelligent human behavior from the stale and sentimentalized conventions which Hollywood spawns in profusion. It is unfortunate that the American mentality should have grown so flabby that it can read only with the assistance of a photographer.

We and those other peoples who cherish the way of life that we cherish, who abide by the human values that are dear to us beyond price, are faced by enemies to that way of life and to those values who do not care a hoot in hell what the rest of the world thinks of them. They are im-

pervious to criticism and deaf to reason. They recognize and fear only superior strength. Unless we build that strength *within* ourselves as securely as we are building the

equally important material strength in the factory, in the shipyard and in the army camp, we shall sooner or later have to live in a world that is of their making, not of ours.

Leftist Foreign Correspondents

By F. A. HAYEK

The editorial comments of the *Freeman* (December 15) on the apparent professional bias of foreign correspondents tempt me to set down on paper some observations which have long puzzled me. Why should foreign correspondents almost everywhere tend to have a strong leftist bias? According to my experience, this is much too universal a phenomenon to be explained by accident, the circumstances of their selection, or the type of men available for this job. It seemed to be true wherever I have had an opportunity to watch their activity. It was true of the Western correspondents in Vienna in the twenties when the representatives of the most staid conservative English and American papers usually sympathized with the more extreme groups of the left. It was again conspicuous in England in the thirties and forties when the information which Continental and American correspondents sent home appeared to come predominantly from the left wing of the English intelligentsia. And the comments of the *Freeman* on the reporting of the Presidential election confirm my suspicion that the same is largely true of the European correspondents in this country.

I have no reason to doubt either the honesty or the competence of these men. But it is a matter of considerable importance that they almost all seem to see events through the same political spectacles. If my impression is correct that there is hardly a libertarian (or conservative) newspaper anywhere whose foreign columns are not tinged by the left sympathies of its correspondents, this is not a matter of merely academic interest. It seems to me as if it were one of the reasons why in many countries foreign policy has been more influenced by socialist ideology than internal poli-

tics. It certainly is the reason why many people who are very far from being Socialists where they can form their own judgment, so often support a foreign policy which can be justified only by leftist sympathies.

My impression is that this situation is neither the effect of the opinion of journalists as a class, nor the result of the process of selection of foreign correspondents. It would be absurd to expect a libertarian or conservative paper deliberately to select Socialist correspondents; and I have seen too many instances of men who initially were not Socialists moving as foreign correspondents more and more in that direction. This must be an effect of the peculiar atmosphere in which the foreign correspondent lives. It has often been suggested to me that the explanation lies in a deliberate effort of the Socialist intelligentsia to collar the foreign correspondents. In so far as, in their idealistic stage, Socialists tend to be more internationalist than people of different persuasion, there may be something in this. But I very much doubt that this is the whole story. The sinister conspiracy theory seems to me as little plausible in this case as in most others. And the men who so often succumb to this influence are neither fools nor knaves.

There must be deeper sociological causes which in every country make it easier for the foreign visitor to get in touch with leftist circles than with others. That this is a fact I have myself often experienced in my peregrinations. But why? I suggest this offers a fascinating and rewarding subject for study by a perceptive mind. Perhaps one of the veterans of the profession who has himself shed the errors of his youth will help us to find the answer.

My Father's America

3. Their Own Men

By FORREST DAVIS

This is the third in the Freeman's series of true stories of yesterday's America and the heritage of freedom that it bequeathed to us.

We buried Hugh Davis one dripping October afternoon in a little Ohio churchyard. His seven sons stood around in the unaccustomed attitudes of grief on the church porch between the funeral service and the burying. Two of the sons were farmers of the neighborhood, Uncle Will and Uncle John, carrying on Hugh Davis's immemorial occupation. One was an obviously prosperous lumber merchant from faraway Memphis, Tennessee—Uncle George, who lighted a cigar between the services. Uncle Charlie was the weakling of the clan. After failures at farming and at barbering, he was now working at a factory bench in Mishawaka, Indiana. Three of the seven, and they standing a little apart, were ministers of the gospel (Presbyterian), clad in sober professional raiment and unable even at this solemn moment to suppress the faintly propitiatory smile that often marks those who wear the evangelical cloth. These were Uncle Alex, Uncle Francis, and my father, Elmer Ellsworth.

I was nine years old and I held my father's hand while the country pastor consigned my grandfather's remains to the earth he had served so urgently and so faithfully. The memories of that day are indistinct after nearly half a century, but I do recall a surge of sympathy toward Grandmother Davis who stood, tall and unbending in stiff black dress and coat, under a tree that pelted rain upon her, her broad face graven deep with grief but not contorted. Grandmother Davis never bent during her entire 84 years. I respected her almost more than anyone I knew and it was only much later in life that I learned why. It was because of her sheer competence and fortitude.

Grandma Davis, of immigrant German stock not too highly regarded in this prevailing Anglo-Saxon Ohio community, had been

married to Hugh Davis, a taciturn, willful, stormy man, while in youthful bloom; had raised seven sons, spun flax, woven cloth, milked the cows, churned butter, baked, washed, put up endless preserves, and during it all set the best table in the township. Christina (that was her name) came from a family that believed quite literally that woman's place was in the kitchen. She had never learned to read until, far along in middle age, her preacher sons took turns one summer in teaching her to spell out her favorite stories and parables in a large-print Bible they provided her. Seldom tender but always kind, Grandma Davis was always at work. In her later years she often observed that "hardly anybody does to suit me," a maxim that I have found of abiding comfort.

Many years after we buried Hugh Davis, I heard of an incident that took place before the funeral. Two farmers, driving teams, met on the Ridge road that still forms the spine of the county. "Whoa," said one, "have you heard the news? Hugh Davis is dead." The other thought a moment, then replied, "Well, there

wa'n't a meaner, nor an honest man in Van Wert County. Giddap." That judgment, which is a family legend, falls far short of a complete estimate of Hugh Davis. It will not do for an epitaph.

Hugh Davis served with an Ohio Volunteer regiment in the Civil War (when I pestered him for his war experiences, he always replied with characteristic self-disparagement that he had served his time as a cook, thus had seen no fighting; this being untrue), he admired General Grant, wore a beard resembling Grant's, smoked cigars and died of the same malignant growth in the throat. After the war Hugh Davis removed his young family to the Great Dismal Swamp in northwestern Ohio, where he doggedly cleared and drained hundreds of acres with the help of his sons and hired men. Hugh Davis installed the first sorghum mill in the neighborhood. The neighbors, depending upon molasses for their sweetening, as did the Davises, brought their sorghum to this mill and the youngest sons rode the horse around the circle to furnish motive power for the grinding. My father performed this chore as early as age four. Hugh Davis brought to the county the first McCormick reaper seen there. (My father scythed and cradled many a stand of wheat in his time.) Hugh Davis served many terms as county supervisor, taking his contemptuous stand on Saturday afternoons outside the courthouse where he alternated between a hard silence and a sort of bitter horseplay with his constituents and neighbors. He was, I supposed when I learned all this, a respected man but not much liked.

Hugh Davis hated trees. They preempted the rich black land that he wanted to work. He also hated the water that suffused that earth. A noble oak was the same to him as a



sumach sapling, something to be felled and removed. Before he learned effectively how to drain the acres redeemed from the swamp, he tried five painstaking and expensive methods. I have heard my father describe them in detail.

Most of all I suspect Hugh Davis hated the general condition of his life. In this hatred he never relented. He sprayed all city folk, with their fine clothes, white hands and mincing manners, with a hoarse contempt. Especially he hated bankers, who were currently charging 12 per cent on mortgages and, in his opinion, inveterately bent upon foreclosures. He had a presumption against delicate women and I believe that he married Christina Nyehart precisely because she was not one of the uppity, bold-glancing daughters of the English, Scottish and Welsh farmers who held the best land and the prestige of the neighborhood. Although I passed many weeks in their household, I never heard him address an endearing word to his wife.

My mother was a town girl, the foster daughter of a prosperous doctor in nearby Delphos and the niece of a man of regional fame. Because my father, just out of college, was poor, they passed their honeymoon on the farm. Hugh Davis spoke to my mother just twice, once when she arrived, once when she left, both times gruffly; and occasionally at the immense supper table, crowded with sons, their wives, grandsons and hired hands, he uttered for her benefit some broad slur at town women who were presumably too good to work. Only one woman, so far as I know, ever mastered him. His mother was a McCoy, of the breed known as Scotch-Irish; she lived until her middle nineties, occupying an easy chair alongside the kitchen stove in the winter and gradually shrinking until about all that was left was her voice. This remained so strong and penetrating that my father once ruefully suggested that even toward the end it could be heard across the township. Hugh Davis never bested his mother; his main preoccupation with her was finding ways to avert her scorn.

He loved reading, especially reading aloud at morning and evening

prayers, for Hugh Davis was an intensely, almost mystically, religious man. My father has spoken about how well he read, with clear diction and modulation, although he had little learning. He had his Bible, he had a book of Shakespeare's plays, he had Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," and he had, treasure of treasures, "Pilgrim's Progress." This latter book he commanded all his sons to read as soon as they had obtained sufficient familiarity with English prose at the log schoolhouse he had himself built on a corner of his farm. Hugh Davis likewise loved horses, the clean, compact lines of a trotter and the heaving girth of the work animals that in double teams of four hauled out stumps. As his life ran out he sometimes entered into friendly converse with his preacher sons, concerning whom he occasionally indicated pride; but, as my father remembers it, the discussions of faith and morals were never without a bitter taint somewhere.

I think the evidence is clear that Hugh Davis was a consistently unhappy and rebellious man, never resigned to his laborious and bare existence. I think also that the most revealing fact about him may be summarized this way: the seven sons who gathered to bury their bleak and tormented father that day all bore famous names. It was a crochet of Hugh Davis's to name his boys for men he admired. George, the eldest, was, of course, George Washington Davis. Then there were John Milton Davis and William Shakespeare Davis. Even the hapless Charlie was named for Hugh's favorite hymnalist, Charles Wesley. Uncle Francis was named for Francis Marion, the "swamp fox" of the Revolution, Uncle Alex for the financier and gallant soldier, Alexander Hamilton, and my father bore the name of the first Union officer to die in my grandfather's war.

This fancy of Hugh Davis's betrayed a strong sense of the historic and literary past. Yet concerning his own antecedents he was wholly uncommunicative and presumably deeply uninterested. When his sons, as the young will, asked him about their ancestors, seeking to find from what kind and condition of people they had sprung, he invariably cut

them short. Until the end he refused to discuss any Davises beyond his own father.

A curious, and perhaps ambitious, member of the third generation of Hugh Davis's get delved into this matter a bit, centering his inquiries, I believe, around Philadelphia. He has related to me a story that Hugh Davis, born in 1832, was the grandson of a Davis, one of two brothers, who set out from Philadelphia around 1800 for the wilderness of the Ohio Valley and had never again been heard from by his kin back East. The other brother, reported this cousin, had gone to Kentucky and sired Jefferson Davis. The brothers of this romantic legend were themselves descended, and I still quote my informant, from the eleventh and twelfth sons of a Welsh baronet named Hugh Davis. They came out to Philadelphia around 1750 to make their fortune in the new world and thereafter propagated a numerous line. The report has one suggestive aspect, namely, that in each generation of this line one son was named Hugh. If Hugh belonged to this strain, we have seen that he honored that custom in the breach. I myself, perhaps because there is too much of Grandfather Davis in me, never have gone into this matter and I merely present my relative's findings as gossip of no importance to the late Hugh Davis and myself.

It was out of this backwoods America of the great swamp in northwestern Ohio that my father came, went to college, went to theological seminary, was ordained, preached, buried and married and baptized and had his spiritual being in a dozen box-like small-town churches, his day-to-day existence in as many graceless manses for forty-five years of his life. His boyhood and young manhood were passed under pioneer conditions of almost incredible crudeness. Nearly all the food and much of the clothing needed by the family, was grown and processed on the farm with tools familiar to farmers on the Nile three thousand years before.

The mud of winter and spring splattered them, the dust of summer coated them and they toiled from can-see to can't-see every working day. The nearest settlement was

twelve miles away over corduroy roads that sank into the soggy land almost as soon as built. The nearest doctor was twenty miles distant. The enormous technological developments of the last century, the domestic use of electricity, the telephone, hard roads, motor cars, etc., were, of course, beyond their reach and imagination.

Theirs was life at its most primitive and yet, standing aside from the Davises of the nineteenth century as I now do, it seems to me that they were men to be honored although they would have been the last to suggest it. They were laboring for their own small profit to make a tiny patch of their native land more fruitful and, hence, more habitable. (My Uncle Will, at 75, told me that he had with his own hands cleared 80 acres of swamp-land.) If ever you ride through Van Wert County and observe the fair fields, the snug farmhouses and registered herds, you will not find it easy to visualize the great, silent, moist fastness dominating that smiling area only three generations ago.

If the lesson of the Davises must be spelled out more specifically, I shall note that they did this on their own, asking nothing from the government at Washington, struggling with nature almost barehandedly. The great political battles of the period raged at a distance. The issues of business monopoly, civil service reform, our relations with foreign nations, were matters for city folk to debate. The question of hard or cheap money exercised them because they were debtors for many, many years, yet Hugh Davis never wavered in his allegiance to the Grand Old Party which had preserved the Union with his negligible assistance, whatever alternative might be offered by the Democrats.

The Davises of the nineteenth and early twentieth century took no part in history; history, as Spengler has said of the faceless masses everywhere, played upon them. And yet, as befitted Americans of the Republic's vigorous growth, the Davises never thought of themselves as faceless men. They were not mass men in their outlook upon life. Each had his private destiny, his large individual significance, each faced life's

adversities eye to eye and expected to live and die his own man.

What shall be said of my father's destiny? It may be that harsh fathers produce gentle sons. In any case my father was, until a massive shock, sustained at 70, and great age enfeebled his self-control, a gentle man. Any eccentricity, any possibly rich and heady flavor had been eradicated from his nature either by Hugh Davis or his calling. There are almost no anecdotes about him. He never performed a glorious deed, nor, so far as I know, an ignoble one. Frazier Hunt, a distinguished journalist who was once fleetingly in his youth a parishioner of Elmer Ellsworth Davis, has repeatedly described him to me as "the best man I ever knew." So he was frequently known as he moved from one county seat pastorate to another in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

I have several photographs of my father as a young man. When I look upon them I feel a strange clutching at the heart. There is an almost ethereal innocence and dedication in his eyes, a wistful earnestness to the jaw that resembled the young Lincoln's, a dedication against the forces of evil about which he knew so little then or later. My father's achievement was a blameless life. He conceived it his duty to save souls and restore them to God's eternal grace. As a boy I worshipped him. He was something of a revivalist and one night, in a church to which we had only just removed, he was bidding the repentant to come forward and accept redemption. The congregation was stiffly resistant. So, at the end of the third appeal, with the choir softly chanting a hymn appropriate to the occasion, I slipped out of the pew and marched down to clasp his hand. I was then eight and he was somewhat embarrassed because, under the doctrine of Calvin and Knox, I was far too immature to grasp the intricacies of grace. As he took my hand my father's eyes were misty because he knew that I was seeking grace only secondarily, that I really was showing the world that though all others rejected him I stood by his side.

We were always poor, really poor. Many a winter night supper consisted of hot mush and milk, and the leftover mush was deliciously

fried for breakfast. My long winter underwear was frequently patched but we had books, we had magazines—the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas* as Christmas gifts for my brother and myself, and *Harper's* and *Leslie's Weekly et alia* for the grownups. We had feasts when the farmers harvested and butchered, we had sleds, skates and baseball bats; we had a sense of family community and the service of the Lord and, while nickels were scarce, mother unflinchingly reminded us that our father was engaged in what she, perhaps a bit smugly, described as a "sacrificial calling." The point is that we didn't *feel* poor; we belonged in what appeared to us as an honorable capacity to the community, and my father never blamed our material poverty on society, the government or "the interests." He was almost altogether an uncomplaining man.

I have a book of his sermons. They are surprisingly felicitous, manifesting a sensitive man's consideration for the right and apposite phrase. One I treasure especially because in it Hugh Davis shows through. When Elmer Ellsworth was the minister of a substantial church in an Indiana county seat, the Ku Klux Klan was sweeping all before it. The Klan's practice was to pay ceremonial visits to Protestant churches on a Sunday evening, parade through the edifice in robes and deposit a hundred dollar bill on the altar. When the kleagle approached my father, he forbade him to come. The kleagle said the Klan would appear with or without consent. My father warned him that his presence would be unwelcome but that, in any case, he proposed preaching a sermon that night against the Klan. The Klan did not come, but my father preached his sermon against the impudent asinities of the hooded order, a homily that still rings with the contempt that Hugh Davis felt for almost the whole human race.

When the full malice of Adolf Hitler burst upon the Western world in 1939 my father was already an aged man. "I believe," he would say, "that wicked man is doomed but I would like to stay around long enough to make sure." He did so. He subsequently transferred his animosity from Hitler to Stalin, and he

still, when warming his ancient shins before the fire, affected to believe that he would last long enough to see the monstrous evil of Bolshevism brought to book. Unhappily that hope was denied him. We buried him last December 8 from a large church in Washington; the gifted minister, standing in vestments before an altar that my father would have deemed Episcopal, read the

psalms and lessons from St. Paul that had so often issued from my father's lips on similar occasions during his 63 years as an ordained clergyman. He was 85. We buried him in a metropolitan cemetery, two hundred yards from Route One, where the dense north-south traffic of a new America, which he scarcely understood and felt only remotely, roared past.

Micklejohn, got wind of the plan, and the story of his night-long ride to warn his friend that the British were coming is quite as exciting as Paul Revere's ride. Thanks to the reverend hero, the British troops found no documents of an incriminating nature, but they threw Person into jail just on general principles. While he languished there the spreading unrest became so violent that the British Governor decided to put it down by armed force, and so the Battle of Alamance was fought, where was spilled the first American blood to be shed in resistance to tyranny.

Among those excluded from pardon after the battle was Thomas Person, but finally he won back to freedom. Five years later he was serving in the North Carolina Provincial Congress. Perhaps his jail sentence had taught him the full meaning of freedom, because he was the chief architect of the resolution adopted by the Provincial Congress on April 12, 1776, calling for a declaration of "independency." This was the first authoritative, explicit declaration by any colony in favor of full, final separation from Britain.

A Forgotten Founding Father

By MARY BADGER WILSON

I wonder how many readers noticed a report in the *New York Times* of January 18, 1952, of "the first refusal" to pay a Social Security tax. This tax rebellion occurred in Cleveland, Ohio, and "was believed to be the first case of its kind in the country since the new withholding tax regulation went into effect." John F. Andrews, a World War II bomber pilot, refused to pay his \$88 Social Security tax because he believes it "the duty of the individual to provide for his own security."

Naturally the news item was brief, for Mr. Andrews is not one of our important "liberals" whose names appear on letterheads for leftist causes. He is just a "reactionary" American who stubbornly insists on remaining a person and refuses to be reduced to a number. Yet it is possible that his stubbornness is a straw in the wind, and that presently the wind may blow down some of the socialistic structures which now look so impregnable.

I am reminded of a similar ruckus over taxes which occurred five years before the Revolution; that, too, seemed small at the time, but big things came of it. History has made only a footnote of it, but the uprising of the Regulators in North Carolina, in 1771, is relevant to our own time. Before sinking into my own Social Security number, let me give you a sketch of one of those long-ago trouble makers, whose name appropriately enough was Person—Thomas Person.

In 1771 the office-holding class in North Carolina was privileged. True,

it didn't achieve mink coats for wives and girl friends; but it did enjoy the luxuries of that time. Politicians devised a system of extortionate fees and overlooked no field of operations. As soon as a new county was organized on the frontier, "sheriffs, clerks, registers and lawyers swooped down upon the defenseless people like wolves."

Strike of the Regulators

The multiplying taxes began to rub the people raw. Yet fattening politicians kept themselves in power by their adroitness in trading favors for votes. An individualist named Husband, who didn't want any of their political handouts, preached what he called a "Sermon on Asses."

"North Carolinians," he challenged, "are you sensible what you are doing when for some small favor or sordid gratification you sell your votes to such as want to enslave your country? You are publishing to all the world that you are asses. . . ."

Presently a few of the people, sick of official arrogance and graft, banded together for action. Calling themselves Regulators, they went on a tax strike until there should be a public accounting of public funds. Thomas Person, described in the North Carolina Colonial Records as "a man of strong sense," seems to have been custodian of certain secret papers for the Regulators. The Gestapo of the period became suspicious and obtained from the British Governor an order to search his house.

A friend of Person's, Parson

The Long View of Liberty

Throughout the Revolution, Person served as Brigadier General of Militia; but not even the immediate problems of war could divert him from the long view of liberty. In the very first year of the Revolutionary War, when its outcome was still highly uncertain, he took a major part in drafting the first Constitution of North Carolina and he wrote into it a Bill of Rights of which it may be said that eleven of its twelve provisions were later incorporated in the first ten amendments to our Federal Constitution.

At the University of North Carolina one of the oldest buildings is called Person Hall. It is now used as an art gallery, and traditionalists have been known to stagger forth glassy-eyed from some of its modern art exhibits. But I'm sure old Tom Person wouldn't be feazed—he liked individualism. I believe that somewhere today his spirit salutes John F. Andrews, one-time bomber pilot, who refuses to be a number on a Social Security card.



Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



The Better Climate

Whether or not one expects the Inauguration of Dwight D. Eisenhower to usher in an altogether new American era depends on one's theory of civilization. There are those who hold that culture, like the Supreme Court, follows the election results. I wonder. The little I know about man's cyclical affairs with values (the history of civilization, in other words) has taught me, if anything, that lyric writers steal elections. Consequently I expect the climate of Broadway and Hollywood to determine the cultural quality of the New Era rather than the other way around.

Anybody who thinks this an exaggeration is of course right—but would be ill-advised to dismiss it on such a technical ground. For, no doubt, a realistic evaluation of the people who are kneading the nation's soul would indeed indicate that they are perfectly willing, and sensationally able, to accommodate *any* change in popular preference; and that, if for this reason only, Washington's power must ultimately equal Hollywood's. Indubitably a forceful reason for reducing my exaggerated forecast, but one which at the same time validates it.

For the very facility of our cultural entrepreneurs in adapting themselves to market fluctuations seems to be the measure of our civilization. Surely a civilization must be judged by the strength of its active convictions; and one which is characterized by the volatility of its middlemen is also marked by it.

Here I would like to interrupt and to apologize to *Freeman* readers who expect on this page of criticism the customary invigorating (I hope) mayhem rather than cosmic brooding. But this is the *Freeman's* first issue in a new and special year—a year that is said to be one of a fresh departure. And I, in any case, could not help surrendering to the con-

templative mood that seems to be in the season's air. But I solemnly promise to repay the reader's kind forbearance with a speedy return to my customarily serene disgust.

However, rather than continue a gloomy analysis of the prevailing cultural climate, I venture to sketch one I would like to live in. And if, perchance, it were to turn out as the precise opposite of ours, I would be by no means surprised.

What matters in a climate is how man responds to it. And so I shall try to visualize the kind of trustee of the nation's cultural funds who would be favored by a better climate.

His two outstanding characteristics are reverence and humor. His reverence is for the accumulated wisdom of the race, for the painstaking integrity of craftsmanship, for the unfathomable and unpredictable mysteries of creation. His humor is born of a warm-blooded pity for man's incorrigible imperfections. Both reverence and humor prevent him from taking the universe not seriously enough, or himself too seriously. Both show in his courteous skepticism toward the new: he tends to estimate its worth by judging

how well it will age. He is in perfect and serene agreement with life because he has no illusions about it; his digestion is good and his manners even better. Originality impresses him far less than perfection, and beauty far more than zeal. He appreciates the young esthetically, distrusts them philosophically and encourages them mainly to grow up fast. He offends only when he means to (which, you will recall, makes him a gentleman) and his curiosity, though active, is moderated by his informed suspicion that this is a very old world and that everything has been thought and said before. He knows that character is more important than success. He sympathizes with the common man for being common and will sternly advise him to get himself out of the rut. He considers taste not an accidental but an essential of inner quality, form the proof of content, gracefulness the reward of truth. He loves laughter, detests cynicism, is flexible in his appetites and immovably stubborn in his moral convictions.

You might find, on second glance, that my Utopian sketch is but a portrait of the authentically conservative character. This, at any rate is the type of man I would expect to be favored by a better cultural climate—and I can think of no more radical upheaval than his emergence. Yet anything short of that upheaval will preserve the cultural *status quo* of the cheap decades.

Grain of Salt

There comes a time in life when one must say:
This is the way I am; this is the way
The years have fashioned me: I can not change.
If there is anything that may estrange
Two lovers—then, so be it, love has failed . . .
The faults of years and habit are not veiled
But grow the more pronounced as time goes on;
Determined resolution still is wan
And weak before the mould of character.
However one may triumph or may err,
The whole is outlined in a definite shape
From which there is no tangent, no escape.
Those who find love at length and full of fault
Must add great tenderness, a grain of salt.

SJANNA SOLUM



A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In a letter to her publishers objecting to the idea of a volume to be called "The Love Poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay," Edna Millay wrote: "Of course, you have no possible way of knowing how very reticent a person I am, since I am far too reticent ever to have told you." The "Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay," edited by Allan Ross Macdougall (Harper, \$5), bear out the poet's idea of herself: she never wore her heart on her sleeve, she never betrayed a confidence, and she never indulged in the sort of idle gossip that permits one to make tangential and oblique references to one's own sins of omission or commission. Yet these letters seem a fully revealing index to a personality. The charm, the intensity, the many moods (ranging from a flippant archness to deep Irish melancholy), the humor, the passionate and almost pantheistic love of earth and sky and sea, that make Edna Millay's poetry the great thing of its generation are all in the letters. One could never construct a dates-and-facts biography of Miss Millay from her correspondence, which was wildly sporadic (indeed, she confessed on more than one occasion to the disease of "epistolaphobia," which means that she put very little of her energy into letters). But the spiritual biography is there.

Edna Millay belonged to the first flapper generation, the one that came of age between 1916 and 1920. Which means, in other words, that she took charge of her own life from her Vassar days on, not always wisely, but always with perfect confidence that she could come through any self-chosen experience unscathed. Her letters to her mother, Mrs. Cora B. Millay, and to Edmund Wilson and Arthur Davison Ficke, contain the barest hints of disappointing love affairs, but whatever the nature of these affairs Miss Millay came out of them with her head high. She transmuted her hurts into poetry, and went on with gallantry. Her marriage to Eugen Boissevain, the Dutch importer who had previously been the husband of another great woman, the Vassar-trained feminist Inez Milholland, was apparently a deeply satisfying one: this idea is conveyed between the lines of most of her mature correspondence even though Miss Millay wrote not even a handful of letters to "Ugin" (as she called her husband) during twenty years of partnership. She suffered from illness and injury a great deal from her late twenties on until the time of her death, but she seldom complained about herself. It was "Ugin's" death, from cancer, that finally broke her heart.

The newspaper obituaries chose to accent the Edna Millay of Greenwich Village reputation—the girl who burned her candle at both ends and plucked figs naughtily from thistles. Then, in reaction to this stupid superficiality of the daily press (God punish it for its sins!), the critical panjandrums tried to balance things up by allotting undue praise to the more "classical" virtues of Miss Millay's last phase. For myself, I have always insisted that the best of Edna Millay is to be found in her Maine coast poems, and in certain Housmanesque lyrics that might have been entitled "A Penobscot Lass" instead of "A Shropshire Lad." I have never made any conscious effort to memorize a poem since I was forced to do so in college, but I find I can quote whole stanzas of Miss Millay's Maine coast poems years after reading them merely once or twice. They are the kind that sing themselves into the mind.

And she herself must have known that these were her best. Her letters are filled with references to a happy childhood; her memories kept going back to bayberry bushes, to spruce-gum, to russet apple trees, to dandelions, to cod and haddock and the scent of pine woods half the world away. Like Housman, she read the Latin poets incessantly—which means that she liked the sort of verbal succinctness and elegance that make the Shropshire Lad and the Penobscot Lass brother and sister to one another. (Edmund Wilson, in a recent memoir, has called attention to the affinity between Housman and Millay—which recalls to my mind that the first extended piece of literary criticism that I ever wrote was an essay on Housman and Millay as "Kindred Spirits" for the *Yale Literary Magazine* back around 1923.)

Edna Millay could have been a great writer of prose. She had tremendous powers of description (see her picture of Brancusi, the sculptor, set down in a letter to her sister Norma. She had great ability at analysis and self-analysis—as witness her letters to Floyd Dell, George Dillon, Eugene Saxton or Cass Canfield about such varied things as the Prohibition amendment, the art of book design, or the virtues and faults of her own writing. When she wrote propaganda verse during World War II (her husband, being a Dutchman, had many relatives and friends caught behind the Nazi lines in Holland), she knew that she was indulging in poster-work, not art. She felt she had to do it, and said so—and the honesty of her prose in admitting

the artistic feebleness of such verse as "The Murder of Lidice" does much to compensate for the poetic slag she mined out of herself between 1941 and 1946.

The richness of Miss Millay's emotional life comes through in all its splendor in the letters. Her playfulness with her good friends is wonderful to behold—*vide* the letters to Allan Ross Macdougall written in a lingo drawn from the cartoon world of Krazy Kat. She was always close to her mother and her two sisters, Norma and Kathleen. The mother, a remarkable woman who raised her three daughters by herself after kicking her husband out of the house for reasons never explained by Edna Millay in her correspondence, drenched her girls in the spirit of English poetry and classical music, supporting and educating them out of her earnings as a nurse. (Edna made a brief appearance as a concert pianist at the age of seventeen, but it was the literary training which Cora Millay insisted upon that really took hold.) The mother was, to quote herself, always "busy as the devil in a gale of wind." Her example makes one wonder what has happened to the old-fashioned parent who could conjure wonderful training for children out of practically no money at all. Edna's Maine apprenticeship was apt in many things—but it was her apprenticeship in nobility of character that impresses one most. She never complained after her husband had died, but when the postmistress of Austerlitz, New York, remarked that it seemed impossible that Eugen Boissevain would not be coming down the hill to fetch the mail, Edna put all her sorrow into one blinding line: "He never comes up the hill, either, any more."

Reading these letters of Edna Millay underscores what has happened to American literature since the twenties. The best of our twentieth-century literature dates back to the twenties—even the good work of the fifties (say, Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea") was born in the training and the attitudes of that time. Since the twenties our criticism has become a species of sterile academicism, our

novels have come down from a high-hearted celebration of the forward-living quality of the human will to the passive sociological or psycho-analytical thing, and our poetry has gone off into non-singable cerebration. The neglect and the misinterpretation of Edna Millay are indicative of the poverty of our modern literary life. But we have now come into the age of revivals, which means that ancient hungers are soon to be renewed. The spirit of Edna Millay will live again before we are dead.

The Little Golden Day

The American Twenties, by John K. Hutchens. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$5.00

This is a sampler-box of literary work which Mr. Hutchens considers peculiarly representative of the multiplex and variegated spirit of the twenties in America. In an essay too modestly entitled "A Note on the Nineteen Twenties," which is one of the best things in the book, Mr. Hutchens not only gives a concise, perceptive and comprehensive account of the salient factors that produced the literary climate of the period but also establishes the rationale on which he based his particular choices from the entire body of the work of the 48 writers whose products are represented in this collection.

The book, on all counts, from introduction to the close of the biographical notes on the authors, is so good as to be positively startling.

Lest You Forget

SOME RECENT BOOKS FOR LIBERTARIANS

Democracy at Bay, by Felix Sommarly (Knopf)

The World of Eli Whitney, by Jeanette Mirsky and Allan Nevins (Macmillan)

The Old Man and the Sea, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner)

Human Action, by Ludwig von Mises (Yale)

The Korea Story, by John C. Caldwell and Lesley Frost (Regnery)

As an indication why it should be startling, one has only to read the jacket description of the book (written in the publisher's office) to observe that the person to whom the job of writing the promotion matter was entrusted omitted the very names and the very points which give Mr. Hutchens's book its unique distinction. Anybody could throw together some of the more familiar pieces by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woolcott, Edna St. Vincent Millay and others mentioned on the jacket, and palm it off as an "anthology" of the twenties. Indeed, several have done so, with results that can only be regarded as a shoddy and meretricious exploitation of names which have appeared to have the most commercial value at the moment.

But my first quick glance at the table of contents was enough to tell me that Mr. Hutchens is a literary critic of such general awareness of the American scene, such a wide and understanding background of reading in works that are indigenous to the American soil, and the possessor of such an acute common-sensical sensibility as to make him a most unusual phenomenon among the current inheritors of the Marxian mantles of Granville Hicks, Newton Arvin, Clifton Fadiman and Joseph Freeman.

It is highly improbable that many of Mr. Hutchens's co-evals in criticism have ever heard of Kin Hubbard and even more improbable that any one of them possesses the skill, learning and acumen which enables Mr. Hutchens to say about all there is to say about Will Rogers in the observation, "Kin Hubbard's Abe Martin was the wit Will Rogers tried to be." Who, among Mr. Hutchens's colleagues, knows enough to understand that Gilbert Seldes's "Seven Lively Arts" was more important than was Van Wyck Brooks's "America's Coming of Age" in liberating and fructifying the creative spirit of the twenties, being, as it was, itself a product of that spirit?

How many besides Mr. Hutchens in the contemporary field of book reviewing realize that the columns "conducted" by Franklin P. Adams, Don Marquis and Christopher Morley were quite as representative of,

and peculiar to, the twenties as were the "Tales of the Jazz Age" by F. Scott Fitzgerald, and that something went out of the metropolitan life of America with the disappearance of F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower," Marquis's "Sun Dial," Christopher Morley's "Bowling Green," and Bert Leston Taylor's "Line-o'-Type or Two" for which the columns of Joseph Alsop, Drew Pearson and Jinx Falkenberg are by no means an adequate substitute.

You will not, I think, understand just why Mr. Hutchens chose just the particular poems he did as representative of the work of Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Marianne Moore and E. E. Cummings, instead of their more anthologized poems until you have read his introduction and perceived that Mr. Hutchens has not selected them merely to avoid the familiar but with keen discrimination. This discrimination causes him to reject the work of Carl Van Vechten not merely because Van Vechten's "purplish" novels were "ludicrous" (which they are and, unfortunately, were meant to be) but because they belong to the more preposterous phases of the nineties and the "Yellow Book." So also he rightfully rejects Faulkner as belonging to the thirties more patently than to the twenties.

Mr. Hutchens says all the valid things about the twenties with perspicacity and point, namely:

. . . it seems incontestable that 1918-1929 really was a good time for the American writer, the best he had known since New England's Golden Day. If his post-World War I disillusion was bitter, it was a creative disillusion. . . . The revolution in manners, morals and thinking for which "The Jazz Age" is so foolishly inadequate a label was . . . profound and challenging. It inspired and liberated some artists, it destroyed others. Historically, the important fact about it was that it was personal and individualistic and therefore made for good writing. The literary "climate" (as the term did not go then) was excellent.

All through the Twenties ran an excitement and concern about writing for its own sake that have not since existed here. . . . The concentration on art which so dismays the social scientists gave the novels and the poems and the stories an enduring base. It was a good time for

a writer to learn his craft. . . . Above all, although we did not realize it then, the Twenties brought to a decisive end America's status as a literary colony.

Mr. Hutchens rightly says that, if the twenties had a theme-song, it was "the gorgeous melancholy of 'The Rhapsody in Blue.'" And that observation leads me to the only flaw of omission I find in the book; for T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" was certainly the sardonic dirge which seemed to express the poetic essence of disillusion so widely felt when, at the bargaining table at Versailles, we saw that the war "to prevent war" and to "save democracy" was a tragic hoax and only the curtain-raiser to more devastating wars, the signal for the rise of totalitarian tyrannies. Instead of "The Waste Land," Mr. Hutchens has included Eliot's "Gerontion," which belongs, I think, to the thirties rather than to the twenties.

In his work, both on the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Hutchens has been almost completely surrounded by persons who are under the impression that literary criticism consists of denouncing Senators McCarthy and McCarran apropos of any subject whatever, and who never cease to warn their readers that their very freedom to read the Bible and Shakespeare is gravely endangered by the witch-hunting hysteria that has promoted disbelief in the omniscience of Owen Lattimore and Joseph Barnes. Mr. Hutchens has remained above that mêlée.

I was wondering how this was possible, when a glance at the biographical note on the jacket of his book told me that he is the son of Martin Hutchens, which told me much. Martin Hutchens was of the great tradition of newspaper editors in Chicago whose genius it was to discover and promote new and original talent. This tradition began with Robert Patterson of the *Tribune*, who hired such men as F. P. Dunne, John T. McCutcheon and Joseph Keeley, and with Stone, who hired men like Eugene Field. Their heirs were Beck and Howey of the *Tribune*, Henry Justin Smith of the *News* and Hutchens of the *Journal*.

Martin Hutchens turned Franklin

P. Adams from an insurance salesman into a newspaper humorist and columnist; he made a drama critic out of Percy Hammond and later out of "Doc" Hall; he gave Lowell Thomas, Marquis James, "Casey of the News," Lloyd Lewis and Ben Hecht their first chance to learn how to put words together effectively, accurately and colorfully, and, when the *Journal* folded Hutchens achieved the ambition of all newsmen of his day—he bought and ran a small-town newspaper, the *Missoula, Montana, Daily Missoulian*, where young John Hutchens did his postgraduate work after a stretch at Hamilton College before coming to New York. With such a background he was never likely to let a Faulkner fool him with the notion that one can make a spavined nag look like a percheron by pumping him up with a bicycle pump, or a Caldwell make him cry Marxian tears with stuff about how Lesters in Georgia have to live for months on one turnip. A White Sox victory at Comiskey Park was his opium, not Dialectical Materialism in Union Square.

BURTON RASCOE

MacArthur's Strategy

Douglas MacArthur, by Clark Lee and Richard Henschel. New York: Holt. \$6.00

Regardless of the fact that MacArthur has not been nominated for any political office and probably will not be appointed to any position of importance by Eisenhower, this is a timely book. The fact remains that what MacArthur thinks will exercise considerable influence in both parties for some years to come.

MacArthur believes that the way to win is to destroy the armed forces of your enemy. With the growth of the powers of aviation, he has made air power one of a team of three, the other two being the ground forces and the Navy, to carry out this type of strategy. He rejects the strategy based on strategic bombing alone. While this book does not go into detail, it furnishes the evidence in describing MacArthur's Pacific campaigns and later the Inchon invasion of Korea. The evidence proves his conception of strategy.

The book is obviously the result of a great deal of hard and careful research. It is not violently pro-MacArthur; it simply endeavors to give the facts. The text as a whole is excellent. The second part of the book, "A Pictorial Biography," consisting of a large number of carefully selected photographs covering MacArthur's life, with on the whole carefully written captions, would make a volume in itself.

The principal one of very few errors is in the description of the mix-up of the First U. S., 42nd U. S. and French Infantry Divisions on the right of Gouraud's Fourth French Army in the final attack in the Argonne. This attack carried to the south side of the Meuse River, just opposite Sedan, which is on the north bank.

The authors give this as the beginning of the Marshall-MacArthur feud. MacArthur at that time commanded the 84th Infantry Brigade of the 42nd (Rainbow) Division. This writer commanded the 83rd Infantry Brigade of that same Division between MacArthur's Brigade and the French Infantry Division on the left of our Division. We both received the same orders from our Division headquarters. At that time, and for some time thereafter, neither of us knew that the then Colonel Marshall was involved in the change of orders. We suspected General Drum, but General Drum has subsequently shown me the proof that he was not responsible. The authors blame General Drum along with Colonel Marshall.

MacArthur at that time was not in command of the Division, so did not come in contact with the higher echelon of the Corps and, above that, the First Army, on the staff of which was Marshall.

This writer, from his numerous personal contacts with General Pershing after the war and with MacArthur when he was Chief of Staff, would be inclined to believe that Marshall's resentment at not being promoted when MacArthur was Chief of Staff was the real beginning of the subsequent feud between the two generals.

The statement in the text that there was a supposed exiling of MacArthur by Pershing to the Philippines in 1922 as a result of a ro-

mantic rivalry is incorrect. This writer knows this from his personal social as well as military contacts in Washington at this period. There was no romantic rivalry.

Whatever the differences due to Colonel Marshall's own resentment and that of such friends as General Charles C. Dawes, there was no real feud until the second World War began and the great question was whether or not the Pacific theater should not only be subordinate to but also neglected in favor of the European theater of war.

Both MacArthur and the Navy found they were to be neglected long before Pearl Harbor. The neglect was due to the pressure of Winston Churchill (see his own books). All the books published since the war show that our whole effort was thrown into the European theater. This despite the fact that for forty years to this writer's personal knowledge we had steadily accumulated the evidence that sooner or later we would have to fight Japan. Besides large shipments of our none-too-large armament at that time, the President, contrary to the advice of the Chief of Naval Operations, had split our fleet, sending approximately half of it from the Pacific into the Atlantic. In addition, contrary to naval practice and protests of many years, the remnant left in the Pacific, inferior in strength to the Japanese fleet, was jammed up in Pearl Harbor.

For years the Army had known and reported that the garrison in the Philippines was insufficient to defend those islands. MacArthur's idea, when he took over the organization of the Filipino Army after his retirement as Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, was to train and organize a Filipino Army which would make up this deficiency. The Filipino scouts, which had been in existence since the Filipino Insurrection, were part of the Regular Army of the United States, paid for out of the U. S. Treasury. The new army was to be strictly a Filipino one, under the Philippine government and paid for by the Philippine Treasury. Despite promises, MacArthur's efforts were continuously slowed down by lack of sufficient funds from that government.

His efforts to get Washington to understand this and to supply him with sufficient reinforcements of Air Force and ground troops resulted in dribbles, which could have no effect upon the ultimate disastrous situation.

It was at this time that the feud between MacArthur and Marshall became a real one. It was at this time, after Eisenhower returned to this country from the Philippines, that Ike became a protégé of General Marshall.

The troops and supplies MacArthur so badly needed never arrived. Then the Japanese struck. After MacArthur was ordered to Australia, he finally became fully convinced that there was no intention of furnishing him the means which he considered necessary until every demand of the European theater of war had been satisfied.

This book gives a quite correct account of the disputes based on MacArthur's differences with the Navy. There was no difference in fundamental conceptions of strategy; the only difference was over the best method of applying it. Both MacArthur and the Navy objected to the Pacific being put in the subordinate position and both had no use for a strategy based on strategic bombing, a naval blockade, and trying to stir up a subjugated population to revolt against the conquering armies sitting on their necks. This for a long time, as is well proven by available data, was the basis of the strategy in what subsequently became the main theater of war in Europe. This while land, sea and ground forces were diverted to the Mediterranean theater, which had no appreciable effect on the subsequent decisive defeat of the Germans.

The book is correct in reporting that ultimately MacArthur and the Navy forgot their differences in their realization of the very decisive part played by Admiral King in preventing the European theater's getting everything. King insisted upon the importance of the Pacific, this despite British efforts to the contrary.

The chapters on Korea are on the whole excellent. The first one brings out very clearly MacArthur's insistence from the beginning that "without ground forces, the Air and

Navy meant nothing." Later the fact is brought out that the Inchon operation was perfect both in conception and execution. It is regrettable that the authors did not have available MacArthur's short speech when the Admiral proved conclusively that it was an undesirable operation from the Navy point of view.

The text having to do with the Chinese entry into Korea and our consequent partial defeat needs revision in view of information which has become available since the book was written. However, with what was available at that time of writing, it is a fair summation of events.

If MacArthur ever writes his memoirs, more evidence will be available. The Congressional recommendation that a thorough investigation be made of "unification" should lead to the formation of a committee which will not be limited to civilians unacquainted with strategy but will include such retired officers as General MacArthur and Admiral King.

HENRY J. REILLY

Zestful Puccini

Immortal Bohemian: An Intimate Memoir of Giacomo Puccini, by Dante del Fiorentino. New York: Prentice-Hall. \$3.50

Father Dante was a childhood friend of Puccini's and later became his counselor and curate. The picture he gives of the famous composer is an understanding and intimate one. He takes his friend through his boyhood in Lucca, his apprenticeship in Milan, his elopement with the wife of a neighbor and his subsequent marriage, his successes in Paris, London and New York, and up to his death in Brussels in 1926 of cancer of the throat. He stresses Puccini's zest for life, his unquenchable interest in people, his love of a practical joke, his passion for women and speed. The gestation of every new opera demanded a new love affair and a new method of getting somewhere fast. He celebrated "Manon" with a bicycle, "La Tosca" with an automobile.

Puccini's opinions on music were extreme. He dismissed a concert of Arnold Schoenberg's as a "ship-

wreck in a tonal storm" but praised Stravinsky and Debussy. He and Toscanini loved one another but quarreled continually. He dubbed Mussolini a mountebank and was intrigued by America. "Here," he said, "life flows on as in a movie." Incidentally, Father Dante, as he writes of his friend, gives us a glimpse of himself. He had a broad tolerance, a sense of humor and an unlimited capacity for friendship.

ALIX DU POY

Fictional Procession

Men at Arms, by Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3.50

The Inmates, by John Cowper Powys. New York: Philosophical. \$4.50

Limbo, by Bernard Wolfe. New York: Random. \$3.50

The Magic Lantern, by Robert Carson. New York: Holt. \$3.95

Sironia, Texas, by Madison Cooper. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. Two Volumes, \$10.00

There is always an air of expectancy about each new crop of novels which reach a reviewer's desk in the beginning of the year. Yet by the time December rolls around all expectations are dissipated and we are fortunate if there are a half-dozen works of fiction worth keeping on the shelves. The 1952 publishing season started off with just as many high hopes as previous years. But a swift glance at the titles near at hand indicates that outside of reliables like Hemingway and Steinbeck, there has been no literary Orion spotted on the local horizon.

Among the five novels selected here, there are only two that one feels really deserve to be reread at a future date. Both of these are by English writers, neither of whom is unfamiliar to American readers. Evelyn Waugh's sharp-edged satirical novels have been titillating—and also, on occasion, exasperating—for over a decade. Following on the heels of "The Loved One," his latest novel, "Men at Arms," may be somewhat disappointing. It is written in a much softer key, and has none of the bite or shock effects of that other devastating social comedy. Mellow than other novels by this master of

malice and harsh mimicry, "Men at Arms" is the sort of book one would have thought E. M. Forster might write; certainly it has Forster's genial, quiet irony. This day by day account of Guy Crouchback, a melancholy stick of a man who hopes for regeneration in the war, has, however, a directness and honesty which command respectful attention in spite of the gentle mood of the story. Any reader who has ever been a soldier is certain to appreciate the authenticity of Mr. Waugh's candid shots of regimental life in the British Army during the first year of the last war. Learning that Waugh himself spent the entire war in the army in a position much like Crouchback's, the reader can look forward hopefully to the succeeding volumes of a trilogy which will continue to deal with the uneasy courtship between a civilian and his regiment. According to Waugh, nothing happens and still everything happens in a soldier's day: Boredom, intrigue, pride, jealousy, aloneness fill in the twenty-four hour march around the clock.

Back in the thirties there was quite a vogue for the novels and philosophical volumes of John Cowper Powys. Now at eighty, with those wonderfully rich interpretive powers and heroically romantic imagination still serving him, Powys has produced a novel that has all the grandeur of his larger scaled work. "The Inmates" is an average length novel, and the theme of the book is insanity. We might know, however, that Powys's treatment of insanity would be altogether different from that in any other recent fiction. Powys looks on insanity as a "devilish childishness." Convinced that "the humor of the insane has not yet had the esthetic homage due it," he sees to it that his work is often riotously mad, even hilariously funny. At first glance this might seem as though the storm scene in "King Lear" had been wantonly prolonged, but soon one recognizes that the author genuinely loves his crazy people. He never laughs at them but tries to share their naive terrors and wild outbursts of ecstatic merriment. He defends the ideas of his mad characters, going so far as to say that there should be, if there

isn't, a "Philosophy of the Demented." Perhaps it is this underlying faith in these inmates that draws one so irresistibly to Powys's masterful concept of bedlam.

The names in the book belong to the world of Dickens. The mental home where the action takes place is Glint. The hero is John Hush; his girl is Tenna Sheer. And there are others with a Dickensian flavor—Mrs. Squeeze and Mrs. Cuddle, not to mention Dr. Echetus, sadistic head of Glint, who maims his laboratory dogs for pastime.

Bernard Wolfe's "Limbo" is a "bilious rib" on our present day mores and ideologies. It is set in the imaginary world of the United States of tomorrow. Bilious, I am afraid, is the only word for it, for Mr. Wolfe is no Aldous Huxley or George Orwell. His heavy satire goes to such extremes as to suggest that masochism, in the guise of voluntary amputees, will set the pace of the future society. Mr. Wolfe is too often carried away by his own psychoanalytic ramblings to keep us engrossed in the antics of his Dostoevskian brain surgeon hero.

Novels about Hollywood seldom come up to Nathanael West's "The Day of the Locust," which captured the movie capital's lunacy and terrible obscenity. In Mr. West's book there was a glacial cruelty, a corrosiveness, which encompassed the frustrations and loneliness of Americans at large. For West simply used Hollywood's fabulous movie industry as a springboard to vault us into the "air-conditioned nightmare" which, like Henry Miller, he sensed had absorbed what had once been the American dream. Robert Carson's Hollywood story, "The Magic Lantern," is written on quite another level. It is neither angry nor satirical, being a documented history of the film business accompanied by a novel that never rises above the pedestrian. The story which it tells of the Silversmiths and their celluloid empire is strictly a screen writer's scenario material.

For years now critics have been fighting a losing battle against bulky novels. The appearance of Mr. Cooper's elephantine "Sironia, Texas" is sufficient to make the most imper- turbable reviewer concede defeat.

This novel is even longer than "War and Peace," but it takes ten times longer to wade through Cooper's soggy prose. Mr. Cooper's fictional Leviathan is thick with quaint regional dialect. In chronicling the births, deaths and passions of his fictitious town, Mr. Cooper seems unduly hard pressed to prove that Bellaman's "Kings Row" was a mere kindergarten compared to the torture chambers laid bare in Sironia, Texas.

RICHARD MC LAUGHLIN

Chicago Savonarola

Crowd Culture, by Bernard Iddings Bell. New York: Harper. \$2.00

Canon Bell, a Savonarola with a dash of practicality and even some humor, continues to call a spade a dirty shovel. This book, his seventh, is subtitled "An Examination of the American Way of Life"; it performs as able a demolition job on the "progressive" and "optimistic" school of American cultural criticism as has been accomplished in years.

No one could condense better what Canon Bell has been trying to say in these 154 pages of his muscular sermon than the preacher has done it himself. He contends,

First, that American culture is a crowd culture, provincial in its contemporaneity, dangerously trivial. *Secondly*, that far from our public education being able to rescue us from what we are, it has itself become the servant of our defective culture, reflecting our modern mistakes and with fervor encouraging children to repeat these mistakes. *Thirdly*, that organized religion, to which one might think we could look for help in saving us from what we are, is too much organizational and not enough religious for the task. . . . It seems afraid to tell the truth about God or man. . . . But *fourthly*, that we can be saved; our culture can be humanized and human dignity restored. . . . but only if we raise up rebels willing to pay the price which rebels always must expect to pay.

A quite competent rebel himself, Canon Bell discusses each of these four propositions in a separate chapter, and each chapter casts merciless light on the cant of the prevailing liberal "optimism." The first chapter, "The Cultural Picture," exposes the baseness of a civilization which, instead of disciplining the Common

Man's inferior appetites, accepts them as its own standards. The second chapter, "The School," illuminates with unchallengeable facts the expensive void a State-controlled educational system is creating in the souls and the minds of our un- instructed, ill-mannered and so cata- strophically flattered youth. The third chapter, "The Church," throws a well-aimed barrage at that heretical "liberal Christianity" which teaches "that man is by nature good," the Church "a social club plus a forum for the exchange of human wisdom" and God "a sort of handy-man at the service of nice people." And the final chapter, "The Rebels," presents a persuasive plea for the emergence of a true, cour- ageous and non-conformist elite of educated individualists who dare de- fend the moral law and the race's heritage against insolent majorities.

Learned critics might object (cor- rectly) that "Crowd Culture" is not a seminal book but rather a popular- izing pamphlet. Yet this, I think, is Canon Bell's admirable talent: he can express authentic theological concerns (which are always "high- brow") with a simplicity so urgent and so angry that it ought occasion- ally to penetrate even the Common Man's self-enamored inertia.

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

With His Own Petard

How to Understand Propaganda, by Alfred McClung Lee. New York: Rinehart. \$4.00

This is a plodding job with an enormous amount of the impedi- menta of learning. Mr. Lee's ex- planation of some of the machinery of his subject is correct, up to a point. He cites interesting cases. But oddly, for a man telling us "how to understand," the book keeps toppling over toward the left. The McCarran Act he considers hysterical. The judgment of the Supreme Court legalizing the New York Feinberg law is "ominous." Efforts to clear up the Commie mess in this country are "witch hunts." Mr. Lee also speaks highly of George Seldes and his leftist work and gives a totally false rea- son for the disappearance of Seldes's rag, *In Fact*.

HELEN WOODWARD

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.

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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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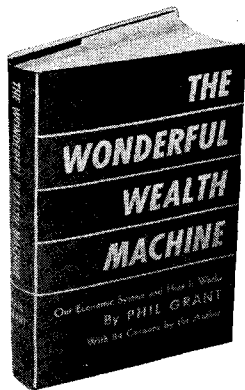
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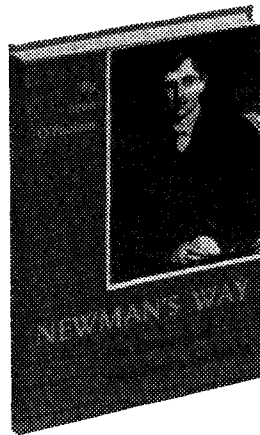
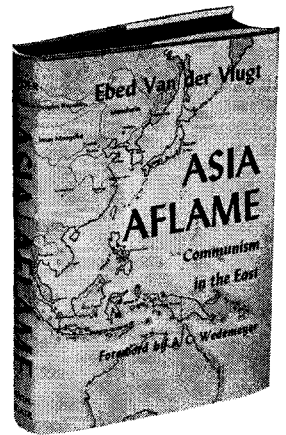
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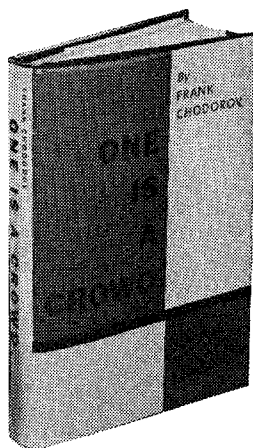
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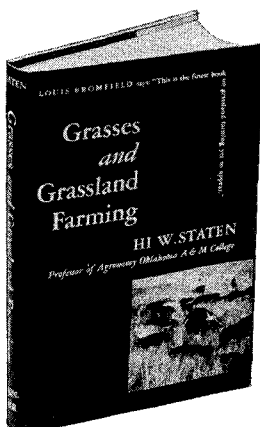
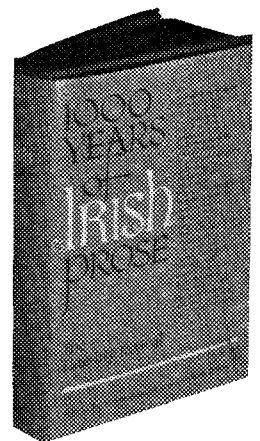


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