

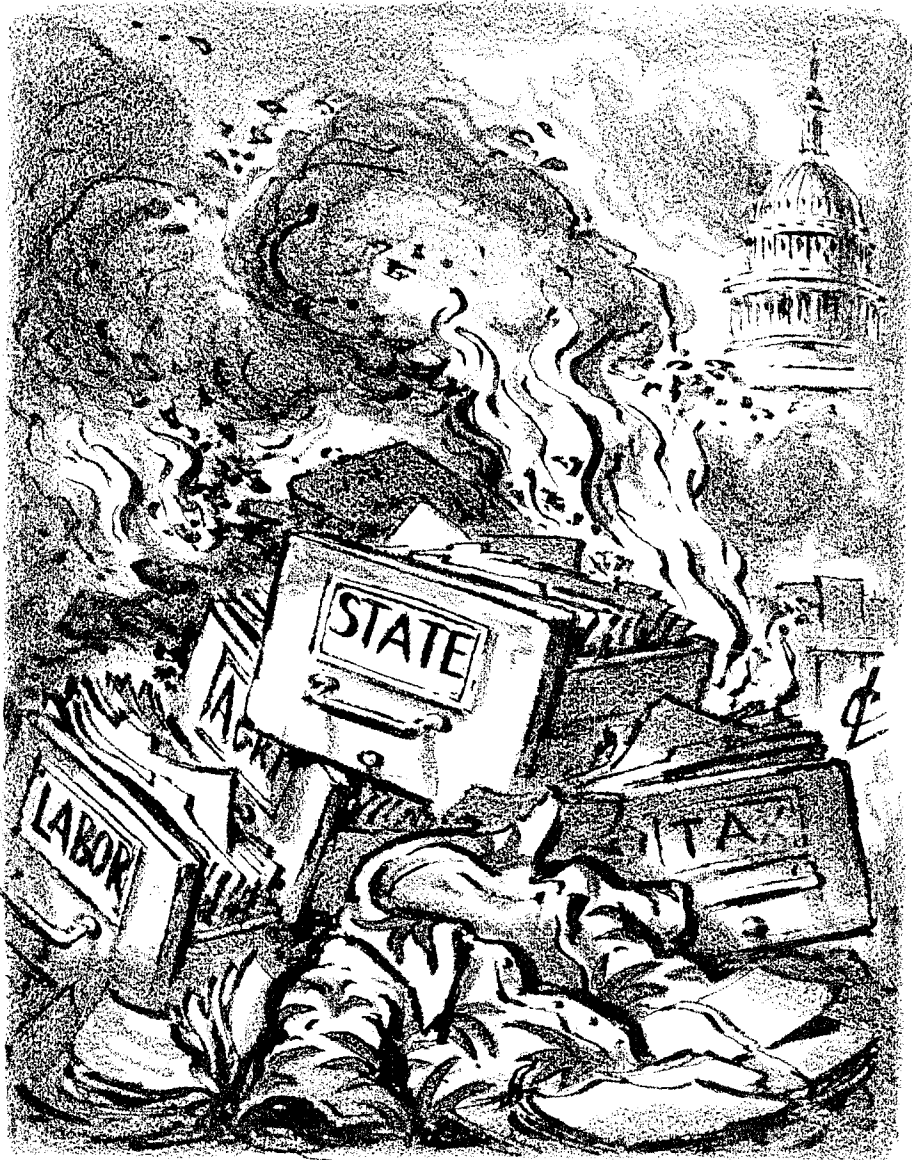
# THE *Freeman*

DECEMBER 15, 1952

25¢

## **An Editor's Notebook**

*A New Column  
by Forrest Davis*



## **The UN Picks a Welfare Czar**

*Alice Widener*

## **Playing the Kremlin Game in Germany**

*Freda Utley*

## **How the Income Tax Destroys You**

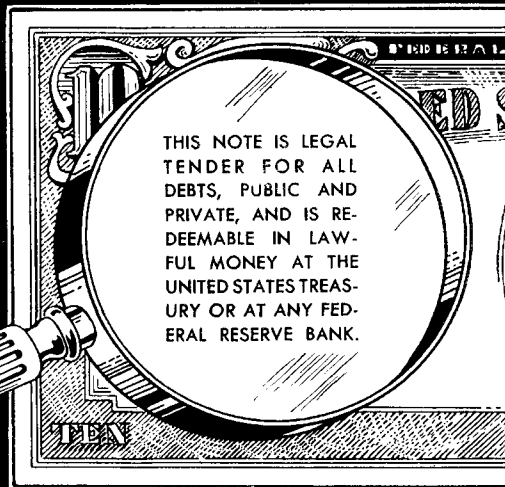
*Harley L. Lutz*

## **My War With the Reds**

*Taylor Caldwell*

*Burning the Archives (See Editorial)*

# MONEY TALKS



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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.

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## Our Contributors

The excellent piece of reportage in this issue, "Facing Both Ways in Germany," arrived by post from FREDA UTLEY, the eminent authority on the Far East. Miss Utley is not new to the German scene, her "The High Cost of Vengeance" having been one of the most controversial works concerning that defeated, devastated and troubled nation in recent years. . . . TAYLOR CALDWELL has had the distinction of showering best-sellers upon the American reading public without benefit of the "liberal" critics. Few novelists sell more copies, few novels are so diligently documented and so eminently readable. Her article, "My War with the Reds," is her first for the *Freeman*. Her novels include the widely read "Dynasty of Death," "This Side of Innocence" and "The Devil's Advocate."

"How the Income Tax Destroys You," comes from perhaps the foremost authority on tax questions in this land. DR. HARLEY L. LUTZ, Professor Emeritus of Public Finance at Princeton, has written scholarly studies on a variety of subjects. He has been tax consultant to many commissions. . . . C. P. IVES ("Harold Laski's Successor") writes editorials gracefully and cogently for the *Baltimore Sun* on the gnarled problems of economics and politics.

## Among Ourselves

The *Freeman* has been undergoing some internal changes which, while of little or no interest to our readers, should be noted here before they reach currency elsewhere. Kurt M. Lassen has resigned as business manager and the officers of the corporation have designated Forrest Davis to assume charge of the business operations. With the other officers Mr. Davis hopes to enlarge the *Freeman's* income. While essentially an editor and writer, Mr. Davis has had, during a generation in journalism, considerable experience in the purely publishing side of the periodical business and was for a time a member of the general management of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. . . . Mr. Davis is likewise inaugurating in this issue a new editorial column, "An Editor's Notebook," in which he intends setting down his reflections upon the current scene, political, social and cultural, as they relate to the men and matters that have come under his notice during his career as a journalist.

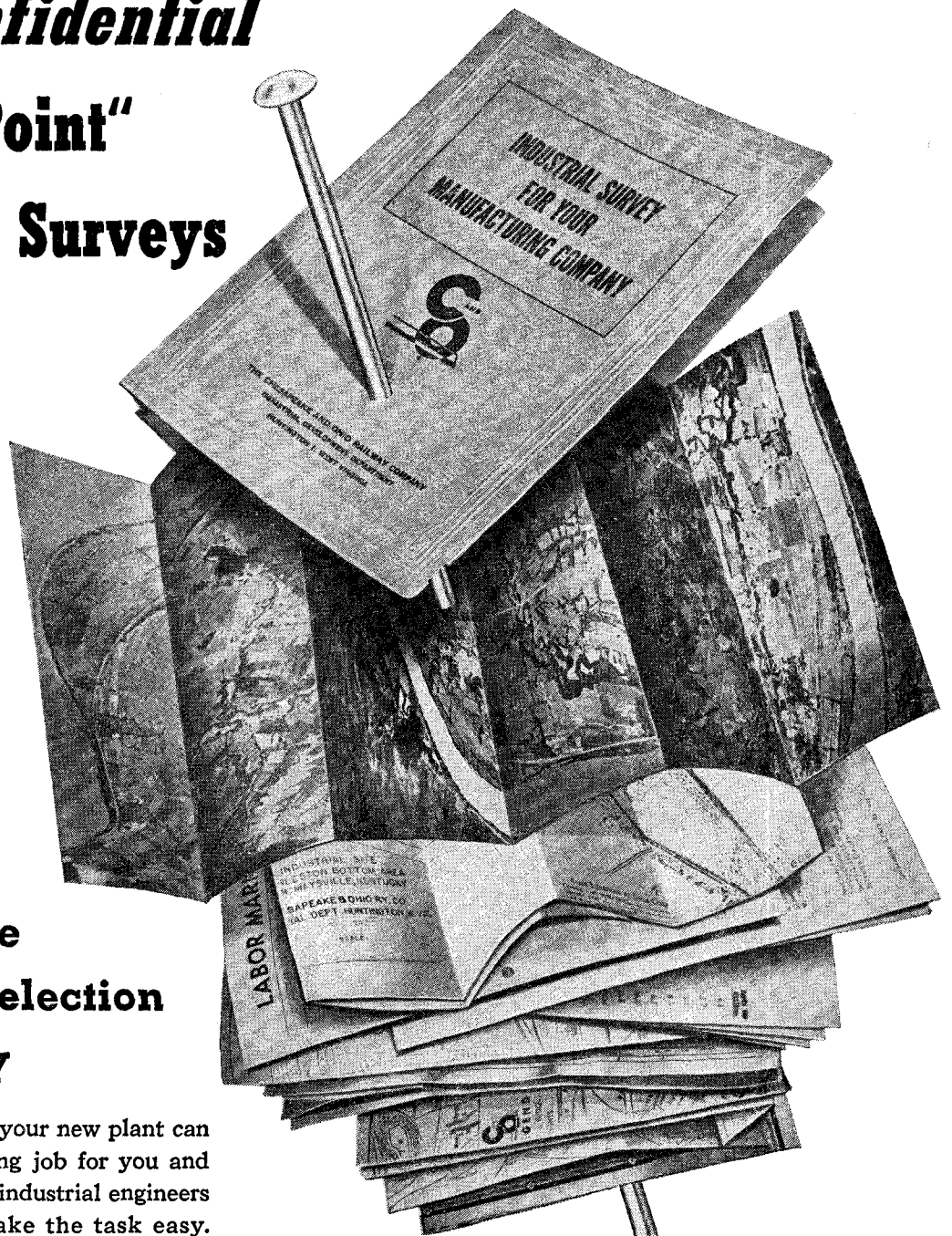
In commenting on the recent article by Victor Riesel and Robert Lewin about labor leader Pat Gorman we slighted the credentials of Mr. Lewin. He is the labor writer for the *Chicago Daily News*, a diligent and gifted reporter.

John T. Flynn, known to *Freeman* readers and to a far wider audience as one of the leading journalists of his generation, recently referred in a radio broadcast to the Richard L. Stokes article on the occupation mark swindle. Said Mr. Flynn, and we quote with pride: "The *Freeman* is a magazine of the highest literary quality, edited by writers of the first order. It . . . presents the most vivid, understanding, rational discussion of the problems of our time."

# C & O's *confidential*

## "Pin-Point"

### Industrial Surveys

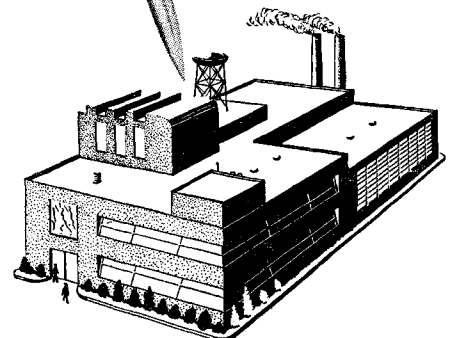


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# THE *Freeman*

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1952

## The Fortnight

**W**e read in a Thanksgiving Day column that the Pilgrims had it better than their modern descendants. Wild turkeys from the woods. Clams from the Plymouth foreshore. Maize from Squanto's fish-fertilized hills. And so on. But this is the modern version of the old days of plenty. Truth is that the Pilgrims had it terrible for a while. They tried communism. It didn't work. Then they tried individualism. This produced. With every man entitled to the fruits of his own labors, there was enough for the first good Thanksgiving. If the Pilgrims had it better than we moderns, there is only one reason for it: we have been slipping back into the collectivist fallacy that Governor Bradford and his men discarded.

**T**here is an eerie symbolism attached to the virtually simultaneous deaths from heart attacks of Philip Murray, boss of the CIO, and William Green, head of the AFL. Both Murray and Green had tried to commit their organizations in the last election to complete, down-the-line support of Adlai Stevenson on the assumption that "labor" should vote as an entity. But labor itself refused to be delivered in one monolithic piece at the polls. The rank and file, in other words, continued to follow the precepts of old Sam Gompers, founder of the modern American labor movement, who insisted that a worker's vote is his own business. Rebuffed by their own followers, both Murray and Green may have reacted psychosomatically; they may have taken Eisenhower's victory as a sign that their day of unchallenged political power was over. This does not necessarily mean that their successors, George Meany for the AFL and Walter Reuther or Allan Haywood for the CIO, will go back to the Gompers philosophy. It does mean that the labor leader of the future must be tough enough to reckon with revolts from both without and within the labor movement itself.

**D**r. Jaime Torres-Bodet, the director of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, has quit because the UNESCO budget for the next two years was limited

to \$18 million, or \$2 million short of what he wanted. Ho hum. If it could be proved to us that UNESCO had ever stimulated a poet to write a good poem, or a novelist to become a fledgling Proust or Hemingway, or a playwright to do something worthy of even a week's run on Broadway, or a medical man to devise a cure for the common cold, or a reader to sit down and go through "War and Peace" without blinking, or an English critic to understand a Persian painter, we would feel badly about Dr. Jaime Torres-Bodet's misfortune in being limited to a mere \$18 million when he asked for twenty. But as it is? Pardon us, but we can't weep.

**T**he *Freeman* has never been inclined to regard General Eisenhower's pledge to visit Korea as a mere campaign device. The Korean impasse happens to be the most urgent problem facing the Republic and if the President-elect can, as he proposed, arrive at constructive proposals out yonder, more power to him. We do have a suggestion of our own which we hope he will ponder. Let him look into the status of the Seventh Fleet which has been, since the summer of 1950, safeguarding the coasts of our enemy, Red China, from the incursions of the Chinese on Formosa and nullifying their previous attempts at a blockade. Why not decide as the first act of what we hope will be a glorious reign to order the Seventh Fleet at once to blockade Red China and free Chiang Kai-shek's forces for the forays on the mainland that, for one thing, held the Chinese Second Army opposite Formosa instead of freeing it to fight in Korea?

**D**iscussing the Draper Report in our issue of September 22, we advanced the unorthodox view that Europe's "dollar gap" ("that seemingly incurable European hemorrhage") has but little to do with a U. S. protectionist doctrine which all libertarians must denounce on principle. "The main obstacle to an expansion of European trade with the U. S. is by no means the U. S. tariff," we submitted. "It is, of course, Europe's relatively declining productivity." And we went on to show that even a complete abolition of the U. S. tariff could not make competitive those European industries whose per-item costs, plus transport, are so much

higher than ours. Readers who may have hesitated to endorse our realism will be interested to learn that the London *Economist* did so in its issue of November 1: "It is doubtful whether the complete abolition of the American tariff would enable western Europe to earn sufficient extra dollars to balance its dollar accounts." If the Europeans would only go on from there to discover the one effective remedy—i.e., greater European productivity rather than more U. S. tax dollars—we could really shake hands across the sea.

**F**ranklin D. Roosevelt's capitulation to Stalin's demands at Yalta (or so the New Deal court historians claim) was dictated by our need for Russian assistance in the conquest of Japan—a need that was impressed upon the President by the specific counsel of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. One of them has just annihilated the Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. school of historiography. In "Fleet Admiral King," by Ernest J. King and Walter Muir Whitehill, the magnificent Ernie "recalls that the Joint Chiefs of Staff did not agree with the President's idea of 'sweetening' Stalin in order to obtain his help against the Japanese." Here is the testimony of an unmatched first-hand witness, and it ought to close the debate: Franklin D. Roosevelt surrendered at Yalta on no one's advice but his own.

**C**holly Knickerbocker, as everybody knows, is the society columnist for the *New York Journal-American*. In brief, he is a chronicler of chi-chi. Supposedly no ponderosity there, no acute cerebration. But, by jingo and by gee, there's more sense in Cholly Knickerbocker sometimes than in all the double-dome comment in the far more serious departments of far more serious gazettes. For example, he tossed off this the other day:

The crowd that is really eating crow these days are the European correspondents. For some reason difficult to comprehend, considering General Eisenhower's great personal popularity in Europe, they slanted all their reports in favor of Stevenson, never gave Ike a chance of winning, and blasted him as a "reactionary isolationist." What the European correspondents—some of them belonging to the most conservative papers there—did was not only unfair, but was bad and misleading journalism. This columnist, for one, can not help but gloat at seeing them trying to squirm out of their predictions of absolute Democratic victory. But I'm waiting for their apologies to Ike—in print.

If we were a newspaper executive, we would grab Cholly Knickerbocker for the editorial page. He's wasting his time on the glamor and caviar circuit.

**I**s it not also time for a change in Europe's press relations with this country? In other words, can European correspondents who for many years were undisguised New Deal propagandists now be expected to interpret a Republican Administration? Mr. Alistair Cooke, for instance, recently informed the readers of the *Manchester Guardian* that, "in the American system, when a new party comes into

power, there is nothing to stop the dismissal of a government department staff from top to bottom." Nothing at all—except, of course, the Civil Service regulations which secure the permanent jobs of more than 95 per cent of all Federal employees. This rather relevant fact Mr. Cooke, for many years a resident partisan student of the New Deal, either did not know or chose to manipulate. We are not entirely certain which is the more damaging explanation; but we do know how important it is that the public of a serious British newspaper be correctly informed about the incoming Administration, rather than invited to sympathize with Mr. Cooke's nervous cronies in the State Department.

**A**lthough it probably is not, Mr. Trygve Lie's face should be as red as his American employees who have invoked the protection of the Constitution when queried by the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security about their Communist affiliations. For it is not so long ago that Mr. Lie smeared the Subcommittee for its interest in the loyalty of these employees to their own country—thus outrageously interfering in American internal affairs, as Mr. George Sokolsky pointed out. Now Mr. Lie's panel of jurists appointed to consider whether the UN should retain such employees has advised him to dismiss all active members of the U. S. Communist Party or other organizations officially declared subversive. Moreover, the panel declared that the appeal to Constitutional privilege against self-incrimination creates a "suspicion of guilt," and is valid ground for dismissal. This may embarrass Mr. Lie; but if we correctly gauge American public opinion on this issue, he had better take the advice of his panel if the UN is to continue to enjoy U. S. hospitality.

**S**ister Elizabeth Kenny died without honor in her native Australia on Nov. 30. All the clinics founded to practice her method of treating poliomyelitis had been closed, and the Minister of Health had announced Sept. 10 that the Australian government had no intention of adopting her treatment. Yet thousands of children in Australia and elsewhere are growing into normal, active adulthood because this Australian nurse discovered a therapy which minimizes the ravages of that dread disease. Although Sister Kenny could overcome the worst effects of polio, she could never overcome the resistance of the medical profession. History repeats itself: Pasteur was slandered, Semmelweis was hounded to his death, because of the inveterate human resistance to knowledge. *E pur si muove!*

**W**e are getting a bit impatient with the fashionable tendency, here and abroad, to deem a limited interest in foreign affairs a racial characteristic of Americans. It was not an American statesman of whom this is said in his "authorized biography": "In Cabinet, he would ostentatiously

close his eyes when foreign affairs were under discussion. 'Wake me up,' he would say, 'when you are finished with that.' This is what G. M. Young reports in his "Stanley Baldwin," just published in London. The author, one of Baldwin's most intimate friends, is beyond suspicion of making matters look worse than they were: the late Prime Minister himself commissioned Mr. Young to be his biographer. And lest it be objected that such ostentatious isolationism was a personal and not a national trait, we pass on what the London *Economist*, reviewing "Stanley Baldwin," conceded with attractive honesty: "Never more exactly has a people had the government it deserved."

**T**he fatal word "Munich" is again being heard in more and more bull sessions on foreign policy, and so it appears appropriate to recall the forgotten statement a famous man made in October 1938, after the Munich "settlement." The forgotten statement: "I am not a bit upset over the final result." The famous man: Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

**M**r. Goodman Ace, who conducts a TV and radio column in the *Saturday Review*, recently described himself as "being occupied in the radio and television branch of show business, where it was considered foolhardy for an actor or writer to state publicly whether he was for Eisenhower or for Stevenson unless he happened to be for Eisenhower." Now it just happens that at least seventy million Americans were witnesses to the audible civic-mindedness with which innumerable radio and TV actors and writers publicly worked for the election of their candidate, Governor Stevenson. To note Mr. Ace's implication of repression as a blatant denial of verifiable truth would be beside the point. It is much worse than that. The facile readiness with which some of our McLiberals deny reality deserves psychiatric investigation.

## *Ike's Cabinet*

**T**homas E. Dewey has elected to remain at his post in Albany for the duration of his term as Governor. Nevertheless, the Dewey presence will be almost palpable whenever the new Eisenhower Cabinet meets. The next Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, is an old Dewey man. The Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, twice served as Dewey's manager in Presidential campaigns. The Secretary of Defense, Charles E. Wilson, while he has never been active in politics on his own, has been President of General Motors, which threw its corporate influence to the Eisenhower-Dewey team in the pre-convention struggle last Spring. Governor Douglas McKay of Oregon, the new Secretary of the Interior, was an original Dewey man on the Pacific coast. The Eisenhower choice for Secretary of the Treasury, George M. Humphrey of Cleveland, was a Taft man in 1950—but in 1952 he sat out the

battle for the Presidential nomination, and he received the nod for the Treasury job over Senator Harry F. Byrd, whom Taft would have preferred.

And so it goes. Summerfield, the new Postmaster General, broke to Eisenhower in Michigan in time to help swing the delegation away from Taft. Oveta Culp Hobby, who succeeds the ineffable Oscar Ewing as Federal Security Administrator, was an Ike girl from the Ike State of Texas. Stassen swung Minnesota into the Eisenhower column at a crucial moment. Hardly a Taft man or a Taft woman in the lot, if we except the new Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, the Utah farm co-operator who is probably agreeable to the Taftites if only on the basis of his middle name.

We set this down here with no desire to prejudice anybody against Ike's choices. It can be an excellent Cabinet—and the posts of Labor and Commerce, which are undecided as we go to press, might still go to people who would signify broad party harmony. Taft himself has said, in his unemotional way, that he is perfectly able and willing to work with Eisenhower's appointees. The danger of a Republican rift, if any, will hardly come from Taft himself, who is magnanimity personified. But there is still a job of Republican Party pacification for the Eisenhowerites to do, both in terms of legislation and the distribution of patronage. For the sake of the future, we hope that Eisenhower's own magnanimous impulses carry down through his trusted lieutenants whenever they are dealing with the Republican boys on the Hill and the Democratic members of the conservative coalition, a majority of whom are Bob Taft's fervent supporters and friends.

## *Official Misinformation*

**F**rom the day when the remnants of the wartime OWI and OSS were blanketed into the State Department, there have been well-founded complaints, both in Congress and out, that the Administration's efforts to inform the rest of the world about this country were costing much more than they were worth. We have ourselves published such criticism (see Mr. George Creel's "Study in Planned Futility," in our issue of March 10). But recent stories from abroad indicate that what is wrong goes far deeper than mere incompetence and waste. We refer our readers to Freda Utley's article on page 191 of this issue, revealing the almost incredible fact that the office of the U. S. High Commissioner in Germany is still denying Germans in our zone access to books which the Soviet government does not want them to read; and the further fact that whereas the *Amerika Haus* libraries are well-stocked with the works of notorious Communists and fellow-travelers, the few books listed by anti-Communists are catalogued so obscurely as to be to all intents and purposes inaccessible.

Another disturbing story from Germany broke

into the news soon after Miss Utleys' article reached us. In 1951 U. S. officials there, allegedly with the laudable motive of "democratizing" that country, commissioned a former German journalist, Arno Peters, and his wife to write a "world history." Only after they had spent \$47,600 on the project and distributed 1100 of 9200 copies received, did they learn that the authors of the book were Communists and the book itself pro-Communist, anti-democratic, anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic. Nor could they undo the damage they had done; for although they impounded their own copies of the book they had generously permitted the authors to make a large printing for sale throughout Germany. So the American taxpayers are not merely the victims of a \$47,600 swindle; they have been gravely injured by incompetent or disloyal officials who used their funds to finance enemy propaganda.

Nor is there anything very reassuring about the survey of American information activities in 44 countries, made by correspondents of the *New York Times* and summarized in its issue of November 24. The most ambitious American information program and the most immediate in effect, is the Voice of America. And it was precisely that program which the *Times* correspondents found the least effective of official American media of information in all but a few countries. In highly strategic areas such as the Middle East its popularity is second to that of the British Broadcasting Company, whose news broadcasts appear to be considered more reliable and less propagandistic.

As we consider this discouraging news from abroad, it seems to us that the failure of the government information programs to show results commensurate with effort and expense is basically due to the miserable failure of the Truman foreign policy. That policy has been inspired less by a firm devotion to American traditions and interests than by the hostile Soviet rejection of Mr. Roosevelt's Great Design for postwar Russo-American collaboration. Its reluctant and belated toughness towards the USSR is vitiated by that same anti-anti-communism which is endemic among American "liberals." The news we have been discussing simply reflects its unsureness, its softness and its failure to recognize the universal and implacable nature of the enemy we face.

What the new Administration will need, first of all, if it wants an effective information program, is a positive, American foreign policy. Next it will need competent and reliable personnel. We suggest that it could save the American people a great deal of expense and grief by asking the three great news services to cooperate in broadcasting to other countries the results of their world-wide news-gathering, the expense, of course, to be defrayed by government subsidy. Such a service would be competent, professional, and certainly far more economical than the present "Voice." And we are willing to wager that it would be infinitely more effective.

## *Burning the Archives*

The smoke curling upward from Foggy Bottom these clear, wintry nights may or may not arise from faulty combustion in the Department of State's furnaces. It is the invariable practice, as everyone knows, for diplomats before departing from hostile capitals on the verge of war to burn their papers. On the Sunday afternoon of Pearl Harbor a sizable group of Washingtonians gathered, in truth, before the Japanese Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue to watch the smoke columns that betokened the destruction of the Embassy's archives. When under threat of investigation in normal times, bureaucrats in Washington have been known to destroy records which they feared might harm them if exposed to the light of day.

The changing of the guard due to take place in Washington on January 20 may have given rise to certain premonitions among bureaucrats with something to conceal. Recalling the destruction of the records of Communist suspects in the War Department files ordered during the war and halted only by the vigilance of Senator Styles Bridges (Rep., N. H.), remembering an incident wherein the State Department itself purged its papers of reminders of subversive accusations against employees, one can not be too sure that the Eisenhower Administration will find the archives intact come January.

## *The Algebra of Planning*

In our ceaseless search for instruction on the mysteries of Planning (see practically *every* issue), we have just learned a lesson from the fish.

The Poles are traditional connoisseurs of marinated herring and other delightful fish. Their Soviet government has taken note of that predilection by organizing the fishing industry. For Communist Poland, no longer the anarchy of private baiting! The business is now truly and efficiently organized, thus:

The pursuit of salt-water fish is a responsibility of the Ministry of Navigation. Fresh-water fish are to be caught by the Ministry of State Agricultural Farms—except for certain waters under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Agriculture and some others ruled by the Ministry of Forests. As to the fishermen, they are wards of the Ministry of Small Industries. The production and repair of fishing boots and rods is the business of the Ministry of Heavy Industry. The marketing of fish caught is a job for the Ministry of Internal Trade. Fish export comes under the Ministry of Foreign Trade.

No wonder that the Polish fish, emotionally as opposed to regimentation as we are, seem utterly confused by eight Ministries, particularly as they would have to pronounce the names of these eight



bureaus in the awesome original Polish. Rather than do that, the fish, according to the official Polish press, have virtually disappeared. Which supplies us with one of the rare algebraic formulas for a Planned Economy: eight Ministries equal no fish.

## A Leftist Credo

Nowadays an honest statement of leftist beliefs is difficult to come by. Not that there has developed a perceptible scarcity of leftists. The real trouble is that the current leftists seem to be spending their energies and their powers of articulation on vehement protests that they are *not*. In this Age of Lattimore one could almost define a leftist as a person who incessantly swears that there is no such animal. Which is a pity. For any healthy society needs frankly presented heresies, if only to sharpen its teeth on.

So we felt considerable exhilaration when we hit, in a recent issue of London's *New Statesman and Nation*, on an undisguised and innocently serene profession of leftist tenets. The journal's editor, Mr. Kingsley Martin, decided to clarify contemporary thought on the Soviet Union by presenting his own view on the subject, reduced to monosyllabic essentials. It is, in his opinion, a "test of political literacy to be able to accept the following propositions, all of which I think are demonstrably true." What followed was an axiomatic summarization of a leftist's credo so revealing and beautiful that we deeply regret the space limitations which force us to reproduce only these verbatim excerpts:

1. The average standard of living in the USSR is . . . much higher than it was under Tsardom, and has improved, and is improving rapidly. . . .
2. In Moscow . . . there is a very general sense of well-being; though overcrowding is still by our standards shocking, the pace of rebuilding is spectacular, the standard of entertainment, especially in theater and ballet, far the best in the world, and peaceful life every day more attractive.
3. Development and construction, irrigation and scientific agriculture, are transforming vast, hitherto desert areas of Asia with staggering speed.
4. The ordinary Soviet citizen is not conscious of lack of liberty. He is prepared to leave politics and economics to the government. . . .
5. The courts and police are, for non-political affairs, more popular and common-sensical than ours and not at all repressive.
6. . . . No citizen dreams of questioning the arbitrary authority of the political police nor does he know anything of torture. . . .
7. In general, life grows more civilized in Russia. . . . Stalin, in short, is the symbol of national self-confidence, of victory, of unity, prosperity and of present and future greatness.
8. The standard of education in the Soviet Union is now very high. Technical achievement is remarkable and the sale and circulation of non-technical, serious literature of many types is quite unprecedented in history. There is no obvious censorship. . . .

9. . . . No propaganda is necessary to make the Soviet citizen anxious for peace. . . . If war came every Russian would believe, whatever the circumstances, that the Americans began it and would fight ruthlessly, unhesitatingly, hopefully, bitterly, but in the conviction that he and his government were blameless. . . .

10. The rulers of Russia do not intend to invade any other country. . . . In this sense Russia is profoundly peaceful. . . .

These, we would like to repeat, are verbatim excerpts of Mr. Martin's ten basic propositions—all of which, he adds, "can be supported from innumerable sources."

We could now proceed to a mordantly satirical analysis of the type of mind which (in 1952!) is capable of such suicidal contortions. But we shall not—not for the moment, at least. For the moment, we are overcome with awe. Sometimes (we do not mind confessing) we have asked ourselves whether the *Freeman*, in its relentless war with the leftist intelligentsia, is not fighting shadows—whether that insanity, that self-rape of the liberal mind, has not been erased by the unmistakable and overwhelming events of the past ten years. But then, without fail, there always comes a liberal eruption as thick and frightening as Mr. Martin's. And he is not an accidental tyro. He is the editor of that particular journal of opinion which issues the undisputed party line to Britain's and often enough America's leftist intelligentsia. Though He will indubitably save the Queen, God may hesitate when it comes to her intellectual subjects.

## Predictions Are Off

Regardless of what the long-term future holds in store for us, it will be a happy Christmas for practically every family in America. Our basis for this statement comes from a perusal of A. H. Raskin's survey of the national employment situation, which was published recently in the *New York Times*. According to Mr. Raskin's figures, there are fewer than 1,300,000 idle this December in the U. S.—which means that the "frictional" unemployment figure of 2,000,000, which has been considered "normal" for an economy employing 62,000,000, has fallen by the wayside as a reliable economic index.

As far as we can see, there are only two broad categories of the citizenry who have immediate reason to greet Kris Kringle with a shadow of doubt in their minds. Those families who have sons in Korea have plenty of warrant to be sober even though the Yule log burns brightly. The other broad group which must carry the feeling that Santa has dealt shabbily with them is the fraternity of predictive economists. With notable exceptions, most of them have been worried about "recession." Some of them, indeed, have been speaking the dread words, "mass unemployment." Maybe the future will bear them out—but the time is assuredly not yet.

# An Editor's Notebook

By FORREST DAVIS

The *Freeman* in its most recent issue gave some intelligence from Britain concerning the intention of an ex-Lord Chancellor to reflect upon the verdict of the New York court that found Alger Hiss guilty. Lord Jowett's book, if and when it appears, will be, as we understand it, in the nature of polemics. 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 Jowett's interest. What we may expect from the learned law lord is an opinion. In this matter I, too, have an opinion. My opinion is journalistic, not legal; it is simply this: now that Hiss has been denied parole and Lord Jowett is about to shrive him, now that we have an incoming Administration uncommitted to the defense of Hiss, why should we not probe more deeply into *l'affaire Hiss*?

I am by no means convinced, nor do I think is anyone else even remotely conversant with the matter, that the whole truth of Hiss's infamous conduct has been spread upon the record. He was tried and found guilty upon Whittaker Chambers's word and upon the tangible evidence supporting Chambers's disclosures. Chambers undoubtedly submitted a total recall of his guilty relations with Hiss. But others are carrying about with them equally guilty knowledge of Hiss's long service to Soviet imperialism, a service which worked great harm to United States interest, as Clare Boothe Luce convincingly televised it during the recent Presidential campaign. But even the long record of Hiss's damaging services enumerated by Mrs. Luce is not the half of it.

At a guess I should say that fifty or more persons have heard, with varying degrees of credulity, of an incident occurring in President Truman's office in August of 1948 which pertinently illustrates what I have

in mind. I do not vouch for the incident, although I have heard it from usually believable sources. It seems that Hiss's leakage of secrets to the Kremlin provided one of the most embarrassing diplomatic incidents of World War II. You will recall that Ambassador William C. Bullitt went to Warsaw for the funeral of Marshal Pilsudski. Upon that occasion he gave assurances of American support to the Poles should they resist Nazi aggression to the point of war.

The assurances were, of course, in agreement with the Franco-American pledge of assistance to Poland *vs.* Hitler, a *démarche* that proved empty in the performance and which may be, as Dr. Charles C. Tansill has alleged, at the bottom of many of our present evils *re* the Soviet Union. Hiss dutifully transmitted news of Bullitt's promises to the Kremlin Secret Service, which obligingly turned the information over to Nazi Intelligence. Whereupon Goebbels made of it a propagandistic field day, charging President Roosevelt with being the principal *provocateur* of World War II. Our government, obeying a law of diplomatic expediency, issued indignant denials, yet the allegation echoed in the air over Europe for weeks.

We come now to the day in August of 1948, upon which date evidence, gleaned from the Nazi archives, was

## Heartbreak Ridge

Under strange skies,  
On a strange hill,  
Shapeless he lies,  
Dreadfully still.

No future his,  
Youth with no past;  
Only a name—  
Bury him fast.

BEN RAY REDMAN

before President Truman indicating beyond quibble that Hiss had in this instance delivered us into the hands of Goebbels via Moscow. The President pondered the evidence, then turned to an associate, saying, "We shouldn't try this so-and-so, we should hang him," meaning Hiss.

A few minutes later the press, ushered in for a news conference, elicited from the President his famous observation that the Hiss case was a "red herring," calculated to divert attention from the supposed misdeeds of the 80th Congress. When the press had departed, the President remarked to his associate that he might well have been dumbfounded by the discrepancy between his attitudes toward the Hiss case when the reporters were and were not present. The associate acknowledged that he was indeed dumbfounded.

"You don't understand politics," the President explained. "They were not after Hiss; they were after me and I had to take a political view of the matter."

I do not propose that you accept the foregoing account as gospel. What I do propose is that it should be examined into both for the sake of the country, of the burgeoning campaign to resuscitate Hiss's repute, and, above all, for the sake of Mr. Truman, who is soon again to be a private citizen. Whether the incident is apocryphal or not, the country is entitled to know. It has been discussed over a score of dinner tables in Washington, it is in the domain of high level gossip. An appropriate committee of the Congress should proceed as rapidly as possible to investigate the matter, not only as to Mr. Truman's attitudes but as to whether in fact the Nazi archives turned up unchallenged evidence that Hiss informed on the Bullitt pledge to his masters in the Kremlin. The time has come to let all possible air into the whole record of Hiss's perfidy. Until the new Administration takes over, until the Congress is firmly in the hands of the party which has nothing to hide concerning subversion, the people can not rest assured that they know the whole story of our betrayal by the Hisses. The new Congress has no more urgent task.

# Facing Both Ways in Germany

By FREDA UTLEY

The more I observe United States policy in Germany the curiouser it seems. We are not only trying to square the circle by "containing German rearmament" while hoping to "contain" Soviet aggression by forcing the Germans to rearm. We have also failed to clear away the rubble left by the punitive and undemocratic policies we pursued when we were collaborating with Stalin to keep Germany down and out. We no longer treat the Germans rough, humiliate them, deny them liberty, free speech and equal justice under law, destroy their means of livelihood through dismantlement, and in general behave as if we believed in the old Roman adage "woe to the vanquished." But we have failed to rescind laws and decrees issued in conjunction with our former ally and present enemy, Communist Russia. Nor, one suspects, have the "Morgenthau boys" or friends of the Soviet Union been entirely eliminated from the gigantic bureaucratic apparatus headed by the U. S. High Commissioner.

Take, first, such basic democratic rights as freedom of inquiry, free access to knowledge, academic freedom and freedom of the press. The American public no doubt imagines that these basic democratic rights were long since fully established in western Germany under our "tutelage." This is not the case. For instance, I discovered in Munich that we are still banning books which the Soviet government considers it undesirable for the Germans to read!

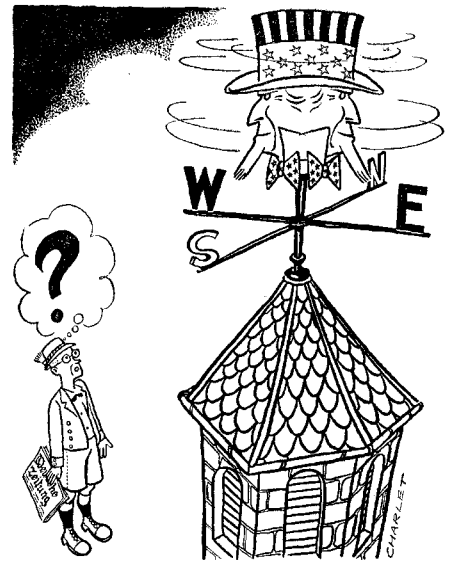
I was visiting Hubertus zu Loewenstein, the distinguished German historian and philosopher who went into exile and lost his estates rather than submit to Nazi tyranny. He lived twelve years in America, where he was a Carnegie Endowment Professor. After Germany's defeat he abandoned the comforts, security

and honor he could have continued to enjoy in the United States, to share the hunger, humiliation and privations of his defeated country and help bring her back into the community of Western democratic nations. Loewenstein loves America and likes to tell German audiences how Americans criticize their government and stand up for their rights. This was not pleasing to U. S. Military Government, which debarred him from lecturing to *Amerika Haus* audiences although these institutions are maintained by the American taxpayers to "teach democracy" to the Germans.

## U. S. Enforces Soviet Order

It was from Loewenstein that I learned that Allied Control Council Law No. 4, drawn up by Soviet Marshal Zhukov and promulgated on September 15, 1945, is still enforced in the U. S. Zone. This law not only bans all Fascist or Nazi books. It also forbids the Germans to read any book which has a "militarist" or "expansionist" content or is "directed against" any of the "allies," including, of course, Communist Russia. So in July 1952 Loewenstein was refused permission by the Munich public library to read the *Memoirs of General von Seeckt*, the creator of the Weimar Republic army who was retired by Hitler!

Strictly applied, this notorious order would forbid the Germans today to read any anti-Communist literature. It would also prevent them from reading Napoleon's memoirs or Caesar's Commentaries or any historical work not written from a strictly pacifist — or Communist — point of view. In fact, during the first years of the occupation the study of history was omitted in German schools in the Western zones. Today "our Germans" are privileged



to study some history, even though their scholars are still denied access to many books. However, the spirit of 1945 would still seem to inspire the U. S. High Commissioner's Office of Public Affairs, presided over until July 21, 1952 by Mr. Shepherd Stone. Until he came to Germany to "teach democracy" Mr. Stone was assistant to Lester Markel, editor of the *New York Times* Sunday edition, whose book supplement used to give so much aid and comfort to the Chinese Communist lobby in America. It is therefore hardly surprising that the *Amerika Haus* libraries, paid for by the U. S. taxpayer but controlled until recently by Mr. Stone and his assistant Patricia van Delden, contains many books favoring Soviet Russia and extolling the Chinese Communists, and few anti-Communist writings.

True, if one searches diligently through their catalogues one can discover a book or two each by William Henry Chamberlin, David Dallin, Eugene Lyons, and a few other anti-Soviet writers too famous to be ignored. But these are heavily outnumbered by the writings of Owen Lattimore, Edgar Snow, Foster Rhea Dulles, Jerome Davis, Johannes Steel, William Mandel, Corliss Lamont, Richard Lauterbach, Vera Micheles Dean, Theodore White, Agnes Smedley and other Soviet apologists, Communists, or friends of the Chinese Communists. Moreover the anti-Soviet and anti-Communist books are hard to find. The library catalogues of the "U. S. In-

formation Centers in Germany" have no section on "Communism," presumably in order not to offend our former allies or openly transgress Marshal Zhukov's Order No. 4. Thus one finds such books as William Henry Chamberlin's "Blueprint for World Conquest" (which reproduces the thesis of the Comintern), Fulton Sheen's "Communism and the Conscience of the West," and the report of the U. S. Senate Foreign Affairs Committee on "Strategy and Tactics of World Communism," hidden away in a section called "Labor, Capital." Nor are such books as Eugene Lyons's "Assignment in Utopia," Koestler's "The Yogi and the Commissar," William L. White's "Report on the Russians" and my own book about my life in Russia, "Lost Illusion," to be found under the heading "Russia." They appear instead in the "Europe" section.

The German reader seeking information about Soviet Russia can, it is true, find two of David Dallin's books, together with Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom," in the "Russia" section of the catalogue. But for the most part he will find only pro-Soviet, "neutral," or anti-anti-Communist books listed, including those written by such notorious Communist propagandists as the Dean of Canterbury and William Mandel. If very clever he may succeed in finding Alexander Barmine's "One Who Survived" mysteriously catalogued in the list of authors under B/Bar—a designation I have been unable to track down under "Capital, Labor," or "Form of State," or the other headings under which one finds other anti-Communist books hiding their light.

### Control of the Press

Freedom of the press requires a modicum of financial independence for publishers. In West Germany most newspapers have small circulation and little revenue from advertisements. Coupled with Germany's shortage of foreign exchange, this makes it well-nigh impossible for German newspapers to send correspondents to America. They are perforce dependent for most of their foreign news on the British news agencies which enjoy a near-monopoly owing to the cheapness of

their services; or on the German news agency DPA which is affiliated with Reuter's in the United States; or on handouts by the U. S. and British High Commissioner's Public Information Offices. It is also a fact of great importance that the *New York Herald Tribune* and *New York Times* are the only American newspapers with European editions. Thus "news" from America which the Germans receive is either British orientated, or colored by anti-anti-Communist or "liberal" prejudices.

Instead of American aid being utilized to help German newspapers send correspondents to America, the fund of \$3.5 million disposed of by the U. S. High Commissioner for the ostensible purpose of "democratizing" the German press, has been used to subsidize newspapers subservient to the New Dealers who run the Commissioner's Public Information Office. Thus I found, on my arrival in Germany in the middle of May, that Senator Taft's views and speeches were either being misrepresented, or not reported at all, in the newspapers owned or subsidized by the American taxpayer, while General Eisenhower was being represented as a St. George about to slay the "isolationist" Old Guard Republican dragon. The American-owned newspaper *Neue Zeitung* failed to mention Senator Taft's interview of June 6 in Washington with the DPA representative, while the papers known to be subsidized by McCloy gave it only brief mention without headlines.

When I asked Mr. Shepherd Stone whether he was not indirectly controlling the German press through his use of American money, he blandly assured me that he was, on the contrary, making it "independent." This "independence" perhaps explains why the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, which received a subsidy of a million marks from Mr. Stone, represents Senator McCarthy as a villain and General MacArthur as a "demagogue," and has singularly failed to report the hearings of the McCarran Committee's investigation of Communist influence on American foreign policy.

Almost all German newspapers fear to incur the displeasure of the U. S. State Department. Mr. John Paton Davies, whom the McCarran

Committee charges with perjury, is today political adviser to the U. S. High Commissioner. It is therefore hardly surprising that the German public has been left in almost complete ignorance of the findings of the McCarran Committee; listening to the German radio and reading the U. S.-subsidized German press, one can still today hear the old, old story about those Chinese "agrarian reformers." One radio commentator I heard on July 25, a certain Dr. Werner Krug, told the Germans that the Communist danger in Asia was not one of armed force, but was simply due to the refusal of the Western powers to give up their imperialist positions.

### Which Way in Economics?

It is in the realm of economics and social policy, however, that Germans in the American zone find it hardest to understand what is required of them to win our confidence. We tell them that we believe in private enterprise, a free market, a stable currency and a balanced budget. We insist that they root out all vestiges of National Socialism by abolishing cartels and other restraints on free competition designed to give security to either capitalists or wage earners. One might therefore expect that American authorities in Germany would congratulate the Bonn government on the amazing economic recovery which has resulted from the abolition of controls and rationing, and the encouragement given to initiative, self-help and hard work by its economic and financial policies.

Instead, the 1951 "Annual Economic Review," issued by the Office of Economic Affairs of the U. S. High Commissioner, reproves the Federal government for not having made preparation "for investment controls on a continuing basis," and for its failure to pay serious attention "to the problem of planning adequate standby controls." The same report complains that the Federal Republic, although privileged to obtain considerable information concerning "the control measures which had been established in the United States," has failed to institute similar controls in Germany. And on top of all this the High Com-

missioner's Office is now also telling the Germans that a little inflation would not hurt them.

Can anyone wonder that the Germans most anxious to do what America wants are a little confused? Is the hallmark of a good democrat belief in competitive free-enterprise economics which have enabled West Germany to stage an astounding recovery in spite of the severe handicaps constituted by dismantlement, continuing restrictions on production and research, and heavy occupation costs? Or must one believe in a controlled or state-directed economy, to win American approval? Who represents America and American public opinion? The New Dealers who want Germany to copy England and who still occupy leading positions in HICOM? Or the advocates of free enterprise who also profess to speak for America?

The agricultural section of the "Annual Economic Review for 1951," published by the U. S. High Commissioner, lists as a "shortcoming":

. . . protectionism in international trade which shuts out competition, and "stabilizes" the market so as to take care of the least efficient producer.

Traveling in Germany, one can but wonder what is meant by "least efficient producer." Does it apply to the industrial workers of the Ruhr whose tiny backyards are green with vegetables in the late summer, or to the other workers who, after their labors in factory or mine, spend their leisure hours cultivating allotments on the partly cleared areas of bombed-out tenements? Does it apply to the hard-working farmers of Lower Saxony and Bavaria, whom I have seen harvesting bountiful crops of golden grain with scythes? Are the men, women and children one sees working from dawn to dusk in the beautiful countryside "inefficient producers" because they lack machinery and have only bullock or horse-drawn carts to carry away the sheaves of corn? They look healthy and cheerful enough and probably do not know that the U. S. High Commissioner disapproves of their efforts because they produce less "per man-hour" than the workers on America's mechanized farms. They have accomplished a near miracle in so increasing food production that

the Federal government's dollar imports of food have been reduced to only a quarter of what was required in the first year of Marshall Plan aid. Moreover, food in Germany is cheaper than in the United States.

Would West Germany have been better advised to emulate socialist England, or chaotic France, which demand ever-increasing dollar subsidies instead of encouraging every one to work and produce? Have the hard-working Germans made a mistake in enabling their government to utilize its dollar aid on buying raw materials for industry instead of food, and thus decreasing both unemployment and the need for American subsidies?

In industry as in agriculture there is a bewildering contradiction in Western allied policies. The U. S. High Commissioner's Economic Report shows that a shortage of steel is preventing full production in almost every branch of heavy indus-

try, from shipbuilding, automobiles and rolling stock to housing. Yet as late as the second half of 1950, after the Korean war had begun, the British dynamited the greater part of the Salzgitter works which used to produce steel from the phosphorous ores of Lower Saxony. Permission has now been granted by OEEC for the reconstruction both of Salzgitter and the Thyssen iron and steel works in the Ruhr, ruthlessly dismantled by the British in 1948. But as a German popular song says: "Who will pay the bill; who has so much money?"

The answer, one presumes, will be the U. S. taxpayer. He has already contributed millions through ECA and MSA to undo the damage done by the dismantlement and "demilitarization" of German factories. He will pay again and again so long as U. S. policy continues to resemble the man who rode off rapidly in all directions.

## Foreign Trends

# NATO Headaches

The formidable Social Democratic success in the recent German communal elections, no less decisive in Catholic Rhineland-Westphalia than in Protestant Saxony, has added painfully to Europe's most excruciating headache: how to coax an increasingly unwilling Germany into a Continental defense system where, even (and particularly) if she were to join it with enthusiasm, she would be universally unwelcome. Of such vicious paradoxes (discussed in this department at greater length a month ago) consists NATO.

How Europe's tortuous political structure affects NATO's strategic speculations has been privately explained to a friend of mine by an understandably anonymous high NATO officer.

Germany, began the gentleman, is a member of the European Defense Community but not a party to the Atlantic Treaty. Consequently, Germany is committed to fight if and when *western* Europe is attacked, but under no obligation if an attack occurs elsewhere—in southeastern

Europe, for example. But Germany is also to participate in the European Army which, if it is ever engaged outside western Europe, would have to do without the promised German crack divisions. Which means, in a realistic evaluation of western Europe's non-German fighting potential, without much chance.

Germany's dual rôle in the European defense system, he continued, focuses disturbingly on the likely assumption that a Soviet attack would first be centered on Yugoslavia. In that case NATO's High Command could not employ the European Army's German divisions and, consequently, all would depend on Yugoslavia's own performance. NATO, in other words, is a nonentity for all practical purposes of a southeastern conflagration.

This puts all emphasis on the strategic weight of Yugoslavia—the other NATO headache. Yugoslavia is under no NATO commitment at all, and Tito would avoid signing any kind of European defense treaty. The reasons for his coyness are ob-

vious and they are indeed forbidding.

For Yugoslavia, any close association with NATO would mean the presence of Allied troops and the modicum of economic cooperation needed for common defense planning. And even if the Western powers had no particular desire to do so, the exigencies of the situation would compel them to press for changes in Tito's totalitarian administration of the country's economy. Therefore, no NATO commitments for Tito.

But how is NATO to make military sense if Germany must not be committed to NATO intervention in Yugoslavia, and Yugoslavia must not be subjected to NATO discipline anywhere? My friend's friend could not tell. Nor could he tell how the European Army is ever to function as an integrated body of fighting men so long as the German government retains the right to withhold German contingents by unilateral decision. And he had not the slightest idea who was to have ultimate authority over even such a paralyzed European Army.

To army graduates, this may sound merely like the conventional military snafu. But my informant did not think so. He seemed well-nigh horrified by a situation for which no army had ever prepared a man: whenever a NATO officer tried to draw a chart of command (the *alpha* and *omega* of a staffer's existence), the darned thing came out looking as if designed by Dali.

### Pandit Attlee?

Pandit Nehru has not made much progress in converting Indian communism, but he has excellent chances to take over the Socialist International. The British Labor Party, at any rate, seems prepared to pay the stiffest price for close affiliation with the Asiatic Socialist parties—even if that price were to include the International's official commitment to "neutrality" in the struggle between the Soviets and the West.

The members of the "Asian Socialist Convention" are gathering next January in Rangoon to bargain with a "Fraternal Delegation" from the Socialist International, headed by Mr. Attlee himself. (The other two delegates are Guy Mollet from France and K. Bjoerk from Hol-

land.) Though Mr. Nehru is the undisputed intellectual leader of the "Asian Socialist Convention," he deems it advisable to let the representative of a smaller Asiatic power, U. Kyaw Nein of Burma, announce the party line. This is it, as formulated at a recent meeting of the Convention:

Both powers [Soviet Russia and the U. S.] are cooing like doves but hold daggers in each hand. America persuades and cajoles governments, whether democratic or dictatorial, to join them in the name of democracy, while Soviet Russia also persuades and threatens its satellites in the name of world peace to join her camp. . . .

The meeting postulated that a "third camp" must be created, headed by Asia's Socialist Parties and forming a world-wide group of political

forces "who might help to avert a third world war."

In organizational terms, Mr. Nehru's Convention threatens to promote a rival International, unless the European Socialist Parties are willing to adopt Nehru's "neutralism." And such a split is precisely what Mr. Attlee and his colleagues have resolved to prevent. Mr. Attlee would no doubt be rather pleased if a "superior" decision of the Socialist International allowed him to accept Aneurin Bevan's anti-NATO platform without making it appear that Attlee has lost the intra-party war at home. At any rate, he is said to be going to Rangoon with a "compromise" formula which, for all practical purposes, would make Nehru's "neutralism" the official policy of the Socialist International.

CANDIDE

## I Take an English Lesson

I was peaceably reading the *Freeman* when my wife recited a close-clipped witticism from Henry Luce's weekly pictorial; so I retaliated by requesting that she read the first paragraph of Mr. E. Dahlberg's "Second Harvest" which appealed to me as being witty and wise, particularly as my personal opinion of compulsory education coincides with that of Messrs. Emerson, Erasmus and Dahlberg, gentlemen of distinguished opinions.

She handed my magazine back without even a smile. "Well," I said, "didn't you think it was good?"

"What I could understand of it was," she replied.

"It's plain English," I protested. "What didn't you understand?"

"I don't know; I can't even remember what the words looked like. *People* just don't use them."

Now I was so sure that Mr. Dahlberg is people that I started reading, at random, what Emerson said about educating lunkheads. That was plain, she agreed. Then I read that Erasmus claimed there is no higher education where popular education prevails. I'd already indoctrinated her that where learning is as common as it is supposed to be today, and compulsory, the kids get their minds furnished only with bric-a-

brac and collectivistic cobwebs. She thought Erasmus was smart to agree with her.

Then I read what Dahlberg said about our universities which aim at simian homogeneity.

"That's it!" she exclaimed.

"Simian homogeneity?" I asked. "What's wrong there?"

"I don't know what he means; that's all that's wrong."

"We take ho-mo-ge-nized milk," I said; "you know, all alike, no cream."

"Oh," she replied.

"And simian," I said. "That means monkeylike; a simian is an ape."

"Ape-like sameness," she cogitated. "That sounds all right. Why didn't he say so in the first place?"

"He did," I protested. "Lots of people know what that means."

"Not us common people," she snapped back. "They ought to write it so a man could read it in his shirt-sleeves, if he wanted to, without being embarrassed."

Now Dahlberg I do not know; I think I'd like him, for in him I see myself—my own weakness. We all tend to talk and write so that *we* understand what *we* have to say; but after all that is beside the point. There is no communication in talking to ourselves.

MERCER H. PARKS

# How the Income Tax Destroys You

By HARLEY L. LUTZ

Ratification of the Sixteenth Amendment, relating to the income tax, opened a Pandora's Box of perplexities, confusions and evils. There have been reams and volumes of court decisions, Tax Court decisions, Treasury rulings, mimeographs, letters and regulations. These have been often inconsistent, sometimes unintelligible, and not infrequently illogical. There has been an insidious sapping of morale among both taxpayers and administrators which has culminated recently in shocking disclosures of fraud and connivance at tax evasion.

The Sixteenth Amendment contains neither definitions nor limitations. It authorizes the taxation of income but does not define income. It says nothing about the rates of tax. When the resolution was before the Senate, Senator Bailey proposed a specific authorization of progressive tax rates but he later withdrew his proposal on the ground that its inclusion would almost certainly kill the chance of enactment and ratification. The vagueness of the language finally written, though proper enough as a statement of Constitutional principle, assumed a protection of taxpayers through Congressional benevolence, good will and understanding that has been manifest only when and as the ultimate limits of the taxpayer's endurance have been approached. And at such times the sympathetic expressions of concern in Congressional committee reports come much too late.

Admittedly, the problems of determining income are formidable, far more so than was anticipated by the Congressional and state legislators who drafted and ratified the Amendment. But the core of the greatest evil and danger is the use, and abuse, of tax-rate progression. The progressive-tax principle is "built-in" socialism. The architects of this principle were aggressive and articulate, but in 1913 they worked from a basis of romantic speculation rather than from tested

**A Professor Emeritus of Public Finance at Princeton University points out the fallacies in our income-tax rate scales, which he calls "a product of rule of thumb, guesswork, demagogic prejudice and need for revenue." The middle class, our national bulwark, is in greatest danger from progressive tax rates, Dr. Lutz says in this revealing article.**

experience. To that time there had been no application anywhere of the progressive-tax principle except on a scale so limited and moderate as to afford no practical demonstration of its destructive potential. In fact, ratification of the Amendment occurred only because of the strong assurances given that the rates of income tax, even though they might be progressive, would never exceed a very moderate level.

These assurances may have been responsible for the omission of limits or restraints from the Amendment. The Constitution restricts the taxing power at other points. For example, direct taxes must be apportioned according to population; all taxes, imposts and excises must be uniform throughout the United States; and exports may not be taxed at all. It would have been quite in order to modify the grant under the Sixteenth Amendment by setting a reasonable rate limit or some other form of restriction as a safeguard against abuse. Experience since 1913 has shown that omission of some kind of limit was a disastrous oversight.

## The Progressive Tax in Theory

To understand what is wrong with the progressive-tax principle, it is necessary to examine the theories that have supported it. There are two such theories: 1) ability to pay, and 2) the equaliza-

tion of incomes. The first theory was being developed and expounded by the professors who were teaching economics in the colleges and graduate schools when the writer was a student; the second theory stems from the "Communist Manifesto."

As the term "ability to pay" is used in taxation theory, it means the capacity to do things with income. It means the amount that one can spend. Adam Smith was one of the first writers to use the expression. He said:<sup>1</sup>

The subjects of every state ought to contribute toward the support of the government, as nearly as possible, *in proportion* to their respective abilities; that is, *in proportion* to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state [Italics supplied].

This language clearly recognizes that the ability to use income, including the payment of taxes, is proportional to the income. So much is demonstrated by observation and common sense. If A has an income of \$5000 and B has an income of \$10,000, B has twice as much ability to spend as A has. It matters not how or for what purposes A and B elect to spend their respective incomes. B can spend two dollars for every dollar that A can spend. But B can not spend three or four times as much as A in over-all. He may decide to spend three or six times as much as A on some particular item, such as a radio, or a suit of clothes, or a car. Nevertheless, for all purposes together B's total ability to pay—or spend—is only double that of A. In short, ability is proportional to income, as Adam Smith recognized.

These are the facts of life and of the market place. However, the income-tax rate scale is constructed on a different assumption, namely, that ability to apply income to the payment of tax thereon increases faster than the income itself. The struc-

<sup>1</sup>Adam Smith, "The Wealth of Nations" (Cannan Ed.), p. 777

ture of this rate scale is generally familiar. For the year 1952, for example, the rate is 22.2 per cent on the first \$2000 of taxable income, 24.6 per cent on the next \$2000, 29 per cent on the next \$2000 and so on up to 92 per cent on all income above \$200,000.

No advocate of progressive taxation has ever been able to demonstrate just how much faster ability is supposed to increase than income. There is no scientific basis for such a demonstration. In the absence of proof, or the possibility of proof, income-tax rate scales have been a product of rule of thumb, guesswork, demagogic prejudice and need for revenue. Only a small proportion of the total number of income taxpayers would be exposed, in any case, to the worst rigors of steep progression, a circumstance that prevents effective resistance to whatever degree of extortion may be reached.

It is customary among the die-hard advocates of progression to emphasize the amount of income remaining after tax as evidence of the ability to pay whatever is levied. The fact that more remains out of a large income, after tax, than out of a small income, is regarded as conclusive evidence of a progressively greater ability to pay. But there are differences in incomes, even without an income tax. These differences spring from many factors in a free, private, capitalistic economic system. Except for the comparatively small part which consists of pure monopoly income—for which drastic taxation is not a proper or adequate corrective—differences in income are stimulating and beneficial, conducive to far greater national progress than would be achieved if all incomes were forcibly leveled out.

#### A Leaf from Karl Marx

The die-hard argument also neglects the need and importance of saving, which supplies the lifeblood of capital formation. One of the worst and most destructive features of our present practice of income taxation is that it is a direct—and heavy—penalty on saving.

The "Communist Manifesto" contained a plank which demanded heavy graduated taxes on incomes

and inheritances. The particular group or class against which Marx directed his attack was the *bourgeoisie*, or what we would call the middle class. And it is precisely this class that is in greatest danger from the oppressive rates of income tax. For one thing, the tax penalizes saving, and it therefore crushes the incentives to thrift, self-support and economic independence. Marx realized that these qualities would create a strong center of resistance against his objective of reducing all persons to a condition of complete subjection to, and dependence on, the government. It was therefore necessary to destroy the middle class, and he made a wise choice of tools for this job in the progressive tax on incomes and inheritances.

The sharp advance of the tax rate

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**"The Marxian logic is clear, simple and inexorable on this point: Destroy, through heavily graduated taxation, the capacity and the incentive to save and invest, and you can eventually destroy the capitalist system."**

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**"Every taxpayer is assumed to be a saint when making out his return . . . But after the return is filed he is assumed to be a sinner, an assumption probably based on practical recognition of the temptation to which an injudicious law has subjected him."**

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scale through the lower taxable income brackets further emphasizes the gravity of the attack on the middle class. The rates applicable to incomes in 1952 begin at 22.2 per cent on the first \$2000 of taxable income and rise to 92 per cent on such income over \$200,000. On taxable income of \$6000-\$8000 the 1952 rate is 34 per cent, and on the income bracket \$14,000-\$16,000 the rate is 53 per cent. These are the marginal rates, applicable to any income falling within the respective income brackets mentioned. A better measure of the tax load is the effective rate, which expressed the relation of the total tax to the total taxable income. At \$6000 of taxable income the effective rate is 25 per cent; at \$12,000 it is 31 per cent; and at

\$24,000 it is 44.5 per cent. There has been a lot of talk about the adverse effect on the whole economy of a tax burden in excess of 25 per cent of the national income. Global problems are important in their way; but why not, in addition to the attention we give to them, also give some thought to what is happening to those of our people who are struggling under a tax system that imposes effective rates of the magnitudes given above?

#### The Goal of Destruction

Strictly speaking, the Communist-Socialist goal is not equalization, but destruction. The liquidation of the middle class would be adequately done, however, if the middle and larger incomes were to be whittled down to a mediocre level, for this would deprive the expropriated groups of both the capacity and the incentive to save and to add to the nation's capital supply through investment. We can still remember the boastful announcements of the British Socialists, while still in power, regarding the success of their income-whittling measures. We have yet to be shown that these policies have had any other effect than to depress further the already Spartan living standards of the British people.

It was said above that we have tolerated the principle of progressive taxation for so long, despite its evident excesses and destructive effects, that it has become an article of faith. There are hosts of well-meaning persons who accept this article of faith but who are in no sense Communists or Socialists—who, in fact, abhor both of these "isms." The tragedy of their economic blindness is that they do not perceive the consequences of their uncritical adherence to a major tenet of the party line. They are giving aid to those who would destroy us and they are betraying those who, by economic status and inclination, would be a national bulwark.

Many of these persons like to regard themselves as "liberals," even if they are inexcusably hazy about the meaning of this term or its historical perversion. But some of them have a genuine humanitarian concern about the ills and problems en-



suings from low incomes, bad living conditions and ignorance.

Essentially, their "gripe"—to use an inelegant but forceful word—is with the inequality of incomes. They have accepted the income-leveling procedure of progressive taxation as a corrective. This method will afford a certain relief as long as there is anything to level down. Remember the British orgy of free wigs, spectacles, dentures and pills. A family can keep warm through one cold night by burning down the house. But this is not a sensible way to get through a long, cold winter.

### Cutting the Taproot

We should all be concerned about the low incomes and bad living conditions of some of our people. Correction of these conditions needs clear heads rather than demagogic maudlinism, and we have had entirely too much of the latter. A low income denotes, ordinarily, small economic capacity. Insofar as this condition involves deficiencies of training it is passed over here, not as unimportant but as a diversion from the main theme. The condition of limited economic capacity stems also from lack of capital, that is, tools and equipment with which to work and produce. Even the worker with small native talent can produce more, and earn more, if he has more and better capital to work with and if the other workers in the vast complex of productive operations are likewise better equipped. Capital can be provided only by saving and investment. And there can be saving and investment only if the tax system is so devised and applied as to leave individuals who have income with a sufficient capacity and incentive to save and invest part of it.

The progressive tax system strikes at this taproot of our well-being and prosperity. The Marxian logic is clear, simple, and inexorable on this point: Destroy, through heavily graduated taxation, the capacity and the incentive to save and invest, and you can eventually destroy the capitalist system.

A final matter to be dealt with here may appropriately be introduced by some remarks of Adam Smith anent the practice of smuggling, which in his time had been

raised to a high pitch of proficiency.<sup>2</sup> Smith said:

An injudicious tax offers a great temptation to smuggling. But the penalties of smuggling must rise in proportion to the temptation. The law, contrary to all the ordinary principles of justice, first creates the temptation, and then punishes those who yield to it; and it commonly enhances the punishment too in proportion to the very circumstance which ought certainly to alleviate it, the temptation to commit the crime.

For the eighteenth-century excises we can substitute the twentieth-century income tax, and Smith's comments would apply perfectly. Income-tax rates have been advanced to a level that offers a well-nigh irresistible temptation to get out from under, notwithstanding the heavy fines and long jail sentences that are inflicted upon those who are caught. Few people realize, perhaps, that the tax-rate schedule of the individual income tax in the Revenue Act of 1936 was almost identical throughout with the highest tax-rate schedule imposed during World War I. And since 1936 a succession of further rate increases have produced today the heaviest income tax burden ever levied in our history.

### The Jekyll-and-Hyde Theory

An injudicious excise offers a great temptation to smuggling, and an injudicious income tax offers a great temptation to evasion. Every taxpayer is assumed to be a saint when making out his return, for he is allowed to do this all by himself, with only his conscience and his books of account for company. But after the return is filed he is assumed to be a sinner, an assumption probably based on practical recognition of the temptation to which an injudicious law has subjected him.

Of course the taxpayers are neither all saints nor all sinners. The same can be said of the income-tax agents, examiners and other administrative officers who handle returns. However, the recent headlines, indictments, resignations and lapses of memory on the witness stand do indicate a substantial collapse of morale. It is so substantial,

<sup>2</sup>*Idem*, p. 779

<sup>3</sup>National Tax Association, Proceedings of Thirty-fourth Annual Conference, 1941, p. 353

in fact, as to indicate a fairly prolonged deterioration. As long ago as 1941 Professor William A. Paton said in an address before the National Tax Association:<sup>3</sup>

Accountants and taxpayers may be wrong, but I am giving it to you straight from the shoulder when I say that they almost unanimously believe that they are being dealt with with increasing unfairness and lack of good faith.

Professor Paton's statement would be substantiated by many other accountants and by taxpayers. As he explained later in the same address, there has been considerable reticence about what was going on because, in his words, "they are fearful of reprisal and they haven't any confidence in the higher-ups to protect them" (*i.e.*, if they were to complain or to expose the skulduggery).

It is most unlikely that the source of the unfairness and bad faith would be among the rank and file of agents and examiners. There had to be a fountainhead higher up in the Treasury and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. And there was, for persons in authority somewhere devised and sanctioned such things as TD 4422, the rating of field men by the volume of back tax assessments turned in, and the high-handed, arbitrary treatment of taxpayers by inexperienced examiners with more zeal than understanding.

But normal men do not go off the deep end *en masse* without a reason. There must be an ultimate source of the unfairness, bad faith, bribery and other demoralizing practices that have so widely characterized income-tax administration. This source is the contempt in which taxpayers and administrators have come to hold a tax philosophy and a tax system that are essentially destructive in purpose and operation. Preceding loss of morale was loss of respect.

Devices such as reorganizing the Bureau of Internal Revenue and decentralizing various audit and other administrative functions are cases of treating symptoms rather than causes. The most important move, and one that will assuredly have lasting beneficial results, is to repudiate the corruptive philosophy that underlies progressive taxation and remove this Communist-inspired implement from the Federal tax structure.

*A well-known novelist tells how she was courted by the Left Wing, then attacked when she started to expose communism*

# My War with the Reds

By TAYLOR CALDWELL

It was not until I read Irene Kuhn's article, "Why You Buy Books that Sell Communism," in the *American Legion Magazine* for January 1951 that what had been a profound, engaging and baffling mystery to me suddenly became quite clear. When I finally understood I was overwhelmed for a little. Then I came out fighting, and the fight still goes on. And I, being a Scotswoman, will never stop the battle until it is won.

In 1933 my husband, Marcus Reback, and I embarked on a novel about the part munitions makers play in the monstrous game of war. Both of us veterans of World War I, we had come to the conclusion that wars are not merely "tragic blunders" or failures of human wisdom, but deliberately calculated engagements deliberately entered into, to consume the vast glut of products and goods turned out by the machines of the industrial revolution, and to create a bogus prosperity. So we started the book—my husband doing all the background research and I creating the "story line"—with high passion and indignation. The book was called "Dynasty of Death," and became an immediate best-seller all over the world. It was published in 1938.

I was young then, God forgive me, and flushed with enthusiasm and passion; I believed that man was intrinsically good, and that there was a spiritual as well as physical evolution in mankind, always progressing, as I artlessly called it, "upwards." Other books followed, always on the same theme, and always ending on a note of hope—the hope that man some day might be truly man, by his own efforts and with the aid of God.

The American Communists, unknown to me, took tremendous interest in our books. But, to my confused dismay, I noticed that many

reviewers, mostly in New York, began to harp on the "malefactors of great wealth" and the "exploiters of the poor," whom they alleged to have found in our books. They missed the central point, that men, whether rich or poor, prominent or obscure, powerful or impotent in the affairs of the world, were equally responsible for the ills, guilts, sins, crimes against humanity, and the universal suffering of man at the hands of his fellow-man. This whole theme was entirely overlooked, and now I know it was deliberate. At any rate, my reviews in New York papers were almost all approving. Until 1945.

While the books were moderate best-sellers, the income from them was almost entirely absorbed in income tax, constant illnesses in the family, operations, the support of many dependents, and charity. I had given a solemn promise to God that should any of our books be published we would give at least 30 per cent of our income to charity, and we have kept that promise through rising and falling income. But all this left practically nothing for savings, nothing for travel or pleasure. We went to New York City very rarely, stayed at small hotels, never encountered reviewers or the press generally, and remained merely to discuss forthcoming books with our publishers. No one saw us or knew of us. I wish that were so now!

## Propaganda Tide Rolls In

From 1938 to 1945, I received floods of pamphlets and leaflets of a very radical and even communistic nature, all demanding contributions. I was so innocent, so unaware of American communism, that it was only by the mercy of God, during those years, that the conspirators did not suck me into their whirlpool

of death. The literature was so noble in context, so high-minded, so permeated with the "brotherhood of man" that I was deeply moved. I handed it over to my husband, bewailing the fact that we had no funds to support these lovers of men in an era that was conspicuously barren of love.

Now, we live in the suburbs of a sound and conservative and sensible city, Buffalo, N. Y. Our two newspapers are, in the main, decently fair and constructive. Our public, private and parochial schools have always been extremely individualistic, and have emphasized American history and the duty of man to his conscience and his fellows. Where, then, in such an environment, in which I have spent all but six years of my life, would I encounter communism, or know anything about it?

But my husband had encountered it as a government officer. He had, unknown to me, made a profound study of the inroads of communism in this Republic. He could spot all the sinister propaganda. So when I turned over to him the floods of literature I had been receiving, he was aghast. He warned me never to reply to it; he showed me the areas of disease in the pamphlets and the leaflets and the torrents of letters. He became more and more appalled as he read, almost daily, the vile stuff that poured into our house. "So, it is here at last," he said. "They know you have one access to the means of public communication, and they are after you, to use you." He was stunned to see the names of prominent people on the mastheads of the letters, names closely connected with Mr. Roosevelt and his close associates. "They either do not know, which is very bad, or they do know, which is terrifying," he said.

All this foul stuff had something in common: a curious uniformity of context, right out of Marx and Stalin. "The People's Revolution," was used constantly. "The Rise of the Common Man" was a recurring phrase. "Our Noble Ally, Russia," was employed monotonously. "Agrarian Reformers" anent Chinese Communists was routine. Pamphlets showing happy Russians plowing and working and grinning, "released from bondage," were so usual that my husband began to suspect that

these many organizations were exchanging photographs and press agents and writers. We threw the whole litter away with repugnance. And my husband began to point out to me that Roosevelt, the Grotton and Harvard graduate, was being "used" by sinister forces to advance the cause of communism in America. I began to see the new exploitation, degradation and oppression being visited on the middle class of America, and I could see that it had only one object: the destruction of the only fortress against totalitarianism. However, my husband and I believed that the American people were sound enough not to be seduced by this foreign ideology. Until 1946.

### Penthouse Bolshevism

In 1946, we had our first, and last, great financial success. We unearthed an old manuscript, "This Side of Innocence," which had been repeatedly rejected. This book became enormously popular, and was sold to a movie company. The officers of this company told us that we had not experienced much success before because we had not as yet met "the important people in New York." We did not know columnists or reporters and other newspaper people. We did not know "the people who are doing 'things' in New York." We "deserved" to be "known." Only too anxious to see and be seen, my husband borrowed on his life insurance and took our very small savings, and we embarked for New York to meet all these interesting folk who could do so much for us. I had a fur coat for the first time in my life, and my husband invested in his first tuxedo.

The movie people were honestly anxious to have us meet newspaper and other people, to advance publicity on "This Side of Innocence," and to establish good public relations. They had a huge stake in the book and naturally wished it to pay off. It was not their fault that among the press were a large number of radicals, Communists and fellow-travelers. They gave innumerable cocktail parties for us, arranged many interviews, called in press photographers, wrote articles about us. We whirled from New York to Washington to Philadelphia and back again. We were on the radio, and we

gave talks. We looked at everything joyfully, believing our ship had finally come in.

It did. And it flew the Red flag.

I am not a tactful or diplomatic person. I accepted invitations to private parties, for in those days I loved people. One was given for me by a wealthy "liberal" woman on Park Avenue, who owned a number of enterprises. There were so many parties that now they have become an exhausted blur in my mind: hotel rooms, taxis, perfume, reporters, flash-bulbs, friendly folks — and adroit questioning. It was not until several months and at least one hundred parties later that we began to see a curious pattern emerging from the welter. We discovered that our



"All These Interesting Folk."

closest questioners were men and women with radical convictions. We discovered that some of the writers we met were vehement on "the coming dawn of a new social era."

My husband, deeply alarmed now, urged me not to talk to these people. But I am a fighter by nature, and I gave these people the emphatic news that I was not a Communist, a radical, a "liberal," or any other traveler. I informed them that my husband and I were about to embark on a campaign, via books and letters and radio, against communism. I told reporters that these things were loathsome to me, and that what I could do I would do to enlighten the American people about the enemy in their midst. We stopped going to New York for parties, and got down to the hardest work of our lives.

Then the roof fell in on us. But before that we moved in on the fight with a book about the sound principles of the middle class, based on Aristotle's remark that this class was the backbone of a nation. I paid close attention to my mail. I picked out the Communist letters and wrote angry letters in reply, denouncing the writers and threatening to expose them for what they were. Some of them replied, scorning me for being a deluded fool for believing in Russian slave-labor camps, and "all the other lying tales of interested parties." Armed with facts about Soviet Russia, I gave a few talks to students and teachers and in return I received scores of anonymous and obscene letters filled with snide threats and ridicule. (These came from all over the country.) I wrote letters to editors of newspapers, to the various public columns, courageously but foolishly giving my name, and attacked socialism, communism and all forms of radicalism.

My mail began to fill rapidly with shameful attacks on me, and one newspaper (horrifyingly not a New York newspaper) devoted its whole correspondence section to assaults on me as a writer and a woman and a person. I offered articles exposing communism to various national magazines, and they were uniformly rejected. One editor wrote me: "The American people are not sympathetic to your views, and they believe that Russia was not only our ally in the past war but that we'll be able to cooperate with her in the new free world."

Then we knew that the mortal disease of communism had broken out all over America.

Many New York critics, accepting my challenge, moved in on me. All our books have been tales of the rise of the great industries in America, with the exception of two historical stories, one of which was "The Earth is The Lord's," an account of Genghis Khan who, I implied, was a forerunner of Stalin. The books have a masculine flavor, for my husband does all the background work and research, and writes the more difficult, technical and business passages. At no time have I ever written a "sexy" book, or a so-called "woman's book." At no time have I ever used profane or obscene terms or situa-

tions. Over 65 per cent of my fan mail has come from men, from laborers to famous musicians, from clerks to Senators, from plumbers to doctors, and this mail has arrived from every corner of the world as well as from America.

### "Liberal" Smear Campaign

But the New York critics ignored all this. They called me an insignificant "popular" novelist, and used the most abusive and sneering terms. They called me "the darling of the women's magazines," though I have never written directly for any magazine. They referred to "obscene language" in the books, which was a great surprise to me. They shouted vehemently that I was not a "serious" writer, that I was a "reactionary," and that my "notions" go back to Grover Cleveland. They wrote lying and ridiculous reports of me, and even published absurd and humiliating interviews with me, interviews which had never taken place. One magazine, a weekly periodical, then edited by a notorious and since exposed Communist, wrote such a disgusting story about me that I was advised to sue the editors. I am sorry that I did not.

Now a whole national pattern emerged, curious in its uniformity. Our books were dismissed with a few ridiculing words, not only in New York but in many other cities. A rumor was spread that I was a fat, white-haired old harridan of immense greed, and so well did it take hold that many people, meeting me for the first time, were astonished to discover that it was untrue.

I was laughed at for "writing tingling sex-stories for the delight of ignorant housewives." One of our books was reviewed by a critic who is now in jail for refusing to answer whether or not he is or was a Communist. His review was so outrageous that I protested to the editor of the book review section, who wrote me an odd letter: "If you wrote 'War And Peace' tomorrow, or any other epic, we'd give you no credit for it. Please don't ask me why."

My first fur coat, bought in 1944, was a rather cheap mink. I was innocently proud of it. A story appeared about my "luxurious minks," a story calculated to arouse the envy

and ire of the proletariat. My husband turned in my engagement ring and bought a little larger diamond. My "jewels" became the subject of a whole derisive article. My children became the objects of jeering comments. One teacher attacked my younger daughter for her "anachronistic" ideas, and called the little one "an enemy of the people." All this was the result of the vicious articles, syndicated throughout the nation. Several critics bewailed my "pile," which is non-existent and not to be compared with the income of, for example, Pearl Buck.

But I was still bewildered. I did not know that I was the victim of a definite Communist attack, well thought out and organized. My husband had his suspicions, however. In 1949 we talked with a friend, a man prominent in public relations. He hesitated at first to enlighten us. Finally he said: "They are out to get you and ruin you, for you don't write novels full of communist and socialist ideology, and you don't write books about 'sensitive' young men in revolt against bourgeois society, or sharecroppers or exploited workers or tortured Negroes and piteous degenerates who are victims of the 'System.' But most of all they are out to get you because they say you are a 'reactionary,' a Republican and an enemy of Russia."

A number of writers of both books and magazine articles have confessed to me that they do not dare to attack the horror in our midst, for fear of reprisals such as have been visited upon me. Some of them, good

friends, have anxiously urged me to confine my material to innocuous matter, if I am to survive as a writer and have enough money on which to eat. They have expressed their fears that America is incurably sick and that nothing can save her, least of all, novelists. They call to my attention that we have no other income but from writing, and that I am in jeopardy now. With kind brutality, they ask me to consider the fact that I am now middle-aged, ill, and worn out with fighting, and that I must think about my family.

I did consider all these things, and was prepared, in despair, to surrender until I read Irene Kuhn's article. Then I knew that nothing in God's world was going to keep me from fighting for America. I beg my fellow-writers to join the battle. If we do not win, all of us, then there can be no writers in the future, except those subsidized by a slave State, and there will be nothing worth living for, anywhere, for anyone.

This might be significant: Our publisher did a great deal of pre-publication publicity on the subject matter of our last novel, "The Devil's Advocate," which is about communism in America in 1970. Prior to publication, in April of this year, we received three mysterious telephone calls from Washington, threatening us that if we allowed the book to be published we would be "framed" by some Bureau or other. We went on with the publication. If we are deliberately ruined, and even if we lack bread, we'll fight on!

## Praise of Idle Things

Today I praise all idle valiant things  
That will not wholly bend to man's dull way:  
Oceans that rise upon the clouds for wings,  
Lightly to drift in sun-tranced holiday;  
The joyous flowers that create the seed  
Out of the rich insouciance of bloom;  
The birds, beyond all reason and all need,  
Loving the sound of song, the hue of plume.  
I praise today all lovers who declare  
That the embrace is greater than the child;  
I praise God's lightnings striding down the air—  
Useless and beautiful and swift and wild.  
I praise all idle valiant things: I praise  
The life-sustaining suns that merely blaze.

E. MERRILL ROOT

# The UN's Welfare Czar

By ALICE WIDENER

**In this fourth article of a series on the UN, the author reveals that its program of aid to underdeveloped countries has, with the aid of the U. S. delegation, been placed under the dictatorial authority of an official in whose UN division there has been an alarming infiltration of American Communists.**

On November 15, 1952, Dr. Benjamin Cohen, a Chilean who is Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations Department of Public Information declared:

Political problems have overshadowed United Nations publicity, but the most important work done by the United Nations itself is truly to be found in the field of economic and social problems, and in the freedom and progress of non-self-governing peoples.

This important statement presents in a nutshell the basic fact about the United Nations today: The Korean War has made it clear that the organization is unable to carry out its primary original purpose of maintaining and promoting peace; therefore the UN has been forced to shift its main activities away from political planning and over to planning for economic-social welfare.

A month after the war started, the UN adopted a multi-million dollar Expanded Program of Technical Assistance for Underprivileged Nations and set up a Technical Assistance Board to coordinate it. However, no official body of the UN has even given a clear definition of the term "underdeveloped." The United States has paid 60 per cent of the \$39 million already contributed for the Expanded Program; the Soviet Union pays nothing. At the *New York Herald Tribune* Forum, October 1952, UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie advocated a billion-dollar yearly budget for the UN program of economic development.

The voting members of the Technical Assistance Board were and are

now: a representative from the UN Technical Assistance Administration and representatives of five specialized international agencies — the Food and Agriculture Organization, the International Labor Organization, the UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), the World Health Organization and the International Civil Aviation Organization. In addition, non-voting observers from the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development were invited to attend meetings of the Technical Assistance Board and to cooperate with its work. Also in July 1950, UN Secretary-General Lie asked David Owen, a British subject who is Assistant Secretary-General in charge of the UN Department of Economic Affairs, to serve as acting chairman of the Technical Assistant Board.

This executive body was obliged by Resolution 222A (IX) of the UN Economic and Social Council to reach all decisions on the basis of unanimity. In other words, the Board was prevented from taking any action for aid to underdeveloped nations without the unanimous consent of its members. Thus the Board—like the UN Security Council—was hamstrung from the beginning by an undemocratic voting procedure based on an absolutist theory originally forced on the UN by the Soviet Union.

## Unanimous Disagreement

After less than a year, it became plain to everyone concerned with the Expanded Program that rivalry, jealousy and differences of opinion among the agencies belonging to the Technical Assistance Board prevented it from reaching important decisions unanimously. Thus the Board found it virtually impossible to function, and most of the funds for the Expanded Program remained unspent. It therefore became necessary for the Economic and Social

Council to revise the Board's voting procedure and improve its executive set-up. The Secretary-General's Administrative Coordinating Committee suggested to the Economic and Social Council's standing Technical Assistance Committee that it establish a "Working Party" to examine the situation and make a report.

On May 22-23, 1952, the Technical Assistance Committee met to discuss the Working Party Report. Several of its recommendations were adopted without much discussion, but some of them caused a heated debate in which eight nations—China, Cuba, Egypt, Iran, Mexico, Pakistan, the Philippines and Uruguay—were opposed by France, Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States. In all the complicated history of the UN debating society, no other discussion better illustrates what are some of the real dangers to freedom in the UN, and how weak, socialist-minded American leadership in that organization has intensified these dangers.

## Power Without Stint or Limit

The first objection raised by the eight dissenting nations concerned a proposal to give the UN Technical Assistance Board a powerful full-time Executive Chairman *without setting a time limit on his tenure of office.*

Cuba, under the distinguished leadership of Mr. Perez Cisneros, advocated the wise provision: "The appointment [of the Executive Chairman] shall be for a term of . . . years. An incumbent may be re-appointed." This was strongly supported by seven other countries. But Isador Lubin, a member of the U. S. Mission to the UN, who has contributed to Socialist publications, stated that in the opinion of the U. S. Delegation the Chairman's term of office should be fixed by Secretary-General Lie who "presumably" would consult with the heads of the specialized agencies concerning suitable candidates and other matters. According to the official *rapporteur* (UN Document E/TAC/Sr. 23) Mr. Lubin said that "while he could not recall a particular example, there were undoubtedly precedents for creating posts without specifying the term of office."

A second objection raised by the eight dissenting nations concerned the first sentence of a paragraph dealing with the proposed voting procedure for the Technical Assistance Board:

Decisions relative to recommendations or proposals of the Executive Chairman or made by members of the Board will normally be taken by general agreement between the Executive Chairman and all members of the Board.

Mr. Cisneros immediately pointed out: "This sentence is both a statement of fact and the expression of a wish."

A third and even more serious objection concerned the following paragraph:

When general agreement can not be reached, recommendations or proposals shall be considered approved when a majority of the members of the Board present and voting and the Executive Chairman are in agreement. If no agreement can be reached, the matter may be referred to the Technical Assistance Committee either by a majority of the members of the Board present and voting or by the Executive Chairman.

This arrangement was variously denounced by Mr. Fabregat of Uruguay, Mr. Cha of China, Mr. Hasan of Pakistan, Mr. Garcia of the Philippines, Mr. Abdoh of Iran, Mr. Pharaony of Egypt and Mr. Goro-stiza of Mexico as giving the Chairman such extensive powers that "He would be in a position to take arbitrary action and to supplant the Board itself"; also as granting the Chairman "powers without limitations."

Apparently inspired by American leadership, the French, Canadian and British representatives in the Technical Assistance Committee tried to overcome all opposition. A delegate from one of the eight objecting nations recently told this writer: "Holding on for dear life to the principles of freedom and democratic procedure, we eight small nations were struggling in high seas. But the United States delegation kept on pushing our heads under the water."

Handicapped, the eight nations finally agreed to endorse a Technical Assistance Committee report embodying recommendations to the Economic and Social Council, but

reserved their right to present to it strong objections to those provisions relating to the powers of the Executive Chairman and the voting procedure of the TAB.

A former executive vice-president of a great American international business corporation has carefully examined the debated provisions and commented as follows: "It can be interpreted that the Executive Chairman has the power—in reporting to the Technical Assistance Committee—to ignore the Board. A complete analysis of this thing would require some pretty good legal talent. But the over-all impression is that the language is in such general terms that it doesn't make the Chairman's consultation with the Board mandatory. In American business, under the balance of power system, a majority of the Board can overrule the Chairman. The document talks about 'members present and voting' but doesn't say anything about a quorum. In the absence of a quorum, do decisions go by default to the Chairman? The whole matter of arriving at decisions through democratic process is involved. Under certain interpretations of this document, the powers of the Chairman would appear to be excessive."

### Mr. Lie Jumps the Gun

A meeting of the Economic and Social Council was scheduled to be held on Wednesday June 11, 1952 at 10:30 A.M. to discuss the Technical Assistance Committee report on the reorganization of the Technical Assistance Board and the proposed functions of its Executive Chairman. But on June 10, to the consternation of the dissenting nations, there appeared on the front page of the *New York Times* a report by its UN correspondent, Thomas J. Hamilton:

David Owen, Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations for Economic Affairs, has accepted appointment as Executive Chairman of the United Nations Technical Assistance Board. [Italics added.]

Thus the eight nations learned that instead of debating a proposal on the morrow, they would merely be discussing a *fait accompli*. Immediately, some of them let their outraged feelings be known to the Administration.

When the Economic and Social Council met the next morning, the Chairman of the Technical Assistance Committee—Mr. de Seynes of France—opened the discussion with a statement that the appointment of a full-time Executive Chairman for the Technical Assistance Board would strengthen the whole set-up of the Expanded Program. He said he wished to stress that point "particularly because a certain newspaper, normally exceptionally accurate in its presentation of news, had the previous day published an article referring to decisions which had not yet been made and adopted by the Council, including comments on the relationship between the Chairman of the Board and the representatives of the specialized agencies, which were quite fantastic and unworthy of a journalist accredited to the United Nations."

This bitter attack on Mr. Hamilton was virtually unprecedented in the annals of the UN. Possibly it was justified, but there is almost incontrovertible evidence to the contrary. The official *United Nations Bulletin* of June 15 carries on its first page the heading "A Fortnightly Review" under which is the bracketed statement: "Covering the period May 30 to June 9." Paragraph three, under the caption "New TAB Chairman," states:

The growing importance and complexity of technical assistance activities has resulted in an interesting development on June 11, the appointment of a full-time chairman of the Technical Assistance Board. . . . To this position, the Secretary-General [Trygve Lie] has appointed Mr. David Owen . . .

Thus—when covering the period May 30 to June 9, 1952—the *United Nations Bulletin* editors announced a major decision by the Economic and Social Council supposedly arrived at on June 11.

Further evidence of Mr. Hamilton's accuracy is revealed in the Economic and Social Council's official record. For immediately after having attacked him, Chairman de Seynes ceded the floor to Martin Hill of the UN Secretariat who, speaking for Trygve Lie, made what in the circumstances sounded like a *post factum* proposal for Mr. Owen's appointment, explaining that it had

been unanimously agreed "that the best person for the task of Executive Chairman for the Technical Assistance Board was Mr. Owen." Mr. Hill then quoted Mr. Lie as saying: "I would not at this time propose to set any term to this arrangement."

Thus the eight dissenting nations were put in a position which one of their representatives has described as follows: "There is an enormous difference between discussing impersonally the powers of a vacant Chair, and discussing on a highly embarrassing personal basis a Chair with a man sitting on it. This is especially true in a case where the sitter happens to be a close associate and high-ranking official of an international body to which the debaters belong."

That the point was well taken is proved by the remark of Mr. Woulbroun, the Belgian representative, at the meeting of June 11, that Cuba's proposed time limit on the Executive Chairman's tenure of office "might give the impression that the Council did not have full confidence in the Executive Chairman."

#### A Chairman—and a Record

When the Council reconvened on the afternoon of June 11, there was little the eight dissenting members of the Technical Assistance Committee could do except diplomatically to congratulate Mr. David Owen and to reiterate their objections to dictatorial powers *as a matter of principle* "in the United Nations or anywhere else." Mr. Fabregat of Uruguay said:

The powers vested in the Executive Chairman would amount to a veto. Criticism of that procedure had been raised in connection with other United Nations organs and he saw no reason for extending such a manifestly unsatisfactory arrangement.

Despite this, Mr. Owen's appointment was confirmed; the Executive Chairman's tenure of office without limit was adopted by 8 votes to 3, with 7 abstentions; the voting procedure for the Board was adopted by 11 votes to none, with 7 abstentions. Then the whole matter was incorporated into an Economic and Social Council Report which, as this is written, is under consideration for adoption by the UN General As-

sembly. On pages 50 and 51 of this Report there is a summary of the legal documents involved, which reliable sources have said is misleading and inaccurate. Interested members of the Assembly might do well to compare the summary with the legal documents.

On November 12, 1952, according to the *New York Times*, David Owen reported to the Assembly that:

United Nations technical assistance programs list 956 experts at work in more than sixty countries. . . .

In addition to sending experts abroad, the United Nations, under its fellowship programs, is training 869 leaders from fifty countries in the institutes and agencies of forty-five countries, Mr. Owen said . . . he noted that the world organization had recruited 1,598 experts from an enormous range of countries and had provided fellowship training for 2,697 professional men and women.

This represents "a great cross-fertilization of the technical ideas and skills of the world," Mr. Owen said. . . . Requests for 1953 will total about \$38,000,000, he continued. . . .

In view of Mr. Owen's record during 1946-1952 as head of UN Economic Affairs—during which time a hard core of alleged pro-Communists, Communists and/or espionage agents penetrated his department and held important positions within it, Americans should watch closely the UN's Expanded Program of Technical Assistance.

Delegates to the current General Assembly have expressed stern criticism of it. Mrs. Lindstrom (Sweden) said her delegation "did not believe that the Technical Assistance Board was using the most efficient and rational methods in the selection of experts." It also appeared, she said, that social affairs experts were recruited "on the basis of personal interviews" and not on the basis of consultation with governments.

In this connection it might be remembered that David Owen sent Owen Lattimore to Afghanistan as Chief of the UN Technical Assistance Mission in 1950 partly on the basis of a personal interview at a UN luncheon.

Mr. Lee of China asked what is really holding up the rapid economic progress which the underdeveloped nations desire, and said: "The an-

swer is . . . well understood by the common man. It is the threat of Communist aggression and infiltration."

Mr. Abdullah Baqr (Iraq) said: "It is regrettable that some of the most responsible officials of those administering technical assistance in the United Nations are being influenced in their judgments by preconceived ideas."

#### A Potential Red Network

A former high official of the U. S. government, who rendered invaluable service to our country in World Wars I and II, has studied the major documents relating to the UN Technical Assistance Board and has stated:

They raise the question as to what the position of the free world would be if the Executive Chairman were to fall under the control of subversive elements, or, if key positions in his organization, with or without his knowledge and acquiescence, should be occupied by Communists.

The Senate Internal Security subcommittee, with the aid of the able legal counsel of Mr. Robert Morris, called to the witness stand a number of American citizens occupying key positions under David Owen. Practically all of them refused to answer whether they have been or are members of the Communist Party on the grounds of self-incrimination.

A man who is surrounded by alleged Communists or pro-Communists in key positions in his organization and either does not know it or does not recognize the hazard, is no man to entrust with exceptional powers and vast sums of money and with the power to select technical personnel and send missions with diplomatic immunity to all countries of the world.

In line with his present duties, David Owen holds regular monthly meetings with the Director-General of the UN Technical Assistance Administration, the President of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and the Managing Director of the International Monetary Fund. According to informed sources, this last organization apparently has been and is now seriously infiltrated with American subversive elements. For example, its Secretary, Frank V. Coe, is described in the Senate Judiciary Committee report on the Institute of Pacific Relations as having "collab-

orated with agents of the Soviet Intelligence apparatus as shown by sworn testimony" and as having been "identified as a member of the Communist Party by one or more duly sworn witnesses."

Several logical conclusions may be drawn from consideration of the UN's Expanded Program of Technical Assistance, and from the present set-up of the Technical Assistance Board under Mr. Owen's Executive Chairmanship. *First:* Under no circumstances should the new Congress consent to the integration of the U. S. Point Four Program with the

UN's Technical Assistance Program, as the late General Counsel of the UN, Dr. Abraham H. Feller, and prominent Truman Administration leaders have advised. *Second:* Since the U. S. puts up 60 per cent of the money for the UN's program, the U. S. Delegation should urge the General Assembly to reexamine the matter of Mr. Owen's chairmanship and the powers of the Technical Assistance Board. *Third:* Congress should continue the investigation of American personnel in the UN Secretariat begun by the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security.

conversation: it is at once initiation into an inheritance in which we have a life interest, and the exploration of its intimations.

Now American readers familiar with some of the less formal disquisitions on political theory in Britain will at least think they recognize overtones there. They seem to hear a modern restatement of something very much like Edmund Burke's idea of the body politic as precisely that—a body, an organism, in which the past and the present and intimations of the future are all together in one "great mysterious incorporation of the human race. . . ."

This incorporation, moreover, is not inverted, it has grown out of man's nature. It can not be invented; it must grow out of nature and tradition. Burke warned that:

All your sophisters can not produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we (the English) have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories of our rights and privileges.

This is from the passage in "The French Revolution" which, perhaps as well as any other, summarizes Burke. It will turn the American reader to the Oakeshott essay which seems, as much as any, to buttress, complement and clarify the sometimes understated and frequently overcompressed text of the Oakeshott Inaugural Lecture. This essay is the two-part discussion called "Rationalism in Politics" which Professor Oakeshott published in the *Cambridge Journal* of November and December 1947.

### On Political Knowledge

In this compelling paper, he broke political knowledge into two categories. "The first sort of knowledge I will call technical knowledge, the knowledge of technique. . . . It is possible to write down technical knowledge in a book. . . ." The technical knowledge of politics written down in a book becomes an ideology.

The second sort of knowledge,

I call practical because it exists only in practise, is not reflective and (unlike technique) can not be formulated in rules. This does not

# Harold Laski's Successor

By C. P. IVES

On March 6, 1951, Professor Michael Oakeshott delivered his inaugural lecture at the School of Economics and Political Science of the University of London (LSE) as successor to Harold J. Laski in the chair of political science. At once a high peal of agony and of anger rang out from one of the great pundits of the British left and in the famous journal where the Marxoid punditry of Britain officially cerebrates. The pundit was the redoubtable Richard H. S. Crossman, the journal was the *New Statesman and Nation*; and both Mr. Crossman and his paper had a point.

For had the managers of the School searched the whole wide world for a man polar to Laski in temperament, in teaching, in instinct and sympathy (which perhaps they did) they could not have found one better fitting the specifications. In calling Mr. Oakeshott (he had been lecturer in history in the University of Cambridge) they seemed to be doing their best to proclaim the end of the age of Laski at the LSE.

In this way the appointment of Mr. Oakeshott has a meaning not merely for the British academic community but for English-speaking people everywhere. For the professorship of political science at the London School of Economics is one

of the most influential academic posts in the English-speaking world. In his early days Laski was a liberal and a pluralist and not even in the time of his maturity was he a Stalinist. But from the London School of Economics both *ex cathedra* and in incessant missionary forays Laski acted for many years as Marxoid evangel-in-chief to all the lands where "Capital" is read in English.

But if the new professor of political science at the London School of Economics is unlike Laski and if the unlikeness earns the disapprobation of Laski's admirers, what kind of man is the new professor, and what kind of politics does he teach?

Mr. Oakeshott's inaugural lecture was, quite appropriately, on "Political Education." Perhaps the core paragraph in the lecture, and possibly the one that offended the Laskites most was this:

What has to be learned (in political education) is not an abstract idea, of a set of tricks, not even a ritual, but a concrete, coherent manner of living in all its intricateness. It is clear, then, that we must not entertain the hope of acquiring this difficult understanding by easy methods. Though the knowledge we seek is municipal, not universal, there is no short cut to it. Moreover, political education is not merely a matter of coming to understand a tradition, it is learning how to participate in a



mean, however, that it is an esoteric sort of knowledge. It means only that the method by which it may be shared and becomes common knowledge is not the method of formulation doctrine.

And if we consider it from this point of view, it would not, I think, be misleading to speak of it as traditional knowledge. In every activity of man this sort of knowledge is also involved; the mastery of any skill, the pursuit of any concrete activity *is impossible without it.*

I have italicized the last words because it is just here that Professor Oakeshott seems to me to secede from the fashionable consensus which Laski and Crossman symbolize and which has so long and so ruinously dominated the intellectual life of the West.

### Sappers of Western Culture

For unlike Oakeshott, Oakeshott's Rationalists (and Burke's sophisters) insist that concrete political activity *is* possible without "traditional knowledge." Indeed tradition, they say, is not knowledge, but nescience. The Rationalists think tradition, far from guiding political behavior, must be extirpated before political behavior can be guided. And where *is* the guidance to come from after tradition is destroyed? Why, from Rationalism, from a book of techniques, from a got-by-rote ideology in the possession of an ideologue who has scraped his mind free of the humane memory of ages to start, like God, with the beginning of the world.

These arrogant and devastating men, these sappers at the piers and girders of the Western culture, these Rationalists, sophisters and ideologues, appear first, says Professor Oakeshott, in Bacon and Descartes (who like all the great innovators avoided the more dreadful errors of their disciples). They go through the always ascending and widening spiral of ruthlessness and destruction until their inexorable denouement in "the work of Marx and Engels."

European politics without these writers (Marx and Engels) would still have been deeply involved in Rationalism, says Oakeshott. But beyond question they are the authors of the most stupendous of our political rationalisms—as well they

might be, for it was composed for the instruction of a less politically educated class than any other that has ever come to exercise political power. . . . No other technique has so imposed itself upon the world as if it were concrete knowledge; none has created so vast an intellectual proletariat, with nothing but its technique to lose. . . .

It is, of course, unfair to treat Professor Oakeshott in 1200 words; to pass over his luminous division of the political theorists into the Nature-Reason men, the Will-Artifice men and the Rational Will men; to slight his stoutly anti-Pelagian insistence on the imperfectibility of man; to neglect his defense of true intellectualism and of authentic science; to skip his warning as early

as 1939 that orthodox Christians were the natural allies of liberty against the related (indeed the twin) ideologies and Rationalisms of Nazism *and* communism; to omit exploration of the suggestive fact that Oakeshott cites Michael Polanyi in England while Filmer S. C. Northrop cites Oakeshott in America (Northrop's recent appointment in the Yale School of Law is comparable in some ways to Oakeshott's succession to Laski at the LSE).

But 1200 words *are* enough to spread the good news in America that at long last the occupant of the magisterial chair of political science in the University of London is on the side of tradition, which is to say, of freedom. It may be very late, but better late than never.

## This Is What They Said

At any rate Harry is a man of his word. He told Ike once he'd help him get anything he wanted, including the Presidency. And Harry went out and did just that.

JAMES F. GREELY in "Voice of the People" *New York Daily News*, November 18, 1952

[When I leave the White House] I would be willing to serve as a director of some large corporation.

MAJ. GEN. HARRY VAUGHN, quoted by the UP, November 12, 1952

The once zealous aid to Communist activities in other countries has been reduced to a friendly benediction. Its decline can be traced simply by listing the years in which the Comintern met—1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1924, 1928, 1935—and then no more. Its dissolution in 1943 was the burying of a long-dead corpse whose odor had kept on making trouble.

IRVING BRANT, "Road to Peace and Freedom," 1943

The [\$264 billion national] debt will probably never be paid. This is a startling statement, but I do not believe that anyone should be disturbed by it. The fact is, our expanded economy needs this additional credit.

REP. WRIGHT PATMAN, quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, Southwest Edition, October 23, 1952

Leaders of the Republican Party still do not understand that Mr. Roosevelt and Maynard Keynes saved capitalism.

KINGSLEY MARTIN, *New Statesman and Nation*, July 5, 1952

### Which Paper D'ye Read?

But all night the Republicans sat at the Hotel Commodore, their hands pattering in timid applause as critical state after critical state tumbled, and they were the last to know their time had come.

NEW YORK POST, November 5, 1952

There had been loud cheers by 350 persons in the bunting-decorated ballroom [Hotel Commodore] at 8:30 P.M. when Mr. Summerfield predicted a "tidal wave" for Eisenhower . . . at 10:47 P.M. there were deafening cries on all sides . . . a frenzy of shouts and cheers when Chairman Summerfield reported victory. . . .

NEW YORK TIMES, November 5, 1952

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

THE EDITORS



# Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



## Two Grades of Corn

To be palatable at all, corn must be produced by people who honestly think they are creating art. Each time a serious writer, impatient with his respectable poverty, has tried to get rich on a synthetic crop of corn, the wages of his sin have remained ludicrously low. For no literary market is more sensitive to dishonesty; and the moment corn addicts smell a condescending calculation in the sugary brew, they go on strike. This is why Faith Baldwin will always be in clover: the lady is manifestly moved by, and loves, what she is writing. But, verily, there is an awe-inspiring justice in the laws of creation which sentences the dissimulating highbrow to financial as well as to artistic deficits.

Two current films, in fortuitous proximity, are putting these laws to the test—John Ford's "The Quiet Man" and Charlie Chaplin's "Limelight." Both are corn (and never mind the mendacious adjectives some Chaplin-cultists have been using in metropolitan reviews to disguise their audible embarrassment). But we are being offered two different grades of corn. "The Quiet Man" is Grade A. "Limelight," to put it charitably, is Grade Z.

John Ford went off on a binge of Irish sentimentality—an unrestrained, shameless, technicolor whale of a binge. Yes, the island is emerald, the colleen a redhead, everybody's heart gold, the funk of dialogue blue, the IRA noble, the shillelagh knotty, the music soft, the priests tough. It is the quintessence of Ireland, completely untouched by any sense of reality, the genuine stuff dreams are made of in Third Avenue saloons. It is also an unmitigated pleasure.

For John Ford and his magnificent brood of Irish ham players enjoyed every bit of what they were doing. All stops were pulled, and out came the thickest corn syrup—fragrant,

sweet, satisfying. The lovable elderly rascal who oozes the unavoidable Irish wisdom looks exactly like Barry Fitzgerald (and *is*), the beautiful colleen steals your heart just as surely as would Maureen O'Hara (who happens to play the part), and I for one, though incorrigibly disqualified as an expert on the daydreams of the Irish, can not think of a single valid ornament omitted from this *al fresco* Irish heaven.

The story (obviously of no importance) takes a retired American prizefighter (splendidly played by John Wayne) back to his mother's never-forgotten village in Ireland. The accidental killing of an opponent in the ring has shocked the man into an almost catatonic state of non-violence which, as everybody knows, is a heck of a state to be in when moving to Ireland. Sure enough, the girl's lovable heel of a brother insists on his tribal privilege of beating the last ounce of pietism out of his quiet brother-in-law (in the most hilarious and most humane sequence of brutalities I have ever seen in the movies) so that everybody may at last settle down to a life of guaranteed Irish bliss. Yet the point is that, when I left the theater, my eyes, decidedly not Irish, were just as smiling as those of all the deliriously happy Macs and Seans in whose company I had enjoyed the picture. For we had feasted on Grade-A corn.

The same day, as it happens, I saw "Limelight," Charlie Chaplin's eighty-first film and, upon my word, his worst. Now I happen to be one of those rare schizophrenics who can manage to combine contempt for Mr. Chaplin's civic arrogance with a sincere appreciation of his comic genius. My disgust with "Limelight," I can not emphasize too strongly, has nothing to do with my low opinion of its creator's political intelligence and private mores. It is simply a cheated moviegoer's response to a laughably inferior product.

What deprives Mr. Chaplin of the last mitigating circumstance is the fact that, in this still-born turkey, he was handling the very substance of his own artistic existence—the fascinating interplay between a clown and his audience. For this is the story of "Limelight," written (as is everything else, from dialogue to choreography) by Mr. Chaplin himself: a great music-hall artist, forsaken by a fickle audience, defies the unfaithful in a triumphant comeback and dies in the outburst of his glory. What Chaplin (not so long ago the screen's most impeccably tasteful juggler of sentiments) has done to that story should not happen in the pulps, which is the point of this little essay on corn.

For Mr. Chaplin, noisily angered by the public indifference to his preceding sophisticated picture, "Monsieur Verdoux," had obviously decided to grab the inferior audience, this time, by its adolescent preference for sweets and starches: if corn is what they want, he was going to give it to them—but good. He gave it to them all right—but very bad; as bad as synthetic corn tastes each time a haughty mind serves it in a condescending mood.

The physically embarrassing triteness of Mr. Chaplin's dialogue (from a seriously uttered "Look, the dawn is breaking" to the involuntarily hilarious philosophem, "Life is a desire, not a meaning") is, if possible, outdone by the amateurishness of characterization: except for two pitifully short (superb) comedy acts, the discarded clown shows never a convincing affinity for comic greatness; and his ward of a dancer (prettily played by Claire Bloom) has less than the two dimensions of a comic-strip ingenue. All that remains of the poignancy Mr. Chaplin had resolved to serve *à la* corn mush is a sense of loss: one leaves "Limelight" with the terrible sort of regret one felt on encountering Jackie Coogan, the unforgettable "Kid," years later in a moronic bedroom farce.

Unlike a rose, corn is not corn is not corn. When it grows freely from a gay and simple heart, it will please all simple hearts in search of gaiety. But fertilized with the guile of embittered cynicism, corn must offend the simplest palates.



# A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

John Steinbeck never writes the same book twice. Indeed, one is tempted to say that he is never the same man twice. He grows and changes, sometimes doing a good thing, sometimes a mediocre thing, but always picking at the riddle of human character and human destiny with that air of divine dissatisfaction that marks the true philosopher. His "East of Eden" (Viking, \$4.50) is hardly a disciplined or a shapely novel, but it has the vitality that comes from the author's ability to expand his horizons even in middle age.

The sense of place always figures importantly in a Steinbeck book. Here, as in the past, he is writing about his old stamping grounds along the California coast to the south of San Francisco, a place where the rains are uncertain, sometimes driving in from the Pacific to make the land lush, sometimes moving to the north where greenery is not so episodic or whimsical. The atmospheric fluctuation of the Salinas region seems to have a certain reflection in Mr. Steinbeck's more important characters. For "East of Eden," besides being the intertwined chronicle of two families, the Hamiltons and the Trasks, is a dramatic celebration of the doctrine of free will; and Mr. Steinbeck's Adam Trask, Samuel Hamilton and China Boy Lee have the refreshing and inspiring ability to forge themselves anew from time to time in the smithy of their souls.

The new Steinbeck is an individualist and a voluntarist; there is no economic determinism, no predestination, no mechanistic inevitability here. The book represents a curious mutation, for Steinbeck, as all his fans know, is an amateur biologist who has sought to unravel the mystery of life by applying the rules of science to his researches into marine fauna and flora. The Steinbeck of "The Grapes of Wrath" was a Henry George, or Malthusian, economic determinist: his Okies were conceived as victims of an inflexible iron law of rent. The Steinbeck who wrote "Of Mice and Men" believed in the tyranny of the genes. But there was always a more wayward Steinbeck—the Steinbeck who loved the Mexican *mañana*, the vagrant impulses of his wine-drinking *paisanos*. This Steinbeck has survived the Steinbeck who dabbled in neo-Marxian philosophies in the thirties. The new Steinbeck has pushed his individualism to the extreme point where he can say "nothing was ever created by two men. There are no good collaborations, whether in music, in art, in poetry, in mathe-

matics, in philosophy . . . the group never invents anything."

In his reaction against scientific determinism Steinbeck has discovered that truth can be found in myth and legend. "East of Eden," philosophically considered, is an ambitious attempt to rewrite the Biblical story of Cain and Abel. The God of John Steinbeck, however, is not the God of John Calvin, or of any other predestinarian sect that has chosen to make a great deal out of "the mark of Cain." The fascinating Chinese servant who goes by the name of Lee in "East of Eden" discovers, after conducting certain researches into the word usages of the ancient Hebrews, that God made the choice between good and evil an optional thing with Cain. The Hebrew word "timshel," so Lee informs the troubled Adam Trask, means "Thou mayest." It is wrongly translated in the King James Bible as "Thou shalt," and in the American Standard version as "Do thou." Faced with an order or a simple prediction of futurity, says Steinbeck, man can not rise to human greatness. But when faced with the necessity of choosing his own course of morality, man can transcend the status of a beast. It takes some 600 pages and two generations of life to make the point in "East of Eden," but it is a point worth making these days.

As for the strictly narrative side of "East of Eden," Steinbeck still has a lot to learn about the selection of incident and detail. As a foil for his truly human characters, Steinbeck has created a complete monster named Cathy. Cathy burns her father and mother to death, cuckolds and shoots her husband, abandons her sons, and poisons the madame of a Salinas bawdy house in order to get possession of the valuable illicit trade in sex for herself. It is quite possible that such monsters as Cathy can actually exist. But their motivations are so incomprehensible that the dramatist can do nothing useful with them. If Steinbeck had used Cathy sparingly, introducing her merely to show that men are often dazzled by a dream of beauty that is not there, I could have stood her. But the many pages through which Cathy parades her incomprehensible self left me singularly bored. The only thing that Cathy has to teach the human reader is that humanity can not be expected from a tigress. But William Blake said it all in a single line of "Tiger, tiger, burning bright." "Did He Who made the lamb make thee?" Cathy is an accident, a freak—and the word "timshel," or "Thou

mayest," does not apply to her. Reading about her monstrosities is like reading about a mythical race of Martians. She isn't worth the time and the space that Steinbeck has devoted to her.

On the other hand, the Hamiltons (from one of whom Steinbeck himself is descended) are worth all the space they get in "East of Eden." These Hamiltons, the progeny of Irish kings in their own estimation, are so far from the zombie or monster state that one wishes they lived next door. Old Samuel, scholar, farmer, philosopher, metal worker and water dowsing, is one of the breed that made America. His land in California was as poor and as barren as anything an Okie ever tried to farm. But Samuel, being no Okie, made do with his flinty soil, and raised a full brood on it. No dependence on the Welfare State here, no whining to the God of a Sociology Unknown. If Steinbeck had only made friends with his maternal grandfather years ago, we would have been spared the more fallacious pages of "The Grapes of Wrath."

## The Newest Leviathan

**Democracy at Bay**, by Felix Somary. Translated by Norbert Guterman. New York: Knopf. \$2.50

One of the greatest scholars and most penetrating liberal thinkers of the nineteenth century was the Swiss Jacob Burckhardt. Far more clearly than the average American, to whom the two words are almost synonyms, Burckhardt recognized the distinction between individual liberty, in which he passionately believed, and democracy, in which he saw the seeds of demagogic tyranny. Burckhardt foresaw more clearly perhaps than any thinker of the liberal nineteenth century the looming danger of totalitarianism; of democracy, unballasted by careful provision for individual rights, becoming corrupted into tyranny based on mass organization and propaganda.

Now, after many of Burckhardt's gloomier visions of the shape of things to come have been realized, and exceeded, under the regimes of Stalin and Hitler, another Swiss

## Lest You Forget

SOME RECENT BOOKS  
FOR LIBERTARIANS

**Arrow in the Blue**, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan)

**Heroic Finland**, by David Hinshaw (Putnam)

**The Great Idea**, by Henry Hazlitt (Appleton-Century-Crofts)

**Witness**, by Whittaker Chambers (Random)

**Essays on Liberty**, edited by Leonard Read (Foundation for Economic Education)

author contributes a brilliant analysis of the anatomy of our age of wars, violent revolutions and creeping and galloping collectivism. In this short work Dr. Somary, a banker and economist and a man who combines profound erudition with striking wit, has held up a mirror to our time which is very much worth looking into.

Rousseau and Marx are the two intellectual villains in Somary's story, and it would be hard to estimate how many human beings have been guillotined, shot, sent to concentration camps, expropriated and otherwise manhandled because of two fatal fallacious phrases. These are Rousseau's "*volonté générale*" and Marx's "dictatorship of the proletariat."

The former, with its implication that the whole people could assume sovereignty without check or restraint, opened the way for the Jacobin tyranny which bears many traits of similarity with Soviet dictatorship. The second was a ready-made instrument for revolutionary adventurers who would rule in the name of the proletariat, but would actually subject all classes, including the proletariat, to the arbitrary power of an uncontrolled and irresponsible State.

Like every liberal thinker worthy of the name, Somary cherishes a profound distrust of the power of the State. Pointing out that "paradoxically the same revolution in France brought the enthusiastic introduction of liberty and its complete negation," he notes that "the epoch of the French Revolution tore away all the restraints which limited

the activity of the state." This deviates from the idealized pattern of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," to the accompaniment of the "Marseillaise"; but it is historical truth nevertheless. If one reads Burke's essay on the French Revolution in the light of our own time, one finds not a mere outburst of petulant nostalgic reaction, but a very rational and sober analysis of the perils of the unlimited revolutionary State authority.

Wars became bigger and governments became more powerful as a result of the French Revolution, the effect of which, of course, was not limited to France. And in these two facts Somary sees much of the tragedy of our time. As the author conclusively proves, the capitalist system, which brought the human race more freedom and more material well-being than it has known under any other, did not follow the course of disintegration from within which Marx forecast. Not one of Marx's supposed scientific "laws" of economic development, set forth in "Capital," was vindicated by the course of events. There was no increasing misery of the proletariat, no collapse from internal contradictions, no automatic triumph of socialism in the more economically advanced countries.

But the gigantic wars of the twentieth century brought about much of what Marx foresaw as a result of the development of capitalism. (Somary, incidentally, gives short shrift to the theory that wars are a product of capitalism.) Some of the most eloquent passages in the book describe the disastrous effects of the modern mass war on the free society.

Decisions are forbidden to the frontline soldier; central state authorities decide about him; he becomes a number in a regiment that is itself numbered. His way of life is prescribed; his physical needs and those of his family are cared for. He has to fulfill his service duties and to care about nothing else. . . . War makes uniform thought and speech, food and clothing, living and dying. . . . War is favorable to autocracies and all forms of despotism. . . . The freedom of the economy, the freedom of politics, and freedom in general does not suit the system.

The author sees the germ of com-

munism in Walter Rathenau's organization of the German economy during the first World War. Modern wars, waged on the unlimited principle, lead to confiscatory taxation, to currency debasement and to continuous government intervention in economic life.

A most serious consequence of this age of all-out wars and all-out tyrannies is the growing contempt for individual human life. Somary remarks that Cromwell's conscience was troubled by the execution of Charles I and that Napoleon was placed morally on the defensive by the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. But there is no evidence that the totalitarian rulers of the twentieth century ever lost any sleep over the fate of the uncounted multitudes whom they condemned to death or slavery. Indeed, one sometimes feels that the normal feeling of revulsion for murder is suspended if the murder is committed on a sufficiently wholesale scale.

One can give only a few samples of the witty epigrams and paradoxes, the neatly phrased judgments which make the book as readable as it is thoughtful and, in some places, profound. Democracy, Somary says, can develop in the common interest only on two conditions: That the citizen be independent of the State and the State be independent of external pressure. Discussing modern finance methods, Somary finds it a curious paradox that the debtor, the State, is empowered to create the money which frees him from debt. In private property he sees value not only as a right of the individual in relation to other individuals, but as a right against the State, a limitation of its powers. He offers a number of "social laws of inverse proportion" which seem applicable to our age:

"The greater the concentration of power, the less the responsibility."

"The more functions a state undertakes the more difficult it is to control its administration." (Recent Washington investigations certainly confirm this proposition.)

"The greater and more many-sided the State, the less influential the people." (The great Russian historian Kluchevsky put this point still more forcefully and briefly when he said, in describing the growth of Tsarist power: "The state

swelled and the people shrank.")

"The more laws and judicial decisions, the less justice."

When one begins to quote Somary it is hard to stop. That is why one must cheer this appearance in English translation of a most brilliant, lucid and brief dissection of the modern State, a greater leviathan than Hobbes ever dreamed of.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

## Maker of Mystery

**Wilkie Collins: A Biography**, by Kenneth Robinson. New York: Macmillan. \$4.50

Wilkie Collins is fortunate in his present biographer. Mr. Robinson is not only a warm admirer of the author of "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone" but has gone to a great deal of trouble to prove it. A less admiring or even a less courageous man wouldn't have attempted the job he has undertaken here, for only too often his hero was "the man who wasn't there." In short, Wilkie Collins, maker of mystery, was in many respects a first-class mystery himself. To begin with, he didn't write the kind of letters which should be burned (diatribes against carpet bags and people who object to garlic in their saucers being the sort of thing that got him epistolarily worked up); he destroyed practically all letters written to him; he never kept a diary and seldom let anything of an intimate nature slip out even when in his cups. To drag up a well-rounded picture from such skimpy depths takes devoted delving. Mr. Robinson's has paid off.

There was nothing mysterious about Wilkie Collins's background. His paternal grandfather was an art dealer and his father was a landscape painter who exhibited regularly at the Academy. Born in London, January 8, 1824, his first recollections were of a comfortable home surrounded by the teeming impersonality of a city. His childhood was obviously a happy one. There seemed to be none of those repressions and neuroses which so enrich writers when they finally begin to write. That he was precocious was attested by the fact that

he read "The Sorrows of Werther" at the age of eleven. His father wanted him to enter the church but as he showed no inclination for it, he was apprenticed to a tea importer instead. Later he took a shot at the law. The one thing that interested him was travel and his first glimpse of Paris made him a Francophile for life. He liked everything—the wine, the food, the bookstalls, life on the boulevards. The highlight of the trip, however, was an encounter at the morgue—the body of a young girl who had been strangled, then thrown into the Seine. Just what had led up to this grisly denouement? It was at this moment that Wilkie Collins became a writer.

His first serious literary effort was a biography of his father, which resulted in a meeting with Dickens—an event important to them both, for it ripened into a lifelong friendship. He also met Holman Hunt and the Rossettis and sat to Millais. The resulting portrait shows him to be a smooth-faced young man with spectacles and a bulbous forehead.

When Dickens toured Europe, Collins accompanied him. Dickens was enthusiastic about him as a traveling companion until he began to grow a moustache. "You remember," he wrote to his wife, "how the corners of his mouth go down, how he looks through his spectacles and the way he manages his legs? I don't know why it is, but the moustache horribly exaggerates all this."

Wilkie Collins was against marriage as an institution and it wasn't until he was thirty-five that he became seriously involved with a woman. One bright moonlit night as he and Millais were walking home from a party, they were stopped by a scream coming from the garden of a villa near by. Suddenly the gate opened and out dashed the figure of a young woman dressed in flowing white. She came up, paused in an attitude of supplication and terror, then vanished. Millais was rooted to the spot but Collins ran after her. He refused to talk about the adventure except to say that her name was Mrs. Caroline Graves and that she was a woman of good birth who had accidentally fallen into the hands of a man who kept her prisoner by mesmeric means. It was her

escape that they had witnessed, and Collins had taken her home with him. It turned out to be a marriage in all but name. He even adopted her daughter who later acted as his amanuensis. Later, Mrs. Graves married a Mr. Clow and Collins attended the wedding. Then he took up with a young woman named Martha Rudd by whom he had three children. He referred to the menage as his "morganatic family" and provided for all four of them in his will. Eventually Caroline returned to him and stayed with him until his death twenty years later. These are the bare facts of the case. The rest was wrapped in mystery and still is.

It was during the first year of their liaison that Wilkie Collins wrote "The Woman in White"—a book inspired by that scream in the moonlight and that shrouded figure fleeing toward the shadows of Regent's Park. It was an instant success. Dickens praised it and Thackeray sat up all night reading it. It was at this time that Collins stated his famous principle in writing fiction: "make 'em cry, make 'em laugh, make 'em wait." But he could also claim a desire to make 'em think, for he suddenly became imbued with a zeal for reform and began to write novels with a purpose. This was undoubtedly due to the influence of Charles Reade and proved to be disastrous. Novels with a purpose were simply not his forte.

It was during this period that he became afflicted with rheumatic pains, a forerunner of the gout which tormented him until his death and which resulted in his contracting the opium habit. Most of "The Moonstone" was dictated while he was confined to his bed. He had difficulty finding a secretary callous enough to ignore his groans and pay attention to his words. He afterwards told his actress friend, Mary Anderson, that the book was largely written while he was under the effect of opium, and that when it was finished he had difficulty recognizing it as his own.

Dickens's death was a great shock to him. They were not only close friends, they had inspired one another. Dickens had started "Edwin Drood" under Collins's influence and there were even rumors that the latter would complete it.

Like Dickens, Collins undertook a Reading Tour of America; unlike Dickens, Collins liked Americans. He praised their kindness, generosity and sincerity. Physically he had never felt better in his life. Not one twinge during the entire trip. But gout claimed him once more after his return to England and he increased his opium intake. A year or two before he died, Hall Caine saw him quaff off a wine glass of laudanum. When he expressed his horror, Collins merely smiled and reminded him that De Quincey used to drink the stuff out of a jug. He died in 1889 after a stroke followed by a bronchitis. Caroline died six years later and was buried in the same grave. Martha Rudd, the mother of his children, tended the double grave faithfully until she, too, vanished from the scene.

Although Wilkie Collins wrote thirty books and a dozen plays, his fame rests on but two, both of them having a profound effect on writing of the future. In "The Woman in White" he stripped the old-fashioned sensation novel of its Gothic trappings and made it credible and therefore more spine-chilling. "The Moonstone" was the forerunner of the present English detective story. However, the centenary of his birth passed unnoticed, and it wasn't until his rediscovery by writers like T. S. Eliot, Walter de la Mare and Dorothy L. Sayers that interest in him was reawakened.

As a person, Wilkie Collins was gentle and tolerant of most things except cruelty and humbug. Indifferent to convention, he lived the life he chose to live and wrote what he wanted to write. His courage and will power enabled him to resist, with the help of opiates, twenty-five years of pain which would have broken most men. Nothing less than utter prostration could keep him from his work. He had a morbid interest in disease, deformity and death—undoubtedly the result of some psychological maladjustment, the reason for which is obscure. This, combined with an almost pathological reticence where his private life was concerned, is the reason why any picture of him is doomed from the outset to be incomplete. That this book enables the reader

to obtain an occasional glimpse of the real Wilkie Collins through the shadows he deliberately allowed to thicken around him is due to Mr. Robinson's industry and intuition. An excellent piece of work.

ALIX DU POY

## Woodrow Wilson

**Woodrow Wilson's Own Story**, selected and edited by Donald Day. Boston: Little, Brown. \$5.00

More than twenty-eight years after his death this latest book about Woodrow Wilson mirrors anew a few of his own contradictions—some understandably human and others irritatingly partisan. Since I was a privileged Wilsonian interviewer throughout 1912, the quotations awaken memories, like finding in old age a long-lost childhood book. As Wilsoniana Mr. Day's work is a compact condensation of seriatim views in Wilson's own words from boyhood to death's eve. Many gems therein, highlighted for easy reading by Mr. Day, should be carefully considered reading for Harry S. Truman and acolytes and surviving last-ditch Rooseveltians.

Wilson's peace-without-victory 1917 address that stirred so many animosities—and is still acrimoniously remembered—makes me wonder if President Truman's "police action" isn't something of a steal, although I doubt the Lamar boy has even remembered the formula. The parallel becomes more apparent in the light of Wilson's statement of March 1916, as to why Pershing pursued Villa in Mexican territory. It was done under agreement with Mexican authorities "and in no sense intended as an invasion of that republic or as an infringement of its sovereignty." This country went to Korea's aid with Seoul's official nod and carried on against the come-lately Red Chinese bandits. The Mexican "punitive measure" was even more truly an international police action, and so history must record it.

As to the magenta-hued official gentry so solicitous about "free speech" for Communists, Wilson met a similar problem involving Norman Thomas (once his Princeton pupil),

and a particular issue of *The World Tomorrow*. Wilson directed the postal authorities to "treat these men with all possible consideration, for I know they are absolutely sincere and I would not like this publication held up unless there is a very clear case indeed." Thus guardedly he blessed free speech. The Thomas brand of socialism was, of course, celestial as compared with the American version of the sovietistic credo.

Said Wilson a month prior to his first inaugural: "It is intolerable that any President should be permitted to determine who should succeed him—himself or another—by patronage or coercion, or by any sort of control of the machinery by which delegates to the nominating convention are chosen. . . . The nominations should be made directly by the people at the polls." FDR and HST, *quo vadis?*

Wilson asserted in his self-profile before the Gridiron Club (1914) that he couldn't recognize himself from his press portrayals. Well, could any President? All Presidents lap up the not uncalculated goo and rage against candid snapshots. Curiously, Wilson had forgotten that only a year before he had written to Mary A. Hulbert, his epistolary and confessional companion (once bruited about as Mrs. Peck), that he could not identify himself in the greatest office in the world. "It is not me. . . ."

Maybe FDR went by his party's patron-saint's 1913 opinion that four years is too short a term for a President "who is doing or attempting a great work of reform and who has not had time to finish it." But who ultimately is the judge of the reform's woe or weal? Fortunately now a man is limited to not more than eight years—twice too long for the wrong Mr. Big.

There has been lots said about this. In February, 1912, WW orated that "Politics did not enter business. Let me tell you that business entered politics." But he was fair enough to qualify against business in politics if it meant influence of money and of privilege. Who today can deny that the government is in business a thousand times more than business is in government?

Two years before he took over, Wilson wrote that "I believe very

profoundly in an overruling Providence, and do not believe that any real plans can be thrown off the track." So have reiterated Roosevelt and Truman. There is no doubt that Wilson stepped into the White House with not a chip but a boulder on his shoulder. He wasn't sure he would be President but he was emphatic about wanting to be President, meanwhile awaiting "the event" and doing everything he could to discomfit his enemies. Who were those enemies and did he discomfit them?

Of the Presidents I have known, beginning with Teddy, all save Coolidge and Hoover fought the Senate in some degree. Wilson practically went to war against it. And, like Taft and Harding and FDR and HST, he forgot that some senators on the job preceded and would continue long after the President. True, Congress isn't so much to brag about nowadays as compared with the national legislatures of a generation or two ago, but one can still be thankful it's around.

At this point, what with the question of the ethics of "outside funds," one may well wonder if forty years ago fault couldn't have been found with Wilson's partial dependence on income from a publishing house saved from extinction by J. P. Morgan the elder. Nor was it Woodrow's fault that he didn't get a Carnegie teacher's pension. He certainly tried hard for it.

A. R. PINCI

## We Asked for It

**The Korea Story**, by John C. Caldwell in collaboration with Lesley Frost. Chicago: Regnery. \$3.00

MEMO to: The American Taxpayer  
Re: Putting good money after bad.

If you want to know how your investment in a peaceful campaign *against* aggression and *for* American interests in the Far East resulted in a war anything but cold, dig down into whatever small amount of green residue Uncle Sam has left you and buy "The Korea Story."

Read it twice over. Let it sink in.

I did. It is the first adequate explanation I've had of why I and hundreds of thousands of other Americans responded to an SOS from a

forgotten peninsula and a pathetic people on our Pacific perimeter.

By the time the SOS was flashed it *was* necessary that we be there; necessary, as the Army pointed out repeatedly, to man the Korean foxholes because they were the foxholes in front of American homes, our homes. But the Army's explanation was strictly a hole-in-the-dike business. It is the military way to ignore the political and the historical antecedents. The explanation of the moment sufficed us as individuals as long as we were there. But as rotation drifted us home, some in one piece, some piecemeal, it ceased to go down. It reached the adam's apple, not the guts.

The simple truth, as Mr. Caldwell shows, is that we asked for it. We were floored by a left cross to the wrong cheek in China; and when we staggered to our knees we turned the other cheek for a similar bot-toms-up in Korea.

Mr. Caldwell is a former State Department official. The son of a China missionary, he served the Department with the Marshall Mission in his native land and with a misbegotten mission in Korea. In this book he has a sorry story to tell. He tells it without venom, giving credit where it is infrequently due and discredit, factually, to a policy which was no policy and to the manipulators who approved and improved its impotency.

The Department of State, during and after World War II, eagerly promoted two objectives in the Far East, Mr. Caldwell relates:

One was to persuade its personnel in China and elsewhere that Chinese Communism was what China needed; that if we were patient we would find that we could work shoulder to shoulder with the Communists; that if Chiang were not deposed, at least he should bring the Communists into a coalition government. The other, though not so official nor so well organized, was none the less vicious. It was designed to discredit General MacArthur and to picture him as a power-driven reactionary who would ruin our hopes for developing a true democracy in Japan.

Mr. Caldwell does not waste the ink to point out how eminently successful both policies were. The essence of these policies spread to Korea and remained until the North

Korean D-Day, June 25, 1950. The dust under Allied flags was allowed "to settle" while the dust in North Korea was stirred to billowing war clouds by the feet of armed men.

General MacArthur's Korean responsibilities, including those of intelligence, were stripped from him in 1948 to make way for the "democratizing influence" of the American Mission in Korea—AMIK. The mission, led by Ambassador John J. Muccio, who recently dressed down Syngman Rhee for advocating popular election of the executive, had a wonderful time. Its personnel enjoyed tax-free incomes, tax-free booze, and "gook" entourages of four or five servants.

Somehow they never did get around to visiting the people and the provinces they had come to serve. They had no truck with the missionaries who did. When they imported American "culture" they told Koreans who live in mud cottages how a city skyscraper is built, or they filled up one of Seoul's largest buildings, confiscated of course, with millions of volumes in English. No one seemed to bother about the fact that a majority of Koreans are illiterate in their own language.

Mr. Caldwell points out that very few mission members ever left Seoul's paved streets for the rougher, washboard trails of Korea's picturesque countryside. Not one official of the United States Information Service, for example, was stationed away from the capital.

The mission also had the crucial task of preparing the ROK forces for any emergency and of keeping intelligence tabs on the agrarian reformers to the north. Three weeks before the Red attack and the awe-inspiring retreat of the untrained, ill-armed South Korean forces, mission publicity had billed the ROKA as "the best damn army outside the United States."

Throughout those three prewar years top mission "experts" and officials closed their ears to the disquieting reports of the build-up and the threats of Kim Il Sung. They closed their eyes to the stream of more than two million refugees pouring south across the parallel.

It was no wonder then, as Mr. Caldwell reminisces, that until General MacArthur evicted chaos for order as Communist troops reached the edge of Seoul, Ambassador Muc-

cio and his chief aides were still convinced a South Korean flag would be waving over Pyongyang streets within the fortnight.

With the publication of his 180-

## Second Harvest

**The Golden Bowl**, by Henry James.

Introduction by R. P. Blackmur.

New York: Grove Press. \$6.50

**The Good Soldier**, by Ford Madox Ford.

New York: Knopf. \$3.00

Ford Madox Ford, whose novels are being republished by Knopf, liked and respected Henry James, whom he called "the master." Ford was the loving turtle-dove of Ecclesiastes; talent for him was April rain and the first green things. His memoirs—"Portraits from Life," for example—seem to me more worthy of reissue than his novels. James had done the young Ford in a novel, Morton Densher in "The Wings of the Dove," piling up those panicky, precautionary, and altogether mediocre adjectives in the lorn hope that one of them would catch the man. James said that every epithet should be a paying piece, but described Ford as a longish, leanish, fairish gentleman. The Ford I knew was feeble, wise, old, with a puffy gait. I used to meet him as he shuffled slowly up Eighth Street. His speech was no less muffled than his walk, and I found it very hard to understand him because I was arrogant and self-loving. I could not imagine that such a Caliban could contain genius. He always stopped to give me an obese, asthmatic greeting, and pudgily asked me to bring him my novels. He lived at 10 Fifth Avenue where he had a pair of poor little rooms, with no more than six pieces of furniture.

He used to give Thursday teas with Sutter cookies. In the beginning I said little to him. Then I began to revalue the heavy, sluggish tortoise of letters. He was already a public figure, much admired and not read, and he was reputed to be a marvelous liar. It was Sherwood Anderson, who began his apprenticeship as a writer by feigning madness, who told me how much Ford lied. Anderson later gave up the pretense to madness, and went sane. Ford was another sort of deceiver;

page journal, Mr. Caldwell has lost all chance of obtaining a bang-up reference from Mr. Dean Acheson, lame duck of Washington, D. C.

DAVID STOLBERG

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

he belonged to that most lonely of tribes, the crazy, windmill sect of Don Quixote, who could not endure solitude and the ordinary limits of human experience. What Ford did not have to give he simply invented. It was not enough that he had helped D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Allen Tate, Nathan Asch, and I don't know how many others. James had said that Ford had too much sense to be in art, and too little to be out of it. True, neither Ford nor James was disfigured by passion. They were men of taste, which, without poetic fire, is prudential, congealed genius. But let us return to Henry James.

James, Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane and Ford lived within walking or buggy distance from each other in rural England. James, at Rye, kept a fine house and lawn with a butler, upper and lower housemaid, cook, knife-boy and gardener. A devotee of style, he wrote superannuated, panting sentences with a dull metronomic beat. He accumulated his circumlocutions for design, for he cared more for propriety than he did for the universe.

James studied decorum so mercilessly that he knew whether the florid face of a hostess and her dress pet jarred, or whether her dress went with the Dresden *objet d'art*. He believed in the moral properties of appointments; milieu was his passion. Everything he did was for taste, and it was impossible for him to be clear because he wanted to be tactful. He fussed over his sentences, putting in long, enervating parentheses, and then tortured the poor, tired sentence all over again to make a positively arid and mediocre observation. He created a specious rhetoric loaded with many syntactical faults which have since been taken up as literary metaphysics by the Jamesian acolytes. What was important with James was not to show any fault barbarously. He never could forgive Gustave Flaubert for



receiving him in Paris in a soiled smock.

James loathed poverty and frumpish materials. He wrote: "The worst horror was the acres of varnish." When Ford brought a guest who the old man at Rye thought was of low origin, he refused to receive him. The poor could never be put in right relation to intrigue.

The sole Jamesian principle is taste, not energy. The matriarch in "The Golden Bowl," though in middling circumstances, is accustomed to objects of genteel breeding, and is suitable to be the mentor of virgins and wan young men. Mrs. Touchett ("Portrait of a Lady") takes Isabel Archer away from vulgar Albany and sets her where she may by the finest shadings move from maidenhood to gentle, fiscal bridehood. In "The Golden Bowl" it is the elderly Fanny Assingham upon whom the Prince leans. Her husband is a doltish colonel who helps her provide a gelded marriage in which two people occupy space at different intervals. The Prince is dull, or as James writes in one of his countless, high-born platitudes, "innocent, beautiful, vague."

James was the canniest male peeper that ever observed feminine habits. In his lengthy, busybody sentences he is not behind the arras watching a woman; he is much too near the subject-matter for that. In "The Golden Bowl," when Carlote Stant comes into the room and sees her hostess with a man she is not prepared for, she comes in altogether composed—which is just what a woman would do, and exactly what a man can not do without being exorbitantly clumsy. Such trifling details are only valued by the feminine. James comprehends the female urgency to delay, and knows that patience is a tactic; it is his knowledge of decorum that enables him to guess an adulterous act in "The Portrait of a Lady." When Isabel Archer notices her husband seated while he is talking to Madame Merle, who is standing, she knows that the relaxed, intimate familiarity between them is illicit.

James had so little masculine force that he had to take up the lady trades of the ruse, the advantage and the investment. He offers the refined and superannuated *scandale*, untainted by impropriety or the rank misdemeanors of the blood.

# PLANNING FOR FREEDOM

Twelve Essays and Addresses

by the great economist

**Dr. Ludwig von Mises**

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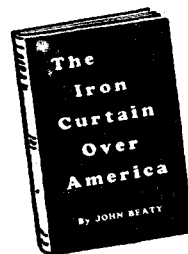
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# Letters

## Academic Freedom: Two Views

When E. Merrill Root sat down to write "Our Left-Handed Colleges" [October 20], he lost his bearings. Then, like an amateur woodsman, he became panicky, then hysterical. His thesis, that the liberals sometimes scoff the conservatives of our colleges into silence has more than a grain of truth in it, but not much more. . . .

As a professor in a college which is labeled "liberal" and not "McLiberal," I resent Prof. Root's claim that I am cowed into conformity, either by the Right or the Left. My library in my office has most of Robert Frost, and none of Ezra Pound; if I were in Lit. instead of Science, I would have to have some Pound, so that my students could see for themselves his sterile nonsense. I do not use my "academic freedom" to miseducate my students in Science and Living; like my students in Conservation of Natural Resources they get a chance to look at all the important aspects of the problem, and they usually come up with pretty sensible conclusions for themselves. As chairman of the Senior Division, I used to be called, jokingly I hope, "Big

Brother" by students who abhorred that symbol as much as either Root or I.

In short, Root hasn't enough faith in the students themselves, and he definitely errs in overrating the real effect of the teacher as a conserver and transmitter of values. The good or evil we do is determined more by the youth we teach than by our Red colleagues. ". . . gallant youth will yet waken" is a stirring statement, but mistaken, for youth isn't asleep. Furthermore, their teachers are not sheep.

Plainfield, Vt.

JOHN C. PIERCE

Professor E. Merrill Root's excellent article suggests that it might be timely for some one on your staff to write on the political record of the scholar throughout history. I have long felt that college instructors as a group have been treated with too much consideration. The average person's respect for learning is such that any opportunist who surrounds himself with a university environment immediately becomes a pundit whose opinion on any subject carries weight. We owe a tremendous debt to the philosophers and scientists, but I do not think it unfair to point out that they have been human beings like the rest of us. To eat well during the Middle Ages they may have

had to flatter and support the rich and powerful, but the point is that most of them seem to have been willing to. . . .

Since all history teaches that great government power leads to tyranny, one would expect the men in the colleges, who know history best, would be found among those defending individual rights. Unfortunately, they seem to be on the other side. Perhaps the explanation lies in the great number of college professors who have found positions of prestige and power in the New and Fair Deals.

Evanston, Ill.

J. B. BOYLE

## McWechslerism

May I offer a personal experience footnote to your excellent editorial "Re: Certain 'Liberals,'" in the issue of November 17. One of the individuals mentioned in this editorial was James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post*.

After the publication of my book, "America's Second Crusade," the *Post* published an editorial of violent abuse which completely misrepresented what I had written in the book and my personal viewpoint in general. The editorial, for instance, suggested that I favored "joining up with the Germans and the Japanese" in the late war. But it was the "Trust Stalin" boys, not the opponents of involvement, who were for linking the United States with a powerful totalitarian ally.

The editorial further intimated that I was a "totalitarian conservative" who justified many things in fascist countries which I denounced in the Soviet Union. This was an absurd slander. I think I was one of the first American publicists who emphasized the many likenesses between Stalinism and Hitlerism. A chapter in "America's Second Crusade" is devoted to pointing out the many parallels between communism and fascism.

When I wrote a letter to the *Post* making these points, the editor, Mr. Wechsler, neither acknowledged nor published it. Whatever may have been Wechsler's evolution since he quit the Young Communist League, he does not seem to have outlived two Communist traits: misrepresenting persons with whom he disagrees, and refusing to allow them to vindicate themselves.

All these pseudo-liberals are not for free trade in the market place of ideas. They are would-be monopolists. And much of the uproar over the supposed "witch hunt," "black silence of fear," "reign of terror," etc. is the outcry of would-be left-wing thought monopolists who see their cozy little intellectual cartel being challenged and broken up.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN  
Cambridge, Mass.

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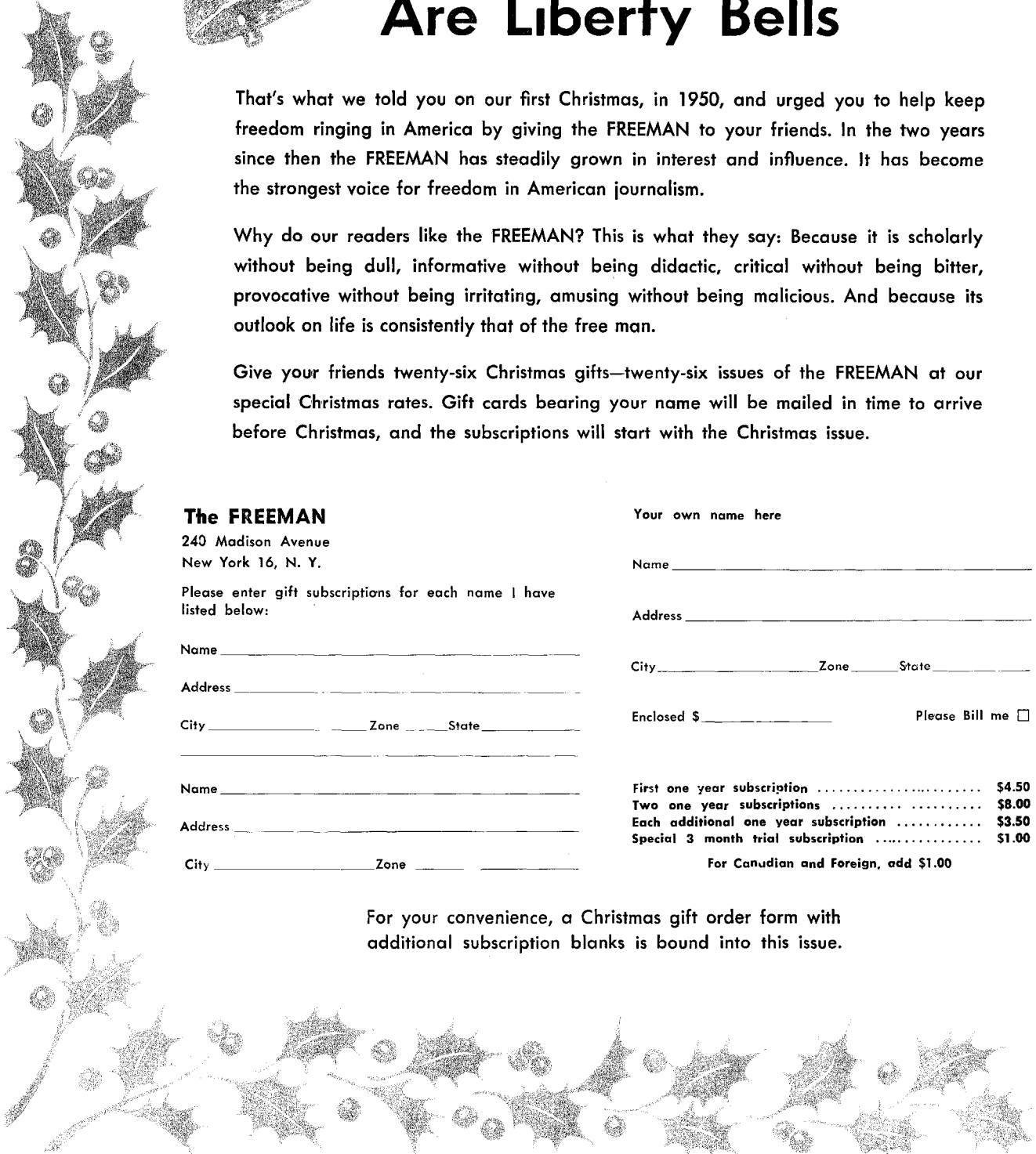
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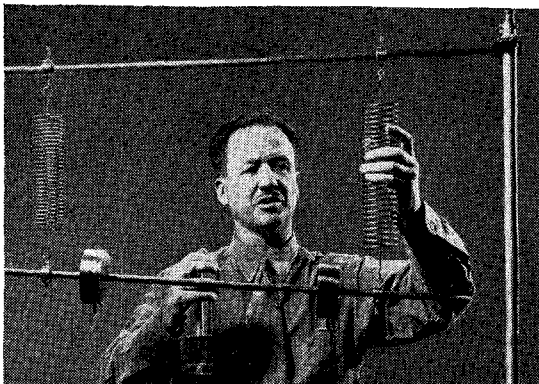
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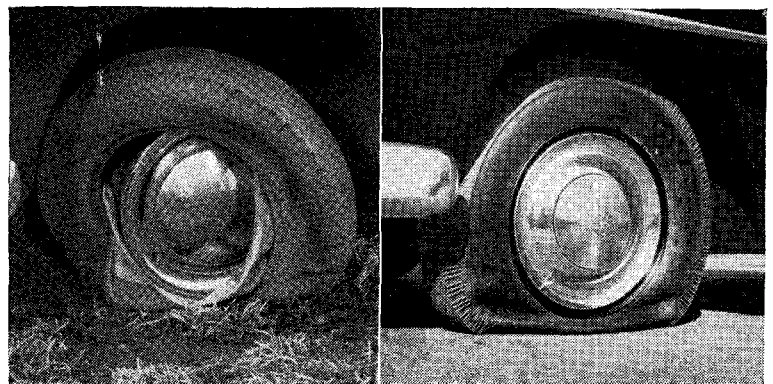
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